

eternal happiness, while, on the other hand, He tells us that it is harder for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

CHRIST'S life, as we have said, was one of charity and love, and He lays it down as one of the essential duties of a Christian to follow in his footsteps. Charity inculcates the great truth that we ought to love each other in God, for charity means love and joy, and is the daughter of Christ himself.

This is, of all others, the season for charity; the times and the occasion imposes on the rich the duty of relieving their fellow-creature from want and suffering. Christian and timely assistance from every one who can spare it may bring joy and gladness to many a cheerless, fireless hearth, and may shed a ray of Christmas hope and gladness around many a desolate home. We would say to those to whom God has given riches, these are Christmas times when all should rejoice and be happy. At night when you return to your comfortable homes, and sit before a cheering fire, with your happy wife and children around you; when you hear the pleasant prattle of the latter, as they tell you their Christmas stories and show you their Christmas toys, and laugh in their youthful glee and happiness, and when you cast your eyes upon the sparkling Christmas tree and upon the sumptuous table spread before you, open your hearts and your purses with love and charity towards all, and recollect, that in this city alone, there are many who have neither clothes to cover them, nor fire to warm them, or the coarsest food to keep them from starving. Picture to yourselves their misery and privations; fancy their poor, hungry, helpless children, shivering with cold around the empty stoves. No fire to warm them, no toys or Christmas tree to cheer them, no food to keep them from perishing. Ah! it is a sad picture, and one that a truly charitable heart cannot contemplate without yearning to alleviate; your neighbor is suffering, he is poor, he is afflicted and in want; his wife and innocent children are cold, hungry and naked; go, if you can afford it, and relieve them, and bring back the light of a joyful Christmas to their hearts.

Do this and heaven will bless you here and hereafter, and your own heart will feel lighter and better, and your Christmas dinner will taste a thousand times more savory when you reflect that you have made others happy these blessed Christmas times, when all should be made to realize the blessings of a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE following rarely beautiful and spiritual Christmas Ode, was written by the Rev. A. J. RYAN, and was published in the *Banner of the South* ten years ago. It is too fine a poem to let rest, so we give it to our readers, confident that they will appreciate it at its great worth.

They ask me to sing a Christmas song,
That with musical mirth shall ring;
How know I that the world's great throng
Will care for the words I sing?

Let the young and the gay chant the Christmas lay;
For their voices and hearts are glad;
But I—I am old, and my locks are grey,
And they tell me my voice is sad.

Ah! once I could sing, when my heart beat warm.
With hopes, bright as Life's bright Spring;
But the spring hath fled, and the golden charm
Hath gone from the songs I sing.

I have lost the spell that my verse could weave.
O'er the souls of the old and young;
And never again—how it makes me grieve—
Shall I sing as I once sung

Why ask a song? ah! perchance you believe,
Since my days are so nearly past,
That the song you'll hear this Christmas Eve,
Is the old man's best and last.

Do you want the jingle of rhyme and rhyme?
Art's sweet but meaningless notes,
Or the music of Thought? that, like the chime,
Of a grand Cathedral floats.