

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

NOWELL ! Nowell ! in this halle,
Make mery I praye nowe alle ;
On that chylde may we calle.

Christ was born on Christmas-day,
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay.

To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour through heaven and earth ;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word ;
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord.

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

THE quiet day in winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
As if the blushes of our faded roses
Come back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hill-side,
And in the stillness growing deep and holy,
Our Christmas guests come in the eventide.

They enter softly ; some with baby faces,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on
life :

We bid them welcome to their vacant places ;
They won the peace, and never knew the strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,
Their hands point backward to the paths they
trod ;

Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
And died upon the battle-field of God !

And some are here whose patient souls were riven
By our hard words and looks of cold disdain :
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven,
Ye come to visit our dark world again !

But One there is, more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with light,
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother ;
Come to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and
rest ;

O best Beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas guest.

