

CONVENTION.—The Canadian Council, after no little consideration, have finally determined that the next Canadian Convention shall be held in Toronto on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday the 12th, 13th, and 14th of February next. The dates have been settled thus far ahead that all interested, both of the clergy and laity, may make their arrangements to keep these dates free so as to be present at the whole Convention. The clergy of the Church generally are especially invited to make the necessary effort to be present, so as to bring themselves actually into contact with what promises to prove a great aggressive movement within the Church. Already the Halifax Chapters have promised to send up at least one delegate, and delegates are likewise expected from Winnipeg, and several from the States. Every effort will be made to have some of the brightest intellects, both clerical and lay, from the United States and Canada, present to address the various meetings. Delegations from all kindred associations will be heartily welcome, and it is hoped especially that the Lay Helpers Associations of the different dioceses, will send many representatives.

The reports received by the Council from time to time from the various Chapters throughout Canada show that the building up of Men's Bible Classes forms in many places an important item of the work done by the Brotherhood.

A clergyman thus gives his impressions of the St. Louis Convention:—"The impressions received are many and great. Among them is the inspiring revelation of the fact that the laity of the Church are alive and true and active and loyal to the faith. The Brotherhood is the hope of the future. It is the work of the Holy Ghost."

The November number of "St. Andrew's Cross" (the official organ of the Brotherhood) contains a very full report of the St. Louis Convention. We can recommend it, not only to all Brotherhood men for their earnest perusal, but to churchmen generally. C.

## Family Department.

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1891

O Children raise your voices,  
With joy arise and sing,  
Let all the air of Heaven  
With loud hosannas ring,  
For the Son of man this day :—  
He comes our Lord and King.

We see through far off ages  
The coming of the dawn :  
Fulfilled the prophet's vision,  
The Infant Christ is born,  
Upon whose brow the halo  
Precedes the crown of thorn.

Mary's Child, with earth-born form,  
Lies upon His mother's knee,  
Mighty gift of mighty love  
A sinful world to free :  
Born for the distant nations,  
Yet born for you and me.

Mighty gift of mighty love,  
For every time and place—  
For the humblest home of man,  
Where sin has left its trace ;  
For earth's weak and erring ones,  
And fallen of her race.

Gold and frankincense and myrrh,  
Behold, the wise men bring :  
The love of our strong young lives  
We lay before our King,  
Love forever to be kept  
A warm and living thing.

Then brave hearts shall face the world,  
This doubting world, and say :  
"See the Sun of Righteousness,  
The night has given way ;  
He has come, our Infant King,  
And bring the perfect day."

Am. Ch. S. S. May.

## THOSE BOYS.

### CHAPTER XI.—GOD'S PUNISHMENT.

Mike wandered up the stream, then into a field, then back again to the water's edge. He was tired and restless. At last he sat down on a little piece of rock to rest and think.

So this was God's punishment! Ted was ill—ill through his sin. Instead of being out playing with his rabbits, or digging in his garden, or helping Mike to build the bridge between the two gardens; instead of in the cool of the evening driving away with his uncle and brother on that delicious mail car, he was lying on his hot little bed.

In all his own life Mike had only once been really unwell, and his chief memory of that time had been a sense of great heat, of comparing his usually pleasant bed to a fire, of vainly tossing about and vainly seeking rest, and an intense longing to be out again and in the garden. He remembered the envious feeling that stole over him as he listened to Ted singing gaily as he passed the windows. His memory of this time was very vivid and very unpleasant to him, though his illness had been short, and was indeed nothing worse than a bad cold.

Now Ted was ill—in bed—unable to stir out; and that his uncle said that he was very ill, that what ailed him was worse, far worse than a cold. Mike supposed from this that Uncle Edward meant that Ted would be longer in bed, longer away from his garden and his pets. And this was all Mike's fault.

That pretty white Shetland shawl had done it. It was full of—what long word was that his uncle used? Mike could not remember, but it was full of something which made Ted ill. *How* this could be Mike could not possibly understand, but he was quite child enough to believe implicitly his uncle's word in the matter, and he could not now even think of the pretty soft thing without a shiver. Yes, it was quite true, his innocent little brother was suffering through him.

"I see it all now quite plain," said Mike to himself. "I see how it began. Mother often said to me, 'Think before you act, Mike.' If that mornin' when I did wake so early I had thought a bit before I jumped up, I'd have remembered that I *did* know the feathers in Dan's tail, for me and Nora had counted 'em the night before. There was twelve feathers in all in his new tail. And then, if I had thought a bit, I'd have remembered it perfectly, and how mother never allowed us to get up, and 'course I'd have stayed in bed, for I didn't want to disobey mother. And if I had stayed in bed I'd not have seen father bringing Tootsie home, and I'd not have left Dan on the window, and I'd not have told a lie about him, and I'd not have asked Ted to keep it a secret, and I'd not have quarrelled with the darlin'. And 'course, if I had never known of Tootsie I'd not have gone into the garden after her, and I'd never have run up the pear tree with that dreadful shawl like a thief, and Ted would not have found the shawl, and he would not be ill in bed, and we'd be having our birthday together, and going on the mail car, together, so glad, so glad, and oh! I'm just miserable, I'm just miserable, and I deserve it all."

And the unhappy child laid his head down on the bank of daisies and sobbed bitterly. He never knew in his great grief who was watching him, whose eyes were regarding him as he lay stretched on the grass, to all appearance so utterly alone and forsaken. He never knew that that sharp cry, "I'm just miserable, and I deserve it all," was heard—though not by his father and mother—they were busy with Ted; but One who was in reality taking care of these two brothers, who was with Ted on his sick bed, and who was leading poor, wandering Mike

back again into the path of forgiveness and peace, had heard his cry.

Already the Good Shepherd has gone in search of this lost lamb, though he, lying there in his first trouble, the trouble caused by his sin, knows not of it. But he was beginning to show real repentance. He had confessed his sin to his father and mother. Now that God was punishing him, he must try to be patient.

In a child like, artless way he prayed God, for Christ's sake, to forgive him and to make him patient, and to let Ted soon return to him; and then he began to consider what he should do with the time while Ted was away. Judging from his own illness, which had kept him a day and a half in bed, and one more day in the house, he calculated that Ted, who was much worse than he had been, would be four days away altogether.

On Sunday, then, his punishment would be over, and he should have his brother back again.

It was a long time to wait, four whole days, a werry time when his heart was yearning so inexpressively for his brother, when he was longing for Ted as he had never longed for him in his life before.

Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him, chasing away his gloom and causing him to spring to his feet with a bound. Old Patrick, the gardener, who was what is termed in Ireland a handy man, one who can do, as he himself expresses it: "almost anything," had long ago promised Mike to make him in his first leisure moments a new hutch for his rabbits. Now Mike was not as fond of rabbits as Ted was. He only possessed three in all—Polly Perkins, Gray and Snowflake. Polly Perkins and Gray were both very common rabbits, but Snowflake was a beautiful little creature, with soft, long silky hair as white as her name. She was the boy's pride; he had got her as a present from a well-known rabbit fancier in the neighborhood; and Ted, who had more rabbits, had none to compare to Snowflake. Now Mike made a great resolve; he would get Pat to build the hutch for Ted. It should be large, roomy enough for all his pets, and when it was finished he would transfer Snowflake to it.

This should be his peace-offering to his brother; on this delighted sight should the little boy's eyes rest on the following Sunday morning.

Then, God's punishment over, the brothers would be closer friends than ever, little children who loved one another as they had never loved before. Full of this new day dream, the boy rushed off to find Pat.

A child's grief is always short-lived, and Mike, absorbed with his new idea, was for the time quite happy again. He ran shouting through the garden, the old man was not there. The fruit garden gate was wide open, and just inside the entrance, throned on a great pile of shawls, sat Tootsie. The moment she saw Mike she clapped her hands in glee.

"Boy, boy," said the baby rapturously. Yesterday Mike would have gone to her at once, and catching her in his arms have covered her with kisses.

She looked so pretty now, with her flushed cheeks and dark blue eyes and tiny arms stretched out to him, that for a moment he almost forgot, then a memory of all that happened through his sin came back like a flood over him; he shook his head sorrowfully to the little child and walked away.

He went slowly through the yard; where at last he found old Patrick.

"Why, Pat," he said, stopping short in astonishment, "where is Ted's hutch?"

"Never you mind, Masther Mike," replied the old man mysteriously; "you lave thim rabbits to me, I'll remember thim."

"But where are they?" asked the boy.

"Well, well! I've taken thim, bekase—why, Masther Mike, is it going to misdoubt old Pat ye are?—Thim rabbits is safe, ye'll have thim back