

DECEMBER 24TH-25TH, ANNO DOMINI, 1891.—IN MONTREAL.

Dark, solemn the flood of St. Lawrence is sweeping,
 Through the forests of ages primeval and grand ;
 Dim, pale in the sky are the winter lights peeping,
 Cold, chill is the mantle that covers the land.
 Grand, lofty Mount Royal is touching the heaven,
 Calm, silent the city is stretched at its feet,
 Not a sound can be heard on the breezes of even',
 Dark, sombre the mountain—deserted the street !

Hark ! hark ! a soft sound on the night air is breaking ;
 Lo, light in the distance with brilliancy gleams ;
 The city is stirring—the world is awaking—
 Strange, ghostly the scene, “ as the painting of dreams.”
 Peal, peal, the great bell in yon tower is vibrating,
 Mark, mark how the faithful are wending along !
 In the temple afar a Redeemer is waiting,
 And Bethlehem's angel repeateth his song !

As we enter, the organ right loudly is pealing,
 The acolytes move and the choristers sing ;
 Sweet, solemn the notes 'round the altar are stealing,
 The smoke-wreathing censers the thurifers swing !
 In his white robes of splendour the pontiff is praying,
 Bright jewels the mitre and vestments adorn,
 And grand are the masses the pontiff is saying,
 The mass of the midnight—the mass of the morn !

In thousands the faithful are kneeling around him,
 And thousands the eyes that are dim in their tears ;
 They sought for a child—in a manger they found him ;
 Like an Infant of Mercy, sweet Jesus appears !
 In the vault of the temple the angel-harps ringing,
 “ Glory ! all glory to God the Most High ! ”
 The organ is pealing, the choristers singing,
 “ Glory ! all glory to God the Most High ! ”

JOSEPH K. FORAN, '77.