



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 2.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born of David's line
 The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;—
 And this shall be the sign;
 The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view display'd,
 All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
 And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Address'd their joyful song:
 All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
 Begin, and never cease.

CHRISTMAS.

Eighteen hundred and eighty years ago the first Christmas was celebrated beside the manger of the stable in Bethlehem by a few shepherds who came and bowed themselves before the infant-Saviour, and offering their humble gifts worshipped in silent wonder; and now from every clime and every land, from the frozen poles and the burning desert, goes up the sound of rejoicing and thanksgiving on the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour of the world. Everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, hymns of prayer and praise ascend, and everywhere

the sound of rejoicing and merriment is heard. The time is "hallowed and gracious." Hallowed, because dedicated to a sincere thanksgiving, and gracious, because then the best sympathies of our nature break from out the crust that has gathered over them during the past year's rough experiences, and show an activity as if they had been refreshed by partial or complete slumber. Under the genial influence of Christmas, men thaw out who were to all appearance frozen forever; closely buttoned breeches pockets are unloosed, and the hand of charity inserted; stinty hearts are softened and affection suffered to enter where the gates seemed barred to it for ever. Some how Christmas atmosphere seems to be different from any other; no matter in what part of the world, whether in frozen Canada or the burning tropics, the Christmas air seems to waft breezes of love, and peace, and unselfishness. At no time does self fall to so low an ebb as under the influence of Christmas; people think not so much of themselves as of others; the old folks are planning what presents they can best delight the hearts of the youngsters with, and the little folks are busily engaged counting their hoarded wealth and puzzling their little heads to know how two dollars and ten cents is to be made to buy a card-rack for mother which will cost one dollar and a half, and a smelling-bottle for auntie which will cost a dollar and a quarter. Nearly every body is planning some little present for some relative or friend; poor indeed is he who has nothing to give, or no one to give to. This custom of making presents at Christmas time doubt-