



Children's Department.

THE ARAB AND HIS CAMELS.

The early history of the land of the Arabs is lost in the long past ages of antiquity. The origin of the name has been unknown for a great many years. Some suppose that it is derived from a Hebrew word signifying a desert. And indeed a large portion of it forms a vast desert, with here and there a fertile patch called an oasis. These oases are generally found where there happens to be a spring of water rising nearly to the surface of the ground. And in traveling through the country the inhabitants make their way from one oasis to another. The climate of Arabia generally is much like the climate of Africa. Though surrounded on three sides by the sea, its chains of hills exclude in a great measure the influences of currents of air from the ocean. In several parts of Arabia scarcely a refreshing shower falls in the course of the year, and vegetation is almost unknown; in other districts the date-palm is almost the only proof of vegetable life. And this is one reason why the camel is so essential to the existence of Arab life, because it has a stomach in which water can be stored up for a long time. The use of the camel for the conveyance of travelers and merchandise has given it the name of "the ship of the desert." A caravan sometimes contains four or five thousand camels.

The engraving given above represents an Arab, on the borders of the desert, who has stopped to smoke his pipe and rest his camels. He is sitting on his haies which he has taken off from the camel's back. The coverings of the animal are intended, partly as ornament, and partly for the purpose of keeping off the flies. The bell hangs beneath the jaw, and in the night time it directs the footsteps of those who are coming on behind. In front of the saddle is a strong piece of wood, over which the rider puts his legs.

A LESSON FOR ADVENT.

On Advent Sunday was the first day of the Church's New Year; all Church work dates from that day, not from the 1st of January, when the world's year begins. Let us begin with it. It is waking-up Sunday. The epistle says it is "high time to wake out of sleep." Let us put on our armor; let us get ready, stand fast, look before, watch, pray.

The Church comes to us—just as your dear mothers might come to your bedsides on some dark, wintry morning, when the soft, pillow, and warm covering, and sheltered, cozy place made you try to forget that the night was over and sleepy-time at an end—and says, as they might say (the Church being the mother of our souls, speaking to our spirits as the earthly mothers do to our bodily ears), "Wake up! the friend you love best is coming; be ready."

And are you, as it were, asleep? In sleep we forget; do you forget? In sleep we are unconscious; are you unconscious? In sleep we cease to work; are you idle? In sleep we cease to watch; are you unmindful of your enemies?

Now, these are hard questions for you to answer unless you are helped to think what they mean. What ought you to remember? This you must know before you can say you have forgotten. Do you remember all the time that you are a little soldier, carrying the cross, and that evil words and angry thoughts and selfish actions are enemies of your Master, and that He expects you to fight against them?

What ought you to be always conscious of? The love of our dear Lord, calling you to keep the enemies under foot.

What ought you to be doing? Making everything and everybody happier and better for His sake; never idle; always doing something to cheer, or help, or comfort; all for Jesus' sake. He has said, you know, even to give a cup of cold water cheerfully to one who is thirsty is serving Him. The children can never have far to look for work, you see.

And what does it mean to watch? This, little child! To keep the door of your heart, and to know certainly that selfishness, meanness, bad words, unkindness, evil thoughts are His enemies and must not enter in.

And now that we have learned this much, what else? why must we wake up now? Every year the Church, our mother, carries us from one place to another, day by day, that all our duty may be learned. Now, Advent, which means coming, is here, and we read and learn how the Lord of Heaven and earth came, a little babe in Bethlehem; and that he came to die; to cleanse the world and us from sin. We are to think of it; rejoice in it; be glad in it; make our churches, our homes, ourselves, ready to keep His holy Birthday.

But He comes again; another Advent is to be! He comes to be our Judge; to demand what we have done to inherit the kingdom He won for us by his lowly birth and awful death. He opened the door, but we must be clean or we cannot enter in. Wake up then, dear children, and while you dream of Christmas joys, and make ready Christmas gifts for father and mother, brother and sister, be ready with your gift for Him, without whose coming there would be no such word as Christmas in the world. Give Him the gift he wants. There are four Advent Sundays. Ask yourselves each week. Is my heart getting ready? Am I all awake? Am I a watchful soldier?

The Babe is now a Man, sitting on the right hand of God His Father in Heaven, waiting to become our Judge. Let us love Him so that we cannot fear His second coming, but be ready, like those that the Gospel tells us about, to run and meet him, crying Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest! We are told there will be those who in that

day will cry to the mountains to cover them from his sight. Let us be far, far from these unhappy ones; let us be ready with great gladness to run to meet Him. We shall not be afraid to lift our faces, for on our foreheads is the mark of His Cross; we belong to Him. We shall not be afraid to lift our hands, for they have been busy feeding the poor, helping the sick, sending blessings to the ignorant. And our hearts will be like full fountains, brimming with love, into which he can look and see himself reflected.

This, dear children, is my Advent lesson to you; ask yourselves all this week these questions about it.

- What does Advent mean?
What will the second Advent bring?
Why should we fear it?
What shall be able to make us glad at that day?

IS IT WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE!

Is our daily life what it ought to be? Do we not allow petty vexations and trivial things to sour our temper and darken our brow—the impulse of nature to get the better of us? That impatient word just now: you were fretted, but did it make you feel any more pleasant? These light and trifling thoughts: they have gone to give their account against you. That witticism at another's expense: you mean no harm, but was it, after all, quite right and doing just as we would be done by? And then the words that are unspoken; the opportunities neglected which might have been productive of so much good! How much evil we do when we might do good! How much reproach we bring upon ourselves by our inconsistencies! How little we do unto others what we would that they should do unto us! How selfish we are, and ready to listen to promptings of self-interest! How we permit little jealousies and animosities to rankle in our heart, and pride, vain and impotent, to fill it! How little of charity do we feel for an erring brother or sister, as if we never erred ourselves! How imperfect and incongruous are our lives!

MOCKING AT CHRISTIANITY.

A young man mocked at Christianity, and in order to justify his course, referred to the bad behaviour of several Christians. "My young friend," said a thoughtful man who was listening to him, "have you ever known anybody to express surprise at the evil behaviour of unbelievers?" "No," replied the young man. "Well, and do you not see that you are doing the greatest honor to Christianity which can be done to it, when you expect of its confessors a better behaviour than you do of the people to whom you belong? If, even according to your opinion, Christians ought to be holy, is this not a proof that the religion of Christians must itself be holy? What think you?" The mocker was silent and went away.

In the depths of the sea the water is still; the heaviest grief is borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eyes and and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable.

Little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company and faces but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling of cymbals where there is no love.

Ingratitude is a deadly weed not only poisoning in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows, with fetid vapors.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BIRTH.

At Markham, on Saturday, the 29th of November, the wife of the Rev. Anthony Hart, Incumbent of Grace Church, of a daughter.

DEATH.

At Scarborough, on the 2nd inst., Mrs. Sarah M. Burk, aged 81. In life and death her motto was "I know in Whom I have believed."