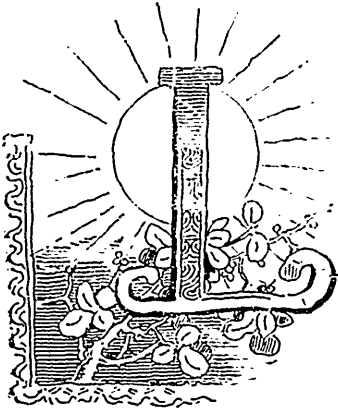


CHRISTMAS.

OW in the West the golden sun
 Sinks, bathing the earth in glory,
 The wintry wind seems lulled to rest,
 Scarce stirring the tree-tops hoary,
 Bent with their burdens of glistening snow,
 Nodding farewell to the dying light,
 Murmuring softly, whispering low,
 Welcoming songs to the shades of night.

Stealing soft o'er the drowsy earth,
 A holy calm bids strife depart,
 White-robed Peace, with soothing touch,
 Brings comfort to the willing heart.
 Far away, with a muffled ring,
 Sweet bells are joyously chiming,
 Telling the tales of long ago,
 Weaving them in with their rhyming.

Then, from above, celestial light
 Shone o'er the spot where Jesus lay,
 To-day the Church, with words of cheer,
 Guides the wanderer on his way.
 Oh, ye of little faith, look up,
 Ye who have sinned, take heart again,
 Hear your Saviour, hear his greeting—
 "Peace on earth, good will to men."

THEODORE F. MILTON.