

"PEACE ON EARTH."

"WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than
morn?"

And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means this star," the shepherds
said,

"That brightens through the rocky
glen?"

And angels answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, goodwill to
men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold.
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, goodwill to
men!"

HOLIDAYS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart—
The sacred anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows—
The happy days unclouded to the close,
The sudden joys that out of darkness
start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that
dart
Like swallows singing down each wind
that blows.

White as the gleam of a receding sail;
White as a cloud that floats and fades
in air;
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are: a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land we know not
where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

VISION OF THE CHRISTMAS
TREE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

HARK! The Waits are playing,
and they break my childish sleep!
What images do I associate with
the Christmas music as I see them
set forth on the Christmas tree?
Known before all the others, keep-
ing far apart from all the others,
they gather round my little bed.
An angel, speaking to a group of
shepherds in a field; some travel-
lers, with eyes uplifted, following
a star; a baby in a manger; a
child in a spacious temple, talking
with grave men; a solemn figure
with a mild and beautiful face
raising a dead girl by the hand;
again, near a city gate, calling back
the son of a widow, on his bier, to
life; a crowd of people looking
through the opened roof of a cham-
ber where he sits, and letting down
a sick person on a bed, with ropes;
the same, in a tempest, walking on
the water to a ship; again on a
seashore, teaching a great multi-
tude; again, with a child upon
His knee; and other children
round; again, restoring sight to
the blind, speech to the dumb,
hearing to the deaf, health to the
sick, strength to the lame, know-
ledge to the ignorant; again, dy-
ing upon a Cross, watched by arm-
ed soldiers, a thick darkness coming