Canadian Churchman

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Christmas : 1913

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS

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Offices—Union Block, 36 Toronto Street

Hymns from the Book of Common Praise, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., Organist and Director of the choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT,
(December 21st)

Holy Communion: 232, 235, 236, 243.
Processional: 10, 64, 442, 476.
Offertory: 319, 325, 564, 596.
Children: 58, 66, 488, 726.
General: 69, 412, 471, 481.

CHRISTMAS DAY
(December 25th)

Holy Communion: 77, 256, 259, 262.
Processional: 72, 73, 397.
Offertory: 76, 78, 81, 514.
Children: 80, 668, 712.
General: 74, 75, 79, 500.

The Outlook

Everybody's Birthday

The late Bishop Collins, of Gibraltar, tells of a little coloured boy whom he was taking to Hayti suddenly announcing on Christmas morning that it was his birthday. "Why, Jim," said the Bishop, "I thought you said you were born in June." "Christmas Day is everybody's birthday," replied the boy; and the Bishop's comment was, "Is not this lovely and true?" Yes, most assuredly, Christmas Day is everybody's birthday—"Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night," as Bishop Phillips Brooks used to sing. And as we rejoice in what Christmas Day means, we must not forget the multitudes of those made in God's image, whom God came to save, to whom Christmas is still unknown. There are millions and millions to whom it is still as though He had not come at all. It is, therefore, at once our privilege and duty to do our utmost by prayer and gifts and efforts to make known to the whole world the birthday of Christ and what His coming means.

Overlapping Cheer

A letter appeared the other day in the Toronto "Mail and Empire," calling attention to the way in which families have received Christmas help in past years from numerous organizations as a result of a lack of widespread co-operation. The writers actually said that in one case a woman complained bitterly that she had received only seven Christmas baskets, whereas her neighbour had received nine. Another case is recorded in which a man gave up his job for three weeks, his family living on Christmas gifts which had been too generously supplied. Another family sold groceries for a week after Christmas as the result of having too much. Now, while it is doubtless true that some overlapping is inevitable, and perhaps is not likely to be very harmful, it is impossible to deny that such cases as these show the abuse of kind efforts, and the matter is all the more serious when it is known that at the expense of these families others were neglected and lacked Christmas cheer of any sort. We are, therefore, glad to know that the Joint Executive of three organizations, representing fifty-six social agencies in different parts of Toronto, are this year establishing a strictly confidential Christmas Exchange, and are requesting co-operation. They will be grateful if private individuals and groups would enquire at their Confidential Exchange to prevent duplication, and they would be glad if lists of names and addresses, and specific needs of deserving families be sent to the Secretary, 82 Gerrard Street West. This is an effort of the right sort, and so far from checking any beneficent and kindly sympathy it will go far to assure the givers that their kindness will not be misplaced.

S.P.U.G.

These letters stand for a Society which was formed about a year ago, called "The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving." The intention is not to give less, but to give with discrimination and intelligence. It is pointed out that a number of people at Christmas time expend valuable money, which they really need, in gifts that are almost entirely useless. Although the Society has been in existence for so short a time it has already enrolled a remarkable number in its membership, and it bids fair to do useful service. Whether we belong to it or not, the principle underlying it will commend itself to many people who would otherwise feel bound to purchase gifts which are in reality unnecessary to the person to whom they are given, and a real burden to those who have to pay for them. Every member of this Society pledges himself to aid in the fight against useless Christmas presents, and if the reports in the daily papers are correct the forthcoming Christmas will see some admirable results of the Society's operations. We do not really need to join the Society, but we certainly do need to adopt the principle, for many become enslaved to the tyranny of a habit that often means hardship. Let us, then, have courage enough to deny our well-meaning but often misguided impulses, and remember that we are stewards of God's gifts and have no right to incur any extravagance that limits our obligations to use our money aright. Simple kindnesses will often express genuine love and mean infinitely more than an extravagance which we cannot afford. Christmas gifts, to be worthy of Christmas, should be in the spirit of Him Who gave Himself at this time.

A Warning from the West

According to recent accounts, the situation in Western Canada is becoming, if it is not already, very serious. In the midst of abundant opportunity the average man is feeling the neglects and injustices of the social conditions. A letter from a representative man calls attention to the way in which monopolies are fattening on the necessities of the people, and with coal at a high price, and a hard winter approaching, people are looking forward with dread to the next few months. To the same effect a well-known Westerner has said that real estate speculation has sapped the economic vitality of the community and has done more harm than gambling at Monte Carlo. Further, a resolution was adopted a fortnight ago referring to the way in which real estate business is being conducted, resulting in the high cost of living, congestion in cities, and depletion in rural districts, with the attendant impoverishment, and development of the desire to get wealth easily and quickly. Any economic theories which do violence to moral realities stand self-condemned, and it seems clear that life in the West is becoming a matter of profound concern to some of the most earnest-minded men of various Churches and communities.

The Clergyman's Wife

A clergyman, whose wife has had to resign the work of organist after a service of more than twenty years, has been writing some plain words to his parishioners as to the requirements of the Churches from the wives of the clergy. He says it is taken for granted that the clergyman's wife shall be as much at the call of the Church as the clergyman himself; that the more she does the more is expected of her. He also points out that the doctor's wife or the solicitor's wife are not expected to "tout" for patronage and to assist in their husband's work. There is, of course, some difference between these cases, but the general truth of the clergyman's position is undoubted, and there is no reason why the clergyman's wife should be expected to give more attention to the Church than any other Christian lady in the congregation. The clergyman's wife and children owe just as much to the Church as others do, and no more, and no burdens should be laid upon them that cannot be shouldered by others as well. Every Christian home should have the joy of offering service, but this is very different from demanding it. All honour, therefore, to those earnest wives of clergymen who toil in their husband's vineyards and do their utmost to help forward the cause of Christ; but let us pause from time to time to remember that after all they ought not to be expected to do more than others. The home of a clergyman is, in some respects, the finest testimony to his worth, and no service in the parish can ever make up for neglect at this point. The words of St. Paul about "showing piety at home" are perhaps pre-eminently true of the clergyman and his family, and nothing should be permitted to interfere with this essential principle of glorifying God.

The Cost of War

The time of the coming of "The Prince of Peace" seems an appropriate occasion for calling attention to the vast sums of money used each year to build navies and equip armies, which might yield infinitely better results if applied to better ends. The expense of an actual war in money and in human life is frightful. In the first Balkan war Bulgaria lost 80,000 out of 350,000 men with an expenditure of 240 million dollars. Greece lost 10,000 out of 150,000 men and the expenses were 56 million dollars. Servia sent 250,000 men to war and 30,000 were killed; she spent 124 million dollars. Montenegro furnished 30,000 soldiers of whom 8,000 were sacrificed with 3 million dollars spent. Turkey lost 100,000 men out of 450,000 and the loss in money amounted to 322 million dollars. If figures can make any impression at all, surely taxpayers ought to ask whether they are getting an adequate return for their money. It has been pointed out that if the mutual suspicion and distrust which permits the present huge armaments with their galling financial burdens are justified by facts, civilization is a thin veneer and we are still savages at heart. What we should strive to do is to influence the people in such a way as would lead to their being governed by reason instead of fears, so that the present tension might be relieved. It is an awful sarcasm to speak of the nations that possess such armaments as "Christian nations."

The Grace of God

It is always helpful to have a fresh statement of familiar truth, and a recent utterance on the subject of Divine grace seems particularly worthy of notice:—

> The Gospel is grace, it is God in life, Deity in overflow. Grace is God in the act and process of imparting His own life to men, perfecting nature in Spirit, crowning evolution in salvation. All that is objective in religion resolves itself into grace, and all that is subjective into faith.

These words go to the very heart of the Christian Gospel, for assuredly "all that is objective resolves itself into grace and all that is subjective into faith." This means that everything in religion is to be measured by its relation to the grace of God. All means, methods, instruments, and functions are secondary to the supreme reality of the grace of God as the Divine act in, on, and through man. No wonder that the speaker of these words says that for every preacher who has eyes to see and ears to hear this is a glorious time to be alive, when the Gospel of the grace of God is again in flood, clear as crystal. When a man experiences in his heart, and proclaims out of a full life the unsearchable riches of the grace of God, he knows, and other people know as well, something of what St. Paul meant when he said: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The King's Testimony

An interesting little incident was related recently by the vicar of Dersingham, Norfolk, England. He said that in the ancient churchyard of Dersingham, which forms part of the Royal Sandringham estate, there is an old tomb with this inscription: "Live as you hope to die." The other day King George was walking through the churchyard, when he noticed the inscription, and remarked, "That is a very good motto to have." In this connection attention may be called to the new edition of that fine booklet, "The Sinner's Friend," with the touching incident given in it of King Edward's reading of it just before his death. These two testimonies to the power of the Gospel are eminently worthy of note.

The Great Sign

Centuries before the Birth of our Lord prophecy foretold His supernatural entrance into the world and described it as a sign from above. "Therefore the Lord Himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His Name Immanuel." (Isa. vii. 14). This declaration reminds us of the words of Simeon to the mother of our Lord, "Behold this Child is set . . . for a sign which shall be spoken against." (Luke ii. 34). There is scarcely any article of the Christian Faith that is being more spoken against to-day than the Virgin-Birth of the Lord Jesus Christ. The only other article associated with this in regard to intense opposition is the Resurrection; the one referring to the supernatural entrance into the world and the other the supernatural departure. There must be some real reason for this opposition, since the foes of the Gospel usually concentrate upon what may be regarded as strategic positions. Nor is it very difficult to discover ample reasons for the intense hostility shown to the doctrines of the Virgin-Birth and the Resurrection. Let us think now of the former, though all that is said is practically true of the latter also.

The Virgin-Birth stands for the fundamental principle of supernaturalism. The main conflict of to-day is against the proper recognition of God. An attempt is being made to explain everything in religion within rational and human elements. All the phenomena of the spiritual life must be explained in terms of natural development. In opposition to and contradiction of this, the New Testament begins with a Divine miracle in the Birth of its Founder. While He comes out of our human race He comes through a supernatural generation. God thereby intended to show that the method of redemption which He was about to inaugurate must be Divine in its source and power. Nowadays we are invited to accept the theory of evolution as the explanation of all the moral and religious developments of the ages. Certain forms of criticism will not allow that Israel's religion had anything unique and supernatural about it, while the attention now being given to what is known as Comparative Religion invariably indicates the desire and endeavour to account for Christianity as suggested by and associated with other religious faiths. But in answer to this stands the Virgin-Birth. Instead of a modern philosophy which teaches a Divine Immanence in creation and will only allow such an Immanence in Christ as we find in nature and man, the Gospel substitutes a Divine Incarnation in the Person of Christ. It refuses to substitute ideas for facts, and to dissipate the historic personality of the Lord Jesus merely in ideas which are to have for us the value of God. Of course, it would be easy to surrender the Virgin-Birth if there had been no Incarnation and no historical revelation of God in Christ, but the moment we grant the historical appearance, at a particular period, of Jesus Christ as Messiah and Redeemer, it is clear that no purely natural and human considerations, and certainly no mere ideas, will account for Him. It is an unquestioned historical fact that from the first century whenever there has been a denial of the Virgin-Birth, a rejection of the Incarnation itself has usually followed.

Not only are we faced with objections to a supernatural Christ, but we are also met with equally strong objections to a supernatural Christianity. Man demands a religion of naturalism, one that shall be only a process of education and a development of human nature which will accomplish by its own powers all that can be demanded or expected. In direct opposition to this view the supernatural Birth of Jesus Christ implies and involves the supernatural birth of every follower of His. And when our Lord said, "Ye must be born again," it was His way of reminding us that the old race in Adam had failed, and that a new race, born from above, as Christ Himself was born, must take its place. It is also at this point that the truths connected with the Virgin-Birth cut across the prevalence of belief in the doctrine of evolution. Whatever may be said of this doctrine in the spheres of natural and mental science, we are still without proof that morality can be accounted for by it, and especially that human self-consciousness and self-determination are explicable thereby. This is the problem that the profoundest philosophers cannot solve, and this is the reason why human wisdom is proclaiming its belief in some great Superman under whose leadership the race is to realize its complete ideals. But the hope is vain and the outcome will be seen before long; indeed, it is already being seen in the powerlessness of human nature, considered alone, to realize its true moral and spiritual life apart from Divine grace. And it will always be a disastrous and fatal mistake if the followers of Jesus Christ endeavour to combine the wisdom of the world with the simplicity of the pure Gospel. Just as our Lord was "despised and rejected of men" and went alone in the narrow pathway of the Divine will to found His Kingdom and to fulfil the Divine purposes, so believers must never tolerate anything that would tend to bridge over the unfathomable gulf between the natural and supernatural. Neither Jesus Christ nor His Gospel can be explained in terms of evolution; the records of His life and extraordinary influence disprove the theory in His case, and every conversion and all true Christian progress equally disprove the theory in the case of His followers. Only by a Divine intervention can we account for the Man Christ Jesus, and only by an equally Divine interposition can we account for the salvation of even one single soul.

Let us, then, encourage ourselves once more in the Divine realities associated with Christmas; the Incarnation of God in Christ, the manifestation of "the Word made flesh." Whether we think of the historical records in the Gospels or the universal belief of the Church in all ages, we are compelled to recognize the uniqueness of our Lord's entrance into the world as well as the uniqueness of His earthly life, His death, and resurrection. Is it not significant that Wellhausen, who is known as the master of the critical school of the Old Testament, has now turned his attention to the New Testament, and has written commentaries on St. Matthew and St. Luke, commencing with the third chapter in each case without saying a word as to the earlier chapters, or his reasons for not dealing with them? Why should these have been simply ignored? Is this scientific or scholarly? Surely the meaning is evident; the silence proceeds from bias against the supernatural Birth recorded in these chapters. But no other adequate explanation is available, either of Christ or of Christianity. Supernaturalism continues to hold the field as accounting for both. Every effect must have its adequate cause, and just as the life of Christ finds no other explanation than that of the Virgin-Birth, so far as His earthly origin is concerned, so the existence of individual Christians and the Christian Church cannot be explained otherwise than through the new birth, the spiritual life from above. Let us, therefore, rejoice in this Divine "sign," and let us not shrink from following our Leader

(Continued on Page 798).

"Let us . . . . go to Bethlehem" (Luke ii. : 15.)

LET us go to Bethlehem and learn the unspeakable love of God in "His Unspeakable Gift." Let us go to Bethlehem and learn the secret of the new Humanity, which the wisdom and culture of our progressive age is vainly trying to evolve out of our fallen race,—the secret of twice born men, even as the Son of man was born from above. Let us go to Bethlehem and learn the glory of true humility and the lesson of self-renouncing, self-forgetting love. Let us go to Bethlehem and learn the spirit of the little child. Let us go to Bethlehem and be willing to share the lowliness of the humble shepherds, the manger bed, and the despised ones of this world to whom the glory of the advent morning came as the greater glory of the second advent will come some day to the little flock and the lowly ones that are bearing His reproach and waiting outside the camp for His return.

The Canadian Churchman.

BETHLEHEM

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 heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.—(Phillips Brooks).

Christmas in the North Land

By the Right Rev. J. R. LUCAS, D.D., Bishop of Mackenzie River.

UP to 55 years ago no sound of Christmas bells was to be heard throughout the vast area watered by the mighty Mackenzie River, comprising what is now known as the Dioceses of Athabasca, Mackenzie River and Yukon. The few white men, trading for the Hudson's Bay Company were Scotch, and to them New Year's Day was of greater moment than the anniversary of our Saviour's Birth. On that day the Indians and all others were encouraged to assemble at the Forts or trading posts and to bring in their furs. The whole of the morning and afternoon was spent in visiting—first the "big master," who regaled his visitors with tea and biscuits, and then the surrounding camps. At Fort Chipewyan, New Year's Day is termed "tseltzoone dzine," or "kissing day," the name being sufficiently explicit to indicate the mode of greeting indulged in. During the evening the trader's house was filled with guests to whom the annual dance with its attendant feast of dried meat and grease meant everything. A general exodus took place during the succeeding days, the Indians returning to the woods to resume their fur hunting, leaving the Fort to its accustomed quiet until their appearance in the following summer. This custom is still maintained, though in some places the Christmas festivities are gradually overshadowing those of New Year. One such celebration will ever be fresh in my memory. At Fort Norman, which is prettily situated on a high bank at the confluence of the Mackenzie and Bear rivers at a distance of 1,500 miles from Edmonton, live a tribe of Indians, some of whom wander off to the Rocky Mountains, making long, arduous journeys in following the fur-bearing animals, moose and other game. They are an industrious, hardy set of people, devotedly attached to our Church. One of their number has been set apart as a catechist and he conducts daily prayers, with extra Sunday services, during their long absences from the Mission.

All the time we had a missionary residing at this station, these wanderers looked forward with eager expectation to the Christmas season, and all made a practice of moving gradually from the interior, mountainous region towards the Mission so as to reach the same in time to participate in the Holy Communion, which was always celebrated on that day. For several years, however, there has been no missionary at that post to receive our people upon their arrival. As one of them once said to me, "We find it hard to be without our minister—so that when we come here there is no one to extend a hand of welcome to us, no one to speak a cheering word upon our arrival, to teach us of Jesus Christ, to give us the Sacrament, and to send us away to our distant homes with a helpful, encouraging word." With this thought of their neglected condition ever in my mind, I started off from Simpson to pay these Indians a surprise visit. Hiring an Indian with his sled and dogs, and another one to run ahead, we left home early in December. The sled was loaded with food, clothing, and bedding for the three of us, making riding impossible. On the morning of our departure I was up at 3 o'clock, but my "car" did not arrive till 6 a.m., and then we all started off on our 650 miles journey. We kept to the river all the way, and at night slept in the open air, cuddled up in our blankets, and as close together as possible. The four dogs slept upon or close to our feet, and so kept them warm. When at length they moved away, we quickly awoke, put our heads out of the blankets, looked around for our bedroom slippers! and thought of the warm house we had left. My usual practice was to get up at three o'clock, have a meal, and start off at a smart pace by myself, and in this way would walk four or five miles while my Indians gathered up the food and utensils, harnessed the dogs, and had their usual smoke by the fire (as a pipe becomes too cold out on the trail). There was no moon visible, but the stars and northern lights were grand. The white snow made it possible to see the ground at my feet, but not two yards beyond. Trudging along all alone I beguiled the time by singing, "Count your many blessings," "Maunder's Magnificat," "The Village Blacksmith," etc., etc., waiting for the dawn about 8.30 a.m., which was always hailed with delight.

One morning I noticed a number of footprints on the snow, which upon examination, proved to be quite recent wolf tracks. There was evidently a band of them not far off. Breaking off a fairly thick stick from a drift log, I waited until the sound of my dog bells could be heard, and then hurried off again till my companions overtook me. Another morning I narrowly escaped a wetting, but fortunately saw the stars reflected in the water and so avoided it, but my Indian who followed an hour later ran into it with the result that his shoes and trousers froze as stiff as boards in a few minutes and had to be thawed out at a fire which was at once made. After travelling for nearly six days, we reached Fort Wrigley, a distance of 160 miles. Here I visited all the Indians, was called in to see a sick baby which was at once baptized. Two hours after this the child died, and was buried by me on the following day. To be able thus to be present at such a sad time and minister comfort to the surviving parents who were living at such a distance from their Mission, was a privilege which more than compensated for any discomfort endured on the trip.

As my Indian runner had developed a sore knee, another man was hired to pilot us to Fort Norman, 160 miles distant. He was a fine, lively fellow, and we had reason to be thankful for his help, as the track from thence was the worst I have ever experienced, owing to piled up ice in some places, and smooth glare ice in others. At the end of his first day, however, his legs and feet ached, so upon reaching the camping place for the night he took off his moccasins and socks and stood motionless in the snow with bare feet—and this with the temperature below zero! He was in fine form the next day. On Thursday, December 23rd, we reached Fort Norman after dark. The news of my arrival quickly spread, for the Fort dogs rushed out to greet mine, and this was enough to bring the Indians out of their lodges to ascertain the cause of the commotion. I drove up unannounced and unexpected at the door of the Fur Trader, an old friend of mine, and was warmly welcomed. The Indians came to the house to shake hands, and all through the next day they visited me to express their delight at my arrival. Some of them harnessed their dogs and hauled wood for warming the church, while others prepared the church for the services. On Christmas Day morning a service was conducted for those who understood English. The Indians also came together twice during the day, and at all the services the dear old Christmas hymns were sung in the English and Indian languages with a heartiness which showed how greatly this opportunity was valued by all. The day following being Sunday, three more services were held and included an administration of the Holy Communion.

Those poor scattered people, like sheep without a shepherd, have not since been able to join again in such a service at Christmas. Think what all this would mean to us were the churches in our favoured land to be closed on Christmas Day because there was no one to minister to the congregations; no joyous appeal to come and worship, no sound of Christmas bells, no call to "salute the happy morn," no summons to gather together to "Adore Him Christ the Lord." Amid all your rejoicings in connection with this Festive Season, do not forget those less favoured scattered ones of the Far North, and lift up your prayers to the Lord of the Harvest that He will send forth His servants to shepherd those sheep for whom the Saviour came to this earth, as on this Happy Christmas Day.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

God be with thee—winter days or summer,
God be with thee all the way;
Little power have I to guide or keep thee,
I can only pray,
God be with thee, summer days or winter,
God be with thee all the way.

God be with thee, on this Christmas morning,
Though life's changes press,
With a sadness that forbiddeth gladness,
And a loneliness:
God be with thee, and His peace shall keep thee,
And His love shall bless.

God be with thee, and the rose shall blossom
In the desert way;
O'er the hardest path shall shine a glory,
And the darkest day;
God be with thee, and thou shalt not falter,
Or thy footsteps stray.

God be with thee—in the gloomiest hour,
Turning grey to gold;
God be with thee, through the noonday shining,
And thine heart enfold
In that peace which passeth understanding,
Heeds not heat or cold.

God be with thee—upon earth He sought us
Home and love to share;
Set His heart upon the souls that wander
From the Father's care,
God be with thee! 'tis no idle utterance
This—my Christmas prayer.

THE GREAT SIGN.

(Continued from Page 796).

"without the camp" in order to be true to the supernatural in the Gospel. Let us glory in the assurance that every time we commemorate Christmas we are bearing our testimony to the fact that Christianity is from God and not from man, and all theories intended to explain either Christ or Christianity which do not involve the miraculous and supernatural are certain to be shattered beyond recovery. As we ponder the present situation of the Church and think of the attacks made upon it by those who are hostile to its influence and progress, we cannot help taking fresh heart of grace as we remember what happened on the first Christmas Day, and as we think of our Lord as still bestowing His own Divine life by the Holy Spirit on every penitent and believing soul. In a word, Christmas impels and compels us to say with ever-increasing gratitude, courage, fearlessness, and hope, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

"Excuse me," said the caller, "but do you practice medicine?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Then I must apologize for having intruded. I want somebody who knows his business. I can't let anybody practice on me," said the visitor.

The Christmas Tree and Its History

By CLEMENT A. MILES.

THE most widespread, and to children the most delightful, of all festal institutions is the Christmas-tree. Its picturesqueness and gay charm have made it spread rapidly all over Europe without roots in national tradition, for, as most people know, it is a German creation, and even in Germany it attained its present immense popularity only in the nineteenth century. To Germany, of course, one should go to see the tree in all its glory. Many people, indeed, maintain that no other Christmas can compare with the German *Weihnacht*.

In Germany the Christmas-tree is not a luxury for well-to-do people as in England, but a necessity, the very centre of the festival; no one is too poor or too lonely to have one. There is something about a German *Weihnachtsbaum*—a romance and a wonder—that English Christmas-trees do not possess. For one thing, perhaps, in a land of forests the tree seems more in place; it is a kind of sacrament linking mankind to the mysteries of the woodland. Again the German tree is simply a thing of beauty and radiance; no utilitarian presents hang from its boughs—they are laid apart on a table—and the tree is purely splendour for splendour's sake. However tawdry it may look by day, at night it is a true thing of wonder, shining with countless lights and glittering ornaments, with fruit of gold and shimmering festoons of silver. Then there is the solemnity with which it is surrounded; the long secret preparations behind the closed doors, and, when Christmas Eve arrives, the sudden revelation of hidden glory. The Germans have quite a religious feeling for their *Weihnachtsbaum*, coming down, one may fancy, from some dim ancestral worship of the trees of the wood.

As Christmas draws near the market-place in a German town is filled with a miniature forest of firs; the trees are sold by old women in quaint costumes, and the shop windows are full of candles and ornaments to deck them. Even in London one may get a glimpse of the Teutonic Christmas in the half-German streets round Fitzroy Square. They are bald and drab enough, but at Christmas here and there a window shines with a lighted tree, and the very prosaic Lutheran church in Cleveland Street has an unwonted sight to show—two great fir trees decked with white candles, standing one on each side of the pulpit. The church of the German Catholics, too, St. Boniface's, Whitechapel, has in its sanctuary two Christmas trees strangely gay with coloured glistening balls and long strands of gold and silver *Engelshaar*. The candles are lit at Benediction during the festival, and between the shining trees the solemn ritual is performed by the priest and a crowd of serving boys in scarlet and white with tapers and incense.

There is a pretty enough story about the institution of the *Weihnachtsbaum* by Martin Luther: how, after wandering one Christmas Eve under the clear winter sky lit by a thousand stars, he set up for his children a tree with countless candles, an image of the starry heaven whence Christ came down. This, however, belongs to the region of legend; the first historical mention of the Christmas tree is found in the notes of a certain Strasburg citizen of unknown name, written in the year 1605. "At Christmas," he writes, "they set up fir trees in the parlours at Strasburg and hang thereon roses cut out of many-coloured paper, apples, wafers, gold-foil, sweets, etc."

With the advance of the eighteenth century notices of the *Weihnachtsbaum* become more frequent: Jung Stilling, Goethe, Schiller, and others mention it, and about the end of the century its use seems to have been fairly general in Germany. In many places, however, it was not common till well on in the eighteen hundreds; it was a Protestant rather than a Catholic institution, and it made its way but slowly in regions where the older faith was held. Well-to-do townspeople welcomed it first, and the peasantry were slow to adopt it.

The Canadian Churchman. **Hopes Realized.**

In England it is alluded to in 1789, but its use did not become at all general until about the eighteen-forties. In 1840 Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had a Christmas-tree, and the fashion spread until it became completely naturalized.

In Munich, and doubtless elsewhere, the tree appears not only in the church and in the home, but in the cemetery. The graves of the dead are decked on Christmas Eve with holly and mistletoe and a little Christmas-tree with gleaming lights, a touching token of remembrance—an attempt, perhaps, to give the departed a share in the brightness of the festival.

The question of the origin of Christmas-trees is of great interest. Though their affinity to other sacraments of the vegetation-spirit is evident, it is difficult to be certain of their exact ancestry. Dr. Tille regards them as coming from a union of two elements: the old Roman custom of decking houses with laurels and green trees at the Kalends of January, and the popular belief that every Christmas Eve apple and other trees blossomed and bore fruit.

Before the advent of the Christmas-tree proper—a fir with lights and ornaments often imitating and always suggesting flowers and fruit—it was customary to put trees like cherry or hawthorn into water or into pots indoors, so that they might bud and blossom at New Year or Christmas. Even to-day the practice of picking boughs in order that they may blossom at Christmas is to be found in some parts of Austria. The custom may have had to do with legendary lore about the marvellous transformation of Nature on the night of Christ's birth, when the rivers ran wine instead of water, and trees stood in full blossom in spite of ice and snow.

Let us turn to the customs of the Roman Empire which may be in part responsible for the German Christmas-tree. The practice of adorning houses with evergreens at the January Kalends was common throughout the Empire, as we learn from Libanius, Tertullian, and Chrysostom. A grim denunciation of such decorations and the lights which accompanied them may be quoted from Tertullian; it makes a pregnant contrast of pagan and Christian. "Let them," he says of the heathen, "kindle lamps, they who have no light; let them fix on the doorposts laurels which shall afterwards be burnt, they for whom fire is close at hand; meet for them are testimonies of darkness and auguries of punishment. But thou," he says to the Christian, "art a light of the world and a tree that is ever green; if thou hast renounced temples, make not a temple of thy own house-door."

That these New Year practices of the Empire had to do with the *Weihnachtsbaum* is very possible, but on the other hand it has closer parallels in certain folk-customs that in no way suggest Roman or Greek influence. Not only at Christmas are ceremonial "trees" to be found in Germany. In the Erzgebirge, for instance, there is dancing at the summer solstice round "St. John's tree," a pyramid decked with garlands and flowers, and lit up at night by candles.

Nearer to Christmas is a New Year's custom found in some Alsatian villages: the adorning of the fountain with a "May." The girls who visit the fountain procure a small fir-tree or holly-bush, and deck it with ribbons, egg-shells, and little figures representing a shepherd or a man beating his wife. This is set up above the fountain on New Year's Eve. On the evening of the next day the snow is carefully cleared away and the girls dance and sing around the fountain. The lads may only take part in the dance by permission of the girls. The tree is kept all through the year as a protection to those who have set it up.

In Sweden, before the advent of the German type of tree, it was customary to place young pines, divested of bark and branches, outside the houses at Christmastide. An English parallel which does not suggest any borrowing from Germany was formerly to be found at Brough, in Westmorland, on Twelfth Night. A holly-tree with torches attached to its branches was carried

through the town in procession. It was finally thrown among the populace, who divided into two parties, one of which endeavoured to take the tree to one inn, and the other to a rival hostelry. We have here pretty plainly a struggle of two factions—perhaps of two quarters of a town that were once separate villages—for the possession of a sacred object.

Though there is no recorded instance of the use of a tree at Christmas in Germany before the seventeenth century, the *Weihnachtsbaum* may well be a descendant of some sacred tree carried about or set up at the beginning-of-winter festival. All things considered, it seems to belong to a class of primitive sacraments of which the example most familiar to English peoples is the Maypole. This is, of course, an early summer institution, but in France and Germany a Harvest May is also known—a large branch or a whole tree, which is decked with ears of corn, brought home on the last wagon from the harvest field, and fastened to the roof of farmhouse or barn, where it remains for a year. Mannhardt has shown that such sacraments embody the tree-spirit conceived as the spirit of vegetation in general, and are believed to convey its life-giving, fructifying influences. Probably the idea of contact with the spirit of growth lay also beneath the Roman evergreen decorations, so that, whether or not we connect the Christmas-tree with these, the principle at bottom is the same.

Forty Years in Canada

By the REV. R. F. DIXON, Wolfville, N.S.

I HAVE seen nearly two generations of Canadians grow up, and have been in touch with at least four, since I came to Canada in January, 1873; that is the old original settlers of the Western Peninsula and other portions of Ontario, a wonderful race of people, almost to a man, natives of the British Isles, with their stories of hardship and isolation; the second generation, mainly, but not wholly, native-born; the third generation, who are the middle-aged men of to-day, and the fourth just entering upon manhood, the Canadian of to-morrow and the day after.

When I arrived in Canada a raw, green Englishman, thirsting for adventures, and bitterly disappointed to find the country, comparatively crude as it was then, so disgustingly civilized. Confederation was only six years old, and still in the experimental stage. So far as the Maritime Provinces were concerned, it existed only on paper, and it was viewed with deadly hostility by the great majority of the inhabitants at least of Nova Scotia, who felt that they had been the victims of a coup d'etat. It was not until 1896 and the advent of the Liberals to power that the feeling began to die out. Now it is all but extinct, although you do not infrequently still hear elderly Nova Scotians speaking of "going to Canada." But this is only an unconscious survival. The secession cry, that once swept governments in and out of office, is now dead and buried and forgotten.

By the way, how many Upper Canadians are aware of the fact that armed rebellion against Confederation was for some time seriously contemplated by the Nova Scotian malcontents. An interesting article might be written on this little episode in Canadian history, now that all the passions that then raged have subsided.

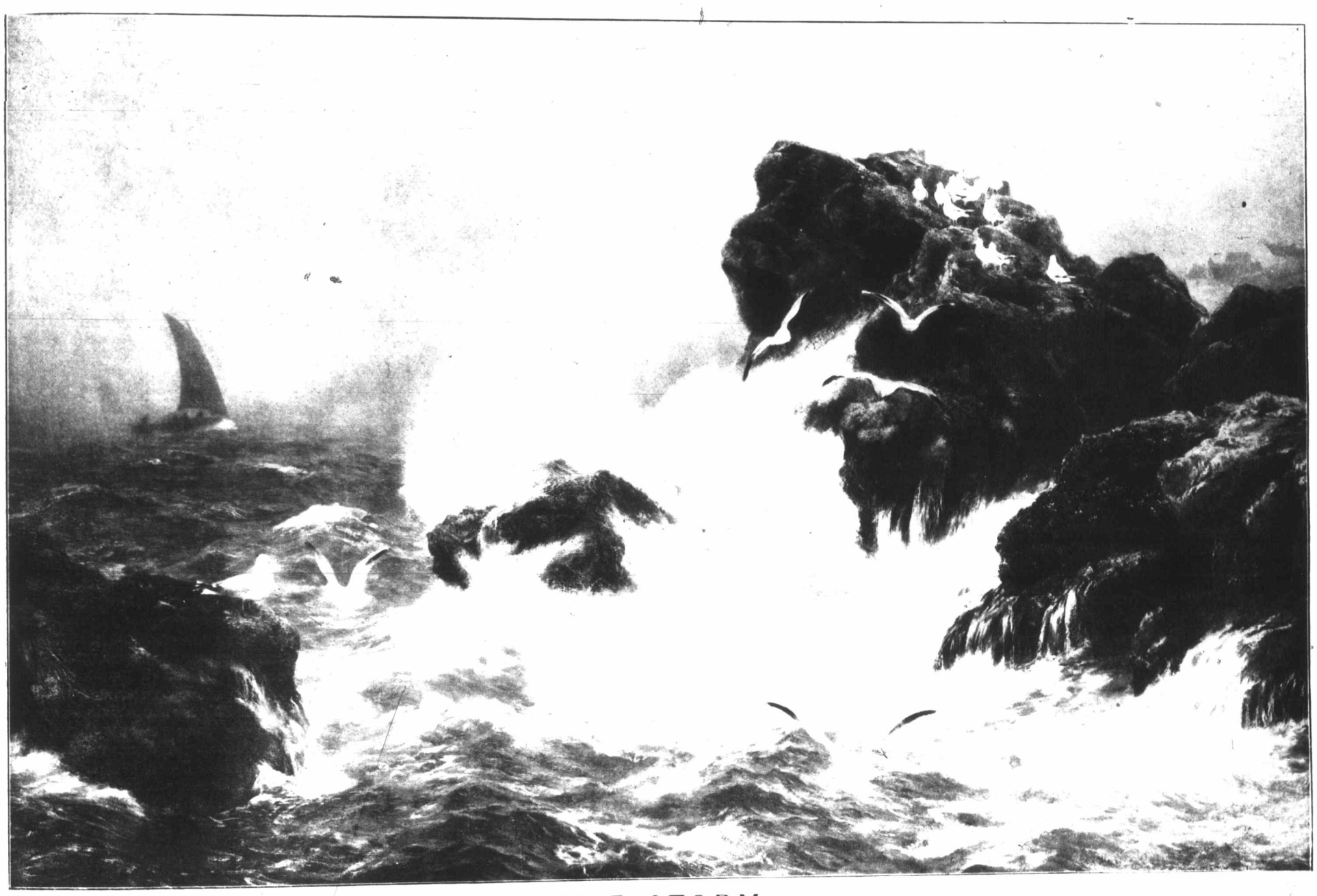
The "West," as it is now called, was, with the exception of the "Red River Settlement," scarcely more than a geographical expression. The city of Winnipeg was still known as "Fort Garry," and was a distant out-post of civilization, and did not even possess a newspaper of its own. To reach it from Toronto necessitated a long, arduous journey over what was known as the "Dawson Route," which took several weeks of continuous travelling, by railroad, steamer, and stage-coach, and occasionally more primitive methods. The vast region between the frontiers of the newly-constituted Province of Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains, probably did not contain one hundred bona fide permanent white settlers, and was only known as the haunt of perfectly wild Indians and of immense herds of buffaloes, whose skins you could buy in Ontario for four or five dollars apiece. The transcontinental journey had been twice made by white men, and each time a book had been written descriptive of this wonderful feat. In these days of universal exploration and easy travel, when the world is almost visibly contracting, one is hard set to find a parallel to this achievement, but I am scarcely exaggerating when I say, that the crossing of the continent in British territory was in those days regarded very much as we have come, or are rapidly coming, to regard a journey to one or either of the Poles.

I may be overstating the case. But that is my strong impression. It is certain that no more was known, if as much, about the region now embracing the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, than to-day is known of the interior of

Labrador. Toronto in those now remote times was very much like Winnipeg, or (perhaps) Calgary to-day. It was the distributing centre for all the immigrants, who were then almost exclusively British, and was crowded to overflowing with young Britishers, who then, as even now, had come out with their imaginations fired with visions of adventure. I have a vivid recollection of "English mail day" in Toronto. The old post-office stood on Toronto Street, and I have seen the street actually blocked with the crowd of old country men waiting to enquire for their mail, free delivery of letters being as yet a thing of the far-distant future in Canada.

During the first forty years there has been a tremendous advance in comfort or luxury, (which-ever way you may put it) in this country. "The luxuries of the fathers," and a great many others then undreamed of, have indeed become "the necessities of the children." Forty years ago London, then a place of nearly 20,000 inhabitants, had no waterworks, and people still depended on the pump in the back yard. A piano, outside of the houses of the decidedly better-off classes, was almost as rare as an automobile to-day,—in twenty years or less the automobile will be a necessity. Rag carpets graced the floors of nine-tenths of the well-to-do farmers, the birr and whirr of the spinning wheel was still heard in the back settlements, and home-spun was often to be seen on market days on the streets of Toronto, Hamilton and London. I wonder now if a yard of it is manufactured in Ontario. Houses, though comfortable enough in their way, were primitive in their internal arrangements, even in the large cities. Everywhere there was abundance, poverty of the hard grinding type was practically unknown, there was great simplicity of living, and most assuredly, as far as I can judge, much less of social distinctions than to-day. But these are surface changes and apparent at a backward glance. Others and deeper may be noted.

There is the growth of national consciousness. I don't say national sentiment, for we have talked sentimentally on the subject ever since Confederation, and called ourselves "a nation." George Eliot in one of her "Tales of Clerical Life," tells of the parson who thought he was a powerful preacher, but did not feel he was. For thirty or more years after Confederation we Canadians called ourselves a nation, but it was mostly talk. We didn't really feel that way. Of late the feeling most undoubtedly has come. We realize at last that our own destiny, political, commercial, social, is in our own hands and nobody else's. Canadian "loyalty" in its relation to the Motherland, has also developed into something quite different from what I remember forty years ago. In the early seventies it was compounded of two elements, negative and positive, dislike to the Americans and a strong personal affection and reverence for Queen Victoria. The old anti-American sentiment, inherited from the United Empire Loyalists, many of whose children were still alive, had by no means died out. I remember once meeting one of these old "fire-eating" loyalists, just after I arrived in the country. His father had held a command in the celebrated partisan corps of "Butler's Rangers," and he had a vivid recollection of the hardships and privations of the first Loyalists, and well remembered the War of 1812-14. I can see him now, a hale old man of over eighty, with sturdy upright figure, strong rugged features, brushy eyebrows and flashing eyes. "George Washington," I once heard him say, "don't talk to me of George Washington. He was a perjured British officer, he broke his oath of allegiance and deserved to be shot. The Americans are a nation of scoundrels, from the President downwards." A good deal of this negative truculent loyalty still lingered in Canada, along with this vague sentimental attachment to the dear old Queen, of blessed and fragrant memory. But of any real definite loyalty, that could give a satisfactory account of itself, there was none. People were loyal because they hated the Yankees and loved the Queen, and there it ended. Alongside of this "loyalty" existed most undoubtedly, among the younger men a very strong, if ill-defined and unacknowledged, annexation sentiment. One frequently heard the frankly expressed opinion that Canada must eventually throw in its lot with the United States. A certain class of people in those days had a profound, if sometimes sneaking and half-conceited, admiration for the ability of the American people, and a corresponding distrust of their own capacity to develop their country. As a nation, we had "no conceit of ourselves." To-day all this is changed. Our loyalty has become imperial and national. We are strongly and proudly attached to the Empire, as a whole; and best of all, we are loyal to ourselves, and have developed full confidence in our power to "make good."



The Canadian Churchman

THE STORM

There has been undoubtedly a great advance in sobriety during the last forty years, and open and unabashed drunkenness is comparatively rare. In those days, and in the teeth of the closing laws, there was a great deal of Sunday carousing in our smaller towns, and such is human inconsistency with Sabbatarianism of the stern Scotch kind rampant. For years after I came to Canada, no one who valued his reputation in the community, as a decent respectable member of society, would dream of shaving or blacking his boots on Sunday, but to drop into the tavern for a sly drink was quite another matter. Forty years ago a small town in north-western Ontario, where I lived, of considerably under a thousand, possessed four taverns and a retail liquor store. These

places used to be filled every night with a crowd of revellers until twelve or one. People who lament the time and money spent at our moving picture shows, skating rinks, and other places of amusement, common in all our villages, should make a note of this. Many a wasteful hour have I spent in these old-time taverns lying in some truckle bed overhead, while the "boys" in the bar-room below drank, danced and yarned and betted on the hauling capacities of their teams, sang songs, "set up the drinks," indulged in an occasional "rough and tumble," and made night generally hideous.

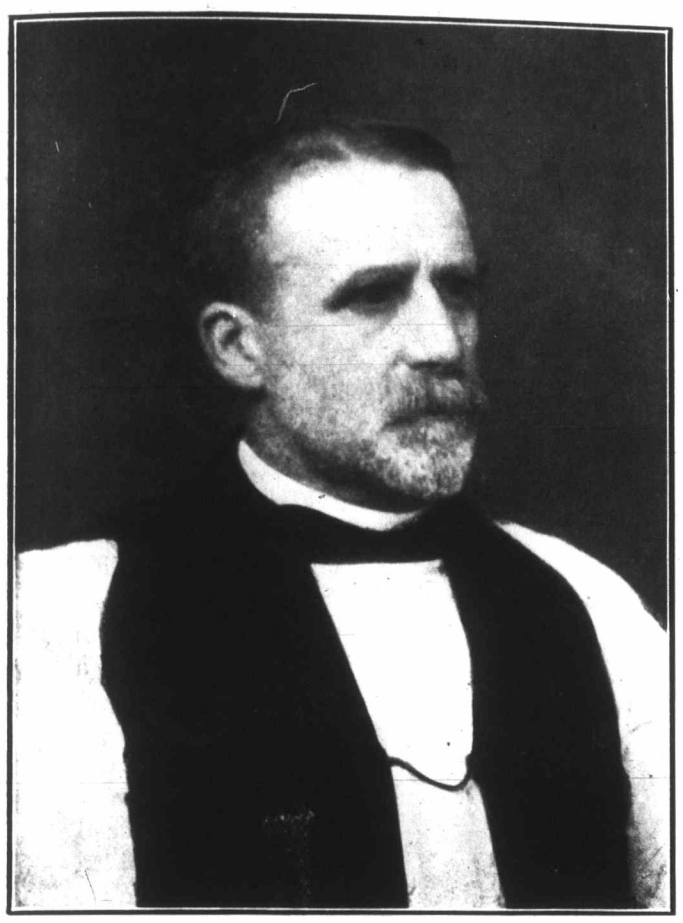
There has been a marked improvement in the tone of our political controversies. Party feeling, goodness knows, runs high enough yet, and there is just as much factiousness as ever, but politicians do on the whole treat each other personally as gentlemen. You don't hear personal charges now as you used to do in the seventies. The political atmosphere was literally darkened with them. They flew backwards and forwards in clouds. Any stick was good enough to beat a political opponent with, and any charge, from petty larceny to arson, or from body-snatching to forgery, to fling in his teeth. For years after I came to Ontario the old-time Tories never thought of calling their political opponents by any other name than that of "Rebel;" the name "Grit" was quite too good for them. Those were the days when one party leader referred to the leader of the opposite party as "that abandoned man," when charges of peculation, deliberate falsehood, and of almost every crime in the calendar, were daily hurled by leading politicians at each others' heads. Hard things, no doubt, are still said by politicians of each other, in the heat of debate, and there is still much room for improvement in the tone of our political controversies, but these personal charges, which forty years ago were flung about in handfuls, are now rarely heard, at least in public or among reputable politicians. I am not saying that political life is cleaner now than then, or am I saying the opposite. I am only noting the undeniable fact that there has been a great advance in external decorum, and that our premiers and cabinet ministers are no longer called upon to defend their honesty and sobriety and chastity as in "the brave days of old."

One decidedly disquieting change is very apparent in the last forty years in Canada, and that is the tremendous decline in the birth-rate. In the early seventies families of from six to ten were the rule, and quite as common as those to-day of from, say, two to four. I haven't the statistics by me, but I should say without hesitation that the average family of the English-speaking Canadian, has in this period declined by quite two-thirds. In this way we must have lost in the last half-century at least two million English-speaking Canadians. But this is "another story," and cannot be treated of at the tail end of an article.

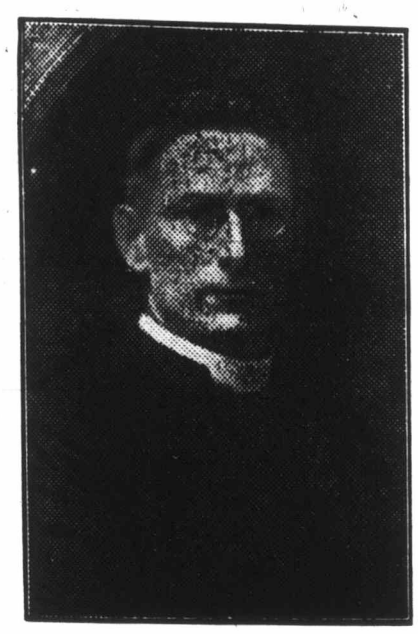
Nor will I say anything on that overworked subject of the advance in the cost of living, except that when I came to Canada in 1873, it was probably the cheapest country in the world to live in, and that so far as the necessaries of life went living was at least one-third cheaper than in England. The prices of meat, poultry, eggs, butter, potatoes, etc., of those days makes one's mouth water, but that sort of thing belonged to the colonial stage, which we have now outgrown, and we have to pay the price of progress. For there cannot be the slightest doubt that at least one-half of the advance in the cost of living is due to the advance in the style of living. I am not complaining of this, but the fact has to be reckoned with.

A good story is being told of a Sheffield Nonconformist minister who, commenting on a recent Sunday evening on the thin attendance at service, began his sermon with the words: "I am very sorry, my dear friends, to see to-night so many faces that are absent."

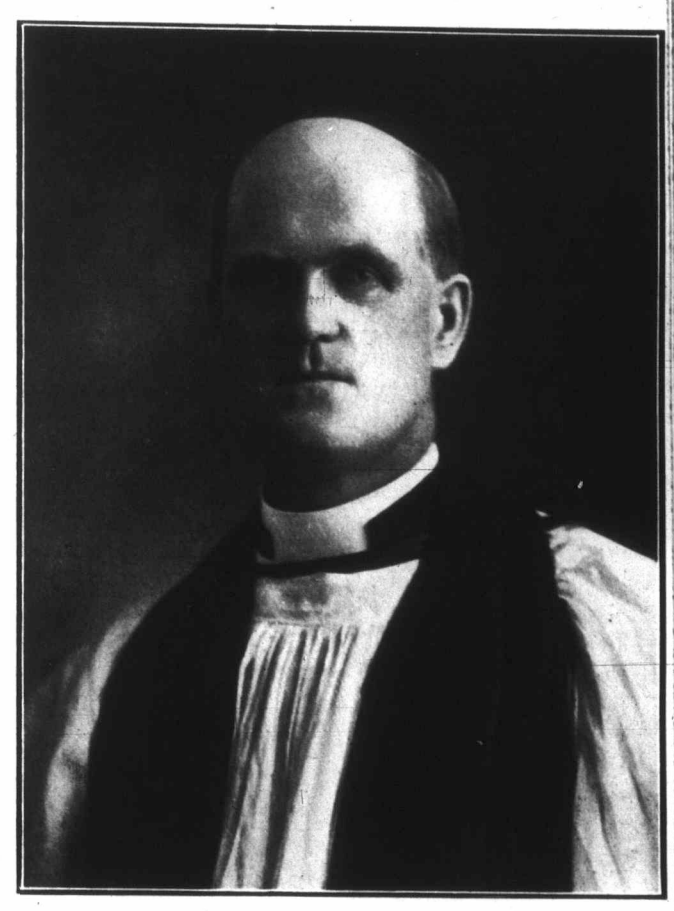
Our Missionary Bishops



Right Rev. J. LOFTHOUSE, D.D.,
Bishop of Keewatin.



Right Rev. E. F. ROBINS, D.D.,
Bishop of Athabasca.



Right Rev. I. O. STRINGER, D.D.,
Bishop of Yukon.

The New Tongue

They speak another language in the skies,
And so our words have other meanings there,
When pitying angels hear them as they rise
In broken sobs of prayer.

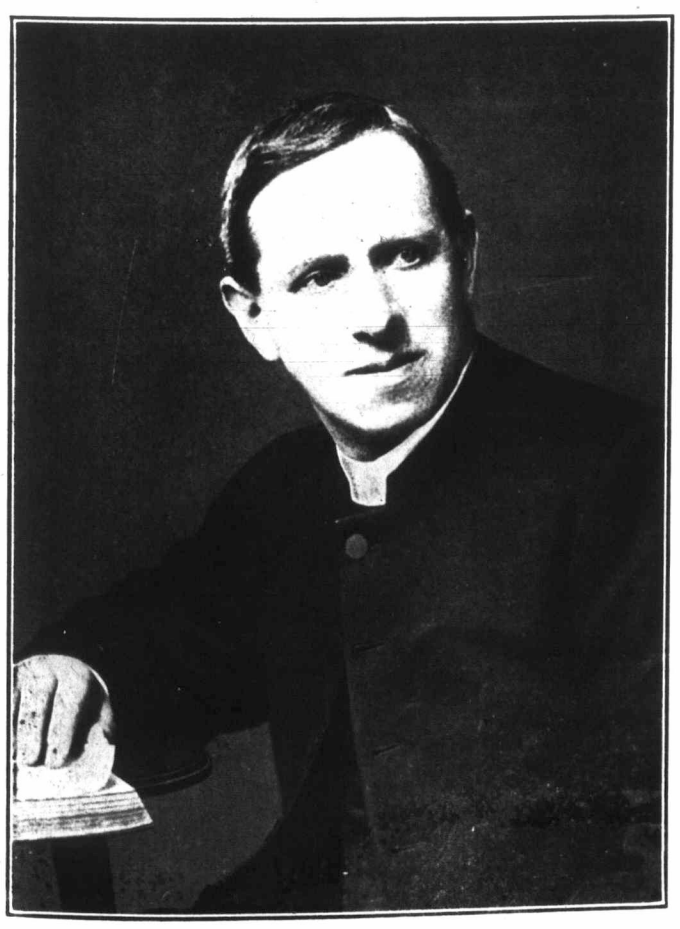
For half that we name ill, in that far land
Is known for good, and half our good is ill.
Oh, well for us that One can understand
Our stammering failures still!

And much that we call loss as gain they prize,
And pain they know for schooling; and our health
Is named as weakness sometimes in their eyes,
And poverty our wealth.

They have another name for grief and care,
Another name for patience and for strife;
Defeat is triumph sometimes, over there,
And death they know for life

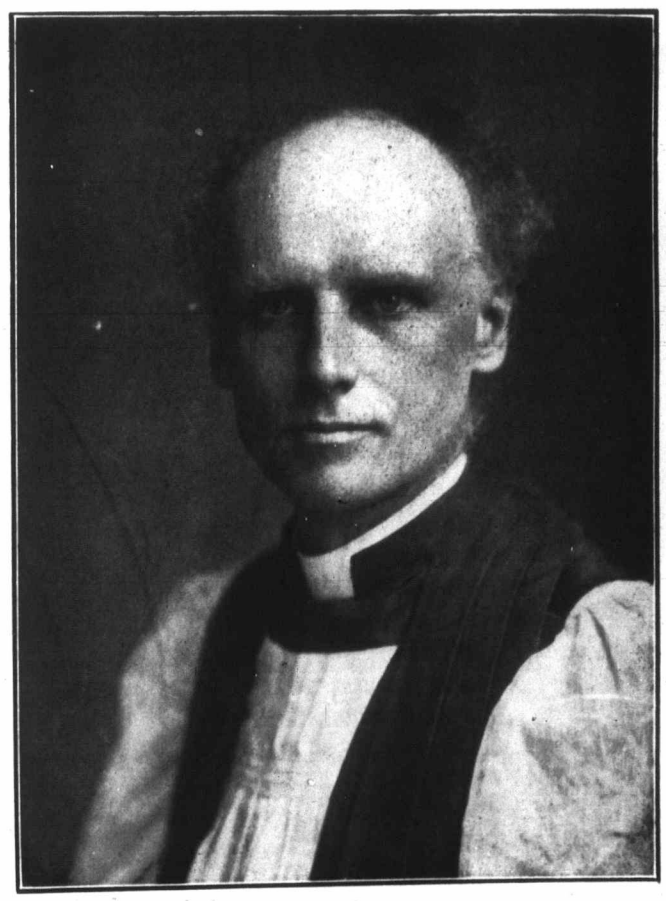
O mighty Master, guide and fashion still
The lips that yet in heaven's lore are young;
Be patient with us in our learning, till
We also speak that tongue.

Right Rev. W. G. WHITE, D.D.,
Bishop of Honan, China.



Right Rev. JAMES R. LUCAS, D.D.,
Bishop of Mackenzie River.

Right Rev. J. G. ANDERSON, D.D.,
Bishop of Moosonee.



Right Rev. J. HEBER HAMILTON, D.D.,
Bishop of Mid-Japan.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL

By the REV. F. J. MOORE, B.A., St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

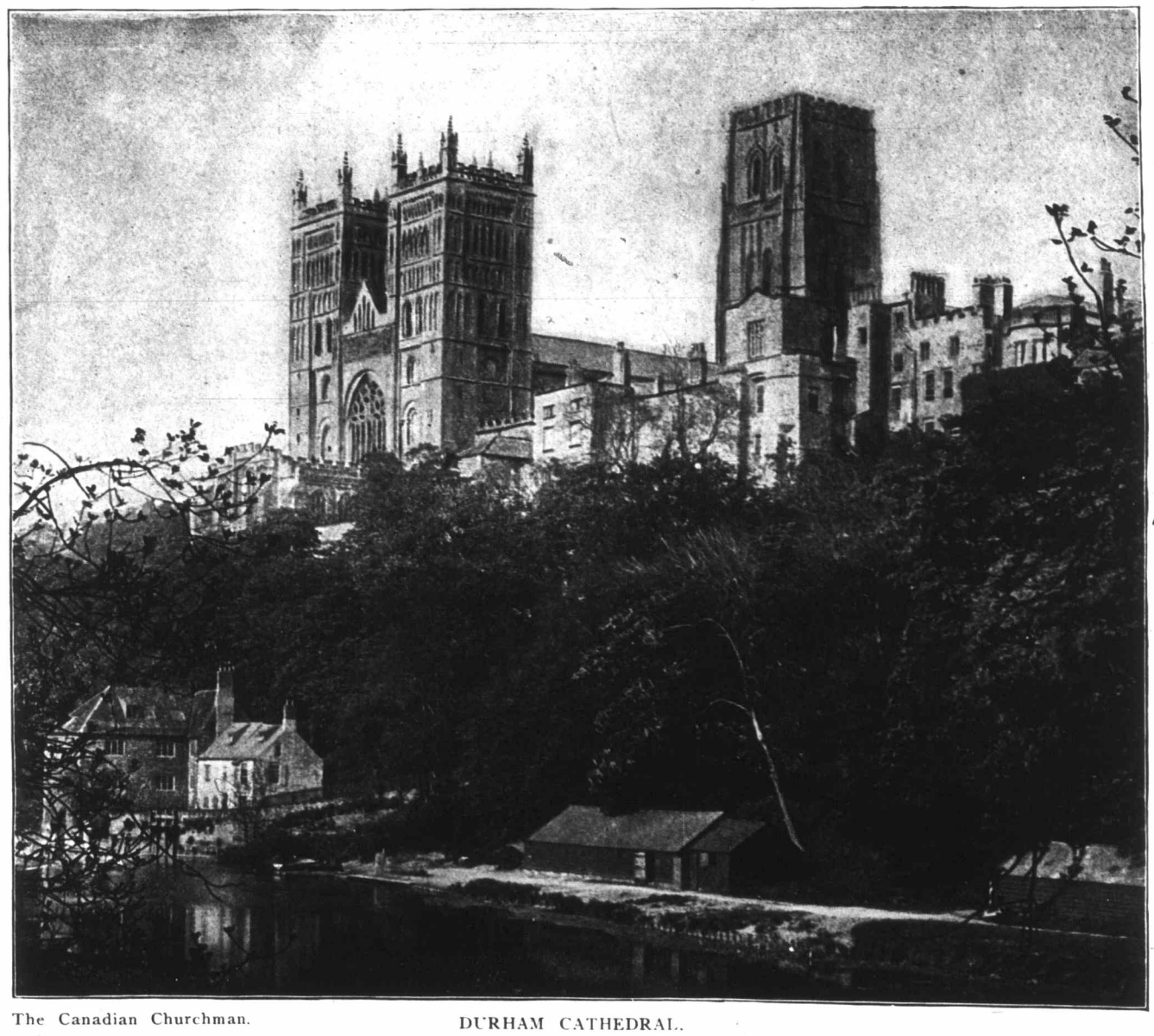
"FUNDAMENTA ejus in montibus sanctis," —"Her foundations are upon the holy hills." It was a happy sense of fitness that led the founders of the University of Durham to apply to their school of learning the words of the ancient Song of Zion.

Durham is a city of hills, and both the Cathedral and collegiate buildings stand on a towering bank of the Weir.

There are probably few sights, in the whole of England, more imposing than the one that meets the eye of the rail-passenger, northward bound, just before the train enters the station at Durham. Emerging from a tunnel, there bursts into view that giant pile of grey stone,

"Half Church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,"

with a picturesque city nestling at its feet.



The Canadian Churchman.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

HISTORY.

The year 996 may be put down as the beginning of the history of the city of Durham, and three years later the first Cathedral was built. From A.D. 635 to 883 the Cathedral Church had been at Lindisfarne, whence the Bishop and his clergy removed to Chester-le-Street. On an invasion of the Danes in 995 the Bishop and the monks became wanderers with the body of St. Cuthbert, and finally settled mid the woodland solitudes of Durham, where Aldhuin, the first Bishop on the settlement, in 999 built a church to enshrine the body of the saint. Nearly a century later, William de Carileph, the Norman Bishop, changed the Saxon establishment, instituted a Benedictine Order, and in 1092 laid the foundations of the Norman portions of the present magnificent structure. The building of the choir and apse was the first stage of the work, the transepts and the first two bays of the nave following. Further progress was made during the episcopate of Ranulph de Flambard (1099-1128), when the nave was carried up to the vaulting and the aisles completed; and although there is no record of the completion of the church, it seems certain that it was finished in all essentials shortly after that date. One or two later additions are worthy of note.

Originally, the main entrance to the church was at the west end, but about the middle of the 12th century a lady chapel was built out from the west front. This "Galilee" Chapel, as it is now called in Durham, though built during the transition period, has ornaments and round arches of a delicate Norman character, and is divided into five aisles by four rows of these arcades. The next addition to the Cathedral was the raising of the towers. Originally the central tower was very little higher than the roof, while the two western ones were smaller in proportion, all being capped by a small square spire. The raising of the western towers, though the exact date is not known, is attributed to Richard de Marisco, who became Bishop in 1217. The central tower was raised by Bishop Farnham (1241), but was entirely rebuilt in the 15th century, so that none of his work remains. One other addition remains to be mentioned. "The Chapel of the Nine Altars," the great eastern transept, behind the Holy Table, was commenced by Prior Melsonby in 1242, and was only completed 40 years later.

The Cathedral is built in the form of a Latin Cross, in the style of Romanesque, and owing to the additions which were continually being made until the 15th century, exhibits the gradual changes of style up to that period.

Some idea of the size may be gathered from the following dimensions. The Cathedral stands 507 by 200 feet; the central tower is 214 feet high, and the two western ones 138 feet. The massive columns of the interior are 23 feet in girth, and are 12 feet square at the base.

Since the Reformation various portions of the Cathedral have suffered at the hands of the spoiler, and the modern work is clearly inferior to the old. The present choir-screen and pulpit, though fine works of their kind, are regarded as "costly failures."

In the matter of the stained-glass windows, however, the modernists deserve a word of praise. In 1795 the remains of the stained-glass in the fifteen east windows and the rose of the Nine Altars were taken out, and replaced by plain glass. The glass was left lying about for a long time in baskets on the floor, and it was not until a considerable quantity had been stolen by curio-hunters and others, that it was locked up in the Galilee Chapel. About 1821, portions of it were again worked up with inferior gaudy pieces and placed in the rose window, where it remained until the last restoration in 1870. The beautiful memorial windows are of a later date.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO VISITORS.

Among the many old monuments of Durham Cathedral none excites greater interest, perhaps, than the tomb of the Venerable Bede, in the Galilee Chapel, and in the library may be seen a number of manuscripts, said to be in his hand-writing. The library itself will afford the visitor hours of interest and pleasure; for there may be seen not only a fine collection of old books and relics of early England, but the costly vestments and ornaments of the pre-Reformation Church. No visitor to Durham should miss seeing the interior of the Castle, which stands quite close to the Cathedral. The old chapel, built in 1070, still remains, and the capitals are in a fine state of preservation. The dining hall is considered one of the finest in England. The old residence of the Prince-Bishops, the Castle is now the abode of University students.

Durham Cathedral has always been noted for its fine services, and its reputation is certainly maintained at the present day. There is an organ of fine tone, and the choral renderings are unsurpassed.

In its Bishops Durham has, for a long time at least, been fortunate. Lightfoot and Westcott are names that will never die, and Handley Carr Glyn Moule has proved a worthy successor.

IN THE STUDY

Musings for the Clergy, by One of Them

WE desire to hold some friendly chats with our many clerical readers, and to take counsel with them on points of parochial life and work. If anything of interest to the church is suggested by this column, we shall be glad to hear from correspondents, and matters affecting clerical and pastoral problems will always find welcome consideration. We feel sure many of the Canadian clergy must have much to suggest to others as well as some things to propound for solution. Let each one feel free to write, and thereby make this column a frank, brotherly interchange of opinion about ministerial life and service in our Dominion.

Should sermons be read or preached? A successful business man recently entered a strong objection to what he considers to be the growing practice of reading sermons. When he was met by a clerical "Why not? There must be something to be said for it if so many are adopting it," he replied as follows:—

> "See! I sell stockings. I go out to convince people that to buy my stockings will be a good investment. I ask no favours. My case stands entirely on the merits of the stockings. I will begin at the toe and work to the top of the leg, and tell a prospective customer all the virtues of our stockings without a note or a figure. If that does not convince him I will begin at the heel instead of the toe, and not repeat a word of my former argument. That man has got to be made to see that he cannot afford to be without my stockings; and if the preacher were as sure of his subject as I am of my stockings, and as interested in his people as I am in my customer, he would need no paper to expound it."

I wonder what preachers who read their sermons would say to this?

A clergyman has been preaching a series of sermons on the "Key-words and Ideas of St. Paul." The topics were: a Debtor; an Ambassador; a Labourer; a Sower; an Eastern Vessel; a Steward; an Architect; an Athlete.

The Canadian Churchman. DURHAM CATHEDRAL—NAVE EAST.

The Canadian Churchman. CHOIR OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Preaching is the foremost work of preachers, but it may be questioned whether they give the technique of preaching the foremost place it deserves and requires. After leaving the theological college the average preacher does not keep up his Homiletics. This is a serious mistake, for he should make the art of preaching a life-long study. To this end he should read a new book on Homiletics as often as possible. Brooks, Beecher, Jowett, Stalker, Maclaren, Phelps, Burton, are but a few of the important works available. Then, a man should (if possible) hear or (next best) read the best preachers available. For reading, Chrysostom, Chalmers, Robertson, Liddon, Spurgeon, Maclaren, Brooks, are names that occur at once. And there are preachers' preachers to-day like Dr. Morrison, of Glasgow, and Dr. Jowett, of New York, who will provide guidance and suggestion in abundance. Then, again, if a man is in a settled sphere he should write out a sermon in full at least once a month. This will take time, but it will be worth while. "Writing maketh the exact man," and besides the mental discipline, it will curb length, check "floweriness," tend to concentration of thought, and improve style. If these three suggestions are carried out, the effect on preaching will be immediate and immense. What do our clergy think of them?

Children often have a knack of "hitting the mark" with delightful unconsciousness. According to the statement of the ten-year-old daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman, there are ways of making an old sermon seem almost new. "Molly," said a friend, "does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?" "I think perhaps he does," returned Molly, cautiously; "but I think he talks loud and soft in different places the second time, so it doesn't *sound* the same at all."

Outis.

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ARCHDEACON MADDEN.

Liverpool's Tribute.

When it was announced that Archdeacon Madden was leaving Liverpool for Southport a committee was formed to consider the best way in which the citizens of Liverpool could honour the Archdeacon and show their keen appreciation of his great public work and valuable services to the Church. The movement culminated in a notable gathering representative of the varied phases of religious, social, and civic work in Liverpool, held in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, Sir Harmood Banner, M.P., at which the Archdeacon was presented with a beautifully framed illuminated address artistically and appropriately designed, and a cheque for £400.

A Chat About Life in the Far West

By MRS. EMILIA HOULTON, Calgary.

SHALL you take a trip with me across a portion of our sunny Alberta? Though I found a great dearth of sunshine both in the sky and in the homes! Picture yourselves arriving at a small station late at night, going to a strange hotel, sleeping either more or less, rather less than more, if you are sensitive to strange surroundings, then breakfasting at seven a.m., on food not over-well cooked, ready and waiting for the stage-driver to appear at eight o'clock. But things are of a slow nature in some of these rural districts, the stage-driver was not ready to start, and so it was nine-thirty before we commenced our journey. The country is very sparsely settled as you journey north. The soil is fertile, but covered everywhere with scrub, mostly red willow, interspersed with poplar and fir. The red willow is very tiresome for the settler, for while he thinks he has his land cleared, the scrub comes up again and again. The houses are of log, though in the Russian settlements, as you pass through, you would think they were whitewashed cement cottages, so beautifully do the Russians plaster their logs with mud, afterwards whitewashing the walls and giving quite a picturesque appearance to the landscape.

About halfway on our journey we stopped for lunch at what is known as the "stopping house," a settlement named after one of the pioneers of the district. Should any reader ever take one of these trips, I would strongly urge upon him (or her) the necessity of providing lunch and taking it with him. We had to stop here two hours to rest the horses, but then we proceeded merrily on our way. We forded a nice creek, rather a wide one at this point, as it saved the horses some six miles of very sandy road. Night came on just as we were passing through a big Russian settlement. It was interesting to see two churches in the course of erection, built by the Russians themselves; they were quite nice buildings. It is a long way from one farm to another, and many of them are uninhabited for six months, as many of the settlers go into the cities to work for the winter, leaving those who are able to remain on their homesteads more lonely than ever through the long winter. Others, again, go away to work during the summer and remain on their homesteads during the winter.

After passing the Russian settlement, we came to a district entirely settled by French-Canadians, mostly of the Roman Church. It was then seven o'clock; and as I saw the light in the store at this point, I thought that now at last we were there. Imagine then my surprise when the stage-driver said, "Would you like to come in and warm up? I have to be about twenty minutes here, getting off the mail." I meekly said, "Yes, please," and went into the store. Seated around were about twenty men of various ages and nationalities, and I began to wonder what sort of freak I was considered to be, as I was very much looked over. After twenty minutes standing by the stove to get warm, the stage-driver said he was ready, and I got up into the "democrat" once more and discreetly asked the distance to our destination. "Only eight miles now," was the answer, "but an awful road, it is all up and down, so you must sit tight." As I had been sitting tight all day, and holding on very tight as well most of the day, I began to wish my journey would soon cease. It was a fearfully dark night, no stars even to lighten things up, and the eight miles seemed endless, for every down-grade—and as the driver rightly said, it was all up and down—the traces would slip off, and I would have to hold the horses while the driver got down to fasten things up with the aid of a little electric lantern which he carried to enable him to see if things were all taut and sure.

We arrived at the last post-office at nine-fifteen p.m., and I waited while the mail was taken off. Then I was driven the two extra miles to the house where I understood I would be put up. My hostess was not expecting me, as she had not been told when I was coming, as letters only go out once a week, and my last letter had not arrived in time for the clergyman to notify her of my coming. However, they made me heartily welcome, and treated me right royally during my stay with them.

Now I want to say just a little of the hardships these pioneers have to endure. Seated here in our warm houses, with every convenience to hand, it is difficult to imagine what these dear women have to endure. I walked over to visit the nearest neighbour who lives one mile away. The lady of the house being very musical, had brought her piano out with her, and that was the only musical instrument for many miles, until the ladies bought the organ for the church in the summer. I interested this lady in the W.A. before I left her, and she promised to come to the meeting on the Tuesday. But to show how little people know of the W.A., when I asked her if she knew anything of it, she said, "Oh, yes, they all meet and sew, and I hate sewing. I have five children of my own to sew for, and I cannot do any more. I hate it, I prefer to play the piano, or even to sweep floors." We had a nice long chat about things in the country and the life of homesteaders generally, and

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Tony's Mysterious Christmas Eve

By E. EVERETT-GREEN.

"WELL, it strikes me I'm going to have a pretty queer sort of Christmas Eve night."

So spoke Tony; and the good horse he bestrode uttered a soft whinny as of sympathy. At the same moment the sob of the rising wind wailed across the wild, unprotected moor, like the cry of a lost spirit, and some sharp, stinging drops from the ragged, low-lying clouds betokened that the threatened downpour would not be much longer delayed. From all the distant corners of the wild, mist-clouded landscape came that curious creeping rustle which heralds the coming of rain. The air was alive with little sharp, hissing, whispering noises, and the horse shivered and whinnied afresh.

"I'm lost," quoth Tony, "that's the long and short of it—clean lost; and I was so cock-sure I'd find the way to the old place before dark, whatever sort of weather I met. Whew—and it's cold too. There's a sting in the air which used to mean rain turning to snow. I've got to get to shelter by hook or by crook somehow. Wonder whether the horse knows his way about. Soh, boy, soh, have you any idea on the subject? What way would you like to go. Take your choice my friend, for I'm clean out of my bearings. If you're moor-bred—as they said in Devonport—maybe you'll have more sense than your rider. If we're to find any Christmas cheer to-night, you'd best take on the job of finding the way somewhere."

The horse pricked up his ears, tossed his head, and seemed to grasp the situation. Getting the storm of rain well to his back—which was certainly the wisest course to pursue—he plunged in a diagonal direction across the wide, dismal, rain-clouded waste, and before very long Tony found that they were in a rough cart-road of some sort, and that this road, such as it was, led downwards into a hollow, which had been invisible to him when he had stood gazing round him ten minutes earlier. Through the dim, rain-blotted twilight, Tony gazed sharply about him, and sought to descry some landmark that would give him a clue to his whereabouts, for, if not exactly moor-bred, like the horse he had hired on quitting his ship, he had ranged and roamed this part of the moor as a boy, and had been certain he would know his bearings anywhere; and when quite unexpectedly there loomed up suddenly to his right hand a pair of great iron gates, which looked as though they had never been opened since they first were set up, and which were overshadowed by great ilex trees, which trees made an avenue of blackest shade, leading into impenetrable obscurity, he smote his hand upon the neck of the horse and cried: "By gum, this is the ancient moated Grange where old miser Wentworth used to live."

At that same moment, with a hiss, a whine and a shout, the storm broke over him. There was nothing for it but to seek the shelter of the ilex avenue. Those gates must be negotiated somehow; and Tony, by the fast-fading light, found that one of them owned a sort of inner wicket, just wide enough and tall enough to admit the passage of the horse, so that in a few seconds more he was trotting up the moss and grass-coated road in the direction of the house, whilst the tempest raved in the overhead trees, and dashed vicious splashes upon him whenever he emerged from the thick shelter they afforded. It was settling in for a wild winter storm.

"Miser or no miser, willing or unwilling, by hook or by crook, he's got to give me a night's lodging, and you, too, my gallant grey," quoth Tony. "If we have the miser to deal with, we'll try money; if his ancient housekeeper (has he one?) we'll use blandishments, and call it love; if it's some curmudgeon of a Caliban, a pair of fists may prove of service. But shelter and food of some sort you and I have got to get, my friend; and get it we will. Hallo! here we are; here's the moat and its mouldering bridge. Step gently boy, soh, soh. There lies the great bulk of the house. Ha! I see a light in an upper window—good! We'll gingerly pick our way along till we come beneath that window, and then we'll make ourselves known. Shall we be taken for a new sort of Santa Claus, coming like this in the dark of Christmas Eve, eh?"

Grim, dark, forbidding and blank, as he had remembered in his daring boyhood's days, lay the weird old house; but the glimmering lights in one or two upper casements spoke of habitation, and Tony raised his voice and uttered a resonant hail, which, thrice repeated, produced an effect, but an effect which astonished him not a little. For the shadowy form which first appeared behind the drawn blind was not that of a bent and aged man; and when the blind was drawn up, and the casement window opened, Tony saw that the light of the room behind lighted up the soft golden hair of a girl, whose face was in shadow, but whose graceful figure was outlined against the glow within, and whose voice was soft and sweet as she asked in a rather shaking voice who and what this intruder was.

Tony had snatched off his cap, and sat looking upwards in amaze, the rain beating fiercely upon his handsome, clean-cut, clean-shaven face, bronzed by southern suns.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, madam. I am a traveller lost on the moor, and overtaken in a storm. My horse's sagacity brought me to your gates; and if your great kindness would permit of my sheltering somewhere on your premises for the night——"

"Of course, sir, you must shelter here. The storm is going to be very fierce and wild, and we shall have snow, they say, before morning, and there is no village within three miles, and no inn there. If you will ride round to the yard, I will send a man to take your horse. He will be able to stable him and feed him, and we will do what we can for your comfort."

The window was shut against the storm before Tony could formulate his thanks; and, indeed, conversation was not easy in the howl of the rising wind. Had it not been that one solitary ray of moonlight shone unexpected down from the wrack of storm-clouds in the hurrying sky, Tony would have had some ado to find the yard; as it was, he made his way to it without mistake, and saw a bent old man scurrying out at a door bearing a lantern in his hand; but as he proved to be stone deaf, Tony's questions remained unanswered.

But at least his beast was in good hands; that he soon saw, and was willing to obey the old servant's gestures, and enter the open door of the house which led him into strange back regions. Here he was met by a very old woman in a big mob-cap, who looked him over from top to toe with the shrewdest bright eyes, and who asked him a number of keen questions, to which he made answer in brief form. As she listened her face cleared.

"Eh, then, are you the gentleman from foreign parts who is the new man at Hartover?"

"Yes; I had the news that my uncle and cousin died within a week of each other when I was out in Africa. I came back as quickly as I could, and was on my way to the place which I knew as a boy, and which I hoped to reach in time for Christmas, when I was overtaken by the storm, and had to seek shelter where I could, and here I am."

"And right glad I am to see any of the old name, sir," spoke the old woman with strange earnestness in her manner, "and I'll tell you why this same night, if so be you'll hear an old woman's tale. But eh, you're wet, sir, and shivering with cold. Come this way; I'll find you some clothes by the kitchen fire, and then Miss Eleanor will have it you shall share her Christmas Eve dinner. Bless her heart, she'd share her last crust with a beggar at the gate; but I was bound to come first and have a look at you, sir."

Half an hour later, Tony, glowing with warmth, and attired in an antiquated but picturesque and mightily becoming suit of a bygone day, was making his bow to a very lovely girl, who came forward to greet him with shining eyes and a delicious smile of welcome.

"I must not say I am glad for your misfortunes; but may I say I am glad for the chance of entertaining a guest at this season?"

Her room was decked with holly and greenery; she wore crimson berries in the front of her thin black gown; a table was spread at one end of the low, long room, and glossy green and crimson sprays adorned the white napery. Young man and maiden looked at one another, and smiled; and Tony's heart leaped up in strange mad fashion as he spoke his words of acknowledgment and thanks.

"And you are, after all, a neighbour; though my poor old uncle whom I came to nurse never would know his neighbours. I never saw Sir James Hartover or his son; and now you have come—and I do not know your name, only that you are the new baronet—the nephew from foreign parts, whom the moor people all remember and are eager to welcome back. And I have hoped that some day I should see you too."

Her charming face looked up into his, and her eyes, with the sweet candour of childhood, looked up at him with something in their shining that sent his blood bounding in his veins. His own smile was frank and honest, and infinitely attractive to the eyes that met it.

"Then let us play the game that we are old friends, and that I am your invited guest. My name is Talbot Hartover, but everybody called me Tony—all my friends, I mean; and on Christmas Eve——"

"And my name is Eleanor Grey, but everybody called me Nell in the dear old days, when Christmas was Christmas——"

Her voice just shook for a moment, and it seemed as though the lovely eyes would fill with tears in a moment. Tony hastily interposed:

"Then let us be Nell and Tony for one night only to each other. Christmas comes only once a year. We will tell each other all our adventures since last me met. I have seen the world; you have——"

The old woman and the bent old man came in together, bearing a repast of unwonted sumptuousness—as Tony guessed—for that half-dismantled house. There was soup in a silver tureen, a turkey, boiled and stuffed with sausages, a plum pudding all alight with spirit, and a bottle of cob-webbed exterior, the rare contents of which Tony knew must have come from the miser's famed cellar, which he was to have sold for a fabulous sum when he had made up his mind that the price would not further enhance.

Eleanor told him how she had been orphaned, how her only brother in Mexico had died of cholera, how an aunt with whom she had lived had faded out of life two years ago. Then the old servants who were here with her aged uncle, the miser, had heard of her. She had at last been summoned, and had lived with the old man, cheering him, nursing him, humouring him—Tony pieced together from her simple narrative her life of devotion and self-sacrifice till he, too, passed away, only two months ago.

"But surely he provided for you—he was very rich? Is not the old house yours now—and his money?"

[illegible] everything belongs to the heir at law. There was no will. I am allowed just to stay on till Mr. Joshua Wentworth comes. He is abroad—in America somewhere—what is called a man of affairs. The lawyers wrote to him, and he has given me leave to stay in the old house till he comes back. After that I must find something to do."

"Do you mean . . . remember our pact . . . we are old friends, met upon Christmas Eve to talk of past, present and future. Nell, do you mean that you will have to earn your own living?"

"Well, Tony, why not? Surely that is a common enough thing in these days? I'm not quite a pauper." She looked across at him with a brave, eager smile. "I have twenty pounds a year of my very own. That is nearly ten shillings a week; and I can do a lot of useful things. I can cook and I can sew, and I can nurse, and I could teach music and drawing and languages to younger children—only I have no certificates or anything like that. Tony, you are not to look so cross at me! It is not pretty manners at all!"

His face relaxed, and there stole into his eyes a very tender light. Eleanor busied herself over the arrangement of the coffee-cups which had been brought in.

"That's just it. It makes me burn with indignation to think of you turned out into the world. After nursing this old man, too—wearing yourself out in his service. Oh yes, you did; I see that in your tired eyes and the shadows under them, and the shadowy look of you altogether."

Eleanor's sweet laugh rang out, and her charming face lit up as though a wandering sunbeam had touched it. Tony felt a sudden leap at heart and spasm in his throat as he saw it. He wanted then and there to take her in his arms and kiss her; and down in his manly, honest heart, he was registering quite a number of emphatic resolutions.

"Oh Tony, Tony, I'm afraid your imagination runs away with you! Now, drink your coffee before it gets cold, and then we will roast chestnuts on the hearth, and you shall tell me your adventures, and we will finish up with a snap-dragon, as if we were children. Oh, what a Christmas Eve I am having after all. And I had expected it to be so lonely and sad!"

At half-past ten Tony was taken by the old woman to his bedroom—a great panelled apartment, containing a huge, old-fashioned four-poster, and rendered cheerful by the generous glow of a piled-up fire of logs. The traveller had found favour in the old woman's sight, partly because he came of a "good stock," and one whose history she knew; partly because his coming had given her dear Miss Eleanor the happiness of a real Christmas festival.

How it came about Tony scarcely knew. Probably he gave her a chance by asking some question; but all in a minute he found himself listening with eager attention to the outpourings of the old servant's faithful and overburdened heart.

"An angel on earth, if ever there was one, sir; and the old man that cantankerous at the end, we was at our wits' end with him. But when she came, you wouldn't believe what it was for us. She took all the harsh words to herself, dear lamb, and stood between us and his bitter jibes and unreasoning orders. Oh, she had a time of it herself! But she never lost her patience—an angel if ever there was one. Ay! and he come to know it, too—I can tell you that. At the last I took the night watches; and it was then he'd talk. He never let on to her how he'd come to love her, but he told me—told me, too, that he had made it 'right' for her—and for us, too—at his death. He didn't have much opinion of Mr. Joshua, his nephew. Called him a 'chip off the old block—as hard as nails.' And that's what he is, sir, as I'm very sure. The lawyers wrote him about Miss Eleanor told him that something should be done for her out of the estate, which is big, and will take some carving into. But he won't listen. All he says is that she and we can stop on here till he comes back and takes over; and that that will give us 'nice time to look about us and make our own arrangements.' That means he's going to wash his hands of the whole lot of us, and not do a thing for sweet Miss Eleanor nor for us neither, who are too old to seek service anywhere else."

"Shame!" ejaculated Tony, in hot indignation, resolving in his own mind that he would find a berth of some sort at Hartover for the faithful old pair. But Eleanor, Eleanor—what could he do for her? There was but one place he could offer her in his new home; and what was he that he should hope to win such a treasure for himself?

"Shame, indeed, sir, and the old master never meant for it—"

"You are sure of that? Can you tell me why?"

A curious, half-distressed look stole into the old woman's face, and arrested Tony's attention, though he made no comment.

"The things he said, sir—times and again. In this very room, too, as I've sat in yonder chair at his bedside. Yes, this is his room—the only one fit to put you in. Yon's the bed he died in; and here it was as he'd tell me things—many of them—" The strange, half-distressed expression in her eyes deepened, and Tony suddenly asked: "Did he never tell you where he had put his will? Didn't you say that one had never been found?"

"Never, sir, though we hunted night and day, as you may say—the lawyers and all; for one of them had drawn it; and though lawyers are quiet folks, I knew that it was the one that put Miss Eleanor right. But never a sign of it could be

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BREAD CAST ON THE WATER

A Christmas Story

By ANNA ASENATH HAWLEY.

IT was Sunday morning in early June. Far away in Saskatchewan, on an Indian Reserve, the Pale-face was full of activity. It was nearly church time and she must needs hurry as before her stood a line of little Indians—daily dispensary patients.

One, two, three turns of the bandage, then a knot, and off scampered a little brown-faced lad. "Mary, here is your medicine, remember—one teaspoonful drink, before eat,—no water—take the cloth off your hand Jacob, I'll be ready for you in a moment."

Rap! tap! tap! came upon the cabin door. The call was hurriedly answered, and there stood a strange white man with him arm in a sling.

He was cordially invited to come in, and soon told his story.

It is a very unusual thing to see white men walking about in this part of the country, but just at that particular time unusual things were happening on the Reserve.

The Department of Indian Affairs had decided that a comfortable residence must be provided for the worker on the James Smith Reserve, and great piles of lumber, sand, lime, cement, etc., were a joyous sight as day after day the Pale-face passed the spot upon which the new house was to be built.

This strange white man had been engaged to do the excavation work, and two days before his visit to the cabin had injured his finger. He had, however, continued his work until the following afternoon, when the injury had become so painful he was compelled to resort to his bunk.

He had had a sleepless night, and the hand had grown rapidly worse.

After those long hours of suffering, alone in the darkness, how welcome the grey dawn of morning.

He hurried to the Mission House. "You have a very bad hand," announced the missionary. "A hospital nurse lives on this Reserve. I advise you to go to see her. She lives about half a mile up the trail, on the left-hand side, over in the woods. You can't miss the house—a little log cabin recently white-washed."

And this was he who was before me.

On unwrapping the hand an awful sight was greeted. Septic trouble develops rapidly—the finger, the hand, the arm, were all swollen and inflamed—he was in a serious condition. So pronounced was that dreaded, red streak running up the arm—he had had a chill, his pulse was rapid and temperature high.

Oh, that a doctor were only here, inwardly sighed the white medicine woman. But the Reserve is not the "Never, Never Land," neither is the Pale-face a "Cinderella," and doctors do not come in response to wishes—and it is very evident no time must be lost.

"Yes," said the patient, as he drank the concoction mixed for his special benefit,—never mind what it was, that's my secret—"I've got good grit, I can stand it."

"Look the other way," said the medicine woman, and in the twinkling of an eye, the incision was made, then irrigated and packed with iodoform gauze.

For several days he was a dispensary patient and an ideal one, too. When the arm gave indications of returning to its normal condition, and danger was passed, the patient decided to give up his "job," and to return to his homestead.

He felt indebted to the "medicine woman" in the "Log Cabin in the Woods," and wished to give remuneration.

He was heartily assured that there were no charges, that the Pale-face was only too thankful that it had been in her power to give aid to one in trouble so far from towns and doctors—and so he graciously expressed his thanks and appreciation, listened to suggestions in reference to continued treatment, said good-bye and was off.

"Yes," mused the Pale-face, as she watched him out of sight, "he's a brick—that fellow—certainly has courage, back-bone, grit,—or whatever you call it—that was an awful incision to make without an anesthetic, but there was no way out of it—his life practically depended upon immediate action—his temperature was certainly climbing that Sunday morning."

At its best a nurse's life is plentifully sprinkled with shadows—this is one of the brighter spots when success crowns one's efforts. When pain is relieved, the sufferer made comfortable, the sick made well—there comes the sweet, sweet thought in the language of our Guild of St. Barnabas' motto: "Je le pansay; Dieu le guarit," ("I tended him; God healed him.")

He left this saying for us:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these,
My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."
Thus in His sick and sorrowful do we
Behold and love our Master Christ.
And such a sweetness is there in this ministry,
That all the pleasures of the world seem poor.

Eighteen months had passed away and it was nearing the joyous season of Christmas. It was the last day of school before the holidays, and the Pale-face regretted that it was necessary to make an announcement which would not bring happiness to the dusky children before her.

This was the situation: The pupils had faithfully worked during the year in order to earn money to augment the school library. The Department of Indian Affairs had sent a pretty bookcase, but one shelf was empty, and we wanted to see it filled. And not only that, but the little Indians longed for some new books—the old ones had become too familiar to be of much interest. We had in hand ten dollars—and that should fill that empty shelf.

But—an unforeseen account had come in, one we never expected to have the pleasure (?) of honouring and—a disappointment had come from an unexpected quarter. The result was financial embarrassment.

True are the words: "We never know what's going to happen." "We never know when the tide may take a turn."

We get an individual to do us a favour and when we ask for the account, a gush of generosity fills his heart and he replies so graciously, "There are no charges."

We ask the same favour the following year not omitting the sincere request—"Kindly send in your account."

The favour is granted, no account appears, and oh, we are so glad, so grateful—we wish blessings upon his head—then several months later in comes the delayed account and no funds have we.

Again, the Indian children and the teacher had incurred an expense in getting several drawings framed for the schoolroom—drawings which had won prizes at the white man's fair.

Yes, they were framed on the strength of that bale which a friend in Ottawa had never yet failed to send annually.

The contents are never gratuitously distributed, as it is felt to be in the best interests of the Indians that they should give a small thank-offering when receiving benefit from the bale. Anything which has a tendency to pauperize or savours of charity is discouraged on this Reservation.

Well—that bale didn't come!

The whole thing in a nutshell was this: Those accounts must be settled and that precious ten dollars must go—and we cannot have the books.

"But children," continued the Pale-face, "we will do nothing until the New Year. We don't know what might happen—we don't know who might think of us at this Christmas season. We must never forget that there is One Who understands the situation. One Who is looking down upon us at this very moment, and knows that our hearts are troubled. One, all-sufficient, all-powerful. He might put it into the heart of someone to—well—whom must we ask to straighten out this financial tangle?"

Up went the little brown hands, and the name upon every lip was the sacred one of "God."

The Christmas mail! What magic in the words!

Letter after letter is carefully opened; oh, the dear ones so far away—how sweet of them to remember.

How we linger over the loving messages—read them again and again—and there are messages from those whom:

We met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet,
One little hour, and then away they speed
On lovely paths, through mist and cloud and foam
To meet no more.

Here is a letter—neither post-mark nor handwriting is familiar.

The letter runs: "This letter will help to show you that I have not forgotten your help in the time of my need. I often think of you living and working on that Indian Reserve,—I hope you now have a comfortable house.

"I wish you and your dusky people a very happy and joyous Christmas and a glad New Year. I am enclosing a little thank-offering which I ask you to use in your work in any way you wish."

The tiny envelope enclosed had slipped into my lap. It contained a slip of paper upon which were written these words:—

"To the Medicine Woman, from the man with the big finger,"—and there lay a crisp ten-dollar bill.

A tear is brushed hastily away.

What joy, what happiness were brought to the hearts of the dusky children and the medicine woman at this Holy Season, because he remembered.

Oh! that he could have heard the loud, hearty, continuous applause following the announcement at the re-opening of school.

Up went a little brown hand.

"Yes, Winnogene."

"Did God tell that man to send the money?"

"Yes, I feel sure that He did,"—and faith was strengthened.

Our accounts were settled, our books were sent for, and words cannot adequately express the gratitude of our hearts. May God abundantly bless the "Man who had the big finger."

From 1861 Scarth Street, Regina, Sask.

A dear old nurse who has become deaf and nearly blind said to one who pitied her: "You are mourning for me, my dear, and there's no need; I am as happy as a child. I sometimes think I am a child whom the Lord is hush-a-bying to my long sleep. For when I was a nurse-girl, my missus always told me to speak very soft and low, to darken the room, that her little one might go to sleep; and now all noises are hushed and still to me and the bonny earth seems dim and dark, and I know it's my Father calling me away to my long sleep. I am very well content, and you mustn't fret for me." The Watchword.

LETTER FROM DR. TAYLOR

Sir:—In a recent number of "The Churchman," you had a kindly reference to the recent sudden loss of our two children and Mrs. Taylor's illness. It was stated that, in reply to Dr. Mott's cable calling us back to Canada for a special furlough, we would probably be returning in a few weeks. I may add that since that time, a friend in Canada, well known in business circles, has written urging our return, and generously offering to defray all the expenses of the journey to Canada and back again to China. I write now, however, to ask you to be so good as to insert a short news item, letting our many friends know that we have indefinitely postponed our return. Mrs. Taylor's improved health gives us reasonable ground for hope that we may continue on without a break in this time of peculiar opportunity in China. Dr. Mott has again cabled me an invitation to take charge of a National Campaign of Evangelism among the Government students of China, to be held in the fall of 1914. The recent series of meetings for Government students in China, held by Dr. Mott, which I had the honour of organizing, have already resulted in more than one thousand of these students being added to the churches. The political situation is still unsettled, but the prospects of peace are brighter than for many months. The opportunities for Christian work are even greater than a year ago. The national problems have created among the thinking classes a new spirit of seriousness and enquiry which is most favourable to the carrying on of spiritual work.

W. E. Taylor.

The Employed Staff of the Chinese Christian Student Movement, Shanghai, 1912. Members, 2,000. Annual Budget, $26,000—all contributed in Shanghai by Chinese—600 in regular Bible Study

The Rev. W. E. Taylor, Ph. D. (Chairman), a son of the Rev. W. J. Taylor, Rector of St. Mary's, Ont., and Rural Dean, is a graduate of Toronto University and Wycliffe College. After serving as Dean of Wycliffe College, Dr. Taylor was called in 1905 to work among the students at Shanghai in connection with the Y.M.C.A. His recent bereavement will be in the memory of all our readers.

★ ★ ★

'NEATH SYRIAN STARS

By Albert D. Watson, M.D.

Floating o'er Judea's plains,
And down the echoing height,
Hark, the love-evangel strains
Are blending with the night.
Angel voices from the sky
With music fill each vale and glen:
"Glory be to God on high,
On earth, good will to men."

Evermore that wondrous strain
The door of hope unbars,
Whether in the cloistered fane
Or 'neath the Syrian stars.
Sing the joy-notes once again,
And let them echo to the sky:
"Peace on earth, good will to men,
Glory to God on high."

Still is heard the shepherd's quest
That rose to Bethlehem's walls,
Burdened with a great unrest,
The world for Christ still calls;
From the vales and hills He trod,
Still rings the song that ne'er shall cease:
"Glory, glory be to God,
To men, good will and peace."

Angel harps, our souls inspire
With grace to conquer wrong,
Fill us with a deep desire
To live the angel song,
Till the life of love be found
In every land beneath the sky,
Till the whole wide world resound:
"Glory to God on high."

Sergeant Smith, Royal Marine Artillery

THE MAN WITHOUT A CHANCE.

PRETTY well all the village called him a scamp, and when you have given a dog a bad name it is kinder to hang him.

But Smith was not hung, because he ran away and enlisted in the Royal Marine Artillery. His own mother did not grieve at losing him; he had been a constant discredit to the family when at home, and they trembled to hear of him when he was away.

Whether is was the three years' discipline, or whether it was getting away from his own bad name, is not certain, but when he came back for a week's leave before being drafted for service with the Cape squadron, he was not the same kind of man who had left home three years before. But the bad name stuck to him still, and he was not welcomed.

With a lump in his throat—he was only a boy still, for all the glory of his uniform—he went off again the next day, and as he looked back he muttered:

"I'll never come back, never, till I've done something you will all be proud of."

Poor, lonely, heart-sore boy, he never did.

* * * * * * * *

Three years had come and gone. It was 1881. Sergt. Smith had three badges on his right arm, which meant that he had learnt to serve his Queen and country. But no opportunity for doing anything to win special distinction had come, and he was due to leave for home in another month.

But suddenly an order came for the squadron to move to Durban, and the rumour spread that war in the Transvaal had begun. The Marines and a Naval contingent, in fighting trim, were landed, Sergt. Smith among them. He felt his day had come—his chance to show his village that he was not the good-for-nothing they thought him.

But day after day passed, and no opportunity came. He had not often prayed in his life, but one night as he was lying in his tent he said, under his breath:

"Oh, Lord, give me a chance; Lord, I never had no fair chance, give me a chance to-morrow."

And his chance came to-morrow.

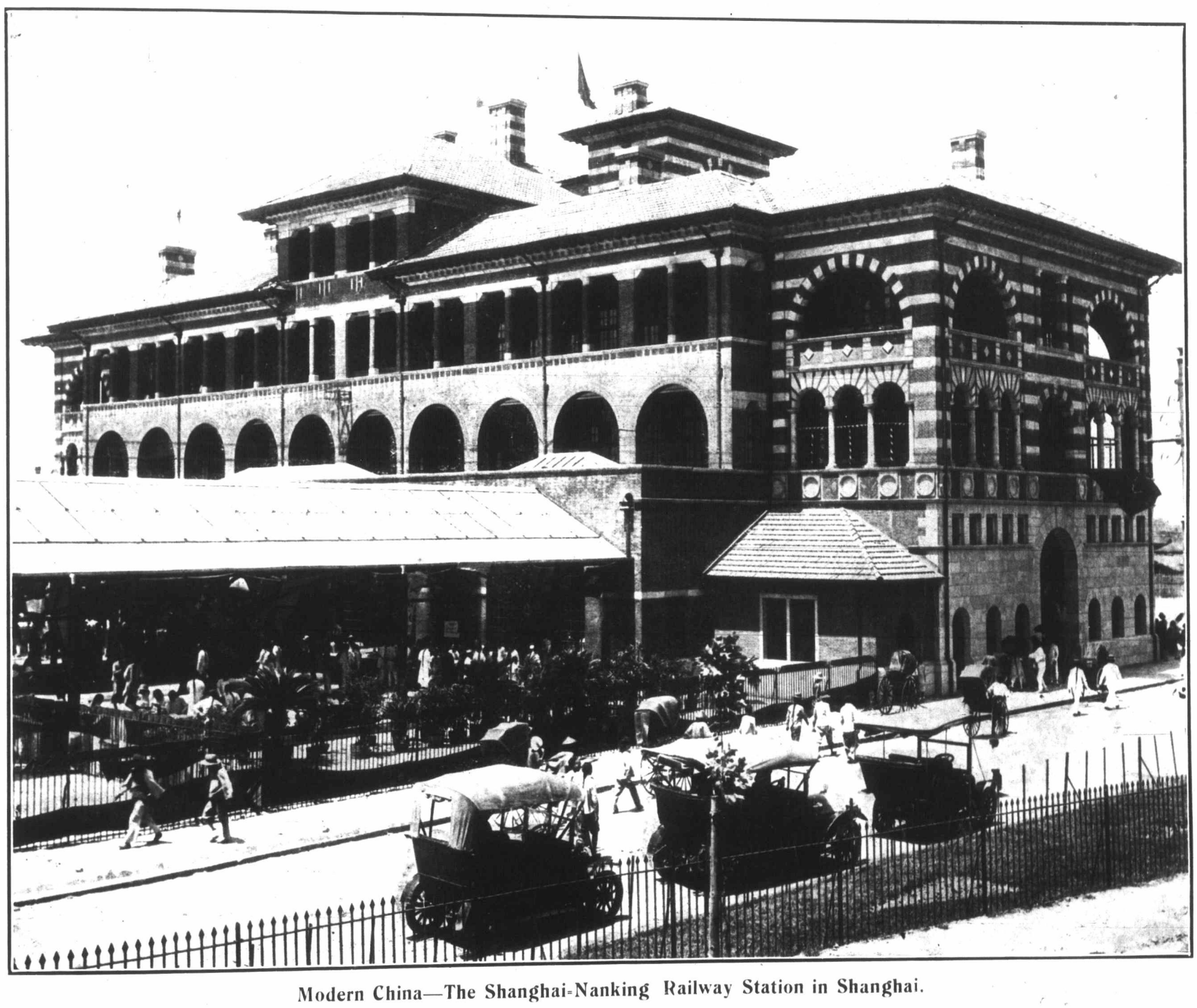
It was not in one of the big battles—which in the last war in the Transvaal were all big disasters—that his day came. He was one of a small band sent out on vidette duty. A young officer was in charge of the reconnoitring party, which went out and returned almost within sight of the town which served as their base without seeing any sign of the enemy.

The lieutenant in charge was in front, perhaps owing to their nearness to home a little off his guard. Smith and a small body of men followed.

The ground just here was swampy, and covered with long reedy grass, high enough to hide a man. Suddenly, glancing to the right, Smith saw a face gleaming through the grass. It was the face of a Boer, and he was lifting his rifle to take deliberate aim at the officer in front. The chance had come! the chance he had prayed for. It was the work of a second for Smith to dash aside into the grass, and with a wild whoop make direct for the Boer. He was one of a dozen who were lying in ambush around him. But Smith's end was already accomplished. He had diverted attention to himself. His officer had had time to take in the situation, and meanwhile the bullets intended for him had found their home elsewhere.

Whirr! whizz! and Sergt. Smith, the man without a chance, fell shot through the heart. There was no time for the others to attend to him. They were engaged in defending their own lives, and finally drove back the ambushed party—evidently, like themselves, scouting.

And the silent figure of young Smith lay among the reeds.



Modern China—The Shanghai-Nanking Railway Station in Shanghai.

But the firing had been heard from the town, and a party of blue-jackets were dispatched to the scene. There two of them, stalwart men who had known Smith on board ship, found him.

Gently they lifted him up, and did what they are doing to-day—for history is always repeating itself—acted the good Samaritan to the wounded, and tried to revive him into consciousness. But the flicker of life was short. He looked up and opened his eyes:

"Tell them at home, *I* did it. They thought I was good-for-nothing, but I never had any chance. God gave me my chance at last, and I did it. Be sure and tell them."

* * * * * * * *

And in Sergt. Smith's village they will tell you with pride to-day that there was a man in their village once who, if he had not died, would have been recommended for the Victoria Cross. He had his chance at last.

The Quiet Hour

Secret prayer is the greatest enemy the Devil has.

* * * *

Religion is not a set of opinions but life in Jesus Christ.

* * * *

Unless Jesus Christ is Lord of all He is not Lord at all.

* * * *

The Spirit "helpeth our infirmities" but never our *laziness*.

* * * *

One of the worst perils of Christian lives lies in self-indulgence.

* * * *

The highway man says "Your money or your life," but God takes both.

* * * *

It is idle to talk of reality in our religion if the Cross has no place in it.

* * * *

We cannot serve God and mammon, but we can serve God with mammon.

* * * *

If we would find joy in our religion, we must abandon ourselves altogether to Christ.

* * * *

There should be no uncertainty in the minds of men as to whose banner we are marching or fighting under.

* * * *

There is no other life so full of deep, abiding joy as the life of self-sacrifice in the service of Christ.

* * * *

A saint is not one who does extraordinary things, but one who does small things extraordinarily well.

If anything will break our hearts and direct them into the love of God, it will be the knowledge of His great, eternal, tender love for us.

* * * *

"Happiness is the blue bird which men seek and rarely find; joy is the white dove that abides in the heart of those who know the Lord."

* * * *

"Once, only once," lies our journey before us,
"Once, only once," is our short life below,
Never again come the same finish'd passes,
Never twice over—the same steps to go.

Never returning, the dew of the morning,
Never twice over, the heat of the day,
"Once, only once," come the afternoon shadows,
Even then fading in twilight away.

"Once, only once," let us ever remember,
"Once, only once," let us frequently say,
Looking not backward, but looking before us,
God, grant us—HOME in Eternity's day.

* * * *

What is a Christian? One who, born again
Of God's good Spirit, follows in the train
Of his redeeming Lord.

Knowing His will he seeks that will to do
Whole-heartedly, with purpose firm and true,
According to His word.

Loved of his Lord, he loves Him in return;
And, like his Lord, his longing soul doth yearn
To follow and to save.

Those other sheep, who not yet of His fold
Wander afar o'er mountains bare and cold
And dark as is the grave.

What is a Christian? One who, saved by grace,
Looks up to God and sees His smiling face
By faith's far-seeing eye.

By patient waiting he renews his strength
From day to day, until in heaven at length
Earth's sorrows end in joy.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

An angel choir in rapture sings;
And music of seraphic wings
Is heard upon the holy night
When shepherds kneel in pale starlight
Before the Holy Child new-born,
While darkness hides the breaking dawn.

Beside His manger wept a maid—
For she had naught that could be laid
As gift upon His lowly bed
Save love and tears that she might shed—
When, lo! the herald of that night
Passed by in blaze of shining light
And kissed her eyes, and then she found
Clusters of roses on the ground.

"Fair rose of Paradise," she cried,
"Your buds and blossoms op'ning wide
Shall crown the Infant Saviour's head
And hang in garlands round His bed
And deck His manger like a shrine,
For these pure blossoms are gifts of mine."

When earth is hid in winter snows,
We find the maiden's Christmas rose,
All pure, and fair, and shining white,
It still adorns the Holy Night.
When we feel sad, and lone, and lost,
And our poor hearts are tempest tost,
May God's own angel kiss our eyes
And bring a rose from Paradise.

May God send thee this holy night
A Christmas rose as pure and white
As that which crowned His infant head,
And decked with blooms His manger bed.

Christmas In Our Village

By J. FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH.

"THEY can say what they likes about bein' a hundred years behind t' times, bud we hev oor waays at Carthorne, in Yorkshire, an' we sticks to 'em most of all at Kessimuss time."

So said Willie, the patriarch and oldest inhabitant of our village, the other day, when discussing the forthcoming Yuletide customs and festivities.

Carthorne is but one of thousands of English villages which keep the season with all the ritual, lore, and fanciful detail of a couple of centuries ago, and surround it with a wealth of poetry and superstition which has been lost to the neighbouring towns-folk in the rush and whirl and matter-of-fact evolution to which they have abandoned themselves.

Yuletide in our village is not the Yuletide of the town; but then, like most other village communities, we are a little world unto ourselves, so complete that each unit has his or her place into which they have grown naturally, or claim by heredity. We are a family with few secrets, a mutual admiration society, praising each other and criticizing each other not a little (as is common in most families), but allowing no one else to do so to the derogation of the community.

So open is the book of each individual life that every one knows what every one else is to have for their Christmas dinner, how they came by it, and how many will sit down to partake of it, no matter how large and how scattered the family. It is common property to whom the squire has sent presents, and whether Mary's, Jenny's, or Sally's goose weighs the most. Equally cosmopolitan is the rumour of the success or failure of cottage cake bakings, and we have seen with our own eyes pudding-discussing groups wrapt in the mysteries and science of bubbling pans, which for days ahead herald Christmas with comfortable simmer and pleasant odour. When the little Routledges came round with the "Vessel Cup" (really wassail cup) days ago they told us—and told us more in glee than sorrow—that their two pet rabbits were "gittin' fat" in readiness for sacrifice at the Christmas altar. The other morning when the Raby bairns brought the milk they proudly announced, with beaming expectancy, "Mudders giten t' keeak made, an' it's bigger than it was last yecar."

Old Bessie, a widow these many years, has daily announced to all and sundry that her eldest son, who has "got on in t' world," is cummin' yam from Lunnon, and will buy the Christmas dinner when he landed. "Mebbe a goose, mebbe a torrkey," says Bessie; "I can't say for *sartin* which bud he 's goin' to buy it from t' home farm, as there's none good enough in Lunnon."

So we have for some time been living, literally and figuratively, in the atmosphere of Christmas. The two little village shops have risen to the occasion, and have made a brave show. In the evenings the spluttering oil lamp has winked patronizingly at the lads and lasses who have gazed at the gaudy wealth of fare inside with nose-pressed admiration. To them the wonders of the town windows are unknown, so that there is no comparison of the latter's cotton-wool snowed galaxy with the local display to spoil their wonderment. It is as well it should be so, for Matthew's daughters spent endless pains in dressing their window, and, if the result is a little too crowded and a little too heterogeneous to be tasteful, it is voted much superior to poor old Nanny's display at the opposition store, so no doubt this is sufficient reward. Still, it must be admitted that if Nanny has fewer admirers she has more youthful customers, for does she not give fifteen mint bullets for a ha'penny, and Matthew only twelve?

Both have done a great trade in "spice," as currants, raisins, and so forth are called, during recent days; for, from the tiniest cottage to the Hall, Yule-cake, Christmas-cake, mincemeat, and other highly indigestible, but inseparable, fare are to be made.

The old rhyme tells us:

"When Kessimuss is drawing nigh,
We've Yule-Keeaks made fer all;
There's yan apiece fer every yan,
And a great big keeak fer all."

The "great big cake for all" explains much. Not only has an increased family to be provided for, but also every caller must, no matter what his or her capacity, and no matter how many calls have already been paid, eat cake and cheese to the accompaniment of nasty wine. Hospitality is a characteristic of village life, and failure to respond is apt to give offence.

The old folk, who foregather at the smithy preparatory to their adjournment to the "Fox and Hounds" for their morning refreshment, daily prophesy as to the weather to be experienced at Christmas, and recall the snows and frosts of their own days when it *did* snow, and knew *how* to freeze, and when Christmas *was* Christmas. All this is very pardonable, my masters, and is a stage you and I will some day reach if we are granted the years. Sat by the warm fire at the "Fox" they wax reminiscent, with their steaming glasses in front of them, and recall days when "t' singers had ta walk ower t' hedge-tops" so deep was the snow, and date the epoch by some happening at the Hall, "when t' awd squire were nobbut aboot twenty," or "a year or two efter t' young squire were born." They discuss the amount of holly berry, the price geese are bringing, the state of the pig trade, which always ranks next in importance in village life to doings at the Hall and politics.

Nor are the old gossips alone in anticipating the feast. Church and chapel choirs are almost nightly engaged in practising special music, for it would hardly be Christmas without a "hanthem" at the church, and door to door carols later. The village band have met twice a week, and on each occasion have concluded their energies at the sign of the "Fox and Hounds," wakening the sleepers at "tonning out time" with weird blasts, which have set every dog a-barking for miles around.

The gamekeepers have been kept busy expelling town hawkers on holly-theft bent. The squire has arranged shooting days specially to provide him with a stock of game for distribution, and the youth of the village have been commandeered as beaters to aid and abet him in his annual generosity. Tom, the village postman, has already begun to fear his Christmas burdens, but is more reconciled now that he knows he is to have two assistants during the busy season.

"On Kessimuss Eve, we've frummetty,
An' cheese an' ginger-bread;
Mince pies an' lots of other things
For Kessimuss time are made."

The programme for Christmas Eve in our village is surrounded with much antiquity. Each member of the family has his or her part to play. Paterfamilias scrapes the sign of the Cross on the cheese, the youngest lights the tall paper-bedecked yule-candles, while another cuts the cake. The giant yule-log, half up the chimney and half on the fire, sends its myriad sparks to the outer world to proclaim that cot as well as castle is keeping the feast. Members of the family who have left our world for the wider sphere beyond it have no doubt brought with them much more wonderful presents for their younger brothers and sisters than either Matthew's or Nanny's windows ever contained. These are to be put into the stockings of the snoring children, who went to bed fully determined not to close their eyes till "Awd Father Christmas" came.

We countryfolk probably *are* more phlegmatic and less excitable than our town cousins. We may be slower of speech and thought, and more lethargic in action. But, however true this is during the remainder of the year, it is not so at Yuletide. Excitement lifts the eyelids of the cotter's children all too early on Christmas morning, and is noisily infectious and insistent. Ere the most restless and enterprising farm-yard cock bird or the earliest chimney has saluted the happy morn, the bairns are calling upon "good Christian men" to rejoice and offer *their* salutations, not so much, perhaps, to the morn as to the disturbing heralds thereof. The demands for the said salutation being ignored, the *Adeste, fideles* is impatiently shouted through the keyhole to the accompaniment of sleep-forbidding knocks and door-bell exercises.

Christmas Day has begun! We retire with *In Excelsis Gloria* ringing in our ears, and we wake with the *Venite, adoremus Dominum*: not so beautiful at 6.30 in the morning as when we have prepared ourselves for the day.

Later in the morning the church bells ring out *their* message, and speak as at no other time of the year. Squire and ploughman, Catholic and Dissenter, unite in Christian and Christmas unison of feeling, which carries its influence throughout the glad day. The Sign.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

"Tell us, Aunt Margery," said Jack, looking up from the evergreen rope he was helping his little sister to twine, "why do we have Christmas greens? Is it a very old custom?"

"Older than Christmas itself," answered Aunt Margery. "I mean that in ancient times in England, the Druids, who were heathen priests, you know, taught the people to believe that green boughs hung before a door would ward off evil spirits. They also worshipped certain trees, and made sacrifices to them. When the Christian missionaries came and began to teach the people about Christ, they were wise enough not to try to change all the old ways at once, but to put new meanings into them and make them over into Christian uses. Thus when it became the custom to celebrate Christ's birthday, green boughs were used for decoration, not any longer as a defence against evil spirits, but as symbols of joy and strength, in memory of the palm branches strewn before our Lord on His entry into Jerusalem. One old German legend tells us that Saint Winifred one day went out into the woods, and with his own hands cut down a green oak tree that the heathen people had been worshipping. As it fell to one side, a tiny evergreen tree was seen growing behind it. Saint Winifred made the people look closely at this little tree and showed them how straight and strong it was, how it pointed always up to heaven; and how its greenness was a symbol of eternal life. "Take this for your 'holy tree,'" said he, "and gather round it, not in the wild woods, but in your own homes, with your children round you and with loving gifts."" What a beautiful story!" Jack cried. "I wish it were true." Aunt Margery smiled. "At any rate," said she, "it is worth remembering, because of the one meaning back of it all: that ever since the First Christmas the season of our Lord's birth has been considered such a blessed holy time that then all Nature, as well as all men, must rejoice!"

A Well-known English Clergyman

Sketch of the Life of Prebendary WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A.

AMONG the English clergymen of the past half-century, a high and honoured place has been taken by Rev. Prebendary Hanmer William Webb-Peploe, whose jubilee as a clergyman was recently celebrated. He is known by those who have watched his career as a man highly gifted, alike as a preacher of the Gospel to those who are as yet strangers to its saving power, and as a leader of believers into fuller experience of the unsearchable riches of Christ. Then, he is an enthusiastic and earnest labourer in the cause of missions to the Jews and to the heathen; and it is indeed difficult to think of any good cause in connection with which he has not been a ready and valued helper.

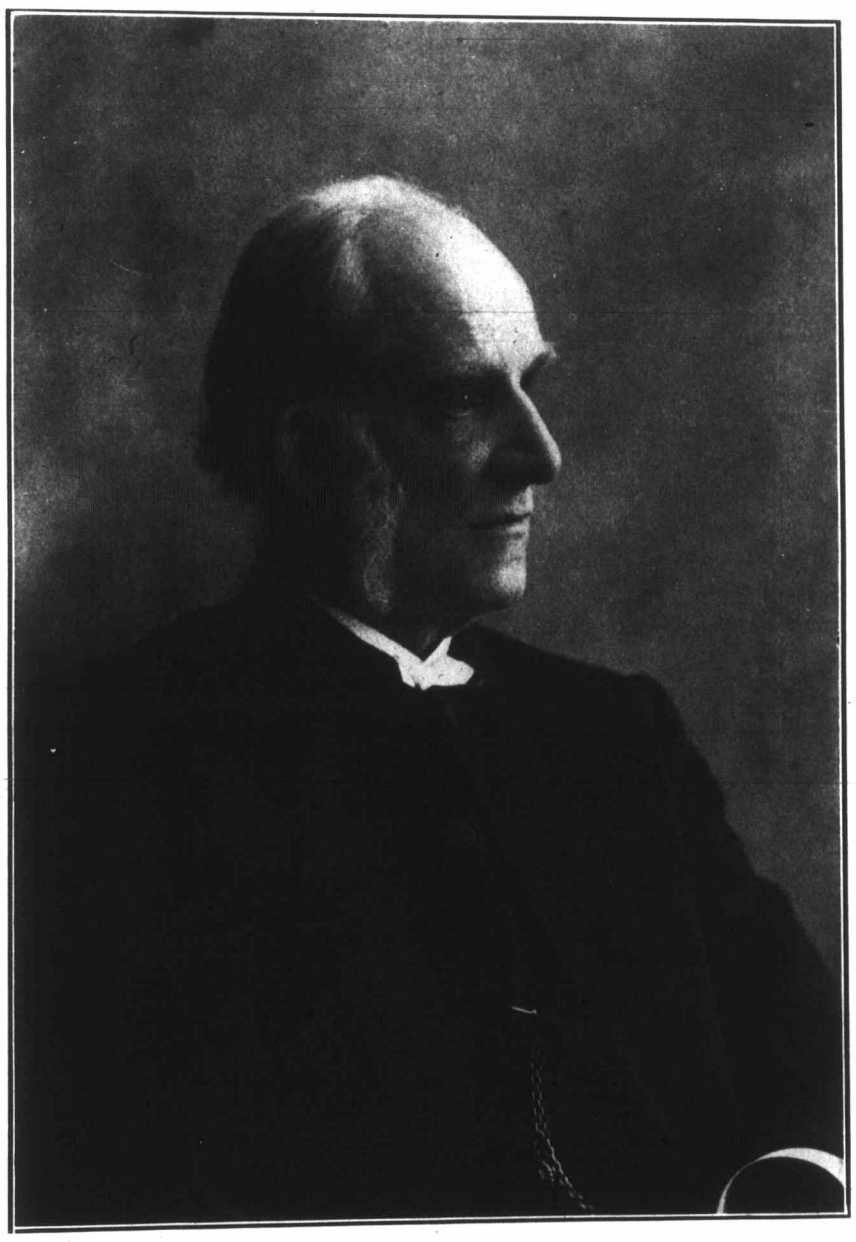
He was the younger son of Rev. J. B. Webb, who adopted the name of Peploe as one of the requirements of the entail, on his succession to Garnstone Castle, Herefordshire. His mother—best known to the outside world as Mrs. Annie Webb—was an author with talents of a remarkable character. She was one of a family of seventeen children, and was practically self-educated; but so wide and thorough was the range of her studies, and so retentive her memory, that she was frequently referred to by her husband and sons for information connected with their several callings. Her best known book was "Naomi, or the Last Days of Jerusalem"; but she wrote over twenty other books, descriptive of different countries, and each so well-informed that it might have been the work of one of the best-informed inhabitants of the land. It was in terms of enthusiasm and gratitude that the Prebendary referred to both of his parents.

The influence of a tract on Mr. Webb-Peploe's early experience has been thus described by himself: "In the year 1856, I was with a private tutor in Derbyshire, trying to forget God, I fear, and to live for self and the world, when I spent a night at Mr. F. Wright's house, Osmaston Manor. His son, the late Rev. Henry Wright, hon. secretary of the Church Missionary Society, a young man not then ordained, got me out at night and spoke solemnly to me about my soul. Next morning he gave me a Bible.

"Then I drove into Derby, and, having a few hours to spare, I began to think how I could shake off the impressions of the previous night's talk; and, seeing that the 'Derby Races' were on, I thought I would go there—the only time in my life that I ever thought of seeing a horse-race. As I arrived, the gates were shut (for a race to go by), and a young man said: 'I beg your pardon, sir, would you look at this paper?' I thought he wanted me to read something for him, so I looked, and the only words on the paper were: 'Reader, if you died to-night would your soul be in hell?'

"I turned and fled, as if God Himself (or Satan) were after me to seize me, and never rested till I had gone seven miles out to my tutor's, as hard as I could go. Other circumstances were graciously given to help and to hold me to the Lord, but, thank God, from that day my gracious Saviour had got me and would not let me go. Of course, I was then only frightened, not pleased; but the good work was begun, and I never really went back to the world."

In his youth the Prebendary was a great athlete, and when he went to Cambridge he speedily found himself in the gymnasium. On the first or second day of the term he was showing what he could do on the cross-ladder, which rose at one end to a height of fifteen feet, when he fell, and sustained an injury to the spine so serious that it seemed as though he were about to die. He was



The Canadian Churchman. Photo: Abraham, Keswick.

REV. PREBENDARY H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE.

spared, but he had to spend three years on his back. At the end of the first year he said: "I am going to jump against the 'Varsity," and the doctor, thinking he was joking, said: "All right." He won the cup for both high and broad jumping; and then returned to his couch for another twelve months. At the end of that period he did the same with a diving and swimming competition, and again won the cup; but this exploit was also followed by a year on the couch.

All Mr. Webb-Peploe's examinations—"little-go," degree, and ordination—were therefore passed as he lay on his spinal couch, writing upwards with a pencil. But he was not yet done with serious accidents in connection with athletic exercises. After he took his degree, he went abroad in search of health. At Dresden he went skating, fell, and found he could not rise. He had cracked a hip-bone, and it was ten months before he was able to walk again. After all these experiences, however, as he looks back over the half-century since his ordination, he says, with a thankful heart, that by God's mercy, he is working almost harder than ever—having nearly reached the age of seventy-six.

The story of how this teacher and helper of others was led into "the rest of faith" was told in a very simple and touching way. In 1874, he and Mrs. Webb-Peploe went to Saltburn-on-Sea, with their youngest child—then a year old. On the shore the Prebendary saw the late Sir Arthur Blackwood, with whom, however, he had never happened to meet. When he explained who he was, Sir Arthur held his hand tightly as he asked: "Have you got 'rest'?"

The answer was: "Yes, I hope so."

"What do you mean by that?" was the further inquiry.

"That my sins are all forgiven through the blood of Jesus Christ, and that He will take me home to heaven when I die."

"Yes, but what about the time between? Have you rest in all your work as a clergyman, and in your parish troubles?"

"No; I wish I had."

"I want the same," said Sir Arthur; "and to-day the great Oxford Convention begins. Mrs. Trotter is going to write to me every day an account of the meetings; you and I can meet and pray that God will give us this blessing of the rest of faith which they are going to speak of there. God is not confined to Oxford."

They met for three days, and then God suddenly called away Mr. Webb-Peploe's little one. He had to take the body home, and arrived there much wounded in feeling through contact with people who did not understand his circumstances. Immediately after the funeral, he set himself to prepare a sermon for his people; and found in the Lesson for the day the text, 2 Cor. 12:9—"My Grace is sufficient for thee." After about two hours spent in preparing the sermon, he rose and said to himself: "It is not true; I do not find it sufficient under this heavy trouble that has befallen me." As he wiped his eyes he saw over his table an illuminated text-card which his mother had given him, bearing the same words. The "IS" was bold and in bright green; the "MY" and the "THEE" were both in black letters.

"I even heard, I may say, a voice which seemed to say the words: 'You fool, how dare you ask God to MAKE what IS. Believe His word. Get up and trust Him, and you will find it true at every point.' That changed the whole of my life, from one of fret and fear, to one that has been more or less ever since a life of rest and peace, and a life of trust in a sufficient Saviour." Within a month the governess in the family said to Mrs. Webb-Peploe: "The farmers are remarking how much changed the vicar is: he does not seem fretful any more, but seems to be quiet and gentle about everything."

Soon he became widely known as a helper of others, for in the following year, 1875, he went to the Brighton Convention, and was suddenly called upon by the chairman, in response to a request sent in, to explain the difference between the teaching given there and that which was ordinarily given by Evangelical teachers, on the subject of Sanctification. He was himself there as a learner, but for the first time he told this story of God's goodness to himself, and of the text, "My grace IS sufficient for thee." "Never," he said, "have I seen an audience so moved as was that one. A very large number broke into

tears, and seemed to be deeply moved by God's message to themselves. Wherever I went, throughout the whole convention, people stopped me to say: 'God bless you for that "IS," it will change the whole of my life, I hope.'" One foreigner said: "God Almighty bless you for dat 'IS.' When I do get back to my home, I vill have him put upon the vall, and he shall be such a great big 'IS' as shall make all the people stare."

From that day onward, the Prebendary has unceasingly received letters of thanks for the Message of God to men's souls which this beautiful text has been used to convey through him. A newspaper reporter was so moved by an address on the text, "Fret not," that he said that though he had an old grudge against Mr. Webb-Peploe for rapid speaking, his feeling was now totally different—for he had learned from the text, and the accompanying address, *not to fret*, but to be still."

The Brighton meetings were followed in the autumn of 1775 by the first Keswick Convention, and from that time onward he has been an attendant there—excepting for two years, when he was absent, first on account of illness, and the second time on account of the death of his son. Multitudes have praised God for the rich and varied messages that have fallen from the lips of His servant, pointing the way into a life of blessing such as they had never known before; but he modestly remarks that all the teaching he has been able to give has sprung from his experience in connection with the text: "My grace IS sufficient for thee." So, as many can tell, the prayers of Sir Arthur Blackwood and of Mr. Webb-Peploe himself, at Saltburn-on-Sea, have by the goodness of God been abundantly answered, both in his own experience and in that of those who have come under his influence.

It was indeed the story of the text as told at Brighton which led to his settlement at St. Paul's, Onslow-square, London. He was then labouring in an obscure Herefordshire village, and had gone to Switzerland in search of health, when he heard of the death of the former incumbent. He had some interest in the church, because it had been built for his uncle, Rev. Capel Molyneux; but it was without a single thought of himself that he began to pray that God would send the right man to that important parish. The patron, the late Sir Charles Freake, was pressed by some friends, who had been at Brighton, to offer the parish to him, and there he has been labouring for the past thirty-seven years.

The interest of Prebendary Webb-Peploe in work among the Jews—the beginnings of which he traces to his mother's book, "Naomi"—have found outlet for many years as President of the Barbican Mission to the Jews, and as a devoted adherent to and worker for the London Jews' Society. In connection with the former Society he has had the remarkable privilege of baptizing ninety-six of those who have found their way from the Jewish faith to the acknowledgment of the Lord Jesus Christ as their Messiah and their Saviour. During his presidency the work of the Barbican Mission has made a great advance, and it is now one of the most helpful missions among the Jews in East London. An open preaching-ground beside the mission-house is associated with the name of his mother, and a home for Jewish children at Upper Tooting is called Naomi House, in further memory of her whose work has been translated into almost every European language, and in a Yiddish version is found of great value in Christian effort among the Jews.

At various centres of Christian concourse Prebendary Webb-Peploe has been greatly used of God in the upbuilding of saints. At Mildmay Conference his expositions and applications of Scripture have been with power. But it is with Keswick Convention that he is most frequently identified; and his personal talks, Bible-readings, and addresses at the great gatherings there have marked the turning point in many lives. "The rest of faith" is written bold and clear on his own life, so that he who runs may read; and men and women are now witnessing for the Lord in all parts of the world, with joy and gladness more abundant than they ever knew till the Lord spoke to them through Prebendary Webb-Peploe.

SOME FUNNY BREAKS.

A newspaper man has made the following collection of freaks in advertising, and shows what the misplacing or omission of a word or a comma does for a sentence:

Wanted—A room by a young gentleman with double doors.

Wanted—A man to take care of horses who can speak German.

Wanted—Ladies to sew buttons on the second story of Smith and Brown building.

Wanted—A dog by a little boy with pointed ears.

Wanted—A boy who can open oysters with a reference.

Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Wanted—A boy to be inside and partly outside the counter.

Wanted—A room for two young gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad.

Wanted—A furnished room by a lady about 16 feet square.

Wanted—A cow by an old lady with crumpled horns.

For Sale—A nice large dog, will eat anything, very fond of children.

Lost—A green lady's pocketbook.

How Molly Went A-Visiting at Christmas

By AUNT ALISON.

MOLLY'S parents had had to go abroad for a year, and Molly, to her great disgust, had been placed in a boarding-school during their absence.

"Even for the Christmas holidays!" she had cried, feeling, naturally, very miserable. But when an invitation came to her from her mother's uncle to come and spend Chirstmas with him, her mood changed, and she felt suddenly that Christmas at school would not be so very bad after all; in fact, it might be quite jolly—better, at any rate, than spent alone with an old gentleman in a dull house in the country. And as she sat in the corner of the railway carriage on her way to The Grange Molly was feeling very unhappy and wretchedly shy.

"I hate strangers," she thought. "I shan't know what to talk about, and it won't be a bit like Christmas. Oh! and there will be the servants, too; I expect they are fearfully prim and fidgety. Oh! I can't go. Why did mother tell him about me? I wish she hadn't."

She really was horribly shy and nervous and as the train drew nearer and nearer to Sunnymead Station her nervousness increased. She felt she could not possibly get out and face all she would have to face so soon now.

At the station before Sunnymead the last of her fellow-passengers got out of her compartment, and, strangers though they were, this left Molly feeling even more lonely. The train puffed on slowly. Molly wished it would cease moving at all; but on it went, and soon it was evident that they were slowing down for another station.

And then Molly did a dreadful thing. She saw a carriage drawn up outside the station, with a cross-looking coachman on the box and a prim woman standing by the door; and Molly's last shred of courage vanished. A panic seized her. She couldn't get out and face them: she wouldn't. She would travel straight on and hide, or do something—anything rather than stay with all those strangers; and she curled herself tightly back in the corner, with the curtain pulled well forward, hiding herself as much as she could—and waited!

Her compartment was in the last carriage, and the train was so long that this carriage stood out beyond the platform. Molly could not hear what was being said, and, of course, she dared not look out; she could only wonder, and wait, and hope that no one would hear her heart beating.

At last the bustle seemed to cease, the banging and clattering grew less, the engine whistled, and then quite suddenly, she heard a voice near by saying, "Well, she can't be in the last carriage, ma'am, or she'd have put her head out and signed to someone to come and help her out."

"Of course; but it is strange all the same. We were told she'd come by this train, and her luggage is here."

The blood rushed hotly over Molly's face. She had forgotten about her luggage. Of course it would be put out on the platform, where they could not fail to see it. The engine whistled again, and the voices spoke more rapidly. "She's missed it, ma'am, that's all."

"It's very tiresome," said the woman sharply. "John'll be so cross at having to bring the horses all the way again." The train began to move. "Well, porter, you'll look out for her by the next; a young lady, with long golden hair and wearing a green coat and scarlet cap——"

Molly had a terrifying moment while her carriage was passing them both; but everything, it seemed to her, was terrifying now. There would be a fuss because the horses had to be brought out again, and there would be no bounds to John's anger when he found they had come a second time for nothing, nor to her uncle's either. No; she could not possibly go back now, and she must never be found, for she dared not return to school and face Miss Jarvis's wrath. She must conceal herself, somehow.

She began by unfastening her rug-strap, and taking out her scarlet cloak to put on in place of the green coat; her red cap she turned with the black lining outside. Then, feeling quite a criminal, she sat down. But suddenly another terror flashed across her mind. Her ticket! She could not travel on any distance with a ticket to Sunnymead only. She could be taken up and sent to jail!

At the next station Molly was just as anxious to get out as she had before been reluctant to. It was a quiet little country station, with scarcely anyone about. In fact, there were only two persons on the platform besides the station master and porter, and they were a little girl, who had evidently just come home for her holidays, and her jolly-looking father, who had evidently come to meet her. The tears came into Molly's eyes as she looked on at the meeting. Oh, if only her father were there to get her out of all her troubles, she thought longingly.

When the big father had kissed his little girl, and untwined her arms from his neck, her eyes fell on the other little girl, standing looking so forlorn and miserable.

"Why, Peggy!" he exclaimed, reproachfully, "you should have told me you had brought home a friend," and he took Molly's hand to welcome her.

Peggy looked amazed. "But it isn't—don't know her!" she replied.

The Canadian Churchman.

The Wonders of Toyland Studied at Christmas-tide.

By that time the station master and the porter had come up to Molly.

"Have you any luggage, Miss?" asked one.

"Are you expecting someone to meet you, Missie?" asked the other.

Molly longed to rush across the platform and away beyond the eyes of everyone; but that was out of the question with legs trembling as hers were.

"N—o!" she gasped. "I haven't any, I—I——" and then she broke down and began to sob. One can excuse her, for she was only twelve, and it was cold, and the light was beginning to fade, and things did seem desperate.

Mr. Wentworth laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Look here," he said, "if Peggy is not your friend, let me be one, and help you."

"Nobody can help me," moaned Molly; "they will telegraph to mother

and daddy, and they'll be so unhappy——"

"Nothing is so bad that it can't be mended," said Mr. Wentworth, consolingly; "and mother and daddy would be less worried probably by having a telegram than by not having one."

"But mother and daddy are abroad," said Molly; "they——"

"Look here," said Mr. Wentworth, patiently; "let's begin at the beginning, then we shall know better how to set to work."

"Things can never be set right,"—hopelessly—"I ought to have got out at Sunnymeade, and—I—I didn't." It was very bitter to have to confess before Peggy and the stationmaster.

"People often make that mistake," laughed Mr. Wentworth.

"But it wasn't a mistake; I did it on purpose!" There, it was over now and they knew the worst, and if they called a policeman—well, they must.

"But whatever made you do it, child?"

"I didn't want to stay with mother's uncle. I don't know him, and I was afraid"—and then out poured the whole story.

"Look here," said Mr. Wentworth, when Molly had finished; "you must come home with us for to-night, at any rate, and to-morrow we will see what can be done. Don't you think so?"

Molly looked up with tearful eyes and a very grateful face. Peggy slipped her hand into hers with a friendly squeeze, and in a few minutes they were all tucked away in a roomy carriage and bowling over the frosty roads towards home. Even Molly felt that it was home, though the people were all as much strangers to her as her dreaded uncle.

"You did not tell me your uncle's name, did you Molly?" asked Mr. Wentworth, as they slackened speed a little.

"It is Mr. Randolph," said Molly, shamefacedly; "he lives at The Grange."

If it had not been so dark she would have seen Mr. Wentworth's look of surprise; Peggy was telling her, too, about the Christmas-tree: "We always have it on Christmas Eve," she said: "that'll be to-morrow. Oh! Daddy, I wish Molly could stay with us to see the tree."

"I think it quite likely that she will," said Mr. Wentworth, laughing, "but we will leave all that until to-morrow. Here we are, at home. Out you jump, Peggy."

But Peggy had already jumped, and was flying into the arms of a lady standing at the open door. As soon, though, as she could get her breath she turned for Molly. "Mummy, I've brought home a twin, a little girl just my age and size, look!" and Molly was led forward and into the warm hall.

There surely never was such a family for making one feel at home at once. By the time Molly went to bed in Peggy's pretty room she felt as though she had known them all for years, and she and Peggy lay awake talking as though they could never reach the end of all they had to say. Peggy started up in bed once and listened eagerly. "Why is daddy taking one of the horses out again to-night, I wonder!" she exclaimed; but she soon settled down again, and they went on with their chatter.

The next morning, though, Molly did not feel so happy. "I hope Uncle Randolph hasn't been worrying about me all night," she said, remorsefully, and she felt horribly ashamed of herself.

"It is all right, Molly," said Mr. Wentworth. "I took a message last night. He was very much upset about you, and was greatly relieved when he heard that you were safe."

"Was he—very angry?" asked Molly.

"Not angry, child, but hurt. Don't ever do such a thing again. You never know how much pain you give."

"I won't," said Molly, humbly. "I—I don't suppose he will want me to stay with him now?"

"Well, I asked him to spare you to us for a day or two. I told him about the Christmas-tree, and how much we wanted you, and he kindly consented to your staying."

Molly's face brightened considerably; and though her joy was sobered by the remembrance of her behaviour, it was impossible to be low-spirited for long on such a day. There was so much to do and see in the morning; and in the afternoon it was time to get ready for the party for some guests were coming—children and grown-ups—and Molly was greatly relieved when she found that Mr. Randolph had had some of her clothes sent to her, including a party frock.

When they were dressed Peggy and Molly stood at the window to watch for their visitors' arrival.

"Oh! Peggy, look! Here is quite an old gentleman coming up the drive. Do you think he is coming to your party?"

Peggy looked at the new arrival critically. "Perhaps he is a friend of daddy's. I hope he is coming; he looks so nice and kind."

And Peggy's wish was realized, and Peggy's judgment was correct, for of all the people there none was jollier and kinder or more full of fun than the old gentleman, and somehow he did not look at all out of place among the children grouped about the tree. In fact, he was so kind and interested in them all, and so sympathetic that Molly, who to her astonishment had more than one gift from that wonderful tree, quite naturally took over her new book to show him, and soon both were deep in a book-talk. The old gentleman, who seemed to know so many books and to remember such splendid stories, loved, too, some that Molly loved—"Black Beauty," "David Copperfield," and "Grimm's Fairy Tales." And how long they would have gone on talking no one knows, if someone had not come up and handed him a parcel, saying, "Mr. Randolph, that is for you."

For a moment frightened Molly and the old gentleman looked at each other without speaking; then, with a very

(Continued on Page 825).

Personal & General

The Rev. Canon Welch, D.C.L., the Vicar of Wakefield, preached in Westminster Abbey at evening service on a recent Sunday.

At the time of our going to press the condition of Rev. Canon Smith, bursar of Huron College, London, remains unchanged.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement have at last passed the $500,000 mark by $62,000 for last year. Their new objective is $750,000 for Toronto, good!

Twenty-three million trees have now been distributed by the Forestry Branch Nursery Station at Indian Head to the farmers on the Western prairies.

As our supply of the Christmas number is very limited, orders must be sent at once to this office only, twenty-five cents postpaid, to any address.

At the services in St. Paul's Church last Sunday, Archdeacon Cody preached in the morning, and the Bishop of Toronto in the evening, to very large congregations.

Monday, December 1st, was the sixty-ninth anniversary of the birthday of the Queen-mother. A Royal salute was fired at Stanley Barracks at 12 o'clock noon, in honour of Queen Alexandra.

The German Imperial Chancellor, Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, has issued an order that the marketing of German diamonds in 1914 shall be restricted to one million carats. The production of 1913 was approximately 1,440,000 carats.

Winston Spencer Churchill, whose aeroplane ascents as a passenger have been numerous, now possesses the distinction of being the first Cabinet Minister in the world to act as an air pilot. During the greater part of a flight of an hour's duration at Eastchurch on Saturday, November 29th, he personally took control of the machine.

"Eh," said Sandy to the minister, "yon was a powerful deescourse on 'Thrift' ye preached the Sabbeth!" "Ah'm glad ye were able to profit," said the minister. "Profit! Why mon, I would have put ma sixpence into the plate wi' out a thought if it had not been for your providential words! They saved me four pence there and then!"

Cork is the bark of an oak which is at present found in large quantity only in Spain and Portugal. The owners of groves of this tree strip off the bark every decade, this being the time necessary to obtain cork one and one-quarter inches thick. It is usually cut into strips which are steamed and flattened and compressed into bales for export. If bottle-corks are to be made, the sheets are once more steamed and cut into cubes, afterwards being trimmed into shape by hand or by machine.

Clocks are regarded as curiosities by many of the Hindus, and for this reason half-a-dozen or more time-pieces are often found in the apartments of the wealthy Hindustanees. They are not used as time-pieces, but simply for ornament, since the old-fashioned way of telling the hour in India, by calculating the number of bamboo lengths the sun has traveled above the horizon, is entirely satisfactory to the natives. It is said that in the country police-stations in India, where the European division of the hours is observed, time is measured by placing in a tub of water a copper pot in which a small hole has been bored. It is supposed that it will take one hour for the water to leak into the pot so as to fill it and sink it. When the policeman sees that the pot has disappeared he strikes the hour on a bell like gong. If he is smoking or dozing the copper pot may have disappeared several minutes before he discovers the fact, but the hour is when he strikes the gong.

Correspondence

THE PROPOSED WOLFE MEMORIAL CHURCH IN QUEBEC.

SIR,—I am afraid the "corrective" letters of the Rev. A. R. Kelley and the Bishop of Kingston call for "corrective" replies. But lest replies to special points might entail further misunderstanding I shall try to explain the whole case in a few words. First, however, let me say that I simply oppose the untoward form the scheme is taking, not, and most emphatically not, either Canon Scott or his idea.

A generous owner offered a beautiful site. Canon Scott conceived the idea of building a Wolfe Memorial Church on it. The Bishop of Quebec approved. Canon Scott at once issued an appeal in Canada. He then went to England, where the approval of his own diocesan naturally induced the Archbishops to express their good will. Some English papers referred sympathetically to the idea of building a Wolfe Memorial Church "on the Battlefield of Quebec." And there seemed to be nothing left to say except "Well done!"

But objections have been growing since the start. Many people within the Church of England ask whether this "national" venture is to be moderate or extreme. Many outside of it ask how Wolfe's Presbyterians and Roman Catholics are to be commemorated. And many more, both within and without, ask why a Wolfe memorial should be a church at all, seeing that Wolfe's fame was won in war, not in religion. Explanation, compromise and change might possibly meet these objections; or possibly not. I do not presume to give an opinion.

But no explanation, no compromise, and no change can possibly meet the fatal objection to the present site. No one objects to an ordinary church there; and no one questions the actual right to build the memorial on what is private property. But those who know both the history and living significance of this particular spot do object to a Wolfe Memorial Church which is not on Wolfe's own "Battlefield of Quebec" at all, or even on neutral ground, but right in the very centre of the totally different battlefield of Ste. Foy. Both historic fields are within the several thousand acres which were once called the Plains of Abraham. But the whole of what is now called "The Plains" separates them on one flank; and the three-quarters-of-a-mile between de Salaberry Street and the Avenue des Braves separates them on the other, as well as in the centre. There is only one respect in which they are not absolutely distinct. But this single exception only serves to point the moral; for the same armies fought on both occasions, though with very different results. Wolfe's old army, victorious at the Battle of the Plains in 1759, was defeated by Montcalm's old army at the Battle of Ste. Foy in 1760; and the very spot now chosen for the memorial to Wolfe is where the issue of Ste. Foy was finally decided, when the British battery that stood upon this dominating crest was taken at the point of triumphant French bayonets.

These are the facts. But, most unfortunately, the story of Ste. Foy is very little known, except to French-Canadians. The English-speaking peoples know the chapter of The Plains by heart. But how many heed what seems to them the mere footnote of Ste. Foy? Yet Ste. Foy has its living significance as well as its history. Might I not take the liberty of assuming that Canon Scott and the Bishop of Kingston have made the very excusable mistake of merging this little footnote into such a stirring chapter of their histories, and that they have thus reached their conclusion without even realizing that there are seven factors of living significance in the problem they have solved so prematurely?

The first of these seven factors is the sentiment of race. We are all what the Bishop calls "citizens of the same Empire" now. But very different parts make up the whole. Each race naturally takes pride in its ancestral prowess. The value of the whole is enhanced, not diminished, by the goodness of the parts. So there is a gain, and not a loss, in adding French-Canadian glories to our own. The second factor is the historian Garneau, who, in spite of a certain bias, was really justified by history in what he did to restore French-Canadian self-respect two generations since, and who was brought home to his race again as a living force only last year, when all Quebec made holiday to celebrate the unveiling of his statue. The third factor is the centenary of the battle of Ste. Foy in 1860, when an Imperial British guard of honour presented arms as the Monument aux Braves of New France was unveiled on the field of Ste. Foy in the presence of an immense concourse of French-Canadians. The fourth factor is the recent progress of historical research, in the impartial light of which the glory of the French arms has risen higher than ever, though the shame of the civil government has been still further deepened. The fifth factor is the Quebec Tercentenary of 1908, at which the most moving sight of all was the march past of the historic armies, side by side—an indispensable and crowning feature which could never have been introduced unless there had been a full and frank recognition of the meaning of Ste. Foy. The sixth factor is the wreath which his present Majesty laid at the foot of the Monument aux Braves to mark the "Entente cordiale d'honneur" so happily established between the two races with in his loyal Canada to-day. And the seventh factor is the new Avenue des Braves, which has just been completed by the National Battlefields Commission on purpose to mark the ground where French and French-Canadians retrieved the honour of their arms.

William Wood.

[With this rejoinder from Colonel Wood, the matter seems to have been adequately dealt with from all standpoints. Ed. Canadian Churchman.]

[Owing to the exigencies of space conected with the Christmas number, several letters are held over.]

Books and Bookmen

For many years past Spurgeon's great work on the Psalms, "The Treasury of David," has been well known. It is one of the most remarkable books ever published, for in addition to Spurgeon's own pithy and forcible comments, he utilized the efforts of a staff of literary workers to collect from every available source the references of great writers. Verse by verse the whole book is taken, with an original exposition, followed by quotations from all sorts of writers. But now this work is to have a further lease of life through the enterprise of Marshall Brothers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., who have just commenced the serial issue in 48 fortnightly parts at 7d each net. Three parts are before us, and they are admirable for size and clearness. In addition to bringing the work within the reach of everyone, a premium offer is given, and payment can be made by monthly instalments. To those who, like the present writer, have the old edition which is in constant use, this new effort will be of special interest, because it means that so many more Bible students, preachers and teachers will thereby be enabled to obtain a priceless treasure on one of the most precious portions of Holy Scripture. It would be a delightful opportunity for churchwardens and other officers to make a present to their clergyman, for they would soon obtain much more than the value of the book in the increasingly helpful sermons that would be forthcoming.

"His Little Bit o'Garden," by Mildred Hill, (London: H. R. Allenson, 1/6 net), is a missionary story which is so brightly and entertainingly written as to have no dull pages. It is well suited for mothers' meetings, or missionary circles. The chapters narrating the life and work of the African missionary, are as interesting as those dealing with "Old Peter," the principal home worker for Foreign Missions in an English village. The linking together of the true facts in the foreign narrative with the doings of the homeland people is a very happy arrangement and adds to the missionary interest. We warmly commend this book.

A useful pamphlet for preachers, students and teachers is "How Should Genesis 1-3 be Interpreted," by James Stephens (London: Morgan and Scott, 2d.). It contains the substance of three addresses and argues for a view of these early chapters which is in full accord with the Church's belief in their inspiration and authority. Those who are perplexed by modern views will be glad to ponder these convincing and reassuring pages.

We have received the last four issues, Nos. 25, 26, 27, 28, of the "English Church Manuals:" "Prayer and the Lord's Prayer," by the Rev. Harrington C. Lees; "The Ten Commandments," by the Rev. H. A. Wilson; "Baptism," by the Rev. H. G. Grey; "The Folly and Fallacy of Betting and Gambling," by Archdeacon Madden. They are published by Longmans and Company, and can be obtained from their Canadian agents, the Renouf Publishing Company, Montreal (1d each). The subjects are eminently important and the treatment is practical and forceful.

A CHAT ABOUT LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

(Continued from Page 806).

when I left her she said she knew a Methodist lady whom she might get to mind the children while she came to the meeting. She is now an officer of that branch of the W.A.

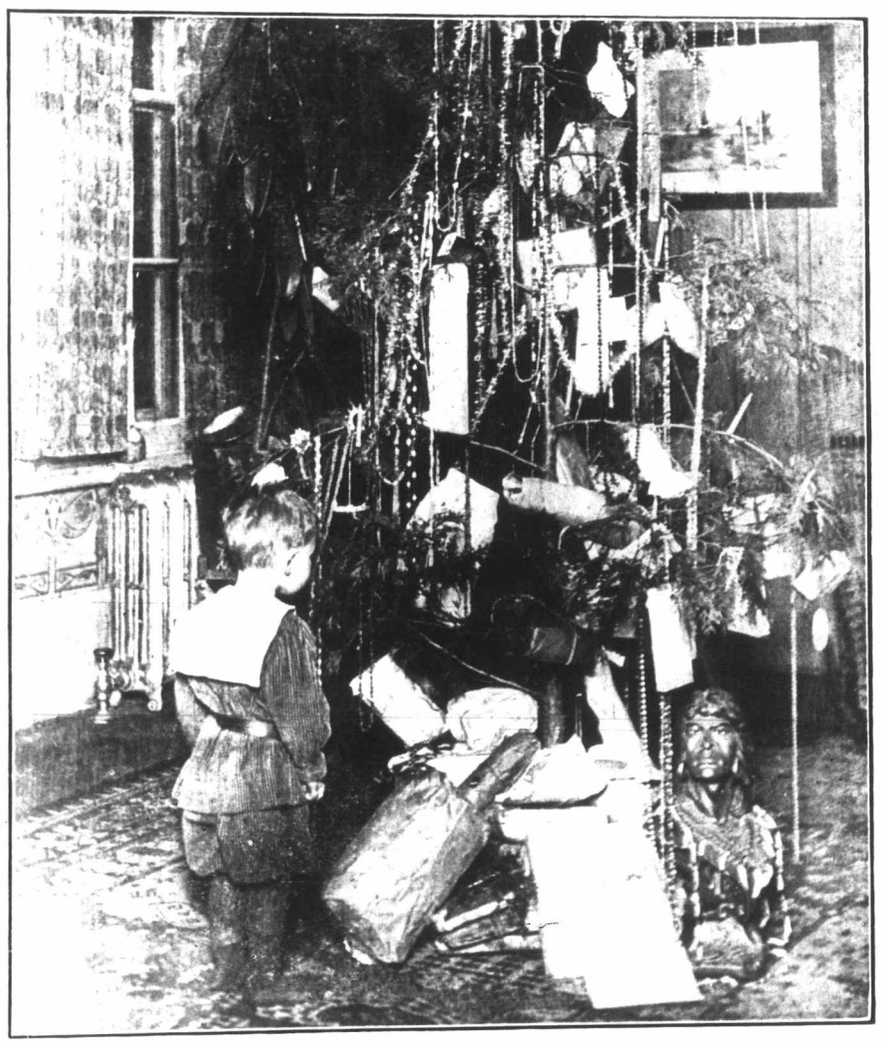
We had a lovely meeting on the Tuesday afternoon, and the ladies present had driven eight miles to attend the meeting. We started the W.A. with seven members and three paid-up honorary members. The clergyman was present and opened the meeting with prayer and Bible-reading. Now I want you in imagination to walk over a very rough road to the church; it consists of just the outside walls and the first rough floor laid down. As for seats, I would like all my readers to sit on them for one service. Imagine stumps of trees nailed to the floor, and away from one to another, bits of board nailed across. Make no mistake; I don't mean nice, smooth, well planed boards, but odd pieces of rough wood, the sort that if we put our hands down for a moment thoughtlessly, we should feel nice splinters running into them. Now let us look at the chancel. Nailed across, about seven feet high, is white building paper, put there by two ladies, educated, refined ladies, who love their Father in Heaven so much, that they felt ashamed to see the rough boards at the east end. So at great self-sacrifice they got the paper, and they themselves nailed it up. They hoped to get it right up to the top, but one lady fainted whilst doing it, and the doctor says, "In your state of health you must not nail up any more," so it is still unfinished, as the other lady, likewise, is not in good health. There is only one doctor for a distance of fifty miles west, sixteen miles east, fifty miles south, and as far north as is settled this side of the Landing. Think, then, of the conditions under which these pioneer settlers live, what the women have to endure, no nurse near, and the doctor, perhaps, just when he is needed south, will be away north. Surely we need small mission hospitals to help these sisters of ours, who are fighting nobly to live their lives side by side with the husbands of their choice, cheering and encouraging them, often looking back and complaining, perhaps, but with it all, training their children, and shouldering many a burden, always sacrificing for their family, looking forward for a brighter future when railways shall come into their settlement or at least be only a few miles away. These are the mothers who give sons and daughters worthy of the land to this fair and beautiful Dominion of Canada. How we can best help them, is the problem. Surely there is no better way than first by sending them manly, strong clergy, men of wide sympathies, who will be able to encourage them by their wise counsels and prayers, and then by helping them to build churches in their midst in which to worship God, and train their children for the Master's Kingdom.

Personal & General

The Rev. W. J. Southam while in Quebec last week was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Mrs. Southam left for Quebec on Friday to nurse her husband. All will earnestly pray for a speedy recovery.

The Oxford University had the most serious fire in twenty years on December 4th. Part of Jesus College was burned. The seventeenth century hall was badly damaged, but the pictures by Vandyck, Holbein and Lely hanging there were saved.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Percy W. Smith, rector of St. Paul's, Fort Erie, which occurred at his home on Saturday, November 22nd, after an illness lasting nearly fourteen years, resulting from an accident he received while driving to the Mission of St. John's, Bertie. We extend to Mrs. Smith and family our sincere sympathy.



Expectation—The Christmas Tree.

Church News

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL.—ST. MARTIN'S.—The Rev. W. W. Craig, the rector of St. George's, Ottawa, has been offered by the Bishop and has accepted the rectorship of this church in succession to the Rev. Canon Troop.

STANBRIDGE EAST.—ST. JAMES'. The St. James' Branch of the W.A. attended the early celebration of the Holy Communion on St. Andrew's Day, and gave a self-denial offering. Continual intercession was made for Missions throughout the day. The Willing Workers of this parish are giving $75 towards the Permanent Endowment Fund of the Diocese. This society is also paying for the installation of the electric light in the church, and Mrs. Chandler is defraying the cost of the fixtures for same. Rev. Robt. Atkinson, rector, is giving addresses on the Advent teaching of the Church.

TORONTO.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.—Principal and Mrs. O'Meara entertained on Friday last, the Faculty and students of the College. During the evening an illuminated address was presented to Archdeacon Cody, congratulating him on the opening of his new church, the address was signed by every member of the College.

WEST TORONTO.—ST. JOHN'S.—The Sunday School teachers made a presentation to Mr. T. H. Gordon, the secretary-treasurer, on the occasion of his recent marriage.

NEWMARKET.—ST. PAUL'S.—The congregation heard with interest the lecture by Bishop Reeve, on "Missionary News in Canada," on December 2nd. It was illustrated by over a hundred coloured lantern slides.

WYCHWOOD.—ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.—Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., delivered a lecture in the schoolhouse on December 2nd, under the auspices of the A.Y.P.A. on "Famous Painters and Their Work."

NIAGARA.

HAMILTON.—ST. MATTHEW'S.—At the annual service for men on December 2nd, Dr. T. S. Boyle, of Trinity College, addressed the Brotherhood of St. Andrew on the necessity and power of personal effort in religious work.

SASKATCHEWAN.

SASKATOON.—ST. JAMES'. At a meeting of the deanery of Saskatoon on November 27th, the subject of evangelizing non-Christian foreigners in the province was considered. It was decided that such work should be undertaken as soon as possible. It was stated that the Brotherhood of St. Andrew had already commenced such work among the Japanese of this city. Rev. F. G. Frost, of Emmanuel College, read an excellent paper on Hospital and Sick Visiting. Rev. H. S. Broadbent and Rev. Professor Carpenter gave devotional addresses.

On account of this being our Christmas special number, most of our Church News is held over till next issue.

QUEBEC.

Andrew H. Dunn, D.D., Bishop, Quebec, P.Q.

QUEBEC. TRINITY CHURCH.—The eighty-eighth anniversary of this church was celebrated November 30th to December 2nd. The rector, Rev. A. R. Beverley, M.A., conducted the services, and Rev. W. J. Southam, B.D., of Toronto, was the special preacher. Large congregations were at both services. In the morning Mr. Southam's sermon particularly bore on the anniversary of the congregation. In the evening he spoke on "The Signs of Times," from Matt. 24:1-3. He referred to the fact of nearly 23,000,000 drilled men in Europe being ready to fly at each other in a universal war, and to the grind of taxation to keep up expensive fortifications and navies. He emphasized the missionary activity as a sign.

On Monday evening the annual banquet of the men of the congregation in connection with the Laymen's Missionary Movement was held. Rev. Dr. Symonds, of Montreal, spoke on "Missions and Unity." He told how through the energy and missionary genius of that modern apostle of missions, Dr. John R. Mott, India had been divided for Missionary purposes into five sections, with a committee appointed to look into the needs of each section, with one council uniting the whole, composed of representatives from each denomination to meet each year for mutual consultation. A "Continuation Committee" had been formed in China ensuring a measure of unity. It had been decided to establish a Union Theological Seminary and also four universities of a Christian character. Rev. W. J. Southam spoke on "A Nation's New Day and Its Challenge." He reminded his hearers that China was leading the world in commerce, manufactures, etc., 500 B.C. Had built roads and forts long before Rome had done so. But from 500 B.C. until 1000 years after had remained at a standstill. A few years after the Boxer uprising in 1900, the oldest empire in the world became the youngest republic. There were now 45,000 schools in the country. Courts were organized, an army and navy established, the opium traffic was being suppressed, and other evil coped with. In conclusion, he said that it behoves all Christians if they did not wish the spread of the Yellow Peril to use their greatest effort for the advancement of the religion of Christ in that great country. Mr. Southam lived for four years in China and his first-hand acquaintance with the facts created a great impression. On Tuesday evening Rev. Dr. Symonds gave a lecture on Charles Dickens.

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EDMONTON.

EDMONTON.—Another step has been taken in the formation of the new Diocese of Edmonton. On November 12th the Bishop of Calgary, who is administering the new diocese, summoned the Synod to its first meeting, and seventy-four delegates responded to the summons. The proceedings began with a celebration of Holy Communion in All Saints' Church at 8 a.m., at 10 a.m. Morning Prayer was said, and the Bishop delivered his address, dealing with events leading up to the establishment of the new diocese.

The Synod immediately after the service proceeded to business, Archdeacon Gray, of Edmonton, being elected [illegible] clerical secretary, and Mr. E. C. Pardee, hon. lay secretary. Rules of Order were then adopted, and subsequently the Constitution and some of the Canons of the original Diocese of Calgary were also adopted providing the necessary organization with which to begin work. Under the Constitution, an executive committee was elected consisting of Archdeacon Gray and Chancellor Ford, ex officio members; Rev. Canon Webb, Rev. W. G. Boyd, Rev. Canon Howcroft, Rev. C. W. McKim, Rev. W. W. Alexander, and Messrs. G. R. I. Kirkpatrick, E. C. Pardee, W. Mason, W. Marlion Hawkins, W. J. Birnie-Brown, and Major Marriott. The following were appointed delegates to the General Synod: Archdeacon Gray, Rev. W. G. Boyd, and Chancellor Ford, and Mr. G. R. I. Kirkpatrick. Rev. Canon Webb and Rev. C. Carruthers being substitutes. The delegates appointed to Provincial Synod were: Ven. Archdeacon Gray, Revs. Canon Webb, Canon Howcroft, W. G. Boyd, C. W. McKim, W. W. Alexander, and C. Carruthers. Messrs. E. C. Pardee, G. R. I. Kirkpatrick, W. J. Birnie-Brown, W. G. Gowan, W. Mason, and A. W. Arnup. Committees were appointed to take up the consideration of such questions as Religious Education in the Public School, Temperance, Sunday Schools and other important matters.

British and Foreign

The 500th anniversary of the opening of the original Telby Abbey, on the 24th ult.

A Million Shillings Church Extension Scheme will be started in Glasgow in January, 1914.

An anonymous offer of a new peal of bells at a cost of £1,000 to Brighton Parish Church, has been gratefully accepted by the Vicar and churchwardens.

The Bishop of Ripon, (Dr. Drury), has been presented by the churchpeople of the diocese with a beautiful pastoral staff, the contributions for which varied from 1d. to £5.

A beautiful stained-glass window has been placed in St. Margaret's, Aufield, Liverpool, to the memory of the late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Sheepshanks. He ministered in this church from 1873 to 1893.

The Ven. T. A. P. Hackett, Archdeacon of Limerick, and rector of St. Michael's, and the Rev. Canon E. H. Waller, rector of Athy, in the Diocese of Glendalough, have been appointed to the Deaneries of Limerick and Kildare respectively.

The Rev. G. F. C. de Carteret, late Vicar of Christ Church, East Greenwich, was consecrated Assistant Bishop of Jamaica, W.I., in Southwark Cathedral on St. Luke's Day by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The buildings of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, have just received a great addition and improvement in the form of a new dining-hall, erected at a cost of £1,600, by the munificence of an old member of the Hall, the Rev. Clement L. Burrows, Vicar of St. Paul's, Bournemouth.

Christmas Morning.

The Rev. J. A. Beamont was recently unanimously elected Mayor of Marylebone. He has been a member of the Council since 1906. For the first time since the Oxford City Council was reconstituted in 1889, a University representative in the person of Alderman, the Rev. W. E. Sherwood, has been unanimously elected to be Chief Magistrate for the ensuing year. The choice throughout the city is a very popular one.

Laymen's Missionary Movement

The sixth annual meeting of the Toronto Co-operating Committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement took place on December 3rd in the Metropolitan Church Sunday School. A splendid supper was served. A most appealing and instructive address was given by Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy on work and results in India, China, Japan, and Korea, (the lack of space makes impossible detailed account).

The statistical committee reported $562,100 as the total for last year raised, by all the Toronto churches, $62,000 over the long-aimed-at goal of the half-million. The new objective decided upon unanimously for the future is $750,000.

About 300 outstanding clergy and laymen were present.

COBOURG.—The laymen from various parts of Northumberland County assembled here for a conference on missionary work. Ex-Mayor H. Field was Chairman of the afternoon session, at which the problem of missions in the local congregation was intelligently discussed. In the evening a supper was held in the Armories.

BRAMPTON.—The Laymen's Missionary Banquet, given in Christ Church for the Anglicans of Brampton, was well attended and very enthusiastic. One hundred and twenty-five men sat down to supper. The speakers were L. A. Hamilton, Canon Walsh, S. Wilson and R. W. Allin, General Secretary of the Anglican Church on Canada. Outside representatives were present from Streetsville, Port Credit, Bolton and Tullamore.

KEMPTVILLE.—On Monday night a notable assembly of Anglican churchmen met in Leslie Hall, Kemptville. The occasion was a Laymen's Missionary banquet. The speakers of the evening were: Rev. Rural Dean Woodcock, Brockville; Rev. R. C. Palmer, Newington; and Mr. Ralph Sampson, Ottawa. Mr. Palmer presented the subject of missions in a most attractive way, suggesting the tithe system as a fair, business-like and successful way of contributing to all church funds. Mr. Sampson followed with an earnest statement of happiness found in service to God and in his church. Rev. Geo. S. Clendinnen reported a similar gathering of his own congregation held lately, from which he anticipated good results. The rector closed the programme with stating the fact that as a practical outcome of the banquet a systematic "every member canvass" would be proceeded with on the first week of December. Mr. J. C. Anderson expressed the opinion that the Laymen's Missionary Movement had come to stay when a notoriously conservative body like the Anglican Church had adopted it and interested her laymen in it. Rural Dean Woodcock gave an all too brief address, earnestly and forcibly endorsing the system of the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

SMITH'S FALLS.—Of the many towns selected in which to hold a conference of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, Smith's Falls was one, and if the result of the work accomplished elsewhere may be judged by the success and enthusiasm which characterized the splendid gathering here foreign mission fields will not long remain neglected for lack of men and money. Among the many able speakers from all the communions, the Anglicans were, the Rev. T. W. Savary, rector of St. James' Church, Kingston, who dealt with the "every member canvass," showing the splendid progress achieved and financial gains made by this method of securing funds. Mr. D. M. Rose also spoke on this subject, stating that the canvass would begin during the first week in December. Perhaps the most striking address of the evening was delivered by the last speaker, Mr. N. F. Davidson, of Toronto. He expressed his belief in words that cannot be misunderstood. He aroused an enthusiasm amongst the gathering that will not soon disappear, and his clever demonstration of the practical side of missionary effort revealed this work in a completely new light.

HOW MOLLY WENT A-VISITING AT CHRISTMAS.

(Continued from Page 818).

kindly look in his eyes, Mr. Randolph laid his hand on hers:

"My little grandniece would not come to me so I had to come to her," he said, gently. "You are not afraid of me now, Molly, are you?"

Molly's cheeks had grown scarlet. "Oh, no; oh, no!" she gasped. "But aren't you dreadfully angry—and about John, and the horses, and——"

But Mr. Randolph interrupted her by such a burst of hearty laughter that Molly had to laugh, too—she could not help it.

"Ah! child," he said, presently, "if you had only known how I was looking forward to your coming, and how—never mind, the tree will keep till the New Year."

"The tree! Oh! Uncle Randolph, you hadn't—really—got a tree for me!" and Molly, quite overcome, burst into remorseful weeping. "Oh I have been naughty," she gasped; "but I am so sorry, you see, I didn't know how nice you were, and—I—and I was afraid."

"And your fear made you unkind. Never mind, dear, it is all going to be well now; and I daresay we shall be all the better friends for having begun like this."

And Molly, though she felt ashamed of herself, could not help thinking so, too.

TONY'S MYSTERIOUS CHRISTMAS EVE.

(Continued from Page 808).

found, and so Mr. Joshua takes all, he being next of kin, and Miss Eleanor no kin at all, she only being a niece by marriage, and the wife died after three years."

At last Tony found himself alone, sitting by his fire, musing on all the strange happenings of the day. The great, old-fashioned chair was very comfortable. The sombre, ghostly-looking bed did not draw him. Not so very long ago an old man had died there, and had lain stiff and stark till he was carried forth. Tony was not superstitious; but he was not drawn towards that bed. On shipboard he had had long nights in his berth. He was in no arrears of sleep, and the blaze of the fire was attractive. Eleanor's face seemed to flicker elusively in the blaze; the lilt of her sweet voice and rippling laugh sounded in his ears; airy castles piled themselves up in his eager brain—castles containing always two central figures, castles set in rainbow-tinted cloudscapes infinitely fair.

He did not know that he had slept, but suddenly he started wide awake, to find the candle at his elbow burnt down to extinction, and the fire a smouldering heap of red-hot ashes. He sat suddenly up with a start, for it was some sound which had aroused him. Instantly he was aware of another gleam of light in the room—it shone from behind the curtains of the great four-post bed, not within them, but somewhere on the far side.

Swiftly and silently Tony rose. Instinctively he gripped the strong hunting-crop which lay upon the table. On stockinged feet he silently passed round the jutting angle of the great bed, and at the same moment a muffled exclamation of astonishment passed his lips.

The old woman he had parted from a few hours before was back again in the room. Her scanty grey locks were tucked away in a night-cap, her bed-gown was partially concealed by the folds of a great shawl. She was feeling about the panelling with trembling fingers, her candle set down upon a small table at the bed-head. Suddenly she touched something, a panel clicked and fell forward, a cavity was revealed, into which she peered. Then she spoke in a strange, muffled voice: "It is all safe, master, all safe," she said.

She seemed to be listening to and answering questions, for her lips moved several times more, though he could catch no words. Then she closed the panel, took up her light, and almost brushed past him as she made her silent way towards the door. He saw her face and her eyes as she went by him, and he knew she was walking in her sleep.

* * * * * *

Next morning the sun shone bravely, but the ground lay deep in snow. Tony realized with a leap at heart that his chances of getting away from this house upon the strange Christmas morning were remote.

"A merry Christmas—a happy Christmas, Nell," he cried, and she came to him with shining eyes and outstretched hands.

"A happy Christmas, Tony."

They laughed together, as young things will, and Tony's heart beat like a sledge-hammer. "For one night only," they had said last evening; but they were Nell and Tony to one another still.

"Come with me, Nell," he said, when they rose from breakfast, and knew that church was an impossibility for to-day. "I want to show you something; and let us take old Rebecca with us too."

She looked at him with questioning eyes, but he told her nothing. The old woman followed them into the panelled bed-chamber, a flickering uneasiness in her eyes, such as Tony had noted there the previous night. Straight to the panel he went. His fingers had learnt the trick the previous night, though had he not seen the old woman's fingers touch a spring amid the heavy carving of cone-leaves and grapes, he had never guessed the trick of its secret.

Open swung the panel. The girl uttered a cry, the old woman a gasp.

"My dream—my dream!" she muttered thickly, and sank into a chair. Eleanor gazed at Tony with wide eyes of amaze.

"What is it? What is it?" she asked.

"A Christmas present for you, I hope," answered Tony. "Put in your hand, dear, and see what you find. I am here as witness—to say nothing of Rebecca there."

Tremblingly she obeyed him. In the dark cavity there lay a paper in a sealed envelope, engrossed in a clerkly hand: "Last Will and Testament of Nathaniel Wentworth." Eleanor gazed at the words, and up into Tony's face. Old Rebecca dropped upon her knees.

"Oh thank the Lord—glory be to Him!"

Tony turned upon her and helped her to her feet.

"Rebecca, listen to me. Do you know that you came into this room last night or rather this morning—about four o'clock?"

"Ah, Tony, sometimes when she has been overdone or excited she walks in her sleep. She did as a child; but not again till the strain of old Uncle Wentworth's last illness. She never remembers it of course afterwards. I have seen her once or twice; and old uncle once told me he was sure she sometimes fell asleep in his room, and did things for him, and even answered questions when she was in a state of somnambulism."

"Ah!" exclaimed Tony, "then that explains the mystery. Rebecca, do you remember ever being told by your old master to open this panel and conceal something behind it?"

The woman had her hand to her brow. She seemed struggling with some flitting impression which could not be caught.

"Old master was in a rare pucker sometimes lest Mr. Joshua should come back sudden. I remember his talking of it—something that was to be hid away safe—I was to do it—Oh the times I've tried to remember if it was aught but a dream—when I did do something to satisfy him."

"All right, Rebecca, don't distress yourself," said Tony, kindly; "it's all as plain as a pikestaff now. The old man wanted his will hidden, and you put it in this hiding-place under his direction when you were nine-tenths asleep—and only remember about it when you are asleep, and come and visit it as you did last night. We will have the lawyer across as soon as he can be got at, and then we shall see—what we shall see. Nell, is it to be a real old-fashioned, happy Christmas after all? Snow on the ground, sunshine overhead—and hope and happiness in our hearts?"

She looked up at him, and put her hands out to meet his.

"Oh Tony—and suppose you had never come?"

"I can't suppose it. I must have been coming straight to you, Nell, all the time—if we had only known it!"

* * * * * *

The lawyer came as soon as he could get there. The will was all that could be wished. The old house, with an adequate income, passed to Nell; the old couple were amply provided for. Joshua came in for what was left—and never troubled to appear in the country for it.

But after all, what did it matter?—that is what Tony sometimes asked; for whether Nell came to him dowered or undowered was of no moment to him. It was herself he wanted, and herself he must have; and when she laughed and called him a chivalrous and unpractical boy, and asked him if he thought she would have gone to him without a penny to her dowry, he only laughed and held her more closely in his arms.

"Anyway, Lady Hartover, you owe it all to me and my precious conceit in my bump of locality! I wonder where we should both have been by now if I had not stumbled across those iron gates of yours upon that mysterious Christmas Eve?"

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