



THE WILD SUN,

The Child.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, . . .
behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.—
MATT. ii. 1.

FROM the far East they came,
Toil-stained and footsore, yet with stately mien.
"Tell us," they asked, "the name
Of him whose beacon star our eyes have seen?
Long have we followed it across the wild,
Seeking a monarch. Lo! we find a Child."

Versed in all Orient lore,
Adepts in horoscopes and reading dreams,
Ever demanding more,
That star has led them by its lambent beams
To find a sager sage serene and mild,
Skilled to decipher mysteries. Lo! a Child.

Thus groped in ages past
Spirits that yearning trod the dim unseen,
Along the deserts vast
Of mysteries where no guiding star has been,
Searching in vain in ponderous folios piled
For sage and monarch; knowing not the Child.

O Bethlehem! Whence the star
Has led true-hearted men whose patient feet
Have crossed the desert far
To find, instead of sage, an infant sweet;
Thrice-favored manger, where in weakness smiled
Priest, prophet, king in one—a little Child!

To thee all seeking hearts
Reaching forever out to higher things,
Bring wearily the smarts
Of baffled soaring with imperfect wings,
To hush their crashing discords fierce and wild
In the soft, gurgling laughter of thy Child.

So in the days to come,
On to the world's millennium yet to be,
Shall aspiration dumb
To human words find utterance in Thee;
The struggling West, the dreaming Orient mild,
Find their one point of union in that Child.

Star of the East! We pray,
By thine epiphany guide thou our race
From East or West, the way
That leadeth to that cradle-home of grace,
Until, quite satisfied, across the wild
It kneels before and clasps that Holy Child.

Child of all time! We bring
Our gold and incense, all else flung away,
Tribute to Sage and King
Made manifest in every land to-day
Rejoicing that on yearning souls hath smiled
God's answer to all questionings—the Child!

"The Wild Sun."

THERE are some remarkable atmospheric effects produced by the mists among the mountains of Europe. One of these is the phenomenon known as the Spectre of the Brocken. At sunrise, or shortly after, there is sometimes seen a strange, gigantic figure surrounded by a huge halo, which gesticulates and follows every gesture of the beholder as if mocking his movements. It is, in fact, his shadow thrown upon a curtain of cloud, the halo being a reflection of the sun itself.

Christmas Trees.

EVERY well-regulated family should have a Christmas-tree. Children take delight in it, young people are to be pitied who do not enjoy it, and old people always love to watch the happy company about it. Next to the satisfaction of sitting under your own "vine and fig-tree" is the pleasure of gathering around the brightly lighted, wonderfully laden Christmas-tree. Long may this famous tree, with its marvellous fruits, flourish in our homes, the centre of a merry throng, and of happy recollections!

Christmas-trees cause some trouble, to be sure. They usually insist on shedding the foliage, and then weep candle-grease in penitence, but "with all their faults we love them still," and would not banish them for these little frailties. The tree once admitted, how shall we deck it for the festive rites of Christmas-tide? A very pretty, and at the same time inexpensive, tree is what we may call the "arctic tree." A well-shaped hemlock shrub is best suited for this purpose. Fix it firmly in a broad low box. The idea is to give the shrub the appearance of a tree heavily loaded down with snow and ice. The snow effect is produced by tearing (not cutting) cotton batting into long narrow strips, and fastening them with thread or fine wire along the top of each branch. When this has been done, the tree will begin to look quite wintry. Now for the ice. Almost all large toy stores in cities have glass icicles in stock. Suspend these icicles along the snow-covered branches. The weight of the glass will cause them to droop quite naturally. Then over the whole tree sprinkle "diamond dust," a preparation of mica, to be had at almost any drug

store, which will make the snow glisten and give the green of the tree a frosty look. Tinsel shreds may also be used to advantage. About the base of the tree an arctic scene may be introduced. Cover the box with cotton to represent the snow-clad earth. Snow-houses may be made of the same material, and skilful fingers will find little difficulty in fashioning a few Esquimaux. A sledge and a half-dozen toy dogs will complete the scene. Over all sprinkle the magic powder. Pure white candles should be used to light the tree, which with its contrasts of dark green and snow white, will make a fairy-like picture. If the glass icicles cannot be obtained a substitute may easily be found in small cylindrical glass beads, which are to be bought almost anywhere. Make strings of these on white thread four or five inches long, and hang them on the branches. Instead of the diamond dust, isinglass may be powdered very fine in a mortar, but it is better if possible to obtain it already prepared. Tinsel may be bought in sheets and cut up into very narrow strips, but this, too, is better when made for the purpose. Give the "arctic tree" a trial. We are sure you will like it. Remember that it will appear to the best advantage only when the room is darkened and the candles lighted.

"Let Light Be: and Light Was."

LONGINUS, the immortal prime minister of an almost forgotten queen (Zenobia), declares the above to be the most sublime passage in all literature. The Bible, however, is where we go when we want sublimity, loftiness, or majesty of thought.

The object of the present writer is not to dwell on the character of the passage, but upon the subject of it—light. The great discoverer of ether declares that "There is a light independent of the light of the sun, which washes the uttermost bounds of space." Who shall contradict if we say that this is the original created light, which is gathered up by the myriad suns of God's great universe, and, for our benefit, cast off again in many-coloured and gorgeously resplendent rays?

It is certainly very probable; and if you and I like to believe it so, a difficult point will be made clear, and no harm done to any one, while God's Word and work will appear just what it is—a blessed unity.

J. M.
North Wiltshire, P.E.I.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of the *Living Age* for October 18th and 25th contain The Progress of Weather Study, *National Review*; Carthage, *Contemporary Review*; In a Sunny Land, *All the Year Round*; My Desert Island, *Macmillan's Magazine*; A Mediæval Popular Preacher, *Nineteenth Century*; On the Fighting Instinct, *Longman's Magazine*; Goethe's Last Days, *Fortnightly Review*; A Tragical Tertulia, *Murray's Magazine*; Mahomedans at the Docks, *Public Opinion*; A Princess of Condé, *National Review*; John Bull Abroad, *Temple Bar*; The Defensive Position of Holland, *Time*; Discovery of an Early Christian House at Rome, *Chambers' Journal*; Parallel Passages from European and Asiatic Writers, *Asiatic Quarterly Review*; Ober-Ammergau: Behind the Scenes, *Spectator*; and the usual amount of choice poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.