

[Dec. 8, 1904.]

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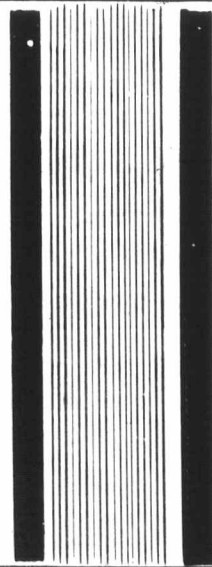
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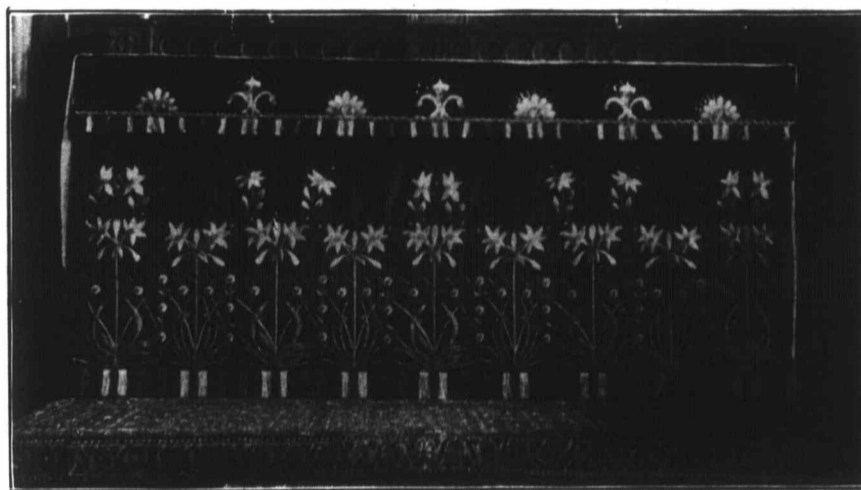
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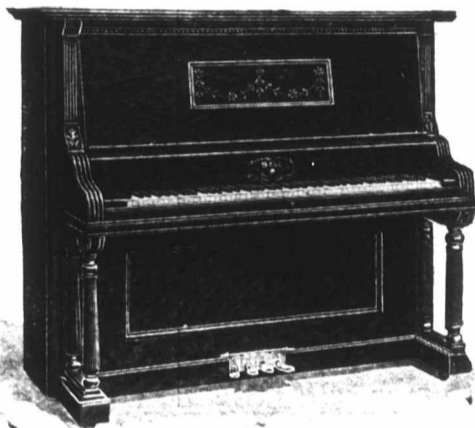
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LESSONS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

Dec. 18—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
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Dec. 25—Christmas Day.
Morning—Isaiah 9, 1 to 8; Luke 2, 1 to 15.
Evening—Isaiah 7, 10 to 17; Titus 3, 4 to 9.
Jan. 1—First Sunday after Christmas.
Morning—Isaiah 35.
Evening—Isaiah 38 or 40.
Jan 8—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Morning—Isaiah 51; Mathew 5, 13 to 33.
Evening—Isaiah 52, 13 & 53 or 54; Acts 4, 32—5, 17.

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

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 307, 315, 321, 322.
Processional: 46, 49, 50, 217.
Offertory: 52, 205, 216, 226.
Children's Hymns: 281, 355, 565, 569.
General Hymns: 48, 52, 288, 352.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Holy Communion: 57, 192, 316, 324.
Processional: 56, 59, 60, 62.
Offertory: 58, 482, 483.
Children's Hymns: 329, 341, 565, 566.
General Hymns 61, 63, 464, 484.

This Christmas Number

Will, we trust, meet with the approval of all our readers. We can assure them that it is the result of much labour and great expense. Addressing each reader personally, we now say: If you think it beautiful enough for your friends, who are far away in Canada, England or the United States, send 25 cents, and we will forward a copy. We cannot send this Christmas Number to any one for less than twenty-five cents.

Americans and Americans.

We admire the boldness of President Roosevelt in admitting that when the United States need a man they go to Canada for him, and having got him, label him as their own, and call him an American. This incident took place at a dinner given to Bishop Brent by the Church Club of Pittsburgh.

The President telegraphed: "I wish I could be present at your dinner to Bishop Brent, for I should like to testify my regard for him. He typifies exactly the kind of American whom all good Americans should wish to see in any position, public or private, in the Philippine Islands, for only by having such men over there will we succeed in doing what we ought to do in these islands." When the Philippines were taken over, and everything was in a state of chaos, President Schurman, of Prince Edward Island, was sent over to observe and advise. Now Bishop Brent, of Ontario, is enlized for his work there. It is something for Trinity College to be proud of that the two honoured guests at this gathering were their own alumni—Bishop Brent and Bishop Rowe of Alaska, Canada first.

Principal Caven.

A fragile looking man, tall, but looking taller than he really was, through thinness, no one would have expected that the late Principal Caven would outlive so many of his contemporaries, and die at seventy-four, lamented and honoured by all. Perhaps the best, certainly the most sincere, eulogy was that of Principal Sheraton, of Wycliffe College: "We are gathered together here because of our reverence and affection for the great and good man who has been called to his eternal rest, and to express our profound sympathy with his beloved ones so sorely bereaved; with this college, of which he was for the third of a century the principal and glory; and with the Presbyterian Church, one of whose noblest and most trusted leaders and teachers he had been for more than fifty years. The whole land mourns the death of one of its greatest sons. I know of no religious leader and teacher whose death has been more universally and deeply lamented."

The Parents' Duty.

The plea which we have so often made for parental performance of their duty in instructing children has been forcibly repeated by such a leading man as Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University. "No amount of didactic teaching, in a home whose life is not Christian will ever get into the consciousness and life of the children. If you wish your children to be Christians, you must really take the trouble to be Christians yourselves. And you cannot shift this thing by sending your children to Sunday-school. You may remedy many things, but you cannot shift this responsibility. If the children do not get this into their blood atmospherically, they are not going to get it into their blood at all, until, it may be, they come to a period of life where the influences of Christian lives outside of the home may profoundly affect them and govern their consciences. We must realize that the first and most intimate and most important organization for the indoctrinating of the next generation is the home, is the family."

The Dawn of Day.

Now that the great globe is encircled by the same people, speaking the same language, it has become a question where the day breaks. The honour is claimed by Waiapu, New Zealand, the Dean of the Cathedral, writing as follows:—"We shall observe Empire Day and the Sunday before it, and shall have a great demonstration in our Cathedral. I think I told you, did I not, that the Cathedral I have had the privilege of building here, in Napier, is the most easternmost in the British Empire, and consequently, the Cathedral in which all special services to be observed throughout the Empire, commence."

Clerical Dress.

Writing upon this subject, a subject of importance, for outward appearance is always important although fashions change, the Guardian says: "We

are free to discuss on its merits the question whether the clergy are ever justified in appearing in lay or semi-lay dress. Now, there are two principles which, as it appears to us, apply to this discussion. The first is that a priest should never appear ridiculous. The other is that he should be even above the suspicion of disguising himself or of being ashamed of his profession. The former principle would surely exclude the practice, advocated by one of our correspondents, of bicycling in a frock-coat, as well as that of the French clergy, mentioned by another correspondent, who ride in their soutanes on ladies' machines. If the clergy must never appear except in a cassock, there is nothing for it but to forbid them to bicycle, as the late Pope did. On the other hand, if we admit that they are to be allowed to hoat and climb the Matterhorn, we must concede them appropriate costume. The second principle, that lay costume must not be adopted as a disguise, would exclude the argument which is advanced sometimes that a parson, by dressing as a layman, can hear what laymen really think. We may safely say that information procured in this way is bought too dearly. Men do not think the better of a minister of the Gospel who consents to act as a plain-clothes detective. Eavesdropping that good may come is altogether too Jesuitical a proceeding to be capable of easy explanation to the average man. From the same point of view we may lay down that a priest must be careful never to appear to be ashamed of his vocation. In this connection the remark of Bishop Walsham How holds good that 'if a man is ashamed of looking like a clergyman, he had much better not be one.' It would seem to follow that a cleric, even on his holiday, should be recognizable as a cleric. What is really wanted is an undress uniform for the clergy, and until somebody can devise that they must make shift as best they can."

Married Clergy.

Upon the occasion of the induction of "Father" Adderley, to the important living of Saltley, the Bishop of Worcester made the following remarks upon this well worn but constantly new subject. "As he had known a great deal about Mr. Adderley's ideals and ideas, he thought he might in a measure interpret them. There were two kinds of ideals in life which were set before them in the New Testament, and which had reference to those who were engaged in the ministry. No one could doubt the blessing that a married clergy had been to the Church of England. It had been an extraordinary blessing, both in town and country parishes. While at Oxford for nearly twenty years, he saw

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a great number of young men, and knew more or less about the homes from which they came, and he was often led to feel that he did not know where they would have been, not only in the Church, but in the nation, but for the great number of young men brought up in simple ideals and pious habits in town and country parsonages. He knew that in innumerable country parishes in that diocese a real civilizing influence and power for unity in the parish came from the parson's family, as well as from himself. From his heart he prayed that no word of disparagement might ever be spoken with regard to the married clergy, and that no diminution of that liberty of marriage might ever come."

Single Clergy.

The Bishop continued: "But the New Testament also presented another ideal of life. St. Paul's point was that the unmarried men had more freedom from anxiety, and so in times of trouble had more freedom of service than could be enjoyed by those who had upon them the responsibility and care, as well as the privileges and blessings, of a family. Many felt that there was great need to have in the Church of England, working side by side with the married clergy, a far greater number who had that larger freedom which belonged to those who were celibate. From many points of view they lived in times of great difficulty. They wanted a great number of men who were free to live on very small salaries, and free to go where they were wanted with a greater freedom than generally could be enjoyed by the married clergy. They lived in days of great luxury, and it did seem desirable that there should be men among the clergy who would show that it was possible voluntarily, when they had perhaps the means to do otherwise, to live simple and even hard lives. In olden days this ideal was represented by the monks. For a century before the Reformation, they had fallen into bad repute." Perhaps the most sensible way out of the difficulty would be for each Bishop to have a larger advising power than he now exercises, so that he would be able to send the celibate or married priest to the parish where he would be most useful.

Kilronan.

A pleasing celebration on the re-opening of the church has been the occasion of the printing in the Church of Ireland Gazette of the following interesting history: The parish of Kilronan, in the diocese of Ardagh, occupies the extreme northern tongue of the County of Roscommon. The church and glebe are beautifully situated on the shores of Lough Meelagh, surrounded on all sides by the picturesque demesne of the Earl of Kingston. The present church was erected about 1780, in a site some two hundred yards west of its predecessor, a 14th century building whose ruins are in good preservation. In the graveyard surrounding the ancient church, Carolan, the last of the Irish bards, is interred in the family burial place of his friend and patron, the MacDermott-Roe, of Alderford. There is a monument to his memory in the north aisle of the nave of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. The original church on this site, founded by St. Ronan, a contemporary of St. Columba, replaced a pre-Christian centre of heathen worship of which some vestiges still remain, notably a holy well, whose fame attracts to this day numerous pilgrims from far and wide.

The Strangers' Pew.

The Bishop of Newcastle, speaking at a gathering of Sunderland church workers recently upon free pews and strangers in the church, said there was a want of cordiality in church life. He had never been in a Nonconformist place of worship, but he had been told that the moment one got into the door there were those who made it their business to come forward and give the stranger a welcome. The contrast was painful. In many of their churches the stranger was looked upon as a stranger. He was told to stand at the bottom of the church till the seats were free, and if he dared, while the verger was hidden somewhere, to go up the aisle and get into an empty seat, thinking it was a house of prayer and he would be allowed to sit there, after a minute or two—perhaps after the service had begun—there would sweep in two or

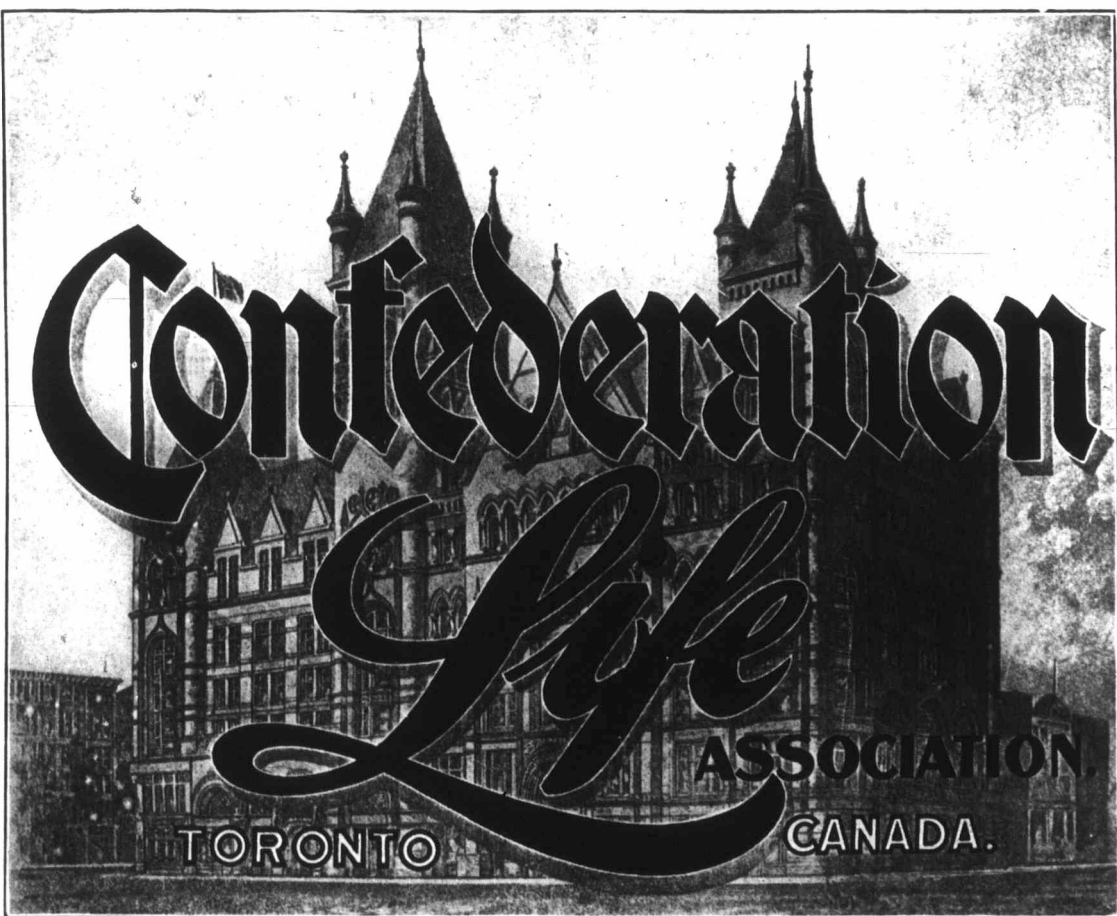
three fine ladies. They looked at that poor person at the end of their pew, and the looks were enough to frighten the man out. That ought not to be possible. Yet those same seat-holders would stand up and say: "I believe in the communion of saints."

To Our Readers.

We will send this number to any address in Britain, the States or Canada for twenty-five cents. Please send in at once. This is, of course, for special numbers, but if one dollar is sent we will send the year's issue as well.

Evangelicalism and Definite Church Teaching.

In the course of an interview which a representative of The Church Family Newspaper had with the Rev. Dr. Joscelyne, vicar of St. Peter's, Islington, that gentleman said that "looking out on Church work in North London, as a whole, one sees much to encourage, and at the same time much to set one thinking. Two obvious dangers meet us at the very outset: (a) The lack of definiteness in religious doctrine may become to many a real danger; living as we do in an age that is a little intolerant of religious dogma, we are in danger of pandering to that intolerance and of throwing over that definite doctrinal basis of belief which is so valuable a safeguard against error. The swing of the pendulum generally leads to extremes. Years ago the danger was head-religion, which never touches the heart, now the real danger to us in Islington is a heart-religion which never touches the head; between these extremes lies the carefully-balanced Christian position, which is described by St. Paul as a 'reasonable service,' a religion not all of the heart, and not all of the head, but a balanced faith which at once persuades the head and rules the heart. We want evangelistic methods to gather outsiders into the Church, to bring in the careless and indifferent and openly irreligious. But the person brought in must be fully instructed in the Church's system. Evangelistic methods are necessary to get the people; something else is required when they have come in." Commenting on



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Canadian Churchman.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

Dr. Joseclyne's remarks, our contemporary observes: "With staunch Evangelicals advocating the need of more definite Church teaching and practices, and staunch High Churchmen, like the Bishop of London, organizing a movement for supplementing the ordinary Church services with large evangelistic services, the two schools of thought in the Church are showing a welcome approximation."

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHURCH.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone since from the lowly manger at Bethlehem first was heard the feeble infant wail—the first human utterance of the Messiah—foretold and looked for by prophet, priest and king; the Divine Babe of Virgin born, God, manifest in the flesh. The world has never ceased to commemorate with joy and gladness the anniversary of that birth. Monarchs, princes, sages, still come with homage to the lowly cradle, and the Church, with holy joy and devout adoration, incessantly continues, as the natal day dawns, with each succeeding year, to laud, praise and worship her Redeemer, Intercessor, and King

—once the Royal Babe of Bethlehem. Not until that first Christmas Day drew near, and the watching shepherds beheld the guiding star, and the sun slowly rose from behind the Judean hills, did God put forth His wondrous plan, and "well and truly lay" on earth the corner-stone of the Catholic faith: "God of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds; and man of the substance of his Mother, born in the world; perfect God, and perfect Man, of a reasonable soul, and human flesh subsisting." Then prophecy found fruition. The Messiah began his life on earth. Salvation, full, free and eternal was brought from heaven by the God-man in human form, as the gracious gift of God to all mankind. And the Church began her endless song: "I believe . . . in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God. . . . Begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father; by whom all things were made, who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven; and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man." To the Church this solemn belief brings the bestowal of a Divine insight by which the indivi-

dual believer is enabled more fully and clearly to see the new and intimate relationship into which he has been brought to God the Father, by the human birth of God the Son, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost," and "born of the Virgin Mary" on the first Christmas Day, in the lowly manger at Bethlehem. "Surely," says Richard Holt Hutton, "all the expansive power of Christianity, all that adapts it to the purpose of the ages, has been directly due to the faith in a 'light that lighteth every man which cometh into the world,' and in the incarnation of that light in the human life of Jesus of Nazareth." "The incarnation," says Mr. Gladstone, "brought righteousness out of the region of cold abstractions, clothed it in flesh and blood, opened for it the shortest and the broadest way to all our sympathies, gave it the firmest command over the springs of human action, by incorporating it in a person, and making it, as has been beautifully said, liable to love." Ever as this beloved and fondly cherished day comes round to the expectant earth, the Church joins in the prophetic acclaim of the saintly Zacharias: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his

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people," and again takes up the refrain of the multitude of the heavenly host: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

CHRISTMAS AND THE HOME.

To young and old alike, there is no day in the calendar of which we think with greater pleasure than that of Christmas. The thought of Christmas makes the young eye sparkle, the young heart glow, and the child mind is filled with bright and glowing pictures of the gifts, and games, and joys which are ushered in by that cheery, happy day. To those no longer young, though time may have somewhat lessened the fresh, eager, buoyant spirit of youth, there is a very real pleasure in recalling the joys of other days. In providing new joys for that which is approaching, and above all, in contributing to it all the kindness, cheeriness and warm-hearted affection of which we are capable. Most of us can say with Charles Lamb: "My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot." The traditions, customs and social habits of the old world are dear to many a Canadian heart, and are treasured, not merely in memory, in many a Canadian home. The old world and the new, though separated by leagues of ocean, are still one in affectionate remembrance. One in enduring sentiment. What French-Canadian will ever forget the sunny plains of "La Belle France," or Scotch the heathery slopes of "Auld Scotia." By the Welsh, the rushing rivers, the rugged mountains, of the ancient principality will never be forgotten. The Italian will still lovingly recollect the fair scenes of beautiful Italy. And to the Englishman, and his descendants, the memories and associations of the old "homeland" are as dear as life itself; and as Lamb says: "Are not rooted up without blood." So, not a few Canadian homes are betimes on Christmas Eve decked with greenery, blended with holly, and the white berries of the mistletoe are to be seen hanging in some convenient place. Nor is the Yule-clog altogether lacking. Then, as the night falls, and the bright stars glitter in the keen, bracing air, here and there is heard the seasonable song of the improvised wail. In chimney corner, or its substitute, is still suspended the patient stocking, so soon to be distended to the bursting point, by the nimble-fingered domestic Santa Claus. And so the eventful night goes by. In the early morning there is a pattering of tiny feet upon the stairs. But pen fails to describe the full-hearted joy of the happy, happy children. It is not long before there falls on the ear the sound of bells. "Bells," as our old favourite, Charles

Lamb, exclaims, "the music highest bordering upon heaven." Then follows the bright, cheery, inspiriting service of the Church, which has been chastely and beautifully adorned, and the ever welcome carols, which tell us, one and all, rich and poor, to Rejoice! our Saviour He was born.

On Christmas Day in the morning."

Home, thereafter, and Christmas dinner, doubly welcome from the fact that those whose feast it is are fully observing the rule of the ancient couplet:

"At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small."

To the two ancient accompaniments of the historic feast: "The Boar's Head," and the "Wassail Bowl," we may not, perhaps, inaptly apply two lines from an old song:

"The boar's head, as I understand,

Is the rarest dish in all the land."

Many of our readers will remember the spirited representation, by Sir John Gillbert, of the bringing in, by the rosy-cheeked butler, of the boar's head, bedecked with rosemary and having a lemon between its jaws. The last place in England where this custom will cease to be observed will probably be Queen's College, Oxford. "Tradition," we are told, "represents this usage as a commemoration of an act of valour performed by a student of the College, who, while walking in the neighbouring forest of Shotover and reading Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. The furious beast came open mouthed upon the youth, who, however, very courageously, and with a happy presence of mind, is said to have 'rammed in the volume,' and cried *græcum est*, fairly choking the savage with the sage." We commend this traditional anecdote to the opponents of classical culture, especially to those of a sportive turn of mind." We may not linger over the music, merriment, games and ghost stories of Christmas evening. In parting, may we be permitted to say that the most precious heritage Christmas holds for each of us is, that it is the golden link in the chain of time by which, through God's own Son, each believing, loving child of man becomes indissolubly bound to his Maker.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Spectator's Comments on Questions of Public Interest to Churchmen.

The uplifting power of a great truth is wonderfully exemplified at the Christmas season, when Christians everywhere commemorate the incarnation of the Son of God. To those whose faith is

moulded by the marvellous revelations of the Scriptures it is only natural that this condescension of Divinity to occupy the form of humanity—this lifting up of humanity to a visible partnership with Divinity, should be a controlling and inspiring element in life. But the influence of Christmas goes far beyond those who walk by faith. There is a peculiar sanctity about the season that makes its power felt even where it is not understood. The honoured customs which have gathered around the day are full of beautiful symbolisms, and pregnant with a beneficent expression of the better aspirations of men. It touches the hearts not only of those who bow in adoration, but of those who stand afar off. Men cannot resist its power, and even the most careless would not if they could. Let us keep alive all those hallowed feelings which gather around the day, and the great fact which the day represents. Let the sweet influences of a glorified manhood enter into our hearts, and let us pray that the loving touch of an unseen presence may abide when the day is past, and the old occupations again lay hold of us.

Christmas has long been honoured by special acts of benevolence that outwardly express the inward meaning of the occasion. A special tenderness is always sure to be felt for the poor at this time, and it is right that they who experience many tokens of friendship, good-will, and fortune, should remember those whose lives are seldom lighted up by the smiles of success. It is an occasion when gifts may be bestowed without in any way wounding the pride or lowering the dignity of self-respecting men and women. It is not the only time when generosity may be displayed, but it is certainly one of the times when it comes with exceptional graciousness and power. In the Church in Eastern Canada it has long been the custom for congregations to show some token of good-will to their clergy and families at this season, and we trust that custom is not likely to become obsolete. Throughout this great Dominion there are hundreds of men serving at the altars of our Church, giving all that is best in them to the up-building of better ideals, and all the while living on the very fringe of distress. Will men not be large-hearted enough to tender some gracious token of appreciation of their work at this season? Will not the little miffs and prejudices that sometimes obtrude themselves into the relations of priest and people be laid aside and a hearty, generous attitude allowed to take their place? It

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is quite wonderful, the effect of a little confidence and a little appreciation under such circumstances, an effect as remarkable on him who gives as him who takes. There is another view to take of this matter. Many men and women of large means, at this season are distracted over the choice of some suitable token to forward to a cherished friend. They are conscious that a gift is really not needed, for the object of their good-will is in possession of all that the heart can desire. Out in the back districts of the country are missionaries toiling with all the zeal they possess, and beside them are wives whose devotion and influence are no less notable. What if a cheque were sent to the Bishop of the diocese who could enclose with his greetings a gift from an unknown benefactor, here and there where he knows it would come as a welcome and timely surprise. Spectator in wishing his readers a very merry Christmas ventures to lay these things before them and there to leave the matter.

During the nineteen centuries that have passed away since the birth of Jesus of Nazareth in Bethlehem no subject has had as much of the treasures of intellectual genius lavished upon it as the life of this great Teacher and the religion of love which bears His name. It has been the inspiration of our sweetest melodies. It has guided the brush in the production of the masterpieces of art. It has lifted orators to the sublimest pinnacle of eloquence and led men to the utterance of the profoundest philosophical wisdom. At this shrine of love and service have worshipped the great and good of every land, and His name has penetrated to the uttermost corners of the earth. Much as has His Spirit dominated the thoughts and utterances of the great, more profoundly still has it come as a priceless gift into the lives of the "common people," who are said to have "heard Him gladly" upon earth. The evidence of this is abundantly seen in the lore that has grown up among the "folk" regarding the birth, life and death of Christ. These legends are the tribute of the lowly and unlearned to the great world-child, who was to usher in the golden age of "peace on earth and goodwill among men."

Devout and reverent disciples of this great Master need feel no shock or surprise in recalling the fact that heathen peoples have in like manner accumulated imaginary tales of wonderful deeds done by their heroes; nor indeed should we value less highly the cherished customs which prevail at this merry Christmas season, when we find that some of them are but Christian adaptations of heathen tributes to heathen gods. It was not unusual to find in Greek and Roman literature references to the bond of sympathy said to exist between Mother Nature and their most valiant sons. When they were sad or afflicted she mourned; when they were fortunate she rejoiced, precisely in the spirit of the Psalmist, who wrote, "Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord." Many are the legends of the wonderful manifestations of joy on the part of nature when

the Christ-child was born—demonstrations commensurate with the importance of the occasion. The sacred writers tell of two phenomena that seem to include nature in this great jubilation—the illumination visible to the shepherds of Judea, and the star that led the wise men of the east to His cradle in Bethlehem. According to Bosnian legend, at the birth of Christ "the sun in the east bowed down, the stars stood still, the mountains and the forests shook and touched the earth with their summits, and the great pine tree bent; heaven and earth were bowed." In the immortal play of Hamlet, Shakespeare makes Marcellus say of Banquo's ghost:



THE VISITATION.

"It faded on the crowing of the cock,
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

And yet many of the Christmas festivities that are so affectionately associated in our minds with the birth of the Son of Man—the hilarious joy of childhood at this season of frolic and fun—

are rooted in the heathen revelries of the saturnalia of antiquity. It is well-known that when people pass from a lower to a higher stage of civilization they carry with them many of their customs and traditions, which are laid hold of by the dominating society and made use of for higher purposes. It is therefore only in accordance with a recognized law that heathen converts to Christianity should bring with them into their new environment customs and festivals destined to receive a nobler interpretation. Hence we are not surprised that the expressions of joy familiar to the ancients in their demonstrations of gratitude to Saturn on the prolific yield he had given to the work of the seed-sower should later hail the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. An orthodox writer in the middle of the seventeenth century acknowledging this origin, says: "If it doth appear that the time of this festival doth comply with the time of the heathen's saturnalia, this leaves no charge of impiety upon it; for since things are best cured by their contraries, it was both wisdom and piety in the ancient Christians (whose work it was to convert the heathens from such as well as other superstitions and miscarriages) to vindicate such times from the service of the devill by appoynting them to the more solenne and especial service of God.

In regard to the date of Christmas festival, it is pointed out that the birth of Christ could not have taken place in the winter as witness the shepherds sleeping out 'neath the sky when the announcement was made to them of the birth of the Saviour. The twenty-fifth of December was agreed upon, it is said, because for several reasons it was a particularly auspicious day for this celebration. For example, St. Augustine said John Baptist was born on June 25th, at the summer solstice. As this great precursor had said of Christ, "He must increase, but I must decrease," it seemed particularly appropriate that John's birthday should fall on the day when the sun begins to decrease, and that of his Master on the winter solstice, or the day on which the sun begins to increase. Thus the birth of the sun and the Son of Righteousness were not without a deep sense of poetical fitness, made synchronous, and served to illustrate the prophecy of Malachi: "Unto you that fear my name shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

BROCK'S MONUMENT.

The noble column, which soars above the commanding height from which can be traced the winding course of the Niagara river, as it rushes towards Lake Ontario is full worthy, from its position and character, of the hero in whose memory it was raised. In a letter contained in the recently published Life of Sir John Beverley Robinson, late Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and himself a prominent actor on the scene, we are told of the attack by United States troops on the Canadian militia detailed for defences of their country; and posted near the town of Queenston and on the Heights, under command of Major-General Sir

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Isaac Brock. The attack began before daylight on the 13th of October, 1812. Our men had undergone "great fatigue, from want of rest and exposure to inclement weather." But we are told "their spirits were high and their confidence in the General unbounded," and "they welcomed with joy the prospect of a field which would be decisive." As the detachment to which Lieutenant Robinson was attached was hastening to the assistance of their comrades, the writer says: "On our road, General Brock passed us. He had galloped from Niagara in great haste, unaccompanied by his aide-de-camp or a single attendant. He waved his hand to us, and desired us to follow with expedition, and galloped on with full speed to the mountain. In the next scene of the historic drama, we are told that though some of the enemy's boats had been destroyed and the invaders killed or captured, "a fresh brigade of four boats had just then crossed, and our troops, who had been stationed on the mountain, were ordered down to dispute their landing. No sooner had they descended than the enemy appeared in force above them. They had probably landed before the rest, while it was yet dark, and had remained concealed by the rough crags of the mountain. They possessed themselves instantly of our battery on the height. General Brock rushed up the mountain on foot with some troops to dislodge them; but they were so advantageously posted, and kept up so tremendous a fire, that the small number ascending were driven back. The General then rallied the men, and was proceeding up the right of the mountain to attack them in flank, when he received a bullet in his breast. Several of the 49th assembled round him. . . They succeeded in conveying the General's body to Queenston. On the place on the mountain side, where General Brock fell mortally wounded, stands a massive memorial, the corner-stone of which was laid by our present King, then the Prince of Wales, during his visit to Canada, which bears an inscribed record of the fact which it serves to commemorate. The succeeding events of that memorable day are familiar to every Canadian school boy.

Thus fell, on a Canadian battlefield, a great man, imperial in spirit, dauntless in courage, of noble life and lofty intellect, a born leader of men, a true patriot, a firm and sagacious statesman. In a letter written by General Brock to his brothers, during the previous month, he wrote as follows: "The want of union was nearly losing this province without a struggle." The author of the volume, above referred to, writes that: "It has always been felt, and rightly so, throughout Canada, that the success of the campaign of 1812 was due largely to what Sir James Macaulay termed 'the talismanic influence and ascendancy of Brock over his fellow-men, to the Nelsonian spirit that animated his breast.'" And Sir John Robinson, himself, wrote of him: "I do most sincerely believe that no person I have ever seen could so instantly have infused, under such discouraging circumstances, into the minds of a whole people the spirit which, though it endured long after his fall, was really caught from him." In the splendid life, inestimable service and heroic death of Brock, not Canada alone, but the world-wide British race, have just cause for honourable pride. The memory of such a man is imperishable. His example, like his lofty monument, impresses upon all observers the power of noble thoughts and the distinction of high endeavours. It gives us unfeigned pleasure to present our readers with photogravure engravings of each of the monuments above referred to.

CHRISTMAS CALENDARS AND CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The Upper Canada Tract Society of 102 Yonge St., Toronto, have a most tasteful and appropriate selection of calendars and books suitable for the Christmas season. The former is one of the most beautiful ever seen in the city, and at the same time they are very moderate in price, the calendars ranging from the small price of 5 cents up. We would strongly recommend our readers to call and inspect the society's beautiful display.

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on His mother's knee,

Before the Prophet princes came, bringing gifts in hand,

The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey, and the ox that trod the corn,

Knelt down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born,

And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night,

The dumb beasts kneel to worship, and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care;

They give them Christmas greeting and dainty Christmas fare;

The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn

Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn.

—Mary Field Williams.

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TAPESTRY IN EXETER COLLEGE CHAPEL, OXFORD, ENGLAND. DESIGNED BY MR. BURNE-JONES. EXECUTED BY MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

CHURCH HYMNS.

Keble's *Christian Year* was published in the year 1827, and is always looked on as the beginning of the Oxford Movement. True, it had been preceded by others, such as the establishment of the body commonly known as Irvingites. Although now comparatively obscure, that offspring of the Church appealed to the primitive ideals of self-sacrifice, of beauty in the service of God, and the other ideals which were afterwards advanced in the Church and not outside of it. The way, indeed, was paved for the influence of the *Christian Year*, and it slowly permeated society, and was the power to direct public interest in and the discussion of hymns. Thus, in 1828, a writer in the *Quarterly Review* stated the rules which should govern all hymn collections. "Hymns," he wrote, "should be so general, that any individual in a Christian assembly may join in them without impropriety, and at the same time should possess a sort of personal application to each separate worshipper. Hymns for public service should be suited to all times and seasons; to every rank and condition of men; to every state of religious feeling. They are the common property of the religious assembly; each individual may appropriate their general language as far as possible to his peculiar case; but he must not expect them to accommodate themselves to what we will call the accidents of his spiritual state. Their prayers must be for the blessings which all alike stand in need of; their thanksgiving for mercies in which all partake. Hence the essential distinction between hymns and devotional poetry." This distinction should be kept in mind

*With tunes. The music edited by Charles H. Lloyd. The plain song tunes selected and harmonized by Basil Harwood. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1903.

by critics. To take an instance. At the present moment the new edition of *Hymns A. & M.* is being found fault with for following the example of *Church Hymns* in leaving Faber's "O Paradise" out of it. So far from agreeing with such carpings, we think that many which are retained in most collections should also be omitted. Especially we ought to be careful as to the words put into the mouths of children. So many favourite hymns are suitable for a mother's voice, hushing the children to sleep, which are quite out of place in Church or Sunday school. Even hymns like "Here We Suffer Grief and Pain," Ch. H. 624, or "There is a Happy Land," Ch. H. 640, are, for this reason, open to objection. Of course the children sing such melodies and often shout them out, but it is unnatural for them to mean what the words express. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in St. James' Cathedral, in Toronto, deprecated the use of language which the speaker or singer did not mean; in fact, would out of church express the very opposite sentiment; and Dr. Fraser, the late Bishop of Manchester, expressed the same idea in the following words: "I venture to say there is not one person here who wishes to put on immortality. Let people not talk such stuff, and be a little more real about their religion. The sentimentalism of our day is one of the subtlest of our religious perils." During the last seventy-five years there has been a wonderful development of collections and improvements in the books used. In Keble's time the Methodists were, in practice, the hymn singers, the Psalms were the recognized and grave expression of our praise in public worship. Now we have to complain of the absence of metrical versions of the Psalms, as except the 23rd and 100th, few are to be found. Out of the 658 in *Church Hymns*, ten of these are by Tate and Brady, and one by Nahum Tate, and they are worthy of their place. But Sternhold and Hopkins have gone to oblivion, and

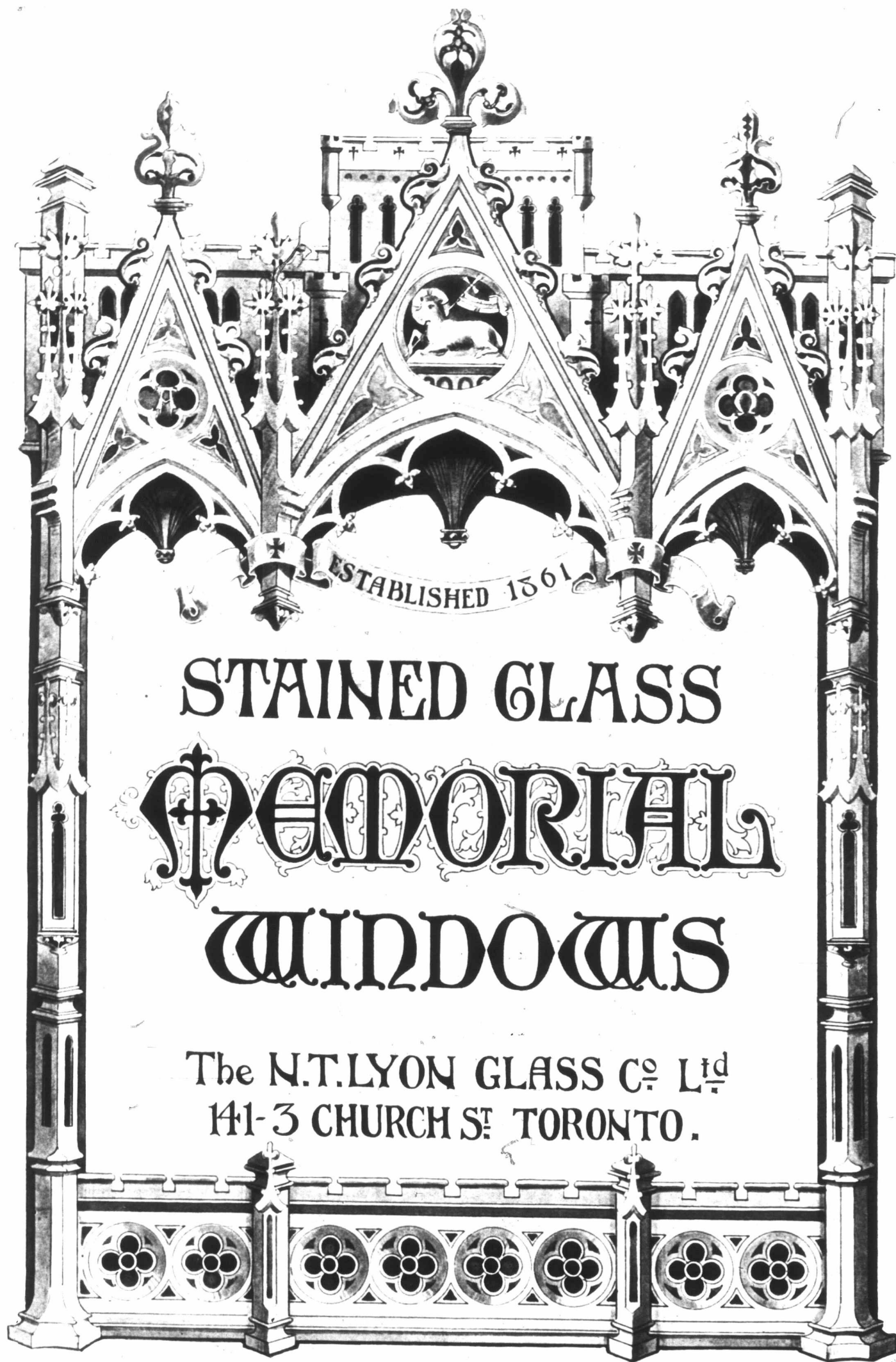
yet we dimly remember a noble passage, most expressive of the Hebrew idea of God, thundering forth with Cherubim and Seraphim. "And on the wings of all the winds continually did fly." Even in Scotland the Psalms have disappeared and their place has been taken by a splendid collection of human hymns. Many of the Wesleyan collected hymns have been eliminated from public favour, and their place filled by translations from the Welsh, Greek, Latin and German and by selections from all parts of the English-speaking world.

The great task of compilers in recent years has been to select the best which have gained public favour and to adopt the best readings of every line. We have gone carefully through many of our favourites in the Church hymns and have found that they have selected, as a rule, the best readings. In Watts' "O God Our Help in Ages Past," the author wrote: "Our God," and so in some other cases verbal changes might be made, though, as we said, we agree with the editors in almost every case. Much attention has been directed at this moment to the Christmas hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." It seems to us too late to make the welkin ring, although Wesley so wrote the words. We prefer to either the opening lines of *Church Hymns* or *Hymns A. & M.*, an old version which embodies the correct meaning:

"Hark, the herald angel sings
Glory to the King of Kings."

And then the hymn proceeds with the rejoicing of all created beings and the praise of God.

A distinction in the conception of the function of hymns, interesting, but not of universal application, and now changing in modern works is that down to the sixteenth century, the hymns are almost entirely hymns of praise, whilst since the favourites are chiefly collective or individual prayer.



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Canadian Churchman.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Does this mean that the earlier Christians were so assured that they felt the need of praise and adoration, while modern souls are more oppressed with the world and its hindrances? Hymns like Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," are but the ejaculations of men oppressed with fear and in darkness. "Art Thou Weary?" although said by Dr. Keble to be from the Greek is his own work, suggested by a Greek verse. This characteristic change, besides being the expression of the needs dominating the people during a period of religious unrest, and physical, as well as spiritual warfare, owes much to the fact pointed out by Isaac Taylor that in communities which have had wide liturgies, the Hymn Book rules, "The Hymn Book to such bodies, comes in the stead of Creed, Articles,

Canons, and presiding power," so that we have peoples emerging from what they felt to be the spiritual oppression of Rome and the wars consequent on that revolt, conscious of their personal responsibility, trying to express such convictions in their hymns to God.

Now that the English peoples have been blessed as they have been for the last two centuries, their hymns are becoming more hymns of praise, and the conception of our all-being the sons of God and brothers is broadening and deepening. Of course, like everything else, it is apt to be pushed to extremes. The late Bishop Phillips Brooks was most emphatic in his warnings against giving way to a religion of sentiment which delights in glowing and vague utterances of feeling. "No one can read our

hymns, whether they be of the widest revival sort, or the translated medievalisms of ritualism, without feeling what I mean. They are very beautiful often, but, compared with the hymns that our fathers sang, they are weak. They lack thought, and no religion which does not think is strong. It may be in reaction from the way in which many of the old hymns were made to labour with a process of reasoning, that struggled on most unlyrically from verse to verse, that the favourite hymns of to-day discard connected thought, and seem to try only to utter moods of mystic feeling, or to depict some scene in which the spiritual parable is lost in the brightness of the sensuous imagery."

While there are rocks to be avoided in every selection and the continuous changes to be made in

accordance with the taste of each generation, our collections, which have culminated in this volume of Church hymns, have gradually eliminated a number of poor hymns and introduced others which have commended themselves to their hearers. It is quite true that this collection, the largest now in use, has necessarily a number which fastidious people could only call twaddle, but the mass of the congregations must be considered, and these very verses, if sung with the old well-known melodies, will be sung with all the fervour of devotion, and touch the heart as better words and better music could never do. The subject is a fascinating one, but we must limit our remarks, and hope to have another opportunity of taking it up again. All we need, say now, is that we have the hymns from the earliest Christian age until favourites of the recent day, including, "The Ninety and Nine," and "Crossing the Bar."

The book, like all English books, is dreadfully insular and ignorant, the work of the smallest of little Englanders. There is nothing to suit the case of the dweller in strange lands. There are hymns for those at sea, but so soon as they reach their desired haven they and their children are forgotten. There are missionary hymns, but solely for the heathen, nothing for those who strive to make a home in a new land and to sing there the songs of Zion. Nothing of the apostolic longing for the welfare of such brethren. Nor, on the other hand, are there any hymns for those out of England, in Canada, Australia, India, the other English lands, or abroad, to bind them with their English brothers in one united thanksgiving to the God of their fathers. We have repeatedly begged for new missionary hymns. Much has been done since "Greenland's Icy Mountains" first stirred the hearts of England, but the English people have been too content with its sentiment, and fail to realize that the breezes have wafted generations from the motherland. We do not wish to go outside the Empire for suggestions, but we cannot think of anything more full of the idea that we wish to convey than Oliver Wendell Holmes'

ode on the visit of the King to Boston forty-four years ago:

God bless our fathers' land;
Keep her in heart and hand;
One with our own,
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her throne

Father, in loving care,
Guard thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all his ways;
Thine arm his shelter be,
From harm by land and sea;
Bid storms and dangers flee,
Prolong his days.

Lord, let wars' tempests cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under thy wings,
Make all the nations one;
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till thou shall reign alone,
Great King of Kings.

With this suggestion we may leave our readers to make a personal perusal of this volume, which is rapidly advancing in England, although it is difficult to get a copy in Canada. Yet before we leave the subject of our needed hymns, let us say one word in favour of the neglected hymns of Wales. They are Calvinistic, undoubtedly, as a rule, and too doctrinal for general use, especially in a day when our compilers show their bad taste by introducing hymns of a sectional kind. We don't wish to have any sectional hymns, but the Welsh have a missionary hymn:

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,"
and others:

"All are filled with sweet home longing,
Where the end is glorious gain."

Let us end with:

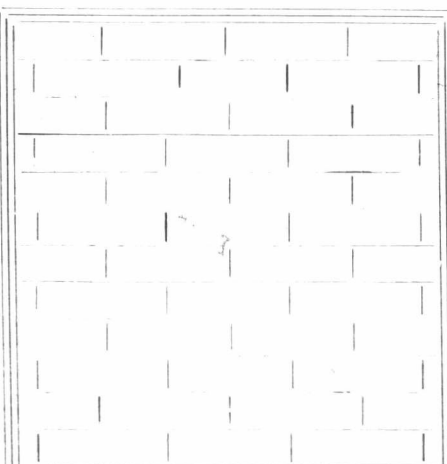
"Let the breezes of the Homeland,
Meet us in the valley's gloom,
Till our feet are safely treading,
Hills of light, and fadeless bloom."

Correspondence.

ST. CHAD'S HOSTEL, DURHAM.

Sir,—Many will have read with sympathy much which you said in a recent issue as to the mission of the Rev. John Wakeford, who has come to Canada to collect funds for the founding of a Clergy Training School, at Durham. If Mr. Wakeford could only disengage a thousandth part of what Englishmen spend each year in drink, there would be ample means for the scheme which he advocates and for many such without an appeal to the struggling young Church in this new country. But some will be sorry you made the mistake of seeking to identify Mr. Wakeford's hostel with the University of Durham. Next after Oxford and Cambridge, Durham University is the oldest of all the nine Universities of England and Wales, and it is said to be, for its size, one of the wealthiest in the country. It comprises four regular colleges and a hostel besides the body of "unattached" or non-collegiate students and several affiliated colleges. Two thousand of the clergy of the Church of England are graduates of Durham, and its medical and science schools are amongst the best in England. The very idea of the university, through its "ambition," sending out Mr. Wakeford to beg in its behalf, would be extraordinary to say the least. "St. Chad's Hostel" will doubtless be a worthy institution, but it was not founded by Durham University. It is not lodged, we understand, in University buildings and in the Durham calendar for 1905, which has been issued, there is no mention of it, though every affiliated institution is given by name. It is merely the creature of some pious Churchmen who wish to place it where its students may have the ad-

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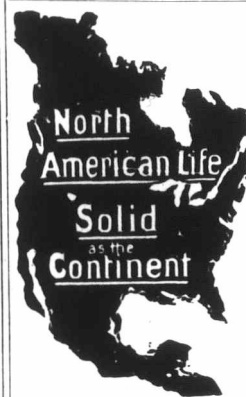
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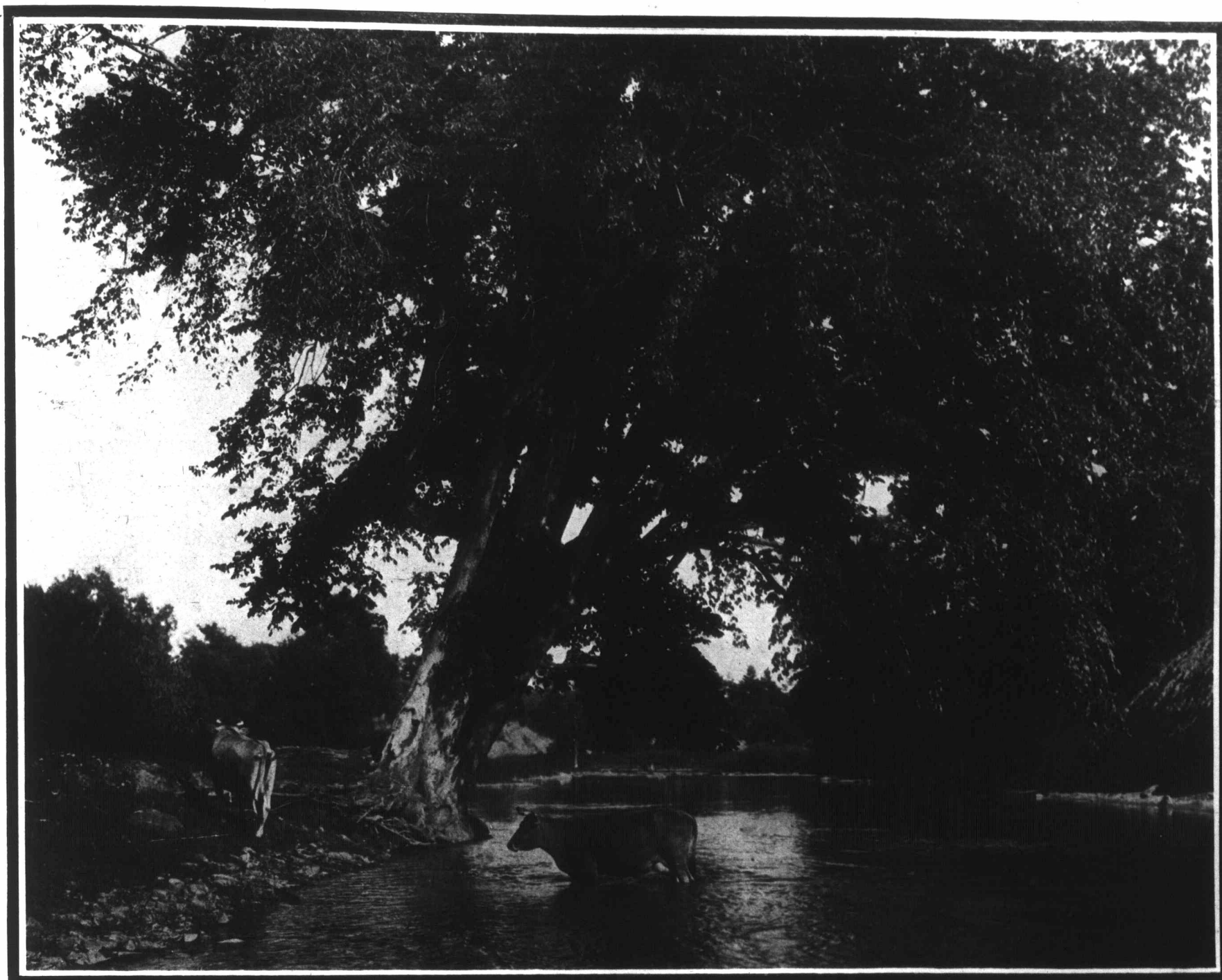
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Canadian Churchman.

A WOODLAND SCENE.

vantage of some university life, and may have facilities for taking a degree. It is true that the Principal and Vice-Principal of the hostel are graduates of Durham. But any Master of Arts may, with the approval of Senate, open a house for the reception of undergraduates. Yet in asking help for such a house, we could not be said to be begging for the University. Mr. Wakeford will be deserving of help from the right source, but he would no doubt be the first to admit that his mission may not be even known to the authorities of Durham University. VINDEX.

ST. CHAD'S, DURHAM.

Sir,—I cordially agree with your article on "St. Chad's, Durham," in your issue of the 24th November. May I, however, correct an impression given by the last sentence of the article? After many just remarks, it concludes: "Yet, in the face of all this, Liverpool sends the Rev. John Wakeford. . . . Liverpool should feel ashamed." Three months ago I received from one of the Archdeacons of the diocese of Liverpool a letter commenting severely upon the proposed visit of the Rev. J. Wakeford, and enclosing a printed criticism of it, as follows: "It seems to us an extraordinary thing that a clergyman should go to the United States and Canada on a begging tour in aid of the free education of candidates for Holy Orders in England. If we cannot find the money ourselves, we should at least spare our Canadian kinsfolk, whose own Church needs all the money they can give it. We cannot, therefore, view with sympathy the approaching mission of the Rev. John Wakeford in the interests of the projected St. Chad's Hostel at Durham. This is to supersede the hostel of the same name at Hooton Pagnell—an institution for turning out priestlings with a taste for the monkish garb. Dur-

ham could well spare such an invasion. Moreover, its University already offers ample advantages to men of modest means. The only reason for opening a new hostel must be a conviction that University College and Hatfield Hall are unsuited to the needs of the extreme clergy. Churchmen in Canada, as well as in England, will do well to view this scheme with hesitation. We want more clergy; but they must be of the right type." I am sure you would think it right that those who are asked to contribute to this institution, should clearly understand what they are subscribing to, and it does not appear from the article, that this point was explained to Mr. Wakeford's audience. B. WATKINS.

HOW NOT TO TEACH THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

Sir,—In reply to the strictures of "Churchman" on the teaching of the Record Sunday School Lesson Helps, upon the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, in the Churchman of November 24th, page 715, I would say that there always have been different views held as to the teaching of the Prayer Book on that subject. While I myself agree entirely with the statement of the "Lesson Helps," that "infants receive first the seal of baptism, and then afterwards, when they repent and believe, they receive the blessings of which baptism is the sign and seal," and think that this is the only view that can be gathered from the Prayer Book teaching in its entirety; yet, I would not deny the sincere churchmanship of those who hold the views, for instance, of Archdeacon Ker, stated in the paper of his, which appeared in the Churchman recently, which are the same, I presume, as those held by "Churchman." Let me close with this question to the latter: How can you reconcile the statement of

the Baptismal Office, "This child is regenerate," with the statements of the Catechism, that repentance and faith are required of persons to be baptized, unless you take the first statement in a conditional sense, and understand that on the condition of faith and obedience, or repentance only, are young children pronounced regenerate? BENJ. P. LEWIS.

Sir,—I was glad to read Churchman's letter in your last issue with reference to the doctrine of the Record Sunday School Lesson Helps and Church Home Quarterly. I was quite attracted by the appearance of the "Record" Leaflets, and was thinking seriously of adopting them in place of the "Institute," especially as they had the appreciation of several of our Bishops. Fortunately, the lesson for Advent Sunday was on the subject of the Holy Communion. The doctrine on the sample leaflets and in the "Helps," with reference to that Sacrament, was quite sufficient to deter me from my purpose. The Institute leaflets are bare and unattractive, but they are full of Prayer Book teaching, which is Bible-truth, and such that we desire our scholars to have. It was my privilege at a recent joint deanery meeting to warn my fellow-clergy against the teaching of these Leaflets and Helps. ANOTHER CHURCHMAN.

MY MEMORY OF GLADSTONE.

Sir,—A kind friend placed in my hands a copy of "My Memory of Gladstone," by Mr. Goldwin Smith. This interesting volume deals not simply with personal recollections of the great English statesman, but also contains some trenchant criticisms on his literary work and religious opinions. It is hardly necessary to say that this little book is marked by all that charm of style that make all



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the productions of its distinguished author so attractive. On pages 81 and 82, Mr. Smith writes: "Gladstone had in part put off his establishmentarianism, but his orthodoxy and belief in the inspiration of the Bible remained unimpaired. This deprives his theological writings of serious value, though they still have interest as the work of a mind at once powerful and intensely religious, dealing with the topics of the highest concern." Thus with one stroke of his mighty pen he pronounces valueless all the teachings of the great divines not only of the Anglican Communion, but of the whole Christian Church. This astounding declaration of Mr. Smith plainly shows that while he has doubts of the inspiration of the Bible, he has no misgivings touching his own infallibility. A little further on the author continues: "If the death of a man and his restoration to life were witnessed and certified by a great body of men of science, in circumstances such as to preclude the impossibility of imposture, we should not withhold our belief, however contrary the occurrence might be to the ordinary course of nature." Mr. Smith has no doubt said many wise things in his distinguished career, but he must pardon me if I fail to see any wisdom in the statement here quoted. How could any rational being withhold belief in the reality of a resurrection under the circumstances here described? And I would further say that a demonstration for the truth of Christ's resurrection is here demanded that was utterly impossible to be given. How could the resurrection of Christ be attested "by a great body of men of science?" Where were they to be found in what Mr. Smith describes as "an uncritical age?" But surely it does not need to be very scientific to know when a man is dead, and to recognize him again alive. Are experts always the best witnesses to fact? On the contrary is it not found that plain, honest, intelligent men are the best witnesses in our courts of law in matters of fact? And do we not find the testimony of scientific experts in our criminal courts

often of the most contradictory character? If the facts of the world's history, with which the author is so familiar, needed for the establishment of their truth, such evidence as he demands for that of the facts of the Christian religion, I think the records of what is called the historic period would be contained in a very small volume. There is something very pathetic in seeing a highly gifted man at the end of a long life, besieged with doubts, while "dealing with topics of the highest concern." Cicero was informed only by the light of nature, and he could say: "Neque me vixisse penitet; quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me naturam existimem; et ex vita ita discedo, tanquam ex hospitio, non tonquam ex domo. . . . O præ clarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium coetum que profecis car, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam." In English, thus: "Nor does it fret me to have lived, since I have so lived that I may judge that I was not born to no purpose; and I so depart from life, as if from an inn, not as if from home. Oh bright day when I shall set out for that divine assemblage and company of souls, and when I shall depart from this crowd and off-scouring." In these sayings of the great Roman orator and thinker, we perceive that the voice of reason and nature is, as far as it reaches, in accordance with Him "Who brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." A.

THE SOCIETY OF SACRED STUDIES.

Sir,—Will you allow me to inform your readers that there is some prospect of a visit to Canada next year from the Master of Selwyn College, who might be induced to give some lectures to the clergy and others on theological subjects, Dr. Kirkpatrick's high position, as Lady Margaret Professor of Theology at Cambridge, and Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, would alone give importance to his visit, but some of your readers

know his admirable works, especially the "Divine Library," which is unquestionably the most helpful guide to the study of the Old Testament. Possibly such a visit would stimulate our clergy to remember the unanimous resolution of the Provincial Synod, in 1901, approving the English Society of Sacred Studies, and recommending the affiliation of branch societies in our dioceses. All enquiries on this subject should be sent to the General Secretary, Rev. J. H. Srawley, Selwyn College, Cambridge. Even if our clergy may be a little terrified at first by the long lists of books in foreign languages, the privilege of consulting at any time the most eminent theological experts of Oxford and Cambridge, is certainly worth the nominal subscription of twenty-five cents. Among the books recommended will be found in each leaflet, a number of cheap works in English.

JOHN DE SOYRES.

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Sir,—Would you kindly allow me to acknowledge with best thanks through the Canadian Churchman the following contributions to this fund: Canon Mackenzie, Milton, 50 cents; Mrs. Bancroft, Hudson Heights, \$10; Miss Macklem, Toronto, \$20. These sums, added to those previously acknowledged, make the total received to date \$56.15.

J. COOPER-ROBINSON.

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FROM THE CELEBRATED PAINTING OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD, BY CARLO DOLCI IN THE PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE, ITALY.

THE TURKEY BAG.

Many years ago my aunt took me with her, one Christmas Eve, when she was distributing dinners to the poor, and the idea seemed such a happy one that for over twenty years my family and I have continued the work.

We have a bag, called "The Turkey Bag," which is handed round for donations every Sunday after dinner. My son, who is now far away, and who took great interest in the distribution, sends us a generous contribution every year.

We obtain the names of about four poor families from the rector of a suburban parish, with the ages, etc., of the children, and my wife and family prepare a small present for each, labelling the same with the name of the child. We purchase a turkey and other requisites for a dinner. My wife packs the baskets, and on Christmas Eve we get a sleigh and off we go with our load.

My children go into the houses with me and distribute the articles; and I do not know whether the joy of giving or receiving is the greater.

We have met with many pleasing incidents in our visits. At one house we found that the man, a superior mechanic, had been out of work for some time, and his money had run out. His sweet little girls, who were in bed when we arrived at the house, were overjoyed when they heard that Santa Claus had come, as they had been told that there was no money for Christmas presents that year.

At another house we heard a sad story. The husband had died during the year, a baby had just been born, and the poor mother said: "We could have done without him, but now that he has come, we don't want to lose him."

In a basement, where the father was in consumption, we found the children getting a Christmas wash in a basin in the room which served for kitchen and parlour. If some of our children who do not appreciate their porcelain baths, could have seen that sight, I think it would have made them more thankful for comfortable homes.

At another address I met a lady of good social standing. I said: "Have I not made a mistake in bringing a turkey to you?" "No, indeed," she

replied. "I need it, and shall be very thankful to have it."

Perhaps the most touching scene I remember was in a house containing a father, not doing much, a mother with a young baby and five other little ones, the mother not able to be up. The eldest girl, about nine years old, was frying a chop for her mother. This sweet, sober-faced child was in full charge of the house—nurse, cook, housemaid, all combined.

I could relate many more interesting incidents, but these will suffice for the present, and may be suggestive to those who wish to bring Christmas joy to the sorrowful and suffering, and at the same time get a lot of fun and happiness for themselves out of a Christmas Eve expedition.

H. J.

—The temper of the mind in which we meet the hundred and one tiny circumstances of every hour determines our happiness or unhappiness far more than does the detail of what those circumstances are. We cannot choose the circumstances, but we can choose the temper.

Home & Foreign Church News

From our own Correspondents.

NOVA SCOTIA.

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

Halifax. A committee has been appointed to confer with Bishop Worrell regarding the possible opening in this city of a Church of England Divinity School in affiliation with Dalhousie University. At this time no definite decision has been arrived at, but it is stated that the conference with the Bishop will be decisive. There are several considerations which have influenced those having the matter in hand. One of these is the scarcity of men in the ministry, some thirteen or more parishes being now vacant in this diocese. Heretofore vacancies have been filled in many cases from Toronto, but owing to the fact that so many men are going to the North-West from that centre, as, indeed, from all parts of Canada, the demand in the East is greatly in excess of the supply.

TORONTO.

Arthur Sweatman, D.D., Bishop, Toronto.

Toronto.—Church of the Redeemer.—The choir were reinforced on Sunday, the 4th inst., by twenty boys, who Mr. Arthur Ingham, the recently-appointed organist of this church, has been training for some time past.

St. Peter's. Large congregations greeted the Rev. Frederick Wilkinson, the new vicar of this church, at both services on Sunday, the 4th inst. Mr. Wilkinson is a man in his early prime, of fine physique, possesses a good voice, and, judging from his initial sermons, will emphasize Christian experience and the practical side of life. Earnest in manner and impressive in de-

livery, Mr. Wilkinson is an acquisition to the pulpit force of Toronto. He is a graduate of Wycliffe College, and came to this city from Fredericton, N.B. In the evening the new vicar preached from St. Matt. 16:24, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." The new vicar made a most favorable impression.

St. Peter's.—A formal reception was accorded to the Rev. F. Wilkinson, the new rector-in-charge of this parish, on Thursday evening last, the 8th inst. The reception took place in the school-room, which had been previously tastefully decorated by the ladies of the congregation. The room was crowded with parishioners and others who desired to meet Mr. Wilkinson, and give him a hearty welcome to his new sphere of work. The chair was taken during the evening by Mr. J. Herbert Mason, who read the new rector-in-charge a short address of welcome. This was followed by short speeches by the Bishop of Toronto, the Ven. the Archdeacon of York, rector of the parish, and others. In responding, Mr. Wilkinson made a short and felicitous reply. Following this a musical programme was given by the members of the choir, assisted by Mr. F. E. Blachford, violinist, after which refreshments were served. The event was most successful in every way, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all who were present.

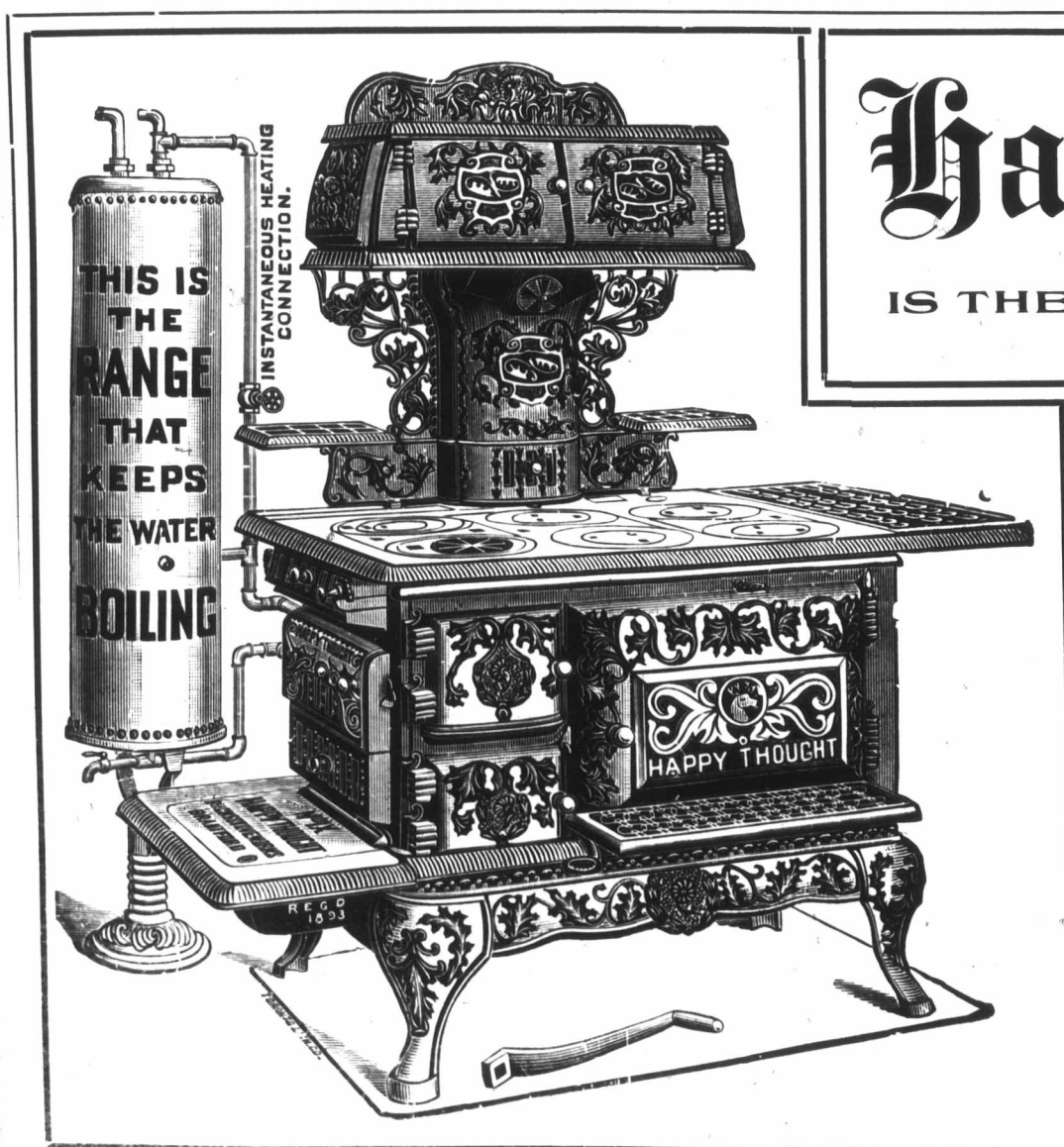
St. Phillip's.—The funeral of the late Mr. J. Berkeley Smith, late registrar of Toronto University, took place last Thursday afternoon from this church. The Rev. Canon Sweeny, D.D., rector of the church, officiated, assisted by the Revs. Professor Wrong and G. A. Kuhring, rector of the Church of the Ascension. Previous to the service in the church, the Rev. Canon Sweeny held a private service at the house. The funeral was attended by a large number of the members of Toronto University, as well as private friends of the deceased.

Trinity College.—The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the Right

Rev. Frederick Herbert Du Vernet on Tuesday afternoon, the 6th inst., at a special convocation held here. Vice-Chancellor Prof. Wm. Clark officiated, and in introducing the new Bishop of Caledonia declared that the college was honouring itself in honouring him who had done his utmost to forward the great missionary work of the Church. That the Bishop was not already a graduate of Trinity was to be regretted, but the college would shortly be proud to number him as one. On the conferring of the degree Bishop Du Vernet said that he appreciated the honour conferred upon him. He spoke of his work in the mission field of Caledonia, and his happy experiences on the Mission Board of Trinity. Co-operation he firmly believed in, not only industrially and educationally, but ecclesiastically. Oneness in the missionary cause had drawn together the men of Trinity and of Wycliffe. He had promised to do his utmost to bring the district of Caledonia into the sweep and life of the Canadian Church. Bishop Sweatman expressed his regret at losing so valued a parish clergyman. He declared it should give an impulse to their missionary spirit to know one of their number was in Caledonia. Provost Macklem also spoke briefly, with appreciative words of Bishop Du Vernet. On the platform, besides the gentlemen mentioned, were the Rev. Dr. A. J. Broughall, Rev. Canon Cayley, D.D., Canon Welch, Mr. N. F. Davidson and the college staff.

St. Paul's Church Memorials.—Two very beautiful memorial windows have lately been placed in this church, and are worthy of special notice. One is placed on the south side, near the organ, the other is placed on the north side, opposite the font, the window on the south side is divided into two compartments or lights and illustrate the texts: "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat," "I was thirsty and ye gave me drink." The figures in this window are very correctly and artistically

(Continued on page 773)



Happy Thought

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THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

By Lilian.

Written for the Canadian Churchman.

"Lena, why don't you talk? You haven't spoken for a whole hour. It is so dull."

"I have been thinking, Nellie."

"Thinking! What about? It must be something very interesting to keep you quiet so long!"

"It was. I was thinking of Christmas."

"Christmas! That's the last subject I want to think about; it's going to be dull enough. You know mother said last night we shouldn't be able to have any Christmas this year; and, indeed, I don't see how we can. Just think of the nice time we had last year in the dear, old home, before that unfortunate bubble broke and father's business failed. And to think of what this Christmas must be—no party, no company, no presents, and worst of all, to be away in this wild, rough country, separated from everybody we know—Christmas! It just makes me ache to think of it."

"Good, Ross!" said Lena. "That is just the keynote we want. Let us determine to find a way, or make it. What do you say?"

"All right. This is more interesting than Euclid," and Ross, not at all reluctantly, closed his book, taking a seat nearer his sisters. "We'll hold a meeting on the spot, and I'll be chairman. The first number on the programme is a speech by Miss Lena Tremayne, in which she will enunciate her theory that the Tremaynes, formerly of Tremayne, Castleton & Co., now of Stoney Hill Farm, sole proprietors, shall spend this year the jolliest Christmas in their history."

"Well, it strikes me you have already enunciated the proposition," said Lena, laughing. "What is there left for me to do?"

"The next step is to give the hypothesis."

"Since you have so fluently given the enunciation, I think we will leave the hypothesis to you also."

"Very well, then; here goes: Let it be granted that Lena, Nellie and Ross have between them one dollar and a fair amount of brains; it is required

first step is to find out what ours are, and how they can be made use of. Now, you know when I went to school my drawing was always commended. Drawing, then, perhaps, is my talent; and I've been thinking I could draw a nice picture for father or mother. Perhaps I could make an enlarged sketch of our old home from the little photo we have. What do you think?"

"O, Lena, that will be lovely!" cried Nellie, delightedly. "I know you can do it; I never thought of doing anything like that."

"Perhaps I may not be able to," Lena answered, "but I mean to try."

"I wonder what I could do," said Nellie, musingly; "Miss Andrews often praises my hand-writing, but I can't make anything with that for Christmas card."

"And your composition, Nellie; you know it was always highly commended at St. Agnes," added Lena.

"I don't know what you could do with that either, but we must think it over."

"Hand-writing and composition, a good combination," put in Ross, the hopeful. "Why, child, you don't know what a weapon you have to overcome obstacles with:

'Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid,
Wait a little longer.'

And you know:

'The pen shall supersede the sword,
In the good time coming.'

You can write books; Lena will illustrate them and we'll soon replace our lost library. I tell you what! Roman enterprise was nothing compared with that of the Tremaynes of Stoney Hill. 'Wait a little longer.'

When the laugh, which followed this brilliant proposition, had subsided, Lena said: "Ross, do look what you're doing!"

"'Twasn't me, 'twas my knife," answered Ross, as he pocketed the offending article. "That knife just runs away with my hand if I don't watch it. That chair leg did get a near shave, didn't it? You spoke just in time."



William Stuart.

A REIGN OF LOVE.

Canadian Churchman.

At the end of this passionate out-burst, the tears stood in Nellie Tremayne's pretty blue eyes, and a shadow fell upon her sister's face as both instinctively looked across the wild waste of country, where, far beyond the soft, blue hills, stood the dear, old home, once theirs.

"Yes, I know; but, Nellie—"

"Now I know what you are going to say. Christmas is Christmas anywhere, and we must try to make it pleasant for each other. All very well, but how? That's the question."

"The how is the problem that has kept my thoughts so busy; and if you prove as clever in helping to solve it as you were in reading my thought, the riddle will be easily read. I believe it is possible for us to have a real happy Christmas, but we must find a way."

"To all the prize is open,

But only he can take it,

Who says with Roman courage,

I'll find a way, or make it."

This from Ross, who had been preparing his lessons, while his sisters had been busy with their needles,

to prove that the proper combination of these elements will result in the jolliest Christmas on record. Now for your proof."

"In the proof we must all take part; but do be serious, Ross, I am in earnest. Let us get down to business."

"So am I in earnest; and, moreover, I thought I was stating the matter in very business-like terms. What more would you have?"

"Listen. This is what I have been thinking. Father and mother have always given us presents, and let us have as much enjoyment as possible. They can't do it now; and, just for a change, I propose that we turn the tables and play the role of Santa Claus ourselves."

"All very well," put in Nellie, gloomily, "but what could we get for one dollar that would give any pleasure to father and mother, who have been accustomed to every luxury money could buy?"

"Don't forget the brains," said Ross. "One dollar plus three sound brains is our capital."

"Exactly," said Lena, "and we'll need to make use of all the capital we have. Most people have at least one talent in some special line, and our

"Ross, you are incorrigible! But why not make something with your knife? You're always whittling."

"Well, really, I think whittling must be my talent. I don't know of any other I possess, anyhow. Oh, now I have it! If you draw a picture, I'll make a frame for it. How will that do?"

"The very thing, Ross. You couldn't have thought of anything better. With the picture and the frame, we'll manage the glass somehow, and that's one nice present. Now, what about you, Nellie? If you can't write a book yet awhile, there are other things you can do. You always surpass me in needlework; couldn't you do something in that line?"

"Yes, I might if I had any materials."

"We have a little money; we would get something inexpensive. Let me see. A yard of lawn would make, say, four nice handkerchiefs which you could hemstitch, and there would be enough left for two centres. You make Brazilian point beautifully, and thread is cheap; make lace for the two centres, and there you have six nice handkerchiefs, which mother will not fail to appreciate, you may be sure."

Nellie's eyes sparkled. "Oh, I can do that easily. Lena, you're a darling to think of it. I wish I could begin right away."

"You may begin as soon as you like, for I have a little fine thread. I'll run and get it. I see you have finished your mending."

She was soon back, and Nellie's deft fingers began their delightful task.

"We must be very quiet about this," Lena cautioned, "it would spoil it all if we let out the secret so soon."

"Isn't it nice to have a secret?" said Nellie, "I really believe Christmas will be Christmas after all. Only November yet; I can hardly wait; it will be so long coming."

"Not too long, I think," said Lena, "for we shall need a good deal of time to complete our preparations, and our work must be done out of sight.

There are father and mother coming now. Put away your work, Nellie."

"Yes," said Ross, "the meeting is adjourned till the next session."

The "next session" occurred some evenings later, when the young folks were again left alone. Each secret task was brought to light, and while hands were busy, tongues were by no means idle.

"What do you think I'm going to make for father?" Nellie began.

"Can't guess."

"I'll tell you then, a book."

"You're never in earnest, Nellie!"

"Yes, I am, though; but it won't be original. It is to be a book of quotations, and I want you both to help me collect them; just short bits, either prose or poetry, that are real gems of thought. We may find them in books, magazines, or anywhere. I have some nice note paper that will do to make the book with, and I shall fill it with the quotations in my very best hand-writing. Don't you think father will be pleased?"

"Most assuredly he will. That was a bright idea, Nellie. What title will you give your book?" asked Ross.

"I haven't decided yet, but have thought of two, "Golden Thoughts," and "Forget-Me-Nots." Which do you prefer?"

After some discussion, the latter was the title chosen, and forthwith the search for the gems began. As they were found, Nellie wrote them down in a note book till a sufficient number should be collected.

Only November yet, but how rapidly the weeks sped, and how freighted with careful thought and loving labour was each winged moment as it passed. New ideas generated from time to time in the fertile young brains, and no opportunity for putting them into effect was lost. Not everything attempted proved a success, but with undaunted courage they toiled patiently on. Most of the girls' spare hours were spent in their room, and Ross sprinkled with countless shavings the floor of the stable or loft.

In the "meetings," which were held from time to time, as opportunity offered, work and plans were freely discussed—but not all; each had a little secret which the others might not share. By daily kindling the school-room fire Ross added a little to their "capital," and being thoughtfully expended, it proved sufficient for their needs.

One day, when Nellie was searching through her small store of treasures, she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, look Lena! This piece of white silk, like Aunt Annie's wedding dress, will be just the thing to make a cover for my book." A foundation of cardboard had been already prepared, and the silk was soon adjusted. Before completing it Nellie asked: "What shall I do about the title, Lena? It ought to be on the cover."

"Let me draw it for you," her sister answered, "and you can work it with silk." It was soon done, and in this way the sisters helped each other, while their little stock of gifts increased.

Had father and mother not been so occupied with many cares and disappointments, they must have noticed that some unusual influence was in the air. As it was, the secret remained a secret until the very last. Outside of the home, though, a few sympathizing friends were told of their plans, and these, falling in with the endeavours of the brave little trio, rendered some practical assistance. One day Nellie went over to Mrs. Gray's on an errand, and found her friend Amy busily employed with bright wools, making a fascinator.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed. "If only I could make one like that for Lena!"

"It isn't at all difficult," answered Amy, "I'll show you how if you like."

"Oh, I should be so glad! but—" her face suddenly falling, "I haven't any wool."

"See here," suggested Mrs. Randall, who was visiting there, "I should love to have one for Elsie, but that sort of thing isn't in my line. If you will make two I will supply the wool, and you can have one for Lena." The bargain was closed on the spot, each feeling elated with her share. As Mrs.

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PAPER MAKERS

Gray's house was near the school, Nellie ran over every day at noon, and so the work was done. While there she learned some other things from her friend.

One Saturday afternoon, when the two girls were alone, Nellie placed on the kitchen table a large sheet of plain glazed paper, a packet of needles, an old tooth brush, a tiny bit of wire netting, some pressed ferns and flowers, and a very little ink in a saucer.

"What in the world are you going to do with all those things?" asked her sister in a puzzled tone.

"You'll see," answered Nellie, mystically, "but I want you to do the first thing."

"Well, you'll have to tell me what to do and how to do it, for I'm all at sea."

"I want you, please, to arrange some of these ferns, with a few small flowers, on the paper, in

One day Ross, finding an excuse to go to town, took the various results of his "whittling" to a cabinet-maker, and had them stained and varnished. This new-found friend, on winning from Ross his little story, refused to accept any remuneration for so slight a service.

But meanwhile the days were fleeting, and Christmas Eve came at last. In spite of the bright faces and merry laughter of the children, Mrs. Tremayne as she went about the very simple preparations for the Christmas dinner, could not suppress a feeling of discouragement and homesickness. She had bravely tried to make the best of things, but the longing for the beautiful city home and the old-time luxuries was strong with her that day. It seemed hard that the children, who had been so bright and good of late, should have no Christmas cheer. It had taken every cent to keep clear of

debt, and the task of carving out a home in the wilderness seemed a weary one, indeed.

Many a knowing look and smile passed from one to another of the young folks, but their time had not yet come. In the afternoon Ross brought from the woods a large bundle of evergreens, and after tea Lena said: "Mother, you won't mind if we wait up a little while after you and father go to bed, will you? We want to put up a few greens, but we don't want you to see it till it is all done." Father and mother readily consented, and went to bed early, smiling to see that the Christmas spirit was not quite dampened in the hearts of the children. Then the busy fingers flew, and light, rapid footsteps sounded along the floor. When the clock struck ten the three young Santa Claus' viewed their completed work with satisfaction. After exchanging happy good-nights, they went to bed, almost too excited to sleep.

Christmas morning rose just as a Christmas morning should—bright, clear, and crisp. Ross awoke just as the dawn-light stole along the eastern hills, and in a very few minutes he was downstairs kindling the fire. The girls soon followed, and by the time father and mother came down the room was pleasantly warm, breakfast was ready on the table, and numerous mysterious packages on every plate.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" greeted them as they came into the room, which was dining-room and parlour combined. But what a transformation! The room was one beautiful bower of greenery, and the "spice of pine and fir" filled the air with a subtle fragrance. Windows, doors, mantel, furniture and pictures were wreathed with shining green. Garlands of green, lit up with silver



SINGING BOYS.

the very prettiest way you can. Don't put them on one another more than you can help, but just so that their outlines will show against the white."

Lena did so; and Nellie, after placing a few needles in an upright position to hold them in place, dipped the brush in the ink, brushing it gently over the netting which she held over the paper. This made a very fine spray, and when the process had been repeated many times, Nellie taking care to make it darker near the centre, she said: "Now, I think this will do. We must leave it until it is quite dry."

When dry, the ferns were removed, and both the girls exclaimed delightedly at the result. There, in relief against the misty background, the group had left its impression, every tiny leaf and tendril perfect in each detail.



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stars, were hung from beam to beam of the ceiling. There was a neat little book-case on the wall, and pictures that had never been there before. For a few moments father and mother were silent with astonishment. At last Mr. Tremayne exclaimed: "Why, my children, what fairies have been here last night?"

"It wasn't fairies, father, it was Santa Claus," said Ross. "Did you forget he was abroad last night?"

"There must have been three Santa Clauses," said mother, "one could never have done so much, I know. Dear children! It is so beautiful! The place has never looked so like home before." Tears of emotion were in the eyes of both parents. It had, indeed, been a surprise.

"But look, mother," said Ross, "do you recognize this?" and he drew her to Lena's picture.

"The dear home! How natural it looks," she exclaimed. "Lena, can it be that this is your work?"

But I could not tell you all they said and did in that delightful hour. There were so many things to see and admire, so many surprises. Besides the home picture there were others from Lena's skilful hand—the old church with its ivy-mantled tower for father, a pretty Christmas scene for Nellie, a hunting scene for Ross. Then there were Nellie's two spatter-work pictures; really artistic they looked, and all in neat frames which were, of course, the work of Ross. The book-case had been his gift—one much appreciated—to the girls. There were the pretty handkerchiefs and a warm, soft shawl for mother; Lena's pretty fascinator—she did look fascinating in it, too, Ross said; a pair of mittens for father and Ross, and the little book, which delighted father more than anything. It was a dainty gift, the title, "Forget-Me-Nots," wreathed in tiny blue flowers, was worked in blue on the white silk, and the cover fastened with a tiny blue ribbon; the hundred quotations were gems, too, every one of them. Last of all, mother found on her plate an envelope. Opening it she found the following lines, which she read aloud:

"The Christmas Message."

Now the happy season has come round again,
When the unseen angels bring good-will to men,
Somewhere sweet bells pealing echo far and near,
Though their old, loved music now we cannot hear,
Yet the light-winged breezes bear the message sweet,
And the white-wreathed pine trees the same words

repeat:
"Peace, good-will, and gladness" is the token flung
From the far-off steeple, and by breezes sung.
We have heard the message borne from far away,
And our hearts are happy this glad Christmas Day.

—By Nellie.

Surprises were not over yet. Just as the remains of the belated breakfast had been cleared away, Mr. Gray drove up to the door with a very large packing-box on his sleigh. "Merry Christmas!" he called as he stopped at the door. "I drove to town yesterday, and as this box, addressed to Lena, was at the station, and I hadn't much of a load, I brought it along. It was too late when I got home last night to bring it over."

Curiosity was intense till the box was opened, and what do you think was in it? An organ! What could it mean, and who could have sent it to Lena? There must be some mistake. "Wait, I got a letter at the post-office," said Mr. Grey, "perhaps that may explain." Lena tore it open with trembling fingers, and read as follows:

"My Dear Friend,—I hope you will accept the Christmas gift I send you, in token that an old gentleman does not forget a service which can never be repaid. Merry Christmas to all.

Your sincere friend,

H. J. Hamilton."

"Oh, Lena! Isn't that just grand!"

"Lena once saved his little son from being run over by a street car," Mr. Tremayne explained to Mr. Gray. "He is a gentleman of the true stamp, and he knew Lena was intensely fond of music."

Lena could not speak. Opening the organ where it stood, she sat down and played the Doxology.

Nothing could so well express her grateful emotion. The organ had a very melodious tone, and the old-loved music seemed so sweet again. When the house had been put to rights, the family gathered round the organ and all sang "the songs of the Lord in a strange land." When at last the sun dipped down into the amber-tinted west, they all agreed that it had been the happiest Christmas in their history.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Peace, peace on earth—the angels sang;
And earth took up the strain,
Till to its utmost limits rang
The glorious refrain:
Peace, peace—good-will to all the earth,
For we proclaim a Saviour's birth.

Then o'er the starry midnight skies
A golden radiance spread;
And shepherds in each other's eyes
The heavenly message read,
And joyously they answered then:
Peace, peace on earth—good-will to men.

So, now, when Christmas-tide draws near,
The white-winged choirs above
Come every year with Christmas cheer,
And peace, and joy, and love—
Until the very air is bright
With half-seen angels, robed in white.

Good-will, good-will—the glorious strain
Old earth responsive sings;
From heart to heart the glad refrain
Is borne on angel wings;
And radiance fills the world again
When God's peace warms the hearts of men.

—George H. Murphy.



WHEN IN DOUBT BUY A PEASE

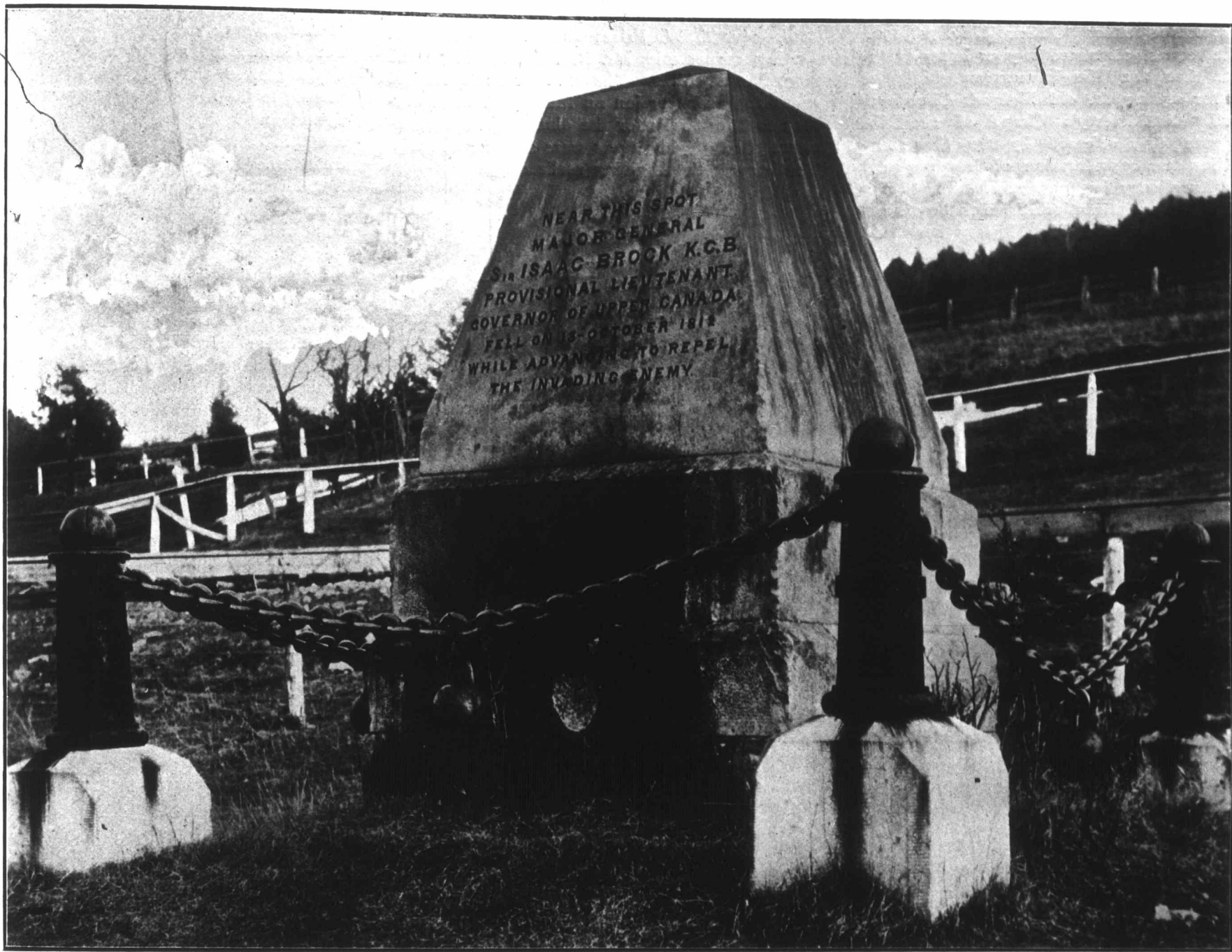
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Canadian Churchman.

THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL BROCK FELL.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

(Continued from page 768)

drawn, the colourings are exceedingly rich, harmonious and beautifully illustrate the texts. Placed in the circular opening above is an angelic figure holding a ribbon containing the following inscription: "In loving memory of Elizabeth Pitt Caldecott." The other window is also divided into two lights, the subject being "Christ blessing little children," and fills both openings; the donor has very wisely selected a subject that is most suitable for the position it is placed in, being close to the baptismal font, and will recall to those interested in that ceremony the special love of our Saviour for children; the work of this window is exceedingly artistic, the figures are all very correctly drawn, and the expression on the faces is most life-like, and the general colouring very pleasing and exceedingly rich in effect. Placed at the bottom of the window is the following inscription: "To the glory of God, and in loving memory of Charles Moore, Sr., and his wife, Eleanor Douglas Berry, 1904." In the circular piece above is the arms of the family of the donor. These windows are from the well known firm of the N. T. Lyon Glass Co., Toronto, who also executed the large five-light chancel window, which has been so much admired since the church was lately re-opened, it having been placed in position at that time. We understand that the same firm have at present in their studios another window in the course of execution, which will very shortly be placed in position, and which no doubt will be fully equal in artistic merit as those already placed in the church.

Stouffville.—Christ Church.—The Rev. W. Archbold, after an incumbency of a year and a half in Stouffville and Goodwood, has resigned his charge, and is removing to Leamington, in Essex county.

Toronto Junction.—St. John's.—The Right Rev. F. H. Du Vernet, D.D., Bishop of Caledonia, B.C., the late rector of this church, preached his farewell sermon in this church on Sunday evening, December 4th. The church was crowded to the doors, and chairs had to be placed in the aisles in order to accommodate the large congregation present. The Bishop preached an earnest and inspiring sermon from the words, "Remember Jesus Christ," 2 Tim. 2:8. On the following evening a large number of the parishioners assembled in the schoolhouse to take leave of the Bishop, who, during the course of the evening, was presented with a beautifully illuminated address and a handsome fur-lined overcoat and fur cap by the parishioners of St. John's, a Doctor of Divinity's hood by the congregation of St. Philip's, Etobicoke, and a purse of gold by the members of both congregations. Mrs. Du Vernet was presented with a choice bouquet of carnations and roses. The presentations were made to the Bishop and Mrs. Du Vernet by Councillor J. G. Wright, who is one of the churchwardens of St. John's and who acted as chairman during the evening. Mrs. R. W. Murray and Miss Lily Moore respectively. The address was signed by the wardens and lay delegates of both churches. The Bishop made a very feeling and sympathetic reply to the address, and during the evening made the announcement that the expense incident to the recent enlargement and improvement of the church, amounting to \$4,675.37, had been fully provided for, a statement which was warmly applauded. The address which was presented to the Bishop referred in most eulogistic terms to the work accomplished by him during the past nine and a half years whilst he has been rector of the parish. Several speeches were made during the evening, and all the speakers expressed great regret at the departure of the Bishop for the far West and the best wishes of all present for his success

in the great work to which, in the providence of God, he had been called. On Tuesday evening the 6th inst., a number of past and present members of Wycliffe College gathered together in the rectory of Trinity Church East at the invitation of the Rev. and Mrs. T. R. O'Meara for the purpose of taking farewell of Bishop Du Vernet. During the evening the Bishop was presented with a handsomely illuminated address, which was read by Dr. Sheraton, the Principal of Wycliffe College, and the Rev. T. R. O'Meara, as president of the Wycliffe Alumni Association presented the Bishop with a gold signet ring which bore the arms of the Diocese of Caledonia. Speeches were made by the Revs. T. O'Meara, B. Bryan and C. J. James, as also by Dr. N. W. Hoyles, K.C., the chairman of the Council of Wycliffe College. A very enjoyable and pleasant evening was spent through the kind hospitality of the host and hostess. Bishop and Mrs. Du Vernet and the members of their family left for the Pacific coast on the 7th. A large number of their friends were present to bid them a final farewell and God-speed.

HURON.

David Williams, Bishop-elect, Stratford.

London.—The consecration of the Ven. Archdeacon Williams, M.A. (Oxon.), rector of Stratford, will take place, by the wish of the Primate in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on the Feast of the Epiphany (January 6th), the Primate being too old to undertake the journey to this city for this purpose.

Brantford.—Mohawk Church.—For some time the Rev. R. Ashton, of the Mohawk Institute has been seeking to have the Mohawk Church called "His Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawks" for the reason that the original building at For

Hunter, New York State, was known as "Queen Anne's Chapel of the Mohawks." In response to his representations he to-day received the following welcome letter: "Ottawa, Nov. 30, 1904. Sir,—The request contained in your letter of the 15th ult., that the King's sanction might be allowed for styling the old Mohawk Church in Brantford "His Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawks" was duly referred by the Governor-General for the consideration of His Majesty, and His Excellency has now received from the Colonial Office an intimation *of which he desires me to inform you that His Majesty has been pleased to accede to this request.* I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant, J. Hanbury Williams, Colonel, Governor-General's Secretary."

RUPERT'S LAND.

Samuel P. Matheson, D.D., Coadjutor Bishop, Winnipeg.

Carman.—The harvest thanksgiving service of the Parish of Holy Trinity, Elm Creek, was held on Sunday, November 13th, at 3 p.m., in the schoolhouse, which had been appropriately decorated for the occasion by the ladies of the Auxiliary. The Rev. E. A. Davis conducted the service. The choir of St. John's Church rendered the special music for the day, much to the satisfaction of the large congregation present. On Tuesday, the 15th inst., the annual dinner and entertainment were given, the entertainment in Whitlam's Hall, the dinner in the warehouse underneath the hall. The dinner would have satisfied the most exacting epicure. The entertainment was a success. The following programme was rendered: Anthem, St. John's Church choir; piano duet, Mrs. McLeod and Miss enkins; recitation, Miss M. Kennedy; cornet solo, Mr. Roderick McKee; vocal solo, Mr. P. Allan; address, Rev. T. W. Price; vocal solo, Mr.

A. Stephens; instrumental solo, Miss Bell; vocal solo, Miss Songer; reading, Mrs. Woods; vocal solo, Dr. Lang; piano solo, Miss Stephens; vocal solo, Rev. T. W. Price; vocal solo, Mr. G. P. Davies; cornet solo, Mr. Roderick McKee; vocal solo, Mr. P. Allan. The Rev. E. A. Davis had organized an excursion on the C.P.R. from Carman to Elm Creek for the dinner and entertainment. Sixty-eight tickets were sold for the trip. The harvest thanksgiving realized \$90.

CALGARY.

Wm. Cyprian Pinkham, D.D., Calgary, N.W.T.

Edmonton.—The Synod of the Diocese of Calgary met in this place during the fourth week in November. The proceedings began with Evensong in All Saints' Church. The service was sung by the Rev. J. S. Chivers, rector of Lethbridge, the lessons being read by Canons Stocken and d'Easum. At the close of Evensong the Bishop, sitting in his chair before the Holy Table, delivered his address as follows: "My Dear Brethren, the Clergy and Lay Representatives of the Diocese,—Once more we meet as a Diocesan Synod. The new city of Edmonton, with its many signs of vigorous and rapid growth and its enormous possibilities, welcomes us to do the business of this, our eighth meeting, within its borders. It is, I think, the first time that our own or any other Diocesan Synod in this Ecclesiastical Province has met in any other place than at the headquarters of the diocese. I cordially welcome the idea that the Synod should, from time to time, meet away from its headquarters in order that our Church may become more widely known among those who at present know little or nothing about her. And I am much mistaken if, while here in Edmonton, we are not made to feel that in making this new departure in favour of the second city of Alberta, we have done well." The Bishop then

referred to the loss by death of the Revs. Canon H. H. Smith and W. R. M. Webb-Peploe, whose names were on the list when the Synod last met; to the Calgary Bishopric Endowment Fund; the See House; his resignation of the Diocese of Saskatchewan and the appointment of his successor; to the formation and work of the General Synod and M.S.C.C.; to S.P.G., C.C.C.S., C.M.S. and S.P.C.K., and the help given by them. Then, under the heading, Administration of Outside Aid, His Lordship said: "It cannot be too widely known that there is an implied understanding with every Bishop who receives help for his work from societies and friends beyond the diocese; that all grants from outside sources, and especially grants towards the stipends of the clergy or paid lay-readers, are merely grants in aid; that no clergyman and no congregation has any vested interest in them; that they will be administered with the best possible care and judgment, and to benefit as many as possible; that every grant will be steadily reduced as local circumstances improve, and withdrawn and allocated to some other part of the diocese as soon as ever it can reasonably be done without. Hence, it is perfectly clear that we must do everything in our power to help ourselves. There must be no failure in this respect. Every parish and Mission, yes, every Church member throughout the diocese, must be encouraged fully to do his or her part. If a Mission after that fails to do what can reasonably be expected of it, the Bishop and the members of the Executive Committee, who are his advisers in all such matters, may have to withdraw services altogether till the people awake to a sense of duty, and are willing to do all they can; and if a parish or mission does not reach a condition of self-support as soon as may be expected, or is raising less towards the stipend of its clergyman than it ought to raise, steps must be taken to try to bring their duty in this respect home to the people, that they may as soon as possible fully do their part. It is my very earnest wish

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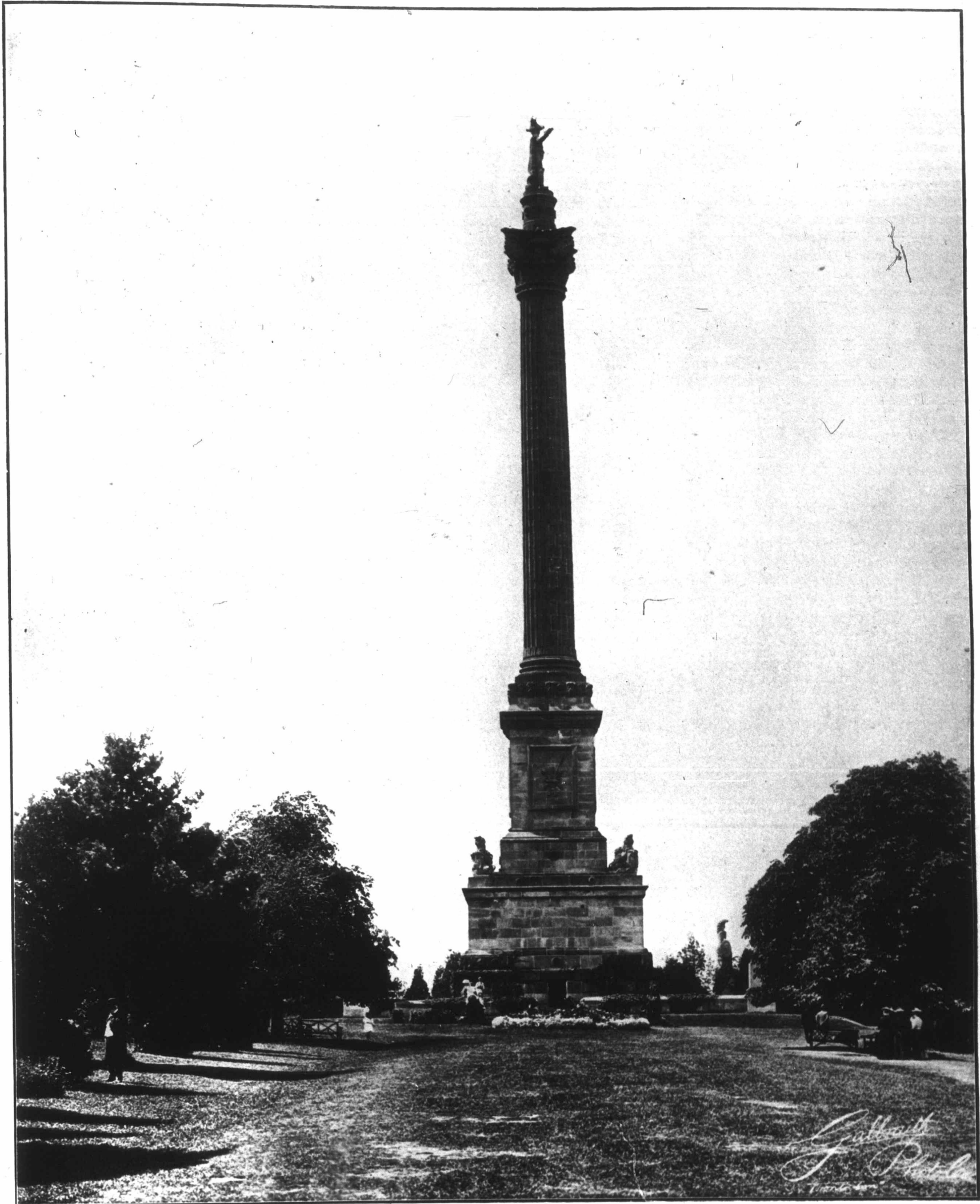
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Canadian Churchman.

BROCK'S MONUMENT, QUEENSTON HEIGHTS, ONTARIO, CANADA.

that the clergy should, as soon as possible, receive stipends that will reasonably free them from financial anxiety. And I am much mistaken in my estimate of Church people generally throughout the diocese if they do not desire, when all the facts are made known to them, to treat their clergy in the most liberal spirit possible." Reference was then made to collections for the General Purposes Fund apart from M.S.C.C., the Parsonage Fund, the Diocesan Clergy Mission and Sustentation Fund. Then having referred at length to the clergy and lay-readers of the diocese, under the head of Parishes and Missions, the Bishop said: "There are now eight self-supporting parishes and missions in the diocese. There should be nine, but Innisfil, the ninth, has only just been filled after a vacancy of a few months; and it has been found necessary to take Pine Lake, nearly thirty

miles east of it, from it, thus causing a loss to Innisfil of \$150 per annum. But Innisfil promises to do its best without the assistance which has come from Pine Lake; and self-support must soon come, even if we have to wait a few months for it. And it should not be long till Fort Saskatchewan and Lacombe are also independent. During the past year Lethbridge, Banff and Olds, for a time vacant, have been supplied with resident clergymen; also, the following are now the centres of new and large Missions, with resident clergymen, viz.: Coleman, Nanton, Bowden (a lay-reader), Lamerton, Posenroll and Vegreville, and extensive work has been begun in, and also near Calgary, and in Edmonton. I have just transferred Mr. Atkinson from Beaver Lake to Ponoka, and I am offering Pine Lake with Hillsdown to the Rev. Christopher Greaves, a young Oxford graduate, highly commended, who will

join us in the spring. There is urgent need a clergyman at each of the following places which will then become the centre of a mission as soon as suitable clergymen can be found for them. I arrange them in what I think to be the order of their importance: Colchester, Livingstone, Bassano, St. Mary's River, Edinboro, Knee Hill, Carstairs, Leavings, Whitford, Victoria, Beaver Lake; total, 11. Really, if I could do it, every one of these, and, no doubt, others, not named, should be filled at once. We have neither the means nor the men. We can only go on doing our best with the means entrusted to us, and the men God sends in response to prayer and effort. Meantime, I am aware that many, perhaps most, of our clergy are not only doing the work which has been assigned to them; they are also letting their energies overflow into what I may call the regions beyond

... those portions of the diocese for the pastoral care of which I have not so far been able to make provision. I especially honour and am thankful for such work, now so much needed in this way, until that happy time when every part of the diocese is under some clergyman, and regular services can be provided, groups of people may occasionally have a service and a celebration, and the Sacrament of Holy Baptism can be administered, and God's people urged to do their duty; so shall we be in the most literal sense shepherds, who seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in this new part of the world, that they may be saved through Christ forever." The Bishop then gave a list of the churches and parsonages built since the last meeting; then came a reference to Confirmations, the Indian work of the diocese, the diocesan press, representation in the General Synod, and the question of the Metropolitan See, and the address closed as follows: "Brethren, Laity and Clergy.—Suffer me to conclude with the following words, quoted from the introduction to a little book on "Pastoral Theology" by the late Dr. Maclear, Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury: 'It was said, we are told by a devoted layman of our Communion on his deathbed, that, reviewing his life, the omission which he chiefly deplored was that he had not made daily effort to study and imitate our Lord, as described in the Gospels. But if this was the confession of a layman, how far more often might it be made by those whose special office is to carry on that ministry which He first began amongst men? Whatever others may say, they whom by His Providence He calls to represent Him to men as shepherds of souls, and to seek for His sheep that are dispersed abroad cannot refuse to listen to His words when He says: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." They, at any rate, are pre-eminently bound to follow Him, and to endeavour themselves to

walk in the footsteps of His most holy life.'" At the eight o'clock celebration on Wednesday and Thursday mornings—brief and very helpful addresses were given by the rector of Lethbridge. When the Synod met for business at 10 a.m. on Wednesday morning in All Saints' schoolroom, the rector (Rev. H. A. Gray), wardens and lay delegates presented the Bishop with an address, expressive of their appreciation that the Synod was sitting in their city and parish, to which the Bishop gave a brief reply. During the whole of Wednesday and Thursday a very large amount of important business was transacted. On Wednesday evening choral Evensong was taken in church. The service was sung by the Rev. E. L. Macnaghten, of Lamerston, the Archdeacons of Macleod and Calgary read the lessons, and the sermon, an excellent one, was preached by the Rev. Canon d'Easum. After the service the ladies of the congregation entertained the members of Synod in the schoolroom. On Thursday morning the Bishop announced that he had appointed Mr. C. F. P. Conybeare, K.C., Chancellor of the Diocese. The elected members of the Executive Committee, the delegates to the Provincial and General Synods were appointed. A resolution relating to the death of the late Bishop of Huron was, on motion of the Rev. W. R. George, seconded by the Rev. F. G. Rickard, carried by a standing vote. Many other important resolutions followed, including a hearty vote of thanks to the rector, wardens and members of the congregation of All Saints' Church, Edmonton, for their delightful hospitality. The Ven. Archdeacon Webb was re-elected secretary and treasurer of the diocese. A resolution of thankfulness to God for the formation of M.S.C.C. was heartily carried. It was decided to try to increase the Clergy Sustentation and the Parsonage Funds. The Bishop was warmly congratulated on having attained his sixtieth birthday, etc. The attendance was excellent, and all present felt that no

more enjoyable or profitable meeting had so far been held. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Executive Committee, viz.: Canon Stocken, Rev. H. A. Gray, Rev. G. H. Hogbin, Rev. J. S. Chivers, Canon d'Easum; Messrs. A. W. R. Markley, M. Morris, Captain Thomas, R. G. Matthews, E. C. Emery, A. G. Wolley-Dod, W. J. Birnie-Brown, E. N. Brown. The ex-officio members are: The Bishop, the Dean, Archdeacon Tims, Archdeacon Webb, the Chancellor. Delegates to the Provincial Synod: Archdeacon Tims, Archdeacon Webb, Rev. H. A. Gray, Canon Stocken, Dean Paget, Rev. G. H. Hogbin, Rev. J. S. Chivers; Messrs. A. W. R. Markley, C. F. P. Conybeare, K.C., Captain Thomas, D. M. Morris, E. C. Emery, W. Geary, W. J. Birnie-Brown; substitutes—Rev. G. H. Webb, Canon d'Easum, Rev. W. R. George; Messrs. E. C. Roper, A. G. Wolley-Dod, W. C. Strathy. Delegates to the General Synod: Archdeacon Tims, Dean Paget, Canon Stocken, Archdeacon Webb; Messrs. C. F. P. Conybeare, K.C., A. W. R. Markley, M. Morris, Captain Thomas; substitutes—Rev. G. H. Hogbin, Rev. G. H. Webb, Rev. H. A. Gray, Rev. Gerald Card; Messrs. E. C. Roper, A. G. Wolley-Dod, W. J. Birnie-Brown, W. C. Strathy.



SASKATCHEWAN.

Jervois A. Newnham, D.D., Bishop.

Prince Albert.—St. Alban's.—The congregation of this church had their thanksgiving services on Sunday, 13th November. The offertories, on behalf of the Diocesan Fund, were good, and the congregation filled the church in the morning, and overflowed it in the evening. The Bishop and the rector were the preachers. It is on such occasions that the need of a new and larger church is sorely felt; quite a few were unable to find room in the evening.

(Continued on page 780)



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THE WILLOW GIRLS.

Upon that dull November morning, the sun rose just as usual, above the hill that looks down on Brierville. But what a time he had, to be sure, in getting through! He beat and beat, with all his might, upon the great bank of leaden cloud that overhung the valley, changing its upper side into a mass of glistening, snowy, billowy radiance, all shot with gleams of golden, and pink, and amber, and emerald; but the under part, which the Briervillians saw, was still heavy and lowering.

At last, one pale, quivering ray managed to filter through. It came aslant, on, on, until it reached the window of a mean little cabin that stood behind the market building. Here it had another struggle, for the panes were so grimy with dust that it had all it could do to get in at all. But get in it did, lighting up the shabby, miserable hovel until the cobwebs showed in the corners. Then it paused and shimmered, upon what, think you?—upon one of the saddest sights in all this world, an old, gray-haired man sitting gloating over a heap of gold.

One by one, his trembling fingers lifted the pieces, letting them drop, with a clink, into a small iron box on the table beside him. His hands shook, but his eyes regarded the yellow heap lovingly. These cold, hard coins were to him wife, and children, and friends, and comfortable home. And when he had finished his reckoning, he put them all away—wife, children, friends and home—under the iron lid, in a hole in the floor underneath his bed. And that was about all the good that his gold pieces did him.

After that he went to the window and looked out, through a place from which he had rubbed off the dust. He did not enjoy looking out very much. All he could see were a few wagons in a corner of the market-place, and a bit of street down which, sometimes, busy people came, and little boys who shouted at him: "Old Grimes!" This was about the only name that Mark Austen knew in Brierville. Even kindly disposed people called him Mister Grimes.

This morning, however, Mark Austen saw a more pleasant sight than usual upon the bit of street, though, his heart was so dried up with selfishness that he did not see much pleasure about it. This was a little lady, who wore a neat gray dress and bonnet, and had a face like a sweet, pink rosebud. She came quite close to the window in passing, and Mark Austen looked at her absently.

Without glancing towards him, however, she passed on to the market, made her purchases, then went home, thinking nothing of him at all, nor dreaming of the connection which her morning walk could have with him or with his fortunes. Her home was a very tiny cottage, with the loveliest of vines

without, at least the loveliest in summer, and the sweetest of babes within. Then, too, there was Doris, now a tall girl of thirteen summers, and the most dutiful daughter in the world, so Mrs. Graham thought.

This morning Doris was seated by the cradle rocking the babe to sleep. Upon her knee was a history and so deeply interested was she in the sad fortunes of Joan of Arc, that a tear or two had fallen upon the page. When her mother came in, however, she brushed away the tears, tossed back her fair curls, and looked up with a smile. Imme-

"Have we not more than we need?" asked Doris. Mrs. Graham shook her head. "And I have no time to make new ones. I wish we could afford to buy her some, but—" and here Mrs. Graham paused, for she knew that, where every cent had to be counted there was little to spare, and that every added expense meant an added burden and longer hours to her somewhat sickly husband.

But Doris was thinking. Presently she said: "We have a big bag full of pieces, mother."

"Why, yes," replied her mother, "if we could only find time to sew them. But babe seems to need so much care."

"Mother," Doris spoke very eagerly now, "don't you think Flo and Mary and I could make those comforters? We could meet twice a week until they were all done, and not neglect lessons, either. May we, mother?"

Mrs. Graham's face cleared instantly. "I don't see why you could not," she returned, brightly, "if Flo's mother and Mary's are willing. You could use the machine, and sew quickly. I cannot see why I didn't think of the plan myself."

Doris lost no time in communicating with her friends. Upon the very next evening the three girls sat about Mrs. Graham's dining-table now stripped of its cloth, and heaped with a billowy mass of red and black and various hued pieces of cloth. Needles flew, scissors snipped, the machine rattled, and tongues kept time to it all.

"Couldn't we make a lot more of these comforters?" suggested Mary, enthusiastically. "You see, I could bring some pieces, and Flo could bring some, and then, if we needed more, we could beg a few from our friends."

"And we could send them for Christmas presents," chimed in Doris. "What do you think, Flo?"

Flo paused for a moment before speaking. Flo, the quiet, dark-haired girl whom all loved, with her gentle ways and artist's fingers.

"I was thinking," said she, "that it would be a lovely thing to do. There are so many in this town who must suffer from cold in a winter. But, girls, wouldn't it be a good idea to send them in such a way that no one could know where they came from? In that way, you see, we need not let our right hand know

what our left hand doeth."

Flo paused, with needle poised in air, waiting for the others to speak. "Just the thing!" exclaimed the impulsive Mary "and brother Dan would deliver them for us. He'd never tell, and we could pin a card to them saying just: 'With best wishes, from—'"

"The Willow Girls," supplied Doris. "Willow Girls!" exclaimed the others, "what put that into your head?"

"I don't know," laughed Doris; "because there are willows on our street, I guess."

"Very good," assented Mary. "Nobody would



ISN'T THIS FUN?

diately she saw that something was wrong. Her mother had sat down in a chair with her bonnet strings untied, and the tiniest of frowns on her smooth brow—not an angry frown, but a perplexed frown, as though the dear mother were troubled over something that she knew not how to remedy.

Presently Mrs. Graham said: "I think the clouds promise snow. The winter will be here soon now."

"Well?" said Doris, still waiting. "I've been thinking of poor, old Mrs. Doane," went on Mrs. Graham. "She was hanging out her bedclothes to air when I passed, and such bedclothes—almost as thin as canvas!"

ever find out a bit from that." And this was how the "Willow Girls" came to be.

But now, what has all this to do with poor, old Grimes, in his hovel? We shall see.

As time went on, the "Willow Girls" were successful far beyond their expectations. A few kind ladies, to whom they applied for pieces, gave them even whole comforters as well; and, when the Christmastide drew near, a fine pile of them was reaped up in Doris' clothes-room. So delighted was she, that she sometimes ran up, twice a day, just to have a peep at them.

On the day before Christmas, all the girls gathered to see the packing. Mary's brother Dan was there, supplied with yards of strong rope, and ready to do his best to help along the girls' plans. Before the packing started, however, Flo shyly drew forth a small box, which she proceeded to open. "I thought perhaps it would be nice to put one of these in each parcel," she said, taking off the lid.

There lay a number of dainty, white cards, upon each of which was painted a delicate spray of lilies, roses, ferns, velvety pansies, and seaweed with its filmy fronds. Beneath each cluster was traced: "With love, from the Willow Girls;" and, beneath that, was carefully written a verse of Scripture. Upon the back of each card was placed the name of the person for whom it was intended. The first was for Mrs. Doane, the last for Mr. Grimes. Yes, the girls had even made a comforter for Mr. Grimes, a man who could buy their fathers out twenty times over. But there was nothing strange about that, for, in Brierville, old Grimes was only known as a cross and poverty-stricken old man.

"This card, then, Doris held long in her hand. Flo," she said at last, "why did you choose this verse for Mr. Grimes?"

The verse was: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

"I—I don't know," faltered Flo. "Perhaps another would be better."

Doris considered for a moment. "No, we will put this one in," she said. And so the verse made its way to Mark Austen, for, after dark that evening, Dan delivered all the parcels.

When the old miser received his he kicked it into a corner, and there it lay until morning. The pretty card had fallen out on the dirty floor, and when the sun shone out on Christmas Day, its bright beams fell fair upon it. Very pure and white it looked, in that strange place, and very brightly its velvety purple pansies smiled up through the notes in the sunbeam. In some way, it caught Mark Austen's eye. Perhaps the pansies made him think of a day, long before, when an almost forgotten sister had pinned a bouquet of the flowers upon his coat, saying: "Brother, I bring you heart's-ease." At any rate, he picked the card up, and a bitter smile crossed his face. "Heart's-ease!" he muttered. Then he read the verse.

Now, however, it was, that verse kept ringing in his ears. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." It haunted him. He kept saying the words over and over again to himself. Where had he heard that verse before? It took him back to the home of his childhood. The old scenes, the old faces rose up before him. He pictured to himself how that home would look in contrast to his present filth and squalor.

Next morning he cleaned the windows. Now, odd as it may seem, this cleaning of the windows marked the turning point in Mark Austen's life. It was then that he began to act. Until a good resolution takes form in action one may very well doubt if it be very sincere.

And now a thing happened which made the Briervillians stare. On Tremont Place there was a fine old residence, known for generations as Tremont House. The owner of this had recently removed to the Old Land across the sea, leaving house, furniture and all to be sold. To the astonishment of everybody in Brierville, it was bought by Old Grimes.

People stared still more when a quiet, gentle-

looking lady in widow's weeds, the very sister who had presented her brother with the "heart's-ease," now came to live with him in Tremont House, to be a heart's-ease to him herself, and when the two walked down to church together, Old Grimes, now transformed into a respectable-looking man, decently clad. Many people, also, could scarcely believe their ears when they heard that Old Grimes' name was not Grimes at all, but Mr. Mark Austen.

As for the "Willow Girls," they had a good laugh. "The idea of our sending him a patchwork counterpane!" But they never dreamed of how much they had done towards the wonderful change in Old Grimes.

Mark Austen, however, understood this thoroughly. He tried his best to find out who the "Willow Girls" were, for he wanted to express his thanks to them, and to help them, if possible, by his influence or wealth. But he never found out, and it was better so. The "Willow Girls" needed no reward, for, in their work, "their reward was with them."

A REUNION.

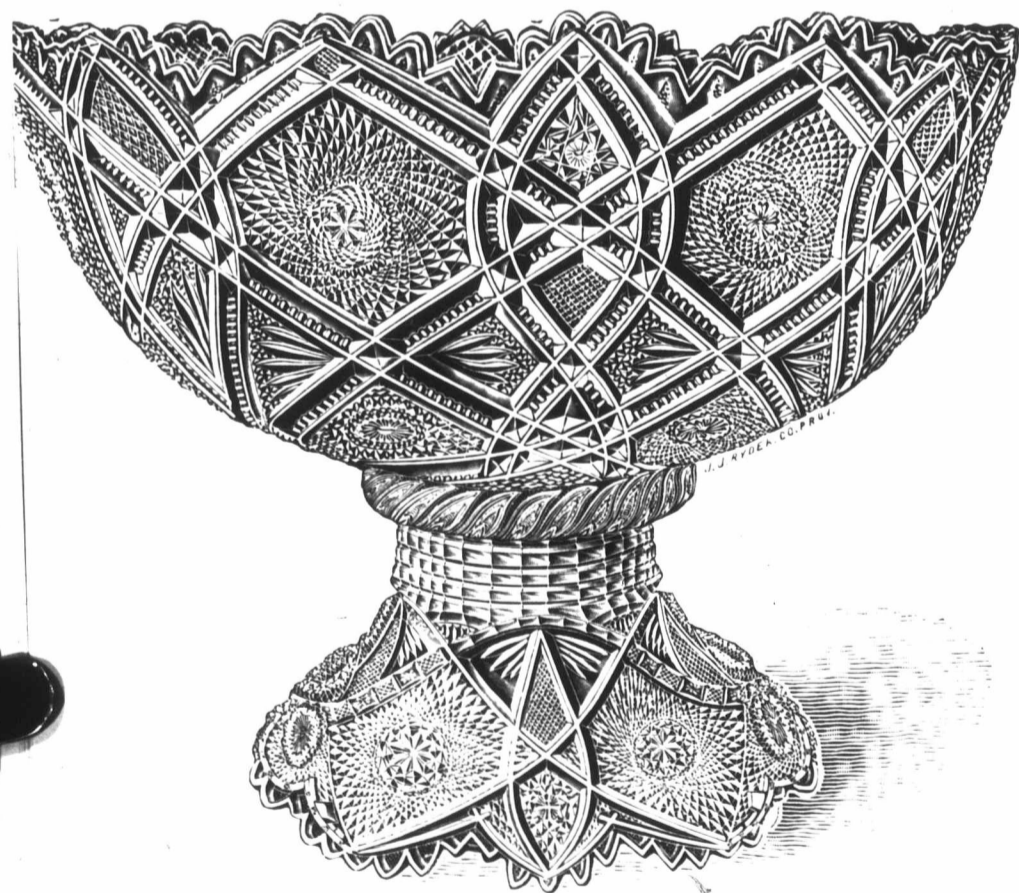
A Christmas Story.

"Christmas is comin' next week, father; it seems as if we ought to take some notice of it."

Mrs. Mason spoke nervously; she knew that she might propose ever so much or so well, but "Father" was her "Providence," and disposed, seldom heeding her plans.

"I'm not going to keep Christmas," answered the old man. "I don't see any cause for it. A bit of our own pork with apple sauce'll do me; what's the good of turkey and puddin' for us?"

Mrs. Mason understood her husband, and made allowances. She knew he was thinking of the time when four sturdy sons and a pretty daughter had sat round his Christmas table. He rebelled at the way the boys had forsaken the old folks to better themselves; and worse than all, the pretty daughter had



◆ Holiday Gifts ◆

IN

China and Glass

WILLIAM JUNOR

88 WEST KING ST.

TORONTO

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SAMPLES AND
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married a worthless fellow and had died of a broken heart.

"Father has cause," she whispered, and said no more of her longing for a little cheer at Christmas time.

The boys had prospered and married "town girls," as Mrs. Mason called her daughters-in-law. They never forgot to send presents at Christmas; but there seemed no time to visit the old folks at home, and "Mother" did not often send answers to the short, business-like letters of the boys. The hand that wields a mop and broom cannot easily hold a pen.

Though she tried to stifle the feeling, Mrs. Mason strongly desired to cook a Christmas dinner.

"It seems as if it would do me good no end to be choppin' and mixin' for a heap of folk. Two people are so picky with their food! There's the ten shillings John sent me on my birthday. I could buy everything with it, and then send what is left to the poor Morleys if there wasn't no one to share it; but, perhaps if I made ready, something would happen."

Circumstances favoured Mrs. Mason, and as the old man was called ten miles away to see a sick animal, and was sure to be gone till late at night, she made up her mind to please herself. So when the grocer and butcher called they received unwonted orders. Mary Adams, from the farm, came in by chance, and stayed to help, and how the old lady enjoyed the unwonted bustle!

By the evening there was a beautiful turkey ready for the oven; while mince pies, cakes, and pastry stood on the pantry shelf. The house was fragrant with Christmas odors; but when Mary Adams had departed and the old lady sat down in her chair to rest, a reaction set in and she almost called herself, what she knew "Father" would call her, "a fool for her pains."

"What splendid times you had! I wish we lived on a farm and could help to get ready for Christmas."

"And Grandmother made you dolls out of pastry?" said the little girl, seated on her father's knee; "I wish I could see her and get her to make me one."

John Mason sat gazing in the fire. His heart was in the Cumberland hills; he hardly heard the children's talk. The four had coaxed him to tell in the Sunday twilight of his early life. Mother was listening with baby on her knee.

"And Grandmother hasn't seen you since you had us?" said the little girl, after a long pause. "Who will she cook Christmas dinner for now? I just wish," and the child sat bolt upright in her excitement, "that we could creep in at the kitchen door father told us of and surprise her. Wouldn't that be a Christmas?"

"Well," said father, "why shouldn't we?"

The children fairly held their breath—could father mean it? But mother looked at baby and shook her head smilingly.

"Oh, you needn't put it off because of that little chap! He is the toughest of us all, and would never know the difference between a train and his nursery. I admit it will cost a good sum, but if we give up Christmas presents for this year we can do it."

"We will—oh, we will," they chorused, and in five minutes the thing was settled. They were to start on Wednesday morning and "creep in at the kitchen door" by eight o'clock that night!

You can imagine the excitement during Monday and Tuesday. The children were obliged to go to school, but small good did it do. Jack, when asked the cause of the siege of Paris, answered, "skating and eating mince pie," while the little girl who investigated the trip would have failed utterly in her

spelling but that "pudding" came to her, and she had managed to learn that word.

Such fun they had packing grandmother's presents. Everyone wanted to give to the dear one who had been "mother" to father when he was a little boy. The offerings were characteristic. May, the eldest girl of fifteen, brought some delicate edging she had been making for herself. Jack, seeing this self-denial, brought his new paint box. "It's the thing I value most," he said, but was much relieved when mother proposed books instead.

George, the second boy, was practical, and thrifty. "I got these," he said, putting two pairs of spectacles into the box, "old people always lose their glasses."

But Lily, as she called the little girl, had the happiest idea. She trotted alone to a shop near by and came back loaded.

"They're for the pantry father told us of. I expect grandmother's paste cutter is quite worn out, and these are new things she has never seen—they shine like silver." Such a lot of things for two shillings.



WELL! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF US?

Father and mother filled the trunk; delicacies and "labour-saving gimcracks," as father called them, soon made the closing of the lid a questionable matter.

Wednesday morning they started; such an excited, happy party. Christmas was written all over their faces. Guards and porters were all interested. Passengers looked on and smiled sympathetically as they heard rapturous whispers of "grandmother" and "skating." Lily, when an old gentleman coaxed her on her knee said pittingly, "You're too old to go home to your grandmother, aren't you?" which caused such a laugh that the child hid her face in confusion, but the old man said:

"You're doing a wise thing sir; the old people need such attentions—we're apt to be overlooked," and then held Lily close till she fell asleep on his knee; and he sat and dreamed, perhaps, of grandchildren whom he had never seen."

"I s'pose I was rather foolish, father, but it's given me a deal o' pleasure, and you don't be-

grudge me it, do you? I only spent that money John sent me last August. I tell you when I was cutting out the bits of pastry this afternoon (don't laugh at me), I actually forgot the boys had grown up, and I made some of those pastry dolls they used to like so! Well, well. We've got a deal to be thankful for, father. The boys are well and thriving, if we can't have them here. Now if they were in want we might feel unlike Christmas."

"That's so, mother," said the old man. "I don't know but you had better spread your table to-morrow, and instead of taking the dinner round to the Morleys, I'll put in the horse and bring a load of them up here."

The old lady drew her chair to her husband's side, and laid her head on his knee; her heart was too full to speak. It was at this moment the travellers reached the kitchen windows and peeped in.

The door was opened by Lily, who called out: "We've come home for Christmas, grandmother!" Behind her was Jack, then May, George, mother with the baby, and then father.

It was almost too much for grandmother; but joy seldom kills, and the old lady kept saying again and again: "The dinner was ready before you came."

What a Christmas it was! Grandmother's beds were always aired, and the travellers were soon fast asleep, and awoke on Christmas morning to hear the church bells pealing merrily and to go to the dear old church where father was christened, and then came the dinner!

What screams of delight when grandmother brought out the pastry dolls! Father insisted on having the biggest one. The trunk was almost forgotten, but came in splendidly when the excitement of "waiting on themselves," as Lily called it, was over. The tins seemed to please grandmother most of all, and her paste cutter was broken! Lily was the darling of the old people, and as both she and May were rather delicate, it was agreed that they should stay on for a little while.

At last all sat round the hearth, watching the log fire grandfather had built for them. "I remember many a happy Christmas, but this beats them all," said the old man. "John, my boy, this visit will give us talk for years to come."

"Yes, indeed," said his mother, sighing.

"Oh, no, mother," said John Mason, taking her old wrinkled hand in his; "it shall never be so again. We will come and see you every year, and perhaps oftener, and every Christmas—if God is willing—we will spend with you, and, if you would like, we will lend you one of our bairns to be a comfort to you, and then, you see, that will ensure my coming up and down to have a peep. I don't know how it has been that we've not been before, but until lately we seemed buried in money difficulties and small mouths to feed; now, thank God, I'm doing well in business, and you'll see how I shall keep the railway lines alive!"

There were tears of joy in the old woman's eyes as she kissed her thanks.—Our Work.

Everlasting arms of love,
Are beneath, around, above;
God it is who bears us on,
His the arm we lean upon.
He, our ever-present guide,
Faithful is, whate'er betide;
Gladly, then, we journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

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DIOCESAN NEWS.

(Continued from page 776)

Battleford.—St. George's, Thanksgiving Day, 14th November, was duly observed by holiday, and by thanksgiving services. The teachers and scholars of the Indian school had their service in the morning, the preacher being the Rev. J. Parker, rector of St. George's, Battleford. In the evening the church was filled by an attentive congregation. The church was nicely decorated with fruits and grain in the sheaf, the service was musical, and the singing congregational. The Bishop, who had just arrived after a one hundred-mile drive, preached. The offertories at both services were good. The ladies are working for a rectory. The next day the Bishop was driven by Rev. D. McDonald, missionary at Thunderchild's, to Red Pheasant's Reserve, to the humble abode of the Rev. R. Inkster, who is growing old in harness. On the Sunday he held two services; at 11 a.m., Indian service with Holy Communion, and at 3 p.m., English service for the few white people, and a few Indians who understand our language. The Bishop read parts of the Indian service, including the Celebration, and addressed the Indians in their own tongue, to their evident pleasure; but he did not feel that he had yet acquired this dialect of the Cree sufficiently to preach in it, so Rev. D. McDonald interpreted for him. The visit of the Bishop and the English service were much appreciated by the few white people within reach. The Rev. R. Inkster lives on his reserve for the most part alone, doing all his own household work, but in honour of this occasion he had a daughter to do the cooking. In the evening the Bishop was driven over to the Stoney Reserve, and he and Mr. McDonald became the guests of Mr. Lefler, the teacher at the school on this reserve. Mr. Lefler hopes some day to become an ordained missionary to the Indians, and is certainly serving a hard apprenticeship and proving his patience and endurance. He lives quite alone on this reserve, where the Indians are all heathen; and he sees a distant neighbour once a week, and another

lay reader once a month. His furniture and books are limited to the two or three absolutely necessary, no chair, nor real bed, two cups and three plates, and no dishes, etc. He does all his own "chores," including laundry, and teaches daily six or seven children and five or six lads, all heathen, and quite ignorant of English, and between whites, visits, or is visited by, the rest of the Indians. He knows a little Cree, and so do some of them, but as yet he knows no Stoney (Sioux) and they know no English. Imagine the complete isolation and the depressing circumstances. But he is paving the way for future evangelization here, and making a little progress in their education, and in acquiring their tongue. The Stoneys are of quite a different character to the Crees, and very determined in their heathen ways. Our best, if not our only hopes, are fixed on the young. During the Monday the missionary trio visited the heathen homes after school, but could only converse with the few who understood Cree. In the afternoon a few gathered for a simple service, and a short exposition of some of the elements of the Christian religion. Next morning Mr. Lefler was left to his lonely life and difficult work, and the Bishop and Mr. McDonald proceeded on their way to other Indian reserves. It is to be hoped that more men will come forward ready and able to master the Indian languages, for it seems impossible as yet to find Indians or half-breeds who can be sent to our theological schools and be ordained.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

John Dart, D.D., Bishop, New Westminster, B.C.

Vancouver.—Holy Trinity.—The Rev. John Antle, who for the past five years has been vicar of this parish, has resigned the cure in order to take charge of a very important mission on the north-east coast of Vancouver Island and in the islands and mainland adjacent thereto, amongst the 3,000 and more men who are at work in the logging camps in that district. The object of this Mission is not only to carry the Gospel to these men, but to

place within their reach such intellectual and physical advantages as may be possible under the circumstances. To this end a powerful boat is to be built at a cost of about \$4,000, and large enough for the missionary to live on board all the year round. Reading-rooms will be established in the camps where possible; literature, such as magazines and papers, will be distributed regularly, and an effort will be made to establish a circulating library. The library will be put up in boxes, built on the plan of sectional bookcases, and exchanged from camp to camp by means of the mission ship. In addition to this work, an emergency hospital will be established at some centre, such as Shoal Bay or Rock Bay, where an injured man, instead of waiting for the mail boat, which may be hours or days, will receive skilled surgical attention and be made comfortable until the mail boat arrives to take him to Vancouver. In this way doubtless many a good limb and many a life may be saved. Mr. Antle has had a large experience in this kind of work for many years on the coast of Newfoundland and in the State of Washington. On Tuesday evening, November 29th, the parishioners gathered together in the school-house and presented Mr. Antle with a handsome travelling case and a purse of gold. Mrs. Antle was presented at the same time with a beautiful tea service. The members of the parochial branch of the W.A., under whose auspices the presentations were made, also presented Mr. Antle with a farewell address in which was expressed deep regret at his forthcoming departure, and best wishes for his future success in every way. Mr. Antle made a feeling reply, and short addresses were also made during the evening by the Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath and others.

COLUMBIA.

Wm. Willcox Perrin, D.D., Bishop, Victoria, B.C.

Victoria.—Christ Church.—The Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, who has been the acting rector of this parish during the absence in England of the Rev.

The Independent Order of Foresters



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**CHRISTMAS
GREETING**
TO ALL



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Canon B. Anlands, was, on the evening of November 20th last, presented by a large number of his friends with an arm-chair and a reading lamp, and Mrs. Scriven was at the same time presented with a brass fender, fire-irons and guard. A purse of money was also presented to them, as also a beautifully illuminated address. The presentations were made on behalf of the donors by the Lord Bishop of the diocese, who, in making them, referred to the good work which Archdeacon Scriven had done in the diocese. In taking up his residence at Duncans, he would be well situated to look after the northern part of the diocese. In replying, Archdeacon Scriven spoke of the pleasure he had had in twenty years' residence in the diocese. He was looking forward with pleasure to the country life at Duncans, and would be within easy reach also of his many friends in Victoria. The presentation took place in the drawing room of the Balmoral Hotel.

MOOSONEE.

Chapleau.—St. John's.—On Sunday, November 20th, harvest thanksgiving services were held in the above church, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion by Mrs. G. Nicholson, Mrs. Herner, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Comrie, and others. The morning service was well attended, the sermon being preached by the missionary in charge, Mr. W. Lloyd-James (Oxon.) from Is. ix. part v. 3. In the evening the church was crowded and the service most hearty throughout. His Lordship, the Bishop of Algoma, was expected to preach, but owing to an unfortunate accident, which delayed his train, was unable to arrive in time. Mr. James, however, preached a most able and instructive sermon from Ps. lxxv. v. 9. The choir rendered great assistance, both morning and evening. Besides the canticles and hymns, they sang in excellent style: "Oh Lord,



WILL YOU BUY OUR FLOWERS?

how Manifold are Thy Works." On Monday morning there was Matins at 10 o'clock. Mr. James read the prayers, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Algoma, from 1 St. John v. 4. Morn-

ing service was followed by celebration of the Holy Communion, the number partaking being the highest in the history of the church. In the afternoon His Lordship administered the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, several children being brought by their parents to receive the same. The present condition of St. John's parish is one which gives encouragement to those interested in its welfare. The services are hearty and devotional, and the congregations, especially in the evening, larger than for a very long time, and the collections during the last two months exceed those of any other month since the church was built. The W.A., assisted by other ladies of the congregation, are working hard to clear off the rectory debt, \$200 having been raised by a supper given by them early in the month. They are also assisting the missionary in all branches of parish work.

ONTARIO.

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

Kingston.—The rectory of Merrickville, made vacant by the appointment of the Rev. R. S. Forneri, B.D., to St. Luke's, Kingston, has been offered by the Bishop to the Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M.A., incumbent of Stirling. Mr. Coleman is a man of marked scholarship, and has proved himself, both as assistant at St. James', Kingston, and incumbent of Stirling, most efficient and devoted as a parish priest. The parish of Merrickville is to be congratulated on its choice. The Bishop of the diocese returned from Montreal on Tuesday last, where he had been summoned to the consecration of the new Bishop of Caledonia, Dr. Du Vernet. St. George's Cathedral Young Men's Club held a most successful "At Home" on the 7th inst. An excellent programme was given by the members, and refreshments served during the evening. At the annual meeting the following officers were elected: Rev. Canon Starr, hon. president; Herbert Swayne, president;

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Victor Drury, and C. H. Joslyn, vice-presidents; A. C. Dunbar and E. H. Dobbs, secretaries; H. Jennings, treasurer, and R. Wilkinson, C. Dalton, and E. H. Smythe, executive officers of the Social, Physical, and Literary departments. Four hockey teams will represent the Club this season. St. James' Church, Kingston, has been renovated and re-decorated, and presents a most attractive appearance, and on Sunday, the 4th inst., was re-opened for public service, Canon Starr being the preacher for the occasion. An ordination service will be held in the Cathedral on Sunday, the 18th inst., at which it is expected seven deacons will be advanced to the priesthood. Rev. H. H. Bedford-Jones will preach the ordination sermon.

CHRISTMAS.

So many simple objects are associated with the Christmas Festival, that it is difficult, as the sere leaves lie strewn around, to keep its memories away. A spray of holly, reflected in the retina, opens an instant communication with memory, and the veil of many years vanishes like that of a dissolving view, and one of those bright spots on the panorama, mentioned above, presents itself, and all the day of long ago is unfolded. We hear again the awakening peal of the herald bells. Welcome the shy entrance of the gray dawn, amid the broadening light of day, revealing the hills but lightly veiled, as if the snow had been doled by a spring hand. The enraptured walk to church with other youth—when faith, hope and fervour were not merely visitors, but dwelt within us—when there was deep and sincere piety, and "the freshness of the heart fell like dew." When there were no doubts, and few fears; when the Bible was a sacred book, a radiant sun without spots.

How the tunes and anthems we sang at that time have clung

to us during the fleeting years, one has only to hum one of them (a bar will do), and from that simple stave the association of ideas develops a mental picture seen as clearly in the mind's eye as if we were again in church listening to our beloved friends, the singers, and the rector's Christmas sermon, and what a halo of delight surrounds the remembrance, and yet we are told that it is necessary to exercise philosophical restraint, lest such reveries unman one.

"When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me. I went with them to the House of God,

with the voice of joy and praise, with them that kept Holy Day."

SILENCE.

Quietness, like mercy, is twice blessed; it blesseth him that is quiet, and it blesseth the man's friends and neighbours. Talk is good in its way. "There is a time to speak," but there is also "a time to be silent," and in silence many of life's sweetest benedictions come.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

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The Half-Tone illustrations and Zinc Etchings in this issue are samples of our Work.

CONTENTMENT.

Edith is only a school girl, but she has some of the wisdom that is better than any to be gotten from books. She does not spend her time fretting over things she does not have. She enjoys what she has.

"Don't you wish you were going to the seashore?" asked Margaret.

"I would like it," said Edith, "but I am so glad I'm going to grandpa's. I always have a good time there."

"Wouldn't you like to have a new dress like Mary's?" said Jessie.

"Yes; but I like mine just as well." was the answer.

Edith has "the little sprig of contentment," which gives a rich flavour to everything.



—A man's character is what God knows of him.



THE HUNDRETH PSALM.

CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer. Like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the

ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvellous mystic bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

The cattle have turned their heads to the

east and knelt down to worship the King cradled in the manger; the holly are decked with holly; yule-log burns brightly; gray shadows sweep away as the sun is up and bright-eyed children lay awake all night listening for the patter of Saint Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment when they wake hurriedly to find stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats.

Beautiful and right in that gifts and good wishes should fill the air with snowflakes at Christmas tide. And beautiful is the year in coming and in going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.



—When we bury a fault, let us go back to plant flowers on the grave.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

The Estey Organ

Is the World's Standard in Organ-building

THE REASONS—

- Fifty-eight years' unswerving adherence to the principle of constructing nothing but the best.
- 345,000 more than satisfied customers in all quarters of the globe.
- A yearly output more than double that of any other manufacturer of high-grade Organs in the world.
- Unequaled facilities for testing and experiment, resulting in improvement where others would think it impossible.

These facts make it apparent that the Estey Organ occupies an unassailable position as "the world's standard," and place it entirely outside the pale of competition.



We illustrate here an Estey Philharmonic Organ in handsome Gothic design of case, specially in keeping with most church interiors. It is made in solid walnut or quarter cut oak, and handsomely finished, both front and back.

The reeds throughout are the celebrated Estey Philharmonic reeds of the finest quality. These specially large reeds possess a breadth and leading quality of tone, NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER REED ORGAN, and particularly desirable for church use. The voicing is exquisite. The solo stops are sweet and pipe-like in character, while the foundation tones are full and round, deep where gravity is desirable, brilliant where brilliancy is wanted, the whole being perfectly balanced.

IT IS REALLY A WONDERFUL ORGAN

We supply this organ in three styles—number 33 for small churches, number 38 for churches of moderate size, and number 97 for large churches, where anything less than a pipe organ is required.

They differ in volume but not in quality.

The prices are \$120, \$130, and \$150 respectively.

They are sold on a two-year-credit plan.

Write for particulars; we welcome correspondence.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

HAMILTON—66 KING ST. WEST

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

WHAT SULPHUR DOES

The Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave our daily dose of sulphur and mosses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all. I mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide), and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets, and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health: sulphur acts directly on the liver and excretory organs, and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and mosses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary sources of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles, and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium is superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples, and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin disease as this remedy."

At any rate, people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood purifiers, will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

Children's Department.

SLY SANTA CLAUS.

All the house was asleep,
And the fire burning low,
When, from far up the chimney,
Came down a "Ho! ho!"
And a little, round man,
With a terrible scratching,
Dropped into the room
With a wink that was catching,
Yes, down he came, bumping,
And thumping, and jumping,
And picked himself up without sign of
a bruise!

"Ho! ho!" he kept on,
As if bursting with cheer,
"Good children, gay children,
Glad children, see here!
I have brought you fine dolls,
And gay trumps, and rings,
Noah's arks, and bright skates,
And a host of good things!
I have brought a whole sackful,
A packful, a huckful!
Come hither, come hither, come hither
and choose.

"Ho! ho! What is this?
Why, they all are asleep!
But their stockings are up,
And my presents will keep!
So, in with the candies,
The books, and the toys;
All the goodies I have
For the good girls and boys,
I'll ram them, and jam them,
And slam them, and cram them;
All the stockings will hold while the
tired creatures snooze.

"Ho! ho! How they'll laugh
When they open their eyes!
Ha! ha! How I wish
I could see their surprise!
But I'll give one a kiss
And I then must be off!
He! he! Little puss,
Does my breath make you cough?
Don't worry; I'll skurry,
Be off in a hurry;
So you all may sleep on while I finish
my cruise."

And his little, fat fingers
Kept tucking and tucking,
Until every stocking
Bulged out on the wall,
As if it were bursting
And ready to fall.
And then, all at once,
With a whisk and a whistle,
And twisting himself
Like a tough bit of gristle,
He bounced up again,
Like the down of a thistle,
And nothing was left but the prints
of his shoes.

JOHN CHAPMAN, THE PACKMAN.

"What weather, to be sure!" remarked Jack Price, as he stood gazing out of the schoolroom window.

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Windsor Salt
Its Pure—That's Sure.



The Secret of "Fruit-a-tives"

lies in the secret process of making them. The fruit juices are changed, chemically and medicinally—their action on the human system is intensified—their effect on disease made infallible.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

are the juices of fresh, ripe apples, oranges, figs and prunes—prepared by our secret process, and compressed into tablets.

"Fruit-a-tives" have some wonderful cures to their credit in severe cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles.

At all druggists. 50c. a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

down which the raindrops ran exciting races regardless of the presence or absence of enthusiastic spectators.

"It always rains when we plan a picnic," whined little Mollie in dismal tones.

"Yes, and we've painted, and drawn, and read, and done everything," chimed in the usually contented Stella, shutting her book with a bang. "What in the world shall we do next?"

No one answered; only the splash-

FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Not an Unusual Instance.

"I used Pyramid Pile Cure and have not had any trouble since. I have been a sufferer with piles for twenty years. I think it is the best remedy on earth for piles. Hoping this may help others to use this remedy," Mrs. J. D. Teller, R. F. D. 20, Sparta, Mich.

It is a singular fact that although many women suffer from piles, or hemorrhoids, they frequently do not have proper treatment because of a delicacy women have in mentioning such a subject. Especially is this the case with those who have no husband or brother in whom they can confide; and a physician is seldom consulted until the pain and agony incident to piles becomes unbearable.

Thousands of women have suffered even longer than did Mrs. Teller, always experiencing slight or temporary relief, if any, from the various remedies used and finally settling down to the conviction that a cure in their cases was impossible. Pyramid Pile Cure has come as a boon to all such, as it seldom, if ever fails to effect a permanent cure. It is sold by druggists for fifty cents a package, or will be mailed by the makers to any address, upon receipt of price. Absolute secrecy is guaranteed, and no name is ever used without the consent of the writer.

It is suggested that those interested write to Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich., for their little book describing the causes and cure of piles, as it is sent free for the asking.

ing of the raindrops filled up the pause, as though laughing at the disconsolate faces in the nursery; and the twilight began to steal over the dreary autumnal scene.

The children threw themselves listlessly upon the hearth-rug before the fire, which burnt low in the deep old grate. All at once the silence was broken, the door opened, and in another moment Jack, Stella, and Mollie were giving a warm and somewhat violent greeting to a lady who had entered; and joyful cries of "Auntie Katie, oh, how lovely! We are so glad you've come," resounded through the nursery, which a moment before had been so quiet.

"Well, children, what are you doing with yourselves this wet day?" said Miss Astell, as soon as she could extricate herself. "Has it been very dull?"

"Dreadful," said Mollie, with a pathetic look in her big brown eyes, but suddenly a bright idea seized her as she exclaimed, "Oh, Auntie Katie, do tell us a story!"

"Oh, do, do!" echoed Jack and Stella, for Auntie's stories were a balm for all woes, and never failed to dispel any amount of dullness.

"Very well," Miss Astell said. "Poke up the fire, Jack, and make us a nice blaze"; and the little girls settled themselves in an expectant attitude at her feet.

"Last summer," began Auntie Katie, "I went to stay at a queer little place called Swaffham, in Norfolk, and the one object of interest there is a quaint old church, which is hundreds of years old."

"Really hundreds?" put in Mollie. "Shut up now, do," said Jack; and the sceptical little maiden relapsed again into silence.

"Yes," continued Auntie Katie, "it is a very old building, and what attracts most attention is the beautiful choir and nave, said to have been built by an old packman named John Chapman."

"How did he ever get the money?" asked Stella.

"That is just the point," replied her aunt. "This old man with his wife kept a little shop in the village, and his trade brought him in just enough to make both ends meet. One night he had a dream in which he was told to go and stand upon London Bridge, and some one would accost him and tell him something to his advantage. He would have paid little heed to this but for the fact that the same dream visited him on three successive nights with increased vividness, and then he consulted his wife on the subject.

"Well, John," she said, 'London's a long way off, but maybe it's worth your while to try your luck.' So John, without further ado, packed a small knapsack, cut a good stout stick from the wood close by, and calling his faithful dog Jock, started off for

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer

Has the indorsement of the highest medical authority in the world. It would seem strange indeed if persons afflicted with cancers and tumors, after knowing the facts, would resort to the dreaded knife and burning plaster, which have hitherto been attended with such fatal results. The fact that in the last ten years over one hundred doctors have put themselves under this mild treatment, shows their confidence in the new method of treating those horrible diseases. Persons afflicted will do well to send for free book giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the Home Office, Dr. D. M. BYE Co., Drawer 595, Indianapolis, Ind.

'Stubborn Things'

Facts are stubborn things — 'tis said.

Diamond facts are no exception—there's no getting away from them.

Fact 1.—Africa furnishes the world with diamonds.

Fact 2.—Amsterdam cuts most of them — practically all of them.

Fact 3.—We buy them direct from the men who cut them.

Fact 4.—We buy them in parcel lots — we've bought little "lots" of \$100, and we've bought single parcels of 40,000 gulden—\$16,000.00.

Fact 5.—After we've bought them we spend days and days sorting them.

Fact 6.—We sell the "rejection"—that is such stones as do not come up to the "Ryrie" standard of quality—there—in Amsterdam—we never bring them home.

Fact 7.—Other dealers buy these "rejected" stones readily—Spain takes the worst—Italy next—whilst Germany, France, England and some American buyers are much less fastidious.

Fact 8.—The average American standard is higher than that of other countries—the "Ryrie" standard is notoriously so with the Amsterdam cutters.

Fact 9.—United States dealers are compelled to pay duty—Canada admits them free.

Fact 10.—The final fact—and this we want to drive home with all power—the "Ryrie" stock—the "Ryrie" quality and the "Ryrie" values offer you better advantages for diamonds than any other in the world.

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THE BREADTH OF LOVE.

the great unknown city. The old wife waved him off, and watched him disappear over the hill.

"Did he walk all the way?" queried Jack.

"Yes"; Auntie Katie went on, "it was a long tramp, but at last he

stood upon London Bridge, and rested against the stone wall, eagerly scanning the faces of the passers-by to find some clue as to which was to be his informer of the good news. Slowly the hours dragged along till the shadows of evening began to fall. Surely no day was ever so long before! and John, feeling that he had been misled by a foolish dream, prepared to put an end to his self-imposed vigil. Just one step had he taken when a voice said quite near him, 'Halloa, who are you, friend? Look as though you're up from the country?'

"Yes, I be," replied John, unwilling to communicate anything further to his interlocutor.

"Well," replied the stranger, 'that's where I should be now had I paid attention to a dream. A few nights back I dreamed that some one told me to go to Swaffham (whether there is such a place or not I don't know), and in a garden behind a packman's shop I should find a hidden treasure; but,' he added, 'dreams ain't in my line, so good-day. I hope you'll admire our great city.'

John kept a discreet silence, but was literally shaking with excitement. So this was what he had come to London to learn—a hidden treasure—a hidden treasure, and in his very own garden!

"Without delay he made all preparation for the return journey, and in a few days Mrs. Chapman, as she stood at the shop door, saw the familiar figure of old John coming down the road, faithful Jock at his heels.

"Any luck, man?" she asked, after greetings were exchanged.

"Nothing much," he replied, as he locked up his secret more closely to himself.

"Why didn't he tell her about it?" asked Stella.

Nine times in ten, headaches come from bad stomach or bad liver.

Ten times in ten

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

cures headaches by making bad stomach and liver good.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c and 60c a bottle

"Cause she might have told so one," put in Mollie with a knowing look.

"That night, when all was quiet old John arose, crept out, and began to dig with feverish haste at the edge of his little garden. Faint streaks of the early dawn were visible in the sky when the patient digger suddenly felt his spade strike against something hard, and in another moment



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HON. E. J. DAVIS,

Commissioner of Crown Lands,
TORONTO, Ont.

ment he drew out a large iron box, which he found to be full of golden coins. An old piece of crumpled paper lay just inside, but the writing was in Latin, and, twist it round and round as he would, it conveyed no meaning to his eager eyes. He quickly roused his wife and told her the good news, and the problem of the writing was discussed, but with little result until the old woman suddenly exclaimed, "Perhaps the Grammar School boys can help us; put it in the window, man."

"So the ancient document was duly fastened before the glass of the little shop.

"Twelve o'clock brought a knot of boys down the road.

"What's this?" said one. "What's the old fellow got for sale now? But as their classics were about equal to Shakespeare's, who is said to have had 'small Latin and less Greek,' they could make nothing of it.

"Here comes Summer," said a small boy; let's ask him?" and all made way for a tall sixth form boy, who pushed his way quickly to the front, eager to show off his superior wisdom. Slowly he spelt out the words, which translated mean-

"Below me lies one richer than I."

"Hah! hah!" laughed the boys; 'make what sense you can out of that, old fellow'; and the party broke up, little guessing how the few words, so meaningless to them, had been of real intelligence to old John. He could hardly wait for nightfall, but as soon as was expedient the same old spot saw him hard at work, and the moon smiled down upon him, as she saw the near revelation of one of her own secrets. Deeper and deeper he went, toiling on bravely through many a weary hour, till at last there it was, true enough, and a thrill of delight ran through him as his spade struck a hard substance with the same metallic sound. Carefully he drew out his treasure, and so heavy was it that it was only with great difficulty that he carried it into the house.

"The old church was about to be restored, but funds were wanting. Then it was that old John disclosed his secret, and the beautiful church now stands as a monument of his generosity."

"Thank you so much," came in a chorus as Auntie Katie paused; "but is it really true?"

"I believe it is," Miss Astell replied; "the stained glass windows illustrate the story, and the heads of the pews are in the shape of dogs' heads in memory of faithful Joek."

The children relapsed into meditative silence, which was broken by Mollie.

"I wish we could dig in our garden and find a lost treasure," she said, her eyes sparkling at the thought.

"I'm afraid," said Miss Astell, "that would not be much good, but there is a place where you may all dig and find precious treasure."

"What do you mean?" asked Jack. "Our beautiful Bible," she replied, "is often compared to a mine, and those who read it carefully are the miners, and the things they find there

about the Lord Jesus Christ and all His wonderful promises are like nuggets of gold. Don't you remember what our hymn says?

"Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,
With jewels rich and rare."

"Yes," said Stella, "and on each we can write, 'Below me there is one richer than I.' How nice to think we can never get to the end of them!"

Bedtime broke up the happy party, and, thanks to Auntie Katie, the wet day had not been so dull after all.

Weakness

from

Poor Blood

CAUSES FEEBLE ACTION OF THE
BODILY ORGANS.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD EN-
TIRELY OVERCOMES WEAK-
NESS OF EVERY FORM.

It may be weakness of the muscles or weakness of the nerves, weak action of the heart or feebleness of the organs of digestion, weakness of the liver, kidneys and bowels or weakness and irregularities of the organs peculiarly feminine.

WHEREVER LOCATED, WEAK-
NESS IS DUE TO POOR, WEAK
BLOOD AND CAN BE OVERCOME
BY THE USE OF DR. CHASE'S
NERVE FOOD.

Because digestion is impaired or the heart action irregular, you have no reason to suppose these organs are diseased in themselves. They merely lack the nerve force which is in reality the motive power of the body and its organs.

A few weeks' treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will convince you of its exceptional blood-forming and nerve-invigorating power, and by noting your increase in weight while using it, you can prove that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body.

Paleness, weakness, cold hands and feet, sleeplessness, irritability and low vitality soon give way to health, strength and vigor when this great food cure is used.

MRS. ALEXANDER BUCHANAN, Island Brook, Compton Co., Quebec, writes: "My system was very much run down, and I was troubled for a long time with weak stomach and dizziness. I could scarcely get about the house to attend to my work and felt very miserable most all the time. After having used a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my condition is entirely changed and my system wonderfully built up. I can with all confidence recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to any person troubled with weak stomach or weakness of any kind."

If you would be well and live in the full enjoyment of health, restore your vitality by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.



THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD
REGULATIONS.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situate, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10.00 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:—

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

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same town, township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, at Ottawa, of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing the land to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Land Agents in Manitoba or the North-West Territories.

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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N.B.—Our charges have been greatly reduced in order to meet the popular demand for moderate priced funerals



LOST! STRAYED OR STOLEN. I DON'T CARE WHICH.

A SPRAY OF MISTLETOE.

"Put them in Aunt Martha's basket?" Carol repeated, stopping a moment in her work of decorating the rooms, to look thoughtfully down at her small sister. "That would be nice, wouldn't it? I never thought of it."

The Christmas basket was already packed with delicacies and comforts to be sent to Aunt Martha, at the great red brick "Home for Aged Women" down town, but only little Ethel had thought of slipping in a wreath of Christmas holly and a bunch of mistletoe; but because of this little girl's thoughtfulness, Aunt Martha's Christmas basket brought into her life more happiness than the dear old lady would have thought possible.

She was not really Ethel's aunt, nor Carol's neither; but ever since the children could remember, Aunt Martha had sewed for their mother and made their small garments. A year or two before this, however, her eyesight began to fail, and the cheery, sweet-faced old lady invested her small savings in a room at the Home, where she had since lived.

The Christmas basket was unpacked with trembling eagerness in the presence of all the other old ladies that evening. Little surprises mean a great deal to old people, boys and girls—more even than they do to you; for they have stopped expecting all sorts of beautiful and unlooked for things to happen, as little people so often do.

It chanced that, while the holly wreath with its red shining berries lay at the very top of the basket, the spray of mistletoe had slipped down into a corner, and was not discovered until the last bit of Christmas cheer had been unwrapped, displayed, and shared. Then Aunt Martha lifted the dainty green cluster with a start.

"Mistletoe!" she exclaimed softly to herself. "I haven't seen a bit of it for

WHAT DO YOU CARE? YOU'VE GOT YOUR HEALTH.

Great Natures Do Not Despair at Disappointment—They Look for Something Else to Do.

The broad-gauged man of to-day does not get blue just because things don't always come his way unless there is something the matter with him. If he "falls down" on one proposition he immediately starts to look up another. He always looks forward and keeps on hustling. A man with his health and faculties has plenty of opportunities, and the man who gives up or even feels like it has either a small nature or some physical weakness.

Dyspepsia certainly puts the best of men out of condition for work of any kind. You cannot blame the dyspeptic for getting blue. The very nature of his disease is most depressing and calculated to deprive him of ambition, energy and hope. There is hope for him, however, certain and sure.

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You can satisfy yourself of the truth of this statement by putting the food you would eat into a glass jar with sufficient water and one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. The process of digestion will be taken up and carried out just as the gastric juice and other digestive fluids would do. Their action is natural and they cause no disturbance in the digestive organs. In fact you forget your troubles as much when they begin to do their work as mild and natural as the action of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are sold by all druggists at 50c a box.

years. I remember—" and a dreamy look in the faded brown eyes showed that her thoughts were far away.

Many, many years ago, a roguish, curly-haired brother had helped her adorn with mistletoe the roomy Southern mansion, which had been their home. War had laid the property waste, and troubles and misunderstandings separated brother and sister; and now for many years they had lost sight of one another. Quite by accident Aunt Martha had learned that Brother Raymond had prospered and bought back the old place; and recently a report reached her that his wife had died, and he had been left alone. All feelings save of love toward her long lost brother had long since vanished; but pride and poverty kept Aunt Martha from telling him her address.

That Christmas Eve, and well into Christmas morning, while everybody else in the great red brick house was sleeping soundly, one old lady lay with wide-open eyes staring into the darkness, holding a bit of mistletoe close to her heart, and thinking lovingly of Christmas days long gone by, and the dear brother who had shared them with her.

"How wicked and foolish I have been," she thought. "Here we are, Raymond and I, growing old apart from one another, when we might be so happy together; and all because of my sinful pride!" She sighed softly, "I will send for him to-morrow," she added to herself, "and I know he will either come or send, dear brother Raymond!"

Morning found Aunt Martha with the light of a new resolution shining in her kindly eyes. With the mistletoe before her, she wrote a loving little letter, and folded it around the spray, with a tender kiss and a whispered prayer. And all that week, she went about in a flutter of happy anticipation.

On New Year's morning Aunt Martha, looking from her lace-draped window, saw a carriage drive up and stop at the door of the Home. A handsome, distinguished looking old gentleman stepped out, and though the brown curls were now frosted thickly over, the laughing dark eyes lifted to her's dispelled all doubt, and told the eager watcher that Brother Raymond had come.

And so it was, that for many a year after, Aunt Martha and her beloved brother decorated together the dear old rooms of their happy childhood; and prominent always among the decorations is a bit of faded mistletoe in a small glass frame—the precious spray which little Ethel's loving thoughtfulness slipped into the bountiful Christmas basket.—Alice Miller Weeks in Young Churchman.

—The mechanical work on this paper was executed by the Monetary Times Printing and Publishing Company, of Canada, Limited, 62 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.

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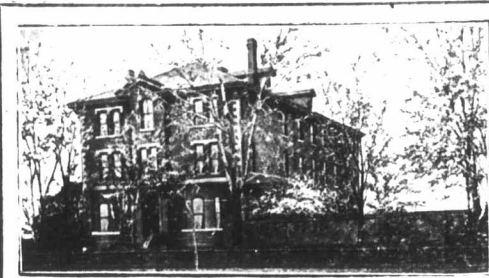
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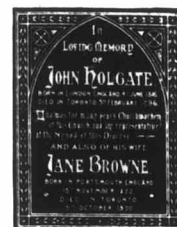
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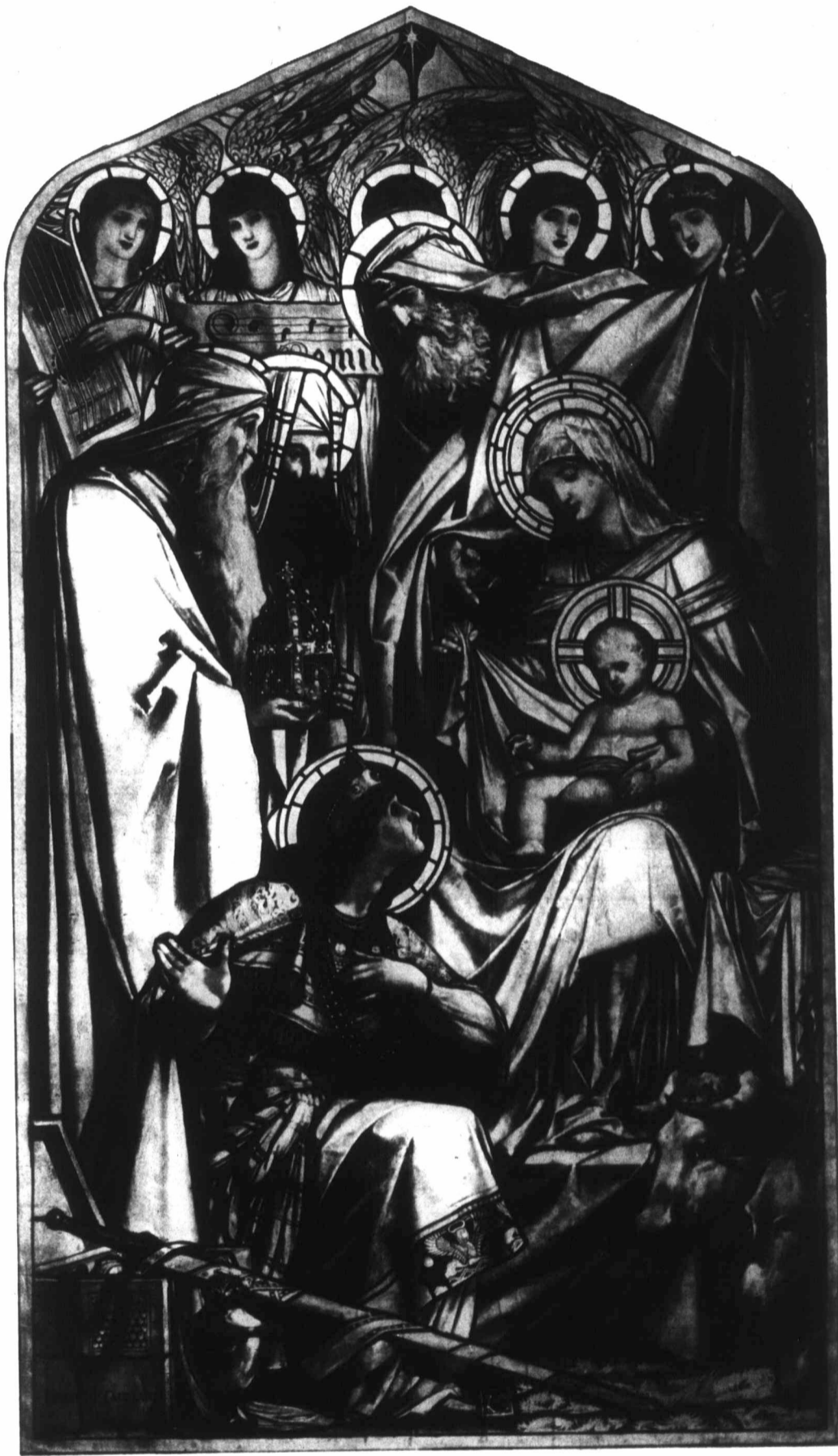
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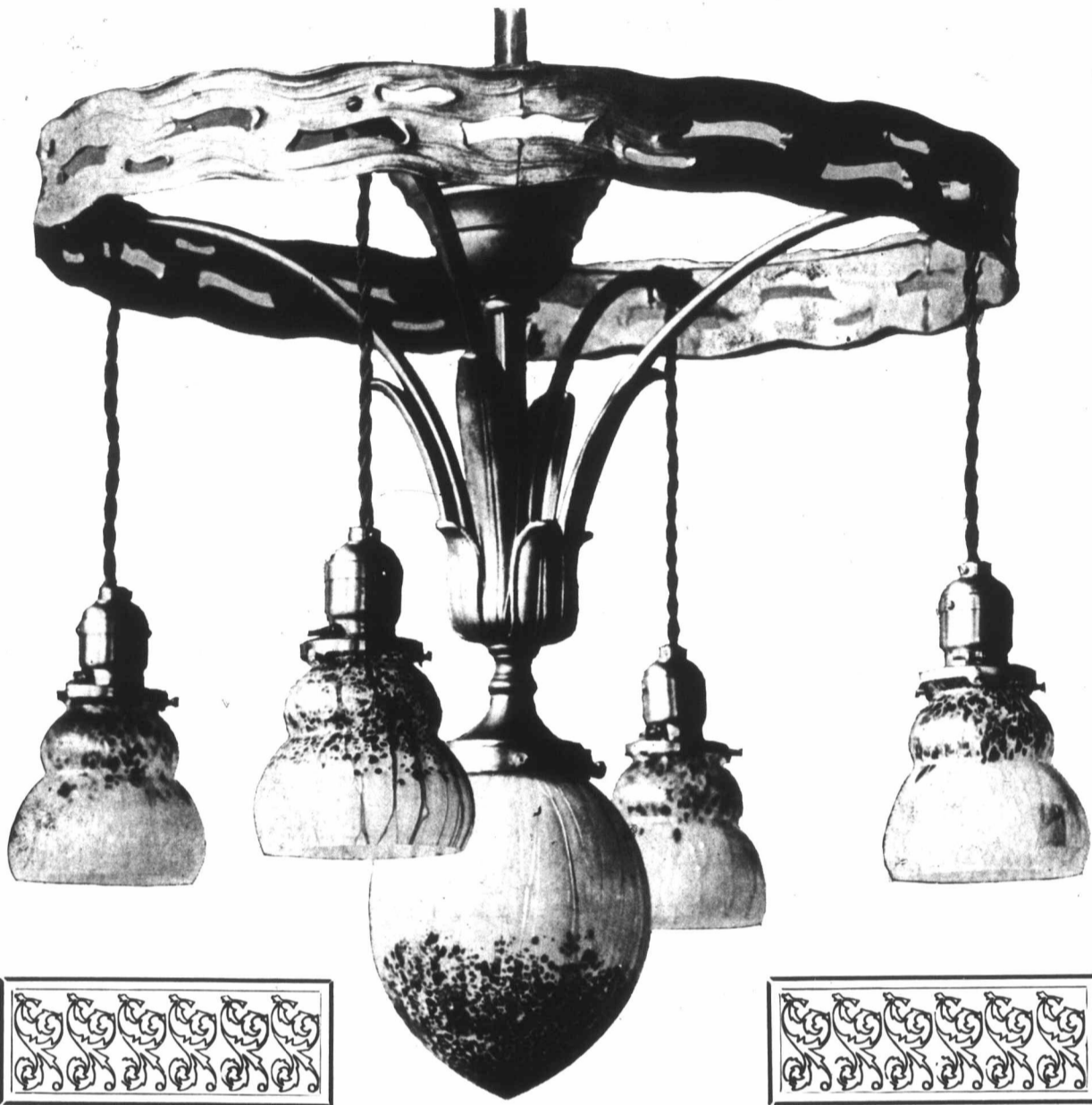
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