

And now as a man, and now as a child,
He takes his part in these fancies wild;
But a veil o'er the pictures seems to fall,
At the sound of the bell in the servants' hall.

The old man starts from his slumbers light,
'Tis late to turn out in the stormy night;
But one who has known him in years long past,
Is sick among strangers, and dying fast;
He longs for his presence, has something to say,
So the old man goes on his dreary way;
He hastens along with eager feet,
Till he comes to a dark and dirty street,
And here, in a tenement under ground,
A feeble, suffering man is found.
Sunken the eyes, and wan the face,
No line of beauty might you trace
Thro' all those features dark,
But want, and woe, and sickness dire,
Consumed him with their hidden fire,
And left their deadly mark.

A light leaps up in the sick man's eyes,
While the other looks on in mute surprise;
He offers a paper, cries "Yes, all right;
Read, read, I beg, by the candle light."
The story was written lest tongue should fail
Ere it could utter the pitiful tale;
It told of a life that was sinful and sad,
So little of good, so much that was bad;
Of a fair young wife, so loving and bright,
Who kept him awhile in the pathway of right;
But the indwelling evil had conquered again,
And he fled from her, rather than look on her pain.
It spoke of the wine cup that chained him so long,
Of yielding to sin, when he knew it was wrong;
But it told of the mighty arm round his soul cast,
Through whose pity and help he was victor at last;
It told of repentance and sorrow for sin,
Of striving an honest living to win.
Alas for his hopes! his endeavours were vain,
A life of transgression was ending in pain.

The old man reads with a frown on his brow,
For he knows 'tis his daughter's husband now;
The sad story fails his purpose to shake,
No! he cannot forgive, for Mary's sake,
With a hard stern face he has turned aside,
And bent his head that his thoughts he may hide;
But the sick man has seen, he utters a moan,
Ah! then he must die, unpitied, alone;
He struggles the other's hand to take,
And murmurs "forgive, for Jesus' sake!"
FOR JESUS' SAKE! the words were low,
Why do they thrill his bosom so?
The silvery head bends lower still,
The heart is fighting with the will:
He sees a feeble infant laid
Beneath a stable's humble shade,
With eastern sages bending round,
And shepherds kneeling on the ground;
He thinks upon the weary feet
Toiling through many a dusty street;
The holy hands outstretched to bless,
And add to human happiness;
And seems to feel the voice of love
Drawing his thoughts and hopes above;
And now he looks to Calvary's hill,
There Jesus is before him still;
A crown of thorns upon his brow,
The blessed hands are bleeding now.
He sees no more; the blinding tears
Fill eyes that have not wept for years;
"For Jesus' sake! oh, blessed word!
My Saviour, and my Sovereign Lord;
Yes! yes! this wasted hand I take,
Forgiving all, for Jesus' sake."

The morning sun is shining now
Within a chamber wide;
It rests upon the old man's brow,
And shimmers at his side;
The Christmas sunshine! doubly bright
Each golden ray of living light,
That chases gloomy shades away
Upon this happy Christmas day.
Now feet are hurrying to and fro,
Tossing about the crisp, white snow,
And merry bells are jingling out,
With laugh, and song, and joyous shout.
Soon to the old man's pleasant home
His children's blooming children come;
And son and daughters greet their sire,
And gather round the Christmas fire.

No Christmas games were tried that day,
The little ones even were hushed at their play;
In a room above, with struggling breath,
A spirit was waiting the angel of death;
And Mary was there, with her golden head,
Bent sadly down by the dying one's bed;
But many a line was gone from her brow,
Her sorrow was mingled with gladness now,
As her heart went forth in grateful love
To the pitiful Father who rules above,
Who had given her thus her love to meet,
In his right mind, clothed, at the Saviour's feet.

And had not the blessed Jesus come
That Christmas day to the old man's home?
Oh! turn to the volume of holy lore,
And read those wondrous sayings o'er—
Whene'er in sorrow, want, or woe,
My feeblest brother ye may see,
And help, and comfort him, then know
Ye do it unto Me.

Owen Sound, Nov. 30, 1872.

MARIE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

SUNDAY,	Dec. 29.— <i>First Sunday after Christmas.</i> Alison born, 1792. Malthus died, 1834.
MONDAY,	" 30.—Roger Ascham died, 1568. Van Helmont died, 1644. Marshal Prim died, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 31.— <i>St. Sylvester, C.</i> Wycliffe died, 1384. Erastus died, 1583. Boerhaave born, 1668. Boyle died, 1691. Montemery repulsed at Quebec, 1775. Marmontel died, 1799. Disraeli born, 1805.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1.—	<i>Circumcision.</i> St. John's Nfld., destroyed by the French, 1708. Baron von Trenck born, 1710. Wycherly died, 1716. Burke born, 1730. Helvetius died, 1772. Silvio Pellico died, 1854. Bytown changed to Ottawa, 1855.
THURSDAY,	" 2.—Gen. Wolfe born, 1727. Dr. Ure died, 1857. King Amadous entered Madrid, 1871.
FRIDAY,	" 3.—Cicero born, B. C. 107. Gen. Monk, Duke of Albermarle died, 1670. Wedgwood died, 1795. Douglas Jerrold born, 1803. Parliament House, Toronto, burnt, 1825.
SATURDAY,	" 4.—Archbishop Usher born, 1580. Jacob Grimm born, 1785. Rachel died, 1858.

THE FAVORITE.—We would call attention to the advertisement in another column of this new candidate for public favour. The *Favorite* is a sixteen page, illustrated story paper, and contains sixty-four columns of the best reading matter weekly. It is to be devoted principally to Canadian interests, and developing native talent; and promises to fill a blank which has long existed in Canadian literature. The subscription is only \$2 per annum, fifty per cent. cheaper than the American papers of the same class. We strongly recommend the *Favorite* to the consideration of our readers. We will send the two papers, *Canadian Illustrated News* and *Favorite*, for \$5 per annum to any one address.

OUR CHROMO FOR 1873

will be ready for distribution to Subscribers early
in the year.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

To all our readers we right heartily wish a Merry Christmas and very many happy returns of the joyful season. This is the fourth time that we have had occasion to offer our good wishes to our friends, the number of whom during the coming year we trust to see largely increased. We have endeavoured in the past to cater as much as possible to the general taste of the Canadian public, and we flatter ourselves we have not been altogether unsuccessful. During the coming year we will do our best to keep up the reputation of the News as a high class journal. No effort will be spared to give it the stamp of a readable literary and scientific periodical, as well as of an illustrated newspaper. We trust, then, that our efforts will not be unappreciated; that we shall meet with fresh encouragement; and that all those who have found instruction or amusement in these pages will show their gratitude by renewing their subscriptions and sending us new subscribers.

CHRISTMAS.

The very word Christmas has in it a magic which operates on the heart of every son and daughter of Great Britain, reviving fond recollections of kindly greetings, affectionate pledges and cheerful evenings spent with friends and in the family circle, meeting for once a year faces they love so well and from which the pursuits of business, and other causes, may have separated them during the rest of the year.

There is not a Christian who, either from motives of piety, or force of tradition, or the early souvenirs of home, does not on this great Feast of the Church endeavour to add to his own physical enjoyment or contribute to the gaiety, happiness and comfort of others.

Most heartily do we wish a Merry Christmas to all our readers. May the hallowed feelings of charity and good-will dominate in every heart, may the pleasing remembrances of the past and joyous anticipations of the future cluster round their family gatherings, and may they fully realize by active deeds of kindness and benevolence the ecstatic hymn of the angel band on the plains of Bethlehem—*Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward Men*; perhaps, the sweetest melody ever echoed from the skies.

The quaint and inestimable Jeremy Taylor, referring to the *Gloria in Excelsis*, says:—As soon as these blessed choristers had sung their Christmas Carol, and taught the Church a hymn to put in her offices for ever in the anniversary of this great feast, the angels returned into heaven.

There is a popular belief that these angels often revisit the earth. Why disturb it? We are assured that angels appeared at the resurrection. The belief has travelled down through many ages, it has been held by many wise and learned men, and it seems consonant with Scripture that angels do protect good men. There is a beautiful legendary Christmas lyric from the Swedish, entitled "The Angel's Portion," it is so apt to the present that we give a couple of verses which, in order to understand them, demand the argument of the lyric. It seems that a poor man who had been receiving a rich man's bounty was wending his way homeward across a wild world in the face of a pelting and drifting snow-storm, when he discovered a half-frozen, half-starved lad, whom he took up and carried to his humble cottage,

—"and deemed he entered doubly blest,
With cheering food and starving guest."

The cottager's wife chafed the boy's limbs, sat him by the glowing fire, and after he became warm sat him down with her family to their Christmas Eve supper—after grace was said the boy, with tears in his eyes, said:—"Blest are the offerings of the good," scarcely had he finished the sentence when the whole family were suddenly amazed at his altered appearance,

His eyes were like the stars of light;
His cheeks were glowing, rosy bright;
The rags of earth away were borne,
Like mists before the breath of morn;
It was an angel smiling there,
And fair as only heaven is fair.

Beam'd brighter still the seraph boy;
Beat every heart with holy joy;
Long to the peasant's hut may cleave
The memory of that Christmas Eve
For nobler board was never drest,—
The angel stay'd to be their guest.

Ever afterwards on Christmas Eve the peasant and his wife set a portion of their repast aside, and when,

—asked whose portion yonder lay?
" 'Tis the good angels'," answered they.

What a comfort there is in Christmas time, when estranged

friends are willing to forget their grievances and feel thankful that such a season is vouchsafed to erring man to humbly imitate the Great Forgiver, and again to bestow their alms on the poor and relieve the distressed in body and estate in humble imitation of the Great Giver. Those fond of the old Christmas observances with their accompanying festivities, hospitalities, and hilarities, will sympathize with the following lines from the poet, John Gay:

Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want unpeep her sickly head;
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul!
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want unpeeps her sickly head;
Clothed are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

The readers of the *Spectator* will doubtless remember the picture which Addison sketched of Coverley Hall at Christmas time. What a faithful representation it is of the English hospitality of the period. Sir Roger de Coverley beautifully and feelingly says:

"I have often thought it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their tricks."

May the spirit of good old Sir Roger de Coverley animate the breasts of all Englishmen to provide Christmas cheer for the poor inmates of our orphan asylums, and for the afflicted,—those that are sore distressed and troubled "in body and estate." Ye sons of Scotia, think of the words of the author of *Marmion*:

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Old George Wither, the author of many tender and graceful poems, speaks thus of Christmas:

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though other purses be more fat,
Why should we pine and grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Thomas Tusser, a georgical poet of great popularity about 1570, a chorister and agriculturist, whose writings are admired for their piety and benevolent simplicity, in referring to the season, says:

At Christmas the hardness of winter doth rage
A griper of all things, especially age;
What season then better of all the whole year,
Thy needy poor neighbour to comfort and cheer?

The custom of relieving the poor and necessitous at Christmas time will, we hope, never be forgotten. If at this time we are impelled to forgive and forget "man's ingratitude," so ought we to be moved to compassion for his wants. Alfred Crowquill, in a little poem called "Scatter Your Crumbs," says:—

All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out the crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,
The day of reckoning comes:
Against your sins, by high decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs.

Fitting it is that hospitality, charity, and forgiveness should abound when that season comes

"Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,"
a season, according to Shakespeare, when

No spirit doth walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet strikes,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to harm,
So gracious and so hallowed is that time.

Therefore, let every one according to his means hallow the time, and make it gracious to the poor, by cheering their hearts and making them forgetful of their sorrows and privations, and taking the cup of bitterness from their lips, so that one and all, both rich and poor, may be able the better to join in singing some of those glorious old Carols which were sung early in the Church in the memory of the Nativity, as the many hymns for that season manifestly declare.

Tertullian says:—It was customary among the Christians, at their feasts, to bring those who were able to sing into the midst, and make them sing a song unto GOD. Durand tells us that on the day of the Nativity it was usual for the bishops of some churches to sing among their clergy in the episcopal house, which song was undoubtedly a Christmas Carol.