

demand that his sons and daughters should be thoroughly instructed in the one Book which contains the noblest English that was ever penned.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the CHURCH GUARDIAN:

SIR,—In a secular journal I recently came upon the following: "It is astonishing once in a while to discover what palpable untruth may be foisted upon humanity by simply asserting them with effrontery." When I read it I thought how thoroughly it applied to statements made ever and anon by Romanists when dealing with matters pertaining to the English Church. It is now made to appear that they may also apply in another direction. Rev. W. T. Noble recently wrote in the *Montreal Star*: "Matins and Evensong were the names of two services in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., 1549, services radically different from those in the second Prayer Book of Edward VI., 1552, which were called Morning and Evening Prayer. The semi-Romish services, called matins and evensong in 1549, were rejected, and our present Morning and Evening Prayer put in their place in 1552." The above quotation applies to these statements just as pertinently and pointedly as, for example, to the statement made by Cardinal Gibbons, that "the Anglican Church owes its origin to Henry VIII." It is as utterly impossible to prove Mr. Noble's statement to be true, as that of the Cardinal—save by the latter's methods. It is as easy to prove the one false, as the other. It is not true that the Matins and Evensong of 1549 were "radically different" from the Morning and Evening Prayer of 1552. The morning service was practically and almost verbally the same, from the Lord's Prayer to the end; the evening service was identically the same. It goes without saying that if the daily services of 1549 were "semi-Romish," so were those of 1552, and so are our services now. They were not semi-Romish—the statement is untrue. It is also a "palpable untruth" to say that the Matins and Evensong of 1549 "were rejected"; it is simply contrary to the facts. It is not true that "our present Morning and Evening Prayer were put in their place in 1552." What was done then was to prefix to the matins of 1549 all that precedes the Lord's Prayer. The evening service was not altered; both ended with the Third Collect. Thus they remained, (the form of Evensong being unchanged from 1549) till 1661. The five last prayers were added at the last named date. Thus "our present Morning and Evening Prayer" have been in use only since 1661; and it is true that the daily services of 1552 resembled those of 1549, more closely than our present services resemble those of 1552.

I do not like to say that Mr. Noble is ignorant of the history of the Prayer Book; but unless he admits that he is (or was) he stands convicted of what is referred to in my opening quotation. Yours,

J. SIMONDS.

FRIDAY A HOLY DAY.

I beg most respectfully to ask my reverend brethren of the clergy why it is that so large a part of those who sit before me allow the continual desecration of Fridays, as the chosen time for their social entertainments in their parochial festivities, when the strong and clear voice of the Prayer Book, to which they have sworn themselves unto obedience, unquestionably runs the other way! God's ultimate blessing, surely, cannot largely rest on indecent and unchurch-like methods such as these!—*Bishop of Milwaukee's Convention Address.*

HAROLD'S CHRISTMAS.

BY C. P.

"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,
How it whispers through the air,
Christmas songs, Christmas trees,
Christmas murmurs through the breeze,
Merry, merry Christmas everywhere!"

So sang our little Harold as he examined and arranged for the twentieth time the beautiful presents which Santa Claus had put in and around his stocking the night before; and "Merry Christmas!" we echoed in our hearts, so full of love and joy.

Even the frosty air and the dropping snow-flakes seemed to share in the general rejoicing; and when the sun, after a good deal of trying, peered through the clouds, his light seemed so golden and cheery; more than ever before we thought.

Harold's delight knew no bounds. What a jolly lot of toys! A drum and soldier-cap, a paint box, menageries, and above all a splendid new sled, painted red, with the name "Hero" on it in gold letters.

Never was there a happier boy.

"Just what I wanted! how could Santa Claus know just what to bring?" and the little one danced with delight at his treasures.

As soon as his breakfast was eaten he begged permission to try his new sled on the sidewalk, where quite a quantity of snow had fallen, and promised to be very, very careful if Baby Walter (three years old) could go with him.

Dear little boys—God bless them. Harold, so proud and manly, was pony and coachman in one, and Walter's bright eyes and breezy curls were almost buried in scarfs, cap, and wraps, in which he was bundled to keep him warm. Oh what a merry time they had, and how Walter blew his tin horn, and made pony Harold prance and dance at its loud music! Never was there a livelier sleighing party; up and down the street they ran, once almost a run-away, and Walter nearly tipped into the snow-bank. By and by Walter grew tired, and his little nose was red with the cold. He stopped his fiery steed and said he wanted to go in the house and see Santa Claus's "things," and then poor Harold was left with an empty sled, and no prospect of passengers.

Standing alone, thinking what to do, he heard some one say in a faint voice, "Merry Christmas!" and turning saw a boy near him looking most admiringly at the pretty sled.

He was not quite so large as Harold, was poorly dressed, and looked very cold. Harold (who is always ready to talk to every one he meets) answered the boy's greeting and told him this new sled was from Santa Claus—just come; and asked him what he got in his stocking.

To his surprise and sorrow the strange boy said he did not hang up his stocking; that he used to do so, but his father had died, and his mother was sick and could not work at all. "But," said he, "we had a fire last night," and his face brightened with pleasure at the remembrance of it.

He told how a load of coal, dumped in front of a house near by, had some of it lodged behind a fence, where it was left by the heaver, and he had collected enough pieces to make a fire that both warmed and lighted the dreary room which was his home, and thus he had kept his Christmas-eve.

Poor Harold, he had never seen a boy before who did not hang up his stocking, and his kind heart rebelled at the thought. As the boy carried a bag, he asked him what it was for, and where he was going.

"To get some breakfast for mother," was the reply.

And he said that he hoped some of the people in the houses near would give him some. So

Harold, to help what he could told him to sit on the sled and he would drag him along, and wait in front while he went into the different houses to beg.

It was a strange sight to see these two boys, one tugging along with the heavy sled, the other shy, yet pleased at the ride and his novel position; yet fearing every moment to be driven away or rebuked.

After trying at several houses with but poor success, and finding his new friend was still breakfastless himself, they came to Harold's home, where, stopping at the basement he said, "Now you are a good boy, aren't you, and won't run off with my sled if I leave it here with you while I go to the kitchen?" The boy said he would not move from that spot where he was standing; and sure enough there he was when Harold came back, and how his eyes sparkled when he saw the good things which cook had given for the hungry child—rolls, cold meat, etc., almost his little bag full. Such a treat he had not known for many days. As Harold poured them into his bag he exclaimed, "Mother will be so glad she likes meat; now we never have it any more!"

He wanted to go right home, even the sleigh-riding was forgotten in the joy of his new-found treasure; but Harold told him if he would come back after dinner he would ask mamma to let him bring down his drum and soldier cap to show him. Giving him a short ride on his homeward way they then parted, and Harold came into the house full of his adventure and interest in his new-found friend.

"He is a good boy, I know he is, mamma; and he had no Christmas, no Santa Claus—only a fire! Can't I give him some of mine, and send them dinner every day, for his mother is sick, and he has no father?"

At dinner, his orange, the leg of a turkey, a few nuts, and a branch of celery were laid aside and Harold was watching at the window for the little boy to come, and he came promptly too. Mamma went down to see him and found a gentle, slender boy, ill clad and evidently poorly fed; his story the same as that of hundreds in these days—a dead father, an over-tired, work-worn mother, who had seen better days.

Through Harold's solicitation, after food and fire had been sent to the sick woman, she was soon better and could work again; her boy was placed in school, and a place in the Sunday mission found for him.

For a long time Harold saved part of his breakfast and his dessert at dinner for the little stranger, who was known among us as Harold's friend; and from that one kind act and good deed that Christmas morning how much blessing came to this mother and son, and how much joy it added to Harold's day.

Let every little child who reads this, and some of larger growth, resolve to give as well as to receive pleasure and good on this and each coming Christmas-day, and as the child works in helping and cheering its brother-child so grows the Christian manhood in the strength and spirit our dear Lord expresses when he bids us bear one another's burdens.

Life is so uncertain—not only existence itself, but the manifold changes and trials which comes we know not when or where—those who are happy and free to day may be feeble and dependent to-morrow, and every child should feel that his duty is loving and helping all—that it is truly "more blessed to give than to receive."

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