It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
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.

But with the woes of ain and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-swain have roll'd
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:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing! For lot the days are hastening on,

By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the over-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fing,
And the whole earth send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

TRIXEY'S CHRISTMAS en for the Holiday Number of THE COLO

Written for the Holiday Number of The Cotonism.)

Christmas eve on Lightning creek. The turbid stream rushed merrily through the canyon, making a music as sweet as it was indefinable, thence plunging down into a deep abyss; seeming to echo back a Merry Christmas to all, it ran noisily on a journey to the sea. All nature appeared to be alive to the fact that an unusual event was at hand, and the snowy summit of Burns medintain towered over the little world of Camp Van Winkle in majestic grandeur. Saint "Nick" was abroad to-night instilling joy, hope and happiness throughout the country, and Camp Van Winkle, catching his influence, the miners resolved to celebrate the occasion with a grand barbacue. Shouts of joyous laughter, merry songs, and the strains from an old violin floated beyond the camp limits and were lost in the receases of the adjacent forest. A great fire of pine logs lighted the camp with a lurid glare that threw grotesque shadows of the jubliant miners congregated around it. The blazing logs reflected many honest-faces of the gold seekers of '60 who rushed to Lightning creek at the first report of the golden nuggets to be found in its gravel. Despite their isolation from the world, the Lightning creek miners found that Christmas awoke memories of the past, and instinctively their mind reverted to by-gone years when the youthful heart was made glad over a visit from Santa Claus.

The strain of th

printed to win her hand and harst. Alress, the changes of the state of the proposed of the district of the state of the st

LONIAL PAPERS PLEASE COPY.

So the banns were published and the guests invited.

Mark Halstead, a second cousin of Margaret's, and with a disappointed heart, consented to be groomsman.

But Hall kept aloof, though he met Harry often, and gave him grudging civility.

The wedding day came, and the cottage was decorated for the festivities after the marriage.

Margaret's wedding dress was already donned.

The bride was waiting, but Harry did not come.

The bride was waiting, but Harry did not come.

Mark Halstead, after a whispered consultation with Mr. Hammersley, went to where Harry had boarded.

Here he was informed that on the previous evening, a note had been handed in for Mr. Oragie, and immediately afterwards he had driven away.

That was all Mark could find out that night. The guests dispersed, Margaret refrsing all companionship but that of ber uncle.

When they were alone together, ahe crept into the strong arms that had been her protection and shelter from childhood, and lay there, white as the bridal dress she wore, shiyering and tearless.

WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

"Dear me," said Letty Wyngard, "I shall go crazy. Five children all clamouring at once, the kettle boiling over, the pickles upset, moths in my best shawl and the dog rumming away with the soup bone for dinner."

And Letty stood in the middle of the room, holding her head with both hands, as if she momentarily expected to sail up into the air like a balloon.

Letty was very pretty, after an old gipsy type, with great dark eyes, brown, healthy skin and hair as blick as a crow's wing; and, as yet not even the five children, and the endless round of daily cares and duties to which, as the wife of a poor young carpenter, she was condemned, had planted a wrinkle on her velvet smooth forehead.

The Weekly

FRIDAY, DECEN

(Fromthe Colonist Ho CHRISTMAS

Again the hallowed Chri

us. In a few days more w the most glorious festival o How quickly the year roll but yesterday we were celeb of last year which has lef treasured memories for us a warms at the thought of gl

in "the days that are no vividness happy childhood's fore us when associated with meek and mild Infant who many centuries ago, in a sta Judea, was our conception of and goodness, and was helf ample to be followed, at

distance. All the innocen hearts was poured out to the

heade the little children come we strayed from our ideal, versary of Christ's birth and do still feel that thrill which the thought of His

cause in every soul. And essentially one of gladness of the advent of the Light

go back in memory to the f ago, and would we were Claus, hoary old Santa Clau

young, patron saint of the out in bold relief as the Christmas bounties. The

hung up with eager expectat children wake their first tho things concealed in their ca dear-old Santa Claus. Let

dispelled, but let us still see ed in his Lapland sleigh, es fiery reindeer steeds. His

white, but with the falling old face tells of that pes only those who go about doi sleighbells jingle merrily, chuckle he is off to his n

having in a single night visit the children. Yes, let San has cheered many a little on

ever be to them a tutelary benefactor. May he never mas joys. It is the time for heart to the best natural in noble generosity and whole Mayhap by his own fireside lives over again in his chil days of his youth, sanctified smile or a father's hearty be exile from home the day is shadows, for it brings up memories of Yule-tides pass But at Christmas time the st a home in the hearts of his

last all the year around if it lesson of hospitality and ki

for holiday dissipation has

too soon has it given place innocent hilarity. To old be a peculiarly delightful on is at this time busy at work

he past, and the old fol

years, see many gaps in the nad gathered around the h recurrences of the Festiva

down with grief finds its whom the day is consecrate no place in the homes of th

all be pleasure and glad cheerfulness. When we we de Western land think of the cred upon us by Providence the T. C.

ered upon us by Providence the suffering and poverty parts of the world, our het grand Te Deum to Him, paths to lie in such pleasant young, rich and poor, al

elebration of the birthday grows old. Still year after

the shepherds to see the wondrous Infant who heralded and to bow wit lordly shrine. "Peace on is the Christmas re down to us through the time all differences should be men. Thus will the day b ing and the true spirt of We are thankful t midst are very few, but nmates of the hospitals sh and many little necessiti them to tell them they are r general joy. As the holida and 1886 nears its close, we

ing over the events of reason for thankfulness. out our young Dominion, of the constant dread of th European continent we a and better arts. Cholera demics which are now do quakes and volcanic erupt fair cities in ruins during closing, have no place plenty is our portion, and future of Canada is most old year is dying away and on us, it is a good time for the past twelve months and res and shortcoming better success of life in th "stepping stones of their hings." It may be difficul old grooves and into a hig mosphere, but it must difficult things are the only and they are done by a d strong hand. In the is power; persistent will the face of circumstances persistency will carve out success. It was Sir W "Yet and but are words

Hatood, Lacuido, the ope musil, trought in a control to the found to the control of the control

""Well," hesitated old Styles, "there was two men killed, and one had his arm broke. But—"
Letty waited to hear no more.

Swift as an arrow out of a bow she sped homeward, a horrible dread winging her footsets the steps with almost incredible speed.

Oh! if John should be killed—John, her faithful, loyal husband, whom she had recked so lightly of—whom that very day she had allowed to leave her without the good-bye kiss.

If her children should be fatherless—if—
"John, John!" she wailed, as she pushed open the door, and went, breathless, into the kitchen.

"Well, little woman, what is it?"
And—oh! thanks to an all merciful heaven—John Wyngased himself turnied his bright living face towards her from the hearthside, where he was sitting, with a child on either knee.

"I know what is in your dumb, questioning eyes, Letty. I am not hurt, thank God. I had dust the string fell. No, no, Letty, you'll not get rid of me quite so easy."

Letty threw herself sobbing into his arms.

"Ah! John, John, love me. Hold me close to your heart, John. I've been repining and selfish. I've never been half good enough to you; but, please God, I'll be a better woman, and a more faithful wife from this night henceforward."

And then she told him the history of her dearly adventures.

And then she told him the

happiness."

And a more contented couple than John Wyngard and his wife Lettice, never sat by a cheery fireside upon that bleak November even-

ing. Letty had profited by her lesson. SUNSHINE.

In sunshine, what a glorious bresser.

bestowed upon man.

In beauty's grandeur it sways the heavens and earth, and through its genial influence leads man upwards to a higher and happier life.

It, too, is the great source from which emulates most of the comforts and necessaries. and shelter from childhood, and lay there, white as the bridal dress she wore, shivering and tearless.

And looking at her mute misery, John Hammersley restrained the torrent of indignant words trembling upon his tongue, and soothed her as if she had been an infant.

"He is sick or hurt," the old man said. In his heart he added—
"And if the false villian is deceiving my girl, I will shoot him like a dog."

It wo, is the great source from which emanutes the comforts and necessaries of life.

It, too, is the great source from which emanues and earth, and through its genial influence leads man upwards to a higher and happier life.

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they execute." So with fellowmen, take fresh hear march on like true sold life. Last Christmas may read these lines in compa in happy homes where at

every chair was filled; the ness them in reduced cir their loved ones, some of been called away by the A the year; next Christmas the high tide of prosperit