

#### PEEPING.

When the world is fast asleep, Out of bed the children creep, Just to take a stolen peep At their Christmas stocking!

"Santa Claus!" the children cry, "Did you tumble from the sky? Did you down the chimney fly With our Christmas stocking?"

# A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine. Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine; Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and

Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny and bright, Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay! Christmas where old men are patient and gray; Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight, Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight, Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

all:

No palace too great and no cottage too small. The angels who welcome him sing from the

"In the city of David a King in his might." Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within, Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred for sin, Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,

Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light,

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night;

All the stars of the midnight which compass us

Shall see a strange glory, and hear a sweet sound, And cry, "Look, the earth is aflame with delight, O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight." Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night! PHILLIPS BROOKS.

# MILLY'S SACRIFICE.

BY KATE S. GATES.

"Oh, dear me!" said Milly Carter doleer am going to do She was upstairs in her own room, with the contents of her "bank" spread out on the floor before her, making her calculations for Christmas; but, do her best, she could not make the amount of cash that she had on hand equal to the amount she wished to expend.

"That is for papa," she said, tapping one little pile with her finger, "and that for mamma; that is grandma's, and that cident which happened at my house just grandpa's, and that is Susie Gray's; and that eight years ago this coming Christmas, is every single cent that I have got in the world. I don't see how I can do it;" and ents Christmas morning when I heard a show you the inducements we offer to our mamma; that is grandma's, and that

Milly sighed again more dole-fully than before.

Down at school that afternoon the girls had been telling what they expected to get for presents at Christmas. Everybody had told of something they wanted and expected—everybody but Mag-

gio Drew.
"What do you expect,
Maggie?" asked Cora Clarke.

"Nothing," answered Maggie, with a quiver in her voice, and her eyes brimming over with tears. "I haven't over with tears. "I haven't had a Christmas present since I can remember.

It seemed dreadful to Milly; she did not wonder that Maggie could not keep back the tears.

"I wish I could give her something; it will just spoil my Christmas to think of her," thought Milly, as she hurried directly home from school to see if she could not manage it in some way.

"I can't leave out papa nor mamma, of course, nor grandpa nor grandma either; nor Susie, for we have always given each other someof money I've got, and mam-ma won't let me borrow, I know. ()—oh!" Milly gave a little startled exclamation, and then sat very still for a minute or two.

Why not talk to Susie about it, and instead of giving to each other, give to Maggie?

But somehow Milly did not want to do that. Susie always gave her such pretty presents, and it was so nice to have lots of things. She was ever and ever so sorry for Maggie, but it seemed a little hard to give

up a present of her own.
"I don't believe it would be very polite
to Susie either," she said, gathering up her quarters, dimes and pennies, and putting them back. Then she went downstairs, and tried to forget all about Maggie and Christmas, but Maggie's sorrowful words seemed to ring in her ears. "I should think you would just be ashamed of your-self," whispered the still, small voice. 'Just think of all the nice Christmas presents you have had, and she cannot remember having one single one. You don't deserve any yourself. Don't you remember the verse Miss Wells talked to you about in Sunday-school—'Freely ye Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of member she said that for everything you received you ought to give something away? If you have a happy time, you must give a happy time to some one else, and so on. You have had lots and lots of happy Christmas times; I should think you had better give one away now.'

Milly's conscience did not say all this at once, but it kept saying it, and do her best, she could not stop it, and presently she began to be ashamed of herself for trying to

"Oh, dear! I did not know that I was so selfish. I will go right over to Susie's now, and see what she says, and I will make Maggie have a happy Christmas this year if I possibly can.'

"Mamma," said Milly, hesitatingly, on Christmas day, "you won't be hurt, or mind what I tell you, will you? Your present and papa's were just as lovely and splendid as they could be, but somehow they didn't make me quite so happy as see- necessary that each subscriber secure one ing Maggie, and Susie says the same. You don't know how happy she did look, and oh, I am so glad we did it! I mean to

mamma tenderly.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

I never like a Christmas season to pass without telling to some one a thrilling in-

child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and, I think, in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea-captain, his face upturned toward the window as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night, when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to go into New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threats he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night." At twelve o'clock the captain was aroused and said "What does this mean? I thought I told thing. That takes every cent of money I've got, and namma won't let me borrow, I call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the Captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that." At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel, they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue, and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," said the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours; I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like

Oh, that that old sea captain's God may be ny God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had; and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning, when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christ-mas-present could we have than heaven?— T. De Witt Talmage.

# A MERRY MERRY CHRISTMAS

to you all, readers of the Northern Messenger. It does not seem possible that it is a whole year since we greeted you last, it seems only a few weeks. Yet so it is. Here we are at the end of 1891. Standing at the close of this year, the Messenger looks back on a year of good success, and we look forward to much more in the year to come. In this we again bespeak the help of every friend of our paper. To double our circulation this year it is only more. Could an easier task be proposed, could any request be more easily complied make a happy Christmas every year now for somebody that don't have one."

"'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me,'" quoted per but you will very greatly aid in stemwith? Will you not help us, as you have done in the past? By doing so you will per but you will very greatly aid in stemming the tide of trashy literature which is continually pouring in upon us. Give our young people the best reading matter and before long they will not be satisfied with

great cry of distress in the hallway. A workers. With your co-operation -we shall in a year from now wish to double the number of friends, what we now wish to every reader of the Messenger,

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

#### VOLUNTEERS WANTED.

The Northern Messenger calls for volunteer workers in making it better known. It depends upon them very largely to increase the number of subscribers to it. The readers of the Messenger who like it, and who enjoy themselves in reading it, want others to do the same, do they not? If so, they will do well to talk to their friends about it, and get them to subscribe also. What a fund for conversation and pleasure there is when your friends have read the same stories and articles as yourself. We request every Messenger volunteer worker to send us a post card with name and address, and we will send in return a copy of the Witness and several extra copies of the Messenger for distribution and a blank subscription list. From now on, the Sunday school edition will be mailed to Sunday schools weekly, instead of fortnightly as heretofore.

#### A PLEASANT LETTER.

Here is one of the pleasant letters the Messenger has received lately. It is from a minister in Pennsylvania, but as we have not his permission to print this we withhold his name.

"Northern Messenger,"-I DEAR had thought of stopping your bi-weekly visits to my study, because my funds were low, but I would miss you so much, and you are really so inexpensive to keep, that I must renew, if I have to go without some other luxury for it. Some years ago I sub-he speed and prosper you.

# NEW CLUB RATES.

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