

steamer, but pitching and tossing and tugging at her anchor chains so vigorously that it was impossible to unload her cargo or embark passengers. Indeed, while making the attempt some bales and boxes were dropped from the lighter into the sea. At length on the third day we were able to embark.

Our happy pilgrimage through the lands of the Bible was ended, the hour of parting had come. We had given our testimonials and backsheesh to our faithful servants, guides and protectors in travel. The porters carried our belongings in huge packs on their shoulders to the quay. The waves were rolling ominously—the steamer's hull at times sinking in their trough quite out of sight. Sturdy arms rowed us over the heaving tide to the ship. With unsteady step we climbed the vessel's side and took leave of our faithful Abdallah, our guide, philosopher and friend during the weeks of wandering on this sacred soil. As a parting gift he presented Madame with a bouquet almost as large as a parasol. The anchor swung apeak, the screw revolved, and in the golden sunset the white walls and green gardens of Beyrout, and the snowy background of Lebanon slowly receded from view.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

LONG centuries ago,
When Christ came down to earth
A glory lit the midnight gloom
To celebrate His birth ;
And rapturous rang a song,
From seraph-voices clear,
Preclaiming loud the wondrous news,
The world's Redeemer near !

That song's sweet echoes thrill
Through human souls to-day—
And while eternal years revolve
Shall never die away !
The glorious gleam sent forth
That long-since Christmas night
Is circling now the gladdened earth
In waves of deathless light !

Then, as again returns
The time of sacred joy,
When fragments of the angels' hymn
Shall mortal lips employ,—

TORONTO.

Be hearts with voices tuned
To praise the King of love,
Who for our sinful sakes forsook
His shining throne above.

Homeless on earth He lived,
For us a home to win ;
He stood without the gates of heaven
That we might enter in.
Prepares He now our place,
'Mid joys no tongue can tell,
Where ransomed spirits evermore
In His dear presence dwell.

Praise, praise the Saviour-King,
Sovereign of earth and heaven ;
To Jesus, our Immanuel,
Adoring laud be given !
Extol His Holy Name,
This happy Christmas day ;
And bring our souls' most fervent love
Down at His feet to lay !