the elephant; the lady bird, the butterfly—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation.

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf—I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders without mention—but an Eastern King with a glittering scimitar and a turban. It is the setting in of the Arabian Nights.

O, now all common things become enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful! All rings are talismans! Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in. On every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas tree I see this fairy sight!

But 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, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, 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 chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the waters; again, on a seashore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children around: again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon the cross, watched by armed soldiers, a darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, " Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Enriched by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian world!—*Charles Dickens.*

Waits. Musicians who go from house to house on Christmas Eve or on Christmas morning, singing carols.

Christmas Carol.

O lovely voices of the sky,
  That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
  Ye that sang, "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains,
  Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed Syrian swains,
  O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams
  That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
  And on the shepherd's head;
Be near through life and death,
  As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy and faith,
  O clear and shining light.

O star which led to Him, whose love,
  Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou? 'midst the hosts above,
  May we still gaze on thee?—
In heaven thou art not set;
  Thy rays earth might not dim;—
Send them to guide us yet!
  O star which led to Him!   —*Felicia Hemans.*

The Christmas Tree.

I

Gather round the Christmas tree:
    Ever green
    Have its branches been,
It is king of all the woodland scene;
For Christ, our King, is born today!
His reign shall never pass away.
            Hosanna in the highest.

II

Gather round the Christmas tree!
    Every bough,
    Bears a burden now,—
They are gifts of love for us, we know:
For Christ is born, His love to show
And give good gifts to us below.
            Hosanna in the highest!

III

Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree!
    Thy part is done,
    And thy gifts are gone
And thy lights are dying one by one:
For earthly pleasures die today,
But heavenly joys shall last alway.
            Hosanna in the highest!

IV

Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree!
    Twelve months o'er
    We shall meet once more,
Merry welcome singing, as of yore:
For Christ now reigns, our Saviour dear,
And gives us Christmas every year.
            Hosanna in the highest.
                —*Revd. J. H. Hopkins.*