

When Jesus Came.

Long years ago, by Bethlehem town,
The temple sheep were feeding,
The wintry stars shone kindly down
On flock and shepherds heeding,
When Jesus came.

The wise men from the Orient,
Led by a starry finger,
The Shepherds, too, by angels sent
To worship, did not linger,
When Jesus came.

A mother's love received its crown
And childhood dearest blessing,
When Heaven's King did nestle down
In Mary's arms, caressing,
When Jesus came.

O happy night, so full of song,
And joy for every sorrow!
For stars shine bright, though nights be
long,
And dawns a glad to-morrow,
Since Jesus came.

—Selected.

'Judge Not.'

It was Christmas Eve, but the weekly prayer-meeting was to be held as usual, and Mr. and Mrs. Heston allowed no trifling thing to keep them away.

At the church door they were accosted by one of the brethren, who inquired—

'How much are you going to give me toward the steel engraving we have purchased for our pastor's wife?'

'I think perhaps I ought not to give you anything this time.' It cost Mr. Heston something to say this, for, though he was not rich, he was a generous man; his name was rarely lacking from a subscription list. But he was not prepared for the storm of unkind words and unjust insinuations which his partially declining to subscribe toward this gift called forth.

I will not tell you what this solicitor said, for you would hardly believe the words would come from Christian lips.

Mr. Heston went into the prayer-meeting, but there was little joy in the service for him. He had not yet learned to rejoice in tribulation, to take all such burdens as something given him to bear for Christ, and his heart was sore.

It had been one of his hard days. At ten in the morning there had been presented at his office a note for £100, which his book-keeper had neglected to enter among bills payable. Fortunately the money was in the bank, and he had only to draw a cheque for it, but the circumstance annoyed him. Later in the day he remembered that he had promised, on that date, to settle a claim against him for £40, which a young man in a bank, for whom he had stood as bondsman, had stolen. Still later there came a heart-breaking letter from an old college chum in charge of a poor, struggling Church in a country district. It was an answer to a box of warm winter clothing and Christmas goodies which Mr. Heston had sent his friend, thinking he might enjoy them, but never dreaming that he was reduced to utter extremity.

As he folded the letter something very like tears glistened in his eyes, strong man though he was. He took out his bankbook, added it up carefully, and then drew a cheque for £5. He could not take the time to write a letter, and the sheet of paper accompanying the cheque contained only these words to his clerical friend—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

God Prosper You.—Phil. iv., 19.

There were other things which made this an ever-to-be-remembered one to Mr. Heston. He went home utterly weary.

'James,' his wife said, as they sat round the cheerful supper-table, 'I happened to call in at old Mrs. McNeal's this afternoon, and I saw clearly that they would have no Christmas dinner unless I sent it to them, so I ordered a turkey and some groceries.'

'That was right. You paid for them?'

'No, I hadn't a sixpence left after paying for—'

She checked herself just in time. It was a

silk umbrella for her husband's present which had drained her purse.

'They came to a sovereign. I bought them at Kleing's. He doesn't seem to be doing much this year, and I told him I would send Mary around with the money this evening.'

He took out his purse, and handed the servant the required amount—his last sovereign.

A little later he went to the prayer-meeting, and was accosted and misjudged, as I have said. He returned home, and came up to his mother's room, and kneeling beside me, as he used to do when he was a boy, quietly told me the whole story.

Silently I prayed to our Father to take away the sting, and reaching for my Bible I pointed to a verse I had marked many years ago; 'Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin,' and when he gave me his good-night kiss I saw that he was comforted. But I did wish I could whisper in the ear of the wrong one who had so thoughtlessly wronged him, 'Thou art inexcusable, Oh, man, whosoever thou art, that judgest!'—Austrian 'Christian.'

No Room in the Inn.

There comes to us something of shock when we consider that the only welcome accorded our Lord's advent was that of Bethlehem's mean manger. But in this fact you have revealed the perpetual attitude of the world toward Jesus. The world never has had room, neither will it ever have room for Him. In referring to the world, I mean the worldly spirit. There are two conflicting conditions of life, one dominated by the world spirit, the other controlled by the Christ spirit. The world spirit we call worldliness, the Christ spirit, spirituality. Both are determined by the spirit of the life, not the objects with which the life is concerned. Both may deal with the same objects, but how vast the difference in results. 'Worldliness is attachment to the outward, attachment to the transitory, attachment to the unreal; in opposition to the Christ spirit, which is love for the inward, the eternal, the true: and the one of these affections is necessarily expelled by the other.' Where worldliness dominates, the Christ can never be born.

Your own heart is the sacred place where Jesus should be born. As you examine that heart do you find room for Him, or is it crowded to overfulness with the outward, the transitory, the unreal? We need always to realize that the people who filled that Bethlehem inn are not the only individuals who are crowding Jesus out. Think of your own life for the moment. It is full of varying activities. It is full of plans for the new year. You find room in it for science, and history, and art, and politics, and business. Do you find room for Jesus Christ? There was no room for Him in the inn. Is it also true that you have no room in your heart for the Prince of Peace? The scene at Bethlehem is daily repeated. He comes unto His own and His own receives Him not. The world is too full for Christ. Is your heart too crowded for its Saviour?—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Bargain for Sin.

Dr. Horatius Bonar gives an account of a strange transaction which took place some years ago in Warsaw, Russia:

Several Jews were gathered together, and among them a young unbeliever. This unbeliever affirmed that there was no such thing as sin. An old Jew standing by and hearing the bold words of the scoffer, offered him twenty-five roubles, or about \$15, if he would agree to take his sins upon him. The youth accepted the bargain in the presence of witnesses to attest the transaction.

The old Jew seemed to think that he had done an excellent stroke of business, and expressed his satisfaction at having got rid of his sins for so small a sum as \$15. The youth rejoiced also that he had an opportunity of displaying his unbelief, and, to show it was not money he wanted, he gave it to the poor.

Soon after this the unbeliever became ill. It seemed to proceed from his mind, and not from his body. The physicians, on making inquiry, heard of the bargain that had been

made between the two, and the young man confessed that it was weighing on him. The old man was asked to cancel the bargain and thus relieve the other. The old man refused. A thousand roubles, or \$600, were offered the old man, but still he declined.

The young man was in agonies of conscience because of the sin which he had taken upon him, but the old man was resolute in his determination not to relieve the young man of his contract. Soon after the young man sank under his mental suffering, and died with the full burden upon him.

This contract had awakened the conscience of the scoffer, and the idea of sin had become a terrible reality. There is no such thing as the transferring of sin from one man to another, yet the Scriptures reveal the exceeding sinfulness of sin and provide a way for its transfer—not from man to man, but to the Son of God—and by that transfer sin is cancelled for all those who accept Christ as Substitute and as Lord. 'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'—'Gospel Message.'

God is constantly putting into our lives little or greater occasions of testing. He presents us with his will in a choice, which may be a stepping-stone or a stumbling-block.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Our Offering.

(By Christian Burke.)

Lo! we have travelled from a country far,
Through years of failure, deserts sad and wild,

And, even as of old came Eastern kings,
With costly treasures, led here by thy Star,
We, too, would bring thee our poor offerings,
O Word Incarnate! Bethlehem's Holy Child,
Accept our gifts and us of thy great grace—
Myrrh for our Sorrows, Frankincense for our
Faith,
And Gold for Love that is more strong than
Death!

The Work in Labrador.

This is a home charity so near the hearts of all Canada that we continue to receive contributions in its aid. Since our last acknowledgement in these pages, the following sums have been received and personally acknowledged, where possible: May Ferguson, Caintown, Ont., \$1.00; Anonymous, \$5.00; Mrs. Margaret Duncan, Campbelltown, N.B., \$5.00; A Friend, Murray Harbor South, P.E.I., \$2.00; Mrs. C. M. Ingram, Brocton, Man., \$5.00; Pupils of Carmel Sunday School, Ont., \$1.65; Loyal Temperance Legion, Napinka, \$1.40; Mrs. Wm. Chesterfield, 25 cents; Mrs. Thomas Sanderson, Sault Ste. Marie, \$4.00; Friends, Fairbury, Nebraska, \$1.00; Little Helpers Mission Band, Belleville, \$3.00; G. M. Melfort, Sask., \$10.00; Total, \$39.30.

A New Year's Suggestion.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the holiday preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your holiday subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

On request a gift card will be sent as above with each subscription.