



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Bands and Circles of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

Published Every Month.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER, 1894.

VOL. I. No. 12.

Then and Now.

In the far past, the dim, prophetic ages,
 When this fair world was young,
 When truth was only uttered by the sages,
 Or by the poets sung,
 Men revelled in their fancy's weird creations,
 And in the starry skies
 They read the fate of empires and of nations
 And their own destinies.

But when the star appeared, whose glorious shining
 Showed where the Christ was born,
 Too pure and deep, beyond their strange divining,
 They turned from it with scorn;
 They would not see in that poor, lowly stranger
 The Christ that was to be.
 Nor the true secret, hidden in a manger,
 Of human destiny.

So the world spurned a heritage more royal
 Than earth could e'er confer,
 And only the few wise and truly loyal
 Brought gifts of gold and myrrh.

And still the star is shining and its glory
 Streams wide o'er all the earth,
 Still telling to our hearts the wondrous story
 Of that mysterious birth:
 Still luring to the goal, the opened portal,
 The promised Heaven to faith,
 No sleep eternal, but a life immortal,
 A life that smiles at death.

And do men yet despise, as in earth's morning,
 Their nobler destiny?
 Haste, haste the time when, grown too wise for
 scorning,
 A world shall bow its knee!

St. John. S. E. S.

Christmas Gifts.

Christine and Isabel were not sisters, although almost everybody called them so, for they lived together, and looked very much alike. Their eyes were just the same shade of blue; and their yellow

hair, brush it down as much as they would, turned up in just the same sort of curls over the head of each. They were not of the same age, though the birthday of each was the 22d of February, for Christine was born a year before Isabel. Grandpa sometimes said they were just as old as George Washington, but they knew that was only in fun. They live together, because Isabel's mother died when she was only two weeks old, and then her aunt, Christine's mother, took her home, and has taken care of her ever since. So the little cousins are just like sisters to each other.

This year they are very happy getting ready for Christmas; for when grandpa came to Thanksgiving he presented to each of the little girls a bright five-dollar gold piece. At first Isabel said she was always going to keep hers to remember grandpa by; but Christine said she should always remember grandpa without any gold piece, and she was going to spend hers for Christmas presents; and pretty soon Isabel decided to spend hers too. First each of them bought a five-cent blank-book; then they wrote in them the names of all their friends, beginning with father and mother; then they wrote against each name what they would like to give. This took a great deal of thought and planning, and there was a good deal of rubbing out and writing over; but finally against Mother, Christine had "A black silk dress," and Isabel, "A gold ring;" and against Father, Christine had "A dressing-gown with cord and tassels," and Isabel, "B." That meant barometer; for she had heard her father say he would like one, but she did not know how to spell it.

When they carried their books and read them to mamma, she smiled, and said they would need five hundred dollars, instead of five, to buy all the things they had written down. As they heard this, the