

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Come, come to the manger, where
meekly He lies,
Clothed in frail human flesh, Prince
of the skies:
See in such lowliness, Love (how
sublime)
Himself deigns to visit us, King for
all time.

Shepherds adoring, wise men from
afar,
Come o'er the desert drear, led by
the star:
Humbly they offer gifts, meet for a
King,
Above swells the heavenly host, angel
choirs sing.

Of glory and homage, love and good-
will;
Hark, hark to their voices, echoing
still;
Repeat, then, the glad refrain sung
at His Birth,
Glory to God on high, peace upon
earth.

—Leith Gordon.

Children's Department

WHAT NOT TO DO AT CHRISTMAS

"Aunt Allison's" Story for the Children.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

The children were in despair; they wanted to give the "grown-ups" a Christmas surprise, and could think of nothing.

"I know," cried Bob at last, with sudden inspiration. "You remember last year they had all our presents in a big snowball, and it wasn't snow at all, only a silly old arrangement covered with woolly stuff? Well, this time we'll put their presents into a real snowball."

"But will they keep all right?" asked Betty nervously. "I wouldn't like mine to be spoilt."

"Of course they'd keep. Ice and snow preserve everything. Didn't

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7-12-12

"I think it'll be perfectly lovely," said Enid quickly. She was not often allowed an opinion in the presence of the elders, and she spoke fast to get it out. "Wouldn't it look pretty with lighted candles and holly stuck on the top?"

"I'm sure lighted holly would look beautiful," said Bob gravely. "How do you do it?" Enid, who was easily confused, got red and flustered.

"Don't you notice him!" shouted David, the youngest of them all. "He's only trying to tease you."

Bob was dashing wrathfully after his smaller brother when Noel spoke again.

"Look here, kids. This is how we'll manage. You bring all your presents wrapped up with the names written on them, and stow them away in the bath under my bed; d'you see?"

They nodded eagerly.

"Then Bob and I'll get up at four to-morrow morning—"

"I can come too?" pleaded Betty.

"No, if you do the others'll want to. You must wait and do as we tell you. Betty sighed; it seemed to her she was always waiting, and doing as those big brothers told her. "By breakfast-time we must have stowed all the presents away in it. When once they're in, it won't matter if anyone sees it. Then, after breakfast you others can come and help. We must finish it before dark. Then, while you're up rigging yourselves out, Bob and I will run it through the drawing-room window, behind the curtains. No one will see it there. Then, when tea is nearly over, Bob or I will slip out and light up the candles before you all come into the drawing-room, d'you see? Then I'll pull back the curtains, and jolly fine it will look, I think."

A chorus of agreement arose. It seemed a splendid plan.

It was very cold at four in the morning and pitch dark, but the boys tumbled out of bed after only a little hesitation: and after a brief visit to the larder, crept forth. It was not quite as jolly as it had seemed in imagination; the snow would not bind, and the wind was searching, but they stuck to their task manfully for an hour, after which they hurried home, and to bed again.

It was a rough-looking specimen of a snowball that the children were shown after breakfast, but a busy morning's work by the five of them

soon transformed it into a creation that anyone might have been proud of, and it was with feelings of intense excitement that they left it at last, with their spades beside it, to be trundled to its destined sphere.

"I think it would be nice to stand it on the tiger skin father has got for mother," whispered Betty, as they went upstairs to dress.

(To be Continued.)

Schoolgirl's Exhausted Nerves

Headaches, Dizzy Spells and Weakness Overcome by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Miss Gallop.

At about the age that most girls are working hardest at school studying for examinations there are important physiological changes taking place which are an additional strain on the nervous system.

Mrs. Gallop has had experience in the cases of her daughter and granddaughter, and for this reason her letter is particularly interesting to parents.

Mrs. J. A. Gallop, 135 Victoria street, St. John, N.B., whose husband is a carpenter, states:—"We have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in our family for nervousness, headaches, dizziness and nervous dyspepsia, and have found them satisfactory in every particular. My daughter Bessie was going to school, and became quite run down in health. By the time she had used three boxes of this remedy her nerves were steady, her general health was excellent and she was entirely free from headaches and dizzy spells. We are more than pleased with the results of this treatment."

"More recently we used the Nerve Food for my granddaughter, who was out of school for nearly a year from nervous trouble, and noticed improvement in her condition at once."

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To prevent any crowding, a large number of extra coaches, also parlor cars will be operated on the trains at holiday time, and dining car service will be given on all trains.

The Toronto-Ottawa Line is now running as far east as Napanee, through Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton (connecting with Central Ontario Railway) Belleville, Deseronto and Napanee.

Trains leave Toronto Union Station for the North, Sudbury and intermediate stations 8 a.m., and Parry Sound 5.15 p.m. For the east, Napanee and intermediate points 9.30 a.m., and 5.40 p.m. A special train will leave Toronto, December 24th and 31st at 2 p.m., for Napanee and intermediate stations connecting at Trenton for Picton. For the return journey a special train will leave Napanee 9.50 a.m., connecting with the morning train from the north on the Bay of Quinte Railway, from Picton 9.15 a.m., connecting with the train from the north on the Central Ontario Railway, arriving Toronto 2.45 p.m.

you know that? Why, they say," said Bob, who always had a store of varied information, "that when they do find the North Pole they'll find a Scotchman there—been there all the time. Well, it stands to reason he must be frozen in or he wouldn't have lasted all this time, the bears would have eaten him—"

"How do you know there are any bears there?" asked Betty sharply.

"Why, silly, haven't you seen pictures of them?"

"Of course I have, but nobody but a baby would believe them. If explorers can't find it, artists can't." With which clinching argument Betty walked away.

"Girls think themselves awfully clever," sneered Bob to cover his own chagrin.

"And they are too, sometimes," murmured Noel gloomily. "Well, what about this snowball? Betty, don't be in a wax, come and talk this over, I think it's a jolly good idea."

Betty, who adored Noel, returned, rather reluctantly. "If you manage it, it may be all right," she said pointedly, with a scathing glance at Bob.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."