



CHRISTMAS.

For the Carmelite Review.

Christmas !

Theme of the poet's song,
 Joy of the band 'round the household hearth,
 What countless memories rushing thron'
 Thro' the busy brain while the voice of mirth
 Rings o'er the world from zone to zone,
 Waking its echoes blithe to-day,
 And as its influence blest we own,
 Waft our greetings to dear ones far away.

Christmas !

Season of peace supreme,
 Peace sung by the angel choirs that night
 When Bethlehem's mountains shone in the gleam
 Of the opened heaven's silver white,
 And the startled shepherds gazing saw
 The shining hosts that its splendor trod,
 And listening followed in rapturous awe
 To the humble crib of the Son of God.

Christmas !

Feast of the dear Christ-Child,
 Sing to our Spirits thy song sublime,
 Lead us up from the desert wild
 And thrill us again with the silvery chime
 (As the great white hosts go winging by,
 Of the harps that are heard in thy midnight still
 Blending with : "Glory to God on high
 And peace on earth to men of good will."

Christmas !

Crown of the closing year,
 Feast of feasts when the human heart
 Feels the open heavens bending near,
 And the cares and sorrows of earth depart,
 As love divine with His Infant hand
 Blesses and brightens each passing hour,
 And far and wide over sea and land
 His gifts are strewn in a golden shower.

Christmas !

Christmas blest feast of home
 When links long sundered are clasped once more,
 And whenever the cherished wanderers roam
 They haste love-winged to their native shore,
 And the Christmas feast is gaily spread,
 While age and youth in joy unite
 The sweet rose petals of pleasure to shed
 O'er the moments that yield such rare delight.

Christmas !

Feast of the generous hand,
 O ! let thy benisons softly rest
 On the loyal hearts of thy subject band,
 On those we love and who love us best.
 May the fullest measure of Christmas peace
 As the dew of heaven upon them fall,
 And the love of our Infant King increase,
 And His kingdom come unto us one and all.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Help Each Other.

We all need assistance from others.
 From the cradle to the grave, we are dependent creatures. He who stands up and boldly declares, "I am sufficient of myself—I ask not the health and sympathy of others"—is a being we care not to be acquainted with. We are certain he stands more in need of the assistance of his neighbors than hundreds who have less pretensions to their own strength. As we all need help from others, so can we all—the poorest and humblest—assist our fellow-creatures. A word or a tear is more effectual at times than the bestowment of money. Ask him who has had a sad heart, or him who is confined to a bed of languishment. Feel your dependance upon others and be ever ready, by deed or word, to render that assistance which you may need at some future day.