

CHRISTMAS.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" is a familiar sound that finds a cheerful echo in every Christian heart. It drives away for the time the cares and anxieties of a year's struggle with the world, and fills the mind with happier and purer thoughts. Some look forward to Christmas as a renewal of accustomed joys and pleasures, others as a memento of better days. Families and friends still united, find it a season of glad re-union; others, thinned by death or separation, while sharing in existing festivities, take a greater pleasure, melancholy though it be, in thinking of absent friends and by-gone associations. But no matter

what may be the condition of the true Christian, at the occurrence of this noble festival he will derive from the thoughts of Christmas a purer joy than the world is capable of giving. Whether he is surrounded by friends and companions, in the midst of comfort and wealth, or poor and unfortunate, far from home and kindred, there is unalloyed happiness for him in the thought that Christmas commemorates the birth of the Saviour of mankind—the great event that led to the opening of heaven's gates to those who adopt and practice the spirit of the angels' song: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

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FOR THE HARP.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

JESUS SALVATOR HOMINUM.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind!  
Ere nature yet had sprung to light,  
Born in Thy Sire's eternal mind,  
His match in glory, as in might!

His bright effulgence—Author sure  
Of all our hope, and only end:  
Now to the prayers Thy suppliants pour  
Thy willing ear propitious bend!

The rolling sun renews the Day,  
When Thou, Life's Author, for our sake  
From Virgin's womb did'st not refuse  
On thee a mortal's form to take.

Forth from Thy Father's bosom led  
By wond'rous love to human kind,  
Thou to His justice, in our stead,  
Did'st in Thyself a victim find.

Let heaven and earth their chorus join,  
And creatures all his praise resound;  
Who in His wisdom's depth divine,  
A way to save lost man has found.

And now to Thee, whose blood was shed,  
To wash our sinful stains away,  
This tribute of our praise we glad  
Present on this Thy natal day.

To Jesus, from a Virgin sprung,  
Father and Spirit, Mystic Three,  
Be glory given and praises sung,  
Now, and for all eternity.