

of the hour, she forbade him or any other of her jesters to come near her table any more.

Pace, another of her jesters, having transgressed in a similar manner on another occasion, was in a like manner forbidden her presence. Being again after due penance, and promise of amendment, admitted, the Queen, when she saw him enter, exclaimed, "Come on a Pace! Now, we shall hear of our faults!" But Pace, who was not to be caught napping so soon again, and still could not resist the opportunity of giving a sly hit, sulkily replied, "What is the use of speaking of what all the town is talking?"

But England's Elizabeth could on occasion be her own fool, and that sometimes in not too gracious a manner. Speaking of four gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, she joined them together in the following gracious and ungracious couplet:

Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout.

When my Lord Bacon, suffering from gout, was unable to stand in her presence, she bade him be seated, with the semi-complimentary assurance,—“My Lord, we make use of you not for your bad legs, but for your good head.”

H. B.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

Rosy dawn, the orient flushing,
Dews o'er purple flowers that flow,
Crimson wings of martyrs, blushing
Like the blood ye shed below;
Yet in light celestial glowing—
Gems that pave Jehovah's hall,
Eden-streams in music flowing,
Rills o'er opal rocks that fall;
Lambs of God careering o'er us,
Robed in more than regal sheen,
Sing aloud in peeling chorus,
“Hail, Holy Queen!”

While she clasps the pretty Lisper
To her holy Virgin breast,
White-wing'd cherubs round her whisper,
Angel armies o'er her rest.
'Tis the lip that now on Mary
Sweetly sheds seraphic smiles,
Bids the tides of ocean vary,
Lights on high the starry isles.
Ye who from this sun's dominions
Gaze upon that heavenly scene,
Sing to harps, with quivering pinions,
“Hail, Holy Queen!”

All the spheres behold with wonder
Sleeping on thy bosom lie,
Him whose word in cloud and thunder
Hurl'd them flaming through the sky.
Mary! sacred Star of Ocean,
Rise thou o'er the stormy brine,
Quell the passions' wild commotion,
Cheer and save us, Mother mine!
Round us while the tempest rages,
Be thy guiding lustre seen,
And our song through endless ages,
“Hail, Holy Queen!”

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem where was born the Redeemer of the world, is one of the holiest spots of earth, and to it the thoughts of the Christian turn with constant delight. The events in the life of our Lord which give Jerusalem its supreme interest are mostly of a saddening character, bringing to recollection the sufferings of Jesus for the salvation of His people; and, wherever we turn in the city of the Great King, we are reminded of the Man of Sorrows, and the contradiction of sinners which He endured. But Bethlehem has other associations; and the pilgrim to the sacred shrines can here pour out his soul in joyful gratitude and love, for here is where God's infinite mercy was made evident to Jew and Gentile, and the Saviour of the world was seen by those He came to redeem.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest cities in the world, having a history of more than three thousand six hundred years. The name signifies the House of Bread; now its Arabic form, Beit Lahm, denotes the House of Flesh. Either name is suitable for the place in which the true bread of life whose flesh is the food of immortality, was to be born. It is called Bethlehem-Judah, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem in the region of Zebulun; it is also called Bethlehem-Ephratah, or the fruitful.

For a thousand years its history is obscure, until the place starts into prominence and immortal glory as the scene of the wondrous events attending the birth of Christ. With this narrative every Christian is familiar; and each year under the guidance of the church, we renew, at Christmas and Epiphany, the joy which its telling brings.

There are about three thousand residents in the city, who are all, or nearly