

to the making of, or which are still assisting, a civilization. The higher a civilization may be, the greater is its complexity and the more numerous are the forces which have been and are at work upon it. Nevertheless, in a general view of the history of the world we may see three factors which stand out prominently in the work of civilization. They are Religion, Science and Commerce. We see this, too, in spite of the fact that, in the name of each, things have been done and policies have been pursued which have retarded and thwarted advancing waves of civilization. In the name of Religion, thought has been fettered and conscience benumbed for centuries in countries which were so placed that they were capable of influencing the whole world. In the name of Science, true knowledge has been resisted with a force which has often strangled Progress and well-nigh quenched the spirit of enquiry. In the name of Commerce, lastly, we have seen in this age whole races just emerging from savagery destroyed by man's greed. But it is a poor reading of history that sees only the wrong which has been done in the name of any one of these. Yet we have in these days a class of historians and teachers who see in Religion, and even the Christian Religion, only the enemy of civilization. And these historians and teachers, from Dr. Draper down to Col. Ingersoll, have succeeded in obtaining a wide circle of hearers. Everywhere we see the growth of a secularism in life and literature which treats Christianity in its past and present forms as the retarder of man's moral and social advancement.

At the time which commemorates the birth of the Founder of Christianity it is appropriate to look at the other side of the picture, to consider some of the fruits of moral and social advancement which man owes to the unfettered spirit of this religion, and to ask whether these benefits do not outweigh the evils which have been wrought in the name of Christianity. Within the limits of this article it would be impossible to take a survey of nineteen centuries, and we will confine ourselves to a few of those movements in our own day which owed their birth to the spirit and teaching of Christianity, which have made the world happier and better and which have been the parents of thousands of other movements almost equally beneficent. The greater of these movements have been the spread of popular education, temperance, amelioration of life for the sick, sanitation, prison reform, the lessening of the gulf between capital and labour, and the partial establishment of the principle of arbitration between Christian nations. With each of these practical movements earnest secularists have identified themselves, often, it must be admitted, to the shame of many professing Christians; but can it be fairly denied that every one of these movements had its beginnings in Christian principles and with Christian men? Take the case of popular education. Was it not first established as a principle in England that the poorest had a right to be educated, when Robert Raikes started the first Sunday-school in Gloucester one hundred years ago? Father Matthew, an Irish priest, first awakened the world to the blessings of sobriety and temperance. Florence Nightingale, with a band of other Christian women, first led the way to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers. John Howard, quickened to action by Christian love, left the ease and comfort of his home to visit horrible scenes of suffer-

ing and sin, by his accounts of which the world was aroused to a sense of its cruelty toward captives. It was that noble Christian body, the Society of Friends, which first advocated those principles of arbitration and justice best calculated to preserve the peace of Christian nations. That the homes of the poor in peopled cities are made less wretched, less filthy, less crowded, is due most largely to the exertions of Christian physicians, like Dr. Allison, of Scotland. These and other incalculable labours are performed by millions of Christian men and women who are prompted thereto by the principles of Christian love. Are these things not living forces in our civilization? And yet there are men who say that Christianity is the enemy of civilization, and there are millions in Christian countries who listen and believe.

But if the unfettered spirit of Christianity has done much for modern civilization, if it has done more than is calculable, the fact remains that the world is still full of wretchedness, sin and ignorance. The work that has been done has been vast, but it is, comparatively speaking, but a beginning. To go no further than the bounds of our own country, has not the unended record of this year taught us that there is much to be done in Canada? Has the strange series of this year's crimes no meaning? Is there no warning in what we have heard of the dens where labour is oppressed? Is there not misery, or ignorance, or intemperance within our reach? If it is appropriate at this time to consider the influences of Christianity upon civilization, it is also practical to look forward to what may be done by larger measures of peace and good will toward men.

#### PERSONAL.

William O'Connor, the Toronto oarsman, will probably leave for the Pacific slope immediately after Christmas. He will give exhibitions at Victoria, San Francisco and other places before leaving for Australia.

Madame de Lery, who died last week at Quebec, was the widow of the late Hon. A. R. Chaussegnois de Lery, Seigneur de Rigaud, Vaudreuil, Senator and Legislative Councillor. His ancestor, Chevalier Gaspard Chaussegnois de Lery, came to Canada in 1716.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, possesses the original manuscript of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." It is the only manuscript of Dickens, with the exception of a few short stories, outside of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Childs has refused \$6,000 for it.

Mr. Hansard, for many years the official reporter and publisher of "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates," will cease to act in that capacity on January 1st. From the monopoly his house has enjoyed he has amassed an immense fortune. Mr. Hansard will be succeeded by the firm of Macrae, Cur-tice & Co.

Lord Seaton died recently after a long illness at Boulogne, where he had resided for many years. During the Canadian rebellion in 1837-38 he served as A.D.C. to his father, Sir John Colborne, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. He joined the 24th Regiment as ensign in Montreal. In 1851 he married Charlotte, second daughter and co-heiress of Baron Downes. She died in 1863, and by her he leaves issue, three sons and four daughters.

Lord Lonsdale has been heard from in the Far North. He is still going toward the pole and is now doubtless within the Arctic circle. He has only two Indian guides with him, and is known amongst the red men as "the man who walks fast." He has secured numerous specimens of birds and beasts for the Scottish Naturalist Society of Edinburgh, and has learned minutely the habits of the animals of the northern regions, besides those of the Indians, the language of whom he has learned.

Here are some of the Canadians who were elected to public life in the United States: R. S. Hudspeth, nephew of A. Hudspeth, M.P., of Lindsay, Ont., elected to the New Jersey Legislature; Lewis Frank, brother of A. Frank, of Victoria, B.C., to the California Legislature; J. W. Murtagh, a native of London, Ont., to the Michigan Legislature; O. Mowat Fraser, a Kingstonian and nephew of the Premier of Ontario, county auditor in Dakota; W. James, son of B. James, of Lanark, Ont., Sheriff for Pembina County, Dakota; Wm. Tierney, of Pembroke, Ont., Registrar of Deeds for Walsh County, Dakota.

#### A CHRISTMAS EVE IN CANADA.—1663.

From all our ancient forests, lakes and streams,  
A murmur of the past arises still,  
And mingles with the wind that sadly sweeps  
In chill December through the leafless boughs,—  
Clear tones of preaching, wild appealing prayers,  
The moanings of the tortured, and the stern  
Reproving words of priests; the furious din  
Of savage revelry; and high above them all  
The long sweet cadence of the evening hymn,  
Sung by the martyr with his latest breath,—  
And countless tales of duty nobly done,  
Still sparkle on our history's early page,  
Like jewels on some antique missal's rim.  
But in few words the saddest fate is told,  
Of one who came to our Canadian wilds,  
Strong in his self-renouncing hope and love,—  
The youngest of his brotherhood—and died.  
The only one who toiled and prayed in vain,  
Suffered all things, yet missed the martyr's palm,  
And brought no spirit with him home to God.

"Again the dull crash of the icy boughs  
Upon the birch-bark roof, again the long,  
Low wail of winter winds among the trees,  
While near me, in the wigwam's narrow space,  
Lit by the blazing pine-knot's ruddy glow,  
Dark faces gleam, like demons, through the smoke  
That the wild storm drives back within our hut;  
And I, to seek a breath of purer air,  
Press close against the crevices, where still  
Creeps in the stinging blast, and strive to read  
The breviary, whose letters seem of blood  
To my scorched eyes.—no more;—the sacred page  
Fades into visions of the dreary past,  
When, through the frozen forest, day by day,  
I struggled onward, with my heavy load,  
O'er fallen trunks and matted cedar-swamps  
And pathless drifts of snow;—the nightly camp,  
When I, alone among a savage horde,  
Shrank from their deeds of wanton cruelty,  
And strove in vain to raise a pleading voice  
Above the sorcerer's din of dance and drum,—  
The loneliness and peril;—yet I know,  
Oh, God! Thy will hath led me to these wilds,  
And so—I am content. I look around  
Where, stretched in slumber deep the Indians lie,  
Dreaming, amongst their dogs, of sport and chase.  
If only one of these I could have taught  
To love Thee, I would feel my labours crowned  
With benediction,—but no light from Heaven  
Fell on the weary months that bring to-night  
The Eve of Christmas.

Yesterday they came  
Back from the chase with empty hands and dark  
Stern faces, pinched with hunger, and they cried  
To me that if my faith indeed were strong  
To bring them food, they would believe and pray.  
And so, with trembling heart, I sent them forth  
This morn, and thought my supplication heard,  
When, tall and dark against the crimson sky,  
I saw them stride towards me, dragging slow  
A mighty moose across the reddened snow.  
But soon, amidst the revelry, arose  
Fresh jeers and insults, and again I knew  
My hopes and prayers had ended in despair,—  
My life in nothingness.

Now, fainter grown,  
I ask my God if it is all in vain,  
Shall I not teach one soul to worship Him?—  
I, who have given all, since in fair France,  
Among the sunny slopes and purple vines  
Of my dear home, I heard the Voice that called.—  
'Leave all thou hast, and come and follow Me.'  
Ah, no!—my work is ended, for I feel  
The icy hand of Death upon my heart,  
And here, alone, amongst a savage horde,  
Must I, in storm and snow and wilderness,  
Breathe my last sigh of effort unfulfilled,  
Knowing that I have toiled and suffered long  
In vain—in vain? The hut grows cold and dark—  
A mist is round me,—Lord, to Thee my soul!"

And so one night, two hundred years ago,  
An humble priest amongst our forests died—  
Swept suddenly from heights of sacrifice  
As a light leaf that early tumbles down  
Before the radiance of the autumn gold  
Has crowned its days with glory. Yet we know  
Nature has decreed the logic of results,  
Nor life nor leaf is wasted, for the soil  
Takes to its breast, beneath the winter's snows,  
Alike, the lonely waif that fell too soon  
And the rich gifts the burning maple sheds  
In glowing triumph of attained desire,  
Drawing from each, with subtle chemistry,  
The blossoms sweet and starry buds of spring.  
From many a nameless grave shall start and bloom  
The flower of high resolve, and other hearts  
Shall claim it theirs, and other hands shall grasp  
And bear it thro' the tumult of the world,  
Bright as an oriflamme in times of war,  
Strong to inspire all noble deeds of men.