

Christmas at Home.



*THE year is long and life is
short,
And Sorrows often calls to
stay;
And Need hath driven
friends apart,
To travel each his way:
But there's a time—a happy time,
When hands are clasped and friends unite;
When fields are white with Winter's rime,
While hearts bloom with delight.
'Tis Christmastide, and, Christmas come,
Heaven stoops to Earth, and there is home.*

—William T. James.