

present upon different evenings, Revds. G. Cooke, (Georgetown), P. L. Spencer, (Elora), A. F. Bett, (Eria), C. R. Lee, (Port Colbourne.) The Mission as conducted was comprised of instruction classes on Holy Communion on every afternoon, with the Mission Service and sermon on each evening. The service was informal, but always gathered from Prayer Book, interspersed with bright hymns, which were heartily sung by the congregation. The responses were devout and reverent; in fine, the whole of the exercises had every evidence of true spirituality. The sermons—thoroughly evangelical, free from theological polemics—were extempore, of an hour's length, and listened to with the utmost attention. Such services, carefully prepared by the Missioner, cannot but succeed in reaching the hearts of the people through the Holy Spirit. At the close of the Sunday evening Service (post benediction), the Incumbent briefly addressed the Missioner, testifying to the good effect already manifested in the congregation, not only by the unusual attendance at the Holy Communion, but by the earnest assurance of many families to lead a new life in the love and Word of God; after which the Church Wardens and Lay Delegates presented a brief address on behalf of themselves and the congregation, expressing "their heartfelt thanks for your kindness in bringing to us the words of instruction, peace and joy," to all of which the Rev. Missioner replied by impressing once more the duties and responsibilities of the Christian life. The Missioner pronouncing the Advoic Benediction, the congregation dispersed.

DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS (Continued.)

The district of Pembina Crossing will have 15 or 20 townships about half settled, and probably one-fifth of the population belongs to the church. Holy Trinity Parish, Winnipeg, has through its rector guaranteed our mission fund at least \$800 a year, and expressed a wish for another district to be taken up to be more immediately connected with itself. The Mission Board has accordingly taken up a district, without any outside grant, to be associated with Holy Trinity. The district selected is to have the promising new town of Brandon as its centre, and will also contain at present Millford and Roundthwaite. Brandon did not exist six months ago. Now it has over 100 buildings. There may be, within a year after the presence of a clergyman, three churches in this district. A very earnest layman, Mr. Fortier, who has my license, has been most kindly holding services every Sunday at Brandon. A clergyman from the diocese of Niagara has been anxious to spend some months in this country. He has been temporarily appointed to Brandon. The appointment of missionary had been offered to a clergyman of experience in the diocese of Quebec who has been desirous of getting work in this diocese, but it is not yet certain whether he will accept it.

During the past year, owing to the sudden rise of land near Winnipeg, we have, by a sale of the largest portion of the glebe of St. James, obtained an endowment of \$1,000. At the same time the Incumbent Mr. Piniham felt it his duty to resign the parish on account of the rapidly growing demands on his time of the office of superintendent of Protestant schools, which he has held for a number of years with such credit and usefulness.

I have had the pleasure of collating to St. James the Rev. Alfred Cowley, Incumbent of St. Clement, who I have no doubt will prove a most worthy rector of what is to be a very important parish. On my recommendation the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have transferred £50 of the grant of St. James after the end of this year to Christ Church parish, Winnipeg, to help that parish during the next two or three years when the congregation is being established. Canon Grisdale deserves the best thanks of the Church for having accomplished in Christ Church parish the good work he did at Holy Trinity.

When the time comes for Christ Church parish to go alone, I hope it will be like Holy Trinity, a comfort and strength to the diocese. We hope to have the pleasure, to-morrow, of opening the new Church.

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES, &c.

STUDIES ON THE ENGLISH REFORMATION: By J. Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut. (Tenth, pp. 227. Price \$1.00. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

In 1880 Mr. Geo. A. Jarvis, of Brooklyn, founded a lectureship in the General Theological Seminary, New York, somewhat on the plan of the Bampton Lectures, and out of love to his friend, the Bishop of Massachusetts named it the "Bishop Paddock Lectureship," and nominated Bishop Williams as the first lecturer. This book is the first fruits of the founders noble benevolence, and well sustains the reputation of its author as an ecclesiastical historian. It was delivered in 1880, before the students of the Seminary and others.

We have been handed "Whittakers' Churchman's Almanac for 1882," by D. MacGregor, 145 Hollis Street, Halifax. We understand that Mr. MacGregor, who visited the Church of England Publishing Houses in New York and Philadelphia last spring, purposes selecting and importing the latest and best Church of England literature as it comes out.

Family Department.

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

THE Saviour stands without. Hast thou not heard His low light knocking at thy humble door? Why is it closed? Ah, open unto Him. And pardon for thy grievous sins implore. Long have thine ears been deaf to His low call, Pleasure hath lured thee on her pathway free; Is this wild fleeting changing world thy all? Absorbed in self, no higher canst thou see? The wind and rain beat on Him. See, He leans So wearily against the close-shut door; O draw those bolts, and gladly bid Him come Into thy home to dwell forever more. Close not thy heart, O friend, to that great Guest, His "still small voice" shall whisper, "Peace" and "Rest."

—Alice Gray Cowan, in the Standard of the Cross.

CHRISTMAS.

God from on high hath heard; Let sighs and sorrows cease; Lo! from the opening heaven descends To man the promised Peace.

Hark! through the silent night Angelic voices swell; Their joyful songs proclaim that "God Is born on earth to dwell."

See how the shepherd-band Speed on with eager feet; Come to the hallowed cave with them The Holy Babe to greet.

But, oh, what sight appears Within that lowly door! A manger, stall, and swaddling clothes A child, and Mother poor!

Art Thou the Christ? the Son? The Father's Image bright? And see we Him Whose Arm upholds Earth and the starry height?

Yea, Faith can pierce the cloud Which veils Thy Glory now; We hail Thee God, before Whose Throne The Angels prostrate bow.

A silent Teacher, Lord, Thou bidst us not refuse To bear what flesh would have us shun To shun what flesh would choose.

Our sinful pride to cure With that pure love of Thine, O be Thou born within our hearts, Most Holy Child Divine.

UNDER THE ROOF.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Translated from the German for the GUARDIAN.

"Martyr Street" led straight to the Town wall. It was narrow, as are the oldest streets of old cities, almost without exception, and the upper stories of the narrow houses leaned over towards each other, as though they wished to call across, "I will hold you, neighbour, if you should be seized with the dizziness of old age and fall forward." Darkened with smoke and dust were all these houses up to the end of the street, where the "wall-lane" traversed it like the arms of a cross.

The corner house to the left had been formerly a nunnery, and looked the blackest of all, for near by there was a bakery, the black smoke of which had for many years past been driven by the prevailing east wind upon the building, long since abandoned by the nuns. "The black corner" the spot was called by the whole of "Martyr Street," which was, however, indebted to it for its name, for the corner of the nunnery had been sloped off above the ground story, and there a sculptor of the sixteenth century had placed a crucifix, roughly carved in sandstone, which time had now worn into ugly indistinctness. Poor people lived in the "black corner"; the cheapness of the rent was the only thing which would have induced a human being to inhabit this world-forsaken spot; to pass through the heavy, weather-worn entrance into the Egyptian darkness of a damp, cold, brick-paved passage, and to ascend the precarious, worn-out stairs, which wound upwards, like an attenuated worm, to the attic. The stairs, too, retained a remembrance of the nunnery-time; the skylight, which made an attempt to light it about the first story, threw a gleam upon a painting in the darkest tints—a Head of the dying Christ, of such appalling appearance that more than one visitor of the house, coming suddenly upon it, rising like a vision out of the darkness, had started back in horror and barely escaped a fall.

Under the roof of the black corner there were four inhabitable rooms, occupied by four tenants, a seamstress, an old tailor, a typesetter in the last stage of consumption, and the destitute widow (blessed with four children) of a journeyman mason who had been killed some years previously by a fall from a scaffolding. The latter managed to exist by gathering the refuse and scraps from the streets and houses, in which occupation her children helped her, when not at the poor school. The children were the enlivening element under the roof of the black corner. But just now nothing was to be heard of their merry laughter and chatter; they were wandering through the wintry streets of

the city, between the booths of the Christmas market, before the great plate-glass windows in Dorothy street, in the crowd of busy people passing to and fro, endeavoring at the last moment to fill up what was wanting in their lists of Christmas purchases. The children wanted to see Christmas brightness and beauty, and, since last year when they had found in the crowd on Christmas Eve a lost toy-sheep, they were blessed with the silent hope that Providence might have arranged for this year a similar delightful surprise.

It was Christmas for the black corner too and its rooms under the roof, although nothing of the brilliant life of the city penetrated there, nothing of the Christmas beauty or rejoicings, not even sounds from the neighborhood, for it was bitterly cold outside, and it was advisable to shut the windows as tightly as possible. But the people up there recognized in their own fashion the fact of the festival. The sick typesetter was best off, he lay in bed in the dark; he could look undisturbed out of the window, into the star-bright winter sky, the Christmas-tree of the poor, he could look and dream. He dreamed of a room full of light and merry children, and of a woman who was his wife. Yes, it should be so when he got well. And surely he would soon be well, to-day he felt so light and easy.

The widow sat by the stove, and waited for the children; she had made some coffee, and on the table were some little pieces of cake, apples and nuts, and some new pairs of stockings.

The tailor squatted on the ground, also in the closest vicinity of his little stove. He had his legs crossed in good Turkish fashion, and gaily whistled the tune

"O thou happy, O thou blessed Peace-bringing Christmas tide,"

Although he had plainly to work hard, he was content with his Christmas; in fact, he was proud; for he had to finish a whole coat, which was to appear at Church on the morrow. That was something very different from the everlasting sewing up seams, darning and putting on patches; a real master-piece, and the needle flew up and down.

The seamstress' little room was perhaps the most comfortable; of course she had to work as hard as the tailor, or rather harder; a dress had to be finished ironing in half-an-hour, a dress with countless frills and folds that was to be placed among Christmas presents. The irons had been glowing uninterruptedly for two hours past in the stove, and the stove was glowing itself, so that the air was filled with the hot vapour of scorched atoms.

The seamstress was a rather tall, neatly, but poorly-dressed person, spare and old-maidish. "Faded" was written upon her forehead. But yonder over the little looking-glass between the attic windows was written something else. It was worked on canvass in large letters, framed and glazed:

"Better to suffer than to stoop."

Strange! Was that the motto of the jaded woman who inhabited the attic of the "black corner"? A motto is something unusual with a poor seamstress, and especially one expression of such masculine energy. But she did not look as energetic, as self-reliant as her motto. Her attitude was somewhat stooping, her features wore a certain look of exhaustion, and had you looked into the mostly downcast eyes which watched her toilsome work, you would have noticed that their expression was at once hard and weary. Weary? Yes, that was it. Weary of work—of the mechanical ironing—which yet needed such close attention; perhaps weary of the life which laid this yoke upon her.

She ironed on for a while, her whole attention on her work. The whistling stopped, a door opened, and there was a knock at hers.

"Come in!" she said; and for a moment a kind smile came to her lips.

"Good evening, Fraulein!" said the voice of the old tailor. "I want to keep Christmas for a quarter of an hour; I have just put in the second sleeve. Thunder! but it's nice and warm here! My little stove won't hold out much longer. Can I have your iron presently?"

"Certainly, Herr Fendel! Pray, come in and take a seat."

Evidently, people were very polite to one another under the roof of the "black corner." The tailor drew one of the worn-out, cane-seated chairs close to the stove and rubbed his hands.

"Well, Christmas is here once more, Frauleinchen! You see everything in this world is only what I call illusion or imagination. I used to think once that a Christmas-tree and lights and presents belonged to Christmas. Now I am content if I have fir-wood to make a fire, and oil for my green-shade lamp, and I have not had a present for a long, long time, except the making of the new coat which Providence has given me. If I did not know that other people bought fir-trees and hung them with presents for each other, I should think that Christmas could not be kept in any other way than the way I keep it."

The 'Fraulein,' as the black corner called her, sighed, but she smiled at the same moment, as she looked up. "That is all very fine, Herr Fendel, but we know that it is Christmas, and one remembers the light and the splendour and the smell of the fir-trees, and one would like to belong to the happy ones." A longing, dreaming, far-off look came into her eyes before she took hold of another frill and began to iron.

*Little Miss.

"To the happy ones you say, Fraulein, quite right, quite right!" the tailor went on undisturbed, while he drew his thumb and forefinger pressed together through the air, as though he were drawing out his thoughts like a thread. "Why are human beings not happy? because they give way too much to their imagination. If one gives way to it, all kinds of wishes spring up like mushrooms, and when wishes are unfulfilled, there is unhappiness." A deep shadow crossed the seamstress' face, and she bent her head lower. "It is true" she said wearily—"wishes bring unhappiness." "Ah, is it not so? Fraulein," continued the tailor cheerfully. Now, you see, I never let my imagination show itself at all. Christmas-trees—nonsense! I say to myself. If you had never seen one you would not believe that anyone needed a Christmas-tree to be happy. Cakes and pies and lights just in the same way. Everything else just so, except my own necessities. Therefore, everything that people wish for is really nothing, therefore I need not wish for it, and, you see, because I wish for nothing I am happy. Every misfortune comes from imagination and wishes; that is the whole moral of it." A noise on the stairs of little feet eagerly stumbling up, and merry children's chatter in between interrupted the philosophical reflection of the tailor. "There are our rogues," he said, smiling good naturedly. "They seem to be in great spirits, I'll just step over to Mrs. Bremser. They are really good children, are our children." "I will come too, Herr Fendel; I am nearly done, I'll put another heater in the iron." She put aside her work, screwed down her lamp, and they went together.

"Fraulein, Fraulein, we have had a Christmas-tree given us!" Happy children's voices greeted them out of the midst of delighted confusion, "and cakes and apples, and nuts too, and beautiful stockings." "And where did all the stuff come from?" asked the tailor, as he examined the little stand, covered with twisted green paper, amongst which the tinsel glittered in the light of a few wax tapers. "Well, you are really keeping Christmas here." "A man gave it to us when we were standing still in front of a booth with trees like this."

"A cup of coffee, Fraulein. Here, Herr Fendel; certainly you must," said the widow. "I took one over just now to that poor fellow Zeidler. Ah! such a poor fellow is badly off indeed, so deadly ill and not a soul belonging to him to take care of him. The best of all this Christmas is to know that we're well."

"There! you see the pleasure of getting something that you never wished for, Fraulein. When you've wished for a thing till you're sick and tired, it scarcely gives you any pleasure when you get it. I always say, no wishes!" And the tailor pointed triumphantly to the four children who were trying on their stockings, each with an apple in its mouth and with shining eyes fixed on the tree.

The seamstress drank her coffee. "I will go and see Zeidler," she said. She nodded and went out softly. A dimly-lighted pane of glass let into the board petition which formed the sick man's room, and a hacking cough coming from thence, guided her in the dark. A night light burned beside the bed—the widow had lighted it.

(To be concluded.)

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

Mr. Frank Pocock, whose death in the Stanley expedition was so universally mourned, was, it appears, not unprepared for the sad event that so prematurely ended his days. Mr. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," relates that the party had been in great danger, and had passed through severe fighting. Frank Pocock, the sunniest of them all, and the best loved, broke into a strain of singing:

"The home land! I long to meet Those who have gone before: The weeping eyes and weary feet Rest on the happy shore."

Mr. Stanley said, "Frank, you will make every boy cry with such tunes as that.—Choose some heroic tune." "All right, sir," he replied, with a bright face, and struck up—

"Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward To their homes on high."

"Ah! Frank," said Mr. Stanley, "it isn't the heavenward way you mean, is it? I should think you would prefer the homeward way."

"How do you like this, sir?—
"My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way O teach me from my heart to say, 'Thy will be done!'"

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song." He responded by singing—

"Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before."

—Christian Herald.

NOTHING so increases reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow, and deem others so.

AND the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to you and all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.