

SPREAD OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—"The spread of the English language, says a document of the London Tract Society, "is a remarkable fact in the providential dealings of the Most High with mankind. Its study is increasing all over Europe. It is the mother tongue of the United States, as well as of the British Isles, and prevails over the whole of the vast colonies of North America appended to the British crown. It is the language of many of the West India Islands, and is heard more or less in all the centres of commercial activity in South America. It is the tongue of the infant empires of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, and appears destined to overspread the whole Polynesian Island groups. From the Cape it is moving upwards into the interior of Africa, and into whatever part Dr. Livingston pierces from the west, he will take with him not only the merchandise but the speech of his country. Along the Egyptian highway to Asia it is becoming a familiar sound. Throughout all India, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, it is being acquired by the most active and influential of the native population; and in five of the crowded ports of China it is one of the dialects of every-day life. Wherever the English tongue is spoken its literature finds its way. Hence it is no exaggeration to say that the preparation of a Christian literature in the English language is an object of world-wide importance."

DEATH OF A NOTED HORSE.—The celebrated trotting horse Ned Forest, who at one time was the acknowledged champion of the turf, died on the 13th of October, at the stable of James Hamill, N. Y., at the advanced age of thirty-four years. This extraordinary horse, son of Grand Bashaw, was once the property of Gen. George Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, and it is said, while in his possession, trotted repeatedly half a mile in 1.08 and 1.09; and that on a private trial he performed his mile in harness in 2.26.

THE ENGLISH CHRISTMAS HOME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

A loud and laughing welcome to the merry Christmas bells!
 All hail, with happy gladness, to the well known chaunt that swells.
 We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain,
 And love the tidings that proclaim old Christmas once again.
 But there must be a melody of purer, deeper sound,
 A rich key-note, whose echo runs through all the music round;
 Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof or palace dome,
 For these alone are carol chimes that bless a Christmas Home!

CHORUS.

Then fill once more from Bounty's store red wine or nut-brown foam,
 And drink to kindly voices in an English Christmas Home.

A blythe and joyous welcome to the berries and the leaves
 That hang about our household-walls in dark and rustling sheaves;
 Up with the holly and the bay, set laurel on the board,
 And let the mistletoe look down while pledging draughts are poured.
 But there must be some hallowed bloom to garland with the rest—
 All, all, must bring towards the wreath some flowrets in the breast;
 For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or palace dome,
 Warm hearts alone will truly serve to deck the Christmas Home!

CHORUS.

Then fill once more from Bounty's store red wine or nut-brown foam
 And drink to honest hearts within an English Christmas Home!