

om remark and blame, attention, when the old ed with his daughter's break out into one of roof and fault-finding worse and widened the child. He would gladly what she had read in the only time he ven- ject, Anne showed so that he determined

IV.
S. TALE.

"did you ever see a

he short, elastic grass l, helping his great- ch the large flocks of greatest man in all

entry air and country ore the roses to his is muscles. He be- fe was worth having o find a keen enjoy- hill, in following the rings over the wide alling to a sense of flock which seemed The brown bread and ich Margery set be- h he had not found ainty cookery of his days, the English rily good seasons of avellers record their f beef," the quanti- consumed by Eng- d much of the Eng- apposed to be owing

ch other very well- ing of his own words, ght listener to the speak it was always in the evening, or ill-side, Jack would from him accounts nger days; for the a shepherd on the followed his master ars, and had helped banner in many a ended his days in ey corner of the was a liberal and and honoured his nas Speat had no s hale and strong, ties of a shepherd; ving and residing father and grand- ir Thomas was not oing people good ne particular way tent to let the old came to pass that his own to share s I have said, he

very different im- rom what she in- and to his curiosity e had given them n Jack went over Harland. He re- sen, the account l's constancy and ered whether it of the mysterious uch courage, and py of Holy Scrip- ions have been so e book, supposing that the Word of it indeed like a shed by a skillful tion? Or—Jack r, but it returned

again and again—was it true that the monks and priests knew themselves condemned by Holy Scripture, and that, therefore, they were so desirous to keep it in the shade? Jack had no one to whom he could confide the thoughts and feelings which haunted him. He could not approach the subject again with his sister, and he felt by instinct that it would never do to speak of it to his father. He turned it over and over in his own mind as he sat on the hill-side, or followed the sheep, or sought for birds' nests and wild strawberries, but he could arrive at no conclusion. He had never said a word to the shepherd, and hardly knew afterward how he had happened to begin upon it now. But there had sprung up already a very warm and intimate friendship between the old man of four score—grave, silent, and somewhat severe in his manners—and the fresh-hearted, impulsive lad, full of the classical learning he had acquired at Bridgewater Grammar School, and the tales and legends he had learned from his father and cousin Cicely. Deaf Dame Margery remarked, with some little jealousy, that Master Thomas said more words to Jacky in one day than he had said to her in a month, forgetting, poor woman, that Master Thomas might as well have tried to keep up a conversation with one of his own sheep. Thomas himself was conscious of a new flavour, as it were, given to his quiet life by the advent of his young kinsman, which repaid him tenfold for any trouble he had taken in the matter.

(To be continued.)

Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh. Give it a trial.

The Christmas Spirit.

There is one way in which the Christmas spirit should show its power. It should reveal itself in our personal lives. What Christ is to us, we ought, in our little human measure, to be to others. Christmas means love. Christ came to our world to pour divine kindness on weary, needy, perishing human lives. The Christmas spirit truly in our hearts should send us out on the same mission. There is need everywhere for love's ministry. Hearts are breaking with sorrow, men are bowing under burdens too heavy for them, duty is too large, the battles are too hard. One of the saddest things about life is, that with so much power to help others by kindness of word and kindness of act, many of us pass through the world in silence or with folded hands.

"What silence we keep, year after year,
With those who are most dear to us and near!
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies, just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

"Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close, familiar friends who loved us so:
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone, with loneliness and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some kind word
That once we might have said, and they have heard."

Surely we should learn the true Christmas lesson of gentle, thoughtful kindness to those we love, and to all we meet in life's busy ways; and should show the kindness while their tired feet walk in life's toilsome ways, not waiting to bring flowers for their coffins, or to speak words of cheer when their ears are closed and their hearts are stilled, and it is too late to give them comfort and joy.

"This is the cruel cross of life: to be
Full-voiced only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space."

Thus the true Christmas spirit in our hearts will work out in transfigured life and in Christly ministry. It will lead to the brightening of one little spot at least on this big earth. There are a few people whom God calls to do great things for Him; but the best thing most of us can do in this world is to live out a real, simple, consecrated Christian life in our allotted place. Thus in our little measure we shall repeat the life of Christ Himself, showing men some feeble reflection of His sweet and loving face, and doing, in our poor way,

a few of the beautiful things He would do if He were here Himself.

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life
Is more than books or scrolls."

Christmas-Tide.

Perhaps no season is hailed with such universal joy as Christmas. To the rich and to the poor, at this time comes blessedness. It touches all hearts, and mellows human life, and the earth is richer and happier with each recurring Christmas-tide. This is the time *par excellence* for giving and receiving, and is a prime occasion for all to demonstrate by experience that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." To the infinite loss of humanity, far too few know the full import of this supreme blessedness. It is becoming for us, while contemplating God's great gift to us, to remember others and present our offerings "in His name." Christmas will mean more to us if we are the means of making it mean more to others, and our cup of rejoicing will be filled if we contribute towards making glad the hearts of our fellow-men. No one is impervious to the contagious power of kindly deeds.

Santa Claus, after all, is a myth, unless we make him a reality. In many a happy dream he will be prominent figure, and in the waking hours, later on, the dream will "come true." Thus old hearts become young again, and young hearts become still younger because of the abounding joy. To millions this good-natured Christmas burden-bearer will come, and his coming will be hailed with gladness. But in the universal cheer there will be many desolate homes and countless joyless hearts, where Santa would not be unwelcomed, but where he will not go—*unless you send him!*

To give Christmas cheer to some of these neglected souls is well worthy of our attention, and a fitting way of serving Him whose nativity the day celebrates. Each one thus engaged becomes a Christopherus—a Christ-bearer—indeed and in truth, to the unfortunate and the forlorn, the very least of whom we, like Him, must designate as "these my brethren." Even "these least" are dear to the Master, and as we do it unto them He regards the deed as done unto Him. Thus observing the auspicious natal day, you may mingle the melody divine with the sadder earthly strains which too frequently fill to overflowing so many human hearts.

Communion Wine.

Pure Canadian Wine of suitable character for communion purposes has fortunately for the clergy and church officials been for some years placed before them by the well-known firm, Messrs. J. S. Hamilton & Co., of Brantford and Pelee Island. This wine is the product of the Pelee Island Wine & Vineyard Co., Ltd. To prevent fraud they have had their brand registered at Ottawa under the name "St. Augustine." This wine is now used in hundreds of congregations in Canada with general satisfaction. The prices are reasonable, and if not kept by local wine merchants, can be obtained direct from J. S. Hamilton & Co., Brantford, the general and export agents. For the convenience of churches in the Maritime Provinces, Messrs. J. S. H. & Co. have appointed Mr. E. G. Scovil, of St. John, New Brunswick, their agent for these provinces. In order to cover freight charges, the price is one dollar a case more in St. John than at Brantford. Messrs. J. S. Hamilton & Co. are to be congratulated on producing such an excellent wine as St. Augustine.

After Christmas.

The great question when one receives a gift of any kind is, "what will he do with it?" The beautiful or valuable object, the privilege, the friendship, whatever is given or received, becomes at once a new opportunity. Many a great gift has become a snare and a temptation; many a noble beneficence, instead of aiding, has degraded those for whose good it was planned; many a privilege has been slighted or abused. There have been many to whom the angels' song of peace and good-will has been a perpetual music in the heart, and out of whose vision the new star blazing over

Bethlehem has never faded; there have been many, also, to whom the heavenly chorus and the star have been but passing impressions. The song and the star have been, and the great fact of divine love which they reveal stands forever written in the deepest history of the world; but to some life is as bare and heaven as mute as before the birth in the manger. The gift is freely offered, but it is forced upon none; the thirst-quenching stream flows silently through the busy earth, but only they who drink of it are refreshed. The great sin of humanity is neglect or misuse of opportunities and gifts; the Christ is crucified, the truth is denied, the blessing is ignored. What we all need is not more resources, but wisdom to use those we already possess. The men and women are few who realize the depth and power of their own natures, or who understand and value adequately the possibilities which surround them. Most of us go through life blind and dumb; flowers bloom and birds sing, and earth is fruitful and heaven fair, and we bemoan the narrowness of our means and the lack of variety and interest in our surroundings. The days come to us veiled, in Emerson's fine image, and we have not wit enough to see how beautiful they are, and how laden with gifts, until they are receding in the distance. While hosts of people were talking about the Christ and longing for His coming, He came, and passed their way so that they could have touched Him, and they did not know Him! The divine truth, for which the whole world had waited, not only came to men, but dwelt among them and touched them, as a man lays his hand on his fellow, and they did not recognize it! Strange and terribly significant, that blindness of the Jew and the Roman! But are we not equally blind? Do we know our gifts when they lie at our door? Do we use our opportunities when they urge us to growth, as the light and the warmth solicit the seed? Do we shelter the Christ when He comes our way? And when He has passed, do we break for others the bread of life which He has left in our dwellings? After Christmas—what?

THE WONDERS OF NORWAY.—A lecture on a new topic is announced for New Year's night, in Association Hall, when Mr. Frank Yeigh will deliver a lecture on "The Wonders of Norway," he having visited that country during the past summer. Mr. Whittemore will illustrate the lecture with 100 of his fine stereopticon views of that interesting country. Seats may be reserved for 25 cents only at Gourlay, Winter & Leemings. The lecture is under the auspices and for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A.

David Christie Murray's Tour to the North-West.

Mr. David Christie Murray is contemplating an extensive tour of the North-West in February next, almost immediately following his Toronto engagement. His route will probably lie along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Vancouver, from whence he will make his way to San Francisco. It is Mr. Murray's purpose to make a study of Canadian life and scenery, with a view to future literary work.

Written.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on his window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out. Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out. You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out. All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God, and you can't rub them out. What you write on the minds of others will stay there, but what is written in God's book may and can be blotted out. You can't rub it out, but the precious blood of Jesus can blot it out if you are sorry and ask Him. Go, then, my child, and ask Jesus to blot out the bad things you have written in the book of God.