

getting involved before your sprightly brother came to your assistance, the pressure of duties with which you were overwhelmed, and mortification you not infrequently suffered in consequence of your inability satisfactorily to meet the many personal calls that were made upon you? 'Let Pronoun go!' I shall do no such thing; nor would you, in your senses, ask it. He may be a little vain, as you I think are a little proud, and all of you I fear—just now—a little inconsiderate and selfish; but I can spare none of you. I have need of you all. You are all servicable to me, and what is more, indispensable to each other. Even the younger children, who, to their credit, have taken no part in this angry controversy, fill important places in the household.

"What unhappy separations would creep in among you but for the loving offices of your little sister Conjunction, who is never weary in promoting union and concord among you. Little praised, and seldom noticed, she is after all the precious tie that binds you together.

"And how sadly should we miss the unpretending but manifold services of thoughtful Preposition, who besides the assistance he lends Conjunction in the discharge of her special duties, so accurately points out the relations which you sustain to each other, and duties thence resulting. What blunders would you not make, and how often trespass upon each other's rights, but for him.

"And what should we do without our youngest born, Article?—our brave little guide, who, in almost every enterprise, goes before and points out the way? What if his duties are light? as befits his age, they are many, and in the faithful discharge of them, he is not a whit less useful than some of your older ones; even the services of our eldest, however important in emergencies, I dare say you could spare as well as those of your baby brother."

The "eldest" took the somewhat disparaging but playful hit in good part, as it was in the interest of "baby," while the significant smile that passed over the countenances of the others showed that they enjoyed this allusion to the rather dromish habits of the austere old maid.

General good nature was restored, and a disposition manifested to appreciate each other's position and services. They were obviously ashamed of the disgraceful quarrel which they now saw was both wicked and silly, and unanimously resolved that they would never again fall out among themselves because they might not be able to meet the unreasonable demands of every one who might have occasion for their services.

"What could have possessed us?" said Noun. "How cruelly have we wronged each other, and I do not care to conceal that I think myself to have been quite as much to blame as any one of you."

"Not so much though, as I,"—returned Verb.

"Nor as I," cried Adjective.

"Nor half so much as I," urged Pronoun "with my offensive personalities."

"Ah, this is a contention worth having!" exclaimed Interjection.

"Yes, yes" added the pleased mother. "Quarrel in this way, my children, as much as you please."

"I will tell you what it is," said Noun, "whatever difficulties we may have with others, let us be determined to be hereafter as we have been heretofore, at peace among ourselves. Such a miserable experience as we have just had, let us never repeat."

"It was so foolish of us," added Verb. "And then to think of our finding fault with each other, because one cannot do, and was not made to do,

another's work! Or to think that any one could get along without the help of the rest."

"Now again," exclaimed the delighted mother, "you are my own dear children, of whom I have always been, and may still be, so proud."

MURRAY.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE AT JERUSALEM.

I have been favoured with the following extract from a letter written by the Rev. Sylvanus Reed, of Albany, now travelling in Palestine—*Eps. Ch. Jnr.*]

JERUSALEM, Holy Innocents' Day, 1859.

* * * * I have thus reached Jerusalem, and have been here at Christmas and on this holy day. It is a great privilege, and I trust I shall profit. But it has been purchased with some sacrifices and anxieties, and as far as the enjoyment of the Festival is concerned, I would infinitely prefer to be at home, and in my dear little church, and amongst my own people. * * *

Jerusalem at present is so full of rubbish and dirt, the rivalries of Latins and Greeks and the strife of Jews and Moslems are so sad, the uncertainty as to the most sacred localities is so great, that I have felt it far from a pleasant thing to walk about the city, and go round about it. The beauty of Zion has departed. Yet there is, I need not say, more than enough to move one's deepest sympathies and emotions,—more than sufficient instruction for the mind,—to compensate for the labour of the journey. We have sojourned in the place of the City of God, we have visited Bethlehem, and Bethany, and the Garden, and been not far from the spot where stood the Cross, and where the Sepulchre was opened by our Risen Lord. These things are of inexpressible value and infinite power over the heart of the Christian pilgrim. * * *

Saturday, December 24, we set off early in the afternoon, on wretched horses, for Bethlehem, falling in with many pilgrims hastening to the solemnities of that place. We passed Rachel's tomb again, and entered the Convent at sunset. The great services of Christmas at Bethlehem are those of the Latin Church—beginning on the eve, and continued until three o'clock A. M. Last year, the rude population of the village, resenting the neglect of an American to kneel at the elevation of the Host, assaulted him, and there was a row. We were advised, therefore, not to go into the Chapel, and our Minister from Constantinople declined to accept the place provided for him, because they would not promise room for us all. At ten o'clock we went into the Chapel of the Nativity, visited the grotto where the place of the birth of our Lord and the Manger are shown, and took our place in the vestibule, where we could see the services very well. I sat and stood until two o'clock, when I retired with my companions to the room prepared for us at the Arminian convent. In the morning of Christmas Day, we again visited the grotto, and were afterwards served with breakfast, consisting of arrack, coffee, boiled eggs, salt fish, brown bread. I had the pleasure of celebrating the service of the Church in the tent of our Minister, and keeping Christmas with some twenty of our countrymen. This was an unprecedented thing, as was our going afterwards to the grotto of the Nativity, and there reading the narrative of the Birth of our Lord from the Gospels. The moment I stopped reading, the service of some Latin clergy before the altar began. At another altar on the floor of the church, the Armenians were beginning Mass. The Greeks, in another place, were, or had been, also at their service. Alas! that

among the followers of the same Lord there should be so many divisions.

We got back to Jerusalem at three o'clock. We sat down to dinner, in the evening, some ten Americans, and three or four English and French, the greater part were young men travelling for pleasure. * * *

St. Stephen's Day—Mr. DeWitt, who arrived here on Wednesday last, and myself walked out by the St. Stephen's Gate, by the reputed scene of the first martyrdom, and to Gathsemane. At each spot we read the Scripture appropriate to the solemn event which happened at the place. We have been thus together at Bethlehem, the Garden, and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, greatly to our satisfaction. He has now gone with a large party to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, whither we had been before. * * * *
*To-day, I hoped to have gone out to Bethlehem to hold service, but circumstances prevented. We went before breakfast to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but saw no service. * * **

After breakfast I was invited to go with Mr. Williams, the American Minister, to call on the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem. It was a very interesting visit, but I must tell you of it another time. We then mounted our horses, and rode quite around the city—up the Hill of Evil Counsel, where is the Adama (the Potter's field), and up the Mount of Olives, whence, from the Church of the Ascension, we had a fine view in every direction, seeing the Dead Sea and the plains of Jordan far off below us, very distinctly. * * *
How often have my thoughts reverted, this day, to my church and people, and my Sunday School: God grant the dear children may be as happy as they are wont to be on this Holy Festival!

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