The First Sermon.

Here it lies before me at last, a finished work. It is fairly copied off and well sewed together in the most approved style. I have written the text on the outside in a large hand, and carefully marked it "Number I." And now I hear the clock on my neighbor's mantel striking twelve, and I don't think it was so late, but then this is an important matter and it takes time to write a good sermon. This one has cost a good deal of time and trouble, and I am glad that it is done. I am afraid it is with just a touch of pride that I make the last correction and lay down my pen. I don't suppose Doctor Walker would think much of it, but just between me and the lamp, I think it does pretty well for a fellow's first attempt. The introduction doesn't fit on very well to what follows to be sure, in fact it hasn't much connection with the text of the sermon either; but then I think it's a very pretty one and I couldn't bear to change it, much less leave it out. Nothing like making a good impression at the start.

The text is a passage that I picked out a long time ago. It's a striking text, and I think I have some original thoughts on it too, especially near the beginning of the sermon. I wanted to make my sermon a message from Heaven to men, and my text tells of man's lost condition and of a Saviour's dying love. I wish now how though I had taken a simpler one on the same subject; but then I couldn't have put in some of my best thoughts. Wonder what the Chaplains will think of it. As I go on into the subject there is not so much originality. I got a better insight myself into what I wanted to say and somehow I forgot my ears, or they wouldn't fit in; but enough came to supply their place though maybe it is not so elegant. Strange how these things take hold of a fellow as he tries to tell them to others! Why as I wrote of the glorious truths they seemed to stir up my whole heart, as the Angel of old troubled the Pool at Bethesda, and it didn't seem to be worth while to write so prettily along there towards the end, just so I wasn't plain and simple. And I believe after all it is the best part of the sermon. Those first pages which took so much time I am afraid are poor trash, though I did stop often every sentence and read it over to see how well it sounded. The old simple Gospel truth can't be much improved.

My first! How many sermons shall I write in the future if I live to go into the ministry! Just think of two or three! But as I go on with sermon after sermon will I always feel in my breast the moving power of the truth as I have felt it tonight, or will their preparation become a soulless routine, or continue an exercise in original rhetoric?

On some future day, it may be, I will invert the traditional sermon barrel and find in the bottom layer my "Number I." As I turn over its unsold pages I will smile at its crude material and rude construction, and say with complacency: "I can do better than this now." But let me not destroy it for I wish that my first sermon might be an earnest of my whole course as a minister and preacher. With my dying breath I shall one day faintly utter the "amen" which will close the great sermon of life. I would that of this it may also have proven true that long contemplation and study of Divine truth had made the last part the best, because there was in it less of self and more of Jesus Christ.

Ethical Gastronomy.

Our earthly pleasures, of whatever kind, we seem not half to enjoy, until some other human being, share them with us. Such a participation, at least, greatly enhances our enjoyments. Our happiness is increased, when reflected to us from the countenances of other happy beings around us. Such is the constitution of our nature.

It was, doubtless, in view of this well-known fact in our mental constitution, that the once celebrated Dr. Rush, of our revolutionary period, advised the gentlemen of his profession to meet from time to time, and partake of a feast together. We are led to identify the witnesses and partakers of our happy feelings with the feelings themselves, and with whatever estrangement of feeling men may meet together at a feast, they can hardly separate without awakened feelings of mutual good will. In large cities, where there are numerous candidates for appointment or fame, professional rivalry must
of necessity, cause frequent collision, producive of asperity or bitterness of feeling; and it were wise, in such a state of things, to resort to the expedient suggested by Dr. Rush, as a means of allaying the unhappy effects of a too eager competition.

A person of the slightest observation must have seen the effect of a well-ordered board upon the temper of men in general. Many a man sits down to table, sour and fretful, full of complaints and objections, quick to spy out faults and reprove them, who, in a short time effects the magic influence of the social board—putting off, with his hunger, his irritable, captious state of mind. It would be amusing, were it not a little hard to suppose the process of transformation in such a case: the muscles of the face relax, the brow expands, the eyes brighten, the tones of the voice become softer, and the whole manner kind and conciliatory. The success of the experiment, may well indeed be thought, not a little doubtful where inordinate ambition or arrogance has obtained a firm hold of the mind. For the dispossessing of such demons as these, social pleasures are powerless. There can, however, be no doubt of the fact; for in such a constitution: a feast is only no less a renovator of the temper of the mind, than it is of the strength of the body.

It is evidently on the ground of this felt fact in our constitution, that our Lord and his inspired servants so frequently represent the blessings of redemption under the similitude of a feast. It is not a little remarkable that in reference to this similitude two classes of Christians should have adopted opposite sentiments, and gone into opposite extremes: one class has given offence; the other has taken it. The former, in tracling the analogy, have gone into such minute gastronomic details, as to create, not only avarice, but disgust in the minds of their more enlightened brethren. The latter, on the other hand, have allowed their disgust to carry them too far. They accordingly reject, not only what is low and mean in such representations, but also what is strikingly natural and finely instructive.

The former, in bringing religion down to the apprehensions of the un instructed, have made a broad appeal to the grossest of appetites, and so done great harm out of the circle of human feeling, and human companionship, that they may live and act, without recognizing, at every step, and in every movement, the claims of their omniscient Judge.

There is no approach to these extremes in the Sacred Text. The mode of instruction here adopted is suited to the grandeur of the Divine character, and the inferiority of ours. It makes the appetites of our bodies subservient to the improvement of our minds, and from the pleasures of some transient satisfaction to inspire us in the pleasures of religion and the blessedness of heaven.

Thus our whole nature is made tributary to our salvation,—"the meat which perisheth" instructing us in our need of the "meat which endureth to everlasting life."

M.

Saintly Workers in the British Church.

III.

BISHOP GROSETESTE.

Perhaps the greatest name for both piety and learning, in the history of the British Church after St. Anselm, is that of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln from 1235 to 1253, and Bishop of Norwich. In his desire for improving the social and religious character of his clergy, he differed widely from him in his relations to the See of Rome. Instead of yielding unhesitatingly to the will of the Pope, he always reserved to himself the right of judging whether the papal mandates were worthy of acceptance or not. The position he thus assumed positively involved him in trouble with the successor of St. Peter, in addition to those arising from the opposition of his clergy to the vigorous measures for reform he carried out in his own diocese.

Bishop Grosseteste was born about the year 1175 at Stalbroke, Suffolk, and received his education at the universities of Oxford and Paris. On his return from Paris to England, he obtained a great reputation for learning, and was appointed as the first lecturer in the Franciscan school at Oxford. Here he remained until his promotion to the See of Lincoln.

In his days the condition of the church was most deplorable. Vice and immorality abounded in all ranks of the clergy, and the laity sought in vain for the bread of life at the hands of such worthless shepherds. To this was added the rapacity of the Roman court which yearly drained England of large sums of money. Besides the system of bestowing patronage on unfit and unworthy persons, there had been made worse by the non-residence in their benefices, of those appointed to fill them. Against these shameful abuses the good Bishop fought with unwearying activity, and at last succeeded in establishing a better order of things in this diocese. He even demonstrated very strongly with Innocent IV, concerning the appointment of his nephew, an Italian youth, ignorant of English, to a canony in Lincoln cathedral. Grosseteste declared on receiving the missive of the Pope, 'If an angel from heaven commanded me to obey a mandate so absurd and sinful, I would not do it.' According to Fuller the Bishop was saved from the vengeance of Rome on this occasion, by the good offices of Erigcdn a Spanish Cardinal. He fearlessly said to Innocent, "It is not expedient my Lord to use any harshness to this bishop; we must confess the truth which he saith; he is a holy man of more religious life than any of us, yea Christendom hath not his equal."

It is maintained by some writers that he died excommunicate, but the most accurate accounts concerning his death, which took place October 3, 1253, tend to disprove this statement. Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury performed his funeral services, and this would hardly have been the case, if the Pope, which, if false in the literal, may be true in a mystical meaning, Solomon observing that, a good name is as an ointment poured out."

But this circumstance, in itself would have little weight to a higher estimate of his character. His claim to any honor from the true and good is that he stood fearlessly against all overruling power and oppression, and served his God and generation to the best of his ability. The name of a reformer before the Reformation has been accorded him, basd, it must be admitted, on one side of his position. He only wished at most to reform the discipline and administration of the church; holding meanwhile a high view of the papacy and the rights of the clergy over secular authority. Yet he was a true Christian, and a true Englishman, and these qualities have justly entitled him to the highest respect on the part of his countrymen, and caused his name to be handed down to all generations, unsullied and unalloyed by the blighting frost of calumny.

S. W.

Extract from Rev. Dr. Shedd’s Address

Delivered September 18th, 1879, at the opening of the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

EDITORS SEMINARIAN: I was much struck with Dr. Shedd’s advice to the Students of the Union Seminary as expressing the views I have so often advocated, that I recommend it to be published.

J. PACKARD. * * * * I exhort you to the close and persistent exegesis of the Greek text of the Pauline Epistles. And more particularly still, I urge you to the study
and interpretation of the Epistle to the Romans. The object of St. Paul in this Epistle is to furnish the Roman Church with a complete Encyclopedia of doctrine. In it he includes natural religion, the Gospel and ethics, thus covering the whole field of religion and morals.

In the first eleven chapters of the Apostle, after an introductory survey of man's innate knowledge of God and Law, discusses the necessity, the nature, the defects and the application to the individual, of gratuitous justification, and in the last five chapters he investigates Christian ethics and morality, specifying the duties of a believer towards God and the Church, towards states and societies, and to the Romans. Therefore, comes nearer to being a body of divinity than any other book of Scripture. It is systematic and logical, from beginning to end. According to this, according to the Epistle to the Romans, therefore, the Roman Church is, therefore, the Roman Organon of the Christian religion, and whoever understands it is a Theologian.

During the coming year, then, I advise you to take, a very important part, of your course of study in this institution to read and re-read, to analyze and conquer, this Epistle. It will require close linguistic study and patient thinking to conquer it. "I know," says Jacob, "no deeper philosophy than that of St. Paul in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans." In a similar manner, Copley says: "I think St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans the most profound work in existence." Both of these men were judges of what is profound. But though deep, St. Paul is clear, provided you follow him. If you lose the connection, he is obscure; and so is a problem of Euclid, if the same thing happens.

The great character of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans is the openness of the reasoning. The line of remark is a concatenation like that of chain armor, of which each link is directly into the next, without intervening matter. The progress of an essay in reaching this writer, meaning must consequently be somewhat similar to that by which a blind man, given a known Epistle of St. Paul: he must do it by the sense of touch; he must handle each link separately, and actually feel the point of contact with the preceding link, and the succeeding link. It is obvious that many Commentaries upon this Epistle are unsatisfactory. They introduce superfluous intervening matter, fail to show the actual nexus of thought, and so conceal the invariable logic of the writer.

In prosecuting the exegetical study of such an Epistle as that of St. Paul to the Romans, you will be brought into living contact with the mind of God. The Holy Ghost inspired this marvellous writing; and if you do really come to understand it, you cannot get closer to Christianity, you cannot be more orthodox. Men are asking "What is religion?" and are attempting to answer the question by going to sources of information outside of, and utterly apart from, the Bible. They go to the "great religions of the world," as they denominate them, for a reply. They ask Bodhidharma, Zakyamuni, and Confucius. They go to physical science, and to Hellel Ludere, to discover the nature and purposes of God, and the origin and destiny of men. They seek the living among the dead; they would find religion in the atmosphere or in the ground. This is not the way to get an answer to the soul, anxious, baffled, inquiries of the human heart. Men must return to the Book. If they would understand the opinions of Socrates, they must read and study the Platonic Dialogues. They know that the study of biology and geology will never introduce them into the Academy. In like manner, if they would understand the opinions of God, they must read and study His written Word.

Olivey Mission.

This little mission church has had a very eventful history. It was consecrated nearly thirty years ago by Seminary students reading the Bible to two old people in the kitchen of their little cabin. This led to regular services being held in the neighborhood, and it was then determined to build a chapel. Half an acre of land and the logs for the building were given by Mr. R. M. Scott of "Bash Hill," who was one of the chief helpers in the work, and whose family have always taken a deep interest in the mission and have added to keep it up since it was first started. In 1855 services were first held in the little building by Messrs. Holcomb, and Claxton, and were continued till 1859. A new building was then erected along the interest and exertions of Mr. S. H. Tyng, jr., and others, who collected funds from friends North and South and from students who were formerly connected with the mission. A very pretty chapel was built, painted inside with dark and light wood alternately. A pretty carpet for the aisles was given by one friend and a font by another.

Bishop Johns gave the books for the desks and consecrated the building in summer of 1860, under the name of the "Holcomb Memorial Chapel," and the other small building, which was first erected, was used as a Sunday school.

A short time before this consecration Mr. S. H. Tyng, jr., (who was one of the most energetic and successful workers ever connected with the mission,) had a large class confirmed in the woods, near the site of the present chapel. This service, with its sweet singing, led by Mr. Tyng, under the shade of the forest trees, is still remembered by some members of the congregation as one of the most impressive confirmations they ever witnessed.

Holcomb Chapel and its little Sunday School were both destroyed by Federal troops in the first years of the war, and the boards are said to have been used to construct a small theatre in the neighborhood for the amusement of the soldiers.

The present building was commenced in 1869 under Messrs. Hollin and Williams, and though worshipped in from that time it was not furnished, for want of funds, till 1872, Mr. Tyng and other old friends again coming to its assistance with liberal donations. It was consecrated in June, 1872, by Bishop Johns and called "Olivey Chapel." Since that time its history has been a quiet and peaceful one. Almost the same congregation has worshipped in it from that time, and have, naturally, become much attached to their little chapel, which is one of the prettiest of those connected with the Seminary.

It is situated about five miles from Alexandria, on the Springfield road, surrounded by a grove of forest trees. The chapel seats about a hundred. The average attendance is about forty, and there are about twenty communicants. The building itself is paneled inside and very neatly finished. A sweet-toned organ helps to make the services spirited and attractive.

Among those who have labored faithfully and successfully at this mission since the departure of the late Bishop, Mr. Johns added with his own hands in painting the outside of the present chapel.

In the New Year number—1836—of the United States Literary Gazette, a poeticalthus commences a sonnet to Daniel Webster:

"Imoral man whose eloquence surpasses Homer's,.Alexis, England's, Stuart, modern, all.
But this bard fell far short of a famous Mr. Correy, who wrote an "Ode on General Washington," beginning thus:
He was a sage, and there generous repose
Having surrounded their camp with roaring cannon,
He made them diminish strength.
These remarkable efforts were deemed worthy of publication in the early part of the century. And yet some people lament the "good old times." We don't.

Decaying Affection.

"Love takes longest in a woman's heart, and flashes many times before. And then die, perchance not wholly, with the last gasp of love. And long after love has gone, one is looking or loving it. And while love has been driven forth, our own affections are gone."

In a letter to John G. Taylor, in the N. Y. Statesman, in the New York Express, in the New York Times, in the New York Sun, it is said that the New York Times is the most important paper in the world. When one newspaper is the most important, all the rest are important.
SEMINARY

JOSEPH FLETCHER

THE SEMINARIAN wishes its patrons a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The desire to afford them somewhat of pleasure and instruction for the approaching holiday season, we offer to our readers a CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Rogers - Work among the negroes of Virginia.

Address: Influence of the Holy Spirit on the success of Foreign Missions.

The annual public missionary meeting of the season was held, as usual, in Prayer Hall, on Monday evening, November 21st. The collection taken up amounted to $250.00 and was applied to the "Mary B. Raett" and "William Sparrow" Scholarships in Mexico.

A letter containing a report was read by Mr. J. J. Clifton, on "Work among the natives of Virginia."

While the speaker had collected much information in regard to work among the colored people in this State, generally, he gave special notice to that being done in Brundinville and the adjoining counties, among whom is located the "Alliance African Church." This singular organization numbers about 200 members, with Bishop and deacon's clergy.

By the patient, self-sacrificing labors of a lay comrade, living within reach of these people, they have been cared for and taught in the doctrines of the Church, and have expressed their desire, as a body, to be united with it.

The important educational and religious work in Petersburg was dwelt on at length; as also that being done in Richmond, Alexandria, and other places, Halifax Co.

This is truly an important work. In the interest of the committee we present to our readers an address by Mr. J. N. Clifton, "The Influence of the Holy Spirit, working through God's human instruments could alone accomplish this result. The speaker substantiated this declaration by a summary of the great achievements accomplished by foreign missionary effort, and closed by urging his fel low-countrymen to contribute with all diligence, the missionary spirit which has been one of the chief characteristics of this Seminary from its foundation.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Two meetings of this Society have been held since our last issue.

On Friday evening, October 31st, the question, Resolved: "The Board should not be re-stored to for the purpose of raising money for Church Work," was fully and fairly discussed. The resolution was one of personal interest, though, for the present disassociated from personal responsibility. The speeches on both sides were fortified by examples drawn from the speaker's own experience, and turned out to be for or against the question very much in proportion to the success of the bar fair held in the speaker's own parish.

Mr. Clifton and Packard spoke on the affirmative in the regular debate. Messrs. Cole and Fraden, on the negative.

Messrs. Campbell, Funston, Sykes, Goodwin, Fletcher, Kimball, and Marshall took part, in the general debate. The decision was in favor of the affirmative by a small majority.

The debate on Friday night, Nov. 14th was on the question: Resolved, "That the balance of power is a legitimate and beneficial political institution."

The subject was an abstruse one to be summed up in a few simple words, or even in a few sentences. The majority of the five gentlemen on the regular debates were characterized by a great deal of effort, but very little effect. The gentlemen on the affirmative, Messrs. Fletcher and Dew, F. W. Fraden, on the negative.

The gentlemen who spoke on the regular debates were, Messrs. Asselton, Paine, Marshall, Stackford, and Chapin.

The society called on the Rev. Drs. Walker and Nelson to express their views on the subject, which they both continued to do in a few happy remarks.

The vote was in the merits of the speeches, resulting in a quite a large majority in favor of the negative. This was mainly owing to the effect on the minds of Mr. Rot. F. Jones' clear and careful statement of historical facts bearing upon the question.

FIRE ON THE HILL.—About 11.30 p.m., on the evening of the 6th of November, some of the dwellings in Angiplow front, discovered that the barn and out-houses of Mr. Cleveland were on fire. The fire was instantly raised in the Seminary and in the shortest time nearly every student was on the spot with his water bucket ready for work. Only by the greatest exertions could the students preserve to save his home and some hay and straw stacks.

Mr. Cleveland has been in the habit of giving away generations of students at the patriarchal mail-carrier of the Seminary, and they will all be sorry to hear of his loss.

Visit from an Old Army Officer.—One afternoon during the pleasant days of our Indian Summer, a carriage drove up to the front of the Seminary, from which two gentlemen alighted and desired to be shown to Room No. 21, Aspinwall Hall.

The clerical occupant of that apartment, Mr. John Horne, was soon found and politely escorted them to his den.

One of the gentlemen, Major Fawcett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., informed him that he had occupied No. 21, for a long time while the Seminary was used as a hospital, during the late war.

He had received a dreadful wound at the Battle of Bull Run, and was brought here, with many others in a dying condition. Both his legs were amputated, and for five weeks he suffered the greatest agony, hovering between life and death.

Often, he said, his midnight shudders would be broken by the trump of man taking the dead to the dead-room, which was very near where he was lying, and beneath his window the solemn death-watch continues to be performed at one post after another was taken out to be buried in the campus.

We learned from him that the Seminary was one of the largest hospitals for miles around, and the wounded soldiers were brought here from many battle-fields, such as Bull Run, Manassas and other places, the remembrance of which, even now, lingers in many a Southern mind.

The maimed old soldier was much affected as the recollections of that dreadful time came flooding in upon his mind and caused the bul lars to well up in his eyes.

The place, he said, was much neglected, all the enclosures around the grounds having been torn down and the place thrown open to the common use.

We all earnestly hope that Congress will yet render some recompense for the use of the place during those trying times.

READING CLUB.—Since we have had the benefit of Prof. Russell's instruction in Eloquence, his parting has been mourned by the students in any exercise calculated to make them more efficient in the use of the oral organ. One evidence of this interest is the organization of three Reading Clubs. The Philonom-ous, President, Mr. Cole; The Bishop Monroe, Mr. Wm. Anderson; and The Athenaeum, President, Mr. Forsyth.

Careful preparation and accurate criticism are required of the members of these clubs. Occasional public entertainments are given and have herefords met with flattering patronage from the refined community on this Hill.

Our readers will be pleased to find in the Christmas Supplement a short contribution by Mrs. Mary A. Davis, the author of several popular works, among which are "That Husband of Mine," "111era Go Bragh," &c. &c.

The SEMINARIAN is very grateful to Mrs. Davis, and hopes again to be honored by her grateful acknowledgment.

Orderly piles of bricks, and disorderly heaps of rubbish mark the spot where the Seminary Chapel once reared its twin pinnacles toward heaven's consorts.

Mr. Geo. H. Edwards was elected to deliver the address at the December meeting of the Missionary Society, and Mr. T. L. Cole to read the report.

The Rev. H. Suter preached to the students in Prayer Hall on the morning of the 23rd Sunday after Trinity, and the Rev. Mr. Gray in the evening.

We had our usual holiday on Thanksgiving Day. Chapel service in the morning, with Turkey and "Hams" later on.

The morning of the 19th Nov. will long be remembered as a scene of unusual interest—not in preparing for lectures; but in getting access to see the "Thomas Statue" set up right.

Quite a large congregation of colored people and students assembled in Prayer Hall on Wednesday evening, November 27th, to witness the marriage of Matilda, granddaughter of Nathan Dixon, known to many an old student here as the kind-hearted, obliging "Uncle Nathan," and George Thompson, a respectable brick maker in Alexandria. The Rev. Dr. Walker performed the ceremony, and the happy bridal party went on their way with the hearty best wishes of all present.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Messrs. Kimball and Hooff, "All the debits and stuff which covered the Chapel foundation; Every morning at eight, Sit aside, cares of State, And with crown-burght sought mild recreation."

Not for pleasure alone Did they burn brick and stone, Pebble, relics, and papers Were the stores of these papers— But the brethren were left in the hurle."

MORAL.

There cannot be found, "Neath old houses or ground. What we're we put there at the first, So, be sure, if you try. In a well that is dry, To find water, you'll certainly 'rust."

A.
Athletic Day.

A complete day! And this was not the least part of the enjoyment. With light steps the boys must have pressed the balmy morning of November 5th, as they streamed out of bed to see the prospects of the day. The storm yesterday undoubtedly disturbed the winter sleep of the frogs and made them maximus to reawaken the echo of the swamp. But who was that young man so readily awakened from his happy dream—dream cut off by his leg in the dark—and suddenly brought to a sense of some thing serious happening—enabling him to ascertain whether there was any smell of sulphur around—then—Oh yes! he raised a yell—yes—his foot. On the further particulars see No. 13 of the Schedule, where he is conspicuously mentioned.

About ten o'clock the players began to arrive from all quarters, and the judges, Col. W. B. Blackwell, Rev. Prof. Nelson and Capt. Abbe, Smith, appeared on the grounds. The Sports commenced at once, and in their usual order.

1. THROWING THE BALL — 5 entries. Three balls were allowed to each competitor. E. H. Wilson was ahead in every trial, and his fearless throws were 99 feet, R. L. Randolph in his third throw made 91 feet, 10 inches. The prize, a baseball and two books, proved acceptable to Col. Blackwell, who awarded them to the first Nine.

2. POTATO RACE — 60 yards—10 entries. The potatoes were picked up in such a hurry that no ball was lost, and another throw could be made to the sled. Favours were spotted, however, and there were many changes in grades.


4. LONG JUMP — 6 entries. G. A. Gantt won by far this easily with the extraordinary jump of 15 ft. 11 inches. E. E. B. Smith won with 14 ft. 3 inches, and J. W. B. Smith won with 14 ft. 1 inch, both N.C. boys. Gantt was the last heat with only 14 ft. 3 inches. Prize, A silver horse.

5. QUICK PULLING — 5 entries. Each competitor alone on a wooden sled, he was required to carry enough weight in order to make the sled go. The first man was E. F. Walton, the second E. A. Jane, and the third E. F. Davis.

6. FLAT RACE — 50 yards—5 entries. The race is 50 yards. On the second round the race is all dropped off but J. T. Johnson. He made the first round in 10.8, and the second in 10.8 seconds, winning easily, 1st, J. T. Johnson; 2nd, A. E. Waters; 3rd, E. E. B. Smith.

7. BLACKFORD CUP — 5 entries. Jackson Fisher, Mathews, Powell, and E. B. Shephard. At 4 ft. 10 inches Powell dropped the string as he twisted his foot in the jump. Fisher and Mathews both fell at the first hurdle, and left it to Powell and Shephard, who won on top of it in 40.8. In an after trial Powell showed his powers by clearing 4 ft. 6 inches, ahead of all competitors. Prize, A horseman's Kable.

8. THREE LEGGED RACE — 7 couples entered. This race was of the same description as the jumping, but the participants were not allowed to hold hands, or to rest on their hands. The three-legged race was won by E. B. Kingling and E. B. Kingling, coming together alone with loving sleep and pinioned hearts. The ladies present have thought them an ideal couple. "Winged sweetness long dying out,"

Never mind, they won a couple of pocket knives, with which they hope they will not get into mischief.

Hendy and Jackson came in second in 10.8 seconds.

9. FLAT RACE — 100 yards—12 entries. This race was won by E. H. Wilson in 12.8 seconds. Minor followed in 13.4 and Willard in 13.9 seconds. Prize, A box of Tools.

10. RACE — 60 yards—4 entries. In 10.8 seconds. The first heat was won by E. H. Wilson and A. B. Kingling. The latter came in ahead by a close margin, knocked down a hurdle he was about to jump, and Maker advanced within 200 yards. This ought not to be so. Perry, W. F. Gordon, H. H. Jones, and W. B. Jane ran in the next heat, which Gordon won in 20.8 seconds in the first heat between Theron and 41. Maker advanced, the former was in the center—22 seconds. Prize, A fine double Shot Bote.

11. FLAT RACE — 1 mile, hand-dipped—4 entries. Five out of the eight received a 40 ft. start, but they, and one other, soon dropped off, leaving the race to E. H. Wilson and E. B. Kingling. The former distanced the latter and won in exactly a minute. Prize, A pair of Rosewood Cites, This is Geiman's second time in the race this year.

12. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards, open only to two successful contestants in the previous races—2 entries. Jackson won the race in 37.4 seconds. Powell was second, in 40.2 seconds. Prize, A fine Pocket Book.

13. PRE-RACE, open to the entire School. Entries unnecessary, from H. S. Wilson, the best boy, to Frank Green, the poorest. Prize, a belt buckle. A nice collection in the School. Many boys, as usual, did not want to enter. None but Jackson and Powell were entered.

14. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.

15. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.

16. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.

17. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.

18. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.

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25. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.

26. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.

27. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.

28. CONTESTATION RACE — 500 yards. Powell, with a single son, a high-barred hurdle, between them. The race was won by Powell, who was not entered. Powell was 40.2 seconds, and Jackson was 40.4 seconds. Prize, A fine Sled.
THE SEMINARIAN.

ALUMNI.

REV. OSCAR S. Bunting, ’77, of Amherst C. H., Va., was married on the morning of November 8th, in St. James Church, Boydton, Va., to Miss Mary F. Harris. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Bunting’s classmate and after ego of his Seminary days, Rev. P. M. Boyd, assisted by Rev. R. A. Goodwin. Mr. Bunting was sometime assistant minister of Epiphany Church, Danville, and when passing through that city with his bride a reception was given him by Capt. William Clark.

REV. JOHN K. Mason, ’76, of Mt. Jackson, Va., was married at four o’clock p. m. on Wednesday, November 19th, to Miss Claudia L., daughter of Rev. R. H. Norton, D. D., of Alexandria. The ceremony was performed in St. Paul’s Church, Alexandria, by Rev. D. F. Sprigg, D. D., of Richmond, and was witnessed by a large and select audience. The wedding was a beautiful one, and the bride, we need not say, looked lovely. The best wishes of a host of friends followed the happy pair to their future home.

REV. JOHN B. Gibson, ’75, late of Kentucky, has taken charge of the work in Trenton, N. J., recently relinquished by Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Berkeley.

REV. JOHN S. Lindsay, ’69, late of Warrenton, has entered upon his duties as rector of St. John’s Church, Georgetown. Glad to have him so near us.

REV. SAMUEL S. Maitland, ’77, paid us a short visit last month. His health, we regret to say, is not good, and a short rest and change would be necessary for him.

Among Our Exchanges.

We think we recognize a new hand at work on the paragraph and new columns of the Southern Churchman. Is it borrowing from its neighbor, the Church News? Both of these come regularly, as also the edition of the Church News, published in Martinsburg, W. Va., by Rev. R. D. Roller, as the organ of that Diocese. We hope this new enterprise of Mr. Roller’s will enlarge the sphere of usefulness of this valuable little sheet, and help along the work in West Virginia.

The Baltimore Church News is a weekly lately founded in Baltimore by Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair, of Ascension Church. We trust it has a long and useful career before it.

The Kentucky Church Chronicle has come out lately in a new form. It is always read with interest, especially as coming from a diocese whose Assistant Bishop, and so many of whose clergy, are from our Seminary.

Many College exchanges also find a ready welcome to our sanctuary. We re-gret that our limited space forbids more than a mere acknowledgment of these and an expression of our fraternal interest in every one of them. We note the following: Virginia University Magazine, Southern College, Randolph College, Richmond College Messenger, Randolph Massou Monthly, University Magazine, (Pennsylvania), The Echo. We also receive the Association News and the Monthly Bulletin, published by the Young Men Christian Associations respectively of Philadelphia and St. Louis. We are indebted to several of the above for kind notices of this Seminarian.

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ALLELUIA!

Christmas Nations raise your voices
In your Hoseannah song,
For the ruby and the rose
In the heart of your home.

As the sheets of the sky,
Hark! the sounds of joy.
Let us sing of our Saviour,
On his birthday day.

“Peace on earth, good will to men”
The Shepherd heard proclaimed at dawn
As he saw in the manger hill
The Star stood still above Bethlehem.

Christ, our Saviour, glorious
Took our burden, born in a stable;
He came to be victorious;
He came to take our sins away.

Good Will Towards Men.

OF ALL VIRTUES, charity, the one most talked about is the one least practiced in any essential sense. We have plenty of almsgiving and a great deal of personal affection for friends and relations; a philosophical tolerance for differences of opinion; and have come to the belief that each man has the right to think as he deems best, provided, always, that he does not translate his thoughts into actions hurtful to the community. Of real charity as a habit of judgment, of sincere good will towards men not connected with us by the ties of nature, love, or self-interest, how few of us know anything, or care to learn what we do not know!

Christianity is the religion, of all that ever came upon the earth, which is founded most expressly on this virtue of good will. If it is not charity in no small degree, and there is scarcely a chapter in the New Testament which cannot be made to yield an illustration to cultivate brotherly love, either openly enjoined or conveyed by implication.

But in our social lives, our private judgments, and not only in our theological opinions, how little charity we find among men! Bearing the burdens of those who are heavy laden and rejoicing with those who are glad are beautiful things to listen to on a Sunday morning in church, or to read in the Bible by the evening light. They create a fine sentimental glow that does duty with the majority for the real thing, the living light; but in practical life we have as little to do with the one as with the other; and think ourselves justified in this divergence between faith and practice.

Yet real good will towards men—real good will towards men—real good will towards men—will make it pleasant to us to give pleasure, would make it a guilt to be the cause of gain. There is nothing impossible to Utopian in this; unless, instead of the Utopian, be Utopian all through. It would be only carrying out the precepts and example of Him whose birth into the world we commemorate at this time, by whose name we are called, and whose followers we profess ourselves to be.

And how much good will do we show towards men in our ordinary judgments passed on their actions, their persons? We know far too little of each other to judge harshly, if justly;

We know each other's faces; for our hearts—
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
And knowing nothing we might as well believe all as doubt everything. It would make life none the poorer, but, on the contrary, infinitely the richer; doubt impoverishing both which produces it, and that on which it falls, while dwelling in a world peopled with mortal deformities rather than in one where hearts are good and souls pure is a choice that shows as little wisdom in those who would make it as it shows disrespect to the Great Being who made us all.

W. H. A.

Tom Stanley's Christmas.

BY MRS. DENISON.

“SAY, Tom, come down to Turkey!” shouted Bob Stanley from the little kitchen, up to the loft, where the boy sat poring over his books.

“Turkey!” muttered Tom—salt fish, more like—and by the way they do call that turkey, I'd like to know! Well, any how, I'm hungry, anything'll taste good, I suppose. Yes, anything tastes good to a fifteen-year-old, hungry boy, whether they be rich or poor, handsome or homely, good or bad. Tom, as he threw aside his book, and stood up, was not, by any means an ill-lookin' fellow. He was tall, awkward, red haired, and somewhat freckled, but then his features were come-

ly, his eyes dark and brilliant and his hands and feet, shapely.

It was Christmas Day, and he was so disappointed because there was no way to keep it as he had been accustomed to keep it for years. A great affliction had befallen the once happy family; the father this year lay sleeping under the sods of the valley. He had left no debts, but he had also left no money, and they had barely kept the wolf from the door. Only the day before Bob and Tom had taken the old gun, and walked for miles to find game, but not having more than one charge of powder, they came home empty-handed.

“Well mother,” Tom had said, as he sat down on his return, tired and hungry, “We shall have a gloomy Christmas. I don't care for myself, but it is hard that you and Bob and little Lily should be deprived of comfort.”

“There’s a raffle down town,” said Bob, “if I only had ten cents, I'd try my luck for a turkey.”

“Now my dear, I don't approve of raffles,” said his mother, gently, “and we can wait for our Christmas dinner, till some other time. We have enough in the house, let us thank God for that. There is bread and meat, and no danger of starvation.”

“My dear Christmas!” said Tom with a quivering lip—and father gone—and he dashed out of the room, while Bob and little Lily looked after him with sorrowful faces.

The morning came, cold and bright. Tom was still unsatisfied. It was shocking, it was almost cruel for them to have no festival. Over the way came merry groups to the great white house. The farmers on all sides were making merry, there was bitterness in his heart as well as sorrow. He refused to go down stairs, and Lily brought him up a cup of milk and some bread. And so he sat there in the sunny window, now brooding over his bright hopes, now reading in a strangely unhappy mood, until Bob, standing at the foot of the stairs called out, “I say, Tom, come down to Turkey.”

“I don’t feel a bit like Christmas,” he said to himself, but some way I am hungry, and I suppose I must eat it. Only Yankee turkey.”

Surely the smell that came up the stairway was appetizing—and wonder of
CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

wonders! when he reached the dining room, there stood his mother, her face wreathed in smiles. Bob with a perfect rainbow of happiness encircling his face, and little Lily making dumb show with hands and feet, while she laughed heartily, enjoying his surprise. For there was a turkey on the table—there was no mistaking the brown, crisp, savory shape, and there was a comfortable looking plum-pudding, and pies, and apples and nuts and raisins.

"Why mother! what does it mean?" cried the astonished lad.

It means that God is very good to the widow and the fatherless," said his mother, her lips trembling. "Here, read this note and it will explain all.

"Dear madam," ran the note in a cramped, old fashioned hand, "My little boy said to me last night that Lily Stanley told him there was to be no Christmas at her house, which meant of course, no Christmas feast. The idea haunted me, particularly as I had found an unreciprocated bill among his old papers, yesterday, against him in your husbands' name, for fifty-four dollars. He has looked carefully over his books and come to the conclusion that he might never have paid the bill, though as you know, he is a man of very careful business habits. You will please therefore accept the accompanying basket as a thank offering on our part, and the check for seventy-five dollars which my man will hand you, being the sum due with interest for seven years.

With the hope that you will enjoy a pleasant Christmas, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Annie Constock.

"A pleasant Christmas, I should think so?" blurted Tom, with glistening eyes. "Who would ever have thought that of old Constock?—Well, I wish I had been more thankful," he added, but not aloud. A happier family never sat down to a pleasantest feast, and in after years, when Tom had obtained a goodly education, the foundation of which that blessed Christmas offering had laid, he was wont to say that his lack of faith in his heavenly Father on that day, had led him to an earnest and consistent Christian life, through trials and repentance, and given him a desire to serve his Master in the Christian ministry. Ever since then his motto has been,

"Be not faithless, but believing."

THE PLEASANT CUSTOM of decking our houses and churches at Christmas, nearly as old as the Church itself, was derived from numerous wild practices. It was an old belief that the sylph spirits might flock to the evergreens and remain unmipped by frost during the cold season. The bright holly with its scarlet berries, ivy, rosemary, hays, laurel and the mistletoe were chiefly used for Christmas dressing. These trimmings were not removed until Candlemas—This might be a guide for our action now as many do not know when they should be removed.—(Chaplets of these evergreens were also worn on the head from which practice we have the phrases to "kiss under the mistletoe" to "whisper under the rose."

In the old Church Calendar Christmas Eve is marked; Temple Exornata (adorn the temple) and repentant hearts; ivy and mistletoe still remain the favorite evergreens and the mistletoe still affords much sport and amusement. In our hand we lack the mistletoe and have little Holly but with the greens at our command we may follow the direction; Temple Exornata.

ALBION.

Christmas in an English Home.

BY W. H. ASHERTON.

I. CHRISTMAS EVE.

The snow came down in large feather flakes and covered the earth with a soft white carpet. It seemed as though the purity of heaven were descending upon the dark, still world, and hiding under its cloak the deformity and disfigured face of sin. No sound was heard, nor did the slightest disturbance of the night; the lights streaming forth from the windows of Ulsterwood gave token of life, and joy within; the joy of Christmas with its merry, youthful voices; the joy of Bethlehem repeated in a Christian home.

In the hall stood figures of ancient warriors clad in armor that bore the story of many a knightly combat; and now upon their steel helmets were hung breaths of holly in memory of their famous deeds. Ancestral portraits were decorated with the dark leaves and vivid colored branches of the holly, placed beside the fierce old lions, while strips of evergreens, small holly, and other branches were placed in many corners with tender plants from the conservatories, which gave the fine old house a bright and cheerful appearance.

Several children of various ages, chiefly members of the family and a few young visitors, were gathered with those who under the larger growth in the drawing-room, where the sound of young voices proceeded in grateful harmony, as an older sister accompanied them at the piano in carols and Christmas hymns. Soon, however, the host, a portly old squire, with kindly eye and whitened locks, called out for volunteers to bring in the mile-long line and in a moment the young clowns followed him out to where it had been placed in readiness for the children's fun. Over the snow covered ground the glee was so great until they came to the large hall with brown ceiling, and the fire was burning brightly. On the massive dogs was rolled, and then the festivities had really begun, which were to be ended until its last embers had dwindled away.

The hour of midnight was drawing near when the household assembled in the great hall of the manse and awaited attentively the deep tones of the bell from the tower overhead. Only the flickering wood fire cast its weird rays of light through the depths of gloom, and made fantastic shadows upon the walls and pipes of an organ opposite. At the organ sat a young lady quietly waiting for the signal of the great clock bell. The time drew on; the first stroke of twelve was out in the night as a procession of servants and the guests enter, each bearing a lighted taper, and before the last stroke of the clock the din of conversation died away the organ peaks forth, and voices, old and young, join in the glad anthem—

"Hark! the herald angels sing!”

From "To the new-born King.”

II. CHRISTMAS DAY.

BRIGHT and cheery was the morn. The sun shone out from a clear blue sky and added lustre to the white mantle which covered the earth. The wide-spreading branches of the oaks and elms were adorned in winter garland, and every shrub wore a Christmas cloak of soft, white snow; and from the caves of the old Hall hung long tippets which glistened in the morning sunshine and melted with a continual drip.

The great bell was ringing the hour of eight as the Squire came down the broad staircase with a box of youngsters crowding around him and holding on to his hands and coat-tails, while his youngest grandchild was crowing from the seat of honor in his arms. The day was their own, and they knew it. No nursery breakfast was prepared on Christmas morning, and dinner took place at an early hour for their special benefit. Old and young assembled at the same board on that day of days, and lovely little faces sometimes grew dignified with the importance of the privilege. At ten o'clock a large and handsome coach, painted in heraldic colors, with four prancing bay horses and servants in the family livery, drew up before the terrace in front of the house. It was not long before the hall doors were thrown open and the Squire and his lady came forth, arm-in-arm, escorted by children.
and grandchildren clad in bright dresses and warm furs. All could not be accommodated in the old family coach; but immediately behind followed a waggonette, also drawn by four horses, into which the boys and other male members of the family, except the Squire, mounted, accompanied by as many servants as could be spared in the duties of the household. The coachmen drew up their reins, and the horses, with nostrils steaming in the crisp, cold air, bounded briskly forward and scattered the snow in their high-stepping trot. A couple of miles’ drive brought them to the parish church, an old stone edifice of Gothic architecture, with thick ivy creeping about its buttresses and pointed windows, and surrounded by God’s acre, wherein tall elms and yew trees bowed their aged heads over the tombs of many generations. After service the Ullenean party passed out to their carriages, amid the good wishes for a “Merry Christmas” by friends and neighbors and the poor people who lived in the hamlet near by, many of whom were employed on the Squire’s estates.

Dinner went by with its proverbial turkey, round of beef, ham’s head, and a blazing plum pudding, while the conversation chiefly hinged upon the Christmas tree and children’s dance that was to take place that night.

III.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

IX O’CLOCK came around at last, and with it the lights of carriages appeared in the long avenue as they rolled up towards the hall. Every window blazed forth its welcome, and behind the drawn curtains many shadows were seen flitting hither and thither as the guests prepared for the festivities.

Carriage after carriage from many miles around drew up at the terrace steps, from which to the hall a crimson carpet had been spread for the fairy feet of the gaily decked little maidens who were expected at the ball.

The large dining-room, with its carved paneling of polished oak, black with age, and Corinthian pillars at each end, supporting an arched and painted roof, had been transformed into a ball-room, and was brightly lighted by immense chandeliers whose brilliancy was reflected in the pier-glasses on either side. Flowers, forms, and shrubs had been arranged in a very effective manner about the room, and garlands of holly and other evergreens were twined around the pillars and hung in festoons from the gilded cornices, while from each chandelier was suspended the magic wreath of mistletoe—the cause of much merriment and many a stolen kiss.

A string band from a neighboring town had been engaged for the occasion, and at seven o’clock it struck up an old-fashioned English quadrille. A beautiful sight it was as the little maidens, arrayed in various costumes of all and lace, swan’s-down, and many colored ribbons, glided gracefully in and out the figures with boys of various ages, from suits of bright velvet up to the conventional, if miniature, evening dresses. The elder guests were flower-figures on this occasion, or else formed their own combinations out of the way of their younger brothers and sisters.

About nine o’clock, the ball ended with a merry gallop, and then the young couples gathered in groups at one end of the room which had been curtained off, or arm in arm walked about with all the dignity of their sirens, awaiting the closing scene.

They were not kept long in suspense. The band struck up a joyful air as the court was made quite as festive as the Christmas tree lighted with wax tapers and hung with every kind of present that ingenuity and good taste could devise. By the side of the tree stood Father Christmas himself, with rosy, wrinkled cheeks and long grey beard, and clothed in a dark cassock and cowl, all besprinkled with snow. After giving the reason of his presence, and wishing his young friends many another such a merry Christmas, he distributed to each one there a beautiful and appropriate present. Nothing was thus afforded for half an hour, when the butler’s voice was heard at the door announcing that “Miss—”’s earring stops the way,” and all dispersed to put on their cloaks and wraps.

In rapid succession the carriage lamps could be seen growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance; and at last the youngsters of Ullene, having talked over everything, sank into peaceful slumber to dream of the happy scenes in which they had played so prominent a part.

A Merrie Christmas.

The happiest time of the whole year is with us once more, and the first utterance instinctively welling from our hearts is the bright old English greeting, “A Merrie Christmas to you all.” And foremost in our minds are our brethren who, far away in heathen lands, proclaim the tidings of salvation to those who know them not. Separated as they are from the bright scenes of former days, when they often gathered with their loved ones in the sanctuary of God or in the happy family circle, around the festive board, they claim our kindest greetings and most heartfelt wishes. But none the less do we wish a Merrie Christmas to our brethren and kind friends in this favored land.

nothing sadder their joys and prevent them from realising the pure pleasures of the season to the utmost. And for them, for us, and all may the gladsome strains of the Angels’ song resound far and wide, filling our own hearts with joy and the high desire of making others as happy as ourselves.

NIGHT-FALL.

I stood and gazed forth over the valley,
While the Sun sank down the far West;
And the night-fall stole dreamily o’er me,
As my spirit was lulled in its rest.

The purple and gold melted slowly,
And Shadows crept soft thro’ the dell;
I dreamt—and my soul left its earth thoughts,
But its language my words cannot tell.

Soon grey was all left of the purple,
And cloths that were bristled with gold
Now changed to soft tints in the twilight,
Like mem’ries of love never told.

My spirit returned on the night wind,
And led me to earth back again;
But the dark, silent world was appalling—
My heart felt its burden of pain.

I turned—but in turning one last look
I gave to my dreamland afar;
’Twas gone—yet I found, now another,
The bright shining realm of a star.

It faded like a dream in its gleaming
The past with its sorrow and care;
It led me to Bethlehem’s manger,
And the Sabe that lay credulous there.

The Boat’s head.

The origin of this favorite dish in the old Christmas dinner is placed by tradition at Queen’s College, Oxford. The story runs that a student while on a walk, reading Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a furious wild boar. The valiant fellow rammed the volume into the throat of the aggressor, crying Gracious oun, till he had fairly choked the beast to death. In olden times we read that the sooned head was borne to the head of the principle table with great state and solemnity, “upon a silver platter with muscalate.” For a long time the custom formed a part of the Christmas festivities at the Inns of Court. It is still retained at Queen’s College where the dish is brought in to the chant of an old Latin ditty—

Capi Aprt defero
Redens lades Domino
The boat’s head in hand bring I.
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all envy me,
Qui seta in concrevo.

ALBON.
CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

An historical Sketch of Christmas.

By T. L. Cole.

EARLY nineteenth centuries have rolled by since the brightness of an Oriental night was eclipsed by the glory of the Heavenly Host. Since the humble shepherds on Bethlehem's plains, dazed with the brightness of the vision, heard the announcement of the birth of the long-promised Saviour and Messiah, and the mighty chorus of Cherubim and Seraphim took up the glad refrain and sang glory to God, and to man declared peace and good will from on high, nearly nineteen centuries have rolled by. And yet through all the ages the church has yearly commemorated that grand event and has yearly re-echoed the glad shout of victory and peace. Ay, not only do we find it observed by the church, but we see all the Christian world keeping with special gladness, the anniversary of the birth of 'Great David's greater son.' Looking at the history of this festival we find that learned men have carried its origin as high as the eighteenth century, but no certain proof can be cited. St. Chrysostom says that 'this day was of great antiquity and of long continuance being famous and renowned in the church from the beginning, far and wide, from Thrace as far as Gades, in Spain.' At first its observance was by no means uniform. The Eastern Church for a long time observed it as one festival with the Epiphany, on January 6. By some it was put even as late as May, but the Western Church always kept December 25 as the feast of the Nativity, and toward the end of the third century we find the Eastern Church accepting this day, as proved by the censors in the archives at Rome, and ever since then the 25th of December has been observed as Christmas Day. In the early Church the day was kept with the greatest reverence, the same as the Lord's Day. St. Chrysostom styles it "the most venerable, the most solemn and solemn of all festivals" and "the mother of all festivals," and five days beforehand we find the holy father inviting his auditory to celebrate the nativity of Christ in the following language: "I therefore pray and beseech you, every man first purging his own house, to see our Lord stand in swaddling clothes and living in a manger: a tremendous and wonderful sight indeed." A vigil was kept all through the night before and on Christmas Day. Sermons were preached, a solemn communion was held, and it was especially enjoined on all clergy and laity alike to communicate. All fasting was forbidden, and the laws of the State provided that public games and festivities be suppressed, and that the day might be universally observed it was required that all servants should be allowed to rest from their labors.

In the Middle Ages this strict observance of the day was departed from, and it was considered in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival, and so the element of meriment was introduced. We find the gay fantastic spectacle of dramatic mysteries and moralities performed by personages in grotesque masks and costumes. The usual scene represents an infant to a cradle, surrounded by the Virgin Mary and Joseph, by bull's heads, cherubs, magi, and ornaments. Among the revels of the Christmas season were the grotesque Saturnalia, termed "December liberties," in which everything serious was burlesqued.

It is an old Swedish tradition, preserved in the diary of Olano, archbishop of Upsal, that men living in the gold northern regions are suddenly metamorphosed into wolves, and that a multitude of Christmas trees, set at an appointed time and place so fiercely that the inhabitants of that country suffer more from their attacks than from natural wolves. Christmas in England has always been, for all ranks and ages, at times a religious, domestic, and merry making festival. The revels began on Christmas Eve and lasted until Candlemas (February 2), every day being a holiday until Twelfth Night. In the houses of the nobles "lord of misrule" or "rabbi of unreason" was appointed, whose office was to make the nearest posthumous to delight the beholder. His rule lasted from All Hallows Eve till Candlemas day. The lord of the manor entertained his tenants and clergy at the hall and encouraged the festivities.

On Christmas Eve the hills were run; On Christmas Eve the mass was sung; That only night the moon was bright, The snow closed with the heron's bill. To wash, to bathe, to sell, and all Power laid his rod of rule aside. And ceremony defied his pride. The hear, with gales in his shoes, That night might village partner choose. All hailed, with uncontrolled delight And general voice, the happy night Than to the cottage, in the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down. England was merry England, and God Christmas brought his spouse again. Twice Christmas broached the mightiest ale. Twice Christmas told the merriest tale. A Christmas punch off would cheer A poor man's heart through half the year. On Christmas Eve the Yulelog was brought in by the whole company, household amid singing and gay ceremonies, and a huge fire was made, which might be burned till Candlemas Eve. This kept out the severity of the weather. The festive board groaned under the weight of good things, which were shared amid music, conjuring, riddles, snapdragon, jokes and repartee, laughter, forfeits, and games. The generous wassail bowl overflowed and handsomely forth the shouts and songs of Saxon glee-men. From this account of the domestic and festive side of the feast of the nativity it must now be inferred that the religious and main features of its proper observance was lost sight of. Carols were sung, the churches were dressed with evergreens, and solemn processions were held. The Church also did not provide for the poor, so that to all the season might be one of joy. The Christmas celebrations of to-day in England have lost their primitive heathen character. The last memorable appointment of a lord of misrule was in 1627, when he had come to be named "a grand captain of mince-pie.

Some remains of those rough meriments are still left, however, but much modified. The family reunion, the church dressing are still there, and in many parts of the country the old custom of the Yule-log is kept. In the Middle and Southern States, the churches are dressed with evergreens and service, with communion, held. Present are interchanged, and the little ones have their Christmas trees. May these innocent additions to the religious observance of the day never fall into disuse, but may all Christians always rejoice on the birthday of her founder.

Hearthsease.

This blessing is found with particular people: that is, people who take the rough things of life equally with the smooth, and who, when the waves are of more length than the wind, that the sea predominates over the good, are still content to waste no strength in murmurs and never to hit out blindly in wildest reproaches. Maybe they are brave enough to alter those things which are uncontramined, but until they cut them after they bear what they do not like with pleasantness of temper and hearty courage, with sweetness and with grace. They have the wit to recognize what is and what cannot be changed. What they can change they do, and what they cannot they bear. Is this not a sort of hearthsease worth cultivating? But it is to the important, generous, unselfish, and kind and willing folk who spend their strength in complaining of the crooks they must bear and bemoaning the desires they must forego, you speak of the dignity and the comfort to be found in content, in all probability they take you to mean wooden-heartedness, the willingness with more or less of wincing that you have mislaid your carriages, and that such a soulless system of indifference is not for them. They say, they mutter, perplexing meekness of sensitiveness; they are not like beasts, they do not resent their burdens without groundings—creatures of hide so tough it feels neither sword nor whip, neither weight of chain nor prick of spur. So you have to leave them, despising the means by which hearthsease may be cultivated, preferring to wait with cold rather than preserve with heat, and to chafe their shoulders rather than bear their burden quietly.

Hay.