

THE INSTRUCTOR.

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[PRICE 2D.

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Yet once more, and once more, awake, my
harp.

From silence and neglect— one lofty strain,
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of heaven,
And speaking mysteries more than words can
tell,

I ask of thee, for I with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.
Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sear,
Wreath I thy tresses, dark December! now,
Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song,
And fearful joy to celebrate the day
Of the Redeemer. Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day-spring first
Beam'd from on high!—Now to the mighty
mass

Of that increasing aggregate we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison,
How small, yet mark'd with how much mi-
sery;

Wars, famines, and the fury Pestilence,
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge—
The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance—and the arm of
wrong.

Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
And steeping the lone widow's couch with
tears.

So has the year been character'd with woe,
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs
and crime.

Yet 'twas not thus He taught—not thus He
lived,

Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
And much thanksgiving. He a man of woes.
Went on the way appointed,—path, though
rude,

Yet borne with patience still. He came to
cheer

The broken hearted, to raise up the sick,

And on the wandering and benighted mind
To pour the light of truth. O task divine!
O more than angel teacher! He had words
To soothe the barking waves and hush the
winds;

And when the soul was toss'd with troubled
seas,
Wrapped in thick darkness and the howling
storm,

He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile
At the surrounding wreck.—

When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
For them He wept, for them to Heaven He
pray'd,

His persecutors— Father, pardon them,
They know not what they do!

Angels of heaven,
Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
And did him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and groveling song be
heard

Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will
deign,

For mercy to accept the hymn of faith,
Low though it be and humble.— Lord of life,
The Christ, the Comfortor, thine advent now
Fills my uprising soul!—I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

CHRISTMAS.

“Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred
vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome him to this his new abode.”

MILTON.