We have heard but from wary few Douits as to Subscribers for 1879. Please meport. If there are any complaints of papersonissing, it may be assumed the subexistion for 1878 has not been paid. If a .exper has been dropped through mistake please notify us at once.

THE WESLEYAN

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1678.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star mans its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the wirgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.

Ayf the star rains its fire and the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is affane, and the beautifil sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song That comes down through the night From the heavenly throng.

And we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,

And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King!

CHRISTMAS.

The season of the Nativity-the Nativity—is again upon us. Are there any causes why it should not be observed as reverently, gratefully, sincerely as before? There is a modern school whose disciples declare that Christianity has lived its day, filled up the measure of its influence, and must now retire to give place to a more advanced religion? Is this admitted by the logic of facts? To prove that Christianity is declining, it must be tation of the Deity, in the person of shown that Christ is losing his hold Jesus Christ, is both a picture and a upon humanity. What is the real state of the care?

Within the past twenty years there have been more than that number of lives of Christ written and sent out among the world of readers. The subect has been treated from every possible standpoint, and by every order of gazing on the glorious sun as it is im-Calent. Infidels have written of Christ perfectly reflected in water. Is it not as a myth; Socinians as a phenomenon; the orthodox as a sovereign the original themselves? Christ, the promised Messiah, the eterthe God-man?

to Christ. Writers would soon turn noble, in the record.

What, then, is the secret of this perpetual freshness in Christ as an object of study? Surely, the Divine in Him -a supernatural something, which deto-day, as it has eluded the painter's saw a picture of our Lord which did with a cry at his heart—"That is not my Christ?" Similarly, when we rise which we are conscious, which can only be filled by turning to the Evanon asking for clearer portraitures, until the day when "We shall see Him as manhood and saintliness. he is," and "be like Him."

tes, brought down, as Cicero said," from the heavens to the earth" has ceased to charm, or if its charm, ceased to astonish and move mankind. The Platonic dialogues are dead. Christ's words alone, of all the wisdom of the past, continues to influence the human mind in the sense of controlling it. This gospel holds sway. It conquers always, everywhere. It subdues man, then elevates and ennobles him. holds its place in the heart, as well as over the multitude. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," was said by Paul eighteen, by Polycarp seventeen, by Luther six hundred years ago. That vital principle it is which gains perpetual conquest over sin first, then over death, in the souls of believers today. Never did the prophecies of Christ's universal reignappear so bright and promising for fulfilment: never did the undying instinct which guides believers to the windows of the temple in the eager expectation of His coming, receive more encouragement than at this moment.

Our Christmas may well be joyous, inasmuch as it takes us by a pathway of mediation and confidence which leads from the manger to a Throne;from the cradle to a universal and united kingdom and conquest. Christ reigns, shall reign, "must reign till he hath put all enemies under His feet."

CAPTIVITY TO THE OBEDIENCE OF CHRIST.

"The noblest study of mankind is God," and not man; for while "other men are lenses through which we read our own minds," the human manifesprophecy of what we ought to be. Although "a Christian is the highest style of man," yet, even at his best, he is only a mirror reflecting the divine excellencies that shine in it; and to look into this mirror in order to catch a view of those excellencies, is like far better, in both instances, to study

Now, it is the sublime character of

nal Son of the Father. Has any one our Pattern which gives to his person of these publications satisfied the puba a matchless pre-eminence, lifting him lie mind? Will not the next, and then up above all that is merely human, the next still, claiming to have gifts and magnetizing him before the vision of himself, into morning or afternoon and knowledge for the task, find read- of the mind. It is his character that ers, while the aim shall be to portray lifts him up from the earth and that draws all men unto him. Impearled And why have those books failed to in his wonderful life, like a jewel in its set the subject at rest? Are they not setting; and diffusing a merit upon eloquent, learned and exhaustive? his work, as the sun sheds a glory Surely less than twenty biographers | upon our world, is the character of would have wearied the world, and Christ. What is it that has given to drained the market, with their des- Michael Angelo his supremacy as an giptions of any other character, or artist? In it not that his sculptures teacher, or philosophy. Napoleon or are representations of character rather Wellington in military genius: Raph- than of mere beauty of form? Not sel or Angelo in Art: even Howard or only has he made the cold marble Peabody in Philanthrophy, could ne- almost instinct with life, but he has ver have endured one half the research also sketched the internal character in and description which have been given lines and figures. He has petrified abstract thought; he has carved a soul heartless from their studies, and read- in marble; he has formulated a charers rise surfeited from the perusal of acter in a material shape, as, for intheir works, were there but the ele- stance, in his statue of Moses, which ments of a single human life, however is said to be his masterpiece. What Michael Angelo has done in Art, Shakespeare has done in Literature. His plays are a chamber of imagery, reproductions of character, and embodiments of moral qualities in human fies the philosophers and scholar's pen form. He has made character breathe and articulate and act. So that we brush in ages gone by. Who ever have in his works more of character than of history. Now, what the prince not send the devout spectator away of sculptors has done for Art; and what the prince of poets has done for Literature, Christ has done for truth from the books of Beecher and Farrar and divinity; he has given it "a local and Duff and Geikie, there is a void of habitation and a name," in his own person; and he has materialized and humanized it in his own imperial chargelists or by going directly to His own acter. Our great Pattern is not a feet. Yet sanctified genius may-nay, thought; nor yet a theory; he is a must-write of Christ and expound character, a soul imaged in human his teachings, while the world will go outline, a figure standing on the pedestal of history as the model of true

still wears a yoke, but the yoke is easy used, by instruction and example, to have but faint ideas of the reality. and the burden is light. And why communicate from parent to child a should not the soul be subject to law? supreme regard for the Deity, and for and every alternate paragraph in the Now, the fact is, there can be no true the Temple as His chief dwelling- other forms of discourse, ought to aim development or activity without respect to some superior law. Any growth that ignores law is simply a monstrosity and a hybrid. A star that is lawless, or that would seem to be so, is a refractory meteor. A plant that departs from the ordinary rule of nature, is repulsive. Forces that are lawless are turbulent, and mutinous and subversive of all order and security. Restraint and rule are the very elemental conditions of true growth and progress. And so a man who recognizes no other law than his own will is a savage. If then the soul would grow up comely in character, firm in principle, and fit for its place in the creation of God, there must be a loyalty to law, and that law is Christ. Such a loyalty is simply a respect for the higher law of right, and for the divine authority of truth, and it eventuates in a human transcript of our Divine Pattern-a material photograph of the Model Man.

And (is not this "captivity of obedience, if as the Apostle phrases it, the very soul of piety? We are Christs. Our life is hid with Christ in God. Each can say: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." His image is impressed upon us, and his grace rules in us, so that "Christ is all." Let every Christian man consider this truth. Let us be imitators of God. for just as Art is an imitation of Nature, so Virtue is an imitation of God. Happy will it be when the Christian Church shall reach its high ideal-a museum of living images of Christ.

A HOMILY ON DREAMING IN CHURCH.

There are churches which predisthe play of variegated light, as it streams from stained windows over pillars and alcoves and cornices, especially if the sonorous notes of an organ sink and swell in muffled echoes among the recesses overhead. Many a sauntering philosopher has been wooed, as the rector of "A Quiet Country Parish" has so marvellously described reveries amid these conditions. Glorious arts of architecture and music! No wonder that past ages have worshipped them, and that the present accords them an exalted place in our almost universal sceptre. These are from their pain, can guide the merchurch dreams of the week-day; but our subject is rather church-dreams of sit in heavenly places with Christ

the Sunday! There is a tradition in the Northern Highlands of Scotland of a saintly old elder, the admiration of the parish for humble, consistent godliness, one of the typical men whose lives preach to the ages sermons more convincing than whole treatises on Christian evidences. During a visit to the residence of the wealthy proprietor who owned most of that district of country, the venerable guest was invited to conduct family worship, with an assurance from his host, after some conversation on the tendency of the Christian mind to wander in devotion, "If you finish worship this morning without any wandering thoughts, you shall have a cow as a present." To a poor man this opened a great prospect, and the very natural result came to pass. "Alas" confessed the elder, "I could not help wondering how I would obtain fodder for the cow!" "Honest man!" was the reply, "you shall not want for either." Here was a distinct temptation to reverie in worship, an element which we need not be surprised to find in all such dreams as associate themselves with holy exercise.

Reader, have you ever found yourself pondering over that seeming anomalous circumstance in the life-work of our Lord—the expulsion of buyers It follows, therefore, that all growth and sellers from the Temple! There As with Christ's character, so with of soul is simply a conformity and is, firstly, the amazing contradiction His teachings. Instead of wearying subordination to the character of which such an event appears to offer of them, the hungry-hearted multitudes Christ. It is a "bringing into capti- to all that we have ever read of Jewish continue to listen to them and live by vity every thought to the obedience of habits and inclinations as regards the them. The crowds which began by Christ." The character of Christ is house of God. That theirs was a feelthe lakes and on the mountain slopes its law, and obedience to that law is a ing, instructive and educational, borthe ensentitions in relation it in their prayers? These are ter-

place. So deeply has this principle at helping them to meet their difficulsunk into the minds of the race, that a photograph of the ruins of that sacred edifice is said by Madame de Gasparin to have drawn tears and cries of mingled sorrow and admiration from wandering Jews in Poland within a few years past. Yet the Evangelists de scribe the desecration of that Temple to the base uses of commerce, in language so minute and emphatic that we discover how powerful was the impression produced on their own minds by the circumstances. Then, the scourge of small cords, the uplifted arm, and the towering form of Christ, chasing those degenerate sons of Abraham from the holy place—what comments are these upon the tenacity with which a love of money, and the customs of money-making, cling to their advantage; and the awful means sometimes required of God to drive them out.

But is not that same bit of history

being repeated in all the ages and in all the churches of Christendom? What marvel, when the same laws are at work, and the same elements are operated upon? Good man or woman, having anything to do with worldly responsibilities, what is thine own experience? Has it never happened to thee that, sitting in the sanctuary, dressed in most respectable Sunday wear, and brought hither with the best possible intentions, the preacher was scarcely fairly launched on his second proposition, when thy soul and intellect went back in the business of the past, or forward in the plans of the coming week? Have you at no time measured cotton, weighed sugar, sold apples, launched ships, erected houses, while some elaborate argument of faith and works was progressing in the pulpose to dreams. To a contemplative pit? Has thy spirit never cowered mind there are endless suggestions in | in the temple beneath the flashing eye and indignant threatening of Him who still moveth among "the golden candlesticks," as he turned upon thee thy miserable tables of dove and cattlecommerce? And if so, what better are we than the apostate Jews who changed the temple of God into a place of secular schemes and bargain-making?

Flatter not thyself, complacent preacher, that all the fixedness of gaze, the quiet, meditative demeanour of the congregation, is solely due to the sermon—is a compliment to thy eloquence! Much of it may be. Thank God there is a charm in the Gospel. religion. They wield an all-powerful, | That which could woo the martyrs cenary from their worldly plans to Jesus. But let it rebuke our pride to know that many wheels of invention and construction are revolving in the brains before us, while our own minds are at white heat on some congenial gospel theme, and while the eyes of merchants and builders and farmers and bankers are paying us a plausible tribute of undeviating attention! Two or three editors who doubted the correctness of our conclusions in regard to sleeping in church, will scarcely contradict this paragraph we have just written. Church dreams at least are true of human beings, and editors are supposed to be a little more human its information. The year which has been than their neighbors.

The truth is, the spirit of trade is all the time crowding out the spirit of devotion, and olny the presence and power of Christ shall drive it away. There are causes for this Sunday reverie. It will be found that it varies with the constitution of individuals, with their position in life, their mental habits, but particularly with their religious character.

1. Church dreams are often due to distractions of business. When commerce is agitated as it is now, stunned and baffled in its favorite pursuits, it makes stouter efforts to maintain its hold upon the minds of men. A business which has been searching the chambers of heart and intellect through the weary days of the week, late into Saturday night, cannot easily be expelled on the Sabbath. Do our preachers think of this as much as they ought? Do they provide for it in their sermons and sympathize with

Christ, whose service is freedom. It stand. Every possible means was outside of actual commercial affairs Every second or third sermon now. ties and overcome them.

2. Dreaming in church is a temptation to some minds. They are bound down to trade, to the love of money. which is "the root of all evil." They are never at liberty, and do not particularly desire to be. All of pleasure to them in life is comprehended in the rules of addition and multiplication. They are such subjects as Satan delights to influence. With them through the week, he is beside them on the Sunday, as plausible as the preacher, and more persuasive by far. The first triumph here must be by the overmastering energy of Him who cleansed the Temple, who drove out them that bought and sold in God's House.

3. It is quite possible for Sunday dreams to become a sort of dissipation even with good Christians. The exhiliration of wine, the mental stimulus of tobacco, the yawning indulgence of a novel, these passive flights of the mind irto Sabbath cloud-land-what are they all but elements in our modern habits of dissipation? They betray an absence of vigour. They could be effectually driven from the soul by a firm Christian will. Let them not defile the temple of God! It is unworthy of one who has Christ as an example to yield to these subtle, overwhelming atmospheres which surround the "enchanted ground."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

PRINCESS ALICE, we intimated last week. was lying dangerously ill of Diptheria. Last Saturday she died. The blow must have fallen heavily on the Queen, who loved all her children devotedly, but this Princess with special affection. The deceased Princess (Alice Maud Mary) was born on the 24th of April, 1843, and was married at Osborne, July 1, 1862, to His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William Louis, of Hesse, K. G., eldest son of Prince Charles William Louis, of Hesse. She was the mother of six children-two sons and four daughters-four of whom are living. The eldest, Prince Ernest, was accidentally killed on the 29th of May, 1873. Another died a tew days ago, of diphtheria.

Pansies growing in the open air of Nova cotia in the middle of December! That wonder have we seen this very week.

As to the New Discipline. We are informed that nothing has yet been done to prepare it for the press. This intelligence comes from Toronto. So that the book need not be expected very soon.

Lunenburg is to be congratulated on having a newspaper. E. L. Nash, Esq., has started a weekly called the Lunenburg Progress. It is a very creditable little sheet. We wish it prosperity.

Friends of City Mission work in Halifax should patronize the Musical Entertainment to be held next Monday evening in the Brunswick St. Mission Church. The object is to furnish a library for the chil-

THE Annual Missionary Report from the Mission Rooms, we should have acknowledged before. It shows great care, and not a little cause for thankfulness in distressing in the matter of finance, has been prosperous spiritually on the mis-

WE call attention to Dr Woodbury's Card in this issue. He is a first-class Dentist What ought to be an extra recommendation, he is a good, useful, true man. As a local preacher, the Doctor ranks specially high. He has come to a sphere of great influence for good, though in New York he need not have wanted in that

Among the painful revelations of commerce is the rather startling fact that the Banking business returns of the Dominion show a shrinkage of six millions of dollars, by decline in stock, since last September. No wonder that public confidence comes up but slowly, while even shrewd men of busines cannot judge the condition of trade from one day to another.

MESSRS PALMER AND TUCK, of the New Brunswick Bar, have greatly distinguished themselves in connection with the Mc-Carthy murder case. Dr. Tuck for the Crown, and Mr. Palmer for the prisoner, have afforded, by the r skill and eloquence

of an accus suffer thro crime escap are both M

THAT DO tom, called to hold its some rural Lower Wo recently by shot striking It is high shamed ou ish and irri lic sentime intelligent

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