

The Legend of Christ Church.

NEAR the southern coast of England,
Rising dark from hills of green,
An ancient church with Norman towers
By the sailor's eye is seen.

Seven centuries have written
Strangest stories on each stone,
Making thus a vast palimpsest
With rank ivy overgrown.

Of the legends, rarest, sweetest,
Is the story of its birth,
When the mighty frame was lifted
Skyward from its native earth.

In the time of William Rufus,
Norman monks both brave and good,
Laid with zeal its strong foundations. —
For its timbers hewed the wood.

Day by day there labored with them
One who from the forest came;
No one knew his home or nation,
No one ever asked his name.

As wild violets on the hillside
Bloom when southern winds have blown,
By the deft blows of his chisel
Flowers sprang from solid stone.

And the woods felt all the magic
Of his gentle artist hand—
Yielded shapes that filled with wonder
All the skillful Norman band.

When at eventide the master
Paid the wages of the day,
Heeding not, the wondrous stranger
Wended to the hills his way.

Then the puzzled workmen queried:
"Who is this, who asks no hire,
Yet whose perfect skill leaves nothing
Truest art could e'er desire?"

None gave answer to their qu'—sion.
But as whirling mountain snows
Heap great drifts among the gorges,
Steadily the church arose.

Till the hour came for placing
The great beam which spans the nave,
For its length the oak tree, bowing,
All his mighty fibre gave.

No oak on the hills of England
Towered so far above his kin
As this monarch, strong, sound hearted,
Fit church walls to enter in.

Ah! we all fall short in something,
Measured by the law's demand,
And the oak beam failed in inches
By the distance of a hand.

Then despair possessed the workmen,
When that tollsome day was done,
Mournfully they plodded homeward;
Lingered there the Silent One.

How he laboured in the starlight,
While cool night winds round him stirred,
While the world in silence slumbered,
There is no recorded word.

But the first faint flush of sunrise
Showed the beam set in its place,
While the stranger met the workmen
With a smile upon his face.

Speaking low, in accents gentle,
Like some distant anthem's strain;
"Unless the Lord doth aid in building,
All the work of man is vain."

As the mists drift from a landscape,
Swept the dimness from their sight;
Anew they thou'gth Christ, the Master,
Who had laboured through the night.

B. W.

CAN A LATE MARRY his deceased wife's
sister in any part of America? Not
unless the sister is willing, and as a
general thing she isn't. She generally
knows him too well.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from Rev. T. Croxson, dated Port
Simpson, December 20th, 1887.

I AM just back from a trip to Naas. I left here last Friday with the *Glad Tidings*, and we ran up the river to within about twelve miles of Greenville, when Oliver had to turn back on account of the float ice. I took a boy and the small boat and put off, hoping to reach Greenville that night, but we got caught with the float ice, and could not get more than about four miles from where the steamer left us, and we had to camp for the night. A party of men came down the river and told us of a sad scourge among the people—scarlet fever—which has taken, it is thought, about fifty children and young people. They had a letter from Brother Green, which will speak for itself. He says:—"We have had

A VERY HARD TIME HERE.

Between fifty and sixty of our people have been down with the scarlet fever of a very bad form, and six in our house were down at one time. Just in the middle of it I was taken very ill. Our dear little boy was so sick, and gently passed away. We miss him so much, yet we know it is well with him. This is the greatest trial we have met yet. I was not able to follow the dear pet to the grave. I am only just able to get into the other room yet. But the dear people have been very kind, and our Heavenly Father has been very near."

So, having read this note, we felt that we must go on, although the road was so trying. We got a little fire in an old fish camp, with the side all out, which let in the wind and snow, and here we must stay till seven a.m. Saturday morning.

WITHOUT ANY BLANKETS

to cover us. We sang and sang, and had prayers, and my boy Henry was soon asleep on one side of the fire, and I sat on the other side singing till about eleven, when I fell asleep. Woke up to find the fire down, and oh, so cold! Thus we spent the night. We had bread and dried small fish, and prayer, and now as the day was coming, after such a long night, we started, and we were soon up to the ice. Found it soft and much broken up. It rained heavily, but we must haul our boat up over piles of ice and the fresh deep snow, till we could get her fast to the shore. And now we had to make our way through the woods, with the deep snow filling over the top of my gum boots, and the rain pelting down. By plodding away we got up to what is called Stony Point, on the river, where we were obliged to go out on the ice, it was covered about a foot in depth with fresh water and snow, and I assure you, had it not been for the sad news I had got the night before, I should have turned back, for it seemed to be dangerous to cross ice in such a condition, but

SIX RULES OF THE HARDEST TRAMP
I ever made brought us to Greenville,

but we first called at Kiticks, a small village, where we found the fever was in every house, and they had buried seven. One poor old blind man came and said to me, "Oh, what shall I do next spring at the fishing, for the one who was eyes to me, and used to lead me to God's house, has gone. Tell Mr. Green she has gone;" referring to his little daughter who had died. These poor people gave all praise to Mr. Green, that he had done so much for their children while they were sick. They took two large canoes full of sick children to Greenville, and they all got over the fever. I told them of the land where there is no sickness.

When we got to Greenville I found Brother Green very poorly, and both he and Mrs. Green were feeling very keenly the loss of their fine boy; but they have two with them who are getting over the fever (the eldest son and daughter being away at school). Well, as soon as I could get on some dry clothes, the poor people commenced to come in, and arrangements were made for services next day, which consisted of a prayer-meeting in the morning, preaching at 11, then a funeral of a little child, and then a missionary meeting, with native speakers and the writer.

THE POOR PEOPLE DID WELL:
in all about \$75 was raised at the meeting. I have only to say if all our congregations would do as well according to their means you would have half a million instead of a quarter, which you ask for. And just as it always is when the people make a sacrifice to the Lord, he blesses them. He did that night. The blessed Spirit came down, and there was such a confession of sin and a fresh consecration of themselves to God. I shall not soon forget the poor people prostrated in the deep snow, near the mission house, pleading that God would bless the missionary and the visitor, and then the people, one by one, were named, and this service was carried on far into the night, as they went from house to house. Oh, may God bless these poor people! But I feel the most for those away up the river, with all this suffering amidst their heathen blindness. I had visited every house with Brother Gibson, our teacher, during the day, found the fever in every house; many of them

GETTING BETTER SLOWLY,
but some poor things will suffer for some time with sore eyes and deafness. This disease was contracted in Victoria last fall or summer, and as soon as they came home it began to spread. This is one of the bad results of the people having to go away so far in search of work.

On Monday morning I found Brother Green much revived, and Mrs. Green was in better spirits. After some letters were written, etc., I started at ten a.m. for down the river. Mr. Gray, a white man, engaged an Indian with his dog sledge to take me down,

as the ice was now sufficiently frozen to bear us on the top crust. The Indian started with his two fine dogs and put us down to our boat in an hour and a half, a distance that took us six hours of hard travel on Saturday. Here we got our boat, and had five hours and a half of hard pulling to get to Naas Harbour, or Echo Cove, where the *Glad Tidings* was anchored, and this morning we were home by 11 a.m. Two little children have died here since I left, of the same fever: We are hoping it will not spread so much as on the Naas. This brings us very near Christmas. May God save the people.—*Outlook.*

The Camel's Nose.

THE Arabs have this proverb to warn against letting bad habits begin: "Beware of a camel's nose." Mrs. Sigourney has explained the proverb in the following lines:

Once in a shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When, through the open window space,
Behold, a camel thrust his face!
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"
Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head;
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast, the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he prest,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet, more astonished, heard him say,
"If thou art troubled, go thy way,
For in this place I choose to stay."

Oh, youthful hearts, to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn;
To evil habit's earliest vile
Lend neither ear nor glance nor smile,
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose.

THE COLD-WATER BOY.

"WHY, Neddy, didn't you get the sugar?" asked a lady whose hands were in a pan of flour.

"No, ma, I couldn't," said Ned. "Little Sammy told me, 'Don't go in that near store, 'cause that man sells rum and beer and cider, and all sorts of drunk things.' Sammy is a cold-water boy, and so I'm going to be one all my life."

"What is a cold-water boy?" asked his mother.

"It's a boy that won't go into a rum-store to buy sugar; and won't taste wine nor cider; and shuts his lips tight—this way—when grandma gives him mince-pies with rum in 'em, and puddings with rum in the sauce, and won't touch 'em, for fear he'll grow into a drunk man."

"Oh! but I want that sugar in such a hurry, Neddy," said his mother.

"Well, send Patty 'way off to some cold-water store; but I don't want to go into a rum-grocery, 'cause I'm a cold-water boy, and we'll all be cold-water folks in this house."

"So we will, dear," said his mother, "and never put wine in our sauce nor wine in our pie."