

all the others were bringing presents and they could not; but we found to our surprise that the very poorest even were able to bring some little article, and that in many cases their gift was better than that of one better off. Well do I remember from year to year that happy day. "Next Sunday," the rector announced, "next Sunday will be Gift Sunday. The teachers and scholars are requested to bring their presents to the Sunday-school at three o'clock." And at three o'clock you should have seen the Sunday-school.

There was a little girl hugging a flaxen-haired doll in her arms, while her sister dragged along a little doll's carriage.

There was a boy with a big jumping-jack, while his little comrade was carrying a wooden horse. There was a sixteen-year-old girl, looking rather ashamed of the large parcel she half-concealed under her arm, which looked suspiciously like a big Noah's ark, and a fair-haired teacher, who held in her hand a box of halmia. Some were dragging carts along, others wheeling doll perambulators. But all were happy and all most orderly.

And now the bell sounds. The hymn is given out, then all is hushed in solemn awe in prayer. The sweet story of Matt. ii. 1-11 is read: "And when they were come into the house they saw the young child, and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts."

Then, one by one, beginning with the youngest, all came up, bearing their little gifts, which are laid upon the table on the platform. Higher and higher the pile begins to grow. Dolls and toy horses, jumping jacks, balls and tops, and games in every conceivable variety. The teachers and Bible class scholars bring in their offerings of books, story books, Prayer Books, Testaments, and Bibles.

At last the happy work is ended; a brief address is given, a hymn is sung, and all go home, feeling, indeed, how true it is, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Then on the morrow a

little busy band come and sort the various articles, and *four* large packing cases are filled with books and toys, which the ship or the boat soon bear away to some distant rural mission or parish to gladden the hearts of the Sunday-school children there.

Gift Sunday!

Could not *all* the town and city parish churches practice this happy practise each Christmas season? Try it once, and you will, I am sure, try it always.

Try it, and you, too, will perhaps appreciate the gladness and the joy that comes each year to the boys and girls and teachers of St. Paul's Church, Halifax.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Toronto. DYSON HAGUE.

KEEPING HIS BIRTHDAY.

— THEN AND NOW.

How did they keep His birthday then,

The little fair Christ, so long ago?
Many there were to be housed and fed,
And there was no place in the inn they said,

So into the manger the Christ must go,
To lodge with the cattle, and not with men.

The ox and the ass they munched their hay,

They munched and they slumbered,
wondering not;
And out in the midnight, cold and blue,
The shepherds slept, and the sheep slept too,

Till the angels' song, and the bright star ray
Guided the wise men to the spot.

But only the wise men knelt and praised,
And only the shepherds came to see,
And the rest of the world cared not at all
For the little Christ in the oxen stall,
And we are angry and amazed
That such a dull hard thing should be.

How do we keep His birthday now?

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

Are we so better, then, than they
Who failed the new-born Christ to see?
To them a helpless babe—to us
He shines a Saviour glorious.

Our Lord, our Friend, our All, yet we
Are half-asleep this Christmas Day.

—Susan Coolidge, in *Churchman's Magazine*.

HIS SUFFICIENCY.

Art thou weary? Jesus is rest. Art thou hungry? The Bread of Life is sufficient. Art thou in darkness? The Morning Star is bright. Is thy pathway rough? Jesus will pave it in love. Is thy soul desolate? Jesus can fill it. Art thy garments stained? Jesus can wash them white. Art thou unwise? Jesus is wisdom. Art thou weak? Jesus is strong. Art thou powerless? Jesus is all powerful. Hast thou nothing? Jesus hath all things. Art thou nothing? Jesus is all and in all.

FLORA J. MACNEILL.

Ottawa.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

So often one hears the remark, "Why cannot we keep the young men in our Sunday-schools?" Well, why is it? Take the majority of the teachers, do they really burrow into the subject, bringing out the practical as well as the Scriptural part of it? So often Scriptural truths are lost in practical life, because they are looked for merely in Sunday-school, church, or on Sundays. How often wrong doing in one might be stopped by a Scriptural thought which had been brought out through some everyday transaction, flashing across the wrong-doer's mind. Then first teach the lesson from some everyday subject, and gradually from that reach the Scriptural teaching and lesson. Sunday-school teaching is hard and trying work. The word teach should be changed. "Sunday afternoon talks with young people," I think, would be better. The majority of the scholars attend school during the week, and are tired of the drudgery of lessons and the trying round of being taught.

Reach the young people through their sense of honor. Put yourself on a par with them. Learn from them, as well as impart knowledge to them. Lead them out patiently, quietly, determinedly. Find out their views; if right ones, strengthen them; if wrong ones, deferentially bring your clearer and better ones to bear