

moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man, at the same time that we admire the author. At this season of the year, when all men are, for one brief day, in harmony, we can sympathize most truly with an author whose writings spring

from a fount of benevolence and kindly charity. Not only his 'Old Christmas,' but all Washington Irving's writings, breathe the spirit of Christian love, with which all hearts should be filled at Christmas.

KASPAR.

BY R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

THIS Christmas Eve, and a cold clear night,
And the earth is filled with the white moonlight,
Which falls through the frosty air from on high,
From the crystal blue of a winter sky,
And glittering rests on the drifted snow,
And gleams on the half-iced stream below ;
And the forest's naked limbs arrays
With numberless trembling diamond sprays,
By the Frost-king there unradiant strewn.
Now illumed by the white-fire touch of the moon.

Round the mountain's base the river glides,
From the gloom of the pine on its rugged sides,
And creeps through the vale by the evergreen shade ;
By the fringing elders, all leafless made ;
By the hazel-copse ; by the ice-bound wheel
Of the moated, long unbusy mill,
And into the quiet burg hard by
Whose quaint tile roofs sharply rise on high,
Till beyond 'tis lost in a distant wood,
Where its voice alone stirs the solitude.

The village church caps a neighbouring hill,
O'ergrown with ivy and tufted moss,
'Neath giant willows weirdly still,
Which a shadowy net-work weave across
The snow's white folds on roof and tower,—
There deftly spread as by magic power,—
O'er which points the spire with its cross on high,
Seeming set 'mid the brilliants that fill the sky.

From the gothic windows a dim light creeps
Through the coloured panes, and softly glows