

"That orb'd maiden with white fire laden" is casting luminous glances, from her whole being—"lucid and luant"—upon the earth's pure wintry mantle. That it should maintain its integrity un-sullied might seem to be the chief desire of the watchful moon, but some otherwise interpret the maiden's concealed smile. To some, too, the 'man in the moon' is as attractive as of yore and beckons earthly maids as the maiden moon beckons men on earth, to glide fairy-like, over the smooth surface of the earth's new coat, to the sound of moon-like music, clear and lingling, in the wake of warlike courser, swift and prancing, in a vessel which knows no seasickness—unless there are pitch-holes—but frictionless glides on. The warm-hearted fur delights to share its sympathies with the happy pair and the snow is recognized as the friend of social, sportive youth.

But the snow is welcomed in other regions for other reasons. The team of the jolly shantymen must now receive full allowance of oats—mostly short ones—and the snow greatly facilitates the drawing operations of the lumber trade. Indeed, the desecration to purposes of conveyance in other branches of business also is chuckled over by Utilitarian man. And mother earth herself is pleased as she plumes herself on the preservation of her nearer kith and kin and their comfortable hibernation. But has the snow no purer purposes to fulfil? Troth she has. She sings of Nature's ways and them obeys. She grants the microscopic eye endless variety of forms, regular, harmonious, beautiful. In her flakes she reflects the stars and in her whirling eddies she resounds the music of the spheres. What countless miracles are performed in the repeated falling of the snow! What teats of patient perseverance! What victories of faith! Though trampled under foot, despised, it comes again to cover up old scars and render man fresh service. The roughest treatment of the tempest serves but to purify it, pure; though meek and lamblike, it can, if need be, put on another aspect. It brings us vital energy and civilizing force. It sings of inward beauty and speaks of the true strength of a harmonious soul. It asks us, as we read, was asked of old, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow."

The genial countenance of J. Bell, M.A., recently gladdened the halls. John has many friends in Kingston, and he had a big time visiting old acquaintances.

The long expected has come at last! On Wednesday, the 20th inst., Rev. John Boyd, M.A., and Miss McDonald, of Kingston, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The handsome "house of man" will no longer be unoccupied. Congratulations John and many happy returns of the anniversary.

CONTRIBUTED.

SUNDAY IN PROTESTANT GERMANY.

THE young Canadian, while spending his first Sunday in any considerable city of Protestant Germany, will experience a feeling of unqualified surprise. He has, it may be, some vague notions of what Luther did for Protestantism, and, though he supplements these notions with others, perhaps equally vague, of what he has heard called German rationalism, his main expectation, unless he has been fore-warned, is that the mass of the people will have much the same views as himself with regard to Sunday and the Church. But he is totally mistaken. German Protestants have quite other views than Canadians of their relation to the Church and Sunday. On Sunday morning services are held in all the churches, and the chimes of bells announce the approach of the hour of worship. There is little choice of church, for in North Germany there are no denominations except Protestant and Roman Catholic. In Leipzig, *e.g.*, there is one Jewish synagogue and two Roman Catholic churches. All the other churches are Protestant. The curious and church-going Canadian, wishing to understand the dominant customs of Northern Germany, wends his way to the Protestant church. If he remains in the part of the church most remote from the pulpit, he will see about him an array of empty seats, although the worshippers are more numerous nearer the pulpit. Most of them are elderly men and women. Middle-aged and young men and women are conspicuous by their absence. The service is a faithful reflex of the mental activity of the worshippers. The preacher seems to regard his work in the pulpit as a weekly task, just as the people below him regard their attendance as a weekly duty. There is in the sermon little to show that the Church is even slightly in touch with the questions of the time. The music, however, is of a higher order than the sermon. In Leipzig is given in one of the churches every Saturday, what they call a *motette*, a species of sacred song. This service of song consisted of two pieces and lasted only half an hour, from half-past one till two in the afternoon. Although the time could scarcely be called favorable, the church was always well filled with appreciative listeners. On the following Sunday one of these songs is repeated before the sermon is preached. A large number of people go to church solely to hear this song, and have no compunctions about filing out so soon as the music ceases, leaving the faithful remnant to gather more closely about the pulpit steps.

How do the people spend Sunday if they do not attend the church service? On any fine Summer day you may observe numbers of men, women and children making their way to the woods, which are intersect-