



## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

### CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL.

And is it Christmas mornin' ? I've lost my count of time,  
But I thought it must be Christmas, by the bell's sweet, solemn  
chime ;

And I had a dream of the home-folks, just as the mornin' broke —  
May be 'twas the bells that brought it, ringin' before I woke !

An' is it Christmas mornin' ? An' while I'm lyin' here,  
The folks to church are goin' — the bells do ring so clear !  
Fathers an' mothers an' children, merrily o'er the snow,  
Just as we used to go, on Christmas long ago !

Oh, yes ! I know you're good, nurse, an' I no try not to fret,  
But at Christmas-time no wonder if my eyes with tears are wet,  
For I saw so plain, in my dream, the brown house by the mill,  
An' my father an' my mother—ah me — are they there still ?

And as they go to church to-day — do they think an' speak of me,  
An' wonder where poor Katie is across the great blue sea ?  
An' well it is they cannot tell ! an' may they never know ;  
For sure 'twould only break their hearts to hear my tale of woe !

My mother must be gettin' old, an' she was neyer strong,  
But then her spirit was so bright, an' sweet her daily song ;  
She sings no more about the house, but I know she prays for me,  
An' wipes away the droppin' tear, for the child she ne'er may see !

My father's bent with honest toil an' trouble bravely borne,  
But never has he had to bear a word or look of scorn ;  
An' never shall it come through me, for all I have been wild,  
I'd rather die a thousand deaths than shame him for his child !

Ah yes ! I have been sinful, but some were more to blame,  
Who never think because of that to han', their heads for shame !  
Ah well ! I mustn't think of them, but of myself, and pray  
That He will taken away the sin—who came on Christmas day !

An' thank you for the letter, nurse, you say the ladies brought,  
'Twas kind of them to think of me — I thank them for the thought ;  
The print is easy read, but oh ! what would I give to see  
Just one small scrap of writin' from the old home-folks, to me !

But nurse, those bells seem tellin' of the better home above,  
Where sin an' sorrow cannot come—but all is peace an' love,  
Where broken hearts are healed at last, an' darkness passed  
away—

An' He shall bid us welcome home who came on Christmas day !

FIDELIS.



## A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

