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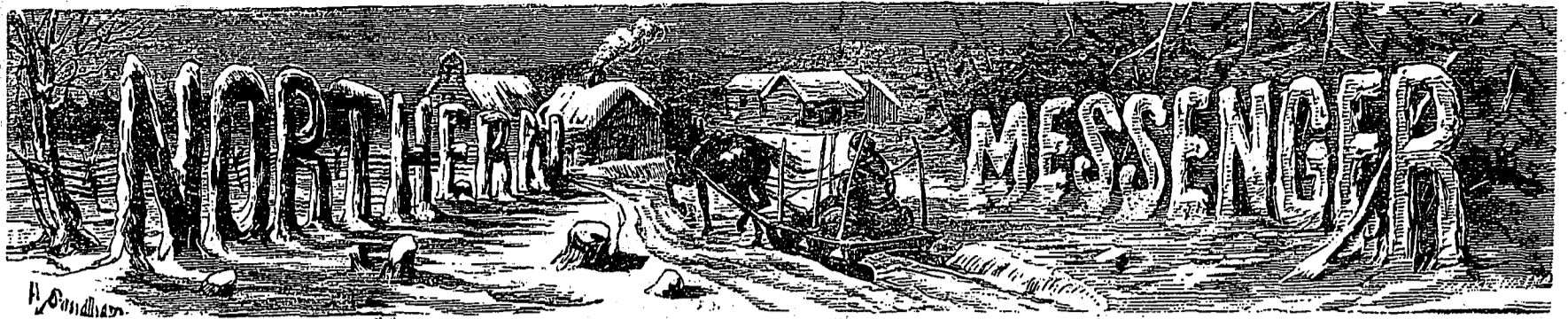
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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXII., No. 50.

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.—St. Luke ii: 13.

What sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry
choir.

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever!
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and
release."

Think on th' eternal home,
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue;
So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.
John Keble.



THE HOLY CHILD AND HIS MOTHER. From Raphael's "Madonna of The Chair."

THE HOLY CHILD AND HIS BIRTH-PLACE.

The Christ—he whose name is Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God, Father of Eternities, Prince of Peace—came to earth as a little child! No human arrangement this! If man had even dreamed of ordering the appearing of Messiah in human form, and had had the power to bring about the wonder, he would not have had Jesus born in Bethlehem of Judaea. He would have had the King appear in his beauty and majesty, a monarch with the insignia as well as the substance of royalty. He would have had the kingdom of God come with observation."

But not so had God decreed it. The plan of infinite Wisdom is wiser than that of men. The Christ became a child, thus blessing childhood, thus hallowing motherhood. Not in royal state, not in power, not to receive the acclamations of his rejoicing subjects, was Christ born. His cradle was a manger, a few poor shepherds were all who paid him homage. But no one who now hears the story of that birth but rejoices that in just that way it pleased the God-man to take upon him our nature. Henceforth he is allied with human weakness and human need. The poorest poor can say that the Redeemer of men was cradled in a manger, because there was no room for his humble parents in the inn. Jesus came in the lowliest human conditions. The little child can say that his Saviour was once little and helpless, fondled in a mother's arms, and knowing the conditions of childhood. The mother, as she looks with yearning affection into the face of the little one whom she holds, can say that thus Jesus once sat upon his mother's knee, and that by his transforming power he can make her little one to wear his own blessed likeness.

Yes, we bless God that in his wise ordering Jesus was born a child. So, while still God, he is thoroughly man, man through and through. He knows our frame. He sympathizes—oh, the comfort of the thought!—in our every feeling and every need. He is our Saviour, standing upon the platform of our humanity. Thank God he came thus humbly!

"No crown he wore, but round his peaceful brow
An aureole shone, from whence unnumbered rays

Floated away to crown less worthy heads.
His hand no sceptre clasped, but fast and far
The beams of morning as his heralds rode
To bear the Christmas gladness to the world.
And fast and far his dearer angels sped,
Blessing the little children and the poor
With the best utterances of his perfect love;
And sorrow-heard, and mourning lips were still,

And error hid itself and was afraid,
Oh, then with heart at rest I heard again

The voice, that swelled and grew into a song:
'This day, till time shall end, from shore to shore
Shall come the blessed kingdom of the Child!'"

HIS BIRTHPLACE.

Bethlehem was but the type of the ordinary Judæan village. "Its position," says Stanley, "on the narrow ridge of the long gray hill which would leave 'no room' for the crowded travellers to find shelter; the vineyards kept up along its slopes with greater energy because its present inhabitants are Christian; the corn-fields below, the scene of Ruth's adventure, and from which it derives its name, 'the house of bread,' the well close by the gate, for whose water David longed; the wild hills eastward, where the flocks of David and of 'the shepherds abiding with their flocks by night' may have wandered—all these features are such as it shares more or less in common with every village of Judah."

Dr. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book,"—we condense his narrative—describes the village as presenting a picturesque appearance on the hillside, called now by the Arabic equivalent of its old name, Beit Lahm, "house of flesh," recognizing as of old the fertility of the soil in its immediate vicinity. It is at present one of the largest and most prosperous Christian villages of Palestine. The ridge upon which it is built is about the same height as Olivet, 2,500 feet above the sea level, but it has no relative elevation above the surrounding hills.

Just below the village is a group of cisterns, hewn in the soft cretaceous rock, and apparently ancient. One of these may be the well for the water of which David longed. The condition of the fields, the fig

and olive terraces, impart to the place a thriving aspect.

"It requires considerable knowledge of the geography of Palestine, and a decided effort of the imagination," says Dr. Thomson, "to appreciate or fully comprehend the record of the momentous journey which brought Joseph and Mary to this city of David that David's greater son might here be born, according to the word of the Lord. The journey was taken by compulsion, Joseph and Mary were very poor and must have travelled on foot four days, at least, through the miry plain of Esdraelon and over the bleak mountains of Samaria and Judea. If our Christmas be rightly placed, the journey was made in the depth of winter.

"What a mighty influence for good," says Dr. Edward Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches," "has gone forth from this little spot upon the human race, both for time and for eternity! It is impossible to approach the place without a feeling of deep emotion springing out of these high and holy associations. The legends and puerilities of monastic tradition may safely be disregarded; it is enough to know that this is Bethlehem, where Jesus the Redeemer was born. Generation after generation has indeed since that time passed away, and their places now know them no more. Yet the skies and the fields, the rocks and the hills, and the valleys around, remain unchanged and are still the same as when the glory of the Lord shone about the shepherds and the song of a multitude of the heavenly host resounded among the hills, proclaiming 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.'"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*



MODERN BETHLEHEM.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ANXIETY.—Again let me impress this truth upon you, that it is not pure brain work, but brain excitement or brain distress, that eventuates in brain degeneration and disease.

MOTHERS, let me make to you an earnest appeal: The home-made wine, the sweetened brandy and water, hard cider, or nice gin sling taken hot, for a cold, the tempting egg nog, or mint juleps, or fine old Jamaica rum and molasses, are dangerous remedies.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES.

ROAST TURKEY.—The secret in having a good roast turkey is to stuff it palatably, to baste it often and cook it long enough. A small turkey of seven or eight pounds should be roasted or baked three hours at least.

TURKEY STUFFING.—Many great cooks make extra trouble in preparing a force-meat stuffing of veal, ham, bacon, onions, potatoes, or bread crumbs and all sorts of things.

To Cook a Goose Nicely.—After dressing the fowl nicely; put it in a deep pan, pour boiling water over it, and let it stand till cold, all night if convenient.

PLUM PUDDING.—Put into a bowl one cupful each of flour, breadcrumbs grated, chopped beef suet, raisins picked and stoned, currants and sugar.

the same of citron, all sliced thin. Beat all together thoroughly; pour into a pudding-bag or mould; put into boiling water, and keep it boiling six hours.

SAUCE.—Take a piece of butter the size of an egg, a large tablespoonful of sugar, and beat together to a cream; add the well-beaten yolk of one egg, a teaspoonful of corn-starch, and mix all together.



CHRISTMAS CAROL with musical notation and lyrics. Includes sections for 'In Unison or as a Solo', 'Con Dito', and 'Chorus With Spirit'. Lyrics include: 'Sing, children, sing a joy-ful strain, Be-hold! the Prince of Peace is born, We too would go to Beth-le-hem, Sing, children, sing, and send a-long'.

RIMLESS WHEEL AND RUB.

1 to 9, Clamorous. 4 to 12, A likeness. 2 to 10, A word of farewell. 5 to 13, To inspect. 3 to 11, A test. 6 to 14, An animal. 7 to 15, The union of three. 8 to 16, To sing in a manner common among Swiss mountaineers, by suddenly changing from the head voice to the chest voice and the contrary.

Perimeter of wheel forms a name for Christmas; the hub forms the name for the Christmas season.

A CHRISTMAS BOX which contains ten conical presents for a good little boy and his sister.

A good magician can dye drab all your dresses upon your back, make an idol like a mandarin, give a task at easy writing, sing a melody high and low at choir meeting, and cross ledges in the dark like a Barraboo king.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Once when we were visiting at a place called 3, 39, 5 in England, there was a great 50, 17, 21, 40, 51, 16, 36 about certain 22, 37, 46, 47, 48, 49, 30 that were brought into the house and hidden away on an upper 52, 26, 35, 43, 12, but the 44, 42, 45, 32, 33 of a bell from a neighboring church awoke us at 29, 27, 34, 23 and we found out what we had so much desired to know. We were 7, 20, 9, 24, 8 enough when we did so. They were Christmas presents. We went to church on Christmas morning and listened to a fine sermon on 15, 11, 2, 14, 41, 25, 23. In the evening we played games under the 1, 13, 18, 19, 38, 4, 10, 13, 6 and a friend gave me a card on which was printed the first lines of a very old Christmas carol. It was composed of 52 letters and is the answer to this enigma.

PI. Uarrah orf sheart miss-tarch! Grin lal eth yrmer slelb, Nda, grimb het dearygrinss lal daunor Ot rhea eht alte eh sletl. SORE RETYR KOOOE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

CHARADE.—Fire-fly TEN ANAGRAMS.—1. Encyclopaedias. 2. Conversationalist. 3. Misanthrope. 4. Isothermal. 5. Democrats.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is "apor, or fog or small rain. My second's, in French, the article "the." My third is the end of the foot, you must know. My whole is oft found on the top of a tree.

In the days of the druids, the god Balder dreamed Of death; but his mother, such fate to avert, Conjured metals, diseases, beasts, water and plants, That none of them all her proud son e'er should hurt.

Yet my whole had not taken this oath, being deemed Too small to do harm. This an enemy found, And brought it to Heder, a blind god, who threw, And with it gave Balder his last fatal wound.

A CAMBRIDGE MAN, now a missionary in Africa, when taking his leave at a farewell meeting, left words which deserve to be passed on. He did not advise his hearers to follow him into the mission field; but his last message was, "Watch over the morning watch." There is no time like the first hour of the day for such study; a season set apart to meet our Lord before we meet our fellow men; to direct the mind to the things of God before those of earth occupy our thoughts.—Rev. H. C. G. Moule.

OUR CHARACTER is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.—Gairie.



The Family Circle.

WINGS.

(In Memoriam: M. O. Christmas, 1880.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Mother, O make me a pair of wings,
Like the Christ-child's adorning;
Blue as the sky, with a gold star-eye—
I'll wear them on Christmas morning."



The mother worked with a care's heart,
All through that merry morning;
Happy and blind, nor saw behind
The shadow that gives no warning.
He struck—and over the little face
A sudden change came creeping;
Twelve struggling hours against Death's fierce
powers,
And then—he has left her sleeping.
Strange sleep which no mother's kiss can wake!
Lay her pretty wings beside her:
Strew white flowers sweet on her hands and feet,
And under the white snow hide her.
For the Christ-child called her out of her play,
And, thus our earth-life scorning,
She went away.—What, dead, we say?
She was born that Christmas morning!

A THREATENED NEMESIS.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

(Concluded.)

The Fourth was to fall on Thursday, and Wednesday evening, as the shadows were deepening, Milton sat in a deep recess of one of the curtained windows of the library; when Forbes, his father's trusty waiter and butler, tapped softly at the door. Milton had supposed his father saw him enter the library, but being absorbed with a book, he had not seen him at all, and was entirely unconscious of the young man's near presence.

"Come in," said Mr. Haversham, recognizing Forbes' light tap.

"I came to ask, sir," Forbes began, "which of the wines I should pack in the hamper for to-morrow?"

"How much is there of that old port marked '40'?"

"Several bottles, sir."

"Very well. I shall want three or four bottles of that, and about half a dozen of the Old Burgundy. Put in three bottles of the '66 cognac, and as many more of the finest champagne."

"All right, sir."

"And, Forbes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be sure you leave the key of the wine-closet in the cabinet; no one goes there but you and I, you remember."

"All right, sir."

Milton's eyes sparkled. There had been just one drawback to his pleasure in thinking of entertaining his young friends. But the truth was, they were accustomed to fashionable living at home, many of them, and Percy Wendell, Stanford Shields, and Howard Pembroke, his particular chums, had several times alluded to the fine "cellars" their fathers kept; and Milton, who at first had not really understood the term, had not chosen to admit that his father's table was never furnished with anything of that sort.

But now, lo and behold! he could get up a spread with any of them, wine and all, and be not one whit behind his guests in following the fashionable customs of the day. But of course he would say something to his

father about it; to do anything secretly or in an underhand manner, never entered his mind.

Just as he was about, however, to come forth from his unintentional hiding, the bell rang, and Mr. Haversham, seeing it was his friend, the rector, on the piazza, went hastily to welcome him. The gentlemen sat talking until late in the warm radiance of the summer night, and Milton, tired and sleepy, went to his room and to bed before the rector departed for home.

Milton slept until late the next morning, and he was not a little annoyed on going to the breakfast room to find that his father had already started for the yacht, leaving word that, as they set sail at noon, he should remain on board to see that the arrangements were all complete, and should not probably return home until toward evening. But he left a kind little note for "his dear boy," in which he said:—

"Have just as good a time with your friends as you can; everything in and about the house is at your entire disposal. I am sorry I must have Forbes with me to-day, but Mrs. Case knows where everything is kept, and will set the table in excellent style, you will find."

But Mrs. Case, the housekeeper, opened wide her eyes with astonishment when Milton, placing several bottles on the sideboard, asked her to please instruct him as to which glasses should be used for port, and which for sherry or champagne.

"I had an idea, Master Milton," she said, "that your father wouldn't just like to see you tamperin' with that stuff; fact, I didn't s'pose you knew there was such to be had around here."

It was Milton's turn to open wide his eyes in genuine surprise, as he answered proudly,—

"Father always expects me to do what he does. I never saw the time yet that I wasn't at perfect liberty to pattern from my father."

Mrs. Case made no audible reply, but she

said the rector; "I thought, too, they seemed in 'wondrous merry mood.'"

"Well, whipped cream, coffee and lemonade, taken with other good things, do not come amiss even on a hot day," said Mr. Haversham pleasantly.

They had reached the entrance to the grounds, and began a slow ascent of the stone steps of the terraces. It seemed very still, and Mr. Haversham remarked that they might as well go on around by the side lawn where the feast had been spread. As they rounded the side walk, it became apparent that Mrs. Case and the girls were clearing the table, but there was Milton, still seated in a chair, his coat off, his curly hair dishevelled, while with his head on his arms, and his arms on the table, he was in a deep sleep, and was breathing heavily—a labored, drivelling kind of breathing, the sound of which sent a deathly chill to his father's heart. On the board before him stood empty decanters, and scattered here and there the graceful little tell-tale glasses.

If only the Right Rev. Arthur Puriston had not been close at his side, Mr. Haversham could have borne it better. As it was, he said huskily, with that prompt acknowledgment of conscious misfortune and error which demands sympathy from its very manliness,—

"I see I've made a direful mistake, Rector, one I hope to God it is not too late to rectify."

"It's never too late to correct a fault, dear friend," said the rector affectionately; "but let's get this dear lad in bed before Forbes comes, then I'll go home."

"I might control my own faults, and perhaps correct them," said Mr. Haversham, still in that husky tone, "but may God have mercy on my poor child!"

Very tenderly the father ministered to his son the next day while the raging headache, the exaction of over-indulgence, completely prostrated him. But towards night the pain abated, and Milton recognized the pained expression on his father's fine face.

"I'm sure I hope I did no wrong," he said, "in going to the wine cellar. I heard your instructions to Forbes the night before last, and concluded at once that I might use anything you thought it right to. I should

through Milton's,—"My boy, come downstairs with me a moment, will you? I want to tell you something."

In a moment they were on the clean, cemented floor of the cellar, and Milton gazed wonderingly on the perfectly vacant spot where two days before had stood the compact wine closet.

"My son!" said Mr. Haversham, with a slow, emphatic utterance lending force to each word. "I—am—never—going to have a wine closet in my house again as long as I live! There is not a drop of alcoholic liquor in this building at this moment, from tower to base. I mean there never shall be again. I do not blame you for what happened on the Fourth; I have been accustomed to teach you that my example was to be followed in my daily habits; but I've secretly wronged you, my dear boy, wronged you mercilessly. If God Almighty will only forgive me and save you from the curse I've secretly harbored, I propose hereafter to treat strong drink exactly as I would the serpent to which the Scriptures liken it. And I beg your pardon, Milton, humbly, for the temptation to which I knowingly exposed you."

It made a deep, ineffaceable impression on the young man's mind—his grand, noble father, with contrite spirit and quivering voice, acknowledging his sin and solemnly vowing never to repeat it. And before he slept that night, Mr. Haversham went, in company with his son, to the house of one of the ladies who had called on him a few weeks before, and said that upon reconsideration he had decided to add his name to the list of those heads of families who pledged themselves to abstain from the use of intoxicants themselves, and to try to induce others to do so also.

That evening, as Mr. Roger Haversham and his friend, the Right Rev. Arthur Puriston, sat serenely conversing on the piazza, the latter was a little startled at hearing Mr. Haversham suddenly burst forth with unaccustomed vehemence,—

"I tell you, Rector, you never spoke truer, more prophetic words in your life than when you said, a few nights ago, alluding to the occasional use of strong drink—you remember—'tamper with a dangerous temptation, and you invite a nemesis almost sure to recoil, with unwelcome swiftness, on your own head.' Then you added something about wishing you could see me resolve never to touch or taste the poison again. I never shall, so help me Almighty God! For I tell you, Rector, should the threatened vengeance continue, I had rather lay my promising boy in the grave beside his mother, than ever see him going that way!"

"But the loyal fellow declares he always has followed, and always means to follow, his father's example and walk in his footsteps. In that case, he will never bow his dear head again in helpless unconsciousness from having indulged in unlawful luxuries at the board whose meat or drink his penitent father has furnished."—*Zion's Herald*.

HOW TO SAVE OUR BOYS.

The following is a leaflet sent out in Michigan during the recent campaign. It is respectfully dedicated to the high-license campaign in other States:

MOTHER. "Our boy is out late nights."
FATHER. "Well, we must tax the saloons \$50."

M. "Husband, I believe John drinks."

F. "We must put up that tax to \$100."

M. "My dear husband, our boy is being ruined."

F. "Try 'em awhile at \$200."

M. "O my God! my boy came home drunk."

F. "Well, well, we must make it \$300."

M. "Just think, William, our boy is in goal."

F. "I'll fix those saloons. Tax 'em \$400."

M. "My poor child is a confirmed drunkard."

F. "Up with that tax, and make it \$500."

M. "Our once noble boy is a wreck."

F. "Now I will stop 'em; make it \$600."

M. "We carried our poor boy to a drunkard's grave to-day."

F. "Well, I declare, we must regulate this traffic; we ought to have made the tax \$1,000."—*Union Temperance Advocate*.



"Mother, O make me a pair of Wings.

muttered to herself as she went slowly for the slim cut glasses: "More's the pity you ever found out that sly habit of your father's betimes."

It was evening again, and moonlight. The afternoon sail had been delightful, and the friends had separated in genial mood, well satisfied with the choice feast and refreshing breezes with which on the hot July day they been regaled. When near home, Mr. Haversham had been joined by his friend, the rector, who had not been able to make one of the yachting party, duty calling in another direction.

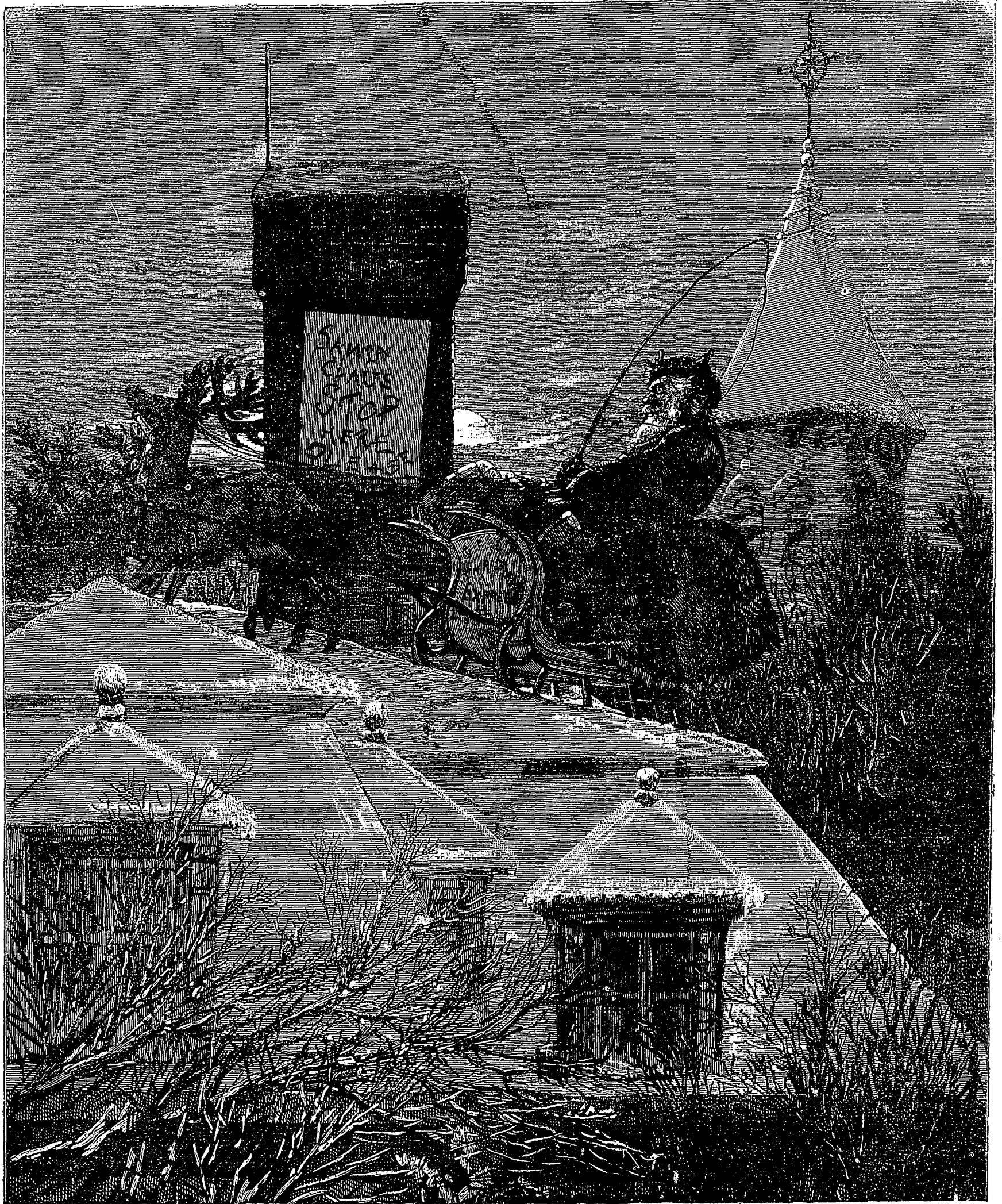
"I think my son's friends have gone," said Mr. Haversham. "I was sorry not to have come home sooner, but the lad will entertain his friends again before long very likely; then I shall hope to enjoy them with him."

"I saw several youths go by in the direction of the depot about half an hour ago,"

have asked about it first, only that I had no opportunity. I easily found the key in the cabinet, and as most of my friends were in the habit of using wine when at home, I was glad to be able to offer some. But the others, having taken it before, were not affected as I was. I'm afraid I hardly bade them good-by."

Mr. Haversham seemed absorbed in rather melancholy reflections, and but little more was said that night. Early the next morning, before he was fairly awake, Milton had a half-conscious conviction that work of some kind was going vigorously on downstairs. There seemed to be a knocking away of a part of the house at the foundations—at least, such was the impression of his waking thoughts.

At breakfast his father was cheerful, but still wore a serious and half-pained expression. As they arose from the table Mr. Haversham said, gently slipping his arm



ONE OF SANTA CLAUS' STATIONS.

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

I am fading from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the Angel-guardian
Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's Angel
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together;
He and I are one.
Let him end and perfect
All I leave undone.

I brought Good Desires,
Though as yet but seeds;
Let the New Year make them
Blossom into Deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten
Many happy days;
Let the New Year's Angel
Turn it into Praise.

If I gave you sickness,
If I brought you Care,
Let him make one Patience.
And the other Prayer.

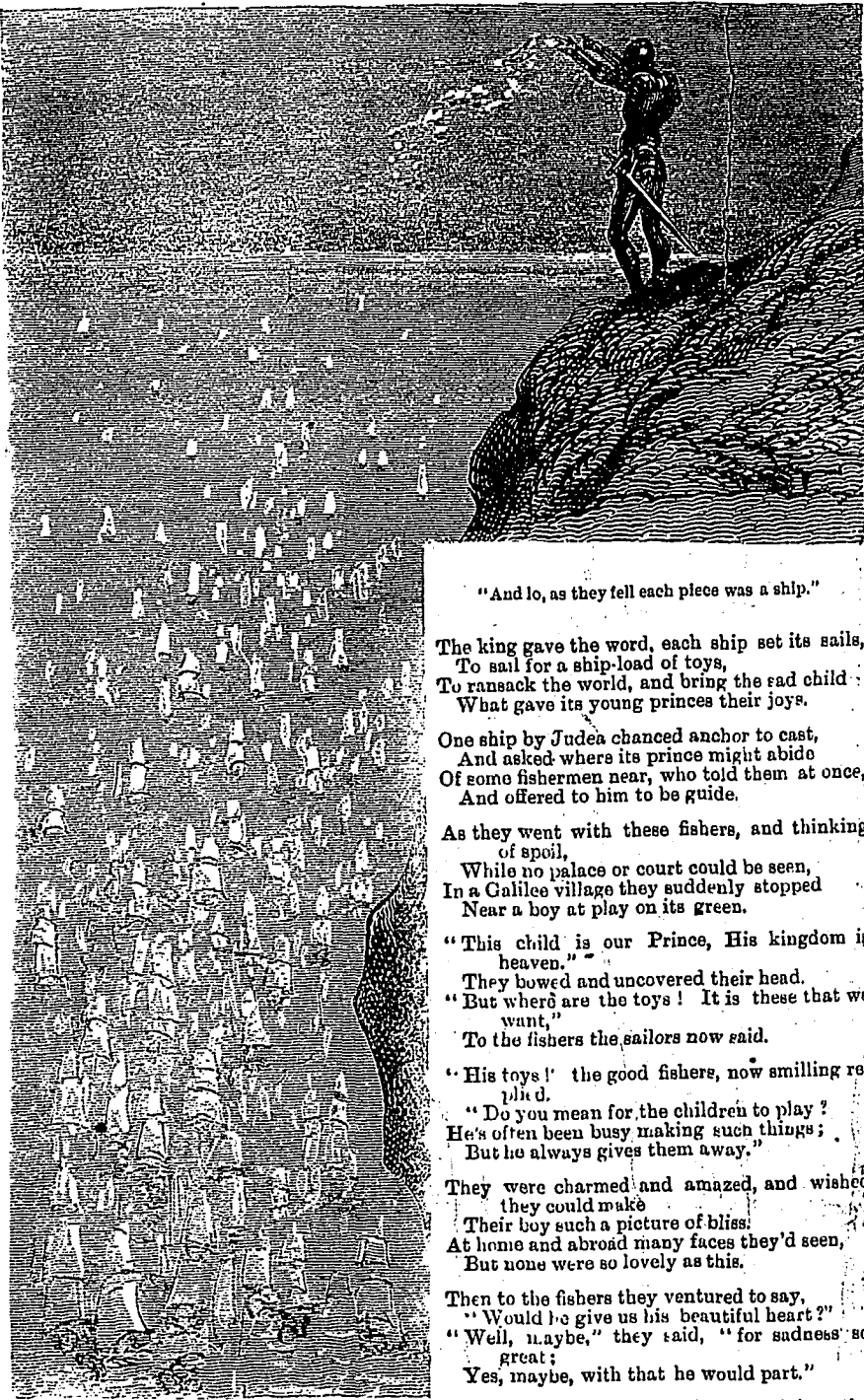
Where I brought you Sorrow,
Through his care, at length,
It may rise triumphant
Into future Strength.

If I brought you Plenty,
All wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the New Angel
Turn them into Alms?

If I broke your Idols,
Showed you they were dust,
Let him turn the Knowledge
Into heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation,
Let Sin die away
Into boundless Pity
For all hearts that stray.

May you hold this Angel
Dearer than the last—
So I bless his Future,
While he crowns my Past.



THE CHILD WHO GAVE HIS HEART.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

A fairy once came in the olden time,
To a king whose heart was sad;
For his only child had never smiled,
Nor had been one moment glad.

The king on his arms, spread out on his desk,
Was resting his weary head;
His arms and the desk were both soaked with
tears,
And he wished that he were dead.

For a father's joy is the joy of his child,
Be he laboring man or king;
The world all drinks of the bliss which flows
And bubbles from a baby spring.

So the pitiful fairy tenderly said,
"Some news I have brought for thee
From my fairy queen, who owns thousands of
toys
In kingdoms over the sea.

"And it has seemed to her that surely some
Would please thy sorrowful boy,
And make him laugh, so gladden thy life
With a thankful father's joy."

Then the king sat up, through his tears he
smiled;
Some paper lay under his hand.
"Now tear that sheet to a thousand bits,"
And she touched the sheet with her wand.

Then the king tore the sheet, though wondering
much
Whatever the purpose could be.
Could paper torn up have the least thing to do
With the toys that were over the sea?

Then he went, as she bid, to a cliff on the shore,
Threw over the bits of the sheet,
And lo! as they fell each piece was a ship,
And the whole was a beautiful fleet.

Each ship was full-rigged and provided with
food,
And manned with a sea-worthy crew;
They loved the poor king, understood why they
sailed;
All seas and all kingdoms they knew.

"And lo, as they fell each piece was a ship."

The king gave the word, each ship set its sails,
To sail for a ship-load of toys,
To ransack the world, and bring the sad child
What gave its young princes their joys.

One ship by Judea chanced anchor to cast,
And asked where its prince might abide
Of some fishermen near, who told them at once,
And offered to him to be guide.

As they went with these fishers, and thinking
of spoil,
While no palace or court could be seen,
In a Galilee village they suddenly stopped
Near a boy at play on its green.

"This child is our Prince, His kingdom is
heaven."
They bowed and uncovered their head.

"But where are the toys! It is these that we
want,"
To the fishers the sailors now said.

"His toys!" the good fishers, now smiling re-
plied.

"Do you mean for the children to play?
He's often been busy making such things;
But he always gives them away."

They were charmed and amazed, and wished
they could make
Their boy such a picture of bliss.
At home and abroad many faces they'd seen,
But none were so lovely as this.

Then to the fishers they ventured to say,
"Would he give us his beautiful heart?"
"Well, maybe," they said, "for sadness so
great;
Yes, maybe, with that he would part."

So the fishermen told to their young Prince the
tale
Of the king with the ever-sad boy.
"I'll give him my heart," at once he replied;
"I'll give it with greatest of joy."

Then away the glad captain rushed off with his
gift,
And set his white sails to the sea,
And never a crew in the fleets of the world
Had a captain so happy as he.

For safety, this heart he'd put into his own,
And life and the world seemed all new,
Then the sailors would try, and they did the
same,
And never held ship such a crew.

The place made for toys became cram full of
deeds
Of beautiful unselfish love,
As for gladness the ship, though it rolled in dark
storms,
Seemed a mansion of peace from above.

The ships all returned, and all landed their
toys—

The world never saw such a sight—
For miles on the shore, and miles into land,
Were children all wild with delight.

But one could not laugh, the son of the king—
The toys had been gathered in vain.
He saw, but was sad as he ever had been,
And his father fell weeping again!

One ship was to come; this anchored at last—
The ship from the Boy-prince's land.
"What toys?" asked the king. "Not one,"
said the crew,
"Yet something unspeakably grand."

"We found a strange Prince, a young Nazare-
ne,
His Father, they said, was in heaven;
And he had all riches, yet only one gift,
A heart, to his Son he had given."

"What brightness, what gladness this was to
the Child,
What loveliness, royally fair!
No language can speak, and no sight we have
seen
Gives us aught with which to compare.

"We told him our tale, and he gave us that
heart—
He'd give his own body away—
He needed no crown to make him a king.
(I shall ever remember that day.)

"We've brought you no toys, but the heart of
this Boy.
So graciously, lovingly given.
We've had it awhile, and know for ourselves
Wherever that is it is heaven."

Then soon as the heart had gone into the child
His face was as bright as the sun.
The king clapped his hands, the nation was
glad,
All cried to those sailors, "Well done!"

The change was complete, the sad little boy
Was as glad and as bright as could be;
And the sailors took back the toys they had
brought
From the kingdoms over the sea.

That child grew at length to be king of the
land,
And with kingdom and crown he would
part;
But still he would keep what the sailors had
brought—
That loving benevolent heart.
—Snow Flakes.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Were I to ask the boys whether they
would like to become strong men, the an-
swer would come in one grand chorus,
"Yes." Now, boys, the question is, how
are you to become strong men? Do you
think smoking cigarettes and chewing to-
bacco will make you strong? No! just the
reverse; if you want to be strong physically
never use tobacco in any form, for it is the
first step toward making you weak.

What if some men do say, "You never
will be a man unless you learn to smoke?"
Yes, you will, and the best kind of a man,
too.

Boys don't begin; if you never smoke
the first time you are safe; you never will
the second.

If other boys laugh and call you a cow-
ard, then you will have a chance to be mor-
ally strong; for one may be like Saul, head
and shoulders higher than any other man,
or like Samson, able to carry the gates of
Gaza, and yet be morally weak. Boys,
show your colors!

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose true,
Dare to make it known."

Do not let the fear of being laughed at
move you from the right; and let the rul-
ing motive of your life be the echo of
Henry Clay's, "I would rather be right
than to be president."

Then, boys, you may have a strength
greater than physical or moral, the strength
that Paul had when he said, "I can do all
things through Christ, which strengtheneth
me." It is the strength you need to enable
you to resist temptation and overcome sin,
so that at last you can say with Paul the
aged, "I have fought a good fight, I have
finished my course, I have kept the faith.
Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown
of righteousness, which the Lord, the right-
eous judge, shall give me at that day. And
not to me only, but unto all them also that
love his appearing."—Union Signal.

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do some-
thing very good, and had not succeeded very
well; her friend, hearing her complaint,
said: "God gives us many things to do; but
don't you think he gives us something to
be, just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being," said Ma-
rion, looking up. "I will think about be-
ing, if you help me."

Her friend answered: "God says:

"Be ye kindly affectioned one to another.

"Be ye also patient.

"Be thankful.

"Be ye not conformed to this world.

"Be ye therefore perfect.

"Be courteous.

"Be not wise in your own conceit.

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.

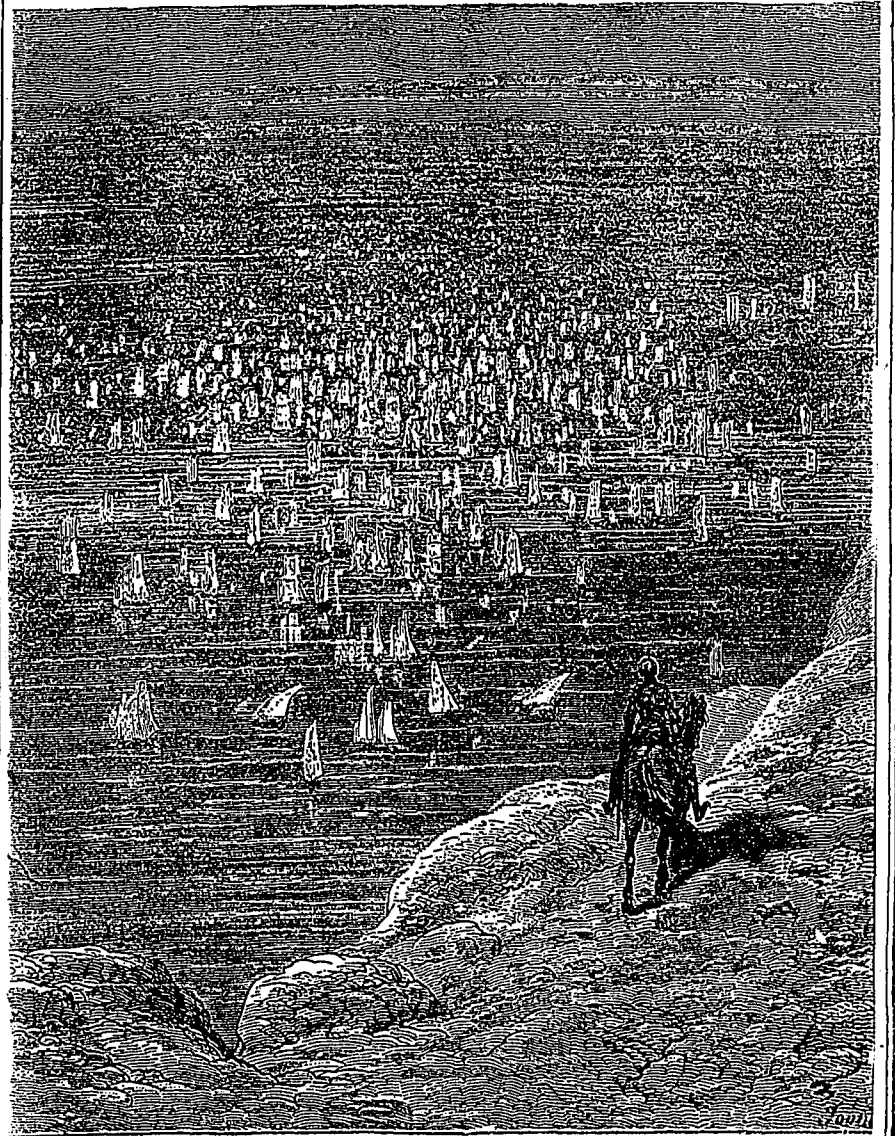
Twilight grew into darkness.

The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to
her feet. In the fire-light Elizabeth could
see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see
that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without
doing what he commands. It is easier to
do with a rush, than to be patient or un-
selfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.—Ex.



"The ships all returned."

THE MOON CHILDREN.

Long ago, before astronomers had begun to take care of the Moon and put it into ugly almanacs every month, it was much pleasanter to think about. The New Moon stuff was piled up in great soft clouds like sunset clouds, only not quite so yellow—more like vanilla ice-cream, you know. You could not always see it—only when the sun was shining in a particular way upon it; but the Moon Children always knew just where to find it, and the moons were always ready exactly at the right time.

A little while before sunset on New Moon night a darling little wee girl went flying to the Moon Cloud, and said, in a silvery sweet voice,

"Where is my dear New Moon?"

"Then a voice said, 'Here it is,' and out of the soft clouds rolled a lovely New Moon, all shaped and smooth, ready to be hung in the sky.

The little wee girl softly clasped her dimpled hands around the New Moon, and they flew away together till they found the New Moon's place, near the sunset. They stayed together for two whole weeks, but every night they went a little farther away from the sunset, and both the New Moon and the little wee girl kept growing larger, till at last they were too big to stay as New Moon any longer. Then the little wee girl kissed the New Moon, saying,

"Good-by, darling New Moon; go and shine forever."

Then the New Moon broke into a thousand pieces, and each piece became a little star, and found its place in the wide blue sky to shine forever. The little wee girl came down to the earth, and when she found a little girl of her own age who was sweet and good, she stayed with her and played with her, and they grew up together. No one ever saw the little Moon Child, for she was an angel from far up above the sky; but she was always beside her little chosen earth girl, trying to keep her good and happy.

As soon as the New Moon was gone another little girl went and got the Full Moon out of the Moon Cloud, just as the little wee girl had got her New Moon. But the Full Moon girl was older, and she had more to do. Her Moon was larger, and had to draw the tides in the sea, and scatter the clouds in the sky, and turn the storms, and make newly planted seeds grow quickly, and to shine gladly upon weddings; and oh, it had many other things to do which can only be done by the Full Moon; so it is no wonder that both the little girl and the Moon were tired enough after two weeks, and were glad to rest.

The little girl kissed her Moon good by, and flew down to the earth to be a companion to some gentle, pure-hearted girl of her own age, for she, too, was an angel. The Full Moon was too old to make stars out of, so the queer old woman who lives at the North Pole among the polar bears came and carried it away to make Northern Lights of it. Someday she keeps all the old moons in a wonderful box made of ice, and when she opens the box to look at her treasures the light streams out all across the

sky, and then we see the Northern Lights. After the old woman carried off the Old Moon another little wee girl came down and brought a New Moon; then came the Full Moon girl, and so on every month till December.

The December New Moon has always been the best and dearest, for in December comes Christmas. A tall, beautiful angel then came, standing in the lovely New Moon, and holding in her arms a baby angel with loving eyes and outstretched arms, she said, in a voice like the sweetest music.

"I am the Christmas angel, and I bring you all a Merry Christmas."—Exchange.

tom would not permit her to learn to read. What do we now see? Female schools being started by the Sultan himself! With the education of mothers and daughters other changes to their advantage will follow. Education is a mighty lever in human progress and uplifting. It is the outgrowth of Christianity. Turkey, like other lands, is indebted to the missionaries of the Cross for this boon. These pioneers first started schools in her midst for girls as well as boys, and now the government falls into line. Another proof that the Gospel is the great elevator of society intellectually as well as morally.

He who had such power, who could feed an army by his word, and heal wounds by a touch, was the very one to lead them to victory. But Jesus resisted the temptation, for it would have ruined his plan of founding a spiritual kingdom. Jesus therefore took the course described at the beginning of this lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

22. AND STRAITWAY—after the feeding of the multitudes. CONSTRAINED—used his authority contrary to their wishes. They may have sympathized with the people in the desire to make him king. Moreover, he wanted to spend the night alone in prayer. To go before him unto the other side—to Bethsaida (Mark 6:45), to wait in a safe harbor among friends till Jesus should join them, and all go on to Capernaum (John 6:17). 23. WENT INTO A MOUNTAIN APART—alone. TO PRAY—(1) He needed rest. (2) He wanted communion with

God, and the strength it imparted. (3) He may have sought strength to resist the temptation to become a tempo al king, and so have worldly success. 24. SHIP—boat. IN THE MIDST OF THE SEA—twenty-five or thirty furlongs, three miles, from their starting point (John 6:19). THE WIND WAS CONTRARY—It was one of the common north or north-east gales, and hence drove them back from Bethsaida, where they were going. 25. FOURTH WATCH—between three and six o'clock in the morning. They started in the evening (v. 27), the second evening, or first watch of the night six to nine o'clock. 26. IT IS A SPIRIT—or apparition,—a specter, ghost, and hence a sign of disaster. 28. FIT BE THOU—or, since it is. 31. GENNESARET—a small, fertile plain on the west shore of the Sea of Galilee, three or four miles long, by one or two wide. Capernaum is in its northern part.

SUBJECT: THE POWER OF JESUS TO HELP AND HEAL.

QUESTIONS.

I. JESUS ALONE IN PRAYER (vs. 22, 23).—When the five thousand were fed, what did Jesus constrain his disciples to do? Why did he wish them to go away and leave him? What was his first work after they had gone? Where did he then go? For what purpose? How long did he remain? (Compare verses 23 and 25.) What special need of prayer at this time? Do we all need seasons of prayer by ourselves alone? Do we need them most when we are working most? In what ways do they help us?

II. THE DISCIPLES IN A STORM (v. 24).—To what place were the disciples going first? (Mark 6:45.) On the way to what place? (John 6:17.) In what direction would they sail? What took place on their voyage? Was the Sea of Galilee subject to such storms? How long were they struggling against the storm? (Compare v. 23 with v. 25.) How far had they gone? (John 6:19.) What things in life may be compared to a storm? Why does God permit such trials to come to us? (Deut. 8:2; Jas. 1:2, 3; 1 Pet. 1:7.)

III. JESUS COMES TO THEIR AID (vs. 25-27, 52, 53).—Where was Jesus all this time? How do we know that Jesus knew his disciples' danger? (Mark 6:43.) In what way did he come to them? At what hour of the night? What did they think him to be? Why were they afraid? How did they discover who it was? What did Jesus say to them? Why would the fact that it was Jesus bring them good cheer? (John 1:1-3; Matt. 28:18) What was the result? (v. 32.) What was the effect of this miracle on those in the vessel? Why? Is Jesus with us in trouble? (Matt. 28:20.) What promise in Isaiah 43:27? Does Jesus know all our temptations and difficulties? Has he ever failed his disciples in their hour of need?

IV. PETER'S EXPERIENCE (vs. 28-31).—What did Peter ask of James? Did this show his faith? What were probably his motives? What did Jesus tell him to do? What was the result? How was he saved? Wherein did he show his faith to be small? What lessons could he learn from this experience? Who should utter the same prayer as Peter did here? Will Jesus always save those who thus call upon him? (Romans 10:13; Hebrews 7:25.)

V. JESUS HEALS AND HELPS MANY (vs. 34-36).—At what place did they land? What did the people there do? What lesson does that teach us? What did Jesus do for those who came? What is said of the hem of his garment?



THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

A BOY'S LAWSUIT.

Under a great tree, close to the village, two boys found a walnut. "It belongs to me," said Ignatius, "for I was first to see it." "No, it belongs to me," cried Bernard, "for I was first to pick it up." And so they began to quarrel in earnest. "I will settle the dispute," said the Old Boy, who had just come up. He placed himself between the two boys, broke the nut in two and said: "The one piece of shell belongs to him who first saw it; the other piece of shell belongs to him who picked it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case. And this," he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common end of most lawsuits."

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION is being felt even among the Turks. Heretofore they have been most pronounced against female education. Woman in that country has had no opportunity for intellectual culture and improvement. Eighty years ago social cus-

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.) LESSON III.—JANUARY 15. JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.—MATT. 14:22-36. COMMIT VERSES 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.—Matt. 14:27.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is a very present help in every time of need.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 14:22-36.
T. Mark 6:45-56.
W. John 6:15-25.
Th. Ps. 107:1-31.
F. Isa. 43:1-16.
Sa. Mark 4:35-41.
Su. Ps. 91:1-16.

TIME.—The Sea of Galilee, between the desert of Bethsaida on the east, and the land of Genesaret on the west.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 6:45-56; John 6:15-21.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—When the people had satisfied their hunger, as described in the last lesson, and began to realize what a marvellous miracle Jesus had wrought, they were sure that Jesus must be their Messiah, and they tried to force him to become their king (John 6:14, 15).

62, 63).—Where was Jesus all this time? How do we know that Jesus knew his disciples' danger? (Mark 6:43.) In what way did he come to them? At what hour of the night? What did they think him to be? Why were they afraid? How did they discover who it was? What did Jesus say to them? Why would the fact that it was Jesus bring them good cheer? (John 1:1-3; Matt. 28:18) What was the result? (v. 32.) What was the effect of this miracle on those in the vessel? Why? Is Jesus with us in trouble? (Matt. 28:20.) What promise in Isaiah 43:27? Does Jesus know all our temptations and difficulties? Has he ever failed his disciples in their hour of need?

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AN INTERVIEW WITH SANTA CLAUS.

"WHAT SHALL WE GIVE THEM FOR CHRISTMAS?"

The editor sat with his head on his hand regarding in deep thought a huge pile of newly opened letters on the desk before him. "What won't they ask next," he groaned. "You would think that each mother and father and grandmother knew their own boys and girls well enough; the aunts and uncles their nephews and nieces; and the boys and girls their own fathers and mothers, and sisters and cousins and aunts to answer for themselves such a simple question, but here they are all asking one poor editor, who has never seen one of them, for ideas to suit them all. However, sitting here sighing will never answer my questions and that is my work at present. Answer them I must. But how?"

Rising he opened the long window to let a breath of the frosty night air sweep into and freshen his somewhat musty, dusty little den, and behold a magnificent aurora lit the northern sky with a blaze of glory. A bright thought flashed into his tired brain.

"If I could only enquire of Santa Claus himself," he mused.

"Well, why don't you," answered a queer merry voice as from the telephone by his side.

"Why don't I," he replied, springing to the instrument from sheer force of habit, "why he won't be along here for weeks yet, and then it will be too late to get his answer into the Christmas Number."

"Don't wait for that," he heard again through the receiver which was now at his ear, "go now to headquarters."

"Headquarters!" he groaned "verily my friend, there are a few things out of the reach of the all-knowing editor, though you may not realize it. Even if I were to undertake a balloon expedition to his workshop at the north pole I could not get his answer to all my subscribers in time."

The voice in the telephone was silent for a while and then continued again more low. "There is a way, but I hardly know if he would—yes, I think he possibly might not object,—it is only used by him and his messengers when the rein deer are overworked, or by mortals in cases of emergency—still I think he would be willing this time."

"Won't you please explain," said the now rather excited man to the unknown, "Who are you and what are you talking about?"

"O, did I not tell you," replied the voice, "it's the Aurora Special Express which I notice is running to-night and making extra good time, I fancy, if one may judge by the blaze of the headlight which is coming nearer and nearer."

"Well, but," exclaimed the now thoroughly astonished man breathlessly, "how is that going to do me any good, and won't you tell me who you are please?"

"Never mind who I am now," returned the voice briskly, "I haven't time to tell you, but come to the window again and I will help you aboard before I leave."

As he was bidden, the bewildered man went again to the window and as he stepped outside he saw that now the aurora had filled the heavens with a light almost equal to the day, and some of the long rays slanted down to the very window where he stood.

"Here, give me your hand and jump aboard, quick," cried a voice, though no one was visible and, lo! he was lifted in the air, and borne through a blinding light, whither he knew not, and presto! before he had time to breathe again, he was in a glittering cave in the heart of a great crystal iceberg, and standing before the genial, fur-clad form of the great Saint Nicholas himself.

"Glad to see you, my friend," said the Saint, as he shook him warmly by the hand, "what can I do for you? But be quick please, for I am very busy and shall have hard work to get through before the twenty-fifth."

"What is good for Christmas presents for all classes and conditions of people, old, and young, rich and poor?" queried the edi-

tor, now come to his senses, and determined to be true to his record and not to be outdone by any one in brevity at least.

"H'm,—for all classes? My dear fellow that is easy enough—BOOKS."

"Yes, sire, so I have always thought, but it is so hard to choose."

"What is your occupation?" said the Saint, with an apparent sudden changing of the subject.

"I am an editor," said the visitor wonderingly.

"Would it help you out of your difficulty any," said St. Nicholas with a merry twinkle in his eye "if I were to tell you that I often distribute papers too?"

"Do you?" said the editor, with more animation, for the subject of increasing circulation was never far absent from his mind "what kind of papers?"

"Good ones!" was the somewhat short reply.

"Yes, of course," replied the editor, "but what sort of good?"

"Well, to come down to particulars, what is your paper?"

"The Northern Messenger."

"Oh, well, I have carried that around very often."

"Have you?" said the editor, with a pleased smile on his face. "And do you always take the same papers to the same persons every year?"

"Not by any means. If I come across one better than the one I took last year I take it and give the other up."

"And what if the one you took last year is still better this?"

"Give it again, and to many others too."

"In that case might I rely—"

"Can hardly tell yet," interrupted the saint cautiously, "until I see what you propose doing next year. Can you show me—say—your Christmas Number? In papers I usually go by that."

"Not complete," said the editor, "but we have just got our prospectus out giving our Premium List for 1888, and have got the proofs of the individual pages, but I cannot show you the complete paper yet," and he took a long roll from his pocket and spread out the loose sheets.

"Never mind, I can form a fair idea from these, I think. I am not an editor, of course, but then I know a little about everything, you know. Let me see," he mused to himself; "well, really, this seems to be a genuine Christmas number. This carol now will do nicely, especially for Sunday-schools. And I like all the pictures too."

"But do you know that what takes my attention as much as anything is that full-page portrait of myself. Do you know some of the superior young people of this advanced 19th century are actually having the assurance to whisper to one another that I am all a myth. Dear me! children in the good old times were not so wise. I really do like to give them what they most want, as far as I can, and of all the presents I distribute none afford me more satisfaction than good books and papers, and I don't know but I shall be glad to include yours again this year. Now, if you only had some good books for them too."

"You have not seen this sheet yet, sir," replied the Editor. "Here is a statement of what we propose doing in that line."

"What is this? A premium list? I don't think I am familiar with that—let me see—oh yes, books as premiums for new subscribers. Why that is a good idea! 'Not new' you say? So much the better. If the boys and girls are slightly familiar with it they will take it up all the more readily and I think I may fairly promise you this, that if the boys and girls will only work with me, let me know if they want it, and which of their friends they would like should have it it will go into a great many homes where it has never been before."

"Thank you very much," replied the Editor, "my object in preparing that Premium List was to make it easy and profitable for them to give the rest of their friends pleasure."

"All right then," said the saint as he rose to end the interview. "I like to distribute good papers, for while books teach my children through the past, papers educate them through the present as books cannot do, and in reading the news of to-day the history of yesterday is learned never to be forgotten."

Saying this, and with a hearty grip of the hand, he waved a farewell, and turned to superintend the loading of one corner of his capacious sleigh with the Christmas boxes

already filled. And the Editor as he reached the outside of the iceberg, intending to look around a little and make a few notes as to the appearance and inhabitants of this strange land of the north, found himself suddenly whisked into the air, before he had had time to see anything but the glittering walls of the berg from whence he had just come, and shot down a blazing pathway of light, and in less time than it takes him now to tell it, he was seated in his dusty sanctum shivering with the cold (for he had forgotten to shut the window when he left) and writing without loss of time to his subscribers Santa Claus' answer to their questions.

And what he would like to know now, while he begs the printer to leave him just a line to wish all his friends old and new a Merry Merry Christmas, is HOW MANY OF THEM THIS YEAR ARE GOING TO HELP SANTA CLAUS.

Question Corner.—No. 23.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where was it prophesied that Christ should be born in Bethlehem?
2. What prophecy was fulfilled when Herod put the young children in Bethlehem to death?
3. What prophecy was fulfilled when Joseph and Mary fled with the Christ child to Egypt?
4. What prophecy was fulfilled when the angel said to the shepherds "Behold I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all people?"

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

Barzillai.

- 1, 2, and 3. 2 Sam. xvii. 27-29.
- 4 and 5. 2 Sam. xix. 34, 35.
6. 2 Sam. v. 37.
7. 1 Kings ii. 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Annie J. McEltan, Eliza J. Main, Hannah E. Greene and John C. Elliot.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS.

The *Weekly Witness* has now a regular circulation of over 34,000 copies. This year an effort is being made to increase that number. It contains all the news nicely condensed, the markets, good stories, a very valuable Question and Answer department, including medical, horticultural, veterinary legal, agricultural, and poultry and pets departments under the charge of recognized authorities. The answer to one question alone is often worth many times the cost of the paper for a year. The price of the *Weekly Witness* is ONE DOLLAR. For twenty-five cents a grand picture in oil colors is sent. It is entitled "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Competent judges who have seen it say it is well worthy a position in every home. His Excellency the Governor General on receiving a copy sent this letter:

CITADEL, Quebec, 1st Oct. 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

I am desired by His Excellency, the Governor-General, to acknowledge and thank you for the handsome picture which you were good enough to send to him on the 21st ult.

Lord Lansdowne is very glad to have it in his possession.

I am, gentlemen, your obt. servt.,

HENRY SCREAFIELD, Capt.

Gov.-Gen.-Sec.

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And don't forget to mention to your friends when they subscribe that a new outfit of type has been secured, and that when the *Northern Messenger* carries abroad its New Year's Greetings it will appear before them, as befits the auspicious occasion, in an entirely new dress.

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