

Literary Department.

[FOR THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.]
CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

BY HENGA.

Poor and humble, meek and lowly,
Though the Blessed Virgin be,
Yet He is the Lord of Glory,
Whom she cradles on her knee!
Mary! Oh what faith was thine?
Thus to view thy Lord Divine,
In the Babe upon thy breast,
Sinking peacefully to rest.

Mother-maid was not that faith,
Sorely tried at close of day,
When, His infant gambols o'er,
Wearied came the Child from play?
Clinging closely in thine arms,
Finds He safety from alarms;
Can the fragile Being give,
Strength by which we move and live?

Yes, Oh! couldst thou e'er forget,
Whence the Child His wondrous birth?
That the glory of the Lord,
Shone on thee, a worm of earth?
No! that awful Incarnation,
Is the life of all creation,
And that Infant's feeble arm,
Mighty is to shield from harm!

Strength with weakness is combined,
Kings of Kings! yet Son of Man!
He, the Saviour of Mankind,
Measures out his little span!
He, Emmanuel, God with us!
Poor and lonely! It is thus
Wearing our poor human frame,
Unto us the Godhead came!

Could my dull and darkened heart,
Of that wondrous love of Thine,
But conceive the smallest part,
I could ne'er withhold Thee mine.
Jesus! Babe of Bethlehem!
Let me touch Thy garment's hem,
And, like Mary, let me see
Emmanuel! my God in Thee!

Christmas, 1879.

SILVY'S HOLLY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE
CHILDREN.

(Written for The Church Guardian.)

SILVY was a very fine name for a little bit of a girl with round blue eyes and cheeks like rosy apples, and an honest, smiling mouth, but poor people's children in England often have very fanciful names given them, and, after all, everybody called her Silvy. I was very fond of Silvy. For two years she had been my pupil in the Sunday school, and though sometimes her high spirits got the better of her discretion, still she was on the whole a very obedient, trust-worthy little scholar, and always lovable. Silvy's father was only a farm-laborer, and, like most farm laborers in England, very poor. Their home was a tiny, play-house looking cottage on the edge of the wood or rather plantation belonging to the Squire of the Parish.

It was a week before Christmas, and we had already made our plans for the decorations, when one frosty morning a servant came in to tell me that Silvy was in the kitchen and wanted to speak to me. I found the little woman looking very important, and her eyes and cheeks brighter than ever from the wintry air. "Well, Silvy, what is it?" "Please Miss, I came to tell you that I have a lot of berries for you. You was saying as berries was so scarce this year, but I knew where to find some—the beautifullest berries,—and father will take it down to the church to-morrow, when work is over." "That's a good girl Silvy," I said. "I have been wondering what to do, and now I shall have enough for the chance at any rate." "And please Miss, don't you say nothing about it," cautioned Silvy, "some of the boys would be mad with me cause I found it, and may-be they'd play me a trick and take it, just to spite me. There's Jim Hurlie—he's an awful bad boy." "Never fear Silvy, I won't say anything, but I'm sorry to hear any of the boys have a spite against you—why?" Silvy looked down and got very red, and twisted her little body about before she answered. "Please Miss—Jim Hurlie he says—he says I'm a hypocrite, that I go to church and pray just to please you and make you think much of me," and poor Silvy looked really distressed. "Well, Silvy," I said, as I put my hand under the little round chin and looked into the clear, honest eyes, "that need not trouble you, so long as you know in your own heart that it is not so, and you know there is one who searcheth the hearts and can read all

our motives. In everything think first of Him, and all will be right." The child looked comforted. "I do try Miss," she said very earnestly and I felt sure she was telling me the truth. That afternoon I went up to the Squire's, and, remaining longer than I intended, it was nearly quite dark, when, on my way home, I skirted the edge of the wood by which Silvy's father lived. A light was twinkling in the cottage window, and as I came up to it, I could see Silvy putting the fat baby to sleep. She looked quite motherly as she rocked herself to and fro, and I could hear the sweet young voice singing "Rock a bye Baby." It was such a pretty little picture that I lingered a moment to look at it; and just then, I heard a sort of rustling noise near an old shed at the back of the cottage. The evening was so still, that I noticed it and looked in that direction, and, as I looked, I could just see in the dim light some dark object crouching near the shed, and then moving slowly back into the wood, drawing a heap of something after it. I felt a little startled for a moment, and remained standing where I was. After waiting for a few minutes, I saw the dark object come back and creep into the shed and then come out again once more dragging a large bundle of something behind it. I felt so puzzled at these strange proceedings, that I knocked at the cottage door, which was opened by Silvy, who had just laid the baby in his cradle. "O, Miss Margaret!" do come in, she said, with a beaming face, when she saw who was her visitor.

"Mother's out, but she'll be in directly." "Is your father home yet, Silvy?" I asked; I saw someone come out of your shed just now, and I couldn't make out who it was." "Out of the shed?" said Silvy, looking puzzled for a moment, and then with a gasp, she ran to the door. "O, Miss Margaret, my holly! it's that Jim Hurlie—he's been and taken it!" and then she covered her little face with her apron and burst into tears. "Hush, hush Silvy," I said, trying to comfort her, though I felt that her explanation was probably the right one. "We don't know—its so dark that I could really hardly make out anything." "O, I know, I know it was Jim," sobbed Silvy. "I hid it in the shed, and he must have watched me,—and it was such prime holly, and, and it was for you."

"It was for the Church Silvy." Just then Silvy's mother came in, and we got a lantern and went to find out what had been the matter. Sure enough, the shed door had been forced open, and the treasured heap of holly was gone. There on the ground were a few scattered twigs and berries. "Never mind, Silvy," I said, "You shall help me in another way, and as for Jim Hurlie, I shall try to find out about him. Come down to me to-morrow."

Jim Hurlie was a round-headed, mischievous-looking boy, noted for his scrapes at school, and the subject of constant complaints, but I did not think altogether badly of him.

Early the next morning, to my surprise, Master Jim presented himself before me, and with the meekest manner he could assume, enquired whether I would like to buy some holly. "Its berries holly, Miss, fine for the trimmings," here marked, twisting his cap in his hands. "I heard 'em say as how you wanted some." I was so surprised at Jim's audacity, that I had to pause a little. "Has it never come into your mind, Jim," I said, after a while, "that you might make a gift to God's house? You have no money to give, but the poorest of us can bring something to show our love and our desire to do Him service." Jim was silent, but his face grew very red. "Berries are hard to get this year," I went on, "but you would not begrudge a little trouble to help to make God's House look bright at Christmas, the birth-time of our Blessed Saviour? Only think how He came into the world to live and die for us. Surely we can learn to do something for Him?" Jim's cheeks burned more and more, and I felt very sorry for him. "Jim," I said suddenly, "where did you get the holly?" He looked at me with a quick glance of alarmed enquiry, and then at the hat in his hands. "Out of the Squire's wood, Miss." "Did you get it anywhere near John Burton's shed?" Now Jim saw that he had run into the very jaws of detection, and his consternation was great. He wondered greatly how I could possibly know of his misdeed,—he had stolen poor Silvy's holly at night-fall, and the first thing this morning he had boldly come to sell it to Silvy's friend and protectress, little dreaming that she had been

a witness to his proceeding. The mischief and audacity all died out of his round face, and he looked the image of shame and perplexity.

"Jim," I said, "I am greatly grieved that any boy belonging to our village, and our Sunday School could do a thing so mean and so unkind. Only think how bad it was in every way. It was cruel to play such a trick upon a little girl, too, younger than yourself. It was a theft,—as much so as though you had stolen money from myself; it was an insult to God to bring what you had stolen to decorate His House." Jim's head had sunk forward out of sight, but to complete his punishment there was a little tap at the door, and Silvy, with a pathetic look in her blue eyes, and without her usual smile, came into the room. I cannot describe the faces of the two children at sight of one another. It was plain to Silvy that the boy against whom her little heart had been full of indignation and hard thoughts, was getting his punishment, and the child was too generous to exult in his discomfiture. Jim, on the other hand, seemed to feel that only Silvy's presence had been wanting to his disgrace.

"Silvy," I said, after keeping silence for a little while, "I think Jim is sorry for what he has done. You must forgive him with your whole heart. Remember Christmas is the time of love and kindness. Will you shake hands with her Jim? See, she wants to be friends with you."

Jim slowly looked up,—first at me, then at Silvy, with a wondering, questioning look, then suddenly two big tears shone in his eyes. Silvy put out her little brown hand in an instant, and Jim clasped it in his. "Now Jim," I said, "from this time forward you will never be unkind to Silvy any more, and never call her a hypocrite. You will always remember how willingly and gladly she forgave you the wrong you did her, because she prays, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

You may think Jim ought to have been punished more severely, but it seemed to me that he had had a lesson he would not soon forget. So I proposed to the two children to come with me to the church, where we were about to commence decorating. The holly which Jim had brought with him was outside on a barrow, and when I had put on my hat and jacket, we started together, Jim wheeling the barrow with a very subdued and contrite, but not unhappy face, and Silvy trotting along beside me, looking very grave, but thoroughly satisfied. Henceforward the children were the best of friends. It was a very happy Christmas to them both; and I am sure Jim never forgot his lesson about Silvy's holly.

HOLD ON, BOYS.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or to use any improper word.

HOLD ON TO YOUR HAND when you are about to pinch, strike, catch, steal, or do any improper act.

HOLD ON TO YOUR FEET when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of terror, shame or crime.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Mrs H M G Garden, Woodstock, N B; Mr Moore McDormand, Saw Mill Creek, N S; Rev Canon Blensdell, Trenton, Ont; Rev Robert Temple, Twillingate, Nfld; Rev A N Bayly, Bonavista, do; Henry Hoeker, Port Medway, N S; Eri Zwicker, Mahone Bay, N S; Stephen Ernst, do; Mrs Worthlake, do; Mrs Wilson, do; Mrs B Zwicker, do; John Boehner, Martin's River, do; Dr C H Morse, Weymouth, N S; Rev D Nickerson, Colchester, England; Neil McNeil, Weymouth, N S; Mr F H S Calcut, Westville, N S; John Bohaker, Granville, N S; George P Gesner, Bridgetown, N S; Abraham Bent, do; Mrs Chas Hoyt, do; John McCormack, do; W G Foster, do; Thos A Sancton, do; Moore Hoyt, do; Mrs A Ainsley, do; Dr De Bleis, do; Francis Prat, do; Mrs St Clair, Paradise Ann Co, N S; E W Covert, do; John Saltman, do; D B Leonard, do; Miss M Craig, Farmington, Ann Co, N S; G E Chesley, do; R S Besonett, do; Mrs Dr Harding, jr, do; Miss Ethel Moore, do; Mrs J R Harris, Aylesford, N S; Mrs J G Patterson, do; Mrs David Corbin, do; J G Marriot, N W Arm, Halifax, Edmund Woodman, Digby, N S; Mrs J Huat, do; M L Oliver, do; W E Ruggles, do; David Wade; H Harris, do; Mrs E Budd, do; Owen Erans, Wolfville, N S; Alexander MacNab, Charlottetown, PEI; Rev L Evans, Montreal, Que; Joseph Scott, Kemptville, Ont; Rev John Hewett, Herring Neck, Nfld; Wm Smith, Cornwallis, NS; Henry Zink, do; Mrs Jno Lynch, do; Henry O'Reilly, do; Mrs J Smith, Great Village, do; Miss Cornelia Ogden, Antigonish, do; Rev Chas H Smith, New York, U S A; J J Acker, Birchtown, Shelburne, do; Isaac Acker, do; Peter Day, Dartmouth, do; Winton Smith, Chester, do; Jas Schuare, East Chester, do.

St. Margaret's Hall,
HALIFAX, N. S.DIOCESAN SEMINARY
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

VISITOR.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

PRINCIPAL.

The Rev. John Padfield.

This School will Re-Open August 21st. Classes will be formed at once for the University Examinations. The title "Associate in Arts," can now be obtained from King's College, Windsor.

Pupils not desiring to pursue the higher Studies, as prescribed by the University, can make a specialty of Arts and Belles-Lettres. Unusual facilities are provided for the acquiring of a thorough and correct knowledge of the French Language.

There is a Preparatory Department for young Pupils.

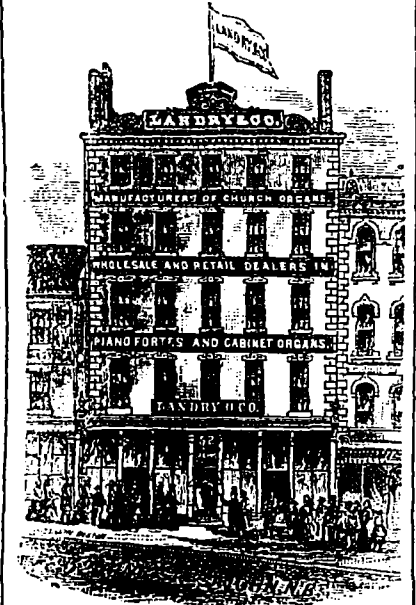
STAFF.

THE REV. J. PADFIELD, MISS WATKINS,
MADAME DELAWARE, MISS COCHRAN,
Mlle MARIE-PAULE PAROT, VISITING MASTERS.
For Terms, &c, apply to the President.
18-17

Collegiate School,
WINDSOR.

HEAD MASTER:

REV. C. E. WILLETTS, M. A.
Graduate and formerly Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.
The next Term will commence FIRST SAT-
URDAY IN SEPTEMBER 1y-1



THE CELEBRATED

Estey ORGANS.

New and Beautiful Styles.

CATALOGUES FREE.

CARD.

NO AGENTS! NO COMMISSIONS!

The system of employing Agents or Canvasers at a high commission has been strictly abandoned by us, it having proved very unsatisfactory to both ourselves and customers. In future we will sell our

Pianofortes and Organs

AT NET WHOLESALE PRICES.

Direct to purchasers. In this way buyers of Pianos and Organs will save from twenty to forty per cent. by dealing directly with us, and, moreover, far better satisfaction can be guaranteed.

We claim to sell the best Instruments to be had, and at the lowest prices consistent with first-class articles.

The cash system enables us to sell at a very small advance on cost of manufacture, although to honest and reliable parties we do not object to allow a reasonable time for payments.

Parties ordering by mail can rely upon getting as fine an Instrument as if personally selected by themselves. Any Organ or Piano not found exactly as represented can be returned to us at our expense. We refer with pleasure to over Fifteen Hundred Pianos and Organs sold by us the last ten years.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage accorded us hitherto, we can only say that we will continue our endeavours to thoroughly satisfy our customers in all their dealings with us.

LANDRY & CO,
52 KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

TO

Advertisers.

AS AN

Advertising

Medium,

The

Church Guardian

Has no superior.

1.—It is the only Church of
England paper East of Toronto.2.—Its circulation is large and
rapidly increasing.3.—It has a large City circula-
tion, both in St. John and Halifax.4.—It circulates in every
County in New Brunswick and
Nova Scotia.5.—It is subscribed for by the
best people in New Brunswick,
Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island,
and Newfoundland.6.—Its size being small, affords
a much better display of Adver-
tisements than would a larger
sheet. All advertisements are
under the eyes of, and can easily
be noticed by every reader.7.—It is the Cheapest Church
Paper in America. Only One
Dollar a Year.

TO

Sunday-School Teachers.

Being anxious to increase our
circulation, and at the same time
interest Church people in Church
matters, we offer you

Twenty per Cent. Commission

On all New Subscriptions to this Paper. That
is to say, we will mail you a copy of the paper
FREE, on receipt of Five Subscribers' names,
with the money.
Our Subscription Price is ONLY ONE
DOLLAR A YEAR.