



The Literary Gem.

HAPPY HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

The joyful sounds of Christmas are coming o'er the sea,
We hear them o'er our broad blue lakes,
Each lowly cot and stately dome, resounds with glee,
Upon the ear the music breaks.

Ho! for merry Christmas—the cherished time of truth,
The time when loved ones meet at home;
When brothers fond and sisters dear tuck o'er their youth,
Of childhood paths, they loved to roam.

There loving hearts are bounding, and joyous faces smile,
There smiling children romp and skip the floor;
Those happy parents seeing, fondly look the while,
Then oh! then we think of those who are no more!

A long time ago and all, yes, all were here,
They sat the loved and loving in their childhood's home,
Where are they now?—they are gone—a falling tear,
Reminds us of their cold and silent tomb.—

Awake my soul to nobler thoughts, arise! arise!
Our loved ones live, yes live in a brighter land,
Beyond—yes, far beyond those azure skies,
Around our Saviour's throne, our loved ones stand.

Christmas, happy Christmas, come with all thy glee,
The little girls and boys are waiting now to see
If *Santa Claus* the old man with all his sweetiee,
Some cold and frosty morning shall come down the chimney.

Ye happy homes of Canada, a joy we wish you all,
My Christmas day bring peace to each,
Remember Sons thy holy pledge—thy temperance call,
As time flies on, may it wisdom teach!

C. M. D.

CHRISTMAS.

Before this our messenger of Joy and Truth shall again visit the humble cottage of the poor man and the richly furnished parlor of the wealthy, Christmas with all its olden and cherished associations will have passed by us. Gentle readers young and old, near and distant, in the far off forest and the crowded city, drooping age and blooming youth, with brightest eye and rosy cheek; we wish you all a joyful heart, a sobriety of mind, and a countenance full of health and gladness. Think over the wide regions of christendom in every clime of our earth—on every ocean and island of our globe, there are hearts rejoicing, happy and merry at this coming day. Christians welcome it in all lands, for such are to be found now in all the countries of earth. Over 200,000,000 of human beings profess to be Christians and believe in the divine mission of Jesus of Nazareth the Lamb of Judea. He who had not wherein to lay his head—he who said “the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not wherein to lay his head.” He looketh from the throne of His Almighty Father, and knows his true children in every clime!! Millions on millions nominally acknowledge him and the glory of his immortal principles, but only thousands of the millions truly practice them and place in him implicit faith. We believe in the universal prevalence of christian truth in a good time coming. The doctrines of Christ are those of the Almighty, and when ex-

amined on all sides philosophically, morally, and with the bright and glorious eye of Faith; they shine as do the glories of the universe of nature,—beaming with the impress of a good and all-wise Mind. Let us all with hearts overflowing with thankfulness for the manifold blessings of a good government, a plenteous store, health and untrammelled religion, turn our souls in joy and gratitude to our Father in Heaven.

THE MULMUR BEAUTY.

Let Cupid mind his duty,
Gently fan the flame of love.
Jove bless the mulmur beauty,
She's a sweet and modest dove.

Oh! could I language borrow
From a seraph divine,
To praise sweet Marg'ret Morrow,
Who Venus doth outshine.

Maid, I'd say with handsome faces,
Pray hide your heads for shame,
You have not half the graces,
Manners, mind or frame.

Nor if you paint would borrow
Or even mind your duty,
You can't equal Marg'ret Morrow,
My sweetest mulmur beauty.

From heaven she's descended
To bless some happy mortal,
Whom the gods have benighted
Fit for a kingly portal.

To sing of Marg'ret Morrow,
Would be an angel's duty,
He never will know sorrow,
Who weds the mulmur beauty.

Bradford, Nov. 22nd, 1851.

D. MORAN.

DESIGN.

ALMIGHTY DESIGN IS WRITTEN ACROSS THE
WIDE CIRCLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

In a number of this paper in the early part of November there appeared a chapter on the development theory. The following piece is a continuance of those remarks:—We hold it self evident that design is a proof of mind, especially when bodies or matter acts at a distance in unison with a grand plan, or to carry out some grand and complicated purpose. Design is opposed to the development theory, for it supposes the action of nature and matter of themselves and by an arbitrary chance. Before we continue the train of our former reasoning, let us leave our earth for awhile and look upon the planets and the sun. The philosophers of chance say that an immense body of matter, at some vast distance of time, millions of years ago, suddenly got in motion of itself and flew apart into fragments, from the centre; leaving one great globe of fire in the centre of our Solar System, whilst these fragmentary pieces which ought to be of the same substance as their father, the Sun, are dark and cold. Some internal force in the Sun sent them so far away that they could not return, and that they continue to whirl around their original source for ever by their centripetal and centrifugal force. In the course of time these pieces divided internally into fire, air, earth, water, and

animals of all kinds, and plants grew by chance upon them. One of these animals differing from all others, can reason—invent—think—overcome the elements—examine the darkness of infinite space—lay down moral laws—make an instrument of the mighty lightning; and continue for ages to be and act distinct from all other beings on earth. This man of chance generally worships a spirit that it cannot see, called God,—why or wherefore the chance men tell us not. No other animal does so, simply because man is and always was essentially and naturally different from other animals. Nature was made to act on earth in accordance with the properties of light and heat from the sun,—a body ninety-five millions of miles away. This light becomes heat by a peculiar action on the air or in its progress to us, evidently made so to operate, from some design. The earth does not so act on the sun. Here we see a grand design. Wisdom and intention,—The footmarks of mind. The eye is made in view of light 95 millions of miles away. The blood is made in view of oxygen a substance apart from it. A cluster of dark planets roll round a fountain of light to carry out the intentions of some Spirit.

At no period of the world was man a different animal from what we see him, except in his progress in civilization. As we see him such was he made, a perfect being in form and mind, with the exception of the tendency of his soul morally, to do what is wrong. Man feels that he is not perfect morally, and he only knows from revelation that his ancestors have, in some way, strayed from a holy communion with the Spirit of God. In form and capacity of mind he is what he always was. No other grade of creation could be what man is, although millions of years might elapse without the fiat of God. Nature itself could never raise the fish to be men. The tribes of fishes of the ocean would ten millions of years hence; if the world were to last so long, be what they now are. The mighty whale—the shark—and the salmon would be such through countless ages. The lion and the tiger—the elephant and the rhinoceros would wander through Asia and Africa as such, for tens of thousands of years, as we read they have for six thousand, the same unprogressive savage brutes. Is not the cedar of Lebanon or the fig of Samaria, or the olive of Judea, the same as in the days of Moses? Are not the onion and the millet, or the alligator, the stork or the ibex of Egypt, what they were in the days of Sesostres, the conqueror of the world? Sesostres was nearly cotemporary with Moses. The natural history of the world gives no instance of the production by nature of any new plant, much less of any new animal. It is true when the earth and its stony strata are examined at great depths, and in places where the ground has laid undisturbed, perhaps since the time of Abraham; that science and correct geological researches tell us that the emersion of the earth from the water was gradual. That nature, animate and inanimate, seems to have been periodical in her efforts or cycles of creation. That Zoophytes or germs of animal life still lower than plants, in some respects, first appeared. Then fishes and reptiles, then plants and birds, then quadrupeds. But granting this to have been the case it does not prove that nature of herself caused ail. God the All pervading Spirit of the universe may have so ordered cre-