

day many moons ago, the divine Saviour of the world assumed human nature, to save them from the wiles of the evil spirit. This story took deep root in the savage mind, and they hastened to prepare a Christmas feast in the honor of their new found Lord. As a token of his Christmas spirit at the festal board, the chief solemnly joined his hands with Kwah over the bow, an Indian sign of perpetual peace and brother love.

O. C. T.

A Northern Winter Night.

I gaze upon the sleeping world
Clothed in a mystic light,
The glory and the splendor of
A Northern Winter Night.

Through white-clad hills the river winds
Sinuous, sluggish and slow,
Its wave tongues licking listlessly
The shore soft sheathed with snow.

Dim in the valley a fir grove lies,
Transformed by the northland's might,
From the haunts of sensuous summer shades
To a palace huge and white.

Upward slope the pastures ;
The grotesque fences stand
Fashioned to things of beauty
By the winter's master hand.

Silent and solemn the silvery moon
Sheds her softening radiance down
On the snow and ice, which sparkle
Like jewels in a prince's crown.

In the northern sky the auroral lights,
As the night begins to wane,
Gleam ; a heavenly fire
On the world's great window-pane.

F. H. M. '14