



An Humble Christmas.

ANNA T. SADLIER.



HE christmas bells were ringing out in the great city, white with the winter's snow, glittering with hoar frost. The trees were overhung with icicles, the stars shown like diamonds in the firmament above. It was midnight and the great bells rang out from the turret of Notre Dame, the "Bourdon" with its huge notes, led the chorus. The feet of the churchgoers sounded loud upon the metal-like pavement. In a tiny house, within a little court, an old woman, lay helpless upon her bed. She had no one to prepare for her the Christmas cheer, nor to decorate her humble abode with the holly or the evergreen. But her heart, humble and faithful, followed the worshipers to the churches, where she had been wont diligently to assist at all the offices. She had in her mind's eye the high altar, alight with innumerable tapers, odorous with flowers and with the scent of Xmas greens. She witnessed once more the unveiling of the crib and heard that swelling chorus, which resounds on Christmas night throughout the universe; "come all ye faithful, with hearts truly grateful." It rises above the tree tops, it soars above the summits of mighty mountains, and it finds its echo in the hearts of countless worshipers, and so this little old woman heard it, and raising up her voice cracked and broken with age, she sang there alone in her solitude, "Let us hasten to adore Him, let us hasten to adore Him, let us hasten to adore Him, our God and King."

The streets grew very silent after that, the little woman knew the worshipers were within the churches and that the organ was throbbing forth its harmonies and the glorious festal music of the Xmas Mass was rising up

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