

"You'll have to take the chairs next," said mother, bravely.

"During the weary, long day that followed, article after article we broke up and burned, even our mother's rolling-pin. Still the storm continued, and father didn't come!"

"Mother," I said, at dusk, "there's nothing else left to burn; we can't destroy the best things!"

"Esther," she exclaimed, "the corn in the loft. You and James must shell it. I will give you employment, so that you won't go to sleep; and you can keep the fire smouldering with the cobs."

"I hurriedly brought down basket after basket of the corn ears from the loft, and all night long James and I shelled. By midnight the wind began to die down, and this gave me courage. I worked frantically, for Jamie was too numb with cold to help me much. Besides, his little fingers were worn and bleeding."

"Weren't yours, too, Grannie?" interrupted Nan.

"I didn't stop for that, child! 'Twas to keep us all from freezing; that took all my attention. At sunrise the storm was over, and it was evident that the weather had somewhat moderated. I threw into the half-filled basket the last precious cob. Faintly—oh, so faintly—we kept the little fire smouldering till noon, when—'twas the happiest moment of my life—over the high drifts I saw father slowly approaching."

"He had reached the shanty, as he had planned, and hadn't dared to leave it till the storm was over. As soon as the wind had died away, he started, dreading almost to reach home, when he expected to find us frozen; and, Nan, I haven't a doubt but that his fears would have been realized, had it not been for our shelling bee—Jamie's and mine."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A hungry wolf one day saw a lamb drinking at a stream, and wished to frame some plausible excuse for making him his prey. "What do you mean by muddling the water I am going to drink?" fiercely said he to the Lamb. "Pray forgive me," meekly answered the Lamb; I should be sorry in any way to displease you, but as the stream runs from you toward me, you will see that such cannot be the case." "That's all very well," said the wolf; "but you know you spoke ill of me behind my back a year ago." "Nay, believe me," replied the Lamb, "I was not then born." "It must have been your brother, then," growled the Wolf. "It cannot have been, for I never had any," answered the Lamb. "I know it was one of your lot," rejoined the Wolf, "so make no more such idle excuses." He then seized the poor Lamb, carried him off to the woods, and ate him.

—Some people never accomplish anything for Christ because they wait until to-morrow to begin.

Apartments to Let

Warm furnished rooms, with or without board.
69 Cecil Street.

THE STORY OF AN ACORN WHICH LIVED TO SEE GREAT THINGS.

I am not an acorn now, but an old tree. Many of my branches are withered and dead; and as I know that I must soon be gone, I shall have the birds write with their sharp bills, my story upon my leaves, that it may be preserved.

Before you know about the great event of my life, I must tell you several things that happened before my day. My mother was a very wise old oak, and knew everything worth knowing; and she used to tell us such interesting stories, when we were little juicy green acorns, and lived on the tree, that I have remembered them all these years.

Our family have been, for centuries, in the south-east part of England, in a place called, during my life-time, Kent. The ancient Britons (whom my mother used to talk about so much), thought the world of us oak trees. Before they became Christians they had such a queer religion, called Druidism, with a great many strange superstitions; and some trees and plants were highly venerated. When they found a mistletoe growing on one of us, a Druid priest cut it down, with a golden sickle, amid much pomp and ceremony. Then the mistletoe was divided, and distributed among the people, who hung it over their doors for a charm against evil spirits.

The Britons were very wild and savage in those old days. They used to tattoo their bodies, and even have human sacrifices! Sometimes they would make a huge idol of wattle work (which they could do very well with the pliant branches of the willow tree), and having filled it full of captives, set fire to the whole thing, and burn them to death. So you see it was well for them when the Romans succeeded in conquering them, and introduced some of their own civilization; making it, perhaps, easier for them to accept the Christian religion.

Christianity spread very rapidly in Britain, for in those days men gave their whole souls to it; and indeed it was oftentimes a matter of life or death. In the year 303 after Christ, a terrible persecution of the Christians broke out through the Roman Empire, and extended even to this distant island. The first Briton to suffer was St. Alban. He is called the proto (that comes from a Latin word, and means first) martyr of Britain, and his memory has always been held in honour. His steadfastness in his sufferings had such an influence upon those who witnessed them, that the man who was to have beheaded him refused to do so, and accepted Christianity on the spot. Of course he was killed with St. Alban, but unfortunately his name is not known to us.

Life!



Another year with all its golden opportunities for doing good is at an end. If you did not insure for the benefit of dependents, as you resolved to do, during the year, you had better do so now, by presenting them with a policy in that reliable company, The North American Life, as a New Year's gift.

The company has plans to suit the requirements of all classes.

Pamphlets respecting plans furnished on application to the Head Office, or to any of the Company's agents.

L. Goldman,
Secretary

Wm. McCabe,
Managing Director

North American Life,

Head Office: 112-118 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

There is an old saying, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and it is certainly true. In the history of the early Church, when there were so many persecutions, it seemed to grow stronger after each one, and I think it must have been the same way here; for we find the British Church strong and important enough to send three Bishops to a council in Gaul in the year 314, and again in 359.

One important thing that is owed to the old British Church, is the conversion of Ireland, by St. Patrick. He was born late in the third or early in the fourth century, and, when about sixteen years old, was carried off captive by the wild and pagan Irish. After some time, he managed to escape to his own country; but, having taken Holy Orders, returned to Ireland, where he laboured, with great success, for the rest of his life.

Now, before I can tell about the proudest and happiest hour I have even known, there comes a very sad story. It hardly seems possible that this dear old British Church could have been almost wiped out, but so it came to pass, and no Christianity was left in the island, except in the mountains of Wales, where the poor Britons fled from their heathen conquerors.

—Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost.—Horne.

—We are not writing in the sand. The tide does not wash it out. We are not painting our pictures on the canvas, and with a brush, so that we can erase the error of yesterday, or overlay it with another color to-day. We are writing our lives with a chisel on the marble, and every time we strike a blow we leave a mark that is indelible.—Lyman Abbott, D.D.

—You may assuredly find perfect peace in you if you resolve to do that which your Lord has plainly required, and be content that He should indeed require no more of you than to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him.

DEAFNESS CAN BE CURED

MR. J. N. SPENCER, 11 Coolmine Ave., Toronto, writes:—"One month's treatment has completely restored my hearing after specialists in Toronto and Winnipeg failed." Deafness is caused mostly from Catarrh, Japanese Catarrh, Cure cures catarrh and the hearing returns. Free trial, and Book on Catarrh and Deafness free. Enclose 5c. stamp. THE G. & M. CO., 121 Church St., Toronto.

THE Illustrated Christmas number of the Canadian Churchman this year is handsomely and artistically got up. It is a finished work of high art. It will be sent free to all new subscribers.

And the Canadian Churchman from now to 31st Dec'r, 1900, for \$1.00. Subscribers in City of Toronto, \$1.50, paid strictly in advance—or if not paid in advance \$2.00 per year.

Address

Canadian Churchman

Box 2640

Toronto, Canada

Offices—18 Court St.