

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR A CHILD.

BY CLARA J. LOOMIS.

Far away to the eastward,
 In the beautiful Orient land,
 The land that is rich in tradition
 And legends, so old and so grand—
 Far back in the long past ages,
 One luminous, starry morn,
 In this land of historic glory
 The Prince I serve was born.

Not in a lordly castle—
 Not in a palace fine—
 Not in a home ancestral,
 Was born this Prince of mine ;—
 Not on a monarch's pillow
 They laid His royal head ;
 Not on a couch of costly down—
 But—in a manger-bed.

And kingly robes he wore not,
 Nor ever a jewelled crown ;
 Nor bore He sceptre or signet,
 This Prince of strange renown.
 Yet kingdoms, strong and ancient,
 And the whole Earth's throned powers,
 Shook, to their mighty centres,
 For this mightier Prince of ours.

So, ever through all the ages
 We celebrate His birth,
 Who, though he slept in a manger,
 Was Lord of all heaven and earth.
 And ever under His banner
 We'll fight against every sin,
 Till into our dear Lord's kingdom
 He gathers His children in.

LOVE-SONGS TO JESUS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

AT our prayer-meeting to-night we sang
 with full hearts and voices that simple
 heart-song of love,

"Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe ;
 Sin had left a crimson stain,
 He washed it white as snow."

This is the chorus to a hymn that has
 more of passionate devotion to Christ in
 it than it has of æsthetic poetry. It was

composed for Sunday-schools, and is set
 to a sweet stirring tune of the best old
 Methodist stamp. It always rouses our
 people, and brings back revival joys, and
 the taste of the fruits when we sat in the
 King's garden, and His banner was
 over us.

There is a wonderful power in a
 glowing ecstatic love-song to Jesus. The
 language may not be very artistic; it
 may savour of extravagance to the scepti-
 cal critic. But the warmer and the
 stronger it is, the better to a genuine
 child of Jesus. When a soul is on fire
 and melting it don't want elaborate
 poetry or artificial tunes. It longs for
 simplicity, fervour, and ecstatic glow.
 It craves endearing epithets. There are
 moods of mind when a blood-bought be-
 liever revels in the love of the Saviour,
 and only wants to sit beside the mouth
 of the well, and drink and sing, and sing
 and drink, until the soul overflows with
 grateful joy.

It was in such moods of rapturous
 communion that the holy Rutherford
 broke out into these passionate words of
 endearment which rival the Song of
 Solomon. "O fair Lord Jesus!" he ex-
 claims, "let me wrap my poor withered
 arms around Thy great broad love! How
 little of the sea can a child carry in its
 hand; as little am I able to carry away
 of my boundless and running over Christ
 Jesus. All lovers blush, when ye stand
 beside Christ; shame for evermore be
 upon all but Christ's glory! Would to
 God that all this kingdom knew what
 there is betwixt Christ and me in this
 prison—what kisses, embracements, and
 love-communions! I would not exchange
 Jesus for heaven. Nay, I think that a
 soul could live eternally blessed on
 Christ's love, and feed upon no other
 thing; yea, when Christ in love giveth
 a *blow*, it doeth a soul *good*; and there is
 a kind of comfort and joy to it to get a
 cuff with the sweet, soft hand of Jesus."

Of this holy literature of love the
 Church ought to read more; and in our
 devotional meetings we ought to sing
 more of these love-songs in praise of the
 Redeemer, who bought us with His blood.
 This element of *Christliness* is wanting
 too often in the pulpit and in the prayer-
 meeting. For fear of being thought ex-
 travagant or enthusiasts, we tame down
 our language, and stiffen our counten-
 ances, until we freeze up the best impulses.