

quivering aspen, the awful, never-to-be-forgotten words, "Eloi! Eloi! Lama Sabachthani," as His soul rent itself from the body and flew with joy and love to the presence of the God of Love, resting on the great white Throne of Truth.

CHRISTMAS JOYS — CHRISTMAS SORROWS.

Once more the season of joy, festivity and rejoicing is upon us. Wherever the simple doctrines of the Christian religion are taught, is the anniversary of the natal day of the God-Man celebrated by religious ceremonies and social gatherings. The aged grand-parents gather round their hearths on these occasions, their stalwart sons and rosy daughters, who, with their wives and husbands and little ones, form "the annual reunion." The Yule Log crackles on the fire, the rooms are festooned with evergreens, the mistletoe for blushing girls to playfully avoid; the enormous turkey is cooking in the kitchen, and all are anxious about the result of the plum-pudding. The children have a greater license than at any other time, and romp and play, as if the whole establishment were their own. The old people, for the time, appear rejuvenated, and tell of the tales of by-gone days. As evening comes on, the curtains are drawn, and song and music and dancing enliven the hours. But through it all, the solemn thought reminds them that this is the anniversary of the brightest day that ever dawned upon an unbelieving world—a world of sin, misery and sorrow.

Yes, over eighteen hundred years ago was the earth still under the frown of an angry God, and then

is revealed to the shepherds, as they watched their flocks by night, that in a lonely stable in Bethlehem, a virgin, pure and undefiled, had brought forth a male child. Awe-struck, they listened to the Angel-messenger of God and ere they realized the glad tidings, the heavens were opened, and they were permitted to behold the seraphic host chanting their glorious anthems of praise and thanksgiving. Who can realize the feelings of those hardy sons of the soil, as they listened to the celestial hymn of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men"? In haste they sought the place—and again we recollect how the wise men, guided by the Star in the East, went to pay their homage to the new-born King, and presented him with gold and frankincense and myrrh. What solemn thoughts the day must recall to the believer in the Lamb of God! How the sworn soldier of the cross must regard this sacred anniversary! The whole life of the Immanuel passes before his mind's eye in a series of panoramic dissolving views. He beholds his temptations and sufferings; he depicts the hypocritical sneers of the Pharisees, and the arrogant disdain of the sceptical Sadducees; he remembers the scene on the pinnacle of the temple; the rebuke to those who would have stoned her who was caught in the act of adultery; his love for the little ones, as shown when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such are the Kingdom of Heaven;" His last supper with His disciples, when Judas left the table to take the blood-stained thirty pieces of silver; his agony in the