

## Christmas.

Down the ages eyes were watching,  
Watching for the coming dawn,  
Sires of old, and kings, and prophets,  
Praying for the blessed morn.

Lyres attuned by music's master  
Breathed out harmonies sublime,  
Voicing from the heart of minstrel  
Yearnings for the glorious time.

Nearer comes the welcome dawning,  
How near is not theirs to tell,  
While from mountain, vale and rampart,  
Answering faith on night air fell.

Watching, waiting, never doubting,  
Through the long and changeful night  
Gleams at last the Star at morning,  
Harbinger of clearer light.

Shepherds catch from heaven's hilltops  
Pean sweet from angel tongue,  
Sweeping nearer with its burden,  
"Peace on earth her sons among."

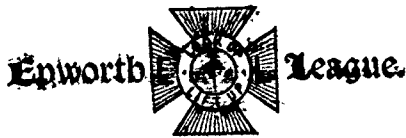
Blessed dawning! Well might seraph  
Flood this earth's night air with praise,  
For the precious world's Redeemer  
Ushers in the day of days.

Broader, higher stretch the sunbeams,  
Gilding hilltops, mount and vale,  
Piercing palace, tent and temple,  
Telling shore and sea-the tale.

Wondrous day with glad beginning,  
Wondrous power its coming brings,  
Blind eyes see and dull ears quicken,  
Dead ones live and sealed lips sing;

Tears are stayed, and prayer gains answer,  
Spirit anguish healing finds,  
Captive souls rejoice in freedom,  
Bearing forth their pardon signed.

Echo back, ye hills of heaven,  
Earth's refrain ascending now,  
"Our Immanuel hath redeemed us,  
Unto him we joyful bow."



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

## That Badge.

It multiplies. We see it in the League meeting, in the church, the school, the shop, the cars—everywhere. We are sure it would be still more numerous if all Epworth Leaguers would conspicuously display their colours. Many have not yet supplied themselves with a badge. Others wear it only on their Sunday clothes. They neglect to change it when they array themselves in "every-day garb." This was our trouble. We actually found ourselves facing a large state convention without a badge. We conquered the difficulty by investing in a second one, and supplying both our coats.

To some this may seem a small matter. But it is not. Every badge is a voice. It speaks with no uncertain sound. It tells that the wearer is pledged to look up and lift up; that his life is consecrated to Christ; and that in the broadest sense he is humanity's friend. It is a finger-board pointing to to-morrow's growth and larger success. It is often serviceable. We never wait long for an introduction to young persons wearing Epworth colours. We recognize them instantly as friends and co-laborers. If you have not already done so, buy a badge. Ten cents will pay the bill. Then wear it. Wear it so it can be seen. Wear it constantly. Wear it, and be proud of what it represents. Let our badge-wearing brigade at once be 200,000 strong.—*Epworth Herald*.

## Epworth League Notes.

(From the *Epworth Herald*.)

—"We will not need the help of an evangelist this year. The young Leaguers propose to stand beside me as my revival assistants." So writes the pastor of a large church. It has the right ring. We rejoice. That will soon be the order all over.

—*Zion's Herald* says that "the Epworth League is the most important and encouraging phase of our denominational life." This conviction is spreading with remarkable rapidity all over the denomination. The next year will witness a wonderful development of the Epworth idea.

—The League can do much for the Sunday-school, and through it for the world. Think of it, you who want work to do. Considerably less than one-half of the children of the land are receiving Bible instruction. In our larger cities the percentage is much smaller. Of course these youth are just the ones who most need help, since they belong to homes where no religious instruction is given. Once we had the Bible read in the public schools and prayer offered, but now prayer is interdicted and the Bible cast out as an obnoxious thing. The only way these children can learn about God's Word is to gather them into the Sabbath-schools. And usually this can be done. Parents who would not permit a copy of the Bible to lie on their centre-table will often let their children do as they please about attending the Sunday-school. These children can be gathered in. The League ought to do it. Its committees should go up and down through the streets. Clothes should be provided for those in rags. Inducements, as necessary, should be offered. If all were done in this direction that could be done, our Sunday-school rolls would lengthen out gloriously. You say you want work. Here is a field for you. Oh, the wonderful possibilities open to the department of mercy and help! Crowd the workers into it, and send them out on this Sabbath-school work.—*Epworth Herald*.

## Christmas Day.

In the busy rush of life, with its cares, its struggles and anxieties, there is to-day a grateful pause. The throbbing commerce of the world is not at an absolute stand-still. It never is. Thousands of ships are afloat on all the seas. Railways are traversed by trains bearing burdens of freight and thousands of passengers, but the mass of civilized mankind the world over are bent on the enjoyment peculiar to the unique day of the Christian year. Travellers by sea and land, however, are not unmindful of the day and its cherished associations. On shipboard and in railway carriage there are jovial groups, whose members think kindly of the friends from whom they are temporarily parted, and settle themselves to have as merry a Christmas as circumstances will permit. Passengers in the cabin and sailor in the fore-castle will each in their own way have a merry time.

Amid the pressure of these modern days there is no danger of people generally making too much of home, with its pure and simple joys; and considering its importance as a prime factor in family, social and national well-being, whatever is calculated to bring it into prominence is deserving of commendation. Without saying a disparaging word of those who devote the first part of the day to religious observance, it may be safely said that home is the very centre of Christmas joys. With what eagerness the youthful people have been counting the days till the seemingly tedious hours would pass and the joyous morning be ushered in! How their wishes have been formed, their plans laid, and their thoughts dominated by the coming of

the long-anticipated day! The families whose members, in accordance with providential orderings, have been far scattered have looked forward to and prepared for the happy reunion when father and mother, brothers and sisters meet once more under the paternal roof-tree and give free scope to the affection that binds them together.

While the great nations of Europe are like vast armed camps; while statesmen and diplomats are laying their plans and forming or preventing combinations that may eventuate in cruel warfare; while different classes are perplexed by fears of social conflict, and while party strifes rage and unscrupulous ambitions distract; high over all apprehensions, over all contentings, let men only listen to the notes of the heavenly anthem as it re-echoes once more around the world, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men."

—*Canada Presbyterian*.

## That Full Stop.

Did you ever notice it? To me it is as interesting as a Persian tale. It is at the end of the second verse in the Bible, where we have just had a description of chaos and its depths profound. I often revel in the mysteries and possibilities of that "confusion worse confounded." Unutterable confusion of all the elements, while over and above this boundless abyss of confusion broods the Spirit of God.

Look at the beautiful earth, at the glorious sun, at the firmament bedecked with its systems of worlds, and we see the result of this brooding of the Spirit.

And he, too, who is our life, was there then. Yes! Before the morning stars sang together. Yes! When the material from which these stars were constructed was brought into existence, he was there. There, at the creation of matter—for it was created. God created the essence of things, and with it the forces which were to bring the various constituents of matter together, so that order could come from all this confusion.

Fancy earth, air, fire, water, all mixed up in heterogeneous confusion, till, after countless eons, solid globes of matter are whirling through space, probably in total darkness, till God gives expression to his first-recorded utterance, "Let light be!" And light was.

But of that immeasurable period existing between the beginning and the creation of light, we can know but little till our eyes are opened, and we see the King in his beauty. J. M.

*North Wilshire, P.E.I.*

## A Christmas Ship.

Among the various methods of observing Christmas of late years, that of a "Christmas ship" has been very popular, and is, perhaps, so well known as hardly to need description.

It is briefly as follows: A row-boat is placed on a platform extending from one side of the church to the pulpit. On a fine wire a curtain is stretched high enough to conceal the boat after it has been full rigged with masts, spars, and cordage. A track is built under the boat, on which rollers or wheels are placed, so that when all is ready the ship can be drawn from the side of the church, where it is concealed, in front of the pulpit.

The track and rollers can be concealed by blue paper cambric, festooned about the gunwale of the boat, in imitation of waves.

When the presents are hung upon the rigging, and stowed away in the boat, and the spars and cords lighted with wax tapers, the lights in the church may be turned low, and while some one sings, "When my ship comes in," or some other appropriate song, the ship may be drawn to the centre of the platform before the congregation, and the presents distributed.