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The Church of England waifs and strays' socie-
ty received an anonymous donation of \$4,840.

Private companies in Japan have submitted to
the Government plans for over 2,000 miles of new
railways.

The Berlin royal library has acquired a Semitic
manuscript by a Hebrew doctor of the fourteenth
century which promises to throw much light on
the history of medicine.

The Rev. J. H. Ross, late curate of St George's,
Guelph, who is on sick leave, is now rapidly im-
proving, and will soon be able to resume clerical
duty.

At the beginning of the century France had
27,000,000 people to Britain's 16,000,000. Now
it is said that Britain's population exceeds that of
France.

In Chicago, according to the evening *Journal*
of that city, there are nearly 250,000 Irish, 75,000
Canadians, 45,000 English, 40,000 Scotch, and
5,000 Welsh.

Dr. Burdon has resigned the Bishopric of Vic-
toria, Hong Kong, which he has held for twenty-
one years. Dr. Burdon went out to China as a
missionary as far back as 1852.

There is one missionary to every 50,000 Jews
in the world. Altogether there are forty-nine
societies at work, with twelve stations, having a
total of 884 workers, ordained or not ordained.

The Rev. W. J. Ancient, of Londonderry, N.S.,
has been appointed diocesan secretary to succeed
Rev. J. O. Ruggles, who died last summer.

Flies and mosquitoes were so numerous in Ice-
land last summer that the farmers had to wear
gloves and face masks while working in the fields.

At the Anglican Missionary Conference, to be
held in Maritzburg, South Africa, shortly, the
Holy Eucharist is to be celebrated in the languages
spoken in the province, Dutch, Kaffir, Zulu,
Sesuta, Bechuana, Tamil, concluding with a cele-
bration in English.

Just before Empress Eugenie left Paris for Eng-
land, she accepted as a gift an interesting relic of
her son. It was a small, full-length portrait in
clay, by the late Prince Imperial, of a forest ran-
ger at St. Cloud. The sculptor, Carpaux, touched
it up while the prince was at work upon it.

The Very Rev. Dean Partridge, of Fredericton,
left last week for Bermuda for the benefit of his
health. Before his departure, he was presented
with a purse of \$250 by the cathedral congrega-
tion.

Frederick the Great was a devoted student of
philosophy and poetry. Macaulay draws a curi-
ous picture of him during the darkest days of the
"Seven Years' War," with a dose of corrosive
sublimation in one pocket, and a lot of bad poetry
in the other.

The senior warden of St. Paul's Church, Toledo,
Ohio, has carved, and entirely made by hand, a
Litany desk, which he presented to Trinity
Church, as a memorial to the late wife of the rec-
tor, the Rev. Charles Scadding.

Christmas—the Nativity of Our Lord, or the Birthday of Christ.

Almighty God, Who hast given us Thine only begotten
Son to take our nature upon Him, and as at this time to
be born of a pure Virgin; grant that we, being regener-
ate, and made Thy children by adoption and grace, may
daily be renewed by the Holy Spirit; through the same
our Lord, Jesus Christ, Who liveth and reigneth with
Thee and the same Spirit, ever one God, world without
end. Amen.

"Glory be to God on high, and in earth peace,
goodwill towards men;" such was the song of the
angels on the first Christmas Day, and this is the
song we too sing as, year by year, we keep the birth-
day of Christ.

Let us take care, then, that as far as in us lies,
there is "peace on earth"—no quarrelling and un-
kindness, no envyings or jealousies, no rude, loud
tones, or bold unchristian ways, in this happy time
—only peace and love.

At Christmas, grown-up people often devote
themselves to children, and try that at least the
little ones in every family may be very happy; and
it is well if they do this in memory of their Saviour,
who once hallowed childhood by becoming Himself

a child, and who had a tender love for children,
and bade His disciples, "Suffer them to come
unto Him." It is well, too, that the little ones
themselves should rejoice in the Holy Christ Child,
and remember all through this blessed season why
it is a happy time—because "Christ was born in
Bethlehem." Thus the very pleasures and amuse-
ments that serve to mark Christmas week will re-
call the thought of our Lord's presence amongst
us, which it is the object of the Church in her "times
and seasons" to keep always before our minds and
in our hearts.

This is the first festival in the year. Let this
remind us that, from the first, from the beginning
of our lives, from childhood, we are dedicated to
Christ, who for our sakes became a child, and
began life as we all begin it—an infant in His
mother's arms; let it remind us that from the very
first, while we are still children, we are called to
serve God, to do His will.

And it is indeed fit that all of us, young and old,
who through Advent have dwelt upon the thought
of our Lord's coming, should, now that we com-
memorate His birth, remember our own spiritual
birth in baptism. By the petition they are taught
to offer in this collect, Christians are reminded
not only that Christ was born and became a child
for their sakes, but that they, through Him, are
born again and made children of God. And still
the Advent thought of "preparation" lingers with
us through the holy Christmastide; for if we would
prepare for the second coming of the Lord, for
whom we look, we must strive to be obedient
children of our Father in heaven. Christ has
taught us, "Except ye be converted, and become
as little children, ye shall not enter into the king-
dom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). Let us, then,
earnestly pray that we may be "daily renewed by
the Holy Spirit"—that spirit first given us when
we were first made children of God, and of whom
alone we can learn child-like humility, obedience
and faith.

The Bright Side.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots of the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter,
Something must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes himself into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

Prang's Holiday Gems.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co., the great art pub-
lishers, Boston, have issued their products for the
coming holiday season, and the first thing notice-
able in them is their thorough American charac-
ter in design, engraving and printing, all being
done in that country. The cards and greetings
for Christmas and New Year are most felicitously
intentioned and prepared, and remembrances for
near and dear ones are supplied in many happy
forms. The flowers are utilized to render most
sweet and attractive these seasonable remem-
brances, which always convey tender sentiments,
and perpetuate fond memories. Sweet peas, roses,
chrysanthemums, pansies and violets are most
employed, as they are always pleasing favourites.
There are also glimpses of youth and beauty, of
friendship, love and home, and the pictured senti-
ments will touch tender chords in many hearts.
One of the more pretentious publications is "Six
British Authors," celebrating in exquisite portrai-
ture, with fitting selections and views of the birth-
places of each, cherished memories of Shakespeare,
Tennyson, Wordsworth, Browning, Burns and
Byron, and graced with an illuminated title page.
This will form a neat holiday gift. "Our Poets'
Calendar" presents a galaxy of American celebri-
ties, including Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell,
Holmes, and this, while not as pretentious as the
British Poets' Calendar, yet will appeal more
closely to American feeling, and will be a general
favourite. The coloured portraits are beautifully

executed. "A Posy of Sweet Peas," culled by
Bessy Gray, is a charming bouquet of summer
beauties, richly set in garniture of selected and
original verses, typifying this most dainty of blos-
soms. "From a Poet's Garden," most elegantly
illuminated, is composed of selections from Shel-
ley, illustrated by Bessy Gray, and it is as pretty a
conceit as has come often from the combined
efforts of designer and printer. The Prang publi-
cations at this holiday season are replete with mis-
cellaneous calendars for '96, which are in variety
to suit the most fastidious seeker for the beautiful
and rare, in these things of ornament and useful-
ness. "A Calendar of the Seasons," each season
typified by a little miss who pictures its features;
it is as pretty as pretty can be. "A Violet Calen-
dar" has the general fragrance of the spring beau-
ties, which will be diffused into the life of those
who may daily sniff them. There are many more,
modest and yet thoroughly enjoyable calendars,
representing lilies of the valley, sweet peas, pan-
sies, forget-me-nots, and other floral favourites,
simple and inexpensive, and yet carrying a wealth
of good feeling and hearty cheer for the gladdest
season of all the year. The Prangs supply the
tastiest and neatest of the holiday souvenirs.
Prang's art publications are sold at all book stores.

The Yule Log and Mistletoe.

Yule, as you know, I am sure, was the ancient
name given to Christmas, and the burning of the
Yule log is an old Christmas ceremony of our
Scandinavian ancestors, who, at their feast of
Jutul, kindled great bonfires in honour of their
god, Thor. Now, it is only in large country houses
that they keep up the custom of burning the Yule-
log, though we all—or most of us, at any rate, I
trust—sit round a blazing, cheerful fire on Christ-
mas evening. The mistletoe, or *All hael*, was
cultivated by the Druids; but it grows on apple
trees principally, not on oaks, as has been some-
times supposed; and the Druids, when they had
selected a grove of oaks for their heathen worship,
used to plant apple trees about the place, so that
the mistletoe might be trained about the trunks.
The mistletoe was carried in the hands of the
Druids during the festival of Yule-tide, and then
laid on their altars as an emblem of the life-giving
advent of the Messiah.

The Sentiment vs. the True Spirit of Christmas

The spirit of joy hath far more power than the
spirit of heaviness. Metaphysicians declare that
the impressions of pleasure are much more lasting
than those of pain. The festivals and jubilees of
the Church have made more converts than its
fasts and its terrors. Thus Christmas-keeping has
appealed to all humanity. It has illustrated the
love and mercy of God, and has been more effica-
cious in attracting souls than all the penalties of
the law. We were made to be happy, and the
soul instinctively recognizes and claims its portion
at the Christmas-tide, if ever the perennial joy
which descended upon the lost earth with the
coming of the Christ-child, penetrates upon the
anniversary of His birth, even the dullest soul.

Peace and Good Will.

Peace? Yes, that is, after all, and above all,
our Christmas gift! To make joy for others, to
behold their joy, to rejoice in it, is the joy un-
speakable. And why? Because it is God-like
and Divine! Even so the Father joys in our joy,
and the Son perfects His joy in completing ours.
Peace is the product of passing out of the human
into the Divine element and activity. No man is
peaceful who cannot share, in some faint way at
least, in the experiences of his Father and his
God. That is the only real absorption into the
Divine, the perfection of which heathen philosophy
has dreamed as its highest goal, but which the
Gospel alone has brought to light, and made
accessible and attainable. How much our Christ-
mas Sunday has in store for us! May we all in-
deed realize its richest treasures and feast our
souls upon them. May it be the happiest of
happy Christmas days that comes once more to us.
As we hear our children sing, may it be the echo
of the angels' song; and as we united with them
in praising Christ the Lord, may His peace enter
into our hearts and abide there forever more.