

rejoice that God's Eternal Son has come into the world to save sinners, let us all come once more to His Altar to receive Christ's broken Body and shed Blood. "Will ye also go away" when the loving accents of the Saviour's voice are heard pleading with you, "Do this in Remembrance of Me?"

Only two classes are excluded from the reception of this Sacrament. First, those who are "notorious evil-livers," and secondly, those whose hearts are filled with "malice and hatred." If you belong to either of these classes, you must repent before you come to this heavenly Feast.

But, if you do not, then why stay away? It is your duty to come, for this is God's appointed means of strengthening your spiritual life. Christ's Body and Blood are the soul's proper food. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you."

Then stay away no longer, but upon Christmas Day come and say once more from the heart, "And here we offer and present unto Thee our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice unto Thee."—*Parish Kalendar.*

#### SENSIBLE PEOPLE

will have nothing to do with "cure-alls"—medicines that are advertised to cure everything from a chilblain to a broken neck. Read the list of diseases that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure: Affections of the throat and lungs, incipient consumption, disordered liver, sore, throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, ulcers, tumors, and swellings caused by scrofula and bad blood; fever and ague and dropsy. This seems like a cure-all but it is not. This great "Discovery" will really cure all these complaints simply because it purifies the blood upon which they depend, and builds up the weak places of the body. By druggists.

#### CHRISTMAS.

What shall I give to Thee, O Lord?  
The kings that came of old  
Lay softly on Thy cradle rude  
Their myrrh, and gems and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their heart's warm blood;  
Their ashes strewed Thy way;  
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust  
To speed Thy coming day.

We offer Thee nor life nor death;  
Our gifts to man we give;  
Dear Lord, on this Thy day of birth,  
Oh, what dost Thou receive?

Show me Thyself in flesh once more;  
Thy feast I long to spread!  
To bring the water for Thy feet,  
The ointment for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights  
"Unclose thine eyes and see;  
Gifts to the least of those I love  
Thou givest unto Me."

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

#### 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 mot-toes, 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 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 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.

#### CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I count my treasures o'er with care—  
The little toy that baby knew—  
A little sock of faded hue—  
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time,  
My little one—my all to me—  
Sat robed in white upon my knee  
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head,  
If Santa Claus should come to-night  
What shall he bring my baby bright—  
What treasures for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy,  
While in his honest, mournful eyes  
There came a look of sweet surprise  
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy,

And as he lisped his evening prayer,  
He asked the boon with childish grace;  
Then toddling to the chimney-place,  
He hung his little stocking there.

That night as length'ning shadows crept,  
I saw the white-winged angels come  
With heavenly music in our home  
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby pray'r,  
For in the morn with smiling face,  
He toddled to the chimney-place  
And found the little treasure there.

There came again on Christmas-tide—  
That angel host, so fair and white—  
And singing all the Christmas night,  
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock—a little toy—  
A little lock of golden hair—  
The Christmas music on the air—  
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train  
And golden head come back for me,  
To bear me to eternity,  
My watching will not be in vain.

—The want of liberty is witnessed in hushed voices and low whisperings; liberty bursts into unshackled eloquence.—*Miss Lucy Barton.*

—Let us prefer the lonely cottage, while blest with liberty, to gilded palaces, surrounded with the ensigns of slavery.—*Joseph Warren.*

#### CHRISTMAS COMES!

Christmas comes! the glad tale bringing  
Of a Child-King's royal love;  
In our souls are softly ringing  
Echoes of the chimes above.  
Let their music, sweetly sounding,  
Guide us through life's clouded day;  
Heavenly chords on earth resounding,  
Cheer us on our homeward way.

Christmas comes! a way-mark shining  
Through the mist of fleeting days;  
Round our hearts new joys entwining,  
Gladdening us by sunny rays;  
God's own love-light softly streaming  
From the Christ-lit heaven above,  
In our hearts find answering gleaming,  
Flashing back our loyal love.

Christmas comes! to some its gladness  
Is o'ershadowed by the Cross;  
Some dear voice is stilled and silenced,  
And their hearts still weep the loss.  
Changed their joyous carol-singing  
For the chastened Easter psalm;  
Death and life's melodious mingling,  
Melody of storm and calm.

Christmas comes! and Christ is coming,  
Ending earth's long sorrow quest;  
Hushed the wailing of creation  
Into peaceful, perfect rest.  
Christ is coming! Oh! the heart-blest  
Wrapt within that simple word;  
Wealth of magic, matchless music  
Breathed out in a single-chord!

EVA TRAVERS EVERED POOLE.

#### HINTS TO CHURCH DECORATORS.

1.—Remember, to be allowed to decorate a Church is a privilege. It is a very blessed thing to be able, like Bezaleel and Aholiab of old, to use your talents—the talents God has given you—for the beautifying of His Sanctuary; to do honor to the place where He is especially present; to copy, as far as you can, the woman who, when she poured the ointment on the head of Jesus, "did what she could" to show her love to Him.

2.—The work is not to be undertaken lightly. Never begin it without calling to mind what you are about to do—without offering the work to God, without a prayer that He will help you, especially while you are occupied in His House, to work as in His sight, mindful of His Presence.

3.—Be reverent. Never be led by thoughtless companions to speak more than is absolutely necessary while you are in the Church, above all, not on secular subjects. Do not let your thoughts run wild. Remember, the Lord is in His holy Temple—even while it is being decorated. Above all, be reverent if your work takes you near or within the chancel.

4.—You are working for God; therefore it especially behoves you to do your best. You must not offer Him "the blind or lame," i.e., anything that is not your best.

5.—Do your best—but do not be discouraged if some one else's work looks better than yours. Do not compare your work with that of others at all, unless you can improve your own by doing so. But above all, do not compare your work with that of others with a view of secretly disparaging others. Those who work in God's House should be alike above envy or self-gratulation.

6.—Be content to do just the work the manager of the decorations allots to you. Do what is given you to do, however insignificant it may seem, remembering that it is a privilege to be allowed to do the work at all. You ought not be working to gratify your fellow-men—much less your own vanity,—but for the glory of God.

S. T. C. K.

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