

nd interest.
ork already
ed how ad-
as for mis-
that their
ndience was
nd eloquent
ir times as
of the ser-
and Jubilate

series.

, Jacob was
, xii. chap.,
he question
ayer which
g represent
A. M.

he name of
itenance the
n the third
the Father,
person, thus
Holy Ghost,
r, or "come
the Father
vi. 28, Heb.
ted by the
M.

ntside of the
ized in the
mation?
INQUIRY.

writers in full
ble for their

OMA.

ddenness of
p Fauquier.
l history of
it, although
as his last
rch, Drum-
rd, at least
sad loss the
that portion
ace him as
one, but he
ally for his

in the provi-
ough an in-
her devo-
a. Being a
anxiety, no
ness of his
New York,
ly remains,
o rest for a
nter in the
He arri-
nd not been
nd he most
l celebrated
ther a coin-
ld have been
prepare for
o be ready"
ar." Little
armon! Lit-
his face no
ning of Ad-
him in the
it on such a
I could not
the house
covering so
er until Dec.
ee, set off
e the doctor
ouse of ano-
le to remain
on the 7th he
h a brother
coat he fell,
good bishop
without war-
and suffer-

ing, to his rest in Paradise. Oh, how sudden! What a warning to us all! May we not truly say he has gone awaiting a joyful resurrection at the last great day? Let us all pray for his bereaved diocese, that God would, of His infinite mercy, raise up a worthy successor to carry on and perfect the great work which he, the first Bishop of Algoma, had begun. May I, and all who heard his last words on Advent Sunday, long dwell on the notes of warning which he then sounded, and prepare for the second Advent of Him who once came to save the world, but may soon come to judge the world and render to all according as their works have been: and may we all think of those words of St. Paul, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." And may we sing

"Thou O my Lord prepare
My soul for that great day,
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away."

Yours,

Drummondville,
Dec. 9th, 1881

CHAS. LEYCESTER INGLES.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

SIR,—Will you allow me, through your columns, to make an appeal for a Sunday-school library for the School at Gravenhurst? Our circumstances are well known to be anything but prosperous in worldly matters at present—this being a new settlement—so that we are not able to provide ourselves with the books which are absolutely necessary for carrying on our Sunday-school.

Our school is flourishing, and the prospects of the Church here most encouraging; but we need a little help, especially for our school. I am sure there must be many schools from which books, that have been read over and over again, could well be spared to assist us. And we shall be very much obliged to the superintendents and teachers of any Sunday-school who will kindly assist us in this way.

Yours,

Gravenhurst,
Muskoka, Ont.

WM. QUEALE,

Superintendent.

Family Reading.

THE MANGER OF THE HOLY NIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

The History of the Old Birch Tree.

"Thou knowest not, then," said the dwarf, "the history of this tree, and how it was blended with the fortunes of thine house? I pity thee, O king, for if thy father had brought thee hither every day, and chastened thee with the rod, and rehearsed to thee the legend, its words would have touched thine heart and life would not have been to thee the wearisome thing that it is now; truth is bitter, like the leaves of this tree, and they who have fed upon the sweet words of the flatterer, are loth to listen to the language of reproof. Nevertheless, thou must be admonished while there is yet time; sit down, therefore, and hear."

The king listened with anger in his face, but as he much desired to know the tale, he sat down.

"Know, then," said the old man, "that this place, filled now with that stately castle, and this royal garden, was, in the days of my youth, a calm and grassy glade. Here and there stood a lofty tree, and beneath them bushes and reeds, sweet with the breath of flowers: but here, where now we sit, there was a small forest of birch, and in the midst there was a soft and silent spring. Now there dwelt by the quiet water a poor and solitary man, the father of a motherless child; their home was a hut framed from the woodland boughs, and its roof was of reeds, so that because he lived alone in that copse, they called him 'The Old Man of the Wood.' This very tree stood at his door; the shadows of many an evening fell upon the man, as he sat with his lonely child, and thought upon that, which was ever in that solitude an anxious grief, the food of the next day. Then, in thy majesty, O king, thinkest proud scorn of such a tree; but the branches of the birch were so precious to that poor man's heart, that he made solemn thanksgiving to God every day for their growth. He bound their twigs into brooms, which he sold that he might buy bread for himself and son. The tree beside his door was, as it were, the token of his daily life, and moreover, it was dear to him because it was his own, and it was the only thing beside the hut that he could so call. In the heat of the summer he watered it from the well, and he himself would rather lack water than the tree should thirst: in the snow, and in the tempest, when the winter was fierce in the forest, even then he spared the tree

of the house, and went into the distant and dangerous wood for boughs. Thus grew the fair and silent companion of the poor man and his child; so nurtured, it prospered and prevailed, exceedingly. Its branches became the favourite bowers of many a sweet singing bird, and they nestled among its leaves every spring; nay, so quiet was the place, and calm, that those wild inhabitants of the air approached without fear the poor man and his child, and it soothed them in their solitude to behold the love of birds, those beautiful images that came forth with wings from the mighty mind of God.

"Thus, then, went on their meek and harmless life—a strange and saddening scene—the old and solitary man, the tree, the birds, the child. The mother died the day that her son was born, and after her death the solitary father sat evening after evening beneath that leafy shade, and carried on his simple craft with the cradle of his child at his feet. Often and often he would mingle his voice with the song of the birch, and sing—

'Sleep, my baby, sleep!
The wolf will grasp the sheep,
Its soft skin to divide,
And rend its snowy side;
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

'The hunter seeks the wood,
There in the solitude,
The fatal shaft is sped,
And the fierce beast is dead!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

'The vale and mountain's breast,
Are soft with silent rest;
And to the old oak tree,
The dreamy shadows flee,
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

'Lovely spirits there,
In their robes of air,
Weave, in hues of night,
Visions of delight!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

'They bring, too, from the wild,
Robes for the harmless child;
They will fold them on my boy,
And chant him songs of joy!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

'They only come in sleep,
When rest is calm in deep,
Then their bright presence gleams;
They talk to thee in dreams!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

'See! his brow is bright,
With spirits of the night;
That smile upon his face,
Is from their embrace!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"The child grew, a gentle and loving boy: the tree, the birds, the fountain, and the flowers, these were the dear and innocent companions of his youth; but his father had not always soothed him with sweet song. He had gathered from the birch a rod, and whensoever the child did wrong, if he injured bird, fountain, or tree, or if he disobeyed his father's voice, then would the old man chasten him; nay more, it was the usage of the hut that the boy must kneel down and kiss the very rod of punishment; for his father said—

'Mark thee well, my gentle son,
That in love this thing is done;
For thee, this bitter rod was given,
By thy FATHER up in heaven
He sees the danger thou art in,
From weakness, miseries, and sin;
He saith, the right way to be trod,
Is to be made known by the rod:
I blame in love, I smite to save,
From pain and loss beyond the grave.'

"But the good old broom-binder had great trouble to print this on the mind of his son; and often after he had kissed the rod, he would grasp it and hurl it into the fire. Now there was nothing which the father had so strongly forbidden the child as to pierce the bark of the birchwood trees for their juice. He reckoned it in him a sin to requite the trees that had provided them so long with sustenance, by drawing from them, as it were, their blood of life. When therefore, the child thirsted, he led him to the fountain-side, and taught him this song:—

'See how bright and clear, my son,
From this well the waters run;
Earth's best and sweetest wine.
Mark you not, how fair and free
The tall oak's firm branches be,
Where fountains shine!

'Far, far away, its source was poured,
Even from the river of the Lord,
God cleaves the earth with streams.

It shines beside the poor man's door,
It gladdens him for evermore.
'Where its bright presence gleams'

'Here the sweet birds will come to drink
The hind will bend beside the brink,
And start her imaged form to see,
So clear the glassy waters be!'

"Thus dwelt they there, poor, but in peace; the years fled fast, the lad grew graceful and more tall, and on the hoar head of the father there had fallen a lighter gray. Now it came to pass, once on a day in spring, that the old man had to go into the forest for berries and boughs; and before he went, he said, 'Give good heed, my son, that our chickens are sheltered from the birds of prey, and remember—

'If there come a weary guest,
Take him in, and give him rest;
Be thy greeting kind and strong,
'Welcome,' is the stranger's song!

'Bring him water, give him bread,
As the ancient proverb said;
If for only one thou hast,
Fill thy brother's mouth, and fast.'

(To be Continued.)

THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.

The main body of the King's infantry had come to the charge with their usual intrepidity, first firing on their opponents as they advanced, and then falling to with the butt-ends of their muskets,—for bayonets were not at that time invented. In this manner the royalists infantry had broken the ranks of the enemy, and gained a decided advantage. But Cromwell with his horse, having routed those opposed to him, detached a portion of his troops to prevent them from rallying, and with the rest charged the main body of the royalists infantry in flank, and entirely cut them up or destroyed them, whole regiments laying down their arms. The fortune of the day was now entirely changed. The King's army took to flight, leaving Fairfax master of all the cannon and baggage, containing the private letters between Charles and the Queen, of which the rebels afterwards made an ungenerous use, by publishing garbled extracts in print.

The regiment drafted from the Lichfield garrison, under the command of Colonel Bagot, were great sufferers on this fatal field. Having put to the route the troops opposed to them, they had rallied round the King towards the end of the day, when a large body of the enemy bore down upon them. The King was literally forced by his friends from the field. Meanwhile, with a view to cover his retreat, Colonel Bagot's regiment and another charged the advancing enemy; and though they succeeded in stopping their career, and so saving the King's person, they were soon surrounded by overpowering numbers, and many were killed or made prisoners. Colonel Bagot, Archbold, and a few others, cut their way through the enemy with desperate valour; but in so doing, the gallant colonel received a pistol-shot in his right arm, which fractured the bone, and rendered him utterly powerless. Already was one of Cromwell's ironsides prepared with uplifted arm to cut him down, when the stroke was arrested by Archbold's sword, and the trooper himself disabled. Placing himself on the right side of his wounded colonel, Archbold thus forced his way through the opposing throng, until they had attained a place of safety. These were the only two officers of the regiment who escaped. Captain Dyott, Glasier, and others, were amongst the list of prisoners, and several were wounded and slain. In this fatal battle above one hundred and fifty officers and men of prime quality were left dead upon the spot; "but," says Clarendon, "I shall not stop in this place to mention the names of those noble persons who fell in this battle, when the King and kingdom were lost by it."

(To be Continued.)

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.—Mrs. T. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay some time; and the morning I obtained the St. Jacobs Oil I could not put down my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On Sunday following I could stand up and walk up a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room, and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well, and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half and I am almost free from pain. It is a wonderful medicine."