

NOTICE TO READERS.

Contributions to the columns of the SNOWFLAKE may be addressed to—
 "The Snowflake Club, Newcastle."
 or
 "The Snowflake Club, Chatham."
 or
 "The Snowflake Club, Douglastown."
 Original articles in prose or poetry gladly received from any of our readers.



NOTICE TO READERS.

Friends of this paper will please band in their subscriptions, as soon as convenient, to the Treasurers—
 Rev. J. A. F. Melbain, Chatham.
 Rev. James Anderson, Newcastle.
 William Russell, Jr., Douglastown.

MIRAMICHI, CHRISTMAS, 1878.

THE SNOWFLAKE.

MIRAMICHI, CHRISTMAS, 1878.
 INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY AND THAT SORT OF THING

It is, perhaps, due to the public, to whom we appeal, to explain our sudden appearance in the ranks of journalism. Perhaps it is! and certainly if we could do so it would afford us great pleasure to explain, and relieve the public mind, doubtless agitated by our unheralded coming! When first our Club was organized, and the SNOWFLAKE scheme proposed, we had in view a target at which to cast our energies—a worthy object, we assure our readers—*pro bono publico*. However, on reconsideration, remembering that "discretion is the better part of valor," and fearing a financial failure in our scheme, we shall, for the present, allow the beneficiary of the SNOWFLAKE's monetary success to remain inognito. In view of eventually rendering untold benefits to our country and its people, in one form or another, we hope all who can will give the SNOWFLAKE their support. The money we shall be enabled to raise by the kindness of subscribers (only 25 cents for six consecutive numbers of the SNOWFLAKE) we shall apply worthily. We shall endeavor to instruct and amuse our readers, and should here and there considerable chaff appear amongst the wheat, we beg the leniency of critics and the forbearance of friends. We make our *debut* with December and shall, in May, bid our readers farewell. We trust we shall, in the interval, so comport ourselves as to leave no remorse or evil conscience at the close of our humble literary career, and that when "lilies revive again and the dragon-fly dreams on the river" we shall be able to look back with pleasure upon the pure and profitable life of the SNOWFLAKE. Wishing our readers a merry Christmas, we remain respectfully,

THE SNOWFLAKE CLUB.

A CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

So sang the angels 'mid the stars on high,
 "Glory to God, on earth good will to men."
 Re-echo far the anthem of the sky;
 Ye rolling ages chant the glad refrain.
 Chorus—Glory to God on high!
 Who gave His soul to die
 For man defiled.
 We hail the hallowed morn,
 The Lord of life was born—
 God's Holy child.
 Let war its clamour still, and sheath the sword,
 And accepted potentates their homage lend,
 In Beth'lem's lovely shade behold the Lord!

Adoring bow the knee, your praises blend,
 That natal morn redeems all other days,
 The blessed advent of the Christian Year;
 It shines on all munificent with grace,
 A light from Heaven teaching far and near.

Ye sons of wealth, your gaudier treasures bring,
 To pining haunts of poverty repair;
 Lay forth your tribute to the new-born King;
 The poor of earth are his peculiar care.

Yea, stoop to cheer the wretched and the vile,
 Grudge not a hand to succour and to save;
 He stooped for you, poor slaves of sin and guile,
 And bowed his head to sorrow and the grave.
 ARNOLD, GLENGARRY. C. C. A. F.

THE NEW YEAR!

In a few days we will have to bid an eternal farewell to this year 1878, with all its laughter and tears, its jokes and jests and "merry quips." The echoes of its funeral knell will, however, have scarcely died away on the frosty air, before the shouts of joyous welcome of the year 1879 will come floating across the snow-clad field and forest. The first foot-pace of the New Year on Time's stage will be the signal for friend to greet friend with the salutation, "I wish you a happy New Year." In this, or in some other form like this, will the same kindly wish be expressed by many loving lips, or kindly look, or warm grasp of the hand from the centre to the circumference of the civilized world.

Some will utter it with accents of intoxication, as they reel across the mysterious line dividing the known past from the unknown future, with the certainty that unless they dash the intoxicating cup from their lips forever their career through the days and weeks and months of the New Year will but add to their sin and shame and ruin. Some will utter it with pained hearts, because of the memories of those gone into the great Hereafter, who made years past new and happy to them. Some will utter it with mingled fears and hopes, because of the shadow of some loss or disappointment which falls athwart their heart and home. Some will utter it in the exuberance of youthful spirits, to whom the new and the future are all sunshine and flowers.

Thus, "A happy New Year!" will pass from lip to lip in the palaces of the rich, be heard in the humble homes of "honest poverty," mingle with the sigh and wail of wind and wave on board ships and be repeated by the lumbermen in the depths of silent and lonely forests.

The very universality of the interchange of the friendly greeting shows that every

New Year every new period of time is of incalculable importance to us. Important it is as containing the scenes and the elements of our happiness. What are these elements? They are partly outward and partly inward. The outward elements are such as health, money, troops of friends, etc. For us to wish our friends to have these is surely a good wish. But are they the sum and substance of a person's happiness? Decidedly, no! A person may have them all, and in overflowing abundance, and yet be far from being happy. Other elements which belong to the world of mind and spirit must mingle with these to produce real heartfelt joy. A mind and heart full of noble thoughts and kindly sentiments, and exercised by the spirit of the law, which teaches us to do to others as we would have others do to us, can alone extract the honey of happiness from the flowers of outward property. The natural flowers which yield honey to the bee, yield poison to other insects. So it is only the mind and heart permeated by the spirit of goodness which can draw wholesome sweetness from the flowers of outward prosperity. The snarling, snappish, waspish spirit will fly from flower to flower, with no hum of happiness, because unable to extract any honey from them.

When, on January 1, 1879, we will wish each other "A happy New Year!" our wish will or should embrace these two kinds of elements of happiness, especially the spiritual. The SNOWFLAKE, in the spirit and meaning of our definition of happiness, begs to greet its every reader, in anticipation of January 1, 1879, with the personal salutation, "I wish you a happy New Year!"
 NEWCASTLE.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

Is observed with important religious ceremony by the Roman Catholic Church, by the Church of England and all of its branches in the English dominions and the United States, by the Lutheran Church all over Europe. It can hardly be said to be regarded by any of these as of the importance of Easter, which marks the fulfilment of Christ's earthly mission, and of all the promises made by God to man; but is second only to that great festival. The Presbyterian Church, and the whole body of "dissenting" churches, as they are called, at one time entirely rejected the day as they did all the feasts of the early Church, but they do not do so now with the same rigidity. We may mention, as an interesting fact, that the Edinburgh "Advertiser," for the year 1811, makes not the slightest reference of any kind to Christmas Day, even in its issue of December 24, the day before

Christmas; and so late as 1844, the "Christian Messenger" of Halifax, N. S., a Baptist denominational paper, contains no hint whatever of Christmas or the holiday season, although its issue of December 27th has a poem on "The Death of Stephen." It would be next to impossible now to find a paper printed in the English tongue that does not contain something about Christmas, either in its reading or advertising columns. — St. John Globe.

STANZAS IN WELCOME TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE.

Sons of Britain's sea-girt strand,
 Sons of Erin's sister-land,
 Sons of France in heart and hand,
 True to Britain's Queen,
 Europe's race of far descent;
 Those o'er whom her skies have bent
 In life's morn; with others blend,
 And red tribes, I ween—

All in the glad welcome share,
 Of your rule O! high born pair,
 Lord of Lorne, and Princess fair,
 Welcome, warm and true,
 To the land where man has made,
 Fertile plain and smiling glade,
 Marts of commerce and of trade,
 Where vast forests grew.

Land where forests' axe-swept trees
 Bend their high tops to the breeze,
 Sougling weird-like symphonies,
 Through the loneliness,
 Land where Nature, emblem-shade
 Of the Almighty, is displayed
 In new vastness, and arrayed
 In new Western dress.

Keen, where frosty breezes blow,
 Long and deep the winter snow,
 And congealed the waters flow,
 Rivers, lakes and bays,
 But this land of yours and ours,
 Lacks not gladsome winter hours,
 And a gorgeous glory pours,
 O'er the summer days:

Chief! thy Princess-wife has been,
 Daughter of our gracious Queen,
 In her virtues' beautiful sheen,
 Winsome and sincere,—
 They to worldly hearts shall prove
 Better things there are to love,
 Than the power and wealth that move
 Men to homage here.

Spring of Scotland's good and great,
 Thine 'tis to consolidate
 In firm union every state
 Of this wide domain,
 Each whose interests divide;
 With the races' jealous pride;
 And the strongest hope to guide
 Sorrid hope of gain.

All in the glad welcome share,
 Of your rule, O! high born pair,
 Lord of Lorne, and Princess fair,
 Of old Brunswick's line,
 From the East to Western shore,
 With our heart we all implore,
 On both may Heaven blessings pour,
 Heaven's choice favour shine.

MIRAMICHI.

J. R.