

our national and international enemies weakening at their foundations, and arbitration and peace policies of governments, and purity of life and simplicity of creed, growing more popular amongst the peoples, methinks I can almost hear the far-away strain of the angels' song, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Still through the cloven skies they come  
 With peaceful wings unfurled,  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world.  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on hovering wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.  
 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife  
 The world has suffered long,  
 Beneath the angels' strain have rolled  
 Two thousand years of wrong ;  
 And man at war with man hears not  
 The love-song which they bring.  
 Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
 And hear the angels sing.  
 And ye beneath life's crushing load  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow,  
 Look now, for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing.  
 O rest beside the weary road  
 And hear the angels sing !  
 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophet bards foretold,  
 When with the ever-circling year  
 Comes round the age of gold ;  
 When peace shall over all the earth  
 Its ancient splendors fling,  
 And the whole world give back the song  
 That now the angels sing.

—R. SEARS.

I intend in a future work to take up a number of subjects only briefly noticed in this introductory work, which I humbly offer for your thoughtful consideration.