

upon the re-table. In the morning the Bishop preached and celebrated the Holy Eucharist at Waldemar. The singing here was good also, and the service hearty, the members of the Luther choir having gone over to assist. The musical part of the services was conducted by Mr. R. Y. W. Webb, catechist of the Mission. Rev. R. L. Radcliffe acted as Bishop's chaplain, and bore the pastoral staff before his Lordship and when he was laying hands on the candidates. The Bishop departed from Hamilton on Monday, the 5th December, having expressed himself much pleased with the state of the Mission.

LAUS DEO.

HAMILTON.—Church of the Ascension.—The decision of Canon Carmichael to decline the call to Calvary Church, New York, will be received by his own people here, as well as by those of every other denomination in the city, with feelings of no ordinary gratification. The personal sacrifice which he has made in the light of his duty to his congregation, where his ministry, has been so signally successful, and also to the Canadian Church, which can ill afford to lose its leading men, will but intensify the respect and attachment which all who have had the privilege of his acquaintance feel towards him.

All Saints.—The repairs lately made upon the exterior of the edifice have been followed up by the painting of the interior. The appearance inside has been further improved by a new cloth for the Lord's Table, and two oak chairs of ecclesiastical pattern for the chancel. The cloth is of crimson, bordered with gold-coloured silk fringe, and bearing the design I. H. S. on the front. The money for it, and also for the chairs, was collected by the ladies of the congregation, who have been very successful in starting a fund for the improvement of the interior of the Church. The pleasure felt by the congregation at these improvements is perfected by the fact that they are paid for.

DIocese OF RUPERT'S LAND.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS (Continued.)

The remaining £100 of the grant to St. James has been transferred to a new district at Turtle Mountain. There will be at least two centres—Whitewater and La Riviere's. The district will include at present 30 or 40 townships, is about one-tenth settled, and nearly half the settlers, I understand, are Churchmen. I have offered the appointment of missionary to the Rev. G. Aitkins, a graduate of Cambridge, of whom I have excellent accounts. Service will at present be held by Mr. H. M. Drummond, who has received my license as reader.

An endowment of \$500 has been obtained for Headingly by the sale of 180 acres of the glebe. This parish has also become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Alfred Pinkham, who, after a short residence in Headingly, to the regret of the parishioners, accepted the parish of Morris. Mr. Gardner was obliged to leave Morris by the illness of his wife. The duty was taken for a year by the Rev. H. D. Cooper, a clergyman of the diocese of Toronto, who was, I believe, very acceptable to the people. During his residence a very neat church was erected, which I opened last summer. I have offered Headingly to a clergyman of considerable experience, who is well spoken of, the Rev. T. Aitkens, a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge. He is father of the clergyman who is nominated to Turtle Mountain. Several of his sons are coming to this country as farmers. It is thought best for all the family to come.

I am advising the Colonial and Continental Church Society to give the grant which has been hitherto given to Headingly to a district of which Gladstone would be one centre. I have for years been endeavoring to obtain a grant for this district from that Society, but, from want of funds, they have not been able to do this; indeed, their grant to this district was reduced this year by £25. I am not, however, certain till inquiry be made, under what circumstances the church would now enter this district. With so many district unprovided for, we must select those where we shall be met by substantial help. Failing Gladstone, there could be an important district formed partly out of the present Rapid City district, with Minnedosa as one centre. I hope, however, in view of the great extent of country being settled, the society may arrange for our having another grant, so that we may have both districts. We have a clergyman in view as the missionary.

The Rev. G. Turnbull, who resides in the Rapid City district, is to have an allowance for partial service. The Rev. W. A. Burman, of the Sioux reserve, may also be able to render some help to the settlements near his reserve. A new church has been opened at Rapid City. There is a large district containing Beaconsfield and other places where there are many earnest Churchmen. There have been two readers in this district deserving of our best thanks. One of them, Mr. Dobbs, has been holding services regularly at four different centres and the other Mr. Ashley at two. Several visits have been paid to the district of Mr. Jukes and Canon Grisdaie. A grant in aid has been guaranteed to us through the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, from St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, and it has been assigned to this district. The appointment of a missionary is to be offered to a clergyman of the diocese of Huron.

(To be continued.)

Family Department.

CHRISTMAS, 1881.

(For the Church Guardian.)

Oh, CHRISTMAS! "Merrie Christmas!" we welcome thee again;
We greet thee, old King Christmas, on this, thy joyful reign,
When kindly words of greeting are passed from friend to friend,
And far to distant countries our feelings fond extend.

In childhood we have met thee, with shouts of merry joy;
When Christmas gifts delighted each happy girl and boy,
Now older grown we greet thee with quiet, heart-felt joy,
For now we know the Saviour who came in lowly birth.

This happy, happy season, this Christ-day bright and dear,
Brings sweet joy to the weary, brings sweet hope to the sad;
For in some homes have sadness and sorrow left their trace,
And bitter tears are falling to see the vacant place.

A sister Church this season its pastor kind has lost;
He left all cares behind him, and the shining river crossed;
He is not dead, but sleeping, and peacefully he'll wait
Till he meets his wife and children at "the little golden gate."

We miss, too, from our circle in this quiet house of care,
A fair young girl whose footsteps this weary, rough road tread,
Enduring pain and sickness, and wasting slow away,
Till the welcome summons came for her that will come for all some day.

Her place in Church is vacant, but her place above is filled;
She used her talents while on earth as her blessed Saviour willed.
Oh, Mother! let this comfort you, and dry your tearful eye,
She is singing with the angels "Glory be to God on high."

And other homes we know not of may lonely feel to-day;
We cannot give them comfort. We can only bid them pray,
Our hearts and thoughts should be at rest this happy Christ-
mas morn.

In thinking of that manger-babe who "Unto us is born,"

God bless the Bishop of our Church, and all who serve the Lord,
Our Deacons, Priests, and all who teach us from His Holy Word,
The Rector who has left us, and him who soon will come,
And the one who now is leading us the way to Heaven, our home.

To all a happy Christmas of Peace and Joy and Love,
Of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, that angel-sing above,
And while shepherds watch their flocks by night, all
seated on the ground,
May the angel of the Lord come down, and Glory shine
around.

St. George's Parish, Halifax, Dec., 1881.

M. T. P.

UNDER THE ROOF.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Translated from the German for the GUARDIAN.

(Continued.)

"How are you, Herr Zeidler?" "Thank you, Fraulein, I am in no pain, and I feel so easy and comfortable, only it seems hard to speak. You think I shall get well, don't you?" "I hope so." "And so do I." The sick man kept silence for a while, then opening wide his eyes, bright with fever, he fixed them on the seamstress, and feebly beckoned with his hand: "Fraulein!" She knelt down beside the bed and prayed. "Fraulein," "speak softly," she said; "do not exert yourself." "I wanted to tell you something. When my illness came on I was engaged. My girl went out sewing, and lived No. 11 in Bäckerei street with her mother. Her name was Sophie Fiedler. She was a pretty girl. Then everyone thought I was going into a consumption and might never get well; and one day she said she had heard that it was catching, and we had better break off our engagement. Of course I could say nothing. But now I feel sure I shall get well. Will you find her out and tell her so? For she might marry someone else." He had spoken with long pauses, with painful difficulty, and as though half-asleep. "I will do it for you gladly," said the seamstress slowly. It was a sad commission; she knew that the girl had been married three months before; but who could have had the heart to tell him?

"Are you going? don't forget; good night." She had risen suddenly, and now stepped across the creaking boards to her own room as hastily as though she had forgotten something. But she left her lamp turned down and did not take her work. She sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

The wind stirred the remains of the fire and muttered and whispered as though it wanted to tell the flame the latest news about Christmas, and had not much time to lose. The voices of the children, of the tailor and the widow could be heard indistinctly, nothing else but the ticking of the clock—the clock and her heart and her thoughts.

"They are all contented; they are all glad; they can hope—I, only I, never again!" Then after a while: "they were engaged, and she gave him up and married another," she said, as if half-dreaming; "she gave him up and married another." Still she covered her eyes with her hand. "And to-day is Christmas!—the Christ-child gives to all, and all tongues praise Him; but He took everything away from me! Everything! The tailor is right—imagination and wishes, vain wishes are the cause of misfortune." When her hands sank into her lap, her eyes looked as though they could not see her surroundings; the dim light deepened her features and made her, as she sat there, look older

than she really was. Her heart beat quicker, and her thoughts carried her away. She saw her youth, the youth, free from all care, of the orphan in the house of the wealthy aunt who brought her up with her own daughter. Those were happy Christmases! Away with all that. She saw him; she had met him at a ball—the clever, fascinating young lawyer. Her cousin was ill at home and could not see how he devoted himself to her, and did not know how often they had danced together, and how she had listened to him. How much had happened in a little while! They met again and again; her heart had gone out to him beyond recall, and she trusted him. One night he had taken her home from the theatre, and as he clasped her hands and kissed her at parting, he told her that on the following day he was coming—coming for what, but to ask her aunt's sanction to their engagement?

He came; her cousin was present; and he saw the latter for the first time. After all these years the lonely woman could still see the restless glances which sought and followed her cousin. But surely, surely he would never have acted so dastardly a part, had not she, the mistress, beguiled him.

The dreaming woman, sitting there, clasped her hands to her breast as though she was once more living through the anguish of those weeks.

Christmas had come—that dreadful Christmas-party—when he had led her aside and asked her, in a whisper, to forgive him; he had mistaken his own feelings; he loved her cousin, and had just engaged himself to her. Her wealthy cousin! Of course, that was a very different match for the poor lawyer, for the ambitious man, who wanted to enjoy and to rise. And he had risen. One year ago he had died as President of the law courts of the province. Oh! his career had been a brilliant one, and the cousin had given many an aristocratic dinner and supper and soiree. And now she and her children had returned to live in the capital; once more the cousins inhabited the same town. Yes, she had even written her a letter, a letter of reconciliation. Never—"better to suffer than to stoop." The dreamer awoke for a moment and fixed her eyes triumphantly on her motto—"Better to suffer than to stoop." It was the motto of her life, her solitary, lost life. A shudder passed over her; why stir up the old misery? the dress must be finished; a servant might come for it at any minute. So she turned up the lamp and carried it to the recess near the door; her sewing machine stood there; there was still something to be altered, and she took it and sat down.

Better suffer than stoop! How could she have travelled the way of suffering that led up to the attic of the "black corner," but for that word? True, the first part of the road had looked more hopeful. After her secret flight from her aunt's house, she hired a cheerful little room; was nailed upon the door, and she had remained undiscovered. Soon after, her aunt had died; and after their marriage, her cousin had accompanied her husband into the provinces. She had done sewing and embroidery, and looked for a situation as governess. Her earnings were miserably small, a situation was not to be had for a long time; she required too much, she was too pretty, she was not musical, had no recommendations, all weighty reasons. At last she had obtained a place in a noble family; and she could not endure it—it was there that she had worked her motto, and had returned to the capital—had gone from lodging to lodging, from one kind of work to another.

She was weary and worn out when she came to tenant the little attic room of the "black corner." Even her imagination, as the tailor called it, did not trouble her; her youth lay like a mist behind her. She sewed to-day and ironed to-morrow, when work was brought her, but she did not go to strange houses; she was still too proud for that. The last year had torn open the old wounds; she had met her cousin and recognized her: she had heard of her return to live in the capital, and the old fire had broken out; better to suffer than to stoop. There must be no meeting, no reconciliation. She raised her head and listened; there were steps on the stairs, and a rustling like a basket. Was some one coming for the dress? But there were two steps, one light, the other hard and heavy. Then came a knock at the door.

"Come in."

The light of a lantern in the dark passage, and, framed in the door-way, a childish, slender form, wrapped in furs; a sweet, blooming, wintry-fresh little face looked at her with smiling greeting. "I am the Christmas angel," she said, and nodded. "Give it here, Frederick!" and she reached out into the passage, and lifted in, with amusing carelessness, a little Christmas-tree. All this looked so charming that the seamstress clasped her hands together, and exclaimed—"Why it is a fairy tale." The little one came forward into the room, and placed the tree upon the table. "Bring the rest, Frederick," she called over her shoulder. In the doorway appeared a livery servant, carrying a heavy basket. With a careless "good evening," he put it down, and then withdrew, closing the door behind him. The seamstress had grown calm again. She looked at the child as at a puzzle. "I don't know what all this means," she brought out at last. "What do you wish?"

"I? Wish? Why nothing at all, except that you would not make me feel uncomfortable. I think my face must be quite red. You will let me give you a pleasure at Christmas, won't you?"

She said all this with such sweet baseness, and yet with such funny gaiety.

"May I know your name?" "No! no! said the child hastily. "Christmas-angels have no names. Ah me!" and she sighed. "I did not think it would be so hard to be a Christmas-angel. But," and she came trustfully forward, so that the lamp-light fell brightly upon her, "you would not send me away with my basket, would you?" "I thank you, dear child! I do not know to what charitable association I am indebted for what never happened to me before, but I have never in my life received alms." The seamstress spoke quietly, but with a touch of sarcasm. Yet at the same moment her face flushed hotly; it struck her that all her youth in her aunt's house she had been receiving alms. The little one stood quite frightened. She had grown paler, and her full lips quivered, as if she had suddenly checked her tears, while she spoke with touching sadness.

"That is hard, that is much harder than when one wants something for one self, very badly, and some one says, 'no!' quite crossly, it is not charity at all!" She hesitated, "ah, dear me," she murmured, "if I beg you, with all my heart, with all my heart, will you *really* not take it?" "I cannot, it would be the first time." The charming little creature's eyes suddenly filled with tears. She pulled out her handkerchief. "Dear Fraulein, it is very silly of me to cry." There are people who are irresistible when they cry, and this young thing was one of them. In the weary woman's heart there was a sudden rush of tender pity; she felt as though she had committed a crime against the sweet attractive child, and she held out the hand that bore such plain traces of toil. "Thank you, I will keep what you have brought me, but on condition that I may give as much of it away as I like. There is more poverty than mine in this house." "Is there?" said the child innocently, smiling through her tears. "One knows so little about so many poor people. I must tell mama." "Have Christmas angels mamas?" said the seamstress, jestingly.

The child slapped her own lips lightly, and with a graceful gesture, ran to the door. "Good bye, and many thanks. I will run away, or I shall chatter too much. A happy Christmas."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD YEAR.

Time seems long when we are young. The holidays were slow in coming. Christmas when over—it was like a century to look forward to another! But having grown older, time passes now with fearful rapidity. We are older let us hope we are wiser.

God's Word knows of only one kind of wisdom. To measure the stars, to erect bridges, to build railroads and steamships and telegraphs and telephones, none of these are wisdom. Wisdom is to fear God, to love and serve Him; to have faith in Christ; and to be kind to our fellow-men. If we are getting this wisdom, happy are we, for it is evident we have only a little while to obtain it.

The service of God was not designed to be merely a remedy against evil, whether of this world or the next. It is to be a glad and joyous privilege. "Serve the Lord with gladness." We blunder much, we fail indeed, we mistake the service of God and Christ if we suppose there is nothing for us but wailing over our sins, and heaviness because of our imperfections. Who bore our sins in His own body? Gloom there should be, and weariness and heaviness of heart, to those who know not God and His son Jesus Christ; but those who know Him should be cheerful and bright and joyous and light-hearted. Let time pass swiftly as it pleases; let the old year die and be buried out of sight; Christian men, Christian women, Christian children, should care for it. Have they not a God who is eternal? Have they not a Christ who said, "Let not your hearts be troubled?"

"But there are so many imperfections in our lives." No doubt; and not imperfection merely, but sin and shameful acts; and the dying year brings these vividly to our remembrance. Do we sorrow for these sins? We read of Christ who "carried our sins." Do we think of our transgressions? We read of Christ who was "wounded for our transgressions." Do not iniquities trouble us? We read that Jehovah "hath laid on Christ the iniquities of us all." Do we need the healing? We read of One "by whose stripes we are healed." Do we long for peace? We read the "chastisement of our peace [by which we obtain peace] was upon Christ." If these things be true, why should any Christian be depressed and cast down? No! the Old Year's sins, if we belong to Christ, are cast behind His back, and buried as in the depth of the sea.

"But we have troubles and trials." Let us thank God for them. They are blessings in disguise. God does not always dress up his mercies in fair white garments; sometimes He sends them shrouded in black, and we fancy they have come to hurt us. Lift up the black veil and you will see one of God's messengers of love. Whom the Lord loveth (not whom He hateth) He chastens.

So the Old Year dies. It has brought us blessings; brought us trials; but the blessings outnumber them a thousand times, and there are more in store for every Christian next year. We bid the Old farewell; we stand as Christians with glad hearts, to welcome the New; it will bring to all of Christ's people blessings of peace.—*Southern Churchman.*