

# Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

Vol. 7.]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1881.

[No. 51.]

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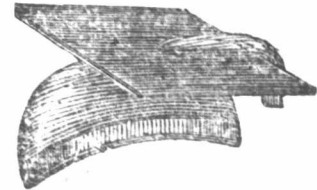
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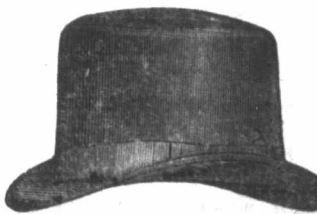
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ONCE, when stopping at the house of a friend, in the afternoon I noticed his two boys coming in from school. One of them, Charlie, looked bright and pleasant; the other, Georgie, was cross and disagreeable. The father noticed this, and asked Georgie what was the matter.

"Oh, papa," said George, "the teacher called me a blockhead, and told me that I would never be anything in the world. But he praised Charlie, who does not spend half so much time over his studies as I do."

"George," said the father, "he praised Charlie because he always knows his lessons, though he is not brighter than you are, and is younger too. Now let me tell you a story."

So the gentleman told the following:

"Once, as I was crossing the Delaware River, I saw a large tug-boat steam up to a great ship. They fastened the two by stout ropes; then the tug pulled and pulled, but the ship would not move. For two or three hours they tried, but at last gave up. Then I noticed that another tug came alongside—a smaller one; this they attached to the large ship. The tug gave a puff, and off went the ship down the river, pulled by a little boat not nearly so large as the other."

"Why," said I to a man who stood by, "could not the large tug pull the ship?"

"Oh, sir," said he, "she could not employ all the steam; it escapes by the side pipes. But the small tug uses every particle of her steam; that gives her more strength."

"Now, my dear George, this is just the difference between you and Charlie. Your attention is distracted; many little side things take off your mind from your book. But Charlie put his whole mind on his study. If we desire ever to be of any value in the world, we must fix our whole attention on the thing before us; we should not be busy about half a dozen things at the same time. Neither let us permit our strength to be wasted on trifles, but let us live for some good, great purpose—the glory of God and the benefit of our fellow-men."

CHILDREN AT BETHLEHEM.

Jesus Christ never forgot anything or anybody. Time does not change Him. In all changes He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." What he was, He is, and ever must be.

He was once a little child. He, the true and perfect Son of God, was Son of Man. And He does not forget any part of His life on earth. It is all before Him always.

In this He is not like us. We are always changing. And, as we pass from one state to another, we make room in our little minds for new ideas by letting some of the old thoughts slip. How little of our early days can we recall now! It is, for the most part, a blank. A very few of its saddest and most glad scenes are fixed deep in our hearts: all the rest is gone.

Now look at the truth which our Saviour's perfection makes us sure to hold. We are ready to confess that He, Who is perfect God, is also perfect Man. But how, and how far is He perfect Man? In this way: He, in His heart and most truly, is on this day, perfect Babe, perfect Boy, perfect Youth, perfect Man.

But next fix your thoughts on one of these things. He is perfect Babe. "He is touched with the feeling of" a baby's "infirmities."—Heb. iv. 15. He knows even now what they are, not only with the perfect knowledge of God, but with the perfectly-remembered experience of man.

Think of Jesus on Christmas Day. Think, I mean, of His keeping the Feast. We know that he knows all we do on earth. Of course He knows that His Holy Church throughout the world agrees to keep the feast of His Birth on a special day. Whether that day is really His Birthday or not is not the question now. He knows that His Body the Church keeps a day to celebrate His appearance on earth in the Body prepared by God for Him. He knows it, and He thinks of it. But one step more: He brings back the thought of His baby days when we keep Christmas. No thought is lost on any day, but on Christmas Day a Christmas thought is, if we may say it, the foremost one. The Child Jesus is with us again.

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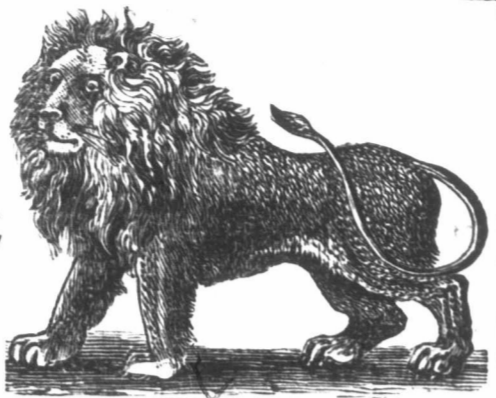
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### LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

Dec. 25...CHRISTMAS DAY...	Morning...Isaiah 9, to 8.	St. Luke 2, to 15.
	Proper Psalms: 19, 45, 85.	Athanasian Creed.
	Pro. Preface in Com. Service till Jan. 1.	
	Evening...Isaiah 7, 10 to 17.	Titus 3, 4 to 9.
	Proper Psalms: 89, 110, 132.	
26...St. STEPHEN, the First Martyr...	Morning...Genesis 4, to 11.	Acts 6.
	Evening...2 Chronicles 24, 15 to 23.	Acts 8, to 9.
27...St. JOHN, Apostle and Evangelist...	Morning...Exodus 33 9.	St. John 13, 23 to 36.
	Evening...Isaiah 6.	Revelation 1.
28...INNOCENTS' DAY...	Morning...Jeremiah 31, to 18.	Revelation 46.
	Evening...Baruch 4, 21 to 31.	Revelation 15.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1881.

THE death is announced of Mr. H. G. Heald, who was secretary to the Sunday School Institute for seventeen years. He was in his sixtieth year, and his death will be regretted by Sunday-school teachers in all parts of the world.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has completed an episcopate of a quarter of a century, having been consecrated Bishop of London, November 23rd, 1856. His Grace was translated to the See of Canterbury in 1868.

On Sunday the 20th ult., Mr. Knox-Little preached for the first time in the Cathedral, having been inducted the day before. The occasion was the Mayor and Corporation's annual visit. It is understood that the reverend gentleman has decided on resigning the rectory of St. Alban's, Chatham at Easter.

On Sunday, the 20th ult., a vast congregation exceeding 4,000 assembled in the nave and the transepts of Lincoln Cathedral on occasion of the anniversary of the Lincoln Temperance Society. Canon Ernest Wilberforce preached from 1 Tim. v. 24, 25. The congregation included a large number of artisans, many of whom had to stand the whole time. In the evening Canon Wilberforce pleaded the cause of self-restraint in the church of St. Peter-at-Arches, which was densely crowded.

A layman, who some years ago receded to the church of Rome, has recently been received back into the Anglican Communion in St. Paul's Cathedral.

A large and influential meeting of the clergy of the Westbere deanery, in the Canterbury archdeaconry summoned by the Rev. Alfred Whitehead, Vicar of St. Peter's, Thanet, and Rural-dean, was held on the 21st ult. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been staying in the neighbourhood, was present, and brought forward the subject of "Lay Co-operation in the Church."

The United States experiment of a republican negro government at Liberia, on the western coast of Africa does not appear to succeed very well. The government has had to pay a fine of \$5,000 imposed by the German Government on account of the ill-treatment of German seamen. The Liberians appear to have insulted and ill-treated their neighbours to a considerable extent.

Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop of Melbourne, is raising funds to complete the first part of his cathedral, which is to cost £55,000. He has himself given £1,000; and some time since £25,000 had been subscribed. A Presbyterian has recently offered £5,000, provided Churchmen will furnish the remainder by the end of the year. £17,500 additional has been subscribed, leaving £6,500 to be obtained.

The Sydney Herald says that it is understood that a gentleman in Hay has offered the freegrant of an acre of land in the township, most desirably situated, for the residence of the Bishop of the new diocese of Riverina, or for the new Cathedral. It will be remembered that Mr. John Campbell, M. L. A., has given £10,000 towards the endowment of the new See. From these two cuttings from the secular press we gather that the church is very active in Australia.

The Bishop of Lincoln has lately re-opened the church of St. Leodegar, at Wyberton, near Boston, which has been restored chiefly by the exertions of Mr. Lane-Claypon. The Bishop preached from Genesis xxvi. 18-22, a sermon replete with interesting historical details, Bishop Sanderson having been one of the former rectors of the parish. In concluding, Bishop Wordsworth said:—"You in this parish are engaged in the work of Isaac, who opened the wells which had been digged by his father Abraham, and had been stopped with earth by Philistines. This church of yours is like an ancient well of spiritual water. This well was digged by your fathers before the Norman Conquest. The name of your church appears as Domesday book before that event. It may have been contemporary with the Mercian Thane, Wybert, in the seventh century, the friend of Algar, King of Mercia, who was slain in battle against the Danes in A.D. 670; and the name of the saint by which your church is called belongs to that age. This ancient well of living water has been stopped with earth by Philistines, and you have cleared away that earth, and opened and restored it. May God bless you in the work."

Orders have been issued to have everything ready for the coronation of the Emperor of Russia by the beginning of May.

H. R. H. Prince Leopold is to lay the cornerstone of a new church, St. Barnabas, Sutton, in January next.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to preach for St. Martin's league, a society at St. Alban's, Holborn, for members of the postal service. It has now 700 members.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol appears to have rushed headlong into the use of the revised version of the New Testament, by taking the texts of his sermons from that, as yet, unauthorized version.

The death, at Konich, is announced, of the chief of the dervishes, the greatest Sheik of the Mussulman world. His family possess the hereditary right to gird the sword of Osman on the new Sultan.

The ruridecanal meeting of West Dartmouth on Thursday, the 24th, passed unanimously a resolution that,—"The clergy of the deanery, assembled in chaper, desire to tender their hearty congratulations to the Rev. E. H. Plumtre, D.D., vicar of Bickley, on his appointment to the Déanery of Wells.

On the 22nd ult., the Church Sunday-school choir gave a concert at Exeter Hall, by way of celebrating the recent opening of the Institute at Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street. Between the parts the Duchess of Teck, who was present with her husband, received purses from the representatives of about one hundred of the schools towards paying the debt of £5,000 which remained upon the purchase and adaptation of the new building and the Raikes Memorial at Gloucester. The amount thus received was about £300.

The Bishop of Manchester has called his clergy together in reference to the ritual question. To his assembled Synod he has delivered an admonition, promulgated by his own episcopal authority, but after consultation with the elder and graver presbyters of his diocese—viz., the Dean and Chapter, the Honorary Canons of the Cathedral, the Chancellor, the Archdeacons, and the Rural-deans. The object of the proceeding was to assert that episcopal authority in respect of discipline and ritual, which by the emphatic language of the preface to the Prayer Book is constituted the court of appeal on all points of diversity and doubt. The Bishop and his council are very careful not to mix up with this admonition any assertion of the jurisdiction of the Privy Council, or any opinion on the right method of proceeding in ecclesiastical questions. It is hinted that it would have been well had the Bishop taken this step at the first; as now, it would appear to be only an attempt to bolster up a foregone conclusion, arrived at by the civil courts, which courts so many clergymen refuse to obey in things spiritual.

## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

WE have in our present issue omitted a large quantity of diocesan and other correspondence which will appear in future numbers. By doing so we are enabled to find space for a number of pieces referring more particularly to the subject of the approaching season of Christmas. Some of them, we are persuaded, will be found to be of unusual interest, and we are sure that our readers will appreciate the efforts we have made to render this a truly interesting and instructive "Christmas number."

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE Incarnation of Christ is the first principle of all our theology, as it furnishes the foundation of all our hope. God was manifest in the flesh, and this was so peculiar a manifestation that it has no parallel in earth or heaven. God is manifested, in one sense of the word, in all creation. For "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." And God is seen in history. In the events which set at nought the policy of statesmen and annihilate the ambitious schemes of the wisest and the most powerful. His presence, His power, His justice, His love, are felt to be penetrating and irradiating great occurrences, which the results are oftentimes precisely opposite to what men have intended. But the manifestation of God which the Church now brings before us is "in the flesh." The expression ties the manifestation down to human nature in its complex character, and identifies it not merely with the spiritual, but with the bodily part of man's being. St. Paul evidently means also that God was manifested in this one member of the human family, Jesus of Nazareth, as in no other. There have been those who have embodied some one of the rays of the character of God; but in Jesus, God's whole moral life was manifested; and that in its integrity and completeness. The whole range of the divine attributes was there, and when our Lord acted and spoke, God in His perfect nature became manifest to those who witnessed Him, so that He could say:—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Christianity has been from the first what it was in the stable at Bethlehem. It has ever since had two sides, one meeting the bodily eye, the other the eye of faith. Throughout the ages of Christendom, the eye of flesh has gazed exclusively on the infant lying in the manger, while faith has been watching the angels as they have chanted, "Glory to God in the Highest," around their Lord. And so the time of Christmas has its true and pure meaning only for those who are leading new lives, for those to whom God's manifestation in the flesh is, in their innermost thoughts, an event with the importance of which nothing else can compare. It is well to consider at this season that there must be some service which each one can do in honour of Jesus Christ—even the youngest and the poorest. And the more unostentatiously we do it, the more nearly we shall in our actions approach the character of Him who veiled His divine glory beneath a human form. The acts more especially suitable at this season are kind and benevolent acts, because it was at this time that the "kindness and love of God our Saviour" more especially appear to the race of man (kindness and love in the social circle, sympathy with distress, charity to the poor, benevolence to

God's people, and considerate remembrance of those who minister to our spiritual necessities) a zealous attention to those duties which enable us to improve the Christmas season in a manner suitable to its joyous character, and to the object Christ had in view in appearing among us and in taking upon Him our nature.

## To Subscribers.

AS we are now approaching the end of the year, it becomes our duty to request our friends, who are in arrears, to pay up their subscriptions at once. As at this period a number are falling due, we trust they will now be paid promptly, as well as the next year in advance. In remitting, it would be highly desirable if each subscriber would make sufficient effort to send on in addition to his own subscription one or more from his friends or neighbours; so that we may be able to double our subscription list, and thus be placed in the same position as many of our subscribers will be in having a happy and prosperous New Year.

## PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

THERE is no question at present before us of more importance than that of the education of the Church's young, and none to which Churchmen seem less alive. The feeling in this country seems to tend towards taking education out of the hands of parents, and committing it to the State. Yet the responsibility of the education of his child rests upon the parent. He is the divinely appointed guardian. To a father the Holy Spirit says: "Bring them up (children) in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." On the father is laid by God Himself the duty of training his child for time, and for eternity. He has no right to hand over his child to the State for this training. He must give an account for it to God. In this country the State is practically allowed to relieve the parent of this responsibility, and to say what his child shall, or shall not learn, what books he shall or shall not read, and a child's education thus passes out of the hands of the parent, and is given up to other people.

Now, all real education must have for its object eternity, and the things that belong to it. This education is as much a matter of higher importance than secular education, as the things of heaven are above the things of earth; and that man must be a very imperfect Christian who shuts out this thought, and aims only at making his child successful in this life, and in gaining wealth and worldly advantages.

An earnest Churchman will not dispute what has been said. We ask then, what is the duty of the Church in this matter? It is to assist the parent, to supply the aids which the Church alone can give, not as his substitute but as his guide.

This function of the Church the Holy Scriptures plainly indicate. The command to St. Peter, "Feed my lambs," earnestly, lovingly, and withal authoritatively given, sets at rest any doubt as to the work of the Church in this matter.

Let Christian people train their young Christianly. The public school system of Canada does not supply the wants of a Christian people. Instruction in the Catholic faith forms no part of its curriculum.

Its very nature compels that religion shall be avoided. It repudiates catechisms, and books of religious instruction, practically excludes the Bible,

and professes simply to impart knowledge of a secular character. This is of necessity, for a Government composed of men of all kinds of opinions, and representing people of every shade of belief, can do no more.

To this the Church is assenting. Still, the consciences of Christian people are not quite dead to their duty in this matter, as witness the modern institution of the Sunday-school.

We do not wish to speak disparagingly of the good which Sunday-schools may possibly be doing, though this is largely over-rated; rather, since they are the only educational instrument we have, we would encourage the strongest effort to make them serviceable.

But, we do say, that we are not doing our duty to the Church's children by giving them religious instruction during only one brief hour of a whole week.

If our consciences have become so dull that we are satisfied with this, we may well ask, "Is not this some deception of the evil one, blunting our sense of duty, and laying up for us retribution in the time to come? Childhood is man's golden opportunity, it is the seed time, and all, even secular instruction, should be given with the view of drawing out its powers of heart and mind, towards the great God who reigns supreme.

What we want, then, is to have parochial schools of our own. We have as much right as any other religious body to have them, and if we had them, we should soon see their effects, in the better conduct of the young, and the increasing strength of the Church. There is nothing visionary in all this. Many people are not satisfied with the present expensive system. The education is imperfect. The poor man's child does not get that thorough instruction in elementary knowledge most serviceable for the position in life he must, by God's providence, occupy.

Cultivated people complain of the roughness and the loss of good manners their children sustain by daily contact with the coarse and irreligious children of coarse and irreligious parents. The rich can send their children to private schools, the bulk of the people have no choice.

The only difficulty is the supply of teachers. Time, however, and self-sacrifice will remove it. Let the Church encourage and nurture enthusiasm in the cause of Christ's little ones; let her bishops make use of all the spiritual powers and resources God has given her, and we are persuaded that, if provided with only the necessaries of life, many will be found eager to work in this way for the spread of Christ's kingdom. If such be not forthcoming, the Church of England in this country is failing as an instrument for inspiring devotion to Christ, and enkindling love and faith in the hearts of her people. But we believe this would be to doubt the promise of the Church's Head: "Lo, I am with you always."

We contend that every parish of any size might have its own school master, who, under the direction of the clergyman would instruct the young, and might in other ways be a valuable assistant in church work. We hope to see the time when parents, remembering that their children are immortal beings, will consider it a paramount duty, a duty more important than any tongue can express, to see that their children shall obtain that knowledge now, which shall in the end make them "wise unto salvation."

Quite a number of persons have availed themselves of our liberal offer. Others should do so at once.

## BOOK NOTICES.

**MY BIBLE STUDY:** for the Sundays of the year. By F. R. HAVERGAL. 25 cents. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 900 Broadway, Cor. 20th Street.

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## Diocesan Intelligence.

## MONTREAL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**HOCHELAGA.—St. Mary's.**—This church has lately undergone painting and tinting, which adds freshness and warmth of tone to the interior. The congregation has of late been considerably augmented, and the choir also. The latter is under the leadership of a professional organist (Mr. Bryant) lately from London, Eng. He is giving his services gratuitously while awaiting a post that will be somewhat remunerative. Under his directorship the vocal and instrumental music have greatly improved, and we may say he has aided in making one or two improvements that tend to promote reverence and decorum in the house of God.

**FRELSBURGH.**—A Church temperance organization has been inaugurated in connection with the Bishop Stewart Memorial Church.

**DUNHAM.**—The closing exercises for this term of the Dunham Ladies' College are to take place on the 15th. Very appropriately the first thing on the programme for the occasion is to be the rendering in the parish church of a choral Litany (albeit not a Litany day) by Rev. John Kerr, precentor, assisted by the College choir. The exercises in the College promise to be of an unusually brilliant and attractive character. The Bishop and Archdeacon Lindsay, and the clergy of the deanery generally, are expected to be present. Great preparations are being made for their entertainment.

The sudden death of the Bishop of Algoma has sent a shock through the whole body of Churchmen, cleric and laic alike, of this diocese, as doubtless it has everywhere, coming so soon after his wife's death, too. "A prince has fallen in Israel." Words fail to express what is felt. Wherever he was known in this diocese he was beloved. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no diocese has surpassed Montreal in its support of the Algoma work, so no diocese feels more than this does the unlooked-for death of him who, under God, was so zealously, faithfully, and with all the ardour of a St. Paul or Barnabas, carry-

ing on that work. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, and that which came upon him daily, the care of all the churches in his diocese, he was truly a successor of the apostles. For a short episcopate great were his labours. The poor clergy of the now bereaved diocese will feel the blow very keenly. He was indeed, in a deeper sense than common, their father in God. On him not only did they depend for spiritual counsel and direction; but in many cases on him and on his labours they depended for their daily bread, we might nearly say. And what shall they do now? The Church in this ecclesiastical Province was not very liberal, not so much as was looked for, in the support of the work; but let us hope this sudden death will arouse them to greater exertions in behalf of the poor sheep and their shepherds away in the wilderness. The first Bishop of Algoma, the first missionary bishop of the Canadian Church has died in the Lord; he now rests from his labours, but "his works do follow him." His work remains, a work only begun. May the Lord of the vineyard bring good out of this seeming evil. He doeth all things well.

**LENNOXVILLE.**—The medical faculty of Bishops' College, gave a dinner at the Windsor House, at which the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor were present. The gathering was of a very gratifying character, and, being conducted on temperance principles, was also a happy one to all concerned.

## TORONTO.

**Synod Office.**—Collections, etc., received during the week ending December 10th, 1881.

**MISSION FUND—Parochial Collections:**—Collingwood (1880—81) \$79.45; Christ Church, York Township, on account, \$1.00. **July Collection:** Collingwood \$4.42. **Thanksgiving Collection:** Collingwood \$14.58; Manvers, St. Alban's \$2.00, St. Mary's \$4.00, St. Paul's \$2.00; Beaverton \$2.25; Bobcaygeon \$4.17; Dunsford \$2.90; Devitt's School House \$1.31; Trinity East, Toronto, \$27.90. **Missionary Meetings:** Manvers, St. Alban's \$5.75, St. Mary's \$3.50, St. Paul's \$2.00. **January Collection:** Hastings \$1.55, Alnwick \$1.10.

**WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.—October Collection:** Collingwood \$15.21; Christ Church, York Township, \$24.48; Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, \$102.50; St. Mark's, Otonabee, (balance of assessment) \$4.00; Sunderland \$1.19; West Brock 93 cents; Bobcaygeon \$3.11, St. Alban's \$1.29, Davitt's School House 56 cents, Dunsford \$2.67. **Annual payment under the new Canon:** Rev. L. H. Kirkby, on account \$2.82; Rev. W. F. Swallow \$9.42.

**ALGOMA FUND.—Day of Intercession Collection:** Collingwood \$8.16.

**WEST AND NORTH YORK DEANERY.—Missionary Meetings:** Weston, January 3rd, at 7:30; York Mills Jan. 4th; Thornhill, Jan. 5th; Richmond Hill, Jan. 6th;—Dep., Revs. McCollum and McCarroll. Oakridges, Jan. 9th; Aurora, Jan. 10th; Newmarket, Jan. 11th;—Dep., Rev. McCollum, & c. Sutton: Dep., Rev. H. B. Owen and R. D. Osler. Woodbridge, Jan. 16th; St. Stephen, Jan. 17th; Nobleton, Jan. 18th; Lloydtown, Jan. 19th; King, Jan. 20th: Dep., Rev. H. B. Owen, & c.

It is hoped the clergy of the different parishes, will endeavour to obtain other assistance besides the deputation appointed, so that there may be no disappointment. H. B. OSLER, R. D.

## NIAGARA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**LUTHER VILLAGE.**—On Sunday, the second Sunday in Advent, Bishop Fuller held a confirmation in St. Alban's Church. The edifice was crowded. After chairs had been put down the aisle, many had to stand outside the main door, and others took seats in the vestry. The service began with the usual address to the Bishop:—"Rt. Rev. Father in God, I present unto you these persons for the holy and apostolic rite of Laying on of hands." This was said by the priest in charge, Rev. Mr. Radcliffe. The service was then proceeded with, and was throughout deeply solemn and impressive. There were twenty-two candidates in all. Eight more should have been there, but were prevented owing to the awful state of the roads. Eight or nine of those confirmed were converts from the denominations. The Bishop's address was remarkable for its plain truths and practical bearing on the every day occurrences of our lives. This is just what is needed in the country in which we live. In the evening the usual Evensong was at 7 p.m. The prayers were read by Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Webb, and the lesson by Mr. A. C. Jones. His Lordship, although having preached twice before dur-

ing the day, was able to give the large congregation an address full of interest on the importance of the Liturgy like ours, and what a very great blessing it is when understood and used. Numbers of Baptists and others attended these services, and seemed interested and pleased. The Church with its hangings of white on the altar and desks, also the flowers and altar cross of white marble looked appropriate and beautiful. The appearance of the edifice as a whole was unmistakably churchly, instead of resembling, as so many of our churches do, "preaching houses." His Lordship's staff was a fitting adjunct when used in a properly appointed church, and where the services were rendered with decency and order. The Bishop left on the 11 a.m. train on Monday apparently much pleased with his visit.

**HAMILTON.**—On Sunday last, the 18th, there was an ordination held in Christ Church, Pro-Cathedral, by the Bishop of Niagara. The Morning Prayer was said at 9 a.m., and the ordination was held at 11 a.m. There was a very large congregation, and the musical parts of the service were rendered with great beauty by the large surpliced choir. The service commenced with a hymn, followed by the sermon which was preached by the Bishop. Canon Dixon, Rector of Guelph, and examining chaplain, presented the candidates, Mr. Edward A. Irving and Mr. Arthur Conway Jones for the diaconate, and the Rev. Septimus Thicke, curate at Ascension Church, Hamilton, for the order of the priesthood. The Bishop preached from the 11th of Proverbs, verse 30: "He that winneth souls is wise." The sermon was a very able exposition of the duties of the clergy, and was preached with great vigour, and made a deep impression on all present. Mr. Jones is appointed missionary in Welland and Lincoln. Mr. Irving, curate at Orangeville, and Mr. Thicke, remains as curate with Mr. Carmichael.

## HURON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**LONDON WEST, (PETERSVILLE).**—*St. George's.*—This small mission parish is prospering under the care of Rev. C. Newman. He is an indefatigable worker, and is well supported by the members of the congregation. The Sunday-school, too, holds its ground. Last week an addition of nearly 100 volumes was made to the Sunday-school library—a choice selection from the publications of the S. P. C. K. The imprimatur of this Society is considered by the authorities of St. George's a sufficient guarantee for their fidelity to the Old Church. The leaflets now used in this School are those published by Rowsell & Hutchison, as advertised in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN. They have also taken the place of the "Evangelical" and International Leaflets in the principal Sunday-schools in the city. Thanks to the power of the press for this reformation!

**WRIGHT VS. SYNOD OF HURON.**—The Chancery suit for some time pending in the Court of Chancery has been decided, V. C. Proudfoot having given his decision in favour of the plaintiff, declaring that the act of the Synod was *ultra vires*.

**HURON COLLEGE.**—The College Council met in their hall on Friday, the 10th inst., his Lordship the Bishop in the chair. The business was not of public interest—a mere *pro forma* meeting.

**STRATHROY.**—One of the series of entertainments given by Ladies' Aid Society of St. John's Church, was given last week at the residence of Mrs. John Lenfesty, jr., and was an exceedingly pleasant affair. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental music. Miss Cutten sang very pleasingly "The Kerry Dane." Selections from the opera "Olivette," by Miss Moore, and "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," by Miss Gordon, were deservedly well received. Mr. Ackroyd's comic and sentimental songs, and Mr. Kirkpatrick's vocalisms were much admired. The refreshments were worthy of the fair ladies of Strathroy, than whom our parish churches have no more earnest and indefatigable "helpmeets."

**NORWICH.**—We are pleased to learn that the ladies of Trinity Church are actively preparing for the tea-meeting to be held in the Town Hall on the evening of the 13th inst., in aid of Church funds, Lambton. The church members here are up and doing: the congregation that have been "assembling themselves together" in the School-house, 4th Line, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Hyband, are about erecting a church edifice. Many people of the neighbourhood worship in Trinity Church, Watford, but it is felt that a church in the vicinity of the School-house is a necessity for that community. The sum of \$700 has already been subscribed for the object. Wherever there are a few earnest Christians and a clergyman, a sound Churchman, they must succeed in founding other outlying fortresses of the Church that will be impregnable to every assault.

## THE ORNAMENTS RUBRIC.

Continued.

Yet it must be remembered that England was never the slave of Rome; at the best she was a jealous, high-spirited subject, guarding her rights at every turn, and at times—and those not infrequent—breaking out into open mutiny. Witness Magna Charta, the statutes of Provisors and Præmunire; witness the attitude of William the Conqueror, Edward I., Edward III., and Richard II. England from the first knew the difference between the primacy, which makes the Pope the ministerial head of Christendom by ecclesiastical consent, and the supremacy, which elevates the Bishop of Rome into the head of the Church by divine appointment. The one is of human arrangement, and may be changed; the other would be of divine right, and could not be altered. The primacy is a necessity for administrative and executive purposes; the supremacy is a fond invention without foundation in Holy Scripture and early ecclesiastical history. The primacy of Rome is recognized in the œcumenical canons of the Church, and many of the ancient Fathers; the supremacy, never; it is a clever device of the Roman controversialist to obtain supremacy for the Pope, and proceed laboriously to prove the primacy. He need not be at the pains; historically Rome stands first among the sees of Christendom, but she is not by divine commission head of the Church, sitting in the place of Christ beneath the clouds and speaking in the stead of Christ with infallible voice. This is false, utterly and absolutely false.

But to return to England, she began well, and settled the crucial pivotal question admirably. She drove the Pope away from her shores as having no claim by divine authority upon her obedience; she doubtless would have gone on well enough, had she been left to herself, but she was not; swarms of continental fugitives came over, and found too often place and influence in shaping her affairs. The Lutheran and Sacramentarian elements, which had accomplished, not reformation, but revolution in Germany and Switzerland poured into England, and in coalition with congenial spirits formed what may be described by a general term as Puritanism. This, in its genius, we are not saying whether it is right or wrong, is utterly hostile to Catholicism, it spurns antiquity, it scoffs at spiritual authority, its rule of action, in so far as unlimited right of private judgment allowed it to have any rule, was to reject what Rome accepted, and as far as possible do just the opposite to what she did. This party grew apace, and with its constant agitation and noise, it made itself felt far beyond what its numbers and its merits deserved. The early Puritans as well as the Romanists, were for many years practically incorporated within the bosom of the Church of England. The Romanists formally withdrew in 1570, twelve years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, although they did not receive an organization until 1850. The Puritans unhappily remained until the accession of Charles II. in 1662, and all along during this period they were represented on the bench of Bishops, and in the ranks of the other clergy, and helped to shape the policy of the Church: in what direction that influence inclined or rather bore down, need scarcely be stated, it was directly against the true principles of Catholicity. Its very violence, however, ultimately saved the Church of England from ruin at its hands. Had it not been for this, humanly speaking, it would seem that the candlestick of the Church of England would have been removed and her light extinguished. Acts of insubordination and non-conformity grew apace during the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and lawlessness increased until they culminated in the great rebellion, and State and Church were swept down and crushed beneath the iron heel of Oliver Cromwell. The success of Puritanism involved its ultimate and overwhelming defeat. England endured the despotism, her condition during those eleven years was very similar to what history describes as the state of a land under a papal interdiction, she endured it until she was mad with impatience to be free, so eager was she to have her ancient system restored, that she rushed into the arms of her returning King, and received him without interposing any of those constitutional safeguards against tyranny, which cost her the revolution of 1688, to secure.

## Biblical Notes and Queries.

How far may a Christian exercise his personal freedom with respect to those things which are neither enjoined nor forbidden in Holy Scripture? Is he at liberty to always pursue his own pleasure in those things which he thinks to be innocent and harmless? May circumstances render that wrong which in itself is proper and right? What defer-

ence, if any, is he bound to pay to the feelings, the judgments, or the consciences of his brethren?  
C. M.

That St. James was not one of the Twelve Apostles is commonly asserted by the authorities, both ancient and modern. It becomes, therefore, an interesting question, who was St. James, and what office did he fill?  
B.

## Correspondence.

All Letters will appear with the names of the writers in full and we do not hold ourselves responsible for their opinions.

## THE CHURCH IN HURON

SIR,—The following appeared in the London Free Press of the 12th inst.

"The Missionary meeting of St. Paul's church here, was held on Friday evening, the 2nd inst. Most interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Henderson of the Canada Methodist Church, and W. F. Campbell, Diocesan Missionary Agent. Mr. Campbell's address was one of remarkable interest."

What is the Church coming to? I have nothing to say against Methodist preachers personally, but what have they to do with advocating the missionary work of the English Church, and appearing in our churches for that purpose? Have the clergy of the diocese of Huron so degenerated, that they have to call ministers of Methodism to their aid?

I notice that the *Evangelical Churchman* is out with a circular complaining most bitterly that it does not receive much support in the Huron diocese. No wonder, when they support proceedings that malign the Church upon every occasion, as if it were going to the bad.

Yours respectfully,

T. BROWNE.

Dec. 14th, 1881.

## TITHES.

SIR,—Much interesting and valuable information concerning tithes and endowments may be obtained from a little work by J. S. Brewer, M.A., entitled "The Endowment and Establishment of the Church of England," and which, being one of the S. P. C. K. publications, may be easily procured. The author refers to Ethelwulf's tithes, an account of which is given in the *CHURCHMAN* last week; and after shewing that "it has been much disputed whether the grant was intended to apply to the whole of England, or exclusively to the kingdom of Wessex, or only, which is more probable, to the demesne and hereditary estates." He disposes of the whole matter thus:—"The tithes and endowments now held by the Church of England, are not derived from this, or any other royal grant or confirmation, but came from a totally different source. As a legal document, if such it can be called, it was altogether invalid," for which conclusion he gives strong reasons.

The really obscure and intricate subject of tithes and endowments, both parochial and monastical, is thus traced through the long and checkered history of the Church extending over the Saxon and Norman periods, the period of the Reformation, and down to the present time; and the conclusion at which the author arrives, which he expresses throughout, and which he supports by many excellent authorities, is best stated in his own closing words:—"I have shown" he says, "by a careful and minute examination of its history that the endowments of the Church of England, whether in the shape of tithes, churches, or glebe-lands were not derived from the state, but were the voluntary offerings of its members. I have shown that the parochial tithes, to which the bishops surrendered all claim, and to which they now owe no part of their maintenance, were a charge made on their estates by the landlords of England, in order to secure the services of a regular minister—a voluntary charge they might have forborne, but having made, they and their successors were bound to fulfil, like any other contract. Whereas at first they might have withheld their tithes and settled them elsewhere, as they did in bestowing them on the monasteries, a clear proof they could not be national, custom, as in other instances, obtained the force of law, as it does now, and customary tithes became legally appropriated to certain churches." "In fact," he says in another place (page 87), "nothing can be more futile, preposterous, and absurd, than the popular notion that the parochial tithes and endowments of the Church of England were given by the nation as such, and were not the private charities of individuals, as much, to all intents and pu-

poses, as a subscription at a missionary sermon in a Baptist chapel, or a contribution at a Wesleyan centenary. Those lords had a right to withhold; but where they had given these tithes and endowments, and bound their estates for that purpose, their successors had no right to take them away, any more than they would now in the case of any chapel or hospital whatever without the consent of the owners." The same thing is shown, though much more briefly, by the Rev. J. H. Litcomb in "Gladius Ecclesie," who says (p. 55), "You must clearly understand that the old churches of England, instead of having been built and endowed by the State, arose from the piety of individual Christians, as much as the building of Independent and Baptist chapels do in the present day. It is only the fact of their antiquity, and the circumstance of their having been voluntarily presented to the Church of the nation, rather than to a mere party sect, which makes unthinking persons suppose that the state must have had something to do with their origin."

Yours, &amp;c.

T. W. PATERSON.

## BAPTISM IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

SIR,—In your "Biblical Notes &c." column of Dec. 8th there appears an item of information requiring further elucidation. J. R. L. says that in baptizing he always uses the name of the Lord Jesus. Now without going into the point raised by P. Tocque, and answered by J. R. L., and others, I have to ask is J. R. L. a clergyman of the Church of England? If so, whatever his "views" or ideas may be as to what the name of Jesus includes, by what right does he undertake to alter the formula provided by the Church as also following express Scripture, for the occasion? Is it possible that in our communion there can be this not merely lax, but I venture to say to most of us, doubtful, if not invalid administration of one of the sacraments generally necessary to salvation? And if J. R. L. is a clergyman of the Church, his action ought not to be passed over in silence.

Yours, &amp;c.,

WM. ROSS BROWN.

Dio. Montreal.

## ALGOMA.

SIR,—Will you kindly give me space in your next issue, gratefully to make the following acknowledgments: viz., a large case containing amongst other things, clothes for distribution, prizes for my Christmas trees, a small illustrated Bible for myself, the "Treasure Book of Devotional Reading" for Mrs. Crompton, a neat "Church Service" for my daughter, from the C. W. A. S. of Toronto, per Mrs. O'Reilly, president.

I am also requested by the Rev. Canon Mattier, rector of St. Paul's church, Clifton, England, to say that in response to an appeal of mine to a member of his congregation, he has had the offer of one hundred pounds sterling, on condition that other three hundred are raised, to "aid me in the important work of my extensive mission."

I trust the Rev. Canon may have his efforts crowned with success (and he writes very confidently), not only in raising the money proposed, but also in (as he says) "stirring up the zeal of his people by means of the Missionary Brotherhood which is formed in connection with his congregation."

I am told by my correspondent (an active lady member of Paul's) that they have "matins and evensong daily, a bi-weekly celebration of the Holy Communion, early celebration on Holy days, &c., &c.," which is sufficient to account for the rousing which their rector tells me about. Those who have and value the possession of true Church privileges are ever anxious that others shall partake of the same.

Of course the subscription list thus opened up at Clifton, England, can be shared in by any of our brethren here willing to do so; and I shall be only too happy to forward any names to the Rev. Canon Mattier, of those who are ready to be "one" with the brethren at St. Paul's. That our Almighty Father may be pleased to bless the efforts put for His glory, the good of His Church, and the salvation of souls, I trust will be the prayer of all our brethren, as well as that of yours, &c.,

WILLIAM CROMPTON.

Travelling Clergyman, Dio. of Toronto.  
Aspdin P. O., Dec. 11th, 1881.

\*\* Owing to the marked improvement in all branches of industry, good harvest and good prices, almost every family would take the Churchman if our friends would make known our liberal offer.



# Family Reading.

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

CHRISTMAS is a stirring time. At no other season of the year is so much culinary stirring done, and certainly at no other period are our feelings stirred to such utmost depths. Trade is stirred: though it may have languished languidly through the autumn months, with the approach of Christmas it puts on new strength, evidences new vitality, and correspondingly benefits by the animation of the stirring time. Picture the stir in the country boarding school at the close of the Michaelmas term. A hundred hearts stirred to their inmost fibre by anticipations of holidays at home. Countless activities of both boys and girls in the packing of innumerable boxes, and the directing of them to the utmost parts of the kingdom. A hundred tongues clattering interminably, as though full stops had been totally abolished, in the enjoyment of newly-found freedom. A thousand promises of everlasting friendship between those whose school curriculum is ended and those who leave the school but to return. Innumerable admonitions on the part of principal to beware of draughts and smoking-carriages upon the homeward journey; and then the start. Is there ever a more stirring time upon the little country railway station, where the one old, tried official fills the offices of booking clerk, ticket collector, and station master too? And then the stirring of the iron horse, who brings the tens of thousands of happy hearts to the haven of their brightest hopes, and who, more than any other thing, or other body, contributes to the union of happy families this joyful season. And while the children from the country are coming up to town, the youths of the great city are seeking the rural homes of childhood's days, and everywhere the country over has proved a stirring time.

Then Christmas is a stirring time at sea. The recollections of Christmas seasons past revive the sailor's heart, and with the same good cheer so popular on shore, he keeps his festival afloat. The captain's health is drunk, and, indeed what toast is not?

With such decorations as are available, the ship dons festival attire, and many a ringing cheer of three times three testifies to the heartiness of Christmas life at sea.

But we have said that at no other season in the year are our emotions stirred to such utmost depths, and it is well that it is so, for great is the need of sympathy and charity in this season of "goodwill towards men." If it be true, as all the good books tell us, that we must enjoy the pleasures that we give, how great a harvest ripens at our doors. A thousand opportunities surround us at every time whereby we may attain this truest joy; but Christmas seems to bring them nearer home to us as the Christmas spirit opens our eyes to their recognition and our hearts to their acceptance. From the robin who hops upon the window sill and boldly tells his need to the thousands of human beings who bide in quiet places to hide their poverty, there is incalculable occasion for the unostentatious charity that "vaunteth not itself," and "is not puffed up."

Of the very poor, God only knows the suffering; and though thriftlessness and vice may be the chief causes, we are not thereby absolved from the duties of the neighbour and the Samaritan, for how often is it that the unoffending are the keenest sufferers, since "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." In country places, where the circumstances of all are known, and where the old-fashioned Christmas hospitality is yet maintained, the hall and the rectory do much to succour suffering and to dalliate the misery that might abound; but in our wealthier cities, where the poor are huddled together out of sight, and therefore too often out of mind, the cries of the perishing mingle with the songs of the mirthful as they both ascend to the ear of Him whose birth is the basis of rejoicing, and who said, "the poor ye have always with you."

But there are many thousands besides the very poor to whom the sounds of festivity come like mockery, full of memories, perhaps, of brighter days, and mournful suggestions of what might have been—the genteel poverty that draws its scanty garments round about it to hide its barrenness from view, and shrinks from the festive gladness that minds it of "once upon a time."

Others are there whose homes have darkened windows, and whose firesides present a vacant chair. The voice that rang the cheeriest last Christmas season has rung its final peal, the ivy has supplanted the holly, and the clang of the Christmas chimes has been succeeded by the funeral knell. Hearts as well as homes have been desolated in the year that has passed away, and both need the cheering influence of Christmas spirit at this Christmas time. Our hospitals are full of suffering, and our goals are not beyond

the need of sympathy. The friends who are far away demand a kindly memory, and the Prodigal who has not "come to himself" a Christmas prayer.

The magnitude of human suffering baffles the boldest enterprises of philanthropy, and single-handed effort seems almost useless work; yet if each exerts his influence upon his immediate surroundings, like the influence of the pebble on the pond, the circles of humanizing influence shall go on extending until they touch the circumference of human need, and, being "twice blessed," embrace us all with the benedictions of Christian love.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Christmas tree in England is only a very modern custom, dating indeed no earlier than the marriage of Queen Victoria. In Germany, from whence Prince Albert brought it, it has flourished for many centuries. It is not every plant, however, which will acclimatize so well as has the Christmas tree, and once planted in England, it may be doubted whether any production of the most skilled gardener has ever become so speedily and so widely popular. In Germany the tree is arranged entirely by the senior members of the family, the children being kept entirely aloof until the tree is completed, and then they are invited to enjoy it. German settlers in America have carried the custom thither, and so on both hemispheres now flourishes the Christmas tree.

A new custom, however, has grown up within the last few years, which threatens to become as widely popular as a custom possibly can become—we mean the custom of giving and receiving Christmas cards.

The Christmas card is essentially an English institution, and its gigantic development during the short time it has existed is unparalleled in the annals of publishing. To say that millions upon millions of these cards are circulated annually is to give but a poor idea of the vast enterprise which has grown up of late in connection with this last addition to the role of Christmas customs.

## ROYAL CHRISTMASSES.

MANY interesting particulars of how Christmas was kept by our Sovereigns in days gone by have been bequeathed to us, from which it appears that it was not only celebrated with the utmost hospitality and splendour, but was the occasion for the most extensive festivities, which, says an old writer, exceeded those of any other realm in Europe. Thus, going as far back as the time of William the Conqueror, we read how this monarch kept the festival in the year 1085 at Gloucester, when its observance was marked with every outward show worthy of a state ceremonial. Later on, Henry II., following the example of his predecessors, honoured this anniversary with profuse feasting, plays and masques forming part of the Royal festivities; and it is related that in the year 1171 he kept his Christmas at Dublin, when a wooden house was specially erected for the occasion. Still more imposing was the feasting which took place in Westminster Hall, where many of our Sovereigns from time to time held their Christmas. We even read, too, how, when Henry III., in the year 1248, stayed at Winchester, he commanded his Treasurer "to fill the King's great hall from Christmas Day to the Day of Circumcision with poor people, and feast them there; and it is further on record how Edward II. in the year 1320, kept Christmas at Westminster Hall "with great honour and glorie." Referring more, however, to the feasting connected with this season, some idea of the extent to which it was carried may be gathered from the fact that, in 1241, Henry III. gave orders to the Sheriff of Gloucester to buy twenty salmons for the Christmas pies; and in the books of the Salters' Company, London, we find the following:—Receipt—Fit to make a moost choyce Paaste of Gamys to be eten at ye Feste of Chrystmasse" (17th Richard II., A.D. 1394). A pie so made by the company's cook in 1836 was found excellent. It consisted of a pheasant, hare, and capon; two partridges, two pigeons, and two rabbits: all boned and put into paste in the shape of a bird, with the livers and hearts, two mutton kidneys, forced meats, and egg balls, seasoning, spice, catsup, and pickled mushrooms, filled up with gravy made from the various bones." Indeed, the more we read of the festive doings of our early Sovereigns at this season, the more it must be admitted that they far exceeded those of after years; and at the present day, it would create no small sensation, if our worthy Queen, after the example of Richard III., should "wear the crown, and hold a splendid feast in Westminster Hall, similar to that of a coronation."

Apart, however, from the feasting of these Royal festivities, various diversions on a very elaborate scale were kept up, neither trouble nor expense being spared to make them as grand as possible. Then, in the revels of the olden times, the mummers occupied

a prominent place, and we are informed that in 1400, when Henry IV. was holding his Christmas at Eltham, he was visited by twelve aldermen and their sons as mummers, and that these imposing personages "had great thanks" from his Majesty for their performance. This kind of diversion, however, did not find equal favour with all our Sovereigns, for Henry VIII. issued an ordinance against the Christmas pastime, declaring all those who disobeyed his command liable to be arrested and put in prison for three months.

The Lord of Misrule, again, was an important personage in the Royal festivities of former years—his duties consisting in directing the numerous revels of the season. Thus Stow in his "Survey of London," speaking of this custom, says:—"In the feast of Christmas there was in the King's house, wheresoever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disports." It appears that some of our Sovereigns expended large sums of money upon the sports of the Lord of Misrule, various entries occurring in the "Privy Purse Expenses." Thus, for instance, in those of Henry VII. we find such items as these:—"To the Abbot of Misrule, in rewarde, £6 18s. 4d.," and "To Jacques Haulte, in full payment for the disguising at Christenmas, £32 18s. 6d." At Court, too, the Lord of Misrule was generally a writer of plays, and the post was not unfrequently held by a poet of some reputation. Such was George Ferrers, "in whose pastimes," we are told by Warton, "Edward VI. had great delight," and Hohngshed further tells us that "being of better calling than commonly his predecessors had been before, he received all his commissions and warrants by the name of the King's Pastimes." In spite, however, of the encouragement which the Lord of Misrule and his merry doings met with at Court, yet there can be no doubt that scandalous abuses often resulted from the exuberant licence assumed by him. Stubbs, a Puritan writer in the time of Elizabeth, denounces the Lord of Misrule as "a grand captain of mischief," and has left us a full account of the extravagant acts of this mock officer.

Another characteristic of observance of Christmas at Court in years gone by was the performance of various plays, which, it seems, were often conducted on a magnificent scale. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth these were much encouraged; and it has been suggested that even Shakspeare himself may have acted before the Queen at Christmas. At any rate, one Christmas play which was highly popular was that of "St. George;" and we know that on different occasions the children of St. Paul's and Westminster not only performed before Elizabeth, but that in 1592 the heads of Colleges at Cambridge had the honour of acting a Latin comedy before her. In the ensuing reigns of James I. and Charles I. these plays and revels continued to be the fashion, but with the Commonwealth all was changed. Evelyn tells us that, in 1654, there was not even a church open, so that he had "to pass the devotions of that Blessed Day with his family at home." After this period Christmas observances at Court never regained their former grandeur. A Christmas pastime, however, which found special favour with Charles II. was gaming at the groom-porter's, an attraction which retained its popularity as late as the reign of George III. The groom-porter of old, says Mr. Timbs, in his "Romance of London," "is described as an officer of the Royal Household whose business it was to see the King's lodging furnished with tables, stools, chairs, and firing: as, also, to provide dice, &c. Formerly he was allowed to keep an open gambling-table at Christmas." Among other ancient customs, we are told how a branch of the Glastonbury thorn used to be presented to the King and Queen of England on Christmas morning. Carol-singing, too, seems to have formed a part of the Royal festivities, and to have gladdened the Court feasts.

Although in modern years a great part of the festivities with which our Sovereigns once celebrated this joyous season are now things of the past, yet during the present reign many a charitable custom and hospitable practice have been instituted which, if lacking the grandeur of the state pageants and revels of bygone times, are, perhaps, more suitable to the proper observance of a festival which is essentially of a homely character. At the Royal table at Windsor Castle, a noted joint is the "Baron of Beef;" and the Boar's Head, which from time immemorial has been an important item of Christmas fare in England, still regularly makes its appearance at the state Christmas banquet.

## WOULD NOT BREAK HIS WORD.

THAT saying, "To be faithful in little things is something great," is nowhere truer than in respect to keeping one's engagements. The eminent man in the following interesting anecdote kept his word for the sake of the child, yet possibly he himself received the greater benefit from an act such as builds up a

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character, and will long be remembered to his praise. "He that is faithful in the least is faithful in all."

The English general, Sir Walter Napier, while walking one day in the environs of a town, saw a little girl five years of age who was sobbing bitterly, while gazing in dismay at the remains of a broken dish lying at her feet.

"I was bringing my father his dinner," she said, and I shall be beaten when I go home for having been so careless." But on seeing the benevolent expression of the old soldier, a ray of hope revived, and she said to him, with all the *naivete* of youth, "Can you mend it for me?"

The general could not undertake to do that, but he said he would give her the money to buy another, and took out his purse for that purpose. Unfortunately, he happened that he had no small change, and so he promised to come back the next day, at the same hour, and give her the promised sum, and the child went away quite comforted, and trusting to his word.

On going home, the general found an invitation to dinner for the following day at Bath, to meet some friends whom he was very desirous of seeing. But as Bath was some considerable distance from the town where he was then living, how could he avail himself of the invitation without disappointing the little girl? Under these circumstances he declined the invitation on the score of a previous engagement, thus preferring to lose the pleasure of seeing his friends to depriving the little girl who had trusted him.

#### THE BELL'S STORY, TOLL'D BY ITSELF.

I AM getting into years now, and notwithstanding that I now essay to tell my own story, I'm not so fond of hearing myself speak as once I was. The fact is the older we grow the less we care for being pulled about; besides which I have taken part in so many great occasions, and buried so many respectable citizens, that, in these days when great events are few, I weary of continued tolling over money-grubbing misers, whose lives belie the texts upon their tombs.

But I will not be cynical, for wheat grows thickly still, in spite of tares, and there is much of good, though often mixed with evil, and if I do toll solemnly a miser's dirge, no one joins more heartily than I do in rejoicing at a maiden's bridal.

It was in the days of "good Queen Bess," that I began my public life, when the Maypole and the morris dance were the rustics' chief amusements, and I shall not readily forget the circumstances of my elevation to this post of honour. It was much more common to hang men than bells in those days, so my nomenclature wore an air of novelty which would not have characterized the execution of a citizen.

The tower of this old church had just been completed, if a tower can be called complete without a bell, and the mayor and the citizens, with the old white-headed parson, met in consultation grave to consider the importance of my existence. The mayor, who had visited Holland, spoke with authority and weight, illustrating his argument by his travel and experiences, and eventually it was decided that I should be, and that being, I should be appointed to my present sphere of labour.

Corporations, however, move but slowly, and although I was immediately ordered and executed without delay, I should not have been so speedily elevated but for a circumstance of political importance to our town. I had been lifted as high as the belfry floor, and was waiting the completion of my arrangements, when, looking through the belfry window, I saw one evening a military horseman galloping along the London road. Approaching nearer he attracted the attention of the citizens upon the walls, and the keeper of the great gate immediately closed his portals to await the arrival of the messenger. His story was soon told. Her Majesty, the good Queen, had commenced a State progress, and would visit our own anon, of which intent she thus apprised the mayor, that he might do his diligences to give her a dutiful reception.

I have seen our town in most exciting times, but never within so little space have I seen so much accomplished. The Queen's messenger was entertained in a worshipful society in a manner befitting both his mistress and his host, and while every citizen was busy at the adornment of the town, he lingered in "his worship's" household and made conquest of his laughter's heart. I am not likely to forget this happy pair, for they came to see me, hand in hand, when, in expectation of the royal visit, I was quickly hoisted to my place, and as I sounded my first boom above the eager city, she gave the prettiest of shudders as she crammed her little fists into her ears, and then, leaning on her lover's arm, hastened to the belfry stairs. I have always regretted the rudeness with which I touched her tender ears, but we, who have public duties to perform, are often deemed uncouth by reason of the energy with which we do them. I made amends for it, however, in after days, for no bell

ever pealed more lustily than I did at her marriage, when the dashing soldier claimed his prize of pink and white and carried her to London.

The Queen's visit, of course, was in everybody's thoughts until the great event was over, and, indeed, a great while after that, and my first duty in my elevated sphere was that of ringing her my heartiest welcome; and, though it seems like boasting, I'm quite sure it's true that if our worthy citizens were more proud of one thing than another on that day it was that I was there to lend the day *eclat*.

Time rolled on, and I was pretty busy with the ordinary duties of my office, ringing the citizens to church, to wedding, and to burial, and sounding the passing chime to excite the prayers of the faithful for the sorrowful and the dying.

A few years after my suspension a very solemn duty became my lot, namely, that of tolling for the 100,000 Huguenots who had been massacred on St. Bartholomew. I have known bells who on that fatal night sounded the signal of blood, bells, too, with whom, but for this act, I might have claimed relationship; but, taking part in such a fearful carnage, they are no kin of mine, yet I must mourn them and their evil deeds. How like to human life is mine, then, after all: one bids men rise to violence and crime, another bids them mourn o'er death and shame.

As history proceeded I chronicled successive great events, while fulfilling my daily round of duty in between. One day I sounded the funeral chime above the ashes of "good Queen Bess," and almost immediately after heralded the coronation of the Scottish king. A few more years and I gave expression to the citizens' rejoicing at the failure of Guy Fawkes' conspiracy and the safety of King James I.

The most exciting period of my life, however, was that which followed the accession of King Charles I. It was some time before I could quite understand the feeling of unrest so evident among the people at this time, but by degrees it dawned upon me that serious differences must soon arise. Eager groups of citizens gathered daily in the market place to discuss the many rumours to which credulity gives ear and weight. The last news of the King and Parliament was anticipated with the greatest excitement, and everything portended a coming storm. Many a time have I looked from my belfry window and watched the messengers, as with hot, impetuous haste they galloped towards the town. With what an earnest interest were they awaited at the gate, and how eagerly the latest news was canvassed when it came.

But worse than news awaited our devoted town, for with the outbreak of the Civil War the Cavaliers and Roundheads each in turn menaced our borders and disturbed our peace. Then on one dreadful night I heard the clatter of a hundred horsemen galloping towards us. In a very few moments I was pealing out my call to arms, and the whole city was astir. The horsemen proved to be a small detachment of the Parliamentary army, who, far outnumbered by the Royalists, sought shelter in our town. Up to this time our people had maintained a neutral ground, and not until the Ironsides were in our borders did we declare for liberty and right. In eager haste the Royalists pursued them, and met their fire from our city walls. Fierce was the conflict until early morning, and I rang out my loudest until dawn. At last the main Cromwellian army hove in sight. With one determined onslaught the Royalists attempted to storm the town, but, failing, hastened to escape the force that threatened them behind. Of course the Roundheads followed in hot pursuit, and left us with the dead and wounded to assuage and bury.

I think I never tolled so solemnly as at that wholesale funeral. The fight had scarcely lasted for two hours, yet fifty-three had forfeited their lives, and as we laid them out for burial scarcely a word was spoken, while tears fell fast and thick for friend and foe. One figure there I never shall forget. He was a young Royalist officer, with ringlets hanging half-way to his waist; bare-headed there he lay upon the ground, a sword-pierce in his breast. We drew his right hand from his bosom to lay him straight, and clutched within his hand there were the fragments of a maiden's miniature smeared with blood and bound about with hair more golden than his own. The pictured face had gone—the sword that smote him had sent it to his heart.

I saw no more of this unholy strife, and for a long time after remained a dumb spectator of Cromwellian rule. Bells were deemed Romish in those days, and Romish folk who did not want their tongues cut held them. I shall not complain of Cromwell's government, but yet I must confess I rang a lusty note when Charles II. took the reins in hand, and once again was heard the simple music of the country dance. Of all that followed there is not much to tell. Of course I joined with other bells in leading national rejoicings and mourning public loss, but on the incidents of my more modern life I do not care to linger. Indeed, the only thing I care for now is week by week to sound the hour of prayer, and year by year to join in Christmas chimes.

Three hundred years is a full long career, and now

that I am old, and some say cracked, these songs of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men" become me better than a call to arms. But look, I see the Christmas dawning in the east, and hear the flutter of angelic wings. Pull! pull! old, honest sexton, and the world shall know that I've life left yet.

#### UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Ye who have scorned each other,  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye who, by word or deed,  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come gather here.

Let sinned against and sinning  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now;  
Be links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,  
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,  
Sister, friend, and brother,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Mother and sire and child,  
Young man and maiden mild,  
Come gather here!

And let your hearts grow fonder,  
As memory shall ponder  
Each past unbroken vow;  
Old loves and younger wooing,  
Are sweet in the renewing,  
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,  
Estranged from hope and gladness,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye with o'erburdened mind,  
Made aliens from your kind,  
Come gather here!

Let not the useless sorrow  
Pursue you night and morrow.  
If e'er you hoped, how now,  
Take heart; uncloud your faces,  
And join in our embraces,  
Under the Holly Bough.

#### SAY "GOOD MORNING."

DON'T forget to say "Good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully, and with a smile; it will do you good, and will do your friends good.

There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning," heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of all kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly.

#### THE GOOD NEWS.

A New Zealand girl was taken to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said, "Why go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people—everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said; "do you think that I could keep the 'Good News' to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they may get it too? I would go if I had to swim there!"

Each of our present readers can send us one new subscriber without much trouble, and a great many can send half a dozen or more.

## Children's Department.

### MERRY OLD SANTA CLAUS.

THE history, or perhaps we should say the biography, of Santa Claus is shrouded in considerable mystery. Like all other persons and institutions that have survived remote antiquity, his antecedents become fainter and fainter the farther we pursue them, until finally they disappear in the far-off perspective of the ages.

Patron saints in some form or other, and good spirits that reward the virtuous, have existed for many thousands of years, at least in the imagination of their faithful devotees, and among them Santa Claus has grown to a good and, it need hardly be added, an honoured old age.

Where he lives during the summer months history does not decide, and how he occupies his time from year to year is a matter of perplexity only to those who do not sufficiently realize the immense record that he keeps of childhood's ever-varying behaviour.

If we apply to him an ordinary standard and judge him by his works, we must accord him a foremost position among the philanthropists of all times—certainly no other ever undertook such beneficent work, or attempted it on so gigantic a scale. And when we reflect upon the immense amount of pleasure derived each Christmas time from the anticipation and realization of his acts, we are inclined to doubt whether, after all, we do not gain more pleasure from imagination than from reality, unless indeed it is that under Santa Claus's kindly guidance imagination and reality go hand in hand, and are equal factors in our pleasure.

### ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"T WAS the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said,  
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;  
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs,  
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,  
That they must retire precisely at seven  
Instead of eight: for they troubled him more  
With questions unheard of than ever before.  
He told them he thought this delusion a sin,  
No such thing as "Santa Claus" ever had been,  
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.  
And this is the reason why two little heads  
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.

Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten—  
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;  
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,  
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"  
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,  
"I've tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;  
For somehow it makes me so sorry because  
Dear papa had said there is no 'Santa Claus';  
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,  
For he came every year before mamma died;  
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,  
And God would hear everything mamma would say,  
And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here  
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."  
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did then,  
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"  
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more  
Four bare little feet bounded out on the floor,  
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,  
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe  
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive,  
You must wait just as still till I say amen,  
And by that time you will know that your turn has come then—  
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,  
And grant us the favour we're asking of Thee:  
I want a nice book full of pictures, a ring,  
A writing desk, too, that shuts with a spring.  
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see  
That Santa Claus loves us as much even as he;  
Don't let him get fretful and angry again  
At dear brother Willie and Annie, amen!"  
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus come down to-night,  
And bring us some presents before it is 'ight,  
I want he sould dive me a bright little box,  
Full of ac'obats, some other nice blocks,  
And a bag full of tandy, a book, and a toy,

Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."  
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,  
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;  
They were soon lost in slumber—both peaceful and deep,  
And with fairies in dream-land were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten  
Ere the father thought of his children again;  
He seems now to hear Annie's half-smothered sighs,  
And to see the big tears standing in Willie's blue eyes.  
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,  
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;  
But when I was troubled—my feelings found vent,  
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.  
But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,  
But then I denied them the thrice asked-for kiss;  
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door,  
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."  
So saying he softly ascended the stairs,  
And arriving at their door heard both their prayers.  
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,  
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.  
"Strange, strange, I've forgotten," he said with a sigh,  
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.  
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,  
"By answering their prayers, ere I sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,  
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,  
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street—

A millionaire facing the cold winter sleet;  
He first went to a wonderful "Santa Claus" store  
(He knew it, for he'd passed it the day before),  
And there he found crowds on the same errand as he,  
Making purchase of presents, with glad heart and free,  
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything  
From a box full of candy to a tiny gold ring.  
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store  
That the various presents outnumbered a score!  
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,  
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 't was stowed.

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,  
By the side of a table spread out for tea;  
A writing desk then in the centre was laid,  
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed;  
Four acrobats painted in yellow and red  
Stood with a block house on a beautiful sled;  
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,

And birds of all colours were perched in the tree;  
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,  
As if getting ready for more presents to drop;  
And as the fond father the picture surveyed  
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;  
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,  
"I'm happier to-night than I have been for a year.  
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before.  
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent more?  
Hereafter I'll make it a rule I believe,  
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."  
So thinking he gently extinguished the light,  
And tripped down stairs to retire for the night.  
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun  
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,  
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,  
And at the same moment the presents espied.  
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound  
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found;  
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,  
And shouted for papa to come quick and see  
What presents old Santa Claus had brought in the night  
(Just the things they had wanted) and left before light.

"And now," said Annie, in a voice soft and low,  
"You'll believe there 's a Santa Claus, papa, I know!"  
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,  
Determined no secret between them should be;  
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said,  
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,  
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,  
And that God, up in heaven, had answered her prayer!  
"Then we dot up and prayed dust as well as we could,  
And Dod answered our prayers; now wasn't He dood?"  
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,  
And He knew just what presents my children would please.  
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,  
'T would be cruel to tell him I did it myself)."

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?  
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?  
'T was the Being who bade you steal softly up-stairs,  
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

### A GOLDEN SACRIFICE; OR, CYNTHIA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### SPRING.

AN old house, set in fresh greenery, lighted up by the rays of the pale sunlight, standing far back from the road, and nestling lovingly under the shadows of giant hills. An atmosphere so still and calm, that the rustling murmur of the leaves can be heard now and again in the pauses of the conversation that is being carried on by the two figures slowly walking up the beech-wood avenue, one with downcast eyes and slightly flushed cheeks, the other gazing dreamily at his companion as he speaks.

It needs but a glance at the scene to read the story so old and well-known, so new and fraught with such tender interest to so many young hearts; and yet this tall, handsome man, and gentle fair-haired maiden, are not quite lovers; albeit heart has almost spoken to heart in the language of the eyes.

She speaks presently, a little shy trembling in her voice, a quick, half petulant movement, turning her face a little from him. "So you actually return to town to-morrow, Mr. Redruth?"

"Yes," he replies, sighing; "I am sorry to say my holiday must come to an end, like all other earthly pleasures; and, until merry Christmas, I am afraid I shall not see the woodland and the mountain-side again."

"You will not quite forget us, I hope, in your gay London life, or cease to remember how much we shall rejoice at your success now that your picture is accepted, Mr. Redruth, and the high road of fortune is before you?"

"I shall never forget the month I have spent here," he returns, very earnestly. "Most of all I shall cherish the remembrance of your mother's hospitality and kindness, and—and—"

"Well, and why not finish the sentence, Mr. Redruth?" inquires the blushing girl.

"Because I cannot say what I would—because I am a poor, struggling artist, and you are Cynthia Walters, of The Retreat," he replies, with a gloomy, suppressed bitterness in his tone.

The young lady flushes an eager, fond look at the set face and compressed lips; then drops her eyes again to the ground.

He continues presently, pushing his hat far back from his high forehead with a reckless gesture:—"Yes, Miss Walters, we who are poor and struggling, whose only wealth is our appreciation and love of the beautiful in nature and art—we dare not dream of such luxuries as love and happiness, and a home made happy by a dear wife and little children; or if we do, it must be that we keep the bright visions a secret from those not of our world."

"And am I not of your world, Mr. Redruth? Do we not, too, commune with nature in our solitude here? Ah, yes! You are unjust to yourself, to mamma, and to me."

"No, Miss Walters; I must go away, must leave the words unsaid, till Fortune has smiled on me and poured some of her gifts into my lap."

"Mr. Redruth—Claude, it is noble of you, brave and honest, but I cannot blame you. I do not think of your words except with kindness; and when you are gone, and I am left to lonely solitude once again, I shall not think less of you for your manly goodness."

"Miss Walters—Cynthia," he returns, "If I cared for you less, I would not leave you thus; but do you not see the terrible temptation you hold out to me? Even supposing that we are not mistaken—that we do love each other with all our hearts, where is it to end? How would it fare with me if your mother and friends refused their consent to our union? I should be reckless, mad, caring naught for my profession or future prospects; and you—well, you would be cherishing a secret sorrow that would help to blight and canker your young life."

"I do not know but that you are right, Claude," she answers, drearily. Then she burst into a passion of tears, and walks rapidly, Claude following with a nervous twitching of the features, and a great sorrow at his heart.

And while they wander through the leafy glade, amid the blue bells' mist and primrose glow, we will tell the history of this strange meeting, this wonderful conversation, spoken so softly under the whispering trees.

Years before, in a shabby street in a London suburb, a young artist brought home his bride in the black autumn time, after the short but happy honeymoon he had managed to afford the money by unheard of thrift and self-denial; for he was a brave

man was George Redruth, and he had married a lady a dark, queenly woman, who idolized her husband; who had been cut off from kith and kin for her mad folly, and had been spoken off by those who should have been nearest and dearest as one dead, for whom no mourning was to be worn or tear shed.

Her favourite sister even would not listen to her pleading, but drew herself up haughtily, and declared she would do even as she rest did should her sister thus disgrace their honoured name.

But even this did not quench the great love of her heart for the man of her choice. And so, in the late summer, she had given her hand with her heart to her artist husband, and began a humble life of struggling, and drank the cup of bitter poverty to the very dregs. Nothing seemed to prosper with them—children were born and died, as if a blight rested upon them; and, worst of all, half-maddened with disappointment and trouble, George Redruth took to drinking hard, and one day was brought home by a kind-hearted neighbour, very trembling and sick, and taking to his bed, had never risen again. So the poor woman who had defied fate, and chosen her own destiny, was left alone with one child, her latest-born her darling Claude.

"I must be a painter, mother," he said, throwing his arms round her neck lovingly; "and I feel I shall succeed."

Then, with many tearful prayers, she had consented, and the handsome lad began his studies. There was no difficulty about that matter, for Claude had made many friends. And so the quiet time sped on, and the mother and son were quite happy in their quiet home. He made such giant strides in his art that all manner of great things were prophesied of him, and he had not falsified the prediction of old and experienced men.

He had painted a great picture in the autumn, and it had been accepted for the Academy for the coming season. So, leaving his mother, he had taken a holiday in this early spring-time; had come down to Ruthvin, perchance to meet his fate.

It was a lovely Sunday morning when he entered the old church, and sat him down, and looked around admiringly at the ancient inscriptions, speaking so eloquently of by-gone days. His reverie would probably have been of long continuance but for the entrance of a grand lady, whose rustling silks brought him back to the present time rather abruptly. Then he looked up, to meet her gaze fixed on him wonderingly. But only for a moment thus, then she had passed on and joined her companion, who had already reached her seat; and the service commencing drove the strange incident from Claude Redruth's thoughts.

The same glance—half fear, half curiosity—as she passed on her way out; but this time he had no eyes for the look, no thought for the meaning of it. For, following her, with downcast looks, came another figure, on whom his attention was riveted, who caused his heart to beat quickly, and the colour to flush into his cheek. A fair, golden-haired girl, with a dainty little face, and eyes as blue as the heavens. She happened to look up at once, and Claude drew in his breath almost with a sigh.

Half-wonderingly, he mechanically followed them out.

"Who are those ladies?" he asked of the sexton, who stood, hat in hand, as they drove off.

"They, sir?" Oh, they be Mrs. Walters and Miss Cynthia, from 'The Retreat' up in the Parkyon. Powerful rich, sir, and nice people."

So, in the tender spring, while the buds were bursting into leaf, and the birds were singing their love-songs in the thicket, Cynthia Walters and Claude Redruth met in the sweet-scented woods.

He was sketching the a half-ruined tower—a ray of sunlight hovering around his head, and lingering upon his velvet coat; and so eager was he to catch the light and shade, that he did not hear the footfalls till Mrs. Walters and Cynthia stood before him. Then had followed explanations and pleasant words, and with frank grace he had introduced himself.

"My name is Claude Redruth," he said, gently; "and I am afraid I am trespassing. But this old ruin was too much for my prudence, and I hope I may be forgiven."

"Claude Redruth!" echoed Mrs. Walters, in trembling accents, and she hastily dropped her veil, to hide the great tears brimming over in her eyes.

Cynthia looked shyly at the artist, and the picture by turns; her heart beating mean-while with a strange quickness. So the meetings had continued till the ivy tower was completed, and the Mrs. Walters invited Claude to stay with them.

And Claude, looking up at Cynthia's eager face, had consented; and so the golden hours sped on, and Cynthia was in love.

The lovers had a long, happy walk through the brakes and hollows this happy day, each full of joy and hope. In the quiet eventide, they are kneeling side by side at Mrs. Walters' feet, with all their love history set in their dim eyes. And she, this proud lady, clasps their hands tenderly, and answers them

gently, and with great emotion in her voice. "Wait until Christmas, Mr. Redruth; and then, if Cynthia and yourself are of the same mind, I may not refuse my consent."

## CHAPTER II.

### SUMMER.

"FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!" The sound rings through the air in the still summer morn, waking the echoes in terrible alarm. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" caught up by a score of hoarse voices, calling frantically to each other, as they tear away in mad excitement to the various stations where the engines are kept.

The alarming cry is heard by Claude Redruth while on his way home from a late party. The glare of the flames, as well as the shouts, guide him to the spot, and he is soon in front of the burning building. His first inquiry is for the inmates, and he is informed that all are safe in a mansion opposite; but at this moment a young girl appears at one of the windows, and cries piteously for help. The crowd can see the flames from behind gathering around her. "Is there no ladder handy?" he appeals, for ne-escapes or engines are yet within sight.

"There is one round the corner at a new building," exclaims a voice, and in a moment there is a rush to secure it.

In a few moments the ladder is brought upon the scene: and ere it is fully raised, Claude is half-way up. Another moment, the young girl is snatched from her perilous position, and Claude descends in safety with his now insensible burden. There is a ringing cheer, and a benevolent-looking gentleman grasps him by the arm, and leads him to the mansion opposite, when are assembled the late inmates of the burning house.

The insensible girl is soon taken from his arms by kindly female hands; and then Claude hears that it is Clara Walters—Cynthia's sister—whom he has saved.

"This is Mr. Redruth, the preserver of your life, Miss Walters," said Mr. Marsden the owner of the building with great feeling in his voice. "I have tried to thank him, and so have we all; but only you can say how much we are indebted to him."

She stepped forward eagerly, with quick earnestness.

"Mr. Redruth!" she said. Then, without another word, she held out both hands to him, and they stood gazing at each other, feeling the trembling of the heart, the eager look of curiosity, was too great for words.

They are at breakfast presently, and he is listening to the pleasant congratulation, the kindly word of praise and thanks. Mr. Marsden presses him warmly to come and see them again, and Clara pleads eloquently, too, and he promises, thinking loyally of Cynthia mean-while.

He departs at last, and Clara goes to her chamber, and, sitting down before her mirror, muses, with palpitating heart.

"Where have I seen his face?" she murmurs; "has it come to me in my dreams, or in the picture that I have seen? And he loves Cynthia; I am sure of it now, though she has been so mysterious. This, then, is the artist they have had at home during my absence! But does he love Cynthia, or is it only—"

The self-communion is broken off here, and slowly and thoughtfully Clara descends to the drawing-room.

But the most grateful feeling to the young man's heart was his mother's fond pride and delight. He had knelt at her feet after his great triumph, and she had smothered back the ebon curls with loving fondness. Then he had told her his love idyll—had babled of Cynthia—darling, golden-haired Cynthia.

"You have not told me your lady-love's other name," she said. "What is it, dearest boy?"

"Did I not, mother?" he returned, smilingly. "Cynthia Walters, of The Retreat, Ruthvin. There you have it, and the address as well—chapter and verse all in full."

Very slowly the mother's face changed, the lips closed, the eyes filled with a dusky fire.

"My boy," she said, hoarsely,—"my Claude, would it hurt you very much if I asked you to give up this dream?—if I had reason to dislike these people—if they had done me a wrong? Ray, my son, would it pain you very much?"

"Mother," he replied, "what can you know of them? How can they have ever injured us by word or deed? If I had to give up thinking of Cynthia, mother, my heart would break?"

"God speed and prosper you in your wooing, then, Claude! Win her and woe her, if you can!"

Mrs. Walters had written to him a mother's gratitude, and Cynthia had poured out all her heart; and more gloomy grew his frank, cheerful face as time went on. Clara was to have gone home, but Mr. Marsden pleaded hard for her to remain, and she herself seemed rather to prefer to stay in the town a little longer; so Mrs. Walters gave way.

And she, too—this bright, sunny, dark-haired maiden,—lost her smile, and would sit hours together, brooding and thinking, till she grew pale and wan. Claude was rarely absent from her side, but haunted her like a shadow; and she—she never lived now but in his presence.

There was a tacit sort of understanding that Cynthia and home must not be spoken of between them; and they looked guilty at each other, if the forbidden topic came uppermost, with stealthy looks of love.

It is late in the season now, and they are sitting in the Square, speaking lowly, half-under their breath.

"Clara," he says, suddenly,—"Clara, darling?"

"Yes, Claude," she answers, eagerly. "Oh, Claude, don't look at me like that!"

"I must say it, Clara, now that you are leaving, and I may never see you more; for how can I face Cynthia, loving you as I do?"

"Claude," she exclaims, in a choked voice, you must not speak to me thus. Your heart is not your own—it is Cynthia's; and I—"

Then she turns away, sobbing.

This was the "Summer" of Clara's hope and Cynthia's love-dream.

## CHAPTER III.

### AUTUMN.

THE leaves were changing colour and dropping from the trees when Clara Walters reached home in the autumn twilight. Very nervous and trembling, her heart beating fast, her face now flushed with crimson, now white as snow, she met Cynthia and her mother. It was terrible to have to press their lips lovingly; to listen to their gentle words of affectionate solicitude; and, above all, when the twilight came, and the wind whispered softly round the house, as if mocking her with its knowledge of her treacherous secret, to hear them speak of Claude. Knowing what she did—that his heart had gone from her sister for ever and ever—that she held the key to his future life in her possession—she grew sick and faint, a great dread overshadowing her.

So, as the days passed on, Clara grew thinner and paler, and the dark eyes caught more than ever the shadows in their deep depth. At first, the fond mother petted her, and Cynthia made much of her, they deciding between themselves that darling Clara had not yet recovered from the shock of that awful peril in which she was placed when Claude had rushed so madly to her rescue.

Cynthia, too, was beginning to feel a vague anxiety that was now and very alarming to the fair girl. Claude's letters that had been so true and beautiful that they read to her like prose poems, began to grow shorter and colder, jerky and disjointed, sadly lacking that enthusiastic, ringing tone so delightful to the love-sick girl in the early days of courtship.

Sometimes Clara would surprise her sister sitting lonely and sad, with clasped hands listlessly folded before her, the blue eyes filled with tears, the lids drooping heavily, a quiver of untold trouble on the scarlet lips. Then she would kneel beside her kissing her gratefully, almost humbly, great sobs half-choking her.

"What is it, Cynthia—what is your trouble, my darling?" she would say.

And the answer, whispered in trembling, sobbing accents, would be, "Claude, darling! Clara, Claude! I love him so dearly, I shall die if he does not come to me soon!"

Then, with lips compressed, the passionate heart beating madly, Clara would leave her sister to her grief; and locking herself in her room, would kneel down, praying with all her soul for this man's love, forgetting everything—sister, mother, home, friends—everything but the one desire of her heart, that Claude Redruth should be hers; that she might win and wear him, losing the world for love, and counting the world well lost. It was a mad infatuation—a reckless rushing on to fate; trusting to the goddess Fortune to give her happiness. But what was she to do? It was as useless for her to struggle against it, as it would be to attempt to stop the tide in its ebb and flow.

It was a glorious night when the fair Cynthia, for the first time had the scales taken from her eyes. Clara had retired early, kissing her mother and her sister languidly, and speaking in a tone afar off, and sounding strangely distant to them all. The mother and daughter sat talking together, wondering anxiously why it was that their daughter had changed so much.

Then they separate, Cynthia going to her room, where Clara is sleeping calmly. The autumn moon is at her full, and as Cynthia pulls aside the curtains, the light streams in, irradiating Clara's face with a superb ray of silver sheen. For a moment, Cynthia watches her curiously; then the red lips move as she approaches the bed. With a choking sob in her throat, Cynthia looks, and listens to the words of the dreamer, marking the tear-drops swiftly coursing each

other down Clara's pale cheeks; repeating after her, just over her breath, the pregnant words her sleeping sister is uttering:—"Claude—Claude! she cannot care for you as I do, for I love you with all my heart and soul, and without your love I must die!"

Hour after hour, with a great agony in her face, a new light breaking into her soul. Cynthia sits at the window till the cold mists rise from the valley as the day breaks. And so comes Autumn.

CHAPTER IV.

WINTER.

CLAUDE REDRUTH was a wretched man this early winter-time. The question he had put to Clara, that had never been answered except by that swift look of passionate concentrated love, haunted him with persistent constancy.

"How can I face them all again?" he would murmur. "Coward, traitor that I am! Fate has been heavy upon me, for how could I foresee the future, or what could presage my meeting with Clara?—Heaven bless her!"

So he walked fiercely, mile after mile, in the winter afternoons—to catch the sunset, he said to his fond mother, who was alarmed at his strange conduct and altered looks.

"My dear son," she said one day, as Christmas approached, "I have never said any more to you about Miss Walters, and you have not told me if you have your heart in her keeping yet."

"Mother," replied Claude, "I know you do not quite approve of Miss Walters for a daughter—why, I know not."

"Claude," returned Mrs. Redruth, solemnly, "if I told you the story of my life you would not blame me; but if you really love Cynthia Walters, I will bless you, and forget all the past for the sake of my boy's happiness."

"Dear mother, I shall never marry Cynthia Walters, for I—I love another!"

"Another, Claude; and she your plighted bride?"

"Another, and she my plighted bride," said Claude. "You remember the fire, mother, and the rescue of the sister of Cynthia?"

"Yes, dear Claude."

"Well, I thought till then I was in love—that I had found my idol; but after that—well then—"

"What then?" asks Mrs. Redruth, anxiously.

"Then I found my heart for the first time, and gave it to Clara Walters," he answers; "and if ever I marry, dear mother, that must be my wife!"

"Then write to Cynthia at once, and tell her so. Remember, my son, that it is due to me as well as to yourself that this shall be done. You promise me, dear Claude?"

"Yes, mother, but not yet; let us see what fate shall decree for us; and meantime, Heaven bless you, and good night!"

Then they had parted, and the mother stepped lightly to her room, to pray for her bright, handsome boy.

It was very near Christmas-time now, and Clara lay very sick and drooping at The Retreat, slowly fading away. Eminent physicians were called in, but they could do nothing except look solemn, and talk in oracular language. There was some secret trouble, they said.

Christmas eve was upon them ere yet they realized its presence, and the

curtains were drawn closely round the windows of the warm, cosy apartment. Mrs. Walters had left the room, and Cynthia and Clara were alone. Then, suddenly, Clara found herself clasped in Cynthia's loving arms, while floods of tears fell on her wasted face.

"I know all, Clara, my sister; and he shall come to you, your darling Claude! I give him to you for a Christmas gift, and thank Heaven that I can bring you back to sunlight and life. I have written to him, dear one, and he is even now far on his way to you. And I—I shall be repaid in seeing your happiness. There, kiss me, and say, 'God bless you!'—and dry up your tears, my pretty one. So—so!—that is well!"

A silence and heartfelt prayer; and then a great ring at the hall bell, causing them both to flush and pale with trembling expectancy.

Mrs. Redruth and Claude rush in, and for a moment all is oblivion, for Clara has fainted. When she opens her eyes once again, Claude's mother and hers are embracing each other with repentant tears, and calling each other by the loving name of sister.

And thus was the secret fondly divulged in the fast approaching Christmas Day. They were sisters, and the lovers were cousins, after all; and this was the sweet atonement for the neglect of all past years!

Claude knelt in the early Christmas morn by his bedside—he had been up the long night through—and

prayed a thankful prayer, calling down blessings on the unselfish heart that had made him so happy.

Joy-bells pealed through the frosty air; the white snow lay crisp upon the mantled earth; icicles hung in glimmering brightness in the sunlight from the trees. It was Christmas Day—the winter had fully come, and ushered into the world another "Golden Sacrifice—Cynthia's Christmas Gift."

The hope of heaven will soften the pangs which lie in the way to it. "I reckon," says St. Paul, "that the afflictions of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

WHAT a lesson against selfishness have we in the conduct of our dying Redeemer!—It was while bearing his cross to the place of execution, that he said to the sorrowing multitude, "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children."

He who is brought to serious reflection, by the salutary affliction of a sick-bed, will look back with astonishment on his former false estimate of worldly things. Riches! Pleasure! Genius! Fame!—what are they in the eyes of the sick and dying?

CHRISTMAS EVE CAROL.

I bid you all good night,  
A better night was never;  
The Heavens will soon be bright,  
And shine to shine for ever:  
A glory's coming, Christians,  
The Uncreated Light;  
A story's coming, Christians,  
The history of to-night.

You tender babes, good night,  
God's choir their watch are keeping;  
The Heavens are growing bright,  
A Babe Divine is sleeping;  
A glory's coming, Christians,  
The Uncreated Light;  
A story's coming, Christians,  
The history of to-night.

Each maiden pure, good night,  
A Virgin form beholding,  
While grow the Heavens more bright,  
Her only Son enfolding;  
A glory's coming, Christians,  
The Uncreated Light;  
A story's coming, Christians,  
The history of to-night.

Glad mothers, rest, good night,  
And dream of that dear Mother.—  
How bright the Heavens, how bright!  
More blessed than all other,  
A glory's coming, Christians,  
The Uncreated Light;  
A story's coming, Christians,  
The history of to-night.

You gentle flocks, good night;  
Good night, ye shepherds lowly;  
The Heavens are radiant white,  
The new-found Lamb is holy;  
A glory's coming, Christians,  
The uncreated Light;  
A story's coming, Christians,  
The history of to-night.

Good Christian folk, good night;  
So good a night was never;  
The Heaven's almost too bright,  
And shines to shine for ever;  
Now comes the glory, Christians,  
Christ comes the Light of Light;  
Now comes the story, Christians,  
That Christ is born to-night.

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1. Hail! sweet Ba-by, pure and ho-ly! Hail, fair SON, of Ma-ry blest!

Roy-al In-fant! in a man-ger Thou art gent-ly laid to rest.

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Filled with awe and tender rapture,  
Tears of joy Thy mother weeps,  
Through the night Thy foster-father  
By Thee faithful vigil keeps.

3 Hovering o'er the hallowed stable  
Choirs of Angels carols sing,  
Glory, glory in the highest,  
Hail to Thee, O Christ our King.

4 Shepherds, leave your flocks and  
hasten  
To adore on benden knee;

↑ Wrapped in swaddling clothes your  
Saviour,  
Israel's Shepherd, ye shall see.

5 Children, year by year with gladness  
Keep Christ's birthday feast anew;  
Sing His praise with loving voices  
Who was born a Babe for you.

6 Hail, sweet Baby, Child of Mary,  
Hail King David's royal Son,  
Singing carols round Thy cradle,  
We adore Thee, Holy One.

Chorus after last verse:—Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

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**INDIA PALE ALE**

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Received the highest awards of merit for purity and excellence.

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**TESTIMONIALS SELECTED.**

Toronto, April 12th, 1880.

I hereby certify that I have examined samples of JOHN LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE, submitted to me for analysis by JAS. GOOD & CO., agents for this city, and find it to be perfectly sound, containing no ascetic acids, impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor.

HENRY H. CROFT.

Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal,  
December 20, 1880.

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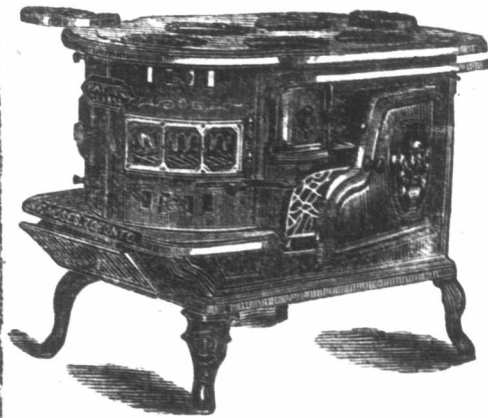
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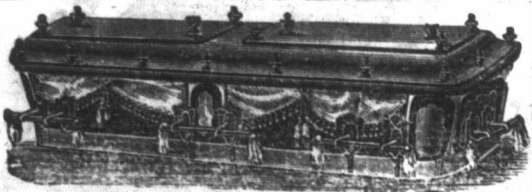
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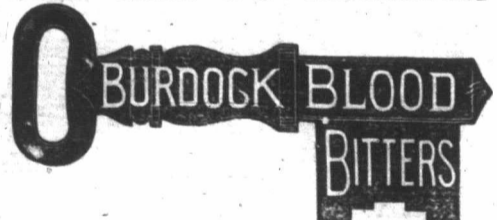
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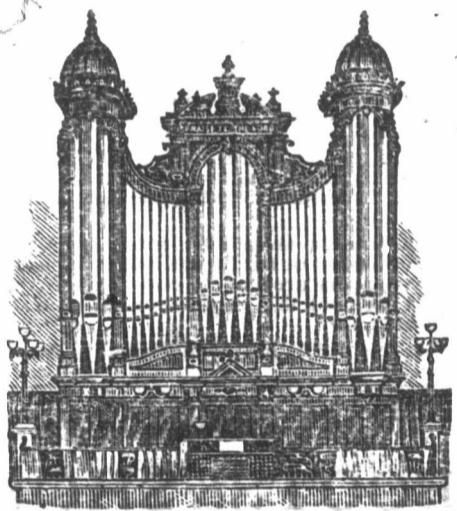
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