

and it was great fun. For many days all the young men and women and boys, and the girls, and the old people too, were as busy as they could be in planning and working and getting everything ready. Besides dressing the church, the candles had to be arranged for illuminating it. We always made a great deal of Christmas Eve, and of course the illumination was an important thing. And there was the preparation of the Sentences, the Chants, the Psalms, the Glorias, and the Hymns. There was no special choir, for all sang who could sing. Great was the practising for Christmas Eve. When the time came everybody was present. All the people came, for it was the biggest occasion in the whole year. As soon as the candles were all lighted, the bell stopped tolling, and the service began. The appearance of the clergyman in his robes, the tone of his voice, the crowded congregation, the blazing candles, and the perfect stillness throughout the house, made it a most impressive scene. We can remember now just how we felt, and we would give a good deal to feel just so again. But perhaps the climax was reached when some one of the pieces specially prepared was sung. How we did drink it in! With eyes ready to jump out of their sockets, and with ears and mouth wide open, we stood and gazed, and wondered how so much noise could be made! As to the quality of the music, we were blissfully ignorant, but we had no doubt about the quantity, and that was what we wanted. Every now and then we couldn't help looking up to the roof to see if it was still on, for it did seem as though some of the blasts would lift it right up, and send it flying. But we believe no accident ever occurred. The sermon was always short and so simple that we could all understand it, and we thought a great deal of it. After the sermon came the closing piece of music. Then the prayer and benediction. After the close of the services, everybody stopped to shake hands and wish each other all manner of blessings. Parents and children were all together, and all were young and happy once more. Christmas day was spent much as it is now, but without many gifts. It was a royal good time, and nobody was in the dumps.

There, now, we have told you about Christmas when we were a boy. We don't say that it was any better than Christmas is now, but it was good enough. We enjoyed it then, and we enjoy it now. And we hope all the boys and girls to whom we speak are as happy as we are.

DECEMBER.

What a rich month this is in good days! Some people call December a dreary month. They shiver as they think of its cold winds and storms. And our church makes it one of the brightest months of the year. See how much it has to make us happy. First of all, Advent Day telling us of our coming Saviour, and calling us to begin a new year in His name. For the Church year begins in December instead of January, because, at the time, Christ came into the world, and our true life began. There are four Sundays in Advent, so we have four weeks to get ready for Christmas. Some boys and girls may think this only means buying and making presents. But we mean another kind of getting ready. Deep down in our hearts, where no one but God can see, make ready a place for Jesus. Don't let them be so crowded that there will be no room for Him. But drive away all your selfishness and wrong thoughts, and make your hearts a home for Him. Then there will be Christmas bells ringing, which no one but yourselves and God will hear. This is what Advent tells us to do. Besides the Advent Sundays, there are two Ember Days this month. These days the Church calls us to pray God to prepare His ministers that they may prepare the way of the Lord.

St. Thomas' Day comes this month, and after Christmas, St. Stephen and St. John's Days, and then one to remind us of the little children who were killed by the order of King Herod. So you see there is much for us to think about besides ourselves and our own good times on Christmas. But after all, Christmas is the children's day, and

we want it to be the happiest one of all the year. Only make room for the Christ-Child in your hearts and homes, and this will be the brightest Christmas you have ever had.

A LOVING SON.

Arthur was the son of a poor widow who could hardly earn enough to buy food for herself and son. She had no warm shawl, and could not go to church in cold weather. Arthur felt sorry to see his mother kept at home for such a cause. His sorrow was real, too, for it made him to set his wits to work to earn money. He began to run errands for the neighbors and shopkeepers, until he earned enough to buy a cheap warm shawl.

He kept his plan secret, bought the shawl, carried it home, and stealing up behind his mother, spread it out and laid it over her shoulders.

"What is my boy about!" cried the widow, starting from her chair. Then feeling the shawl, she grasped it and said, "Why, what's that?"

"A nice warm shawl for my dear mother to wear to church!" cried Arthur, clapping his hands and dancing around the room for joy. "Isn't it a beauty, mother?"

When his mother learned how the shawl had been procured, her heart was glad. Tears filled her eyes, and pressing Arthur to her breast, she said, "My dear, dear boy!"

Was not Arthur well paid, think you, for all his work and pains in that shawl? I doubt if there was a happier boy in the nation that night than Arthur. What made him so happy? Love and duty! He had loved his mother, and shown it by working very hard to buy a shawl. The gift had become a joy to her lonely heart, because it made her feel that her boy loved her—that he returned love for love.

If my boys wish to taste Arthur's happiness, they can all do it. The spring is as open to them as it was to Arthur. They have but to love their mothers dearly, and to show it by acts of affectionate obedience. If they knew how much value their mothers set on their love they would love them dearly. Boys, let Arthur's example teach you to love your mothers, and to show that you love them.

SHAKING HANDS.

"We have a nice minister. He shook hands with me to-day," writes a half-grown boy from a country parish, where has lately been a change of pastors. We can see much of hope and promise in the future relations of that hand-shaking pastor and his appreciative young parishoner. The friendly grasp of that promptly extended hand may hold until the footsteps of the lad are fully established in the way of peace and safety. The timely notice taken of one who covets the new pastor's respect, may be the best sermon application the young minister has ever made. By way of admonition to those who are set to admonish others, we say to every Christian minister especially: Lose no instant of time in making friendly advances toward the young. Get hold of their hands, and win their hearts. It is a great gain in power to any pastor when the boys and girls pronounce him a "very nice minister." Some day the most grateful and loving tribute to you, ministering brother, may be embodied in the simple declaration: "He shook hands with me."

ASKING GOD'S BLESSING.

Charlie, who lived in America, was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. Those little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth, boy," said his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to that, and Charlie knelt down, just as he did by his own

little bed at home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children; but never take it without first asking.

WHO MADE IT?—Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked: "Who made it?" "Nobody," said Sir Isaac; "It happened here." The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

—What shall win for the Church of England the gratitude, the loyalty, the devotion of the people whose souls are in her charge? Not assuredly her wealth, that may be appropriated: Not her social honors, they may be torn away; Not her connection with the State, that may be very suddenly and very rudely snapped: No, not these, but her love, her energy, her fearlessness, her charity, her works. Of these works none is a more noble or a more important work than this—that the worship of the Church should henceforth be, as it ought to be, in every church, by the distinct utterance of Holy Scripture, not in name only, but in reality, a Free and Open Worship, the work that they who minister therein should, with quiet minds and thankful hearts, be able, not in name, only, but in reality, to preach the Gospel to the Poor.

—The late R. Brinsley Sheridan, threatening to cut his son Thomas off with a shilling he immediately replied, "Ah, father, but where will you borrow that shilling?" This humor, so like his own, procured the desired pardon.

NEVER pronounce a man to be a wilful niggard until you have seen the contents of his purse. The distribution should be in accordance with the receipts.

BIRTH.

At the Rectory, Bridgetown, N.S., on the 15th Nov., the wife of the Rev. L. M. Wilkins, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Trinity Church, Halifax N. S. on the 20th inst., by the Rev. J. W. Ancient, G. T. DeYoung and Agnes Falls, second daughter of James Watson, of Glasgow Scotland.

Nov. 28th, by the Rev. D. C. Moore, Rector, Samuel Campbell, eldest son of Mr. John Van Baskirk, to Lillah third daughter of Mr. Joseph Sarson, all of Pugwash N.S.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. Henry Stamer Rector of Hubbard's Cove, Mr. Winton Smith to Mrs. Mary Brown, daughter of the late Dr. Kerney, M.D., of Chester, N.S.

At the Rectory, Gussyboro, Nov. 24, by the Rev. H. M. Jarvis, M.A., Mr. Lewis Feltmate, to Miss Alice Agnes Rule, both of Whitehaven, N.S.

At St. George's Church, Apsley, on Thursday, Nov. 22nd, by the Rev. P. Harding, Mr. Stephen Scott to Miss Maggie Edgar, both of the township of Chandos.

DEATHS.

At Sheffield, Beverly, on the 14th of November, David Knox, for many years Churchwarden of St. Mary's Church, Sheffield, aged 74 years; greatly regretted by all who knew him.

Entered into rest, December 5, Mrs. Elizabeth Almas, aged 73 years; a devout member of St. Peter's Church, Barton, for many years; and wife of Frederick Almas, Esq., Ancaster.

In Barton, on November 30th, Robert Pearson, aged 46 years, of St. George's Church, Barton east.

In Dumfries, on December 6, Mrs. Susan Flock, aged 86 years; widow of John Flock, formerly of Barton. Her remains were interred at St. Peter's, Barton, December 8, among her fathers and kindred.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if found in the way of righteousness."