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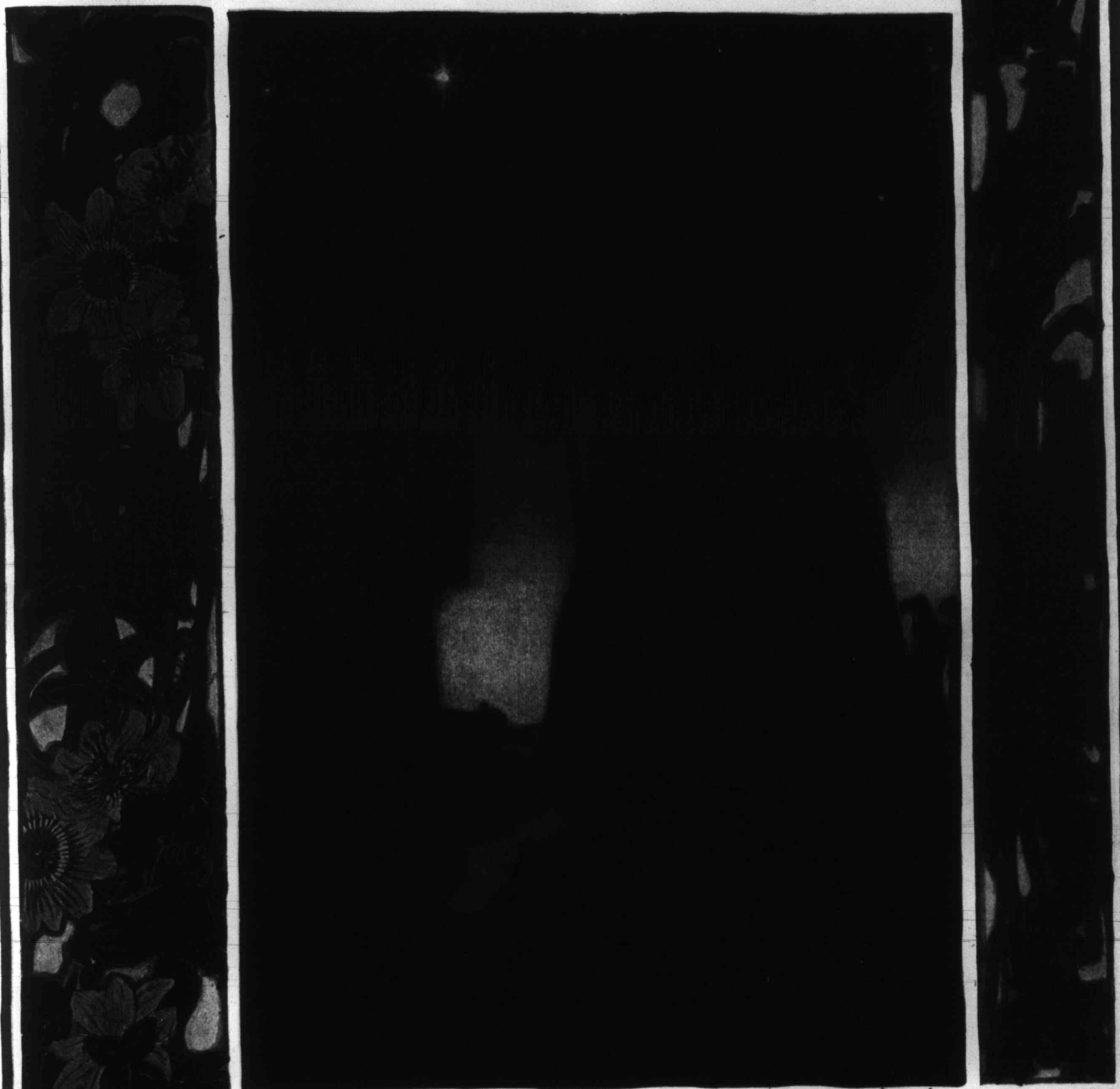
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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands
in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces,
excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be home-
steaded by any person the sole head of a family, or
male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one
quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for homestead entry or inspection must
be made in person by the applicant at the office of
the local Agent or Sub-agent.

An application for entry or inspection made person-
ally at any Sub-agent's office may be wired to the
local Agent by the Sub-agent, at the expense of the
applicant, and if the land applied for is vacant on
receipt of the telegram such application is to have
priority, and the land will be held until the necessary
papers to complete the transaction are received by
mail.

In case of "personation" the entry will be sum-
marily cancelled and the applicant will forfeit all
priority of claim.

An applicant for inspection must be eligible for
homestead entry, and only one application for inspec-
tion will be received from an individual until that
application has been disposed of.

A homesteader whose entry is in good standing
and not liable to cancellation, may, subject to ap-
proval of Department, relinquish it in favour of
father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister, if
eligible, but to no one else, on filing declaration of
abandonment.

Where an entry is summarily cancelled, or volun-
tarily abandoned, subsequent to institution of can-
cellation proceedings, the applicant for inspection
will be entitled to prior right of entry.

Applicants for inspection must state in what par-
ticulars the homesteader is in default, and if sub-
sequently the statement is found to be incorrect in
material particulars, the applicant will lose any prior
right of re-entry, should the land become vacant, or
if entry has been granted it may be summarily
cancelled.

DUTIES.—A settler is required to perform the
conditions under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultiva-
tion of the land in each year during the term of three
years.

(2) If the father (or mother if the father is deceased)
of a homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity
of the land entered for by such homesteader the
requirement as to residence may be satisfied by such
person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon
farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead, the requirement may be satisfied by
residence upon such land.

Before making application for patent the settler
must give six months' notice in writing to the Com-
missioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of his
intention to do so.

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company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton
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and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company
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A free miner, having discovered mineral in place,
may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet.

The fee for recording a claim is \$5.
At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each
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may, upon having a survey made, and upon comply-
ing with other requirements, purchase the land at
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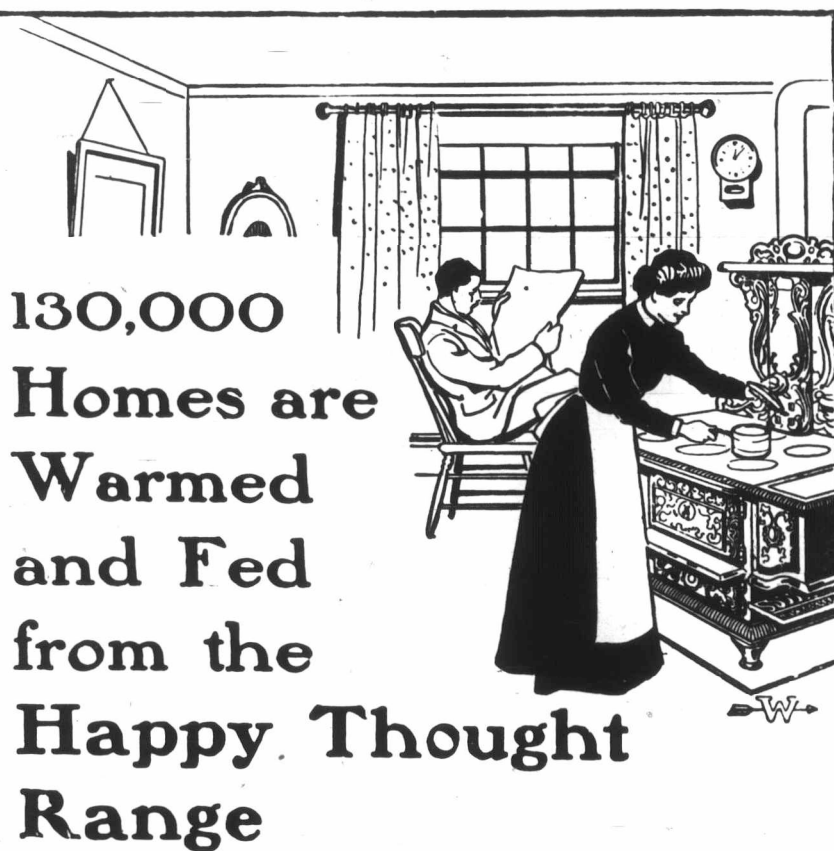
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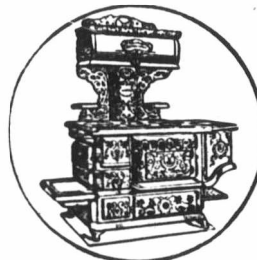


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Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days.

Dec. 16—Third Sunday in Advent.
Morning—Isaiah 25; Jude.
Evening—Isaiah 26 or 28, 5 to 19; John 21.

Dec. 23—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Morning—Isaiah 30, to 27; Rev. 11.
Evening—Isaiah 32, or 33, 2 to 23; Rev. 12.

Dec. 30—First Sunday after Christmas.
Morning—Isaiah 35; Rev. 23.
Evening—Isaiah 38 or 40; Rev. 21, to 15.

Jan. 6—Epiphany of our Lord.
Morning—Isai. 60; Luke 3, 15, 23.
Evening—Isai. 49, 13, 24; John 2, 1, 12.

Appropriate Hymns for Third and Fourth Sundays in Advent and Christmas Day, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., organist and director of the choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. The numbers are taken from Hymns Ancient and Modern, many of which may be found in other hymnals.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 51, 178, 313, 318.
Processional: 47, 48, 355, 392.
Offertory: 186, 272, 293, 352.
Children's Hymns: 180, 188, 336, 566.
General Hymns: 191, 193, 353, 587.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 49, 205, 555, 559.
Processional: 53, 203, 217, 268.
Offertory: 47, 51, 52, 214.
Children's Hymns: 219, 336, 337, 569.
General Hymns: 54, 56, 518, 398.

HYMNS FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Holy Communion: 309, 310, 321, 324.
Processional: 55, 56, 59, 60.
Offertory: 58, 61, 482, 484.
Children's Hymns: 338, 340, 341, 342.
General Hymns: 57, 62, 63, 483.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The clergy may be of great assistance to us, far greater assistance even than often times they are now, if we were to consider them as St. Paul says in this Sunday's Epistle, as "Ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God." How often they minister in lowliness and in great anxiety, hoping their labours are beneficial; yet seldom does any one speak to them of last Sunday's sermon, or ask for fuller information or for some further help from a book he might suggest or again, of his "pastoral calls," and their help to those at home. The good to

be derived from personal contact and from seeking help from "the man of God," we often miss because we are too reserved. The clergy through their authority are messengers to us to prepare us for Christ's second coming. As "ministers," St. Paul calls them, they attend, serve and perform holy offices, affording supplies and giving things needful, and as "stewards," for a "ward" is a keeper, they hold and dispense the provisions of the Gospel, preaching its doctrines and administering its sacraments. The "Ember Days" this week are Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, and the Church offers prayer unitedly "for those that are to be admitted into Holy Orders." We elect our "Ministers of Parliament" carefully and then watch the press for their reports as they stand and advocate our needs before the King's representative. We pray for our young men as they go up to enter upon their holy offices and for the clergy—ministers of the King of Kings. Has your clergyman helped you? Have you found all the blessings he can be to you in your life and in your home? Pray! brethren, pray! that he may be of great assistance to you in every way preparing you for the great day of judgment.

Election of Archbishop and Primate.

The House of Bishops of the Provincial Synod will meet in Toronto on January 16th next to elect an Archbishop and Metropolitan for the Province of Canada. On the same date, directly after the appointment is made, the House of Bishops of the General Synod will meet for the purpose of electing the Metropolitan Primate of All Canada.

Christmas.

Again our hearts are gladdened by sharing in the universal gift of another joyous Christmas-tide. Christmas was, indeed, the birthday of transcendent hope to man. And throughout the long succession of December days on which the Church has with joyous fervour and ever increasing observance, by prayer and praise in exultant devotion, acknowledged the gift of God himself to men. As man, she has proved to the world at large how well she values that inestimable gift and how priceless and imperishable to her is the commemoration of the heavenly boon. Young men and maidens, old men and matrons, men, women and children of all colours and races, the wide world round, with each recurring Christmas Day have their hearts touched by the wondrous and abiding love of God in giving the Christ child to man.

Fault Finding.

There is nothing so easy in the world as to find fault with others and probably there is nothing so hard as to find fault with one's self. Those of us who have gone about the parishes a bit and talked to the people on Church matters have not failed to notice the frequent fault finding with the clergyman in charge—sometimes on the most trivial grounds. We have heard a good and faithful rector objected to, and a wish for a change expressed on the ground of a trivial and harmless personal habit, which could neither be called personal or irreverent and which to most people would indicate a devout spirit. Were such laymen as ready to reform themselves as they are to find fault with their clergymen it would be better for all parties.

Testing One's Efficiency.

It is a good thing from time to time to call one's self to account and by some clear cut and definite mode of proof to apply a personal test of efficiency to the work we have in hand. There can be no better time for this salutary process than towards the end of the year. It matters not if the test prove unsatisfactory and dis-

couraging. All the more need that we should reform and revive our work. Should we find ground for encouragement, the accounting is gain to us, and heartens and strengthens us, for greater perseverance and more sustained energy. Do not let the year end without a searching personal test.

Come to Church!

On a recent Sunday a Churchman invited some casual acquaintances to come to church. Afterwards one of them, a commercial agent, said:—"I have for years travelled about Canada and met and talked with people who professed religion, and do not recall an occasion when any one of that class invited me, a comparative stranger to come to church. I have attended emotional religious meetings of my own accord, and afterwards on speaking with the preachers have found them ready to talk freely about worldly matters. This has given me the impression that there is a great deal of formality and insincerity amongst people who profess to be religious. If they really believe in the religion they profess how can they consistently avoid taking the open and manly course of trying in a direct way to influence others whom they casually meet, especially by inviting them to come to church." There is too much truth, we fear, in the outspoken opinion of the commercial traveller. It costs little in a frank and kindly way to invite a person to come to church, and it may mean much to the inviter and invited.

New Recruits.

Now that a new Church year has begun and another life year is ending we would draw the attention of the faithful laity to the fact that new recruits are needed in each branch of the progressive work of the Church. Whether it be in the especial work of the men or of the women we must have new life, new energy. Not a year goes by but some faithful workers are called away. Others are needed to fill their places. As time goes on the field of labour widens, the burden of responsibility grows larger. To meet the urgent demand of the North-West the older dioceses must put forth their strength. This means many a gap in the ranks, many a faithful worker removed. The call is loud and insistent. Our honour as a Church is at stake. Bishop, priest and press alike call for new recruits. No

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one can be too humble or too feeble to enlist in this glorious work. Bring the babes to the font, the children to the Sunday School, the adults to the Church. One and all do something for the good cause. Do it with a will. Do it quickly, and do it yourself!

Britain's Future.

In the last number of the "Nineteenth Century Review" Mr. J. Ellis Barker contributes a learned and comprehensive article on the subject of "The Future of Great Britain." Mr. Barker, at the outset, says:—"Great Britain, with her colonies, is the greatest commercial and maritime state existing. Her greatness is bound up with her commercial and maritime pre-eminence and dependent upon it." And after referring to internal weakness and external dangers that menace the stability of British power, Mr. Barker holds that "Unless Great Britain reforms herself, adopts herself to modern conditions . . . and unless the British Empire is unified—for only the united and organized strength of the whole of the Empire can suffice to defend it—Great Britain, and with her the British Empire, may by the inexorable law of history and of nature follow the way which Phoenicia, Carthage, Athens, Rome, Constantinople, the Arab Empire, Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice and the Dutch Empire have gone in the past." There is a good deal of serious thinking on this most important subject nowadays. And deservedly so. As under the economy of Church Government a diocese is made up of a certain number of parishes and their central aim and bond of union is the good of the Church, so should it ever be with the British Empire, and the congeries of States of which it is composed. As long as the good of the Empire is the dominant sentiment of Britons the world over, its stability and permanence are assured. When parochial narrowness and selfishness prevail disintegration and destruction will assuredly follow on.

Finance.

We direct attention to the letter and offer of "Finance" in last week's number. It was a surprise to us, but the writer is perfectly serious and very much in earnest. He hopes by this means to arouse more general attention by the laity to the hard life of the clergyman and his family in the older parts of Canada especially, and he believes that the laity when they appreciate the real situation will be more generous. Consequently we hope that all our readers will study the matter and that we will hear from many.

Missionaries.

The need of candidates for the ministry was a cry which went up some years ago all over the Church. It may have been through the lack of clergy of those years or possibly through the diminished number of those suitable for Mission work, that the present strain is felt. In our own country there is the want of men and the want of means to support them, especially during the first years of settlement. We think that the complaint that parishes which are past the worst might do more for their neighbours may have something in it. It is human nature to build good houses and churches for ourselves when we can do so and not to think enough of those less fortunate. The paucity of clergy is felt not only in our Western diocese but all over the Mission field. The S. P. G. in London has lately started a branch for the training of Missionary candidates which may meet part of the difficulty, but the deficiency is a serious one.

Spurgeon once said to a young preacher, his kinsman, "William, never use a hard word when you write or speak if you can possibly find an easy one to express the thought." It was good advice, and his own power was largely due to the extreme simplicity of his words and style.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

It has been very truly said that while the golden age of the Greeks and Latins and other ancient races lay in the past, the golden age of the Jews and Christians lies in the future. What splendid optimists were the old Jewish seers. Nothing could daunt or dash their faith in the future. Amid the wreck and ruin of their own nationality, when everything seemed to be rushing to destruction, and the outlook daily darkened, they continued their triumphant prophecies of the coming of One Who should restore their nation to far more than its ancient glories, and reign with unchallenged sway. As the gloom deepened their hopes brightened. Their optimism was incurable and invincible. Their prophecies were realized, not in the way in which they pictured, but none the less, rather all the more gloriously and perfectly. They prophesied better than they knew, and their words have gone out into all lands, even unto the ends of the earth. And so the King came to "execute judgment and justice on the earth," and to reconquer the world for God. One of the very numerous lessons of Christmas is the final victory of Truth. It brings with it the ever recurring message of an optimism, which stoutly refuses to despair of Humanity's future, and bids us hope the best and noblest for mankind. And so he who takes pessimistic views of the future, and who has lost his faith in human nature, has missed the most stimulating and inspiring message of Christmastide. Christianity is the religion of hope. It is a conquering faith. A faith that will rest content with nothing short of universal dominion. It will brook no rivals. It will not live and let live. It will never sheathe the sword as long as an enemy shows its head. Its mission is to make this world the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ, so that His will may be done on earth, with the thoroughness and perfectness and universality



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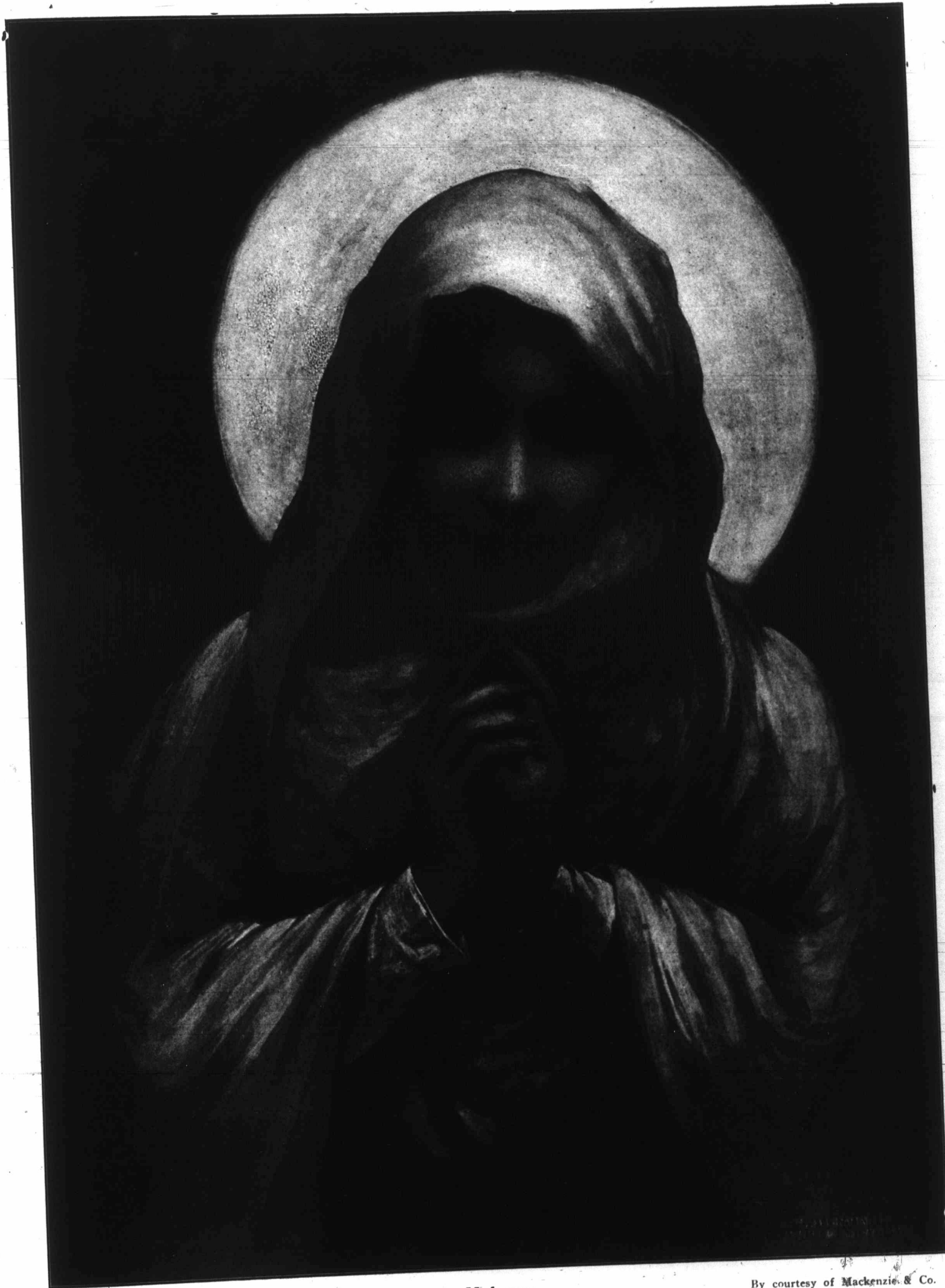
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Madonna.

By courtesy of Mackenzie & Co.

Koralsky.

with which it is done in Heaven. If we are Christians how can we be anything else but the most determined optimists. God is bound to win in the end. And how can anyone read history and lose his faith in Humanity's future. An English Bishop once said, "the best cure for drooping spirits is the study of Church history," and so the best cure for that pessimism which shakes its head over the future and doubts the final victory of Truth, is the study of history and its record of the irresistible moral progress of mankind, of the operation of that invincible law "which makes for righteousness." God has never been without His witnesses. Age after age they have arisen and held aloft the torch and handed it on throughout an unbroken chain of successors. At times the darkness has closed in and men's hearts have failed them, and then anon have come the glimmerings of the dawn of a brighter day. Every overwhelming crisis has passed, leaving things better than before. "The Lord is King, be the people never so unquiet." The tide has always turned, and ever keeps turning, however erratic its course to human eyes, in the right direction. Truth is mighty, and it will prevail, and the King shall enjoy His own again. This is the message of Christmas, the certain final victory of the Right.

THE TRUCE OF GOD.

Christmas stands for all that is best and for all that its most Christ-like in human nature. It is therefore well named. It is Christ's festival when men do make an honest attempt to show forth the spirit of Christ in their everyday lives, when the hard, cruel, grim strain of life is for the moment relaxed, when an honest, if a fleeting attempt is made to live up to the golden rule, and when the watchword of the hour is not "everyman for himself and the devil take the hindmost," but "everyman for his neighbour and God for us all." Christmas is the truce of God. It

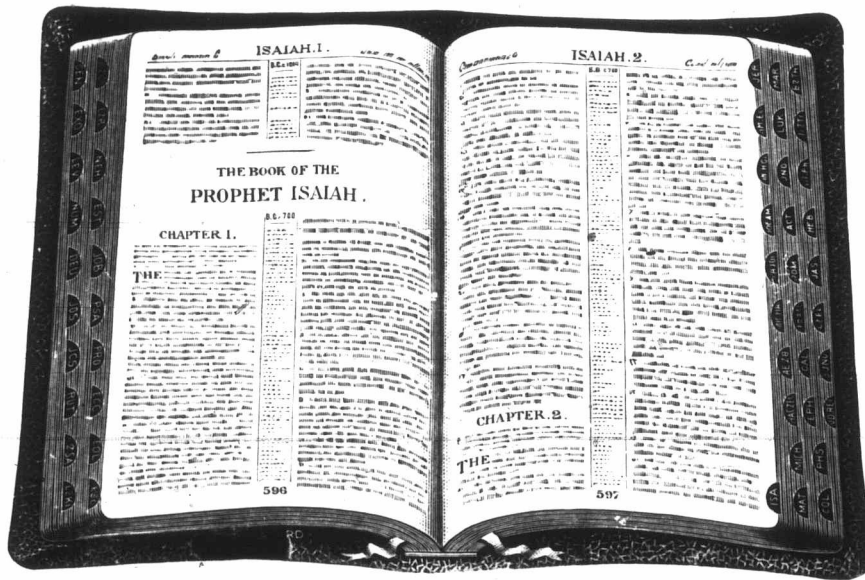
is the acknowledgement of the higher law that "No man liveth to himself." It is the silent confession by mankind that "love is the fulfilling of the law," and that while as a rule they follow worse things they have glimpses of better things. It is a standing testimony to the fact that in his innermost consciousness the normal man acknowledges the truth of the Master's saying: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Christmas stands for the joy and delight of forgiveness. What luxury is there that can compare with the pleasures of forgiveness. This is a pleasure that leaves no bad taste in the mouth behind it, whose memory is an unmixed delight and a perpetual feast. Happy the man who is able to treat himself to this luxury. Christmas again stands for family reunions, and the renewal of ancient friendships. It bears witness to and proclaims our belief that the sacred past shall be renewed, in that final reunion beyond "this Bourne of time and place." Christmas again stands for the giving of gifts, thus perpetuating the memory of that noblest of all gifts, amid the myriads conferred upon humanity by the Giver of all good, the gift of Him who brought light, immortality to light in the Gospel, and "Who, Himself, bore our sins in His own body on the tree." We heartily wish our readers all the higher joys of this blessed season. May it be to them the renewal of all that is beautiful and Christ-like in their own lives and characters, the knitting up again of family ties, the renewal of ancient friendship, the up-welling of the spirit of that forgiveness which forgives as it hopes to be forgiven, and of that liberality which "seeketh not her own." Let us thank God for the blessed oasis of Christmas, which gives man's better nature a breathing spell, whose sweet, cool breezes, parting the smoke of life's battle, give us a refreshing and inspiring glimpse of the better days that lie beyond, when all that Christmas stands for shall find its practical realization and application in this world of ours. Meanwhile let us be thankful for this "Truce of God," and

utilize to the utmost its lessons and opportunities, so that each Christmas will mark a successive stage in the Christward evolution of our manhood and womanhood.

CHURCH DOCTRINES: CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

The problem at present perplexing the Mother Church is that of education. How is the religious character of education to be retained? Our sister Church in the United States is as a prophet, preaching righteousness of life in every circumstance, urging the recognition of the sanctity of the home, and straining to be heard in high places. The Church of England in Canada is honestly considering the question of reunion. In this her position is unique. In other parts of the world existing conditions are accentuating denominational differences. In Canada the question of reunion is the subject of meditation and conference on all sides. Every facile pen is driven along faster than ever by the flood of thoughts thereon; district gatherings of Christian workers, Synods, local and general, are passing resolutions which admit the need of re-union, but offer no workable suggestions as to the attainment thereof. This general consideration may have the effect of prompting hasty judgment, may even suggest expedients and compromises on the part of the Church of England by no means in accord with the principles set forth in the Lambeth Quadrilateral. And surely it will be admitted that these principles possess an eminent degree of authority inasmuch as they are the decisions of the Bishops. It is well for us at all times to consider the proposed ways of attaining reunion, lest we be found unfaithful ministers and unworthy stewards. To sacrifice or compromise any feature of Church doctrine and practice will only make "confusion worse confounded." On the Third Sunday in Advent Holy Church bids us

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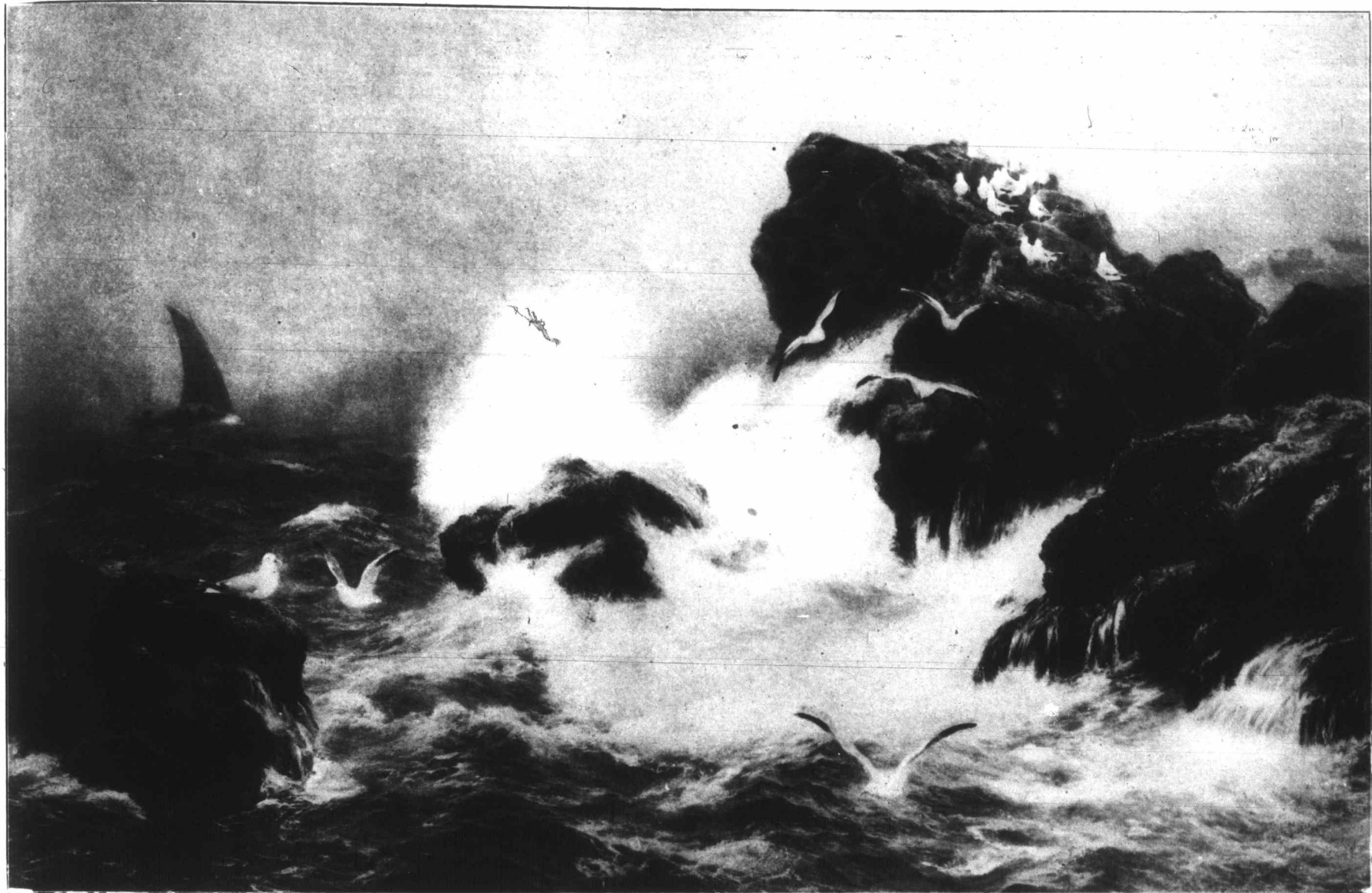
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The Raging Sea.

Canadian Churchman.

meditate upon the sacred ministry. The Collect and the Eucharistic Scriptures direct us in that meditation. Think of the ministry of the Catholic Church in its relation to the problem of reunion. The ministry is an admittedly important and essential feature of the Church's organization. Organization is a principle of the Christian Church. So our branch of the Church lays special emphasis on the ministry. The Prayer Book is our text-book on this question, and the Prayer Book is a very satisfying text-book. It has no uncertain message. The preface to the ordinal appeals to the Holy Scriptures and to the ancient authors. There are three orders of the ministry. Our position is clear. We cannot consider any proposal for re-union which would tamper with the ministry. The ministry of the re-union must be the old Apostolic ministry. But there are many with whom the Prayer Book has but little weight. We are strong in our own minds. How are we to impress our views upon them? Meditate along two lines. They will give you arguments. 1. Before His Ascension Jesus spent forty days with His apostles, "speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God" (Acts 1:3). Are we to believe that He said nothing about the important work of organizing and extending the Kingdom of God on earth? Yet before Pentecost the apostles took a definite step. They increased the Apostolate, (Acts 1:26). And wherever the apostles went they preached the Gospel of Jesus, they organized the Church, and a marvellous unanimity in practice and doctrine characterized every development of the Church, and history shows the Apostolic ministry to be three-fold. 2. Before His Passion Jesus promised to send the Holy Ghost to guide the apostles into all truths,—granted that Jesus did not give any directions as to the ministry—then did not the Holy Ghost guide the apostles into this unanimity of opinion and practice in re the sacred ministry? The Apostolic Period, the Post-Apostolic Period, the whole Church for centuries afterwards had but one ministry, Bishops, priests, and deacons. Presbyterianism was unknown, Congregationalism was unknown, the three-fold

order obtained everywhere. If the bodies founded at the time of the Reformation, and their numerous offshoots, are right, the apostles were wrong, so were the fathers, so was the Church for centuries. The Holy Ghost did not guide the Church into all truth. But how can you accept such a conclusion? Where the Truth does not exist, or is departed from, controversies arise. But there are no early controversies over the ministry. Bodies heretical on other points retained the three-fold ministry. The existence of Protestant bodies to-day is an imputation of error in the whole pre-Reformation Church. If Protestants are right Catholics have been wrong all these centuries, and the Holy Ghost's guidance was either unappreciated or spurned. The witness of history is against this conclusion. The unity of the Catholic Church on the question of the ministry is a proof of the accepted guidance of the Holy Ghost. These two lines of meditation ought to be fairly followed. They confirm the witness of our Prayer Book. Therefore at this season when Holy Church bids us look at the ministry as a means whereby we are prepared for the second coming of Christ let us thank God for our heritage and be loyal to it. We cannot waive any part or character of the Apostolic ministry lest we cut ourselves loose from Catholic continuity; we cannot compromise any feature of it lest we tamper with its essential character; we cannot alter it lest we question the heaven-sent wisdom of our predecessors in the Catholic Church. We must guard what we have received in trust for generations unborn. Yes, now is the time for education in essentials. The temptation to-day is to think more of form than of matter, more of method and ceremonial than of doctrine. Let us be faithful to heavenly matter, and to the revelations of God. Consider how much the world needs a wise Episcopate, a loving Priesthood, and a patient, self-sacrificing Diaconate. How necessary a body of brothers to seek the lost and straying, to teach those who are ever young, to give spiritual direction to all, and to prepare us all to die! Impress that conviction upon men, then they will come to realize that He

Who knew what was in man, Who sympathizes with man's infirmities, must have given some directions to the chosen apostles as to the character and offices of the ministry which was to win the world for Him, and that that ministry must be the one which laboured unquestioned for fifteen centuries. We pray for unity. Yes! but we cannot attain unity by sacrificing or compromising the spiritual heritage of the past.—W.



FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Spectator's Comments on Questions of Public Interest.

The Christmas season has been made precious to human hearts in various ways. By custom and tradition it has become an occasion for friendly and benevolent demonstrations which could hardly be made at any other time with the same graciousness and effect. It has been hallowed in a special degree as the children's season and we learn that in more senses than one a little child may lead us in innocency of life and closer fellowship with God. It is hallowed by the precious truths so essential to our faith and so vital to our spiritual lives. Through the ages it has been a time of spiritual uplift to the faithful, and to those who have not wholly yielded themselves to the ways of righteousness it has come as an oasis in a desert of unfruitfulness. It has impelled men to outward forms of virtue and unselfishness even when they have not allowed their hearts to go with their acts, and who knows but that in many cases the form of righteousness has eventually been transformed into a holy reality. Men of goodwill must sustain the high and hallowed influence of Christmas. It must always stand for sweet memories, for sacred influences upon the souls of men, for a spirit of unselfishness, for active assistance to our neighbours, for cheerful acknowledgment of our own blessings, for the rekindling of affection within our hearts, for "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

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In the larger cities one of the pressing obligations at this season is the remembrance of the poor. We do not mean that unctuous charity that seems to think that all is well if provision for one square meal is made once a year. We are informed that Elijah went forty days in the strength of the food supplied in the wilderness, but some who fare sumptuously every day appear to think that a Christmas dinner will supply the vital force of a family all the year. We know very well that private charity is very widely and generously dispensed by the heads of thousands of households, at this season. There are many others who entrust their gifts to Church organizations and benevolent institutions for administration. And still we fancy there are not a few who in the midst of abounding wealth give little thought to those who have really been the instruments used in the acquisition of that wealth. Our idea would be that we should not give way to some extravagant and senseless outburst of charity at this time, and then write off every obligation to those who need, but rather that Christmas should be the starting point, and the occasion for renewing our sense of duty to those whose needs are not for one day but for all the days throughout the year. Why should it not be made the occasion for awarding better remuneration to those who serve? Why could not our railways, banking institutions, manufacturing institutions and other corporations enjoying unbounded prosperity and employing many or few, see to it that they who have been partners in the production of abundance should be partners to some degree in the fruits thereof? It is blessed to come to the relief of those in distress, but would it not be more blessed to take away the conditions which make relief a necessity?

It has been our custom to remind the laity at this time of their opportunities to confer happiness at the rectory and rekindle zeal and life in the congregation by showing some simple straightforward token of appreciation to the

clergyman of the parish and his wife. This is not an act of charity we allude to, for anything conveying that suggestion would be resented and rightly so. But there is no man so exalted, no man so successful but appreciates a token of goodwill from those whom he serves. It may only be a social reception, a letter of sympathy, a book with a kindly message penned in the fly-leaf—anything that indicates that the congregation is with him in sympathy and has taken the trouble to tell him so, will find its way to the heart and will reappear in greater effectiveness in pulpit and parochial work. And what we say on behalf of the clergyman we say on behalf of his wife. She is not officially engaged by the parish, nor are her duties recognized in the monthly or quarterly cheque, but her services are demanded and her efficiency keenly scanned. Now this is a season for large heartedness. Let us forget the little differences and open wide the doors of our hearts that we may give ungrudgingly of our affections to those who minister to us in spiritual things.

The foundation of all that is best, we might say all that is really of value in the Christmas spirit rests upon the thought of the Incarnation. Deity has been invested with the form of humanity. Human nature has been glorified and uplifted by the indwelling of divinity, and the divine has been brought close to us in all the conditions of life. How near we are to all that is holiest, and yet how far we fall short of what is really best. Our noblest gifts are but pitiable in comparison with the gift of God to the world in presenting us with his dear Son. Our noblest acts are but faint reflections of the Spirit of Christ. And yet the best that life can offer is to go on bravely doing our duty and doing it as unto the Lord. Fame or honours or riches or power we may never have, but the consciousness of the approval of God, and fellowship in the communion of saints, will surely be ours in this present world and in the world to come "there remaineth a rest for the people of God."

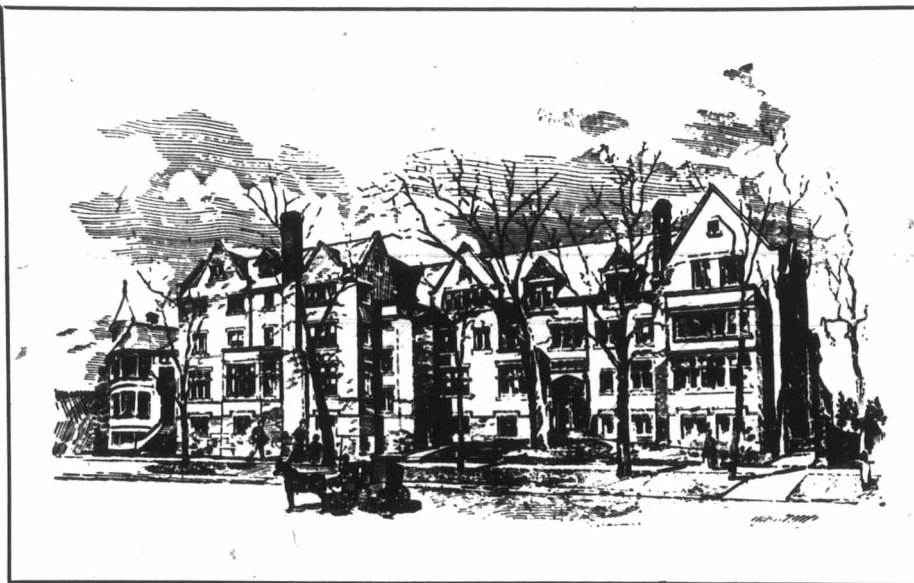
Spectator takes pleasure in wishing his many readers a Merry Christmas,—joy founded on all that is deepest and highest in life. To the lonely settler on the prairie far from the friends of other days; to the student making the best of life in a homeless boarding house in the great city, because he cannot get back to the parental hearth; to the business man suffering under the sting of financial ruin; to the mourner sighing for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still;" to the man overtaken in vice, now manfully fighting for the mastery of his besetting sin; to the wives and mothers who are bravely and conscientiously whispering high ideals and hopes into the ears of their children, pervading their homes with a holy atmosphere; to the prophets of God who have carried the precious messages of the Gospel in word and act wherever they have gone, lifting weary souls heavenward; to the Bishops on whose shoulders the care of all the churches rests, who have governed with wisdom and faithfulness, lifting high the standard of rectitude and godly living; to all who give, in the service of all who need, we tender our affectionate greeting, and sincerely do we trust that all may enter into the inmost sanctuary of Christmas spirit. For the friends who have said kind things about us and cheered us by comforting messages, the friends who have criticised and corrected us helping us to arrive at a right judgment in things that pertain to the progress of truth and righteousness; for the power to serve in a humble degree the Church we love, we desire to express our loving thanks. May that which has been unworthy be forever blotted out, and that which is worthy be magnanimously sustained.

We would once more appeal to our readers, to the Bishops and clergy in particular to do what may reasonably be done to extend the influence of the Church press. A word at this season of the year spoken with soberness and judgment may go a long way towards bringing our Church (Continued on Page 820.)

Havergal Ladies' College

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after Christmas
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Third Term
February 11th



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CHRISTMAS AS WE GROW OLDER.

By E. Herrbuck, D.D.

It has come again. Not the Christmas of long ago, but Christmas still, and we will celebrate it. We will sit by the fire and let the tide of thought roll in upon our hearts. We will think of the Christ-child who came so many years ago, and is even now knocking at our hearts for entrance. We will share in the festivities with glad yet sad and tender hearts, as we think of the departed friends who in other years made bright the happy Christmas time. They are forgotten. Forgotten? No, for to-day, as we look out upon the quiet place of graves where they sleep so peacefully, they come marching before

admit us under its shelter to share its Christmas cheer, yet we know that beyond the snow-covered graves, beyond the stars which shine so tranquilly, we shall walk with the loved ones who visit us in our waking thoughts, and who come to us in our dreams. Thank God for this day. And if by our words we have cheered some soul, and have brought it into harmony with Him whose day it is, if we have caused some kindly feeling to arise in any kind heart, and have taught it that all is not selfish in this world, our own Christmas will be the happier for it.



—The trouble with too many of our prayers is that we urge that our own will be done instead of asking that God's will may be done.

dred years ago. Christmas is a miracle. Business may have been dull, and plans may have miscarried until we feel that we cannot afford to spend a dollar for Christmas gifts. What of it? Shall we make that an excuse for saddening the lives of those about us by regrets and complaints? Surely friendship is not so cheap or love so sordid that either can be bought with a gift or lost for the lack of it. The secret of the "Christmas spirit" is simple. We are happier at the Christmas season than at any other, because then, for a day or a few days, we succeed in putting our own personalities in the background and our own desires underfoot. In seeking joy for others we find happiness for ourselves. Why should we have this spirit but for a day or a season? The spirit of love and kindness which came into the



The First Suit.

Canadian Churchman.

us, and we link their names and memories with Him who came as a precious gift to their glad hearts. They are not forgotten. They sit by our side. They sing the old songs, they speak the well-remembered tender words, and their memory will always be fresh in our hearts.

Whatever the day may be, we must never lose sight of the true meaning of Christmas. It must ever rest as a back-ground to all our joy and festivity. Let Christmas come. Let it be enjoyed. Let the home be bright and cheerful, and, above all, let the heavenly glow of a Christ-like feeling shine in our hearts, so that friend and stranger will see that we have the kindly spirit of the great Saviour who loved us. Though we may be homeless here, though no kind roof will

CHRISTMAS.

Throughout the northern hemisphere—the more populous and highly civilized half of the world—the days are now at their shortest, and nature is at her lowest ebb. The old year, from which we hoped so much, is nearly spent. We balance our books, and if we are honest with ourselves look back upon many disheartening failures and few successes. Yet suddenly, in the midst of this depressing period, we lay aside care and doubt and malice, and begin to think how we can make others happy. We feel, as at no other time, the real closeness of our relationship to our fellows—and all because of something which happened thousands of miles away and nineteen hun-

world with the Babe Who was born in Bethlehem is not for a day, but for every day and for all eternity.



AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

This year's beautiful illustrated Christmas number of the "Canadian Churchman" will be sent to any part of Canada, England or the United States, for **Twenty-five Cents**. No better Christmas present could be sent to friends for the money.



—All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—Lowell.

Wishing his many... founded on all... To the lonely... friends of other... best of life in a... great city, be... parental hearth;... under the sting of... sighing for "the... the sound of a... overtaken in vice... mastery of his be... mothers who are... whispering high... of their children... holy atmosphere;... have carried the... pel in word and... lifting weary souls... whose shoulders... ts, who have gov... nness, lifting high... odly living; to all... who need, we ten... d sincerely do we... inmost sanctuary... friends who have... cheered us by com... ho have criticised... arrive at a right... n to the progress... or the power to... hurch we love, we... nks. May that... ever blotted out... agnanimously sus...

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ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Christmas-tree is supposed to have originated in Germany, but such is not the case. In reality the Christmas-tree is from Egypt, and dates from a period long antecedent to the Christian era. The palm-tree is known to put forth a shoot every month, and a spray of this tree with twelve shoots on it was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice as a symbol that the year was complete. Egyptian traditions of an early date still linger with the Christmas-tree. The first Christmas-tree was introduced into England, and thence into America, by some German merchants who lived in Manchester. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert celebrated Christmas with beautiful German customs, and, the court having set the fashion, Christmas-trees became general.

* * *

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING.

There are opportunities for us all to make some one happier at this Christmas season, if only we want to do so. No one has ever regretted being kind—no one ever will regret having been kind. It is the lost opportunities which God has given us to help and brighten the lives of others, the deeds we might have done, the gentle comforting words we should have spoken that will cause us many heartaches. While the widow and the orphan, the sick, the dependent, aged and the helpless little ones appeal to our hearts at all times, yet never more than at this special joyous season, when their loneliness and needs stand out in striking contrast to the scenes within happy homes where all is gladness. Remember those who have no one to think of them. Even though they receive a Christmas basket from a charitable organization, a little tribute of affection would not cost the giver much; and oh, how the remembrance would be appreciated by the lonely one. Listen to the voice of love that speaks to you on behalf of those who know not what it is to have a happy

joyous Christmas—those who have barely enough to sustain life—think of them. You will be repaid in love a thousandfold, and live the words "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

* * *

WE CAN DO IT STILL.

It would have been a blessed thing for any of us to have been in Bethlehem when Christ was born, and lay our gifts at His feet with the wise men. We forget that we can do that now just as really as if we were living then. Here is what Phoebe Cary sang about it:—

"We think what joy it would have been to share
In their high privilege, who came to bear

Sweet spice and costly gem
To Christ in Bethlehem.

"And in that thought we half forget that He
Is wheresoe'er we seek Him earnestly;

Still filling every place
With sweet, abounding grace."

* * *

THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas note is peace and good will. Whatever of discords, resentments, wrongs or estrangements, the year has held for us, the blessed Christmas-tide should end them all. The mists of earth blind us so often; misunderstandings, hurts and heartaches, will come and lives that are dear to each other drift apart. But the very soul of Christmas-time is love—the love of the Father, which overflowed all barriers of sin, ignorance and wandering and bent down to us with its 'unspeakable gift;' the love of the Christ who came to us because we could not, would not, go to Him; who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, lived out life and died our death, that we might know the heart of a brother. Oh, if there is any hand that you have pushed aside this

past year, reach out and clasp it now. If any dear tie has been loosened, knit it up again on this gladdest, holiest of anniversaries. If there is wound or alienation anywhere, let it be healed and all bitterness and pride buried deep under the Christmas holly.

"The name of the new-born Christ was love,

And of love the angels sing;
No other gift in earth or heaven
May we offer to our King."

* * *

THE BEST GIFT.

And the greatest of these is love. We have heard the words so often that there is danger, sometimes, that we may miss the joy of them, as all, save the rarest of us, miss a thousand daily messages of gladness and beauty. Of all God's wonderful gifts, the greatest is love—the greatest and the freest. If it had been fame, how hopeless our case; if it had been money or learning or "society," still how dreary the outlook for most of us; even labour and health, blessed as they are, are denied to many. But there is none so poor, so weak, so ignorant, that he may not love, and thereby make to those whom he would help and cheer and bless, the one royal gift. If we could but realize, this Christmastide, the blessed meaning of the word! There is so much that we long to do! We finger our slender purses and think and contrive and plan, till, before we are aware, the Christmas joy is driven from our hearts and weariness is seated there instead. Ah, if we could let the worry go—give what we may of earthly symbols, but still hold the love as the real gift! "Dear friend, it is only a trifle that I can put into your hands—you know why; I will not wrong your friendship even by being sorry that it is so. For I send, as never before, my love, this Christmas Day." Is that any unworthy gift? Is there any other great enough to be offered to a soul?

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HERE is not an acre of good land in Cuba that has not advanced in value from one hundred to three hundred per cent. in the last three years.

Now that they have begun the northern methods of farming, this land will advance still more rapidly. Citrus fruit lands in California are now worth from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars per acre, without water for irrigation. You can buy much better land to-day at a very low price in Cuba, where irrigation is not necessary, where shipping facilities are better, and where fruit of a much higher quality can be grown. We can deliver you a perfect title to our properties, and can give you almost any class of land you desire.

This company owns over 140 square miles of land, situated in the famous Vuelto Abajo Valley; operates over 100 tobacco plantations, and produces the finest grade of tobacco known.

We have direct shipment now from our own pier. In a few months' time we shall be able to leave Havana in the morning by rail and arrive at Ocean Beach the same afternoon.

We have two post-offices on the property with three mails each week; saw-mill and general store, and we also have the purest drinking water in abundance all over the property.

Roadways and bridges are being built throughout the property for the benefit of the colony. A church is now being erected on the property. Expert reports can be obtained on all lands purchased, and the privilege of exchange is given before deed issues.

We have the largest Canadian Colony in Cuba, with the greatest number of settlers, and the best citrus fruit lands that will grow fruit of the finest grade for shipment.

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CHRISTMAS VOICES.

"Every year at the approach of Christmas people refresh their memories, sit together by the fireside, sometimes in one house, sometimes in another, singing with one voice the quaint carols in praise of the Infant Jesus."

So says an old French book, describing village scenes of long ago; and the poet Longfellow based his "Christmas Carol" on this description, and sings of the minstrel music, and gleesome songs heard in the streets; of the shepherds chanting their carols in the silent country; of nuns trying to raise a song in their frigid cells; and of the old washerwomen standing by the river cold, who beat time with their uncovered feet to the carols sounding all around.

Thus, "A Dose of Joy," as it was quaintly called, is cast everywhere, amongst the city crowd and the silent night-watchman, toilers at their work and solitary ones in their cells, as well as within the cosy home circle and the solemn cloister.

Another pretty sentiment of Christmas is found in Adelaide Proctor's "Angel Story," suggested by the coming of the Prince of Peace to scatter charity and good-will all the world over.

The poet's fancy pictures an ideal Christmas-time:—

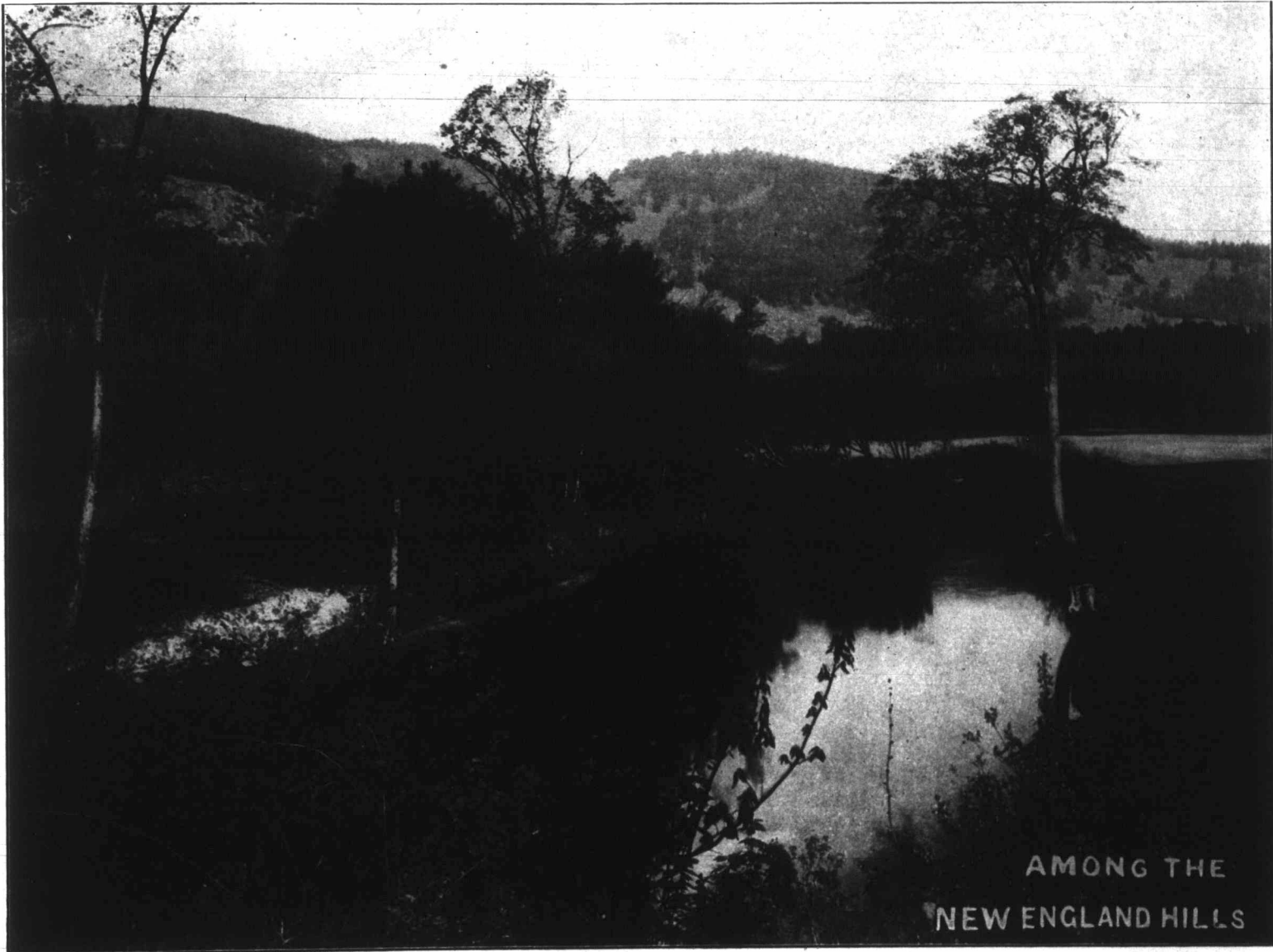
"That night saw all wrongs forgiven,
Friends long parted reconciled;
Voices all unused to laughter,
Mournful eyes that rarely smile,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow,
From their anxious thought beguiled."

Here, again are real gems of thought, which suggest what Christmas ought to be, when the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in His wings. Let old sores be touched with His healing balm, parted friends be drawn together and made one, and the brightness of His coming banish sadness and sorrow.

"This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It heals, it captivates, it warms."

MR. CARLISLE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY.

Many years ago there lived in England a gentleman who was known as Mr. Carlisle. He was a very happy man as merry and cheery as the day was long, because Christ was in his heart and he loved to please Him. Now, one Christmas-tide in merrie England, when the holly and mistletoe were hung up in the churches, and all the shops were bright with Christmas cheer, Mr. Carlisle came home and told his wife that he had a good many friends to whom he had had no opportunity of showing hospitality, and that he had determined to give a dinner party on Christmas Day. Greatly astonished at the proposal of such convivialities, his wife yet assured him that she would leave nothing undone to make the dinner party a success, and arranged that something like a dozen covers should be laid. All that could be regarded as appropriate to a Christmas dinner was carefully provided, no expense being spared, for this was to be something very ex-



Canadian Churchman.

And this idea of joy, expressed in very varied form, has ever been pre-eminently the message of Christmas, springing, no doubt, from the first Christmas morn—

"For the very angel throng
Burst with gladness into song."

Too often, indeed in olden times, the gladness was associated only with feasting and revelry—"The Christmas Comedy," "The Christmas Gambol," and "The Christmas Cheer." Yet through it all we trace higher ideals of joy and religious fervour, often connected with superstitious belief, but conveying truth in allegorical form, which had its effects on an uneducated people.

For instance Shakespeare expresses the beautiful idea, current in his days, that at Christmas-time no evil spirit has power to harm; no witch to cast an evil eye; no fairy to enchant; no conjunction of stars or planets in the heavens to forebode calamity on earth.

And with thoughts of Christmas happiness should ever mingle thoughts of holiness. Frances Havergal's poems ring with this refrain:—

"Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will;
With holy songs of glory,
Bring holy gladness still."

—Observe what direction your thoughts and feelings most readily take when you are alone, and you will then form a tolerably correct opinion of yourself.—Bengel.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

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ceptional, and altogether a contrast to Mr. Carlisle's usually frugal habit of life. As the hour arrived there came a ring at the door, and on opening it the servant beheld one of the sorriest specimens of humanity that one ever set eyes on, standing on the door-step. He had washed his hands and face (with indifferent results indeed), but that was all he had done to relieve his miserable appearance. He was clothed in rags, and looked as if he had just been turned out from the ward of a workhouse. "What do you want?" he asked with some impatience, knowing how heavy was the drain that such as these made on Mr. Carlisle's limited resources. "Please, sir," was the reply, "does Mr. Carlisle live here?" "Yes," the servant answered, "but he can't see you now, for he is just going to sit down to dinner with some friends; you must come at some other time." The servant's feelings may be better imagined than described, when the wretched object replied:—"Please sir, Mr. Carlisle told me that I was to come to dinner to-night!" By this,

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time, two or three bore appalling specimens of humanity began to appear on the scene, each seemingly more ghastly than the last, but as the servant stood there dumb-stricken with horror, and wondering what on earth to make of it all, Mr. Carlisle's cheery voice was heard behind in greeting, as he stretched out his hand to one and another, welcoming them as if they had been noblemen; and soon the festal chamber was crowded with the strangest-looking guests that ever adorned (?) a Christmas board. "But as those haggard faces lighted up with an unwonted satisfaction and the first shyness gave place to feelings of confidence and pleasure as Mr. Carlisle continued to do all that man could do to make his guests feel both at home and happy, one felt that it was indeed just such a Christmas dinner as the Master Himself would have loved to have been at. Mr. Carlisle has long since passed to be with the Master, but many and many a poor soul in Liverpool and elsewhere will long remember the kindly man who tried to make others happy for the sake of Jesus.



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

By W. Letterman Smith.

It was the night before Christmas Eve, and Mr. Myser, an old, thin, weazen-faced man, after his long and tiresome day's work, retired to rest in a little, dirty room, back of his little, dirty shop, on a little, dirty street, but in a city of considerable size. He was soon asleep. "Bread! Bread! Give us bread!" Louder and louder grew the cry until it became as the roll of the breakers on the seashore, or as the roll of the thunder in the heavens. A great multitude of starving men, women and children thronged him. "Bread! Bread! Give us bread!" The crowd pressed upon him. He was being crushed, suffocated.

He awoke, but after awhile fell asleep again. An attic room, almost bare of furniture! It seemed to be Christmas morning, for the chimney hung four half-worn stockings, one for each of the four children, who now approached to see what the round-bellied saint had left for him. But the stockings, all of them, seemed to be empty. Could it be possible? The children took them, turned them inside out. Empty! Empty! Every one of them empty! And Christmas morning! Oh! how the little ones sobbed and cried as only children can who have been passed by on Christmas morning. The mother, who sat watching them, groaned aloud and wept, too, as she gathered her little ones about her to comfort them. Dreams these? Yes. But were there no realities to correspond? Yes; and well did the old man know it. Mr. Myser sat in his little back room, which served in turn as kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, and bed-room. He had had a busy day. It was Christmas Eve, and the bells in a neighbouring church spire were pealing right merrily. Visions of mother and home passed before him. The religious instruction received in childhood came back to him with peculiar force. He fell upon his knee, accepted God's gift of His Son, and in return gave himself unto the Lord. Then the dreams of the night before came vividly to mind. His heart was touched and opened, and the Christmas spirit came in, and he yielded to its blessed influence.

"I'll do it. Yes, I'll do it," he said to himself, as he rose from his chair. And, putting some money into his pocket, and putting on an old great overcoat two or three sizes too large for him, and an old cap a size at least too small, he went forth into the clear, crisp, winter night. Some distance it was to the business section of the city, but thither he took his way. The stores were aglow with lights, and adorned beautifully for the holiday season. A large toy store attracted his attention especially. He entered.

What a tempting display! Dolls and soldiers and blocks and forts and wagons and carts and Noah's arks and balls and tops and marbles and puzzles and games and picture books! "There! I'll take that doll for a little girl who lives across the way." But before it could be wrapped up he changed his mind, and took another. Then the girl's brother! He must get something for him, to be sure. But what? Ah! that was a perplexing question, indeed. A stable, with three horses and their keeper in it! Just the thing for a boy, an iron engine and a car attached! How the little fellow's eyes would dance at the sight of them! A whole farm-yard compressed into a box of portable size! How wonderful! A menagerie! Ah! The very thing! A box of soldiers. Surely the boy would be pleased with that! "I'll take the soldiers," he said to the patient clerk, but when the box had been wrapped up and paid for, he changed his mind and took the engine and car after all. Then he purchased other toys, and a few picture-books, and several rattles and rubber animals for as many babies.

On his way back to his lonely abode he stopped, and said aloud, "What a fool! Christmas without candy! Never! Never!" So, after depositing his packages in the cupboard of his room, he went forth again. This time to a confectionery store. How beautiful and attractive the contents of that store! Candy mixed, and candy plain, candy in drops, and candy in sticks, candy in baskets, and candy in canes, French candy and chocolates, men and beasts, fruits and vegetables, all of sugar! Dear me! Dear me! What should he buy? It took him a long time to select what he wanted. But he did at last, as evidenced by the number of neatly wrapped up packages and boxes he put in the cupboard upon his return home. He was tired now, and sat down to rest. But he had sat thus for only a few moments when he started to his feet, exclaiming, "What a

WHEN YOU SIT DOWN to Your Christmas Dinner

how much more it would seem like the old-fashioned Yuletide dinner, if to the turkey and pastry there were added plenty of tempting slices of pure, wholesome, tasty

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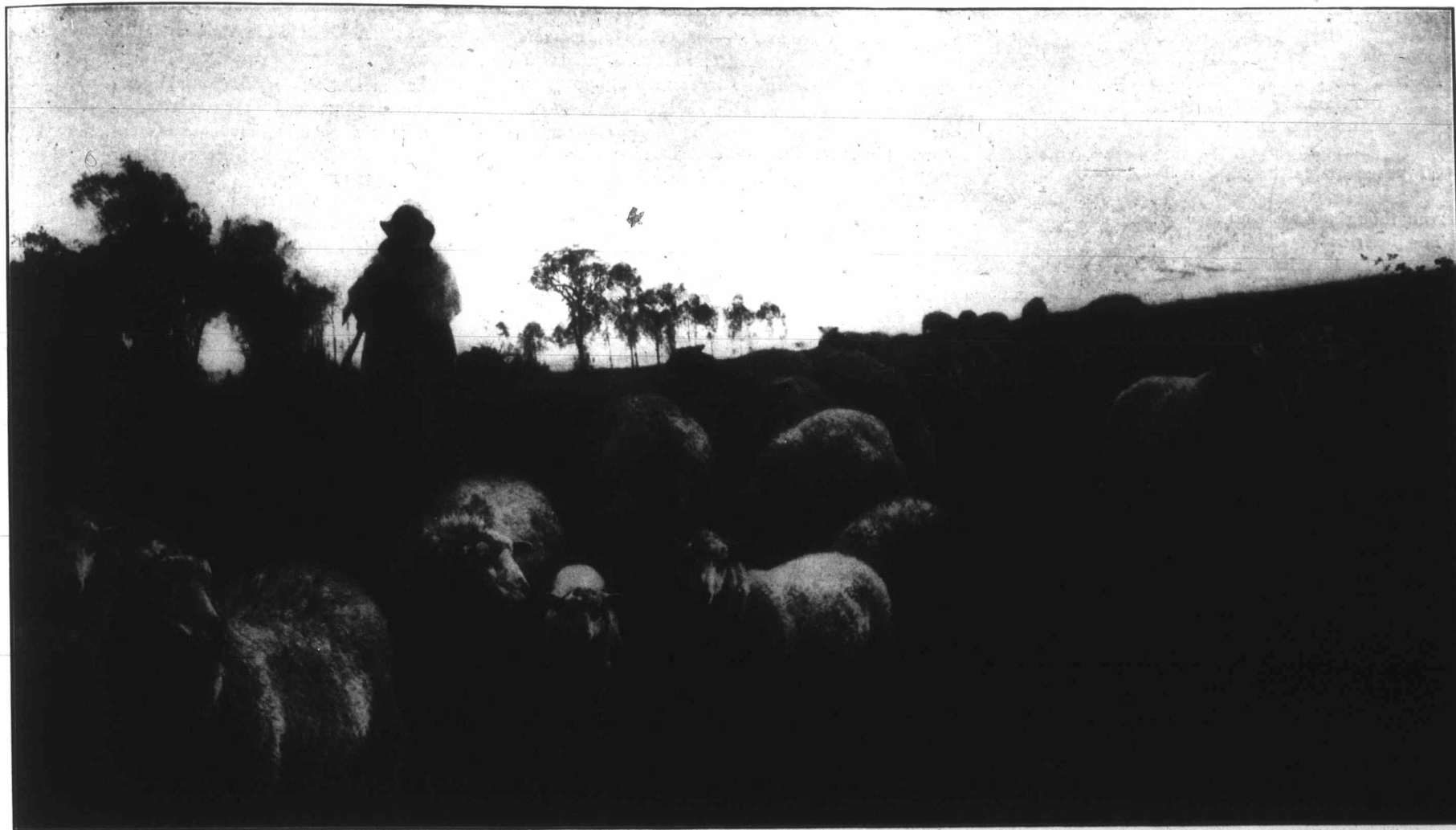
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By courtesy of Mackenzie & Co.

Returning Home.

Canadian Churchman.

fool! They can't live on toys and candies, can they? And I've nothing for their dinners." So, putting some more money into his pocket, for the former supply was about exhausted, and taking an old basket upon his arm, he sallied forth again, but this time to the market-house, not far distant. What an appetizing display of turkeys and geese, beef and mutton, cranberries and celery, vegetables and fruits of many kinds! He filled his basket, and, returning home, emptied its contents into the cupboard, and then trudged back to the market-house and filled his basket a second time. When he reached his home it was midnight. He made up the fire and sat down to rest. "I'll not go to bed. No, sir; I'll not go to bed this night. Why should I? I couldn't sleep, could I?" he said aloud, as though some one were urging him to retire, and he resented all interference with his plans. Neither did he go to bed, but he did fall asleep, if sundry snorts and catchings of breath and noddings of head and general limpiness of body be indications of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." But after a while he roused up. It was 2 o'clock. "Now, then, I'll tidy up a bit," he said to himself. And how the dust flew as he plied the broom. After a thorough cleaning of room and shop, and a good shave and wash, he put on a suit of clothes he had not had on for many a day. It was quite old-fashioned. "Yes, it's old-fashioned," he said, "but, bless me, ain't I old-fashioned, too. Ha! ha! ha!" How merry he was. He had not had such a laugh since he was a boy.

Seven o'clock came. He could wait no longer. So off he started, the pockets of his great coat bulging out with odd-shaped packages, his hands filled with bundles of various sizes, and on his arm the old basket heaped up with good things. And several trips he made. "Old Myser become Santa Claus! Ha! ha! ha! Well, it feels good, anyhow. Ha! ha! ha!" How merry he was this Christmas morning! What joy and sunshine he brought to more than one poverty-stricken home that day! The babies—bless them every one—how they laughed and clapped their little hands and kicked their tiny feet as they looked upon the pretty things set before them! And the older children—how they capered about him and pulled him this way and that in their childish glee! And the parents, how their eyes filled with tears and

their words trembled on their lips as they tried to express something of the gratitude they felt in their hearts! The old man's purse was impoverished, indeed, but his heart was filled even to overflowing. Church bells, in a great chorus of peals and chimes, sounded more sweetly than ever before to the old man this Christmas morning. "I've not been inside of a church for many a year," he muttered. "But it's not too late to start again, I reckon. Yes, I'll go." And he did go, and crouched in a seat close by the door. The music was enchanting, the service beautiful, the sermon comforting and helpful. He had never come so near to heaven before, for the Spirit of God, which is the true Christmas spirit, filled his soul, and he was at peace.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

There is a popular little household story that is repeated year after year to German children at the beginning of Christmas holidays, to kindle the spirit of charity, which illustrates to the child mind the words of our Lord: "I was a stranger and ye took Me in." In Germany every child passes through fairyland and receives the great truths of moral and spiritual life in parables. The story is substantially as follows:—In a little cottage on the borders of a large forest there once lived a poor wood-chopper, with his wife and two children. He was a good and pious man, but was scarcely able to earn enough to provide food for his family. For all that, he began his daily duties with prayer and ended them with praise, and the family were very happy. His children's names were Valentine and Marie. One snowy evening when the wood-chopper came home, he brought with him some green boughs, and after the evening meal began to hang them over the mantelpiece. "Christmas is here," said he, "and I have no presents for you; but we will offer to the Lord the beautiful altars of grateful hearts. God will bless us." He then said grace at the simple table, as they gathered around it to partake of the evening meal. There came a knock at the door. "Who is there?" asked the wood-chopper. "A homeless child." "Come in." A child entered, very beautiful, but in ragged clothing, and stood before the fire. "Who are you?" asked the woodchopper kindly. "Whence do you

come?" "I am a stranger and have no home," answered the child. "Come to the table, little stranger," said Marie. "There is not bread enough for us both; you shall have my supper." "And I will let you sleep in my bed," said Valentine. "There is not room enough for two, I will sleep on the floor." The family sang their evening song,

"The woods are all silent,"

and the little stranger quickly fell asleep in Valentine's bed. At midnight the family was awakened by the sound of music without the door. The storm had abated and the stars shone clear in the sky. Very sweet music it was. "Hark!" said Marie. "It is the song of children. What do they sing?" "Listen, said Valentine. The family was still, and the voices sang:—

"O happy home, to heaven highest
Wherein thou, Little Stranger, liest."

Like the softly attuned musical glasses seemed the music out of which rose the carol. The family heard it with delight. The song was repeated:—

"O happy home, to heaven highest
Wherein thou, Little Stranger, liest."

The music drifted away as in a cloud of light, higher and higher, and was lost in the air. In the morning the Little Stranger woke and said that he must go. "You will be blessed," he said simply, "because you took me in. Take this sprig of evergreen," he added, breaking a twig from the tree that the cutter had brought home, "and plant it, and you shall one day know who I am." It was a sprig of the fir. The cotter did as he was bidden, and the sprig grew, and the fir tree bore silver nuts and golden apples, and Marie and Valentine never again knew the want of food or a bed or of an abundant Christmas table. It was the first Christmas-tree. Who was the Little Stranger?

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

This year's beautiful illustrated Christmas number of the "Canadian Churchman" will be sent to any part of Canada, England or the United States, for **Twenty-five Cents**. No better Christmas present could be sent to friends for the money.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till Ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

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

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

"THE OTHER MAN."

"One of the most prominent business men, at the head of a large store, on being asked, the other day, for the primary rule, of business success, answered: 'To think of the other man.' He explained his answer somewhat thus: 'I can afford to lose in a transaction but I cannot afford to have my customer lose. I may be the victim of misrepresentation, but I must

not allow him to suffer from false statements, or from any hidden defects in the goods he buys. He must learn to trust me implicitly in regard to my goods, and to see that I would much prefer to suffer myself than to have him suffer. I must make my customer my friend.'

"Of course, the man who seeks to win your friendship simply that he may profit by your custom is not an honest man; our business expert would confirm this judgment. But that man that understands that confidence is the one basis on which the business world rests and on which society must be reared, with all its vast interests, knows that the only way to establish confidence is to 'think of the other man.' One need not be indifferent to his own interests; indeed, he must not be indifferent. These are the very things which are intrusted to him, and in which, as the Scripture injunction is, he must be 'found faithful.' But he must recognize the fact that manhood is greater than business, that character is superior to chattels, and that his business affairs are instrumental to these higher ends. We are not worshippers of Mammon. We worship God, and compel Mammon to serve us. Paul, as so often, struck the happy thought here, in writing to his beloved Philippians: 'Look not each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others.'

"As our business authority said, it pays 'to think of the other man.' And it pays in a great many ways. Such regard for others is a good business investment. It also prepares the way for valued friendships. It aids in building up our own characters and gives us the consciousness that we are doing just the right thing. We honor honesty when we know that our creditor's accounts are as safe in our own hands as they would be in his own. We honor God when we show that we honor all men, because they are men, our brothers, and that their interests are as dear to us as our own. It is a comfort to believe that there are many such men."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him like those of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
—James Russell Lowell

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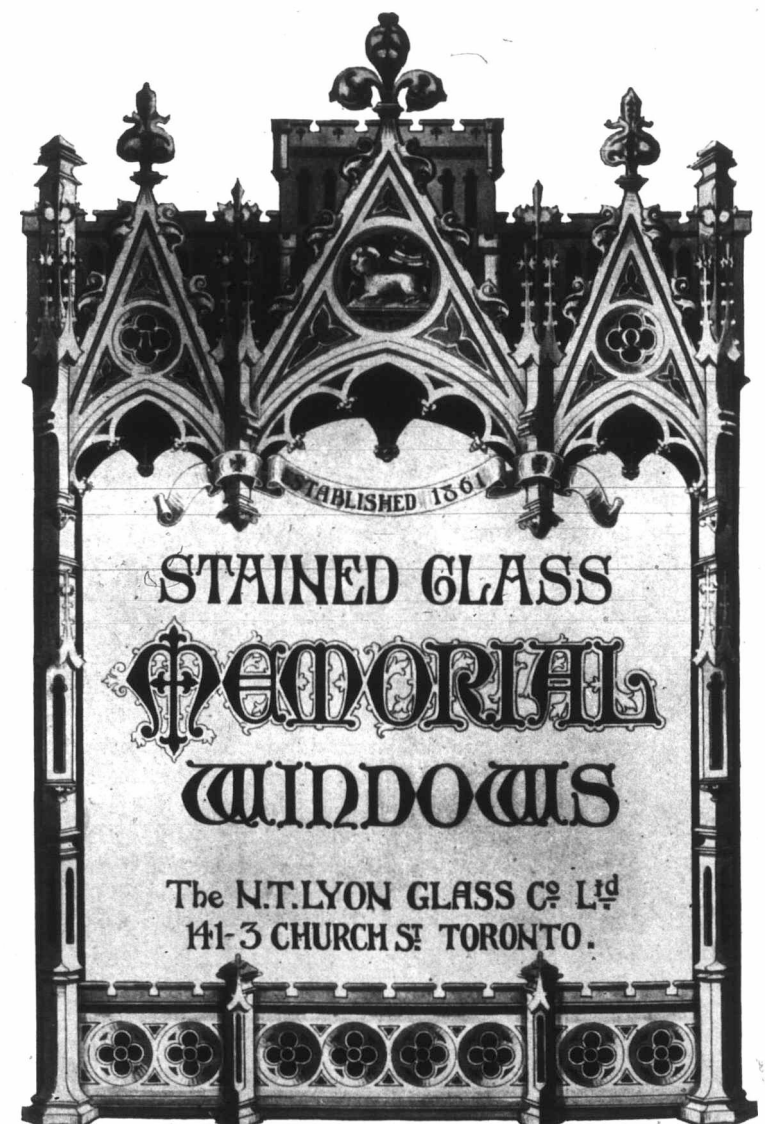
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DON'T BE AFRAID.

It is all very well for mischevious little Miss to say, "Don't be afraid." But fluffy little Puppy looks anything but happy, and, no doubt, feels very much like a fish out of water.

MUSKOKA VIEWS.

It is indeed a pleasure in mid-winter to have one's most delightful recollections of the glad summer time revived by the charming illustrations:—"A Quiet Nook," "Kawartha Lakes District," "On the Moon River," "Muskoka," and "Among the New England Hills." The Public is indebted to the Grand Trunk Railway System for ready access to these beauty spots.

THE FIRST SUIT.

How proud and happy is the little man at wearing his "first suit." There is nothing to equal the innocent joy of these sweet home scenes. Mirth and good nature combine to add to their charm. The incident will carry many an onlooker back to the days when life was in its early morning and the world was bright and blithesome and the future roseate with hope.

JUST IN TIME.

We have beheld many a hunting scene but none more merry than this. The artist has put an astonishing amount of innocent mirthfulness in the faces of the childish group in the foreground. What a change of expression there would be were wily reynard to double back and seek safety in the wheelbarrow!

HERE WE GO TO MARKET.

"Here we go to market," after the proverbial fashion of childhood. Thankful must the good mother of these frolicsome marketers be that this is not an incident of the return home with the basket filled with new laid eggs.

MADONNA.

It would be hard for the most gifted artist to equal, much less surpass, the tender sweetness and unspeakable purity of this exquisite virgin face. Most beautiful in illustration. What extraordinary impressiveness must the original painting possess. The mother of mothers! The

mother of our blessed Lord! Well may the most skilful artists devote their noblest efforts to the portrayal of that glorious face and form!

THE REPOSE.

Quaint and romantic is this ideal representation. The Virgin Mother, seated on a broad stone slab, clasps the wondrous infant to her bosom. With bent head her venerable attendant gazes on the holy child. The attendant groups at right and left and subdued light of eventide,

his diverse moods. Music hath charms for him 'tis true, but he makes it plain that it has other things as well. This reproduction by courtesy of Wm. Tyrell & Co.

THE BOY SAMUEL.

Never will the Old Testament lose its hold on the believing mind. The wondrous story of God's call to the infant Samuel stands out as a mark and an example of the intimate relationship established from the very beginning by the Heavenly Father between Himself and His children, even those of the tenderest years. This intimate relationship evidenced in the olden time with marked significance in the case of Samuel, the Church has devoutly perpetuated in the sacrament of baptism. In our illustration art has triumphantly portrayed the solemn scene where the child, Samuel, utters devoutly the words: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!"

RETURNING HOME.

The shepherd and the sheep. The light is fading from the sky. Darkness is setting on the earth. Yet the timid sheep and gentle lambs are ever guarded by the faithful shepherd and his trusted dog. As we look upon this fair scene, so full of pleasing pastoral quietude and beauty, how well it suggests that memorable picture painted for all time, and for the instruction and consolation of the most erring and wayward of men of the heavenly shepherd ever seeking and ever rescuing his lost and perishing sheep. The picture of infinite forgiveness, of ineffable inexhaustible love.

EARLY CHRISTMAS MORNING.

To many, and many a Christmas home will this sweet scene appeal. Gathered together in the early morning of the glorious day, which will forever and aye commemorate the coming to our lowly world of the Christ child. These dear little children stand and sing in their sweet child voices: "Hark the herald angels sing, glory to the new born King," as their elder sister plays the music and the widowed mother sitting by the open window with heart full to bursting of chastened love and devout gratitude joins her voice with theirs in the glorious Christmas hymn.



Don't Be Afraid.

over all, add to the impressiveness of a scene which can never fail to move the devout beholder.

AN ORCHESTRAL REHEARSAL.

To our musical friends the business of many an orchestral rehearsal will be revived by the varied postures and expressions of the tiny conductor in the six characteristic representations of

THE RAGING SEA.

Lovers of the old and hoary sea will look with awe upon this stormy scene. The strong fleet-winged gulls are quite at home in the surf and spray; but one cannot help being concerned for the fishing craft in the offing seeking shore through the fierce storm and surging billows.

"O SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG."

The dear little childish group with sweet and reverent faces picture to the mind the innocent attractiveness of childhood. Symbolized by our Lord Himself as the condition of all those who could properly be counted as members of his Kingdom on earth.

MARION HARLAND IN BETH-LEHEM.

The little city of Beth-lehem is set upon a hill which is crowned by the Church of the Navity, writes Marion Harland. The Grotto, which all sects of believers have agreed upon as the birth-place of our Lord, is directly under the church and entirely dependent for light upon artificial means. A silver star is let into the pavement of a semi-circular niche, above which is an altar adorned with the usual churchly symbols. By the light of fifteen colored lamps suspended under the altar we read the inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The long line of pilgrims prostrated themselves, one by one, and kissed the star, some with dropping tears—all, silently—solemnized beyond the range of speech. It did not add to our solemnity to be shown the manger, decorated with lace and an embroidered altar-cloth, and defended from sacrilegious fingers by a gilded railing. The really impressive things were occa-

sional glimpses of the rough stone walls and roof of the ancient stable, visible here and there between the gaudy decorations.

The service of Christmas eve began at half past ten at night and concluded at half past two in the morning! At midnight a lullaby from the organ preluded the supreme moment of the occasion—the sudden folding back of a curtain above the altar, revealing a manger-cradle and a big wax doll. The exultant outburst of organ and choir in a magnificent Gloria in Excelsis accompanied the stately processional of the entire staff of priests and acolytes, chanting and swinging censers while they bore up one aisle and down another, back to the high altar, the same doll, dressed in cambrie and lace, and nestling in the embrace of the richly appaerled Bishop.

Every incident of our last night in Jamal's camp in Beth-lehem recurs to me with peculiar distinctness. How, as the darkness deepened, the red, blinking eyes of the charcoal craters of the wonderful portable stove presided over by our accomplished chef in the door of the kitchen-tent—the night being breezeless—shown upon the under side of the olive boughs over our heads, while our quiet talk went on of what had happened in the old town behind us. We spoke longest of David's Greatest Son, and of the Birth that was to draw the eyes and thoughts of all nations to the little city on the hilltop in the land of Juda. At midnight, kept wakeful by the rush and burden of thought, I arose to look from the tent door upon the watchful stars that here have a conscious majesty I had never recognized elsewhere, and wondered anew where, amidst the glittering host "marshalled on the nightly plain" had flashed the Star of Beth-lehem. For the last time in our eventful series of journeyings we saw the dawn redden the Mountains of Moab, the thin crescent of the waning moon dying, while we gazed, before the brightness of the coming sun. I shall always be grateful that that night of ineffable calm and the beauty of the new day are

prominent among the pictures conjured before my mental vision, as at the wave of an enchanter's wand, by the name of "Ephrath—which is Beth-lehem."—"Lippincotts."

'T WAS NIGHT WHEN THE LORD WAS BORN.

It was not in the glow of noontide high,
Or the tender grace of morn,
But the shadows were over the earth and sky—
'Twas night when the Lord was born.

This is ever the way God moulds his deeds,
In silence and out of sight;
They hide in the dark like the precious seeds,
Then suddenly rise in light.

So whenever a night with shadowy wing
Folds darkly over our way,
We must listen to hear God's angels sing,
And watch for the dawning day.

Let us say, when we sit in darkness long,
With an aching heart, forlorn,
'Twas night when the angels sang their song,
'Twas night when the Lord was born."

For all the glad days that had rolled in light
Since the first glad day had birth,
Were not half so bright as the one dark night,
When the Saviour came to earth.

And at last we shall own in the heavenly clime,
With a finished life in view,
That our darkest nights in the path of time
Were the brightest days we knew.

—Rev. Alfred J. Hough.

—The highest exercise of charity is charity towards the uncharitable.

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CHURCH AND COURT STREETS, TORONTO

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TORONTO

BOBBY.

A Christmas Story.

By Chas. George Smith.

Bobby was a wee wisp of a boy. He was ten years old, and yet he could only just see into the shop windows or above the table by straining on tip-toe. Not that he had any table to see above as a rule, for he and his mother were homeless. They spent their days wandering about the thronging streets of London, selling bunches of flowers for a penny a piece, and they were glad enough sometimes to get even a warm door-step to sleep on at night. It was a bitterly cold night in December and Bobby and his mother had come to their last penny.

It was the Sunday before Christmas, and they watched the ladies robed in silks and furs come daintily down the steps of the big mansions in Cavendish Square, holding light shawls before their mouth (for the wind was in the East), and stepping into their easy, warm-lined carriages, drive off.

After watching them for some time Bobby grew very cold. He had only a thin shirt on, worn into holes, a little jacket out at the elbows, and a torn pair of trousers that hung in rags about his ankles, affording no protection against the cutting wind. He shivered like an aspen leaf, his teeth began to chatter, and he tucked his bony blue hands under his arms to get them warm. "Mother," he said, "its rare and cold. Can't us get somewhere warm to sleep in to-night?"

"No," she answered, "we've only a penny left, and we shall both want something to eat, and we can't be warm and have bread, Bobby; that 'ud be too much." And she uttered a faint, bitter laugh. After a long pause Bobby spoke again. "Mother, where do all them ladies go?" "To church." "Aye; but what is church?" "A great place, all lighted up, where they have music, and where all the rich folks sits and listens, and are warm and comfortable."

Bobby was silent for a while, pattering along the pavement with little frozen feet. Presently they came in sight of "All Saints" Church, a huge gothic building, all lighted up, casting awarm glow out into the dreary night, and revealing in letters of flaming gold the beautiful and deathless words of Jesus, inscribed on one of the richly stained windows: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Fierce gusts of wind whirled around the corner of Margaret Street. "Let's go in," urged Bobby, clutching at his mother's faded gown. "Bless you, they wouldn't let the likes of us in; why, its for rich folks." "Let's try," pleaded Bobby, under his breath, "mebbe they won't see us, and its bitter cold out here." "It is bitter cold!" She muttered, and more from apathy and misery than from

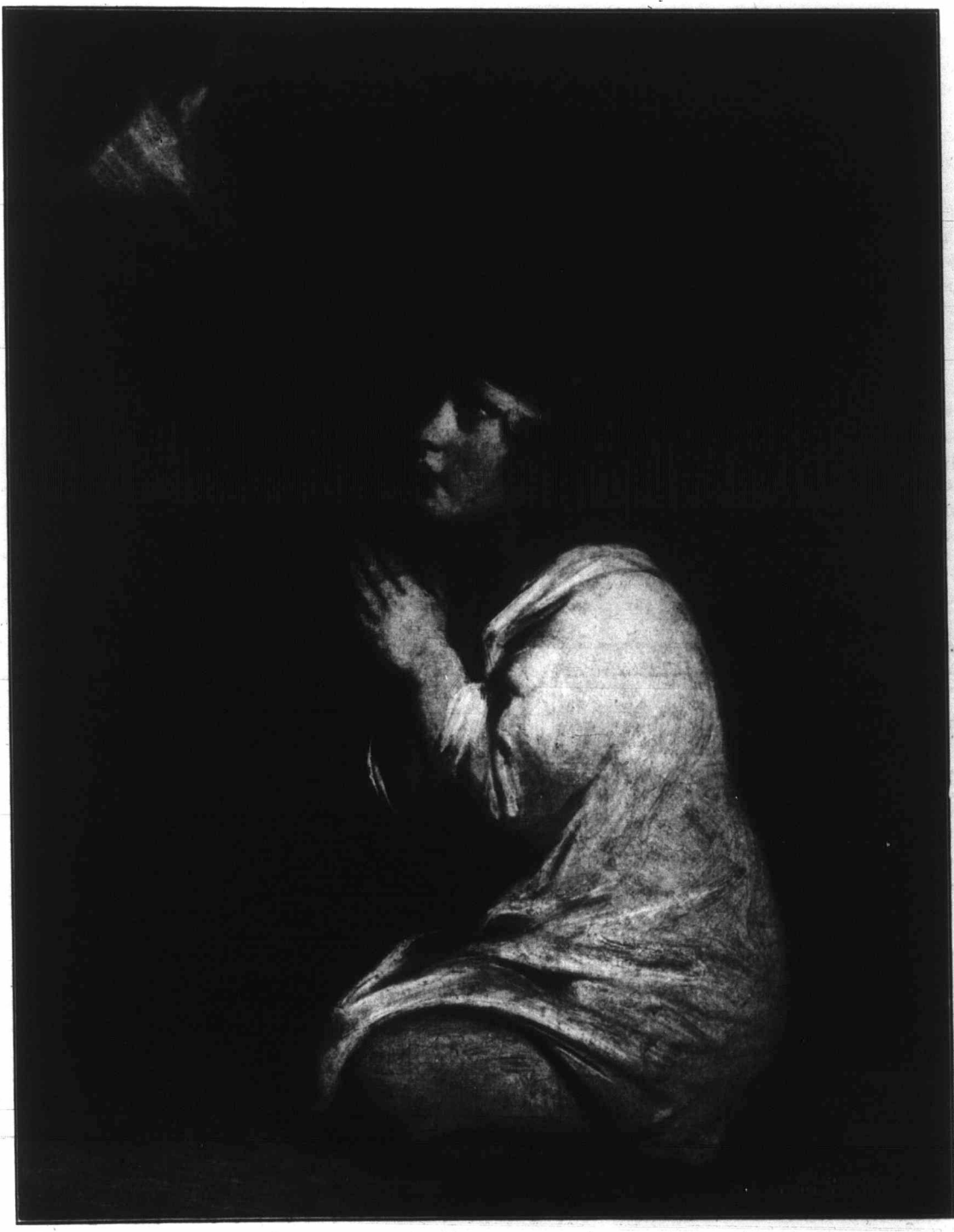
any desire to see what was inside, she followed the boy up the massive stone steps, and, unnoticed, they slipped into a vacant pew at the back of the church. The service had just commenced, and the worshippers, led by the mighty organ and the fresh ringing boys' voices, were taking up the ever-popular strain:—

"As with gladness men of old
Did the giuding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God may we
Evermore be led to thee."

Bobby sat entranced. He had never heard anything like that before, though he had always lived in London. Neither he nor his mother could

it don't matter." Soon he saw a man walk up to the place above the heads of the congregation. "What's yon he's stood up in?" he enquired. "Hush," his mother answered. "It's a pulpit. You listen, he's going to talk." He did "talk" too, for it was the Bishop of London himself, the simplest and most searching preacher in all his great diocese. He was a young man, not more than forty, with a pale, pure face, and eyes that had a wonderful fire and earnestness in them. He announced his text in a rich, ringing voice, that thrilled through the building: "Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty." In earnest words he told of the vision we all may have of the King, in the manger, on Calvary, in glory, and without which vision our yuletide would be poor indeed. Then he began to talk of the place where the King lives; the shining city, with golden streets and great pearl gates which were never shut, so that the weary, the sick, or the needy, might always enter in. Poor little Bobby! It was so beautiful he could hardly believe it all, as he sat eagerly listening, with his tangled hair hanging in festoons about his great childish eyes. "Could it be really true?"

Then again the preacher leaned forward and p'eaded with his people. "Is there none of you here," he said, "who will leave the life of selfish pleasure, and give yourselves wholly to Him and enter the little strife now to win the great glory and peace afterwards?" Bobby was so carried away by the preacher's fire, that he was just going to start up and cry out that "he'd go if anyone 'ud show him the way, when he remembered himself, and turned to look at his mother. She was still gazing before her, in that absent way, as though she scarcely heard. Then all the people stood up, and she took Bobby by the hand and hurried out of the church. "They're all coming out now," she said, as soon as they got outside, "we'd best get out of the way." "Did ye ever hear the like o' that mother?" said Bobby, when they had both slackened their pace a little. "I never knew there was such a beautiful place anywhere as he talked



The Boy Samuel.

Canadian Churchman.

about. Do ye know what King it is? Couldn't we go?" "I never heard of any king as was ever beautiful," she answered, thoughtfully, in that dense ignorance of the London poor, hardly to be imagined by those who have never come in contact with it. "Do ye think father knew anything about the King?" "No, I doubt he didn't Bobby, or he would'nt ha' died." The tears slowly gathered in her eyes as she spoke. If it were true, if they could only have known where the good King was, perhaps, He could have saved him. But she did not say anything. The poor are so used to suffering of all kinds. Suffering had made her incredulous, too, of any real good. But it was otherwise to Bobby. His mind harped constantly on one subject—if only he could see the King!

Everything would surely be right. The next day a bitter frost set in, and a dense fog blotted out every ray of sunlight. The pavements were thick with ice, and the pedestrians hurried past with their Christmas packages in cautious strides, for it was almost impossible to keep a foothold. It was a bad day for "trade" at the street corner, and the basket of violets that Bobby and his mother were selling went very slowly. Presently, Bobby caught sight of a lady on the opposite corner who often bought of them, seizing two bunches he darted off to catch her as fast as his feet would carry him. The crossing was dangerous—a mass of slippery, uneven ice—but he managed to get safely to the "island" stand in the middle. He had just commenced the second half of his journey when a hansom sharply rounded the corner and suddenly swerved aside to avoid a big dray. There is no need to describe what followed. A hundred such things happen every year in this great city—a little ragged boy knocked down and run over; a tall black figure darting in among the staggering horses, and tenderly bearing the child out again, its face white as death; the violets, crushed and dirty, still clutched in one little hand that was whole; a woman, weeping and wringing her hands, following. This is all the world saw. "Poor child!" it said: "but boys are so foolhardy, and they are always in the way." . . . They laid the little mangled form on a comfortable cot, in one of the big wards of the hospital. The nurses and doctors shook their heads. There was no hope. The little life was slipping rapidly away. In response to his mother's pitiful plea: "Let me with him, Sir; he's all I have!" they allowed her to remain by the cot. During the most of that long evening Bobby was unconscious. The fever ran high and he talked incessantly. Sometimes he fancied he was selling violets, and would say piteously, "please lady buy; mother and me haint nothin' to eat!" Anon he fancied he was shivering in

the keen east wind, although there was a huge fire in the grate. But most often his mind would run on the great theme which had absorbed it before the accident. "If only we could see Him, so beautiful and kind. He'd take care of us and we'd never be unhappy any more, never hungry, never thirsty, never no more pain." His voice sank to a whisper and he dropped into a calm sleep. Outside the wind was moaning, and the sleet fell in splashes against the window. The firelight played in fitful gleams about the room. Suddenly Bobby awoke, and turned his eyes upon his mother. As he gazed, his eyes grew wondrous bright, and a radiant smile spread over his wan little face. "It is beautiful!" he cried, "oh, mother, pearl, and gold and lights—and the gate isn't shut!" Suddenly he sprang up in bed—"the King," he almost shouted. "I see the beautiful King!" Then he fell back upon the pillow. Bobby had gone to see the King in His beauty at last. Straight forth he went from his fever and his poverty into the beautiful city, where there is no more suffering, and the King Himself showed him the way. The nurse bent tenderly over the sobbing mother, on her knees beside the bed, and her eyes were dim as she softly said, "And Jesus called a little child unto Him." . . . It was Christmas Eve. Outside the storm had ceased, and up through the still night was wafted the strain of the old carol, sung by the ruddy choristers of a nearby church:—

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

Methinks the angels had indeed "come down," and borne the little sufferer upon their sacred pinions into the palace of the King.

—For those who love the world is wide, but not for those who hate.—Aldrich.

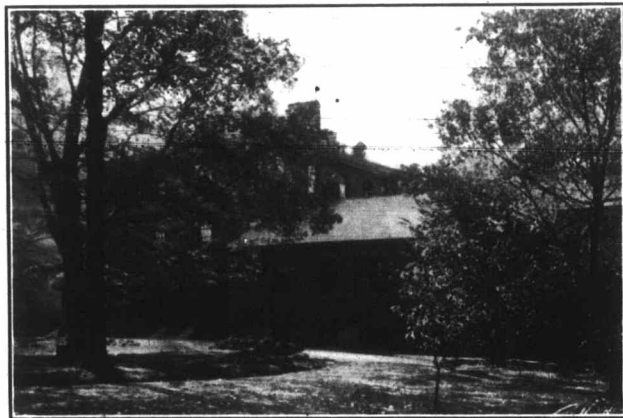
A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

No Christmas pudding for us this year, Bill," said Stephen Mount, sadly, as he set his calendar at the twenty-fourth of December. On this lonely lighthouse a man was in danger of forgetting where he was with the date, unless he made a regular habit of setting it day by day. Stephen always did it when he sat down to his breakfast. Then he said grace and fell to work on his porridge; and he would as soon have left one undone as the other. But he was unusually silent this morning as he ate. Not that he was caring so much about the Christmas pudding itself—except for Billy's sake. It was this. For thirty Christmas Eves the wife who had been his faithful companion out there in that wild waste of waters had made a pudding for the festive day, and now her hands were still in death. He was thinking how she made it just a year ago. "No Christmas pudding for us this year," he said again. Now Bill didn't so much mind about the Christmas pudding if he had to eat it in that "strait jacket for two," as he used to call the lighthouse. But he had a sweetheart on shore, and he would have liked it very much better if the shifts had been arranged so that it fell to Jack's lot to keep old Stephen company over Christmas time; so he was rather silent over his breakfast too. A week or more before this, there had been a great to-do in a certain little cottage on the shore, stoning raisins and chopping peel and suet and the like. "Mother, couldn't we make a pudding for poor Mr. Mount?" Hetty Golding had asked. And Mrs. Golding had answered: "For sure! The very thing I was thinking of. He'll have nobody to make him one this year; and 'tis his light has guided dad home safe to us many a night. Likely a slice wouldn't come amiss to Bill, either," she added slyly. "Maybe we could put in a good word for him, eh?" Whereat Miss Hetty blush-

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UPPER CANADA TRACT SOCIETY
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PUDDING.

us this year, Bill," as he set his calendar for December. On this day, in danger of forgetting the date, unless he was reminding it day by day, he sat down to his work and fell to work as hard as soon have left it if he was unusually busy. Not that he was a Christmas pudding enthusiast. It was this. For his wife who had been sitting there in that wild excitement for the pudding for the hands were still in the air when she made it just as a pudding for us this year. Bill didn't so much mind the pudding if he had to eat for two," as he used to say, he had a sweetheart who liked it very much and he arranged so that the old Stephen company was rather silent for a week or more before it was to do in a certain stoning raisins and the like. "Mother, don't ding for poor Mr. Mount," he asked. And Mrs. Mount said, "He'll have nobody to look after 'tis his light has many a night. Like-miss to Bill, either," she could put in a good word for Miss Hetty blush-

ed, declaring that Bill would have to stand on his own merits, so far as any good words from her might go. She took a good deal of pains with the pudding, none the less; and when the great brown basinful was duly cooked, and the winds blew up such a storm that for days and days to think of reaching the lighthouse was quite out of the question, poor Hetty began to look very glum. "I doubt they'll not get their pudding for Christmas," her father said more than once, looking out from the door across the raging waves. "Well, they don't know it's been in the pot, so may happen 'twill come as right for New Year as for Christmas. It's sure to clear by New Year, anyhow." Hetty, however, seemed to think that since it was a Christmas pudding it mattered everything in the world they should have it on that day. Sure enough, too, at noon on the 23rd, the sky began to clear, and with the setting of the sun the wind fell. Christmas Eve dawned calm and bright. Of course the sea was a bit rough still, but by afternoon it had quieted down enough for them to venture; so out they started. Hetty and her father, and her brother, Tom, in the little fishing-boat.

"Mind, it's all for Mr. Mount!" called Hetty, as she rested on her oar below the landing stage, watching Tom hand the pudding up to Bill, "because it's his light always guides father's boat home through the dark to us!" But Bill knew well that the look accompanying the words was not for Mr. Mount; and with that for himself, he could afford to take his risk of a share of the pudding. It was a quiet dinner-party of two next day in the little living-room of the lighthouse, and they sat down at the unfashionable hour of one o'clock. But both Stephen and Bill enjoyed the pudding; and whilst they took a little after-dinner rest, Stephen got down his Bible and read aloud the story of the first Christmas Day, when—as he said—the Light of the world was set up on high to warn poor perishing men off the rocks of sin. Then the short day declined and twilight deepened, and they climbed the steps once more to send their beam across the waves.

F. E. Burch.

A "SHARED" CHRISTMAS.

"Girls, I have an idea!" "Really, Nannie, it's surely an unusual occurrence!" "Come, Myra, don't tease; tell us the idea, Nancy Lee," said Kathie; "but, first, take off your hat and cape, and join our charmed circle; did you bring your work-bag? That's good; see how pretty this scarf for mother's table is going to be." "What are you making, Nannie?" demanded Myra, who was embroidering initials on a set of handkerchiefs. "Pin-balls," answered she, holding up half a dozen little silk balls joined by different colored ribbons; "I'm just going to stick in the pins. I bought three papers on the way down." In addition to the three girls already mentioned, a tall, fair girl sat by the window, painting pretty designs on some blotters; Annie Wainwright was filling the air with fragrance from the sachet powder she was spreading between the layers of cotton, waiting to be put into

various silk cases tied with ribbons; and Josephine Worth was embroidering a soft white sacque for a newly-arrived little niece, "the possession of which," Myra declared, "renders her so proud and important, that she hardly deigns to speak to non-possessors of the same article." "I didn't know I was unusually silent," Josephine said; "I was thinking how pretty Evelyn's painting is. But," she added, "where is Nan's idea?"

"O yes, the idea—" cried the girls. "Well," began Nannie, hesitatingly, "I was wondering if we couldn't make this a sharing Christmas; give some one outside a happy time, too; I have been thinking about it while we've been meeting and planning for Christmas, these last few weeks, and to-day I thought of the very people who need it." "Go on!" said Myra, as Nannie stopped for breath, and she continued: "There is a Mrs. Todd who has done our washing for nearly a year, now, and she is a very nice woman but she's very poor; she lives in a little house in West Alley, and mother has let me go several times to see the little children. There

"There; my blotters must dry," Evelyn said, rising. "I am going to ask mother for that piece of blue cloth, Kathie, that you bought as a remnant the other day, and which proved too small for a pair of sleeves; but I believe it would make a coat for the little Lina."

So the girls fell to talking and planning, and soon it was agreed that, if the mothers consented—"which of course they will," said Myra—they should make a tree, not only for the two little Todds, but for the six little Irish children who lived opposite, "provided Mrs. Todd approves, too, but I know she will," said Nannie; "and I'll see her Monday morning when she comes to wash; so all come to my house next Saturday with mothers' consents; bring pennies and—ideas."

"And we shall have to work hard," said Annie, wrapping up her sachets; "for it's the first week in December now, and we've lots to do besides those old examinations, too; I never can get those horrid problems."

"Perseverentia omnia vincit," chanted Myra. "I hope my brother will appreciate these handkerchiefs, and not use them for bandages for hospital patients."

Then the four girls said "good-bye," and went chatting down the street, while Kathie and Evelyn cut and basted, with their mother's help, a little blue coat for Mrs. Todd's Lina.

The week went very quickly, and Saturday afternoon found the six girls gathered in the cheerful dining-room of Nannie's home.

There was a great deal of talking and planning, and the busy fingers flew in time to the busy tongues.

Kathie and Evelyn had finished the little blue coat, and it was folded and laid carefully in a box to be taken back to their home, which was to be the depository for finished articles.

"I was telling Uncle Horace about our plan," said Josephine, "and he said perhaps this might be a little help," and she showed a crisp ten-dollar bill.

"O how nice of him!" cried Myra; "let's make Josie treasurer, and turn over all the 'where-with-all' to her."

So there was a general diving into pockets, and passing over of pennies and dimes.

"I was talking about it to mother the other day, and she said it would be nice if we could get some good warm garment for each child as something to start with," said Nannie, "and she said she had a soft, warm lounging gown that Aunt Helen sent to Harry, but he's so active he never needs it, and she said we might have it for Jimmie; and there is the coat for Lina, and I think we might get something like that for each of the others."

"Then there must be dolls, and toys, and picture books, and lots of candy and apples," Myra said. "I'll offer to make bags for all the candy, if you like."

"As to apples," said Annie, "a friend of ours in the country is going to send me a barrel of them at Christmas, and I'll bring all of those we need."

When the girls parted, everything was arranged: who should buy the garments, and who the dolls, who the books and other toys.

Thursday evening they were invited to Mrs. Worth's, where, with so many hands to help, the dolls were quickly dressed, and all felt that the plan was well on its way to fulfilment.



Early Christmas Morning.

Canadian Churchman.

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new born King
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

are two of them, Lina, about four years old, and Jimmie, who is a cripple; he fell when he was a baby, and his back is so bad that he can't move himself at all, and just sits in a chair all day long, and Lina stays with him while their mother is off at her work. To-day I stopped to see the little things, and I was talking to them about Christmas; they got so excited, for they'd never seen a Christmas tree or anything really nice, and I thought how nice it would be if we give them a really good Christmas."

"Why, I think it would be ever so nice!" exclaimed Katherine, and all six girls fell to discussing ways and means.

"We could go to the little house all together, Christmas afternoon, and fix a tree in a couple of hours if we had everything ready beforehand," said Josephine. "I have promised to help with the Mission tree, but that will be later in the evening; why don't you get the little girl to Sunday School, Nannie?"

"I think her mother would let her go if she had a cloak and hood, and you see we could make her some clothes for Christmas."

906

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AMY LEFEUVRE

SOCIETY

TO

"Papa saw me making the bags," said Myra, "and he said he would give us the candy, and Charlie wants to come and help us fix the tree."

"That will be fine, for your brother is so handy," said Katherine; "and we shall need someone to set up the tree for us."

"Mrs. Todd is so grateful to us," said Nannie, "and the children are so excited; they can hardly wait for Christmas."

About three o'clock on Christmas afternoon the six girls, with Myra's brother, all loaded with packages of various shapes and sizes, met at the little house in West Alley, where a shapely tree had been left a short time before.

Mrs. Todd and the two excited children were turned out of the "front room," where there immediately began hammering, and pounding, and laughter, and gay talk.

One of the little Irish guests was discovered sitting on the gate-post gazing into the uncurtained window with hungry eyes; he, however, was dispatched and prevented from indulging in a wild yell by a rosy apple.

By five o'clock all was ready, and the two families were received by Kathie, while the others stood back and sang a bright, sweet, Christmas carol.

All felt fully repaid for the trouble they had taken when they saw the delight on the children's faces. Lina's blue eyes sparkled and she danced about in a perfect ecstasy. The little cripple's wan face was lighted by a radiant smile, and the look of pain left his big dark eyes as, with clasped hands and quickened breath, he gazed at the sparkling tree.

The six little O'Briens gave vent to their appreciation in various squeals and yells of delight, and the baby swallowed his fist and had to be turned upside down and pounded on the back, "before the proceedings could proceed," as Kathie said afterwards.

It was a happy time for both donors and receivers; each gift was hailed with a rapture of delight, and if the children showed greater delight over the toys and sweetmeats, the girls, when they saw the faces of the two mothers, felt that the choice of the warm coats and jackets had been a good one.

Finally they took their leave amidst shouts from the children, blessings from Mrs. O'Brien, and half sobbing thanks from Mrs. Todd, who was almost too grateful to be able to give utterance to her feelings.

As they hurried along in the frosty air, Kathie exclaimed, "I think a 'shared' Christmas is a grand success: it's the nicest one I ever spent."

"And," said Myra, "we owe it all to Nannie's idea."

A week later, Myra announced to her friends: "O girls, what do you think? Charlie told Dr. Thorne about little Jimmie, and he and Dr. Anderson went to Mrs. Todd's yesterday and they are going to take him to the hospital next week; isn't that good?"

"So our 'shared' Christmas will go on all the year," said Nannie, gaily. "O girls, let's have one next year, too!"—Elizabeth H. Rand, *The Young Churchman*.

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART

O, what is this pathway white,
With parapets of light,
Whose slender links go up, go up,
And meet in heaven high?
'Tis the Road of the Loving Heart
From earth to sky.

Who made the beautiful road?
It was the Son of God,
Of Mary, born in Bethlehem.
He planned it first, and then
Up the Road of the Loving Heart
He led all men.

Was it not hard to build?
Yes, all His years were filled
With labor but He counted
Not the cost nor was afraid—
No Road of the Loving Heart
Is cheaply made.

The shining parapet
In tireless love was set,
A deathless patience shaped the treads
And made them firm and even;
By the Road of the Loving Heart
We climb to heaven.

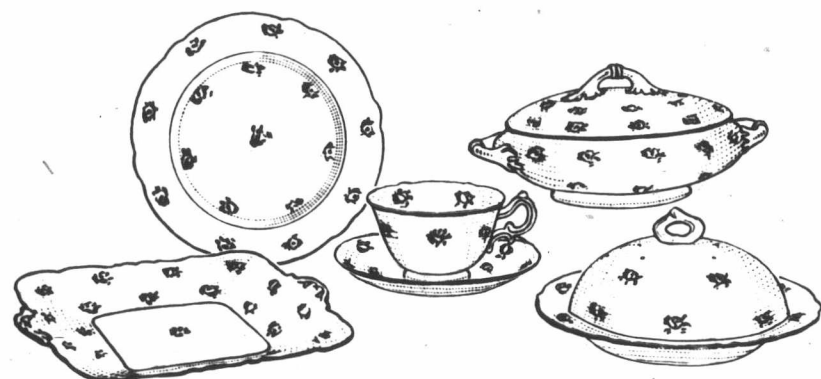
May I follow this path of souls
Which leads to the shining goal?
Yes, Christ has opened the way to all
Which His blessed feet once trod,
And the Road of the Loving Heart He made
Is the road to God.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE SEA-GULLS.

The Scilly Isles lie southwest of England, not far from the English channel. The coast is very dangerous. The island ledges are granite. Rocks and shoals, the deep channels of the coast and narrow seas, combine to break the regular swell of the Atlantic, and the currents are strong enough to push a large ship somewhat ahead even when anchored. At Christmas time a few years ago a great "liner" was fog-bound off these islands. The dense fog wrapped the ship about like a wet, gray blanket. Nothing could be seen even dimly. The great engines moved very slowly, while the steam whistle was constantly blown; but ere long they stopped, and the vessel was only lifted by the swell.

If she could have remained still, her peril would have been far less; but, debarred from every point of sight, every sea-mark, the resistless



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force of the current was bearing her every moment nearer the granite ledges of the Scilly Isles. No one knew this at the time, but the captain was well aware that they were in imminent danger. To try to go on meant almost certain collision with some other vessel or striking upon some unseen rock. The only possible chance of safety was in waiting for the fog to lift, though this might not happen for a week.

Hour after hour passed with no change. Food was provided as usual; but there was small relish for it; either among passengers or crew. The captain's face grew more and more clouded, and he consulted oftener with the first mate.

The fog whistle and the sound of bells were heard every now and then from some other vessel miles away. There was no wind, only utter stillness cold and darkness. The night was closing in when suddenly the silence was broken by a chorus of shouts, laughing and screaming mingled with the rushing and beating of sea gulls' wings. It was a message, as well understood as the bell of the light house.

The captain rushed to the pipe, and shouted his orders. The engines throbbed; and the vessel, with a great strain and pull, began to move backward. She had been near, too near the shore. The current was forcing her directly on the granite ledge.

The "liner" backed toward the open sea, the gulls following and screaming. All the while not one could be seen. But, after the ship had passed the danger line, the fog lifted for a moment, leaving the cliffs in sight, and proving that in a few minutes more she would have been dashed against them.

"The birds saved the ship," said the crew, "nothing else." Shooting a seagull on the Scilly Isles or in their vicinity is positively forbidden at any time of the year. In consequence they are very tame. They sit on the roofs like sparrows, and have no fear of man. All the outlying rocks are the homes of gulls; and when a ship approaches, they seem to think it is a new island, and fly to it, calling their companions.

The very presence of the gulls indicates, without a chance of mistake, the near neighborhood of the shore and of rocks. Their cry is as sure a warning as bell or beacon.

There is a legion of unpaid watchers keeping guard on the farthest crags, ready to bear their warning to ships lying in the most dangerous position known at sea,—a fog on a coast beset with tides and currents. All along the shore from Land's End to Poole Harbor these watch-

ing birds are on the crags of the perilous coast. They warn and save whole fleets of fishing-boats, as they pass near the rocks and cliffs coming homeward amid the heavy fogs. The fishermen have passed the word from the Cornish coverts to Plymouth, thence to Brixham, on to Sidmouth, and from Sidmouth to Bere, never to allow a gull to be shot. "I reckon he is no friend to us who kills a seagull," said a fisherman out with the herring boats. "Ten times last winter they told us where we were, as we were drifting in a fog as dark as pitch. Once I was not six boats' length from the picket rock when the

A CHRISTMAS EVE ROMANCE.

By Lilian.

It wanted but three days to Christmas. Christmas was, in fact, already in the air. Several shop windows had begun to take on a festive appearance, and a sleigh load of Christmas trees had just jingled merrily by. Christmas, however, did not much concern John Halliwell. His mind was busy with other matters as he walked along the street, facing the wintry December sunset. He was the director of the Millbrook Orchestra

Club, which had recently given a very successful concert. The Club was small, consisting of only ten members; but these were well trained, and some were possessed of more than ordinary talent. Several ladies of the town had rendered valuable assistance, especially Miss Marie Carmen, a really gifted singer, lately returned from studying abroad.

It was, indeed, chiefly owing to her that the concert of last week had beaten all previous records. It was of this event that John Halliwell was thinking as he espied his chief colleague, Wilfrid Carroll, on the opposite side of the street.

Crossing the street quickly, he joined his friend, and at once plunged into the subject of his musing. "I say, Wilfrid, I've been thinking up a plan for the Club." "Well, let's hear it."

"That concert of ours scored such a success; what's to hinder our repeating it somewhere else? If we could clear another hundred dollars, or even seventy-five, or less, it would go a good way towards building our new concert hall." "An excellent idea! Where do you propose holding it?" "Oh, we might go to Dundee, or Richland, or Rosewood. We'll decide that later. We'll have it soon, sometime between Christmas and New Year's, perhaps. We'll get posters out and have the thing well advertised, and—" "Hold on, John! How long

would it take to make all these preliminary arrangements? What would be the earliest possible date for the affair to come off?" "Let me see," said the Director thoughtfully, then after a pause, "Not before the 30th." "Well then, old fellow, we're 'in the soup.' Miss Carmen leaves for Rochester the day after Christmas, and Joe and Dick for Winnipeg a couple of days later. Miss Carmen's return is indefinite, and the boys will not be back for a month." "Wilfrid, what an avalanche of disaster! Miss Carmen is the star of the whole concern; and Joe and Dick, our



Just In Time.

Canadian Churchman.

gulls flew out and screamed and I was away in time to save my boat and the nets and fish. Only for the blessed birds I'd likely never have seen the two hills again." ❖ ❖ ❖

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would it take to make all these preliminary arrangements? What would be the earliest possible date for the affair to come off? "Let me see," said the Director thoughtfully, then after a pause, "Not before the 30th." "Well then, old fellow, we're 'in the soup.' Miss Carmen leaves for Rochester the day after Christmas, and Joe and Dick for Winnipeg a couple of days later. Miss Carmen's return is indefinite, and the boys will not be back for a month." "Wilfrid, what an avalanche of disaster! Miss Carmen is the star of the whole concern; and Joe and Dick, our

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-Susan Coolidge.

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Furriers

very best musicians—why, we simply can't get along without them. Are you quite sure this is true?" "Quite sure, I have it from their own lips. Miss Carmen told Annie this morning of her new engagement in Rochester, and I just met the boys at the library." "That being the case we're not only 'in the soup,' we're 'dished' into the bargain. That puts an end to the concert." "I'm afraid so," answered Wilfrid. "Here we are at The Oaks. Come in and take tea with us, won't you?" "Thanks, Wilfrid, but I'm afraid mother will be waiting tea for me." "Why, just 'phone to her that you are here, and it will be all right." "To be sure, I didn't think of that." The two friends passed into a warm, cheery room, where Wilfred's pretty sister Annie was busy preparing the evening meal. After greetings had been exchanged, John told her of his plan for the Club and of its sudden collapse, sure of her interest and sympathy. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang oft a-gley," she laughed, "but I'm really sorry this one couldn't be carried out. It would have been such fun. However, if we put our heads together perhaps we can build up another castle on a more solid foundation."

The two young men resumed their conversation, and Annie left her mother to put the finishing touches to the tea-table, while she dropped into a low seat before the glowing fire and lapsed into dream. John, unobserved, studied her face with its varying expressions, and when a light, soft smile flickered over her features, like a reflection of the rosy firelight itself, he said: "A penny for your thoughts, Miss Caroll. I believe you are building castles." She looked up brightly. "Yes, I have erected a more homely structure to supersede that one of yours which fell." "Oh, let's have it then, please." "Yes, let's have it, Annie," echoed her brother. But Annie shook her head, and her eyes turned again toward the glowing coals. "You wouldn't approve," she answered. "I believe we shall approve," said John,

"Only give us the chance." Thus pressed, Annie, not unwillingly and with a little suppressed eagerness that was not lost on at least one of her hearers, presented her 'castle' for criticism.

"This is Christmas time, and we don't need any more money, that is, the Club doesn't need it—at least, not yet. Wouldn't it be more in the spirit of Christmas if we could just give our concert as a sort of Christmas present to—somebody?" Wilfred broke out into a laugh, in which John could not resist joining in spite of himself as Wilfred, who never missed an opportunity for a joke, said, "Well, that's a good one! An original idea for sure! How shall we present it, Pussie? I guess we'll do it up securely in a neat package and express it to the township clerk, to be given to the most deserving person in Dundee." Annie tried to assume an air of offended dignity, but without success. The laugh became general. After a moment she said:

"No, but listen to me. What I mean is this. You know there are several people a few miles out of town who are almost destitute. It takes all they can scrape together for bread and butter; and there is nothing left for luxuries. A concert is out of the question. Some of them I don't suppose ever hear any good music. Wouldn't it be jolly if we should go to, say Mrs. Hughes', and give them a surprise party, perhaps on Christmas Eve, and let them have a real good time for once? Miss Carmen would go in a minute, I know, and—" "In a minute!" interrupted Wilfred. "Six miles a minute, three hundred and sixty miles an hour! Pretty fast travelling, that! I just fancy I see her." "Wilfred, behave! Can't you?" John frowned, and Annie continued, "The boys would all go, I am sure; and the girls,—well, you could depend on them." "Good!" exclaimed John with enthusiasm. "Miss Caroll, you are a genius. We'll do it, Wilfred. It'll be the event of the season. What do you say?" "I'm ready to follow my leader through thick and thin," answered Wilfred, "only it seems to

me I'd like a little larger audience than those two old people." "Why," Annie suggested, "While we girls were getting things ready for the fun inside, some of you boys might drive around and gather up an audience." "Good again!" said John. "But who are these people anyway? I don't remember hearing the name before." "They are an old couple who have seen better days," Annie explained. "All their children are gone. Some are dead, and the rest are too far distant to be any comfort to them. They are getting a little feeble, and times are hard. But they have a roomy house with one good large room that would hold quite a number of people if we can manage the seats. You remember Marian Curtis and I spent a week out there last summer camping by the lake with the McDonald's and Reid's, of Rosewood, so we know all about them. Most of the people there are of a superior class although they are poor."

During the supper hour there was an animated discussion of the proposed scheme; and it was decided that, with the consent of all concerned, the plan should be tried on Christmas Eve. As John arose from the table at the conclusion of the meal he said, "We must lose no time in getting things settled. I think I shall call a meeting for this very evening at my home." Thereupon he went to the telephone, and ringing up each member of the Club in turn, he delivered this urgent message: "Meet me at home this evening at eight o'clock. I have an important suggestion to make to the Club."

Fortunately everyone promised to go. None lived so far away as to make it seriously inconvenient. John also asked two or three of the gentlemen to bring their sisters; and on his way back he called to see Miss Carmen and acquaint her with the intended project. She fell in at once with the idea, and promised her assistance. Each member of the Club was at the place of meeting punctual to the minute. There was no dissenting voice, and everything was satisfactorily arranged.

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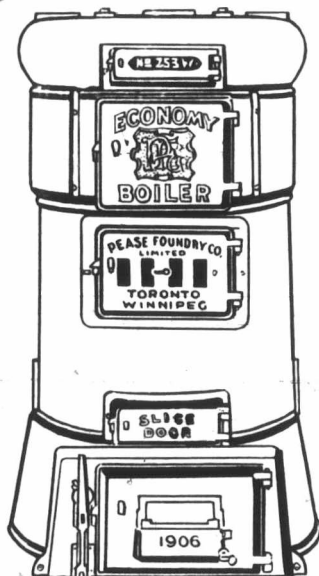
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The "Surprise Party" was to consist of sixteen, all told, six of whom were to be girls. Subscriptions were taken up to provide refreshments, and this fund was handed to the ladies, under the direction of Marion Curtis, to see that it was laid out to the best advantage. Mabel Cleveland suggested, "Couldn't we put up a few greens before we begin? It would make the place look nice and 'Christmasy,' and would remind them afterwards of the good time they had had. We could get things ready beforehand and take them with us." This was agreed to, and Elsie McGee, whose fingers had a knack of beautifying everything they touched, willingly consented to superintend the decorations. "Mayn't I take my gramophone along?" asked Teddy Reynolds. Teddy had lately become possessed of an exceptionally fine one, and was anxious to exhibit it on every possible occasion. "Bring it along by all means," said John with an indulgent smile. "You can give us Three Old Black Crows as an opening selection."

The short period of time intervening before that eventful day before Christmas was full to the brim of holiday preparations. The six girls fortunate enough to be chosen for the party worked and planned and talked and laughed, doing everything with a vim that carried all before it. At last everything was complete; but none too soon. Just as the last basket was packed the first sleigh jingled in view. There were three large sleighs; but as these would not contain all the cargo, animate and inanimate, John Halliwell was commissioned to take one lady in his cutter. He invited Annie to accompany him. They started a little before dark, but the stars had come out before they reached their journey's end. At length they left the well beaten track and drove for a mile along a road but little traversed. Soon their destination was reached. A gloomy, weather-beaten house with an air of desertion and loneliness loomed against the jewelled heavens. They drew up at the gate. Then Marion Curtis and Annie Carroll, the only ones of the party who were acquainted with the Hughes, went before to pave the way for the rest. In the kitchen window there shone a dim light. All the rest of the house was in darkness. The girls' knock was answered by a faint "Come in," and they entered.

There before a stove in which the fire had almost gone out sat the two old people, cheerless, dejected, and sad. Mr. Hughes had one bandaged foot resting on a cushion. When warm handshakes had been given, Marion in a few words explained their errand; and Annie added brightly: "We just want to have a good time and let you enjoy it too. If you'll let us go ahead and do as we like you'll have just the jolliest evening you can imagine. Do say we may." "Bless your dear hearts!" answered Mrs. Hughes. "We should be delighted, shouldn't we Robert?" turning to her husband; "but, my dears, you would freeze in this cold house. There's no fire in the front room, hasn't been for weeks; and there are only a few little sticks of wood." "You see," Mr. Hughes explained, "I have sprained my ankle, and am just about useless. Mrs. Hughes has everything to do. It's hard to see her roughing it in this fashion, but it can't be helped, I hope I may soon be able to get around again." "Oh, I am so sorry to find you in such trouble," said Annie, "but, Mr. Hughes, the boys here can cut some wood, and if you'll just let us go ahead everything will be all right in no time."

Permission was readily given; and Marion hastened out to acquaint the rest of the party with the condition of affairs. Then the sleighs began to unload their living freight, and all set merrily to work. A good log of maple wood was discovered in the yard, and an axe and cross-cut saw in the woodshed. In an incredibly short time the log had disappeared, and a large pile of wood ready for use relieved the bareness of the woodshed. Meanwhile the girls had not been idle. A bright fire roared up the kitchen chimney; and, seated before it in the cosy corner, the host and hostess spread their hands to its cheering warmth. An unusual light animated their pale, worn faces; and they felt almost young again as they watched the vivacious movements of their bright-faced young guests, and listened to their merry voices. The young people had asked to have the "front room" all to themselves for awhile; but presently their work was pronounced complete, and Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were invited to go in and pass their verdict. What a transformation! It seemed to those aged eyes as if one of the Christmases of the long, long ago had been summoned from the dim, shadowy past, and had been transmuted from a mere picture of memory into the living, the present, the real. A good fire in the little air-tight heater had quite dispelled the chilliness of the



A Quiet Nook—Kawartha Lakes District. Canadian Churchman.

atmosphere. On the centre table stood a large, beautiful lamp, and on either side of the little melodeon were two others, smaller but bright and pretty. The melodeon had been closed and silent for many a long day; but now it stood open with a piece of music upon it, just as it had been in the old days when Nellie and Jim were there to coax the music from its yellow keys. A few easels ranged on either side, each likewise containing a sheet of music. On the table were a number of musical instruments, and a harp leaned against the wall. The room was artistically decorated with evergreens, suggestive of the happy season, the darkness of the foliage being relieved here and there by bright tinted tissue paper garlands and shining tinsel stars. In one corner stood a beautiful Christmas tree laden with gifts. "It is just grand!" exclaimed Mrs. Hughes as she dropped into the rocking chair Mabel Cleveland placed for her. Her husband, as he laid down his crutch and rested in his own easy chair which Helen Gilbert had hastened to bring from the kitchen, rubbed his eyes to make sure he was really awake.

Just then the tinkle was heard in the distance of the first returning sleigh which had gone in quest of an audience, and the boys hastened to improvise seats for the guests. Very soon all

had arrived. All of the neighbours who could come were there, men, women and children. Every face wore a look of suppressed excitement or pleasant anticipation. Before long the performers took their places, grouped around the melodeon, and an expectant hush preceded the opening of the programme. The first number was a full orchestral selection, consisting of five violins, a flute, cornet, harp, and the melodeon, while Teddy beat time for the rest. The piece chosen was one of Sousa's liveliest marches. It was listened to with bated breath, and received a tribute of ringing applause. Then followed a duet, a violin solo, a vocal chorus in which all the girls joined, and next another orchestral selection. To say that the music was appreciated would be to speak very mildly; but the climax was reached when Marie Carmen sang. Never had she stood before a more appreciative audience, and never had she sang better. Her voice held her listeners spellbound as it filled the room full to overflowing with a rich, sweet volume of melody. When she finished singing the eyes of more than one were blurred with tears—tears that they could not understand. Then followed other musical selections, interspersed with a few good recitations, and Marie sang again. Not once nor twice, but several times she sang, and each time her wonderful singing was received with the most rapt attention. We must not forget to mention Teddy's gramophone. He contributed several numbers, which were listened to with the liveliest interest, especially by the younger members, few of whom had ever heard a "talking machine" before.

Last of all everyone joined in singing a few of our beautiful Christmas hymns. As the quavering voices of the old people joined in the sweet strains of Hark, The Herald Angels Sing, tender visions of the long ago seemed to gather round them and weave like threads of gold in the bright picture of the present. While the boys packed away their instruments the girls passed around plates of cake and fruit which were also much enjoyed. Lastly the tree was stripped of its treasures amid the wild delight of the children. There was some little gift for everyone, and a few to spare for those

who could not come. The evening's entertainment was an event to be remembered and talked for years after by those who had been present, a golden milestone from which succeeding events were wont to be reckoned. It was late when the last good-night had been said. Our friends set out on the homeward way in the wildest of spirits, having left ample provisions with their host and hostess for a happy Christmas.

It was a perfect Canadian winter's night. The atmosphere was clear and crisp, just cold enough to lend vivacity to man and beast. The moon was full, the sky a liquid blue, and the stars shining with gem-like radiance. How merrily rang out the music of the bells and the voices of the young people as their joyous melodies were wafted by the winds across the gleaming snow. But John Halliwell, who was a little in advance of the rest, by-and-by grew silent. At length he said to his companion, "Miss Carroll, how would you like to go round by the river road? It's just a little farther, but it's prettier." "Oh, that would be lovely," Annie answered. "This has been such a delightful evening, it seems that I don't want it to come to an end just yet." It has indeed been a delightful evening to more than one, John assented warmly, as they took

the turn of the river road, "And if it hadn't been for you no one would have thought of it. I have been watching you of late, and it seems to me your chief delight is in making others happy." "You think better of me than I deserve, Mr. Halliwell; but that is really the best way to attain happiness. Don't you think so? 'Give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you.' That is one reason why Christmas is the happiest season of the year. It brings so many opportunities; and it is such fun to make presents and to give them." There was a tender light in John's eyes as he gazed into the glowing face of the girl beside him. "Do you know, you have given me a present," he said. "You! Why, I never thought of such a thing. I never knew you would like one." "There is one Christmas present that I should like you to give me very much. Shall I tell you what it is?" "Yes, do." "Will you give it to me if I do?" "I can't promise that till I know what it is." "It is nothing less than this little hand, Annie," John said, taking the soft gloved hand within his own. Annie made no attempt to draw it away, but a gleam of mischief twinkled in her eyes as she half turned her face away, saying, "Nothing less! And nothing more? I'm afraid I should be seriously handicapped without it." "You precious child! You know what I mean. I want all the rest of you too. I want—" "All the rest of us! Marion and Mabel and Elsie and Helen and Marie! Well, man wants but little here below." How could she speak so lightly, so jestingly of a matter that seemed almost life or death to him? Was she making fun of him? John Halliwell's nature was a strong, determined one. He would, he must know without delay what she meant. "Annie, I love you. Will you be my wife?" he said in a voice trembling with the intensity of its earnestness. There was no answer, but a slight tremor of the hand he held. "Annie! Look at me," he commanded. But the violet eyes under the white and blue toque were

fixed on a star low down in the eastern sky. They were travelling southwards.

With that one absorbing thought filling his mind to the exclusion of all else, John, suddenly dropping the reins, took her face in his two hands and deliberately turned it toward him, so that those wilful eyes for a moment met his own. It was for a moment only. They drooped before the light in his. That was enough, however, for John to read the answer that he sought. With a thrill of joyous hope, he was about to continue his plea when the horse, feeling the reins relaxed, and perhaps sharing a little in the witching spirit of that night, suddenly gave a bound and started off at a break-neck pace, to the imminent peril of the occupants of the cutter. They were nearing the brink of the steep river bank, and both saw their danger. "Darling, don't be frightened," John said as he leaned quickly forward to regain possession of the reins. In that suddenly unguarded moment when Annie first realized the danger, with one frightened gasp of "John! Oh, John!" she flung both arms around him and clung like grim death. The peril was only momentary. The horse, feeling the strong grip of the reins again, slackened up immediately, just as they reached the dangerous precipice. When Annie realized what she was doing, with a sudden deep blush of shame at her want of self-control, she loosened her frantic grip, faltering, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Halliwell. I didn't know what I was doing." But John didn't consider it an offence to be pardoned. Oh dear, no! With his one free hand he imprisoned the two little trembling ones again, and said: "You don't get away from me so easily this time, Annie darling.

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart."

What could one little girl do against so strong, so determined a spirit? There was nothing for it but to yield; and Annie let him have his way.

CHRISTMAS

My little child comes to my knees,
And tugging pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tales he loves so well—
A tale my mother told to me,
Beginning, "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime:
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night—
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem "once upon a time."

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of one who prayed alone, and wept,
While his awearied followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, "once upon a time."

And now my darling at my side,
And echoes of the distant chime,
Bring that sweet story back to me,
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners "once upon a time."

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tones of fluent rhyme,
Like misty shadows fade away
But the sweet story bides for aye,
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "once upon a time."

Eugene Field

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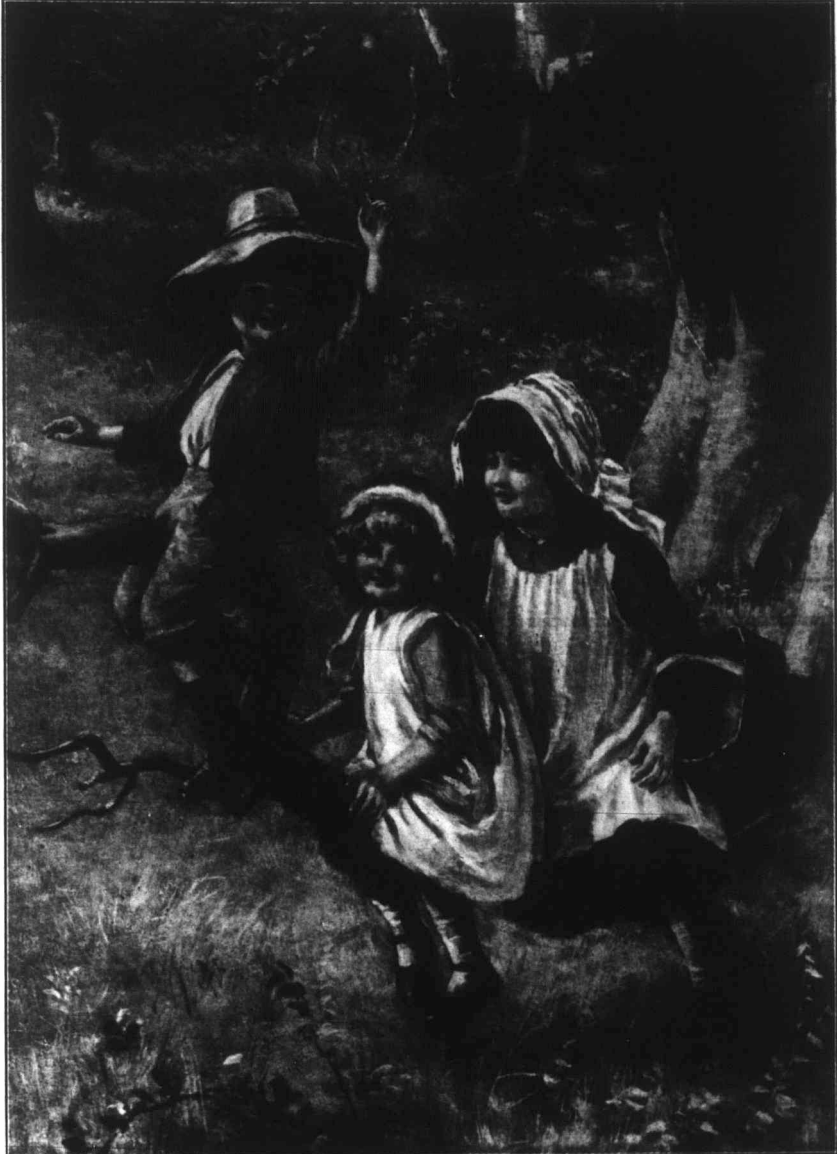
FREDDY'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

'Twas Christmas Eve, but Freddy was not in a happy frame of mind. He had come in from a run through the park, and nurse had denied him the delight of a boy's heart. On the kitchen table there was a steaming plum pudding, and the aroma from the spicy mixture filled his nostrils with ecstatic anticipation of Christmas license. "Oh, nurse, please give me a piece to-night!" he urged, appealingly; "you might do it for a little boy when he is so hungry. Ask cook if she made me a little bit of a roll, just to taste, like she does when she makes cake." "No, Freddie," replied his nurse; "your mother says you must not eat anything heavy to-night; to-morrow is Christmas Day, you know, and you want to be well so you can eat your pudding and other goodies. You can eat in the big dining-room, too, and on one will say 'Freddy, you have enough now for a little boy,' but you will have all the pudding you want, besides seeing it on fire and burning like the house we saw down-town one day." "Oh, whew!" said Freddy, clapping his hands delightfully, "and I can sit by papa and see him carve the turkey, and he will say, 'Freddy, will you have dark or white meat?' That's what he asks mamma." "Yes," replied nurse, "and then your plate will have pretty things on it with cards from your friends; and if you are a good boy, papa and mamma will take you out in the evening." Freddy sighed dreamily, and then his face returned to its wistful appeal, while the sweet voice begged: "But, nurse, I want a piece now; can't I have a wee bit, just to taste?" Now Freddy's nurse loved the little boy with all her heart, and it was hard to deny his clinging arms and eyes of appealing sweetness, but she remained firm, and said, coaxingly, "Don't think of the pudding now, dear but let's look in the fire like we do rainy days, when we can't go out, and find in the coals carriages and horses and all sorts of pretty things. Don't you know how you found Pharaoh and his host in the bed of coals, and how you jumped when they fell in on the soldier boys you had in line, and you almost cried when you lost them? We see so many things in the fire, let's look for them now, and nurse will bring you your tea and we will go to sleep, and to-morrow have a good time, won't we? Look for the chariot and twenty horses until I come back," and nurse turned to go, leaving her charge in temporary forgetfulness of the disappointment. Freddy got up slowly, and, going to the hearth, threw himself down in front of the bright coals to look for the chariot and horses, but a sigh came with the diversion, which was not welcome as usual, and shaking a rebellious head, he murmured: "I ain't hungry for horses and chariots," and the blue eyes blinked back a tear that wanted to come. Nurse came back when she heard the tearful voice, and, kneeling, took the golden head in her arms and told him of the real sailor boys at sea who had to live on hard tack and dried meats, and when Christmas came often had no change from the daily fare. "They cannot," she told him, have something nice for dinner every day, and sometimes in a storm the salt waves threaten to sweep them off deck," and she added, "they never have red coals with pictures in them." Freddy listened with wide-eyed interest to the story of hardship and danger endured by brave sailors and grew resigned to the waiting until next day. I will be back in a few minutes with your tea," she continued, "and then we will go to bed, and "Old Santa Claus will come while we sleep, won't he," interrupted Freddy, confidently. Nurse looked back before closing the door on the little soldier,

whose velvety eyes were already drawing pictures in the fire light. She had trained his fancy this way, winter evenings, when tired of games and play he had appealed to her for diversion. Many a time he followed long trains of animals from the Ark to the foot of Mount Ararat, and again watched for the dove which never returned to its friend. The Hebrew children often engaged his attention, while Daniel took his place with other Bible heroes in the nursery fire. These and many other adventures claimed his fancy when other amusements failed to entertain. "Hurry up, Nurse," Freddy called after her; "I'll watch for the poor sailors at sea. Say, Nurse, why don't they catch some fish out of the heaps and heaps of water?" Nurse's reply was lost in the depths of the kitchen pantry, and her charge returned to his watch, while the curls drooped, and visions grew until they became a reality. * * * * * Freddy hears his name, and, looking up, sees Nurse entering dressed for the street. "Come, Freddy," she says, "I am going to take you to

which is ornamented with gilt band and gold eagle, follows his host to the table, which seems a mile long, but is not too long for the crowd of hungry sailors. He has seen puddings of various sizes and proportion, according to the number of guests, but never one like this, which is as large around as a railroad turntable, and the blaze from it as high as a church steeple, reaching higher than the top of the highest mast of the steamer. The big captain served it on big plates with spoons as big as a garden spade. Freddy, who sits by the host, watches him cut it into slices with an enormous jack-knife. "I wonder how I am to open my mouth wide enough to get one of those spoons in it, I'd like to know," thought Master Fred. He waited until the sailors began shovelling the pudding into their mouths, which seemed to him to open like great caverns. Being very hungry he takes a spoon in both hands and makes a mighty effort to cut into his generous help. Try as he will he cannot lift the big spoon to his mouth, which feels like it is open wide enough to break his jaws, and the more he tries the hungrier he gets, while all the time the sailors are clearing their plates and getting them refilled. This is too bad! standing up with all his strength he plunges the spoon into the delicious mixture, and taking one dip, has it nearly to his wide open mouth when Nurse grasps his shoulder. "Wake up, Freddy," she says; "your mouth is working like a bell-clapper and you are tugging at your cap like it weighs a ton. Look how you have crushed the velvet." There is a prolonged drowsy breath from the soft fluff of the rug, and the little sailor slowly raises a yellow tangle of curls. With a sobbing sigh of disappointment he whispers, "Nurse, I mos' had my puddin' an' you waked me." Freddy had fallen asleep while looking in the shining coals, and in dreams nearly had the pudding after all.

Novella Routt Reynolds.



Canadian Churchman. Here We Go to Market.

A TREE THAT KEPT CHRISTMAS.

In a dingy outskirts of the city, built over with wooden boxes of tenement houses, was a small back yard worn to muddy hollows, where stood a solitary cedar tree, the only sign of the wide sunny pastures and pretty pointed savius which had once been in the place of the ugly tenement houses. This tree, in the damp, walled-in yard of No. 28, had an unkempt, dejected look. It had lost some branches and its foliage was rusty; but still it was alive and more or less green, and served a variety of purposes; ragged garments were hung out to dry upon its convenient arms; the men of the house, smoking and chatting, leaned against its sturdy trunk, and the children played "camping out" beneath its scanty shelter, and swung from its branches, or climbed up among them with shrieks of fear and pride. So the tree was seldom alone; and yet it was quite alone, a hermit tree, far from any of its own race, which grows upon the hill-slopes of many lands, beautiful with their dusky, delicate foliage and aromatic, rose-red wood; and the solitary cedar thought of the days when it was surrounded by many of its tall evergreen cousins, all growing in the sunny pasture, swept by salt breezes from the neighbouring sea, and it felt that, in the dingy back yard, it was not getting or giving the best of life. Then, one year, came a Christmas-time with a happening for the tree. The people of No. 28 were all new-comers since the year before, and Tommie McDonald, who lived in the second-floor back, was in his first months as

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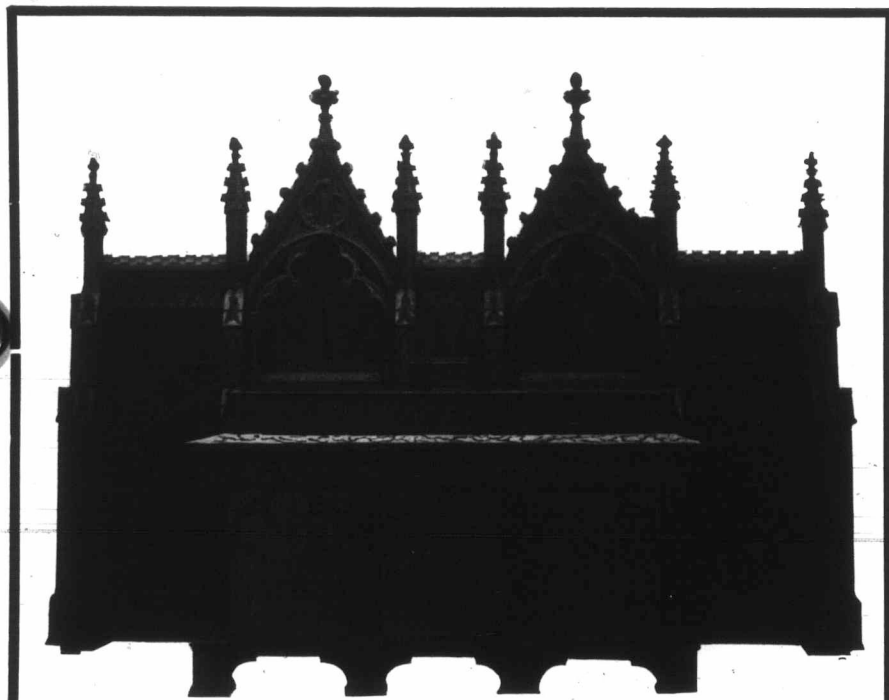
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choir-boy at St. Michael's; and on the day before Christmas, after carol and rehearsal, he peeped into the church and saw the evergreen garlands in the windows, the ropes of laurel wound around columns and festooned in arches, making the church seem like a little fragrant wood. "All for keeping Christmas! It's great!" said Tommie, scampering home and joining the line of children who were sliding on the icy gutter before No. 28. Say, Bessie Doane, ain't you glad to-morrow's Christmas?" he asked of his little neighbor in the laughing, screaming row. "Yes," Bessie replied. "I am real glad, but I wish it was more Christmasy in our house; lots of the folks don't get much Christmas." "That's so! it ain't much Christmasy in our house," said Tommy, looking at the bare front and nine staring windows of No. 28. "But the folks would get a fine Christmas if they'd just go to St. Michael's." "They can't all go," Bessie answered. "Mrs. Wiggins with her rheumatism, and Mary Brine with her spine, can't go; and some of them don't seem to want to; and I feel kind of stingy to go off and have Christmas when they don't have any." "That's so!" said Tommie, again. "Couldn't we bring them some Christmas? Over at St. Michael's its all evergreen—walls, pillars, and windows; that's for Christmas. We might give the folks some wreaths." "They cost money," objected Bessie; and we haven't any money." "I can tell you," said Tommie, triumphantly, after a moment's thought; there's the tree in the yard. We can make wreaths of that. Let's go and see!" It's not so very green," said Bessie, when the children stood beneath the old cedar, "and it's not so very sweet-smelling." "It's some green and it smells some!" replied Tommie, cheerfully. With awkward fingers the children tied the rusty cedar sprays into straggly, lop-sided circlets, in one or two of which was a rare cluster of blue cedar berries, which seemed to them like precious jewels. Then they carried one of the shabby wreaths to each door in the house, saying to

the occupant: "We've brought you some Christmas for your window." The people of No. 28, even if they smiled at the un-beautiful wreaths, said "Thank you," and to please the little givers, hung the evergreens in the windows. So it was, that, on Christmas morning, in every window of No. 28, hung a straggling, crooked cedar wreath, and that on these, with a laugh lurking behind her wondering eyes, looked Margaret Arnold, tripping by from her pleasant home in another part of the city, to sit with her mission Sunday School class at St. Michael's. "Don't you think the place looks some Christmasy?" asked Tommie, bursting out of the house upon his teacher. "Me and Bessie thought 'twould help the folks remember 'twas Christmas." Margaret Arnold's rising laugh turned into a tender smile, as Tommie answered her many questions about the people of No. 28, and, after Church, she found a sidewalk vender, whose eyes sparkled when the lady bought his whole remaining stock of fluffy, fragrant evergreen garlands and flat wreaths of glossy holly, thickly sprinkled with glowing red berries, all of which went home with the two children and Margaret. After cheery calls through the tenement house, Miss Arnold had to visit the cedar tree which began Christmas-keeping in No. 28. "It's a dear old tree!" she said, "I am so glad somebody left it here. I think, may be, it can give us more help in our Christmas. I have an idea." Miss Arnold shared her idea with some of her friends, and in the twilight of St. John's Day, a little company slipped quietly into the back yard of No. 28, decorated the cedar tree with garlands of pink and white paper roses and coloured candles, and heaped beneath it presents for all the house-people, who gathered wonderingly about the glorified cedar—all except Mrs. Wiggins and Mary Brine, and they, from their own back windows, looked in among its fluttering roses and the twinkling lights. "It's a great thing, when you're old and sick, to have your

first Christmas tree come to you! Was it your Church that made you do it?" asked Mrs. Wiggins, looking sharply at Margaret Arnold. "It was Tommie, first, and Bessie," Margaret answered, and your cedar tree; yes, and the Church. I mean the King of the Church, who tells us to pass on the Christmas reminders." "I haven't thought much about Him, late years," said Mrs. Wiggins, but you've reminded me, now." From her attic window, Mary Brine looked on. The dear old cedar is a beautiful Christmas tree. How good you people are to help it bring Christmas to us!" she exclaimed, smiling up at the rector. "Tommie and Bessie and your cedar tree have been good parish visitors in introducing you in No. 28 to us," answered the rector, "and we hope to keep the acquaintance and bring you other reminders from the Church and the Church's Lord." The presents were distributed. Tommie, in his clear, high voice, sang a joyous Christmas carol, and at last the candles were extinguished, the back yard was left to darkness, and the people of the house went to rest, with warm hearts, feeling that loving remembrance had come to them in some way from the Church which might be their home, even as it is the home in this world of the unseen King, who was once, at Christmas, a Baby in poverty, like their own. Alone, again, the old cedar listened to the pink and white paper roses rustling in the chill night wind, and thrilled with joy over its share in Christmas. "It's better than the green fields and shining blue sea of other days," whispered the tree. "I think—I am sure—I'd rather be here in this walled-in yard, without a glimpse of field-green or sea-blue, if I can help make sad people glad by a Christmas reminding of the Holy One who loves them and wishes to be loved by them. And, perhaps—who knows?—always after to-night, I may be to these people, not a plain cedar tree, but a Christmas tree, and then—oh, joy!—I shall always remind them of the Christmas King!"—S. Alice Ranlett, in "Young Churchman."



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A RECLAIMED SANTA CLAUS

By Jean M. Hutchinson.

The longed-for Christmas Eve had arrived at last, and little Madge had resolved to see Santa Claus at work just this once, in spite of nures's remarks about how lonely and dark the house would be at midnight. So she allowed herself to be tucked cosily into her crib, intending, nevertheless, to be up at the magic hour of midnight, when, as she said, "all the nice things happened,—fairies and witches and goblins and old Santa himself, and little girls always seem to be asleep then, but I won't this time!" So she cuddled down to sleep with her brother's alarm clock in her arms, the hand set at twelve o'clock sharp. It seemed to little Madge a very, very short time before she was waked up by some interesting sounds downstairs. So, stepping softly out of bed, she slipped on her fluffy pink wrap-

chain in his hand, and seemed to be hanging a gold bracelet on the tree. When Madge saw the lovely little heart-shaped locket he held, she heaved such a sigh of delight that Santa looked toward the door and gave a start as he discovered her standing there in her fluffy gown, her blue eyes wide with delight and wonder. "Oh, dear Mr. Santa Claus, don't mind me!" said the child; "I just had to see you this once; I never had a chance before; I was too little and sleepy. You've brought me so many lovely things, Santa, and I wanted to ask you if you wouldn't take some presents to Mrs. O'Neill's little children? They're poor, and their papa's so sick, and their big brother wouldn't help, but ran away to be a robber or something very bad, so they haven't any one to work for them, and such 'spensive bills for medicine, my mama says. Oh, do give them something, Santa! If you haven't brought enough to go round, I'll give you some of mine. Oh, goody! you've given me two dollies, and ever so many books! You can take them to

one so happy, aren't you glad it's Christmas, too?" "I'm tired and hungry, honey. It's a long journey from home, you know, and rather chilly in my reindeer sleigh, you see." "Poor, dear Santa! There, come! I'll make you some tea. I know how; sister showed me. We'll get some chicken, too. Mama says I'm quite a little housewife." So downstairs they went, and Madge spread a tempting supper before "poor, dear hungry Santa," and he did full justice to it, the chicken and pie disappearing miraculously. Madge, meanwhile, was seated opposite, offering him dainties in her prettiest manner. When the feast was over, Santa, casting furtive glances toward the stairs, turned to Madge and said, "God bless you little one! You're the first one to be kind to me since I came out, and I'll be good from now on, and chuck up this business, I will!" "Oh, but won't you ride around in your reindeer sleigh any more? Oh, please come next year, Santa! I've enjoyed our party so much! I wish you'd stay and let me 'introjuice' you to the



E. Veith.

The Repose.

Canadian Churchman.

per and slippers, and tip-toed out to the hall. She paused at the top of the stairs to turn on the electric light, and as she did so, she heard a muffled voice say "Gosh!" "Why, I never knew Santa Claus used such langridge!" said Madge. "Maybe the 'lectric light dazzles his eyes!" So, turning off the light again, she stole softly downstairs, and stood peeping into the library, where the stockings hung in a row over the fireplace. What a blissful sight met her eyes! There stood the tree loaded with gifts, and the stockings were fairly bulging out with all sorts of funny toys and sweets. The firelight flickered low, and sent little sparkling beams over the holly and evergreen wreaths, and O joy! there in the dim light stood old Santa himself! To be sure his coat was not red, and he wore a battered old felt hat, but he had furs and high boots and a lovely white beard and very red cheeks, just like the pictures. He had a beautiful locket and

Mamie and Jack O'Neill, and some gloyes and candy, too; will you, Mr. Santa Claus? And let them see you, too, for they've never seen you, either." "Now, why did Santa look so 'sprisd?" Madge wondered. And the hand that held the locket shook as he hung it on the tree, and dived into his pockets for more presents, some rings and a pin. Now that Madge looked more carefully, he didn't seem to have any pack, but only a large leather bag which was partly open, showing some silver inside. "How funny!" thought Madge, "old silver for Christmas presents." When old St. Nick had emptied his pockets, and was turning to go, Madge ran to him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, covered his rosy cheeks with kisses, which seemed to quite upset him, in fact, a tear stole down his cheeks. Little Madge could not bear the sight of Santa crying, and said: "Why, dear Santa, aren't you happy to-night? You make every

family; I think I hear someone coming now!" At this old Santa made a dart and disappeared through the front door, which strangely seemed to be unlocked. Christmas morning at breakfast, papa remarked to mama, "It looks suspicious, my dear, I found the front door unlocked, and a satchel filled with our family silver on the floor, and marks of a man's feet on the front steps." "Oh, papa!" said Madge, it was Santa Claus! I saw him and gave him some supper, he was so hungry. He didn't have on a red coat, but he was lovely! And when I hugged him, he said he'd "chuck up this business for good." What did he mean? I gave him some toys for the O'Neills, and, oh, papa! their big brother has come home, and Mamie says he isn't going to be a robber any more, and they are all so happy!" Papa looked at mamma, and said something about Providence, and "What a narrow escape!" What do you suppose they meant?



(Continued from Page 800.)

people into closer touch with our communion at large. In deciding what papers shall come into the home during the year surely the claims of the Church paper may not be overlooked. We take the view that the head of a Church family is not acting fairly by his children if he honours the secular press in his home and excludes that which is calculated to bind his family and himself in intelligent loyalty to his Church. We repudiate the silly imputation that Church papers are always dull. There is no reason why the deep things of life should be dark, nor that serious things should be discussed in a ponderous style. The extension of the Church paper is essential to the larger movements of the Church. It is the one means of creating public opinion within the Church and stimulating united action from ocean to ocean in this country. We are really all interested in having a weekly message from the Church enter our homes, and we can safely say so to our people for they will get an adequate return for their small investment. We commend this to our readers as a pure matter of Church policy and trust it may be so accepted and acted upon.

*** Spectator.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

Halifax.—A very successful meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was held last week in the Church of England Institute for the election of officers and other business. All the city chapters were represented. A paper was read by Mr. Herbert Lindsay on "Andrew the Man;" the Rev. H. W. Cunningham, rector of St. George's Church spoke on the subject "What is Expected of the Brotherhood," basing his remarks on the words "Sirs, we would see Jesus." Mr. H. B. Wiswell gave a talk on the wonderful development of the Brotherhood in Canada and the outlook for Nova Scotia. The following officers were elected for the Local Assembly:—President, J. M. Donovan; Vice-President, H. Mar-

shall; Secretary-Treasurer, W. L. Holmes; Assistant Secretary, Charles Kaizer; Council St. Luke's, Chas. Kaizant, St. Paul's, W. L. Payzant, St. George's, T. Skinner, St. Matthias, T. Shepherd, Trinity, R. R. Knight. A farewell meeting of the Local Assembly, Sydney, C. B., was also held last week in connection with the departure of the Rev. A. P. Shatford for Montreal. Representatives of most of the Cape Breton Chapters were present.

CHURCHWOMAN.—MONTREAL.

The monthly meeting of the M. D. W. A. was held in the library of the Synod Hall, on Thursday, December 6th. The meeting was opened by the President with prayer. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The Treasurer's report was submitted. The President extended a hearty welcome to Mrs. Hall, President of the Calgary Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, who was present and who made a suitable reply. Resolutions of sympathy with Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Reed on the death of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and with Miss Bancroft and the members of the family of the late Rev. C. Bancroft on his death, were read, and the President pointed out that by the death of Mrs. Kirkpatrick the M.D.W.A., and especially the Cathedral Branch, has sustained a distinct loss. A letter of thanks from Mr. Kirkpatrick for sympathy and flowers sent, was read. A letter of thanks from Mrs. Bond, for the life membership presented to her, was read and it was announced that she had designated the membership fee to the providing of Communion vessels for some poor parish, the choice of which was left to the Board. A note from the Bishop was read, thanking the Woman's Auxiliary for their promise of loyalty to himself and for their prayers. Letters of sympathy in the loss of the Archbishop were received from the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Ontario and Rupert's Land. A resolution of thanks from the General Board, for hospitality given and ar-

rangements made for the recent meeting in Montreal, was received. A letter was read from the Rev. Dr. Mathieson, Onion Lake, Sask., full of appreciation of Miss Bennett's work and expressing the hope that another helper might soon be found for his Mission, as the number of boys is increasing very fast, many of them coming from a great distance, and his whole staff is much overworked. Appeals for gifts for Christmas trees were received from Poltamore, River Desert, Garden River, Laurel and the Glen, and arrangements were made for supplying these. An appeal was also made for help in the shape of clothes for a poor Hebrew family in the city. It was announced that very pretty articles made of olive wood and suitable for Christmas presents can be obtained from the Jewish Mission House. Letters were read from Miss Stevens, the lady in charge of the school for blind girls at Foochow, China; from Miss Bennett, Onion Lake, Sask., giving an interesting account of her work; from the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Miniota, Man., and from a worker in the China Inland Mission, who reported several candidates asking for baptism. A letter of thanks, for the Communion set sent by Sister Edith, to North Wakefield, Que., was read; also a letter of thanks for clothing and money sent to St. Peter's Mission, Lesser Slave Lake. Attention was drawn to the fact that in sending off gifts for Christmas, St. James' the Apostle Branch had included a Christmas pudding, and it was suggested that, in many cases, such an addition would prove acceptable. The devotional address at noon was given by the Rev. W. W. Craig.

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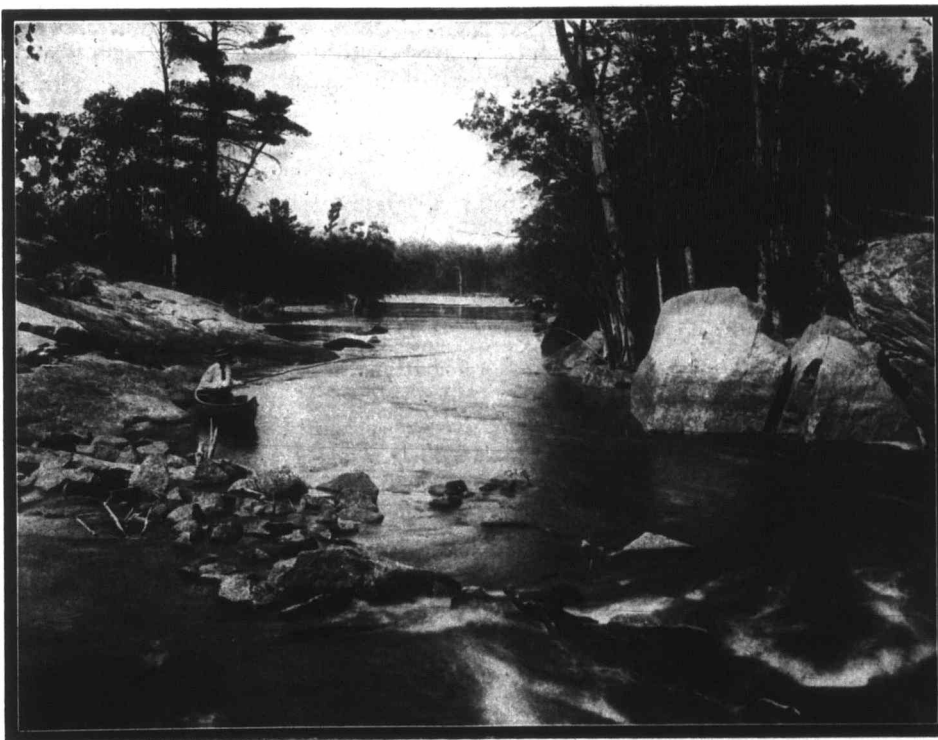
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"KISMAS IS COMING, AND SO IS DADDY."

By May Chetwynd.

"Daddy promised to be home for Kismas Day, didn't he, mammy?" The child's eyes were wistful, as she thrust her golden head through the jasmine, which hung around the little window. Her mother looked up from her sewing basket; an open work-box lay before her; there were hooks and eyes, darning needles and thread, all waiting to be used. She tried to laugh. "Yes, Violet," he promised. "What are we playing at now?" "I'm de captain of de fishing boat, mammy, and Rover is daddy; daddy steers sometimes for de captain (that's me you know). Then I'm only a fisherman, and Rover is still daddy. I give Rover a whole basket full of herrings, and say, 'For you to sell brave seaman, to get Kismas gifts for your babies at home. It's a lovely game. Will you help us play, mammy?' The child's eyes sparkled, the golden curls danced in the dazzling sunlight. The mother shook her head, though she tried to smile, as her little girl blew a kiss through the window towards her, then bounded away. But alone again, the girl-wife's head dropped lower and lower, her face grew whiter and whiter; one big tear splashed down on to the sewing in her lap, and then another followed, and yet another. Violet's shrill voice rose high. "You must be de captain sometimes, Rover. I'm tired of being de master." Suddenly a neighbour entered mammy's room, with a newspaper in her hand. There was a queer look on her face. Jenny, the girl-wife's fingers trembled so that she could scarcely hold her needle. Her work fell to the ground. The neighbour read out the terrible disaster to four fishing boats. Jenny listened, her eyes were wide open, her face deadly white. She clutched at the table nervously. "Terrible disaster," she murmured. "Oh dear, dear—a terrible disaster. How can I bear it?" Daddy was indeed having a game with his captain, only the game differed somewhat from his girlie's play with Rover. He had been out in the fishing boats for the past six weeks, and although used to rough weather he was thoroughly anxious as to whether they would ever see home sweet home again. Jenny's Jim was one of the hardest and bravest of the men in the fishing boats. But while Jenny Dudley sat by her quiet fireside and stitched, stitched, stitched, Jim was battling wearily with the wind and wave. They came in for bad weather almost as soon as Clovelly was lost sight of. Without any warning, a heavy thunderstorm burst upon them, tossing the fishing boats about as if they had been bits of brown paper. The captain was a man of God, and he bade Jim Dudley not to lose his faith in the Unseen. Jim bowed his head and thought tenderly of the dear ones at home. The sea rose mountains high, the winds blew like great guns, the boats tossed and twisted in all directions, hands grew weary, hearts faint, eyes and ears were strained, until the men gave up for lost, the night was pitch dark, the boats wandered far apart. When the morning dawned, grey and sullen, two boats were missing. The cry went round, "Where is the Captain and Jim Dudley?" No one knew. No one had seen the struggle amid wave and storm. The mates looked into each others faces and wondered how they should take home the terrible news. "It would be awful to have to tell Jim's pretty wife," said Joe Hardy, rubbing his eyes. "D'ye mind the morn Jim left home, Jack?" "Aye!" Jack remembered it quite well. All day they waited for the coming in of

the missing boats, but neither captain nor Jim turned up. No good stopping, the storm had abated, to work they must go, on with their fishing, then hurry homewards to confirm the tidings newspapers must have whispered. Violet and Rover were very unhappy; they could not understand why mammy looked so strange and sad. She did not smile or answer when any one spoke to her. She did not do her work, or sew either. She sat on a low stool playing with her fingers the live-long day. Then one morning when Violet came in from play there was one of the neighbours cleaning up, and mammy's stool was empty. The woman bade her get her dinner, then kept very quiet for her mammy was awfully bad and the doctor said she had had a fit. The child laughed no more, her face grew almost stern, her light step slow and heavy. The snowflakes began to fall; people talked of Christmas cheer, but mammy didn't get up, and the neighbour came every day to clean up. Violet and Rover sat quietly indoors, for the weather was bitter cold and they were not allowed to go out. The motherly woman shook their heads sadly when they talked of Jenny's white set face and strange mood. "I only wish we could get some news of the missing boats," said the kind-hearted fishermen. The captain and Jim Dudley had never been heard of, neither was there any clue as to



On The Moon River—Muskoka Lakes District.

the runaway boats. . . . It was Christmas Eve. The village windows were bright with holly, the bells were clashing forth the glad message, that soon the Christ-child's birthday morn would dawn. The old folks had hobbled out to hear the chiming of the bells from the pretty rustic church tower. They did not notice a tiny figure with an old shaggy dog by its side hurrying down the rugged steps towards the hollow of the beach. "Come along, Rover," whispered Violet, as she turned her feet towards a favourite nook. "Don't let any one hear us." The child went slowly on, the dog keeping close to her side. Violet drew forth a tiny wax candle and lit it, the flickering light danced strangely, casting weird shadows on the rocky walls. Violet clung to the dog for it was lonely in such a funny place without daddy. A strange couple they looked. The candle flickered and danced, and Violet felt ready to burst out crying. The child knelt suddenly down and threw her arms round Rover. Then through the strange and silent rocky cave, Violet's childish voice echoed plainly, as she tearfully said, "Dear little Christ-child send me daddy back for Kismas, and make mammy get up so that she can have the plum pudding ready by the time daddy gets in. There is a story, which tells about You being in a storm and saving all your

fishermen because You loved them. Me and Rover have heard daddy read it lots of times. Me and Rover wants You please sure send daddy home ready for Kismas. He's one of Your fishermen, so please find him for us, and send him back, oh so quick. Amen, for me and Rover, and amen for mammy." There was a pause. When Violet raised her head, the tears were streaming down her cheeks. "A happy Kismas me and Rover wish you, little Christ-child, please send us one too, and don't forget to send daddy." Rover growled his "amen" and Violet rose. A tiny candle was going out. She held tightly to Rover's brown head for she felt rather frightened. She groped her way home along the rugged steps, while the falling snow-flakes lingered among her sunny curls. "Kismas Day will soon come," said Violet; "then we'll watch for daddy, won't we, Rover? He's sure to come up the sandy beach path." The fire in the kitchen was burning brightly, there was no candle, for Violet wanted to find pictures in the flickering flames. Jenny was in her bedroom, and the neighbour had gone home to keep Christmas night with her three wee lassies. The child and her doggie sat looking into the fire. She was thinking deeply. At every sound she heard outside she started up expectantly. A few nuts and biscuits lay untouched on the cushion beside her. "Kismas isn't very happy this time," murmured Violet, tearfully. "Bow, wow, wow," barked Rover, tossing back his ears. "Bow, wow, wow," he said again as he went towards the window. "Bow, wow, wow," he repeated louder than ever as he bounded to the door. Violet hid her face in her hands and cried softly. Suddenly Rover stood erect. Then the sound of a man's footsteps coming sharply down the rocky pathway. "It's my daddy! my daddy!" shrieked Violet. "I thought the Christ-child would remember to send him back to mammy and me. Now won't we all have such 'A happy Kismas.'" Violet hid her face in daddy's thick coat and wept tears of joy. Upstairs in a tiny bedroom lay a poor wan girl, sleeping and dreaming of something sweet, for suddenly over her features there stole a lovely smile. A soft footstep went hastily forward. Jim Dudley peeped in. "I wonder if she'll know me. Dear, dearie me, is this my bonnie girl wife? What a—" He paused, and the tears trickled down his thin cheeks. "No, the surprise will not hurt her," and Jim went quickly to the bedside. "Jenny, Jenny," he cried, "God has sent me home to you again, my darling." Jenny opened her eyes wearily, then suddenly she spread out her wasted arms, and sobbed, "Oh, Jim, Jim. God has been gracious to me, may He forgive me for my distrust in Him." They bowed their heads and thanked the Lord of earth and sea for His great mercies unto them. Violet and Rover had the merriest of Kismases, and all the villagers joined their voices in Jim and Violet's thanksgiving hymn—

"Angel voices ever singing
Round thy throne of light;
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee.
And confess Thee,
Lord of Might."

—Do not perplex thyself with what is needed for future emergencies; to-morrow will bring its promised grace along with to-morrow's trials.—
J. R. Macduff.

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"Are You Ready, Shentlemen?"



"You second fiddles! Vill',
You please make zat
Pizzicats more marked?"



"Very goot; very goot."

HOME AND FOREIGN CHURCH NEWS.

From Our Own Correspondents.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

L. L. Jones, D. D., Bishop, St. John's,
Newfoundland.

St. John's.—St. John the Baptist.—The Rev. T. B. Saunders, M.A., the new rector of this cathedral parish has been appointed by the Bishop of the diocese Canon and Sub-Dean of the Cathedral Chapter, the Bishop himself being Dean. The Rev. Canon and Sub-Dean Saunders was installed on Advent Sunday, (December 2nd).



NOVA SCOTIA.

Clarendon Lamb Worrell, D.D., Bishop, Halifax,
N.S.

Halifax.—It has been decided to amalgamate the Church of England Institute with the Y.M.C.A. in Halifax. The Institute was founded in 1874, and has done a very useful work among the young men of the city by affording them an opportunity of enjoying certain pastimes free from vicious associations. Here have been situated the Bishop's and diocesan offices, and commodious committee and assembly rooms. The closing of the Institute will come as a shock to many Church people in the city and diocese.



Sydney.—The Rev. A. P. Shatford, who is leaving for Montreal, has been presented by the Freemasons of Cape Breton with a Grand Chaplain's regalia.



Cornwallis.—The Rev. Rural Dean Dixon, of Wolfville, lectured last week before the Young People's Society on his recent trip to the Province of Ontario.



Truro.—The Venerable Archdeacon Kaulbach and Mrs. Kaulbach left last week for the Bermudas, where they will spend the winter. The Archdeacon has made the trip under medical advice, as he is suffering from an affection of the throat.



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QUEBEC.

Andrew H. Dunn, D.D., Bishop, Quebec, P.Q.

Quebec.—The following are the Bishop's public engagements for the remainder of this month:—Friday, December 14th, confer with Candidate for Ordination; Saturday, December 15th, travel to Shawinigan Falls; 3 in Advent, December 16th, ordination of the Rev. W. F. Seaman to the Holy Order of Priests, 10.30 a.m., Confirmation Grand Mere, 7 p.m.; Monday, December 17th, Confirmation, Radnor Forges, 8 p.m.; Tuesday, December 18th, return to Quebec. Preside at meeting of Central Board; Friday, December 21st, (St. Thomas Ap. and M.) Confirmation, St. Matthew's, Quebec, 10 a.m.; 4 in Advent, December 23rd, preach Cathedral 11 a.m., and assist at Evensong; Tuesday, December 25th (Christmas Day), celebrate the Holy Communion Cathedral, 11 a.m., and assist at Evensong; Wednesday, December 26th (St. Stephen M.); Thursday, December 27th, (St. John Ap. and M.); Friday, December 28th, (Holy Innocents); Sunday, December 30th, celebrate the Holy Communion Cathedral, 8 a.m. Installation of the Rev. Canon Allnatt, D.D., 7 p.m.

Holy Trinity Cathedral.—The Bishop has offered the Canonry in this cathedral, which is vacant by the much lamented death of the late Rev. C. B. Waitt, Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, to the Rev. Professor Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L., Vice-Principal of the same University, and it has been accepted by him. Dr. Allnatt will, in all probability, be installed at Evensong on the Sunday after Christmas, December 30th.



Grand Mere.—St. Stephen's Church in this Mission is being moved from its present site to a site in a more central part of the English section of the town. The whole cost of this work, about five hundred dollars, is a gift of Mrs. Geo. Cahoon, the wife of the manager of the Laurentide Pulp and Paper Co. The new site is being graded in readiness for lawns to be made in the spring. The Ladies' Guild have provided eighty yards of carpet for the chancel, a new Lectern, new white and violet Frontals and Super-frontals for the Altar. Early in the year a new Bishop's Chair in oak was the gift of the Sunday School children. The wardens have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Ringuette as organist. He has already proved himself a faithful and painstaking helper in making the services of the church brighter.

—God does direct the path of His faithful servants. They may go here and there, and seem to be very much at random, but there is a guiding Hand; not simply a principle of a purpose, but a guiding Hand which leads them.

ONTARIO.

William Lennox Mills, D.D., Bishop, Kingston.

Kingston.—St. George's Cathedral.—Workmen have begun to put in place the architrave over the main door of this cathedral. This is to be a memorial to the late Dr. Walkem, K.C., for many years Chancellor of the diocese. The tiling of the sanctuary will, it is expected, shortly be finished and the memorial reredos, which has been completed, will be placed in position at once.



Brockville.—St. Peter's.—The young men of the parish have organized a hockey club, and the following officers have been elected: President, the Rev. H. H. Bedford-Jones; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. W. Dawson; Executive Committee, Messrs. Herbert Edwards, Sidney Seekings and John Hayward. The colours of the Club are to be green and white.



Selby.—St. John's.—About twenty-five members of the congregation lately went to the home of Miss Gladys Carscallen, the organist of the church, and presented her with an address and a purse of money as a token of their appreciation of her faithful services. The address was read by Mr. Herbert Winters, and purse presented by Miss Jennie Ballance. The Rev. T. F. Dowell made a short speech, expressing his thanks to Miss Carscallen, for her great assistance to him in conducting the services, and also to those who had so generously contributed towards the gift which had just been presented. A pleasant social time was spent and refreshments served, and everyone went away having had a splendid time.



Lansdowne Rear and Athens.—A handsome altar rail of oak and brass has been placed in Christ-Church, Athens.



Maberley and Bathurst.—A new rectory, for the use of the rector, has recently been finished and has just been formally opened. It is a comfortable and handsome residence, a two-storey brick veneer house prettily situated on the banks of the little Fall River, close by St. Alban's Church.



OTTAWA.

Charles Hamilton, D.D., Bishop, Ottawa.

Killaloe.—Church of the Ascension.—A very successful birthday party was held here on November 29th in aid of this church. The financial result was a hundred and five dollars over and above all expenses.

AN ORCHESTRAL REHEARSAL.



"Stop, Stop, Stop; 'Zat is 'orrible."

"Hush-sh-sh, Piano, Pianissimo."

"Grand Finale."

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HOME AND FOREIGN CHURCH NEWS.
(Ottawa Continued.)

Madawaska.—A Sunday School has been started here and is proving to be a very successful venture. Dr. Kyle, the efficient superintendent, is a very faithful layman, and has gathered to his support an efficient band of teachers. The Sunday School has been a long-felt want at Madawaska. The advent of Dr. Kyle into the Mission has supplied that want. Deeply interested in the work himself, he has succeeded in interesting everybody else. Over thirty pupils are now enrolled.

TORONTO.

Arthur Sweatman, D.D., Bishop, Toronto.

Toronto.—St. Paul's.—A special supper for men, with addresses and entertainment, was given in the schoolhouse, East Bloor Street, on Thursday evening, December 6th, which partook of the nature of a birthday celebration in honour of the Rev. Canon Cody, who first saw the light o' day at Embro, Decembert 6th, 1868. Canon Cody presided and about 200 men were present. A birthday cake, graced with twenty-one candles, was a feature of the feast. The Hon. A. B. Morine, K.C., gave an address on "Newfoundland," and short talks were given on "The Men and the Church," by the Rev. Canon Cody; "Loyalty to the Church," by the church wardens, W. R. Smallpiece and D. DeCooper; "Sunday School and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew," by R. B. Harcourt, and "Church Athletics," by Alfred Mason. A suitable programme was provided by Messrs. Frank E. Bemrose, H. Boulton, H. Blatchford, R. T. Hall, A. E. Booth, C. E. Luce, W. Sparks, and Gerald Barton.

Bobcaygeon.—After an incumbency of sixteen years the Rev. W. J. Creighton has announced his intention of resigning this parish, as he has been offered the rectorship of Lakefield. We have no idea as yet who will succeed him here, but we hope we may find some one quickly and that we may like him as much as we have liked Mr. Creighton.

Brampton.—St. Paul's.—On the night of Wednesday, December 5th, this church was broken into and a quantity of money was taken from the Children's Sunday School money boxes, and great damage was done to the Sunday School library.

At Christ Church the wine used in the Holy Eucharist was taken and everything was turned upside down from one end to the other of the sacred edifice.

NIAGARA.

John Philip DuMoulin, D.D., Bishop, Hamilton.

Nelson.—St. John's.—Re-opening services were held in this church on Thursday evening, November 19th, and Sunday, December 2nd, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The Rev. Canon Forneret, M.A., of All Saints' Church, Hamilton, preached on Thursday, and the Rev. T. H. Cotton, M.A., of Toronto, on Sunday to large and appreciated congregations. The collections were very large at all three services, and together with money on hand will completely cover the expenses incurred in renovating the church, which were considerably larger than was anticipated. The people of St. John's deserve a great deal of credit for the repairs that have been made to the church and about the church property during the past two years. Last year the exterior of the church was painted, while this year the sheds have been rebuilt, and the church has been renovated, re-seated and re-furnished throughout. The paper on the walls is a pale green, and the ceilings have been tinted to match. The graining of the wainscoting and doors match the dark oak of the seats and chancel furniture. The appearance of the church has been much improved by a wide aisle in the centre, and a platform at the front of the church, both of which have been carpeted with a handsome red carpet of ecclesiastical design. A new lectern and prayer desk, and three chairs, all in oak, have been added, besides a new organ, which was placed in the church a few months ago. Not only have the members of St. John's given liberally of their substance, but also of their time and labour in repairing and renovating the church, and they may congratulate themselves or having one of the best equipped, brightest and most beautiful of country churches in the diocese.

—The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, is energy—invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then, death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.

CHRISTMAS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.


It is coming, old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover the sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white;
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That the voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that we dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.
Phillips Brooks.

OUR NEIGHBOUR.

The lawyer had asked who is the neighbour to whom it is my duty to show love? But the Lord, answering question with question, demands, "Who is a neighbour, he who shows love or he who shows it not?" For it was this which he desired to teach, that love finds its own measure in itself; like the sun, which does not inquire upon what it shall shine, or whom it shall warm, but shines and warms by the very law of its own being, so that nothing is hidden from its light and heat. The lawyer had said, "Designate my neighbour to me: tell me what marks a man to be such? Is it one faith, one blood, the obligation of mutual benefits, or what else that I may know to whom I owe this debt?" The Lord rebukes the question, holding up to him a man, and this man a despised Samaritan, who so far from seeking limits to his love, freely and largely exercised it towards one whose only claim upon him consisted in his needs; who assuredly had none of the marks of a neighbour, in the lawyer's sense of the word.—Archbishop Trench.



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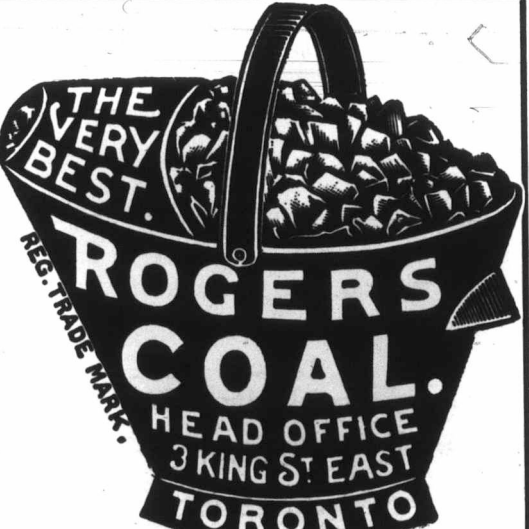
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A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

What wages does Mr. Smith get Tom?" "Thirty-five." "Thirty-five shillings a week! Dear me, what a nice lot of money for his wife to manage with! Just ten shillings more than you get, Tom." Tom looked round in some alarm. Was Meggie coming out in a new character, and growing envious? But a glance at his wife's face satisfied him upon that point, and he resumed his task of nailing up the honeysuckle, whistling "Home, Sweet Home," softly the while. Meggie was busy also, and the sunshine danced merrily on her knitting-needles as they moved quickly in her skilful fingers. But she could knit and talk too. "He's a steady man, Tom, isn't he?" "I suppose so; but I don't know much about him. He's only lately come to the works, you see, Meggie." "Well, I can't make them out, Tom. They've got two children less than we have, and yet from things Mrs. Smith has said to me they seem to be very short of money. I don't believe they're half as comfortable as we are; I don't, indeed." The following Sunday, Tom's sister, who had come to stay for a few days, insisted upon cooking the dinner, which enabled Meggie to go with her husband and children to church. On their way the Smith family, very gaily dressed, drove quickly past them in an open chaise. "There, Meggie, now you see how their money goes," said Tom. "The hire of that horse and trap for the day'll make a hole in half-a-sovereign. It's very foolish of them besides the harm of it—to go pleasuring on a Sunday, for it's sure to bring trouble on them in one way or another." The next day, to Meggie's surprise, Mrs. Smith tapped at the door. "I've just burnt my arm, Mrs. Twine," she exclaimed, "and I hear you've got a lotion that's good for burns. I wonder if you'd mind giving me a little?" "Of course I will, and glad to," said Meggie. "It's linseed oil and lime-water—equal parts. I always keep some ready mixed; there's nothing better for burns. Let me dress it for you, Mrs. Smith. My! it is a nasty place." "Yes; I didn't need that to worry me," remarked Mrs. Smith, while Meggie soaked a piece of clean, soft rag in the lotion before laying it gently on the burn. "But there! it's nothing but worries, it seems to me." "Oh dear! I am sorry. What is it that's bothering you?" enquired Meggie. "Well, to begin with, there's a married cousin of mine that's often asked us to go and see her. 'Don't trouble to let us know, but come and take us as you find us,' she'd say so, as we generally have a jaunt somewhere on a Sunday, and I'd just got new things for myself and the children, we thought yesterday seemed a good time to go, so we hired a trap, and off we went." "You passed us as we were going to church," said Meggie. "Yes, and I soon thought you'd got the best of it," continued Mrs. Smith, "for the sun was scorching, and the dust was something frightful. Baby was so cross, I didn't know what to do with her, and I felt pretty cross too, for I'd got new boots on, and they pinched me so I could hardly bear them. Then, when we got there my cousin didn't seem best pleased to see us, and that wasn't very pleasant. It upset my husband, and going home we had words; so, what with that and tight boots, and the baby, I'd had about enough of it by the time I got back." "Oh, what a miserable day!" "Yes, but that's not the end of it, for this morning the man we hired the horse and trap of came to say that the horse has been over-driven and is very bad, and we shall have to pay goodness knows what for his being put right again." "Do you think it's a good plan to go pleasuring on Sunday?" enquired Meggie, as she

tied an old handkerchief carefully round her visitor's arm. "Tom says it's sure to bring trouble sooner or later." "Well, I don't know but what he's right," replied Mrs. Smith; "for since we've taken to it everything seems to go wrong with us, somehow. But there! we're no worse than others, for folks have changed of late years, and they don't keep Sundays as they used." "That's just what I told Tom," exclaimed Meggie; "and he said if people have changed God hasn't, and in the Bible He has promised great blessings to those who love His day and keep it holy. I hope you don't mind me saying this," continued Meggie, colouring at her own boldness, "but we have such nice Sundays, Tom and I and the children, that I want others to have them too." * * * * *

"Meggie," said Tom, one evening about six months later, "Smith was telling me to-day that his wife always declares it was the most fortunate misfortune when she burnt her arm, for it's all through what you said when you were seeing to it that they're so much happier. 'What I said! Why, Tom, I only told her what you said,' exclaimed Meggie, it made them try and honour the Lord's Day because they thought they ought to, and now they do it because they

and soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They make all the better elements of one's nature come trooping to the surface. They melt our stubbornness. They arouse an appreciation of better things. Let us say the kindly word. No one can tell how many burdened hearts may be relieved, how many discouraged souls may be inspired. Say it every day; to the one who disturbs you while you are busy, asking for work; to the one who has almost lost hope; to all. Remember, kind words can never die.

THE RIGHT TOUCH.

In our association with other people it is a great art to touch them so that their best qualities will be elicited. Any fool can stir up all the worst traits of a horse or dog. One kick is enough to do it, but the manifestation of the traits that kicks elicit is not symptomatic of his nature. All that it shows is what the horse or dog is when he is kicked. It does not show what he is when he hears the word of quiet but firm command or what he is when his master's hand caresses him. People that are commonly esteemed ugly, resentful and disagreeable are not necessarily so. We need to know how they have been treated. If they have had no kindness, sympathy or appreciation from those around them, no wonder that they show these unpleasant traits. Probably the right touch and atmosphere would elicit qualities that are noble, generous and attractive.

CHARACTER.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed, of self-denial, of self-sacrifices, of kindly act of love and duty. The backbone of character is laid at home, and whether the constitutional tendencies be good or bad, home influences will, as a rule, fan them into activity. Kindness begets a kindness and truth and trust. There are many little trivial acts of kindness which teach us more about man's character than many vague phrases.

FREQUENT PRAYER.

Prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the clouds drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great shower at certain seasons did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day is the falling of the early and latter dew. But if you will increase and flourish in works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a full shower of prayer. Choose out seasons when prayer shall overflow like Jordan in time of harvest.—Bishop Taylor.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

Sir,—Please permit me the use of your correspondence column to beg; 1, the gift of a small sleigh to enable me to cover my extensive district during the winter; and secondly, donations towards a small church—costing about \$200, part of which the Bishop will advance when the balance is secured. Labour we will give, but as the district is an absolutely new one, money cannot this year be raised. Who will help on the work of the Lord in this district?

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O Sing Unto the Lord a New Song. Canowau Churchman.

have learnt to love God and His day too. No wonder they are happier, Meggie."—Fanny Waller.

KIND WORDS.

Kind words do not cost much. They are quickly spoken. They do not blister the tongue that utters them. They never have to be repented of. They do not keep us awake till midnight. It is easy to scatter them. And oh, how much good they may do! They do good to the person from whose lips they fall. Soft words will soften the soul. They will smooth down the rough places in our natures. Care to say kindly things will drill our natures in kindness. It will help pull up all the roots of passion. It will give us a spirit of self-control. It will make the conscience delicate and the disposition gentle. A woman can not make a habit of speaking kind words without augmenting her own gracious temper. But better will be their influence upon others. If cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words madden them, so will kind words reproduce themselves

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Phillips Brooks.

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commanding sites will do a great deal for the Episcopal Church. It is announced that it is announced to be selected will be after the name which lost its fire, and is now the cathedral foun-

ous cathedral project of St. John Cathedral Heights. This structure is to be added to have the late Cornelius a modest cathedral or so, and he had the Bishop the Bishop declined to announce his successor could not and keep his repu-

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s of the large par- of New York are of dioceses, or of organizations. Four St. George's, Grace arch of the Incarna- tholomew's, disburse t \$750,000 for the the conditions of the tholomew's has a list women who are paid fees, 926 volunteer are sixty physicians staff; and its employ- st year found occu- 77 applicants. The German congregation, ish, Chinese, and Ar- s in the city.

of Selby Abbey are those of the historic from being attended course of a few weeks of this ancient and ure will be commended to complete the hoped also to make rations in case of fire. rebuilding of the east costly works carried ago, much remained en the present incum- E. Sidney Savage, in August, 1898. An of business, an enthu- sers archaeological, he problem with great nd, within a very few arrival, was promoting e erection of parochial the conservation and the Abbey. Long be- of the year £7,000 had

been obtained, and an appeal to the nation through the "Times" followed. Then came an important bequest from the late Mr. T. Spencer, and now a faculty has been obtained for the new nave (which is greatly needed) at a cost of £22,000. This will raise the sitting accommodation from 600 to above a thousand.

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the marching line, reveals to the on-looker a number of merry children at play. If we were asked to give a name to the unspoken song we could think of nothing more appropriate than "The Goose Step Chorus."

A CHRISTMAS EVE THOUGHT.

If Santa Claus should stumble As he climbs the chimney tall With all this ice upon it I'm 'fraid he'd get 'a fall, And smash himself to pieces— To say nothing of the toys! Dear me what sorrow that would bring To all the girls and boys! So I am going to write a note And pin it to the gate— I'll write it large so he can see, No matter if it's late— And say, "Dear Santa Claus don't try To climb the roof to-night But walk right in, the door's unlocked, The nursery's on the right!" —St. Nicholas.

QUEEN DOT'S CHRISTMAS.

It was only a glimpse that she had of the annual Christmas-tree in Judge Mason's charming home, but it started a new current of thought in Dot's weary mind and was the dawn of imaginary joys. Christmas Eve! Dot heaved a tiny sigh. Her ideas on this subject were so vague and misty. For how could a little street waif, destitute as to home and friends, realize anything of that higher, ethereal joy associated with the blessed Christmas-tide. But now, as Dot threaded her way through the busy city, watched over by the Almighty Father's ever-pitying eye, her thoughts wistfully lingered in the Judge's showy residence. If she only had a Christmas-tree, she and Tony and Meg and oh (a prolonged sigh) little lame Patsy! Her little heart reached out in a wealth of tenderness toward the one earthly treasure she cherished with all the loving force of her small being. And yet he was bound by no ties of kinship, he was only Patsy, deformed, repulsive to the world, but to Dot, ah! he was all in all. In her childish mind she loved to liken him to the heavenly angels and oh, how often she had wished that he might have wings, but still he remained only Patsy, the cripple of Logan Alley. Dot and Patsy and Tony and a small host of other homeless wanderers shared a wretched cellar together, each contributing of their small earnings for the support of the allied crowd. They represented the boot-black trade, the newsboy association, and the match-selling business, and Dot was—a flower girl. The flowers which she sold were the one link with the purer world, and these poor little waifs had grasped the thought and had distinguished their little ally as Queen Dot, the flower girl. This little band had their happy moments and their ideals, lowly though they might be. There were times when business was good and life was a little more than bare existence. But there were other times, and oh, such times as they were, when the little crew went cold and hungry, when Patsy's face was more pinched and wan, and when Dot nearly sank under the burden of existing. This

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Christmas Eve was one of those pitiful times. The sparkling snowflakes which fell in beautiful confusion and covered the earth with the downiest of mantles, giving promise of the tinkling of sleigh-bells and the merriest of coasting parties, meant hunger and wretchedness and even death to the homes where the cruel king poverty held sway alone. And yet, how many of those personages, encased in the costliest of furs, who scurried along the glowing pavements had even thought of that other half in darkness and misery? How many had even noticed little Dot, the flower-girl, one from the millions of needy ones? Still less were those who stopped to purchase a flower out of their ample abundance. Dot and the rest of her little train were to be the losers. Somehow, when Dot's days had been poor, Tony and Meg and all the rest had fared badly, too, and had carried home heavy hearts and empty hands to Patsy and the cellar. And so, as Dot slowly dodged in and out amid the throngs, dreaming of the Christmas-tree left behind and the Christmas joys which might have been, the lighted candles, the pretty toys, the frosted cakes and sugared candies, she suddenly awoke to the reality, the startling fact that to-morrow might have a cold crust in store for her, instead of the baker's goodies so temptingly displayed in the shop windows. A curious, new feeling stole into Dot's small heart, a little touch of bitterness. "Why was it," the inward voice whispered, "that some had all and others none?" Dot was no philosopher; the question which has confronted greater souls than Dot's had come to her's for the first time, with all its overwhelming force. She could not answer, but the question left her soul hardened in its track. Dot had now come to one of the busiest city establishments, the windows of which blazed with the splendor of glittering tinsel and frosted balls. Dot paused and shivered; it was getting colder; a biting wind had set in from the north, it swept across the white face with cruel fury and nearly froze her ten small toes. She drew nearer to the great lighted store. The glare of the light made it seem warmer she reflected, and then it was so nice to see the folks come out with their huge parcels. Dot thought she could

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almost guess what was in them. Pretty soon there hurried out a certain two whom Dot noticed particularly for some unaccountable reason, the gentleman a tall man, with a kindly face peeping forth from a huge ulster, the lady, one of those lovely beings whose very souls seem to speak from their faces. Dot's little pale face grew lovely in looking at her, but it was only for a second, they, too, were in a hurry. Dot's eyes intently watched the receding figure of the lady. Suddenly she saw something flutter to the pavement from the folds of the lady's dress as it were. Dot sprang and in her hand she held a bill. At first there was only a delightful thrill as her fingers closed about the precious money. 'Tis the poor that can best appreciate the value of money and Dot could, oh, so well. She was standing quite still, just where she had picked up the bill, but scarce three seconds had passed before the con-

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BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any injurious.
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**Hockey Boots
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Skates**

Put these on your shopping list for Christmas, and be sure you see our immense stock.

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LUXTER PRISM
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viction rushed over her that the money was not hers. One second more and Dot's nimble feet were flying over the course just taken by the gentle-faced lady. She was all in a quiver—what if she should be too late. Dimly she saw the lady stepping into a carriage near by. One bound and Dot was there. "Please, ma'am, I saw you drop it." Mrs. Best (for such was her name) turned her eyes with mild surprise and rested them upon the childish form with the proffered money. A puzzled expression passed over her face, followed by the sweetest of smiles. "My child, why did you bring it to me?" "I wanted it so, for Patsy, but—it wasn't mine." The load was lifted from Dot's mind and her wan little face smiled radiantly. The lady had a heart. "I wanted it for Patsy." What might that not mean? Mrs. Best turned to her husband and tremulously whispered, "What shall I do?" And he, out of his goodness, responded, "As your heart dictates." And that is why this fair aristocrat took that motherless little waif in her arms and said, "You are going home with me." And Dot went, but she didn't forget her Patsy. The little queen of Logan Alley poured into sympathetic ears the story of Patsy and the rest, and then nature closed those weary eyes and Dot dropped asleep till the dawn of Christmas Day. And on that lovely morning, with the sweetest of peace in her heart and new budding plans, Dot and her new found friend went to get Patsy. But Patsy's new home was to be in a fairer world than this; he was already on the threshold. One last smile for Dot and he had gone to be a real angel indeed and Dot had to go to her new home without little Patsy. Closer inspection found in his tightly clasped hand a scrap of paper marked rudely in charcoal: "Gone to keep Christmas with Jesus!" Queen Dot is now a woman grown, but never has she forgotten and never will she forget the time when she was queen of Logan Alley and loved little Patsy, and never will she forget that Christmas-tide when, in sweet charity, that Christian soul stooped to press the cup of cold water to one of Christ's little ones.

THE BEST LOVED OF ALL.

Three new dolls sat on three little chairs,
Waiting for Christmas Day;
And they wondered when she saw them,
What the little girl would say.

They hoped that the nursery life was gay;
And they hoped that they would find
The little girl often played with dolls;
And they hoped that she was kind.

Near by sat an old doll neatly dressed
In a new frock, black and red;
She smiled at the French dolls—"As to that,
Don't feel afraid," she said.

The new dolls turned their waxen heads,
And looked with a haughty stare,
As if they never had seen before
That a doll was sitting there.

**Red Rose
Tea
"is good tea"**

Just notice the color—a rich amber, which is always a token of quality.

Sold by the best grocers in Canada

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG.
TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

"Oh! we're not in the least afraid," said one.

"We are quite too fine and new; But perhaps you yourself will find that now

She will scarcely care for you."

The old doll shook her head and smiled;

She smiled, although she knew Her plaster nose was almost gone,
And her cheeks were faded, too.

And now it was day; in came the child,

And there, all gay and bright,
Sat three new dolls in little chairs—
It was a lovely sight.

She praised their curls, and noticed, too,

How finely they were dressed;
But the old doll all the while she held
Clasped close against her breast.

—St. Nicholas.

TWO CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

"Well, children," said mother, "I have asked Cousin Cecil to spend Christmas week with us." "How splendid!" exclaimed both boys at once, for they liked Cousin Cecil because he was so willing to do whatever they wished, and never lost his temper when at play. John and James were the sons of rich parents, and lived in a beautiful house; Cousin Cecil's parents were very poor, and he lived in one of the back streets of the town. In fact he often wore the old clothes of his cousins, which fitted him very well when John and James had grown out of them. "And where will Cousin Cecil sleep?" asked John. "I shall put him in your room, in the little bed which no one uses now." And will he have a stocking like us for Santa Claus to fill?" inquired James. "Yes," said mother, "on one condition." What is that?" asked the boys, full of curiosity. Their mother hesitated for a moment, then she said, "Do you want to have a real happy Christmas?" "Don't we!" cried John; plenty to eat, plenty of presents, and plenty of fun!" and he clapped his hands at the thought of what was in store. "But what about Cousin Cecil's stocking?"

asked James. "I am coming to that. If you want a real happy Christmas give up your stocking to Cousin Cecil." The boys were silent. They loved Cousin Cecil, and pitied him because he was too poor to dress well, and have boxing-gloves and a rocking-horse; but why should they give up their delightful Christmas stocking to him? At last James asked, "Must we give up our stocking to Cousin Cecil?" "Certainly not, unless you think it would make Christmas happy." "Then I won't decide John, for I should be very unhappy at Christmas without my stocking." James hesitated a minute. At last he said, "I will give up my stocking to Cousin Cecil; I dare say it will make me happy, but oh, mother, I am so fond of it—it is so nice to feel what is inside, and not know what it can be until you take it out!" "Thank you James," said mother as she kissed him; I am sure

**The Season for
Croup and Colds.**

With the return of wintry weather there comes again mother's anxiety for the health of her little ones. Wet feet and chilled bodies and then croup or severe colds and what is to be done to prevent serious trouble?

Because it is pleasant to the taste, composed of simple ingredients of proven value, and positively free from anything of an injurious nature, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially suitable as a treatment for children and its popularity is due to its wonderful success in the prevention and cure of croup, chest colds and bronchitis.

In the hour of emergency you can depend on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to loosen the cough, aid expectoration, allay inflammation and bring speedy relief and cure.

This well-known preparation is not a mere cough mixture, but a medicine having thorough and far-reaching action on the whole system and hence its remarkable success. 25 cents a bottle, family size 60 cents, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

WHAT SULPHUR DOES.

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and, mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigour and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver and excretory organs and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies, soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin diseases as this remedy.

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers" will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers, a far safer, more palat-

able and effective preparation.

Send your name and address to-day for a free trial package and see for yourself.

F. A. Stuart Co., 57 Stuart Bldg. Marshall, Mich.

you will be quite happy in spite of the stocking." "We shall see," added John in the tone of one who knows a great deal. "Yes, we shall see," said James, and looked smilingly at his mother. It was half past six on Christmas morning. "Are you awake?" asked John in an excited tone. "I am," said James from the other side of the bed. "And so am I," said Cousin Cecil from his corner of the room. "Now for my stocking!" exclaimed John as he turned up the gas and rushed quickly back into the warm bed. "Don't you touch yours, Cecil, till I have emptied mine; it makes more fun." Cecil sat up in his bed and looked across at the enormous stocking crammed with knobs which John was taking off the bed-post; James sat up by his brother, and could not help heaving a little sigh. "Now, then, you fellows, guess," cried John, holding up a round parcel. All three guessed orange, and they were right. The next was an apple, the next a packet of chocolate cigarettes. Then came a little box which John guessed as lead pencils, but which turned out to be full of sweets. "I am sick of sweets," growled John; it ought to have been pencils. This seemed to upset him, and all the other things turned out disappointing. "I did think this was a knife with a corkscrew," he exclaimed in disgust when a small mouth organ was uncovered; "I am not a baby now." But the worst of all was when the last parcel, which lay in the toe of the stocking, was discussed. All three boys guessed a box of paints, but it turned out to be a story-book. John felt ready to cry. "Well, I'm sure I never was so disgusted before; I did so reckon on a knife and a box of paints, and now I suppose I must wait till my birthday." It was hard for James to keep down a lump in his throat when John had commenced to empty his stocking, but he soon got interested in guessing the contents, and now he looked eagerly at Cecil's bed. Poor Cecil! His hand shook as he took out the first parcel; it seemed so strange that this mass of things should be for him. "I can't guess," he said; "will you guess for me, James?" "Orange," cried James, and he was right. "Apple," he exclaimed at the next, and a deep red and gold American Pippin rolled upon the bed. "Chocolate," was his third guess, and again he was right. But after that neither he nor John could get anywhere near the mark. A supposed picture-book turned out to be a box of paints. "Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Cecil. "I asked mother for some the other day, but she said they cost too much." John felt inclined to cry with vexation, but Cecil's joy made him forget his own wants. Sweets, cakes, a box of pencils, a bag of the very best marbles, a copy of Andersen's Fairy Tales, a Prayer Book with red leaves, and, at the toe, a knife with two blades, a corkscrew, and other little extras, which made Cecil forget the time of year and dance on the cold floor. "What's all

this noise about?" said a voice, and mother stood before them in her dressing gown. "Oh, mother, I'm so happy! I'm so happy!" cried James, as he hugged her. "At first I was quite sorry I had given up my stocking, but Cecil does enjoy the things so, that it makes me forget that I have none." "And what about my John!" inquired mother, as she kissed her firstborn. "Don't ask me, mother," he sighed. "I do wish I had given up my stocking, too; somehow nothing has pleased me this Christmas Day." "It is not too late to be happy," said his mother; give half your things to James, and then you will all three enjoy your Christmas." "Here, Cecil, old boy," cried John, just lend me your new knife." And their mother left John cutting his apple and orange and cakes in two, and dividing eagerly his chocolate cigarettes.—Rev. Edwin J. Sturdee.



ELSIE'S CHRISTMAS FRIGHT.

"This little Elsie girl wants a muff," said Santa Claus, looking up at the little Christmas tree and down at his brimful pack. "Let me see! here's a gray one and a brown one; a speckled one—and—ah! here's the muff for Elsie!" and the good old Santa pulled out a soft white puff with a pink silk lining and little pink silk tassels. But while Santa Claus had been fastening the muff to a branch of the tree, little Miss Mousie had been watching from a hole in the closet floor. "I wonder what that is," thought she, and away she went to see as soon as ever Santa Claus was out of sight. "How soft and warm!" said she, as she rubbed her nose against the soft fur. "And that pink silk! I like that, too! It is like the toes and noses of the baby mice. I wonder why it wouldn't make a nice warm bed; I'm very sleepy, too, just now, I think I'll take a nap." Mousie never knew how long she slept; but the next thing she knew a troop of children had burst into the room and somebody reached up and untied the muff. How mousie's heart beat! She wished she were in the closet again. "Here, Elsie, this is for you," said the kind voice; and in a second two little chubby hands were thrust into the two ends of the muff. "Que! que!" squeaked mousie. Oh! Oh! screamed Elsie. Then such a confusion as followed! Everybody scrambled and mousie ran as fast as ever she could around the room, out into the hall, up the stairs! Luckily the garret door was open and mousie never even stopped for breath until she was safe beneath the eaves. "Where did that mouse go?" Elsie used to wonder. "What made the people scream?" the mouse used to wonder; for it was a long time before either Elsie or mousie forgot the fright they had given each other the night of the Christmas tree.

Tears are the showers that fertilize the world.—Jean Ingelow.

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Cancer and Tumor permanently cured with a Combination of Oils. Write to the Originator for his free books. Beware of imitators. Address Dr. D. M. Bye, 316 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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COWAN'S Healthful and Nutritious
HYGIENIC COCOA...
Sold in ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. Tins only. Absolutely Pure



Tenders for Mining Lands

In pursuance of an Order-in-Council, dated 22nd November, 1906, tenders will be received by the undersigned at the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines, Toronto, up to the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 20th day of December, 1906, for the purchase of those portions of the beds of Cobalt Lake and Kerr Lake, situated in the Township of Coleman, in the District of Nipissing, now the property of the Crown, together with the mines, minerals and mining rights therein and thereunder, the same being described as follows:—

PARCEL No. 1.

Land covered by water of Cobalt Lake.
—Being composed of the land covered by water of all that portion of Cobalt Lake situate in the Township of Coleman, in the District of Nipissing, lying south and east of the south-easterly limit of the right-of-way of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway and Cobalt Station grounds, together with the islets in the said portion of the said lake, excepting thereout and therefrom that portion of Cobalt Lake designated as mining location J. B., containing four acres, granted by letters patent dated 31st July, 1905, to James H. McKiuley, Ernest J. Darragh, Robert Gorman and William Anderson, said portion of lake hereby offered for sale containing by admeasurement forty-six acres more or less.

PARCEL No. 2.

Land Covered by Water of Kerr Lake.
—Being composed of the land covered by the water of Kerr Lake, in the Township of Coleman, in the District of Nipissing, excepting thereout and therefrom those portions surveyed and designated as mining locations J. B. 9, J. B. 10 and J. B. 11, containing by admeasurement two acres, four acres and twelve acres respectively, the two former locations—J. B. 9 and J. B. 10—having been granted by letters patent dated 22nd June, 1905, to the Canada Iron Furnace Company, Limited; and J. B. 11 having been granted by letters patent dated 20th June, 1905, to Jacob A. Jacobs; said portion of lake hereby offered for sale containing by admeasurement twenty-three acres, more or less.

Parcel No. 1 carries with it the right to the mines and minerals in the adjacent one-half of the road allowance on the east shore of Cobalt Lake, and lying between the mining locations R. L. 401 and R. L. 404 and the water's edge, provided the veins or deposits extend from the bed of the lake into or under the said road allowance. See 4 Edward VII., chapter 22, section 30.

The boundaries of both parcels will be surveyed and delimited on the ground before the day of sale.

Tenders are to be for each parcel separately, and are to name a lump sum for each parcel without royalty, payable in full within fifteen days of acceptance of tender.

A marked cheque for 10 per cent. of the price offered must accompany each tender, to be forfeited upon non-payment of the balance of the purchase money within the prescribed time.

Tenders to be enclosed in sealed envelopes, marked on the outside in plain letters, "Tender for Cobalt Lake" or "Tender for Kerr Lake," as the case may be, and to be addressed to the Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, Toronto, Ont.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

F. COCHRANE,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.
Toronto, Ont., 22nd November, 1906.

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WINNIPEG.

"I am coming to want a real happy up your stocking to he boys were silent. sin Cecil, and pitied as too poor to dress boxing-gloves and a it why should they lelightful Christmas n? At last James give up our stock-Cecil?" "Certainly think it would make ." "Then I won't or I should be very stmas without my es hesitated a min-aid, "I will give up Cousin Cecil; I dare me happy, but oh, fond of it!—it is so at is inside, and not an be until you take you James," said issed him; I am sure

son for and Colds.

rn of wintry weather gain mother's anxiety f her little ones. Wet ed bodies and then colds and what is to vent serious trouble? pleasant to the taste, imple ingredients of and positively free of an injurious na-'s Syrup of Linseed is especially suitable for children and its due to its wonderful prevention and cure of lds and bronchitis. of emergency you can Chase's Syrup of Lin-seintine to loosen the pectoration, allay ind bring speedy relief

nown preparation is ough mixture, but a ig thorough and far- on the whole system remarkable success. 25 family size 60 cents, or Edmanson, Bates &

Abbey's Effer- vescent Salt

is a regular family doctor. When the stomach gets upset—bowels irregular—appetite fickle—sleep broken—headaches frequent—**ABBEY'S SALT** is the prescription that cures.

At Druggists. 25c. and 60c. a bottle.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAY RATES.

TERRITORY.—Between all stations in Canada; also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich. Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

AT SINGLE FARE.—Good going Dec. 24th and 25th, returning until 26th; also going Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, returning until Jan. 2nd, 1907.

AT FARE AND ONE-THIRD.—Good going Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25; also Dec. 28, 29, 30 and 31st, and Jan. 1, 1907, returning until Jan. 3rd 1907.

For tickets and full information call on

J. D. McDONALD,
District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



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TROY, N. Y. NEW YORK.
Manufacture Superior
CHURCH, CHIME, SCHOOL & OTHER
BELLS.

MEMORIES.

Once I loved a beautiful dolly;
She had hair of golden hue,
Her cheeks were like a red, red rose,
And her eyes were a heavenly blue,
Her arms they were long and slender,
Her neck it was plump and fair,
And I lost my heart to her sweet,
sweet eyes,
And the curls of her golden hair.

She was dressed in a gown of satin,
All trimmed with the richest lace;
She had stockings of silk and sweet
bronze boots,
And a smile on her lovely face.
But, alas! one day a bad big boy,
Came to our house to tea;
And that was the end of my dolly's
life,
And of happiness for me.

For he pulled all the hair from her
pretty head,
And he put out both her eyes,
And he hung her up to the chandel-
lier,
In spite of my tears and cries;
And her satin gown on the fire he
threw,
With hullabaloo and noise!
And never, oh never, again will I play
With such cruel and bad big boys.

And now, as I sit in the firelight glow
And think of the days gone by,
My dolly comes in with a silent tread,
And looks at me tenderly.
And she says, "Little maid, I love
you still,
For the faithful heart and true
That has kept a thought for your
poor old doll,
Who has never forgotten you."



THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR LORD.

In the beautiful land of Palestine the shepherds were watching their flocks one night many hundred years ago. They had watched them in this way many long nights and seen the stars come out one by one in the dark blue sky, but on this wonderful night an angel spoke to them—a glorious light shone around them, and they were afraid. Then the angel said, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Then they heard beautiful voices—the whole sky seemed full of voices praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." At last the wonderful light faded away, the beautiful voices ceased, and the shepherds said to each other: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." So they came to Bethlehem in great haste and there they found the Christ-Child in the manger, and with him were Mary His mother, and Joseph. The shepherds worshipped and then they went out and told everyone that Jesus Christ was indeed born into the world, even as God had promised. You know that God had promised many years before that Christ should come and had

even told in what city He would be born. The shepherds returned to their flocks, but all their work was different to them, for they were praising and glorifying God for what they had heard and seen. It is many long years since Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem. Only a few people knew about Him then, but to-day Christians all over the world keep His birthday on Christmas Day, and wish they might have stood with the shepherds beside the manger in the beautiful land of Palestine.



HOW TWAIN GOT RICH.

Mark Twain says that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first, and experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean Howells on one occasion, the subject of literature vicissitudes was broached by the humorist. "My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed. "But I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel, I kept it, and so became rich."



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Ye Angels, holy Angels,
With your great wings flashing
light,
Have ye left your heavenly places
To abide on earth to-night?
'Lo! we herald forth His coming
To succour souls forlorn,
Behold the World's Redeemer,
Man for love of man is Born!

Ye Shepherds, gentle Shepherds,
Pray tell us where you go
Ere the wintry sun is dawning,
While the ways are white with
snow?
'To Mary and to Joseph
That we may kneel with them
And adore the Infant Saviour
Born this day at Bethlehem!

Ye Sages, kingly Sages,
Why have ye come afar
O'er the desert and the mountain
At the leading of a Star?
'We are bringing Myrrh and In-
cense,
Gold to cast before His Throne,
For the King of Earth and
Heaven
Comes to-day to claim His
Own!

Ye People, Christian People,
Is the Church's message told
In the same most wondrous story
That the Angels sang of old?
'Yea! the Lord of Life and Glory
Still among us deigns to dwell:
Lo! He greets us at His Altar,
God with us—Emmanuel!
Christian Burke.

Free Catarrh Cure

Bad Breath, K' Hawking and Spit-
ting Quickly Cured—Fill Out
Free Coupon Below.



"My New Discovery Quickly Cures
Catarrh."—C. E. Gauss.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of Catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address to-day and the treatment will be sent you by return mail duty free. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 7996 Main St., Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package, duty free. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

**C. E. GAUSS, 7996 Main St.,
Marshall, Mich.**

OVER THE HILLS BY BETH- LEHEM.

Over the hills by Bethlehem,
The night had closed around,
And while the shepherds watched
their flocks,
They heard a wondrous sound;
A wondrous sound by angels made,
Who, robed in white array,
Sang, "Peace on earth, to man good-
will,"
On the first Christmas Day.

Not to the high and proudly born,
Did God His message show,
The Gospel first with comfort came
To humble men and low;
And as they gazed upon the Child,
Their worship did not cease,
For there, they knew, was God with
man

Come down to earth with "Peace."
—J. Barrett Browne.



To be contented with what we have
is about the same as to own the
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y Bethlehem,
closed around,
shepherds watched

s,
wondrous sound;
and by angels made,
white array,
earth, to man good-

Christmas Day.

and proudly born,
message show,
it with comfort came
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) did not cease,
knew, was God with

o earth with "Peace."
-J. Barrett Browne.

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same as to own the

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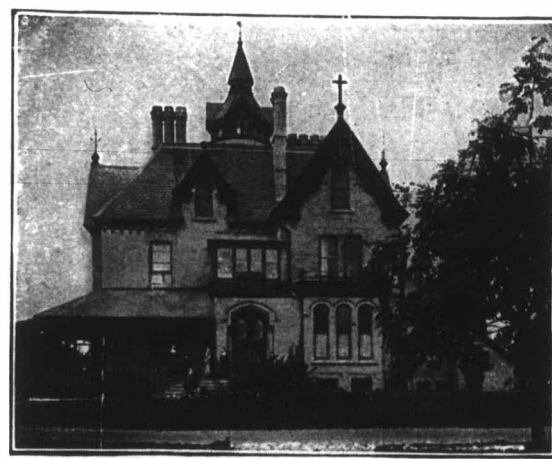
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COFFEE-PAIL EZRA.

"No, I can't go," and Ezra looked reproachfully at a pail of hot coffee, which he had set down close by, under the shadow of the big ore bin.

"Oh, bother!" said Jack Evars. "Your uncle doesn't need that stuff. He's well now—been well this two weeks."

"I know, but Grandma Hillis thinks he needs it."

"Well, he don't. Half the time he doesn't touch it."

"And sometimes he scolds you if you get in the road of his pick," put in Herbert James.

"Yes," and Ezra stroked the long ears of Nancy, the burro, meditatively. But then, you see, he might want it to-day, and it wouldn't be there. And, besides, grandma depends on me to take it down."

Still he looked at the coffee-pail with no friendly eye. If he had had a mother or even a Sunday School teacher, he would have learned long before that duty is duty, and must be done, however hard it seems; but he had no one except a feeble old grandmother and a big, busy uncle, who worked so hard all day in the mine that he invariably fell asleep at the supper table. So it is no wonder that, when Jack and Herbert proposed an expedition out in the sagebrush after cotton-tails, Ezra looked at his coffee-pail in deep disgust.

"No, I can't go," said Ezra, taking up his pail and turning toward the engine house.

"It's all nonsense, I tell you," said Jack. "Grandma'll never know if you don't tell her and your uncle doesn't want it."

"I know," answered Ezra, resolutely, "but it is my business. Grandma depends on me."

And then he began climbing the hill as fast as he could go, which, although he did spill some of the coffee, was the very best thing he could do, for he was the sooner out of temptation's way.

At the top of the shaft he climbed into the car, nodded to the engineer and slid down into the dark, close mine. The engineer knew his errand; but he had to scramble out as fast as he could to let the car go on to the seventh, from which ore was being hoisted. At the fifth level, that day, the air seemed unusual close.

"I s'pose it's because I wanted to go after cotton-tails so much that it seems uncommonly hot and nasty down here to-day," thought Ezra.

He lighted his candle and plodded his way along the low-walled drift. He had walked some little distance, trying to keep up his spirits with whistling, when he suddenly halted. His breath was coming quick and short and he began to realize that he was breathing smoke. Where did it come from? Lifting his candle, he peered about carefully. He could see no sign of fire, but the drift was gray with smoke—a heavy, curling mass that was coming toward him in sullen silence.

His first thought was to run for the shaft. But no, where were Uncle Tom and the other men? If the fire was in one of the cross cuts the smoke would seek the open shaft, as it would a chimney, and the



A Song Without Words.

men would have no warning until the whole drift was ablaze and it would be too late. He must find where it was and he must reach them if they did not already know. He hurried on, but his light grew dim in the smoke and his feet stumbled over the uneven floor. His breath was growing painful and his eyes smarted unbearably. He must find the men. He stumbled on, groping, with his eyes shut, every step a stab of pain and his mind nodding but one thought—to reach the others before it was too late. Once he felt headlong; but it was a fortunate fall for the lid of his coffee-pail flew off and half the contents were dashed in his face. Quickly righting the pail, he dipped his handkerchief in the remaining coffee, one of the big red cotton handkerchiefs of the mining camps—and tied it over his head and face. He could have cried from the feeling of relief that it gave and the way grew easier until the heat dried the handkerchief and forced him to take it off. Then he groped and stumbled and fell and picked himself up and ran on and fell again and then on once more.

His strength was giving out and the curling, lead-colored mass wrapped about him closer and thicker. It was the battle of a child against a relentless, unreasoning foe, and it was bravely fought. His foot caught beneath a loose board and he fell at full length. Vaguely he felt that the struggle was over and he was glad he had done his best. He gave a little gasp—and then sat up and looked around him in surprise. The air was clearer and he could breathe. There was smoke certainly, but still he could see and breathe. His fall had carried him just past the mouth of a deep cross-cut, from which the smoke was pouring in thick, leaden masses toward the shaft. He could hear the dull crackling of the burning timbers and he knew that the time was short. He stood up and tried to run, but his mind was in a whirl and his legs tottered beneath him. Still he would not give up. The worst was past; and, as his head grew clearer in the better air, his strength began to come back also.

In less than five minutes the men in the upraise were standing about him and he was telling them, as quickly as he could, of their danger and of their one chance of escape.

"We must make a dash for it," said Tom Hillis, who was always the leader. The men nodded, threw down their picks and shovels and marched grimly out into the drift to meet the foe. How Ezra got through the second time he never knew. He remembered being dragged along by hard, kind hands and, at the last, being lifted on a pair of strong shoulders and carried "pick-a-back" like a baby; but when he opened his eyes, he was in the hoisting-room and the superintendent of the mine was there, too, looking very grave and anxious.

"Will he live?" he was asking of the doctor, who was stirring something in a glass.

"Oh, yes. He'll not die yet. He's a plucky little chap. He will be all right in a little while."

"It is strange how these things happen," the superintendent went on.

It is certainly strange. If this boy had not been going about his plain, every-day business this morning those men would have been smothered, and the whole mine would have been in such a blaze that we couldn't have stopped it."

When Jack and Herbert came home that night with four cotton-tails, they were very much surprised to find that "Coffee-pail Ezra" had become a hero in the camp, and was to be taken into the superintendent's family to go to school with his own boys.

"It's mighty queer how lucky some folks are!" said Jack.

"Taint so queer," answered Herbert, "when you consider how plucky some folks are."

"Humph! I guess anybody would have warned those men!"

"Maybe they would and then maybe they wouldn't. But what I am thinking is that there isn't more than one boy in the camp that would have been down there with the coffee-pail when the other boys were going out hunting. That's where the pluck comes in, I'm thinking."

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Across the waste of sand they go,
Three travellers from lands afar;
They toil along with footsteps slow,
And watch the heavens for the star.

The night is dark the way is long,
And they have precious treasure rare;
Not knowing whither, right or wrong,
They search the heaven in despair.

"Now rest us here this night," said one;
But his companions would not stay,—
"For if we halt we are undone,
We must press on without delay!"

But look—oh rapture! shining clear
And radiant, they see on high
A welcome sight which calms their fear—
A bright star moving in the sky!

With hope renewed, and fear at rest,
They follow into Bethlehem;
And find the Child on Mary's breast—
The King without a diadem.

When in the desert of this life,
With fainting hearts we toil and grope,
Through all its darkness, care and strife,
Look for the Christian's Star of Hope.

Though we may wander far and wide,
Through darkest night, the thought is sweet;
The blessed Star of Hope will guide
The lost one to Babe Jesus' feet.
—Henry Coyle.

NOT TO BE BAFFLED BY A DOOR.

Years ago, when I was quite a child, we had a large white cat of no particular breed—just cat—that was the most intelligent animal I ever saw. The most interesting trick in which I have seen this intelligence displayed was the way she would manage to open a door.

The particular door led from the porch into the kitchen, and was furnished with a simple old-fashioned latch. We never knew how the cat learned to do it, but many times I have seen her come, survey the door up and down a moment, then stand on her hind legs, put her left paw through the handle to hold herself up, and then with the right one pat the latch up and down until the door would open. Then Mrs. Pussy, with a satisfied wave of her long tail, would walk through; and it is needless to say that she never stopped to close the door after her. I am sorry that I was wicked enough sometimes to shut the door just to see her open it again.

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BAFFLED BY A DOOR.

When I was quite a
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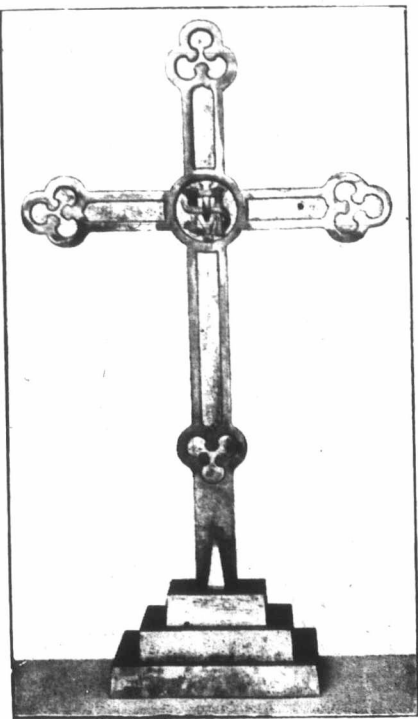
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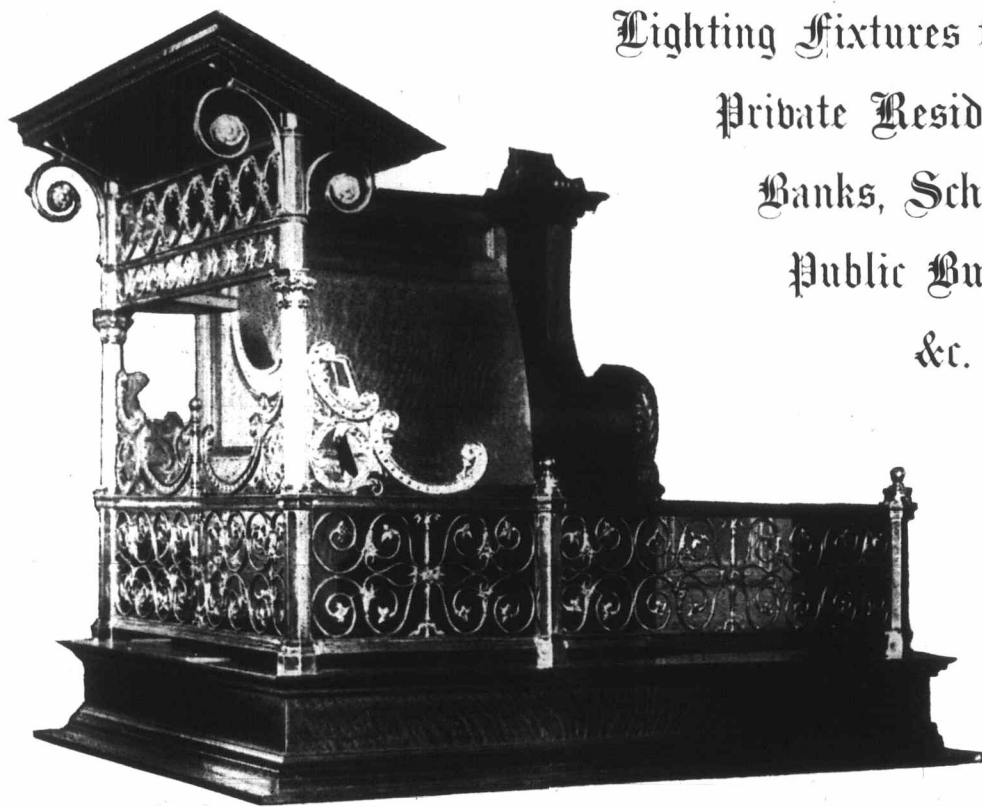
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