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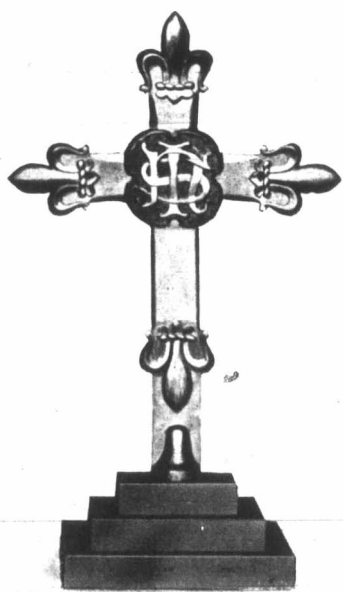
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Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

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

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Sing, Christmas bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Saviour-King is born;
Sing to all men, the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in glee,
The aged folk that tottering go—
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!
Sing, angel host!
Sing of the star that God has placed
Above the manger in the east:
Sing of the glories of the night,
The Virgin's sweet humility,
The Babe with kingly robes bedight!
Sing to all men, where'er they be,
This Christmas morn:
For Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me.
Sing, sons of earth!
A ransomed seed of Adam, sing,
God liveth and we have a King,
The curse is gone, the bond are free,
By all the heavenly signs that be,

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Sing thou in rapture this dear morn
Whereon the blessed Prince is born;

And as thy songs shall be of love,
So let thy deeds be charity,
By the dear Lord that reigns above,
By Him that died upon the tree,
By this fair morn
Whereon is born
The Christ that saveth you and
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Evening—Isa. 11, to 11, or 24; John 16, 16.

December 15.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Morning—Isaiah 25; 3 John.
Evening—Isaiah 26, or 28, 5 to 19; John 20, 19.

December 22.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Morning—Isaiah 30, to 27; Rev. 8.
Evening—Isaiah 32, or 33, 2 to 23; Rev. 10.

December 29.—First Sunday after Christ.
Morning—Isaiah 35; Rev. 19, to 11.
Evening—Isaiah 38 or 40; Rev. 19, 11.

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

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 51, 178, 313, 318.
Processional: 47, 48, 355, 362.
Offertory: 186, 272, 293, 352.
Children's Hymns: 180, 188, 336, 566.
General Hymns: 191, 193, 353, 587.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 307, 315, 321, 322.
Processional: 268, 306, 46, 49.
Offertory: 51, 52, 205, 362.
Children's Hymns: 281, 335, 343, 363.
General Hymns: 48, 50, 53, 477.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Holy Communion: 55, 324, 484, 557.
Processional: 59, 60, 482.
Offertory: 56, 56, 483.
Children's Hymns: 58, 62, 571.
General Hymns: 57, 62, 63.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The Collect for this Sunday belongs to the last Revision of the Prayer Book. Its teaching illustrates the faithfulness of the Church to the principles laid down by Jesus Christ. The Collect should be studied in conjunction with the preface to the Ordinal. The Eucharistic Scriptures for this week deal with the ministry of Christ and the ministry of those who are com-

missioned by Him. He who commissions ministry is the Example of perfect ministry. Jesus at His First Coming sent His messenger to prepare the way before Him. Now, in view of His Second Coming He sends His ministers to preach the Gospel to every creature. The work of preparing the world for the Day of the Lord is now being done; and because of that work we are tasting of the heavenly gift, eternal life in Christ Jesus. Note how God deals with us. We experience blessings in prayer, meditation, Sacraments and service. Our energy in these things betokens our willingness to receive the gift of God. And we must be willing before we can receive. God deals with us in the Church and through the sacred ministry. Note two thoughts concerning the clergy. They are "pastors," whose duty is to lead men to God, to an appreciation of holy things. The pastor would not journey alone. He would go in a company of persons redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb. Note the idea of fellowship, brotherhood. The pastor is essentially the brother of every parishioner. The pastor is a priest. He is a "steward of the mysteries of God." And through this necessarily representative member of the Body, the Church, our sacrifices are offered to God, and the Bread of Life is given to us. Again, note brotherhood. God's gifts to the priesthood are the same as His gifts to the laity. Would we have effective ministerial work? Let the priests—the pastors—be faithful. Let the laity be appreciative and willing to receive. Then shall we see the hearts of the disobedient turned to the wisdom of the just, the blind receiving their sight and the deaf their hearing, the lame walking, the dead raised up, the lepers cleansed, and the Gospel preached to all who need it. "God is all to thee: if thou be hungry, He is bread; if thirsty, He is water; if darkness, He is light; if naked, He is a robe of immortality."

Christmas.

Cheering and joyous, indeed, are the anticipations of Christmas. No one is too old to share the joy or too young to be brought in touch with it. "Who can be insensible to the outpourings of good feeling, and the honest interchange of affectionate attachment which abound at this season of the year?" asks Dickens, and who does not share his benevolent wish: "Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through (as it ought), and that the prejudices and passions, which deform our better nature, were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers!"

Good Cheer.

Old England may well be called the central home of good cheer. From her flows out to all parts of the mighty Empire, of which she is the heart, most of the customs and observances which make the Christmas season so full of ample benevolence and widespread joy. The splendid and enduring sentiment, which is the central cord of the bond of love and power, which firmly holds together the far-scattered British race, owes not a little of its strength to the good cheer of the hallowed Christmas time and good-will which it helps to perpetuate.

A True Lover of Christmas.

No writer of English, apart from Dickens, has, to our mind, done more to popularize Christmas than Washington Irving. A true son of the United States, yet he entered into the spirit and observance of the old English Christmas season with the delight and appreciation of one—to use the words of Hamlet—"to the man-

ner born." Who can read the charming pages of the "Sketch Book," descriptive of his entertainment at the Manor House by the good old Squire Bracebridge, "where the Yule log and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe, with its white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids," without getting a Christmas glow at his heart and having a feeling of affectionate gratitude to their graceful writer. We always take down the "Sketch Book" at Christmas time and renew the charm of bygone days.

Christmas Games.

"I desire to know in your next if the merry game of 'The Parson has Lost His Cloak' is not mightily in vogue amongst the fine ladies this Christmas," says a writer in the "Spectator." It would be interesting to have a record of the old games that found favour with our forefathers. Some of these old games have, of course, survived. There are, no doubt, many that have fallen into disuse. We think it adds to the pleasure of the season to maintain the old-time games as we keep alive the old observances. There must be exceptions through change of times and circumstances, but such exceptions could be readily distinguished.

Canadian Art Abroad.

It is welcome to Canadians to see the efforts of their sons in the higher and more refined walks of life receiving prominent recognition in the Old World. In the Christmas number of a popular English magazine appears a well-illustrated and written article on "Canadian Artists in Paris." The distinction gained by such artists as James Wilson Morrice and the late William Blair Bruce is duly referred to, and the work of other Canadian artists who are attracting deserved attention is mentioned. It could hardly be expected that we should, as yet, have produced great masterpieces, but we rejoice that the diligent and excellent work of our artists abroad is attracting deserved attention.

Selecting Candidates.

Occasionally we meet with subjects which we think would interest our readers. Among these we class the proceedings at the annual meeting of the Society of the Sacred Mission at the Church House, London. It is startling to find that ordinations in England are 160 fewer each year than they were twenty years ago, and this is one of the attempts to find and train young men as clergy. The Director, F. Herbert Kelly, made a most interesting address, but our space is too limited to reproduce it. It does interest all of us in Canada to know how selections are made: "We get year by year over 300 enquiries. About eighty-five actually come to Kelham for consideration. We and other societies, working on the same lines, are practically educating men of all classes to understand that the Church has a place, a work, a need for them, and practical education is much more important than verbal education. We are in a sense educating the Church also to think of that ideal, when the power of the whole Church shall be made available for the whole work of the Church. Whether you look at this ideal I have just set before you, or at the actual figures I have given you, you will see that no other system but selection could enable us to meet the mass of devotion which is forthcoming. Ten years ago I referred to the fact that we had twenty-four men in the House. I refer now to the fact that we have ninety-four men, and that of these seventy-nine are preparing for ordination."

Preparing Candidates.

With all our drawbacks we sometimes think that our system of training has its own good points. The sending young students to work in missionary districts in summer is a trying ordeal; it sifts and prepares the candidates in a way that no seminary teaching can do, and this work is rendered still more valuable by the conferences in college next winter. What we long to see is some sort of post-graduate course for men who have been in orders for three or five years. A winter so spent would be invaluable; it would develop faculties which otherwise would remain unused.

Teaching.

We must find space for one extract more. The point that the college must not narrow the students by the teacher's own ideas, that it must not be a party organization or a class question. "The point on which I wish to lay most stress—the party question—grows more pressing day by day. We all differ so much, and it seems so impossible to combine for any purpose. And these questions are not trifles we can leave on one side. In a place of education it might seem that such difficulties must come up. As a matter of fact, nothing gives us so little trouble. We have to assure ourselves, first, that we care infinitely more for the Church than we do for our own opinions about it. By the Church at least we are united. In the face of its unity, of its fellowship, any attempt to make a college into a secure place for the culture of certain sets of opinions seems to me a pernicious and ridiculous thing. Opinions represent no more than something you have learnt, and they provide an excellent basis of learning something more. In selecting men we pay no attention whatever to the state of their opinions. Of course, in the House, the services have got to be done somehow, and every man must make the best of them as they are. Similarly, a teacher who had no opinions, or who was afraid of his opinions, would be a very poor teacher, but we have not got to teach our own opinions. We have to teach men to see and think for themselves. I know extraordinarily little of men's opinions, except that they always seem to differ with me. I do not want you to think that we are indifferent to what men think. On the contrary, it is our whole business to make them think steadily and think rightly. But the first part is really much more important than the second. If a man only will think steadily and patiently, whatever mistakes he may make, at first, he will come right in the end. If a teacher is afraid of his own opinions, he will never teach anything; if he is afraid of his pupils' opinions they will never learn anything."

The Brighter Side.

Almost everyone on being told that we don't look well immediately begins to look anxious, and to wonder what is the matter. And in other things, too. If we are always thinking of the dangers and difficulties, we create blocks in our path. Too often we deplore the past. Nothing is so good now, sigh and mope over the good old days, and thank our stars that we won't be alive a hundred years hence. The Archbishop of Canterbury insists this is all wrong, and that is the way to make matters worse. His advice is that we should heartily congratulate ourselves on living in an age of beauty, comfort, progress, justice, and everything else desirable and agreeable. It may be too rosy, but there is nothing good or bad but thinking may make it so.

Why Failure?

Under this heading we published last week a letter by a member of the General Synod on the reasons for the lapses from the Church among

immigrants. The letter seemed to us so good that we think it should not only be read and digested, but cut out, framed and hung up in every vestry and Brotherhood home on the continent. If the reasons and the suggestions are studied and acted on, there should not only be no leakage, but additions to the Church from these very immigrants. The more the Church is known, the stronger it should become. All the same, we shall be glad to have the views of newcomers, men or women, who have been some four or five years in the country. Where they wish it, no names shall be published. We desire to know the reason why.

The Queen's Letters.

These volumes of the earlier life of Queen Victoria have been so fully reviewed in the press that the public are aware of their value. One reflection occurred to us, and that is the worth of the old habit of diligently teaching the Catechism to all children, servants, and apprentices. With the partial, indeed, almost complete disappearance of the last two classes, the grounding of old-fashioned days has gone. How much guidance is given by this simple compendium is shown by this resolve, written on her accession by the Queen, language which we can all use in the station to which we may be called: "Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country; I am very young, and, perhaps, in many, though not in all things, inexperienced; but I am sure that very few have more real good-will, and more real desire to do what is fit and right, than I have."

KEEPING CHRISTMAS ALL THE YEAR.

The Christmas season, as we remarked last year, appeals to the best and noblest instincts in human nature. There is something "in the air" at this time which induces the average man to take broader, kinder and more charitable views of his fellowmen and of things in general. There is a general slackening and easing up of the hard, grim conditions of life. Men become less rigid in demanding what they consider their rights, more inclined to make allowance for other's failings and weaknesses, less determined to exact value for value, less bent upon getting their own way at whatever cost; in a word, less selfish, greedy, grasping, merciless and self-centred, and more Christlike. They get a glimpse of better things, and for a few days make an honest, if feeble, attempt to follow them. But, alas! the beautiful vision too often all too swiftly melts away, and they turn their steps again to the following of the things that are of the earth, earthy. Christmas sees human nature in its best and noblest mood. It is the high-water mark of all that is generous, and loveable, and truly humane in humanity. Alas! that the tide should so soon turn, and that the average man, as if half-ashamed of himself for his brief relaxation, should harden himself again, and, encasing himself in his armour, go forth to that sordid, dreary round, which he calls "the battle of life." Why, it may be asked, if he can be imbued with the spirit of Christmas for two, or three, or seven, or ten days at a time, why, if he is capable of rising for however short a time to the spirit of its teaching, should he not remain permanently under the influences of this blessed season. In the matter, first, of forgiveness. Christmas is a time for the exercise of a forgiving spirit, for the making up of quarrels, for the breaking down of the barriers of mutual misunderstandings, for realizing the joy and delight of repairing and renewing broken friendships, the burying of ancient animosities and the healing of those festering, mutual grievances that so often embitter and

poison our lives. Why not enjoy the luxury of a forgiving spirit all the year round? Why, for a few days, act the man and the Christian, and for the remaining three hundred and fifty-nine or sixty act the pagan and the savage? Why, at most for one short week, take a pride and joy in showing forth the spirit of Christ, and then for the remaining fifty-one take equal pride in violating every one of His precepts, and in being as unChristlike as any civilized human being can well be? And then in the matter of ministering to the necessities of others. If at Christmas time "it is more blessed to give than to receive," why not all the year round? Why should it be the "correct thing" to cherish generous, kindly feelings towards those less abundantly "blessed" with the "good things" of life than ourselves for, say, forty-eight, or seventy, or even one hundred and twenty hours, and during the remaining thousands of hours in the year preserve an attitude towards others as radically different as the blasts of midwinter to the balmy breezes of midsummer? Why thaw out for three days, and then freeze up for the remaining three hundred and sixty-two? And so we might go on "ringing the changes." For this spasmodic and casual way of keeping Christmas we may be thankful. Anything which breaks into and relieves the sordid strain of life is so much clear gain. But if only Christmas could mark a permanent moral uplifting; if only our Christmas Days could be stepping-stones to higher and still higher things; if, instead of being isolated spots of light, they could become a continuous thread of radiance running through our lives, and brightening them through and through with the glory and sweetness of the spirit of Him "Who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many."

THE WATERSHED OF HISTORY.

The birth of Jesus Christ is the central governing and determining fact in human history, the ending and the beginning, the closing and the opening, the completing and the commencing of the two epochs in the moral and spiritual evolution of the race. It is the watershed of history. It turned every stream of human destiny and development into a new channel. The rivers all begin to flow in the opposite direction. Human progress begins in real earnest. Hitherto there had been progress of a kind and to a certain point, but it had been movement rather than advancement. It had been circular, as it were. Civilization after civilization had risen, and flowered, and fruited, and died, but mankind had never really advanced. Humanity had got no further forward. There is a strong family likeness between all the ancient civilizations. In what essential respect does the civilization, for instance, of ancient Egypt, as now revealed by modern discoveries, differ from that of Babylon or of Rome, the last and nearest of all the pre-Christian civilizations. In certain details no doubt they differ, but there is one great, governing principle common to everyone of them, viz., the rule of force. Disguised as it might be under specious forms or high-sounding phrases, the vital principle of all the ancient civilizations, including the Roman, could be expressed in the formula, "Might is right." With the coming of Christ was sown the seed of a silent revolution, that was, or rather is, destined to transform the world. As yet it is, we know only too well, far from complete, but the great fact is that it has begun, and that humanity has started towards a new goal, and is travelling a road that will not bring it back to its original starting-point, but which will carry it forever onward and upward. With the advent of Christ humanity "found itself." The cosmic conscience or moral

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consciousness awoke, and it will never go to sleep again. God has never been without His witnesses from age to age. But that great ideal, of which great souls in all places and from remotest ages had gained fitful glimpses, was now revealed to all mankind, so that he who runneth may read. In the person of the Divine Man all these streams which make for righteousness meet and centre. He holds all the threads in His hand. In Christ the world has a permanent moral centre of unity. It has had lights before Him, stars, so to speak, which had qualified the darkness, had made darkness visible, and in so doing had made possible the higher and the better life. But now the sun of righteousness has arisen. In Him we have a fixed moral standard for all time. It has been truly said that, while to the ancients the golden age lay in the past, to the Christian it lies in the future. Thus Jesus Christ is the eternal leader. He is always in advance of the times, and when the world catches up to Him time will end. It is a true instinct that caused the civilized world to date all happenings according to Anno Domini. It is the baseline of human history; for with the birth of Christ history really begins. A moral purpose in man's affairs begins to manifest itself. Real progress makes its first start. The ship that has been aimlessly driven hither and thither is now launched forth into the great deep, and starts on its voyage. All history worthy of the name begins with the Babe of Bethlehem. All the rivers of human destiny have changed their course. Mankind has crossed the Great Divide. He is on the "home stretch."



FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Spectator's Comments and Notes of Public Interest.

To Christian men and women all seasons ought we presume to be seasons of rich, joyous, enthusiastic service, but somehow Christmas always comes with a joy and a spirit of its own. It is a season when the faithful draw specially near to God in loving remembrance of the birth of the Christ, and it is a season when the stranger without the gate feels the power of a new and incomprehensible awakening to holier thoughts and higher things. It is an occasion when men think the best of one another. It is a time when the instincts of unselfish generosity and benevolence hold sway. The manger at Bethlehem is still influencing the world and the child of God is still leading us in the way of simplicity, in love and in faith. But while we may dwell with loving zeal upon the charming ideal which the birth of Christ has given to the world it is well that all serious minded followers of the Christ should see that Christmas is something more than a pretty picture and something more than a beautiful fable. It is possible to be touched with the outward forms of the season and yet not feel the thrill and throb of its deeper spiritual meaning. The custom of bestowing gifts at this time is almost universal among Christians, and if these gifts are inspired by a high and unselfish motive, by a consciousness that we should give freely because we have been richly dowered ourselves, then it is well. But if it be mere conformity to custom, the yielding to forces that we do not want to obey and do not care to resist then the consequences may be far from edifying. The enterprise of tradesmen has had much to do with the benevolent activity at Christmas, and the same business enterprise is now creating in the public mind a feeling of necessity to bestow gifts at Easter as well. What appears so beautiful on the surface may have surface beauty only.

Supplementing the deeper spiritual significance of Christmas we would like to see at this season

a serious realization of our responsibility, not only to the poor, but to the labourer who is an indispensable element in the acquisition of wealth and power. This year thousands of men and women will have a cheerless Christmas, not because of any fault or failing of their own, but because corporations and employers desire to reduce expenditure that they may not reduce the dividends or profits. Now we wonder if it has ever occurred to such corporations and to shareholders who are going up and down to find some expensive treasure to bestow upon friends already satiated with possessions that there is a gift quite within their reach that would be appreciated to the full. And that gift is the presentation of employment to men and women who have already served them; or, again, there is the opportunity of making a substantial addition to the wages of the employees on the pay roll, enabling them to participate in the fruits of their toil. It is in some such way as this we would like to see the Christmas spirit lay hold of our captains of industry. It is all very well to send a subscription to a charity organization or to order Christmas dinners for a few pensioners, but that really is only a drop in the bucket and is no serious attempt at solving a difficulty. However it is better than nothing at all. But public opinion is undergoing a radical process of change upon this subject of responsibility to labourers. Gradually men are being forced into the necessity of thinking that they really owe those who toil for them something more than a minimum wage. The man who has brains and power to acquire has also a responsibility towards those who came into the world with lesser assets through no fault of their own. Things that are taken as a matter of course to-day would have been scouted as rank interference with private possessions twenty-five years ago. So we live in hope that in the not distant future we shall not require to plan so much for charities, since the necessity, we trust, will be done away in adequate and remunerative labour. This, at all events, is one of the things we should like to have considered with becoming earnestness by those who are enjoying the good cheer of Christmas and thanking God for their many blessings.

"Spectator" wishes his many readers a very Merry Christmas, and he trusts that what he has said in these columns during the year has in some slight degree contributed to that mental attitude, that spiritual outlook, that conception of duty that make for fellowship with the Divine and joy in the service of the Master, whose birth we celebrate at this season. We are sadly conscious of the fact that it is impossible for us to be always interesting or always useful, and yet we are conscious of a very generous interpretation by a large body of readers. From various parts of the country come kindly messages and words of encouragement—words which indicate that we have stimulated thought, and strengthened utterance, and energized activity. That is a very great source of comfort. A busy life leaves little time for correspondence of the nature we should like to cultivate, and yet we know that it is necessary to keep in touch with the thought of different parts of the country. We always esteem it a favour to have Churchmen offer suggestions and criticism, either privately or publicly. We are all working for a common purpose, and all, we trust, are animated by a common motive, namely, to further the Kingdom of Christ. We are conscious of no enmities in our conduct of these columns, and have cast reproach upon no man's character. Let us all renew afresh our determination that this grand, historic Church to which we belong shall be more powerful and a greater spiritual force in this country than ever before. It was destined for spiritual leadership; then let us make its leadership decisively felt.

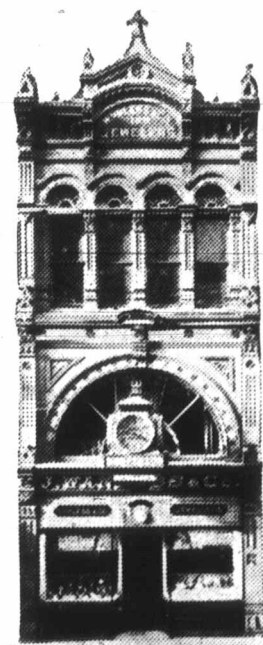
We cannot refrain from appealing to the Bishops and clergy to urge upon their people the necessity of the Church press in extension of Church influence and the stimulating of Church activity. At this time of year people are arranging for the papers and magazines that are to enter their homes, and we really feel that Churchmen should see that the Church paper is not overlooked. It keeps us in touch with our brethren elsewhere. It forms a medium of communication. It means a wholesome influence in the family, and in many ways promotes interest, zeal and loyalty. How we can intelligently co-operate in the work of the Church in Canada without a Canadian Church paper is more than we can understand. We certainly owe it to our children to spend a dollar a year in this form of literature.

Spectator.

The Churchwoman.

Montreal.—Synod Hall.—The annual festival of the Girls' Friendly Society of the Diocese of Montreal was held on Thursday, November 28th, at 8 p.m., in this hall by the kind permission of the Rev. Canon Baylis. There was a very large gathering of associates, members, and friends, a great many newly commended members from England, Scotland, and Ireland being present. The Lord Bishop of Montreal presided. The proceedings commenced with the hymn, "Oh, Praise Our God To-day," followed by the G.F.S. special prayers. The diocesan president, Mrs. Warwick Chipman, then read her address to the members. It contained much sound and practical advice, and dwelt on "Thrift" as an important factor in the lives of all. A charming violin solo by Miss Grier was next given, after which the Rev. Canon Dixon, rector of St. Jude's, gave an address, in which he expressed his great pleasure at meeting such a large number of G.F.S. members from the various Branches. An exhibition of "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks" was the next item on the programme, and a most successful entertainment was given, the performers sustaining their several parts most admirably under the guidance of Miss K. Campbell, who personated "Mrs. Jarley." Mr. Fosbery, of St. John the Evangelist, then sang, and was heartily encored. The Diocesan Secretary read a letter of greeting from the Dominion President, Mrs. Welch, of Toronto, conveying her good wishes for the festal occasion. Miss

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Yarker followed with an admirable recitation, and Mr. Fosbery sang again. The Rev. Dr. Paterson-Smythe, rector of St. George's, was to have addressed the members, but was unavoidably prevented from fulfilling his engagement. The Bishop made a few closing remarks, and then tea, coffee, ice cream and cake were served, after which the large gathering dispersed, everyone expressing their great enjoyment of the Girls' Friendly Festival of 1907.

Home & Foreign Church News
From our own Correspondents.

NOVA SCOTIA.

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

Halifax.—The annual meeting of the local Assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew took place at the Church of England Institute on November 29th. Excellent reports were presented and the following officers elected: President, J. M. Donovan (re-elected); vice-president, W. A. Garrison; secretary-treasurer, C. A. Kaizer; assistant secretary, G. Marshall; chaplain, the Rev. C. W. Vernon. Council members—St. Luke's, A. B. Wiswell; St. Paul's, R. A. Johnson; St. George's, C. Boutilier; Trinity, T. Hutchins; St. Matthias', W. Forbes; Christ Church, Dartmouth, Dr. F. W. Stevens; St. Mark's, to be appointed.

At a meeting held at the Church of England Institute on the 28th ult. it was decided to organize a Literary and Debating Club in connection with the institute. A constitution and

by-laws were adopted, and the following officers elected: President, A. W. L. Smith; vice-president, A. H. Whitman; secretary, F. W. Hoyt. Additional members of the Executive—F. W. Bissett and Wm. M. Brown.

On Sunday, December 18th, the first of the Advent series of meetings was held in the Church of England Institute. These meetings are specially for men, and this, the opening one of the series, was very well attended. The address was delivered by the Rev. C. W. Vernon, who chose for his subject, "Why We Believe in God."

The Bishop of the diocese spoke on the same afternoon in the Y.M.C.A. building on the subject of "Irreverence, Profanity, and Perjury."

St. Matthias'.—Sunday, December 1st, was grading Sunday in the Sunday School of this church—one of the most admirably organized in the city. New classes were formed, and it developed that the result of the examination held on Sunday last was the very best since the introduction of the system. Out of the 145 who took the examination 125 made over the required percentage.

Truro.—St. John's.—A very interesting and profitable meeting of the Amherst Rural Deanery, combined with a meeting of the Missionary Conference, was held in this church on Tuesday and Wednesday, 26th and 27th November. On the Tuesday evening at 7.30 the first service was held, when the anniversary sermon was preached by the Rev. Wm. Duffield, rector of Londonderry, who gave a very learned and instructive discourse on the history of Rural Deaneries on this, the fortieth anniversary of the Rural Deanery of Amherst. The "Quiet Hour" was the first meeting on Wednesday morning, and was followed by the regular Deanery service and

sermon, which was preached by one of the clergy of the Deanery, after which Holy Communion was celebrated by the Rural Dean. A very successful meeting of the Deanery was then held in the crypt of the church, a goodly number of clergy and laity being present, the chief subject for discussion being the report of the Board of Enquiry connected with the D.M.B., and the assessments from the different parishes for the D.M.B. The meeting then adjourned to give the members an opportunity of partaking of the sumptuous luncheon so kindly provided by the ladies of the church. It was decided to hold the next meeting of the Deanery at Springhill on February 4th and 5th. The Missionary Conference was held at 2.30 p.m. in the crypt, when a fair number of people, including clergy, churchwardens, members of the W.A., and Church workers were present, the Bishop of the diocese being in the chair. Three papers were read, and were much appreciated. They dealt with the history of the Church in Pictou country by the Rev. J. L. Downing, R.D.; in Colchester county, by the Rev. G. R. Marbell; in Cumberland county, by the Rev. A. J. Creswell. A discussion also took place with regard to the W.A. and its position towards purely missionary and parochial needs, which was fully explained by the chairman.

At 7.30 p.m. a missionary meeting was held in the church, when the speakers were the Bishop of the diocese, Mr. J. L. Jennison, and the Rev. W. C. Wilson. The addresses were of an inspiring and instructive nature, dealing with the spiritual and the financial side of the great missionary movement of the Church. The delegates were very kindly entertained by the Church people of Truro, and appeared to thoroughly enjoy their visit to the shire town of Colchester, which they found in a state of considerable excitement over the election.

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The Child Christ.

Canadian Churchman.

FREDERICTON.

**John Andrew Richardson, D.D., Bishop,
Fredericton, N.S.**

Fredericton.—Christ Church Cathedral.—The Rev. C. D. Scholfield, rector of Christ Church, Sydney, N.S., has been appointed Dean of this cathedral. The Dean-designate will enter upon his new duties in about two months' time.

**MONTREAL.**

James Carmichael, D.D., Bishop, Montreal.

Montreal.—St. Stephen's.—On Advent Sunday morning the Lord Bishop of Montreal preached in this church before a large congregation on behalf of the debt on the Building Fund. The Bishop chose for his text 1 Kings 19:4.

**ONTARIO.**

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

Kingston.—On Thursday morning, the 28th ult., the Executive Committee of the Diocese of Ontario held a half-yearly session. Present: The Bishop, dean, archdeacons, chancellor, treasurer and secretaries; Rural Deans Patton, Dibb, Loucks, Dobbs, Armstrong, the Rev. Messrs. Harris, Tighe, Jones, Cooke, Burton; Messrs. Rogers, Pense, B. S. O'Loughlin, Allan Turner, J. B. Walkem, S. C. McGill. The Bishop announced that by general request he had transferred Deseronto from Hastings to Lennox and Addington Deanery. He also appointed the Dean upon the Episcopal Committee, and D. and F. Mission Board; Canon Roberts, upon Com-

mittee upon Memorials; the Rev. W. P. Reeve, upon D. and F. Board; Mr. Edw. J. B. Pense, upon the Corporation of Trinity College, Toronto. Memorial tributes to the late Rev. C. P. Emery and Mr. J. E. Halliwell were passed with standing vote. Leave was given for loans of \$750 for Morven Church, \$6,000 for Leslie Hall, Kemptville, and for granting of land for opening of a street across the rectory lot at Oxford Mills. A committee was appointed to report upon the proposals of Niagara Diocese for reciprocity of beneficiary funds. Upon the arrears due on Augmentation Fund subscriptions, \$771 has been paid since April. The Rev. F. W. Dibb will continue the collecting. A number of standing committees report state of funds, which were merely interim statements, as the year ends in April. The Rev. J. W. Jones, canvasser for the thankoffering, reported having completed work in ten parishes and to have partially done six more, about one-fourth of the diocese; subscriptions to date, \$3,007; paid in, \$1,235. The greatest contrasts were shown. One city congregation gave \$6.15; another, equally numerous, \$30. In another city one is giving \$450; another, quite a parallel in numbers, \$35, while rural parishes give in such generous proportions as these: Ameliaburg and Hillier, \$266; Wolfe Island, \$216; Adolphustown, \$205. The Rev. O. G. Dobbs has kindly undertaken the canvassing of Kingston, which will return \$2,000 probably. Mr. Jones has undertaken a very laborious task. The Rev. W. W. Burton reported having canvassed Lansdowne Rear, Roslin, Edwardsburg, Wolfe Island, North Addington, Parham, and Frankford; pledged for stipends, \$3,980, an increase of \$930; subscribed for Diocesan Missions \$678 an increase of \$72. The Mission Board appointed a committee to confer with the Bishop regarding the establishing of a mission centre at California, where J. A. Dargavel, M.P.P., has been doing

effective lay work. The grant to Odessa Mission was increased to \$400, at the Bishop's discretion, as to continuance as an independent parish. The Chancellor was requested to prepare a Canon for a United Mission Board, and one general offering for the diocese. A circular is being issued to congregations, setting forth the state and needs of the Mission Fund. The Classification Committee members were re-elected. The Education Committee ordered an appeal for more students for Holy Orders, and recommended a Diocesan Conference, to be held in May, as Synod will be postponed beyond the summer on account of the Church Congress and Pan-Anglican Synod in London in June. The apportionments for 1907 for general missions were: Mrs. Emery, Ottawa, was placed upon the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, which will require \$1,008 above the offerings. Therefore an assessment of two per cent. was ordered upon the stipends of clergymen.

St. George's Cathedral.—All of the city Branches joined with this one in keeping St. Andrew's Day a solemn day of intercession for Missions. The Bishop was celebrant at the special service held at 10.30 a.m. The following clergy were present: The Dean of Ontario, the Archdeacon of Ontario, the Revs. Canons Loucks and Cooke, the Revs. W. W. Burton, W. F. Fitzgerald, R. S. Forneri, S. Tighe, J. O. Crisp, and W. Lewin. The special preacher was the Rev. W. F. Fitzgerald. Those who had the privilege of being present at the services of the day report that they were very impressive, and that the sermon was both helpful and powerful. There was a large number of communicants.

Merrickville.—Trinity.—A helpful and successful Mission has been held in this church, conducted by Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, rector of Iroquois. The Mission was preceded by a Confirmation on Nov. 10th, when the rector, the Rev. J.

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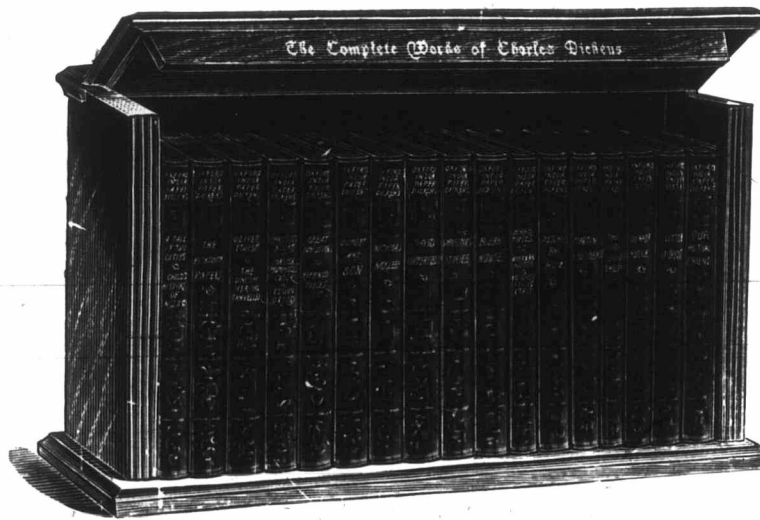
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The Wish.

Canadian Churchman.

H. H. Coleman, presented fifteen candidates, and more than a hundred persons received the Holy Communion. The Bishop of Ontario strongly commended the coming Mission to the people of the parish. The Missioner began his work on November 17th, and concluded it on December 4th, there being an interruption of a week, caused by the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Oscar Fulton, of Avonmore. Each morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, and these quiet, devout services were well attended, and gave help and strength for the day's work. In the 'afternoons' there were special services for different classes—women, girls, boys, and children—and on Sundays, men. Each evening there was the Mission service and sermon. In spite of the interruption the interest was maintained to the end, and the church was invariably full at the evening services. The text of the first sermon (1 John 3:2) gave the motto for the whole Mission, the Missioner taking as his foundation truth that we are the children of God, and with striking originality and deep impressiveness applying that truth to all departments of Christian life, work, privilege, and duty. The work, under the Heavenly Father's blessing, cannot fail to be productive of good fruit in the lives of "God's children" in this community.

Brookville.—St. Peter's.—The Very Rev. the Dean of Ontario preached in this church on Friday evening, the 29th ult., the eve of St. Andrew's Day. There was a very large congregation present, including many members of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood. The Dean chose for his text Acts 1:8. The Prayers were sung by the Rev. H. H. Bedford-Jones, the rector, and the Lessons were read by the Rev. Rural Dean Dobbs, rector of St. Paul's, and the Rev. F. D. Woodcock, rector of Trinity. Special music was appropriately rendered by the choir.

Picton.—St. Mary Magdalene.—A series of missionary study classes have been arranged by

the W.A. of this parish, the first being held on Thursday evening, November 28th, when the Rev. W. L. Armitage gave an interesting address on "Henry Martyn and His Life and Work in India." During the present season of Advent the Rev. W. L. Armitage, the rector, is preaching a special series of sermons on Sunday evenings.

Burrill's Rapids.—Christ Church.—The brass altar-rail placed in this church in memory of Mrs. Isaac W. de Pencier is the gift of her children, one of whom is the Rev. Charles R. de Pencier, M.A., of Wellington, Ont.

OTTAWA.

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

Beachburg.—The Rev. Geo. J. Bousfield, B.A., has been appointed to the Mission of Gloucester by the Bishop of the diocese. On the eve of her departure Mrs. Bousfield was presented with a small rug and cocoa jug by the Junior Woman's Auxiliary. The Woman's Guild gave her a handsome rattan music stand. They were accompanied by addresses expressing the appreciation of the members of both societies for her untiring efforts to further the best interests of each, and also the love and esteem in which she is held by all.

Cornwall.—Trinity.—St. Andrew's Day was faithfully observed in this parish. The Holy Eucharist was offered at 8 a.m., and continuous intercessions made in the church throughout the day by a devoted band of W.A. workers. The Rev. W. M. Loucks, M.A., rector of St. Matthew's, Ottawa, recently addressed the local Chapters of Trinity and the Good Shepherd on the work of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. All present were delighted with his description of the Winnipeg Convention and his straight, manly

talk on the principles of the Brotherhood and the duty of every man to extend the Kingdom of Christ. Seventy-three persons have been confirmed in Trinity Church during the present year. The debt on the rectory has been reduced during the eighteen months' incumbency of the Rev. T. J. Stiles from \$3,500 to \$1,900. The Rev. E. A. Anderson's canvass of the Augmentation Fund of the Ottawa Diocese resulted in over \$1,300 being subscribed, and the canvass is not completed.

North Gower.—The men of this parish presented the Rev. W. Netten with an address and a valuable solid silver private Communion set on the eve of his departure for Pembroke. A handsomely-bound volume of music was also presented to him by the choir. Mrs. Netten, too, received a silver fern-dish and cream and sugar set from the teachers and children of the Sunday School. The new incumbent of North Gower is the Rev. E. Johnston, late of Fitzroy Harbour.

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TORONTO.

Arthur Sweatman, D.D., Bishop and Primate.
William Day Reeve, D.D., Assistant Bishop,
Toronto.

Toronto.—The regular monthly meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Toronto on Monday, December 2nd, was largely attended, the Assistant Bishop of the diocese also being present. (Continued on page 812.)

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Correspondence.

WHY FAILURE.

Sir.—A member of the General Synod might have added a ninth reason to his excellent letter in your issue of 28th inst., viz., Undenominationalism. When prominent men of the English Church, clerical and lay, are to be found actively supporting every movement, which calls itself undenominational, but which should nearly always be labelled anti-Anglican, is it any wonder that the rank and file get the idea, one Church is as good as another. A case in point—years ago the Church of England initiated a Zenana Mission, which is still actively working, though hampered by want of funds. Appeals for help have been made, but being a Church organization, with little success in Canada. But when an "Undenominational" imitation sends representatives, what a change. Supposedly Church men and women receive them with open arms, they are helped and advertised by a college which calls itself a Church of England institution, and they go away with money, which instead of helping our own missions, will be used to spread every ism, but Anglicanism. Many were horrified at the statements of Mr. Perks, the English Methodist, but he only expressed the real sentiments of the majority of Dissenters, who are the originators, and form nine-tenths of the supporters of Undenominationalism—so-called.

Almost Disheartened.

THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY.

Sir.—I was pleased to see that I am not the only one who felt that some reply should be made to the letter signed "Thomas Edward." The letters in your issue of November 21st do not cover every phase of the question, and, therefore, you might be wise in lending the columns of your paper for a symposium on "The Seat of

Authority." The letter directed against the Rev. T. B. Smith expresses the sentiments of a considerable number in the Anglican Church. The case becomes the more urgent because in your editorial paragraphs you echo the opinions contained in that letter. People with such sentiments worship ecclesiastical law, they glorify Church tradition and often fail to distinguish it from truth, and "the wisdom that cometh down from above." So also did the Pharisees, Scribes and other zealots for "authority." They assailed Jesus and were frequently asking, "By what authority doest thou these things?" Their zeal on this point led them into absurd positions and into harbouring hateful thoughts and murderous designs. Certainly Jesus did not have ecclesiastical authority for many things which He did. Some of His actions so violated long cherished traditions and were so subversive of authority that some people could scarcely keep hands off Him. Authority was more to them than the salvation of men's bodies and souls, more than mercy and truth, more than love and righteousness. But according to the precept and example of Jesus there is an authority higher than that of the Church. It is always imperative to enquire and to heed "what the Spirit saith unto the churches." The proper attitude for every member of the Church is concern for the will of God rather than for the dictum of "authority," so-called. So long as a man's conduct is in harmony with the Spirit and in accord with the great principles and doctrines enunciated by Jesus he need not fear the onslaught of authority's votaries. It is evident that he is most faithful to the Church and most pleasing to those in authority, who most effectually builds up the Church. I think we should admire the man who turns aside from the well-worn way when there is need and a call to do so, for in so doing he adorns his Church and edifies his fellowmen. But it seems that some would follow the example of the priest and Levite rather than that of the good Samari-

tan. In so doing they bring shame upon themselves and injury to their Church. This cry about authority is doing an immense amount of harm to the Anglican Church and to the Church Universal. Some of our leaders shout to other denominations, "Come Home," but when they turn to see what sort of a spiritual home the Anglican Church would make, they are often disappointed and turned back by sentiments such as those contained in the letter of "Thomas Edward." The only way that we can prove our superiority over others is by showing in our lives more love and more of God than they do. And thus shall we best honour "authority."

W. F. Carpenter.

Sir.—Three letters in your issue of the 21st, all refer to the same matter, which is in my judgment, one of the greatest importance, in connection with the welfare of the Anglican Church, viz., the relation of the Church to Nonconformists. In all their public utterances, those who are so recklessly zealous in fraternizing with them in various ways begin with a petitio principii. It is assumed that there is no visible Church of Divine appointment to which the Covenant of Salvation is confined; nor any divinely ordained order of men set apart from among their brethren by a visible ordinance to be ministers of the Word and Sacraments; but that all believers are at liberty to associate themselves together in whatever organization they might think most conducive to the spread of the Gospel and the edification of believers; and that every one who believes himself called by the Holy Ghost to the Gospel ministry is justified in the sight of God in taking upon himself that office without any outward form of ordination whatever. This is the teaching of Nonconformists, and in accordance with this their conscientious convictions, they freely exchange pulpits, and I suppose Communion Table ministrations, interdominal prayer meetings, and other religious gatherings. But the teaching of the Anglican Formularies is the

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direct contrary of all this. The Anglican Church as well after the Reformation as before, has always claimed to be the sole representative of the one historic Catholic Church of Christ within the British Empire, to whom alone pertains the promise, "Lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world," and the only recognition ever accorded to dissenters was to send them to jail for nonconformity. The enforcement of conformity by penal laws was undoubtedly a most disastrous policy on the part of our forefathers, for which our subscription to the existing Formularies does not render us responsible, for there is no allusion in them to pains and penalties which have long since passed away, but the doctrine of the one Church and the sinfulness of schism underlying the penal laws, still remains, neither the National Synod of the Church in England or Canada has ever made any corresponding alteration in our official standards, the spiritual censures still remain uncanceled, those who "separate themselves from the communion of saints as approved by the apostles rule in the Church of England" are pronounced excommunicate and the separatist body denounced as a "pretended Church," and "no private person may take upon himself to alter any common order or discipline in Christ's Church. To this day in Canada, as elsewhere, the Bishops in their official capacity, whatever they may say or do as individuals have never admitted those nonepiscopally ordained to any office or administration in the Church. No self respecting Nonconformist minister would accept the invitation of an Anglican clergyman to read the lessons or otherwise officiate as a layman might, while the pulpit was closed to him, or if that was open, he was denied

The End of the Scroll

entrance to the chancel, to consecrate the Eucharist. In this respect the conduct of many of our clergy is like the case of the son of a millionaire who should marry a poor girl, whom his family would not receive, and that on visiting his parents he should take his wife with him, and sneak her in through the woodshed and leave her to take her supper with the servants. As to the contention that the exhortation in the Communion Service, "Ye that do truly, etc.," is addressed to dissenters as well as to churchmen, on the ground that confirmation is not expressly mentioned is almost too absurd to be noticed; there is no express mention of either baptism or even faith in Christ. Every candid and reasonable person will admit that it is assumed that those persons addressed are believers in Christ, baptized and confirmed members of the Anglican Church. If dissenting ministers are not admitted to consecrate and administer the Eucharist without episcopal ordination, why should dissenting laymen be admitted to receive the same without episcopal confirmation. E. Soward.

MISSIONARY APPORTIONMENT.

Sir,—I was sorry to see the letter of W. P. Reeve, Re Missionary Apportionment for several reasons. 1. Because it only tends to give outsiders the idea that the Church is lifeless and unsympathetic with missions. 2. It gives those who are unwilling to do their duty the encouragement they crave for, and a handle to use against the governing body of the Church in missionary matters. 3. It focuses the mind on the mistaken idea that the committee of M.S.C.C. are thoughtless and careless oppressors, rather than a self-

denying, conscientious, and devoted body of the best churchmen in Canada. 4. Because there is a proper place to lay complaints concerning apportionments and to appeal for reduction without making a "growler" of the Church paper. Each Diocese has its Deaneries and Missionary Committees to whom appeals should be made to adjust anything that is considered unfair. It is a serious mistake and mis-statement to say or even imply that the M.S.C.C. has not considered the parish in its apportionment. Need I remind Mr. Reeve that we are not yet a Congregational Church (and I hope never will be), but that the whole Church system is representative, the local Church is represented by the lay delegate to Synod, the Synod is represented by its delegates to the General or Provincial Synod, and these are represented by the committee of the M.S.C.C. chosen from these bodies by the vote of its representatives. With regard to the discouraged parish he mentioned, they are as he says, only one among many, why should they cringe like a whipped dog because they could not reach the standard set up. Let them be ashamed to leave the fight because it's a hard tussle. The Master only requires "What she could," but He does require that, and not that we should say, "Because I can't reach the height I'll do nothing but grovel on the plain." Some of us, because we failed, thought the pace of the M.S.C.C. a fast one—a jump from comparatively little to \$100,000 in ten years, but we've looked the tremendous needs in the face, and thought it was worth while to try and have succeeded in doing better, and, after all is it not better to get at the Church's real ability by a high pressure test, rather than to loose thousands yearly by using

As Spectator has pointed out, the limiting of appeals to one apportionment in the course of the year is fatal unless that one includes not merely the missionary apportionment for the year but also all the missionary activities of the Church. The latter would be unpractical. The present system of deciding what is the minimum that will suffice for the needs included in the apportionment is not unreasonable, if it is clearly understood by everybody that this is the minimum not the maximum. But also as long as any diocese fails to make up its apportionment it will be regarded as the maximum not the minimum. I understand that the board cuts down the sums asked by the respective missionary dioceses to approximate the sum they hope they can raise. I submit that in future a double standard should be adopted. 1. The whole amount the diocese asked for, which after investigation the board thought was fairly included in the missionary work of the Church, and secondly, the amount which in view of past experience they think can be "apportioned" as the grant for the coming year. Printed lists of the appeals of the different spheres of work should be circulated as widely as possible so that those who have may give not merely to their parochial apportionment but may take up by private effort the additional needs of the Church. The apportionment system would then be freed from one of its obnoxious features, namely, that it limits the liberality of some congregations and individuals. In regard to further appeals for missionary work of the Church which the board cannot entertain for want of funds or prior claims on her funds, we have no right whatever to say you shall not appeal for Episcopal endowment, educational work, or parsonage funds for church building. But let all such appeals be submitted to the standing

the many are the givers. This letter is already too long, but in conclusion let me repeat that we have no right to limit the missionary activity of the Church to an apportionment unless that apportionment includes all her lawful activities that have need. The present policy has that effect. There are many who give their share to the apportionment and who still have money to give. The Church must not say to those people you must give more than your share to the apportionment to make it up before you give anything to other objects however needy. Such individuals have a right to ask the Church to see that the other non-givers do their share before they are called upon a second time. C. Cameron Waller.

THE TRUE MEANING OF THE CANON.

Sir,—I read with interest Mr. Black's letter and Mr. Rowley's communication with reference to the Canon passed at the recent General Convention of the P. E. Church of the United States upon what is called "the open pulpit." At the time I supposed that Mr. Rowley's statement of the terms of the Canon was correct, but a few days later a copy of the "New York Churchman" for November 9th came to hand containing an article upon "What was Done and Left Undone at Richmond." According to this, that part of the Canon which has reference to the officiating of unordained or non-episcopally ordained men reads as follows: "Provided that nothing herein shall be so construed as to forbid communicants of the Church to act as lay readers, or to prevent the ministers in charge of any congregation of this Church, when authorized by the Bishops, permitting a sermon



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A CHRISTMAS GHOST.

Harriet Mersham's heart was throbbing with painful emotion as she drove up the avenue which led to Hartfield Hall, on the 24th of December. It was still early in the afternoon, but already a cold grey mist was veiling the bare boughs, while the iron grip of frost made the ground ring beneath the horses' hoofs. She had told herself often enough that she could never bear to revisit the old Suffolk home of the Bradleys, since her last visit had ended so calamitously. Yet here she was once more, drawn to the Hall by the fact that Kitty Carruthers, nee Bradley, her dearest friend, had recently arrived there with her husband from India, and had insisted that for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" Harriet should quit her lonely London flat and spend Christmas at Hartfield, as she had done more than once in the happy days when she was betrothed to Frank Bradley. It was summer when she last looked on the Hall. Richest green had then clothed those rugged branches, and sunlight and shadow chased each other on the grass; but such a scene as this would better have suited the mood in which she had quitted the Hall. How happy she had been ere the blow fell! She had never doubted Frank's love for her: but, alas! he had inherited the fatal weakness of his race, the gambling mania which had impoverished the estate for several generations. His father had forsworn it and was striving hard to build up the fortunes of his family, when he discovered that Frank had been betting wildly, and had lost desperately. There was a painful scene between father and son, and the young man fled from his home, leaving a letter for Harriet in which he set her free from her promise to marry him. But she had never considered the engagement at an end till there

came from America, two years later, the information that Frank was dead. Poor Frank! It was almost more than she could bear to look again upon the place so closely associated with him, but she forced herself to smile as the carriage drew up before the old house, and the opening door revealed the brightly-lit hall with shining holly leaves and crimson berries thrown into relief by the dark oaken walls, while a magnificent mistletoe bough depended from the central beam. The old Squire stood there to welcome her. Words failed him and he could hardly conceal his emotion as he kissed her. And here was Kitty, older and grown matronly, but sweet Kitty still, and so proud of the tiny boy, with the features of

a cherub, who clung timidly to her skirt. How pleased they all seemed to see her, and how strange, yet sweet, it was to hear them call her "Hatty"! But their kindness overcame her, and Kitty had to hurry her away. She took her to the room which had always been "Hatty's" when she stayed at the Hall. Little here had changed. At the sight of the old, familiar surroundings Harriet broke down utterly. Her friend soothed her tenderly, helped her to remove her hat and traveling cloak, then placing her in an easy chair by the fire, deemed it kindest to leave her to herself for a little while. Harriet had not sat there for many minutes when something moved her to rise

face of Frank. Shaking with fear, she half turned to seek her friend, then looked again, and saw only the grey stones of the terrace. She was sure now that what she had seen was no living being. "It was Frank's ghost," she told herself; "he came because I was here. He wanted me to know that he has not forgotten, that he is not so far off as I think. Oh, I will not let it frighten me. It is good to feel that we are still one in heart." Yet she was under great excitement when she went to open the door in response to her friend's knock. "What is the matter with you, Hatty?" asked Mrs. Carruthers. "Your hands are cold and you look so white. Are you ill, dear?" "Oh, no, not ill," faltered the other, "only Kitty, I have seen him!" "Him!" repeated Kitty, "of whom are you speaking?" "Of Frank," said Harriet, in an awed tone. "Oh, I know you will not credit it. You do not believe in ghosts, nor did I till a moment ago; but, as surely as I stand here, I saw Frank. He was walking on the terrace and looked up to my window, as he used to do. Oh, don't look so pitiful. Indeed, I am more glad than frightened, for it shows me that he is not far from me after all." "You are right, dearest, he is not far from us. Oh, Hatty, God is very good." "Yes, very good," repeated the other dreamily, her eyes still large with excitement, "very merciful to let me have that glimpse of him this Christmas-tide, so that I may know we are not far from one another, after all. And oh, he looked so happy, Kitty. I could not have borne it if he had looked sad." "He may well look happy," said his sister. "Oh, indeed, Frank is not far from you. Dearest, can you bear to hear startling but precious news? God has been very good to all of us. Come with me." So saying, she led her trembling, bewildered friend across the corridor toward a room on the other side. The



Lead Kindly Light.

Canadian Churchman.

and go to the window. She drew aside the curtain and looked out. The garden lay below, and immediately beneath the window was a broad terrace which on many a fair, mild evening she had paced with Frank at her side. It was there he had told her of his love. Her eyes sought the spot now. The next moment she started back, her colour fading, her breath coming quickly. Some one was walking there now. Who was it? The tall, slight form, wrapped in an Inverness cape, looked oh! so like—Suddenly the head was raised, the face uplifted as of old to her window. Though it was growing dusk, there was still light enough for her to recognize that face. It was Frank's face, lit up with love—yes, verily, the

door was ajar, and from within was heard the piping of a little child. What was it saying? "Uncle Frank, nice Uncle Frank!" "Hatty," said the child's mother, "do you hear? Oh, it was no ghost you saw. Look!" She pushed open the door as she spoke, and within, standing on the hearth-rug beside his wee nephew, Harriet saw the lover she had long mourned as dead. A cry broke from her and was echoed by him. In another moment his arms were about her. Kitty slipped away and left them alone save for her tiny son. He surveyed the pair with eyes big with wonder, but what he thought of it all no one ever knew. Later Hatty learned how Frank, dying, as he believed, in a remote region of California,

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had charged a man departing for the coast to convey to his relatives the news of his death. But the patient, given up by the doctor, had not yet reached the end of his earthly course. To the amazement of those who watched him, he recovered and lived to spend years of strenuous toil in that rich and fertile country, till he had made sufficient money to repay his father for the loss he had incurred through his son's folly. Hatty found it hard to forgive Frank for not writing to contradict the news of his death which had been sent home. She could never be made to see why he had thought it best for her to believe him dead. But the blessed joy and hope of that Christmas helped them to forget the troubles of the past. Deep thankfulness to God was in the heart of each that night as they listened to the message of the Christmas bells.—"Eglanton Thorne."

PRETTY STORY.

Little Max was the youngest child of a wealthy landowner, who had a beautiful estate, with broad fields and woods, in one of the loveliest portions of Germany. Max had a bright, clever mind, and his parents earnestly desired to have their youngest boy become a learned man, perhaps a physician or a professor, instead of studying farming like his older brothers at home. But as the estate was in a remote region, where few people lived, the little fellow was obliged to leave his pleasant home, his parents and brothers and sisters, to attend a good school in a little town many miles away. Max found lodging and care in the home of a teacher's widow, who lived alone with her little girl in a neat house in the suburbs. His mother's heart grew really light when she saw with what gentle kindness the city woman received her beloved wild country lad. Max, too, soon recovered from his first homesickness; the school,

the new surroundings, the merry comrades absorbed the lively little fellow entirely, so the letters which he wrote home were contented—regular jolly boys' letters. The only thing for which the lad's heart often longed was the forest, the proud, shady, glorious forest of his home, with its rustling beeches, its wide-spreading fir trees, feathery ferns, delicate moss and nodding flowers, and he could not weary of telling his comrades, or the people in the house with him, of the marvels and countless beauties of these woods. No one listened to these stories more eagerly, no one had a more longing look than five-year-old Bessie, the widow's little daughter, a delicate child, from whose white face a pair of loving eyes, blue and sweet as spring violets, looked out into the world. At the Christmas vacation, nine months after coming to the little city, Max was to return home for the first time. What joy he had in looking forward to it, how he counted the days, how happily he dreamed at night! "Now our forest looks like a fairy garden in the white, glittering snow. Everything is still and solemn. And when the sun shines, the icicles and snowflakes on the branches sparkle like gems," he told Bessie. "But the most beautiful thing is the Christmas tree, hung with gold and decked with a thousand little lights, like the night sky. Oh, if only you could be there!" Bessie had never seen a Christmas tree. The little city was much too far from any forest or railroad for the pleasant custom to have entered it. Only the very rich people sometimes, at great expense, sent for a fir or a pine tree. But Bessie's mother was poor, so the child had to be content with a pyramid of gaily painted wood, adorned with lights, which was redecorated every year. Formerly, when she did not know any better, she had rejoiced over it; but this year her little heart was too full of Max's tales and, during her own little Christmas celebration, she was constantly thinking longingly of the fairy splendor her little friend

was having at home. On New Year's Eve Max would return to the little city. Bessie knelt at the window all the afternoon, listening for the sleigh-bells. She watched the twilight slowly gather, the stars come out in the sky, and the red light of the lanterns glimmer in the street. Tired of looking and waiting, Bessie at last fell asleep at the window. She did not wake when at last the crack of a whip and the sound of bells echoed in front of the house, and her mother hurried out to welcome her foster child. Max was sitting like a peddler among boxes and bundles, in which his parents had packed his Christmas presents and some gifts for Bessie and her mother. But the most beautiful thing he brought was a pine tree, a delicately formed one of moderate size, which, set in a pot of earth, towered from the bottom of the sleigh. "Where is Bessie? Where is Bessie?" were his first words. When he heard that she had fallen asleep, his merry, kind blue eyes sparkled like stars. "That's splendid!" he cried, leaping lighting out of the sleigh and kissing his foster mother's hands. "Friedrich shall carry the tree into the parlor. I have candles, gilded apples, and candy, so we can dress it very quickly, and when Bessie wakes up she shall see it in its full glory." The widow, smiling, followed the eager boy. With the swiftness of the wind, he threw off his cold outer garments, rubbed his half frozen hands, and set to work. His mother had given him whole boxes filled with Christmas cakes with bright-coloured frosting, apples, chains of raisins and prunes, bright stars and glittering pine cones. These he tied with scarlet thread to the boughs of the tree, while the widow, smiling, though her eyes filled with tears, fastened the candles in the holders. When the labour of love was completed and all the little candles were burning, Max waked his foster sister and led her into the brilliantly lighted room. A rosy flush of joy crimsoned the little pale face, her hands were first clasped and then clapped in delight. It was like

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a lovely dream, far, far more beautiful than she had imagined! Her shouts, her laughter, her happy gratitude seemed to have no end. Even the merry brown eyes of the wild boy filled with tears. For weeks little Bessie went about with her little face beaming with joy. Her pine tree was the greatest delight which she had ever had. Max could scarcely persuade her to taste the beautiful candy rings and almond stars. Everything must stay as it was, everything just as beautiful as she had first seen it. To her the little tree represented a whole forest. She sat down under its boughs, breathed the fresh fragrance of its needles and dreamed that she was out of doors, out in the rustling forest, of which Max talked so interestingly. But much as the little girl was pleased with her Christmas tree, the tree did not like the low, small, close room, whose ceiling now covered it, instead of the blue sky. It angrily threw down its sharp, gray-green needles. No matter how often the widow swept the room, it filled the floor with them again. "Three days more at most, Bessie," she said one day toward the end of January, "then we will take off the ornaments and put it in the yard. It is drying up and losing all its needles." Sobbing quietly, Bessie now began to cut the ornaments from the branches and lay them carefully in a box. "The best thing will be to burn the tree; you shall see how merrily the needles will crackle and snap in the fire," said her mother. But "No, no," sobbed Bessie. "Don't do that, Mother, don't do that; put it out instead; perhaps it will learn to hold on to its needles again." When Max came home from school, he ran, as he usually did, directly behind the house to take his sled from the shed. He saw the bare tree, and at the same time Bessie's pale, sorrowful face at the window. "Hello," he called, seized with pity, "don't cry, Bessie! Cheer up, cheer up, the little tree will give us lots of pleasure. See, I have brought home half my roll again; we'll break it into pieces, tie them to the boughs, and make a Christmas tree for the birds. But we'll see that no one carries it off. I'll bring my new tools, dig a hole and set it in the ground. What do you think of that?" Bessie laughed and nodded. In half an hour the kind-hearted boy had finished his work. When, exerting all his strength, he lifted it from the pot, Bessie, who, meanwhile, well wrapped up, had come out, saw that there were a number of roots at the bottom of the little tree. "Look there," said Max, "perhaps the little thing will grow here, get strong, and, in the spring, put out new shoots; that would be fine!" With happy, wondering eyes, Bessie looked up at him. "Oh, yes, that would be splendid," she replied. The fulfilment of Bessie's wish did not seem impossible. The little tree was evidently better in the fresh air under the drifting snow and in the glittering winter sunlight, than in the close, warm room. It no longer threw down its needles defiantly, and at times it seemed as though a tremor of joy, like a memory of home, stirred it, when the yellow hammers and sparrows, chattering and fluttering their wings, settled on its branches. When the snow had melted, Bessie went every day to the yard with her little watering pot, and watered the tree. Now came the pleasant season when the fragrance of the first

violets and hyacinths in the gardens of the little city. The elder bushes were budding, and the tiny, yellowish green leaves were opening on the gooseberry bushes. "Bessie, it is growing, it is safe," said Max one day, when, after a warm rain, he came into the room from the yard. Bessie knew at once what he meant. Laughing happily, she ran out with him. There, at the extreme ends of the longest branches, there really were some tiny round, shiny brown lumps. "Those are buds," said Max. "Cheer up! In six weeks the good little tree will put on real light green Christmas candles." That was real joy! And, in truth, six weeks later the little pine tree stood in the most beautiful spring robe. It had reflected. What was the use of hanging its head in spite and pain because it could not stand in the May sunshine in its beloved forest? "One must be busy and good with all one's might, then one will for-

and death, suffering terrible pain, which she bore with the most touching patience. At last the doctor said she was safe. But the grief of the poor mother, and the sorrow of little Max was scarcely lessened. Bessie lay on her white pillows terribly pale and weak; she could scarcely lift her little thin hands, scarcely open her eyes, whose bright, sparkling light seemed wholly dimmed. "This will soon be over. It is spring, when everybody gets well quickly," said the doctor. But Bessie did not seem to regain her strength. It was strange how quiet, how indifferent, how tired she always was. Only once, when Max told her that her little tree was green, and that a pair of finches were building a nest in its boughs, a smile, like a ray of sunshine, glided over her face. But even the pleasure appeared to weary her, for she soon closed her eyes and slept, with a sorrowful expression around her little pale lips. Bessie slept soundly for about an hour, while her mother, thinking sadly what could be done, sat beside her bed. With a long breath, the sick child at last woke. Raising herself a little in bed, she clasped her mother's hand and said softly: "I shall soon be well now. My little pine tree is going to help me!" The widow gazed at her in surprise. "Yes, dear mother, I have had such a strange dream. My little tree was standing by my bed and the birds in its branches twittered to me: 'The little tree will help!'" Bessie had not said so much since her illness. The mother kissed her forehead joyfully, then, with a sudden thought, she went out of the room to the yard to get a few pine boughs to lay on the bed to please the child. What a wonderful, spicy, powerful fragrance it had! Might there not be really a powerful healing virtue in this forest freshness? It suddenly came over the widow like an inspiration from heaven. That was it! She would break the tender shoots from the tree and put them into the sick child's bath! They must strengthen and cure her! With the help of Max, who was just coming in, the mother broke off quite a number of the young sprouts, carried them into the house and threw them into the boiling water which stood ready for Bessie's bath, that the doctor had ordered her to take every evening. "Oh, how nice it smells!" murmured the child. "Yes, of the forest, the dear forest," called Max cheerily, before he shut the door. The hope which had come to her so suddenly was not to deceive the anxious mother. This one bath did the sick child so much good that, for the first time, she ate her supper with a little relish and appetite. The second day Bessie raised herself in bed with a happy smile as soon as her mother brought in the "forest bath," as she called it, and on the third and the fourth, she played with the warm, fragrant little waves that splashed around her thin white limbs. When the good little pine tree had given its last shoots, Bessie was so much better, that leaning on her mother and Max, she could walk up and down in the sunny street before the house for the first time. "Now you must keep on getting well without pine-needle baths, you poor white mouse," said mother. "No, no, not at all," cried Max laughing, as he pointed down the street, up which a light wagon was rolling. "Look what is coming there! I wrote to my mother that we needed a great, great many pine shoots for Bessie's bath, and now I'll warrant she is coming



What liberty so glad and gay
As where the mountain boy,
Reckless of regions far away,
A prisoner lives in joy?

The dreary sounds of crowded earth
The cries of camp or town,
Never untuned his lonely mirth,
Nor drew his visions down.

—KEBLE.

get homesickness," it had once heard Max say. Since that time it had taken so much trouble to grow and sprout that it was wonderful to see. The tip of every bough was crowned with three light-green, short, soft shoots, which really did stand up like Christmas candles. There was a spicy odor of the forest in the little courtyard. Bessie would have breathed it with delight if she had been allowed to get out of the close room into the open air. But Bessie had not even crossed the threshold of the house since spring had come into the country. "Poor little Bessie," said the neighbours, when they talked of her at their doors. A severe fever had stricken the little girl. For weeks she had hovered between life

herself and bringing them to us." Yes, she really was coming herself. Full of love and pity for the little sick girl, she had started as soon as she received Max's letter. But she did not bring any pine shoots. "I know of something better," she exclaimed after the first greeting. "The little, pale darling shall come with me and bathe until she is well in the forest air and the forest fragrance. May I take her with me?" The mother joyfully accepted, hard as it was for her to spare her darling. How happy Bessie was at the thought that she should now see the forest, the dear, beautiful forest, cannot be described. But the little pine tree felt strangely when Bessie came to bid it good-by before she went away, and it heard through the door the neighing of the gray horse which had so often trotted along the forest road beside which the little tree had once stood: "If I could go with you into the forest, its branches rustled. "Oh, nonsense," it heard Max, laughing through his tears, say to his mother. "We only need to be good and industrious, then homesickness will be forgotten." Then the little tree resolved firmly and steadily to grow with all its might and put out new shoots, instead of hanging its head. It nodded to the little girl, and when the whip cracked and the horse began to trot, its branches rustled loudly, as it called with Max and Bessie's mother after the carriage: "Good-by till we meet again, till we meet again, well and happy!"—The Churchman.

HOME AND FOREIGN CHURCH NEWS.

(Continued from Page 805.)

present. The Rev. Canon Welch, R.D., presided. Before the paper of the day was delivered the clergy received a deputation, consisting of Dr. Hoyles, K.C., and Mr. F. E. Hodgins, K.C., who came on behalf of the Lay-

men's Missionary Movement. Dr. Hoyles and Mr. Hodgins placed the significance of the movement before the clergy, and drew special attention to the fact that it was not another organization to be added to the complicated machinery of the Church, but a movement by laymen to inspire laymen, and so relieve the clergy of much of their trying work of raising funds. They also pointed out that the increased contribution from the efforts of Church laymen would be devoted to Church of England purposes. The members of the Deanery were much impressed with the opportunity the movement afforded, and gave it their unqualified approval. The following resolution, moved by Ven. Archdeacon Sweeny and seconded by Rev. Canon Ingles, was enthusiastically adopted: Resolved: "That this meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Toronto having heard the commendatory letter of His Grace the Archbishop and the speakers of the deputation on the subject of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, pledges itself to give the movement its most cordial support, and to endeavor by every means in its power to make it a success." A paper was read on the subject of preaching, entitled "Some Essentials of a Good Sermon," by the Rev. C. V. Pilcher, M.A., of Wycliffe College.

■

Millbrook.—St. Thomas'.—A beautiful memorial window has been placed in the chancel of this church in memory of the late Ven. Archdeacon Allen. It was duly unveiled by the rector at the morning service on Sunday, December 1st, before a large congregation. The window is in three sections, depicting the Ascension of our Lord, supported by angels on either side, with apostles below looking up in reverence to their Saviour. The colouring of the entire window is extremely rich and harmonious, being executed in the best English antique glass. This work of art is from the

studios of the Lyon Glass Company, of Toronto, and reflects great credit on this establishment.

■

Bobcaygeon.—Christ Church.—Opening of a New Parish Hall.—The dedication of the new parish hall, which has been erected through the efforts of the Ladies' Guild, and recently completed, was formally opened on November 26th by Bishop Reeve, who was accompanied by Mrs. Reeve. After the opening hymn and special Prayers, His Lordship expressed his pleasure at being present upon so auspicious an occasion, and congratulated the parish upon the possession of such a commodious and well-appointed hall, and contrasted that parish hall with those he had been accustomed to see in his late diocese, impressing upon those present how thankful they ought to be that their lot was cast in such advanced surroundings, so different to those with which he had been familiar. Continuing, His Lordship alluded to the purposes of such a building, speaking under the following headings: How much we owe to the work of faithful women—to their loyalty and devotion. How much could be done for the children, and how much would be done therein for the uplifting of souls and bodies, and the deepening of the spiritual life of each and all who in future years would use that hall. In closing, the Bishop solemnly dedicated the hall to the service of God and the parish of Christ Church. The rector, the Rev. T. L. Barber, moved a vote of thanks to the Bishop, and in so doing said he expected great things from the new hall, and hoped it would become the centre of religious, intellectual and social life for the whole parish. Mr. W. T. Comber, B.A., seconded the vote of thanks in well-chosen and fitting terms, and it was duly acknowledged by the Bishop, upon which the Doxology was sung, and the first part of the evening closed. The

(Continue on Page 821.)

HAPPY XMAS

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MORAL FOR CHRISTMAS

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WHEN ELIZABETH WENT HOME.

It was only five o'clock, but the wide, far-stretching prairieland lay swathed in twilight. It was too early for stars as yet, and the on-coming night hovered down, unbroken by any point of light, unbelievably still, full of a strange solemnity, and to Elizabeth, unspeakably dreary. She stood with her face against the pane, gazing out absently into the deepening dusk. "At home," she mused, and the word vibrated in her mind with an aching tenderness, "the electric lights are gleaming along the streets, the trolley cars are full of happy Christmas shoppers. Papa has come in now and hurries off to his room with various mysterious bundles; Alice and Dick are hobnobbing together in a corner over mamma's present. After dinner some of the crowd will come in, and there will be music and games." She turned from her thoughts to the grey stretch outside. "Snow, stillness—country, country, country! I hate it!" she gasped, with a sort of self-pity. "I like noise, and lights, and good times, and people. Oh, I want to go home! I want to go home!" Her husband was coming now. She could not discern his figure, but she heard his whistle, the notes dull and spiritless, mere ghosts of his old-time runs and trills. "But he doesn't hate this lonely life as I do," she thought. "He likes it. He is troubled only because I am." Stamping the snow from his feet, he came into the warm room, seeming somehow to fill it with his large personality. He stooped and kissed her tenderly, trying to meet her averted gaze. "You're nice and snug in here, Elizabeth," he began, with a tentative cheerfulness. "It's awfully cold outside."

The girl-wife made no response, but began to set the table, and the man said no more until she summoned him to the evening meal. He looked at her from time to time as she sat opposite him, hoping that her sombre mood would pass, but she kept her wistful gaze bent toward her plate, and the bitter lines of her mouth never relaxed. "What a dainty meal, dear," he said, with an attempt at

animation. "Quite worthy of the season. It doesn't seem possible that the day after tomorrow is Christmas, does it?" "Please don't remind me of it, Robert, I beg," she cried, sharply. The man winced and put down his coffee cup, gazing with set brows into its amber depths. Suddenly he gave his shoulders an energetic little shake and sighed with the stress of a firm resolve. "Elizabeth," he said, "let's

new machinery in the spring. I'll manage about that somehow. "Why—why, I couldn't do that," stammered Elizabeth in denial, but with hope mounting in her heart. "I won't do it." "Oh, yes, you will," he replied, in his most masterful tones, and with an air of finality. And then his calmness broke, and he cried from his heart: "Ah, dearest, don't you know it just kills me to see you sad and lonely, not to hear you sing

about your work any more, or make little jokes and laugh as you used to do? I think I can get the machinery somehow, but let's not think about that now. Nothing matters except for my sad little girl to find her happy heart again." With a cry of remorseful tenderness, she threw herself into his arms. "Oh, Robert, you're so good, so good! And what a poor wife I am! So selfish and unkind to you! But, Robert, you can't understand. You can't realize how I ache to go home. This snow, and stillness, and bigness, everything gets on my nerves. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy!" "Yes, little girl, yes," he murmured, kissing her hair. "It wasn't so bad in the early summer, when the wolly buffalo-grass was so soft and pretty, and the sky was so blue, and when mamma and Alice were here, it was fine, but oh, this winter—" She broke off with a shudder. "And we've been married a year and a half, and I've never been home once! When we planned to go this Christmas, I was so happy, and then things went wrong and we couldn't afford it, and I thought I should die!" she cried with the extravagance of youth. "Oh, Robert, I know I oughtn't to go, but I do want to!" "Yes, little girl, yes," he said, softly, again, "and you shall go." The girl clung to him, leaving her tears and kisses upon his

checks. "My dear, good, generous Robert," she murmured. "Well, I'll go, but I won't stay long, and when I come back I'll be the best wife in the world." So it was settled. The pretty trousseau, almost unworn, was prepared for the eastern journey. "Are you sure you won't look shabby or old-fashioned?" Robert asked, anxiously, for pride was one of the strongest fibres of his being. "Oh, no; they won't expect a



"Love at First Sight."

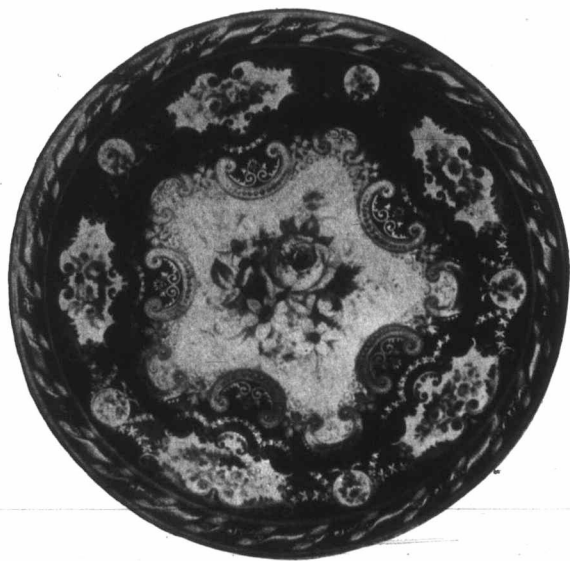
Canadian Churchman.

hurry and finish, then we can spend the evening packing your trunk, for you must start home in the morning. You will arrive Christmas afternoon, in time for most of the festivities, and you can stay just as long as you like." Elizabeth looked at him squarely now with startled eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked. "You know very well—" "Just this, dear. You must take the seventy-five dollars we saved to get the

fashion-plate to come out of the wilderness," she answered, gaily, "and Alice will help me furbish things up a little." Stopped in her packing, she slipped on a little rose-coloured evening gown, and opening her fan, peered at him, coquettishly, over its filmy edge. He looked at the flushing, glowing, rose-coloured girl-creature, and wondered if she could be the wan, heavy-eyed woman who had met him when he came in from his work. The great, wide night held the little house in its clutch, and the wind moaned under the eaves like a soul debarred from Paradise, but for once Elizabeth did not hear it. Robert did. "What will it be when she is gone?" cried a voice in his heart. Early the next morning they drove over to Wilkes, the nearest town, where Elizabeth was to take the east-bound train. It was a wonderful day—white and blue and gold. The sky was as blue as a gentian flower; the snow-crystals flung back the sun's rays from their glittering facets, and the air was a joy to the lungs. Even Elizabeth, now that she was saying a farewell to the country, admitted its charm. "Yes, I suppose this tractless white is more beautiful than the mud and slush of my little home city, but three cheers for mud and slush all the same!" Robert laughed—with his lips. In his heart was an agony of loss. Arriving at the station, they learned to his dismay that the train was two hours late. To prolong this parting through two hours of dreary waiting would be more than he could endure. Besides, various duties urgently called him back to the little farm. Elizabeth divined his thoughts. "Robert," she said, "you mustn't wait. Truly, I don't want you to. It would be too hard for us both. And there are so many things you ought to do back at the house. She never called it home, and the fact had stung him many a time. "Very well, dear, if you wish it, but I'll telegraph your people before I go." "Robert, if you don't mind, I'd like to do that myself. It'll help pass the

time, and, besides, I want to send as funny and jolly a message as possible." "Certainly, dear, and here's a note I wrote you last night. I was rather wakeful. Read it sometime along on the way. Well, good-bye, then, dearest one; have a good time and be happy. Good-bye." He kissed her with trembling lips and then turned quickly, climbed as hurriedly into the wagon, and drove away without once looking back. Elizabeth gazed after him with some of the brightness gone from her face. She tapped the sill of the station door discontentedly with her little foot. "There really isn't much pleasure in going without Robert," she thought, and then looked curiously at the note in her hand. "I believe I'll read it now," she decided. "He said any time." She went into the station and sat down upon a hard bench. There was one other person in the room, a gaunt, flat-chested German woman. Elizabeth tore open the note and read: "This is to be only a few words to bid my little wife God-speed, tell her how much I love her, and a few other things that I want to say now while I see them clearly. It has come upon me lately that I have wronged you in bringing you to this lonely place. My boyhood was passed in the country, and I love it. It seemed to me that there could be no freer, happier life than here in this virgin land. I knew that there would be privations, of course, but I did not fear them, and you, catching a little of my enthusiasm, were willing to come. So I refused the kind offer of your Uncle Henry. The stifling round of the office, the struggle of the world of men, fevers me. To grapple with wind and dust and fame—that was the battle at thought of which every sinew of me thrilled. But you were differently made. You were born for the easier, more sparkling life of the city. All the pleasant and gracious things which society offers to a fair and sweet woman were yours by right. Therefore, dearest, I beg your forgiveness. The happiness of you is the happiness of me. It is a

small thing to say that I would die for you; rather, I will live for you. If your uncle's offer is still open to me, I will accept it, if you so desire. But, dear, if you could find it in your heart to give this life a few month's trial I should be so glad. I feel sure that the crops will be as good this year as they were poor last, and then we could make this home more like your old one. Just until the autumn comes, Elizabeth, and you can stay with your mother as much of that time as you wish. But if you feel that you do not desire to make the trial, then say so, dear, and your wish shall be mine. For, after all, wherever you are is the sweetest spot in the world for me. Have a happy visit, dear; stay as long as you like, and God keep you!" Elizabeth's tears fell on the note before she had finished. "There is not another in all the world as good as Robert," she thought. "I won't try to decide about the farm. I'll wait until I reach home. I'd better telegraph now." She turned toward the little room where the operator sat, and then hesitated; somehow the keen edge of her eagerness was dulled. The home vision was not so radiant, so fascinating, as it had seemed earlier. She remembered her brother Dick and his friends, with their well-groomed persons, their polished flippancy, and then she thought of Robert in his worn ulster, his cheeks glowing from the wind of the prairie, but with loneliness in his sober eyes. She drew her hand across her forehead with a childish gesture of trouble and dissatisfaction, and then her eyes fell on the German woman, who sat, still motionless, on the other bench. A dull, colourless creature she was, who might have been anywhere between twenty-five and forty. Her complexion was of an unhealthy, yellowish hue, and a few wisps of the same yellowish-hued hair straggled stringily down her thin temples. One would hardly have noticed her the second time but for the expression of grief that dignified her unlovely face. Every once in a while a slow tear fell from her



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eyes, and, rolling drearily down her faded cheeks, dropped upon her hands, which were folded in her lap. Elizabeth, always tender-hearted in the presence of suffering, rose and walked over to her. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked, timidly. "Nobody can do nothings," replied the woman with simplicity. "My man been dead." "Oh, said Elizabeth, helplessly, "I'm sorry," and then as the woman moved over a little, she sat down beside her. The pathos of this bald statement touched the girl's already overwrought feelings unspeakably, and her face was very sweet with sympathy as she questioned gently: "Has he been dead long?" The poor creature began to talk eagerly.

It was a relief to pour out some of the trouble in her heart to this kindly stranger. "No, miss; one week he has been dead. Ten years Chris and me's been married. Chris hadn't no learning, but he was good-looking, yes. I had learning. I could read, and some I could write. I worked in the canning factory mit Gussie and Tina and lots of other girls, and sooch fun we been having. Then 'long come Chris and asked me won't I marry mit him, and I did. But he ain't high-toned like me, and he want to have a farm, and we did come way out here. But I never did like it, no. It sads me to hear the wolves in the night-time, and everything is that still! And I don't like never to see nobody. I want to see Tina and Gussie and work in the canning factory again already, and I ask him to go, but he say no. And I sass him, and he don't say mooch, and never don't beat me, and now he been dead. My man been dead." She paused, her stooped shoulders shaken with sobs. Elizabeth's face twitched oddly; but she struggled to maintain her composure. "And now what are you going

to do?" she asked, huskily. "I'm going to try to get into the canning factory again already. But I don't want to work in the canning factory, no. I want to live out on the prairie mit Chris. It wouldn't sad me no more. Wolves don't matter. Never seein' nobody don't matter. Nothin' matter, but your man!" Elizabeth arose and grasped the woman's hand. The light that never was on sea or land was in her eyes. "Yes, you're right. Nohing matters but your man. Thank you! And good-bye!" It was Christmas Eve. Robert sat alone in the little house and looked into the fire. The hook where Elizabeth's jacket had hung was empty. Her little overshoes were gone, too. He was acutely conscious of this, and dared not turn his eyes

in that direction. Suddenly he bowed his head on his hands. Strong and gallant soul that he was, there had come upon him to-night an utter heart-sickness and despair. "I am a failure," he told himself, bitterly, "a failure. I have failed with the farm; I have failed with Elizabeth; I thought I could make up to her for the things she would lose. I thought my love would be enough. But it was not enough. We will leave the farm. Perhaps I shall succeed after a fashion. Perhaps Elizabeth will be happy again. But I shall know it is not I who have done it. I shall see myself for what I am, a ghastly failure." Tears fell upon his tanned cheeks—not the quick, bright tears of childhood,

from misery to happiness. He held his angel of deliverance fast, and hoped his heart wouldn't burst with so much joy. Afterward, when they were a little calmer, he asked her, anxiously: "But are you quite, quite sure you won't regret that you didn't go home?" She laughed softly, and nestled closer within his arms. "Home?" she repeated; "dearest, this is home!"—E. B. Ronald, in McClure's.

A soul which acts at random and under the pressure of passing impulse can never do great work.

RED-LETTER CHRISTMAS DAYS.

"Of course, Christmas is always a happy, blessed time," observed the hostess, thoughtfully, as she deftly fitted the yoke to the body part of a dainty dress for an infant, "but there are special days that linger in my memory more than all others." "Red-letter Christmas days," suggested the guest, making her needle fly through a bit of Christmas drawn-work. "I've had a few of that kind myself, but the majority find me with a lot of stuff I don't want and can't possibly use. It always hurts my conscience to write notes thanking my friends when the day is over. Somehow I seldom have the right feeling." "That's just the reason I remember my special days," said the hostess, happily. "They were perfect, and I shall never forget them. Why, once," and her eyes took on a far-away look, "I laughed and cried all day from pure happiness over Aunt Katy's gift. We were young and poor then, just starting in life, and that dear woman sent me some of the most exquisite baby clothes I ever saw. I don't mean they were expensive, but every bit of work was so well done that it was a pleasure just to look at them. Really, I don't think anything will ever have the power to give that feeling to me again. I have some of the dainty things yet, and I slip up to my closet every Christmas to look at them. Child, you don't know anything about it. In those days I could not afford to hire much dope and ready-made clothes for infants were unheard of, so it was like a gift from heaven when I compared the lovely little things with the cobbled-up garments I had made. You always covet fine feathers for the first baby, you know." "Tell me about all the red-letter days," demanded the guest, wiping her eyes. "I want to hear about every single one." "Well, one year my husband



Daydreams.

Canadian Churchman.

but the awful tears of manhood, that start in the depths of the heart, and come by a slow, burning pathway to the eyes. Then Elizabeth came. Her cheeks glowed with the cold; her eyes were two dazzling love-lights. She fell upon him with a Divine ferocity, she submerged him in her arms, she overwhelmed him with kisses. "Oh, Robert," she cried, "I couldn't go! It was no use to try. I couldn't endure Christmas without you. I should die! I don't want to go home! I only want to stay with you. And, of course, we'll try this life a little longer—forever, if you like. I shall never hate it again. Nothing matters but your man," she ended, with a sobbing laugh. He did not understand as yet. He did not try. He only felt that he had leaped

from misery to happiness. He held his angel of deliverance fast, and hoped his heart wouldn't burst with so much joy. Afterward, when they were a little calmer, he asked her, anxiously: "But are you quite, quite sure you won't regret that you didn't go home?" She laughed softly, and nestled closer within his arms. "Home?" she repeated; "dearest, this is home!"—E. B. Ronald, in McClure's.

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gave me a complete set of china, with tiny rose-buds sprinkled over the dishes in the most fascinating manner. It had cost the dear boy much pinching and saving, but he always says it was worth every sacrifice he made to see my face on that occasion." The guest smiled to think the "dear boy" had been a grandfather a dozen years, but her hostess did not notice and went on with her story. "I think if more young people had to wait patiently, or impatiently, for the pretty things they value so lightly there would be more domestic bliss in these days. Why, my dear, I actually shuddered when Rose Thorpe gave the order to the furniture dealer to fit out her new home. She said his taste was so good! As if things ought to match perfectly in a real home." "Have you any of the china left?" enquired the girl, fearing she was not to hear the rest of the story. "All but six pieces. Isn't that a record? Another Christmas I was sent away on a flimsy errand, and come home to find a large window in the sitting-room where there had been a narrow slit when I left, and it was entirely filled with blossoming plants. When the children were little it was as much as I could expect if I had a few sickly geraniums perched on a shelf out of the reach of meddling fingers, and they had combined to give me my heart's desire. Ever since then they have kept me supplied with all sorts of pretty plants, and I have had time to care for them. On another Christmas I found a roll of bills and a note telling me to pick out my first silk dress. Of course, it was black, and I have the remains of it yet in a quilt." "I have had two silk dresses," observed the guest, thoughtfully, "but I don't believe I could remember the day either was bought." "Of course not! You would laugh if I should tell you some of the things that made me happy at holiday time. Once Aunt Fanny told me to pick out a dozen new kitchen utensils and charge them to her account, and on that Christmas I honourably retired my heavy iron

pots and kettle to use instead the light, pretty granite I selected. Yes, and I've had bits of embroidery and pillows when I was too busy for fancy work that I never can forget. And books! We always bought a few good books every Christmas, no matter how hard up we were, for we felt we must have them for ourselves and the children. One year I received subscriptions to two magazines, and those helpful visitors made me resolve to send someone a monthly gift whenever I could afford it. It's not myself only; there are so many beautiful memories connected with kindnesses to other members of the family. There was the Christmas we had the fever, and Jack had to stay at college. I knew the poor lad was lonesome, and what with keeping him at school and the doctor's bills and all, we hadn't much to send him, and what did Ruth Clifford do—she never did a bit of fancy work in the world and hated sewing as she did evil—but devise the most original rug for his room, in order that the parcel would look bigger." "How did she make it?" "Why, it was a homemade rug, made like the old-fashioned carpet affairs. She chose silk in the university colours, cut it into strips about an inch wide—you know how—and then sewed them all together. Then she wound them into balls and took them to a weaver, who made them into a beautiful rug. Jack has it in his room yet, and he was so proud of it. And so you see, dearie, it's just a joy to give to someone else, and to know that I am bringing the same sunshine into some life that those kindly remembrances did into mine." "Is that the reason you always know exactly the right thing to give for Christmas, and weddings, and birthdays? You learned by experience, did you? Maud Lee showed me the pretty things you made for her, and cried over them yesterday. She said she wouldn't have had a thing in her wedding outfit but ready-made clothes if you hadn't sent that exquisite set. It was such a beautiful verse you sent with

it, too. Maud just goes around humming it to all sorts of tunes until she's got my brain whirling the words over and over:—

'Give of thy love, nor wait to know the worth
Of what thou lovest; and ask no returning;
And wheresoe'er thy pathway leads on earth,
There thou shalt find the lamp of love-light
burning.'

And that baby dress you're making? Is it for some busy, clumsy-fingered young mother? See how inquisitive I am, but I want to learn your secret." "There isn't any secret," said the gray-haired lady with a smile. "Simply put yourself in the place of the person you are making the gift for, and you can make no mistake. Do you think I could give Mrs. Gray anything she would appreciate as much as this robe for her baby? I have had so many happy holidays myself that I'd like to make Christmas a red-letter day for everyone within reach, if I only could." "You're doing more than your share," said the guest, "and I'm going to try to follow your example."—Hilda Richmond.

Some people have a happy faculty of always calling out the best that is in others. There is that in their whole being which encourages and stimulates expression. A shy person is made to feel at home in their presence, and loses his shyness. A bashful child is drawn out of his self-consciousness at once and becomes interested in things outside of himself. An awkward person becomes graceful in the sunny presence. One who scarcely ever talks finds himself engaged in animated conversation. The secret of this enviable power lies in loving tact, which makes others altogether forget themselves and interests them in something they understand. It is a gift we should all seek to acquire. It would add immensely to our power of helpfulness.

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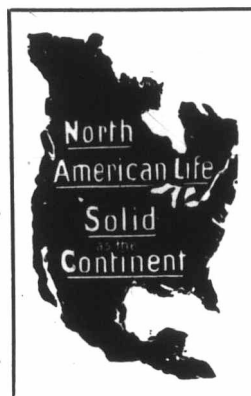
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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

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The Child Jesus.—Never does an impressive illustration of the "God Child," and his saintly mother, fail to stir the heart and quicken the spirit of Christian men and women. The sorrows, joys, hopes of life are intimately and exquisitely blended in the thoughts suggested by this solemn scene. As long as Christianity continues its beneficent career on earth artists will vie with one another in the portrayal of the virgin mother and the Holy Babe.

Which Hand Will You Have?—"Where innocence is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." He must be a stupid donkey, indeed, if he does not quickly bray for both.

A Genial Bishop.—That a man may be a sincere and devout Christian and at the same time have a cheerful, joyous disposition is amply illustrated in our pleasing snapshot pictures of the Bishop of London. These glimpses of the good humoured Bishop are all the more interesting for the reason that they were taken when he was quite unconscious of the act.

Don't Cry.—The tender touch of sympathy makes the burden of life lighter and cheers and strengthens us in many a time of need. Here we have it shown with peculiar innocence and sweetness.

The Inventor.—A touching story this picture tells of a master purpose dominating life. We hope that the invention will prove useful to man, and remunerative to the plodding genius and his intensely interested family.

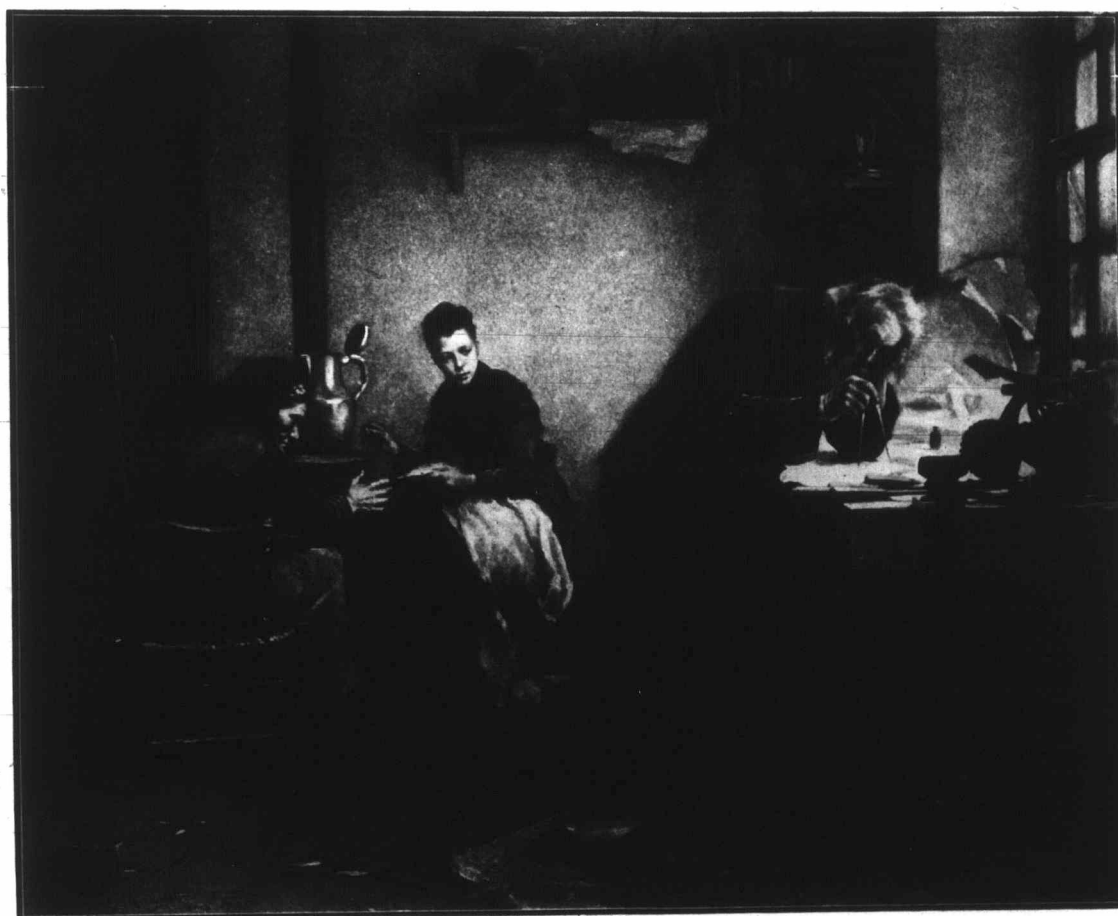
The Elopement.—Whither are these roystering runaways bound? Surely not for Gretna Green. The donkey is full of life, his driver is full of love, to which his fair companion seems to respond. They have chosen one of the two cross roads. A

hot pursuit is afoot. We hope they will not have a cross reception when they are overtaken and brought back to the bosom of the sorrowing family.

The End of the Tale.—Oh, the little mischief! Who having come to end of one most interesting tale has quickly seized another tail even more lively and amusing than that just smartly closed.

Love at First Sight.—Ideal and primitive is this scene. Not even the sense of duty to his sheep can prevent the gentle shepherd from casting a sheepish look at the fair berry-picker, and she, alas, neglects her berries to steal a fruitful glance at him. 'Twas ever thus and doubtless will be to the end.

The End of the Skein.—A quaint and rich interior. A gentleman and lady of the old school. The gallant old man holds the long loops of wool and the gentle dame stays her hand at the end of the skein. What has been, will be. To us



The Inventor.

how suggestive is this grave impressive glimpse of the olden time—of the end of another skein life.

Verses.—Pastoral scenes are for the most part attractive. To the simple charm of this scene the artist has deftly added a poetic suggestion, which is by no means unpleasing.

The Wish.—Were it not for the dignity with which the Churchman is hedged round one would be tempted to suggest a "Limerick" prize for the competitor who would most successfully state the wish which moves the hearts of these two fair maidens.

Disappointment.—He has not come. No doubt he was prevented by some pressing duty. Later on, no doubt, with loving tenderness he will make full amends and quickly change the sad look of disappointment into the bright smile of glad contentment.

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THE CLOUDS.

The monotony of life bears hard upon many a tired woman. When the body is exhausted and the nerves strained, the unceasing round of duties is especially wearing, even though in her normal state the woman understands that life is made up of duties done over and over again. Change of some kind is her imperative need when she loses her grip on herself in this way. It is easy to commend to her the relief which comes from gardening or botanizing, or the study of birds or bugs. But all these duties take time and strength—both already overtaxed for the woman who cooks and mends and sweeps and washes for a household of working men. There is, however, one aspect of nature which is of enchanting character, and which is to be enjoyed for the mere asking. Many a woman lives within glancing distance of its most lovely favour, and never knows that it smiles upon her. It rests over her head. It is the fairy world which we call cloudland. Ruskin wrote of the clouds, but his eloquent prose is almost as ethereal as the changing phantoms of which he wrote. Keat's verse is remote in its starry height. But the actual clouds are full of substantial joy for the student of them. A mere woman who loves them and lives by them will hesitate to try to describe them. Their wonderful gradations in shades of white and pearl, the impression they convey of being now at an illimitable distance and now within reach of the lifted hand, their rapidly changing

shapes, their melting curves, their charm of easy motion—these and a thousand other graces and beauties are as free as the all-embracing air. Let the restless, tired woman make friends with the clouds. They will help her to banish the blues, and worse foes, and they will introduce her into a company which has been well loved by the high and most glorious poets since the world began.—Youth's Companion.

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We are deeply indebted to Messrs. McKenzie & Company, of Toronto, for many of the choice illustrations in our Christmas Number and we take this opportunity of cheerfully making due acknowledgment.

EMPTY STOCKINGS.

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy,
Where Christmas comes laden with cheer,
Where the children are dreaming already
Of the merriest day in the year.

As you gather your darlings around you,
And tell them the "story of old,"
Remember the homes that are dreary!
Remember the hearts that are cold!

And, thanking the love that has dowered you
With all that is dearest and best,
Give freely, that from your abundance
Some bare little life may be blessed.

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty,
Where Christmas is naught but a name,
And give—for the love of the Christ-child!
'Twas to seek such as these that he came.
—Ellen Manly, in Ladies' Home Journal.



THE DANGER OF PRIDE.

There are really many people who find all superiority irritating. For them, every piece of advice is an offence, every criticism an imposition, every order an outrage on their liberty. They would not know how to submit to rule. To respect anything or anybody would seem to them a mental aberration. They say to people after their fashion: "Beyond us there is nothing." To the family of the proud belong also those difficult and supersensitive people who in humble life find that their superiors never do them fitting honour, whom the best and most kindly do not succeed in satisfying, and who do not succeed in satisfying, and who go about their duties with the air of a martyr. At bottom these disaffected minds have too much misplaced self-respect. They do not know how to fill their

place simply, but complicate their life and that of others by unreasonable demands and morbid suspicions. When one takes the trouble to study men at short range, he is surprised to find that pride has so many lurking-places among those who are by common consent called the humble. So powerful is this vice, that it arrives at forming round those who live in the most modest circumstances a wall which isolates them from their neighbours. There they are, entrenched, barricaded with their ambitions and their contempt, as inaccessible as the powerful of earth behind their aristocratic prejudices. Obscure or illustrious, pride wraps itself in its dark royalty of enmity to the human race. It is the same in misery as in high places—solitary and important, on guard against everybody, embroiling everything. And the last word about it is this: If there is so much hostility and hatred between different classes of men, it is due less to exterior conditions than to an interior fatality. Conflicting interests and differences of situation dig ditches between us, it is true, but pride transforms the ditches into gulfs, and in reality it is pride alone which cries from brink to brink: "There is nothing in common between you and us."



Man's Weakness.—Byron wrote that man's control stopped with the shore, but for how short a time does man's mightiest work exist there. There is a tomb in the cemetery at Hanover which is a striking illustration of the irony of nature. Upon it are the graven words: "This tomb must never be opened," dictated by the person whose body it contains. As if to mock at the futility of human desires, a maple tree has grown up between the stones of the tomb, its stem and roots pushing them ever further and further apart, until now the tomb is wide open. Strangely enough, on a neighbouring tomb are engraved the following prophetic words: "The

creative force of nature mocks the blindness of human will, which would absorb death in eternity. It preaches clearly how powerfully a new life bursts the chains of death, and how that dying and disappearing are only a transition state for a more brilliant resurrection."

Where Character is Formed.—"Character is what you are in the dark." The foundation of all good character is laid in prayerful meditation in the closet. The closet is the power house where the storage battery of character is charged. Habits of nature are formed in a persevering struggle through temptation. "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." The hour of temptation is the critical hour in a man's life, to test the metal he is made of. A man is either stronger or weaker after he has been tempted. If he has met and conquered the temptation he is a stronger man, and will more easily defeat the next temptation. If he has met and been defeated by his temptation, he is a weaker man and more susceptible.



It is a great comfort in sorrow to remember that sorrow is an indication that God is noticing us. Which of His children would prefer being unnoticed, rather than endure the purifying but painful evidence of His love and care?

Oft have I felt, when fevered by earthly excitement and ruffled by earthly difficulties, as I looked up to the expanse of heaven above in the pure, still moonshine, that it was an emblem of God's unchanging calmness rebuking the tumult within, and saying to the storm, "Peace, be still." The more serene a man be, the more incapable of being ruffled and agitated by outward circumstances, looking on the universe as God does, the more nearly does he resemble God.

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HER CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Luellen Frayne slipped the cover from the new magazine with a vivid consciousness of how eagerly the husband whom she had buried the day before would have torn off that cover, how feverishly his thin fingers would have run down the table of contents. She had taken his death very quietly, much as she had loved him; his four years of consumption, with the frequent alarming hemorrhages, had made his going at last seem almost like a tale that had been told many times. Yet, as she threw the cover into the ash-scuttle by the kitchen stove and sat down by the window, she was seeing the glow fade from his face as he dropped the magazine after finding that his name was not there, she was hearing the catch of his breath, and she caught her own breath with a sigh that was nearly a sob. She gazed intently past the snow-covered bushes of her yard toward the village street. It was strange that the magazine that had accepted his story four years ago, paying for it then, had never published it. Yes, that was strange, but how much stranger that she, she who had loved Henry Frayne from the time when they went to school together, should have found it impossible to crush down a sense of relief each month of those four years, even though the shadow of disappointment on his face had made her heart ache. His stories, a few of which had found publication in the newspapers and fifth-rate magazines, had been a great trial to her, so maudlinly sentimental, so untrue to life, did they seem. She had endured the stories in their humble setting, but when the great event in the life of Henry Frayne, postmaster of Beryville, came to him, the acceptance by a moderately-attractive magazine of one of the many, many stories he sent out, his wife had been daunted. How could she bear to see well-printed, well-illustrated, made-glaring, the nonsense that was not really Henry? This question came to her even now. The terror had always been with her that he might write something about the death of a baby. Once, in the "Farmer's Wife's Journal," he had had a story where a man and his wife talked about how they would feel if their child should die. It was after reading that story that Luellen Frayne said the only harsh words that she ever spoke to her husband. "I've been a goose,"

she had said, "not to have put up better with our having no children—we might have talked like those fools." The words came back to her now, as she sat in the growing darkness. How could she have said them? The old, old cry of the bereaved broke from her: "If I had you back; if you were here once more!" And yet even now she shivered as she took up the magazine. Suppose that the story should be here. Suppose that the men and women in it should say the mawkish things that Henry, her Henry, was himself so far above saying or feeling. She whispered her formula: "Henry was all right,

side door. "This is a Christmas Eve!" Mrs. Frayne rose to place a chair near the stove for her visitor, and the magazine fell from her lap. Mrs. Hutt caught it as it fell. "That's what I have come about," she cried, a note of softness in the great voice that usually matched well her great, burly figure. "I couldn't wait to get it said to you, Miz' Frayne. No; I ain't goin' to sit down. I jest ran over to say it; I had to say it. Say, though you found the magazine back in the cover, I pulled it out the night I was down here making coffee and biscuit—pulled it out jest to pass the time while the biscuit was brown', and I let the first batch burn up! This is what I got to say, Miz' Frayne—it was a light let in on me, a big light, about Henry Frayne, that's what it was! I was plenty sorry he was dead, but sorry because he was the husband of the best neighbour I ever had, and a little, too, because he was an obligin' enough postmaster. But, oh, Miz' Frayne, when I read that story I was sorry he was dead, sorry Henry Frayne was gone. There! No; you don't want company yet—I won't sit down. Good-bye, and a happy—no, I don't mean that, I mean a bearable Christmas to you!" When the visitor had swept out, Mrs. Frayne dropped back into her chair, trembling. She was herself a woman of some education, yet her strongest admiration had always gone out to what she called, "Sure enough good sense," and that was the sort of sense Mrs. Hutt possessed. "She liked it—it could not have been silly!" She picked up the magazine and held it close to her jumping heart. Then doubt assailed her. No; she must not rest on Mrs. Hutt's dictum; she must read the story for herself. She lighted her lamp, but as she did so there came another knock at her door. "Why, Emily!" she said to the new visitor, "in all this snow and wind!" The girl who entered threw back her cape, shook the hood of it from her head. "Yes, it is I. I haven't seen you this Christmas vacation except—except yesterday." She paused, out of breath from her rapid running through the wind. She looked with her great brown eyes full of unspoken words of comfort at the slim little figure by her in its black gown. Mrs. Frayne put up her hand to the girl's shoulder. "How big you are, Emily!" she said. "Oh, I am terribly big," said the girl. She laid her large, firm hand on Mrs. Frayne's thin fingers, held them pressed



W. Henry Gore.

The End of the Tale.

all right." She opened the magazine resolutely, remembering, however, as she did so, that Emily Evans, the one college girl of the village, had suggested that the story might not appear till proofs had been sent to Mr. Frayne. That was a comfort, for it probably would not be here now. Yet she would go down the page. Then she dropped the magazine as if stung. "Darius and His Daughter—A Story.—By Henry Frayne." The words were before her, and fear was swept away by tenderness. "Henry, Henry," she cried aloud, "your story is here!" "Did you say 'come'?" I wa'n't quite sure. My, how it blows!" The neighbour, Mrs. Hutt, struggled in at the

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to her shoulder. The firm pressure, the lovely and loving look in the brown eyes made Mrs. Frayne, in her dread of breaking down, say, hastily: "And your cheeks are just as round and red as ever, Emily." "Yes, and nose just as tilted up as ever, Mrs. Frayne—it is the worst nose at Wellesley! But, Mrs. Frayne—oh, will you let me speak of his story? I read it on the train coming home." "I have not read it yet," said Mrs. Frayne. She looked into the girl's eyes tremulously. "Then keep it till to-morrow," cried the girl, "for a Christmas gift from him! Oh, such a Christmas gift! Mrs. Frayne, you know I have had such a lot of courses in English literature, and composition, too, at Wellesley. Well, that story shamed me so, shamed me for the way I have got to caring for technique and all that. Why, that story had a soul! Oh, Mrs. Frayne, of course it is terrible he is gone—but he had such a hard time with the cough, and what a Christmas gift he has left you!" The great, sturdy young creature drew Mrs. Frayne's stiff, half-resisting figure impulsively into her arms for a second, then caught up her cape from the floor. "I have not known how to put it," she said, "but—oh, I am so glad you have that story for to-morrow to comfort you. It makes me dare to say, 'Happy Christmas' to you. Good-bye." Again Mrs. Frayne sat down, trembling. She thought, vaguely and confusedly, of her two visitors, a sort of comfort coming to her from the bigness, the burliness, of them both. "Not the build of women to like foolishness," she thought. Then she prepared her tea, and with the refreshment from it came more definite ideas. Emily's widowed mother was deemed the most sensible woman in the village, and Emily was like that mother in some ways. Her judgment, despite the romance in her nature, was surely worth something. After the few dishes were washed, Mrs. Frayne pulled near to the stove the little table on which every Christmas Eve she and Henry had laid their gifts for each other. She laid the magazine on it.

"I'll read it to-morrow, as soon as the work is done up," she said. Then a sudden yearning for the story seized her. She picked the magazine up, and with the certainty that he would be pleased that she could not wait till Christmas Day for this gift, she opened the magazine at "Darius and His Daughter." As she began the story, it seemed to her that Henry was standing, as he so often used to stand, by the stove, thinking, dreaming, while she read or sewed. Half an hour later she dropped the magazine. All these years, all the years since she had sat across the aisle from Henry Frayne in the academy study-hall, she had kept one secret from him, the secret of her passionate devotion to the crotchety old father whom everyone, even Henry, laughed at; and all these years Henry had understood that father as even she had not understood him. "A soul in that story," Emily Evans had said. Yes, the soul of Abner Pettett! "Darius and His Daughter?" Abner Pettett and Luellen, it ought to be—and Luellen sobbed her gratitude to her husband not only for knowing what lay behind the vagaries of her father, but for knowing what the daughter had so carefully hidden, her own great devotion to the soul of Abner Pettett. Emily Evans had dared to wish her a happy Christmas. "It would be, it would be," Mrs. Frayne sobbed, "if I could just say 'thank you' to him for my gift! Why, for once he hit it true, true—there ain't a word of mush in it—it's Pa, and it's me! Oh, but I am tired!" With the wave of exhaustion came reaction from passionate gratitude. Henry was still near; she felt his presence.—Harper's.

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DO YOU KNOW

That silver, when put away, if wrapped in unbleached muslin, will not tarnish as readily as when wrapped in other material?

That cayenne pepper used around closets or sinks is a preventive for red ants; used in moderation in food is a help to digestion; and used in cookies adds to their snap and toothsome-ness?

That you can make buns or rolls as fresh as when first baked by heating them in the oven in a paper bag?

That you have a scissors and knife sharpener right at hand? Sharpen scissors by carefully and firmly trying to cut off the neck of a strong bottle. This sounds ridiculous, but try it. Sharpen carving or other knives on a stone crock or jar, back and forth, just as you would sharpen a razor on a strop.

No defeat is final that does not involve the will.

We see always what we are looking for, and if our mind has become trained to look for trouble and difficulty and all dark and dreary things, we find just what we seek. On the other hand, it is quite as easy to form the habit of always looking for beauty, for good, for happiness, for gladness, and here, too, we shall find precisely what we seek.

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You can pick one out now; have it laid aside until Christmas Eve. We will send it, and the day after Christmas one of our lighting experts will call at the address and adjust the wires if necessary.

Our stock is very complete just now. Better call in and look through.



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(Continued from Page 812.)

second part of the programme was purely social, consisting of music songs, etc., the chief attraction being a speech from Mrs. Reeve, especially addressed to the W.A., with which all were delighted. Refreshments followed, to which ample justice was done. The rector then called upon Mr. W. J. Read to propose a vote of thanks to the Ladies' Guild for their kind hospitality; to Mr. Smith, for his special dedication hymn, which was photographed by him and circulated as a memento of the occasion; to the ladies, for their offerings, and to Mrs. Reeve, for her kindly words. Mr. Lithgow seconded, and the meeting closed in the usual form.

Advent Season.—Special services are announced for the Advent season at Christ Church, St. John's, Dunsford, and at St. Alban's, both for Sunday and week day, and the rector's Confirmation classes have commenced, and will be continued at these several points.

NIAGARA.

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

Burlington.—St. Luke's.—The annual parish tea was held in the schoolroom on Friday evening, November 20th, the anniversary of the rector's induction. It proved to be one of the largest gatherings ever held in the schoolroom. A sumptuous repast was served by the ladies, which was followed by a delightful programme, consisting of several addresses, vocal solos, and recitations. Every opportunity was given those present of sociable intercourse, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The anniversary services were held in the church on the following Sunday. The Lord Bishop preached at the morning service to a large and attentive congregation, and in a most eloquent and instructive sermon dwelt upon the teachings of the Advent season. The rector preached at the evening service, referring to the progress of the

hearers to continued and increasing zeal and faithfulness.

Acton.—St. Alban's (with St. John's, Rockwood).—After enlargements and improvements upon the Acton church, the reopening services were held on Advent Sunday, December 1st, and on Monday evening, December 2nd. The chancel has been lengthened and widened, a transept and parish room have been added, the main entrance has been altered and a porch added. A cellar has been built and a furnace installed, and lastly, the entire interior has been lined with pine. The following gifts were sent for the reopening: Pulpit, altar, credence table, and handsome altar cover were presented by St. George's Church, Guelph. A handsome brass lectern, worth \$75, presented by Mrs. Sydney Smith, of Acton; a crimson cork carpet, covering the entire chancel, and worth \$40, by the W.A. Branch of the Sunday School; a richly-embroidered pulpit desk hanging, a quartered oak reading desk, a quartered oak Litany desk, a richly-bound Lectern Bible. The special preacher on Advent Sunday was the Rev. Gilbert F. Davidson, M.A., Rural Dean of Wellington and rector of St. George's, Guelph, who spoke in most encouraging terms upon the transformation effected upon the church, and on Monday evening the Lord Bishop of Niagara, who abundantly sustained his reputation for helpful, inspiring and lofty eloquence. The church could not hold the congregation on Sunday evening, and was crowded on Monday evening. The offerings were \$63.

The Rockwood church has also been reopened after having been very handsomely painted inside. A furnace has been placed in the basement, and cement steps built on the approach to the main entrance. The rector of St. George's, Guelph, also officiated at Rockwood as the special preacher. The church was more than crowded at the re-opening.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.

David Williams, D.D., Bishop, London, Ont.

Parham Mission.—St. James'.—The members of the Parochial Choral Society gave a very successful concert last week, which was well patronized, and resulted in the gain of \$23 to the Church Renovation Fund. Work on the church has already begun, a new zinc roof replacing the old shingle one at a cost of \$130. This is now paid for, and interior decoration will be begun as soon as sufficient funds are in hand to justify its commencement. The incumbent, the Rev. Walter Cox, has declined the offer of the curacy of Halifax Cathedral.

Alvinston.—St. John's.—This church has recently been presented with a No. 25 Hecla furnace by one of her own members, Miss M. A. Benner, of Alvinston. The gift is much appreciated by the congregation, and was used for the first time on Advent Sunday. This church has undergone much-needed improvement of late, viz.: Brick foundation under church and furnace-room, with cemented floor. The Church of the Advent, Oil Springs, was visited by Bishop Williams on November 20th for Confirmation. Notwithstanding the very inclement weather a goodly number turned out and heard an impressive address on "Stewardship." This church has also undergone much-needed improvements of late.

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Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie. A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

God has promised forgiveness to those who repent, but He has not promised repentance to those who sin.

to that point where feeding and clothing her two children and keeping a roof over their heads meant almost more than she could accomplish.

her to war with her only brother over property. It had not taken Andrew long to spend that thousand dollars yielded by Dan'l. Spending

the bare feet. Oh, that laughter! The echo of it must have run through all the years, so familiarly it fell on the sleeping woman's ears.

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TORONTO

A VERY SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

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To any part of Canada, Great Britain or the United States.

Mother was calling "Libbie! where is Libbie?" Youth and the joy of youth was in that dream. A tangle-haired, happy girl, she lifted her hand to open the door, the old home door—then, the pity of it! She awoke. "What are you crying for, mammie?" asked Dorothy. "Nothing. I—I dreamt I was little, and good, and happy, and Dan—Dan—I'm homesick for Dan, that's all." She rose and went to the window. The trees and fields had seemed so real that the lighted windows and belching chimneys of the factory gave her a shock. A sudden resolve seized her. She would take her children and go to Daniel on this Christmas Day. Just to get home and sit down beside him! She could not stand the estrangement any longer. "Get up, Andy," she cried to the boy; "get right up. We're going away—where? Why, home, to be sure, home for Christmas with your Uncle Dan'l." She was flying around at a great rate, putting the kettle to boil, sorting their meagre stock of clothes. "Going home. I got my week's wages last night. Old Miss Page wants these rooms and our stuff. Fifteen minutes will settle everything, and we'll take that seven-forty-five train west. Andy, you lace sister's boots, and try and brush the tangles out of her hair. We must get a move on." Early as it was, the news spread. Mrs. Grantly was going over a hundred miles to spend Christmas with her brother. The next-door neighbour came in to help. "Let me have that skirt of yours; I'll brighten it up with a little vinegar and a hot iron," she said. "Andy'll run in my room and get a pink tie. No thanks, now; meant to give it to you for a Christmas present, anyway. It matters a lot how you look. Oh, yes! oh, yes! I know men! This brother hasn't seen you for an age. He'll expect you to be looking young as ever. Men forget how the years take hold of us women. Bring the curling-tongs, too, Andy. I'm going to put some frizz in those locks of yours, Mrs. Grantly." "I've changed some," faltered Elizabeth. "Yes, I've changed considerably. Still, ten years ain't a life-time." "It depends on how hard a time the ten years brings one," philosophically. "The thing to do is to make the most of what looks is left us. Now for the frizzes, Mrs. Grantly. Glad you're going off in high feather. High feather, was it? Certainly she talked more than usual as the train sped westward. But the nearer home she drew the quieter she became. What if Dan'l could not forgive and forget? Would he understand that it was love and longing brought her back? She sighed so loudly that Andy asked the reason. "I'm bothered," she answered, shortly. "Maybe I ought to have waited and asked leave to come home, 'stead of swooping down like a wolf on the fold." Wolf on the fold, indeed! More like a scared grey rabbit she looked. The frizz had long since left her hair; her blue eyes looked dark with worry; her lips refused to cease trembling. "Some words of his keep coming to mind," she went on. "No, you wouldn't understand if I told you. But you just remember this, Andy, when you're a man, and sissy, here, a loving, headstrong girl, don't you ever say to her: 'You've made your bed; now lie on it.' If I thought you would, 'pon my word, I'd lick you now." Andy shrank from the fierceness of her gaze, but that moment their station was called. The familiar road stretched out before

Elizabeth. First came the Burns' farm, then Sample's, then the red schoolhouse, then—yes, the smoke curled up from the chimney—Dan'l's chimney. The old homestead had not changed an atom. The leafless maples rustled in the wind. "I don't like a lot of trees together," whispered Andy, pressing closer. "Poor boy, you ain't had any good time cooped up in the city!" came the pitying answer, as she marched straight to the front door. No; she would not knock. The soft voice of her dream seemed to call, "Libbie; where is little Libbie?" and in she went. How odd it felt to be shaking hands with Dan'l in that formal way, wishing him a Merry Christmas in the same tone of voice she would have used to the next-door neighbour; odd to sit still and watch him getting on the dinner. Why could she not get up and help him? Why couldn't she speak, look, and act



Disappointment.

naturally instead of like "a graven image?" There was a lump in her throat, and her tongue seemed tied. What was Dan'l doing? Basting a nice fat turkey, no less. "Maybe," she said, jerkily, "maybe you're expecting company, Dan'l?" He shook his head. "The company's come, Elizabeth. I've got ready before, and waited in vain, but to-day the company's come." He sat down and took Dorothy on his knee. "How was I to know you wanted me after—after I'd been so mean to you?" She drew her chair closer, closer. "I don't want to be a worry and expense, Dan'l, but I'm homesick. Last night I dreamt of being a girl again, and of the old place, and of you—always you—till I wanted just to see you looking at me like you used to in the old days, and speaking to me as if I was something worth caring for, and—I came home, Dan'l." "Why didn't you come before?" The

kind eyes she remembered so well were smiling on her. "I've wanted you many a day. My eyesight has got that poor I can't get along by myself. I take it the Lord must have put it in your heart to come." "He did," tremulously; "He did, Dan'l. And, oh, but I'll take good care of you! I'm old, and kind of worn-out, but—" "I'm thinking how nice you look, Libbie; you've hardly changed at all." "I 'spose it's downright selfishness in me to be kind of glad your eyes ain't strong, Dan'l, but it does my heart good to know you think I haven't changed. Can't you see how mortal homely I've grown? When you called me 'Libbie,' I—I—" The grey head went down on his shoulder. She got up with quite a jaunty air, skipped, actually skipped, to the oven and basted the turkey. Then she sat down to the little organ and struck the keys, looked at the pictures, the wool flowers, the queer what-not. Oh, how good it was to be at home, the old place unchanged, the old love waiting her! Down on the yellow keys went her head; up from the soft silence of that room went a prayer of glad thanksgiving. "Sing 'Coronation,'" called her brother; "want to hear your voice again. It used to—" "After while, Dan'l, after while," she broke in; "I'm just explaining to the Lord that, seeing you really need me, I'd rather be spending this Christmas Day right here with you and the children than playing on a golden harp in the New Jerusalem." "Mammie," spoke up a patient but starving Andy, "the dinner smells done. Let's set the table, and get to eating."—Jean Blewett.

ONLY A LITTLE HEATHEN.

She was a very wretched little heathen, too, far up in Alaska. Her parents were dead, and no one loved her; all regarded her as a burden, and wished she was out of the way. Her long, soft hair was a tangled mat, her big, dark eyes were generally full of tears, her dark, smooth skin was dirty, and on her half-starved little body hung her sole garment, a ragged cotton frock. In this guise she strayed into Mrs. W.'s mission school and heard wonderful singing and wonderful things. She heard that most of the things that she knew were bad and better unknown, that most of the things she did were bad and better not done; that there were many good things to do which she had no chance to do; that there was a heaven where she was never likely to go, and a Saviour of whom she knew nothing. Not that things were put in this way, but the teacher taught, and the little heathen made her own deductions. She had a little conscience, too, a stupid, sleepy little affair, that suddenly became wide-awake, and cried out against all the miserable little sinner did or said. Among all the pupils, the teacher's heart fixed on this poor waif and longed to rescue her. One Sabbath some Indian, who claimed power of this little girl, set her to cleaning fish while teaching was going on, and just out of reach of the teacher's voice she cleaned salmon, and plenteous tears ran down and helped her wash her fish, as she stood barefooted in the slush, the raw wind blowing her ragged gown. Suddenly the teacher stood beside her. "None of you love this child; I claim her for mine. I will feed and clothe

her, and she will go into my home, and not come to your houses to live any more." So the Indians gave the child to the teacher. The teacher took her home, put her in a tub of warm water and scrubbed her clean, and combed and braided her long hair, put on her a clean night-gown, taught her a prayer, put her in a clean little bed and gave her a kiss. Next day the little heathen was clothed in tidy garments, and began to learn sewing and housework, and her letters, and how to be good. She was a very happy little Indian now; but by-and-by there grew up in her child heart a great wish for an "American doll"; only a little one, such as sells here for ten or fifteen cents, but costs more in Alaska. She began saving her pennies to buy a doll. One hot summer day she picked seven or eight quarts of berries, for which someone gave her ten cents. That afternoon at school the lesson was about Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor. This made the little girl think. Before she went to bed she came to her tea her with her beautiful ten cents. "Teacher, divide; Jesus half, me half." She would wait a little longer for her "American doll," and give something to Jesus, "who loved us and gave Himself for us." I am glad that when Christmas came, this rescued child heathen got two little dolls on the Christmas tree. In six months this little girl learned to speak English, to read her English Testament, to write her name, to sew pretty well, to do many kinds of housework, to be tidy and pleasant mannered. Now, her face is bright with smiles, she is clean, plump and well-clothed. Whose pennies went to help this wonderful change, to send the missionary and give her means to rescue this one little heathen? For this is a true tale, every word of it.

The gentlest men are often the most powerful and prevailing, because of the steady pressure of their purpose.

CHRISTMAS.

"There burns a star o'er Bethlehem town
See, O my eyes,
And gloriously it beameth down
Upon a Virgin Mother meek
And Him whom solemn Magi seek:
Burn on, O star, and be the light
To guide us all to Him this night.

The angels walk in Bethlehem town—
Hush, O my heart.
The angels come and bring a crown
To Him our Saviour and our King,
And sweetly all this night they sing:
Sing as in rapture, angel throng;
That we may learn that heavenly song.

Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree
O heart, beat low,
And it shall stand on Calvary;
But from the shade thereof we turn
Unto the star that still shall burn
When Christ is dead and risen again
To mind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town—
Hark, O my soul.
'Tis of the Babe that wears the crown;
It telleth us that man is free—
That He redeemeth all and me.
The night is sped—behold the morn—
Sing, O my soul, the Christ is born."
—Eugene Field.

THE SUN MAKES THE SHADOWS.

It is the sun that makes the shadows possible, beloved; do not forget that! So shalt thou learn the first of all needed lessons for dark days! When it is midnight even, the sun has not gone out; the dark old earth has rolled its own bulk between its face and the sun; it is dark because it is

in its own shadow. How often, O my soul, hast thou turned thy back upon God, and mourned because thou wert in the darkness! Turn thee to the Light, my soul. Thy sun shall not go down, however dark the clouds above thee! Nay, as the moon and the earth light each other because they face a common sun, so shalt thou give God's reflected light to other souls in present need, and thou thyself shalt see God's light in their face when comes thy hour of darkness!

"TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW."

Would it not be better to leave to-morrow's cares and anxieties with God? That is what is troubling men; to-morrow's temptations, to-morrow's difficulties, to-morrow's burdens, to-morrow's duties. Martin Luther, in his autobiography, says: "I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little, tame robin, who preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window sill, especially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his needs. From thence he always hops to a little tree close by and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth."

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched, accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

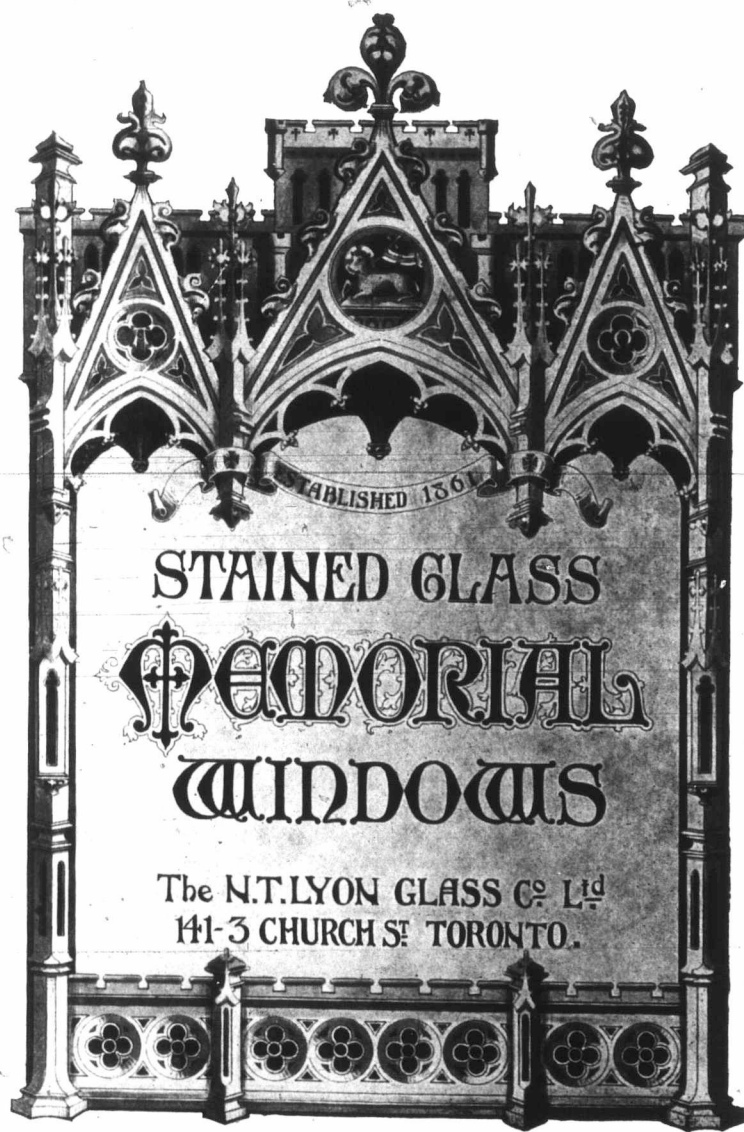
Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favourite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.



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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas Eve, and the organist of Lansdowne cathedral had gone into the sacred edifice for the purpose of practising the organ prior to the performance, on the morrow, of a selection of music from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." He was a young man, a musical enthusiast without conceit, a hard worker, who worked for the love he had for the Church to which he belonged, as well as for the art he served. His career had been exceptionally brilliant, and great things were predicted of him. He was very painstaking, in spite of his genius, and for this reason he had gone to the cathedral to practise music he already knew, "just to make sure of it," as he was wont to say. The beautiful Norman building, with its magnificent arches, stately columns, its exquisite fourteenth century glass, and its grand organ, exercised a powerful charm upon him, and, when practising, he would often ruminate upon the historic dead resting beneath its vaulted roof, and commune with them, as it were, in sound; and he was often so carried away by his thoughts that he imagined the monks chanting their litanies, and the priests and choir singing Mass as of yore. He was quite fearless, and loved to be in the great building alone, in the dark—save for the necessary light at the keyboard—as his thoughts were undisturbed, and the place free from the inquisitive visitors who thronged it during the day. Letting himself in through the cloister door he would find his way to the organ, start the hydraulic engine which worked the bellows, and play that which he had come to practise, and finish with the impromptu described above. Have you ever

unlocked the door of a cathedral and shut yourself in in the dark? How still it all is! And what a noise the banging of the door creates; as if the place resented the intrusion! What a time it takes to die away! And how awfully weird the great columns look with the reflection of the fire from the great stove upon them, turning them, for the nonce, into giant spectres! How the sound of your step is magnified, and if by chance the coal in the stove

has burnt a hollow, and the top part falls in, the flame created causes the columns to appear as though they moved to and fro, accompanied by an unearthly shriek! The organist heeded not these things, and thought no more of them than the recumbent knight—represented in chain armour, carved in stone, and occupying a chapel near the organ—did. His superstitious friends would often expound their views as to the cer-

ing practised the Bach, and played through Widor's Fifth Symphony, he was surprised to hear the clock strike the midnight hour. "How time flies," he thought; "I ought to be in bed. Still just a few bars impromptu as a Christmas greeting to the dear old monks," and he played as he had never played before; his very fingers seemed inspired, and moved as though they belonged to a supernatural body, able to invent new combinations of sound and sublime effects. On he played, heavenly harmonies, weird harmonies, divine melodies, despairing shrieks, ancient diaphony, modern chromatic harmony, each and all had a place in this wonderful improvisation; at the close of which he appeared as though awakened out of a trance, and leant back, breathless and exhausted. "Ah! What was that? Not an echo! And that light up in the triforium? Oh, it is only the stove." Lowering the gas he peered up into the roof, but the light increased, and a ghostly sound filled the cathedral, and reverberated through the whole building. If he could only get out; but no; he was glued to the spot, and presently saw figures approaching him; as these drew near he recognized several monks by their likeness to the bosses. "In terra pax" they monotoned, and laughed demoniacally. "In terra pax, in terra pax! Ha! ha! ha!" On they came, and the organist's blood froze in his veins at the very helplessness of his position. Suddenly he heard footsteps coming up the stairs leading into the organ loft, and a monk appeared close to the organ stool. "Pax vobiscum," he said, gazing at the terrified organist, and simultaneously there appeared in the triforium over the organ loft a band of monks who sarcastically queried "Pax?" "For centuries we

have been doomed to walk this earth," said the monk, "on the dawn of Christmas as a punishment for the sinful lives we led on earth"—"Miserere mei Deus!" chanted the monks in the triforium—"till we should find the cathedral occupied by a solitary individual to whom we could make our confession. The early morn was chosen for our return to earth at an hour when nobody was likely to be in the sacred edifice, and Christ-



The Christening.

Canadian Churchman.

tainty of the existence of ghosts, and inquire what he would do in the event of one's turning up! To which he replied: "I shall never see anyone uglier than myself, and if I do, why a chord on the full organ would soon settle him, and if that were unsuccessful I would try a solo on the Pedal Bombard, accompanied by chords on the Great Mixtures, and he wouldn't stay long!" It was 10 p.m. when he arrived at the cathedral, and hav-

mas morn on account of there being peace on earth, while to us there was no peace. Had you lived a wicked life the curse would have fallen from us to you, and doomed you to walk this place as we have done. You have brought us peace"—"Gratias Tibi" responded the monks—"and we depart to return no more; but it is decreed that you must die, for no man can see us and live, and harmonies such as no mortal ear hath heard will be yours forever. Farewell." In the morning the verger who opened the cathedral was astonished at hearing the thud of the bellows, and frightened out of his life to find the organist lying on the organ floor, dead. He was buried close to his organ in the cathedral he loved so well. Nothing would induce his successor to play in the dark, and whether the monks ever appeared again is unknown, for when the cathedral was once closed for the day, wild horses could not drag anybody into it till daylight appeared again, for the mysterious death of the popular organist had created a very uncanny impression on everybody; and of him they said, "Requiescat in pace!"—S. Bath.

LAMENT OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence

To the one just over the way:
It seems to me it is hard to be
Out here in the cold to-day.

Last week I stood in a brilliant room,
With the children dancing by
And beautiful candles warmed me
through.

Said the other tree. So did I.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence

To the one just over the way:
I wish out there on the mountain side
They only had let me stay;
My roots were strong, I was warm and
green,

While the merry snow flew by:
But now I am trembling, old and
weak.

Said the other tree, So am I.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence

To the one just over the way:
A little boy threw a rock at me
As he passed along to-day:
And last week up by a beautiful doll,
A sled was hanging high

For that bad little boy. I'm tired to
death.

Said the other tree, So am I.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence

To the one just over the way:
A little girl that I gave a ring
Came by and I heard her say:
You ugly old tree, who cares for you?
And she made up a face so wry
I wouldn't believe folks could so for-
get.

Said the other tree, Nor would I.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence

To the one just over the way:
I guess it's the way with life down
here,

For I hear an old man say,
As he sat in a corner back in the
room,

While a tear rolled out of his eye:
We are soon forgot, we are soon for-
got,

Said the other tree, So am I.

Said the Christmas tree by the old back fence

To the one just over the way:
It's hard to die so far from home,
But I guess we've had our day;
And the children, may be, in years to
come,

Will think of us with a sigh,
And the joy we gave—I am reconciled.

Said the other tree, So am I.

—May Rapley McNabb.

HOW CHILDREN SPEND CHRISTMAS IN FOREIGN LANDS

In most of the civilized countries around the world, every boy and girl celebrates Christmas. The familiar and home-like customs are very similar in English-speaking lands, but in other countries there is much that is strange to those who are used to a New World Christmas. Perhaps if an American boy were to spend Christmas away from the dear home festivities, he might best enjoy the Russian celebration. There is one feature of the Christmas observance in the Czar's domain which is apt to strike one very favourably; and that is the great length of the holiday season. Christmastide covers over two whole weeks; and for fourteen days, from December 24 until January 8, there is one long line of holidays. For a fortnight, books and pencils are laid aside, and the school-room doors are closed. Neither do people work. Everybody has a long, memorable happy holiday. The streets are very bright and gay, and the store windows are bewilderingly beautiful with holiday goods. In the large Russian cities, the Christmas sun glows radiantly on the snow-covered streets and buildings. The air is crisp, cold, and invigorating. The happy crowds pass along the thoroughfares dressed in fur coats and caps, and snow boots and sheepskins, and in the national gala attire of the various races—the Tartars, Circassians, Armenians, and Russians. The streets present the appearance of a great international fair, for there are brilliant displays, side shows, and booths. The Gostinoi Door is the great bazaar of St. Petersburg. At Christmas time, it resembles the interior of a dense forest. Thousands of Christmas trees are brought here every year to go into the homes of the people. It is good to record that there is not a home so poor in Russia but that the children may have the happiness of a Christmas tree. If for some reason there is no tree at home for the children there is certain to be one at the school or association. The favourite decorations seen on the trees in the humbler homes are bright



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paper flowers, rainbow-hued glass beads, and goodies. In Russia the pleasure of the Christmas is not limited to one or two evenings. The glowing tree shines out brilliantly every night during the two weeks and each night there is a party for old or young. In the city the resplendent trees give great enjoyment to the eager Russian children. But the most wonderful sight is seen in the country, on the large estates, when a tree is decorated and lighted just as it stands in the centre of a bit of woods. The scene is very impressive. The village children who are invited guests, gather about wild with delight, to get the presents and dainties from the wonderful sparkling, outstretched branches of the tree. In Germany, too, there is no holiday on the calendar so great as Christmas. And it is the children's festival, also. Christmas in Germany is very much like Christmas in America. Many of our Christmas customs came from there. Germany gave us the Christmas tree, and it is the centre of all the Christmas doings for the German children. It is the chief pleasure of the German fathers and mothers to prepare the Christmas tree. This is usually done in a room closed to the children. There is a great mystery about it all. Everyone in the house has his secrets for weeks before Christmas Eve. It is all very delightful, just as it is in America. The days pass slowly, but finally Christmas Eve arrives. At six o'clock the climax of excitement is reached. The father rings the bell.

the doors of the long-sealed up Christmas room fly open, and there stands the entrancing tree in all its majesty. The children are admitted into what seems to them like Paradise. They find not only the wonderful tree, resplendent with tinsel lights, candles, and gifts, but also a table spread for each of them, and they hurry to see whether their hopes and wishes have been realized. In some parts of Germany, Scandinavia, and Holland, the custom obtains for all the children to say a prayer to Kriss Kringle at the chimney corner on Christmas Eve, asking him to fill their stockings for Christmas morning. They confide in him as to what they would like. Kriss Kringle, Christ Kindlein, is the German Santa Claus who is supposed to come down the chimney with gifts for all good children. The American boy would probably feel very much at home in either Russia, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Norway, or Sweden at Christmastide. In these north countries the customs are very like those of the homeland. But in the Southern European nations, where Christmas is more a religious than a home festival, he would find the holiday very different from ours. This is especially true of Italy. Italian children do not hang up their stockings at Christmas, or have a Christmas tree. On Christmas morning they are taken by their mothers to the churches. They are called on to recite hymns of praise to the Madonna and child in the "Presepio," which is a representation of the stable of Bethlehem where Christ was

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born. Within the rocky cavern are wax images often as large as life, of the Madonna and child of Joseph, the shepherds, and the wise men, and images of animals. The children of the Sunday Schools of the evangelical churches in Italy sometimes have trees, however, though there are not many of them as yet. The branches are laden with yellow oranges, with silvered balls, and with strings of gilt paper. The lighted candles are usually of the three national colours of Italy, red, white and green. The family festival of Christmas Eve is the chief delight of Italian children. There are fish, eels, nuts, cakes, fruit, or vegetables for old and young. On the next day the Christmas dinner is enjoyed, the chief dishes being capon and pangallo, a sort of nut and fruit cake. Very few Canadian boys and girls would care to spend the Christmas holidays in France where no one pays much attention to Christmas and where no presents are exchanged. The children who have no "home with a little 'h'" in France and who are being reared in the convents, often have some beautiful Christmas ceremonies, the spirit of which might well be introduced into other lands. For weeks before Christmas, the convent children begin to prepare for the convent celebration. The crib with the Christ-Child is the chief centre of attraction, and the reward of good behaviour is the privilege of helping to make the crib. A gold straw is laid for each kind act and for each day well spent. The highest reward of merit is the privilege of laying the wax figure in the crib. The children of the poor are always kept in mind by the convent child. It is the custom to get ready presents of fruit, necessaries, clothing, etc., for these "unfortunate children of God." When the children receive their Christmas boxes on Christmas Eve, the first gift taken from these, is placed in the basket for the poor. After the solemn midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, which all the children attend, they are given something to eat; and then they all return to bed to sleep till late on Christmas morning. There is no tree and no hanging up of stockings for the native Cuban children on Christmas Day. Santa Claus would have a hard time looking for his usual place to enter the houses, for in Cuba the houses are built without any chimneys. There is a midnight feast on Christmas Eve, but the children have no part in it. The pleasures of Christmas gifts are reserved till "King's Day," January 6. This day is celebrated in commemoration of the visit of the Wise Men of the East who brought their offerings to the infant Saviour. It is at "King's Day," and not at Christmas that the Cuban children hang up their stockings and place their shoes when they go to bed the night before.

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CHRISTMAS!

By Wm. Crosswell Doane,
Bishop of Albany.

Clear through the centuries, all along,
Echo the words of the Angel song,
"Glory to God in the highest,"
Floating above the sounds of earth,
On the dear day of Jesu's birth,
When Heaven to earth came nighest.

Over the clamour of sinful strife,
Over the shadows and sorrows of life,
Their voices still are ringing,
Message of love and joy and mirth,
Blessed promise of "peace on earth,
To men of good-will," bringing.

When we have learned the song to raise
Of patient, ceaseless thanks and praise,
Then, unto God, the glory
Will rendered be; and we shall see
Fulfilled, in rare and high degree,
This blessed Christmas story.

stances staying away from home and school, playing pool, hanging around saloons, cigarette smoking are responsible.

"Start right, boys. To be anybody, to accomplish anything for yourself or the community you cannot be idle. Don't drink—liquor destroys the mind and body. Don't swear—gentlemen do not. It is low and vulgar. Don't read trashy literature. Don't hang around saloons. Benjamin Franklin would never have accomplished anything if he had been guilty of these practices. Be honest, above all things. Poor boys make the best future citizens.

"To make a good man you must be a good boy. So start right. The world is growing better. The teachings of Christ are beginning to be felt. Let me impress upon you the only road to success is by living a right life. Be honest, industrious, frugal. It is not necessary to be sanctimonious—to wear a long face. Keep laughing. Have a good time



Don't Cry.

And when our wills to God's con-
formed,
With love for all men filled and
warmed,
Make "good-will" rule behaviour,
Then wars and woes on earth shall
cease,
Then shall begin the reign of peace,
Under our Prince and Saviour.
December, A.D. 1906.

A WORD TO BOYS.

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stances as you go through life, but let it be the right sort of good time."

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THE CAPTURE OF SANTA CLAUS

Oh, little boys and little girls
Have watched the chimney-place
On many a Christmas eve, to see
Old Santy's smiling face,
But never did they catch a glimpse
Of even his furry clothes,
Till he was captured, pack and all,
By Willie, Bob, and Rose.

They wheeled the sofa to the fire,
And made believe, all three,
To cuddle in the pillows soft,
And slumber dreamlessly;
And when, at midnight's solemn hour,
Across the roof they heard
The stamp of reindeer's tiny hoofs,
They neither spoke nor stirred.

Then came a sound of falling soot,
Their hearts began to jump,
And on the hearth a little man
All snow, came down ker-plump!



The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, D.D., Lord Bishop of London.

And Rose and Bob and Will sprang up.

"At last!" they cried, "at last!"
And seized him by the arms and legs
And held him hard and fast.
"Now children," said the startled saint,

"Select your toys, and pray
I have to journey round the world
Before the dawn of day."
But, no, they clung about his neck
With merry laugh and shout,
Till both their parents came to see
What it was all about.

So mamma got her silver out,
And linen of the best,
And cut the frosted Christmas cake
For their distinguished guest.
And Willie poured the elder sweet,
And papa brought cigars,
And tho' Saint Nick protested still
His eyes outshone the stars.

I wish that I might tell you all
Kris Kringle said and did,
The youngsters perched upon his knees,

But time and space forbid.
Suffice to say he gave them half
His dolls and tops and drums,
While nothing of the cake was left
But just some scattered crumbs.

At last a faithful chanticleer
In friendly warning crew,
And like a flash the saint arose
And bounded up the flue.
The children ever since have watched
Each Christmas eve in vain,
But Santa Claus is much too wise
To e'er be caught again.
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

By Lillian.

It was a beautiful winter's morning.
The whiteness and the brightness outside
contrasted strongly with the dinginess
within. Within were dirt, reeking tobacco
fumes, discordant voices, chaos. Without
the world, was white, dazzlingly white,
with freshly fallen snow, sparkling in the
sunlight. The sky was blue. The air was
bracing. Moreover the bells were ringing.
Bernard McGregor, a young man of thirty,
or thereabouts, slammed behind him the
door of the dingy house, in which for a few
months past he had been lodging. He stood
still for a few

moments and listened. Why were the Church bells ringing on Tuesday morning? He was puzzled. Then he pulled his hat down over his forehead, and started down the street. He shivered, for he was not warmly dressed. Coarse boots wrung over on the side and burst out at the heels; ill-fitting blue jean trousers, in fringes around his ankles, and worn threadbare at the knees; a faded gingham shirt; a dark green coat, out at the elbows; and an old felt hat, battered and rusty, this was his attire. The face underneath the dilapidated hat was, alas! quite in keeping with the costume. It was a face on which degradation as well as poverty were plainly written, and yet a face that might have been comely had it been illuminated by any beauty of soul. Bernard started in the direction of his favourite haunt, the drinking saloon around the corner. But the bells puzzled him. They were ringing in every direction, melodiously, jubilantly; the air seemed throbbing with their music. Why should they ring to-day? The enigma was still unsolved when he met an old chum, "seedy" like himself, who accosted him with, "Hello, Barney! Merry Christmas!" Merry Christmas! It was, indeed, Merry Christmas, and he had not known it before! The discovery startled him. This, then, was the meaning of that jubilate that filled the air. He began to notice the passers-by. They were all in holiday attire. There were smiles and laughter and happy voices. It was Christmas to everyone but himself. He seemed an outcast outside the gates of Paradise. He reached the door of the saloon. It stood invitingly open, and he paused. There came to his ears from within a coarse, angry oath. He shuddered and passed on. At the far end of the street there was another open door through which the happy people, the Christmas people, were passing in. It was a church. He had nothing to do with churches, and they had nothing to do with him; yet he wended slowly in the direction of the open door. The chiming bells and the unexpected Christmas greeting had awakened in him a train of memories, old forgotten things of long ago. Those memories were lingering dreams of another and a sunnier life that he had left behind him forever.—Forever? He shivered. A year ago that sound had come to him faintly through the grated windows of a prison. He could bear to think of

this, but it was an earlier memory that brought with it a keener pang. There had been a time when to him, an innocent-hearted boy, Christmas had been the happiest day of all the year; a day of pleasant surprises and merry laughter, a day of warmth and music and light and love. There had been a time when he had passed with the Christmas throng through the open door of the sanctuary, when he had knelt and worshipped the Holy Child, when in the village choir he had sung the Christmas hymns, and his voice had been the one most prized and loved of all. That Christmas Day of long ago had closed with a mother's kiss upon his brow. But he had wearied of the quiet farm and longed for excitement. In the noisy city away from home influences he had been led astray by fast companions until, link by link, the chain that had bound him to the old pure life had been broken. Now he was nothing but a wreck adrift. It was years since he had seen his home, years since he had gone to church. Bernard had reached the open door. The bells had ceased to ring, but a tremor still quivered in the air. There floated out to him the rich, melodious tones of the organ. He paused and listened. Music had always awakened in him the highest, noblest feelings of which his soul was capable. Suddenly as he listened he felt a keen desire to go inside. The spark of the Divine, kindled in every human soul, had not yet been extinguished in this wrecked life. The music seemed to be calling him away from the darkness which surrounded him into the light of purity and holiness. He advanced a step or two then paused. He glanced at his soiled and tattered garments, recalled in a flash of thought the blotted pages of his past life, and felt that he had no place there. Besides, would they let him in? He thought not. Just then the congregation began to sing. It was an old favourite hymn that he had often sung in those other days.

"O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ
the Lord."

It seemed an invitation; he hesitated no longer. An usher eyed him rather suspiciously, then motioned him to a back seat which was still vacant. Bernard gazed around him at the lovely scene; the wreaths and graceful



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him a prayer, the first prayer he had uttered for many, many months. Yet in Heaven that prayer was heard and answered:

“Our sinful pride to cure
With that pure love of Thine,
O be Thou born within our hearts,
Most Holy Child divine.”

The minister chose for his text these words: “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” He spoke of the mission of mercy on which the Christ had come, for which he had left His Father’s glory, and had come as a little child to earth, taking upon Himself the deep humility of our human nature. He spoke of how through all the centuries had echoed the Christmas message of peace and good-will to men, raising submerged souls from the depths of darkness and despair into the light of purity and

garlands of green, the beautiful flowers, the white-surpliced choir. He seemed in Paradise. Then as the service progressed, the old familiar service in which he had so often joined, there sprang up in his heart a longing to leave the dreary, shadowy past, the terrible, bitter past, and to begin life anew. The congregation rose to sing again. Almost before he knew it he was singing too, tremblingly, timidly at first, but soon his voice rose strong and rich and full. He sang on, never noticing the faces turned toward him in surprise. The last verse was to

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peace. None had ever sunk too low for the Incarnate God to save; none had ever lived so well as to have no need of Him. "The truest preparation for a happy and well-spent Christmas," he continued, "is not the exchange of a multitude of costly gifts; it is the opening of the heart to receive the gift of God to men, and the giving of the heart to God in newness of life and purpose." When Bernard left the church at the close of the service it was with the dawning of a new life in his soul. With that new dawning had come a longing for a glimpse of the old home once more. He pictured it as in the days of old; father, mother, and the little sister, grouped around the blazing fire in the cosy little parlor, the light of love and happiness on every face. He felt that in that atmosphere it might be possible for the new resolves that thrilled him to take root and grow, possible for him to break the chain of habit that here had bound him in a relentless grip. Did they remember him? Did they love him still? He did not know; he would go and see. An hour afterwards Bernard had left the city streets behind, and had started on the long, white road, at the end of which there gleamed the light of home. It was a long way to walk, twenty-five miles; but he had no money to buy a railway ticket. However, he had nothing to carry but a lunch of biscuits and cheese tied up in a handkerchief. The road was firm and crisp; the air was invigorating, and hope had given him courage. He had no fear that he should not reach the old farm house before he slept. Bernard enjoyed the first part of the journey, but after a couple of hours he began to grow tired. Still he did not rest. Towards the middle of the afternoon a bank of inky clouds rose in the west. Gradually they overspread the sky till the canopy of blue was hidden by a sombre pall. A few light flakes of snow floated slowly down. "There will be a storm," thought Bernard, and hastened on. At five o'clock the air was thick with snow-flakes, large and light and soft, such as school-boys love. It was growing dark. Bernard had been resting on a mossy stone while he ate his lunch, but he rose wearily. "The night will be dark," he said, and hastened on his way. An hour passed. The outlines of the landscape were growing dim. The snow was coming down thicker and thicker; but Bernard went on. Another hour passed, two hours. The night was cold and dark, and still down, down, down came the pitiless snow. Bernard swayed, stumbled, and fell. He lay there for a few moments, and felt the cold flakes falling upon his face. He was growing benumbed, and very, very weary. With difficulty he overcame an inclination to lie there and go to sleep, for he knew that to do so would be fatal. The lights of home must be still far distant. He must press on. After another long, weary tramp he had reached the summit of the long incline.

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Away down in the valley there used to shine a light. His eyes searched for it eagerly. Yes, there it was still, clear, glowing, radiant, beaming through the darkness and the snow, the beacon light of home. He took fresh heart again, and stumbled on. At last, trembling and breathless, he had reached the window. The blind was not drawn; he looked in. There in the dear old spot were the little group of three; father and mother—it startled him to see how white their hair had grown—and the little sister, grown now into a fair, sweet maiden of sixteen. His father was reading a chapter from the good Book, and just then they knelt to pray. Bernard listened with bated breath to a nobly worded prayer that embraced many outside of that quiet little haven; but a mist came before his eyes when, after a slight pause, there followed this petition: "O Thou in whose keeping are all the souls of men, and whose power and love are infinite, keep, we beseech Thee, from all dangers of body and spirit our absent one to-night; and if it be Thy gracious will, bring him back to us again. For the sake of Christ Thy Son. Amen." They arose, and Bernard opened the door. He stood there for a moment irresolute, shame, contrition, and longing, overwhelming his whole heart. Then advancing into the lamplight he said, "Mother, I have come home." "My laddie, my laddie!" In a moment his mother's arms were round his neck, her lips pressed to his own. There was no longer any doubt as to his welcome. To father and mother and sister this was an answered prayer. There was joy in that home that night akin to the joy among the angels over a sinner that repenteth. All the past was forgiven and forgotten. Is it not ever thus when human love is touched with the Divine? To the returning prodigal there still is given as of old the fatted calf, the kiss, the robe, the ring. Bernard was too exhausted to talk much that night, but as he rested luxuriously in the cosy corner, how inexpressibly sweet to him were the tender glances, the gentle voices, the ministry of loving hands. After long wanderings in a double sense, he had indeed come home. "Jessie, won't you please sing something," Bernard asked his sister wistfully just before they went to rest. Jessie willingly complied, and sang to a tenderly beautiful organ melody that sweet Christmas song:

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie.
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by."

Each heart echoed its closing lines, and Bernard felt that it was a fitting close to that blessed Christmas day: "O Holy Child of Bethlehem,

Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel."

After a year had passed, Bernard McGregor, "clothed and in his right

mind," led the Christmas anthems in the little village choir. "A miracle!" the people said. Yes, a miracle. The day of miracles is not yet past. But what had been the human means employed? The strong, sweet, silent magnetism of the prayers, the faith, the love, the holy light of home.

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It has been decided to erect a Church House for St. Asaph and a site has been selected.

About \$200,000 is being put into building operations of New York churches at the present time.

A handsome eagle lectern has been placed in St. Paul's, Charlestown, in memory of the late Mr. G. L. Buist, who was for many years chairman of the vestry.

The Church House, Long Ashton, Lady Smyth's useful and valuable gift to the parish, was dedicated on a recent Saturday afternoon by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Mr. H. C. Markley, senior warden of Christ Church, Greenville, S.C., has been presented by the parishioners with a handsome silver loving cup as a testimonial of his devoted services to the parish.

The body of Mrs. Doane, the wife of the Bishop of Albany was laid to rest in All Saints' Cathedral in that city on the morning of November 13th. Bishop Nelson officiated, assisted by the Dean and other clergymen.

The Rev. B. Root has been appointed Field Secretary by the Church

Temperance Society. His work is to commence on the 19th prox., and he has been assigned to work for the present in the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

The Hon. E. W. Biddle has presented to St. John's, Carlisle, Pa., a pulpit in memory of his parents. It is of brass, is gothic in design and the upper portion consists of four panels bearing the figures of an angel, a lion, an ox and an eagle.

Speaking at the dedication of a Church House at Long Ashton, recently the Bishop of Bath and Wells spoke in very commendatory terms of the Church of England Men's Society. He referred to it as being "one of the greatest movements of the day."

A movement has been inaugurated to raise about £300 for necessary renovations at the historic church of Hayfield. It has been discovered that the belfry is unsafe, the beams which

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Lewis presided. Never before in the history of Bridgeport have the parishes combined for common work, such as is now proposed.

The Rev. A. J. Tait, Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, has been appointed Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, in succession to Dr. Drury, the new Bishop of Sodor and Man. He is a son-in-law of the Bishop, and was for two years a tutor at the C.M.S. College at Islington under Dr. Drury.

Mrs. Schurman has presented to St. James', Fremont, Neb., a beautiful chalice and paten as a memorial to her husband, Mr. J. L. Schurman, who was for some time the senior warden of the parish. The Bishop of the diocese dedicated these on All Saints' Day, when they were used for the first time.

The parish church of Sturton-le-

parish church every Sunday afternoon from three to four o'clock. The meetings are bright, hearty, and full of enthusiasm. The go-ahead secretary is Mr. Tucker, and the Brotherhood is going to be a "big thing."

The Rev. R. Knight, who is leaving for Topsham, Devon., has had an unusual form of parting gift from Mr. Wollacott, the sexton of Holy Cross Church, Crediton. Mr. Wollacott has carved for him a handsome oak medicine cupboard, made from old wood taken from the church at the time of its restoration. The panels have views of the church, and it is lined inside with silk of Mr. Knight's College colours.

The Rev. H. J. Molony, B.A., has been nominated by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Bishopric of Mid-China, vacant by the resignation of Bishop Moule. He was educated at Pembroke College and Ridley Hall, Cambridge, and after serving a curacy at Newcastle-on-Tyne, joined the C.M.S. in 1890, and has since been working in Central India, being latterly at Jubbulpur. He also held the post of examining chaplain to the Bishop of Nagpur (Dr. Wescott).

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Which Hand Will You Have.

hold the peal of six bells, dating from 1771, being in a bad state of dilapidation.

The Rev. A. E. H. Hyslop, vicar of All Saints', Cardiff, and Mrs. Hyslop have recently celebrated their silver wedding, and to mark the occasion members of the congregation and friends presented them lately with a beautifully chased solid silver George II. rose bowl.

The Archdeacon of Suffolk announces that the committee of the Suffolk Bishopric Fund have purchased Stoke Hall, in that county, on favourable terms as a Bishop's Palace for the new diocese. Stoke Hall was built in 1740, and at one time was a Non-conformist School.

Men representing the six parishes of Bridgeport, Conn., met together in St. John's Parish Hall for the purpose of organizing for aggressive work.

Steeple, Notts., rejoices in having two churchwardens aged, respectively, 95 and 91. Their names are Messrs. William Wilkinson and William Browne. The first-named has held the post of vicar's warden for a little over 70 years. Both of them are natives of the village and have been friends since childhood.

A movement has been started to rebuild St. James' Church, Accrington, at a cost estimated at about £12,000. The church's foundation dates back to 1553, when for £2. 6s. 8d. the King's Commissioners sold to the inhabitants an oratory which had been erected by representatives of the monks of Kirkstall Abbey, Leeds, to whom Accrington formerly belonged.

A Brotherhood for men has been started at St. Mary's, Fishponds, Bristol, by the vicar, the Rev. C. P. Wilson, M.A. Meetings are held in the

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There are many kinds of eczema, and nearly all itching skin diseases come under this head. In children it is known as teething eczema, and many a fond mother will tell you with heartfelt gratitude of how her little one was rescued from torturing, itching eczema by the use of this great ointment.

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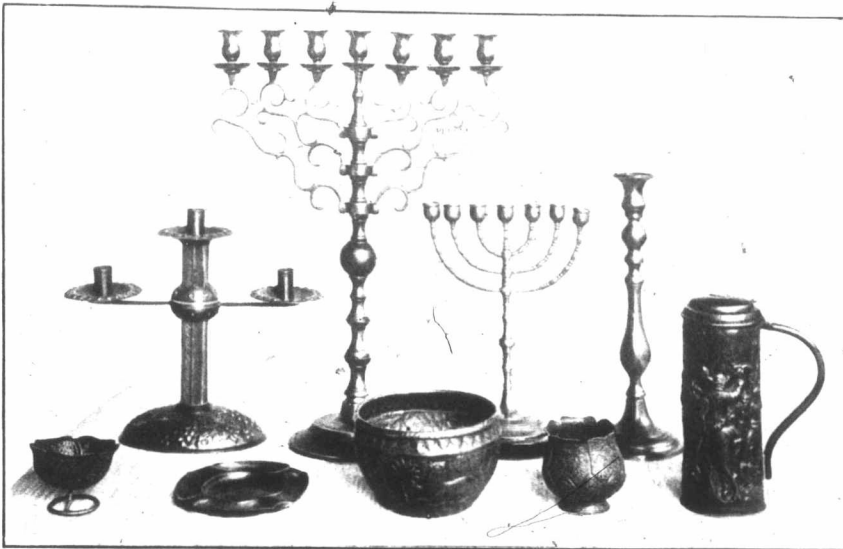
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In brass and copper, \$4.50 to \$7.00.

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