

Dec. 2, 1886.

# Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

Vol. 12.]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1886.

[No. 49.]

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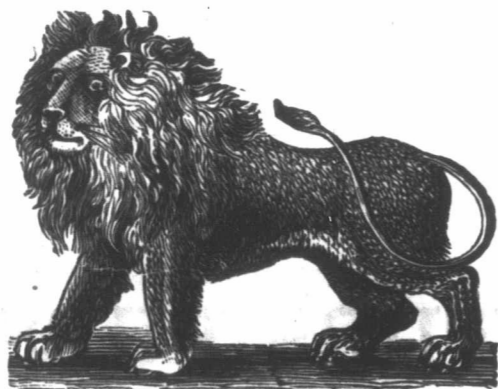
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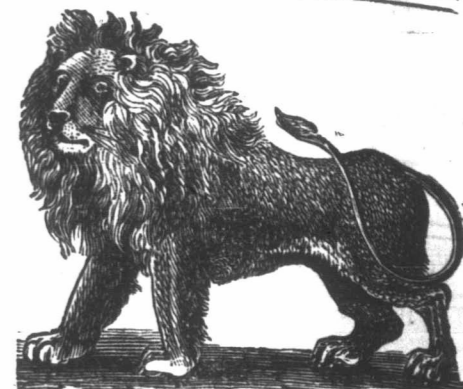


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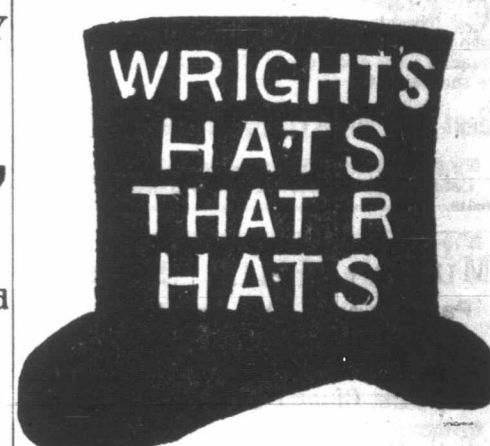
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### LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

DECEMBER 12th—3rd SUNDAY IN ADVENT.  
Morning—Isaiah xxv. 1 John iv. 7.  
Evening—Isaiah xxvi.; of xxviii. 5. John xix to 25

THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1886.

**THE MORAVIAN CHRISTMAS.**—The history of the people known as "Moravians" is worthy of more attention by Churchmen. "They exhibit the sublime spectacle of a little flock witnessing a good confession for Christ amidst the prevalent errors of Popery, and submitting to ignominy, spoliation, and martyrdom, long centuries before the name Protestant had been given to those confessors with whom we are now so familiar." They were the first who employed the art of printing for the publication of the Bible in a living tongue, and three editions of the Scriptures were issued by them before the Reformation. When we hear our Christmas celebration derided, and see this sacred time contemptuously disregarded by some who condemn the honoring of our dear Lord's Birth as Popish, we may ask them to notice how a people like the Moravians regard Christmas. More especially we may ask also whether these valiant antagonists of Rome would have allowed their school books and school system to be controlled by the Papacy, as those have done who profess such a dread of Rome that they refuse to celebrate Christ's Birth because the event is honoured by the Church of Rome! Never was there a clearer case of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, than objecting to the Christmas Festival as Romish, and yet suffering the Church of Rome to tax Protestants for Romish schools, allowing that Church to turn the Bible out of Protestant schools and dictating what books Protestant schools must use! Well, let us see how Moravians observe Christmas. They decorate their churches with fir, holly and flowers, they place scrolls on the wall such as we use, they make their services bright with Christmas songs and anthems, and with admirable wisdom they make Christmas eve a children's feast where the lambs of the flock sing "Christ the Lord—the Lord most glorious. Now is born—Oh, shout aloud!" etc. These noble people when hunted by Papal blood-hounds into Bohemian forests, still kept that Christmas Day, which some refused to observe, because it is a Romish observance. But we repeat they kept the education of their children out of the hands of the Papacy, which some so-called Protestants do not.

**THE FIRST REQUISITES OF UNITY.**—The Christmas season is essentially the time when the question of Christian unity comes spontaneously before all followers of Him, towards Whom all Christendom, believers and unbelievers, and Puritans alike, are compelled to turn in affectionate devotion or in the observance of social customs. No man living in a Christian land, can shut his ears to the joyous refrain of the Church, "This day is born a Saviour, Christ the King." But we must look at the question of unity from the standpoints of fact and principle, for no step will be taken as the result of mere sentiment. In the *Church Review* for July, 1885, the Rev. Dr. Staunton, writes, "One of the first requisites for unity is the reception of the primitive Creeds in all the fulness of their original sense. It is certain that the great stumbling block would in a Protestant Conference be the article of the 'One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.'" The writer points out that Luther, Beza, Melancthon and Calvin were prepared to accept Episcopal ordination, as their testimony is frequent to their desire for the Apostolic ministry. "It was no other than Melancthon, the mild and learned Lutheran who said, 'I would to God it lay in me to restore the Government of Bishops.' In uttering these words, Melancthon was doubtless inspired by his friend Luther. It was not without thought that Luther twice appealed to a lawful and free General Council. The learned divine we have quoted argues with force that this appeal must be made before any general practical step can be taken towards the restoration of the unity of the Catholic Church, and the absorption therein of its separated members.

**THE TERRIBLE DANGERS OF DISUNION.**—The writer on the preceding paragraph has this eloquent passage on the dangers of want of unity. "There are not a few who have been driven to the very borders of a semi-religious Agnosticism, by reading in their Bibles, that vehement but loving warning of St. Paul; 'I beseech you brethren, by the name of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment, and then, gazing in astonishment on the unconcerned quietude of masses of human souls, gathered into a hundred sects and parties, oblivious of false doctrine, heresy, and schism, and of that fearful reign of strife, division, jealousy and alienation in families and discord in religious enterprise which now threaten to engulf society in a semi-pagan darkness, and banish from the land every trace of conscience, manly honor, public righteousness and private sanctity. Let those who see these things reflect and they may learn that the power of the Church of Christ to hold in check the ravages of wickedness, and to break down the strongholds of the evil one, lies under God in its unity, in the combination of all its forces and in the courage inspired by the conviction, warranted by an authority at once omniscient and omnipotent, that against the Church of God, thus united, no weapon or device of man shall ever prosper."

The path to unity is not flower strewed, it will be through sacrifice, through the tribulation of self abandonment, that the Church will enter into the joy and power of unity.

**MOTHER AND CHILD.**—Look at the man newly born—his one experience of the atmosphere is that it is cold and sets him shivering. Now, some nine or ten years later, look at him again. What a different being has he become! What a wonderful growth and development has there been of his knowledge and faculties, habits and character. Never again any other ten years, or any number of them, even to the three score and tenth year, will there be anything approaching to an advance and difference equal to that of the first ten. These first ten years have done more to fix the bent of his

life and character than all the long years he may live through in days succeeding. In them, as the poet said, has been the main fashioning of him; and whose has been the chief part in that main fashioning? Has it not been his mother's? How momentous a matter for him, then, what sort of a one that mother has been—vigorous or feeble, healthful or ailing, hopeful or depressed, cheery or complaining, composed or irritable, systematic or chaotic. How much does it matter what sort of a mother he has had to the individual. How much does it matter what sort of a succession of mothers it has had for its successive generations to the race. It is surprising that there should be that adage as to remarkable men and remarkable mothers? And human excellence is not exclusively that of those who have been remarkable.

"A man's fate," said an Oxford tutor, looking back upon his college experience, "a man's fate all depends on the nursing—on the mother, not on the father. The father has commonly little to do with the boy till the bent is given and the foundation of character laid. All depends on the mother."

Galton, in his *Hereditary Genius*, after citing, as examples of remarkable women, the mothers of Bacon, Buffon, Condorcet, Cuvier, D'Alembert, Gregory, Watts and others, adds:—"It appears, therefore, to be very important to success in science that a man should have an able mother. \* \* \* Of two men of equal abilities, the one who has a truth-loving mother would be more likely to follow the career of science."

**THE RISKS OF HIGHER EDUCATION TO WOMEN.**—Dr. Withers Moore, the eminent English physician in a recent address, on "Female Education," points out the risks incident upon undue mental strain.

"As a professional man to a professional audience, though not without thought of the non-professional many whose attention this address (just because it is your president's) may be expected to command, let me lay before you my reasons for reply in the negative to the question proposed. I think that it is not for the good of the human race considered as progressive, that women should be freed from the restraints which law and custom have imposed upon them, and should receive an education intended to prepare them for the exercise of brain-power in competition with men. And I think thus, because I am persuaded that neither the preliminary training for such competitive work, nor the subsequent practice of it in the actual strife and struggle for existence, can fail to have upon women the effect of more or less (and rather more than less) indisposing them towards, and incapacitating them for, their own proper function—for performing the part, I mean—which (as the issue of the original differentiation of the sexes) nature has assigned to them in the maintenance and progressive improvement of the human race. For bettering the breed of men, we need and claim to have the mothers of men. This "higher education" will hinder those who would have been the best mothers from being mothers at all, or, if it does not hinder them, more or less, it will spoil them. And no training will enable themselves to do what their sons might have done. Bacon's mother 'choice lady,' says the biographer, and "exquisitely skilled," as she was, could not have produced the *Novum Organum*, but she—perhaps she alone—could and did produce Bacon."

—A silvery mist sometimes hangs over Niagara Falls veiling the waters from view. Yet they are there in all their perilous swiftness and awful descent. Thus it is with sin. The silvery mists of pleasure often enshroud it, hiding its black, deadly torrent from our sight. Let us beware of plunging into the mists, lest we find ourselves in the vortex of ruin.



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## PRAYER FOR UNITY.

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace, give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice and whatever else may hinder us from godly union and concord; that, as there is but one Body and one Spirit, and one Hope of our calling! one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart, and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## THE DATE OF CHRISTMAS.

THE objection raised by some sects who do not observe the most joyous Festival of the Catholic Church, that we have no certain grounds for regarding the 25th day of December as the day on which Jesus was born, is a shallow irrelevance. The Church of Christ for some fourteen centuries has, with one consent, kept this happy Festival on the day known throughout Christendom as "Christmas Day." The family of a man has surely the right to fix the day upon which they will celebrate his birthday. The Queen of England appoints other days than the true date of her birth for the Court to honour as that anniversary. It is not the "day" we celebrate, but the "event," hence the Church had the right to appoint any one day in the whole year for celebrating the birth of Jesus. An illustration of this freedom is given us by the only Christians who are conspicuous for their refusal to observe Christmas Day. The Presbyterians keep up the Puritan folly of ignoring the day because the Romanists observe it, yet they celebrate the Festival of the Resurrection each Sabbath, although this Feast is also a Romish observance! But a more singular inconsistency is seen in the universal celebration of St. Andrew's day on the 30th of November by Presbyterians the world over. Yet the 30th of November has no connection with St. Andrew even by tradition. His bones, it is said, landed in Britain on that day; but it is hardly a Puritanic thing to honour a day because the bones of a Saint came ashore on that day, but this is what is annually done by those who reproach us for keeping Christmas Day. It may well have been that the early disciples were so overwhelmed with thoughts of the Life, the Death, the Resurrection of their Lord; were so overpowered by the magnitude of their task as founders of His Church, that they gave no heed to mere considerations as to the dates of certain events in the human Life of Jesus. It would have been to them utterly inconceivable that those who profess to love the very name of Jesus of Nazareth would disdain to meet with the vast multitude of His people once a year to commemorate the Incarnation. When the first thought of observing this day of days came into some pious mind in Apostolic days, it might have been said:—

"The moment of His birth  
None can remember,—none  
Recall His earliest glance from earth  
Up to yon glorious sun,  
Nor trace that point of memory  
When infant thought began to be."

It is generally thought the formal appointment of Christmas took place early in the second century. It was for some time a movable feast, and by eastern churches was held late in spring or early summer. In the fourth century an investigation was made as to the most likely date, and it was decided universally to consecrate the 25th of December to the purpose of commemorating the birth of Jesus. The chief grounds for this decision were the tables of the censors in the Archives of Rome. Although the proofs were not absolute as to the accuracy of this date, yet the Festival was from that time universally held on the day selected. Christmas Day has been ever since annually kept in honour as the day sacred to the memory of the most stupendous event in the annals of humanity, as the day (or night, for the tradition is that the Nativity occurred at midnight, which

"All hail with uncontrolled delight  
And general voice, the happy night  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down."

Of all the circles of festivals Christmas is the most supremely *human*. Nay, more, of all the feasts of our race, Pagan or Christian, the birthday of Jesus is the only one which is based upon such an universal, tender, and pure instinct, that all races, conditions and ages of mankind can enter into its significance and share its joys. The music of Christmas touches the heart strings of humanity so that they vibrate in joyous unison, evidencing that He Whom we honor at Christmas tide made the harp of sympathy which sings with joy when the song of Jesus' birth fills Christendom with melody.

## CHRISTMAS PEACE.

REJOICE in the Lord always, again I say rejoice. This is a glorious text, and one fit to be the key-note of Christmas day. If we will take it to heart it will tell us how to keep Christmas day. St. Paul has been speaking of two good women, who seem to have had some difference; and he beseeches them to make up their difference, and be of the same mind in the Lord. And then he goes on to tell them, and all Christian people, why they should make up their differences. And for that reason, I suppose, the Church has chosen it for the epistle before Christmas day, on which all men are to make friends with each other, and rejoice in the Lord. Let your moderation, he says, be known to all men. The Greek word signifies forbearance, reasonable dealing, consideration for one another, readiness to give way, not standing too severely on one's own rights. Now this is just the temper in which we ought to meet our friends at Christmas—*forbearance*. They may not have always behaved well to us. Be it so, no more have we to them. Let us, once in the year at least, forget old grudges. Let us do as we would be done by; give and

forgive; live and let live; bury our past quarrels, and shake hands over their graves, for the Lord is at hand. He cannot mistake. He sees both sides of a matter, and on all sides—a thousand sides which we cannot see. He can judge better than we. Let Him judge. Why do I say, Let Him judge. He has judged already, weeks, months ago, as soon as each quarrel has happened; and, perhaps, He found us in the wrong as well as our neighbors; and, if so, the least said the soonest mended. Let us forgive and forget, lest we be neither forgotten nor forgiven. And, because the Lord is at hand, be anxious about nothing. The word here is the same as in the sermon on the Mount. It means do not fret; do not terrify yourselves; for the Lord is at hand; He knows what you want and will He not give it? Is not Christmas day a sign that He will give it—a pledge of His love? What did He do on the first Christmas day? What did He show Himself to be on the first Christmas day? Now, here is the root of the whole matter, and a deep root it is: as deep as the beginning of all things which are, or ever were, or ever will be. And yet if we believe our Bibles, it is a root which we all may find. What did the angels say the first Christmas night? Peace on earth and good will to men. That is what God proclaimed. That is what He said that He had, and would give. Now, says the Apostle, if you will believe the latter half of this same Christmas message, then the first half of it will come true to you. If you will believe that God's will is a good will to you, then you will have peace on earth. For believe in Christmas-day; believe that the Lord is at hand; that He has been made man forever and ever; and that to the Man Christ Jesus all power is given in heaven and earth; and then, if you want ought, instead of grudging or grinding your neighbors, ask Him. In everything let your requests be made known unto God; and then the peace of God will keep your hearts through Christ Jesus. You will feel at peace with God through Christ Jesus, because you have found out that God is at peace with you; that God is not against you but for you; that God does not hate you but love you; and if God is at peace with you, what cause have you to be at war with him? And so the message of Christmas-day will bring you peace. You will be at peace with your neighbors, through Christ Jesus. When you see God stooping to make peace with sinful men, you will be ashamed to be quarrelling with them. When you see God full of love, you will be ashamed to keep up grudging and spite. When you see God's heaven full of light, you will be ashamed to be dark yourselves; your hearts will go out freely to your fellow-creatures; you will long to be friends with every one you meet; and you will find in that the highest pleasure which you ever felt in life. But mind one thing—what sort of peace this peace of God is. It passes all understanding; the very loftiest understanding. The cleverest and most learned men that ever lived could not have found it—we know they did not find it—by their own cleverness and learning.

No more will you find God's peace, if you seek for it with your own understanding. Thinking will not bring you peace, think as shrewdly as you may. Reading will not bring it, read as deep'y as you may. Some people think otherwise: that they can get the peace of God by understanding. If they could but understand more, their minds would be at rest. So they worry themselves with reading and thinking, and arguing, perhaps trying to understand predestination, election, assurance. What do they get thereby? Certainly not the peace of God. They certainly do not set their minds at rest. Books cannot give a live soul rest. Understanding cannot. Nothing can give you or me rest save God Himself. The peace is God's; and He must give it Himself with His own hand or we shall never get it. Go then to God Himself. Thou art His child, as Christmas-day declares: be not afraid to go unto thy Father. Pray to Him; tell Him what thou wantest; say, Father, I am not moderate, reasonably forbearing. I fear I cannot keep Christmas-day aright for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit in me; and I know that I shall never get it by thinking, and reading, and understanding; for it passes all that, and lies far away beyond it, does peace, in the very essence of Thine undivided, unmoved, absolute, eternal godhead, which no change nor decay of this created world, nor sin or folly of men or devils, can alter; but which abideth for ever what it is, in perfect rest and perfect power, and perfect love. O, Father, give me Thy peace. Soothe this restless, greedy, fretful soul of mine, as a mother soothes a sick and feverish child. How Thou wilt do it I do not know. It passes all understanding. But though the sick child cannot reach the mother the mother is at hand, and can reach it. Though the eagle, by flying, cannot reach the sun, yet the sun is at hand and can reach all the earth, and pour its light and warmth over all things. And Thou art more than a mother: Thou art the everlasting Father. Pour Thy love over me, that I may love as Thou lovest. Thou art more than the sun: Thou art the light and the life of all things. Pour Thy light and Thy life over me, that I may see all Thou seest and live as Thou livest, and be at peace with myself and all the world, as Thou art at peace with Thyself and all the world. Again, I say, I know not how; for it passes all understanding: but I trust that Thou wilt do it for me, for I believe the good news of Christmas-day. I believe the message of Christmas-day, that Thou so lovest the world that Thou hast sent Thy son to save the world, and me. I believe the message of Christmas-day, that Thy Will is peace on earth, even peace to me, restless and unquiet as I am; and good will to men, even to me, the chief of sinners.—*The late Rev. Chas. Kingsley.*

THE FEAST OF LIGHTS.

IT may be that the belief in Shakespear's time, the story that Hamlet did "in part believe," that the cock crows all night long on the eve of Christmas, had its origin in the

crowling of the cock in that gray dawn when Peter denied his Lord. The crowing was a sign that gracious influences prevailed, with which the bird was in sympathy. The ghost in Hamlet "faded on the crowing of the cock," but we are led to think that it was owing to its connection with this holy festival that the "bird of dawning" had its charm against evil. Some matter of fact writers say that the cock is deceived by the abundant lights of the festival, for Christmas is sometimes called in the Latin Church the "Feast of Lights," so many candles are used. In Belgium, from Christmas to Epiphany the children go about carrying paper stars with a lighted candle in the centre, commemorating the appearance of the star in Bethlehem. Whether it is the artificial light or sympathy with the season that keeps the cock awake all night, their crowing at such unseasonable hours was sometimes regarded as an unfavorable omen. The story is told in a country parish in England of a poor woman in a dangerous illness, who was greatly depressed by this overture of Chanticleer to the dawn, believing that it was a sign of death. But when the well-known passage from Hamlet was read to her, and she was told that it was written by the cleverest man in England, she brightened up, and began to recover immediately. It was the child-like faith of the Middle ages that all created things were in sympathy with the Nativity; the cock crew, the bees in their hives made a more melodious noise, and the cattle in their stalls went down on their knees in the western part of Devonshire, at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas eve, the oxen in their stalls were always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion, and making "a cruel moan like Christian creatures," and it was remarked as singular that after the alteration of the old style to the new they continued to do this only on the eve of the old Christmas-day, which was proof of the faithfulness of the ox and his disregard of style. It was, indeed, a "gracious time," and as we read of the revels and ceremonies and fond foolish beliefs of Christmas Past, we might regret what we have lost in this tamer and less picturesque age, if we did not know that never before in history was Christmas kept so truly and heartily in the spirit of the day as it is now. We have dropped a good many rude and some pretty customs, but we have gained a broadening spirit of almost universal charity, a feeling of real brotherhood, that is perhaps none the less real that it is held in check a good deal during the rest of the year.—*Harpers Magazine.*

HOUSE DECORATIONS AT CHRISTMAS.

THE use of evergreens in England is as old as the days when the Druids brought the mistletoe from the woods with solemn ceremony. In Stowe's time every man's house, and also the parish Churches, were decked with holly, ivy, bays, and whatever the season of the year afforded to be green, and the conduits and standards in the streets (a hint for

the present telegraph companies), were likewise garnished. In the year 1444 he says there was on the 1st of February a great tempest of thunder and lightning which set Paul's steeple on fire; and at Ledenhall, in Cornhill, a stand of wood which was set up in the pavement and nailed full of holly and ivy, was torn up and cast down, by the malignant spirit (as was thought). On Christmas eve, at the time the yule-log was brought in and lighted with the last year's brand, it was customary to decorate the windows of every house, in cottage and hall, with bay laurel, ivy, and holly leaves. An English gypsy told Mr. Charles G. Leland the reason for using evergreens on Christmas. It is this: "The ivy and holly and pine tree never told a word where our Saviour was hiding Himself, and so they keep alive all winter, and look green all the year. But the ash, like the oak, told of Him when he was hiding, so they have to remain dead through the winter. And so we gypsies always burn an ash fire every 'Great Day.'" The custom of decoration by green plants and flowers in all sorts of festivals is as old as history, and of course the use of evergreens at Christmas needs no explanation, nor is the custom any less Christian because it is of immemorial use among pagan nations. The mistletoe, however, had a unique place. The Celtic peoples and the Druids held it in the same veneration that the Romans did. It was used by the Romans in religious ceremonies, and it may have been the "golden bough" of the infernal regions. The Druids gathered it against the festival of the winter solstice with great solemnity, the prince of the Druids cutting it himself with a golden sickle. It was used as a charm against evil spirits, and excellent medical properties are ascribed to it. It was supposed to possess the power to preserve from poison, and the mystic property of giving fertility. "Kissing under the mistletoe" may have had reference to this ancient belief. There was a tradition that the maid who was not kissed under a bough of mistletoe at Christmas would not be married during the following year. There was once a notion that its heathen origin should exclude it from the Christmas decorations; but this found no favor with the young people at any period. On the contrary, they took good care that it should be hung, and that it should have plenty of berries, for the ceremony under it was not duly performed if a berry was not plucked off with each kiss, and consequently the supply of berries determined the number of kisses. It did need the Roman use of the plant to recommend such a preventive of the state of old maidism. Some trace the use of green bush decoration to the original branches of vervain amongst the Romans. With Romans and Druids the vervain was a panacea for every ill, and they believed, above all, that it "conciliated hearts which were at variance," another good office of any plant in the Christmas season. The Druids only venerated the mistletoe that grew on the oak, but the common mistletoe (*Viscus album*), with its pearly berries, is gathered from the hawthorn, the old apple tree, the lime, and the fir, and from other trees,

Of late years this parasite has been scarcer than formerly, and efforts have been made to propagate it. This is done by cleaning off the bark under any point of a young tree with the moistened thumb, and then pressing the glutinous berry on the cleaned place till it adheres to the bark; it will begin to show growth in about fifteen months. It is an obvious suggestion that in those sections of the country where the statistics show a falling off in marriages this plant ought not to be let die out.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

### DOMINION.

#### QUEBEC.

Dr. Roe, Professor of Theology, Bishop's College, Lennoxville, who has been dangerously ill, is now slowly recovering. Dr. Alnatt, rector of St. Matthews', Quebec City, is taking the lectures for the present. The Rev. Mr. Barham, of Terrebonne, has received a call to Trinity Church, Quebec. The Rev. Henry James Petry, is assisting the rector of the cathedral, and will continue to do so till Easter.

#### MONTREAL.

MONTREAL.—The members of St. Stephen's Church Association held their annual public meeting Wednesday evening. There was a very large attendance. The Venerable Archdeacon Evans presided, and there were present on the platform the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael and the Rev. James Barclay. The president gave a sketch of the work of the association which began fifteen years ago, showing that a steady interest had been maintained in it, and that new members were constantly admitted. The annual report showed a balance of \$92, which would be devoted to lessen the debt. Miss Gross, the organist, played some pianoforte selections in an admirable manner, and Master Upham, a boy of seven years, delighted the audience with a flute solo. Mr. McFeeters and Misses Wray and McLea rendered some songs in a highly creditable manner, each receiving an encore. The Rev. Mr. Barclay then spoke of the temptations to which young men were especially liable, owing to so many living away from home influence, and urged the meeting to continue working together in Christian unity. The very Rev. Dean Carmichael in a brief, humorous address, advised the members to stick together in their Christian work and try to get rid of the debt as soon as possible. Miss Gross was presented with a souvenir, and a most enjoyable evening was terminated.

POINT ST. CHARLES.—The fifteenth anniversary of the consecration of Grace Church was celebrated by special services. Bishop Bond preached, and the musical part of the service was impressive.

#### ONTARIO.

THE WHITE CROSS BROTHERHOOD.—The seating capacity of St. James' Hall was taxed to its utmost last evening on the occasion of the free lecture under the auspices of this society. After a hymn had been sung, Rev. E. A. W. Hanington, president of the Guild, delivered a brief address explanatory of the nature of the White Cross movement, and the object sought to be attained in holding the present lecture. The room having been darkened to allow of the lantern illustrations, Dr. C. J. H. Chipman, the house surgeon of the General Protestant Hospital, proceeded with the lecture. It was highly instructive, and the knowledge communicated cannot fail to be of immense value to the hearers. The lecture was very fully illustrated by lantern views, shown by Dr. R. J. Wicksteed, counsellor-at-law to the Guild. At its conclusion Capt. McEthiney moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by Mayor McDougal, and carried amid applause. Dr. Chipman spoke briefly in acknowledgment, and in turn moved a vote of thanks to the Dr. Wicksteed for his illustrations, and for the deep interest he had shown in promoting the objects of the Guild. This vote was also heartily accorded, after having been seconded by the Mayor, who in doing so paid a tribute to Dr.

Wicksteed for the very hearty interest he always manifested in philanthropic movements of every kind

OTTAWA.—The sale of fancy and useful articles sent from England by parties interested in the Mission of Clara, which came off here a short time since, was financially a success. Each congregation in the city was represented and took active part in the work. It was carried on under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary Society, and under the patronage of Lady Macdonald. The seating capacity of the Opera House was taxed to the utmost, ten services for men, referred to in our last, in connection with the "ten day mission." Mr. Duverent and Father Osborne were the speakers, none could have been chosen more suitable, the very earnest and plain speaking of the reverend father will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to secure seats in the building. The opinion is common that if our young men had more of such plain speaking, the good results would be untold. On Monday, the 29th, there was an immense gathering of men in St. James' Hall, to hear the lecture given by Dr. C. J. H. Chipman, the house surgeon of the General Protestant Hospital; under the auspices of the White Cross Brotherhood, then proceedings opened with prayer and the singing of a hymn; the president of the Guild, the Rev. F. A. W. Hanington, delivered a brief address explanatory of the nature of the White Cross movement, and the object in view of holding the lecture. Dr. Chipman then proceeded with his lecture, which dealt with the natural laws governing sexual relations, and pointed out the terrible consequences which were apt to follow vice. The lecture was fully illustrated by lantern views, shown by Dr. R. J. Wicksteed. The society is fully organized with a membership of nearly sixty, and it is proposed moving the headquarters from the rectory, New Edinburg, to some central location within the city, and not have local treasurers in each parish. The movement is a capital one, and it is to be hoped the different rectors will do all in their power to aid their efforts in carrying this out, as there is no question but that unity would be strength in this great movement. The membership, of course, is not confined only to members of the English Church, but embraces all, no matter what creed. After paying expenses, from the ten day mission fund, there was a surplus of some two or three hundred dollars, which has been divided between the four churches. The Ven. the Archdeacon of Ottawa, the Rev. Messrs. Bogert and Pollard have been attending committee meetings at Kings' on.

The many admirers of the Rev. O. P. Ford, will regret to hear of his illness at the conclusion of the mission which he so ably conducted in St. Alban's; he was somewhat better, and able to return to Toronto on Monday evening, the 29th ult.

OTTAWA.—A full report of the "Ten Day's Mission" received too late for this week; it will appear in our next issue.

#### HURON.

MOUNT BRIDGES.—St. Jude's Church in this village was opened for divine service on Sunday, 21st Nov., by the Lord Bishop, who preached three times with his usual fervor and eloquence, and in the evening confirmed sixteen persons, (making fifty-eight confirmed within a month in the Delaware Mission). There was a crowded attendance, many being unable to find admittance. The members of the Church of England in Mount Bridges are very few, but very energetic, and are greatly to be commended for their efforts in erecting so neat and commodious a church, with a seating capacity of about 150. The building is handsomely finished in chestnut and walnut wood, and will be further embellished with a memorial chancel window to the late Rev. C. D. Martin, founder of the church. Present incumbent, Rev. S. R. Asbury, B. D.

WARDSVILLE.—The opening meeting of the winter season of the "C. E. T. S.," was held in the town hall a few days since, there being a large gathering. The Rev. W. J. Taylor gave a brief address of the work done and to be done, and then introduced the Rev. Jeffrey Hill of Chatham, who gave his amusing lecture "Boys and Girls." Not only was this "talk" to old and young amusing, but profitable also, and the crayon drawings with which it was illustrated, were capital. There were also several tableaux, "The Fire Bridge" and "Cinderella," in four scenes being very entertaining. Thus opened most auspiciously the winter meeting of the "C. E. T. S." here.

Special Advent sermons are being preached in this parish upon the following subjects, from Romans xiii. verses 11-13: "Spiritual Awakening," "Intemperance," "Purity," "Charity." Through the winter and spring there will be, in addition to the Sunday

services, three week-day services and Bible classes, and the usual meeting of the "C. E. T. S." and "Guilds"

SOUTHAMPTON.—Deanery of Bruce.—Rev. Lieut. Col. Rowe, lately from England, who was ordained deacon at the recent ordination in Christ Church, St. Thomas, by the Lord Bishop of Huron, has been appointed incumbent of St. Paul's, Southampton. This village is now rising from its ashes, having been nearly swept out of existence by a fire.

MOUNT BRIDGES.—Deanery of Middlesex.—The new church here was opened on Sunday, the 22nd after Trinity, by the Lord Bishop, who was assisted by Rev. Mr. Martin, of Thamesville, and the incumbent of the parish.

BAYFIELD.—On Friday evening last the members of Trinity Church, Bayfield, St. John's, Varna, and St. Luke's, Goshen, to the number of about 75, assembled at the parsonage and presented their pastor, Rev. J. W. Hodgins, with a purse of \$53, as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by them. Mr. Hodgins took charge of this parish about eighteen months ago, and has succeeded in building up good congregations, and paying off debts amounting to over (\$1500), fifteen hundred. He is an easy, forcible preacher, and has endeared himself to the members of all denominations in this place by his pleasant and agreeable manner. The evening, enjoyment was enlivened by the good things provided by the ladies and by the music of a string band, who kindly volunteered their services for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins will, it is hoped, long remain to carry on the good work they have so successfully inaugurated.

The Dominion Holy day was better observed than is our wont in this city, even in the Old, Old Church. There was in St. Paul's a united service of all our churches at 11 a. m. There was a large congregation, a rather unusual circumstance on a holiday in the Forest City. The chancel was crowded with priests and choristers. There was a very hearty service. All the city and suburban churches took part in the joyous service of thanksgiving. There was a full attendance of the choir, and Dr. Sippi, organist of the Memorial Church, on that day donned the surplice of St. Paul's. The sacred music was worthy of the choir, that is said to be one of the best in the west. The Lord Bishop was the morning preacher. The sermon was very impressive. This public thanksgiving he said was a national protest against materialism and atheism. It was an avowed belief of a God to whom we are indebted for every blessing. In the course of his sermon he spoke very highly of the blessings especially bestowed upon our Dominion.

At evensong there was thanksgiving services in the Memorial Church and St. James'.

BRUSSELS.—Deanery of Huron.—A deputation representing the churches of St. John's, Brussels, and St. George's, Walton, waited on Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cluff recently, and having assured them of the esteem of their people, presented Mr. Cluff with a very handsome gold watch bearing an appropriate inscription. Mr. Cluff returned thanks on behalf of Mrs. Cluff and himself.

Episcopal Appointments.—The Lord Bishop of Huron will hold a confirmation in each of the following churches on Sunday, Dec. 5th: St. John's Church, Woodhouse, at 11 a. m.; Christ Church, Victoria, at 3 p. m.; Trinity Church, Simcoe, at 7 p. m.

#### ALGOMA.

BROADBENT.—On Sunday, 17th Oct., a harvest home service was held at this place, in an upper room kindly lent by E. B., for church service and Sunday school. The room being very tastefully decorated with the products of the country, viz., grain, vegetables, berries and forestal flowers. Although the day was very stormy the attendance was good, considering the distance the people had to come. The service, which was very hearty, was greatly added to by excellent singing of appropriate hymns under the leading of Miss Annie Bartlett. The church edifice at this place, yet unfinished, is as far advanced as the pecuniary means of the people will allow. They anticipated having it open for divine service at Xmas, had they obtained the help promised them more than a year ago of \$150. The Rev. R. Mosley gratefully acknowledges a box of clothing, also gifts for Xmas tree, from the C. W. M. A.

Correspondence.

All Letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

THE CLERGY OUGHT TO SPEAK OUT.

SIR,—I trust you will find space for a few remarks I have to make, on what I consider a subject of the utmost importance to Protestants generally. I need hardly say that I refer to the agitation against the attacks on our religion and our public schools, which have been so systematically and are now being so boldly made by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. What I want to know is, where are our clergy on these matters? And why do not they let their voices be heard. As a humble member of the Church of England, I consider that our Church should be foremost in resisting any and all encroachments on our Protestant liberties. And that our clergy should be ever watchful and not afraid to speak out and to let it be known that they are faithful guardians of Protestant truths. Now, most Protestants are agreed that Home Rule for Ireland, as insisted on by the crowd in the United States, who forward the hundreds of thousands of dollars for the Parliamentary funds in Ireland, would mean persecution and banishment for the Protestants of that portion of the British Empire; and yet, when two members of the Loyalist Union are sent out to lay their case before the Canadian public, and one of them a member of the Church of England, there was not a clergyman of that Church on the platform at their first public meeting in Toronto, while a well known minister of the Methodist Church, and an equally popular Presbyterian minister, stood forward and publicly stated that they were proud to be among those who had assembled to hear the Loyalist speakers. I felt, sir, that it was a disgrace to our Church that not one of our clergy was present to join publicly in that welcome. It is true that circumstances kept some away who would have been there, but it is equally true that our Church should have been represented there, and by a strong deputation at that. Some may say that I write rather strongly; but, sir, I feel strongly over this apparent apathy of our clergy, and as we are approaching a crisis in the history of our province, I do trust that our clergy will come boldly to the front, and not allow other Churches to lead in the van. I cannot close without referring to Canon Dumoulin's presence at the reception to Prof. Goldwin Smith two weeks ago. The Rev. Canon's address on that occasion was a masterly effort, full of genuine Irish wit and eloquence, and was undoubtedly a revelation to most of the audience. The wish expressed by all present was, that it would not be long before they would be favoured with another address by the same gentleman.

LANCE.

PLAGIARISM OF THE PULPIT.

SIR,—In your paper of the 25th November, you say: "As to Canon Liddon's sermons, they are regularly preached in Toronto, in one Wesleyan pulpit, without a word of acknowledgment." Do we not frequently read advertisements in the London papers, offering to supply clergymen with lithographed sermons in all styles of eloquence, and at all prices. I believe that most of our clergy try to give us the best of their own, although cases do come to light now and again, where a brother, who would do very well as a mere barn door fowl, arrays himself in the gorgeous plumage of a bird of paradise, without the slightest acknowledgment. Some sermons are a singular piece of patchwork. They consist of a paragraph from one author; a scrap from another; a section from a third; portions from several. They shine in all the colours of the rainbow. It is a patchwork; every patch has been filched. I have heard from the pulpit some of the masterpieces of the great French preachers: Bourdaloue, Massillon, Bossuet; and from the sermons of Barrow, South, Hooker, Taylor, and other great English divines, without acknowledgment. Of the late Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, it has been said, six or seven of his discourses taken at random, contain extracts from or references to, fifty-nine different authorities. We have no objection personally, to clergymen taking as much as they please from the writings of others, provided they do it honestly and judiciously, and I am satisfied that no compositions are so much benefitted by the process as sermons. Some sermons have taken their authors a week and even a month to write them. It is said it took Melville and Moore, a year to write their "golden lectures." There are men of peculiar mental habits who can write a sermon in a very short time, having previously well digested the matter of it. But, ordinarily, to write one good sermon a week is

as much as any man can do. Jebez Bunting, a giant in Methodism, used to take the sermons of the old divines, grind them up, and make them his own. And of Robert Newton, one of the greatest Methodist preachers, his congregations used to complain of his having the same sermons so often. A minister is expected to come to the pulpit Sunday after Sunday, with two new discourses in his pocket, each occupying from twenty to thirty minutes in the delivery, how can we expect him to be always original. It is simply a mental impossibility, and unreasonable to expect of poor clerical human nature. Suppose a young man to begin preaching at the age of twenty-five, and to continue preaching till he attains seventy, and that he delivers two discourses every Sunday. His 104 discourses per annum would fill six octavo volumes, which being multiplied by 45—the term of his preaching life—would give a product of 270 volumes. Just think of it! Therefore, we are not disposed to join the hue and cry against the preacher, who, finding elsewhere materials better than he can supply himself, works them into his own compositions, and so benefits his hearers.

Nov. 26th.

PHILIP TOCQUE.

ALGOMA.

SIR,—Please give me room to state that St. Mary's Church, Aspdin, is indebted for its good stone font with carved oak cover, to the generosity of the congregation of St. Augustine's Church, Kilburn, England. A handsome alabaster altar cross stands on the table, being sent, free of all expense, by Major General Harding-Steward, London, England. I have received most unexpectedly, and also free of cost, a box filled with clothing and materials for my Christmas trees, by a number of ladies, and sent per Mrs. Lowndes, Dover, England, herself being an efficient helper. It has been my great privilege to send upwards of £14 sterling to our diocesan fund during the last year, and the people of my mission are prepared with their quota for the same. At Lancelot my communicants have increased from three to twelve, and in both churches we have cheerful and hearty services. Thus I may indeed say with a most grateful heart, God has dealt very graciously with me, and prospered us in all our ways.

Yours, &c.,

Aspdin, P. O., Muskoka, Canada, November 27th, 1886.

WILLIAM CROMPTON.

SKETCH OF LESSON.

4TH SUNDAY IN ADVENT. DECEMBER 19TH, 1886. The Burning Bush. Passage to be read.—Exodus iii. 1-10.

The Children of Israel had now been a long time in bondage, but God had a great deliverance in store for them. They seemed, however, indifferent, and their quarrels, Ex. ii. 18, showed their lack of unity, and, therefore, how powerless they were to deliver themselves.

1. The Long Delay. The mercy of the Lord still lingered. Moses had been compelled to flee from Egypt, and we now find him in the land of Midian, Ex. ii. 15.

How changed his position! The "son of Pharaoh's daughter," brought up in the splendour and luxury of the Egyptian court, is first a wanderer in the desert, and then the shepherd of the kindly Midianite, who received him into his home and gave him one of his daughters in marriage.

In his exile Moses did not forget his people and that he was an Israelite, and so he called his first born son Gershom, meaning "a stranger here," Ex. ii. 22.

For forty years, Acts vii. 30, "he was a stranger in the land of Midian." Why this long delay? Was the time lost? No; all this time God was preparing him for the long and hard work that was before him. In Egypt he had gained knowledge and wisdom, and now in the desert he learned patience and humility.

Meantime the Israelites also were being prepared, for the long delay taught them their pressing need, their utter helplessness, and consequently their dependence upon God.

2. The Preserving Presence. And now, as the time for deliverance drew nigh, a wonderful event took place. As Moses was tending the flocks at Mount Horeb, the Angel of the Lord appeared in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush, verse 2, and although the bush burned yet was it not consumed. When Moses then drew near the voice of God called to him from the midst of the bush. And God told him who He was—the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. He moreover told him that He had seen the affliction of His people in Egypt, that He knew their sorrows, that He was about to deliver them, and that Moses himself was to lead the people out of the land of bondage.

Family Reading.

HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Lying on my table beside the Bible, is a dear little brown covered book, entitled *Keble's Christian Year*. First published in 1827, this collection of sacred poems, written for the times and seasons of the Church year, has been read by thousands of people, and, like the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is found in the Queen's chamber and on the peasant's shelf. Probably the little reader has seen it among mamma's books, and wondered, perhaps, how the Christian year differed from any other. Do not all years have spring, summer, autumn, winter, twelve months, three hundred and sixty-five days? Why, then, should a man have written a book and called it *The Christian Year*?

We shall see presently. You have observed the letters B.C. and A.D. prefixed to dates in the histories you study at school? B.C. stands for Before Christ, and A.D. for Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord. All our history clusters about the coming of our Saviour to the world, that being the greatest event in the world's life. In the Roman, Greek, and Anglican communions, more holy days are kept than in the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist denominations; but all who believe in the Lord regard with affection certain periods which link Him with humanity, and the beautiful festivals of Christmas and Easter are celebrated the wide world round. It is pleasant, as we go about our daily work, to measure the year by mile stones which constantly remind us of our Divine Redeemer.

The Christian year begins with the season of Advent, which includes the four weeks preceding Christmas. Advent is from the Latin, and means "coming"; the first Sunday in Advent is that one which falls nearest, whether before or after St. Andrew's Day. During the Advent season we like to think of the brightest and merriest time in all the year, the blessed Christmas. Then you feel like singing, as the angels did when they came in the gray dawn, and told the shepherds where to find the infant Jesus.

"Thank God on Christmas morning,  
Thank God, O children dear,  
The Christ who came to Bethlehem  
Is living now, and here."

You remember the three kings from the East, Melchior, Nicanor, and Balthasar, as their names live in tradition, who were led to the manger by a wonderful star, which guided them in their long journey, until it "stood over where the young child was." To celebrate this event the early Church instituted Epiphany, which means showing forth, or manifestation.

After Epiphany the first day of much note is Ash Wednesday, which begins the forty days' fast of Lent. During Lent members of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches attend daily services, and try in some way to "mortify the flesh," recalling the forty days temptation of our Lord in the wilderness. It seems to me a very good thing, whatever faith we belong to, to deny ourselves for others' sake, and the Lenten quiet is a very fitting preparation for the Easter gladness. On the last Sunday in Lent we recall Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the children cried Hosanna, and the multitude spread their garments in the way for the King to ride upon. This is Palm Sunday.

In the same week comes Good Friday, the solemn day on which we commemorate the Crucifixion. Then in the great cathedrals on the Continent, and in every little chapel, the most mournful wailing music is chanted, the drapery is of black; the worshippers wear sad faces, and the very air is filled with gloom. Easter morning breaks, and all is changed. Flowers, jubilant songs, grand peals of the organ, and people going from door to door saluting each other with happy voices and crying, "The Lord is risen!" The readers of *Harper's Young People* in their Sunday school lessons have recently been studying the Resurrection, and they have not forgotten how the Apostles loved to tell wherever they went about the wonderful rolling away of the stone, and the appearances of the Lord, eleven times in all, before he went away to heaven. Easter occurs always on the Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March. If Christmas is the merriest, and Good Friday the most solemn, Easter is the most glorious day of the Christian year; and coming in the spring, when Nature is awakening from her wintry sleep, it seems as if trees and birds and the sky itself were trying to keep the feast.

Forty days after Easter falls Ascension Day, recalling the ascension of Christ; ten days later, Whitsuntide reminds of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, after which the few converts to the faith of Jesus were multiplied by thousands. The Sunday next following Whit Sunday, is Trinity Sunday, in honour of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. *Harper's Young People*.

## A SCHEMING OLD SANTA CLAUS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

Ned Joyce was always a jolly fellow. He was jolly on the hottest day in summer and on the wettest day in spring; but in winter he was jollier than ever. Particularly jolly was he one tingling cold twentieth of December evening. In fact, you may safely say that he was then the jolliest man to be found either in New York or Brooklyn.

Why, his rosy cheeks glowed, and his blue eyes twinkled with positively hilarious happiness, and he looked so much like an overgrown Christmas cherub, that passers by glanced back at him with a comfortable sort of smile, and then went on again with a new stock of pleasant thoughts as if, after encountering him, a body could think no other kind of thoughts.

It was just so every winter, as Christmas came around. The nearer Christmas came the jollier Ned grew, until at last he was so full of good will to everybody that his chuckles and smiles became infectious, and the stoniest hearted strangers would find themselves smiling back at him.

No one knows for how many gifts he was responsible, for, as everybody knows, it is impossible for the meekest man in the world to resist the Christmas spirit if once it get into his heart. And it will get into his heart the moment a sympathetic smile warms it. You see, the Christmas spirit is always on the watch for such chances, and I believe that it followed jolly Ned Joyce wherever he went, knowing how people's hearts warmed at the very sight of him. And so it happened that often, during the Christmas week, careless, worldly-minded men, who had never thought of giving a present, would meet him, smile kindly at him, and then rush away and buy presents for sons and daughters or neices and nephews.

But of all this Ned Joyce had never a suspicion, for he was the modestest kind of a man. He scattered his smiles right or left, on bootblack or bank president impartially, and went his way, unconscious of the good he was doing.

And this is just what he did that particular twentieth day of December, as he stepped along as briskly as ever his fat little legs could carry him. He was in a hurry, partly because he was going home, partly because it was so very cold, and partly because he was always in a hurry.

He lived in Brooklyn, and he should have taken the cars across the bridge on so bitter a night—and the snow falling fast, too. But he knew very well he could never stand in the crowd on the cars without talking to somebody; and he was certain that if he did talk, he would surely tell all about what made him so very, very happy, and that, of course, would not do. For who wanted to know his private affairs?

Naturally enough you want to know why he was so very, very happy, and you shall know. The firm for which he worked had, that very evening, given him twenty-five dollars for a Christmas present. He had expected twenty dollars, for he had always had that much given him; and he had, days and days before, arranged for the spending of it. But now he had five dollars more, and for the first time in his life he felt the delicious indecision which he knew every millionaire must feel as to how to spend his money.

All the way across the bridge he tried to think of the best way of spending that five dollars. Of course, if he had been a prudent man, he would have put it away in the savings bank; but it is just as well to confess at once that Ned Joyce never was a very prudent man, and that at Christmas time he was not prudent at all.

He had not decided about the five dollars when he stepped off the bridge on the Brooklyn side. Still that was no reason why he should prolong his walk instead of going straight home. But he did. He gave the vest pocket that held the precious twenty-five dollars a sounding thump with his pudgy hand, chuckled very gleefully and very loudly, and turned into Fulton street and walked up it, with all its merry lights winking back quiet Christmas jokes at him.

What do you suppose the silly fellow was going to do? Exactly what he had done every night for the past two weeks—look into the store windows and gloat over the presents he was going to buy for the three little Joyces snug at home in the little brown house.

But first there was the butcher's. He must stop and find out if George Stout had got him that sixteen pound turkey. Sixteen pounds! Yes, sir; sixteen pounds! Oh, well! perhaps it was a bit extravagant; but what of it? Christmas was Christmas with Ned Joyce, and he not only loved to look at a plump brown turkey himself, but, what was more important, he counted on the joyous demonstrations of Roby and Essie when they saw it kicking up its heels as it came, all sizzling and snapping, out of the oven.

Sixteen pounds! yes, sir. And it would have been twenty, only the oven would not hold it. Why, it was worth the price only to hear the shouts of surprise from Essie and Roby, while Betty, with all her

twelve years and motherly dignity, would try to keep a straight face, all the time twinkling out sparks of fun across the table at her father!

Oh, well! He just had to laugh right out in the street at the very thought of it all. And he rubbed his hands merrily together as he peered through the frosted window of George Stout's butcher shop to see if there was a specially large turkey hanging up there.

And as he peered and chuckled and slapped his vest pocket, he noticed a little girl by his side, also peering through the window. Just about his Betty's age she was, but, dear me! not nearly so plump.

"Choosing your Christmas Turkey, eh?" he demanded, beaming pleasantly on her.

She turned a pinched face up at him, and then, with a pitiful sort of timidity, drew away, saying in a low voice:

"No, sir."

"No harm in it. Bless my soul! No harm in it. Just what I'm doing."

Now, Ned Joyce had a pleasant voice. It was full and round, and seemed to have a lurking laugh in it. As he spoke to the little girl, it was pleasanter and heartier than ever, for it had struck him at once that there was misery in the face before him, and he was sympathetic in a moment—not dolefully, but cheerily sympathetic however. Evidently the little girl felt his friendliness, for a smile flitted over her lips.

"Why," went on Ned Joyce, "I begin to think of my turkey weeks before it's time to eat it. Yes, indeed, I do. I'm very fond of turkey, I am. Are n't you?"

"Yes, sir, I guess so."

"You guess so! Bless my soul! don't you know for sure?"

"No, sir," answered the little girl, drawing back timidly at his vehemence.

(To be continued.)

## NO CHRISTMAS!

The first "Still Christmas" in England occurred in 1525. Henry the Eighth was king, and he had not yet forfeited the respect of his subjects; but great political events were at hand.

In December the King was sick. The nation was filled with anxiety. It was decided that the Christmas should be a silent one; there were no carols, bells or merry-makings.

Silent Christmas was proclaimed in the Protectorate of Cromwell. The festival was altogether abolished, and the display of emblems of the Nativity was held to be seditious.

The change was most notable in London. There was silence on the Strand. The church bells were still. St. Paul lifted its white roofs over the Thames, and Westminster Abbey its towers, but the tides of happy people in holiday attire no more poured in and out of those ancient fanes. The holly and ivy no more appeared in the windows of the rich and the poor. The Yule fires were not kindled, nor the carols sung.

Bells indeed rang out on the frosty air, but how different from the chimes of old! They were the hand bells of the heralds in simple garb passing from street to street and smiting the air, and crying out:

"No Christmas! No Christmas!"

Heads filled the windows, and figures the doors. Crowds stopped on the corners of the streets and in the squares. The cry went on:

"No Christmas! No Christmas!"

It smote the hearts of those who loved the old ways and customs. But the spirit of the time was not lost. The Star of Bethlehem was still shining.

A great change followed the Restoration. The Christmas bells rung out once more. The waits again sang their carols at the gates of the old feudal halls. There were merry-makings under the evergreens. It was at one of the Court Christmases of these years that Charles knighted a loin of beef, and gave it the name of "Sir Loin." The festival in the days of this "merrie monarch" became a revel, after the Puritan silence.

SURE POP.—Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline the pain king, cures cramps, headache, neuralgia. An aching tooth, filled with batting saturated with Nerviline, will cease aching within five minutes. Try Nerviline for all kinds of pain. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

## KING JOHN AND CHRISTMAS.

Through the darkness the Christmas Star still breaks its way onward. For England there was a long, gloomy period. King John—that Herod who doomed Prince Arthur, that English Innocent, to be murdered because the boy had the right to the throne—was ever an oppressive and bloody man; and at last the English barons agreed to compel him to give a promise that their rights should be recognized and protected. This revolt of the barons against their king was the beginning of English liberty. They met on November 20, 1213. They placed their hands upon an altar and solemnly swore, one after another, that should King John refuse to grant a Charter of Rights, they would not only withdraw their allegiance, but they would wage war against him. This act was the English Declaration of Independence.

The king was soon shown a sign of their feeling. Christmas Day came. King John waited in vain at his royal hall in Worcester for the barons to come and pay him the customary Christmas homage. It was a day of dark moment to him. At night glad Christmas lights blazed in many an old baronial castle, but the glory had departed from the halls of the tyrant king. He read his impending fate in the silence and gloom. He fled to London. He shut himself up in the fortress of the Templars. But the barons followed him there. On the day of Epiphany, they haughtily presented themselves—not with allegiance, but with demands for the Charter. "Give me until Easter to consider this," the king said at last, with paling face.

At Easter the barons again appeared before him. "Why do they not ask for my crown?" he said. "I will not grant them liberties that would make me a slave," he added angrily.

The barons summoned their knights. The king found himself deserted alike by his nobles and his people. After gloomy delay, "I will grant the Charter," he said sullenly; and he grudgingly named time and place, Runnymede, June 15.

That day became famous in English history, for King John, however grudgingly, kept his word.

Four centuries later, on another Christmas Day, 1688, the English Parliament called the wise and good William, Prince of Orange, to accept the English crown. So, through the years, light and gladness were growing for the people.

IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO WORK for a living. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland Maine, and they will send you full information, free, showing you how you can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you are located. Some have made over \$50 a day. Capital not required; You are started free. All ages; both sexes. All is new. Great incomes sure from the start. Fortunes await all workers who begin at once.

## CHRISTMAS AND WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Christmas has been an eventful day in English history.

English life and literature are alike full of references to William of Normandy; to-day proud English nobles boast that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror. The conquest of England by William reads like romance. He left the fair-skied duchy of Normandy in September, 1066. His fleet, gay with pennants and gonfalons, numbered a thousand sails. His own ship had silken sails of many colors made by his duchess and her Norman maidens. On its prow a gold boy pointed towards England. Its banner was three Norman lions.

Young Harold, the English king, prepared to resist the invasion. William landed his army and marched to Hastings. Here the two armies met. The English forces, all-confident, passed the night before the battle in feasting, young Harold little dreaming that this revel under the October moon would be his last banquet. In the morning Duke William rode forth from the Norman camp on a beautiful Barbary horse. The standard of the Three Norman Lions was borne after him. His army advanced, singing the great war song of Roland.

The fight began early on that golden October day. William's beautiful horse was killed. His



CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Star For England... King John... that English... the boy had the... oppressive and... barons agreed... that their rights... This revolt... was the beginning... on November 20... upon an altar and... that should... charter of Rights... their allegiance, but... This act was... evidence.

of their feeling... waited in vain... for the barons to... Christmas hom... ment to him. At... in many an old... ad departed from... read his impend... He fled to Lon... fortress of the... owed him there... mightily presented... se, but with de... ne until Easter to... last, with paling

appeared before... my crown?" he... berties that would... rily. The king... his nobles and... "I will grant the... he grudgingly... de, June 15. English history, for... kept his word... r Christmas Day... lled the wise and... ye, to accept the... years, light and... ple.

r a living. Write... and they will send... you how you can... a day and live at... Some have made... ed; You are started... new. Great in... es await all work-

THE CON-

day in English... like full of refer... o-day proud Eng... estors came over... rest of England... He left the fair... mber, 1066. His... alons, numbered... ad silken sails of... and her Norman... pointed towards... Norman lions. ing, prepared to... led his army and... two armies met... passed the night... ing Harold little... e October moon... be morning Duke... man camp on a... dard of the Three... His army ad... of Roland. golden October... was killed. His

soldiers, supposing their king wounded, wavered. "I am living," cried Duke William, "and I will conquer!" And that night the standard of the Three Norman Lions waved over the field. Young Harold was found dead. His body was identified by one who loved him, the swan-necked Edith. "Infelix Harold," they inscribed on his tomb.

William hastened to Westminster to be crowned while the conquered people were helpless through fear. It was a Christmas Day. The English in London had expected to celebrate the festival in the Abbey, but the Conqueror demanded the church for his coronation. He surrounded it with battalions of Normans. He entered it with his barons, and the coronation rites began. The ceremony was interrupted by a tumult without that ended in a slaughter of his new English subjects.

But the Christmas crown of England did not bring joy to the Conqueror. He is said to have been a most unhappy and remorseful man.

Dark were those days; but the Star of Peace and Good Will was still shining.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

ADVANTAGES IN DYSPEPSIA. Dr. G. V. Dorsey, Piqua, Ohio, says: "I have used it in dyspepsia with marked benefit. If there is deficiency of acid in the stomach, nothing affords more relief, while the action on the nervous system is decidedly beneficial."

CHRISTMAS IN THE NEW WORLD.

A Genoese mariner believes himself born to carry the Gospel of Christ to an unknown people and an undiscovered world, a world lying in the mysterious waters of the West. He travels from city to city seeking a powerful patron, until at Santa Fe, in the south of Europe, takes place the memorable meeting with the king and queen of Spain.

With an equipment of three ships he looses from Palos, and sails to the mysterious waters, whose secret shores no eye has seen. Golden days come and go; nights of calm and new stars. Near midnight on the eleventh of October, 1492, he sees a light in the far horizon, knows his destiny is accomplished, is sure God has fulfilled the prophetic meaning of his name—Columbus, the seeking dove. Morning comes; the New World stands revealed; he leaps on shore, unfurls the banner and cross of Castile, and sings *Te Deum*.

The missionary mariner sails away again. He discovers Hispaniola, and here he and his followers offer the first Christmas devotion in the New World.

Santa Fe, on the Rio Grande, was probably the place where the first Christmas anthem was sung in our own land. Coronado visited the region in search of the Seven Cities of Gold, almost one hundred years before the *Mayflower* sailed into the Christmas-tide storm of Provincetown Bay. The Franciscan missionaries soon followed Coronado.

How poetic must have been the first Christmases in the new born town! The mission church is surrounded with mountains, whose summits are covered with eternal snow. The sun of the fitful December day goes down, leaving every peak a colossal monument of light and splendour. Evening's curtains fall. It is vespers. Down the light ladders of the pueblos come the descendants of a race unknown, and make their way to the church. Music tells the tale of the Virgin and the Child. Then arises the *Gloria*, and it floats out, like a breath from the Bethlehem angels over the mighty solitudes that are to become the habitations of the dominant race of the world. The moon rises over the mountains and turns into whiteness pueblos and chapel. In the bright air stands the mystic sign of the cross like a shadow, and there ascends heavenward in the silence, the sweet words, in the Latin tongue, "On earth, peace." The Star that shone over Bethlehem and the nations of the East, has risen upon the West.

So the Christmas Days of the New World begin. Champlain died in the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, on Christmas Day. The French Christians celebrated the day at Port Royal, Canada, and in all the settlements of New France.

The Christmas of the *Mayflower* was a doubtful and dreary day—a day of toil and hardship. Christmas night brought a storm of high wind and rain, the vessel tossed, and although Puritans in sentiment and life, the Pilgrims must at the even-

ing Bible reading, have thought of the sweet chimes of Lincoln, the white crowned towers of the brightly lighted English fanes, and the glad household festivities of the home country.

In the *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* may be found the following extract:

Munday the 25th day we went on shore to fell some timber, some to rive (hew), and some to carry. So no man rested all that day.

Munday the 25th, being Christmas Day, we began to drink water aboard, but at night the Master caused us to have some Beere, and so on board we had diverse times, now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all.

The Pilgrims were severely temperate, but on the rocking ship, with the wind blowing against, and the rain freezing upon the masts, the Master of the ship, his heart warming with the memory of the Merry Christmases of Old England, proffered to his stern and sorrowful passengers the best cheer he had at command. To this, it would seem, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish, did not object, although they would not allow their men to pass the Christmas in idleness and ease, when some of the men asked for a rest on the ancient holiday.

We may imagine the scene under the swinging ship lamp of that tempestuous night, and we must feel a thrill of friendliness and gratitude towards the Master of the vessel, in whose heart stirred the Christmas sentiment, even if it could find no other expression than a draught of "beere."

There were dark and silent Christmases in the times of the Puritans. But the natural joy and glad observance of the gladdest event in the annals of earth soon began to grow; and now under the light of the Bethlehem Star which rose eighteen centuries ago, all we in the wide West keep Christmas.

Shine on forever, O Star!

UNSAFE.—"I never feel safe to be without Haggard's Yellow Oil; for sore throats, colds, swollen glands, &c., it has not failed to give relief, and for my children it is so easy to administer." Mrs. Henry Dobbs, Berridale P. O., Ont.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

Swell, swell the anthem up to heaven,  
Hail, hail the Rod of Jesse's stem,  
Kneel, kneel, in humble adoration,  
Praise, praise the babe of Bethlehem.

See, see Him lying in a manger,  
Haste, haste your richest treasures bring,  
Pour, pour them out before your Saviour,  
Name, name Him Prophet, Priest and King.

Bright, bright the sun of Christmas morning,  
Blue, blue the cloudless winter sky,  
Earth, earth with land and benediction  
Sends, sends her praise up on high.

Sing, sing the joyous Christmas carols,  
Praise, praise the Lord who reigns above,  
Ring, ring the bells with tuneful music,  
Bless, bless, redeeming grace and love.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Day is our Blessed Saviour's birthday, the day when he was born on earth to live, to suffer, to die, to rise again, to plead in Heaven for us as the Son of Mary before the Throne of God.

And we call it a happy day. What makes it happy? *Jesus only.*

To those who love Him, neither earthly joys nor earthly sorrows will be of much weight on Christmas Day; all thoughts of these will be lost in the one great thought that at Christmas Jesus was born. Jesus, Whose life they are trying to copy, Jesus, Whom, "having not seen, they love," and Whose Face they long to see.

But we do not spring into this happy state of mind all at once; we grow into it by degrees, and there are some steps that we must take for ourselves if we want to grow into it.

To see what these are, let us turn to the Christmas Story which Saint Luke tells us so plainly and so simply in his Gospel.

While some poor shepherds were minding their sheep, an Angel came to tell them that their

Saviour was born, and they made haste to go to Bethlehem, where they were told he would be found.

Some of you think perhaps, when you read this in the Bible, that you would have done just the same as the shepherds did of old.

I want to show you that you can, if you will, do just the same now.

Notice first that while these poor shepherds were about their common work, God sent them a message. An Angel brought it, but an Angel only means one who brings a message.

Has God never sent any Angel to you to tell you of your Saviour's birth? Has no good friend ever come just about Christmas time with that same message to you? How did you treat him when he came?—Did you hear his message with joy as the shepherds did, and make haste like them to act upon it, or did you slight him, make light of his words, and turn a deaf ear to his good advice?

Notice again, that when the Angel was gone, the shepherds of their own accord went straight to look for their Saviour, and to see Him for themselves.

Oh! How few there are now who really rouse themselves up to do this! How few who really take trouble to go and look for Jesus!

On Christmas Day, when the churches are lighted up early and late, do you rise at dawn to seek Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood? Do you turn out in the winter evening to seek Him in prayers and joyful hymns?

If in past years you have thought it too much trouble to go and look for Jesus in this way, oh! let me beg you, dear friends, to make haste this Christmas to go and look for Him without delay. Do not cheat yourself into the idea that you are like the shepherds, if you only sit at home when you are well and strong, and read the Christmas story there. You are not the least bit like them if you are content to do that; if you do not try to get nearer to your Saviour in every way that you can.

The shepherds went to seek Him without being asked to go; they did more than the Angel bade them, and will you do less?

God has sent many Angels to you perhaps from time to time in your life, Angels that called you to go and look for Jesus, and you may not have minded their message, you may not even have seen that they were angels at all; the good Angel of a holy example in some friend of your youth; the sad Angel of sorrow in some trial that changed all the world to your eyes; the dark Angel of death that took some of your loved ones away; the bright Angel of a little child of your own who asks you to tell him about the Child Jesus. Of this last Angel I want you to think very much at Christmas time.

Oh! you who are mothers, do not send your little ones to Church on Christmas Day; do take them there yourselves. Surely if ever there is a day when mother and child should kneel side by side in the House of God, it is on that day when the King of Heaven bent so low as to lie in the arms of an earthly mother, when the Son of God was born the Son of Mary.

Children love Christmas; they are ready enough to go to Church and to keep it rightly; but can you bear to think that your little boy and girl have gone in their simple way to offer their unstained hearts to their Lord, and you, with all the sins and sorrows of your grown up life upon you, you who need your Saviour's love and pity so much more than they do, have hung back and taken no real trouble to go and seek Him for yourself at all?

If this has been the case with you in past years, let it not be so again: let Christmas morning find you making haste like the shepherds to go to Bethlehem, the House of Bread, making haste to be among those who kneel at the Holy Table to take the Bread of Life; making haste to be one of the first to greet your Saviour on His birthday when He came to be the Life of the world.

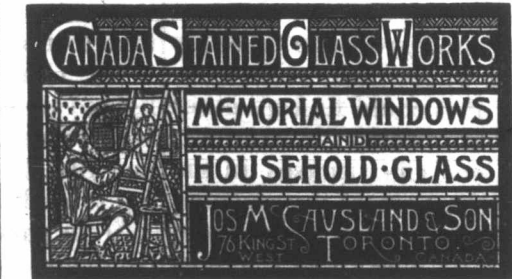
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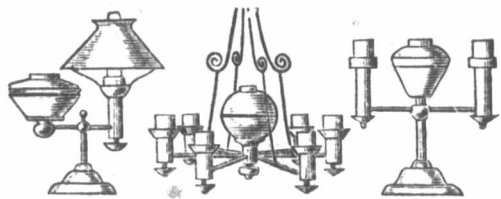
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A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY; OR JO AND HIS PET CROW.

BY MRS. FRANK MCCARTHY.

The sharp crack of a rifle startled the echoes around Judge Malcom's country home, and a big black crow dropped from the wood-pile. Out ran a little darky boy from the kitchen, followed by Aunt Dinah, his fat old grandmother.

"Now, you Jo, what you gwine to do wid dat dar crow? You better drap him like a hot potater. He's a-gwine to de Ole Scratch, whar he belongs."

But Joe had run over to the wood-pile, picked up the poor old crow, and held it to his bosom. His woollen shirt was open, and down his black skin ran the red blood of the wounded bird, down his black cheeks ran the tears, and he rocked himself to and fro in an agony of grief.

"He's done gone dead for suah," sobbed Jo. "Oh, Mas'r Harry! what made yer kill poor old 'Thus'lem?"

"I'm sorry, Jo," said a handsome lad of twelve, putting down his gun. "I didn't know it was your crow, and he made such a capital target up there on that jagged stick, I couldn't help it. Don't cry, Jo; I'll get you another much nicer pet than that. He's the most broken-down, dilapidated-looking customer I ever saw. He's blind in one eye, and no wonder Aunt Dinah named him Methuselah; he must be a thousand years old. Let the miserable thing die, Jo, and I'll give you one of my bull-pups."

"An' I'll dib oa a pet tennary, Do," lisped little Laura.

"An' I'll give you a good lickin' ef you don't shet dat dar bawlin'," said Aunt Dinah. "Why yer couldn't make more ob a rumpus over a pore Christian."

But entreaties or threats were of no avail, Jo thanked Master Harry for his offer of the bull-pup, and Miss Laura for hers of a canary, but he said he didn't want any more pets if 'Thus'lem died. Then he climbed the back steps to the room over the kitchen where he and Aunt Dinah slept.

Taking out of an old box a checked shirt, he proceeded to tear of the tail some narrow strips. These he bound tightly together about the bleeding body of the crow, and finding one leg limp and useless, he cut a splinter from the box, and set the shattered limb. Then he bathed 'Thus'lem's head with water, all the while calling upon his favourite to open his eyes and look at him once more before he died.

'Thus'lem seemed to have made up his mind to look at Jo a good many times before he died, for his best eye opened and began to blink in such a lively manner that Jo jumped up and clapped his hands with delight.

"Why, 'Thus'lem," he stammered—"why, why, yer ain't done gone, is yer? Yer's a-gwine to lib, mebbe?" "Jes so, jes so," feebly croaked the crow.

Not that I mean to say 'Thus'lem could talk. No member of the crow family has ever been known to carry on a conversation; but as for those two words, everybody said they were plain enough when you knew what they were.

"Clar to goodness," said Aunt Dinah, "ef dere's any kill in dat dar row! He's been froze to deff, an'

calded to deff, an' crushed to deff, an' shot to deff, an' here he is agin, peart as a maggot. Reckon he's lived 's long 's de creation itseff, an' looked on with dat dar crooked eye o' his'n when Noah built de ark. He's enuff to scar' de life out ob any one. Jes look at him, Mas'r Harry."

He certainly was a very queer specimen of the bird creation. His body seemed to be held together with strips of Jo's old shirt, he had only one leg to stand on, and every feather seemed to straggle in a different direction.

"He hasn't got off by de skin ob his teef for nuffin, said Aunt Dinah; "he's chock-full ob iikity, dat dar crow."

"Jes so, jes so," croaked the crow. But Jo patted tenderly the wounded body of his favorite, and told him not to mind granny, to be a good crow, and get well and comfort the oppressed heart of his master."

"For, 'Thus'lem," said Jo, as he sat down to his potato-paring, with the bird on his shoulder, "I know you's ill used an' pusecuted an' slanderized, an' folks don't gib yer no peace, sleepin' nor wakin'; but dat's acause you's black, 'Thus'lem, an' I's black, an' we's bofe black. Ef yer woz a lubly yaller canary ob Missy Laura's, you'd hab a mos' spreniferous time, 'Thus'lem. You'd hab a shinin' gilt cage to lib in, an' a boss swing to swing on, an' all de lump-sugar yer could swaller down, an' Missy Laura'd call yer 'honey' an' 'sugar-plum,' an' let yer roost on her lily-white finger, an' peck out ob her lubly red lips. Oh, goodness gracious' sakes alive, 'Thus'lem!" said Jo, his eyes rolling in his head at the thoughts of such ecstacy, "ef yer woz only a yaller canary!"

But 'Thus'lem shook his head, as much as to say that he wouldn't give a rotten cherry for such felicity. "It's a most drefful pity," sighed poor Jo, "dat yer looks is so mightly agin yer, 'Thus'lem; dat dar nose o' yourn bein' so drefful hooked, and dat dar eye o' yourn so powerful skewed. But don't worry about it, 'Thus'lem; it can't be helped, yer know."

"Jes so, jes so," meekly croaked the crow. "We'll hab to be sassified 'Thus'lem, and do de bes' we can. Don' yer smell de good tings a-cookin', 'Thus'lem, an' de ginger an' spice an' all de lubly cookin', 'Thus'lem? Dat's acause it's Christmas-time, when eberybody's kinder happy, 'Thus'lem, even a pore old crow."

"Jes so, jes so," croaked the crow, and apparently a little tired of Jo's sermonizing, he limped out of his sight.

Shortly after, Master Harry entered the kitchen, and told Jo he had some very particular work for him to do.

"You see, Jo," said Harry, "Santa Claus is very busy this year, and he can't get time to provide Christmas trees for folks that have them handy. We'll have to help him a little." And winking mysteriously to Jo, he beckoned him outside, and told him the joyful news that he too was to help get the Christmas tree and greens.

It may not seem such a very pleasant thing to some people to go out in the freezing air and hack down a lot of tough cedars, but to Jo it was simply delightful. "Jes tink of dat dar, 'Thus'lem," he said to his crow, "ter be sot ter work for Santy Claws himself! 'Pears like as ef de good times is comin' for dis yere, Jo, 'Thus'lem."

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Mas'r Harry's powerful good to bofe of us nowadays. It's a bressed Christmas dis yere, 'Thus'lem."

The fact was that Henry had determined to make up to Jo for the grief he had given him in the careless shooting of his favorite crow. He was shocked when he saw the agony his careless indifference had given Jo. He had no idea a little, darky like that could feel even worse than he would if any accident should happen to one of his pets. When Harry found out that the color of Jo's skin did not hinder him from being a real boy like himself, with all a boy's appreciation, and much more than an average boy's feeling, Jo went up a good many pegs in Harry's estimation, and not having any white boys handy, he made excellent use of Jo.

There was an air of secrecy about the house that always belonged to Christmas-time. When the Judge came home from town with his pockets bulging out, and winked to his wife to follow him to an adjoining room, nobody thought of prying into their secrets except 'Thus'lem; but then no one minded him.

Harry had his own secrets too, shared by nobody except Jo. He was almost too dignified to take a poor little negro like Jo into his full confidence, but there was a little package in his bureau drawer, and he was bursting to show it to somebody. It was a likeness of himself nicely inclosed in a little locket that would just fit upon his mother's gold chain.

"Don't you say anything about it, Jo."

"Not for de worl', Mas'r Harry. I'd die afore I'd reveal a solum secret like dat dar."

"I believe you would, Jo. I think I can trust you."

Jo's heart almost burst with pride at this mark of confidence. He did not even tell 'Thus'lem, though he was sorely tempted to, as he never kept anything from his pet crow. The very next day it happened that another honor was conferred upon Jo.

Mrs. Malcom had shut herself up in her room, and when Jo brought a scuttle of coal, she did not put aside the pretty purse she was knitting, but nodded and smiled when she saw Jo looking at it.

"It's for Master Harry, Jo. When I get it done and put a few gold pieces in it, don't you think he'll like it all the better because his mother knit it?"

"Shouldn't wunner a bit ef he would, missus. My souls and bodies! wot a Christmas this will be!"

"Don't tell him, Jo."

"I'd be chopped into bits afore I'd tell it!"

"Jo is a faithful, honest, good little fellow," said Mrs. Malcom to Harry; "we mustn't forget Jo at Christmas."

"No, indeed, mamma. Do you know what I think would please him more than anything? A pretty collar for 'Thus'lem, as he calls that old crow. Of course we'll give him clothes and things; but he'd like something of that kind for Methuselah—darkies like trinkets, you know."

"Jes so, jes so, said the crow. Harry remembered this remark bitterly enough upon Christmas-eve, when the happy moment had at last come for him to bring forth his treasure from its hiding-place, and put it triumphantly in the hands of his mamma.

The Christmas greens were all hung, the Christmas tree was ready for Santa

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Claus to trim, and Jack Frost had already begun his wonderful decorations. Little Laura was fast asleep in her snug little bed; Jo had gone, whistling cheerfully, to his garret; and even 'Thus'lem had squeezed himself through the hole in the plaster that led from the main building to the room over the kitchen, and gone to roost comfortably in Jo's back room.

Jo looked out of the little window up to the clear cold sky. One tiny star was glimmering there.

"Pears like as ef it might be de bressed star ob Bethlehem, 'Thus'lem," said Jo; "it's de berry same hebben, 'Thus'lem, as it woz long ago."

"Jes so, jes so," sleepily croaked the crow.

In the mean while Harry had gone to get his treasure. He opened the bureau, put his hand to the accustomed place, and lo! the treasure was gone. With a trembling hand Harry tossed every article over a dozen times. He looked, as people will for missing articles, in all sorts of out-of-the-way and impossible places. At length he yielded to the fact that the locket was gone. The little treasure was lost at the one moment that it was of priceless value to him; for he could get nothing now to take its place. It was too late to secure the cheapest trinket.

For the first time since he could remember he must go empty-handed on Christmas to his mother. Tears of grief, of rage, of disappointment, burst from his eyes. How in the world could it have gone? Nobody knew it was there but himself, nobody but—Jo.

"Darkies love trinkets," he muttered, bitterly. "Jo is the only living soul that could possibly have taken it."

Then he jumped upon his feet, and went down stairs.

"Oh, mamma," he faltered, "I had something for you that I know you'd like, but it's gone, it's stolen."

Then with clinched fists and streaming eyes, Harry told her of his loss.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Malcom. "Don't grieve; above all, don't lose your temper on Christmas-eve; of all times in the year. I'm just as glad as if I had the pretty picture in my hand; and as for poor Jo, if he did take it, it was from love of your dear face and ignorance of the crime he was committing. But now that you have as good as given me your present, you shall have mine."

She went into her little sitting-room and put her hand into the work-box for her purse. Only that morning she had put in the gold pieces—it ought to be an easy thing to feel them in the dark. But it was not. She lit the lamp, and even then her search was vain. The purse was gone. A serious, sad, and pained expression overshadowed her face. Nobody knew even of the existence of the purse. Nobody had seen it, nobody but—Jo. Sighing heavily, she went back into the parlor. "Harry, my son," she said, "it is so sad to have such a thing happen upon Christmas-eve! I would not have believed it possible; even now I can scarcely credit my senses."

Then she told him all.

Harry's face lit with sudden wrath. "Come, mamma, let's go to Jo's room. I believe he's run away with them. I don't believe he's there."

Mrs. Malcom followed Harry to the kitchen, and up the back stairs to the little garret. Her heart smote her as

she saw the miserable rags upon which Dinah and Jo and 'Thus'lem were all sleeping. For Jo was there, soundly sleeping as if innocent of everything of which they thought him guilty. How cold it was in that miserable place! How the wind whistled through the unplastered beams! How scant and wretched was their bed, their covering! How wicked she had been not to look after these poor creatures who had served her so long and faithfully! The crime, the fault, was partly hers.

But Harry had shaken Jo rudely by the shoulder. The startled crow limped out of his warm black resting-place and blinked maliciously at the intruders. Jo started to his feet in surprise.

A loud chink upon the old floor was distinctly heard, and by the light of Harry's lamp could be plainly seen the lost treasures. From under the ragged quilt had fallen the locket and purse.

"Oh, you miserable thief!" said Harry to Jo.

Jo's teeth began to clatter in his head, his eyes to roll wildly. He looked from one to the other in a dazed and bewildered way.

"Wot in de canopy's de matter?" said Aunt Dinah, rubbing her eyes.

"Matter enough," said Harry. "Jo's a mean, sneaking thief. See what he has stolen from mamma and me."

When Harry held up the little locket and the purse, it seemed as if Jo's eyes would start out of his head.

"Mas'r Harry, Mas'r Harry," he cried, "I neber fotched 'em here I neber laid a finger on 'em; wisher may die on dis berry spot ef I did!"

The poor black had crouched upon the floor, and held up his shaking hands in entreaty. His teeth chattered in his head, and his face was over-spread with that ashen hue that can make even a black skin pale.

Harry had never seen such abject misery. It blunted the edge of his rage and disappointment. "Jo, Jo," he said, "don't add lying to your other crimes. Didn't we find the things here where you had hidden them!"

"Dis beats creation!" said Aunt Dinah. "In all the bressed borned days ob my life, I neber see de like ob dis. Jes you leab him to me, Mas'r Harry. I'll wollup de trufe out ob him, ef it takes me all night."

But Mrs. Malcom stepped forward and held her hands over the poor shrinking head of the little black boy.

"No," she said, "he shall no longer be treated like a brute. I will find another way to reach his heart. Oh, Harry! oh, my son! the fault is mine. I have cared nothing for poor Jo—for his body or his soul. Our dumb, soulless animals, are better cared for. I'll wait awhile, Jo; I'll go away, and leave you to think it over. By-and-by you'll remember all about it, won't you, Jo?"

Jo shook his head to and fro hopelessly. "Ef you wait until de day ob judgment, missus, I neber can 'member. It's a mos' drefful mystery how dem dar tings got here."

"Come, mother," said Harry, in disgust. "I wouldn't have had this happen for ten times the worth of the things."

"Nor I," said his mother, and they both sat sadly down to wait for the judge, who had been detained in town.

He was surprised and vexed, when he came, to find that Christmas-eve was being rapidly spoiled.

"That's the worst of these blacks, they will steal," said the Judge. "But don't you want to see my presents? They have been kept out of the reach of thieves."

The judge took from his vest pocket a tiny jewel-box containing a ring. Mrs. Malcom had never seen a finer diamond. She quite forgot poor Jo in her delight and surprise. Then the Judge took from his other vest pocket an American watch. As he handed it over to Harry, the lad's clouded face was bright with joy.

But as the Judge was placing the ring upon his wife's finger, it suddenly slipped from his hold, and rolled away upon the floor. All three of them stooped to look for it. It seemed scarcely to have left their sight. They lifted chairs and tables, looked closely around the solid base of the Christmas tree, but the ring had vanished. Again and again they fruitlessly hunted. Tired, vexed, bewildered, they looked at each other in dismay.

"Jo is not the thief, anyway. He didn't take it."

"Who did take it?" said the Judge. "I give it up," said Harry. "The place is bewitched."

The Judge looked blankly around the room, in utter bewilderment. Suddenly he put his finger upon Harry's arm.

"Hush!" he said. "Be perfectly quiet. I think I've got your thief as well as mine. He's black, but he isn't Jo. Look over there in that corner; don't you see a spark of light? Don't frighten the scoundrel. I'll lay a dollar he'll make off with that ring when I give him the chance."

True enough, a black object moved slowly along the floor, and with it something that shone like a star.

The Judge softly opened the parlor door. Out hopped 'Thus'lem, with the ring in his beak.

"It's worth the risk of the diamond to clear poor Jo," said the Judge to Harry, and carefully they followed the sly old crow. Up the back stairs he limped, through the hole in the plaster he squeezed his way, and soon he was clasped to the burning heart of his master.

"Why, why, 'Thus'lem," faltered poor Jo, "I woz afeard you'd turned agin me, an' believed all de slanderizin'. 'Pears ef I don' care to lib much longer, 'Thus'lem; my pore heart is 'mos' broke. Mas'r Harry he's done agin me, an' missus she's done gone wuss'n Mas'r Harry; an' dem dar tings dat fell out o' my bed quilt goes fur to show I'm a burgular. 'Thus'lem, even ef I don't know nuffin bout it. I s'pect I'll be put in jail; dere ain't nobody to help a pore black boy. 'Pears like as ef dat dar sky woz so fur away dat no star of Bethlehem eber shined dar—leastways for pore black people like you an' me, 'Thus'lem? Yer don' somehow tink dat yer could scrape 'long in a jail, does yer, 'Thus'lem? Yer could squeeze in 'an out de bars' yer know"

"Yes, take him off to jail," said the voice of the Judge. "That's where he belongs, the rascal. 'Thus'lem's the thief, Joe. Look at him there with the ring still in his beak. I've heard crows will steal, but 'Thus'lem beats all the 'burgulars' I know."

"Jes so, jes so," chuckled the crow; and down fell the diamond ring, and rolled to the feet of the Judge.

Up jumped Jo in wonder and affright. Down he fell upon his

knees, and begged harder for 'Thus'lem than he ever did for himself.

"He's on'y a pore ole crow, Mas'r Judge, an' don' know no better. He mus' hab thought I woz mos' drefful pore, an' he tried to help me. He won't do so no more, Mas'r Judge. Will yer, 'Thus'lem?"

"Jes so, jes so," croaked the crow. "He's chock-full ob inikity," said Aunt Dinah, "an' his neck ought to be twisted dis berry minute."

"We'll spare his life for Jo's sake," said the Judge, "to show him that the star of Bethlehem did shine for everybody, black or white, and our blessed Saviour has compassion upon as big a thief as his wicked old crow."

"Jes so, jes so," chuckled the crow. So the Christmas mystery was cleared up, and everybody thoroughly happy at last, particularly Jo, who had plenty of presents. But dearer to him than the apple of his rolling eye was the gift of Mas'r Harry's second-best

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on his feet, and  
faltered, "I had  
at I know you'd  
stolen."  
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watch, which made the fastest time on record, and carried Jo along into the next week in a single day.

Thus'lem waxed old in years, sharing his master's prosperity; and I shouldn't wonder if he was alive and "chock-full ob inikity" this very day. —Harper's Young People.

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GOD HEARD THAT.

A little boy, not yet six years old, who had been with his father and mother to the country, after returning home, in the evening, said to his mother:

"Mother, Willie B—swore?"  
He was asked, "And what did you say?"

He replied, "I said, God heard that?"

What a reproof in these words! Will not all the little boys and girls think of this when they are tempted to use ugly, vulgar words, or to swear? Remember, although your father and mother may not hear you, God hears it. Remember, what God says in the third commandment: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

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SEVEN SHORT RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. Never neglect daily prayers; and when you pray remember that God is present, and he hears your prayers.
2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules.
3. Never profess to ask God for anything you do not want. Tell him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you; and then ask him for Christ's sake to forgive you what you ought to be. Heb. xi. 6: John iv; 24, and v: 39.
4. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, what have I done to day for Him? Matt. v: 18 16.
5. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this it is wrong.

6. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that, because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow him. Rom. xiv: 23; 2 Cor. x: 12; John x: 27.

7. Never believe what you feel if it contradicts God's word. Ask yourself, can what I feel be true, if God's word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v: 10. 11.

"Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,  
Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord;  
Grace to go forward, wherever he guide thee,  
Simply believing the truth of his word."

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Little feet may find the pathway  
Leading upward unto God;  
Little hands may learn to scatter  
Seeds of precious truth abroad.

Youthful hearts may be the temple  
For the Spirit's dwelling place—  
Childhood's lips declare the riches  
Of God's all-abounding grace.

Little ones, though frail and earth-born,  
Heirs of blessedness may be;  
For the Saviour whispereth gently,  
"Suffer such to come to Me."

And in that eternal kingdom,  
'Mid the grand, triumphal throng,  
Childish voices sweet may mingle  
In the glorious choral song.  
—Apples of Gold.

—A friend, visiting in a minister's family, where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's "Sabbath" deportment, was confidently informed by one of the little girls that she would like to be a minister. "Why," inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply: "So I could holler on Sunday."

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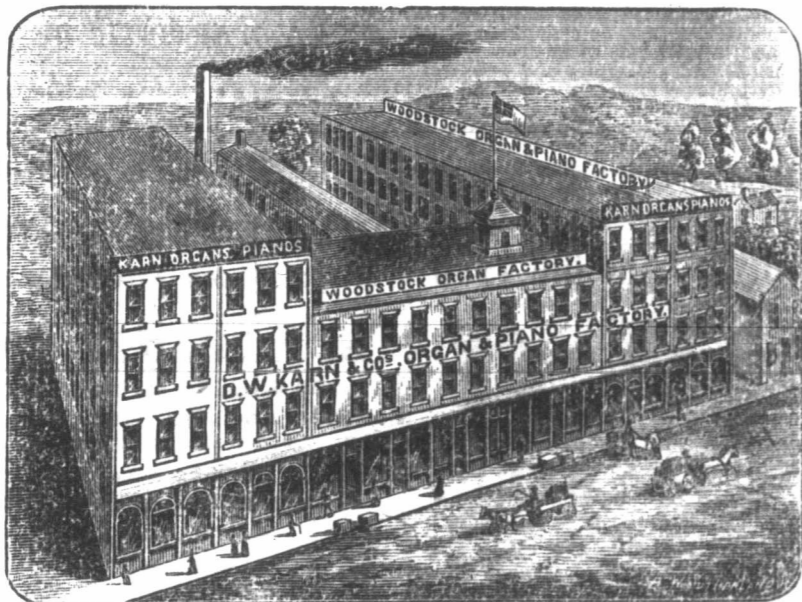
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