

"Yes, Bobby."

"I'm growin' every day." Then, after a little, Bob went on: "Will Stearns' father sells rum to my father, and that's how he has turkey and we cod-fish."

"Yes, Bobby."

"Tain't right."

Bob's heels bent against the plastering, but his mother did not notice. Baby cried, and that brought the mother out of her dreary reverie.

Little Katie, hungry for her dinner, pulled off a bit of the salt fish, and curled down beside Fannie to eat it; but it was some time before any one else thought of eating.

At last Mrs. Bent brought out one of the nice pies made that morning, and placed it with other food upon the table, urging the children to eat; and so the "Christmas dinner" was taken, almost in silence, and with an empty chair at the head of the table.

Towards night there was a conflict between Bob and Will Stearns, as the former could not show "turkey bones," as he had promised. Bob was longing to whip some one, and so Will was thoroughly beaten.

But that was small satisfaction, it did not fill the "aching void" in the poor little heart, for both heart and stomach had been sorely cheated that day, so it was a sober little face that was turned toward the bright sunset of that Christmas day, and a very sober voice that said:—

"Mother, if father did not drink rum we could have things like Will Stearns' folks, couldn't we?"

"We could have all we need," was the answer.

"The Lord knows how we have been cheated out of our turkey?"

"Yes, Bobby!" and his mother repeated to herself, "yes; the Lord knows."

"Well, what does He let things go on so for?" and Bob turned a half angry, half perplexed face toward her.

"Bobby, there are wicked men that love money so well that they will even sell rum to get it."

"But, mother, there are lots of good men; why don't they make 'em stop?" and Bob's eyes flashed as though he had made a discovery.

"O, I don't know," said his mother, wearily; "they are afraid to, or else the laws are wrong. Something hinders them."

"And so the man that sells rum will always have money to buy turkeys?"

"I am afraid so, Bobby."

"And we can't have anything but codfish?" cried Bob.

"O my dear boy, I'm afraid so," was the sad answer.

"Tain't right!" said Bob.—*Zion's Herald*.

## News of the Churches.

**BADDECK, C.B.** The new church building was informally opened for Christian worship on the last Sabbath of 1884. Sermons were preached morning and evening by the pastor. Mr. Pentelow, the Methodist minister in the neighbourhood, courteously gave up his own service to be present and take part with us in the evening exercises. There were good attendances at both meetings, and a fair collection was taken up. Rough seats, platform and desk were extemporized, which were, however, in keeping with the unfinished interior of the building. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the house was comfortably warmed, and the services helped by the rich tones of a good church organ, very considerably placed in the church by some kind friend for its use. The instrument is quite new, manufactured in Ontario and valued at \$250. The congregation hopes soon to own the organ as it may probably be secured on easy terms and is a fine piece of church furniture. The friends of the Sabbath school held a Sabbath school concert and arranged a Christmas tree in the new church on the following day. The singing, quotations of Scripture bearing on the subject, "The Birth of Christ," and also the recitations, were all most creditably rendered, and gave general satisfaction. The proceeds of the concert, etc., amounted to \$60. This sum, with the addition of \$10 saved from a previous concert, will purchase some moveable seats for the church, twenty-four of which, ten feet long, well made, with rungs and backs, are ordered, and awaiting ice sufficiently strong for transit from Sydney on the Bras d'Or Lake. As a debt of about \$250 only remains on the whole of the church property, we hope still for help to pay it, as home resources have been taxed to the utmost. The Baddeck friends will complete the interior of the church and go on with the basement as soon as the present financial condition is righted.

**BELLEVILLE.**—In accordance with previous announcements, a Council (composed of Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Kingston; Rev. Thomas Hall, Missionary Superintendent; Rev. Hugh Pedley and W. J. Harper, Cobourg, and Mr. H. D. Hampton, Belleville), met at three p.m., December 23, in the Congregational Church, for the purpose of examining the candidate for the pastoral office, Rev. A. W. Maine. Rev. Dr. Jackson, Moderator; Rev. Hugh Pedley, Scribe. The call from the church to Rev. A. W. Maine was then read, also a certificate from the Congregational Church at Economy, Nova Scotia, to Rev. A. W. Maine, who then delivered his statement of belief. The Council accepted the statement of belief, sustained the call of the church, and proceeded to the installation service. Rev. Hugh Pedley's address on Congregational principles was brief and to the point, showing that the Congregation-