

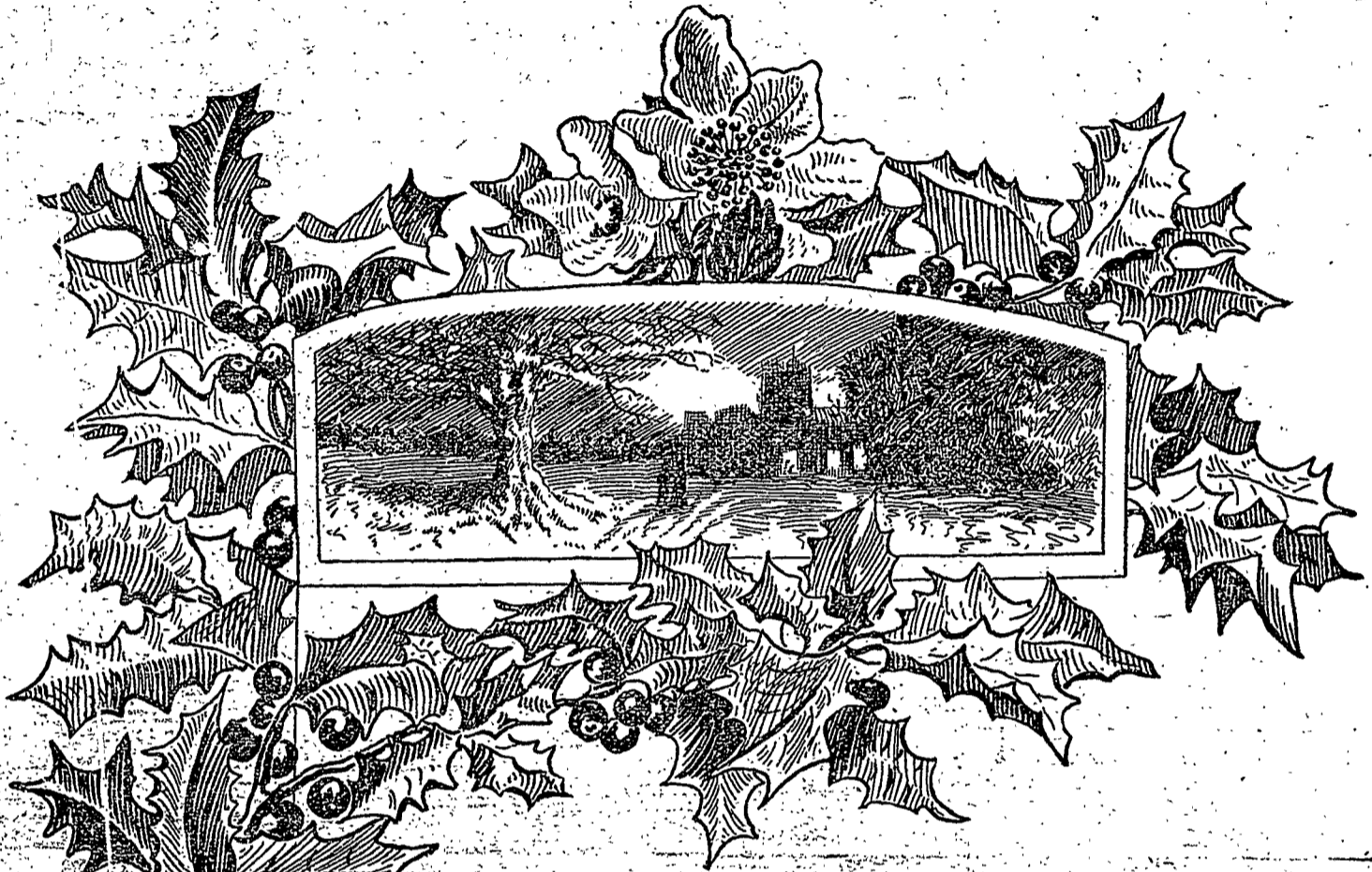
# Northern Messenger

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## A Christmas Carol.

All hail! the merry Christmas morn,  
The joyous day our Lord was born,  
We celebrate:

All hail! the day of love and mirth,  
The day that saw our Saviour's birth,  
Early and late

At Matins and at Vesper's bell,  
His love and praise we will forth to tell  
With joyous heart.

With song and revelry and glee,  
We keep the day right royally.

Others apart  
Dream of the past in dusky gloom,  
While dear dead faces fill the room,

Smile as of yore,  
Long silent voices softly sound,  
And rippling laughter echoes round,

Hushed evermore,  
For Death's cold hand has laid them low,  
They cannot feel or joy or woe,  
'Good-bye, good-bye.'

Thus age and sorrow mark the day,  
But youth must needs be bright and  
gay,

Tho' age may sigh,  
Tears for the absent, for the dead,  
May Christmas o'er the living shed,

A shining light  
To man on earth, peace and good will,  
The angels' song is echoing still,

As on that night,  
Filling the whole wide world with  
song,

'Strengthening the weak, helping the  
strong;

'Unto all men,  
To all who mourn, the poor, the weak,  
That promise from on high shall  
speak.'

Speak now as then.

—Rose A. Lee.

