

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XXVIII.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near on mead and moor,
Swell out and fall as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again;

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with
joy,

The merry, merry bells of Yule.

XXX.

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas Eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the
beech:

We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang:
We sung, though every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is
sweet,"

And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range:
Once more we sang: "They do not die

Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was
born.

The Winter Evening.

"Now stir the fire, and close the
shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa
round,
And while the bubbling and loud-
hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the
cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on
each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."
—Cowper.

When you invite your inner circle
of book friends to spend an evening
with you, devote one meeting to
Lowell. Some, perhaps, consider his
soul-inspiring "Crisis" as one of his
best, but a profitable evening can be
spent studying "The Vision of Sir
Launfal."

A little preparation will make the
study much pleasanter. For in-
stance, some member might come
prepared to refresh the general mem-
ory with the legend of the "Holy
Grail." To the one with the sweet-
est and most gentle voice should be
allotted the reading of the prelude to
the first part. If the snow or sleet
happens to be beating noisily on the
windows, we will enjoy all the more
those beautiful lines:

"And what is so fair as a day in June,
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in
tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten."

Our hearts are sometimes dulled in
the winter time by the shroud of

death that covers field and forest;
but we look to the glorious spring-
time with hope when we read:

"Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebb'd away,
Comes flooding back with a ripply
cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and
bay;
Now the heart is so full that overfills
it,
We are happy now because God wills
it."

And a little farther:

"'Tis as easy now for the heart to be
true
As for grass to be green or skies to be
blue—
'Tis the natural way of living."

The rejection by the leper of the
gold tossed so scornfully to him by
Sir Launfal, reads a good lesson to
the rich and proud giver.

Another member should read the
prelude to the second part.

Many think because their means
are small they have not any oppor-
tunities for service; but let us read:

"He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice at the streamlet's
brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown
bread,
'Twas water drank from a wooden
bowl,
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the
leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his
thirsty soul."

A dozen sermons are in the two
lines:

"Not what we give, but what we
share—
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Many consider this one of the most
beautiful poems ever written.

JOHN D. MCGREGOR.
Halton Co., Ont.

The Picture of Saint Cecilia.

The following is very interesting.
We think, possibly, it refers to an-
other of the several pictures of St.
Cecilia. The one which appeared in
our illustration was reproduced from
a painting by Naujok.

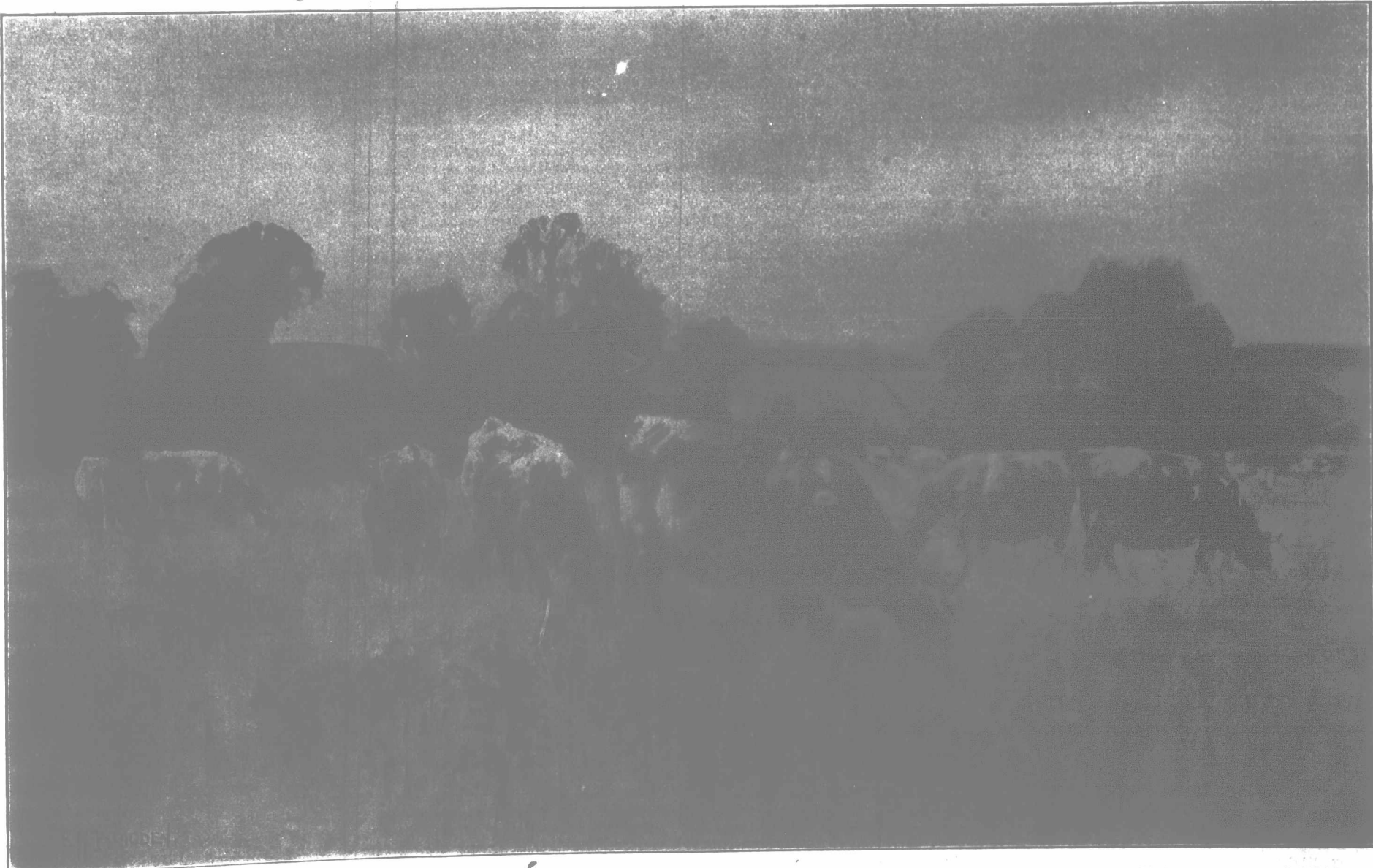
"In a recent issue there appeared an
illustration of a painting of St.
Cecilia, and an account of her his-
tory. It will perhaps be interesting
to your many readers to have an
account of the real lady who is the
subject of the painting, and so I
will give a sketch of her as it was
given me recently.

"The lady is, in reality, Miss Lind-
ley, the 'Beauty of Bath.' She
was such a great musician that
the court painter, Sir Joshua Rey-
nolds, who was himself passionately
fond of music, painted her as St.
Cecilia at her organ, with the angels
showing bouquets upon her in ap-
plause. She had many suitors,
among whom was Richard Brinsley
Sheridan, the noted Irish orator and
wit. He and another man fought
for her with swords, and Sheridan
won. He ran off with her and they
were married. They had two chil-
dren, Mary and Thomas. This son
married, and had three daughters—
tall, graceful girls—who were painted
as 'The Three Graces.' They were
the Countess of Eglington, Hon. Mrs.
Norton, the poetess, and Lady Duf-
ferin, the mother of Lord Dufferin,
formerly Governor-General of Can-
ada."

A. W. MARSHALL.
Welland Co., Ont.

The Most Eloquent Logic is Truth.

He who would conceive a philos-
ophy that will endure must ever
have regard for the truth. Sophis-
try may deceive for a time, but not
all the powers of intellect, nor all
the ingenuity of logic can avail to
advance the world permanently along
the path of error. Whoever would
immortalize his name by homily or
epigram, must first align his views
with the eternal principles of prog-
ress and truth.



From a painting by F. H. Bragden, Ontario Society of Art.

A New Brunswick Pasture.

Exhibited at St. Louis Exhibition.