

Poetry.**CHRISTMAS.**

'Tis a merry time Old Christmas,
With its greetings and its cheer :
'Tis the time that takes the sadness
From the fast departing year.
There's a glimmering through the shadows,
And a rift in the cloud,
When we hear the Christmas music
Ringing softly, ringing loud.

'Tis a happy time Old Christmas,
'Tis a time of childish glee :
Hark ! we hear the merry voices
That surround the Christmas tree.
There's a lightness in the laughter,
And a gladness in the song,
In the happy days of childhood,
When Old Christmas comes along.

'Tis a joyous time Old Christmas,
Then again the loved ones meet :
Round the hearth are beaming faces
When the circle is complete.
There's a gladness in the firelight,
Which the heart would seem to share,
Midst the Benedictions breathing
Through the music in the air.

'Tis a pleasant time Old Christmas ;
Many social joys combine
To wreathe the bonds of friendship,
As wreathes of holly twine.
There's a sweetness ever swelling
Through the minor's in life's strain,
And the discords seem to vanish
When Old Christmas comes again.