

Under how deep a debt Canada is, and must remain, for the good fortune that brought the distinguished author to the country as a resident, with his industrious, talented pen and fruitful work, and how grateful it should be for the inspiration he has given to the native literature, with the presence and example in its midst of a rare personality, which inspires as well as charms all who come within its influence, there

can hardly be a dissident voice by way of reply, or a detracting, discordant note of qualification. That the learned Professor, octogenarian though he now is, may yet see many years of happy and homage-paid life in the nation with which he has now been so long and honourably identified, must be the ardent wish of every Canadian and English-speaking student of his writings.



## A SONG OF CHEER

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

**B**LEST is the night and sweet the time !  
 The lordly Yule-tide moon appears ;  
 And now into mine longing ears  
 The joy-bells chime.

What soft, gray hopes of long ago  
 Those chimes recall—what silent bliss !  
 My heart now flowers in the kiss  
 Of winter's snow.

The world is kind—the world is old.  
 Each heart builds its own resting place  
 Out of life's deeds. Youth's angel face  
 So soon turns cold.

But Christmas brings, while time swift flows,  
 A tenderness for every grief ;  
 The thorn lies covered by the leaf  
 Of Hope's red rose.

Fling wide the portals then, poor heart ;  
 Let melodies of Peace awake  
 The sleeping dreams for love's sweet sake,  
 While shadows part !