

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

"A merry Christmas!" How the old words waken
A thrill and a throb for many a Christmas fled,
For hopes fulfilled not, that the years have taken
Into their keeping, like the tears ye shed.
"A merry Christmas!" Let the happy chorus
Bring a new thrill, now freedom, now delight;
Past pain makes present joy but sweeter for us,
E'en as the dawn of morning after night.

"A merry Christmas!" Be ye thankful ever
For friendship that is left, warm, sure and strong,
For love that fills your hearts with high endeavor.
Live life anew. Ye do the Past no wrong.
"A merry Christmas!" Life has halting places,
Where ye may pause in all the busy strife
To comfort those whose sorrow stricken faces
Tell their own story in the book of life.

"A merry Christmas!" Raise on high the holly,
With spirits leaping at the sound of mirth,
Far nobler than all sorrow is your folly
That sheds "good will" and gladness o'er the earth.
HARRIET KENDALL.

A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT.

One of the pleasantest incidents of the Christmas that has just passed was the trip to four of the hospitals of the city by the choir boys of Grace church, which

was made on Christmas eve. It left behind it rays of sunshine for the unfortunate men and women, who had life made brighter for them by the sweet song of the boys as they paid a brief visit to the temporary homes of the sufferers.

The Presbyterian Hospital was the last one on the route, and there had been so many delays on the road that it was late when they reached there, says a writer in The Chicago Inter Ocean. The lights in most rooms had been extinguished, and the patients had many of them dropped into a disappointed sleep, for they had been told that the boys from Grace church were coming to sing for them, and when they fell to sleep at nearly midnight it was with the feeling that they had been slighted and that the boys had neglected to come. The effect of the glorious music as it swelled through the corridors could not have been more beautiful if it had been pre-arranged. Patients started from their sleep and wondered if they were not in another land.

It was during the visit to the Presbyterian Hospital that happy Christmas eve that one of life's daily tragedies, so common in a great hospital, was being enacted. The pathetic incident as related by the attendants at the hospital is best told in Professor Roney's own words:

"It was nearly midnight. The minute hand of the hospital clock had but to creep around the arc of a circle ere the bells would proclaim the birth of another Christmas day. The flushed and earnest faces of the choir boys told that the fatigues of the evening and their ministrations of song at the three other hospitals had not dimmed their ardor, nor their boyish happiness in giving pleasure to others. Their childish voices rang through the long corridors and up the stairways again and again, and the rapt attention, the exclamations of delight, and the gentle clapping of invalids' hands which came through the opened doors of the darkened wards, proved that the hosannahs of the children proclaiming the birth of the Christ-child had startled from sleep many a patient sufferer, and shortened the weary watches of the night for those whose pain brought them no such sweet unconsciousness.

"In a room down the corridor lay a woman afflicted with a hopeless malady which a recent surgical operation had failed to cure. For many hours she had been unconscious, and the nurse had watched in vain for some favorable sign of hope. The children sang:

