

clusively Roman Catholic, and five confirmations to be held; but the intervening spare time is all filled up. The present writer remembers an incident while he was with the Bishop in 1875, which will illustrate this. The Bishop was ready to go on from Grindstone to Entry Island, but the wind was contrary, and remained so day after day, for four days. Each day was spent among the people, each evening a service was held in the church, a deep and solemn interest pervaded these services, which increased as day after day passed, so that these five days' services developed into a mission and proved to be a very effective one. Our missions in the Gaspé district much resemble that in the Magdalens, but I must reserve my notice of them for a future paper.

LENNOXVILLE.—*Bishop's College*—The Christmas terminal examinations were brought to a close on Tuesday, December 20th, with very satisfactory results. Of the Bachelors of Arts reading Divinity, Messrs. Judge and Scott passed a very creditable examination throughout, the former obtaining first-class marks in the Septuagint and Vulgate, and in Tertullian, the latter in the same two subjects, and in New Testament criticism. Mr. Brown also obtained high first class marks in Tertullian. Of the Undergraduates in Arts, the following have been placed in the first-class:—*Honour Students*—Classical, Mr. R. F. Morris; Mathematical, Mr. W. Morris. *Third Year*—Divinity, Mathematics, Classics and aggregate, Mr. M. G. Thompson. *Second Year*—Mathematics, Mr. Alexander; Classics, Messrs. Petry and Stevenson. *First Year*—Mathematics, Mr. G. A. Smith (148 marks out of 150.)

The following gentlemen have distinguished themselves in special subjects. Of the honour men in the third year, Mr. R. F. Morris obtained first-class marks in every paper, and in one paper full marks; whilst Mr. W. Morris obtained first class marks in every paper except one. Mr. Thompson also obtained first-class marks in every paper; Mr. Petry in Greek Testament, Latin, Greek and English literature; Mr. Stevenson in Greek Testament, Latin and Greek; Mr. Meredith, in Latin; Mr. Mesny, in French; Messrs. Lyster and W. Worthington in English literature, Mr. G. A. Smith, in Greek Testament, and Mr. Fooks, in Hebrew.

QUEBEC.—During the absence of the Rector, the Rev. M. M. Fothergill, the Rev. E. C. Parkin has officiated in St. Peter's Free Church, St. Roch, for three Sundays, each successive Sunday drawing larger and more interested congregations.

Mr. Parkin has been for about fifteen years Rector of Cookshire, in the Eastern Townships, and his departure from that place to assume the rectorship of Nicolet is as deeply regretted by the former as his advent to the latter post of duty is appreciated. Mr. Parkin is an impressive and graceful preacher and an indefatigable worker in the cause which he promotes.

DIOCESE OF NIAGARA.

HAMILTON.—The preacher on Christmas morning at the Church of the Ascension was the Rev. Canon Carmichael, and in the evening Rev. Mr. Miller. The congregations were large, and the discourses were very appropriate to the joyous season. Christmas hymns were sung, the anthem in the morning being "Break Forth into Joy." There was an early communion at 9 o'clock and another after morning service, the number of communicants being very large. Before the sermon Canon Carmichael thanked in the warmest manner the band of workers who had been so industrious during the week in decorating the church. The offertory was for the fuel fund for the poor of the parish, and amounted to about \$400. The Sunday school met at 10 in the morning. Several suitable Christmas hymns were sung. The rector addressed the school, expressing his thankfulness for its success. Christmas cards were distributed to teachers and scholars. The church is most beautifully decorated.

BOOK NOTICES, &c.

THE January number of THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY has among its contents the following: Sermonic—"Man's Place in the Universe," by Eugene Bersier, D. D.; "Corrupt Literature," by T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.; "Thanksgiving Sermon—a Historical Discourse," by Rev. D. C. Hughes; "Strong or Weak—Which Shall it be?" by Thomas Armitage, D. D.; "The Faith of Moses," by W. J. Tucker, D. D.; "Divine Bestowment Varied and Proportionate," by Rev. W. T. Sabine; "The Works of the Holy Spirit," by Rev. Arthur Crosby; "The Years Fleeting and Heaven Nearing," by C. L. Goodell, D. D.; "Be Still and Believe," by Horatio Bonar, D. D.; "Samson, the Hero of the Hornet's Nest," by Rev. E. Paxton Hood; "Parents' Service," "Theology for Children," by C. F. Deems, D. D. The following papers are of special interest:—"Light on Important Texts, No. XV.," by Howard Crosby, D. D., LL.D.; "Thoughts on Suggestive Themes," by Charles S. Robinson, D. D.; "Homiletic Studies in the Book of Hebrews" (a new series, by Rev. D. C. Hughes); "Bible Reading and Memorising for Children," by Rev. W. F. Crafts; "Temper from Revivalists of Yesterday and To-day, No. II.," by Rev. Geo. W. Hervey; Under "Living Issues for Pulpit Treatment," important suggestions are made, touching "The Crime of Mormonism"; "Danger in the Abundance of Light Literature," and "The Plague of Strong Drink." A letter from James Parton to one of the editors is printed, and good naturedly considered under the caption "Deo Exerit Voltaire." Many suggestions are printed from clergymen from all parts of the country under "Preachers Exchanging Views"—a very interesting and instructive department. This is a very valuable number of this MONTHLY. Price, single number 25 cents; per year, \$2.50. J. K. FUNK & Co., 10 and 12 Dey St., New York.

Family Department.

JACOB'S LADDER.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

In Eastern clime where twilight lingers long,
And birds delay to close their evening song.
The Patriarch Jacob pausing on his way
Essayed to sleep his weariness away.
Softly serene and beautiful was the night,
The sky with star, and moonbeam all alight,
And pearly dew besprent the leaf and flower
Like mimic diamonds scattered in a shower.
Reclined the Patriarch made the moss his bed,
A stone the softest pillow for his head,
Full soon in dream or vision rose before his eye
A mystic ladder reaching to the sky.
Its sides and rounds translucent were like air,
No mortal hand e'er placed that structure there,
And beings winged and flecked with rosy light
Pass down and up that ladder's dizzy height.
No weightier burden do these angels bear
Ascending upward than Faith's humble prayer
And drops of penitence from sinners' eyes.
Than gold more prized by dwellers in the skies,
And down descending precious gifts they bring
That make earth's weary toilers hearts to sing.
Refreshed, the Patriarch rose at early day,
And with fresh courage wended on his way.
But first he marked and named anew the spot
By heavenward travellers never since forgot.
That vision proved God's Angels ever near
Man's erring steps to guide, his fearful heart to cheer.

UNDER THE ROOF.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Translated from the German for the GUARDIAN.

(Concluded.)

She was gone; through the closing door the seamstress caught a momentary glimpse of the whole Brenner family and the tailor surrounding the servant, then it shut. Ah, the dress! it was not finished yet! and she set the machine in motion. There was still a warm glow in her heart, as though a real Christmas-angel had appeared and brought her the basket. She wondered what was in it? Christmas had come to her - to her! for the first time for long years; she scarcely knew how many.

There was no time to reckon them, for there was again a sound outside, and this time it was really a servant for the dress, and just behind her the tailor was looking in, almost shyly. "Wait a moment, Herr Fendel, you shall have your iron directly." The dress was folded up; the old man, whose eyes wandered between the Christmas-tree and the basket, got his iron—not a word had as yet passed between them. "You have really got a present?" he said at last as he went out. "Ah yes, that is a wonderful story, but leave me just now; you must not see what is in the basket there; it is just possible that the Christ-child may have thought of you too."

"O, ho! of me?" laughed the old man. "But I have no wishes; I say that beforehand."

She was alone, lifted the basket upon the table and hastily turned over its contents, one thing after another. Expensive materials, woman's work, that represented a great deal of time and industry—some toilet articles, linen, wool—ha! ha! at the bottom of the basket lay a card. She uttered a cry as she read the name upon it, a hoarse, angry cry.

"O Frau Presidentin! You have not won your wager yet!" Quickly she drew the covering over the whole contents, slipped on an old waterproof, drew a hood over her head, and carried the basket to the door. "Better to suffer than to stoop." But the tree! She put down the basket, went back to the table, and stood irresolute. It was impossible to take it with the basket. Well, it might stay and give pleasure to the children. By this time she had regained sufficient calmness to put out her lamp before taking up the basket again.

While she was descending the stairs with her unmanageable burden, the widow and the tailor opened their doors simultaneously.

"Is it you, Fraulein?"

"Yes, I shall soon be back. It was a mistake about the presents after all," she answered bitterly. The tailor laughed. "Do you see how lucky it is that I had no wishes?"

Wearily she made her way down and out into the street, stood the basket for a moment in the snow, and then began her wandering through the clear, bitterly cold winter night. For a while she stepped quickly and evenly over the creaking snow; the swelling anger in her heart gave her strength. Here and there, in Martyr-lane, a lighted Christmas tree already shone through the windows, and gilded a little patch of snow in the street, sometimes to the right or left of the excited woman there was a sound of singing and rejoicing, for which she had no ear.

In a few minutes she began to grow very cold, the fingers which clasped the edge of the basket grew stiff, and threatening to lose their hold. Often and more often, she stood still to put down the basket and rub her hands, more and more icily the bitter air penetrated her poor clothing; and more and more cold and indifferent she grew herself.

At last she followed the way to her destination almost mechanically, and when she pulled the porter's bell of the imposing house where the Presidentin lived, she was scarcely conscious of an internal motive for her actions. She knew one thing only—that she was very miserable. In the vestibule she had to collect her thoughts, shuddering, she rubbed her hands once more, while she

reflected what she actually intended to do. Well, she had to ring at the inner door; a servant would of course open and without any explanation, she had merely to give in the basket and say: For the Frau Presidentin, to be disposed of elsewhere, that would be sufficient. She ascended the steps with their soft matting and gilded railing. Of course, it was her wealthy cousin who lived here. She paused to draw a long breath before touching the electric bell. "Better suffer than stoop!" she said, and shivered.

Now! The bell sounded on, steps came, a maid opened. The poorly clad woman could scarcely stammer the words, while she held out the basket. The girl looked at her with surprise. "Yes? please put it down inside." The seamstress took a step or two into the brilliantly lighted corridor. A door opened, a magnificent Christmas-tree was visible; forms were moving to and fro.

The poor creature uttered a faint cry and the basket slipped from her grasp and fell to the floor. "Ah!" said a silvery well-known voice. "Ah! she has brought it back! Mama, it is too dreadful, the poor Fraulein has brought the basket back. No, you must not—Laura lock the corridor, or wait—." And the light-footed, bright-hued little creature flew to the door, turned the key in the lock and drew it out.

"Mathilde!" some one said, in a sad, soft voice, and two slender hands were stretched out towards the woman standing there motionless and almost unconscious. "Go down stairs, Laura, and you, Louise; leave me a little while alone with the Fraulein; I want to speak to her." The child moved slowly away; the servant went down the passage and disappeared, not without sending a curious glance behind her.

The two cousins stood facing each other. "Not here, Mathilde!" began the widow. "I will not speak as to a stranger in the corridor. Follow me—"

"I regret, Frau Presidentin—I am a stranger; the poor seamstress has nothing to do in your rooms," was the harsh reply. "Be kind enough to dismiss me."

"Not in this way, God helping me, Mathilde; I will teach out for your hand until you give it to me. Come, we will speak without witnesses and without listeners. Say what you will to me, but not here."

It was the old, tender, seductive voice; but she would not suffer herself to be conquered—on no consideration! Well, she had an account to settle with this woman—why not in a room?

"I will follow you."

In silence they walked down the hall, and the widow opened a door; a light was struck and the flame of a gas-lamp started up. A charming little room, probably a ladies' boudoir. Luxurious French furniture upholstered in dark claret damask, a beautiful carved, inlaid table—what had she to do with all this magnificence? She took no notice of her cousin's request that she should be seated.

"What do you wish with me, Frau Presidentin?" "Mathilde! is there no feeling in your heart left for me? The sun should not go down upon our wrath, and you have cherished yours for long years! Is there no song we sang together in our youth, no loving word which has survived the bitterness in your heart, up to this day?"

"No!" was the harsh response.

"No—good heaven! was it my fault that I loved him, that I learned too late whom I had supplanted? Did you ever breathe one word to me, to let me know how dear Ewald was to you? Only after you had disappeared, as though the earth had swallowed you, I began to suspect, and he confessed to me that before we met he had been attracted towards you, and that you might have noticed it—"

The seamstress laughed bitterly; "I might have noticed it—? Yes, indeed; it was just possible that I might have noticed it—"

She ceased speaking suddenly. If all this was not invented—if, indeed, he had never confessed to his wife—nay, how could he have dared to confess that he had made love to the poor cousin, that he promised to call on her aunt on her account! Ah! then she could be revenged, could tell the story of that engagement, could blacken for this woman the memory of her husband—

But why revenge? The guilty one was dead; she, who should suffer in his stead, might possibly be quite innocent. Was she so indeed? A tender feeling crept into the heart prepared to deal the blow, and with that feeling of tenderness came the full consciousness of what she had suffered all these long years, of all the mute, agonized struggles, the disappointments, the want and misery. More and more passionately all this stirred in her bosom and melted what was frozen, and shook her so that she began to tremble, and pressed her hands to her heart. The whole sorrow of her mistaken life spoke to her soul. With a moan she sank upon the floor, and burying her face in the crimson cushions, she began to sob like one whom Heaven had deprived of the last thing she clung to, and this last was the right to hate some one, to accuse some one, to make some one responsible for her misery. She was scarcely conscious that there was a movement beside her, that a gentle arm was clasped about her neck, while a voice, choked with tears, murmured:

"Stay with me Mathilde! I will make up to you for all that you have suffered, as far as it is possible. I know that at your expense I have been

happy all these years, and it has been a grief to my soul up to this hour. Let us make peace—is he not dead? And death wipes out even the guilt of the criminal. "Stay with me Mathilde!" she repeated earnestly and passionately.

The poor woman beside her sobbed on, shaken by her grief. At least she grew more calm, raised her head, gently disengaged the arm from about her neck, and stood up.

"Take me Louise!" she said wearily. "I need a little sunshine—come!"

She stretched her hands towards the kneeling woman.

"Mathilde!" In silence they clasped each other; only the flame whispered softly, as though pleased at what it saw.

"Do you know where you are, dearest?"

"In your house."

"In your own room," said the widow with a beaming smile, "it was fitted up for you long ago."

"In my room?" The reconciled one looked about as in a dream. Then for a moment she seemed lost in thought. "My room—my little fortress up yonder under the roof of the black corner, I am thinking of it, and of the good souls who live there, so poor, and yet happy. I had accepted your present for them Louise, and it belongs to them. Send the basket back! They can use some of the things, and sell some of them. And they can divide what I have left behind me. All but my motto," she added with a blush.

"A motto? What is it?"

"Better to suffer than to stoop."

"Ah, that was like you! But not stoop—not stoop, dear—never dream of that when you are with me! And now come to the children! Your neighbours shall have their share, and more."

What a Christmas feast was held that very evening under the roof of the black corner! Until late at night the tailor vaunted a philosophy which, by excluding wishes, enabled him to enjoy things ten fold; he went on, although he was a preacher without an audience, for the widow did not understand a word of his deductions, and, with her children, rapturously inspected again and again the generous gifts which the footman had brought at a late hour. Only for the poor type-setter the present had come too late; he, meantime, had fallen asleep. The silent Christmas stars looked down curiously and pityingly into the cold chamber of death, and the motionless face, still brightened by the hope of getting better.

THE EPIPHANY.

To-morrow (Friday) is the Feast of the Epiphany or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. Unhappily it is the practice of too many to overlook even the High Festivals of the Church unless they happen to fall on a Sunday. But a reverent contemplation of the blessings we have received, which are commemorated on such a day as this, will lead us to love and religiously observe it by engaging in the highest act of the Church's worship.

Christmas Day is indeed a glorious day—"Glad tidings of great joy to all people," was the angel's announcement to the shepherds, for on that day was "born, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." But before Christ's coming the Jews were the peculiar people—the chosen people of God; to them alone were the promises made.

How then, when Christ came, could a Jewish child, born of Jewish parents, and circumcised a son of Abraham, bring any blessings to the uncircumcised Gentiles? Thank God, the Epiphany reveals Jesus as the Saviour of the whole world; it tells us that there shall no longer be Jew and Gentile, circumcised and uncircumcised, but that all shall be one in Him. It may not seem to us now a strange thing that Christ should have opened His Church to Gentile as well as Jew, but it was even to the Apostles themselves a marvellous act, a startling innovation, an extraordinary condescension. We have but to read St. Peter's doubts and hesitation, and evident repugnance to do the Holy Spirit's behest when he was directed to go with the Centurion's servants to Caesarea; and his words to Cornelius, and afterwards in explanation of his visit to the assembled Apostles, show that it was difficult of comprehension even to them after the Spirit's Presence had assured them of God's direction and favour.

The missionaries in India speak of the great difficulties in the way of the spread of Christianity by reason of caste, which prevents men from kneeling together at the same Lord's Table; but the abhorrence of the Jew for the Gentile surpassed even the contempt which one Indian caste entertains for a lower at the present day.

Is it not, then, a day in which adoration and praise should ascend to Heaven from us Gentile Christians who have been so mercifully remembered and graciously provided for in the Redeeming Love of the Incarnate Deity? Should we not hail the appearance of the star with exceeding great joy, and follow where it leads until we enter into the Presence of the Babe of Bethlehem? Surely no heart will refuse to recognize the debt which we owe Him, and which we this day commemorate; and as we contemplate our changed condition, oh, let us fall down and worship the Infant Redeemer, who came to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles," and let us love Him with a burning, quenchless love.

"O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"—Psalm viii., 1.