

goes there, sis; they'd turn us out. Never mind," he added, as the little lip quivered, "I'll get you a good big bit of that green stuff to stick up in our window. Come along, they've all gone in now. P'raps mother'll let us come up and hear the organ outside by'm-by."

Within the church the air was fragrant and summer-like with the masses of evergreen-wreaths, festoons, arches, and crosses, "making the place of His feet glorious," and the organ pealed forth, and the joyous voices of the children thrilled through chancel and nave as they carolled—

"And pray a gladsome Christmas
To all good Christian men.
Carol, Christmas, carol,
Christmas, come again."

Then all knelt lowly together, and confessed their errings, and received pardon through the Christ whose humble birth they celebrated, and, rising, worshipped Him in triumphant chants and songs, and confessed their faith in Him in the oldtime words of the apostles.

And then the old, yet ever new, requests, the unceasing prayers of our humanity for all God's world lying in forgetfulness and ingratitude under the Christmas sun, rose from the altar, and the people breathed forth their Amens.

And now,—

"The door is shut—
The faithful sup with Christ,
And He, in breaking bread, is known."

The glorious sunlight streams through the high stained windows, and falls in a flood of radiance on the white robes of the ministering priest, on a little boy's drowsy eyes, roused him to curiosity and delight, on the softly bowed head of a fair young girl, on the quivering hands of a worn old widow, rejoicing over one who "was lost and is found."

No one noticed that the outer door swung softly open, and a baby-face looked in. Great blue eyes filled with awe and wonder at the solemn beauty of the place, a sweetly-serious little mouth, with parted lips, soft, curly hair, tossed by the wind and escaped from the old shall, fallen back from the clasp of the baby hands. Slowly, noiselessly, with a look of heaven-given light and reverence, the child moved up the aisle till she stood full in the glory of the first window.

"And we most humbly beseech thee, O Father," prayed the minister from the altar, "so to assist us with Thy grace, that we may continue in that holy fellowship, and do all such good works as Thou hast prepared for us to walk in; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen."

And then, with a burst of enraptured melody, the *Gloria in Excelsis* rang forth, and with uplifted hearts and voices, the people praised, worshipped, glorified "God the Father Almighty, God the Only Begotten Son Jesus Christ."

As the priest pronounced the benediction, a child's voice whispered from the door, "Baby, baby, come!" but the little one, in the glory, stood entranced, with clasped hands and adoring brow, and not till the stir of departure began, and curious glances were fixed upon her, did she hear the call, and, in a sudden tremor of fright, fly to join her brother.

Even the heedless boy was impressed by the look on the little face, and forebore to scold her, feeling that she had seen more than God's mere earthly temple, and had come very near the unseen world. And among all the worshippers passing out from God's house and from the sacrament of His love, there was not one who had come nearer Him in the glory and beauty of the Christmas service than the little child who stood unnoticed in His courts.

SANTA CLAUS.

Bessy Rae had lived for a long time in China, with her aunt and uncle. She was an orphan, but, except for saying "uncle and aunt," instead of "papa and mamma," she felt as if she were their own child, as her parents had died before she could remember them, and Mrs. Bristow had ever since taken care of her.

Early in December of 1871, Mr. Bristow received letters which called him back to America,

perhaps to live; so, of course, Bessy and her aunt came too. It did seem a little hard that they should have to leave their home and all their friends just before Christmas; but it couldn't be helped, and after all it was so pleasant to go back to America; pleasant to Mrs. Bristow, because she would see again the dear sisters and mother from whom she had parted four years ago, when Bessy was only three, but to Bessy the "so pleasant" consisted chiefly in getting to America in time to see real snow, and perhaps, if the spring were not too far advanced, having a slide down hill.

Still, when the time came to say good-bye, she was sorry to do it. The house, with its wide cool piazzas, was very pretty, and she would miss the many little friends who lived at Shanghai—American girls like herself, to whom she had promised to write innumerable letters so soon as she could learn how; even the coolies, with their funny round faces and long black braids, she was rather sorry to leave; but she thought of the little new cousins she would meet, and the wonderful stories she could tell them, and felt comforted.

For a week after sailing Bessy never left her berth, and didn't much care what became of her. But when she was once up, and able to stand alone, and to enjoy a little dinner, she found everything pleasant and new and wonderful. She soon grew strong and would sit out on the wide deck every evening watching the lovely moonlit waves, that broke before the ship, dashing its sides with spray, and then closed behind it, leaping up, as if to throw a parting kiss after the huge wonderful creature that had so disturbed and excited them.

The passengers soon made friends with the bright-eyed child; and one old gentleman in particular, who had been all over the world, told her wonderful stories of what he had seen and done in many lands.

But Christmas was drawing near. You would hardly have believed it, for he comes here, wrapped in furs, with icicles hanging to his beard, and snow covering his clothes. There, it was still warm and summer-like, and the wind blew soft against Bessy's cheek, as if it had come from spicy woods and flowery gardens. Still, Christmas was very near, and to Bessy it was to be a very strange one. She was the only child on board, and how could Santa Claus find her? was her constant thought. If he did not know where she was how could he get to her?

"Does Santa Claus go to sea, aunty, and how does he manage it? Do reindeers swim?"

"I don't think they do, Bessy; but," and here aunty looked very wise, "I advise you to wait until Christmas, and see for yourself. If you are good, no doubt Santa Claus will do something for you."

Of course, Bessy had to wait; and she could find out nothing more, but she didn't stop thinking, and at last she confided her doubts and troubles to her old friend the traveller. "Had he ever met Santa Claus? and did he know whether he went to sea?"

"I have never met him," said the gentleman; "and as for the other question, perhaps he has a patent for turning his sled into a boat."

"What should he do with the reindeers then?"

"Did you never hear of boats that go by horses, and why not by reindeers? At any rate, Bessy, he must have some way of crossing the ocean, or else he never would get to America."

"That's true," answered Bessy. "I wonder, as there are no chimneys on the ship, whether he will come through the window. It is such a little one, that I don't see how he can do it."

But the old gentleman either could not, or would not, tell her anything satisfactory: and all she could do was to think and think, till she could think no longer, without coming to any conclusion. On Christmas-eve, she, like many another little girl, made up her mind to lie awake, and, like all who do so, hoping to see Santa Claus, she fell asleep, for the cunning old gentleman is determined to catch them napping.

When she awoke, she looked in vain for any well-filled stocking.

"How could I have expected it, when there was no chimney for him to come through," she said; and rather down-hearted, she got up and began to dress.

"Bessy Rae, Bessy Rae, where are you?" she

heard, just as she had finished her prayers; and she ran out and caught her old friend the traveller round the corner, saying "Merry Christmas" before he could get it out. "I want you to come on deck, and see the most wonderful thing that I ever saw; and I have seen a good many," said he. Mr. and Mrs. Bristow were just behind her as she turned round; and, after she had kissed them and said "Merry Christmas," they all together went up the stairs, and out into the bright, warm southern sunshine. A little crowd was collected there, and all looked eagerly at Bessy, and made way for her to pass. Right in the middle of the group lay the most singular bundle that ever was seen. It was not square or round or three-sided, but all shapes run into one. There was no end of corners that looked ready to burst, and show what was inside; and in one place, a doll's hand was sticking out, as if the owner was in such a hurry to shake Bessy's, that she could not wait. The cover of this odd parcel was not like common paper. It was a curious greyish ground, with what looked like snowflakes scattered over it. Here and there were bright pictures of Christmas-trees, with laughing children about them, of big, round plum-puddings flaming up, of toys and candies, and Christmas bells. In the middle was written, in big, twisted letters, that looked as if they were made of holly berries, "Bessy Rae, with Merry Christmas." The little girl could hardly speak for delight at first—then she pounced on the bundle, saying, "After all, Santa Claus came."

You can easily imagine her pleasure, how her eyes grew big and bright, and her tongue was let loose as she found one pretty thing after another.

"To think, aunty, that Santa Claus didn't forget me," she exclaimed; "but oh! I wish I knew how he came here."

"Ah! said the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye, "he must have been flying over the mast-head on his way to America, and just dropped the bundle down in the right place."

"But I thought you didn't know how he went over the water."

"Perhaps I don't, but perhaps I may guess," said the traveller, and so Bessy could not find out.

The rest of the day was very pleasant to Bessy. The service was very strange and yet very beautiful; even little Bessy had never understood so much of it before. It was held on deck, and the Christmas hymn, *Gloria in Excelsis*, was joyously sung, making all feel, that, though they were on the wide seas, the arms of their mother the Church were still about them, and the Saviour, "who was born this day," was watching over them, and sending down into their hearts His Christmas blessing.

After service they had a Christmas dinner—a real one, with a big plum-pudding to end it, just as if they had been at home. Then there was a long, long play on deck for Bessy, then a sleepy watching of the shining crested waves, then the goodnight kiss and happy childlike sleep, with the new dolly tightly clasped to her breast.

But how does Santa Claus cross the ocean? we hear some little child say. My dear, if Bessy could not find out, though she was on the spot all the time, do you suppose that we know, who never went to sea?

MARRIED.

At Christ Church, London, on the 5th inst., by the Very Rev. Dean Boomer, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Darnell, of Dufferin College, and the Rev. J. W. P. Smith, Incumbent, the Rev. Henry Banwell, Rector of Grace Church, Port Huron, Michigan, to Jane Wall, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Hutchinson, some time Incumbent of Meaford, in this Diocese.

On Tuesday, the 10th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Summerside, P.E.I., by the Rev. T. S. Richey, William B. Mills, Esq., to Henrietta H., daughter of H. C. Green, Esq.; all of Summerside.

DEATH.

December 3rd, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edmond Bambrick, No. 67 Maynard Street, Halifax, N.S., Joseph Clarke, aged 87 years, formerly Parish Schoolmaster, and Clerk of St. George's Church, highly esteemed for his sterling integrity and Christian Character.