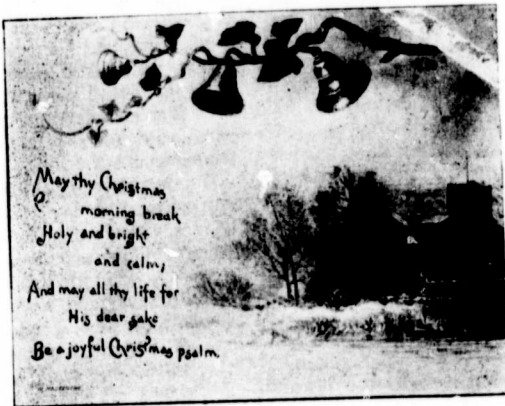




CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Merrily through the frosty air
 The Christmas bells are ringing.
 Happy the morn when Christ was born;
 Let all the earth be singing
 Glory to God! Good-will to men!
 The Christmas day has come again.

Angels beneath the starlit sky
 Of th' first Christmas morning,
 Sang of the Son of Righteousness
 Which on the world was dawning.
 "Glory to God!" we sing it still;
 "Peace upon earth, to men good-will!"

So merrily ye bells ring on!
 Nor cease your Christmas greeting,
 While every earnest Christian heart
 With holy joy is beating.
 For Christmas day has come again,
 The day of God's best gift to men.

—Selected.

LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

I once took a trip on an ocean steamer, and we had many passengers. We exchanged experiences and all learned something. Some were critical, some were amusing, and some were stubborn in their notions. Yet points were sharpened and mayhap knowledge took a trip as well as the ship. A summary of our cogitations may be ranged under the divisions of mystery, responsibility, and destiny.

Mystery. What a school of mystery and immensity is the ocean! How the mind expands with the blue above and the blue below. I talked with a plain blunt man, who believed only in what he could understand. I took him to the binnacle and asked if he understood the compass. The most learned man on board joined us, and I asked the professor, and the steers-

man, to tell us all about the compass, how the needle always pointed to the north. The steersman said it was "so" and the learned man said the same, and acknowledged it a profound mystery. And yet, I said, we could not be in the middle of the ocean without it; we use it, mystery and all. Why not use the gospel for our long safety, mystery and all? The man who waits to understand before he uses it, is a fool, for great is the mystery of godliness. The only way to know is to follow on to know.

Responsibility. One night I walked the deck with a man who said he had got to get to heaven any way. I told him the responsibility of his reaching heaven in safety did not rest with him, and he demanded a full explanation. I assured him that every adult soul now in heaven had not got there, but had been brought there; taken in tow, so to speak; that salvation was not like the magnet, cold and distant, and silent and mighty; nor like a fair wind right aft, driving us onward, but rather a person on board to bring us to our desired haven. "So he bringeth us to our desired haven." He knows and we do not, he is able and we are not. Look at the captain as he walks the bridge, he is responsible for the voyage and our safe arrival, he has mastered the laws of navigation and the care rests on him, not on you. The lost sheep does not find its way to the fold unaided, but the shepherd finds it and brings it home. The ability to

reach heaven is lodged in Christ. The work is His and His alone, the joy is ours and His too.

"'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis His to provide."

Destiny. Another night I walked the deck with a man who had not decided to be a Christian, but confessed himself of a fearful spirit. I pleaded with this man upon the utter absurdity of his position. "Has this ship," I said, "a definite aim? Did you pay your passage money to reach a certain point? Even the dumb cargo rebukes you because it is bound to a certain port. All men are travellers, only some are going nowhere, only drifting, like that piece of wreckage we passed yesterday. Is this drifting the mark of a man, intelligent, reflective, immortal? He acknowledged that blindness had happened unto him, and that he was careless in his blindness; he had not set before him the way of life, nor had he engaged the service of the only Pilot.

"Woe, woe to him on safety bent
 Who creeps to age from youth,
 Failing to grasp his life's intent,
 Because he fears the truth."

We reached port on a bright morning, all well; as I bade farewell to this friend I expressed the hope that he with myself might have an abundant entrance ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Ont.

SAILOR SAM.

"As it was in the days of Noah and Lot, they ate, they drank, they married and were given in marriage." Thus Jesus does not once upbraid them with the scandalous crimes which they committed, but with that very thing in their way of life which was commendable, but which becomes hideous when nothing higher can be told of an age; when its whole life is a worldly life, in which God is no longer taken into account. A great increase of outward power and culture, reliance on science, industry, the conquest of the external world, lead to an arrogance that no longer admits its dependence on God."

—Lange.