

being the river which separated the town into what was called North and South Chatham; the former constituting the boundary of the new parish now known as Holy Trinity.

After the parish was set apart and the boundary definitely settled, an association composed of women purchased the lot on Victoria Avenue where the church now stands for the sum of \$500. A small church, which is now the Sunday-school, was then erected, and opened for divine service on the 23rd of May in the same year.

The Rev. Freeman Harding, who has lately fallen asleep in Jesus, was appointed incumbent of the parish by Bishop Hellmuth in February, 1875, but did not commence work until the following May. Here the people worshipped for three years, when they undertook the building of the present church and rectory at a cost of \$19,000. This was completed and the new church opened in June, 1878. Two years later, on the 25th of February, 1880, Mr. Harding resigned, and the same day the Rev. A. A. W. Hasting was appointed to the parish as his successor. He labored for two years, when he resigned and the Rev. R. O. Cooper was appointed to the parish in 1882. He remained for three years, and resigned in April, 1885. In the following month the Rev. Jeffrey Hill, M.A., was appointed rector, and continued in charge till March, 1890.

Up to this date the congregation were only able to meet the interest on the mortgage and defray the current expenses of the church, as the principal had been reduced very little. Things now came to a crisis and the property passed entirely out of the hands of the congregation, and was purchased by Mr. Wm. Ball, the present warden of the church. The Synod now came to the rescue, and made a special grant, which was augmented by a liberal contribution from the congregation. The property was now purchased from Mr. Wm. Ball and deeded to the Synod.

The Rev. Arthur Murphy, M.A., was then appointed to the parish, and took charge in May, 1891. During his pastorate \$1,300 has been spent in improvements on the church and Sunday-school. A new pipe organ has been placed in the church. The total debt is now reduced to about \$2,500. There is now a large congregation, and a flourishing Sunday-school. The congregation are now looking forward to having their valuable church property free of debt and consecrated before long.

CHRISTMAS ought to bring to all a knowledge of the life of Christ. There is no life since the world began so grand, so glorious, so full of beauty, so radiant with hope. It is a grand poem; a song to be sung by angels; a rainbow bending over the whole earth in its promise, and embracing within itself all that can satisfy the hopes and desires of man.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Now roll along
The unbroken song
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said:
For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."
—Longfellow.

A STORY is told of an old Fijian chief and an English earl—an infidel—who visited the islands. The Englishman said to the chief: "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who only want to get rich among you. No one nowadays would believe any more in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men listen to that story about Jesus Christ; people know better now, and I am sorry for you that you are so foolish." When he said that the old chief's eyes flashed, and he answered: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, you! you! you!—if it had not been for these good missionaries, for that old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you! you would never leave this spot! You have to thank God for the Gospel, as otherwise you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on your body in no time!"

QUOS anguis dirus tristi de funere stravit.
Hos sanguis mirus Christi de vulnere lavit.

A cursed fiend wrought death, disease, and pain.
A blessed friend brought breath and ease again.

It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unheeding all.