

To this disciple was given, as if to glorify Love, to see the Divine power in the raising of the dead child of Jarius, the Divine glory in the Transfiguration, the Divine conflict with the powers of evil in the agony of Gethsemane, and those Divine visions which opened up the world's future and the joys of the Heavenly Paradise. St. John the beloved, the martyred exile, the old man who said "little children, love another;"

"We shall meet him, not as once  
On that far island shore,  
But where Apostles, Martyrs, Saints,  
Have peace for evermore."

How picturesquely comes in to grace with innocence and beauty to adorn the King's procession, the DAY OF HOLY INNOCENTS, those sweet flowers martyred "on life's threshold, as the gale strews the roses ere they blow," whom the Church has adopted, being slain for His sake, whose early hours ran contemporaneously with theirs. In the honouring of these little ones who all unconsciously died as martyrs, there is exhibited a beautiful, pathetic, tender trait in the Church of our love and our loyalty. As in Adam the babe suffered the penalty of sin, all unconscious of evil, so in Christ the babe comes into covenant with Him as the Redeemer, the second Adam, the Divine, the Incarnated God, who is the Head of a redeemed race. Christmas and its brilliant circle of festival satellites, brings us very near to Jesus by all their sweet and solemn associations. May we so realize this closeness as to realize how near also are our brethren in all time.

By this consciousness we shall be moved to enjoy the Communion of Saints, and by divine sympathy to give to our brethren in the flesh whose needs we know, whose sorrows we are cognizant of, a practical demonstration that the same mind is in us as in Him we honor at Christmastide by a ministry of love. So by shining with charity, with brotherly kindness, with compassion, with self-denying benevolence, our Christmas will be to ourselves as well as to all in our sphere a benediction. We shall be Satellites of Christmas, reflecting His rays who, with the whole company of the redeemed, keeps with the Church on earth in eternal happy memory the first Christmas at Bethlehem.

#### A CANADIAN BOY'S CHRISTMAS IN IVANHOE LAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

IVANHOE LAND? "Where," cries Master Dick, who has taken the geography prize at his school this Christmas, "where is that place; it isn't down in our geographies, I'm sure."

Master Dick could tell us all about the meets and bounds of remotest Asian provinces, could give us the location of every State in the Union, and, as is too much the case in this Canada of ours, show us that his knowledge of the insignificant facts of the physical geography of alien nations, is minute and full; while all the while he knows nothing comparatively of the land whose glories are his proud inheritance. Master Dick shall go with us and we will spend Christmas together in the land of which he knows so little. He shall learn, as he travels, an invaluable lesson, a lesson which will make geography no longer a mere knowledge of the earth's divisions, as dry and profitless as the technical details of a surveyor's field book, but a knowledge of a stage whereon

has been played the mingled drama of human tragedy and comedy, in a series of fascinating scenes and acts culminating in great episodes of national progress.

Landing at Liverpool, in a hurried run through this region of marvels we so open Dick's eyes with all he sees and hears of the rapid, magnificent signs of progress in all the material achievements of commerce which teem on every hand in this region, that his British blood begins to glow with pride, and he expresses with boy-like frankness and vehemence his supreme disdain for those who have taught him to look on the old land as "slow" and her people as "old fogeys." "Why," says Dick, "Chicago isn't a patch on Liverpool and Manchester." So Dick will never again disparage the brains, the energy, the enterprise, the "go" as he calls it, of the race he springs from.

Leaving Manchester in its shroud of rain and smoke, through tunnels miles long and interminable rock gorges, we force our way until glimpses appear of the beautiful wooded district described in the words of Ivanhoe as, "that pleasant land of merry England which is watered by the Don." This is "The land of Ivanhoe," into the heart of which we enter on Christmas-eve, and with our Canadian boy companion alight at a mansion which he promptly pronounces "a jolly old place," which becomes highly interesting at once as we show him the room where we went to school, and point out the cricket field and the play-ground amid the shade of vast oaks and elms that were goodly trees in the days of the Tudors. Dick's delight now begins to boil over with the warm Yorkshire welcome he receives. The motherly embrace of our hostess tells him something of the sweetness of English life in this the county of hospitality and of genial manners. The house is full of quaint rooms and passages of all widths and sizes, wherein on every coign of vantage are the Christmas decorations of holly, bright leaved, with its brilliant scarlet berries in grape-like clusters intertwined with laurel with its faint perfume—the incense of Christmas. Here and there hangs a twig with a small narrow, dingy leaf, sage tinted, it has a weird, uncanny look; its berries are stuck on as if artificially placed, berries of a dull pearly hue.

Master Dick ere long is made to do homage to this potent magical twig by being seized and unconceremoniously kissed amid the laughter of a bevy of girls who have dared each other to break the ice with the Canadian visitor, and teach him "ye manners and customs of ye natives" of Ivanhoe land, across whose borders the mistletoe is the genius of Christmas-tide as the season of love and hilarity.

When the twilight shadows gather, Dick is escorted to the grand entrance hall, and here is soon speechless with surprise, for up the avenue come groups of rough men, with women in shabby finery decked, who are welcomed by the host and hostess each and all with a hearty hand-shake and "A merry Christmas to you." Dick's democratic ideas are rudely shocked at such familiarity between the lord and lady of such a mansion and these visitors; he wonders too what would be done in Canada if artisans were made the guests of the wealthy. While asking himself whether he ought not to retire from such company, he is asked to take a lady in to dinner, and goes with the procession along the grand stairs and corridor until the doors are reached opening to the drawing-room, which has been cleared for this strange Christmas-eve dinner. Dick's friend enlightens him between the courses, he learns that it is a Yorkshire custom

to give a dinner or supper on this night to all servants and workpeople.

In this palatial room are nearly two hundred sat as guests of their master and fellow guests of his friends of high social rank, who come to grace this happy board. Hear how these people shout when the toast of our "host and hostess" is given by the oldest employee. Dick jumps in his chair at the roar of Yorkshire cheers, and he ends his dinner with a conviction that aristocratic England has in its old customs a touch of human nature, sweetening the life of its people with a recognition of brotherhood, not known where "Jack is as good as his master," if not better! Song follows song, the ladies sharing in the after dinner concert.

Near to midnight the visitors disperse, forgetful of all that has passed between the master and themselves of apparent injustice or severity; the master has forgiven all the ingratitude or perversity or malice of his men. Together they will enter upon Christmas Day in peace and goodwill, all the harsh past being dissolved into the music of the Church bells which, as the cheery greetings cease, burst out in peals of joy, carolling in with their harmonies another Christmas morn. Dick's ears are all ears, as, mingled with a second peal of the bells at day dawn, the strains come floating along of choristers bidding "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn, Whereon the Saviour of Mankind was born." Then comes the village band giving prominence to this noble Yorkshire melody, which every Yorkshireman regards as a necessary part of a Christmas celebration. It is

no use trying to sleep, group after group come to the mansion with carols or instrumental sacred music. As soon as they cease, up from the key-hole, shrill as a bird, rings out the salutation of the boys:

"I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New year,  
A pocket full of money and a cellar of good cheer;  
An apple and a pear, a plum and a cherry,  
With a glass of good beer to make your heart merry.  
Please will you give us a Christmas-box?"

Dick, excited with the strange succession of sounds, breaking in so early on Christmas morn, springs out of bed to watch the Waits and boys who, one by one, keep up the season's good wishes with a persistence often thought a cruel kindness by murdering sleep.

At breakfast Dick's nose catches a new, appetizing perfume. He is served with a dish of "From-erty," which in Yorkshire always heralds the first Christmas meal. This dish is simply wheat reduced to jelly, which it looks like as it is turned out of moulds. It is boiled with milk and eaten with honey or other sweetener, as it was by Dick's ancestors before "the making of England" into a nation.

All hands are piped for Church, and down the road some three parts of a mile Dick is fascinated by his host pointing out to him the rampart extending for miles, partly natural, partly excavated, behind which the Brigantes here made their final stand against the Roman invincibles, the LEGIO SEXTA VITRIX, who for three centuries afterwards had their headquarters at York. As this talk goes on, and point after point is shown where the Roman legions have left the mark of their deeds of conquest and of civilized occupation, Dick begins to think that "Cæsar," which got him many a licking at school, is after all a very interesting book. Then as the church comes more into view he is told how the stones yet remain which mark the site of a Christian temple built as far back as to verge closely upon the days of the Apostles. The church reached,