

social wens that grow by impoverishing all around them, largely countervail the most earnest efforts of the Christian and philanthropist. One Sunday night I heard Spurgeon pray with infinite pathos for the great city of London, "That the tide of iniquity that flowed down the streets might be stayed," and as I saw the blazing ginshops busy at their nefarious trade that Sabbath night, I felt that there was much need of prayer and faith and work for the arrest of the drink traffic and for the moral elevation of the people. I am not unaware of the noble efforts that are being made and of the great results that have already been achieved in this behalf. I rejoice in their success and in the promise of a brighter morrow for the world. Most of all am I thankful for the immunities and privileges which we in this new land possess.

If it be true, as Buckle asserts, that a civilization depends upon its physical environment—and it is true to a considerable extent—then we should develop on the virgin soil of this continent one of the noblest civilizations the world has seen. The very sky seems several stories higher than in the Old World, the air more exhilarating, and the climate unequalled in its ministry to health and pleasure. Many of those old historic lands of Europe are charming places to visit, but they are also excellent places to leave. The struggle for a bare livelihood is more keen, the chances of success less assured, the educational and social advantages are less easy attainable than in our own favoured land. Untrammelled by the fetters of the past, with its almost boundless extent and inexhaustible resources, Canada offers to its sons a fairer heritage than is, I think, to be found elsewhere on earth. Land of my birth,

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee."

CHRISTMAS.

A HAPPY Christmas-tide to every one,
Though from the festal board some guests . . .
And yet, not gone, for to each vacant place
There cometh one who hath an angel's face ;
And there is left a store of life and love,
Links which unite us here to those above.

A happy Christmas-tide, and let the poor
Turn with a thankful heart from every door.
If in our hearts there's strife with kin or friend,
For Jesus' sake let the contention end.
So, ere the year is hidden 'neath its pall,
Thank we the Lord, to be at peace with all.