



Christmas Carol.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Rise, Christmas bells, ring clear and sweet,
While listening winds for joy repeat,
In far-off corners of the earth,
Your message of a Saviour's birth.

Ring out, sweet bells, in glad accord,
On this, the birthday of our Lord;
Say to the world, on Christmas morn,
"Rejoice, rejoice; try King is born!"

Tell of the manger, poor and low,
That cradled, centuries ago,
The child whom wise men from afar
Came seeking, guided by a star.

O star that rose o'er Bethlehem's height,
And with strange glory filled the night,
Thou shinest still to lead the way
To Jesus on this Christmas Day!

A Christmas Song.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

THERE'S a thrill in the air,
There's a joy in the heart;
There is generous stir
In the home and the mart;
For the Yuletide is with us; make ready to greet
The child of the manger; lay gifts at his feet.

No time for complaining,
For envy, or strife;
Let the swift-flying hours
With laughter be rife;
Put by all forebodings, your murmuring cease;
All hail One that cometh, the bringer of peace.

If led by false glitter,
You've wandered afar;
Come back to your loyalty,
Led by the star;
Give up your vain quest and wandering wild,
For the pearl of great price is the wonderful child.

Ring out the glad carols,
Old strifes put away;
Deck chapel and church
In his honour to-day;
Let the great organs tremble with symphonies grand,
And send the glad tidings all over the land.

Oh, sing, little children!
And sing, young and old!—
Though the joy of the Christmas
Can never be told—
But sing and rejoice, with your banners unfurled,
For the Christ that is come is the hope of the world!

A Christmas Coronation.

IN the ancient cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, France, there is a tomb of wonderful historic interest. The traveller thinks of it as he enters the solemn edifice, and beholds in the dim distance the chancel oriel burning with mysterious splendours.

"Carlo Magno," reads the inscription. It is the tomb of an emperor, one of the greatest who ever wore the crown of the Caesars—Charlemagne!

He was king of the Franks, of the peoples of middle Europe, and the nations of the north. He conquered the Saxons; and, in tremendous struggles, defeated all foes, until at last the Alps and the Baltic, the Rhine and the Rhone, were alike parts of his splendid empire. He conquered the Saracens of the South. He added crown to crown, kingdom to kingdom, until Europe lay at his feet.

At the Easter festival, in 774, he visited Rome in splendour. A great procession came out to meet him, headed by the Pope. The people hailed him with hallelujahs, the children waved green branches, the clergy—in princely vestments—sang: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

In the year 800, he was summoned to Rome. The Cardinals said: "Let us honour this most powerful Defender of the Faith with a grand Christmas gift—the crown of the Roman world."

The Pope and clergy prepared for Christmas

ceremonies of the most joyous and imposing character. It was arranged that though Charlemagne should reach Rome before Christmas, he should have no knowledge of the coronation that awaited him. The clergy, nobles, and people were to assemble. When he should come into the church to attend mass, and should bow his head to receive the wafer, then he should be suddenly crowned and hailed Emperor of the World.

It was one of the most poetic events of history. The Christmas-day came—a beautiful day out of the skies of Italy. The Emperor entered the church in humility, and bowed before the altar. Suddenly, Pope Leo uplifted the crown of the Roman world, and set it upon his head. There arose then a great shout of joy. Clergy and nobles exclaimed in unison: "Long live Charles Augustus, Crowned of God, Emperor of the Romans!"

Christianity possessed Europe now. The Bethlehem Star, shining its eight centuries, lighted all the lands.

Christmas-Tide.

At Christmas-tide the fields are bare,
A shiver of frost is in the air;
The wind blows keen across the wold,
Gone is the Autumn's glimmer of gold.
But lo! a red rose opens wide
In the glowing light of the ingle-side—
A rose whose fragrance sweet and far
Is shed at the beaming of Bethlehem's star;
And once again the angels sing
That love is heaven and Christ is King.

At Christmas-tide the children go
With dancing footsteps over the snow;
At Christmas-tide the world is bright
With the sudden splendour that thrilled the night
And made the dawn a shining way,
When first earth awakened to Christmas day.
Ah! hide your faces, churls and rude,
For none have a heart to share your mood.
At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven, and claims its own.

At Christmas-tide are chiming bells;
O! silvery clear their cadence swells.
They smite the cold of arctic plains;
They ripple through falling of tropic rains;
In palaces men pause to hear
The wonderful message of peace and cheer;
In lowly huts the peasants pray
With blessing to God for the happy day:
On every breeze the joy is borne
Around the globe on the Christmas morn;
And loud once more the angels sing
That Love is heaven, and Christ is King.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending October 19th and 26th have the following contents: Coleridge as a Poet. *Fortnightly Review*; Mrs. Fenton: a Sketch, by W. E. Norris, *Longman's Magazine*; Recent Conversations in a Studio, by W. W. Story, *Blackwood's Magazine*; A Vagabond Queen, *Gentleman's Magazine*; A Few Words to French Workers, *Nineteenth Century*; Clouds, *Spectator*; Books and Men, *Academy*; Mid-Age, *Contemporary Review*; Captain Antonio Rincon, a Study in the Sixteenth Century, *Macmillan's Magazine*; Achilles, a Sketch from the Life, *Temple Bar*; A Russian Monastery, *Gentleman's Magazine*; Stowey and Coleridge, *London Quarterly*; Charles Whitehead, *Temple Bar*; A Turkish Land-grabber, *Murray's Magazine*; Weeds, *Cornhill Magazine*; The Minister of Kindrach, conclusion, *Murray's Magazine*; The City of Lhasa, *Nineteenth Century*; together with poetry and miscellany.

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