

with it nothing inharmonious. For all through the latter portion of his strange dream there had somehow seemed to be within his mind a latent recollection that it was the day after

Christmas, that he was to start for New York at a very early hour in the morning, and for Europe on the following day.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY MARY B. SANFORD.

O H, softly down with the mighty stream
Of Time, as it onward glides,
Is borne the strain of a wondrous song,
And yet sweet are its notes, though drear and long,—
Is that river with sweeping tides.

Oh, list ! for it breathes of rest and peace
Through tempests of doubt and strife,
Where oft the turbulent waters roll
O'er the sinking faith of some weary soul
'Mid the darkness struggling for life.

And looking back up the long, dark stream
We see, through sadness and fears,
A sun-bright sheen on its crests afar,—
'Tis the mem'ry of joys that vanished are
With the ebbing tide of years.

And brightest shine out our Christmas-tides,—
They gleam from our childhood's days,
And voices sweet sing the glorious strain
'The Saviour is born, and His peace shall reign.
'Tis the Angels' anthem of praise.

Oh Father, though oft the song seems faint
When the sounds of strife increase ;
Though often the mists obscure our sight,
And the tide rolls dark ; oh, send us Thy light,
And grant us Thy rest, and Thy peace.