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Who begins its festivities by exclaiming, "Here is the best for Christ, who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich." Or in all the wealth of Christmas be made rich." Or in all the wealth of Christmas

how much will be given out of gratitude to Christ? The true significance of the day would be marked by going first, in the early morning, to the house of God, to open there the treasures of your love, and the symbols of it, in the offering of the costliest gifts your condition in life could bestow. The children should be taught that in every gift Christ should be remembered as the most loved of the household, and that the house of God is the place to strike the first notes of joy in the new and delightful morn. What a glorious time that would be which would usher in Christmas festivities by seeing the wealth of the wealthy, and the pennies of penury lying on the altar together, as they sing, "Glory to God in the highest!" How happy we could make even Him over the event of His birth, seeing, "the travail of His soul" in the joy of His poor saints, to whom any joy we could give in our gifts in their need would go as a thrill through His heart! Christ's poor seem to be a second incarnation of himself, to be left in the world, through whom we may see Him and hear His voice as he used to speak on earth. His benefactions echo through the world in the tones in which he spake of them, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." They are to the ear of faith reproduced again. We hear of the sound of a man's voice being enclosed, as it were, in the audiphone for years. This day is Christ's audiphone, in which we can hear the tender cadences of His voice, and the beatitude which shall be reproduced to the helpers of the needy in the great scene of the judgment.

A Christless Christmas! Think of it, ye pleasure-lovers, ye backsliders, ye thankless pensioners on God's bounty, ye neglecters of religion, revelling in the shadows while the substance is beyond hope or thought! A Christless Christmas! No presents from you on the altar, no poor homes made happier; no sickness mitigated; no cordials for famished lips; no presents to the almoners of our church-work; no gifts to the Boards; no contributions to the poor fund; no joy to any but yourselves, no thanksgiving to any thing or anybody but to your own pockets!—*The Presbyterian.*

HOW TO HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To really enjoy Christmas and have no regrets is one of the fine arts. Our notion is that there should be a complete vacation of business. This means not only not to go near the shop, store or study, but not to let the shop, or study store, come near to us. Many think they are not attending to business when the mind is on it all the time. Put it away. Take the advice of old Thomas Tusser, who wrote more than three hundred years ago a poem called "The Farmer's Daily Diet," in which is this couplet:

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

But mere cessation of business is not all that this day calls for; there should be mirth, not the sort of which Solomon said, "The end of that mirth is heaviness," but what he was thinking of when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." If you are very conscientious, as all should be, and wonder whether Christians should ever be mirthful, remember Christ at the wedding in Cana, in Galilee, and his presence at feasts made in his honor. Happy confusion is the order for Christmas day.

It is a day for hospitality. Christ is the everlasting symbol and example of the purest hospitality. Remember friends with presents and Christmas cards, especially those who have seen better days. The wretch who in prosperity will surround himself with luxuries,

and forget those who helped him to rise, but who are now poor and lonely, deserves to see a skeleton peering over his shoulder, as a hand-writing on the wall.

It is time to protest against the mania for giving presents without regard to the means of the giver or the utility of the gift. One of our contemporaries, in a passage which we quote elsewhere, protested against it last week. A contemporary had an editorial on "The Right Not to Give." We endorse these protests. Poor men's children are now discontented and unhappy if they do not have more and costlier presents than rich men formerly thought themselves able to give. Give; for Christmas day without gifts is a misnomer, but give wisely. Give according to your means; give useful things.

Devotion, also, should mark the day. Do not depend upon the pageantry of the Church. The elaborate music, the flowers, the congeries of expensive and glittering Christmas decorations do not reveal the Christ-child; they hide him. Take a little time alone from the outer mirth, commune in thine own heart, and ask, What would this world be if Christ had never been born in Bethlehem? True, pure thought will fit us to hear the angels sing. We have looked among the poets for a sentiment where-with to connect the thoughts of Christmas with our own lives. We find nothing sweeter than the following opening stanzas of Miss A. A. Procter's sonnet, entitled "A Desire:"

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender way-worn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child.
Hush! such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?
—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

HOW A CHRISTMAS CARD SAVED A LIFE.

Merry Christmas time was drawing near, and I wanted some pretty illuminations to give away, so I went one morning where I knew I should find a beautiful variety.

While I was looking over a multitude of mottoes, and making my choice, I noticed a lady near me apparently bent on the same errand. After a few minutes, as she seemed unable to find what she was seeking, I asked her if there were any among those I had chosen which she particularly liked.

She thanked me pleasantly, and said she had selected all she wished except one, and she felt sure of finding it among the unassorted cards; for it had been published, she thought, by the Tract Society only the year before.

"It is one with purple pansies—heart's ease, you know—and the verse:

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

"I want it for a special use," she said; and then added, impulsively: "Those words saved a life—a soul—last Christmas! You don't wonder they are precious."

Then, in a few words, she gave the outline of the story of one who had, through terrible trials, lost faith in human love, truth, and honor, and, worst of all, in his misery had made shipwreck of his faith in God.

It was Christmas day. He started to leave the house with the full purpose of committing suicide. The children were just coming home from a Sunday-school Christmas tree, eager

and happy with their pretty presents. He stole out through a room from which they passed, so that no one might see him leave the house. Lying on the floor just where he must step to cross the threshold, was a card with purple pansies and the words, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Startled, thrilled to his soul, he could not pass by that message from heaven, facing him as if to drive him back from his wicked, cowardly purpose. Faith in God and His welcome back, brought with it courage and strength to take up the heavy burden of a bruised and shattered life. God did care for him, and was a very present help in trouble.

The story touched me deeply, and has often recurred to me since, though I have never seen the lady again, and know nothing further of the circumstances. It always comes back with special force whenever I have to choose Scripture verses to give away. Since we have the promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void," may we not rightly ask God's peculiar blessing on these little messengers, which go to so many homes we may never enter?

I could not help thinking that perhaps some one had been praying "in secret" for God's blessing on that very message.

British & Foreign News.

ENGLAND.

The heroic and self-sacrificing devotion of professional duty shown by the late Dr. Rabbeth is to be fittingly commemorated by the establishment of medals bearing his name in connection with the London University and King's College. By this means the noble example set by the deceased will be constantly kept before students of the same profession, and prove an incentive to many to emulate its spirit. The Archbishop of Canterbury heads a thoroughly representative Committee for the carrying out of this project.

The war against clerical attire is being carried into Church of England ranks as well as those of the Non-conformists. The Rev. E. Husband, incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone, in a recent sermon expressed his wish that the clergy were more at one with the people than they are, and his belief that one of the hindrances to ministerial influence is the adoption of a clerical garb and tone, as though it were "the cowl that makes the monk." He admitted that there are some whose only credential for the office of the ministry was their cloths. A new era would soon dawn in reference to Gospel work among the poor if ministers generally abandoned officialism and made themselves the friends as well as teachers of the poor.

Among the most cheering features of the Christian work of to-day is the number of volunteers offering themselves for missionary enterprise in various parts of the world. A five days' mission, relative to work in foreign lands has just been held in Cambridge, in which twelve University men, who are about to go forth in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and several others who are soon to embark for China, in connection with the Island Mission, took part. Some of these were greatly stirred up through the recent labors of Mr. Moody. The meetings held were for the members of the University only, and must have tended greatly to awaken a fervent missionary spirit in the hearts of many undergraduates who attended.—*The Christian.*

We make the following extracts from an address given recently to a large gathering of University students at Cambridge, by Rev. H. C. Moule:—"There is in college life, for many reasons, a special risk of manifold self-indulgence; waste of time and means! indifference to the claims of dependents; laxity in little duties. There is the risk, in the field of emulation, of great growths of self-consciousness and self-seeking. And then the even darker temptations—the sin of dark streets and lanes; and not that only, but the invasion of at least the imagination by secret impurity; not begun here, indeed, but liable here to terrible development. How shall we overcome? We shall not overcome by intellectual force or refinements, good gifts as these things are. Literary perception, logical pre-