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The Evangelical Churchman

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hark! the merry bells of Christmas
 Blithely ring their joyous chime,
 Laden with the precious memories
 Of the blessed olden time.

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing,
 Chorus sweet to angels singing,
 Singing of the Saviour's story,
 Chanting e'er His wondrous story.

Listen to that wondrous story,
 Which the music of the bells,
 Sounding clear, o'er hill and valley,
 To our hearts so sweetly tells.

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing, etc.

How the Saviour, King Eternal,
 Left His throne to dwell on earth,
 And the First great Christmas morning,
 Hailed His lowly humble birth.

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing, etc.

How His birthplace was a stable,
 In a manger He was laid,
 How the wise men paid their homage,
 And the star His will obeyed.

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing, etc.

How by night the shepherds watching,
 Anxious lest their flocks should stray,
 Saw a glory shine around them,
 Brighter than the light of day.

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing, etc.

How they listened to the tidings,
 Saint expected, prophet knew,
 How their fear became rejoicing,
 When they found the message true.

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing, etc.

How the angels sang His birth-song,
 Never sung so sweet as then:
 "To God be glory in the highest,
 Peace on earth, good will to men."

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing, etc.

How He triumphed over Satan,
 Hell in fetters captive led,
 Forced the grave to own His power,
 Rose victorious from the dead.

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing, etc.

Still for sinners He is pleading,
 And the music of the bells,
 Of the blessings Jesus won us,
 Of His love, and mercy, tells.

Ringing joyous, joyous ringing,
 Chorus sweet to angels singing,
 Singing of the Saviour's glory,
 Chanting e'er His wondrous story.

GOOD TIDINGS—OF GREAT JOY—TO ALL PEOPLE.

BY C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D., MASTER OF THE TEMPLE.

"Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—
 Luke ii. 10.

The word "joy" fills a large place in scripture. A far larger place than it occupies in the ordinary Christian life. In some respects, a place not only unexpected and astonishing, but even paradoxical: for, of all emotions, joy is the most spontaneous, the least responsive to command, the furthest removed from the region of bidding and forbidding; yet, in Scripture, we find it not only as a promise but as a precept—a precept imperative, unconditional, and oft-repeated: "Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord." "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice."

Joy is the overflow of happiness. In any other form it is hollow and hypocritical. The mirth of fools is no joy; more often it is the mask of misery: trace it to its source, and you will often find it a mere explosion of irritation and anger against a yoke of fear and remorse which the soul is powerless to shake off. Such joy is no duty; it is the deposition of an evil conscience against itself: the joy of the world, like "the sorrow of the world," "worketh death."

Before joy, in the Christian sense, there must be happiness. That peace which passeth understanding, of which the foundations are laid in reconciliation with God, must first have possession—must "keep the hearts and thoughts," as St. Paul writes, "in Christ Jesus"—and then the happiness will sparkle into joy, at the mere touch of the same inspiring word which said to the Creation, "Let there be light," and which said again in the regeneration, "Let the true light now shine!"

"Good tidings of great joy."
 The messenger was an Angel; and the message was, a Birth.

Great joy, to a fallen being, can only come in the form of tidings—tidings from heaven. Earth is dark with sin and woe: the shadow of death lies heavily upon the individual life: the soul has little to say why it should not die, or worse than die, with the body: the will is in bondage, and, if it were free, could not rise above duty—could make no reparation to broken laws, could frame to itself no ambition of a spiritual life, no ideal of a super-human, a God-like existence—much less, really live

it: so that the very conception of happiness—and still more of joy, which is the ebullition and exhilaration of happiness—is out of the reach and beyond the horizon of the sinner, unless God shall say to him some entirely new thing which shall lift his whole life into a world which eye hath not seen, nor imagination pictured, without it.

"Revelation," in the strict sense of that word—the stripping of the veil off the invisible—the removal of a cloud which hides the tops of the holy hills—the lifting up, by a ray from "the excellent glory," of those realities which form the heaven and presence-chamber of God Himself—is the one hope, for all that concerns happiness, of the creature that has sinned, of the creature that lies under or dwells amidst suffering, of the creature that must soon go hence and that knows not whither.

"Tidings," then—tidings from the maker of all things, from the Judge of all men. But what tidings? A new law? a new revelation of duty—clearer, perhaps, more express, more imperative, than the former—fenced with stronger sanctions of promise and threatening than those before which men feared and quaked at Sinai, or which already had their worse terrors in the handwriting of the conscience? Or, a new Gospel? of a life after death, reserved in heaven for such as shall have fought successfully against sin, the world, and the devil, and earned for themselves a good reward in the achievements of a well spent life? Shall either of these be the shape and form of the new "tidings" from the throne of God in heaven? Hath either of these the reassuring, reviving voice which shall make it, for man such as he is, the "good tidings" which shall first communicate happiness, and then brighten and kindle up that happiness into a "great joy?"

The question asked of us Christians, is its own reply. The message is a Birth. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

At this one season in the year we fasten our thoughts upon the Revelation of God in the Gospel in its most distinctive, most comprehensive, and most attractive aspect.

The Gospel is, a Divine Incarnation. It is the announcement that God the Creator, who was outside the work of His own hands, has come into that work, by a true and real incorporation, in the Person of the Eternal Word, that He might be one with us in our life with all its trials, and in our death with all its pains. It is the announcement that something, we are scarcely told what it was, which stood between us and Him by reason of sin—that something that hindered love itself from coming forth as it would towards the guilty and sin-laden—is now removed and rolled away, not by us, but for us, through the death of One, both God and Man, who was born (as at this time) on purpose that He might die, and by dying might open the kingdom of heaven to all believers. This great mystery—I had almost called it this one mystery—is the tidings of great joy. Believe it, and you have life. Believe it, and you will find it, for all practical purposes, self-evidencing and self-explaining. "He that believeth on the Son of God," St. John says, "hath the witness in himself"—so satisfactory, so harmonious, so true to the realities of the whole being, to the instinctive longings, to the primal ideas, to the conscientious promptings, of the man himself, is the revelation, when once it is grasped and lived by, of God made man, of the Father manifested in the Son, of the Light coming

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into the world to the Resurrection of the fallen, and the Life of the dead.

The Gospel is, an Incarnation. Christmas is not only one of its festivals: rightly understood, it includes them all. Christ born on purpose that He might die—Christ partaker of our very flesh and blood, that through death He might atone for sin and open heaven—this is Christmas, and this is the Gospel. At this season we give thanks for "the Redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, as one act and one message. We have no need now to break it up into its parts: we are to take it as a whole. The proper thought for this festival is, What would this world, what would this life, have been, but for Jesus Christ? Place yourself for one moment, in imagination, out of the light of Jesus Christ—imagine yourself, imagine your family, imagine this country, without the Saviour—imagine the Calendar no longer dated from Him, imagine the cross a name of mere ignominy, imagine these churches levelled with earth, imagine the Holy Communion abolished, imagine births and marriages no longer consecrated, imagine sickness and death no longer comforted, by thoughts and words of Christian hope—imagine infidelity triumphant, and a vague theory of resolution into elements or reabsorption into nothingness established on the ruins of Gospel fact and Gospel promise—then you will see what it ought to be to us to have a Revelation of Redemption in Jesus Christ—you will be able, at least for that, to give thanks, humble and hearty, to the Father of mercies—you will be competent to hail this Christmas festival as the very life of life, because it brought to us from heaven good tidings of great joy in the birth of a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

It is well to have one holy season of which joy shall be the prominent feature. The Gospel must not be robbed of this characteristic by all the forces which surround and counteract it.

"Good tidings of great joy," the Angel said, "which shall be to all the people." If by "people" we understand the Jewish people, still we do not limit and we do not narrow the joy promised. That Jewish people was the sample of all peoples—nay, it had in it the most adverse influences to Gospel joy that any people ever contained—it had in it the Caiaphases and Barabbases and the Judases, who set themselves most conspicuously against its joy—and yet "to all the people" is a part of the message, and no condition and exception is made in it.

It is so now. Joy to all peoples, and joy to the whole of each people—this is on the front of it. "Whosoever will," is the call—"him that cometh I will not cast out."

CHRISTMAS GIVING AND GETTING.

"I suppose you are anticipating a happy Christmas," said one, in lack of a topic of conversation, to the son of a friend while waiting in the parlor for his mother.

"Yes, I expect it will be a happy time, but I can't tell yet, for I don't know what I shall get."

"Well, the best gift is ours already, is it not? And, if we have nothing else, that's enough to make it a happy day."

The lad opened his eyes wide with a look of surprise and amusement, as if he had suddenly become the victim of a conundrum, which the entrance of his mother saved him the trouble of solving. How often the words of a child make the text for a sermon, or, indeed, a whole sermon, if only our hearts were open to the words of the unconscious preacher. Here was this little fellow, the child of Christian parents, the inmate of a Christian home, the pupil in a Sunday-school, believing that his having a happy Christmas-time would depend altogether upon what he might get. Entirely child-like and natural, we admit, but it forces one to consider whether, after all, there may not be some defect in training that allows young people to live, in the midst of all that the gift of Christ has brought to us, in such uncon-

sciousness of the true significance of the gift, of the true reason why there should be gladness on the Christmas-day.

Are we not, in our eagerness to gratify every childish want, in our longing to see them utterly satisfied and happy at least once a year, in danger of fostering a spirit wholly at variance with that of the loving Christ? Should we not be doing better service for the Master whom we love if, instead of making Christmas for our children so purely a matter of getting, we made it a matter of giving also? I do not mean the kind of giving practised by mothers, that while buying one toy for Johnny buys a duplicate for Johnny's cousin, to be presented as Johnny's gift, often without the giver's knowledge or desire. I do not mean the purchase for a child of whatever, according to the parent's mature judgment, it may be proper to send to some relative or friend, who will probably return a gift of equal value. I do not mean any giving that grows out of the descent upon childhood of the conventional necessity which older members of the family feel. There will always be these artificial demands resulting from our social relations; there will always exist the people to whom we must give for some reason other than that the heart prompts a token of love.

But let us spare childhood this artificial giving as much as possible, and, however hampered we may be ourselves, try to make the season one of a blessed education to them in the holiest lessons taught of him whose life and death was one great gift of love for us. Practically the task is not so hard a one as we suppose, for youth is tender of heart and generous of impulse. Its desire to make others happy needs not to be created but directed. Nothing is easier than for the instructors, and by these I mean not the teachers only, but the parents, and especially the mother, to induce a child to feel that the joy of his Christmas-tide depends less upon what he gets than upon what he gives; less upon the number of people who remember him with gifts than upon the number for whom he can show his love. Talk with him freely; take him into your confidence; tell him what you would like to do for others of the family, and why you choose as you do. If your own heart grows with gratitude that the dear Christ-child came to earth, do not be afraid to let your boys and girls know that you are grateful and glad. Tell them in natural and easy conversation what are the comforts, privileges and blessing that they could never have known had Christianity never been given to the world. Show yourself eager to give back something to One who has given so much to you, and then be quick to recognize when it dawns upon the young heart, as it surely will do, the wish to help, or to do something of themselves.

Be very patient with their troublesome little schemes; for know, O mother, that to have the Christ-spirit of human helpfulness or desire to bless born in the heart of your child, is like having the Holy Child born anew under your own roof-tree. Make room for him, and watch and cherish every budding impulse toward making any other heart glad.

Having brought the child to the desire to give, direct and educate the desire. Let him choose those to whom he would show his love. The boy he likes may be the child of poverty, quite out of the range of your future hopes for your son. No matter. The book, the jack-knife, the toy your son may bestow, because he likes the other lad, may be, to giver and recipient both, better than something that seemed to you more "suitable and proper."

Let the heart speak everywhere that it can without wrong, and then, when it has chosen from its love the little gifts for those to whom it longs to give, try to turn the heart's new stream of kindness toward those for whom the dear Christ cares. And this as a little token of gratitude and love to Christ Himself, as something done to show his own gladness that Christmas ever dawned upon his life.

Just here let the personal effort and even sacrifice

be made. Lead on to the trying to do something personal for the suffering, the needy and the distressed. Discourage no impulse, but encourage the saving of money, the denying one's self, the actual working in order to be able to help somebody who would have no happy Christmas but for him. Be assured, if for weeks, or even months, before the happy morning dawns, your boys and girls are busy-ing their heads and hearts and hands with the problem of how many they can make happy on that day, you have made certain their abundant delight. To grow up with the blessed feeling that Christmas is for all the boys and girls, as well as for one's self; that the dear Christ's coming meant the uplifting and blessing of all; that "the best love man can offer to the God of love, be sure, is kindness to his little ones and bounty to his poor;" to know that this love they can show by personal self-denial and work is certainly a Christmas gift worthy of bestowal on any child. Mothers and fathers and teachers have it in their power to endow their little ones with this gift. It is the real Christ-life begun in the soul. It is the Babe of Bethlehem cradled in the heart of a child.—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

A CHRISTLESS CHRISTMAS.

The manger and the grave are both empty, and many of the festivities of Christmas are without pertinence, while some better become the manger before Christ found it, and since He left it, than any intelligent reverence for his mission or devotion to that sacrifice which at the manger he began to make. This world of humanity is by nature piratical. It does not care from where or whom it steals. Its nature is to appropriate to itself whatever it chooses, without any kind of recognition of ownership or equivalent for values. Nor is it in anywise particular whether these appropriations are from God or man. Christmas was in the beginning purely the memorial of the manifestation of the divine-human, of the launching upon the world, through the Incarnation of the Divine Life-boat, to rescue its sinking hopes. Yet its dawn is now hailed without any reference to the glorious person around whose Advent it is but the faintest halo. Its sanctities are seized without gratitude other than an occasion of the gratification of the senses, so that to multitudes it has been turned into the worst of dissipations.

Christmas and drunkenness! how does this sound? And it looks worse than it sounds. Christmas without prayer, without gratitude—Christmas without Christ—what a bathos! Think of that piracy that steals the swaddling bands of his infancy, but leaves the living Saviour all unhonoured in the manger, on the cross, or in his intercessions at the right hand of God. Man is not only wicked, but absurd; and as wicked, absurd, and ridiculous, is ever appropriating to himself husks and leaving the kernels, for which husks were created, despised and neglected. As it now stands, Christmas is for a holiday, not for joy in a Redeemer—a holiday over which a jubilant semi-Christianity rejoices, instead of gratitude for deliverance, instead of penitence for sin, whose course is ever to be more sinful, even unto death. We have mirth unrestrained over the cradle, but no tears and no joy over the cross.

The exchange of presents, by which homes and friends are gladdened, and the merry laugh of childhood sent through the home circle, and the wrinkles of age changed into wavelets of smiles, was introduced into the world by the great Advent gift, sanctified also, and perpetuated in the presence of a Redeemer, and can no more be separated from his life than color from sunshine. And yet how much of the millions of money spent in connection with this event does Christ get? Who gives Christ costly treasures when memory brings to our homes the event of his birth? Who introduces Christmas as a day of thanksgiving, by first reverently acknowledging Christ's most costly gift?

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Who begins its festivities by exclaiming, "Here is the best for Christ, who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich." Or in all the wealth of Christmas be made rich." Or in all the wealth of Christmas

how much will be given out of gratitude to Christ? The true significance of the day would be marked by going first, in the early morning, to the house of God, to open there the treasures of your love, and the symbols of it, in the offering of the costliest gifts your condition in life could bestow. The children should be taught that in every gift Christ should be remembered as the most loved of the household, and that the house of God is the place to strike the first notes of joy in the new and delightful morn. What a glorious time that would be which would usher in Christmas festivities by seeing the wealth of the wealthy, and the pennies of penury lying on the altar together, as they sing, "Glory to God in the highest!" How happy we could make even Him over the event of His birth, seeing, "the travail of His soul" in the joy of His poor saints, to whom any joy we could give in our gifts in their need would go as a thrill through His heart! Christ's poor seem to be a second incarnation of himself, to be left in the world, through whom we may see Him and hear His voice as he used to speak on earth. His benefactions echo through the world in the tones in which he spake of them, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." They are to the ear of faith reproduced again. We hear of the sound of a man's voice being enclosed, as it were, in the audiphone for years. This day is Christ's audiphone, in which we can hear the tender cadences of His voice, and the beatitude which shall be reproduced to the helpers of the needy in the great scene of the judgment.

A Christless Christmas! Think of it, ye pleasure-lovers, ye backsliders, ye thankless pensioners on God's bounty, ye neglecters of religion, revelling in the shadows while the substance is beyond hope or thought! A Christless Christmas! No presents from you on the altar, no poor homes made happier; no sickness mitigated; no cordials for famished lips; no presents to the almoners of our church-work; no gifts to the Boards; no contributions to the poor fund; no joy to any but yourselves, no thanksgiving to any thing or anybody but to your own pockets!—*The Presbyterian.*

HOW TO HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To really enjoy Christmas and have no regrets is one of the fine arts. Our notion is that there should be a complete vacation of business. This means not only not to go near the shop, store or study, but not to let the shop, or study store, come near to us. Many think they are not attending to business when the mind is on it all the time. Put it away. Take the advice of old Thomas Tusser, who wrote more than three hundred years ago a poem called "The Farmer's Daily Diet," in which is this couplet:

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

But mere cessation of business is not all that this day calls for; there should be mirth, not the sort of which Solomon said, "The end of that mirth is heaviness," but what he was thinking of when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." If you are very conscientious, as all should be, and wonder whether Christians should ever be mirthful, remember Christ at the wedding in Cana, in Galilee, and his presence at feasts made in his honor. Happy confusion is the order for Christmas day.

It is a day for hospitality. Christ is the everlasting symbol and example of the purest hospitality. Remember friends with presents and Christmas cards, especially those who have seen better days. The wretch who in prosperity will surround himself with luxuries,

and forget those who helped him to rise, but who are now poor and lonely, deserves to see a skeleton peering over his shoulder, as a handwriting on the wall.

It is time to protest against the mania for giving presents without regard to the means of the giver or the utility of the gift. One of our contemporaries, in a passage which we quote elsewhere, protested against it last week. A contemporary had an editorial on "The Right Not to Give." We endorse these protests. Poor men's children are now discontented and unhappy if they do not have more and costlier presents than rich men formerly thought themselves able to give. Give; for Christmas day without gifts is a misnomer, but give wisely. Give according to your means; give useful things.

Devotion, also, should mark the day. Do not depend upon the pageantry of the Church. The elaborate music, the flowers, the congeries of expensive and glittering Christmas decorations do not reveal the Christ-child; they hide him. Take a little time alone from the outer mirth, commune in thine own heart, and ask, What would this world be if Christ had never been born in Bethlehem? True, pure thought will fit us to hear the angels sing. We have looked among the poets for a sentiment wherewith to connect the thoughts of Christmas with our own lives. We find nothing sweeter than the following opening stanzas of Miss A. A. Procter's sonnet, entitled "A Desire:"

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender way-worn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child.
Hush! such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?
—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

HOW A CHRISTMAS CARD SAVED A LIFE.

Merry Christmas time was drawing near, and I wanted some pretty illuminations to give away, so I went one morning where I knew I should find a beautiful variety.

While I was looking over a multitude of mottoes, and making my choice, I noticed a lady near me apparently bent on the same errand. After a few minutes, as she seemed unable to find what she was seeking, I asked her if there were any among those I had chosen which she particularly liked.

She thanked me pleasantly, and said she had selected all she wished except one, and she felt sure of finding it among the unassorted cards; for it had been published, she thought, by the Tract Society only the year before.

"It is one with purple pansies—heart's ease, you know—and the verse:

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

"I want it for a special use," she said; and then added, impulsively: "Those words saved a life—a soul—last Christmas! You don't wonder they are precious."

Then, in a few words, she gave the outline of the story of one who had, through terrible trials, lost faith in human love, truth, and honor, and, worst of all, in his misery had made shipwreck of his faith in God.

It was Christmas day. He started to leave the house with the full purpose of committing suicide. The children were just coming home from a Sunday-school Christmas tree, eager

and happy with their pretty presents. He stole out through a room from which they passed, so that no one might see him leave the house. Lying on the floor just where he must step to cross the threshold, was a card with purple pansies and the words, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Startled, thrilled to his soul, he could not pass by that message from heaven, facing him as if to drive him back from his wicked, cowardly purpose. Faith in God and His welcome back, brought with it courage and strength to take up the heavy burden of a bruised and shattered life. God did care for him, and was a very present help in trouble.

The story touched me deeply, and has often recurred to me since, though I have never seen the lady again, and know nothing further of the circumstances. It always comes back with special force whenever I have to choose Scripture verses to give away. Since we have the promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void," may we not rightly ask God's peculiar blessing on these little messengers, which go to so many homes we may never enter?

I could not help thinking that perhaps some one had been praying "in secret" for God's blessing on that very message.

British & Foreign News.

ENGLAND.

The heroic and self-sacrificing devotion of professional duty shown by the late Dr. Rabbeth is to be fittingly commemorated by the establishment of medals bearing his name in connection with the London University and King's College. By this means the noble example set by the deceased will be constantly kept before students of the same profession, and prove an incentive to many to emulate its spirit. The Archbishop of Canterbury heads a thoroughly representative Committee for the carrying out of this project.

The war against clerical attire is being carried into Church of England ranks as well as those of the Non-conformists. The Rev. E. Husband, incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone, in a recent sermon expressed his wish that the clergy were more at one with the people than they are, and his belief that one of the hindrances to ministerial influence is the adoption of a clerical garb and tone, as though it were "the cowl that makes the monk." He admitted that there are some whose only credential for the office of the ministry was their cloths. A new era would soon dawn in reference to Gospel work among the poor if ministers generally abandoned officialism and made themselves the friends as well as teachers of the poor.

Among the most cheering features of the Christian work of to-day is the number of volunteers offering themselves for missionary enterprise in various parts of the world. A five days' mission, relative to work in foreign lands has just been held in Cambridge, in which twelve University men, who are about to go forth in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and several others who are soon to embark for China, in connection with the Island Mission, took part. Some of these were greatly stirred up through the recent labors of Mr. Moody. The meetings held were for the members of the University only, and must have tended greatly to awaken a fervent missionary spirit in the hearts of many undergraduates who attended.—*The Christian.*

We make the following extracts from an address given recently to a large gathering of University students at Cambridge, by Rev. H. C. Moule:—"There is in college life, for many reasons, a special risk of manifold self-indulgence; waste of time and means! indifference to the claims of dependents; laxity in little duties. There is the risk, in the field of emulation, of great growths of self-consciousness and self-seeking. And then the even darker temptations—the sin of dark streets and lanes; and not that only, but the invasion of at least the imagination by secret impurity; not begun here, indeed, but liable here to terrible development. How shall we overcome? We shall not overcome by intellectual force or refinements, good gifts as these things are. Literary perception, logical pre-

cision: these things are dust in the wind against the power of sin at the springs of thought and will. And as to modern substitutes for Christianity, however gravely meant and reasoned, whatever else lies against them this surely lies, that they have no inmost secret for purification of thought and will at the springs. What can I say? I can say—Jesus Christ. With absolute certainty I say this, that our Lord Jesus Christ is able to deal, and to deal thoroughly, with the worst temptations you can bring Him.”

In reference to the links between the power of Christ and the individual soul in its personal conflicts, the same speaker thus strikingly sets forth the truth:—“There are conditions to his action. You must in a very real way come to Him; you must take Him at his own terms; you must submit and commit in strong reality. You must in no figure of speech yield yourself to be his slave; that harsh, degrading, glorious word; once deeply repugnant to my own will, now I trust, as dear to me as word can be. Yes, to be king in temptation you must be slave to Christ; realizing that you are indeed his chattel, the chattel of the crucified, atoning, risen Redeemer. But be this, do this, and I venture to affirm that you shall be astonished at the work within you which your Master will do. You will adore his mysterious power to break habits at the root. Kindness will have displaced selfishness, patience impatience, purity pollution; your aims will be merged in his. Call in this Divine Keeper of the soul with a full remembrance that He is indeed ‘not yourselves; a Personality infinitely real, One who knows you, and can handle you with a divine personal influence throughout.’”

UNITED STATES.

BIBLE-MAKING.—Many of our readers are somewhat familiar with the work of the American Bible Society. The following extract from the *New York Tribune* gives some interesting statistics of the magnitude of the work:—“Just above Cooper Institute [New York City] stands a six-storey building, the home and workshop of the American Bible Society. Plain in architectural design and unobtrusive in outward appearance, it serves a potent and far-reaching purpose. From its storerooms over 1,000,000 of the Scriptures, printed in 164 languages and dialects, are annually distributed throughout the world. The Society was organized in May, 1816, by a convention of delegates from different parts of the country. Its business is conducted by a Board of Managers, consisting of thirty-six laymen of various Christian denominations. The publishing business is under the charge of Caleb T. Rowe. A. L. Taylor, the Treasurer, found time recently to say to a *Tribune* reporter:—“Ours is a manufacturing, commercial, and benevolent business. We never sell above cost price, more frequently below, and not seldom give the Bibles out and out. The channels of distribution in this country are through the trade, through about 2,000 auxiliary societies, and through the agency of colporteurs who are employed to carry books into sparsely settled sections. To some extent we also use other benevolent bodies as agents. The distribution in foreign countries is done mainly by the agencies at Constantinople, Yokohama, Shanghai, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Mexico, St. Petersburg, and Tabreez, Persia. The number of volumes issued from our house last year was 1,357,051; the number made in other countries, 451,164. During the sixty-eight years the Society has been at work, 43,892,031 Bibles and Testaments have been scattered among the peoples of the earth, including over 12,000 copies for the blind. ‘And your general expenses—how are they met?’ suggested the reporter. The deficit is covered by contributions, legacies, and the rent from the building. Our total annual income from all sources is upward of \$600,000. Last year we employed 400 colporteurs in America, and gave work to 200 persons in this building. Our fortnightly pay-roll now ranges from \$10,000 to \$12,000.”

The Rev. Martin K. Schermerhorn has left the Unitarian Church for the Episcopal. The *Springfield Republican* gives him the following notice:—

“The Rev. Martin K. Schermerhorn’s purpose to join the Protestant Episcopal Church is surprising chiefly because, when last heard from, he was bent on organizing a Theistic church in New York city, which should not affirm the Christian religion any more than the Buddhist, or the Brahman, or the Hebrew, but should rest on those principles of radical unity found in the existence of one God and the pursuit of good. This venture probably proved a failure.” The accession of men of this stamp is not strength, but weakness to our Church.

FOREIGN.

A NORWEGIAN delegate to the Copenhagen Conference of the Evangelical Alliance writes thus of certain churches in the North:—“Before the year 1845 no denomination, Christian or Jew, was tolerated in Norway besides the established Lutheran Church. That year a law was enacted, giving both Jews and Christians liberty, within certain limits, to worship according to their own conscience. Ten years after its enactment a highly-gifted clergyman of the Establishment left its pale, and organized a number of Free Churches at most of the towns, going as far north as Trawsa. These Free Churches seemed to bid fair from the beginning; but, to their regret, their leader, after a very brief period, left them again and went back to the Established Church. About the same time the Methodists began their labours in Norway, supported by their friends in the United States. At their last Conference it was reported that they have in Norway 3,265 members in full fellowship, 603 on trial; 29 chapels, collected during the year, £4,200; 40 Sunday-schools, with 3,380 children and 400 teachers. They are most numerous at the southern part around the capital, but have also churches at most of the towns as far north as Trondhjem. The Baptists began their labours a few years later, and have been helped, but to a far smaller extent, by their friends in England. They have 15 churches, with 13 chapels (the most of them very lately erected) and 10 ordained ministers. Their largest and best missionary work has been done in the far north, above the Arctic Circle, where they have two churches and three chapels. At their last Conference some of the delegates had to travel more than one thousand miles to attend. At the Conference a net increase for the past year of twenty per cent. was reported. In full membership there were 1,100; 10 Sunday-schools, with about 1,000 scholars and 100 teachers; collect during the year about £1,100. About ten years ago a Lutheran Free Church was organized by the Rev. P. Wettergreen, a very warm-hearted Christian, and one of the most popular preachers in Norway. He resides at Arendal, where he ministers to a large and influential Free Lutheran Church, organized similarly to the Presbyterian Free Churches of Scotland, with which they seem to have some connection. From it he goes round visiting those sister churches that have sprung up through his labours, nine in number, with about 800 members. Last year another movement was started by Mr. Fransen, a Swedish evangelist, in connection with those Free Churches started thirty years ago. The various organizations outside the Established Church, full of life and activity, have had a great influence in awakening and keeping up spiritual life inside the State Church also. Sunday-schools and other work, unknown before the Dissenters began their labours, have sprung up, and in some towns they have flourishing Sunday-schools. Nevertheless there are still parishes in Norway without a single believer, and much ground still unoccupied. The Dissenting law spoken about is considered to be not in accordance with our times, and it forbids any persons who have been confirmed to leave the State Church before they have attained nineteen years of age. This is now to be altered and the age reduced to fifteen. As we have now a very liberal Government, it is hoped that this new law will soon be enacted.

The *London Christian* says:—“The bitter hostility of the Moslem to the Christian faith is becoming more and more developed, inasmuch that fresh laws are being enacted by the Ottoman government for the obstruction of mission work on Mohammedan territory. In Palestine strenuous efforts are being made to remove Moslem children from the mission schools, and a rule has been made that no Moslem shall be considered master of himself until he is twenty years of age, and is certified to be of sound mind and able to judge for himself. The purpose of such an enactment may be inferred from a statement made by a government official to the special correspondent of the *Record* at Jerusalem. ‘Every religion,’ he said, ‘must take care of its own interests, and no efforts will be wanting to obstruct the designs of the missionaries.’”

CHURCH MATTERS IN RUSSIA.—In September, in the city of Kieff, ten bishops met in a local church council, Metropolitan Platon, of Kieff, presiding. The religious needs of the eight adjoining dioceses were discussed. The Chief Procurer of the Holy Synod, Mr. Pobedonostreff, represented the Czar. As it is two centuries since such a council has assembled, both religious and secular journals warmly welcomed the meeting as a sign of new life in the Church of Russia. It should be remembered that, since the time of the great Russian patriarch, Nikon, in the seventeenth century, the Russian Government has not tolerated any

meetings of the Church dignitaries, fearing their power. Only in view of some imminent danger to itself, has the autocratic government called on the clergy to exercise their influence over the people. Thus, not long ago, the Russian bishops were requested to anathematize the Nihilists. And now, in view of a strong Protestant movement in South Russia, the bishops are called upon to unsheathe the spiritual sword against free religious thought, which, no doubt, is incompatible with the autocratic regime. Hence the Kieff council. In order to teach Russian peasants modern methods of agriculture, German colonists were brought to Russia. In 1817 some colonists of Wurtemberg, known as “Stundists,” settled in South Russia. These colonists employed Russian workingmen, who learned German and attended the Stundist religious meetings. Thus the sect spread among Russians. Soon, among the Russian Stundists, there appeared apostles and martyrs. Whole villages turned Protestant. The Government tried to stamp out the new teaching by force. The leaders were arrested and put into prison or into some Orthodox convent. These measures only roused the sectarians. They denounced the Orthodox clergy, the sacraments, and the rites. They abandoned the Church altogether, and held their own meetings in secret. In the eight dioceses named there are about sixteen million inhabitants, of whom, it is believed, a third are Stundists. The Czar’s government now desires the Council to find out some efficient means to thwart Stundism in Russia. The Stundists are generally recognized as moral, industrious, and temperate people. In their meetings they read the New Testament in Russian in the edition of the Holy Synod.

Home News.

DIocese of Toronto.

The Bishop of Toronto has issued his customary Christmas pastoral, in which he invites the laity to contribute liberally in the Christmas offertory to the necessities of the clergy.

An ordination was held last Sunday morning in Trinity College Chapel by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Toronto. The service was choral, with processional hymn. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Professor Clark, from 1 Cor. 4: 2. The Bishop and the choir then sang the Litany, after which Mr. G. E. Haslam, M.A., was ordained to the office of deacon, and the Rev. G. A. S. Schneider, M.A., to the priesthood, the former being presented by the Bishop’s chaplain, Rev. A. Broughall, and the latter by Rev. Provost Body.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.—The Michaelmas Terminal Examinations were concluded on Saturday last. The next term will begin Tuesday, January 6th, when lectures will be resumed.

COTTAGE MEETING.—In spite of the very cold weather last Friday night, the cottage meeting hall, at the corner of York and Richmond streets, Toronto, was almost filled to the door to hear the Rev. Elmore Harris, who spoke from the text, “They all with one consent began to make excuse.” The many excuses which men make were pointed out, but proved to be mere subtleties, as there was nothing that can keep sinners from the Saviour, if they will just accept the invitation to the Gospel Feast. It was announced that the Bishop of Algoma would give a Christmas address on Friday, and the Rev. Hugh Johnston, of the Metropolitan, the New Year’s address on the following week.

WESTON.—The annual Bazaar of St. Phillip’s Church Sewing Society, Weston, was held at Eagle Hall, on Tuesday, 16th December. It was successful, realizing, in the aggregate, \$255.42. The above sum, less expenses, will be applied towards improving the Lot, in Caledon East, belonging to St. Phillip’s Church.

BRADFORD.—A series of special services will (God willing) be held in Bradford, in connection with the Church of England, beginning Dec. 28th. The object of these services is—1. The arousing of the thoughtless and indifferent in order that they may turn in heart to Him who is the Saviour of sinners. 2. The quickening of believers that they may be led to whole-hearted consecration to Christ, and with souls at rest in Him may serve Him without fear in holiness of life. Only God the Holy Spirit can bring about such a result as this; but He works through means; and the sure Word of

God is “As of Christ is one that be continued pray Holy Spirit preached expect with great and a

DEATH OF

The Rig died last o'clock. F health, alth celerated l some pape through the symptoms Bishop g^l Irish origin from Archb of Trinity (Elizabeth. scendent o quaint Th settled in I Ontario, w^l Regiment, after whom passing th school cour Mr. Fuller bly, Lower course of di he was ord laboured as It was just by plague. For many v ceasingly e^l pest houses and burying From Moni missionary, of Lambton Chatham a: to meet the establishing parishes. I manifested communion June, 1836, “The State which had v proposed fo lishment of be represen action was t serves and the foundi In the folle ever held in assembled i At this tir for he only He was app tablished co the Wellanc mainspring he left Tho \$11,000 he beautiful ch St. George’ and success: deacon of N tion extendi Toronto Di when the D elected its fi terests he h^l At an ear married to Samuel Stre He has left Besides I Samuel Full Toronto; V Woodstock daughters— McLeod, no Judge Bens wife of Jame with the ex Bishop in hi

God is "Ask and ye shall receive," and "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." If then earnest, united and continued prayer be offered up for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the Gospel be simply and faithfully preached night after night during the Mission, we can expect without a doubt that many souls will receive great and abiding blessing.—*Bradford Witness.*

DIocese OF NIAGARA.

DEATH OF THE VENERABLE BISHOP OF NIAGARA.

The Right Rev. T. B. Fuller, Bishop of Niagara, died last Wednesday morning, Dec. 16th, at three o'clock. He has been for many years in declining health, although his death appears to have been accelerated by a slight accident. He was perforating some papers with a small file, when the file passed through the papers and into his left hand. On Friday symptoms of blood poisoning set in, and the Bishop gradually sank. The Bishop was of Irish origin, being descended on the mother's side from Archbishop Loftus, of Dublin, one of the founders of Trinity College in that city in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By the father's side he was lineal descendant of the well-known church historian, the quaint Thomas Fuller, a branch of whose family settled in Ireland. Born in the garrison of Kingston, Ontario, where his father, Major Fuller, of the 41st Regiment, was quartered, the gallant Sir Isaac Brock, after whom he was named, was his godfather. After passing through all the branches of the Grammar school course at Hamilton and then at "Little York," Mr. Fuller proceeded to the Divinity School at Chambly, Lower Canada. Having completed the prescribed course of divinity on the 8th of September, A.D. 1833, he was ordained to the diaconate, and subsequently laboured as curate in the parish church of Montreal. It was just about this time that the city was devastated by plague. The visitation of cholera was most severe. For many weary weeks the young clergyman was unceasingly employed amid the fearful scenes of the city pest houses, in visiting the sick, consoling the dying, and burying the dead in their hurriedly made graves. From Montreal, in 1836, he removed to Chatham as missionary, where, alone, for four years, the counties of Lambton and Kent were his field of labour. From Chatham as the centre he worked out, doing his utmost to meet the spiritual destitution which prevailed, and establishing stations which have since grown vigorous parishes. But far beyond his extensive mission he manifested the deepest interest in the growth of our communion at a very critical period of her history. In June, 1836, he published anonymously a pamphlet on "The State and Prospects of the Church in Canada," which had very considerable influence. The remedy he proposed for the disorders of the time was the establishment of diocesan synods in which the laity should be represented. But it was not until 1852 that any action was taken. The secularization of the clergy reserves and the pressure of financial difficulties led to the founding of the "Church Society" in that year. In the following year, 1853, the first colonial synod ever held in connection with the Church of England assembled in Toronto.

At this time Mr. Fuller was Archdeacon of Niagara, for he only remained four years in his western parish. He was appointed rector of Thorold in 1840, and established congregations at several points on the line of the Welland Canal, while at the same time he was the mainspring of the District Church Society. When he left Thorold, in 1861, he presented the parish with \$11,000 he had advanced towards the erection of a beautiful church in that parish. In 1861 he went to St. George's, Toronto, where he laboured zealously and successfully. In 1869 he was appointed Archdeacon of Niagara by Bishop Strachan, his jurisdiction extending over the old Niagara District and the Toronto Diocese to the east of the city. In 1875, when the Diocese of Niagara was set apart he was elected its first bishop, and to the promotion of its interests he has ever since devoted himself.

At an early period of his ministry the Bishop was married to Cynthia, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Street, of Clarkhill, near the Falls of Niagara. He has left three daughters and six sons.

Besides his widow deceased leaves six sons:—Samuel Fuller, of Stratford; Richard and William, of Toronto; Valancey E. Fuller, of this city; Shelton, of Woodstock; and Henry, of Toronto; also three daughters—Mrs. McLeod, wife of Rev. D. J. F. McLeod, now in England; Mrs. Benson, wife of Judge Benson, of Port Hope, and Mrs. McMurray, wife of James S. McMurray, of Toronto. All of these, with the exception of Mrs. McLeod, were with the Bishop in his last moments.

The funeral of the late Bishop took place from Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, at one o'clock Saturday afternoon. The service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Sullivan, Bishop of Algoma, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Mockridge. Nearly all the clergy from the Niagara diocese were present, and also a number from Toronto, including Bishop Sweatman, Rev. J. D. Cayley, Rev. W. J. Broughall, and Rev. W. Jones. There were about fifty clergymen present, added to which were a large number of lay delegates from different places. The remains lay in state at the head of the church, and the chancel was heavily draped in black. There were a number of beautiful floral offerings from friends of the deceased in this city and the United States, besides those from relations. Owing to the extremely cold weather nearly all the service was performed at the church, and long before the time mentioned for the funeral that large edifice was filled to the doors. The service at the grave was performed by Dr. Mockridge. The pall-bearers were Archdeacon Dixon, Guelph; Rural Dean Bull, Canon Curran, Canon Read, Grimsby; Mayor J. J. Mason, and F. W. Gates, of Hamilton; and F. Lambton and John Keefer, Thorold. Memorial services were held in Christ Church Cathedral and St. Thomas' Church on Sunday morning and evening.

The late Bishop, whose death is deeply lamented by many friends, was a laborious and successful administrator, very judicious and clear-sighted. He accorded to the laity their full and rightful place in the counsels of the parishes and diocese. This contributed greatly to the harmony which marked his administration. His theological position was not very closely defined. He called himself "A Prayer-book Churchman." He was at one time a member of the Toronto Church Association, but afterwards withdrew from it. He took very strong ground against the development of ritualistic irregularities, but was very tolerant and moderate in his rulings. His kindness of heart endeared him to all. To the household bereaved and the diocese deprived of its head we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

DIocese OF HURON.

In Memoriam.

We recorded recently with great regret and sorrow the lamented death of the Rev. William B. Evans, B.D., R.D. He passed away on the evening of the 5th of Dec., in the 53rd year of his age, having scarcely passed the prime of life. Although he had been for several years in declining health, the end came suddenly. Calmly and peacefully he entered into the Eternal Rest. He was the third son of the late Rev. Francis Evans, a former Rector of Woodhouse, and we believe the first Episcopal clergyman who officiated in that part of the Province. The deceased entered the ministry in 1861 and was appointed Rector of Woodhouse and Rural Dean of the County of Norfolk by Bishop Hellmuth in 1879. His remains were committed to their last resting place on Monday the 8th, and were followed by a large concourse of mourning friends and relatives. The burial services were conducted by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Huron, assisted by the Rev. Canon Hincks, of Galt, and the Rev. Geo. Keyes, of Chatsworth—the two latter being brothers-in-law of the deceased. The Bishop, who was his school and college mate and his almost life-long friend, in a most eloquent address, spoke feelingly of the many virtues of the departed and of his earnest christian life. His loving and sympathetic words were full of comfort and consolation for the mourners. We have been informed that the last time Mr. Evans officiated in the pulpit he preached a memorial sermon for the late Rev. Samuel Harris, an aged and venerable brother in the church; now he is no more, and it was said at the grave by one who knew him well, "a noble soul has gone from us." The Rev. Mr. Evans was well-known throughout Western Ontario. The single-heartedness and guilelessness of his character, his earnestness of purpose, and the sympathetic kindness of heart which overflowed towards all around him, made him many warm and devoted friends. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn their irreparable loss. Of his surviving brothers, two are clergymen of the Diocese of Montreal, Ven. Archdeacon Evans and Rev. H. J. Evans, and two are resident in Toronto, Dr. Evans and — Evans, Esq., Barrister at law. To all the sorrowing relatives, we respectfully tender our heartfelt sympathy. But we will do well to call to remembrance the Master's gracious word, "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." The weary labourer has received the benediction and welcome of Him whom he sought to honor in abundant labours and sacrifices, and in suffering patiently and bravely borne.

In Memoriam.

The Rev. Samuel Harris, who has been for many years a resident of Simcoe, departed this life on Sunday, the 2nd of November, in the 85th year of his age, after a brief illness of five days. The immediate cause of death was congestion of the lungs. But he had been for the past four years in very feeble health, and during most of that time seldom able to leave the house. Mr. Harris was a native of Suffolk, England, and came to Canada in the year 1839, being then about 39 years of age. Forty-one years ago he entered upon the work of the Christian ministry in the Congregational Church, and was, during a portion of that ministry placed over the Congregational Church in Simcoe. It is now twenty-one years since he sought admission to the ministry to the Church of England, and, being accepted, he received Episcopal ordination at the hands of the Bishop Cronyn, the first Bishop of the Diocese of Huron. He labored in his new sphere in the Parishes of Waterford, Delhi and Lyncedoch—in which he is gratefully remembered to this day. For several years past he had been compelled, owing to advancing years, to retire from the active work of the Christian ministry. But he was always ready to assist in the services of the Church he so much loved when health permitted. Mr. Harris was a sincere and earnest Christian. Exact and honorable in all his worldly transactions, he was kind to others, and was ever mindful of all the interests of his Church, to which he freely and regularly contributed. His remains were interred in St. John's Cemetery. The services were read by the Rev. John Gemley, Rector of Trinity Church, in this town—the late Rev. W. B. Evans taking part as one of the mourners with the bereaved family. Mr. Harris leaves no family, but a loving and devoted wife, to whose unremitting and constant attentions it may safely be said that many months, if not years, were added to the life of her beloved husband.—*Com.*

We learn with sincere regret of the death of Archdeacon Nelles, of Brantford. This venerable clergyman entered into his rest on Saturday last. He had attained the good old age of 79 years. His life was spent in active and self-denying work, and during his younger days he endured great hardships in his missionary labours.

TRINITY CHURCH, SIMCOE.—The annual missionary services of the Parish of Simcoe took place on Sunday and Monday, 7th and 8th inst. The Rector preached on the Sunday morning, taking for his text 1 John, iv. 9. The sermon was suitable to the season of Advent, with only incidental allusion to the subject of missions, which was left to the visitor, the preacher for the evening. The Rev. D. J. Caswell, B.D., of Kanyeageh, occupied the pulpit at the evening service and preached a suitable, intellectual and effective sermon from the words of Malachi, ch. I. v. 11. On the Monday evening a public meeting was held in the Sunday School House. Prayers were said by Rev. Mr. Gemley, who in a few words introduced Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, Rector of Grace Church, Brantford—the senior member of the Deputation. Mr. Mackenzie was very happy in the choice of a topic, viz.: the consecration of the late Bishop Seabury, the centennial year of which has just been celebrated. The congregations that attended and the amount of offertory presented were quite satisfactory, in view of the very unfavourable weather, especially on the Sunday. The local papers state that the services of the Deputation gave great satisfaction and must be helpful in deepening a missionary spirit among those who heard them.

THAMESVILLE.—On Monday evening, the 15th inst., the Bishop of Huron arrived at the Parsonage. A reception was given to the Bishop, and an address presented to him. The principal members of the church were present, and all went away delighted with the Bishop. The address was read by Rev. Rural Dean Davis, the Incumbent, to which Dr. Baldwin made a very earnest and effective reply.

"TO THE RIGHT-REV. THE BISHOP OF HURON:

"MY LORD,—We, the Incumbent, lay delegate, churchwardens, and members of St. Stephen's Church, Thamesville, beg to approach your Lordship on this, your first visit among us, with feelings of profound respect, and sentiments of loyal attachment to your person and office as Chief Shepherd of the Church of God in this Diocese. We feel proud of having you for our Bishop, the more so as we believe you were sent to fill this high office, and to rule over this vast Diocese by Him who ordereth all things, both in heaven and on earth.

"Before your appointment to the Episcopate, we

had heard the high estimate in which you and Mrs. Baldwin were held by members of the Church of England, as well as by the great majority of other religious bodies in the city of Montreal. Your preaching was said to be of the most Protestant, Scriptural, Evangelical kind; your labours to promote the cause of Christ were incessant; you were ably assisted by Mrs. Baldwin in her own sphere of duty. Since you took charge of this Diocese, we find the half was not told us. We have heard and read your telling, earnest sermons, we have seen your brotherly kindness. We thank God for it all, and we believe that such plain, unmistakeable Gospel utterances, coupled with such an unblemished life, must under God be productive of the very best results in the Diocese. Your untiring zeal and energy in promoting the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, must necessarily tend to stimulate your clergy to 'work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' The example of your holy life and conversation will, we trust, act as leaven which will pervade the whole Church.

In conclusion, we pray that the Divine Spirit may be more abundantly poured upon you. May you be long spared to administer the affairs of this important Diocese, and may the Divine blessing and protection be vouchsafed to yourself and your family in your incessant labours and journeyings, and at last, when your work is ended in the Church below, may you be translated into a higher sphere in the Church above.

"We beg to subscribe ourselves, your Lordship's attached and faithful servants,
(Signed) "W. DAVIS, Rural Dean, Incumbent.
"GEORGE R. GORDON, Lay Delegate.
"F. J. MAYHEW } Churchwardens."
"GEORGE J. WATTS }

SELTON.—On Tuesday the 16th inst., the Bishop of Huron assisted by the Incumbent, Revs. Rural Dean Davis, Ven. Archdeacon Sandys, D. D., Rev. John Downie, B. D., Rev. W. M. Shore, consecrated a new church (St. George's, Selton, in Thamesville Parish), and confirmed 13 persons, 5 of whom were brought up adherents of another religious communion. Three and a half years ago Mr. Davis found a few church families in this neighbourhood, commenced service in a small private house, having been refused the use of the school-house, and now under the Divine blessing he has been spared to see a neat little church capable of seating 150 persons consecrated, and a good congregation gathered together, thanks to the self-denial of five men who with the Incumbent were able to bring the work to such a successful termination. In the evening of the same day the Bishop confirmed 16 persons in St. Stephen's Church, Thamesville. Ven. Archdeacon Sandys, Rev. W. M. Shore, and the Incumbent were present and took part in the services. His Lordship addressed the candidates in both the churches in his usual clear impressive manner. The congregations who heard him were highly delighted with himself and the beautiful scriptural address delivered by him.—COM.

ANNUAL MISSIONARY MEETINGS FROM DEC., 1884, TO FEB., 1885.

(Continued from last week.)

GREY.	
Durham, Sun., Jan. 11,	Rev. R. S. Cooper, B.D.
Egremont, Sun. Jan. 11,	"
Holland, St. L., Mon., Jan. 12	Rev. A. Brown, B.A.
Chatsworth, Tues., Jan. 13,	"
Sullivan, St. J., Wed., Jan. 14,	"
Holland, St. M., Thur., Jan. 15	"
Markdale, Fri., Jan. 16,	"
Owen Sound, Sun., Jan. 18,	"
Derby, Sun., Jan. 18,	" [M.A.]
St. Vincent, Mon., Jan. 19,	Rev. J. H. Moorehouse.
	Rev. C. H. Chaner.
Clarksburg, Tues., Jan. 20,	"
Trin. Ch., Coll. Tp. Wed., Jan. 21,	"
Ravena, Thur., Jan. 22,	"
Heathcote, Fri., Jan. 23,	"
Meaford, Sun., Jan. 25,	"
Streets, Sun., Jan. 25,	"
St. Matt., Syd. Mon., Jan. 26,	Rev. H. Wyllie
Walters' Falls, Tues., Jan. 27,	"
St. Jas., Euphr. Wed., Jan. 28,	"
Kimberly, Thur., Jan. 29,	"
Eugenia, Fri., Jan. 30,	"
Maxwell, Fri., Jan. 30,	"
Shelburne, Sun., Feb. 1,	"
Dundalk, Sun., Feb. 1,	"

OXFORD.	
Thamesford, Mon., Feb. 2,	Rev. F. Harding. Rev. J.W. Downie, B.D.
Lakeside, Tues., Feb. 3,	"

Ingersoll, Wed., Feb. 4,	"
Tilsonburg, Thur., Feb. 5,	"
Dereham, Fri., Feb. 6,	"
Otterville, Sun., Feb. 8,	"
Northfield, Sun., Feb. 8,	"
Norwich, Sun., Feb. 8,	"
Woodstock, Mon., Feb. 9,	"
Zorra, Tues., Feb. 10,	"
" North, Wed., Feb. 11,	"
Innerkip, Thur., Feb. 12,	"
Eastwood, Fri., Feb. 13,	"
Princeton, Sun., Feb. 15,	"
Ayr, Sun., Feb. 15,	"
Oxford Centre, Mon., Feb. 16,	"
Woodstock East, Tues., Feb. 17,	"
Beachville, Wed., Feb. 18,	"

PERTH.	
Stratford, St. Jas., Sun., Jan. 18,	Rev. E. J. Robinson.
Sebringville, Sun., Jan. 18,	"
Stratford, Memor., Sun., Jan. 18,	"
Millbank, Jan. 18, Rev. J. W. Beaumont, D.D.	"
Elma, Sun., Jan. 18,	"
Cross Hill, Sun., Jan. 18,	"
Mitchell, Mon., Jan. 19,	"
Dublin, Tues., Jan. 20,	"
Kirkton, Wed., Jan. 21,	"
St. Patrick's, Thur., Jan. 22,	"
Prospect Hill, Fri., Jan. 23,	"
St. Mary's, Sun., Jan. 24,	"
Moncton, Sun., Jan. 25,	"
Newry, Sun., Jan. 25,	"
Henfryn, Sun., Jan. 25,	"

WATERLOO.	
Galt, Sun., Jan. 18,	Rev. J. Gemley.
Berlin, Mon., Jan. 19,	Rev. D. Deacon, M.A.
Haysville, Tues., Jan. 20,	"
Wilmot, Wed., Jan. 21,	"
Hamburg, Thur., Jan. 22,	"

DIocese OF MONTREAL.

The Bishop, according to custom at this season of the year, addressed a letter to the churchwardens of the various churches requesting them to bring before the congregations the suggestion that the offertory on Christmas Day be presented to the clergy of the church as a good-will offering, in grateful acknowledgment of God's manifold goodness, especially in continuing to us the peaceful exercise of our religious privileges.

The Bishop addressed the Sunday School at St. Jude's on Sunday afternoon, the 21st inst., and preached in the evening at that church.

The Ladies' Aid Association connected with St. Stephen's held their annual sale of work in the lecture hall of the church on Wednesday and Thursday, the 17th and 18th inst., and the St. Jude's Ladies' Aid Association also held a sale of useful and fancy work on the same days.

A reading consisting of selections from Dickens's "Christinas Carol" was given in St. George's Church Sunday School on Thursday evening, the 18th inst. The Rev. R. Lindsay, rural dean, occupied the chair. The lecture was beautifully illustrated by dissolving views under the management of Mr. George Prowse. There was a good attendance. The proceeds were on behalf of the building fund of the new church at St. Lambert's.

The Rev. R. Lindsay, rector of St. Thomas, preached a special sermon to the Society of Foresters on Sunday evening, the 14th inst. A large number of the order were present.

A meeting was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 15, in the school room of St. Mary's Church, Hochelaga, for the purpose of re-organizing the Hochelaga Auxiliary of the Bible Society. The Rev. Mr. Green gave an address on the origin and progress of the great work of the Society. Mr. Thomas Hawkins, J.P., was elected president of the Auxiliary, the Rector of St. Mary's, the Rev. J. D. Borthwick being president.

DIocese OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC.—The Cathedral Guild held a bazaar on Thursday, Dec 11th, and realized nearly \$500.

Mr. Bishop, organist of the Cathedral, gave the first of a series of organ recitals, on Tuesday, 9th inst. There was a very large and appreciative congregation and a very liberal offertory.

Preparations are being made for the approaching Synod, which assembles January 13th, this season of the year being more suitable for all the clergy on the distant missions.

The monthly clerical meeting was held at St. Matthew's Rectory, the residence of the Rev. Chas. Hamilton, M.A. The Bishop presided. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

A special collection for the Fuel Fund of the church was made on Sunday, a. m., Dec. 14th, in the Cathedral, amounting to \$140. The Rev. Jno. Ridley, assistant minister, preached a sermon on "The Ministry of Angels."

The Rev. Mr. Williams, son of the Bishop of the diocese, is expected here in January from England, and will enter upon his duties as curate of St. Matthew's Church.

DIocese OF ALGOMA.

The following contributions are very gratefully acknowledged:—For Communion Vessels—Sherbrooke Sunday-school, \$2; per Rev. B. B. Smith, \$25; "Twenty Minutes' Society," per Mrs. Ross, Ottawa, \$6. For John Esquimaux, (who lost all he possessed by the capsizing of his boat): Geo. H. Rowswell, \$10; Rev. R. V. Rogers, Kingston, a parcel of Standard Theological Books. For Sheguiandah Church:—A "Churchman," \$5; Nova Scotia, \$3; A Lay Reader, \$2.20; George H. Timbury, \$2; George H. Rowswell, \$10; James Corrigan, \$2.43; St. Andrew's, N. B., \$5. Also, a box of clothing from the "Twenty Minutes' Society," per Mrs. Ross, Ottawa.

17 Willcox Street. E. ALGOMA.

In reply to "Churchman's" question, "Why does the Bishop of Algoma reside in Toronto during the winter?" the Bishop begs to say that only his family reside there—he himself spends the greater part of the winter travelling in Muskoka and the other Eastern portions of his Diocese, which, as yet, can be reached by rail only from Toronto.

The Rev. Edward S. Stubbs begs to acknowledge with many thanks, the receipt of a large box from the C. W. M. A., Toronto, containing books for Sunday-school Libraries, useful clothing, and toys for the Christmas trees in his outstations.

Bracebridge, Muskoka, Dec. 19, 1884.

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN MUSKOKA.

We had been informed by the Bishop of a visit early in December, and were ready to receive him, and by attending the Bishop through the adjoining Mission to take a taste of the Bishop's mission experience. Sleighing had been fair for some days, and the prospects for a comfortable visitation were good. The Bishop arrived at Gravenhurst on the evening of the 4th inst., and was cared for. On the morning of the 8th we started for Ferris Hill station, 10 miles away, and after a pleasant drive of seven miles, we found the Rev. J. Greeson, the Missionary, awaiting us at a corner where the road branched. We followed him to the residence of our church friend, Mr. C., and there were made welcome by dinner. Back to Ferris Hill church for service at 2.30 p.m. A few had gathered, and we spent an hour in Holy Communion. After this service and a short conversation on business matters, we started for Uffington, where we arrived just as darkness came on. Mr. D. gave us food and lodging for man and beast, and ministered kindly to our comfort. At Uffington we were welcomed by a crowded congregation. The candidates for confirmation pleased the Bishop very much, by their earnest attention and appreciation of their position. Evening prayer, Holy Communion, and then the Bishop held a "Vestry" meeting (the writer would say it was a parish meeting), to discuss church matters. Surely, if anything could convince the friends of the Diocese of Algoma that the ministrations of the church were valued, that meeting would do it. Each Station wanted the Missionary to reside near it, and while there was a manifest willingness to give into the general good, there was apparent hope that the Bishop would decide in favour of each individual speaker. The true position appeared to be that Mr. Greeson was so much appreciated that all wanted him. As we could not "divide the child," arrangements were made for a representative meeting to be called soon, the Incumbent of Gravenhurst to attend, and the future residence of the clergyman to be decided by vote of Stations. We returned after a long and interesting meeting to Mr. D.'s for rest. In

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the morning (Saturday), up early and off to Purbrook a few miles away, for service at 10 a.m. Here we found a good church, well furnished. After morning prayer the Bishop administered Confirmation and Holy Communion, and met the Vestry. A good church spirit was shewn by the tone of the meeting. At 2 p.m. we had finished and were on our way to Mr. C.'s (a resident farmer), for dinner. We were compelled to hurry, for which we were sorry, as the kind friends had made loving preparation for us, but we were 18 miles from Gravenhurst, the snow going by a rapid thaw. At 3.30 p.m. we left somewhat unceremoniously, as the friends and neighbours were suddenly summoned to relieve the Missionary's horse, which had tumbled over and was lying on his back in the manger. We hope the horse received no hurt, and that in the future he will approach his food with less vigor. For three or four miles we managed to travel slowly, but soon the way became almost impassable, the water in places rushed across the road in torrents; to add to our troubles it rained heavily all the time, and robes, wraps, etc., were drenched. Nothing for it but walk. Fortunately we had a noble horse, he evidently looked upon the whole affair as an amusement, for he cleverly jumped the gathering streams, taking sleigh and leader with him. (There had been no driver for some time). Every step was nearly to the knees, water, snow, slush. The Bishop toiled on behind in the middle of the road, where the walking was somewhat better, but never used an impatient word. He gave me the impression that he was used to it. After six miles (as we learned), we stood weary and worn where two roads met, the rain pouring down the hilly country, sending past us and under us small but rushing torrents of water. We were bewildered. The Bishop returned to a house, and found we were near Ferris Hill church, two miles from South Falls and ten from Gravenhurst. The persons at the house offered shelter, but we pushed on knowing there was a heavy day before the Bishop, the work at Gravenhurst being appointed for Sunday. Two miles more and we pulled up at South Falls, wet and uncomfortable; no snow, the sleigh a burden to the horse, and sought for a bed. After one failure to evoke sympathy we were taken in by Mr. H. and well cared for. Scarcely slept; up early and on the road with a pair of horses and a waggon, with all our traps, our horse behind, the sleigh left with Mr. H. Gravenhurst was reached at 9.30 Sunday morning.

Though the journey was not a delight, it reminded the writer of days and years of missionary work thousands of miles away, and the charm of missionary life, which is easily understood by a real missionary, made up for all unpleasantness.

One circumstance must be noted. We were somewhat surprised, though very pleased to see that Mr. Greeson, though young and not many months from England, had a firm grip on the people. One could see that while he was loving and kind, and a true servant, yet he was the spiritual head. We failed to discern a Lay Pope anywhere. We think the Missionary deserves this respect from the people, for he is a gentleman as well as a Christian minister.

Sunday at Gravenhurst. The Bishop preached at the morning service, and administered the Holy Communion; addressed the Sunday-school in the afternoon; held Confirmation and preached, and Holy Communion in the evening. At 10 a.m., Monday, the Bishop met the Vestry. At 5 p.m. the officers of the church took tea with the Bishop. At 8 p.m. the Bishop gave an address at our Missionary meeting, and at 7.30 a.m., Tuesday, left us for the boat for Bracebridge, where we hope he will find better roads, more propitious skies, and less work, but of the last we are informed a mountain awaits him.

Correspondence.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to want of space, we are compelled to hold over the Rev. Mr. Norton's letter and other articles, which will appear next week.

ALCOHOL FOR MOTHERS.

To the Editors of the Evangelical Churchman.

SIRS,—I am glad to see that you invite correspondence in regard to Dr. Mackelcan's letter published in your last issue. The subject of that letter is of very great importance, and I venture to give some extracts which are decidedly opposed to the opinions of Dr. Mackelcan.

In his "Practical Dietary" (London, 1865), Dr. Edward Smith says, "Alcohols are largely used by many persons in the belief that they support the system and maintain the supply of milk for the infant, but I am

convinced that this is a serious error, and is *not an infrequent cause of fits and emaciation in the child.*"

Dr. Harrison Branthwaite deploras "the pernicious habit of drinking large quantities of ale or stout by nursing mothers under the idea that they thereby increase and improve the secretion of milk, whereas in reality they are deteriorating the quality of that upon which the infant must depend for health and life."

Dr. Norman Kerr, in speaking about nursing mothers, says, "Alcohol was useless here; it could supply no milk, but diluted and poisoned the previous supply; while they bore them within their body they must shun all poisonous drinks; they must 'drink not wine nor strong drink' (Judges 13-4); they must follow the regimen prescribed to a nursing mother by the Most High."

From a pamphlet written by Dr. James Edmunds, late senior physician to the British Lying-in Hospital, I quote the following:—"Among the comfortable middle classes of society the views at present held on this question are so deplorable that a large proportion of children are never sober from the first moment of their existence until they have been weaned. My own deliberate conviction is that nothing but harm comes to nursing mothers and to the infants who are dependent upon them by the ordinary use of alcoholic beverages of any kind."

In a lecture given on 15th November last under the auspices of the Women's Union of the C. E. T. S., Dr. E. Symes Thompson said, "Over-wrought nursing mothers, whose nights were spoilt by the baby, often took porter, then wine, and then whisky, until they depended upon it from hour to hour. If they had seen what he had seen they would not advise a nursing mother to take stimulants. Milk and malt extract were far superior to porter and port wine; they supplied all the desiderata, and did not lead to the highly strung state promoted by substituting alcohol for food. The younger the mother the greater the danger of taking alcoholics."

On November 25th a paper was read before the British Medical Temperance Association by Dr. Heywood Smith, in which I find as follows:—"Then he came to the nutritive period, the period of suckling, and here the popular fallacy obtained with women that they could not have a full supply of milk unless they imbibed several pints of porter or other alcoholic beverages per diem. He had often found, and he spoke from experience, that where mothers had a scanty supply of poor milk the fact could be attributed to frequent glasses of sherry or other intoxicating drink; on the other hand, he had seen when such drink had been laid aside that the supply of milk had been improved both in quantity and quality. The fattening tendency of alcohol also militated against a woman being a good nurse, and some of the poison passed into the milk, which could not fail to have a deleterious effect upon the infant."

In the discussion that followed Dr. Ridge said that "In the nutritive state of the process the use of alcohol, as Dr. Smith had said, was decidedly prejudicial. He believed there were some cases in which milk might be stimulated by alcohol, but these were rare and the quality was not desirable. If milk could not be produced by a mother living on healthy food and leading a healthy life, that mother ought not to nurse her child."

In some of the papers from which I have made the above extracts, facts and figures are given at length to confirm the conclusions therein arrived at, but I do not venture to give any longer extracts, as your space would not, I fear, permit this being done.

The authority of the above names must be admitted by Dr. Mackelcan, and will, I hope, show the great danger of following the views expressed by him in his letter.

The increase of female intemperance is admittedly alarming both in England and Canada, and stimulants given during the period of nursing are, if we may believe the opinions of medical men of high standing in England, the cause not only of that female intemperance, but also implant in the constitution of the infant the drink crave which produces such fatal results in the adult.

Yours truly, N. W. H.

The Church of England

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AT HOME.

Waubushene C. E. T. S. has purchased an organ.

ABROAD.

England is at the head of all beer producing countries, with 27,000 breweries, and 900,000,000 gallons annually.

The gross proceeds to the revenue from the liquor traffic in 1874 was £32,300,000; this last year it is only £30,900,000.

The London Central Club, founded on the principle of excluding intoxicating liquors from the premises, is a great success.

"There is no disguising the fact," says the *Licensed Victuallers' Guardian*, "that the licensed victualler of to-day is on a precarious footing."

Mrs. Blaikie, speaking at Glasgow, said that women should give themselves to rescue their sisters, and one step in that direction was by becoming total abstiners themselves.

The new mayor of Congleton, Alderman Salt, is a Good Templar, and instead of giving the usual wine feast to the corporation made a contribution of £20 to the Cottage Hospital.

A Church mission is being held at Alnwick, and at the invitation of the vicar, the whole of the publicans closed their houses until after the evening service on three successive Sundays.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, presiding at a church festival in Bristol, spoke of the advance of Temperance, not only in society, but among classes such as railway servants and sailors. Still the dreadful evil was only dealt with as yet on the surface.

Sir Arthur Bass, speaking at a gathering of licensed victuallers, spoke of the depreciation in the value of public-house property owing to the Temperance movement, and urged publicans to supply non-intoxicating liquors, such as tea, coffee, and substantial food.

At Perth a Church Temperance Union is in course of formation. The union consists of fourteen congregational societies thus apportioned—Free Church five, United Presbyterian Church four, Established one, Baptist one, congregational one, Evangelical Union one, Original Secession one.

Rev. Dr. Clifford, presiding at one of the Exeter Hall Saturday Concerts, told of a musical Temperance gathering held in his church every Monday night, and attended by fifteen hundred people. A merry England and a sober England, he said, were only just coming to be associated in this country.

There is an Excavator's Total Abstinence Society which held its seventeenth anniversary the other evening at the City Temple. A number of "navvies" and their wives attended, and it was stated that upwards of seven hundred abstaining navvies are at the present time engaged on the Severn Tunnel.

Great as are the amounts spent by European Powers for their military establishments, they do not compare with the sums their people spend for intoxicating drinks. England and Germany each spend four times as much for their liquors as for their soldiers, France spends three times as much, and Belgium ten times as much.

Mrs. Temple, wife of the Bishop of Exeter, has been taking part in a Blue Ribbon Mission. There was nothing whatever contained in intoxicating drinks, she remarked, which was necessary or advisable for persons in health, and very seldom in cases of illness. Sometimes in cases of illness the strongest of poisons were prescribed, to be taken with great care and great attention not to exceed the exact quantity. Mrs. Temple wished that all alcoholic drink might be treated in the same manner.

The Temperance question now generally finds its way into Parliamentary and municipal elections. The candidates for Hackney were each in favour of Local Option, but with this difference: Mr. McAllister, the Conservative candidate, was in favour of compensation to publicans; Professor Stuart, the Liberal candidate, who was returned by such a sweeping majority, did not believe in any provision for compensation, pointing out that were compensation to be made, capitalists would buy up public-house property in order to realise the profits of such an arrangement.

NOTICE.

The Publishing Office of the EVANGELICAL CHURCHMAN is now in Room 18 Corn Exchange, Imperial Bank Buildings, Wellington Street East. Entrance at rear of Bank, on Leader Lane.

Subscriptions and Advertisements are to be addressed to the Business Manager, P.O. Box 2502. All Correspondence to the Editor, P.O. Box 2502.

PUBLISHERS' AGENTS.

In order to facilitate the transaction of business with our advertising customers we have arranged with Edwin Alden & Bro., Advertising Agents, Fifth & Vine Sts., Cincinnati, O., and 140 Nassau St., New York, making them our Special Publishers' Agents. All communications in relation to advertising should be addressed to them.

NOTICE.

Subscribers will please to consult the pink label on their papers, and if the subscription is due they will confer a favor upon the publishers by prompt remittances.

CALENDAR.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, DEC. 28.
Innocents' Day.

MORNING LESSON.	EVENING LESSON.
Isaiah xxxv.	Isa. xxxviii. or xl.
Rev. xvi.	Rev. xviii.

The Evangelical Churchman

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC 25, 1884.

THE INCARNATION.

We are once more about to celebrate the Festival of the Birth of Jesus—the festival which contains and enfolds within itself all others, for it is the birth of Him who lived and suffered and died and rose again for us, it is the beginning of that long series of redemptive acts which culminated in the Ascension.

Christ is the centre of Christianity. We cannot read the New Testament without perceiving this. Everywhere His person, His life, His power are set forth; and in commemorating His birth, we bring into view the reality of Christ's existence; we set forth our faith in the living personal Jesus.

The Man Christ Jesus was Incarnate God. His birth was a coming into the world, even as His ascension was His return to the Father, whence He came.

He comes to us as Light and Life. "The Word became flesh," St. John tells us, "and dwelt among us." "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." Light and life—a revelation and a gift. We want to contemplate our Lord in both of these aspects.

He is the revelation of God—the light of men. "Show us the Father"—thus we seek for God. And from the meek Man of Sorrows, who lived among men and suffered for them and with them, comes the great answer, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." For as St. Paul assures us He is the image of the Invisible God, and it is He the only begotten of the Father, who hath declared Him unto us. Moses beheld but the hidings, the dim shadows of the Divine Glory, when the won-

drous vision passed before him, and there was proclaimed the name of the Lord, the Lord merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin. But we have seen the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, the glory of His unselfish love, His patient gentleness, His spotless goodness.

In this light, God's own light, we see light. How it shames and reproves us. It reveals the truth; it does not hide or spare. It shows what we are, the depth of our degradation, the enormity of our guilt, the utter selfishness and ungodliness of our hearts and lives. Have we seen this truly? Has it filled us with self-despair? Has it taught us our need of One mighty to save. Let us lift up our eyes out of the dust of our own self-abasement, and look again to Jesus. He is what we ought to be, what we can be. He is God's ideal of a man; in Him we behold all the grand possibilities of manhood, of life and character. What a vision of beauty it is, of wondrous loveliness,—Jesus our King. As we gaze, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory. In the light is life. It hath vitality, power, grace. Hence it renews, sanctifies, re-creates. The gift of God is eternal life, and this life is in His Son. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift. In Him is all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, all treasures of wisdom and knowledge, all sufficiency of grace and strength for man.

The gift is freely offered, it is without money and without price,—a sense of need the only condition, as it is the only fitness. The Christian is simply a recipient; he has nothing, but he receives all in Jesus Christ.

The festival of gifts finds its meaning only in the Gift of God, which we are called upon to adore and rejoice in and give thanks for. How meaningless is a Christmas without Christ! Christmas is the festival of the poor. To the self-righteous and self-satisfied, to him that is rich and increased with goods and hath need of nothing, in his own estimate, at least, not in God's, it is a mockery. How can we rejoice in a gift we spurn?

The greatest joy is to give, the next greatest to receive, when the gift is the measure of the giver's love. Both these joys may now be ours.

First, then, for us is the gift of receiving. We have nothing to give until we receive, all that comes to us must be of grace and not of debt. And what a gift—God Himself, all His fulness, all His riches, all His love; "all things are yours." Let us now stretch forth the hand of a simple faith, to take without questioning and without doubt what God offers, pardon and peace, wisdom and strength, joy and glory, life and manhood in Christ.

Then will be ours also, the joy of giving. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Give back to God, give forth to men. Give all—our life, our heart, our service, all that we have, and all that we are, to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us. Let us give, as it has been given, forgive as it has been forgiven to us, good measure, pressed down and running over. Then let us keep the feast with all the gladness of the sons of God, through faith in Him, who is both light and life, God's Revelation and God's Gift to the world.

SUCCESS OF CO-OPERATION.

Many earnest and thoughtful men are looking to "co-operation" as the remedy for many existing

social and commercial wrongs. Certainly, the history of the movement in England is most remarkable, and very suggestive of what can be done by means of mutual conception and consideration. The London *Spectator* recently gave a detailed history of the progress of co-operation in England. The movement which agitated England in 1850, and with which men like Maurice, Kingsley, and Hughes identified themselves, seemed to die out, and the associations then organized went to pieces. But out of the apparent collapse silently and surely a new order of things has arisen. There are now in Britain more than 1,200 societies legally organized and in active operation, numbering upward of 600,000 members, most of them heads of families, and representing probably one-twelfth of the whole population of the kingdom, with a capital of \$45,000,000, and a net income of \$10,000,000 yearly. And this is not the whole story. These societies are combined together in one co-operative union; they have established a wholesale society, which two years ago did a business of more than \$16,000,000, with a net profit of \$150,000; and which, besides its branches in England and Scotland, has seven purchasing and forwarding depots in Ireland, one in New York, two in France, and two in Denmark; and is the owner and operator of a line of steamships constantly plying between England and the Continent on the business of the Society. The promoters of this great work believe that business can be carried on upon Christian principles. The constitution of "The Co-operative Union" binds its members to "the promotion of the practice of truthfulness, justice, and economy in production and exchange—(1), by the abolition of all false dealing, either direct or indirect; (2), by conciliating the conflicting interests of the capitalist, the worker, and the purchaser, through an equitable division amongst them of the fund commonly known as profit; (3) by preventing the waste of labor now caused by unregulated competition." By the same constitution, "No society is admitted into the Union unless its management is of a representative character; nor unless it agrees to accept the statement of principles given above as the rules by which it shall be guided in all its own business transactions." Very many who were sceptical, if not scornful, have acknowledged that its methods are both practicable and profitable. The *Spectator*, taking the results so far achieved as a basis, predicts during the next twenty years an expansion of the Co-Operative Union so as to practically include the entire working classes of Great Britain. In the last twenty years its membership has increased seven fold, its profits twelve fold, and its capital seventeen fold; the growth of the future, by natural acceleration and by the increasing momentum of an enlarged organization, will undoubtedly be still more rapid, and, unless some great catastrophe shall intervene, there is reason to believe that before the century closes the working people will have accepted *en masse* the co-operative principle. Co-operation, says the *Christian Union*, is only one of the many methods which a near future will make familiar to the world in the endeavor to lighten the burdens of men, to increase their privileges, and to elevate their rank. "We believe that it is prophetic of a great movement throughout society—a movement which will re-adjust on a Christian basis the relations of labor and capital; which will modify, and at the same time greatly enlarge, the

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functions of government; which will present for public discussion, and for the action of statesmen, a new and more difficult set of questions; and which will mark the further advance of society in the only direction in which true progress is to be found—the embodiment of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount in the political institutions and the business methods of the world.”

The Sunday School.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

2nd SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, JAN. 4, 1885.

Paul at Troas: Acts xx. 1-12.

We must now go back a little in the history of St. Paul. Remember that we left him at Ephesus. His work there stopped—how? Now he bids farewell to the disciples, and starts again on his journey. Where does he intend to go? (chap. xix. 21.) St. Luke tells us very little of what Paul was doing through the next nine or ten months, but we can fill up the narrative from Epistles. He left Ephesus about Pentecost (1 Cor. xvi. 8), or a little before; then by ship to Troas. When there before? (Acts xvi. 8.) Then called to Macedonia. Now door open to preach—but cannot rest there—why? (2 Cor. ii. 12, 13.) Crosses to Macedonia. Six years since his last visit there—what a welcome he would have! But his spirit sad, anxious—why? (2 Cor. vii. 5.) How relieved? (2 Cor. vii. 6, 7.) Titus sent back to Corinth, and probably Luke with him (2 Cor. viii. 16-19.) Paul travels on. (Read vs. 1, 2.) What meant by “those parts”? The letter written a little later from Corinth will tell us (Rom. xv. 19-23). (See map.) Most likely he would have gone there, but for danger to his life, ch. xvii. 14. What was his *great work* wherever he went? (Rom. xv. 19.)

But we have seen from time to time another object of this journey—a collection going on—for whom? (Rom. xv. 26.) Paul very earnest in every work for Jesus. But why so anxious about this? (1) Because of his promise (Gal. ii. 10). (2) Because he was glad thus to show his love to his own people. (3) Because he hoped by this means to promote love between Jewish and Gentile Christians.

I. THE EARLY CHRISTIANS GIVING.

i. *In Macedonia.* They had been laying aside their contributions weekly (1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2). Then Timothy and Erastus went before Paul to collect their contributions (Acts xix. 22). They were very poor, very much tried (Phil. i. 7). Could they spare anything for other poor saints? (See 2 Cor. viii. 1-5.) They gave liberally, joyfully, begging Paul to accept what they brought. Why so ready? (See v. 5.) *First gave themselves* to the Lord—then all they had His too.

ii. *In Corinth.* The Church here richer (2 Cor. xvi. 14). Were they willing too? (See 2 Cor. ix. 1, 2.) Here Titus and others were making up the collection (2 Cor. viii. 6, ix. 3-5). When Paul's work in Macedonia was finished, he followed them. How long did he remain in Achaia? (Read v. 3.) Where did he stay at Corinth? (Rom. xvi. 23.) We do not know whether he had to be severe as he threatened (2 Cor. xiii. 2.) What letters did he write from Corinth?

But now *the collection is finished.* Paul leaves to carry it to Jerusalem, as the Macedonian Christians wished. (Rom. xv. 25; 1 Cor. xvi. 4; 2 Cor. viii. 4.) He knew it was a dangerous errand—why? Unbelieving Jews would be watching for him. He asks the Roman Christians to pray that he may be protected from Jewish malice, and that the offerings he brought might be kindly received (Rom. xv. 31.) Had he any cause for fear? (See again v. 3.) A plot against his life—perhaps also to seize the money which he was taking. So the party had to divide. Some took the short way—by ship across to Troas. (See map.) Who were of this party? (Read vs. 4, 5.) Which way did Paul go? Was he alone? (See “us,” v. 5.) Who was with him again? (Comp. ch. xvi. 40.) What time of year were they at Philippi? When that was over, they sailed for Troas. Paul wished to reach Jerusalem by the next feast—Pentecost. (See v. 16.) That left him seven weeks—no time to spare. How long on way to Troas? (Read v. 6.) (Only two days before, ch. xvi. 11, 12.) Wind probably against them. Here all the party met again. How long at Troas? Probably waiting for the next ship. It would be a happy time for the Christians there. St. Luke tells us how they spent the last night before Paul left

II. THE EARLY CHRISTIANS WORSHIPPING.

What day was it? (Read v. 7.) Which day was the Jews' Sabbath? But the Christians met on the *first* day, as we do now. Why? (See John xx. 19, 26.) So called it the “Lord's Day” (Rev. i. 10). Some of the Christians observed the Jewish Sabbath too, but this not necessary.

Where did the Church at Troas meet? In an upper room (v. 8), as Acts i. 13. The guest chamber, the largest room in Eastern houses, usually an upper room (as Mark xiv. 12, 15).

Why did they meet? “To break bread.” (See Acts ii. 46; 1 Cor. x. 16.) The Lord's Supper, the special service of Christians. Who appointed it? (1 Cor. xi. 23-26.) Why? “For a continual remembrance.” (Catechism.) This the great sign of union among Christians (1 Cor. x. 17; Article XXVIII.) And Paul preached to them—he had much to say, and this his last opportunity, so they gladly listened all through the night till early morning.

But a sad event almost broke up their gathering. What? (Read vs. 8-12.) A youth sitting in the window—lattice open to give air—the room very hot, with many lights—probably very full—the service long—the young man, overcome with sleep, falls from third loft—is taken up dead. Imagine the sudden stop—rush—outcry. Paul goes down, embraces him (as 1 Kings xvii. 21; 2 Kings iv. 34). What does he say? God mercifully restores the young man's life. Then Paul goes up again—the service continues—all partake of the Lord's Supper together, and then, after an early meal, and farewell words, the Apostle leaves. The young man found to be uninjured by his fall.

We have been talking to-day of *two great privileges* of the early Christians—have seen how they used them. Have we the same privileges now?

Does Jesus ask our gifts? Why? Not because He needs them (Ps. i. 10-12). If you love some one very much, are you not glad if they will let you do some little thing to help them? So Jesus gives us the opportunity of showing our love to Him. Some are rich—their money may help a great deal—but what can you do? Have so little—not worth giving. What would Jesus say? He watched people giving once (Luke xxi. 1-4)—saw different offerings put in—some cast in much—one only a farthing. What gift pleased Jesus most? Why? Because an offering of love—she denied herself to give it. [Some years ago, in the same Sunday-school-class, were two girls—one, child of well-to-do parents—other, an orphan brought up by a Christian man, himself poor. When the missionary box came round, one gave twopence, the other a farthing. “I should be ashamed to put that in!” was the one girl's remark. The other quietly answered, “That would be pride; it's all I have.” Which offering would please Jesus most?]

What was the second privilege we spoke of? *The Lord's Day.* Which commandment bids us hallow one day in seven? This one of the ten commandments—never altered, though day changed. Now we begin the week with God's holy day. This one of His gifts to us (Ezek. xx. 12; Mark ii. 27). What is it for? To be a *resting day*—a *happy day* (father at home, &c.)—a *holy day*, for preparation for the eternal Sabbath.

Dear children, prize your Sundays. Think of *heathen lands*, no Sabbath—*foreign lands*, work going on as usual—then noisy pleasures, like a fair! Even here many a man has to work hard because others will take pleasure—how sad! A judge, who worked very hard all the week, but prized his Sabbaths, said:

“A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatso'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.”

THE COLLECT.—Our Inheritance.

As there is no special Collect appointed for this Sunday, we may profitable study one which is seldom used in the course of the Christian Year, and whose subject is most appropriate, viz.: that for the 6th Sunday after Epiphany. It describes—

I. THE INHERITANCE.

Read 1 John iii. 1, 2. We learn from this that it is—
1. *Seeing and knowing God.* So now by faith (comp. Collect for the Epiphany); but only a *little* (1 Cor. xii. 9, 12), but then we shall see Him (therefore know Him) as He is (ver. 2) “face to face.”

2. *Being like unto God.* This the result of knowing and seeing Him. “We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him.” Like God because like Christ—“made like unto him.” He God's image (*Lesson for Sunday after Christmas*)—we changed into *same image* (2 Cor. iii. 18)—souls sinless (Heb. xii. 23), bodies raised “incorruptible” (1 Cor. xv. 53; 3rd text for rep.)

But to see God and to be like Him is to have—

3. *Eternal life.* Thus Collect—“*heirs of eternal life.*” Comp. Jesus' prayer, John xvii. 3—“*That they might know Thee.*” Not *life* only here meant—also happiness unspeakable—reigning with Christ—a “*glorious kingdom.*” Eternity (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18) “Bliss beyond compare!” May we “lose not the things eternal.”

II. OUR TITLE.—is based on two things—

1. *The grace of God in Jesus Christ.* Sin caused the loss of the inheritance. All sin is the work “of the devil.” But Jesus “was manifested to destroy those works”—i. e., overcome their effects for us and in us—“take away our sin.” 1 John iii. 4, 5, 8. The Devil's works not destroyed unless man restored to what he had before—peace with God—the hope of a heavenly inheritance. Hence St. Peter says—we are “begotten again to a lively hope.” (1 Pet. i. 3, 4).

2. *We are the sons of God.* Son of God manifested “to make us the sons of God.” This we are “now” (ver. 2). Being so, therefore heirs. Adopted into God's family, inherit share of *family possessions*—“all things” ours (1 Cor. iii. 21, 22), not only “present,” but “to come.” So St. Peter (as above)—begotten to a lively hope of inheritance “reserved in heaven for us.” There waiting—what title clearer? Let us rejoice in this hope. (Heb. iii. 6).

III. OUR PREPARATION FOR IT.

God has given us inheritance—also *prepares* us for it.

1. *What is required.* Said just now our inheritance likeness to God in Christ. But cannot be like Him without being pure. So we must be purified “even as He is pure” (comp. ver. 3.) *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord* (Heb. xii. 14; Rev. vii. 9, 14; xix. 8; xxi. 27). But if like God, then we are *completely pure*—in thought (Prov. xxiv. 9; 2 Cor. x. 5), word (Col. iv. 6), and deed (Eph. ii. 10)—i. e., in heart (Matt. v. 8).

2. *How it is carried out.* See (1 John iii. 3), “He that hath this hope purifieth himself.” So Collect—“Grant us that we may purify ourselves.” Mark this well. Read Phil. ii. 12. This salvation, *now* our own, we must work out—bring to a completion. But why work it out thus? Ver. 14—because “it is God which worketh in you.” This purification carried out, then by power of Holy Ghost (“who sanctifieth me”—*Catech.*)

IV. THE PROOF OF GOD'S LOVE.

“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,”—1 John i. 1!

1. *He gives us the benefit of His Son's first manifestation.* Destroys works of devil—made us sons of God. Are we living as sons? destroying the devil's works? We have renounced them (Baptism, Confirmation) in word; have we *in deed*? Only so can we have “*hope*”—bright and unclouded, and pray, “Grant that we may purify ourselves even as He is pure.”

2. *Are we looking forward with joy to His second?* Are we “looking for the Saviour.” He will “appear again with great power and glory,” (Gospel); is this to us a “blessed hope” (Tit. ii. 13)? Shall we be amongst those who mourn—*heirs cut off?* or amongst His elect gathered by angels “to meet Him” (Matt. xxv. 6; 1 Thes. iv. 17)?

Children's Corner.

A SEARCH FOR SANTA CLAUS.

BY JOSEPHENE POLLARD.

A little maid of summers few—
Though many wintry days she knew—
Went trudging through the city street,
Unmindful of the snow and sleet,
So strong the purpose in her mind
The friend of little ones to find,
The good old Santa Claus.

She saw the holiday display,
And heard the other children say
That Santa Clans would bring them this,
Or that, and she would surely miss
A share in all the Christmas joys:
No dolls! no candies, cakes, or toys?
Alas! no Santa Claus!

What should she do? He must be near!
He always was this time of year!
And she would know him should she meet
Him face to face upon the street;
And so she took her station there
Upon the busy thoroughfare,
To search for Santa Claus.

Some wondered at her eager look ;
While others passed, nor notice took
Of those soft pleading eyes, that gazed
Up in their faces, much amazed,
That of the many on review
There was not any person who
Resembled Santa Claus.

Darker the shadows grew apace,
And tears rolled down the maiden's face,
At thought of wretchedness and gloom
That centred in the garret room
Where she must seek her wonted rest,
And for the day give up the quest
For dear old Santa Claus.

A hand was laid upon her head :
"What ails thee, little one?" then said
A kindly voice of manly tone ;
"Why out so late? and all alone?"
Her story then she briefly told,
And at its close she whispered bold,
"Is your name Santa Claus?"

He answered "Yes." 'Twas Christmas eve ;
His wife would many gifts receive,
But none she'd hold more dear, he thought,
Than this poor waif he swiftly caught
Within his arms ; then homeward sped ;
And, as he dropped the burden, said,
"A gift from Santa Claus!"

No longer doomed the streets to roam,
The beggar-child has found a home
With loving hearts ; and should you say,
"What did you get on Christmas day?"
She'd answer you with cheeks aglow,
"Oh lots of goodies! for, you know,
I live with Santa Claus!"

LADY TEMPLE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

CHAPTER XXII.

RETURN.

So the peaceful weeks flew happily by, one by one, and the days grew shorter, the leaves dropped from the trees, the mild autumn weather gave place to the first early frosts of coming winter, and Dolly began to look with eager, wistful eyes at the little calendar which hung at her bed head, from which every morning, the very first thing, she crossed off the day that had just begun.

Lady Temple too began to grow somewhat restless as time went on. She did not show this outwardly, it was hardly likely that she would; but Dolly guessed it from the way in which she constantly led her on to speak of her father and mother, and seemed to comprehend and sympathize with the child's eager excitement.

Letters continued to come as usual, with the usual kind of news. It seemed a long, long while to Dolly's feverish impatience before any answer came to that important letter despatched so many long weeks ago.

But all times of waiting come to an end at last, and so did this one.

"Parker," said Dolly eagerly, one morning the moment the maid entered the room, "is the post in yet?"

"Yes, Miss Dorothy."

The child was sitting up in bed with no covering over her little night-dress, and the morning was chilly, but Parker did not reprove her that time. The usually set face now wore a smile.

"O Parker, tell me—was there an Indian letter?"

"Yes, Miss Dorothy; and my lady says you may go down to her room as soon as you are dressed. I think she has a letter for you."

Dolly's toilet was quickly accomplished that day. She asked no more questions of Parker, but gave her whole mind to the task of getting dressed as quickly as possible.

Lady Temple was still in bed when the child

stole into the room in a kind of breathless way, her hands closely locked together, the color coming and going in her cheeks. There were several letters lying upon the bed; but only one had been opened. Grandmother's eyes looked as though they had shed some tears.

"Dorothy," said the old lady quietly; "your father and mother are coming home in the next mail. They will be here in a week's time."

Dolly had expected this news, and yet somehow the joyful certainty broke her down all in a moment. She gave one little inarticulate cry and burst into tears, hiding her face upon the bed.

When she looked up, grandmother's eyes were full of tears too, unless it was that her own were so dazzled that she could not see clearly.

"There is a letter for you, Dorothy," and Lady Temple handed the precious missive to the child.

She received it eagerly and carried the flimsy paper quickly to her lips.

"Has mamma written to you, grandmother?"

"Your father and mother have both written."

Dolly asked no more questions, but carried her own letter to the window to read.

"MY OWN PRECIOUS CHILD," it ran:

"I feel almost as you did in your last little letter—too happy to write. But I must send one line to my darling to say that when another week is over, mamma will be in England again, and so pleased—how pleased she cannot say in words—to see her little ones again, and the dear grandmother who has been so kind and good to them.

"God bless my darling little Dolly—my little peacemaker. I cannot write more. I have so much to do. Best love to my little Duke.

"YOUR OWN MOST LOVING MOTHER."

This letter was taken upstairs to be read to Duke, and then the news had to be carried to Molly, and then to Miss Manners, and so much delight and excitement ensued that all thoughts of lessons had to be abandoned for that day.

And an air of excitement and bustle seemed to pervade the house. Roaring fires were lighted in the best bed and dressing room, and housemaids were busy at work there.

Dolly, who could settle to nothing that day, but flitted about the house like a sprite, could not understand exactly why preparations were being made so early.

"They are not coming for a week, Parker," she said, when the maid suggested to her to run and ask Cotman for some flowers for the room. The flowers will all be dead before they come."

"Well, maybe, Miss Dorothy," answered Parker, hesitating and confused, "but flowers keep a good while, and they make a room look nice; and they freshen up the air a bit, I think, and make it feel as though it had not been shut up a great while."

"Yes," answered Dolly, "so they do. I will go and get some. Parker, why is everything being got ready so soon? Jane has put clean toilet-covers on, and everything."

"Well, Miss Dorothy, it's your grandmother's orders. My lady always likes to 'take time by the forelock,' as she calls it."

Dolly ran off for her flowers. Her mind was in a kind of whirl. She did not think, she did not wonder, she did not feel capable of any consecutive thought. Her whole being was absorbed in a bewildering joyousness that seemed to steal away her faculties, and leave no room for anything else.

Grandmother came downstairs earlier than usual that day. There was a little pink flush in her pale cheeks. Her eyes were brighter

than ever, Dolly thought, and the poor feeble hand trembled more than usual.

"Can we ride this afternoon, grandmother?" asked Duke at dinner-time.

"Not to-day, I think, Marmaduke," answered Lady Temple; "I should like Dorothy to sit with me this afternoon. If you like to go, Lucy shall take you across to Mrs. Lennox's for an hour or two instead."

"Thank you, grandmother, I should like that next best," answered Duke, who had now learned to give up his own way without a pout or a passion.

Dolly spent a quiet afternoon with her grandmother. Lady Temple had a book before her, but she did not seem to be reading. Dolly thought she must be listening with unusual interest to sounds from outside, for when some friends of hers drove up to the door to inquire after her, she told Dolly to run to the window and see if she knew who was coming, the moment she heard the sounds of the wheels down the drive, and when Dolly came back to say whose carriage it was, grandmother was sitting upright in her chair, grasping the arm tightly in her hand, and her face was very pale. But she said she was quite well, and that Dolly was not to be frightened; it was only a passing feeling. And very soon afterwards there was heard again the sound of wheels.

"Go to the window, Dorothy. See who it is."

Dolly obeyed, looked out, and answered in a puzzled voice,

"It looks like our carriage—but it is getting dark—perhaps—"

"Ring the bell," said Lady Temple, in a strange, suppressed voice; "ring up the servants. Dorothy, you may go into the hall if you like."

Dolly's heart beat wildly, she knew not why. Like one in a dream she obeyed, too much excited and bewildered to wonder why this strange permission had been accorded her. Out into the hall she went. The butler was already at the door, the footman was letting down the carriage-steps.

Next moment a lady and gentleman came together up the wide steps, and Dolly, with a strange little inarticulate cry, sprang into her mother's arms, and burst into a tempest of tears.

"Hush, hush, my darling, hush!" whispered the mother, clasping her ever closer and closer; "no tears to-day, my precious child. And here is papa waiting for his kiss, and where is the dear grandmother?"

"Oh yes," cried the child eagerly, checking her tears; "come to dear grandmother, come now!"

Holding a hand of each parent, Dolly moved quickly forward into the drawing-room.

Lady Temple was sitting upright in her chair, her bright eyes fixed intently upon the door, the pink flush in her cheek deeper than it had been before.

Sir Marmaduke disengaged his hand from Dolly's, and advanced leading forward his wife.

"Mother," he said in his deepest, gentlest tones, "I have brought my Dorothy home to you."

And something in that tone, and in the faces of those three loved ones so near to her, overcame Dolly altogether. She slipped away to her corner near the window, buried her face in the heavy curtains, and saw and heard no more of that first meeting between mother and son.

When she looked up and dried her eyes, her mother was kneeling in Dolly's accustomed place, and Lady Temple was holding her hands in a warm, close clasp, and intently scanning the sweet, upturned face, which Dolly thought the loveliest in the world, and which her own small one resembled more than a little. Sir

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Marmaduke stood close behind his mother's chair, looking down upon the scene with glad, proud eyes.

"And you expected us, mother? You sent to meet us? We had not expected that, with the uncertainty about the matter."

"I felt you would come. I felt you were near," answered Lady Temple. "The hint at the end of your letter was sufficient."

"It was uncertain up to the very last. I never thought my leave could come in time; but there was just the chance. So we let the letters go as they were, written before we thought such a thing possible; and I just added that postscript to give you a hint. I am glad you have not been disappointed."

"I am glad also," returned Lady Temple. "But you have been very expeditious, Marmaduke. I never believed it possible you could wind up your business and leave the country within a few days of the receipt of my letter, as it seems you have done. How was it possible for you to do so?"

"We had arranged to come before that," answered the gentle voice of the younger Lady Temple. "When the news of your illness came we wanted to come to you. We should not have been long away in any case. That only hastened us a little."

"Yes, mother," put in Sir Marmaduke. "Dorothy was bent upon coming to you, when we learned about your illness. I opposed her for a while, but then our little Dolly's letters kept coming, those written I mean after her return to you during your convalescence. They turned the scale. I yielded to Dorothy's entreaties. We began our preparations some weeks before your letter arrived, although we said nothing of them in our own. I was yielding rather against my will until that time. After that letter I was as eager as my wife. We are here, mother, we are united once more, and our home shall be yours as long as our presence and our children's is any comfort to you. We will not leave you again so long as you bid us stay."

He stooped and kissed her on brow and cheek. Lady Temple was much moved. She struggled hard for composure. She wished to make some suitable acknowledgment to this speech, and she could find no voice in which to do it.

Perhaps it was as well at this moment that Duke came bounding into the room, in a state of wild excitement, and broke the momentary silence by his rapturous shouts of welcome and delight.

Then the mother turned once more to her children, clasping them in her arms and lavishing on them all the love that had been stored away in her hungry heart all these long weeks and months.

Lady Temple watched the meeting with moistened eyes, and raising her face presently up to her son's, she said with a kind of fond pride—

"Marmaduke, he is a beautiful boy—the very image of what you were at his age. But he would never have done it. It has been your little Dorothy who has been the peacemaker."

And when Dolly, a few minutes later, left her mother's side to creep with loving confidence into his arms, he clasped her closely to his breast, and murmured loving words, amongst which Dolly thought she distinguished these, "Our little white dove, our precious little peacemaker."

How the rest of that day passed, Dolly never knew. To her it was one long dream of joy, too beautiful and heaven-like ever to be clearly recalled in after days.

But she did remember the visit her mother paid to her as she lay in her little white bed that night. She heard the soft steps go into Duke's room. She could almost fancy, as she

sat up in bed to listen, that she heard the gentle tones of her mother's voice. And very soon her own door opened and the soft voice asked,

"Asleep, my darling?"

"Oh, no, mamma! Oh, how could I sleep? I knew you would come—that I should have you all to myself. Oh mamma! mamma!"

The mother sat upon the bed, gathering the child into her arms; and when she rested her head upon that shoulder, and felt those arms around her, the child drew a long, deep breath, and was silent, with the silence of utter contentment.

"Mamma," she said, presently, "I think God has sent me just everything I want."

"Has he, darling? He has been very good to us all. So my little child has not forgotten to ask His help in all she did?"

"Oh no, mamma! I love Him so much now. I want His help. I could not do anything without it."

"No, darling, we can none of us do without that help, but we never have to ask for it in vain. Tell me, dearest, was it very hard work? Was my little girl very lonely? Did she know all that she was doing?"

Dolly looked up into her mother's face, and the answer was not at first exactly to the point.

"You are so pretty!" she said, and heaved another deep sigh of contentment; then by and by she replied—

"I did miss you dreadfully at first, and always till grandmother loved me, I think. Mamma, I believe I knew more than you thought, and I heard several things after I got here. But I knew grandmother *must* love you by and by. She could not help it; and when Miss Manners had made me understand all I had forgotten, and I began to love grandmother really and truly, then it all seemed quite easy."

The excitement and happiness of the day had almost exhausted the child. She lay still in her mother's arms, listening to her soft voice, till at length she fell into a light slumber. She hardly knew whether it was in a dream or in reality that her mother kissed her, oh! so earnestly and tenderly, murmuring as her father had done—

"God bless our little peacemaker."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas time. Huge fires blazed upon the hearths. Holly, with its brilliant berries and glossy leaves, lighted up and adorned the dark carvings and panelled rooms and wide corridors of the old Hall in Warwickshire, the family seat of the Temples.

A large party was gathered under the hospitable roof at that joyous season. Children's voices echoed gaily down the gallery and staircases of that long silent house, children's eager footsteps explored its every quaint recess and hidden room. It was a wonderfully happy time for all assembled there that snowy Christmas-tide.

Sir Marmaduke Temple had brought his mother, as well as his wife and children, back to his ancestral home. People began to hear rumors that the old lady would return no more to the Dower House near Richmond, but would remain always with her son, who had now resigned his appointment in India, and had returned home for good. The quarrel, whatever it was, had been made up, and the family was once more united.

The children were delighted by their new home. To Duke it was an enchanted castle full of everything that was strange and delightful. To Dolly it was the home in which her father had lived and played when a boy; and Parker took an early opportunity of showing

the child a cupboard in which were stored a number of antique and broken toys, upon which Duke looked with contempt, but which forthwith became ranked amongst Dolly's greatest treasures.

The two children were not alone in their great nurseries at the Hall. All the little Lennoxes were sharing their Christmas gaieties. Mr. and Mrs. Lennox had been summoned to Ireland a week before, to the death-bed of her father, and they had gratefully accepted Lady Temple's invitation, for their children to spend the Christmas in Warwickshire with Dolly and Duke.

Miss Manners was there, too, the most useful friend and helper, next to mamma, in all that busy time of mysteries, present-choosing and house-decoration. Miss Manners had consented to come and live at the Hall to teach Dolly and Duke, and as she had no home of her own to go to for Christmas, she came down with them at once, greatly to Dolly's delight.

The child lived in a dream of happiness, the brightest and busiest of all that lively party. There was Molly to take care of, Molly who was always cheerful and merry now, but never so happy as when her "darling Dorothy" was at her side; there were the boys always claiming her time and attention, and there was mamma, from whose side the little maiden could never keep long away.

The new Lady Temple was something like a fairy godmother to all the Lennox party, with her sweetness, her beauty, and the wonderful surprises she was always preparing for them. No sound of angry voices was ever allowed to reach her ears, and quarrelling ceased as by magic in her neighbourhood. Whilst in her house the boys felt no inclination to dispute one with another. It would grieve her, and that was reason enough.

And then there was another room which was a favorite haunt of Dolly's, a cosy, quiet, old-fashioned room, where she was always welcome. And the child seldom stole in to see "dear grandmother" without finding her mother there too, and the old lady would never rest long without turning for advice or assistance to one whom she always addressed as "my dear Dorothy." And little Dolly was no longer the only dear Dorothy now.

Grandmother's room was a favourite place with father and mother both, and some of Dolly's happiest hours were spent there, listening in her grave, sedate way to the talk that went on between the three whom she loved best in the world.

And now Christmas Day had come, and there had been a grand tree in the hall—a tree loaded with presents for every one in the house, so many presents that the tree and the great billiard table were alike crowded with gifts, and the place looked like a fancy fair. And now the treasures had been distributed, the children were crowded together eagerly examining and comparing their riches, when Dolly slipped away to the other end of the great hall, where beside the glowing fire sat grandmother, who held mother's hand closely in her own, whilst father sat on her other side, his arm over the back of her chair.

All three faces were very peaceful and happy, and little Dolly's was wreathed in smiles as she approached.

"My darling," said the mother softly, "has it been a happy day?"

"Oh yes, mother dear, such a happy, happy day!"

Lady Temple bent her head and tenderly kissed the forehead of her little granddaughter. "Dorothy," she said with a gentle gravity very impressive to the child, "I have not spent a Christmas like this for twelve long years."

THE END.

WHAT MAKES HOME?

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application will be made at the next session of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario for an Act to settle the incorporation of the Bishop of the Diocese of Algoma, of the Church of England in Canada; and for conferring on such corporation sole all necessary powers for acquiring, holding, managing, and disposing of property, and for vesting in such corporation all property now held, in connection with or for the purposes of said church in the said diocese; and for other purposes.

Dated at Toronto this 3rd December, 1884.

J. H. MAYNE CAMPBELL, Solicitor for the Bishop of Algoma.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that Application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, at the next session thereof for an Act to amend the Act passed in the 49th year of Her Majesty's Reign, Chapter 63, entitled the Act to incorporate the Dean and Chapter of St. Alban the Martyr, Toronto, to provide that certain officers of the Diocese and such officers of the said Corporation as they may appoint and declare to be members of the Corporation, shall be ex-officio members of the said Corporation, and also to enable the said Corporation to acquire land for the purposes set out in the second section of the said Act adjacent to the present limits of the City of Toronto, inst ad of within the same.

Dated at Toronto, this 11th Day of December, 1884.

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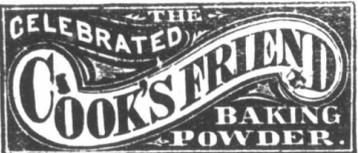
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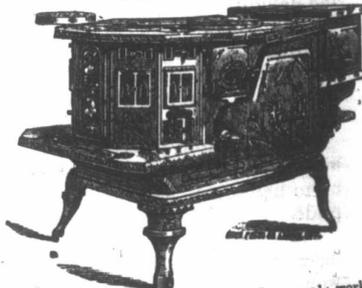
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