

'Tis a peaceful time Old Christmas ;
 Peace on earth, good-will to men,—
 'Tis the echoing song of angels
 That we seem to hear again.
 Ring out the Christmas anthem !
 Let each heart responsive glow,
 As we listen to the music,
 "Christmas Bells across the snow."

GEO. MCGREGOR.

Presbyterian College.

ISAIAH LVII.=15.

O Thou, the High and Holy One,
 Who dost our highest thoughts transcend,
 Thy countless years were not begun,
 And they will never have an end.

Eternity is Thine abode,
 Which with Thy presence Thou dost fill ;
 As ocean's tide, Thy life hath flowed
 Ceaseless and full, and ever will.

Thou dwellest in the lofty place,
 In glory words can not express ;
 We could not breathe a moment's space
 Its atmosphere of holiness.

And yet—oh, condescension great !
 Oh, mercy vast !—Thou dwellest too
 With humble men of low estate,
 Their contrite spirits to renew.

O Thou, who High and Holy art,
 Eternity's Inhabitant,
 Bestow on us the humble heart,
 And Thy reviving presence grant.

W. M. MAC KERACHER.