

## Poetry.

KING ALFRED'S HYMN.  
(IN ENGLISH.)

As the sun to brighter skies,  
In the morning doth arise,  
Thus we lift our hearts to Thee;  
Te Laudamus Domine.

With fresh store of daily bread,  
Lord do Thou our table spread,  
Ev'ry blessing comes from Thee:  
De panem nobis, Domine.

When we tread the narrow way,  
Lead us lest we go astray;  
Still our Guide and Guardian be.  
Siste pedes, Domine.

Wisdom dwells in Holy Booke,  
Those do find her there who look,  
Give us eyes Thyself to see;  
Da Spiritum Tuam, Domine.

When the sun sinks in the west,  
Ere we lay us down to rest,  
When we bend the suppliant knee,  
Audi preces, Domine.

In the solemn midnight hour,  
When the Evil One hath power,  
From temptation set us free,  
Miserere, Domine.

Praise we now, with Heaven's high Host,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Shout again, and yet again,  
Jubilate, Amen.

## A. KURD'S OPINION OF THE ENGLISH.

From Notes from Nineveh, and Travels in Mesopotamia, Assyria and Syria. By the Rev. J. P. FLETCHER. London.

"Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a crowd of visitors, headed by the priest of the Papal Syrians, a short, pompous man, with a nasal twang in his speech, and a most self-satisfied air. They seated themselves, and the conversation soon fell upon the English.

"They have no religion, wonderful to say," began one of the party.

"Yes, yes," said another; "they believe in our Lord Jesus, but not in our Father the Pope."

"But they have no churches," remonstrated Number one.

"Toma here interposed. 'He had seen,' he said, 'our service performed in a chapel at Mosul, which Kass Georgios (my friend B.) had fitted up in a style like their own, and there was consecration every Sunday, and prayers every day; and the English fasted also, for, behold, here it was written in their book.'

"That may be," was the answer; "but are we fools? oh man, do we not know, that they do all this to deceive us?"

"Toma's cholera was rising, but he was afraid of the Priest, whose hand he had devoutly kissed when he entered; and merely remarked, apologetically, 'Well, they are good people.'

"The Clergyman had been puffing away in silence at the pipe, which, according to eastern etiquette, I had handed him when he sat down; but he now deemed it derogatory to his dignity to listen any longer to observations from others, on a point concerning his own profession. I could easily perceive that he was the learned man of the village; and well might he be, for he understood Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, and Kurdish. He spoke with the air of a man who has been considering his subject carefully, and has thoroughly mastered it at last.

"The English are Christians, and have churches; but they only go to them once a month, and take the Lord's Supper once in twenty years. On the latter occasion the Priest stands on a high place, that he may not be torn in pieces by the crowd who rush tumultuously forward, snatch the consecrated bread out of his hands, and scramble for it. They are also allowed to marry as many wives as they please, and some of them have more than twenty. They are a poor and beggarly people, and have a heavy debt which they are unable to pay. They are obliged to borrow large sums from the King of France, who has obtained by this means a kind of dominion over them."

"At the conclusion of this oration, the speaker looked at me as if he had been advancing heavy and unanswerable truths, which I might dislike, but could not controvert.

"Ma hu saheeh,—Is it not true?" he asked.

"It is a great falsehood," I answered, calmly, as I took the pipe from my lips.

"The assembly divided, and appeared to expect that I should enter still more into the defence of my nation.

"My speech, in Arabic, was feeble, but I contrived, by help of the Prayer-Book, to maintain my ground; and, after a little, forced even the Priest to confess that the English might be Christians, and they might have the Sacrament oftener than once in twenty years; but as to their poverty, that was a known fact, and could not be controverted. Had they not a debt which amounted to many millions of piasters? Of course I could not deny this; but my attempts to explain the benefit of that national blessing were utterly unavailing, and my hearers departed with the firm and invincible conviction that the English were a beggarly and bankrupt nation.

"My host remained till they all had left. 'That Priest,' he said, 'is a conceited fellow. When I

first came here, he tried to stir up the people against me, and I had much sorrow from him. Bey, what you have said is the truth, and the English are a good people. Are there any of our race among them in your own land? They tell me that some of our brethren live in peace in the country of Hind, under the English Sultan.'

"My reply was cut short by Toma, who had been escorting the Priest to the outer door, where he asked him, with great earnestness, at what hour he would say mass on the following morning. To his credit be it said, he was a great church-goer, and had a considerable respect for the Clergy.—Nevertheless he could not help saying, as he prepared the bed, 'My master, that Priest is a great hunzeer, but, Inshallah, he shall be disappointed to-morrow, for he may wait long enough before I go to his service.'"

## THE BODY OF CHRIST.

(From the Church Review.)

The Church is called the body of Christ—His body mystical to distinguish it from His natural body. These words are used often without any very definite meaning. The Church, as the Body of Christ, is taken to mean the society or company of His followers, just as we call any other corporation a body. But such a view entirely overlooks the truth of the communication of Christ's nature to man. The Church is the Body of Christ, because it is the embodiment in the persons of its members, of the vital energy of His humanity, by partaking of which we are united to Him, and are thus, as St. Paul says, "members in particular," just as by inheritance, we are united through successive generations to Adam. The whole race might be called the body of Adam, because the life-principle of the first man is in them, as the Church is called the Body of Christ, because the life-principle of His human nature is in It. Adam was the head of the race, and Christ is the Head of the Church, not simply in the sense of being its King and Governor, but as the source from whom all the vital energies of the body are continually flowing. There is, however, this difference, that while each generation of men derives its life through its progenitors; in the Church, on the other hand, every individual derives spiritual life directly from Christ through the appointed media.

## A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM.

(Continued from our last.)

Mrs. Dennis was at the door talking to a neighbour, when he arrived, and she said, "Come along in, Sir, your room's quite ready, but you must not disappoint us of your company to dinner; so David, looking somewhat confused, accepted the invitation, and followed the kind-hearted woman to the sitting room, where the cloth was already laid for their dinner.

The husband was at home at this meal, and a pleasanter one it was many years, since David had sat down to; before he left he was engaged to dine with them on Christmas day.

Ah! David, well may you stand with your hands in those ragged pockets, and stare at your little room,—well may you wonder where you can have got to. The floor so well scrubbed, and sprinkled with white sand,—the grate so well blacked, with such a bonny sparkling fire in it,—the kettle bright and filled with water on the hob, ready for his tea,—his tools neatly arranged side by side,—the window cleaned so that he can see out of it! see into the street! see the people going past! and above all, see the setting sun! glittering on the windows opposite!—his pewter mug brightened and put on the shelf beside his pipe, his few plates and dishes washed and ranged on the shelf too,—the little round table that was his mother's, polished! actually polished! and smelling so refreshingly of turpentine and bees wax, a chair before it, and on it his Bible, his long lost Bible!

David, after a long stare, said "Oh lor!" not as he used to say "oh lor!" not a bit like it, but as boys say "oh lor," as they flatten their noses against the pastry-cook's windows, on Twelfth-day, in admiration of "them jolly cakes." David was astonished; he stood by the door and looked at it, and finally he sat down in a chair, and covered his face with his hands, as though he thought it was some optical illusion, which must pass away the moment he uncovered them.

But no, it was no vision, no illusion, but pleasing reality, and David restored his hands to his pockets, and again ejaculated "oh lor!" He opened the Bible, a bright, bright light fell on its leaves, and rested on the words, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not;" and a voice, the same low musical voice he had heard before, said, "This is our favourite home, David, you will always find us here."

As soon as his astonishment had somewhat subsided at all he had seen and heard, and at the miracles Betsy had worked, he summoned sufficient resolution to venture again to Mrs. Dennis' room to thank her and offer remuneration for her services.

"I'm come," he said, when they opened the door at his modest knock, "to say as you have made my place uncommon nice, and I hope you'll tell me what will satisfy as regards paying; so long as it ain't more than three and twopence, I can pay

you at once, but if it is I must owe it you." "Oh there, hold your tongue, Mr. Coombe, do, about paying, nonsense, my Betty's very pleased to have made the place looked so nice, and we're all pleased that you're pleased, and that's payment enough; besides it's been a lesson to her against she goes out to service, and she shall come and do it for you every morning, if you like."

"Well I'm very much obliged to you, I ain't a man as can talk nor make fine speeches, but I never says what I don't mean, and I can't always say what I do, and somehow it seems like it now perhaps you'll shake hands with me, it won't come off," he said as he held out his black hand to Mrs. Dennis.

"I'm not afraid of that, Mr. Coombe, and I'm glad to shake hands with you,—I'm a rare one to shake hands; there ain't that being in the world as I wouldn't shake hands with, rich or poor, dirty or clean, good or bad; as for the dirt, why a little soap and water would soon settle that, if the hand as you'd hold of did soil your's, and I believe a good hearty shake of the hand goes right to people's hearts, and speaks more to them than a power of words. Well now, a sister of my husband's behaved uncommon badly to him, no mistake about it, and Tom he stuck out as he wouldn't speak to her again, nor yet let none of us. Well, do you know, that worried me so, I couldn't rest a night, and I said to him just before Christmas last year, 'Tom,' says I, 'make it up with 'Lisbeth, do, she's the only relation you've got, and you know she ain't rich, and 'pon my honour, Tom,' I says, 'the roast beef will stick in my throat o' Christmas day, if I don't see her at the table along with us, so I shall ask her, Tom, eh?' 'Do you as you like,' says he: that was quite enough; I sent a message to her, and she came; well, the moment I saw her, I grasped hold of her hand, and gave it a hearty shake, and then Tom did, and all the children, we none of us said nothing, but them shakes of the hand said as plain as we could have spoke it, 'Lisbeth, all's forgiven and forgotten, let by-gones be by-gones!'"

Oh! how the stream of golden light is shining on that good face. That night the sleep of David Coombe, the poor old cobbler, might have been envied by Princes; in his dreams bright visions flitted before his eyes, and he heard soft music, and sweet voices murmuring the words, "Bless you this is true Charity."

He awoke early and rose to look out of window,—yes, he could look out of window now. That sharp biting wind had driven up a snow storm, and the ground was thickly covered, but the masses of cloud were moving away slowly, showing glimpses of the pale blue sky, and David thought it would be a fine day after all.

He eat his breakfast which he seemed to enjoy more than he had ever done for years, and then sat down to his work. It was no longer with a listless air that he handled his tools, but quickly his fingers moved, and suddenly a strange sound issued from his lips,—David Coombe was singing.

The clouds had gathered over the sky, and the snow was falling heavily; it was dark and gloomy out of doors, but David thought his room anything but gloomy, and he still continued that unearthly sound he called singing.

That it should have any connexion with music,—that he could think it in any way resembled "linked sweetness long drawn out," was strange, very strange, but to him it was music, sweeter than any strains he had ever heard, for it was carrying him back to the sunny days of childhood, bringing glad remembrances of happy days gone by, to the withered heart, and back, back long years had David's thoughts wandered, and he could see, while he hummed that quaint old tune, little hands clapping in glee, little feet dancing to its measure, young gay faces brightly smiling, and hear sweet mirthful voices, long silent, joining in its strain.

He worked away for some time, until Betty came to do his room, and then, as he appeared to be in her way, for she repeatedly moved him from side to side of the apartment, he thought he would go out a little while;—it did not snow much, besides he did not mind the weather,—so he shuffled out.

He had not proceeded very far from home, when he saw seated on the kerb stone, a child, two or three years old, crying bitterly, and standing by its side a baker's man with a basket of bread upon his shoulder. "Do you happen to know this young 'un," said the man as David approached, "he's crying for something to eat; I think he's lost."—"No, I don't, poor little chap; what are you going to do with him?" "Oh! nothing: give him to the police, is the best thing." "No, no, per-lice is to rough for that 'ere young thing; I'll take him in my bit of a place out of the cold and snow, he wout be worse off there than here, and if he ain't owned, why we'll muddle on together; won't us, little 'un, will you come?" and David held out his hand to the child, who took it directly, and looking up in its face with his large dark eyes filled with tears, lisped "Mammy, hungry." "Oh lor! what a pretty creature," and taking him up in his arms, David proceeded to his home, talking to the child all the way, in his strange rambling manner, promising him food and that "Mammy would soon come."

David had indeed come out in a new character: for years he had not been so active; he cut the child a huge piece of bread, and seated it on the chair, close to the coke fire Betty had made up so nicely, and, taking off its wet shoes and socks, chafed and warmed its little cold feet. The snow had ceased, the clouds were again rolling away, and the pale cold winter sun streamed into the room, and rested on the child, and on that black and brawny hand supporting him so gently.

But David was very puzzled too, and kept saying—"oh lor!" in his old way, when the child began to cry, and a little wailing voice asked for "Mammy." He was not used to children, poor old David, and when he had satisfied its hunger, and dried its wet feet, he did not know what to do next, nor how to stop those sad tears: but now came the "Sunbeam" to his aid; it sparkled on the pewter mug, and though the tears were still wet on its dimpled cheeks, the child laughed a merry laugh, and pointing to the mug, said "Pretty."

This was charming: David took the mug down, and moved it rapidly backwards and forwards in the sun, till the child clapped its hands in ecstasy, and its laugh was so infectious, and David was so pleased at the success of his strange toy, that he laughed too, and it sounded oddly enough, that merry merriment, in the once dull and gloomy room, and oddly enough the mingling of that young and musical laugh, whose sweet tones neither care nor sorrow had yet had power to dull, with David's harsh guttural laugh, seeming rusty from long disuse.

And through all this laughing, David heard the sweet voice he now knew so well, saying, "Good David, richly do you deserve our presence now."

In a short time the child seemed quite at home, and David began to work, while the little fellow trotted about the room, and examined the tools, the "Sunbeam" ever following him, shining among his golden tresses, and sparkling in his tears, not yet dry upon his peach-like cheeks; and then David shared his scanty dinner with him, giving him by far the largest quantity, and watching with a degree of satisfaction he had never experienced while eating his own dinner, the relish with which the poor child devoured it; and then when the daylight began to fade, the boy grew sleepy, and David took him in his arms, and began again that quaint old tune, to lull the child to rest; soon its large eyes closed, and the long lashes swept its cheek, and the boy slept.

Gently David laid him down on his own mattress and when he had lighted his candle, began again to work, ever and anon glancing at the sleeping boy, and feeling a sort of pleasure he had never before experienced.

Suddenly a great deal of talking in the street attracted his attention, for it was a quiet out of the way sort of place, and there was seldom any noise there of an evening, save the occasional "howlings" of some naughty child, sent by a hurling blow of its "gentle" parent's hand, into the gutter, to cry till it was tired, and then play with some spirit more wicked than itself, till it cried again, and a similar blow from the same hand knocked it into the house again, and all was still; this, or some "lady" asserting the rights of woman, in justification of the corporal punishment she had just been giving her husband, or vice versa, was all that was usual there; therefore the earnest but not angry tones, David heard, made him lay down his work and listen.

There was a knock at the door,—perhaps the house was on fire;—he moved quickly from his seat, and went towards the mattress; had he money hidden there? no David had no treasures, but the sleeping child was there, and David stood close beside him, that at the first alarm he could take him in his arms.

Mrs. Dennis had opened the street door, and now called out, "Mr. Coombe, open your door, please, we can't see, and here's some one wants you." "Some one want Coombe! well, that's odd," he thought, "oh! I dare say it's only some shoes to mend: all the better," and he shuffled out, and he heard Mrs. Dennis say, "Straight on Ma'am, Mr. Coombe has opened the door; take care you don't fall,—but I'm afraid it's a mistake, as he has not said nothing to me about it." "Oh! Sir," said the stranger in an agitated voice as soon as she saw Coombe, "have you seen a child, a boy, my only child; oh! speak or I shall go distracted."

David Coombe could not be hurried, so it was no use; besides, it always took some time to discover the exact meaning of what was said to him,—to come out of the sort of bewilderment of mind, which long habit of loneliness had engendered, and taking each word separately, consider its signification, and what was their translation when united in a sentence; this done, from the storehouse of his memory, which from long disuse was a complete lumber room, he had to ferret out words to make a sentence in reply; therefore one may imagine he was some short time before he answered the agitated querist.

But at length he said, "I don't know if it's your'n, look;" and slowly and methodically carrying the light to the mattress, he exhibited the sleeping child to the woman;—one glance was enough, and the mother clasped her lost treasure to her heart. He opened his eyes, but finding it was his mother's face gazing into his, only put his little fat hand in her neck, and fell to sleep again.