



EARLY BREAKFAST.

nothing. Any Sunday schools that are willing to help can have an Indian protegee allotted to them for their support at \$50 per annum; or if they cannot manage \$50, they can have half pupil at \$25; or if they are too poor for that, we will be glad of whatever they can give us.

CHRISTMAS.

OUR Christmas pictures this year are "Going to Market" and an "Early Breakfast." From time immemorial Christmas Day has been associated in some form or another with feasting. The idea of food and good cheer can not be disassociated from it. It is this that leads well-disposed people to be good to the poor, and many a poor man's fire burns

brighter and table looks more inviting on Christmas Day, because those who have money are often ashamed to be surrounded with stacks of turkeys and geese and ducks—oceans of good cheer of all descriptions—without contributing in some degree to the relief of poverty in others. It is a grand principle, and a very little thing sometimes will make a poor family comfortable. What are the prospects for filling the basket on Christmas Day? Going to market on Christmas Eve with every prospect of returning with a well-filled basket! Oh! God rest you, merry gentlemen, and give you a merry Christmas, but in His dear name, think of the poor who can send no basket to the market or procure no fuel to make bright the hearth on Christmas Day.

It is a day for making all things happy. The ox in the stall, the horse in the stable, the birds that pick their breakfast out of the snow—all should be made to feel the gladness of this happy season.

"God," says Archdeacon Farrar, "works in His own ways, and those ways are infinitely unlike the tumultuous ways of men. Man's little schemes are

ushered in with drums and trumpet peals, and he wreaks his anger, as far as he can, in earthquake and hurricane. God works in patience and He moves the hearts of His servants with still, small voices. Man's great men are a Cæsar, a Tiberius, a Caiaphas with his ephod, a Pilate on the judgment seat. God knows nothing of these inch-high scaffoldings of little human greatness. The Lord of time and of all worlds came to us in silence, in the darkness, a little new born babe crowded into the stable out of the humble village inn; and all who were in the world, and all who are in the world, if they would catch but one glimpse of the meaning of Christmas and of its true gladness, must lay aside their arrogance, their pomposities and their intellectualisms, and come to that humble cradle with hearts as a weaned child."