

feeling, good deeds, good will and peace. Other festivals there are:—Easter, Thanksgiving, Hallow'een, etc.,—but Christmas is King of them all. The divinely inspired "Peace on earth, good will to men," which the angels sang nineteen centuries ago, and which has ever since been wafted down the aisles of time with almost all its pristine sweetness, has enthroned this festival on a love-encircled pinnacle, to which no other can ever attain.

"It's getting close to Christmas, there's something in the air
That seems to breathe of Bethlehem and all the glory there:
And sweet the bells and bugles sound through our dreams of rest—
Ring, bells, your sweetest music! and bugles, blow your best."

Yes, Christmas, merry Christmas, so old and yet so new, is near at hand. No other season is hailed with such universal joy. But, in the universal cheer, we must not forget that there will be many desolate homes and countless joyless hearts where Santa Claus would not be unwelcome, but, where he will not go unless Kind Charity sends him. Should we not, in observing the auspicious natal day of the Christ-Child, mingle the melody divine with the sadder earthly strains which too frequently fill to overflowing so many human hearts?

"There is silence high in the midnight sky,
And only the sufferers watch the night,
But long ago there was song and glad
And a message of joy from the Prince of Light,
And the Christmas song of the messenger through
The echoes of life shall forever prolong."

So in the season of joy and happiness, we should not forget those to whom

"The Christmas time no beauty brings,
To those who cherish but the stings
Of wretchedness, and want, and woe,
Who never love's great bounty know,
Whose grief in kindly hands assuage,
Whose misery mocks our Christian age."