

Dominion Churchman.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Vol. 11.]

TORONTO CANADA, THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1885.

[No. 51.]



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- Dec. 21st—ST. THOMAS, APOSTLE AND MARTYR.
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THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1885.

The Rev. W. H. Wadleigh is the only gentleman travelling authorized to collect subscriptions for the "Dominion Churchman."

TO SUBSCRIBERS

AS we are now approaching the end of the year, it becomes our duty to request our friends who are in arrears to pay up their subscriptions at once. ALL ARREARS MUST BE PAID UP TO THE END OF 1885, AT THE RATE OF \$2 PER ANNUM. If \$1 additional is sent the paper will be paid for up to the end of 1886. At this period a number are past due, we trust they will now be paid promptly, as well as the next year in advance. In remitting it would be highly desirable if each subscriber would make sufficient effort to send on in addition to his own subscription, one or more from his friends or neighbors; so that we may be able to double our subscription list, and thus be placed in the same position as we hope all our subscribers will be, in having a MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

THE CHRISTMAS OFFERTORY.

ONE of the manifest evidences of the Divine life of the Church, is seen in the wisdom of linking Divine teaching with celebrations, which so touch the general heart of humanity that their perpetuity is assured. Even "the world," those we mean to whom Christian thoughts and ways are alien, is made

to bear in its habits and customary speech, witness to the coming in the flesh of Him, who in the cradle of Bethlehem, founded a Kingdom destined to overthrow all the powers of this world. Not alone is this higher than man's wisdom shewn in the annual celebration of the Feast of the Incarnation, but further in the giving to Christmas as its peculiar glory, the divine aspect of a festival sacred to charity, to benevolence, to all the sweetness, the tenderness of human life.

It was a happy thought to turn one of the full rills of the river of bounty which flow out of Christmas, so as to refresh and enrich the pastures of those who watch and feed the flock of Christ. The foundation rock on which Christmas is built, is the basil rock of Christianity; without the Incarnation, the religion of Christ would be a mere system of philosophy and morals. Without the Incarnation, there would be no sphere for the ministerial office, there would be no flock to shepherd, no sacraments to celebrate or administer.

Christmas then is peculiarly a time for grateful, generous, loving remembrances of the Pastor's work and needs. To him comes, too generally, the Christmas longing to give alms to the needy, to share in the Christmas spirit animating the Church, while with this desire, is felt, also, the disheartening consciousness of a poverty which forbids the exercise of anything beyond good-will towards men. To the ministry it is often painful to know how keen are the necessities of their modest homes; yet how impossible to reveal these wants. The chronic poor are seldom troubled with those delicate sensibilities, or that laudable pride which keep a Pastor who is in real need, from exposing his barren cupboard, or his empty purse.

Out of the abundance of the lay treasures of domestic comfort, or ease, or affluence, let then the scanty stocks of our clergy meet with liberal subsidies. Add to your Christmas enjoyment by helping to fill up the parsonage cup of grateful joy to the brim.

Reflect upon the exceptional need of a Pastor for encouragement, for heart cheer, think of the burthen he has to bear, not alone of spiritual anxieties, but how constantly is he saddened by his official contact with misery in its manifold forms. Not a cloud darkens your home but shadows his; sorrows bitter and deep, he shares with lonely sufferers. Of all living men, the shepherds of Christ's flock need a happy Christmas—may they, one and all have this time—made cheerful and bright by visible evidences of the loving regard of those to whom they minister in holy things. As you honour the King, as you prize the inestimable blessings of Church privileges, honour the ambassador of Christ; so give to your Redeemer visible tokens of your love and thankfulness by making this Christmas offertory, a special offering to His honor and glory.

May the whole family of God in Canada, have a happy Christmas!

CHURCH THOUGHTS BY A LAYMAN.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

AMID so much unbelief, scepticism and indifference, it is encouraging to see the increasing honor paid to the Festival of Christmas, which is the witness for the central fact of Christianity—the INCARNATION. Since the dark, troublous days of the Puritan revolt in Church and State, generation after generation who called themselves Christians have passed away, protesting year by year against the celebration of the birth of Him from whose birth came, as they gratefully recognised in theory, but in practice ignored, all their spiritual blessings in this life, all their hopes of an eternity of joy. This protest was an anomaly, it was against nature as well as grace. It was not indeed truthful, it was far less a protest against Christmas as a religious Festival, than against the Catholic Church. Our Temples, our services with their brightness, their joy, their appeals to the tenderest instincts of humanity, their setting forth the family aspect of the Church, offended men whose religion was made up of negations, antagonisms, protests; a religion inspired more by selfish concern for personal security, than a desire to live as children of God in the happy bonds of His family. While we of the Catholic Church of England were gathered around her altars praising God for Christmas mercies, and Christmas memories, and Christmas teachings, and Christmas joys, and Christmas hopes, our hearts bounding high with grateful love to our Incarnate Redeemer, the sectaries were scowling at the Festival, following their worldly vocations, or wrathfully denouncing our "superstition," as they so charitably dubbed the worship of God on Christmas day. Still there was a silent contest going on in the hearts of these gloomy Puritans. They felt that something was wrong when any of Christ's people were unable to rejoice at the celebration of Jesus's birth. Here and there individual souls broke through the harsh bonds of sectism, and dared to join our Festival service. Here and there bitter and cruel punishments befel such brave spirits. Ministers whose hearts were too large for their creed, having worshipped with us at Christmas, were summarily dismissed by their angry flocks—and masters. Even in Canada, a Presbyterian pastor of wide renown, who invited his congregation to worship God on Christmas day, was sternly rebuked and the doors of his church rudely shut against him. Like a true man, this minister crossed the road to join in the Christmas service of the Church of England. But Time the quietener, Time the healer, has stilled the violent pulsings of the Puritan fever, so that now, with rare exceptions,

Christmas Day is a Festival for all who profess and call themselves Christians.

The negations, the antagonisms and protests of olden days, are no longer sacred Shibboleths. The Catholic Church has triumphed, her enemies admit that her witness is true. They see in her decorated Temples, her festive song-services, her home rejoicings, her Christmas symbols and ceremonies, a reasonable service, a spiritual service, a service eminently acceptable to God as a Spirit, for the whole motive and inspiration of all these Festival manifestations is spiritual gratitude and spiritual joy. Every branch, every twig, every flower by which we adorn our Churches, shines with Gospel light, breathes out the fragrance of the Gospel message of a Saviour's love to mankind. We set forth in these outward and visible signs of Christmastide, the inward and spiritual grace of a thankful, reverential, devout spirit. We are told, with a sneer worthy an infidel's lips of scorn, that we desecrate God's house by placing within the sanctuary those beautiful flowers, those rich fruits which so eloquently declare the goodness of their Creator. As well tell a fond mother that her home is desecrated by her children placing her portrait, the symbol of affection, so that every wall will beam with the beloved face!

That God is a spirit; that He seeketh worshippers who come in spirit and in truth, is the very ground and impulsion of our Christmas decorations. We are not spirits like God; were we spirits as He is, material things might in His worship be unknown. We are in the flesh, we cannot manifest any mental or spiritual life save by material signs. Our common worship would be a mockery, a delusion and a snare, were we, because God is a spirit, to attempt to worship only by our spiritual faculties. Nay, it would be impossible, our frame is a material one, thought stirs the material brain, feeling moves the material organs of sensation. We cannot praise God, Who is a spirit; we cannot pray to God, Who is a spirit, without using material agencies. To deny man the use of material, symbolic signs in praise or prayer, is to annihilate devotion. Because God is a spirit it follows not that to Him symbols and ceremonies are vain, for He created the capacity, the desire, yea, the necessity of manifesting our praise and setting forth our wants, by material symbols and ceremonial signs. Because God is a spirit are we therefore to be dumb, to utter no sound or speech, nor gesture nor physical action of any kind in devotion? Because God is a spirit is it nothing to Him whether we bend in humb'e adoration, or loll in sensuous ease in worship? Because God is a spirit are we to abandon the material sign of common worship, the assembling of our bodies in a Church? Is not a Church assembly a symbol, are not all services ceremonial?

Away, away, then, with the trashy, senseless, godless objections raised by the unthinking, against our Christmas decorations! Insult us not by telling us that God is a spirit—we are not heathens. We know that love delights in giving signs of affection, that the beloved rejoice to receive material symbols of love. Does

not our God accept every sign of our love, can we overdo such manifestations as set forth our delight in His service and sanctuary? Our duty is to love Him with all our might, all our powers of affection. Thanks be to God—it is to all who indeed love His service and love His Temples, a delight to consecrate their time, their labour, their taste, their means in setting forth the story of Redeeming love, in witnessing to their belief in the Incarnation, in letting the light of their gratitude shine before men, by those material signs and symbols which adorn our churches in happy Christmastide.

Christmas Day is a day the Lord of our hearts has made, made sacred to rejoicing; therefore we will rejoice and be glad in it. Christmas Day, the Church of Christ has consecrated to be a perpetual witness of the Incarnation; therefore we will keep the Feast. Christmas Day is the birthday of our brother, it is the family festival, its whole teaching is of love, its memorial is of Him, in Whom the whole family in Heaven and on earth are named, through Whom comes the tenderest bonds of human life. Therefore shall the family home—the Church, be adorned with every symbol of rejoicing; shall be brightened by every token of festivity. Flower and leafage shall call from wall to wall, song shall resound re-echoing through every nook the praise of Bethlehem's Babe, while through every aperture of the soul shall distil the sweet influences of the Christmas Feast. Let the churl, and the snarler, and the sneerer, and the self-righteous betake themselves to wail their lamentations over our superstitions to the moles and to the bats, audience alone fit for tones discordant to Christmas music.

Stint not, then, this your reasonable service of Christmas decoration and song because of the malicious censurers whose blood, like snow-broth, moves not to the general impulses of Christian gratitude, or whose natures soured to gall like bitterness by party passion, hanker after the beggarly elements of Puritannic austerity. Willing hands, and willing hearts, and willing brains, and willing purses, pour out with loving devotions the services needful to make our churches, like the King's daughter, all glorious within.

God, Who is a spirit, will delight in the spirit which animates your zeal. He will smile a blessing upon your work and labour of love. In your signs and your symbols He will see consecrated offerings to His glory. By our Christmas decorations, we set forth our belief in the true humanity of the Redeemer of man.

To Thee, Who as at this time lay a helpless babe in Bethlehem's manger; to Thee, our God, our Saviour, our Brother; to Thee, Head of the Church, of the family of God, we humbly dedicate our Christmas signs and symbols and ceremonies; they witness to Thee and to the world, our love towards the Giver of all Christmas joys.

SEEK to love nothing out of God. God remakes a broken heart, and fills it with love He cannot fill a divided heart.—E. B. Pusey.

THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

AT the birth of Jesus there came wise men from the East to worship Him. 'Wise men,' Magi. The word denotes both station and character. It was the name of an order of men in the east, who devoted themselves to scientific pursuits. Their principles and conduct are recommended to our notice as those of the subjects of a high degree of intellectual improvement. Any narrow and illiberal prejudices, or weak superstitions, which human science can dispel, cannot, in fairness, be laid to their charge. These men, having no connection with the Jews, leave their far distant country, and come to Jerusalem in search of Him "That is born King of the Jews." They state that they "have seen His Star in the East, and are come to worship Him." What should have led them to take such an interest in the birth of a "King of the Jews?" And why should they think the luminary which they saw indicative of His birth?

That they were under a special divine influence, is by no means an unreasonable supposition. There are other probable grounds of their conduct, however, well deserving their serious consideration who will most strenuously oppose ascribing it to celestial guidance.

The expectation of the birth of a signally eminent "King of the Jews," in Whom all the world was to have a deep interest, which the full clear predictions of the Old Testament produced and cherished among those who possessed it, was not confined to them. Tradition had preserved throughout the earth, in greater or less purity, many of the earlier revelations respecting Him. The several dispersions of the Jews, their intercourse with many and distant nations, and the translations of the Old Testament into Greek some two hundred years before our Saviour, had widely disseminated a knowledge of the contents of that Volume. The King of the Jews, therein promised, was represented as One Who should establish a spiritual empire among men; ruling in that righteousness which consists in a pure and perfect system of religion and morality; and in order to this, effecting that reconciliation between God and men, which is essential to their acceptableness with Him.

The wisest heathen philosophers have left their testimony that every system of religion which mere philosophy could supply was insufficient. Hence sound and enlightened minds acknowledged the necessity of divine interposition, in order to secure the benefits of true religion and pure morality: in order to satisfactorily meet man's natural sense of the need of atonement, that he may enjoy the favor of Heaven; and in order to derive its due practical benefit from his natural apprehension of a future state. The expectations, therefore, of satisfaction on these important points, which were excited by any, though often but a very faint, knowledge of prophecy, were gladly and warmly cherished.

History further proves that there was, at this particular period, a general opinion that the time was near when the universally ex-

MEN.

pected Agent of so much good to man was to make his advent. The Jewish doctors had, not many years before, solemnly determined it to be the sense of prophecy that within fifty years the Messiah should come. The Gentiles were impressed with an idea, that about that time, they that should govern the world would come out of Judea.

To such, as ordinary causes, we may attribute the interest which the Magi took in the birth of Him Who, under the title of King of the Jews, was to execute those offices of deeply felt importance and necessity, which were predicted of the Messiah.—*Selected.*

HIS STAR IN THE EAST.

THERE had long been a general persuasion of a connection between stars, or luminous bodies in the atmosphere, of peculiar position or appearance, and events on earth, particularly the birth of distinguished persons. This may have arisen from Balaam's prophecy respecting the Messiah, "There shall come a Star out of Jacob." In accordance with this sentiment—in this instance at least employed by Providence for His purposes—when the wise men see an extraordinary luminary over the land of Judea, they regard it as indicating the advent of Him Who had been so long "the Desire of all nations." They set out in search of Him, with such sacred ideas of His person and character, as to do this with the view of worshipping Him. Arrived, in the prosecuting of their journey, at Jerusalem, they seek direction where to find the object of their search. They gladly follow that given from the prophecy of Micah. Again pursuing their way, the luminary re-appears, and causes them to rejoice with exceeding great joy. They follow its guidance, and enter the house over which it rests. Nothing of princely state is there to satisfy them that they have found a king. They see a poor mother with a Child of apparently the humblest rank. Before that Child, with a faith and trust which the most unpromising appearances cannot destroy, they prostrate themselves in worship, with the most distinguished marks of respect and homage.

These, let it be repeated, are the transactions, not of ignorant and narrow-minded men, who might be the dupes of superstition or delusion which philosophy could dispel; but of those who had explored the depths of human learning and science, and fully tested the powers of the mind in its highest state of cultivation.

These men saw sufficient reason to foster the generally received opinion of the necessity of more than human wisdom to devise a sufficient atonement for sin, a system of religion and morals duly adapted to the wants of mankind, and clearing a future state from the clouds and darkness in which it is enveloped to the unaided eye of human reason. They gladly cherished the prevailing expectations that celestial interference for these ends would be vouchsafed. They gladly received a probable indication that their hopes were about to be realized. They went to seek full certainty. They placed confidence in the direction given

to them in their search, from the Jewish Scriptures. It is very probable, also, that they had ascertained the facts relative to the birth of Jesus, which had transpired in Judea. They found Him; and although in humiliation and poverty, doubted not that it was He Who was to come the Bearer of such blessings to the world; and offered Him their grateful tribute of respect and adoration.

Here we see the homage paid by human science to that wisdom in religious matters which can come only from above. If philosophy was a sufficient guide in spiritual things, these wise and learned men would have felt superior to the vulgar opinion that the human intellect needed the illumination and guidance of supernatural divine revelation, before it can go aright in religion and morals; they would not have followed the direction of the Jewish Scriptures; nor worshipped an humble Babe in the confidence of His having been sent by Heaven to disclose a pure and holy religion. Their conduct was in entire coincidence with the uniform testimony of the profoundest philosophers and moralists who were ignorant of the Holy Scriptures. They lamented the deficiency of all human systems, and candidly acknowledged that no amendment could be expected but by the special interposition of God. Proof of this is abundant in the present day, in all parts of the world where the Gospel is not known.—*Selected.*

Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

DOMINION.

MONTREAL.

LENNOXVILLE.—The graduates of Bishops College, Lennoxville, are discussing the topic of a reunion, and January 7th is named as the day. Bishops College has representatives in every part of the Dominion, and a good many of them have won conspicuous success in professional and business careers. Among those is Alderman Heber Archibald, of Winnipeg, a leading advocate of the Prairie City, who is expected to take part in the reunion. Messrs. John S. Hall, jr., and A. D. Nicolls, are in charge of the arrangements. A reception dinner at the Windsor is proposed.

MONTREAL.—*Christ Church Cathedral.*—The friends and supporters of the Rev. Mr. Norton are enthusiastic just at present over the satisfactory financial position of the church. On Sunday morning last it appears that previous to the sermon the rector, at the request of the churchwardens, gave some facts and figures regarding the financial position of the church since the new wardens, Messrs. A. M. Crombie and Rielle, accepted office some six months ago. The debt on the rectory, which is in the shape of a mortgage to Mr. Henry Mussen for \$15,000, bearing 5½ per cent. interest, has been reduced to \$12,500. In addition to this \$1,500 of old debts have been wiped off, and the finances are considered to be in a satisfactory position. The offertories are larger than this time last year, the church is filling up, the choir is giving general satisfaction, and the rector's friends express themselves as being well satisfied with the prospects of the cathedral. "It must be remembered," said one of the congregation, "that in the olden days it was far easier to fill the cathedral than to-day. See how many new churches have been built since the cathedral, and see how the city is growing up in the west end, and still with all these drawbacks we manage to hold our own."

ONTARIO.

CORNWALL.—*Trinity (Memorial) Church on a front seat in the Diocese of Ontario.*—She was the first to form a branch of the Girls Friendly Society, the most liberal in her offerings last year at the consecration services, \$970, and the first to have a chime of bells, and she intends to be the first in her Christmas offerings. A Christmas Club, has gone out among the members, and Christian hearts are preparing for the great festival.

Candidates for Ordination.—Venerable Archdeacon Jones and Rev. E. P. Crawford, of Brockville, examined six candidates for ordination at Kingston this week, five of whom wrote for priests' orders and one for deacon's. The following are the names of the candidates for priest's orders:—Rev. Messrs. Filder, Lombardy; Bennett, Roslin; Baylee, Mountain Grove; Snowden, Fitzroy Harbour; and Scantelbury, Parham. Mr. J. M. Taylor, of Mattawa, is a candidate for deacon's orders.

ARNPRIOR.—On Thursday, the 26th ult., Emmanuel Church, which has just been enlarged by the addition of a chancel, vestry and tower, at a cost of upwards of \$2,000, was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Ontario, who, at the same time, administered the apostolic rite of confirmation to forty-nine candidates—male 26, female 23—among whom there were many adults. The services of the day were unusually attractive and interesting, and were attended by large congregations. The evensong was fully choral and exceedingly well rendered, calling forth encomiums on all sides. The rector, the Rev. A. F. Echlin, whose energies have been devoted to this work since its inception, secured the attendance of a large number of the neighbouring clergy. In addition to His Lordship, there were present Archdeacons Lauder, of Ottawa, and Pinkham, of Winnipeg; and the Rev. Messrs. Hannington, of New Edinburgh, Mercer, of Frankton, Gwilym, of Renfrew, A. C. Jones, of Archville, E. W. Beaven, of Ottawa, A. Jarvis, of Carleton Place, J. Snowden, of Fitzroy, S. McMorine, of Pakenham, J. Simpson, of Ottawa and J. Weatherdon, of Beachburg, and Mr. Scott, a lay reader. The proceedings of the day were inaugurated by the consecration of the church, after which came the Bishop's address, which was especially directed to the candidates for confirmation preparatory to the "laying on of hands." His Lordship, in his usual logical and impressive style, riveted the attention of his hearers while he propounded to them the origin and character of the sacred rite and the responsibilities attached to it. Archdeacon Lauder preached in the evening to an overflowing congregation. The collections at both services slightly exceeded \$52. Emmanuel Church is a pretty Gothic structure of red brick, and now that it has received the important additions referred to, with appropriate furnishings of strictly ecclesiastical design, it is the *beau ideal* of an English church. Several of the additions were the gifts of private individuals. The church was beautifully decorated with hot house plants and flowers, and all that ingenious hands and willing hearts could do was done that there might be presented to the great Architect of the universe a temple, convenient and suitable in design for His holy worship.

TORONTO.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—Further receipts by Rev. C. E. Whitcombe, to be sent to Rev. Mr. Quinney, missionary at Union Lake, Saskatchewan. St. Mark's, Barriefield, \$9.00; Rev. Mr. Craig, Clinton, \$2.00; Sarah Collier, \$1.00; C. E. W., \$10.00. Total \$51.50.

HURON.

KINCARDINE.—*The Church of the Messiah.*—A series of lectures are being given by the rector, during the winter months to the members of the congregation, on the history and contents of the book of Common Prayer. A working society consisting of the members in the outskirts of the parish has also been formed, with the view of helping one of the Indian boys in connection with the Shingwauk Home.

WYOMING.—Rev. John M. Gunne, of St. Paul's, Kerwood, has been appointed incumbent of the united mission of St. John's, Wyoming; Christ Church, Camlachie, and Wanstead—the union mission is in the Deanery of Lambton.

ORDINATION SERVICE.—*Christ Church.*—The first Sunday of Advent was a memorable one in the

Southern Church in our diocesan city, five of the candidates for the ministry having been ordained deacons by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Huron, in Christ Church. Morning prayers were read at 10 a.m., and the ordination service commenced at 11 a.m. The sermon was preached by Rev. Principal Towell, M. A., provost of the Western University and Principal of Huron College. The text was taken from 2 Cor. v. 18, "And all things are of God who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given us the ministry of reconciliation." Having showed the nature of the Christian ministry, and the responsibility of the sacred office; and that the minister ought to be God's appointed way of bringing sinners home to His eternal kingdom; he pointed out the duty of the people in strengthening the hands of the clergy in every possible way. The following candidates for the diaconate were presented by the Ven. Archdeacon Marsh:—Messrs. J. C. Farthing, W. H. Wade and T. H. Brown, from England, Mr. Richard Shaw, from Ireland, and Mr. A. F. Burt, alumnies of Huron College, Ontario. The liturgy was then read by the Bishop, followed by the Ante Communion service. The Epistle was read by the rector, Rev. Canon Smith, and the Gospel by Mr. Farthing. The candidates were then ordained deacons. The Holy Communion was then administered to the newly ordained and many of the congregation. Of the five ordained one only has had his education in Huron College, and it is said that there are only four students there now.

Appointments.—His Lordship, the Bishop has appointed the newly ordained deacons. Rev. Mr. Farthing to Durham; Rev. Mr. Burt to Harriston; Rev. Mr. Shaw to Lucknow; Rev. Mr. Wade to Burford; Rev. Mr. Brown to Comber.

Correspondence.

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

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

JUSTICE DONE SPEEDILY.

SIR,—I can only speak for myself, but I think your numerous subscribers must be pained at reading the appeal made by the Rev. W. Crompton to the "S. P. G." for the payment of his stipend, during his leave of absence in England for the benefit of his health. Sympathy will naturally go on the side of a missionary whose name has been a "household word" in the Canadian Church for many years, until justice be done in the matter. The labours and privations of this missionary we have been proud to recount to our people in the older dioceses. On the other hand, the character for simple justice, if not the common law of humanity of the administrators of the diocese of Algoma is called into question. For the honor and peace of the church it is sincerely to be hoped that justice may be done speedily; as serious injury cannot fail to be done to our missionary diocese. In the meantime, it is plain that some one has "blundered," or, that there is existent among the canons and rules of the diocese of Algoma, something which needs amendment at once.

T. S. CHAPMAN.

Marbleton, P. Q., Dec. 5th, 1885.

THE BISHOP EXPLAINS.

SIR,—Your publication of Mr. Crompton's letter in your last issue, compels me, in justice to myself, and to those who contribute out of their poverty sometimes for the support of Algoma, to state a few facts, which, I think, will somewhat alter the complexion of his complaint, and place the so-called "injustice" in its true light. 1. Mr. C. fully understood, before leaving for England, that his stipend was to be in abeyance during his absence of four months, and on the ground that the funds entrusted to my care for our missionary diocese were not designed for missionaries visiting England for purposes of recreation. 2. Mr. C. himself recognised the arrangement made as to his salary on his arrival in Canada, as shown by his letter to the treasurer on his return, in which he says, "I beg to inform you as treasurer, that I returned from England last Tuesday, July 28th, and resumed my duties in the Aspidin Mission yesterday, August 2nd, from which date my salary is to be dated." (The italics are mine). 3. Mr. C. sustained no pecuniary loss whatsoever during his absence, inasmuch as the Dominion Government paid his expenses to and from England as an emigration agent, and the "S. P. G." defrayed any outlay incurred by him while travelling in their behalf. True, as he complains, his horse had to be fed. But on the excellent farm which he possesses, and which serves as a training ground for young Englishmen, who pay a handsome annual premium, grass is

neither a scarce or costly commodity. 4. Mr. C. complains that he is "the only clergyman I have treated in this way." Allow me to say that this is true, simply because he is the only clergyman during my episcopate who has gone to England. I may add that were it my own brother's case, the very same principle would have been applied, the facts being the same.

E. ALGOMA.

THE CLERGY TRUST.

LETTER No. 6.

SIR,—It may not be generally known that the Church Society of the diocese of Huron, when administering the Commutation fund prior to its being incorporated with the Synod, did acknowledge the claims of those who were placed upon the fund for an annuity, and that they were entitled to receive the same subject to the conditions of the by-law under which they were made recipients. This was instanced in the case of the late Rev. S. B. Kellogg, rector of St. Thomas. Mr. Kellogg had been placed upon the fund, the same as myself and others, under the by-law of 1869. When the by-law of 1874 was passed changing the conditions laid down in 1869 that any recipient having a parochial endowment of \$300 should be disqualified, and substituting therefore an income from any source of \$1,200, Mr. Kellogg's check was withheld. He thereupon obtained a written opinion from the Hon. J. H. Cameron, who had framed the Clergy Trust, and which opinion declared that no change of conditions in administering the Trust could operate retrospectively. Mr. Kellogg then submitted his claim to the Church Society, and it was acknowledged. The minutes of the Church Society of the diocese of Huron for March 10th, 1875, contain the following: "The question of Rev. Mr. Kellogg's right to rank on the Commutation fund surplus list, having been submitted to the standing committee for reconsideration, the committee recommend that he be re-instated. Moved by Rev. Canon Caulfield, seconded by Ven. Archdeacon Marsh, that after reconsideration of Rev. Mr. Kellogg's right to rank on the Commutation fund surplus list, and in accordance with the recommendation of the standing committee, be it resolved that Rev. Mr. Kellogg be re-instated in his former position on the list, and that all arrears be paid him. Carried." It is evident that the Church Society whilst administering the fund, recognised the claim for which I have been contending in behalf of others as well as for myself, and which view is in accord with the unqualified judgment of Mr. Justice Prondfoot, and whose judgment was fully confirmed by two of the Justices of the Supreme Court, the fifth judge under the influence of "doubt" determining the decision otherwise. Whatever the law may finally determine, there is a prevalent recognition by the Church and the public at large, that in equity it was wrong to take from the clergy their annuity, and this was the principle maintained by the Church Society. Mr. Kellogg was as much entitled to his small annuity as the Bishop and Archdeacon to their larger amounts, and the Church Society acknowledged his claim. When in 1876 the incorporated Synod claimed the power to take away the small annuity which it had appropriated, it was unjust and dishonest not to apply the same rule to the Bishop and Archdeacon. If not, the moral law is a dead letter in its application to Bishops and Archdeacons, and they are outside its pale, which whilst being of financial benefit, must be otherwise a grave misfortune. The Church Society however recognised its power over all alike, and the voice of inspiration declares that God is no respecter of persons. All I can say is, that he is but a poor ambassador of the Son of God, who would enforce the sanctions of the law which Jesus Christ vindicated, magnified and made honorable, against poorly paid, faithful and struggling clergymen, and free from its claims those who live in comparative luxury. If I thought that such was the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I would have none of it. Whatever may be the voice of Scribes and Pharisees, it is not the voice of Him who declared with all the majesty of a Redeemer's love, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them." Of this teacher and exemplar of morality, it is said, "he taught as one that had authority, and not as the Scribes."

J. T. WRIGHT.

The Parsonage,
St. Mary's, Dec. 7th, 1885.

To be continued.

INJUSTICE TO MISSIONARIES.

SIR,—The two letters which appeared in the last issue of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, from the devoted missionary the Rev. W. Crompton, and from one of his faithful churchwardens, are calculated to evoke the deepest sympathy on Mr. Crompton's behalf. His

noble self-sacrifice and almost unparalleled labours, have called forth the admiration of all true Churchmen, and the heartfelt gratitude of hundreds of people in the backwoods of Muskoka. We were not surprised to hear that such "abundant labours" carried on incessantly for so many years, had well nigh exhausted his physical energies, and that he had applied for leave of absence to go to England, and seek to renew his impaired health. And no wonder that his Bishop readily gave him leave of absence, in language so highly complimentary to his well known merits. But we do wonder, why, when the necessary leave of absence was granted to Mr. Crompton, and especially when he, whilst in England, availed himself of every possible opportunity to advocate the missionary cause so dear to his heart, the Bishop withheld his usual salary from him.

I would not suppose for one moment, after reading the high opinion which the Bishop entertained and expressed so freely towards Mr. Crompton, that his Lordship could possibly have been actuated by prejudice in the matter, but whatever was the reason for the non payment of the stipend, the withholding of it was an injustice to Mr. Crompton which he must have felt deeply. I cannot think that the Bishop himself objected to the payment, neither can I think that a sense of his responsibility to others in administering the funds of his diocese caused him to withhold the payment, for that would imply the supposition on his part that the S. P. G. and the missionary society in Canada would object to it, which in my estimation would be tantamount to the calling in question their Christianity and humanity. It would be most un-Christian, inhuman, and barbarous, to abandon a faithful, devoted missionary as soon as his health failed him.

It is certain that the Bishop did not lack precedents and experience to guide him in the matter. As a parish priest was he not accustomed to have his annual holiday or vacation? Not, perhaps, to recruit his failing health, but to keep himself in good working condition. Was there any reduction in his salary? When he went to England as Bishop of Algoma to advocate the interests of the diocese, his expenses and stipend were no doubt fully paid, and the reason why the Rev. Mr. Crompton should be deprived of his salary I cannot comprehend. But cheer up brother Crompton, the apparent injustice is only temporary, for I am quite confident from my own experience in going to England to recruit my health on two occasions during my missionary career, that the S. P. G. will authorise the payment, and I will entertain the hope that the Society in Canada will be equally just and generous. And your reward shall be great in heaven, for your Divine Master is faithful.

The writer and his family are fellow sufferers from injustice and neglect with Mr. Crompton and his family, and can deeply sympathise with them. After labouring for a quarter of a century in the mission field, spending more than his income, and the best of his years; after responding to an urgent appeal from the first Bishop of Huron, to undertake a mission in this diocese, thereby forfeiting his claim to participate to the extent of \$400 per annum in the Commutation fund of the diocese of Toronto; he has been treated with much injustice and the coldest indifference, whilst young men innocent of missionary work, but with mysterious merits, have been appointed over him to places of honour, easy work, and large stipends. So much for the Church's way (which is not that of Christ) in rewarding long and faithful service.

Yours respectfully,

Tyroconnel, Dec. 7, 1885.

JAMES CHANGE.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

We would recommend our readers who contemplate purchasing presents for Christmas, to patronise those reliable houses which advertise in our paper. They can get well suited in Ladies' and Gents' Furs, Ladies' and Gents' clothing, Millinery, Gents' furnishings, Jewellery, Books, Christmas cards, Oil paintings, Toys, Fancy goods, Paper for decorating, Pianos and Organs, Boots and Shoes, Housekeeper's furnishings, Groceries, and in fact, everything reasonable and suitable for the holidays. In purchasing, kindly mention the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, by doing so, you will confer a favour on us as well as the advertiser.

A story is told of an abbot who wanted to buy a field near his monastery. The owner would not sell it; but at last he consented to lease it for the growth of one crop. The abbot planted it with acorns. With oaks growing on it, he was sure of it as long as he and his fraternity might want it. Satan outwits good people sometimes in similar style. He gets the first planting of children's hearts, and he has them for life.

Christmas Reading.

WHAT CHRISTMAS BROUGHT.

From the Quiver.

BY CHRISTIAN REDFORD.

CHAPTER I.—WITHOUT A PURPOSE.

It was a cold January evening; the curtains were closely drawn, the hearth neat, and the fire burning cheerily; and in a large arm-chair—her father's usual resting-place—sat Miss Maud Ford, with her feet upon the gaily worked fender-stool.

"Do you think Mr. Sanger will come this evening, Ella?" she asked.

"He may," rejoined the gentle elder sister, quickly, not to say coldly.

"I hope he will," Miss Maud continued. "I like to hear him talk; there is always so much point in what he says."

Ella did not reply. Tea had stood long on the table, and she had now risen to clear it away, for Mary, their one servant, had asked leave to go out for the evening; and their young step-mother had gone with their father to an entertainment at the village school-room.

Mr. Ford was in business in the nearest town; but of late years he had not been particularly prosperous. However, his young wife had brought him a little money, and since the marriage, some six or eight months before, Ella and Maud had felt more hopeful than for some time.

Maud now took her feet from the fender-stool, and leaned forward with her chin on her hands, gazing into the fire.

"And it is not only what Mr. Sanger says," she went on; "but what he does, that I admire. It is easy to talk, but it is wonderful, when one comes to think of it, how little people really do, in the twenty-four hours of each day! And then—looking at the things that are done—it is still more wonderful to see how little real point they have, as a rule. From beginning to end they mean nothing in particular: they are not part of the building up of any great purpose, as they should be; in short, they are, nine-tenths of them, simply, as Mr. Sanger would say, 'pointless exertions,' and might just as well have been left alone."

"Mr. Sanger has an apt pupil in you, dear," said Ella, rather coldly still; "but may I ask for the point of what you have just now said?"

Maud half smiled.

"I am ambitious," she returned slowly, as she still gazed meditatively, but with brightly sparkling eyes, into the fire. "And I have not the slightest intention, whatever anybody may think, of burying myself in a village like this all my life. Look at Winifred Bowman, see how she improved after spending six months away from home last year. She made a point then; but if she doesn't follow it up by another, and another, and another—all pointing towards some great crowning point—of what use will be that one alone? And it is just the same with me. I have made perhaps a little point in this direction, another in that, as scores of people do, and then I have left and forgotten them, and so—of what real use have they been? But now I am going to begin afresh upon an entirely new plan; and first—I must leave home for a time, at any rate."

But Ella only gave a quiet smile, and went on busily drying the tea-cups. Sue was used to her young sister's flights of fancy.

"Home-keeping youths," quoted Miss Maud, looking up now with merry eyes, "have ever homely wits; and so have home-keeping young ladies also; and I am determined that I will even go out as governess or companion, if I cannot get a change in any other way."

"I do not quite see your point yet, dear, I think," returned her sister, "but if you only want a change, perhaps you may be able to get a very pleasant one without leaving home altogether. Winnie Bowman's cousin, Mr. Goodwin, is coming to stay at the vicarage, you know, and I daresay we shall be quite lively for a month or two."

But Miss Maud gave a little dissatisfied frown.

"Yes, but do you not see, Ella? I want a great deal more than just to be lively! We are poor, and my aim is to rise above our present position altogether. I do not exactly see how I am to contrive it yet, of course; but my great point is to be music. I am fond of it, and if I follow out my plans, why should I not succeed as well as any one else?"

"Will you explain to me exactly the kind of success you mean, Maudie dear?" asked Ella in grave sweet tones.

"Oh, not your kind!" laughed Maud carelessly. "You are too contented, Ella. I believe you would be quite happy—under certain circumstances"—with a twinkle of mischief in her eyes now—"if you knew that you would have to go glodding on through the remainder of your days on a crust! But, as for me, I want just a little more than that, and I think, too, that it will be my own fault if I don't get it!"

"It is success in money that you wish for then, Maudie?"

"Yes, for the simple reason, that one can do next to nothing without money in these days."

After a pause, Ella said thoughtfully, as she was packing the cups and plates together preparatory to carrying them into the kitchen:—

"Our final aim is the same—that is, we both wish to attain satisfaction, I suppose; but the means we daily take to arrive at this desirable end, are as different—as we are different!"

"Yes," rejoined Maud. "And we are so different, that what would be happiness and satisfaction for one, would be by no means the right thing for the other. And another thing I may as well say while I have it in my mind. You are not like yourself lately, Ella. What is the matter with you? And why do you treat poor Mr. Sanger's opinions with so little respect? He is perhaps thirty years older than yourself; he is so clever and energetic; also he is rich, and kind and good-natured and wishing to do good; do you not think him, then, from various points of view, worthy of some small consideration?"

But Ella looked grave and stood for a moment in the doorway.

"I will answer you when I come in again, Maudie."

She was absent but a few moments, and then, returning, chose a low seat by the fire, and laid her head on Maud's knee. And Maud bent and kissed her.

"Maudie dear!"

"Yes."

"You were speaking of Mr. Sanger. You will wonder, I daresay, to hear that I consider his exertions also pointless?"

Maud gave a little start as of surprised indignation, but said nothing.

"Do they give him any lasting satisfaction?" continued Ella. "He does not appear as though they did. And towards what end is he working? I do not believe he knows—"

She had got so far, when they were both startled by a loud and abrupt knocking at the street door.

As Ella left the room to answer the knock, Maud arose from her chair, and listened, and waited, half fearfully, half impatiently. There was a short colloquy in the tiny hall; a stranger's quick tones, and Ella's soft ones in reply; and Maud caught the words:—

"Here are my credentials." And then, "Son of an old friend of Mr. Ford's." And again, "I am quite sure that I may claim a welcome."

At length Ella ushered in the untimely visitor, announcing him as:—

"Mr. Donald Ferguson."

CHAPTER II.—CHANGE AND PROGRESS.

It was a bright cold afternoon in the end of March. Ella knelt before the white kitchen hearth toasting.

More than two months had passed away, and they had been happy months for Ella; and kneeling there, she had been thinking over all the happiness, and how it had come about.

Ella was going out to tea, and Maud also. The latter had not yet finished dressing, but Ella was quite ready, in her neat brown dress, with its soft frills of lace, and the silver brooch, that had been her mother's; and she would only have, in twenty minutes' time, to put on her warm furred cloak, and little brown velvet bonnet.

As she busied herself with the muffins, she heard at intervals a firm quick tread in the room overhead, and a soft flush rose in her cheeks, and presently a tiny bright smile parted her lips.

She would have missed, and sorely now, Donald Ferguson's step about the house. And yet—how strange it seemed to remember it!—a little more than two months before, and she had never even seen him! And how distinctly she could recall the evening of his late arrival! How dubious she had felt about admitting him, yet how perseveringly he had begged to be received. And, finally, she had given way to his importunity, and also to her own sure instincts, which had told her that here was one of Nature's true men. Also she recalled with pleasure how unaffectedly glad her father had been to see him; and how happily and contentedly he had remained with them ever since, having insisted from the first upon paying a liberal sum weekly for board and lodging: though, judging from various small circumstances, he could not be by no means a rich man.

He had said that he had a particular wish to remain in the neighbourhood for a short time; but he had kept his own counsel as to the reason why; and this, and much beside, had offended Maud.

"And why is he so shabby in his dress?" she had more than once said to Ella. "He must be miserably poor—though certainly he is never behind in his payments!"

And then, when he goes out the whole morning, or the whole afternoon, as he so often does where, does he go? Nobody knows, of course, and it is very mysterious and unsatisfactory altogether, I think, Ella; and I cannot imagine how

you can make such a friend of him! I can only hope that you may never be sorry for it."

To all of which, and much more of the same kind, repeated at different times, Ella's only reply was a gentle secure smile. She, and she alone, in that house, as yet, knew of the blessing that Donald Ferguson had brought with him—a blessing which she could now call her own. And how it had been imparted to her? Mr. Ferguson had put to her the plain question, "Are you a Christian?" And in the daily and often hourly consideration of this inquiry Ella had found her joy.

Mr. Sanger had gone abroad for some time, and Maud, occupied and happy, had ceased to talk of "making points." But Ella had not ceased to think of all that had been said on the subject. But what could she do? How could she make points—and make them for the Master? She did not know; she could not see her way in the least; and she had put her earnest wish and her difficulty before Mr. Ferguson. And he had answered:—

"The less must come before the greater. Let us go on; and each of us will, by the blessing of God, become conqueror in time. You must not expect to be able to compress the whole of the Christian's beautiful and instructive journey into a few steps. Souls grow, and expand, and gain beauty and colouring little by little, like the flowers, and advancing slowly towards their fruitage and reward, like the trees. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Let us be content to go on from day to day, and from hour to hour, with patience, and in ever-increasing faith."

"I can at least," murmured Ella, as she thought over all this, while still kneeling by the kitchen hearth, "do as well as I know, all the little things that come to me to be done. And from these I may go on to more and greater things—and who can tell how soon?"

But was there no lightest cloud, then, over Ella's peaceful happiness this afternoon? Yes; a very small cloud, but an unmistakable one, nevertheless, or at least so Ella's considered; and it in part concerned her old schoolfellow and friend Winifred Bowman.

It was with Winifred that they—that is, Ella and Maud—were going to tea. Ella had finished the muffins now, and her face was rather grave as she covered them, and put away the toasting fork. She would far rather have spent the evening at home; but she had not been able to contrive it without seeming ungracious. Also Mr. Ferguson had appeared greatly to wish that the invitation (in which he had been included) should be accepted.

But now Ella heard Maud run lightly down the stairs. Then, after a moment's delay, Donald Ferguson's quick step followed Maud's. And he had not gone into the sitting room, but instead had made his way directly into the kitchen.

"Put on your bonnet," he had said to Ella, in his usual abrupt tones. "It is time we started."

And Ella had obeyed him, simply and naturally as she might have done a brother. During the past weeks she had, quite unconsciously, grown accustomed to doing so.

And when, a little later, she made her appearance in the sitting-room, she found Mr. Ferguson conversing quietly with her step-mother, while Horace Goodwin, Miss Bowman's cousin, was chatting merrily with Maud.

Mr. Goodwin's visit at the vicarage would soon be ended now, and then he would return to London, and to "business," for which, however, as it was easy to discover, he had no great love. He also had been invited to spend the evening at the Bowmans', and he had called in order to accompany Ella, Maud and Donald.

Judging from Maud's face, he was not unwelcome. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, and her manner animated and pleasing. And Ella glanced at her, noting the soft brown hair falling in tiny waves and curls all over her brow, and the little bonnet above them crowned with snowdrops, and thought that she had never seen Maud looking so really pretty before.

Soon the four young people were on their way to Highfield Farm, which was about a mile distant, and was the home of Mrs. Bowman, a widow, and her daughter and only child, Winifred.

Donald and Ella took the lead, and Horace and Maud lingered behind.

Donald appeared unusually serious this evening. Was he thinking of Winifred Bowman? Ella wondered. For that he very often did think of her she knew. But why, was the puzzle. He did not seem to have any special affection for her; his manner perhaps was a little graver towards her than towards other girls, but that was the only difference that Ella had ever been able to remark.

Afternoon had given place to evening now. It was very still and peaceful; no rough March wind fluttered Maud's pretty dress, or her ribbons, or threatened sometimes to take away her breath. And she and Horace lagged farther and farther behind, chatting and laughing, and thoroughly enjoying their walk. But as for Donald and Ella, they had been so far all

but silent. Presently, however, the former said abruptly—

"I must soon leave this place; that is very evident—to me at any rate. In fact, I have been here too long as it is, and have done no good whatever."

Ella started, and her heart beat fast, but she controlled her voice sufficiently to say—

"Some one has displeased or disappointed you, perhaps? And you are seeing everything at this moment in a wrong light."

But here she paused nervously. Perhaps—the supposition would come—he had had some little disagreement with Winifred Bowman?

"Do not be afraid of hurting my feelings," said Donald now, in his usual joking tones; "you can finish what you were going to say, if you like, you know. I have no doubt I shall be able to bear it. Indeed—if I must own the truth—it is rather soothing, when one feels a good deal irritated, and almost wholly disheartened, to hear your quiet voice—let the words be what they may."

(To be continued).

THE LAW-CLERK'S CHRISTMAS.

In a small chamber in a narrow street of the City sat Jonas Harder, a lawyer, small in stature, wiry-featured; a bachelor, but wedded to his profession, in which he had gained some notoriety.

It was near nine o'clock on Christmas Eve, and the little lawyer sat before a fast-waning fire, his elbows resting on the arms of his leathern chair, his hands clasped before him, and his eyes fixed upon the roof. Mr. Harder's face generally had no particular expression, but to-night a smile fluttered round his lips. Probably he was chuckling over some successful case, or had solved to his own satisfaction some intricate problem connected with that huge fiction—the law.

In an outer room, termed 'the office,' sat a solitary clerk, perched on a high stool. This clerk was a meek looking man of forty years of age. His left hand rested on a document which he was copying. Laying down his pen, he drew his hand across his brow and sighed.

The sound of some one moving was heard in the inner-room; the green baize door opened, and Jonas Harder entered the office.

"Brown," said the lawyer, "are you done?"

"No, sir," replied the clerk; "the writing is very cramped."

"Finish it to-morrow, then: shut up."

The clerk's face assumed a doleful expression. Did he hear right? Finish it to-morrow! Christmas Day! Did Mr. Harder really expect him to come to the office on that day? It was very disappointing, because he had arranged to spend a delightful day with his wife and children; and now— But he said nothing; only got off his stool, and began to put away the books and papers. Nine o'clock struck.

"Gaa," said Mr. Harder, who stood near the door.

Brown turned out one jet, and then paused. He looked towards his employer, a little undecided.

"Quick!" snapped Jonas.

"If you please, Mr. Harder," said the clerk, suddenly, "could you let me have a little money to-night—ten shillings, or a sovereign?"

"What!" cried Jonas; "when is your quarter's salary due?"

"New-year's Day, sir," replied the other meekly.

"Then how can you so far forget yourself, Brown, as to ask for an advance? What do you want the money for—debts?"

"Oh no, sir, nothing of that sort; but it's of no consequence."

"What's of no consequence?" asked Jonas sharply.

"The money, sir," answered the clerk.

"Then why did you ask for it?"

"I thought of buying some little things for my wife and the children; presents, sir; and—something for to-morrow's dinner; but it's of no consequence, sir." And he put up his hand to turn out the other gas.

"Stop!" said Mr. Harder, snappishly. "Brown, you're an ass! if your last quarter's salary is done already, you should not think of buying trinkets or rubbish of that sort. You shall get your next payment when it falls due, namely, on the first of next month."

The clerk looked and felt disappointed, but he remained silent.

"Go to Catchem and Squeezem's on you way," said Jonas; "and tell them that my client will listen to no arrangement, but means to institute legal proceedings forthwith."

They parted at the door; the little lawyer bustling along the crowded thoroughfare. The clerk moved off in an opposite direction, with very dismal, bitter feelings in his breast. The children would be so disappointed; Johnny would get no whip, and Fanny would have to do without her doll. And Mrs. Brown,

too, would be disappointed, and her forced cheerfulness would grieve her husband very much.

In due course of time Brown arrived at Catchem and Squeezem's, where he delivered his message, and then turned his face homeward. On the road he passed through the market, but the fruit and flower-stands had no attraction for him; the great evergreen decorated joints of beef only made him more hungry; and the pigs' faces actually seemed to laugh at his poverty. Then the fancy-stands, covered with toys of all kinds—'but,' as he said to himself, with a bitter smile, 'it's of no consequence; he hadn't the money, and there was an end of it.'

At last he reached his own door, which was opened by his wife.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "why are you so late?"

"I had to come round by Catchem and Squeezem's with a message."

"Well, well, never mind," said his wife, cheerfully; "come away into the sitting-room. The children pleaded so much to be allowed to sit up, that I had not the heart to refuse them. Come away, dear; they said you always gave them something on Christmas Eve."

Brown let her rattle on. Poor fellow! her words out into him like double-edged knives, and he felt his heart swelling with anger against his employer.

"Mary," he said, "it's no use; I haven't got anything. I asked Mr. Harder for a little money, and he called me an ass."

"An ass!" burst out his wife. "I only wish he had half the sense that you have, Robert!"

"I don't care about his words," said the clerk, with a sigh; "but I am sorry that I have nothing for you or the children. Christmas Eve doesn't look like Christmas Eve without something of the sort."

"Don't mind it, dear," replied his wife; "come and get your tea; we can easily coax the children, and for my own part, I'm sure I don't care."

So she said; but she looked graver than usual, and her eyes glistened a little as she spoke; but the sensible woman knew that outward grieving would only vex her husband, and serve no good purpose. Brown entered the room and sat down to his tea.

"Where's my whip, daddy?" Johnny asked, leaning against his father's knee.

The clerk gulped down the bite in his mouth as if it were choking him. Mrs. Brown noticed his embarrassment.

"Sit down, Johnny," said Mrs. Brown, "and let your father get his tea. You see we have got the room decorated," she continued, pointing to some holly branches; "quite grand is it not? The greengrocer at the corner gave them all to Fanny."

Brown dreaded the questions which were sure to come from the children, and took his tea very slowly; his good wife rattling on all the time to prevent the youngsters striking in.

"Fanny, put away the things," said Mrs. Brown, when her husband had finished; "and Johnny, put that plate in the cupboard."

The young folk started to fulfil these orders, but were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door.

"Who can that be, Mary?" said the clerk; "it's ten o'clock: did you expect any one?"

"No, dear," replied his wife; "but I will soon see who it is; and going to the door, she opened it."

Outside stood a porter, with a box on his shoulder. Mrs. Brown was surprised, and thought the man had made a mistake.

"Mr. Brown lives here, marm, don't he? This box is for him," said the porter.

"Robert," cried the lady, "did you order anything to-night?"

The clerk went to the door. "No, my dear," he said; "I did not order anything. Have you not come to the wrong place my man?"

"If you're Mr. Brown," said the porter, "this box is for you. Look, there's the address; read it."

Brown read it, so did his wife, and it was all right enough. The whole thing was a mystery; but there was no denying the address.

"Robert, there's no doubt the box is for us; let us see what is in it."

No sooner said than done. The lid was wrenched off, and disclosed a sheet of grey paper. This was taken out, and then two dress-pieces were lifted by Mrs. Brown. After that came a shawl, a Noah's ark, a doll, a box of soldiers, and so on, down to the bottom of the box, where lay a small parcel and an envelope. The parcel contained twenty sovereigns, and the envelope contained two or three words:—

"The sender will dine with Mr. and Mrs. Brown on Christmas Day, at five o'clock."

Mystery of mysteries! who could the sender be? That it was somebody who was well off was clearly shown by the gifts. They could make neither head nor tail of the matter at all. The Browns did not sleep at all well that night.

Nine o'clock of Christmas morning found Robert Brown seated once more on his high stool in 'the office,' copying out the paper on which he had been engaged the previous evening. But his heart was not

on his work; it was wandering away to the occurrences of the night before, and the longer he thought on them the more perplexed he became. A great fear haunted him also, that his employer would not give him leave to go and meet the stranger at five o'clock; in fact, after the rebuff he had already met with, he had made up his mind to be refused.

Punctual as time itself, Jonas Harder was seated in the inner apartment, grim as usual. No thoughts of going to church or taking a holiday entered his legal head; business was his one absorbing idea.

Time rolled on till the clock struck twelve; then the little lawyer came out of his room.

"Brown," said he, "done yet?"

"Very nearly, sir," replied the clerk.

"I have an engagement this afternoon, and as I will not be back to-day again, you had better go too."

Brown quickly tumbled off his perch, and had his papers cleared away and his overcoat on, and he was ready to go in a wonderfully short time. They parted at the door, and Brown started for home.

"Oh, Robert, I'm so glad you've got away," said his wife; "I was growing quite nervous and fearful you wouldn't come."

"Mr. Harder has an engagement," answered her husband; "that's the reason I'm here."

How often the little Browns' faces were washed and polished that day! and their hair wouldn't lie right, do all their mother could. The little things washed there had been no stranger coming. The parents were equally ill at ease. Brown was very particular about his shirt-front; Mrs. Brown was always stopping before the mirror, finding fault with herself, and her cap, and her gown, and everything. Three o'clock! Four o'clock! They were terribly nervous, and heartily wishing that the evening was well over. Five o'clock! The hour had come, and suspense was soon to end. With the hour came a sharp rap at the door; the man had come also.

Brown opened the door in person, and nearly sunk when he saw Mr. Harder.

"Mr. Harder!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it's me, Brown; I told you I had an engagement, but I forgot to mention it was here. Is the dinner ready? How is the missus?"

The 'missus' having heard the lawyer's voice nearly fainted, smoothed down her hair, ruffled her dress, and then, red as a peony, came to meet her guest.

"A merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Brown," said Jonas, shaking hands with her; "I suppose you didn't expect me?"

"No, sir; this is an honour I did not expect," said the lady.

"No honour at all; only come for something to eat."

The dinner passed off very well.

"Mrs. Brown," said Mr. Harder, "your cookery does you infinite credit; and the picture of domestic happiness I see here would almost tempt me to embark in some matrimonial speculation of my own: but it is rather late in the day. That, however, does not prevent me from rejoicing in the home pleasures of others; and so I heartily wish that you, and your husband and children, may long be spared to each other."

Mr. Brown attempted to reply, but he was unable to express his thoughts, and was at last forced to relinquish the task altogether.

Jonas Harder was in great spirits that night. He told his friends so many anecdotes about America and other places that he completely disabused their minds of the idea that he was only a crusty money-grubbing lawyer. He made friends with the little ones, explaining the pictures in their books. They were very happy, all of them.

"I've always been an eccentric sort of character," said Jonas, as he sat talking with Mr. and Mrs. Brown when the children had gone to bed, "and have peculiar ways of doing things—as you see by my inviting myself to dinner here. But I haven't told you what I really came about. About a month ago I heard that a legal firm of some eminence was about to break up, and I made them an offer for the business, which they accepted, so that I enter on it on New-year's Day. Of course I shall require two or three additional clerks. I have also decided on taking a partner, and I find none more suitable than you, Brown. During the twenty years you have been with me I have had every reason to be satisfied with your services; and I have drawn up a deed of partnership between us, which you will sign on New-year's Day, if agreeable. Till that time, we will keep the office closed, and enjoy a week's holiday before entering on our new duties. I am rather old now, and may soon retire altogether, when you shall have everything your own way. Dear me, it's nearly twelve o'clock! I had no idea it was nearly so late. I must be off; so good night, Mrs. Brown. Christmas has come and gone, and I trust you may all be spared to see many a happy one to come."

Jonas Harder then took himself away, and thus ended the Law-clerk's Christmas.

c. 17, 1886.

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A PRISON CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST VISIT.

The ordinary conditions of humanity in our large towns, with their traffic and noise, and countless forms of activity, are so familiar to most of us, that we do not easily realize the existence, behind all that perpetual movement, of a strange silent world, teeming with just the same energy of life and complex human feeling, but which lies for ever dumb and hidden within the impervious prison walls. Generally speaking, it is only when the case of some notorious criminal has attracted public attention that the inmates of our gaols find a place in the thoughts of any save those who are officially connected with them. Yet it is certain that many a tragic history and strange romance must exist in those lonely cells, unseen and unheard, and it would not be easy to raise a more pathetic image than that of the Christmas dawn, with all its joyous associations and blissful memories, stealing in upon the silence and gloom of that mournful realm.

It so happens, however, that circumstances have brought to our knowledge the details of a Christmas spent in prison, which in its after-results had power to make that stony desert to blossom like the rose, and shed a fragrance round the whole future life of one poor captive such as no other influence could have imparted.

The large county gaol of U—— is one of the very few in England where permission has been given by the Government authorities for the regular attendance of a lady visitor who is allowed to see the female prisoners twice in the week, in order that she may labor for their reformation by counsel and instruction during their incarceration, and help them to start a better way of life when they are released. The person thus employed at U—— had stipulated as the one condition of her voluntary service that she should be allowed to see the prisoners alone, knowing well that the presence of any of the officials would render it impossible for her to win their confidence, or to do them any real good. This favour had been granted, and so it came to pass one dark autumn morning that she found herself shut into the cell of a prisoner who had only been committed to gaol on the previous day.

The warders had told her that the case was that of a young girl sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a theft from a jewellers' shop, and that she had already given them no small trouble from the fierce state of despair into which she had flung herself on being first brought in.

"She is more like a wild cat than a human being," said the principal officer of the women's prison, as she conducted the lady through the long passages. "I had to be very sharp with her to keep her quiet even in my presence yesterday, but after I had locked her up for the night, I heard such strange sounds proceeding from her cell, that I went to look through the observation grating, and there I saw her dashing herself from side to side against the stone walls till I really thought she would have beaten her brains out. I went in as quickly as I could, but she had actually so injured herself that she fell down quite stunned and helpless at my feet."

"Poor thing!" said the lady, "that is a very unusual state of distress even for a prisoner. And how is she to-day?"

"Well, she has so far come to her senses by the mere process of knocking herself about, that she makes no attempt to resist the doctor's order to stay in bed; and indeed I believe she is not able to get up, for it seems she has eaten nothing since she was sentenced. I could not make her take her bread and gruel this morning."

"Has the chaplain seen her?"

"Yes, he talked to her some time to-day, when he went his rounds, but he could make nothing of her. She seems to be a perfect heathen, for when he spoke to her of our Saviour she said she had never heard of Him."

"Oh! the poor child! that is terrible—it may perhaps even be fortunate for her that she has been brought here."

"We shall see—but if you can make her understand that she must take her food and obey orders or it will be the worse for her, that is all I need

think about," said the officer, whose long associations with criminals of all kinds had made her somewhat hopeless of their improvement in any way. She opened the door of the cell "Number Forty," by which designation the criminal would henceforth be known, and the lady was locked in with its inmate for the regulation time allowed to her visits.

The prisoner was lying on the hard plank bed—turned towards the wall with her head wrapped in the rough coverlet, as if she shunned the light of day, and it was not until the lady had said a few persuasive words in a gentle voice, very unlike the tones of authority used by the officials, that she slowly moved round on her uneasy pillow and uncovered her face. The visitor looked at her in great surprise, for she had seldom beheld a more beautiful countenance in any rank of life. The girl had all the bloom and freshness of early youth, for she seemed not more than seventeen years of age, and there was a very unusual delicacy and refinement in her appearance, although it was evident from the condition of her little brown hands that she had been accustomed to very coarse and hard work. Her large dark eyes and clear-cut features were of a type which seemed to indicate a gypsy origin, but this again was belied by her fair complexion and luxuriant auburn hair, while there was no trace of the Romany tongue in the very ungrammatical English with which she addressed her visitor. She had scanned the lady with an eager glance, and speedily detecting that she was not one of the gaol officials, a wild gleam of hope suddenly lit up her beautiful face as she stretched out her hands and exclaimed—

"Oh! be you come to take me out? Let me go, then! let me go this minute."

"My dear child, I cannot take you out—no one can do that till the time for which you have been sentenced has expired. But it will pass more quickly than you think, and I have come to try and help you to bear it patiently."

"That I can't and I won't," said the girl, flinging herself down passionately on her bed. "I can't bear it, and I'll let myself die—I won't live in this place."

The lady did not answer this wild outburst, but laying her gentle hand on the girl's burning forehead, she stroked aside the tangled hair with a soothing touch, and said softly—

"Suppose you tell me where you come from, and how you got into all this trouble; and first of all I should like to know your name."

"They call me 'Number Forty' in this place," the girl answered bitterly.

"Yes, but I am not obliged to call you so. I shall give you the name your mother gave you—what is that?"

"Mother? I never knew no mother; but them as I lived with first called me Kitty, because when I was a tiny mite they said I was like a kitten for mischief—its all the name I've ever had."

"Poor Kitty! and you do not remember your mother? That is sad. Whom did you live with first, then?"

"I lived with them as beat and half-starved me, and there was never but one in all the world as was good to me, and it's for his sake I'm here; but he called me a thief, and he'll never speak to me again, and I wish I were dead, I do."

"Hush, Kitty! you must not say such words in my hearing. Now listen to me, dear child. I come to this prison twice every week to do all I can to help and comfort those who are confined in it, and I will do my very best for you in every way if you will confide in me, and make a friend of me, so that I may know how to help you."

"A friend! I never had a friend—never in my life. For he warn't a friend like, only he were good to me, and he'll never be that no more." And she burst into tears.

"My dear child, I am very sorry for you, but we really must not waste any more time, for I can only stay here a little while, so now dry your tears, and tell me all your history from the first. Who were the people who beat and starved you?"

The lady's quiet determination had its effect on the undisciplined girl, and, checking her sobs, she began meekly to tell her story.

"They were that folk tha lived in the van as I was

born in, so they telled me, but mother died then, and I don't know anything about her; I wasn't no kin to them, so they said, but they made use of me. They was travelling people, that went about to fairs and showed off wax-works, and they dressed me up and made me stand outside to persuade the folks to come in and see the show. I did not like it, for I got flouted and jeered at, and when I grew big I was often sulky, and would't go till they drove me to it with the horsewhip; and at last, one day, the master brought home another girl, as he said would do much better, and he'd be quit of me. So he travelled on till we was a good way from the town that girl came from, and then, in a lonely part of the road, he took me by the shoulders and turned me out of the van, and drove away and left me with never so much as a bit of bread in my hand.

"Oh! poor child! that was hard measure indeed. And what did you do?"

"I walked on, trying to overtake the van, and thinking I'd ask them to take me back, for all I were so knocked about among them, as I was afraid I'd die of hunger on the road; but I couldn't make up with them, and I never saw any of them nor the van again. I slept that night under a hayrick in a field, and next morning I walked on again till I came to a public-house by the road-side, and the wife of the man who kept it was shaking out a cloth at the door, and I went and begged a bit of bread from her. She said a strong young wench like me should be ashamed to beg; I should go to work; and I said I'd work willing if I could get it, but I didn't know where to go, and I cried. Then she said if I chose to scrub out her kitchen for her, she'd give me a bit of breakfast after I had done; so I went and did it as well as ever I could. It was a good chance for me that her servant had gone away sudden a few days before, and she hadn't heard of another; so she said, if I'd work well and be a good girl, she'd keep me; and she did. I've been there three years and more, and now I'm here—I'm here, and I can't get out!" And she beat her hands frantically against the wall.

"And how was it you came here? Do not be afraid to tell me, Kitty; I am not here to find fault with you, but to help you if I can."

"Well, it were only because I wanted to do summat for him as were always so good to me. I had cruel heavy work in that place, and the master and missus was awful hard on me. They'd knock me about as bad as the folk in the van, and kept me on my feet all day, and often half the night, and the customers I had to wait on seemed to think they were bound to be just as sharp on me, and no one ever said a kind word to me but him."

"And who was he?" asked the lady.

"A farmer from the country, as came regular when it was market-day at the town, and slept at our house. He always spoke kind to me, and often told the other men not to drive me about so; and many a time I have heard him say, 'Poor girl! she has a hard life of it.'"

"One day he asked me if I never got a holiday, and I said, 'Never,' and he said, 'What! not even at Christmas!' and I telled him I did not know what Christmas was; then says he, 'You shall have a holiday this next Christmas, or my name's not John Dean,' and he went and talked to the missus."

"I dunno how he settled it, but he came back and told me as he should fetch me in his market cart the day before Christmas, and bring me back the day after, but that day I should spend at his farm with his wife and childer. Well, I was ready to go off my head with joy; I danced and sung, and did not know how to be glad enough. I found out it were just two months to the day they call Christmas, and I thought the time would never pass, and oh! I did long so to do something to show him how grateful I was to him; I'd have given him my life if I could; but there seemed nothing I could do, and I never found words to thank him rightly."

"Well, one day the missus sent me into the town of an errand, and I had to call for a parcel at a jeweller's shop, and while they went to fetch it, and left me alone for a minute, I saw a beautiful shining pin like the gentlemen wear in their throat

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FOURTEEN YEARS' RECORD TO NOVEMBER 1st, 1885.

The CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION commenced business on November 1st, 1871, so that the first FOURTEEN years were completed on October 31st, 1885. The success which has attended the Association has more than fulfilled the expectations entertained at the outset, and its position to-day as one of the leading financial institutions of Canada, is most gratifying to its friends.

The following record of what it has done for the POLICY-HOLDERS is interesting and instructive:-

Paid for Death Claims.....	\$467,095 00
Paid for Endowment Policies	27,848 00
Paid for CASH surrender values.....	77,118 00
Paid CASH profits to POLICY-HOLDERS.....	170,452 00
Loaned to Policy-Holders on their Policies	38,012 00
Paid to Holders of Annuity Bonds	11,426 00
Premiums returned	320 00
Total	\$790,271 00

In addition to the \$170,452 CASH profits already paid to the POLICY-HOLDERS, there will have accrued to the close of the present year (estimated) the further large sum of from \$150,000 to \$200,000; which will be still further increased at the end of the current quinquennium (31st Dec., 1885), to \$251,000, and probably more, or about TWICE the amount of the Policy-Holders' share of the surplus at the close of the SECOND Quinquennium (Dec 31st, 1881).

Add to the above the fact that the Association holds ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS as a Policy Reserve Liability, and some idea will be had of what one of OUR OWN INSTITUTIONS has done for its POLICY-HOLDERS.

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handkerchers, and the thought came to me to take it and give it to him. I slipped it into my pocket, and got out of the shop without their missing it, and ran all the way home.

"I knew Mr. Dean were sleeping at our house that night, so I ran up to his room, and laid the pin on his glove as was lying on the table. I thought he'd find it, and be so pleased, and come down wearing it in his handkercher. But oh, dear! it were all so different! I heard him call out like thunder as soon as he went into his room, 'What's this? Who put this here?' and just as he said it there came a policeman through the open door into the passage where I was standing with the missus, and he caught hold of me, and said I was suspected of stealing a valuable pin; they had missed it the moment I was gone, and saw me running away, and Mr. Dean heard him, and came right down with it in his hand, and said, 'So it was you put it on my glove? You wicked little thief! You found they were after you, and thought to make out I stole it! You are a goad-for-nothing girl!'"

"And, oh! they wouldn't let me speak a word to tell him how it was, and the policeman took me straight away. Mr. Dean'll never be kind to me again, and I'll never have the Christmas holiday, but only be locked up here all alone, and I can't bear it; it's too hard." And she turned away once more in a paroxysm of grief.

The lady set herself to comfort her with every soothing word she could think of, for her long experience of such cases enabled her to discern the absolute truth of the girl's story, and she felt deep compassion for the poor neglected child, who had never been taught to know right from wrong, and had probably never so much as heard of the commandments of God or the Atonement of the Saviour. She saw that here was a case that would require long training and instruction, and that her first effort must be to lay a foundation in the child's mind of entire trust and confidence in herself. She spoke, therefore, no word of blame for the present, but only sympathized with her in all her grief, and lightened her heart of one of its loads by promising that she would herself explain the whole matter to Mr. Dean, so that he should not think more hardly of her than she deserved.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE MISS SANTA CLAUS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

What a night it is! So clear and crisp and bracing! A genuine December night before Christmas, when the main streets of a great city are flooded with light and thronged with busy bustling crowds of people, and when the side streets are given over to gloom and silence, when everybody is laden with bundles, and when every heart is throwing of its cares.

Every heart? Why, look at that lad standing in the hot cabin of the ferry boat. If his face tells the truth, his heart is taking on new cares every moment. What can draw down the lines on that resolute young face? Is he hungry? No doubt. His thin, pale cheeks say so. Is he cold? Not in the hot cabin; but he wears no overcoat, and his jacket has not fitted him these two years.

Ah, then! Hunger and cold are spoiling his Christmas. Hunger and cold? Food and clothes? No, no; be sure that such things never would push down his boyish heart, and bring into his face that care-worn desperately anxious expression.

See! The ferry-boat has crunched its way into the ice-packed slip. The lad throws open the cabin door, shudders as the cold air strikes him, and darts out into the open street.

Not up the hill to bask in the delights of the joyous crowds and glittering store windows, but off to the left, in the narrow streets where the cold is colder and the darkness darker than anywhere else.

He never looks up nor checks his shuffling run until he is in front of a rickety little wooden house mercifully propped up between two tall tenement-houses.

There the boy stopped, hesitated a moment, swallowed hard, closed his lips more firmly, opened the gate, went to the door, knocked, and entered.

A withered little man sat at the head of the table, and a motherly little girl opposite the little man, and between them Ruth—big-eyed Ruth—bigger-eyed than ever at the sight of the boy.

"Come in, Robert; come in," said the little man.

"No, thank you," answered Robert, crushing his old hat in his hands and looking at the floor. "I've come—I've come about the rent. Have you seen Mr. Allison? Will he give us the time?"

"Sit down, Robert; sit down."

"Will he, Mr. Potts?—will he?" demanded Robert.

"Why, Robert—please sit down, Robert." Robert repeated his question impatiently.

"Will he? Tell me."

"Well, Robert, I saw him this morning—now don't be cast down—and he said he must have the money, or—Do sit down with us, Robert."

"Or we must go?"

Mr. Potts nodded his head.

"And we must move?—my mother move out into the cold streets? My mother—blind—sick?"

Oh, Mr. Potts, will he be so cruel? Oh, mother! mother!"

The door closed behind the despairing boy, and he went shivering off into the darkness.

"Poor Robert!" ejaculated little Mr. Potts.

"But, papa," said Katie, with a touch of horror in her voice, "Mr. Allison won't do it, will he?"

"I'm afraid he will, dear."

"Papa," said Katie, the next morning, "suppose we didn't have any Christmas presents, couldn't we get the money for Mrs. Carrol's rent?"

"Couldn't do it, Katie," said the little man, despondently. "I wish you could, my dear, but I don't see how you can. Good-by. I must be off now to collect the weekly rents. Won't be home till late at night."

Katie, like her father, was little, energetic, and brisk, and the way she tied a gingham apron around her waist, rolled up her sleeves, and cleared the table was a marvel.

Ruth was little too, as, of course, she ought to be, being only five years old; that is, she was short, but, dear me! she was very wide, and not a bit brisk. She was very deliberate, in fact.

Suddenly Katie asked Ruth this remarkable question, "How would you like to sleep on the cold sidewalk?"

And then, before Ruth could make up her mind, she continued, "Because that is what blind Mrs. Carrol will have to do if we don't get fifteen dollars for her."

"Yes," went on Katie, "and I think maybe I can get the money. I don't know how papa would like it, but I only just thought of it, and I don't see how I can wait to tell him. Could you go singing that Christmas carol with me, Ruthy?"

"Tourse I tan."

Sing it? Why, she was just aching for the next day to come, when she was to sing it in church.

"Yes; but could you sing it if there were a lot, a whole big lot, of strange people around?"

"Of tourse."

"Yes, but," persisted Katie, "suppose it was on a ferry-boat; could you sing it then?"

"I ain't a-doin' to sin' it on a felly-boat," answered Ruth.

"Yes, but, Ruthy, you don't understand. I think maybe if you and I were to put on our good clothes and go sing our Christmas Carol on the ferry-boat, we could get money enough from the people to pay Mrs. Carrol's rent."

"Will dey div it to us?"

"I don't know, but I hope so, though fifteen dollars is a great deal. Do you think you could sing the Christmas Carol on the ferry-boat, Ruthy?"

They would all be strangers, you know," said Katie, who felt so nervous about it herself that she could not believe Ruthy understood just what she meant.

"You see, we will wait till the boat leaves the New York side. Then we will sing, and then we will go around and collect the money the people will give us."

"Yes," responded Ruth, "on a dreen pie plate."

"On a what?" demanded Katie.

"On a dreen pie plate, same as dey has in church."

"Oh!" exclaimed Katie, "I was going to take a tin cup."

"I fink a dreen pie plate would be nicest," said Ruth positively. So Katie yielded.

It was just growing dusk that afternoon when a little girl and a very little girl walked into the front cabin of a Fulton Ferry boat on the New York side, and sat demurely down. At least the little girl sat down, the very little girl stood upon the seat to look out of the window, but seeing only the boards on the side of the ferry slip, turned complacently around and stared composedly out of two very big eyes at the people who came in.

"Is it time yet, Katie?" asked the very little girl in a loud whisper.

"Sh!—no," said Katie.

"Don't squeegee my hard so hard," said the very little girl, in another loud whisper; whereupon Katie grew very red, and dropped the hand.

Pretty soon the seats were all filled, and a few persons were standing up.

"S'all I bedin?" came in the usual loud whisper from the very little girl.

"Sh! Ruthy, no," answered Katie nervously.

"Bat de boat's a-doin', Katie."

Ruth's loud whispers had called everybody's attention to the two little girls, and everybody was smiling.

"Tatie, de boat's a-doin', I tell you," whispered Ruth again. "S'all I bedin?"

"Yes," said Katie desperately. And hardly were the words out of her mouth when, to the astonishment of the passengers, Ruth fixed her big eyes on a fat man opposite to her, and at the top of her shrill little voice burst forth,

"Carol, Christians, carol—carol joyfully."

Then she suddenly stopped, and turned to Katie, who had not yet found courage to open her lips.

"Why don't you tam on, Tatie?" and then began anew, this time with the abashed Katie joining her in a very weak voice.

As the beautiful little hymn progressed, Katie recovered courage, and sang as heartily as Ruth herself. The passengers in the mean time looked very much surprised, for singing is not allowed on the ferry-boats; but it was not in human nature to hear two sweet childish voices in an old familiar hymn the day before Christmas without being interested and even touched.

When the carol was finished, Ruth, with a very business-like air, produced her "dreen pie plate" from under her cloak, jumped down from her seat, and presented the plate to a gentleman nearest her.

He fumbled in his pocket, and drew forth five cents, which he smilingly put on the plate.

"How much is dat?" demanded Ruth of Katie.

A smile swept around the cabin.

"Sh! five cents," replied Katie, flushing.

But Ruth had her own idea of what to do, and would not budge.

"Dat ain't enough," she said to the gentleman. "We wants fifteen dollars, an' five cents ain't noffin'."

"Fifteen dollars!" said the gentleman, good-naturedly. "What do you want with so much money?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruth, perfectly willing to take anybody into her confidence, "we wants it for a blind woman what will have to sleep on de told sidewalk—won't she, Tatie?—if we don't pay—don't pay what, Tatie?"

"Her rent," said Katie, faintly.

"Er, her yent; an' we wants fifteen dollarr, please," concluded Ruth, with the calm air of expecting her questioner to give it to her.

"Oh, if that's the case," said the gentleman, laughing, "and seeing to-morrow's Christmas, here's my share of the fifteen dollars." And he put fifty cents into the plate.

"Is dat enough?" inquired Ruth of Katie.

"Yes, dear," answered Katie ready to sink through the floor in her confusion. "Go on, Ruthy."

But there was no need to "go on." The whole cabinful of passengers had been amused and interested listeners and spectators of the scene, and only needed an invitation of the right kind to make them go to the "dreen pie plate." Up jumped the fat man upon whom Ruth had fixed her eyes when singing.

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LABATT'S India Pale Ale!

AND BROWN STOUT

Received the highest awards of merit for purity and excellence.

- PHILADELPHIA 1876
- CANADA 1876
- AUSTRALIA 1877
- PARIS 1878

TESTIMONIALS SELECTED.

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

HENRY H. CROFT.

Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

I hereby certify that I have analysed several samples of INDIA PALE ALE and XXX STOUT, from the brewery of JOHN LABATT, London, Ont. I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops. I have examined both the March and October brewings, and find them of uniform quality. They may be recommended to invalids or convalescents where malt beverages are required as tonics.

Signed JOHN EDWARDS, Phy.,
Professor of Chemistry and Public Analyst

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JAMES GOOD & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS,
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"Here's another fifty cents for little Miss Santa Claus," he cried and he dropped the silver coin in the plate.

Then a rush was made for the two little girls, and amid laughing exclamations of "For little Miss Santa Claus!" quarters and half-dollars rattled like hail on the plate.

Katie was so much excited, even after she had reached the ferry-house and was counting the money, that it was no wonder she had not noticed a tall man who had followed her and Ruth off the boat, and was now watching them.

"Fifteen dollars and sixty-five cents," said Katie, after she had counted the money for the third time. "Ain't that splendid? I'll put the fifteen dollars in this bag," producing a canvas bag used by her father when he was collecting money, "and we'll take it to Mrs. Carrol right away. But what shall we do with the sixty-five cents, Ruthy?"

"Get some taffy?" suggested Ruth.

"Mrs. Carrol won't care for taffy," said Katie. "Suppose we buy her a turkey for her Christmas dinner? You may carry the bag of money," said Katie, generously, "because you are little Miss Santa Claus, you know; and I'll take the sixty-five cents and buy the turkey."

Behind them silently followed the tall man, muttering all the while softly under his breath.

"An easy way to get fifteen dollars," he said. "Such little girls, too! Nobody will know I did it."

Katie and Ruth had turned into the dark side streets, and were just nearing one of the loneliest and gloomiest spots, when the tall man quickened his pace, and was nearly able to touch Ruth with his outstretched hand, when Katie dragged her suddenly around the corner, and hurried to a butcher's shop in the middle of the block.

The man uttered an exclamation of disappointment, and stole after the unconscious little girls, and watched them stealthily through the butcher's window.

"I didn't know turkeys cost so much," said Katie, as she came out of the shop. "Anyhow, a chicken, even if it is only a little one, is better than nothing."

Katie was too cold to make any answer, but she toddled along by Katie's side as they hurried to Mrs. Carrol's.

"I can catch 'em again," muttered the tall man.

But Katie had made good use of the time, and was a block ahead of her pursuer; though if she had known he was following her she would have gone more quickly still.

The tall man broke into a trot, and was almost in sight of the two little figures, when his foot slipped on a slide, and down he dropped with a painful thud.

"Ugh!" he grunted, and put his hand out to help himself up. "Ah! what's this?" he exclaimed, holding up a heavy canvas bag. "The very bag with the fifteen dollars! I guess I don't need to follow them any more."

Katie and Ruth meanwhile—Ruth had not discovered her loss, her little hands were so cold—had made their way to the tenement house where Mrs. Carrol lived, and had climbed the stairs to the door of her room.

"Is Robert home?" asked Katie, as she stepped into the cheerless room at Mrs. Carrol's bidding.

"No. Who is it wants him?" asked the blind woman.

"We don't want *him* at all," answered Katie, half-laughingly. "We only want you."

"Me! And what do you want with me?"

"I want to introduce little Miss Santa Claus?" Little Miss Santa Claus!" exclaimed the blind woman.

"Yes, ma'am. Tell her about it, Ruthy."

Then Ruth's lower lip began to quiver, much to Katie's astonishment, and big tears began to roll down her round cheeks, as she sobbed forth, "I—don't—want—de—de—poor blin'—blin' lady—to sleep—on—on—de told—told si—sidewalk; but—but—I lost it."

"Wha—at?" gasped Katie.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Carrol. "What does she mean? What is the matter?"

"Lost it!" cried Katie. "Let's go look for it—quick."

And taking Ruth by the hand, she hurried down stairs.

"Well! I declare! What funny children!" was Mrs. Carrol's remark when she was so suddenly left alone.

She was still wondering what her odd little visitors could mean, when her quick ear caught the sound of a familiar footstep in the hall.

"Robert," she said, after her son had kissed her, "did you meet two little girls just now?"

"Two little girls? No, ma'am."

"Well, two little girls were here." And Mrs. Carrol told her son what had taken place.

Robert's heart was too heavy for him to wonder who the children were or how they knew his trouble. He had kept from his mother all knowledge of the misfortune that was upon him, because he wished to save her from worry.

Still she must know soon, and he thought this as good a time as any. He told her, then, as hopefully as he could, of the dismal prospect before them. He had hardly finished when there came a quick rap at the door.

The door opened, and a rosy-cheeked butcher boy walked in, laid a turkey on the table, and said, "From little Miss Santa Claus," and walked out.

Rap, rap, rap again.

A boy threw a bundle on the table, saying, "From little Miss Santa Claus," and was off again like a flash.

The bundle was marked "Robert Carrol—from little Miss Santa Claus," and contained an overcoat.

Rap, rap, rap again.

In darted little Mr. Potts, looking very wild and excited.

"My Katie and Ruth here?"

"No," answered Robert. "Why?"

"Oh, my!" groaned little Mr. Potts rushing out.

"Well!" exclaimed Robert.

"I declare!" said his mother.

"Oh!" shouted little Mr. Potts, suddenly darting into the room again, and throwing a parcel angrily on the table, "I'm sorry but I can't help it."

"Well," said Robert, as he read from the package, "From little Miss Santa Claus to Mrs. Carrol." Then opening the package, he cried, "A receipt for two months' rent, signed by Mr. Allison, and fifteen one-dollar bills. Why, mother, who can this little Miss Santa Claus be?"

Rap, rap, rap.

In popped the head of excited, breathless Mr. Potts.

"Have they been here yet?" he demanded.

"I think they have, Mr. Potts," replied Mrs. Carrol.

"Oh, have they?" he said, with a sigh of relief, as he closed the door; "and where have they gone?"

Rap, rap, rap. Robert opened the door this time, determined to capture who ever should enter.

"Why, here they are now!" he exclaimed, as the two little girls stood mournfully in the doorway.

"Papa here!" exclaimed Katie.

"Oh, papa?" cried Ruth.

"That's little Miss Santa Claus!" said Mrs. Carrol.

"Little Miss Santa Claus!" cried Robert and Mr. Potts in a breath.

"I see, I see," suddenly shouted little Mr. Potts, jumping up and spreading out the paper in which the parcels had been wrapped. "They are all in Mr. Allison's writing. See! see! I thought he was a brute, and I told him so, too," groaned the little man. "But you see he came tearing into my house and thumped a bag of money on the table."

"That settles you," said he; "you may take that, and bring me your accounts to-morrow. And that," said he, throwing down this parcel, "settles those Carrols. Give it to them, and say they must pay in full or get out to-morrow. Those young ones of yours are there now. You'd better go get

them. They've been singing for money on the ferry-boat, and telling everybody about a cruel landlord who turns blind women out to sleep on the cold sidewalk—the little imps."

"Imp yourself, air," said I, mad as a hornet, "and what's more, you're a brute." And, oh dear! to think he was only joking all the time! Isn't he a blessed good man, Robert?—oh, Mrs. Carrol? My precious Ruthy, and so you lost the money, and he found it! You dear Katie! Little Miss Santa Claus, eh, Ruthy?"

Perhaps they did not have a jolly Christmas dinner at the little house the next day, and perhaps little Miss Santa Claus and her sister did not sing "Carol, Christians, carol," with tremendous spirit, and perhaps a tall gray-haired man did not sit in one of the back pews in the church, and drop a tear or two as he caught the voice of that same little Miss Santa Claus piping high above the others!

REMEMBER THE WAIFS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

How many children who seldom are glad,
Or merry, or joyful, but sorry and sad,
Scarce with the garments of decency clad!

Poor little waifs, with their innocent eyes
Looking about them as if in surprise,
Asking mute questions of beings more wise.

Many a wretched and supperless boy
Wonders why others God's good things enjoy—
Blessed home comforts, with naught to annoy.

Why he must beg for the food that he eats,
Sleep in the cellars, live in the streets,
Byways and alleys, and squalid retreats.

Poor little lads, who will some time be men,
Hailing from hovel and comfortless den,
Soon to take part in the world, and—what then?

Dear baby girls, without stocking or shoe,
Battling with cold, bitter winds, as they do,
Sufferings many, and blessings so few.

Look to it, children, for now is the time,
Winter is on us with frost and with rime,
Scatter your gifts 'gainst the sweet Christmas chime.

You who are children so carefully clad,
Happy and joyful, not sorry and sad,
Think of the poor homeless lassie and lad.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CATACOMBS.

It had been a day of Rome in her glory—the Saturnalia. Through the imperial streets had passed grand pageants. Aurelian had returned from his conquests. The Temple of Janus was closed; banners of peace filled the air. Aurelian feasted in the Capitol. At the tables sat nobles and peasants; all were equal on that one day.

Let us turn to the gloomy quarries under the Campagna. Along the Appian Way of monuments and palaces, in removing the stone for building, there had been created countless caverns where from early periods criminals had taken refuge. Latterly these cells had been secretly used as chapels by the persecuted Christians; and here to-night, hard by the blazing and drunken city, these prescribed men and women were gathering to celebrate the birth of our Lord. Torches flamed on the damp walls, revealing the rude inscriptions on many a martyr's tomb. After the Feast of Charity, an old man rose in their midst—the venerable Alexander. His name was on the list of the condemned for whom the Roman officers were seeking. He pointed upward: "The roof of stone hides the stars, but they shine; and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars of heaven. I know that when the Saturnalia passes, I shall be given to the beasts. But the hosts of the righteous shall increase, shining in their beauty, and Bethlehem's Star shall never set."

Even so. When the Saturnalia came again, and the Christians gathered again in the stone chambers to celebrate the birth of Jesus, on the martyrs' record along the smoky walls were new names—among them the aged Alexander's.—*Wide Awake.*

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dition, and situated
far from the infected
district.
DR. McCORMICK,
Montreal, Oct. 24, 1885.

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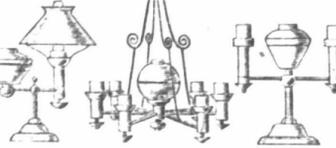
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Dec. 17, 1885.
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And, oh dear!
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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Ans:—"Bright Gleams our Banner."
1st. Voices.

"Hark! what strains are ringing
Far o'er Bethlehem's plain;
Is some King advancing
With a joyous train?
Do they bring glad tidings
Of some well won fight?
Why these songs of gladness
Breaking on the night?"

Chorus—At the Feast of Christmas, Ever let us sing,
Carols of rejoicing, to our Infant King!

2nd. Voices.

"Tis indeed a Monarch
Whose high praise is sung,
Through the starry heavens,
By each joyful tongue;
Angels are His heralds,
And proclaim to men,
That their King has brought them
Peace and joy again."

Chorus—At the Feast, &c., &c.

1st. Voices.

"Let us swell His triumph,
And His coming greet,
Say, where shall we find Him?
Where this Monarch meet?
Let us hasten onwards
To His palace gate,
There with shouts salute Him,
Mid the rich and great."

Chorus—At the Feast, &c., &c.

2nd. Voices.

"Nay, this King so mighty,
Is of Earth unknown,
Shepherds are His courtiers,
A manger is His throne.
He, a Babe most lowly,
Weak and helpless lies,
He, the King of all men,
Ruler of the skies!"

Chorus—At the Feast, &c., &c.

All.

"He hath come to save us,
On blest Christmas morn,
He, the Blessed Jesus,
Of a Virgin born;
Son of God, most mighty!
Son of Man, most pure;
Hasten, kneel before Him:
Worship and Adore!"

Chorus—At the Feast, &c., &c.

BOBBIE'S CHRISTMAS.

It was but a lowly abode in one of the poorest districts of the large and busy town of ——. Mean in appearance and scantily furnished, some of earth's proud ones would scarce have deigned to enter, but angels knew that room and loved it well. In a corner, on a simple straw pallet, lay a boy of ten years of age, whose wan cheeks, and eyes too bright for health, told their own tale,—consumption. In his hands he held a well-worn Prayer-book, which was open at the psalms for the day. In thought, he was following the service at St. James', the dear old church he had not entered for so many months.

"Mother, don't you think they are singing the psalms now?"

"I don't know, my darling, but they are at service at any rate."

"Oh, I think they must be singing 'Glory be to the Father' now; I wish I was with them, oh I do wish!" and the poor little fellow turned away his head, while silent tears ran down his cheeks.

"Hush, Bobbie!" said his mother soothingly, "remember what Mr. Harrison told you, that it has pleased the good God to lay you on a bed of pain, and He accepts the willing heart. I am sure they were beautiful words he said to you altogether, but my memory is not so good as it use to be, and I forgets sometimes."

Bobbie smiled feebly, "Yes, I remember now, and he said the angels were here tho' I didn't see them, and that they watched over me at night. But oh, mother," he began in a moaning voice, "won't the doctor let me get up and try to go to church on Christmas Day!"

"And bless you, my pet, it would never do! Get up? why it would be your death! No, no, you must just lie still, and may-be Mr. Harrison will look in on you."

As Bobbie lay quietly thinking, all the story of the Blessed Redeemer's life on earth seemed to pass before him, from the Nativity at Bethlehem to the cruel death at Calvary. And why did the King of Glory leave His happy home above to become a helpless infant, to lead a life of poverty, of weariness, of sorrow, and then to die at the hands of His enemies? Ah, it was to rescue us from sin, from the power of Satan, to enable us to lead holy lives that we might enjoy heaven for ever. He gave us the Holy Sacraments to cleanse us from sin, to strengthen us to "fight the good fight of faith," and to train our souls for life eternal. But it is not enough that we have been made His in Baptism, if we do not yield our hearts to the Holy Spirit's workings, but refuse the Divine Gift of mercy, and walk in the paths of wickedness. Even Bobbie felt this. He had not always been good—who has? he had been disobedient, unkind to others, ill-tempered. Then God laid him on a bed of sickness to teach him that he had lost his Baptismal purity and needed to come as a sinner to the outstretched arms of a Saviour. And Bobbie learned during many hours of suffering that Jesus was a real, a true, a tender Saviour. Though the helpless boy could not work for the Lord, he could, by patient resignation, shew what grace had done for him.

"Oh, Sir, I'm so happy!" was his greeting as the clergyman, when he came to see him, on Christmas Eve, "the angels have been whispering to me, that I shan't have to wait much longer here." And, indeed in a few hours a change came over Bobbie; he did not know what was going on around him, and even the much loved Prayer book lay unnoticed by his side. Ere the sun's bright rays gilded the earth on that Christmas Morn, Bobbie had passed away from this world of sin and sorrow.

There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to His Father cry:
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

M. S. S. H.

CHRISTMAS:—GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH.

Christmas! Merry Christmas! Happy Christmas!

To be sure. Why not? May God give all Christian people a happy Christmas all the world over.

A HAPPY Christmas! And yet why? It is not everybody who thinks, even if he knows, why Christmas should be merry and happy.

Let us go back more than eighteen hundred and sixty years for the answer to this question.

In a little village in Judea, in a stable, a young mother is kneeling over her new-born son. He had no better cradle than the manger.

An aged man, her husband, is standing near, wondering. A few shepherds have just come in, and they are wondering too. The inn close by is filled with guests, but they care for none of these things. If they had only known!

The shepherds know. They have been told by an Angel from heaven that this new-born son of the young virgin mother is—THE SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST THE LORD.

The Blessed Virgin Mother knows. She was told by the angel that the Holy Spirit should come upon her, and that the Holy One born of her should be called THE SON OF GOD.

Look at her Child, then. Now that you have heard the mystery of His birth, and the words of the Angel, you know what?

That He is the Son of Mary, Maid and Mother. Yes. And what more?

That He is the SON OF GOD; THE SAVIOUR; THE CHRIST; THE LORD.

That He is God.

We must not stop short of this. The Word was made FLESH, and dwelt among us. And THE WORD was GOD.

GOD is manifest in the FLESH. What a proof of God's good will towards man. GOD THE SON is born of a woman. He is truly man. He has made our nature glorious by taking it on Himself. He lies, a little Child, in a manger-bed at Bethlehem.

This is what we mean by THE INCARNATION of our Lord Jesus Christ; that the Son of God, The Word, is made FLESH.

O come let us worship, and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Devoutly we adore Thee, DEITY UNSEEN.

Then Christmas joy is religious joy. At least it ought to be. Our Spirit must rejoice in God our SAVIOUR. Christmas joy is real joy. It belongs to ALL, to the poor, the weary, the mourner, the sick, the suffering, the dying; to all who have souls and bodies like the Soul and Body which the Son of God took.

It begins at the manger in Bethlehem but it never ends. It extends to every place, through all time, into Eternity.

It is a joy which unites heaven and earth, God with men.

This shall be my joy then, a holy joy. I will rejoice with the Church, and not with the world.

I will go unto the Altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness.

O LORD JESU, God and Man, Thou, who didst take my human nature, make me partaker of Thy Divine Nature. Grant me to know Thy hidden Godhead in the manger of Bethlehem, that I may adore Thy glorious Manhood on Thy throne in Heaven. Alleluia. Amen.

JOSEPH'S GODMOTHER.

"Soon will a thousand bells ring out,
A thousand roofs the choral about
Prolong, where King with Shepherds meet,
His manger with their gifts to greet.
What shall we do, mine infant dear,
Who may not those glad anthems bear?"
How shall we serve Him, thou and I,
Far from that glorious company!"

Lyra Innocentium.

No church bells, no bright shop windows, none of the signs which come every year to the dwellings of men, to tell us that our happiest day is coming around once more. Instead of them, that Christmas Eve, a wild north wind blowing across bleak, barren hills, moaning among the scattered trees, howling in the wide old chimney of a little tumble-down cottage, which seemed to be trying to hide itself in its loneliness behind the shoulder of the hill. Inside the crazy walls, a woman was crouching over a small fire of damp smouldering sticks, with her baby on her lap; she had wrapped an old shawl round it and herself, and was holding it close to her, rocking gently to and fro, and trying to soothe its fretful cries and to shelter it from the cold blasts that came whistling through every crevice.

"Who's there?" she said presently, lifting up her head; somebody was knocking at the door.

"It's only me, Mrs. Tyler;" and a bright looking girl of sixteen came in, shutting the door behind her with some difficulty. "It's cold, ain't it! Well, we're off this afternoon, father and me, and I come to ask you if you'd any errands in town. Didn't you know we were going?" as her companion looked up with a bewildered face. "Why it's been settled for weeks as we were to go and spend Christmas with gran'mother. Dear! how I shall love to go to St. Mary's again. Did you ever go to a Church like that, with choristers and beautiful singing? I talk about it sometimes to father, and I tell him if I'd known the difference he'd never have got me into these parts, for five mile ain't a distance as you can walk every Sunday, with all the house to look after besides. Well, now, what are you taking on about? Ain't the baby well, as he's fretting like that? Where's your husband?"

The young visitor was checked in her talk by the sight of tears stealing slowly down Mrs. Tyler's thin cheeks.

"He's gone off to look for work," she answered sadly. "Baby's been getting worse all day; he'll take nothing, and he's that fretful as it's enough to break one's heart. I'm that tired, it's as much as I can do to hold him. I don't believe he'll live, and I was hoping as you'd come in for an hour or so to-morrow and help me a bit, but now I shall be left with out a neighbor for miles. Well, I must manage as best I can. You're bound to go, I s'pose, Fanny?"

The girl stood still and looked at her. "Well I never!" she said. "Poor child! and you've never been able to get him christened. Tell you what, I'll speak to Mr. King to-morrow. He'll remember me—and ask him to come over or send some one. I'll tell the doctor, too, if you like. I'm sorry it's happened so."

"Ah, yes, never mind!" said Mrs. Tyler. "It's such a lonely place, you see. Tom wouldn't have gone away if he'd known. If they like's to come I'll be glad, Fanny—if he lives through to-morrow, that is."

"All right!" said Fanny. "I can't stop now, good bye;" and rather suddenly, as her poor neighbour thought, she opened the door and went out again into the cold.

Mrs. Tyler did not grumble, even in her own mind; if she thought at all, she knew it was natural that the girl's head should be full of a merry Christmas with her kind grandmother in the town, and of the beautiful Church that she and her father used to attend. Fanny ran along across the wide brown hill towards her home; and Mrs. Tyler remained by her fire with the baby, trying not to think of many long hours of loneliness that lay stretched out before her. One of these hours had not past, but the cold dismal twilight was creeping over the hills, when there was a sudden noise at the door, and Fanny came in with a bundle in her hand.

"My, I thought you'd be gone by this time. It'll be dark by then you get there," said Mrs. Tyler.

"Father's been gone this half-hour," said Fanny, smiling. "We've locked up the house, and I'm come to stop with you till he's back again. There now, give me the baby. He's promised he'll speak to Mr. King."

The poor woman stared at her for a moment quite puzzled. "Oh Fanny, I never!" she said; and then she hid her eyes and cried.

When Fanny woke on Christmas morning, she was surprised to find how happy she was. She could not have jumped up more cheerfully if she had slept under the shadow of St. Mary's tower, and been waked by its glorious peal of bells: she went about the house singing a carol, and amused herself all the morning, in the intervals of cooking their poor little Christmas dinner and hushing the baby to sleep, by telling Mrs. Tyler long stories of Church festivals and town life.

The weary mother sat smiling and listening to her; the baby slept peacefully; the sticks were dry, and blazed up well.

In the afternoon, as they sat by the fire, the wind blowing as fiercely as ever outside, a horse came trotting up to the door, and Fanny flew to open it to her old friend Mr. King; he had found time to ride over and baptize the poor sick baby. Fanny thought she had never been so happy as when, acting godmother for the first time, she gave the little fellow into Mr. King's arms, and received back Joseph, the little Christian. God's child, a member of the blessed family of Jesus, of that other Baby Who once lay just as weak and helpless in the manger at Bethlehem.

When the clergyman left the cottage, Fanny followed him out of the door. "The baby'll do now," she said; he's ever so much better to-day. I thought I should have been at St. Mary's now. Oh, I did want to hear them singing again."

"You have done much better, Fanny," said Mr. King. "You are waiting on your Lord in the form of that little child. You will remember this Christmas Day as one of the happiest in your life. God bless you!" He rode away, and Fanny stood watching him down the steep side of the hill, and far on into the brown dingy distance. Then Joseph began to cry feebly inside the cottage: she turned round with a little start, and went in, smiling, to take him from his poor worn-out mother. I don't think either

Mrs. Tyler or Fanny ever forgot that Christmas Day: Joseph, when he was old enough, heard the story and remembered it. They live in the town now, and he is a chorister at St. Mary's.

E. P. O.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong,
Like echoes from an angel's song;
Good will and peace, peace and good will
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born to-day.

In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mother-eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born to day.

FEAR AND BRAVERY.

It is said that the Emperor Charles the Fifth, reading an epitaph, "Here lies one who never knew fear," remarked, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers." It is certainly a somewhat absurd, though a favorite, claim for a popular hero, that "he never knew fear." No one possessing human nerves and human brain can say this with truth. That a brave man never yields to the emotion may be true enough; but to say that at no period of his life he experienced fear, is simply impossible. There is a story of a young recruit in the Thirty-Years' War, going into action for the first time in his life in the highest spirits. "Look at Johann," said one of his comrades, as the troops were drawn up ready to charge. "He is full of jokes, how brave he is." The veteran addressed replied, "Not at all; he knows nothing of what is coming. You and I, old comrade, are far braver; we sit on our horses, though we are terribly afraid." Fear is certainly one of the most irrational of passions. It is not always excited by the presence of danger. Men who can always be cool and collected in cases of real peril, will tremble at some fancied alarm. The Duke of Scobomberg could face an enemy with ready courage, but fled from a room if he saw a cat in it. A very brave French officer fainted at sight of a mouse. The author of the "Turkish Spy" states that had he a sword in his hand he would rather encounter a lion in the desert, than be alone in a room with a spider. Many people have similar fanciful antipathies, which excite their fears in a manner real danger would be powerless to do. Fear of infection is a dread which embitters the lives of many sensible people. There is a legend of an eastern dervish who knowing that a plague was about to visit a certain city, bargained with the disease that only a specified number of victims should fall. When twice the number perished the plague explained its apparent breach of contract by asserting, "Fear killed the rest." In all times of epidemics, doctors can tell the same.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Little Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over, so Mary busied herself with a picture book. For an hour all was still; then Mary heard her Uncle say: "There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."
"What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary.
"About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up."
"Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about "laying up treasures in heaven."
"Oh, no Mary; my treasures are all on earth—some in banks and some in other places," answered Uncle George.

"But haven't you got any in heaven too?" asked Mary.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully. "But run away to your mother now, for I am going out."

Uncle George went out, and was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps he was not so well off if he had no treasure laid up in heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasure in heaven. He did so. Little Mary never knew until years after—when she also, with a clear understanding of what it meant, began to lay up for herself treasure in heaven—that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active, Christian life.

"Behold, I come quickly," saith Jesus, "and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

LIFE IS BUT A DAY.

A blithesome maid, at early morn,
Comes tripping lightly o'er the lea;
Of all God's creatures ever born,
The brightest, gladest heart has she
And owing by her speech the sway,
Of rapt emotion, she doth say:
"How glad a thing is life."

O'ercome at last by midday heat,
And well nigh unremitting toil,
A man of care lay down to sleep,
And snatched repose from life's turmoil,
He rose and with a sigh he said,
As Care reigned in Oblivion's stead:—
"How sad a thing is life."

An aged pair at eve drew near,
With faltering steps, a lone churchyard;
Death long to them has lost its fear,
Although, in youth, to die seemed hard.
All hope in time has passed away,
Yet from the heart each one doth say:
"How grand a thing is life."

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

Did it ever strike you that the simple, noble, old Church Catechism, without one word about rewards and punishments, heaven or hell, begins to talk to the child like a true English Catechism, as it is, about that glorious old English key-word, *Duty*? It calls on the child to confess its own duty, and teaches it that its duty is something most human, simple, every day, commonplace if you wish to call it so. And I rejoice in the thought that the Church Catechism teaches that the child's duty is commonplace. I rejoice that in what it says about our duty to God and our neighbor; it says not one word about counsels of perfection, or those frames and feelings which depend, believe me, principally on the state of people's bodily health or the constitution of their nerves and the temper of their brain; but that it requires nothing except what a little child can do as well as a grown person, a labouring man as well as a divine, a plain farmer as well as the most refined, devout, imaginative lady.—*Kingsley*.

THE RULES OF ELIZABETH FRY.

1. Never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation every day; but always be in the habit of being employed.
2. Never err the least in truth.
3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.
4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.
5. Never indulge yourself in luxuries that are not necessary.
6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, put confidence in that power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thine own powers as far as they go.

The Word was
And the Word
ill towards man.
He is truly man.
by taking it on
in a manger-bed
Incarnation of our
of God, The
down and kneel
UNSEEN.
joy. At least it
joy in God our
joy. It belongs
he mourner, the
; to all who
Soul and Body
Bethlehem but it
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and earth, God
holy joy. I will
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Innocentium.
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f a little tump-
e trying to hide
shoulder of the
man was crouch-
ouldering sticks,
I wrapped an old
I was holding it
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alter it from the
rough every cre-
sently, lifting up
; at the door.
ad a bright look-
utting the door
"It's cold, ain't
t, father and me,
any errands in
going?" as her
bewildered face.
as we were to go
nother. Dear!
ry's again. Did
t, with choristers
out it sometimes
wn the difference
se parts, for five
walk every Sun-
r besides. Well,
out? Ain't the
? Where's your
her talk by the
wn Mrs. Tyler's

THE CHRISTMAS TRIUMPH.

Rome has suffered many changes. It is no longer the Rome of Aurelian, no longer the temple-place of heathen gods.

But the Bethlehem Star still shines. More than three hundred years have now passed away since its mysterious ray led the Magi to the Redeemer's cradle.

In this year, 312, he had seen the Vision which was to change the state of the world. That ancient historian who received the narrative from Constantine's own declaration, thus describes this most wonderful event of Christian History:

The army arriving near Rome, the emperor was employed in devout ejaculations. It was the twenty seventh of October, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the sun was declining, when there suddenly appeared a pillar of light in the heavens in the form of a cross, with this plain inscription:

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES [In this sign thou shalt conquer.]

The emperor was amazed. The cross and sign blazed before the eyes of the whole army.

Early the next morning, Constantine informed his officers that Christ had appeared to him in the night, with the cross in his hand, and commanded him to make the cross the royal standard. The officers were ordered to construct a cross, and a standard. The standard was made thus:

A long spear, plated with gold, with a transverse piece at the top, in the form of a cross, to which was fastened a four-square purple banner, embroidered with gold, and beset with precious stones which reflected the highest lustre; above the cross was a crown overlaid with gold and jewels, within which was placed the sacred symbol, the two first letters of the name of Christ in Greek.

Under this standard, October 29, 312, Constantine defeated the Roman Emperor, Maxentius, on the banks of the Tiber. He entered Rome in triumph, bearing aloft the cross. The Christians hailed it with acclamations, and a joyful public Christmas followed.

The Saturnalia became the Festival of the Nativity.

The ancient pagan shrines vanished, or they glowed with the holy lights of the new and triumphant faith—the beautiful Bethlehem Star shining over all.—Wide Awake.

CHRISTMAS AND ST. PATRICK

New temples have arisen in Rome. They uplift the cross. The golden season of the Saturnalia comes and goes, but the Festival of Christ is celebrated instead. Rome is filled with holy rejoicing, the Roman children sing of the Star of Bethlehem, masses are chanted—the heathen festival has become Christmas.

The Church, mighty in its faith, is praying for the conversion of the world. Missionaries go forth into all the provinces of the vast Roman Empire.

About the year 492, St. Patrick made a holy journey. He came to Ireland. He found the people idolaters, worshipping under the oaks, their birds and poets ignorant of the true God; and as St. Patrick was a

singing prophet and teacher, the simple folks of Ireland, ever deeply stirred by song and eloquence, listened to him. They were moved by the beautiful story of Christ, and the hope of an eternal life. Thousands were baptized into the new faith. Churches sprung up over the green land as if by magic. St. Patrick preached in Ireland for some thirty years, and we cannot wonder that the Irish people still recall his mission with love, and speak of him with reverence.

The scene of his greatest triumph was Tara. There he instituted the wonderful Christmas festivals of Rome. There his grand missionary anthems were inspired. According to tradition, he first sang his memorable hymn, Christ be with me, on one of the religious Christmases in the royal halls of Tara. It is a rapture of devotion and consecration:

To Tara to day may the strength of God pilot me.

May the power of God preserve me;

May the wisdom of God instruct me;

May the eye of God view me;

May the ear of God hear me;

May the word of God make me eloquent;

May the hand of God protect me;

May the way of God direct me;

May the shield of God defend me;

Christ be with me,

Christ on my right hand,

Christ on my left hand,

Christ in the heart of all to whom I speak,

Christ in the mouth of all who speak to me,

Christ in the eye of all who see me,

Christ in the ear of all who hear me.—Wide Awake

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ONE OF THE "FIZZLE" FAMILY.

There was once a very smart boy, whom, to begin with, we will call Little Fizzle. He went to school very young, and his mother wanted him to learn to read and write well before he did anything else; but he preferred to study "geog'ry," grammar and 'rithmetic besides. As he was so very bright, he soon learned to write very badly, spelled words, and could tell you in quite incorrect language what a verb or an adverb was. If he was likely to say Michigan was "bounded" by Connecticut, why other boys of his age, it may be, never heard of either place. For young as he was, you see little Fizzle had come to a point where he must choose between two ways. He could half learn a little about a great many things, or he could well learn all about a few things. He made up his mind that he would do the first; and that's the way he went on, and grew into a big fizzle.

When he wanted to read he never took one nice story and read it every word, but he skimmed over the easy parts of a dozen and jumbled them altogether in his mind. As soon as he owned a tool-box he almost made a cart and finished a rocking chair which tipped over instead of rocking. But then it was "so stupid" to spend time and trouble in making only one thing and making it perfect.

As he grew older people liked him, because he could talk about everything under the sun, and was really very entertaining if they did not want to get any genuine information. He was not worth a last year's almanac to anybody who was after facts.

He thought when he grew up he would be a lawyer, but he began by studying medicine. By and by he knew more about physic than a lawyer needed to know, and not half enough about medicine for a doctor; then he had a smattering of other things. He painted big animals whose skins were colored very handsomely, but whose legs were not shaped like any living beasts legs. After a while he began to wonder what ailed him that he failed in everything he tried. He grew poorer and poorer, while men who had been boys with him, boys who had worked like drudges over a few things, these grown up, became great men, famous doctors, lawyers and ministers, while he was a little Fizzle grown up into a big Fizzle. Then folks began to sneer and to snub him. Each year he grew poorer and more discouraged. At twenty he thought himself a great genius; at forty he used to hang around a blacksmith's shop and wish he had learned to shoe horses. At sixty he had given up all hope of being a lawyer, a doctor, an artist or a blacksmith, and he kept his soul and body together by cleaning old feather beds.

Now, if anybody wants to know how to become such another big Fizzle

let him begin at once to be a little one, to half learn everything he begins, to begin something new as soon as it gets hard to understand the last thing he undertook. Follow up such a course faithfully and he will not fail of neglect, self-digest, and a poverty wherein he may not even be able to find old feathers to clean.

GOD'S ALL ROUND.

Through the busy thoroughfares of a large city, a gentleman, threaded his homeward way. It was quite dusk, and he, buried in thought, never noticed that a little figure hurried after and caught him up, until he felt a soft hand steal into his, and looking down, saw the bright face of a child he knew.

"Good evening, sir," said a sweet little voice, belonging to five-year-old Jeanie.

"Why, child!" he exclaimed, surprised to see her in the streets so late in the evening and alone, "how came you here by yourself? is not your father with you?"

"No," she answered. "But are you not afraid, my dear?"

"Afraid! No. Do you know that God's all round?" was her quick reply.

And the gentleman was silent, but a great hungry envy of the childish faith crept into his heart that day.

Oh! how often we forget in the darkness of temptation, or sorrow, that "God's all round." The tempest roars, the storm shadows, and we fail to hear the Saviour's voice, "It is I; be not afraid."

Yes: and we forget it again when the sunshine comes. While we bask in the golden light, and gaze over the bewildering beauty of hill and forest, leaf and flower, we often forget that "God's all round" that in tiny flowers and pale green blade the secret of a Father's love and care is pencilled for us.

Dear young Christians, do you feel sometimes lonely, in discouraging darkness, and with no sign that your work is being blessed, or that your soul is growing in grace? Slip your hand into that of the Lord Jesus, and say with confident though simple faith: "I will not fear—I will not trouble—God's all round."

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