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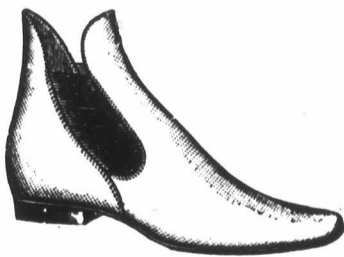
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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

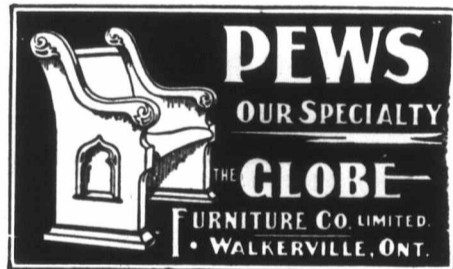
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land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

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

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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MILK THAT'S PURE-SURE

The Press and Christmas.

For the press we have an affectionate and brotherly regard. It could not be otherwise, as it is "our own kith and kin." The press fairly glows with the love of Christmas. It could not be expected that the secular portion of it should give that degree of prominence to its religious aspect that is the bounden duty of their brethren whose especial privilege it is to chronicle the thinking and doing of the Church from week to week. But as regards the domestic and social features of the day and season its matter is abundant and varied; and for the most part it is presented in a manner that is worthy of the highest commendation. In no department of writing for the entertainment and instruction of the public is there combined so much ability, enterprise and versatility as may be seen from day to day in the columns of the daily press. And when Christmas comes round we may confidently rely on its representatives to maintain the traditions and emulate the genius of their progenitor Charles Dickens, who lavished upon Christmas the choicest treasures of his heart and brain. The memorable day has no stauncher or abler upholder than the press of Christendom. And though we have said that it is not its especial province to deal with its religious aspect, we gladly bear record to the admirable and effective manner in which, from time to time, the daily press has borne testimony to the spiritual significance of the day and the divine authority of Him whom it commemorates. In a noble sermon preached before the Institute of Journalists in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the Bishop of Ossory said there were three things required from a press conscious of its influence and power. They were: "Purity, Patriotism, and Reverence." These qualities, were, the Bishop said, "on the whole well exemplified in the press of Great Britain and Ireland." May the true spirit of Christmas so permeate the press of Canada throughout the year, that it may prove itself worthy of its

influence and power" in helping moulding the character and polity of this great and progressive portion of the British Empire!

DRAW NEAR WITH FAITH.

"Draw near with faith, and take this holy Sacrament to your comfort." Prayer Book.

Draw near with faith. A loving Saviour stands With tender, yearning heart and outstretched hands,

Veiling His awful power, He deigns to crave, Ready to hear, to pity, and to save.

Draw near with faith. Leave every doubt behind; Distrust Him not, who is so true and kind.

Draw near, and see thy causeless fears grow less; He greets with love, He only waits to bless.

Draw near with faith—unworthy though thou art. What doth He ask of thee but trusting heart? He stands not here to call the righteous home, He calls the sinner. As a sinner, come.

Come with repentance, earnest, deep, and true, With love for Him to whom all love is due. Forgiving as thou art by God forgiven, As peace with men, with conscience, and with Heaven.

Draw near with faith. Bring every grief and care—

The burden that thy Saviour longs to bear. Strong is His arm, and true His faithful heart,— Find here the power He only can impart.

Draw near with faith. His presence thou wilt need Along the heavenly course thy soul to speed. Trials and pains await thee on thy way, Strengthen thy soul at His own board to-day.

Draw near with faith. Oh, can that voice of love One cold and stubborn spirit fail to move? Turn not away:—the call to-day may be The last, thou canst reject—the last for thee.

—F. H. Marr.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

By James Russell Lowell.

"What means this glory round our feet?"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
"What means this stir?" the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come.
But it is said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him.
All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.
So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then;
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

RAPHAEL TUCK'S CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS

This firm's artistic publications of Christmas Cards, Calendars, and Picture Post Cards excel everything in this line we have seen this year. The illustrated cards are very dainty, of meritorious design and the interesting character of the text—most appropriate. The Christmas and New Year post cards are strikingly beautiful, extremely novel and artistic. The calendars are in great variety and are real works of art. The colouring and printing of Tuck's publications cannot be excelled, and should be in great demand.

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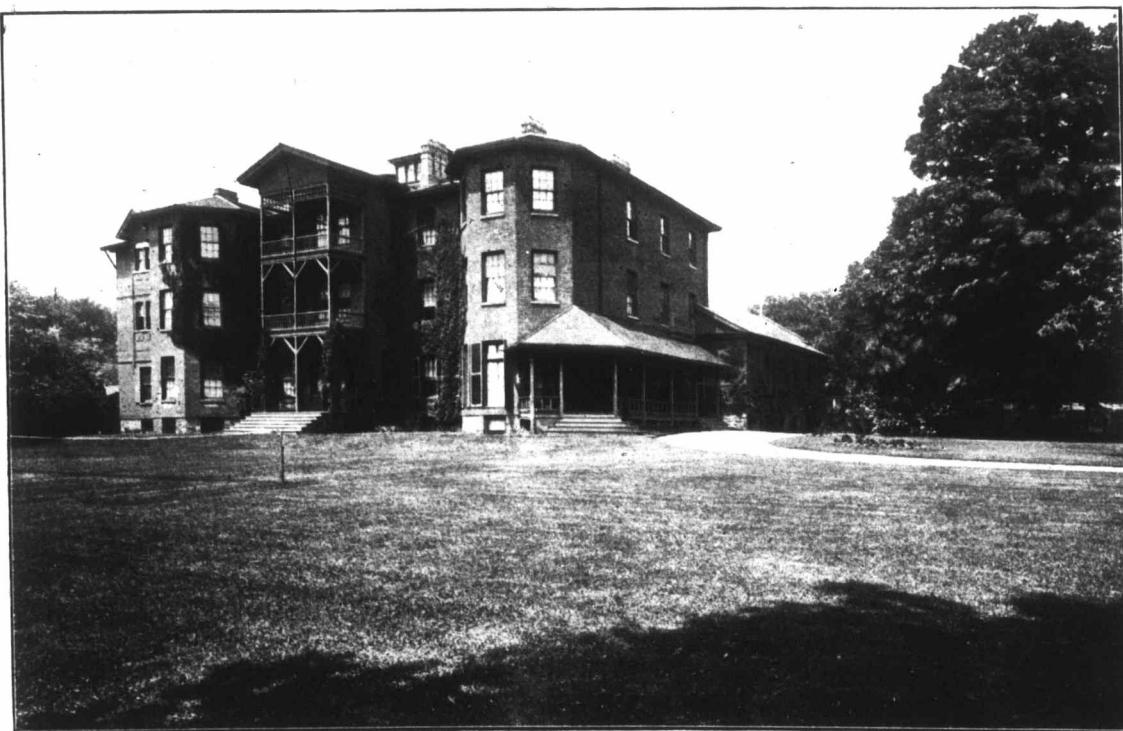
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Madonna and Child.

Canadian Churchman

THE RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

Rev. Canon Cody, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

Christmas is a day of varied beauties. It is a great home day, a great heart day, a great Church day. But what lies behind the social rejoicings and family reunions and kindly feelings is a glorious spiritual fact—the Incarnation of the Son of God. "The Word became flesh and tabernacled among us, full of grace and truth." Solemn as is the moment of death, even more solemn is the moment of birth, the coming of the new-born infant,

"Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn."

To the father and mother, to the home and the world the coming of a child makes a difference. But the coming of Mary's child made the supreme difference. It was not a beginning to be, by birth: it was an Advent. It was the gift of God in the form of a child. It was the Divine taking upon Him our flesh. It was at once "grace and truth," the self-giving and the self-revelation of God. The necessity of an Incarnation was both moral and remedial. God must make a fuller manifestation of Himself to His creatures: He must reveal the profoundest truths about Himself, not in the abstract, but embodied in a life. God must repair the evil wrought by sin. Reconciliation must accompany revelation. Indeed the highest revelation will be made through the reconciliation. As the festival of the Incarnation, Christmas might almost be called the festival of redemption as a whole. It presents not so much one part or element of the Gospel but rather the whole intervention of God to reveal and redeem, as one great act containing

in itself all that is needful for its validity and power. The possibility of an Incarnation on the divine side lies in the essential Trinity of the Godhead, and on the human side in the kinship between God and man. Man is made in the image of God, and God is the archetype of man. Amid much that is beyond our understanding, we must hold fast to these three points: 1. There is so close a kinship between God and man that the Divine Word is able by a voluntary act of self-determining love "to enter the lower estate of human existence and humble Himself to the conditions of humanity without losing His personal identity." 2. This voluntary act of self-humiliation has actually been performed by Jesus Christ, who is the Eternal Son of God. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself." Christ lived a truly human life, and became obedient, even unto death, in order to reveal the saving love of God and to accomplish redemption. The proclamation of this fact is the centre feature in the Christian evangel. 3. Christ's distinctive attributes of personality inhere, not in two persons, a human and a divine existing side by side in a double life, but in one person. That Person is the Son of God who laid aside the glory which He had with the Father, and emptied Himself, and became man, and is now highly exalted and crowned with glory as the God-man forever. These are the vital considerations. The reality of the Incarnation is the article of a standing or falling church. In Dr. Van Dyke's admirable words, "The life of Jesus of Nazareth is simply and sincerely the human life of God." There cannot be any contradiction between the character of God and of Jesus Christ. In "The Story of An African Farm" a little lad is represented as saying "I love Jesus, but I hate God." The antithesis is impossible. The Christmas message which sums up the Biblical teaching is that he that hath seen Christ hath seen the Father. The moral qualities of Christ are the moral quali-

ties of God. God has made Himself known in a supreme and all-sufficing manifestation in the historical life of Jesus Christ. The "unspeakable gift" of God in the Incarnation gives a fresh meaning to our Christmas gifts and in turn receives some illustration from them. A gift is un-compelled, it is not the mere outcome of fashion, its motive is not the subtle flattery of being thanked. So the Word became flesh voluntarily. He laid down His life of Himself. When human existence was growing desperate, He came down to give moral and spiritual healing. Everyone who gives rightly gives something of himself. So in everything that comes to us from God there is something of Himself. A true gift is more to the heart than to the actual necessities. Christ does not always change the material conditions or put an end to poverty and suffering; but His work is greater even than that, for He satisfies the heart. "If God spared not His Son . . . shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" These words were written to poor folk with many a need and disability. But they did not sound extravagant, for the emphasis fell in right place. "With Him" we have all things. This somehow makes the difference. This "unspeakable gift" is the inspiration of all true gifts. It makes our hearts large enough to bestow something on others and strong enough to love even the unlovely. Jesus still through His people is giving the fulness of His heart and life, is stooping to serve, is lightening loads and drying tears. If God so loved us, how can we help loving one another? The fact of the Incarnation the union of God and man, the taking up of the human into the divine, sanctifies and elevates all life, while the love which constitutes its motive is the inspiration of all service. This "unspeakable gift" is often appreciated only through the lowlier gifts of human kindness. Life has been so hard for many that God's goodwill seems a thing incredible. Services of human helpfulness

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and sympathy melt hardened hearts and make it possible to believe in God's helpfulness and sympathy. It is good to observe Christmas even for a day. It is better to carry the Christmas spirit throughout the year; and that spirit is the spirit of true brotherhood in Christ, based on the stupendous fact of the union of God and man in One Christ. God's Christmas gift to the world is Himself. What shall be our Christmas gift to God? Will it not be an obedient answer to His loving command, "My son give me thine heart?"

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn."

THE LITTLE CHILD.

Rev. Canon Welch,
D.C.L., Rector
of St. James'
Church, Toronto.

Every one knows the antagonism that arises sometimes within himself between head and heart. His heart is better than his head, we say when a man has done an action that we recognize as generous but not very wise. On the other hand the head sometimes dominates the heart, and this is the case in matters of religion when all that is best within us urges us to give ourselves in whole-hearted devotion to love and service to God, and then the old question of the Jews arises in our minds, What sign shewest Thou? We demand, perhaps, what in the very nature of things cannot be given, and because the head is not convinced we allow the heart to be starved, and the whole life deprived of that which, if accepted, would uplift it and purify it and strengthen it to a degree impossible otherwise. Religion is, of course, a matter for the whole man: our faith, if it is not intelligent, will be open to every assault and will be sure to fall before some attack; but it is with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness. The man whose head dominates his heart commonly gets on in the world; he allows nothing, to stand in his way, he breaks down all opposition, he tramples over everyone in his path, caring not what suffering he inflicts so long as he attains his object. But, though the man whose head crushes down his heart may be the more successful, he whose heart is allowed its rightful share of influence in his life is the happier, and that for two reasons; first because he is loved by others and secondly because he loves others besides himself, which is even better than being loved, which is in fact

the best thing in the world. And so at Christmas time let the heart be supreme. The head cannot grasp the infinite greatness of the event which is then commemorated; but the heart can, if it will, respond to the unspeakable love of the Incarnation. That love is proved, to mention only one consideration, by the amazing condescension of the Most High Eternal God. As Dean Church has said:—"The whole of the Gospel history shows us Jesus Christ, the Son of God, made Man. Christmas Day reminds us of something more—that He was made a child. The great God, Who made us, He Who is over all in the kingdom of heaven, and has been so from

Look at them, when day by day, and week by week, and month by month, they slowly and with crying and tears, struggle through their first years, from utter weakness to strength, which is at best but small and frail and easily overthrown. Such was once Jesus Christ. Look at your children depending on you entirely for their . . . daily bread, . . . not able to share in your troubles, or to speak and comfort you in your distress. Such was once the Lord Jesus Christ. See how long your children take in growing up, how long they take before they can understand the plainest, commonest things which are necessary. Such was once the Lord Jesus Christ.

The affairs of the world, the affairs of our own households go on, but they have nothing to do with them, with what is of importance and interest to grown people. They are kept to childish plays and tasks; we do not let them into our secrets; we do not take counsel with them or ask their advice; we expect them to be silent and humble, and to keep in the background, and to obey us without asking questions. Such was once the Lord Jesus Christ. We expect no great things of them. We are content if they are good and sweet tempered and modest and truth-telling; if they are not forward and disobedient; if they do what little they can do, as we teach them to do it. And if they so far go right, we look on them with a mixture of love and pity, because they are so helpless and yet are in some ways more free from sin than ourselves. Of so little account and importance in the world was once the Lord Jesus Christ: a meek obedient Child, slowly growing up, and giving promise of good to come but nothing thought of, and taking no part in even the humble concerns of the humble carpenter's household. Such was the beginning that He chose for Himself, such was all



The Flight into Egypt.

all eternity, became a little child; He humbled Himself not only to take our nature upon Him, not only to suffer and die, but He humbled Himself as a little child. . . . If we would know what the great Saviour of the world was like when He came down to conquer sin and death, when He first took upon Him to deliver man, look upon the last little helpless infant born into the world. Such was once Jesus Christ. Look on your little children, when they cannot speak their wants and tell you their pains, when they lie in your arms and would perish if you left them for a day to themselves. Such was once Jesus Christ.

that appeared at first sight, of that which was to end in the redemption of thousand and tens of thousands of human souls, and in the songs of saints and angels in heaven, for ever singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory.' " And why was all this? Centuries ago it was said that God became human that He might make us divine. We might extend the saying and assert that God became a Child that we might either always remain children, as some pure and simple and happy souls do, or learn to become more childlike as the years go on. It is

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unhappily true, that not by any means all children are childlike. Still it is well enough understood what the childlike character is. To be childlike is to be humble, teachable, simple, single-minded, innocent. It is all of this that Christ would have us be. Except ye turn, He said, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. And when He bade us become as little children He was not one of those "ungracious pastors" of whom the poet speaks, not one of those who say and do not: for He Himself had become a little Child. And neither in that wondrous childhood nor in His no less wondrous youth and manhood was He ever guilty of pride or self-seeking, or duplicity, or any slightest swerving from the path of utter holiness; and when He bids us become all that a child ought to be, His own example is His strongest appeal. That appeal comes at this season to children, to boys and girls, to youths and maidens. At whatever ages they may be, Jesus Christ was once just that age, facing all the temptations that belong to it, knowing all the difficulties that beset it, and from the Manger Cradle at Bethlehem, and from the carpenter's home at Nazareth He bids them use the grace and power which He has given them, and in the strength of the new nature which He has bestowed upon them, live as God's children should live, be all that God's children should be. Nor does the appeal come with any less force to parents. Fatherhood, motherhood, have been for ever sanctified, hallowed, consecrated, dignified, more than words can tell, by the fact that the Son of God called Mary mother:

Her babe He lay upon her breast,
To her He cried for food;
Her gentle nursing soothed to rest
The Incarnate Son of God.

To fathers and mothers Christmas means that they share their high, their God-given privilege

of parenthood with her who gave birth as at this time to the Saviour of the world. Even a pagan poet could tell us that the utmost reverence is the rightful due of children; with how much more of force and emphasis does Christmas bid parents use every effort of prayer and guidance to lead their children, who are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord, in the holy ways and work of the Babe of Bethlehem. If that little Child did in truth lead us all, there would be a meaning and a reality in what may be called the social side of Christmas—that there can never be without His leading. For His sake and because of the bond of union which He has established among all men by sharing their nature with them, all harsh discords would be hushed into a silence that would not be broken again when Christmas time had passed, and breaches would be healed, never to be opened again, and we should not only, while we eat the fat and drink the sweet, send portions to him for whom nothing is prepared, but we should also so order the affairs of the world that every one would have his portion. When in the days to come that little Child shall lead the world then

" Shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year."

ADVENT—WHY AND HOW IT SHOULD BE OBSERVED.

Advent is the season appointed to be observed from the fourth Sunday before Christmas Day, until that day. Two momentous facts, one in the past, the other in the future, are the basis of the meaning of the season, the Incarnation, when God the Son became man, "When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor

the Virgin's womb"; the Final Judgment—"We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge." For Christmas it is indispensable to think regularly and seriously upon both these facts. Upon our use of the former depends our hope in the latter. He who was born of Mary came in His first Advent to be the Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world, so that those who take Him as their Saviour "may joyfully behold Him when he shall come to be their Judge." Advent brings before us the awfulness of sin which was dealt with in God's mercy by sending His Son to take human nature, and in that nature, though not ceasing to be God, to suffer and to die, Himself guiltless of sin. Advent is meant to be a season of warning. "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep." That means to realize the seriousness of life here, as a preparation for life hereafter. A great preacher says that "if some men regard life as a playground, others treat it as a dormitory. They use it, with all its opportunities, as an opportunity for a long doze. They shrink from its demands upon their exertions; from the repeated calls to do something for God's glory; something for the benefit of others; something for true self-improvement. They are indolent at twenty; and they say that when they are thirty they will be active men, men of prayer, men of work, men of resolution, and self-sacrifice. But thirty comes, and finds them, if I may put it so, still in bed, with just those companions around them who assure them that they will be in time to make a fair use of life, if they are up and doing at forty. The years soon pass, and forty is upon them, and still they are where and what they were. And so they reach fifty or sixty, when habits have stiffened around them, and it is too late to rise. If anything can save them, surely it is the overwhelming thought of the account they must give." (Liddon) Advent is meant to rouse us. Advent emphasizes in many ways the truth that probation ends with this life. "They that were ready went in with him to the marriage and

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The Visit of the Magi.

the door was shut." "We cannot misunderstand about the gathering of all nations before the Throne, about the great division to the right hand and the left. We cannot misunderstand about the door shut on the unready virgins, on the prayer urged so eagerly but too late. We cannot misunderstand about the judgment passed on the wicked and slothful servant cast out to the outer darkness." "To this life succeeds judgment; and judgment is always spoken of by Christ as if it were something complete and final. There is no perspective disclosed beyond the doom which follows it. The curtain falls; the drama seems played out; it is as if we were to understand that all is henceforth over." (R. W. Church). The Advent season in the Church is the commencement of a new period of grace. God offers a new series of opportunities, perhaps for all, and surely for some, the last. Advent is the season of preparation for death and resurrection. It brings and keeps before the mind the certainty of death, the uncertainty of the hour of death, the necessity of preparing now, the wisdom of listening to "God's ministers who preach repentance and prepare the way for Christ's coming to the soul. We are taught in Advent to dwell upon the joys of heaven which we hope to attain, and upon the miseries of eternal banishment from God which we pray to escape. Advent is sadly needed to-day, when worldliness, love of pleasure, indifference to "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord," thinking only of man's verdict and forgetting God's perfect knowledge and strict judgment, characterize modern life. Advent is not included in the Prayer Book Table of Fasts, and so is not, like Lent, a fasting season, but it does include the Ember Days and the Vigils of St. Andrew's, St. Thomas', and Christmas Day, all of which are appointed as fasting days. And cer-

tain forms of amusement are not in keeping with the seriousness of Advent thoughts. Advent leads up to the Christmas communion, as a special coming of the Incarnate Saviour to the soul in this life, and is a special preparation for this great and blessed act of communion. We should observe the season definitely by thoughtful consideration of Death, Judgment, and Heaven and Hell; by dwelling lovingly upon God's coming to earth that we might reach heaven. We should search into our lives and "judge ourselves that we be not judged of the Lord." We should not omit anything that will help to make our peace with God before approaching the Altar on Christmas Day. We should not let our glad preparations for the Christmas festival in the family crown out, or even put in the second place, the true Christian observance of the festival, and on the day before Christmas should try to spend some time in solemn thought and special self-examination "before we presume to eat of that Bread and drink of that Cup." The neglect of Advent is the throwing away of great opportunities, with perhaps irreparable loss. The right use of Advent cannot fail to be a great blessing.

NAGOVA, JAPAN.
—
Rev. R. H. McCinnis.
—

Nagova has always been noted as a strong Buddhist centre, and the priests from time to time stir up the people's prejudices against Christianity. One of the most virulent anti-Christian agitators was started by the leading newspaper here last June, and when it ceased its attacks a new paper was started to carry on the agitation. The reason given when the agitation was started was that the Christian schools were undermining

the patriotism and loyalty of the Japanese people, and to support their contention they stated that the Japanese National Anthem was not sung on the Empress birthday in the Presbyterian Girls' School in Nagova. This was true, but there is no law or school regulation requiring it to be sung, and in the other schools it was not sung until quite recently. Then, too, in this Christian school they sang a song composed by the Empress, and held a religious service in which prayers were offered for the Imperial household. The Principals of the Normal, and of several of the High schools wrote to the newspapers, and stated that it was quite obvious that Christian teaching tended to undermine the loyalty of the Japanese people, for the First Commandment was: Thou shalt have no other gods before me, and that was directly opposed to their teaching regarding the Emperor, whom they revered as a god and who should have the first place in the affections of the people. These articles had the immediate effect of driving many people from our classes, and this was confined not merely to Nagova, for reports came in from places forty miles away showing that they had been affected by the agitation. The police were at first a little alarmed lest any attempt should be made to damage the property connected with the missions and requested the missionaries to notify them at once should they be interfered with. I am thankful to say, however that with one exception, no damage was done to any of the mission halls. At the time of writing the articles in this newspaper are directed against the American Methodist Girls' School, and the subject matter is of the vilest kind, and this in face of the grand reception they are giving to the American fleet at Yokohama. We are glad to say that the people are now beginning to look into these matters for themselves, and the result is that our classes for inquirers have been greatly

augmented by people who have been reading these anti-Christian articles. "If God be for us who can be against us?" The "Yoroin," which has sheltered the aged and orphans left homeless by the great earthquake in 1802, has now been turned into a hostel for male students, and has started with every promise of success. The average student's boarding house in this country is about as bad from a moral as well as from a sanitary point of view as they can be, and we hope that it will be what its name ("Koen Kwan Light and Salt Hall") indicates to many of our Christian young men, and that they through the help they get within its walls, may be enabled to be "The salt of the earth" and "The light of the world" among their fellow students. The C.M.S. Bible Women's Training School, in charge of Miss Wynne-Willson, has opened for the autumn term with seven students, and everything looks hopeful for a successful year's work. This institution is a great help to us, as both the teachers and students take a very active part in our work among the women and children. Space would not permit me to tell of the many meetings conducted by these students, under the direction of Miss Wynne-Willson and Mrs. McGinnis, and the encouraging results which are manifest everywhere. Miss Hubold, a lady working under the C.M.S., is also located here and her work among the military and medical people is decidedly encouraging. Inuyama, a town with a population of 10,000, which lies about eighteen miles north of here, has been for some time without a catechist, as Mr. Hamilton had no one to send, and so handed the work over to the Methodists. Lately, however, I was in position to send a man there, and our handful of church members will be able to attend their own service, and as the Methodists were not anxious to carry the work on any longer they have withdrawn from the field. On Sunday, October 18, Bishop Partridge came here for our Confir-

mation services and confirmed twenty-two candidates. The services were most inspiring, and the Bishop's eloquent and thoughtful sermons were a great help to all who heard him. The work at Ichinomiya and the other out-stations is very promising, but I have not yet been able to put up the Mission Hall in Ichinomiya, as the amount received to date is not quite \$500, which is barely enough to buy the land. I do wish that some of the kind friends at home would help me in this matter. I do plead for the prayers of God's people at home on behalf of this country that we may be used by our Master in leading them into the fold of Christ.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Spectator's Comments and Notes of Public Interest.

The Christmas story is so often told, told with such fascination and power that words seem now to fail, and ideas seem commonplace in treating such a subject. So much love and power and sympathy and fervor have through the generations been put into this old-new story that one wonders if there be still left anything unsaid that is worth the saying. The graciousness of divine love, the fathomless possibilities of humanity, the call to unselfish service, the laying aside of the harsher features of life and the worship of high and low, Magi and shepherds at the manger in Bethlehem where the Christ-child lies, a thousand messages have from time immemorial been sent forth at this season. So effective have they been that the season has taken on a character peculiarly its own. It is a character that emphasizes the gentler side of life. It calls for special tenderness towards those who suffer. It demands a whole-hearted generosity of spirit towards all men. It lifts up our vision from things

temporal to things eternal. It warms our hearts with a new enthusiasm for our fellowmen and develops all the kindlier feelings of our nature. It is a blessed season, a holy season. May it never lose its sanctity and charm.

Behind the pretty customs of Christmas and its precious associations lies the great mystery of the Incarnation of the Christ which gives meaning and depth to the whole season. Easter leads our thoughts on to the mystery following death, and Christmas carries our mind back to the mystery that enshrouds our existence prior to birth. The Virgin birth has of recent years been a subject of considerable discussion in the theological world, and to some minds it presents many painful perplexities. But the Incarnation of any human being is not without perplexity also. We distinguish between mind and matter, between soul and substance. If the human mind or soul be entirely different from the body, how do we account for that growth that takes place? Is the entire personality incarnate at once or is it a gradual process? You see this vital and immortal something differing in essence from the body in which, for a time, it takes up its abode, came it all at once or only gradually? We can account completely for the growing body by the material elements that enter into its sustenance, can the soul be so accounted for? In every man therefore there is a supreme mystery in the mode of his incarnation. We are told in the Book of Genesis that God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and he became a living creature. Of His own nature He imparted to man, and the question is does He still breathe into man of that same nature? St. John's account of the Christ incarnation is briefly summarized in these words: "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth."

(Continued on Page 802.)

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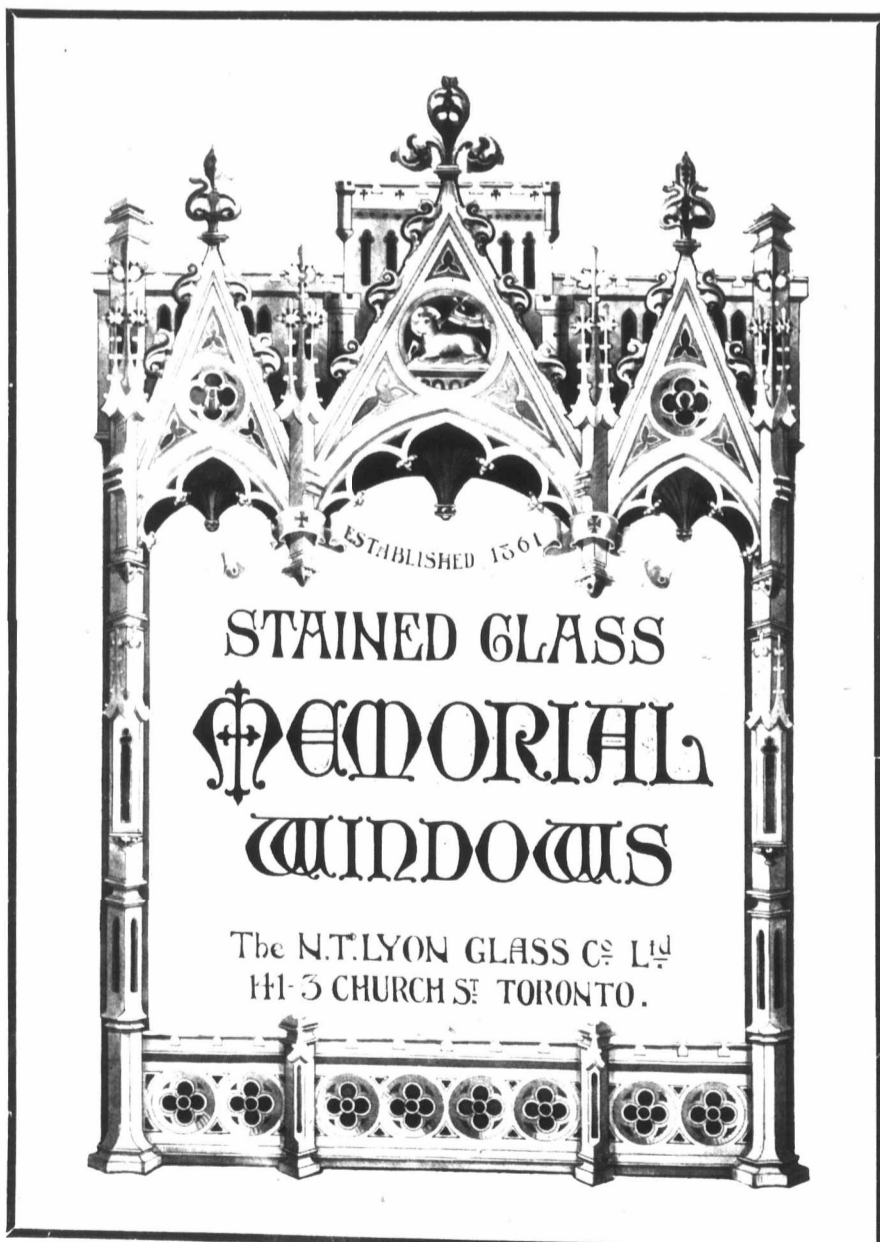
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THE CHRISTMAS PLANT.

A pretty dark-green bungalow set back in the midst of a velvety lawn and shaded by alternating palms and olive trees was the home of Miss Rebecca Lowe. The low veranda was richly draped with the purple bonum vite vine, but the broad windows were unshaded from the sunshine that pervaded this California atmosphere with an almost tropical heat, even in its so-called winter season. Violets bloomed in their warm beds beneath the hedge of crimson roses. Geraniums and heliotropes vied in size and beauty with the rows of calla lilies lifting pure white faces skyward; but the most vivid patch of colouring in the scene was the Christmas Plant rising en masse against one side of the house, with its bright topped leaves towering above the glossy green lower branches. Miss

Rebecca lived with her flowers, so to speak, no other person than herself for company, and not even a dog or a cat to watch the premises; but there was a golden canary in a tiny cage by one window of the living room, to give life and music to the place, otherwise silent enough. The days, however, were not long to the flower grower, for such was Miss Rebecca's profession, her cut flowers being much in demand in Pasadena, that beautiful flower city that tourists know and love; and the time of the Rose Tournament was at hand—a busy and profitable season for the florists of the town. But Christmas intervened, and the Blessed Festival's approach warmed all hearts to truer peace and charity. Even among the many Friends—a transported colony from the land of William Penn—more was made of the holiday season than in the old days; and Miss Rebecca, herself a Friend, walked among her flowers with thoughtful mien upon that sunshiny December morning. She was tall and gaunt and plainly dressed; on her head a wide-brimmed hat, her hands encased in stout gardening gloves. "I must send a box of roses to Mary Shaw in Pennsylvania—she will appreciate the little attention; but it will be necessary to tie up each bud carefully in preparation for its long journey. Perhaps the lilies would keep better, but they are promised most of them, to that lovely young lady across the way. The callas always bring me a bit of Christmas cheer to share with poorer neighbours; and as to the heliotropes and geraniums, they make up prettily with the marguerites, while for violets there is daily demand; young and old alike love the 'sweet violets,' she added tenderly, bending with a smile above these lowly plants. . . . Along the dusty roadside walked two children, hand in hand; both were blue-eyed and fair in colouring; and as they trudged merrily along, they were chattering gaily as was their wont, being merry-hearted little souls. Now that Christmas had brought them vacation, and lesson-books were put aside for a time, there were many things to be busy with outside. "How much money did papa give thee, Hal?" asked Nan, the younger of the two children. "Just two bits, Nan; 'twas all he could spare to-day." "Tis quite enough for the flowers for the table, Hal that is if I put my two bits with thine. I have been saving ever so long, Hal, and what shall we buy? Oh!" Nannie paused with blue eyes wide open, for she had just at that moment caught sight of the scarlet glow against the house—the tall Christmas Plants. In spite of

her sober Quaker training, Nan was a colour-loving child; and her breath came quickly as she cried out, "Hal, Hal! see the beautiful flowers there by the house! Wouldn't one of those be lovely for our bay window?" "Wouldn't mamma be pleased! Let's go in and ask the price," said Hal, opening the gate and marching boldly forward, followed by his little sister who gazed shyly at Miss Rebecca, standing among her flowers. Miss Rebecca turned at the sound of the children's voices and footsteps, and looked not unkindly at the intruders. "We've come to buy some flowers for Christmas—papa sent us," began Hal, raising his soft blue eyes to the grim face above. Something in the little faces uplifted to her gaze appealed to Miss Rebecca, carrying her thoughts back to a long-ago childhood; and she asked

seen, only the hard-baked earth where a lawn should be. "So you're the new family Friend Gaylor was speaking to me about only yesterday," said Miss Rebecca in softened tones. "Thy mother is of the Friends, I hear, and you've not been long in the West?" Hal nodded assent, and Nan said "Yes" shyly. "And you'd rather have a Christmas Plant than anything else in my flower garden?" queried Miss Rebecca dryly. "They are showy things. I was saving mine for the Rose Tournament, when they fetch a big price." "The violets will do," said Hal. "Mother likes them best of all the flowers." "And this is your first Christmas in California," continued the florist musingly. "Well, maybe we can fix things," and Miss Rebecca pursed up her lips and considered the subject carefully, as was her wont when she wished to do a generous deed. The sale of the Christmas Plants was indeed an important one at this season and she had pressing need for money; but then, at Christmastide, was it not right to spare something for the Master, "without money and without price?" And had she not been a stranger in a strange land but a few years ago? "You may have this one," she said at last, touching the long green leaves of a fine poinsettia whose red top glowed in the sunlight. "It will be ready for you in the evening—the sun is too hot now for you to carry it home for transplanting; that will be my Christmas gift, children; the violets you can buy with your two bits for a flower-piece for the table." "Thank you!" cried the two children in one breath, their happy faces fully repaying the sacrifice Miss Rebecca had made. "How good!" cried little Nan, dancing up and down in her delight. "Mamma loves violets, but the Christmas Plant is the best present of all." "We will think of thee on Christmas Day," was Hal's quaint way of expressing his joy. "I will come back this evening for the Christmas Plant," and he handed Miss Rebecca the four bits which he and Nan had brought. Miss Rebecca's eyes grew moist as she turned away in search of a little basket for the violets. "Are they not sweet, Hal?" cried Nan as the two walked homeward, Hal carrying the basket of violets which was to make fragrant the tiny parlour of their new cottage. Later that same day—it was Christmas Eve—the children retraced their steps to the flower garden; this time their gentle mother was with them, her heart overflowing with gratitude for Miss Rebecca's kindness. "Friend Lowe, I must thank thee for thy sweet gift to my children; they talk ever of thy beautiful flowers, so I must see them for myself. And will thou not come to take Christmas dinner with us to-morrow in our new home? It will make us very happy to have a guest, for we know few people in Pasadena as yet." So it happened that for the first time in years Miss Rebecca consented to leave her flower garden and her canary for a whole day; and she was one of the merry little party gathered around the table where the best good cheer was the bright children's faces. The fragrance of the violets filled the room; happy voices and laughter cheered all hearts; but the brightest spot in the scene was the glowing poinsettia in the bay window—the Christmas Plant—that seemed to breathe a "Merry Christmas!" to the homedwellers as well as to the passers-by.—Virginia C. Castleman in the Church Standard.



The Annunciation.

gently. "Which flower do you want, children? Many are already promised, but there are plenty of geraniums and lilies and violets to go round, I should think; and some roses, too. Hal fingered nervously his two bits, making them jingle, as he answered in a low voice, "How much are the violets?" "That depends," said Miss Rebecca, looking thoughtful; "the regular customers are to be served first. How much money have you to spend, my little man?" she added abruptly, but with twinkling eyes. Before Hal could reply, Nan said eagerly: "Hal has two bits and I have two bits—can we buy a Christmas Plant together, please? It would be so pretty for our bay window, and we haven't any flowers at our new place, we've just moved," and Nan pointed to a new cottage not far away where no grass nor trees nor flowers were to be

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THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Baby Blue Eyes had arrived at the Day Nursery as usual. She was quite familiar with its aspect. Everything was rigorously clean and smelt a little of disinfectant. Gretchen, Rosina and Abraham were all there. Abraham was being washed by Miss Sanderson at that moment, and he was protesting with the full force of his lungs. Miss Sanderson paid no attention to his howls. She scrubbed sternly on. Bring me a clean set of clothes, please, Miss Fanny," she called above his shrieks. "It beats all how dirty this young one gets inside twenty-four hours. His mother never has fetched him clean, and she never will." Miss Fanny brought the little shirt, the petticoat and the dress. "Hello, boy," she said, gaily. Abraham stopped crying and held up his arms. "Beats all," said Miss Sanderson again, "how every young one in this room stops crying when you come near." Meanwhile a steady stream of babies was pouring in—babies of varied nationalities, of all ages and sizes, and clothed with every sort of garment that a baby can wear. Miss Sanderson and Miss Fanny, with the deftness born of experience, were sorting them out. Some were laid in little white cribs, some were placed in baby-yards, and some were allowed to toddle about in accordance with their own sweet wills. The Nursery, with its bare walls and floors, and its few broken and shabby toys, seemed rather a momentous place to these babies. They never knew when they were going to be seized and scrubbed by Miss Sanderson, so they always kept one-eye watching out for her, and they were prepared to pucker at any minute. But the Nursery life was not all unpleasant. They each had all they needed to eat, and that means a good deal to a baby. Then they had Miss Fanny, and Miss Fanny was just as soft and tender as Miss Sanderson was hard and bony. It was joy to be washed by Miss Fanny; baths

under her care meant splashing and fun. Miss Fanny was liable to "creep-mouse" them at any time, or to break out in singing some cheerful nursery classic. In short, Miss Fanny was a true baby lover, and was consequently truly and warmly beloved by them all. Outside, the sky was gray and still; big, soft flakes were gathering and floating gently downward through the quiet air. It was the last day of the old year. Miss Fanny's eyes had a far-away look, and the corners of her sweet mouth drooped a little. She was remembering something. Afternoon had come by this time, and the babies were getting rather fretful, for it was the "far end of the day." Abraham was crying outright, and Baby Blue Eyes felt as if she might disgrace herself and cry too. Just then she had a happy thought and acted upon it. She plumped down behind Rosina and tugged at her own little shoe until it came off. Then she worked away at her little blue sock until with a jerk that came off too. Baby Blue Eyes nearly fell over backwards, but regained her centre of gravity and chuckled. She had her plaything, the prettiest, roundest, sweetest little foot with five rosy toes. No wonder she chuckled, she had the prettiest plaything in the world, and it was all her own. The door opened. A draught of cold air came sweeping in, and with it came two ladies, beautifully dressed. One began to talk to Miss Sanderson, and if you had listened you would have heard such words as "pinafors," "bibs," "petticoats." The other lady, who was beautiful, but with a dissatisfied unhappy look, stood glancing about the place. She looked at Miss Fanny, who stood near, stroking a little brown head. "How can you stand the life?" asked the lady abruptly. "I love it," answered Miss Fanny. "I should think it would be an awful bore," returned the lady. "Would you be bored if you had this to take care of?" said Miss Fanny stopping suddenly to pick up Baby Blue Eyes, and holding her out for inspection all colour, and light, and

dimples, and still clinging to her little rosy foot. The lady touched her gingerly with one gloved finger. "Don't you want to take her?" asked Miss Fanny with mischief in her eyes. "I never held one in my life," said the lady, smiling in spite of herself. "Time you did then," said Miss Fanny. "Come, take her. She is as sweet as a pink." The lady held out her arms. Baby Blue Eyes was not going to miss a chance like that. She laughed, gave a little spring, and the next instant she was clinging to the lady's neck, amid the furs and laces. When the lady felt the little warm, fearless creature clinging to her, something happened within. Her face changed. She looked round for a rocking-chair, and presently she had tossed aside her muff, stripped off her gloves, and she was petting and playing with Baby Blue Eyes, a little awkwardly, but in the heartiest manner possible. "I wish she was mine," she said to Miss Fanny. "Ah," answered Miss Fanny, "you cannot have her; her own mother needs her too much." "What sort of people has she got?" asked the lady a little jealously. "She has a good mother." "What sort of a father?" "She has a father who needs her greatly," answered Miss Fanny gently. It was quite dark now, the lights were lit, and the ladies left the room. The parents were beginning to come, and the babies were watching each for its own mother. Even the little crib babies were lifting their heads, or were creeping close to the bars to look out. As each mother came in there were delighted shouts. Then when the babies were warmly wrapped and ready for the storm outside, the mothers paused to smile and say "Happy New Year," and "God bless you" to the nurses before they left the room. Presently in came the mother of Baby Blue Eyes, a fine-looking, young woman, with a proud carriage, and a face whose lines showed suffering. "Molly," said Miss Fanny to her gently, "it is New Year's Eve. Perhaps Jack may come home

to-night; if he does, be good to him." "He don't deserve I should be good to him," said Molly stubbornly. "He done me wrong." "Were you always kind to him? You took him for better for worse, remember," said Miss Fanny in a low tone with her hand on Molly's shoulder. The girl's face quivered. "I wish you a Happy New Year, anyhow," she said. "You've been awful good to my baby and me. I don't know what we would have done without you." "I wish many, many Happy New Years to Blue Eyes and you when Jack comes home," returned Miss Fanny, and she bent forward suddenly and kissed both mother and child. There has been much unhappiness in Baby Blue Eyes' home before she came. Stubborn wills had clashed, and finally there had come a bitter quarrel, after which Jack had flung himself out of the house, telling Molly that if she hated him so much, he would trouble her no longer. Then Jack had gone down, a desperate man, into the blackness of darkness, leaving his wife to face her trouble alone. By and by Baby Blue Eyes had come, the sweetest, brightest, bonniest baby, with Jack's own eyes, and with his curling hair. God only knows how passionately her mother loved her. She lived and breathed for her, and counted the hours when they must be parted. Apparently Jack was gone utterly, and Molly said she did not care, but she said it so often that shrewd Miss Fanny detected love indestructible underneath all the bitterness. Miss Fanny believed Jack would come back, and many were the prayers she breathed for the wanderer's return. Miss Fanny had but few of her own kindred on earth to care for, but the whole world was her family, and her heart went out to all. When Baby Blue Eyes and her mother reached home that New Year's Eve, everything within the little place was neat and cold and still, so the little one stayed well wrapped up until the fire was lighted and the room made warm. Then her mother went to the window to draw down the shade, but somehow she paused and left it up. The firelight and lamplight filled the little room, and Blue Eyes and her mother had supper together, the baby drinking the warm milk from her mug with dainty sips, and turning every now and then to "love mamma." The mother ate but little, and kept glancing toward the window. Outside, the snow was flying fast, and it was growing colder. Across the street a shabby-looking man stood watching the glowing window opposite. Slowly he crossed the street and crept up by the house. He could resist no longer. Cautiously he looked in. He saw the baby—his baby—in her mother's arms. Molly, pretty as ever, but with such mournful eyes, looked and looked wistfully toward the window. He sprang back. All that had once been his, and he had thrown it away—fool that he was! There was but one thing left for him to do. He would look once again, and then—the river was waiting, that was the place for him. He crept near in utter silence, when suddenly Molly lifted her head, as if she heard a call. She laid the baby quickly into her crib, and ran to the window. She flung up the sash.

"Jack! Oh, Jack!" she cried, and Jack was there. She ran to the door. "Jack," she called, "come in," and he stumbled into her arms. How it happened he did not know, but Molly was all mother to him that night. She warmed and dried and fed him; his very slippers were ready to put on. Outside the pure white snow was falling still, covering all the ugliness and blackness of the streets, and within, the sweetness of immortal love was covering the ugliness and hatred of two once angry hearts. There was penitence and forgiveness, and they kissed and wished each other "A Happy New Year," as in the dear old time. Uptown on one of the broad avenues, in a spacious house, a beautiful lady stood watching a dying fire. Her guests were gone, and she was left alone with her husband. She walked over to him and touched him a little shyly. He looked up quickly and drew her down on the broad arm of his chair. "In ten little minutes," said the

as if mother spoke to me. Like a flash there came into my head the verse of a little hymn she taught me long ago:

"I lived for myself, I thought for myself,
For myself and naught beside,
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died."

"I want to begin again and live more for others. You will help me, won't you, Henry?" "I will," he promised earnestly. "Indeed I will." Then as the clock struck twelve, they smiled and kissed each other. In her own white bed Miss Fanny was lying quietly. The peace of God was in her heart as she lay smiling and listening to the chiming of the New Year's bells. All over the round earth, men's hearts were once more putting wickedness and sorrow behind them. They were wishing happiness, peace and joy to each other. They were lifting themselves toward the heart of God by every loving wish they made for others. They were beginning again, and 't was New Year's Day.—By Eleanor A. Hunter.

THE BEST COMPOSITION.

Andrew was usually a good-natured boy, with laughing brown eyes and a pleasant mouth; but one Saturday morning he sat at his mother's writing desk and was, to use his own language "cross as a bear." "I feel real growly," he told himself. Mother always allowed Andrew to write his compositions at her desk. He had a new tablet, and a new pencil, with a fine point. Certainly there was no visible cause for him to feel "growly." "What's the matter?" asked mother, looking up from her book. "Can't do it, that's all," said Andrew, and he threw down his pencil. It rolled off the desk and broke its point on the floor. Andrew picked it up, saw its condition, and said he didn't care. He was feeling "snappy" by this time. "You haven't told me what's the matter," said mother. "Matter enough," said Andrew. "We have to choose the subjects of our own compositions. I always did like to write compositions. I can write on anything if I have a subject—but I never chose a subject in all my life—and I can't do it, either. All I can think of is the weather, and I've had all the seasons." "If I were you," said mother, "this is what I would do. I'd take a good look round the room and decide which object is the most insignificant, and that object should be the subject of my composition." Andrew brightened. He loved plays and puzzles. His eyes laughed again and his mouth was pleasant as he searched for the most insignificant object in the room. "Whoever writes the best composition, mother," he said, "is to wear the school medal for a week. Oh, I have it, mother! I'll not tell you what it is because maybe it might be the best, and then you'd be so glad." When his mother left the room to go shopping Andrew's head was bent over her writing desk and his pencil, with a new point, was hard at work. Andrew carried his tablet to school and put it with the other's on the teacher's desk. He gave a funny little laugh as he went to his seat. "An-



In the Stable—Bethlehem.

lady gently, "it will be New Year's Day." She paused, but he kept silence, for he knew her ways. "I feel," she said slowly, "as I used to when I was a little child—don't laugh, Henry." He held her very gently. "I feel like making some good resolutions, and beginning again, because it's New Year's Day. Life hasn't seemed worth much to us lately, has it, Henry, although we have so much? I want to tell you about something. Please try to understand." "My girl," he said with great tenderness, "I am trying." "I went with Mrs. Brooks to-day to see her pet charity. It is a Day Nursery, and one of the nurses there had eyes like my mother's, so true, you know, and so sunny. She put one of the babies into my arms, a beautiful little thing, and while I was holding her, somehow I saw how mean and petty and selfish I was. It was just

...composition was by far the best," she said. "Come, Andrew, here's your medal. Tomorrow I'll read the composition aloud." The teacher smiled as she gave the medal, and Andrew smiled as he received it. Then the boy started for home on a run. "I won the medal, mother, he cried. "My composition was the best. And what do you think it was about? Your old glue pot."

FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

(Continued from Page 798.)

The two great festivals of the year, Christmas and Easter, seem to be occasions when the press of Church work is so great that many Church workers are on the eve of a nervous breakdown at a time when it seems that they ought to be able to enter more fully into the spiritual significance of the teaching of the seasons, multiplied services, parochial activities of one kind and another all conspire to the physical exhaustion of those most closely allied with the Church. If the work that is undertaken at this season could all be of the character we desire, to promote the high purposes we have at heart, it might be well. But there are so many entertainments, bazaars, functions of one kind and another that exhaust our strength, and when all is over one feels that little progress has been made in the higher aims of our calling. The feeling of the preacher comes over one in his depression. "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity." But we fancy things are better than we sometimes think. The excessive work calls for sacrifice, and sacrifice is the evidence of love and the generation of love. What is really discouraging is the fact that with the activity of the churches at Christmas comes the activity of forces of the baser sort in the community. This latter activity seems to be accepted as a matter of course without protest and without remonstrance. The churches give loving invitation to their children to participate in the Holy

Communion, and the saloons at the same time are pressing upon the public the attractive qualities of their intoxicants. The churches present elaborate music for the occasion, and the theatres and places of amusement are specially active in inducing the public to patronize their performances of doubtful ethical teaching. Is it really any wonder that the churches should be at their wits' end to secure the support requisite to their maintenance when the forces that are running counter to the churches are openly and aggressively at work? Spectator may be too optimistic but he certainly feels that the day is coming when the real influence of the churches will be so strong and so high that good citizens will rise up against the unblushing advocacy of forces that negate the work of our highest institutions.

Advance sheets of an "Annotated Book of Common Praise" have been forwarded to Spectator. The idea of the book meets exactly what we have long desired in connection with our familiar and much-loved hymns. A hymn that has spoken to our hearts becomes an object of much interest to us. We begin to enquire what of the man behind the pen? What were the sources of his inspiration, and what was his place in the Church? We would in like manner desire to know something of the composer of a favourite tune. Spectator is not familiar with a book that attempts to do this in a thorough manner, and it is particularly gratifying to know that the new hymnal of the Canadian Church will have an edition in which the story of the hymns and of those who wrote and composed is told. Interesting incidents in the life of the men are recounted, and various readings of the authors are given as well as technical comments on the metre of the verses and the character of the music to which they are set. Take for example Bishop Ken's hymn "Awake my soul and with the sun," the following incident forms a part of

the notes: "He was fearless in rebuking immorality in high places, and refused the use of his house to Nell Gwynne when Charles II. went to Winchester. Shortly after that the king appointed him Bishop, and is reported to have said, 'I must go and hear little Ken tell me my faults.' When a boy at Winchester he carved his name on a stone pillar, as may still be seen, thinking no doubt to have a permanent record of himself. But his later ambition appears in these lines:

And should the well meant song I leave behind
With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,
'Twill heighten e'en the joys of heaven to know
That in my verse the saints hymn God below."

Space will not permit us to say more of this book beyond expressing our pleasure that so soon we shall have the story of our hymns so worthily told. Spectator.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

We may differ about the opinions and acts of the living, but an unvarying belief of twenty centuries unites us concerning the destiny of the blessed dead. Over the whole course of Christian history, redeeming from despair its lowest depressions, tempering its greatest exaltations with the serious splendour of immortality, rests a confidence that death is not the end of personal existence, that when the shadows of the eventide close in about the pilgrim he lies down, as in a travellers' resthouse, to awake refreshed and to put on the vestments of a new and more beautiful life.

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The Holy Child.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

Sir,—I was surprised in reading Mr. George S. Homsted's letter on this subject in your issue of November 12th at some of his reasoning. I agree with his short definition until he says, "But to this rule of order has been tacked on by some as an alleged catholic doctrine the theory that no sacrament can be validly administered except by ministers in that succession. This seems to be obviously untrue," etc. He then goes on to cite the case of Lay-Baptism to show that others can administer that sacrament and then admits that Lay-Baptism is recognized as valid in certain cases by all branches of the Church Catholic, though ecclesiastically irregular. He then says, "It Tertullian truly represented the opinion of the Catholic Church the other sacrament may also be validly administered by laymen." He seems to be hard pressed for argument when he quotes Tertullian, who during the later years of his life became wholly or in part a pervert to the heresy of Montanus (though he wrote many most able works in explanation and defence of Christianity), for this reason he has never been reckoned among the saints of the Church. He then says, "There is no doubt that it is the universal rule of the greater part of the Church to confine the administration of sacraments to the duly ordained clergy and exceptions are only allowed in case of necessity, real or supposed in the case of baptism. But this exclusive authority is not founded on any express scriptural direction or authority, etc." I would like to know how he would expect to find every detail of Church government in the New Testament, when the Church was instituted before it was written. There is a plain condemnation of the usurpation of the office of the priesthood in the sixteenth chapter of Numbers. He then says in reference to Tertullian, "if this is the true Catholic aspect of the matter then it is

easily seen that all theories as to the supposed invalidity of sacraments administered by Presbyterians or other Protestant ministers is without any sound foundation, etc." What does our branch of the Church say with respect to the ministry. The 23rd Article of Religion declares that "It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of public preaching, or ministering the sacraments in the congregation, before he be lawfully called and sent to execute the same, and those we ought to judge lawfully called and sent which be chosen and called to this work by men who have public authority given unto them in the congregation, to call and send ministers into the Lord's vineyard." In the preface to the Ordination Service an equally strong declaration of principle is laid down—"No man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon in the Church of England or suffered to execute any of the said functions except he be called, tried, examined and admitted therunto, according to the form hereafter following, or hath had formerly Episcopal Consecration or Ordination." It may be remarked that the ordinations (so-called) of Lutherans, Calvinists, the Scotch Presbyterians or the English Dissenters, do not qualify the persons so ordained for even the lowest order in the Church of England ministry, because they have not been performed by a Bishop. It seems to me that some of our people forget that the Church Catholic is a visible organization properly officered, with power to hand down the ministry in an unbroken chain from the Apostles' time until now, and that for the first fifteen hundred years after our Saviour's time there was no other form of Church government than Episcopal, if we can't have reunion without sacrificing doctrines, that all true Churchmen hold sacred, it would be better to wait until the unique position our branch of the Church holds

between Rome on the one side and sectarianism on the other is better understood.
Thomas Wood.

THE NEED OF CLERGY.

Sir,—Even in England we find the cry for more men louder than ever. At the same time the need of money, of a living which does not mean a starving, is accentuated, and to an onlooker the bonds of convention, of fees, of dilapidation and other charges, seem preposterously cruel and most of all the inability to alter parochial bounds, to remedy the smallest wrong, are woe-tul. On the question of doctrine the Athanasian creed stops too many conscientious men just as it did a generation ago. New versions or paraphrases are suggested to lighten the blow. But the only one which appeals to us is that of George Tyrell, the ex-Jesuit, in his much-abused letter in which he says of the words in this creed which form such a stumbling block, "Their only tolerable sense: This is the analysis of the Catholic faith, of those facts and truths by which a man must live (or, of that supernatural world in which he must live) if he is to be saved."
Anon.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Sir, The following contributions have been received for the Fernie Church Building Fund:—F. G. Bullock, Esq., Otterville, \$5; Parish of St. Luke's, \$10.30; Miss Bogert, Ottawa, \$3; Rev. W. H. Cassap, Theftord Mines, \$5.80; "F. C." Toronto, \$5; Mrs. Campbell, St. John, N.B., \$5; Kootenay Mission Association, \$68.40; total, \$128.87; England, 362.97. Amount previously acknowledged \$791.03; total received, \$1,154. We are very grateful to our friends for their assistance.
R. S. Wilkinson.
Fernie, B.C., Nov. 23, 1908.

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**KING CHRISTMAS AND MASTER
NEW YEAR.**

By S. Weir Mitchell.

King Christmas sat in his house of ice,
And looked across the snow.
"Hallo, my little man!" he cried,
"Now whither dost thou go?"

"I go, my lord, along the way
That all my kin have gone,
Where thou, my lord, shall follow me
Before another dawn."

"Right gayly," cried the Christmas King,
"Who ride to-night with thee?"
"The days of grief, the days of joy,
Are they who ride with me."

"God keep thee, merry little man:
Go whisper them that mourn
How surely comes again the day
When Christ the Lord was born.

"And be not sad, my little man,
But when thou, too, art old,
And when o'er wintry wastes you come,
A weary man and cold,

"Right cheerily, I pray thee, then,
To keep thy gracious trust,
And leave thy weary burden here
Where cares grow light, with Christ.

"Now, bid thy gallant company
Ride onward without fear,
For I, the King of Christmas,
Have blessed the glad New Year."

—Century.

FAITH.

And what is Faith? Not a state of feeling which seeks its ideal in a sort of dumb abeyance of conscience, of will, of heart. He who made our whole being would have our whole being developed and in act on for His will. The man who would be holy through faith is not one who winds himself into a state of abstraction in which every human interest around him passes into a dream. This may be esoteric Buddhism; but it is not the Gospel. What is the faith which we fan would plead for, and seek for, more and more, for others and our-selves, that it may be indeed the vehicle for holiness? We may paraphrase it thus. It is the making use of Christ; it is Jesus Christ made use of by the Christian in his walk and work. Our heart's deep desire is that we may so use Him as to be usable by Him. We realize with more and more directness that we are re-deemed that we may absolutely belong, saved that we may serve, blessed that we may be the means of blessing. We have been called by grace to the knowledge of our Lord Jesus, not only for the saving of our own souls, infinite as that mercy is, but that He may show something of Himself to others through us, that He who is our Head may deign to use us as His hands, and feet, and lips. We long to "adorn His doctrine," "magnifying" Him, making Him large and real, in our intercourse with others—H. C. G. Moule, D.D.

The Moslems have a beautiful expression, which they use in common conversation, "I take refuge with God!" That is the Christian's privilege with regard to everything that oppresses his life within or without. It should be our first impulse in the presence of what brings disturbance.

"AND THOU, BETHLEHEM."

Margaret E. Sangster.

We live to think of Bethlehem,
That little mountain town
To which on earth's first Christmas Day
Our blessed Lord came down.
A lowly manger for His bed,
The cattle near in stall,
There, cradled close in Mary's arms,
He slept, the Lord of all.

If we had been in Bethlehem,
We too had hastened, fain
To see the babe whose little face
Knew neither care nor pain.
Like any little child of ours,
He came unto His own,
Though cross and shame before Him stretched
His pathway to His throne.

If we had dwelt in Bethlehem
We would have followed fast,
And where the star had led our feet
Have knelt ere dawn was past.
Our gifts, our songs, our prayers had been
An offering as He lay,
The blessed Babe of Bethlehem,
In Mary's arms that day.

Now breaks the latest Christmas morn!
Again the angels sing,
And far and near the children throng
Their happy hymns to bring.
All heaven is stirred! All earth is glad!
For down the shining way
The Lord who came to Bethlehem
Comes yet on Christmas Day.



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A SURREPTITIOUS PARTY.

"I fail to see," said Joan, argumentatively, "why Aunt Ellen invited us here. To spend Christmas in a country house sounds delightful, but when most of that house is shut up, and no visitor comes near the place—well, I say it would have been jollier in our rooms in Oxford, if the boys would have stayed on, too." "Just listen to the wind, too," chimed in Ruby; "isn't the howling enough to drive one distracted?" "I rather like it," said her cousin, Kitty Lindsay, from the depths of a big arm-chair; "what I object to is our all being crowded into one bit of the house when there is that big wing full of rooms, doing nothing." A tall girl, with a calm, fair face, and a quantity of light brown hair coiled low at the back of her shapely head, looked across at Kitty almost apologetically. "I am so sorry," she said; "I did try to induce Miss Dainty to open some of the other rooms for you, but the mere suggestion seemed to upset her dreadfully. I thought perhaps you knew why the West Wing is closed." Roger Lindsay looked up from the book he was reading and joined in the conversation: "No we don't know anything about it; at least neither Kitty nor I do, and you don't either, do you?" looking across at his cousins. Joan and Ruby shook their heads. "It was very good of you, though," said Joan to Florence Wharton, "to try and make things more comfortable for us. I don't know what we should do here without you." "Not at all," cried Florence, beginning to pour out the tea. "I was afraid you would find it dull here, and I wanted at least to make it as comfortable as possible for you. You don't know," looking up from her tea-pouring with one of her charming smiles, "what a difference your all being here makes to me." "I can't get over you staying here at all and taking care of Aunt Ellen," said Kitty, with genuine feeling. "If you hadn't come I am sure she would have wanted me to, and—well, I couldn't endure it. Joan and Ruby were safe because they were studying at Oxford, but Aunt Ellen knows I never study or do anything." "I was fortunate to get the post," said Florence, wistfully. "Miss Dainty is very kind—" "But a bit cranky—now do be honest," broke in a voice from the doorway. "Oh, Tom! how you frightened us!" cried Ruby, crossly. "I really did think for the moment that it was Aunt Ellen herself; what a mimic you are." "Come and have some tea," said Kitty, rousing herself, and smiling up at her handsome cousin, "and cheer us up. I shall become desperate if I don't find something to do." "Well, I've got news," said Tom, seating himself beside her. "I've been talking to Aunt Ellen. What do you think, now, we are going to have on Christmas Eve to amuse us? Now, cheer up—one guess each, and a prize for the right one." "A dance!" gasped Kitty. "Oh!" The others guessed "A Christmas tree," "Carol singing," charades, and other delectable things, but Tom shook his head scornfully in each case. "Well," slowly, "it's to be—a snap-dragon," solemnly. "There's sport for you." If Miss Dainty, in the seclusion of her own chamber, heard the laughter which followed she, at any rate, did not guess the cause. "Now, look here," said Roger, at last, straightening himself from his collapsed position over the side

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

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of his chair. "I am the eldest of you all, as your cousin Cecil is not present, and I protest against this introduction into our lives of a form of dissipation to which we are not used—Hullo, Cecil! come at last, just in time to support my protest." A slight, fair man sauntered into the room and across to the tea-table. "So sorry to be late. May I have some tea, Miss Wharton?" "I just want to warn you," broke in Tom, "to be careful. If we are going to indulge in 'snap-dragon' to-morrow night we must save ourselves, so don't go and shatter your nerves with tea." "Very nourishing things, raisins," drawled Cecil, unperturbed, "excellent." "Ye-es, if you don't eat too many," agreed Roger. "I do think," broke in Joan, "that Aunt Ellen is excelling everything. First she invites Ruby and Tom and me here because, I suppose, our people

gave way, so in I went." "Oh, I wish I had gone, too," cried Ruby, regretfully. "Will you come now? I am quite rested enough to go again." "Oh, don't run the risk of tiring yourself," said Joan, sarcastically. She could not suppress her irritation when this cousin of hers made himself so idiotic, as she termed it. "Oh," he reassured her, "I wouldn't offer to go if I didn't feel up to it." "What is it like?" broke in Ruby; "is it furnished?" "Yes, beautifully." "Is it ghostly, mysterious, full of mice and owls?" "I did not detect any smell of mice," said Cecil, precisely, "and my nose, as a rule, is keen." "It is a comfort to know you haven't a cold in it," said Joan, with a sigh of feigned relief. "Thank you; yes, I am quite free from any trace of catarrh. It is in excellent condition—the wing, I mean, not my nose. In fact, there is nothing very marked about it except a depressing air, which all unoccupied rooms get, I fancy. Why it should remain unoccupied is the only mystery about it as far as I could see." "What was the mystery?" they asked each other; "why was there one? Was the place haunted?" "Perhaps several of the family died there, and she has taken a dislike to it," suggested Roger. He looked round at Tom for his opinion, but to his astonishment and every one's Tom had vanished, and Kitty, too. In the hubbub they had escaped unnoticed, and in the dim twilight outside were making their way, cloaked and hatted, down the drive at a quick pace. Their goal was the West Wing, but to escape detection they were making a detour, an unnecessary precaution in that deserted place, for all the kitchens were at the back of the occupied wing, from whence, to the servants' relief, there was no possibility even of seeing the desolate-looking park, or the shuttered, mysterious wing, and on such a night no one was likely to loiter out of doors. Under her cloak Kitty held two candles she had snatched from her dressing-table when she ran up for her hat and cloak; and Tom was well provided with matches. "This must be the window," said Tom, when at last they reached their goal. "You go first," said Kitty, feeling a sudden tremor of awe, and Tom, pushing open the window, stepped inside. It was a very different thing to discuss a mysterious wing when sitting by a bright fire in a cosy room, surrounded by lively companions, from being in it in the gloom of a stormy winter night, just the two of them, with empty, echoing rooms all about them and no one knew what else.



The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'—Tennyson.

are abroad; then she asks Kitty, and Roger, and Cecil here to amuse us, which, by the way, you aren't making the slightest effort to do—and now she proposes snap-dragon to amuse us all! Imagine it, Cecil and Tom, Oxford men, and we two—" "Blue-stockings," said Tom. "What have you been doing, Cecil?" interrupted Ruby, abruptly, after staring at him with eyes full of perplexity. This new, strange cousin of hers was a perpetual mystery and interest to her. She had never met anyone like him before. "I have been walking for the last hour," he said, "to try and throw off a touch of liverishness I had; before that I amused myself by exploring the West Wing, and really—" "The West Wing!" they cried with one voice, "and you went alone! What meanness! How did you get the key?" "I didn't get it; I tried all the windows—some at the back have no shutters, and the latch of one

Even Tom felt his pulses quicken as he closed the window behind him, and lighted one of the candles. "I suppose we shall know our way out again?" asked Kitty, nervously, as they quitted the room for the regions beyond. Tom stood still and glanced about him, and, incidentally, at his little cousin. The colour in her cheeks had faded, and though she was still smiling her eyes were rather fearful. "Look here," he said, tucking his big, strong arm through hers, "we'll just look at the next room to this, and then we'll leave the rest till daylight. Shall we? At any rate, we can say we have been here." "Yes, if you prefer," said the deceitful Kitty, suddenly growing very brave when she knew she would not be expected to wander through that eerie place. It really was a trial, even to strong nerves, to be alone in those grim rooms, in a darkness which their candle's light seemed only to intensify,

while dim outlines of mysterious bits of furniture gradually became visible here and there, or a mirror gleamed out, and strange, low noises, caused, maybe, by the wind roaring in the chimneys, or whistling under the doors and through window chinks, sighed and sobbed and moaned around them. Kitty clung very close to Tom as they penetrated the gloomy passage beyond; and even closer, as, holding his candle aloft, he paused at the foot of the broad flight of stairs and peered up into the gloom. "What—was that?" she gasped. "I don't know," said Tom, thoughtfully; "it sounded like a door being closed; probably it was the wind. Come along; we'll just look into this room, and then we'll go back and make the others wild with jealousy." As he spoke he opened a door in front of them and peeped in. "There is someone here, isn't there?" whispered Kitty, making no attempt now to banish the tremor from her voice. "Oh, Tom, let's go!" But Tom was advancing and looking about him with candle held high. "It's all right," he said, reassuringly. "Of course it's empty. My eye, Kitty, what a place for a dance! One can't have a room like this and not use it." "No—yes; of course not. We'll talk about it with the others." Kitty by this time had given up even pretending to be brave, a great dread of the place possessed her. "Tom," she cried, "do come. We can't see anything in this light. Hark! What was that? Tom, I—I can't stay. I am sure there is someone here." Something in her voice brought her cousin to her side in a moment. "Come along," he said, cheerily, taking her by the arm. "We'll run home at once. Hullo! which is the door? I left it open, didn't I?" "I forget," gasped Kitty. Tom had not forgotten, though, and he pondered the matter, though he said nothing. Fortunately, though, the first door they opened was the right one, and in another moment they were out in the darkness and storm again. The excitement was great when the pair appeared, and told where they had been; it became intense when Tom broached

his daring plan of a dance on Christmas Eve in the big room, a secret joy to be stolen when Aunt Ellen and the household had retired, and already they had made innumerable plans when Cecil played the part of "wet blanket." "Then you propose inviting our respected aunt?" he enquired. "Inviting what?" they exclaimed in one breath, losing sight of both grammar and politeness. "Well, you can't dance without music, and you can't have music without attracting attention; and it would be better our aunt should come as an invited rather than an uninvited guest." A groan went up. They had forgotten the music. "I don't believe she would hear a piano," said Ruby, mutinously. "But how could we get one?" asked Joan, in a despairing tone. "Is anything possible in this place?" "Well, we are going to do something over there, to have some fun or other," cried Tom, doggedly. "One doesn't have such an opportunity and waste it." "We might have charades," said Joan, cheering up a little. "What do you say, Kitty?" Kitty assented, but not with the whole-hearted spirit she would have had an hour or two earlier. Some of her courage came back, though, when they all paid a surreptitious visit of inspection to the closed wing in the broad light of the following day. This time it was simply the fascination that she felt, and the mystery of that silent place. "What can be the meaning of it?" said Roger, gravely. "I wish Aunt Ellen would tell." He was walking beside his sister as he spoke, and she, instead of laughing back at him with a jest, turned to him quite a troubled face. "Roger," she said in a low voice, "I cannot understand it, do you notice there is no dust anywhere; everything in the place looks as though it were cared for by someone. I wonder," she longed to say she did not like the idea of having their party there, but her courage failed her when Tom came up, all excitement, and marched her off to show her where the charades were to be held; and there the others joined them, and within the next half-hour they had arranged the

furniture for audience and actors, and left everything in readiness for the evening. All returned home in the highest spirits; the crisp, cold air, the prospect of the evening's daring, the growing good fellowship between them all, and the even warmer feelings in some of their hearts made their blood dance and eyes sparkle.

The afternoon passed gaily. Miss Daintry was not well enough to leave her room, but she made Florence join the young folk. Then came tea, a merry meal in the firelit drawing-room, where stories and jokes and laughter followed each other pell-mell. Then followed dinner and the promised "snap-dragon," which provided far more hilarious enjoyment than even Miss Daintry had anticipated. So far, the rule of the house had been that everyone should retire to bed at ten o'clock to the minute, and so far the old manservant, who had been Miss Daintry's right hand and tyrant for thirty years, had found the carrying out of this rule the most difficult of all his tasks. He had pointedly closed and bolted all doors and windows, he had even put their bedroom candlesticks in their hands, but he had never yet packed the guests off to their rooms without a struggle of half an hour's duration. To-night he expected even more trouble than usual, but, with an amazement even stronger than his delight, he found them all quite meekly ready to depart on the stroke of the hour. "It's the first time for a week I've been in bed before eleven," he remarked to himself in a martyred tone, as he put out his light and gave himself up to slumber. Almost at the same moment, in another part of the house, sundry doors were opened surreptitiously, and suddenly the corridor seemed full of cloaked, mysterious, gliding figures, silently groping their way to the wide, old staircase. Not a word was spoken while Tom by the aid of the darkened lantern he had been carrying unbolted the French window in the drawing-room and let all the muffled figures pass him. Florence Wharton from her bedroom window watched them with a heavy heart. She saw

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The House of Clergy and Laity (Present) of the General Synod of the Dominion of Canada, held in Lauder Memorial Hall, Ottawa, September, 1908.

Tom and Kitty walking together, Cecil and Ruby, Joan and Roger. Why she should feel depressed she did not know, but a presentiment of ill seemed to envelop her. The spirits of the others, too, had flagged. Somehow the little adventure now wore something of an air of an anti-climax. Joan was tired, Roger was cross, Tom and Kitty were happy, but Kitty would have been happier had the West Wing not been their goal; Cecil and Ruby were thoughtful with the first stirrings of a new feeling in their hearts. But the West Wing was the goal of all, and they reached it. Tom entered first, and no one disputed his right. But the laughter on his face faded for a moment as he looked about him. Before he left, and he had been the last to leave—he had carefully, and with set purpose, opened every door wide—yet every one was now closed and fastened. But a low cry from Kitty drove the perplexity from his mind. "Look!" she gasped, and a sudden hush fell on them all as they looked, first at the room and then at each other, for every piece of furniture they had arranged to their liking but a few hours before was back in the exact spot from which they had moved them. Kitty who was fast becoming unnerved, gave a little shuddering sigh. If it had not been for Tom within and the darkness without she would have fled that moment from the terrifying spot. "Don't be frightened, dear," pleaded Tom, laying a big, warm hand over her cold, trembling one. "You don't believe in ghosts, do you? I'll take care of you. Kitty, don't be frightened, or"—with sudden thought—"shall I take you back?" "No—oh, no," said Kitty, the colour returning suddenly to her cheeks, the light to her lowered eyes, for the look she had seen in Tom's anxious eyes, the tone she had heard in his voice, made her feel strong to face anything. "Somehow," remarked Joan to Roger, "I don't feel in the least inclined now for charades or anything, do you?" "No," said Roger; "all this mystery makes this sort of thing seem out of place. Let's explore the wing

from end to end and try to get to the bottom of it all." Joan was responding half-heartedly, when a shout from the next room made all start. "What do you think," cried Ruby, excitedly, "we've found a spinet; do let's have a dance. I'm sure Aunt Ellen won't hear us." She was standing before the instrument when they went in, and Cecil was opening it. "Come along, let's begin at once," cried Tom, seizing Kitty by the waist. He felt that everyone's spirits needed raising. Ruby, laughing, struck a weak chord, and was thumping out the strains of a popular polka, when, with a wild shriek she flung up her hands and the music ceased. The two couples stopped short in their lively dance, and all wheeling about stared in the direction of Ruby's terrified gaze. Standing behind the spinet, which they had drawn out across the room, and looking over it at the girl, stood the figure of a woman, dim, shadowy, silent, a tall, stern woman of the respectable servant class, gazing at Ruby with eyes full of intense and troubled anger. The others she did not glance at. For what seemed moments she remained thus, then, slowly gliding round the instrument, closed it, calmly pushed it back in its place, and walked away, carefully closing the door behind her. To those terrified onlookers, left in that dim silence, there came presently the sound of another door being closed upstairs, then all was still. Within five minutes Cecil had carried the fainting Ruby out into the darkness and the pure, fresh air of heaven. The others followed, silent, trembling, awed, closing carefully each door and window after them. But not one of them dared glance back, or they might have seen that same grim, silent figure stealing through the rooms and straightening each thing they had moved and sighing as it passed. Tom, the candid, could not bear the mystery. "He was going to confess what they had done," he told the others; "they would all confess and throw themselves on the clemency of the court"—and perhaps he told the mystery of the closed wing. "The court" was very

clement. Miss Dainty was not angry. She was a little hurt, perhaps, and troubled. "Yes, it is haunted," she said; "it has been since my great-grandma and yours died there. The figure you saw was that of Patience, an old servant of the family, a grim, stern, but wholly devoted creature, the apple of whose eye was my aunt Dorothy. The story goes that when this same Dorothy was ill, delirious, after the shock of the sudden death of her lover, Patience would let no one nurse her but herself; but one night, worn out with nursing, she fell asleep in her chair while watching, and the next morning poor Dorothy's body was found in the river which had drowned her lover. Patience died the next day of a broken heart, and was buried at her mistress's feet, in the same grave on the same day. But no one has been able to live in the West Wing since, for like a troubled spirit she wanders from room to room, upstairs, downstairs, keeping apparently everything in beautiful order, for there is never a speck of dust to be seen, or a thing out of place, and even if a door is left ajar it is soon found carefully closed. "That is the story, and the end of it as far as I know," said the old lady, sadly. "I am glad now that you know, but I hope the horror of it will not drive you away, children." "It shan't drive me away," said Tom, emphatically, when the others had moved away and left him and Miss Dainty alone. "I found more than a ghost in the West Wing, Aunt Ellen," he went on, gravely. "I—I found the best woman in the world there—the one woman in the world for me." Aunt Ellen looked up at the strong, young form beside her, so young, and brave, and hopeful, with all the world before him, and his heart full of faith and happiness, and she sighed wistfully. "Then my blessing be on you both," she said, softly; "perhaps a love found there will wipe out the tragedy of the love lost there. Go and bring her to me, Tom." And Tom blithely went in search of his blushing Kitty.—By Mabel Quiller-Couch, in Church Family Newspaper.

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The Saviour's Advice to the Rich Young Man.

A SMALL PARTY.

It is the forenoon of Christmas Eve. The weather is wet and cold; the streets are crowded. From one of the huge blocks of flats in a busy London suburb a little, old man descends his six flights of stairs. With a basket on his arm and a pipe in his mouth, he moves slowly through the neighbourhood, watching the display of eatables, entering the shops and asking prices. When he returns home, after an hour's shopping his pipe is out, and the basket is no longer empty. "It's easy to see that someone is going to have his boy to supper," said the porter. The old fellow smiled, and climbed to his tiny flat—two small rooms. Once there, he takes out, spreads, and gazes at the contents of his basket. Such a supper it is to be! Why not, since his boy is coming to spend the Christmas with him? The old man is an army pensioner, a veteran non-commissioned officer, and his boy is at Aldershot—a bright, promising young fellow with ambitions which present-day facilities for passing from the ranks make quite reasonable. The Christmas Eve supper is a very cherished institution. Both remember happy occasions in days gone by when there was a third to share it with them—the mother whose bright presence was withdrawn from them while the boy was still at school. On the Christmas Day an old institution will be honoured—namely, dinner with an ancient comrade of the old man's. The old man will be the cook this year, as he has been since he has lived alone. She was a splendid cook, and he used to watch her. He learned from her. How his boy shall enjoy his supper! He sets to work with such care. He does his best, enjoying in advance the effect produced upon the beloved guest by the luxuries he has purchased. Everything goes on well. A tempting odour permeates the little flat. He begins to set the table. From

the sideboard he takes old relics, a tablecloth and serviette. As he puts something in his son's place a smile passes over his face, and he enacts beforehand the little scene he feels sure will take place. "What's this father?" "Open it and see." "A watch! A gold watch! Father, I know. It's mother's watch." And the old fellow sees his boy jumping up from the table to thank him while he says, "The watch was there; it was no use to keep it. The watchmaker repaired it, and now it goes." He is a little moved as he pictures the scene, and bracing up he goes on with his preparations, looking occasionally at his wife's picture, that seems to be watching him and to smile as if she, too, were awaiting her boy. "Well, he may come now; it's ready. He will not be much longer; it is after 5.30, and he was to be here by five o'clock. In the meantime the old man sits down, looks at the waiting table, and sees again in his mind a Christmas of former days—the mother seated opposite to him, the youngster between them on his high chair. Parents and friends, dead now, came to exchange greetings. "Why, it's half-past six. Can it be possible that the boy is detained? If he is late the fine supper will not be so good. He'll come; he never fails. I must wait." But while the clock ticks a painful idea takes root in the father's mind. If his son were not coming, where is he? What is keeping him? The tick-tick of the clock sounds like so many hammers on his heart. His breathing comes shorter in his heavy disappointment. Suddenly the clock strikes seven o'clock. Intensely listening to every noise from outside, he starts every time the hall-door shut. He tried to recognize the ascending step. "Is it he?" "No, it stops on the fourth floor. He wishes the clock were fast that he could stop the flight of time. It is a quarter past seven. "He is not coming. What can he be doing? Has he through any misconduct failed to get leave? Or—if he

were sick." It is his only hope, cruel as it is. He hears a shout in the streets. It is a newsboy with an evening paper. What is that? "Railway accident near Aldershot." His heart stops. The clock ticks on; it is now nearly eight o'clock. Three hours late. He is oppressed by a hopeless sense of calamity. He pictures his brave son, who would be with him gaily sharing that lovingly-prepared feast lying mangled under mountains of telescoped coaches. He moves feebly to the door intending to go out and purchase a paper. As he move about blindly into the passage he stumbles into a pair of strong arms which held him firmly. "A Merry Christmas, father. I am late. I'll tell you"—he catches sight of the old man's almost death-stricken face. "What is the matter, father?" "Nothing my boy. You're here. That is enough." It was all explained over the happy meal. There had been an accident on the line, in which happily no one had been injured, but not to the train he had travelled up in. The mishap, had, however, dislocated traffic, and hence the delay, which was not so very great after all. The supper, none the better for the delay, was, notwithstanding, a perfect success, and the incident of the watch happened just as the old man divined. It was followed by another, not less touching. The father pours some wine from a long-necked bottle, and the son, raising his glass and looking at a picture opposite, says: "To Mother!"—Irene Taylor.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

THE CHRISTIAN ALTAR.

Sir,—Perhaps it may be a mistake to give Mr. James's letter in the Churchman of November 27 the prominence of a serious reply, anyhow his amazing statements that "Christ is our only altar"—"that He is the Altar in Heaven in whom the souls under the altar wait in joyful hope"—may be left to minister amazement. It will hardly do more—nor need we traverse his no less amazing logic. But we come to a few words which might mislead the unwary. "In the purest ages of the Church no one ever dreamed of calling the Lord's table 'an Altar.'" In support of this proposition Mr. James cites one authority and one only—Ambrose. Now S. Ambrose flourished A.D. 340-397, so we may conclude that the first three centuries, and nearly all the fourth are to be included in the purest ages (unless our writer was thinking of another Ambrose—a Puritan divine of the fifteenth century!) Assuming then that we have to deal with S. Ambrose of Milan (who by the way was buried under the altar of his cathedral—a strange place of sepulture surely, if, to use the words imputed to him, that altar is "an invisible one") I find that according to Smith's dictionary of Christian antiquities and the faithful Bingham—two very accessible, and generally reliable authorities, several tolerably well-known names of Christian writers of these centuries are quoted as using the words "ara" "Altare," or the Greek "Thusiasterion," all meaning altar, and applied by them to the Lord's Table—e.g., Tertullian, Cyprian, Ignatius Origen, etc., whilst "in the fourth age there is scarce an author that speaks of the Lord's table but he also calls it an altar." Mede and Suicer have much to the same effect. I am sorry to say that I have no copy of the Epistles of S. Ambrose to refer to in order to verify Mr. James's quotation. But turning to another writing of that author—"De Mysteriis"—after re-

ferring to the mystery of Holy Baptism, he treats of the mystery of the altar of the Lord (Dominici Altaris). Speaking of the baptized seeking the "Altar of Christ," he uses these words, "he comes therefore and when he sees the Holy Altar fitly ordered (videns sacrosanctum altare compositum) he cries with a loud voice 'Thou hast prepared a table in my sight,'" etc. Now this is the same Ambrose who, we are told, wrote on another occasion, "our altar is not visible but invisible." I conclude therefore that in the latter instance he was speaking very much as we do when we say "the Church is in a certain sense invisible." Yet that does not hinder us from calling the visible company of the faithful in any place "the Church of that place," and the house where they meet together "a church." In short, this must be one of the cases referred to by Bingham, when he tells us that the early Christian apologists maintained that there were no Christian altars in the Heathen or even Jewish sense of the word; "but they always owned" (with St. Paul may we say) that "Christians had an altar which they scrupled not to term indifferently" by the several equivalents for our word altar already mentioned, though they avoided the word "Bomos," that is, "altar" in the heathen sense. If the compilers of the Prayer Book omitted the word "altar" in the hope of conciliating the irreconcilable Puritans, their attempt has failed of its object, and the compilers of the new hymnal have done well to restore that word in their book." No doubt the compilers of the new Prayer Book will do still better, by restoring it in theirs.

Arthur Jarvis.

Sir,—May I point out to your readers that in the Old Testament the words "Altar" and "Lord's Table" are used as convertible terms. For instance in Malachi, chap. 1, ver 7 (A.V.) "Ye offer polluted bread upon my altar; and ye ye say 'Wherein have we polluted Thee?' In

that ye say 'The table of the Lord is contemptible.'" Then again if we turn to the Book of Ezekiel, chap. xlii, ver. 22, we read, "The altar of wood was three cubits high and the length thereof two cubits; and the corners thereof, and the length thereof, and the walls thereof were of wood; and he said unto me 'This is the table that is before the Lord.'" The Jewish altar was simply a table on which offerings were made to God. The communion table is also a table on which offerings are made to God, and therefore the analogy to Old Testament precedents is properly called an altar. In the rubric before the prayer for the Church militant the sacramental bread and wine and the alms of the people are ordered before that prayer is said to be placed on the Holy Table; and then in the prayer for the Church militant we humbly ask God, to receive "these our alms and oblations," and this was what was done at the Jewish altar. In some cases the offering was burnt upon the altar. But, to quote from Smith's Bible Dictionary, under the head of "Sacrifice," "The characteristic ceremony in the peace offering was the eating of the flesh by the sacrificer (after the fat had been burnt before the Lord and the breast and shoulder given to the priests). It betokened the enjoyment of communion with God at the table of the Lord in the gifts which His mercy had bestowed, of which, a choice portion was offered to Him, to His servants, and to His poor (see Deut. xiv, 28, 29). To this view of sacrifice allusion is made by St. Paul in Phil. iv. 18; Heb. xiii. 15, 16." See also 1 Cor. ix. 18. We offer the sacramental bread and wine to God and all then receive them back again from Him by the hands of His priests, and in this way we verify the saying, "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle." Heb. xiii. 10. No properly instructed Christian therefore need have any scruple in calling the Lord's table an altar.

H.

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Madonna and Child.—Of some subjects we never grow weary. So intense is their human interest, so strong is their appeal to our deepest feelings and highest aspirations that they always gladden the eye and move the heart aright. Such an one is this.

The Flight into Egypt.—The artist has shown a seemliness of treatment and graphic power in this fine representation of Joseph and Mary hastening to Egypt with the Holy Child to save his tender human life from the murderous designs of Herod.

The Visit of the Magi.—How tender and yet deeply significant is this scene. By apparently the simplest human instruments—a humble virgin; a lowly mechanic; and a helpless Babe—the great and learned of the earth are drawn from far off countries to the stable of an inn to offer devotion, homage and treasured gifts—but by divine insight they were privileged to discern within the casket of that tiny form the advent of the true Messiah—the Saviour of mankind.

The Annunciation.—And now from out the still night air appears a Heavenly Messenger who to the drooping awe-struck maiden foretells the wondrous condescending grace of God to man. Impressive indeed is the scene—hallowed as it is to the human heart by solemn and sacred memories.

In the Stable—Bethlehem.—Sweet and touching is the appeal of this beautiful illustration. The virgin mother gazing with yearning eyes upon her tiny babe, and the little one with upturned face responding to the mother's love. Hovering about in perfect peace, white plumaged doves lend life and animation to the scene. Truly art is a solace, and true art is an inspiration.

The Larkspur Listens.—By an apt quotation a favourite poet is made to clothe this picture with the gentle tints of his own exquisite fancy, and to embellish the skill of the artist with the suggestive beauty of delicate verse.

The Holy Child.—So universal and irresistible is the appeal of this noble representation that words seem out of place, and serve rather to distract, than aid, the rapt attention of the beholder.

Upper House.—Fathers of the Church in Canada, whether it be in civilized centres, in the Arctic north, where stern winter ever reigns; or amongst the pagan Indians of the West, the noble, dauntless standard bearers of the cross.

Lower House.—Men of faith and practice, energetic, wise and capable. The elect of the priesthood and laity. Thinkers, planners, leaders in the varied and beneficent fields of Church activity.

The Rich Young Man.—Oh! the infinite sadness and pitifulness of this pathetic and memorable scene. Pure in life, upright in character, generous in heart, and yet withholding from his Maker, that, which he most desired, the entire and undivided affection and service of heart and life.

A Word of Advice.—It is to be hoped that the comely damsel will give good heed to the sage words of her elder friend who speaks, no doubt, with the weight of experience, the warmth of generous desire and disinterested friendship. We wish a policeman would come round the corner in the background and tell the lurking wayfarer to "move on."

A Sister of the Church.—Devout seriousness appears in each line of this fair face. The calm intent look of the uplifted eye betokens the steady

cent and sportive play ever bring before our minds, the wholesome influence and joyous memory of our own sweet and innocent childhood.

Improving the Opportunity.—True to his traditional character the naughty goat in this amusing picture is regardless of the back turned ears and reproachful glance of the donkey "making hay while the sun shines," or rather is reducing the huckster's material profits, whilst he, in happy dreamland is selling huge baskets full of carrots, turnips and apples to the richest people in the land. At the present moment he is actually thinking of buying a goat to help the donkey eat his overabundant crops.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

What a beautiful, comforting gospel that is in which the Lord Christ depicts himself as the Good Shepherd; showing what a heart He has towards us poor sinners, and how we can do nothing to save ourselves. The sheep cannot defend or provide for itself, nor keep itself from going astray if the shepherd did not continually guide it; and when it has gone astray and is lost, it cannot find its way back again nor come to its shepherd; but the shepherd himself must go after it, and seek it until he finds it! Otherwise it would wander and be forever lost. And when he has found it he must lay it on his shoulder and carry it, lest it should again be frightened away from himself, and stray, or be devoured by the wolf. So, also, it is with us. We can neither help nor counsel ourselves nor come to rest and peace of conscience, nor escape the devil, death, and hell, if Christ himself, by His word did not fetch us and call us to Himself. And even when we have come to Him, and are in faith, we cannot keep ourselves in it unless He lifts us and carries us by His word and power, since the devil is everywhere, and at all times on the watch to do us harm. But Christ is a thousand times more willing and earnest to do all for His sheep than the best shepherd.

"Admire the people who have courage, pluck, faith, resolution, and who never give up, rather than the pessimists who deny and whine."

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A Word of Advice.

fast purpose of a pure benevolent life, set apart, for constant and unselfish worship and service.

Woman's Auxillary.—A band of noble, faithful women—mothers, daughters, sisters, wives—one of the chief mainstays of the Church in this Dominion. Abounding in works of unselfish love, constant beneficent enterprise and industry, for the purest and noblest cause. Surely if there is any department of human effort in which the truest and best rights of women are enforced and exemplified it is in the splendid achievement of the Woman's Auxillary.

A Happy Family.—Who is not brighter, happier, cheerier for the sight of this beautiful suggestive little picture? Blithesome, innocent and gay, may the dear little children with their inno-

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS.

The sky can still remember
The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
The Saviour Christ was born.
And still in darkness clouded,
And still in noonday light,
It feels its far depths crowded
With angels fair and bright.

O never-fading splendour!
O never-silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the gray earth strong.
Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.

No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet's wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.
No eager strife of mortals
In busy field or town,
But sees the open portals
Through which the Christ came down.

O angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attend
The coming of the King.
Till we, too, boldly pressing
Where once the angels trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of Blessing,
And find the Son of God.

Phillips Brooks.

HER OWN PLACE.

"She's not coming!" Mother dropped a letter
with a face of dismay. "Who's not coming?"

"Eunice." "Not coming for Christmas?"
"No-o-o-o!" A wail of distress from a younger
one. "But why mother? Do tell us what she
says. Why? I can't believe it." "It won't be
Christmas at all," went on the wail. "She says—"
"mother took up the letter," that Miss
Marian Ford, her great friend, has invited her
to spend the holidays with her in the city." A
howl of discontent from the small ones. "I
didn't suppose any place would be better than
home to her," said Elizabeth. "It isn't only the
nice place and the city," continued mother,
"there are going to be some fine concerts that
she wants very much to attend. So she says—
she's very sorry that she can't be in two places at
once, and love, love, love for all of us, and we
mustn't miss her much. Of course the concert—
will be a real benefit in her musical study."
"But I wouldn't have believed it of Eunice,"
repeated Elizabeth. And mother to herself
echoed the words as she went about with an ache
at her heart. Eunice could scarcely, in anticipa-
tion, have believed it of herself. The home
Christmases were so dear, so precious; the
idea of spending one anywhere else seemed al-
most a sacrilege. But this invitation was a
temptation. Even mother, through all her heart-
ache, could understand the allurements in the
visit to a great city, the music, the varied holiday
entertainments, the show and the brightness.
But, as against home! There was a hurt in it,
and the hurt did not grow less as the days of
preparation went on. "I haven't any spirit for
a tree," said Elizabeth, as the day drew near.
"O, we mustn't say that," said mother, betray-
ing her sympathy in the feeling. "The children
could never bear it to go without it. We have
always had one since Eunice was a year old."
"It was all fun when she was here to help. But
now it seems a good deal of trouble." "Never
mind, dear. We must have things just as usual."
It had been with many misgivings that Eunice

had decided on the Christmas away from home.
At the first reception of the invitation she had
refused to consider it at all. But as days went by
the persuasions of her friend, the picturing of
the attractions dear and tempting to girlhood
began to have their weight, and after a season
of doubt, in which she seemed most perplexingly
drawn both ways she had yielded. "There are
plenty at home to make a merry time. They
will be glad I am having such a good time—
with so much that is of real benefit in it." And
still Eunice, with all her reasoning, could never
tully persuade herself that the vacancy at home
could be filled. "O, Miss Eunice!" Passing
through one of the halls of the dormitory on the
day before Christmas, Eunice turned at the
sound of a call behind her, coming in a voice of
such concentrated joy and happiness as she had
never before heard. "What is it, Hannah?" It
was one of the maids, who approached her with
a shining face. "Miss Eunice! See what I got."
She held up a new \$5 bill. "That's good,
Hannah. A Christmas present, I suppose?"
"Yes'm. From the teachers. A dollar from each,
only they put it all in one. Now, Miss Eunice,
you couldn't guess what I'm goin' to do with
this?" "Well, I am a pretty good gues-ser, I
should say you are going to spend it in presents
for the home folk. Those little sisters and
brothers you have told me about." "Wrong.
You'll have to guess again." "Something nice
for yourself. Something you've been wanting a
long time and didn't feel able to get in a regular
way." "Wrong again, Miss Eunice!" The plain,
honest face fairly radiant. "I'm goin' to spend
this money—every cent of it—in goin' home for
Christmas—" "Now, Hannah!" "It's so.
It'll take it all, but what o' that? They don't
want no presents, they just want me. They'll
think I'm the best present in the world. Miss
Grantley, she's goin' to give me a week's leave
'cause so many of you goes home. Last Christ-
mas I couldn't go 'cause some of the young ladies



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had the measles. Think of its bein' Christmas and folks not to home with their own folks, Miss Eunice! But O—I must hurry! I'm wantin' to leave everything fixed up, and then I'll get there by the night train—just in time to say 'Merry Christmas.' She hurried away with a song on her lips, and Eunice turned into her own room with a sigh. All her doubts had come back—indeed there were no longer any doubts. "Think of it bein' Christmas and folks not to home with their own folks!" The force of Hannah's artless words pressed heavily on her. "Their own folks." From the depths of a very loving heart Eunice was beginning to realize that no other "folks" could make the dear festival what it should be. And if there would be, among all the attractive things planned for her, still an emptiness, how much greater must it be for those who were longing for her and to whom Christmas would not be Christmas without her. "It is Christmas eve. So little time." In her own room was a partly packed trunk. She sat quietly for half an hour doing some harder thinking than ever before in her life. "If I get off on the five o'clock train I can, like Hannah, be there in time to say 'Merry Christmas.' It won't be pleasant to reach it in the dead of the night, but I know everybody so well it won't matter. Now—for Marian. What will she say?" The next moment she was in the next room, where two or three girls were chatting in joyous anticipation of the home-going. "Marian—if you'll forgive me for asking—will you let me off—?" "Let you off—? Why, what do you mean, Eunice?" "I mean, from going with you." "Now, Eunice!" A blank expression settled over her face. "I wouldn't have thought it of you. After promising me. After all my plans are made. To treat me so. No," with a vigorous shake of her head. "I won't let you off. What's it for, anyhow? This late too. Why didn't you say it before?" Eunice sat down on a couch and burst into tears. "I know that's what I ought to have done. Or, that I ought not to have said yes in the first place. It's—I want to go home. I didn't realize—and now I do, how they're all longing for me. And as to anyone going to your home—if you go it's all they want. You know it yourself—" Eunice was sobbing brokenheartedly, and after a short pause Marian was beside her with her arms about her. "You dear! I do know. It's going simply to spoil my Christmas—" Eunice gave a gesture of dissent, "but I'll stand it. What time must you go?" "On the five o'clock train or not at all. And it goes in less than two hours." "We'll all help you. Em, you run to the telephone and get a cab." A lively hour, and with kisses and good wishes Eunice was hustled away, feeling as if she had scarcely

had time to draw breath since her suddenly formed new resolution. And now, as she sped away in the unexpected direction, what a lightness filled her heart. No misgivings, no doubts now. "I should never, never, have felt right about the other thing. Not for one moment." The brightness of the winter sky had become overclouded, snow had begun to fall and fell heavily as the train made its way among the mountains which must be passed. In deep cuts the running became slower, until after several short delays, a longer one called forth a clamor of inquiry from impatient travellers as train men came through. "Blockaded. Can't get any further till the snow plow reaches us." "When do we reach B.?" "Not before morning." "And this only nine o'clock." A chorus of discontent arose. "All

the fullness of time had arrived, and after all the waiting, watching ages heaven had come down to earth. How had it been that she had heretofore had so little realization of the profound mystery of the blessed season—the God-child come to earth; and so little of earth awake to it, so small a welcome to this bringer of the gift of peace and good-will. And even in these days of larger knowledge, when so many true hearts are uplifted in recognition, how trivial, how contemptible are many of the things done in professed honouring of the birthday of the Lord of glory. The gifts, the gatherings, the feasting, all went enough in their way, but into how many hearts never enters a real thought of the sacredness of the day? The cold silence, the stars and the mountain read their lesson to her and she

went inside, soon engaging herself in helping a tired mother to pacify the complaints of some restless children. "Now, it's Christmas Eve—" she presently remarked, cheerily. "And such a Christmas Eve." arose in variously pitched wails. "Yes, how much fun there is in it. Think of all the people who are having a happy time at home, with not any journey at all. Or, of the people who are having just a plain, humdrum journey, no snow blockade or any other exciting time to tell about afterwards. Christmas Eve is right here, you know, exactly the same as at home or at grandmother's. Let us have a song on this Lord's birthday." Other voices joined her's in some hymns, after which a man told stories, ending with a prayer as one by one children sang to sleep and there was quiet in the car.

At nine o'clock the next morning Eunice rang at the door of her father's house. Elizabeth, who opened it, opened also her lips for a shriek of delight, which was suppressed by the new arrival as she whirled into the vestibule to get a hand on her mouth. "Oh, Eunice, Eunice! But no—it can't be. She said she wouldn't come." "Sh!"—Never mind that. She's here now." "We're just going in to the tree," said Eliza-

beth, under her breath. "I was afraid I wouldn't be in time for it. Oh Lis', is it in the same old corner?" "Yes." "With the closet behind. Get me in there—first—" And before long came the merry little-group to see the Christmas tree. Mother would not let the shadow on her own heart fall on the others. Bright, wondering eyes gazed their fill. "But, Lizzie—why didn't you light the candles on the back in the corner?" "And, Lizzie—what's that behind there? Oh, mother—somebody's there—" But "somebody" was no longer there, but in mother's arms, and to every eye and heart had come the brightfulness of thankful Christmas Joy.—Sydney Dayre.



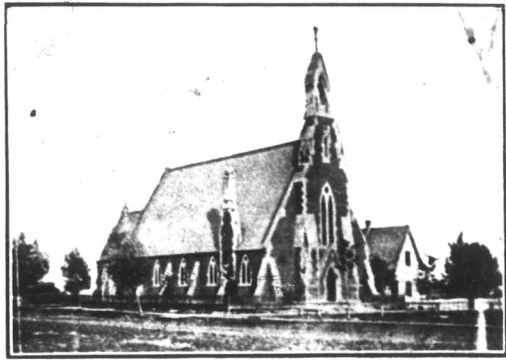
A Sister of the Church.

night to spend in this day car." Eunice looked about her in dismay. "Oh, I wish I hadn't come. If I had gone the other way with Marian I should be there now, and everything pleasant and jolly." They were at a flag station, and Eunice presently followed a few who sought a little relief from the closeness of the car. Outside, in the dead hush and loneliness, her impatient thought soon underwent a change. All about her arose mountains, lifting their sublime heads to meet the stars gazing down upon them. Cold, still awe-inspiring—and filled, to her imagining, with breathing memories of a night long ago. In it

TORONTO.

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

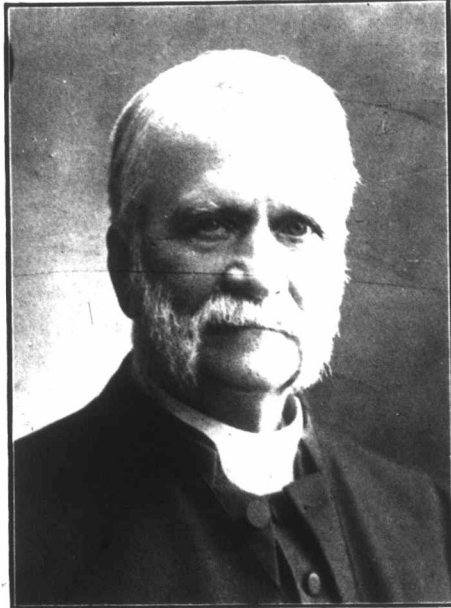
Toronto.—St. Stephen's Church Jubilee.— Sunday November 20th was a red-letter day in the history of St. Stephen's Church. It was the first day of the observance of its 50th anniversary, which was continued throughout the week. A spirit of deep thankfulness to Almighty God was very evident throughout the observance. It was right that it should have been, as St. Stephen's



St. Stephen's Church in 1858.

has been a parish marked by almost continuous growth. Built and opened in 1858, the gift of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Denison, it was burnt in 1865, and opened again five months later. In 1872 the schoolhouse was built, in 1878 the church enlarged, in 1887 the school was enlarged and parish rooms added, in 1890 the church was again enlarged, in 1895 the gymnasium and men's class rooms were built, and in 1902 another addition was made to the church itself. On Advent Sunday morning, the Archbishop of Toronto was present and celebrated the Holy Communion, the Rev. J. S. Broughall taking

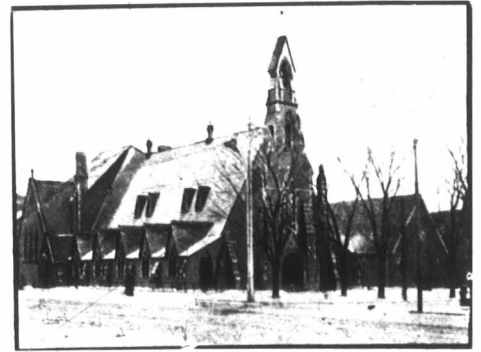
Morning Prayer, and Canon Broughall reading the Lessons. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon Welch of St. James Cathedral, who took as his text Heb. i. 1 and xiii. 8, "At sundry times and in divers manners," "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The preacher emphasized the permanence of the Christian faith, and drew from its history lessons for the needs and work of the congregation at the present day. At the evening service Rev. Canon Macklem, Provost of Trinity College, was the



**Rev Canon A. J. Broughall, D.D., who became
Pastor of St. Stephen's Church in 1861.**

preacher. A men's banquet was held in the gymnasium on Monday evening, at which over 100 sat down. The older men present recalled many of the incidents and difficulties of early days while the greatest hopefulness was expressed for the future by all the speakers. A very largely attended social gathering was held on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday there were

celebrations of the Holy Communion at 7.30 and 9 a.m., Litany and Intercession at 4 p.m., at which Rev. T. W. Powell spoke on "Work," and Evensong at 8 p.m., with a sermon by Rev. T. W. Powell on "The Joy of Service." The special services were continued on Sunday, December 6th, when the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Akron, Ohio, preached morning and evening able and instructive sermons much appreciated. Originally lying in the midst of a very sparse population, when there were few sidewalks and fewer roads worthy of the name, the church is now in one of the most populous parts of the city and on a splendid site, easily reached from any part of the parish. The congregation has



St. Stephen's Church in 1908.

kept pace with the growth of the neighbourhood, the communicants alone numbering over 950 last Easter Day. The first rector of the parish was the late Rev. J. H. McCollum. He was succeeded by the Rev. Canon Broughall, who became rector in 1861. In 1901 the Rev. J. S. Broughall resigned the parish of Whitby to become associated with his father in the work at St. Stephen's. During the last few years a new organ has been installed, the mortgage debt paid off, the rectory and schoolhouse renovated and gymnasium building greatly improved. Last spring the Rev. A. Lisle Reed was appointed curate of the parish.

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St. Jude's.—We hear on good authority that Mr. J. Vaughan-Davies of this church has resigned his position as lay reader, also as director of their Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. We regret this as he was universally liked in the parish, and will be greatly missed by the teachers and scholars alike in the Sunday School and Bible Class. We are confident that whatever duties he undertakes in any church in the city, he will be heartily welcomed, and will be a great acquisition to the clergy.

The A.Y.P.A. Synod Committee of the Diocese of Toronto met on Friday last and carefully considered the changes required in the constitution in order to adapt it to suit local conditions. Very few changes were found to be necessary in the

original as gotten up by the Diocese of Huron and which the Toronto branches have been using since the organization was started in this diocese, about two years ago. The principal addition is a "suggested service for the admission of new members," which has been adopted. The new manual is being printed and will be ready for the various branches in a few days. A new edition has also been printed by the Diocese of Huron, with the service for new members added.

All Saints'.—The Rev. Walter J. Southam was, on the 26th ult. appointed by the Archbishop of Toronto to the rectorship of this church, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Canon Baldwin. The appointment has been received with great satisfaction by the congrega-

tion. The new rector is a man of striking personality, with marked ability as a pulpit orator and with a wonderful record for successful work among men. The Rev. W. J. Southam was born in Birmingham, England, in 1868 and came to Canada in 1880. He engaged in mission work in the Diocese of Rupert's Land for two years under the late Archbishop Machray. On leaving that field he entered the University of Toronto and Wycliffe College, graduating from the University in 1896, taking a post-graduate course in the University of Chicago later, and receiving the degree of B. D. He was ordained both deacon and priest by the Right Rev. Dr. Hamil-

(Continued on page 818.)



The Delegates of the Triennial Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary held in Ottawa, September, 1908.

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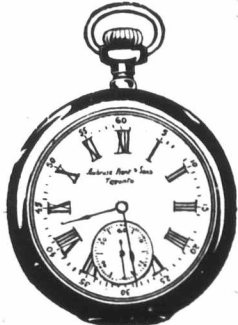
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ST. ACNES.

Poor little Agnes, whose story is so touching, and whose courage and faith were so great, was a little Roman girl, the child of parents of high position and much wealth. They were Christians, too, and brought up their daughter to love God truly. When quite young she was a most earnest little Christian, and had her mind quite made up that she would devote her life to the love and service of God. But when Agnes was only fourteen, the son of Sempronius, the prefect, saw her, and seeing how beautiful she was, he asked her parents to give her to him to be his wife. But Agnes could not endure the thought of the gay and careless life she would have to lead, the frivolous, worldly people she would have to consort with; besides which she knew the young man was not a Christian, and she already vowed herself to God, and she refused to marry him. Agnes, though, was not allowed to go her way in peace. The prefect's son fell ill with rage and disappointment, and the prefect, in revenge sentenced poor little Agnes to all kinds of tortures and insults, which she bore without complaint or murmur. At one time the prefect's son, thinking her spirit must be broken by all she had undergone, made his way to where she was imprisoned, but he was struck down blind, and almost lifeless, at his victim's feet. Agnes prayed for him, and his sight was restored, but by her pity she had only brought on herself a dreadful fate, for the pagan people thought she must be a sorceress, and demanded that she should be put to death. So a pile of faggots was made and set alight, while Agnes lay bound and secured on the top of them; but instead of being tortured and burnt, Agnes lay serene and unhurt—the fire did not touch her. The pagans instead of being filled with awe at the miracle the God of the little Christian had worked for her preservation, grew only more furious; they clamoured for her death,

and to satisfy them the public executioner was ordered to behead her then and there, on the pile; and the little maiden rose, and in her white robes knelt, with head bowed, to receive her death blow. Just outside the walls of Rome stands a chapel on the spot where St. Agnes was martyred, and there two lambs are carried yearly to be blessed, after which they are shorn of their wool, which is made into a cloak to be worn by the Archbishop. In pictures St. Agnes is always represented with a pure white lamb, the emblem of her purity. There is one by Andrea del Sarto which is particularly appealing and beautiful, in which the maiden is sitting, her sweet face turned to heaven as though listening for Christ's voice; beside her, encircled by her arm, crouches a lamb, while behind her, through a window, can be seen a hill with a winding road leading up to the city on its summit.

WEED OR POSY.

The rain was pouring down outside, and indoors the weather was just about as gloomy. Aunt Helen knew that grandma was not feeling very well and the noise disturbed her, so she proposed all the quiet games she knew; but the children would not be persuaded. "I know a new game," she said at last. "It is called 'garden.' I will be the gardener and you may be the plants." "I want to be a rose," said Mabel. "Roses are so lovely." "I won't play a silly game like that," said Ned. "It's no fun." "You can be the thistle," said Mary, quickly. "Every garden has a few weeds." "I'll be a nettle," said Agnes. "I don't feel a bit like being good this horrid afternoon." So the gardener went all around, naming the plants, and in a few minutes everything was as cozy and comfortable as could be. Only the thistle and the nettle grumbled a little, but the other plants be-

haved so nicely that no one paid much attention to them. The flowers in the garden are always prettier than the weeds, so the two lonely weeds had rather a hard time of it in the play. "We are playing a new game, mamma," cried Mabel, when her mother came in to see why everything was so quiet. "Aunt Helen taught it to us, and it's lots of fun. We are all plants in a garden. Can you guess our names?" "I should say this little girl is a touch-me-not," said mamma, laying her hand on Agnes' head. "She doesn't look like a violet or a rose." Even Agnes had to laugh. "I'm tired of being a nettle," she said. "I'd like to be something nice, too." Mamma did not guess very many of the names, but she thought it a very nice game, and said it was time to water the garden. Instead of the big watering-pot filled with warm rain-water, she brought in a tall glass pitcher filled with pink lemonade, and the children did not drink as plants do, but they enjoyed the shower very much. The thistle has turned into a sunflower," said Aunt Helen, with a smile. "I wish all the weeds in my garden would turn to flowers after a shower, for I don't like to have them in my nice beds." "I'm never going to be a weed again," said Agnes. "It isn't half as nice as being a posy."

THE DEAR OLD TREE.

There's a dear old tree, an evergreen tree
And it blossoms once a year.
'Tis loaded with fruit from top to root,
And it brings to all good cheer.

For its blossoms bright are small candles white,
And its fruit is dolls and toys.
And they all are free for both you and me
If we're good little girls and boys.

—St. Nicholas

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THE LITTLE BROTHER.

It was Christmas Eve and every where over the world—except in topsy-turvy lands like China—children were going to bed. Everywhere too, except perhaps in darkest Africa, people were laughing over something pleasant. The expressmen who were delivering packages and the pu- heart men who were selling wreaths and holly branches, and—yes, even the tired shoppirls back of the counters in the department stores—were smiling, while the mothers and fathers who were helping Santa Claus by buying last things, or trimming trees or tying boxes, were laughing outright. In fact everyone was feeling nice and jolly except Mary Ernestine—and she was crying. The fire in the nursery grate shone through the bars of her bed and made even the brass balls smile and glisten, and her little stockings hanging all ready for Santa to fill fairly grinned with expectation. Blanche May, Mary Ernestine's doll, and Lion, Mary Ernestine's fluffy little dog, kept three eyes on the fire and one eye on Dreamland, ready for fun either place, but Mary Ernestine had pulled the covers quite over her head and shut both eyes so tight that it was a wonder the tears could squeeze through. No one could hear her crying, not even Lion—that is, so she thought but in that she quite mistaken. You see, her trouble was one which most people, grown-ups and children, have cried about sometime or other in their lives. She had wanted it for more than a year, and this Christmas she had been sure some of her aunts or uncles or her dear grandmother or Santa Claus would have it ready for her, but when she whispered it in Nurse's ear an hour ago, Nurse had shaken her head very sadly and kissed her and petted her and said: "No, my dearie, no, my poor pet, the good Lord can't send little brothers just everywhere. Now be a good child! How would a big doll-house with a kitchen do you?—you'd like that, wouldn't you?" But Mary Ernestine got very white and grave and would not put her head down on Nurse's shoulder. And when grandmother came up to hear her say her prayers it was even harder, for grandmother told her too that she had better ask for a big doll-house with real cupboards and bath-tubs, and that God did not send little brothers to houses where there were

no mothers and fathers to care for them. Mary Ernestine had got very excited and said she would take all the care of a little brother herself; he could sleep in her bed and have all her toys and Nurse would help her bathe him, and then when he was grown a large boy they could play together and maybe some day when he was really grown up he would take her hand the way Nurse did when she was afraid. But grandmother shook her head, just as Nurse had done, and patted Mary Ernestine and loved her while she told that it could not be. "But grandmother, you said once that God could do everything." Mary Ernestine's lip was trembling very much but she was not crying yet. "Yes, my lamb!—but there are some things God does not do for us. Try to go to sleep. Try not to wish for a little brother!" Grandmother spoke very gently, and then she tucked Mary Er-

ned crying and tossed the covers back. She had been asleep and dreaming for many hours. Her dreams had not been very happy ones, and she had flung her arms about, as children will if they are not enjoying the night in Dreamland, when suddenly she heard the jolliest peal of bells—sleigh bells and fairy bells, and church bells, which were rung so joyously that they turned clear over and began again, like acrobats on a trapeze. The bells were playing a tune and even the words were quite, quite plain: at least Mary Ernestine understood them without a bit of trouble. This is what they said:—

"Merry, merry tidings! merry, merry tidings!
Good joy coming! good joy coming!
Listen, listen!
Here's your Brother! here's your Brother!
Always love Him—always, always!"

Little Brother understood and just patted her gently until she really and truly fell asleep. When she awoke it was Christmas morning. And such a very delightful Christmas Day it was. Her stockings were so full that she was all morning undoing things that bulged out of them. Her aunts and uncles and her dear grandmother sat about and laughed and talked and were glad with her. They thought it was the toys that made her so jolly and pleased, and the big doll-house with real bath-tubs, but it wasn't. It was her Little Brother Jesus that had come for always.

THE INDIAN WIFE AND MOTHER

The Seminole woman is a devoted mother and wife, and her position in the life of the tribe is of considerable importance. She is the boss of her

wigwam, and on many questions of tribal import she is consulted. If she finds it necessary to her happiness and peace of mind to obtain a divorce from her brave, she is permitted to do so without disgrace, and her children are invariably awarded to her. In return for these privileges the Seminole woman is unusually patriotic. She not only maintains the highest possible moral standard for her people, but she excludes outsiders entirely. Any young squaw who allows her heart to stray to a white man, and to allow that straying to be known, is subject to death. There is a legend to the effect that one

such case occurred, and that the guilty squaw was found one day hanging to a tree, where all the women in the tribe had helped to hang her. The cherishing of the women is said to come from a desire to preserve the race, and as marriages outside of the tribes are not allowed and marriages in the tribe are governed by a strict law of gens, the women, young and old, are cherished as carefully as are white women, and the behaviour of the Seminole brave differs considerably in this regard from that of the braves in other tribes where women are more numerous.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Charles Wesley.



A Happy Family.

nestine in all round and kissed her hot little cheek and sighed, and turned out the light and went softly away. It was after that that Mary Ernestine pulled the covers over her head and began to cry, and all the while she kept saying between her dry little sobs: "Please, O God, give me a little brother! Please! please!" Gradually the fire flickered lower and lower until there was nothing left of it but a red heart; gradually the great lit-up city put out its lights—except the street ones that burn all night; and after a while all the smiling, tired people who had been helping Santa Claus were in bed, and it grew stiller and stiller until "nothing was stirring, not even a mouse." In Mary Ernestine's nursery even Lion and Blanche May had fallen asleep. Lion had closed both his eyes and the doll's china eyelids had fallen with a click. Mary Ernestine herself had long since stop-

And there was such a glow of light in the room that Mary Ernestine did not remember to open her eyes, so well could she see with them shut. A great, beautiful being with wings stood beside the bed and held—yes, only think, held—the Little Jesus in his arms right towards Mary Ernestine! She knew it was the Little Jesus because He had swaddling bands round Him and stretched out His arms the way He did in His pictures. And the beautiful angel with wings said: "Mary Ernestine, here is your Little Brother. He loves you very much. Whenever you like you may have Him in your play, and when you are afraid He'll take your hand." Then the bells began again—

"Always love Him—always, always!" And Mary Ernestine felt her Little Brother's hand pat her cheek and she was so very, very glad that she could not speak nor move, but the

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(TORONTO—Continued from Page 815.)

ton, Lord Bishop of Ottawa, and his first parochial work was a curacy of two years in St. George's Church, Ottawa, where he was most successful. The Rev. Dr. Southam then became Travelling Secretary for the Canadian Church Missionary Society, and was selected by the Society to labour in East Africa. Later his special qualifications for work among men led Mr. J. R. Mott, Field Secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement throughout the world, to request that he be transferred to China to undertake an important work among the young men in Hong Kong. After five years of labour in that field he returned to Canada on furlough and on account of domestic reasons found that he could not return. The reverend gentleman thereupon engaged in special organization work in the Student Volunteer and young men's movements, having complete charge in 1907 of the Students' Convention at Nashville, Tenn., where 4,500 students from 750 colleges were gathered. He lately completed an important undertaking in connection with Wellesley College, from which institution he has held license under the Archbishop of Toronto since his return from China. It is expected that Mr. Southam will enter upon his duties as rector of this parish about the beginning of the new year.

Cartwright.—The rector of this parish, the Rev. J. H. Kidd, was agreeably surprised recently when at a gathering of the congregation of the mission at Devitt's Hall he was presented with a purse of forty dollars. Mr. Robert Bruce read the address, while Mrs. Bruce presented the purse. Mr. Kidd replied feelingly.

NIACARA.

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

St. Catharines.—Ridley College has just erected a new dormitory building for thirty boys, and a married masters' residence. This is the third residential building at Ridley. This school is adopting the English system residences, instead of housing large numbers under one roof. The plan entails greater cost, but has many advantages in the way of oversight of the boys. The new building will be ready for occupation in January.

Georgetown.—St. George's.—The Rev. Robert Atkinson, rector of this parish, has been elected president of the Halton Ministerial Association in the place of the Rev. M. Wilson, who is removing to Hamilton.



New Dormitory Building for Boys and Married Masters' Residence, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

Thorold.—St. John's.—A most successful Parochial Mission has just been concluded in this church. The missionary, the Rev. H. M. Little, of Pen-tanguishene, gave forty addresses during the two weeks of his stay, all of which were soul-stirring, and must result in much lasting good. A large number of the members renewed their baptismal vows, and have resolved to live the higher life. They will not soon forget the Mission of 1908. We feel deeply grateful to the

Parish of Pen-tanguishene for the loan of their rector, and we heartily thank Almighty God for the message that His servant has delivered to us through him.

HURON

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

Woodstock.—St. Paul's. A most successful Talent tea was held on the 26th ult. under the auspices of the old and new St. Paul's branches of the W.A., at the residence of the Misses Word-roofe, who reside on Riddle Street. The financial results were much above expectation. The whole of the amount realized by this tea is to be sent to Mr. Antle for the Columbia Coast Mission.



Rev. W. J. Southam, appointed Rector of All Saints', Toronto.

Windsor.—Church of the Ascension.—The choir of this church, numbering over 30 voices appeared in vestments for the first time on the first Sunday in Advent. The change has added much to the dignity and reverence of the service. The choir is in charge of Mr. Edward Wilkinson and Miss Hind, daughter of Rev. D. H. Hind, of St. John's Church, Sandwich, is the organist. At the evening services during the Advent season the rector, the Rev. W. H. Snelgrove, is preaching a series of special sermons on "The Future Life."

harmonious and altogether makes a very handsome window. The work was executed by the Lyon Glass Company, of Toronto.

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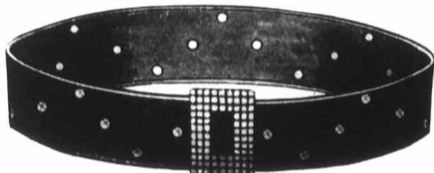
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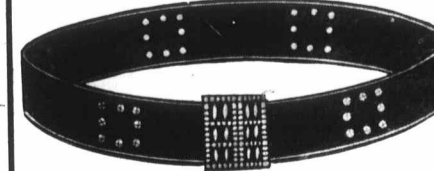
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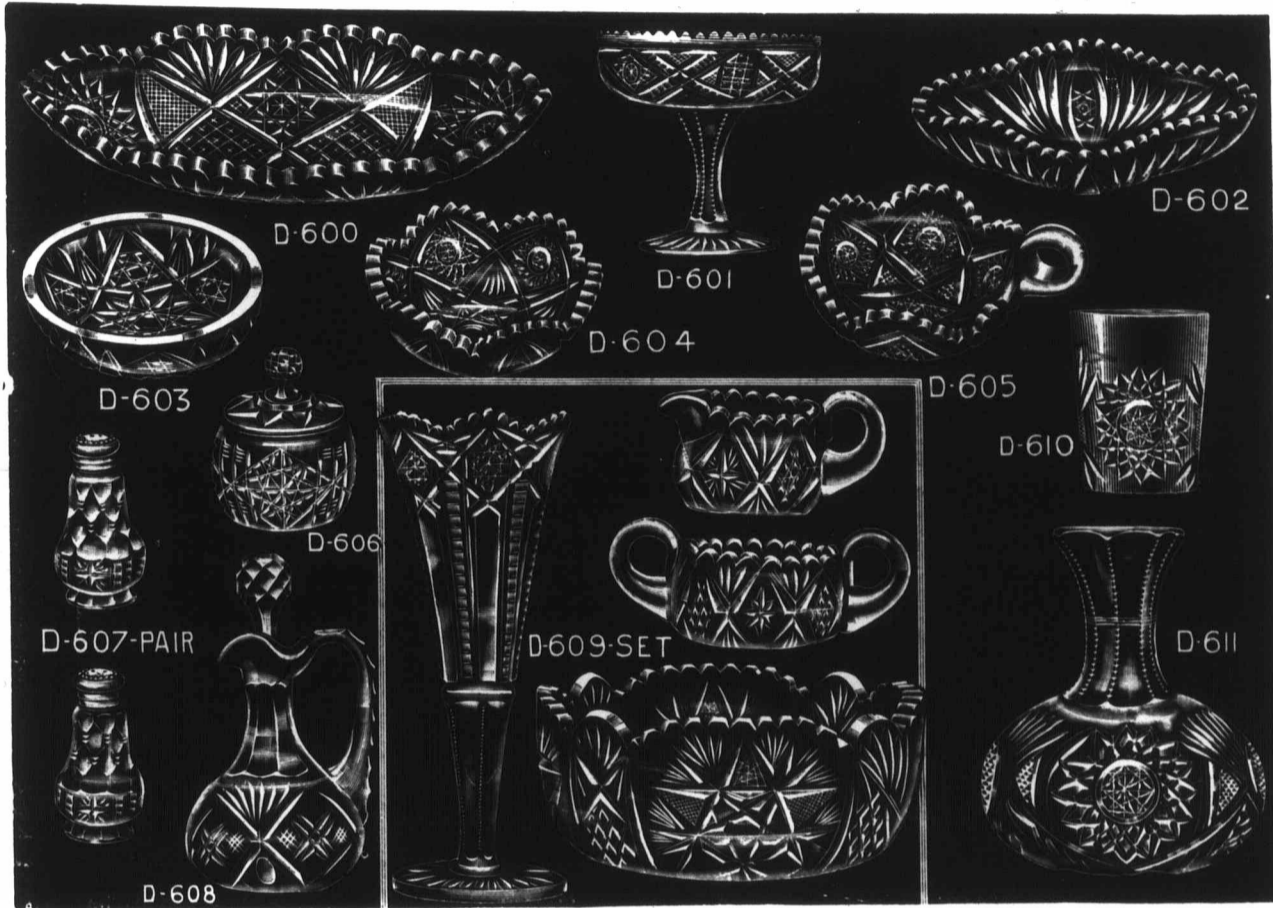


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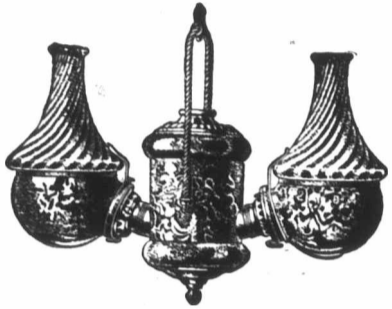
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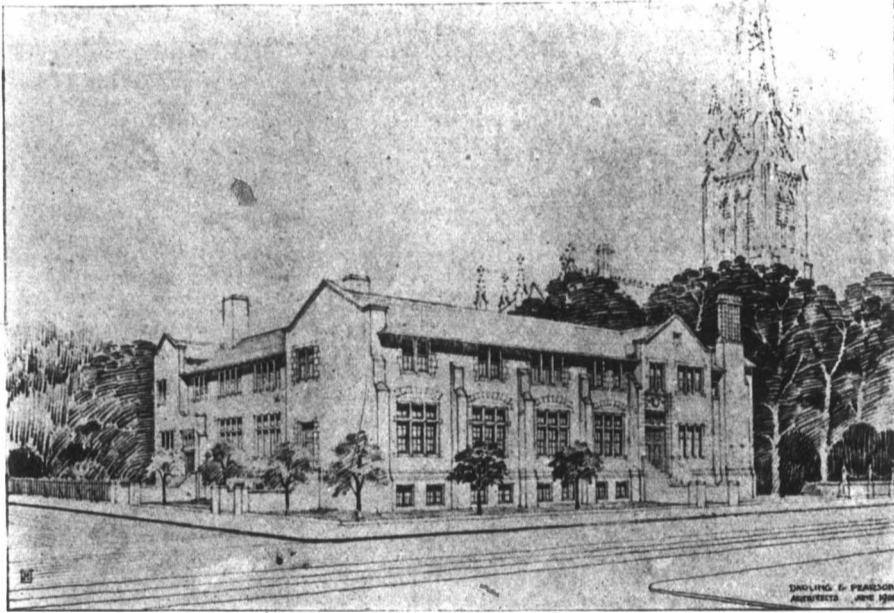
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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO THE SETTLEMENT.

The train had pulled up along the platform and the barnlike shed which answered for the station, at the settlement out on the Nevada plains. The passing of the daily train was the only thing that happened out there, and Jule always came down to watch for it that she might have something to tell Joey about. To-day the train stopped longer than usual, and some men gathered about the engine and talked of hot boxes. But Jule cared nothing for hot boxes, and paid no attention to the men. She was looking for a boy to tell Joey about. Her eyes travelled from one square of glass to another disappointedly; then she stopped and started. A girl was beckoning to her. "Come here a moment," she called, holding out something round and yellow. "Can you catch?" she asked with a merry little laugh. Jule nodded, holding up two hands for it. "What is it?" she asked, wonderingly. "Why, it's an orange!" the girl exclaimed, incredulously. "Don't you know what an orange is?" Then she added, "You peel off that thick skin and eat the fruit inside." Into Jule's eyes flashed an eager hope. "Are they good for sick boys?" she asked; "lame ones that don't like things, mostly?" "Yes," the girl answered, "I should think so. Do you know some one like that?" "Joey," Jule responded briefly. "Who is Joey?" "Brother," Jule answered, looking about with the evident intention of slipping away. The girl hesitated. Then a glint of silver from the tiny cross pinned to her jacket sent the swift colour to her face.

She leaned out of the window and dropped down some chocolates. "Those," she said. "If you like them, I'll give you more." Jule bit one, experimentally. "Oh, my!" she gasped in delight. "Didn't you ever eat candy before—not even at Christmas?" cried the girl. "What's Christmas?" asked Jule. The girl looked around. Her father was outside; it would be all right for her to go out a moment. She picked up her box of Huyler's candy and hurried out to the steps. She sat down on the car steps. "Do you tell Joey stories?" she asked. "Reckon so," Jule answered. The other girl leaned forward with sweet earnestness. "I will give you this box of chocolates," she said, "if you will listen to the story of Christmas. It is the loveliest story in the world. You can tell it to Joey afterwards." "Go on," Jule answered. She listened silently until the end; then she said positively: "Don't believe it." "Oh!" the girl cried, eagerly. "You don't know how He loves us and wants us to love Him." Jule answered nothing. The group of men had broken up and

they were walking back to the cars. The other girl leaned forward suddenly. "I'm going to give you something," she said. "I'm going to give you this silver cross, so that whenever you look at it, it will remind you of the story of the star. I must go back now, but will you tell me your name first?" "Tim Burton's Jule," the girl answered, mechanically. The engine shrieked once or twice and the train began to move. "Oh, Joey, you never dreamed anything like it!" exclaimed Jule. "Look at this yellow apple orange," the girl called it; and here's a whole box of sugar things. Just you taste one, Joey!" They teased all the afternoon, but it was night in the soft shadows out in the sand when Jule told the story of the star. Joey believed it all. "Wish't I could hev seen Him!" he cried. "He must hev been good. Jule, would you let me keep the cross sometimes? Mebbe I wouldn't get so cross then, when my back hurts, if I thought He cared about it, you know." "You kin hev it all the time, an' you ain't ever cross!" Jule cried passionately.



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Joey's thin voice was full of longing: "If only He'd said something so we'd know an' be sure He knew us!" he said, wistfully. The days grew shorter and bleak winds blew sharply across the desert. Yet day after day Jule went down to the train and watched for "the other girl." She never imagined that anything had come except through the girl. But one night the stationmaster called her. "Are you Miss Burton?" he asked, quizzically, looking from her to a big box on the platform. Jule stared in amazement. "Reckon I am," she said, "though t'aint common to call my name proper, like that." The man laughed. "I guess it's all right," he returned. "That box goes your way. If I was back in the States, I'd say it looked like Christmas." "Christmas!" That was the word the girl had said. Jule started across to the box and began tugging at it. Tired, breathless, exultant, she got it home at last and chopped it open. Joey leaned over it, his face flushed with excitement. In absolute silence he pulled out candies, fruit, pictures and toys, till the floor was strewn with them. Then he looked up. "Jule!" he cried. "Let's give some to everybody at the settlement. He would, you know. Don't you think He'd like it?" Jule hesitated; then she answered steadily; "Yes, Joey, I reckon He would. You divide the things, and we'll ask everybody to drop in to-night." That was the way that Christmas came to the settlement.—By Mabel Nelson Thurston.

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full of longing : something so He knew us!" The days grew ls blew sharply t day after day the train and er girl." She anything had the girl. But nmaster called Burton?" he king from her latform. Jule "Reckon I gh t'aint come proper, like ned. "I guess urned. "That If I was back it looked like mas!" That had said. Jule box and began breathless, ex- ae at last and y leaned over ith excitement. he pulled ou and toys, till ith them. Then e!" he creid, erybody at the ld, you know, like it?" Jule nswered stead- kon He would. and we'll ask -night." That smas came to Mabel Nelson

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Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireplace broad and wide,
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho-ho!" with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one,
I know who dwells in this house,
My dear.
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney-place,

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And measured a sock with a sober face,
Just then a wee little note fell out
And fluttered low, like a bird about,
"Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specks up close to his eyes,
And read the address in a child's rough plan.
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall,
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's. I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said, with a sigh,
Then softly he blew, through the chimney high,
A note like a bird's as it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen on this side earth's portals.
"Hurry up!" said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!

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Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
"She'll think it came from the sky,
I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying: "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child

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Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."
The wind caught the words, and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky.
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good will" with him everywhere.
—Sarah Kebbles Hunt.

EVA'S CHRISTMAS LESSON.

Eva and Edith were twins, and their mother had promised to give them a Christmas party.

For days they discussed who should be invited. "We can have only twelve," said Eva. "We can't ask all the girls in our class. Of course we wouldn't ask the Long girls. They are too poor to go to a party, anyway."

"I should like to know why they are too poor," said Edith. "I should think it would be all the nicer to go to a party if you were poor, and didn't have any pretty things at home."

"You don't understand at all." You would have thought, from Eva's tone, that she was years older than her sister. "They have no nice clothes, and they would be ashamed. And there isn't room for them at the table, anyway."

"Then let some of the rich girls stay away," said Edith. "They can go to other parties, and have parties of their own. I think there ought to be room for the poor children, especially at Christmas. Please, Eva, let me not sit down at the table, 'cause the Long girls are dreadfully little, and we can put them both into my place."

Eva kissed her sister. "You are so queer," she said. "You always talk just like a Sunday School class. We'll have to have the Long girls, after you've said all those solemn things about it. It wouldn't seem like keeping a real Christmas if we didn't."

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GIOTTO.

There was once a little Italian boy, dark-eyed and bare-legged, who was very poor. He had to be out all day and tend to sheep on the hills, but even while caring for his stock he would take chips and with a piece of charcoal which he always carried with him would draw sheep and lambs and men and cattle, making them look very natural. One day as Giotto was tending his sheep, and at the same time drawing on the flat surface of a rock, a man walked up and watched him at work. The stranger was distinguished looking and richly dressed. When Giotto saw him he thought he was some prince, and tried to conceal his drawing for fear of the visitor's ridicule. "Why do you do that, my lad?" asked the stranger. "You have done nothing to be ashamed of, but something to be proud of." "Do you think so?"

asked Giotto, joyously. "I was afraid the drawing was wrong." "Not at all," answered the man. "Who taught you to be so true to nature?" "No one has taught me," replied Giotto. "I have drawn ever since I can remember. The stranger meanwhile was studying the drawing on the rock. It was only that of a sheep and her lamb, but it was almost perfect. "It is wonderful," he said. "Such art as you possess ought to make you a great painter." "Do you think I ever could paint great pictures like those in the churches of Florence? Oh, if I could paint like Cimabue!" "What would you do if you could?" asked

the visitor curiously. "Oh, I would make pictures so great and beautiful that the whole world should talk not of me, but my work," cried Giotto, in excitement, forgetting everything but his desire to be a painter. "Come down to the city to-morrow and we will look at some of Cimabue's paintings, in the Duomo," said the stranger. "I cannot leave my sheep," answered Giotto; "and to-morrow will be a holiday. But I would like very much to visit them with you." "What are you earning a day? If you will tell me, perhaps we may arrange matters satisfactorily." Giotto named a small sum equal in value to about three cents in our money. "Well, here is a pistole," and the man threw a gold coin into the hands of the amazed boy. "Now, do not fail me to-morrow," he said, and in another minute he had walked away. "He

must be a prince or a duke to be so rich," thought the boy, and he could scarcely sleep that night, thinking of the princely gentleman who had given him the gold and was to show him the great Cimabue's pictures at Florence on the morrow. In the morning his mother combed his long black curling locks, and dressed in his best cap and jacket, Giotto went whistling down from Ves-pignini to the great city on the Arno, which was even then famous for its arts and treasures. There he found his visitor of the previous day awaiting him, and together they visited the Duomo and the other cathedrals where the works of Cimabue were to be found. One picture was there which held Giotto spellbound. It was a Madonna for an altar piece. The soft, melancholy face of the Virgin and the winning grace of the infant Christ completely charmed his fancy. "Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" he

cried, clapping his hands with delight. "And do you see a fault in it?" asked his companion. "Who would look for faults when the whole is so grand, so beautiful," said the boy, his hands clasped, his eyes gazing with a look of adoration at the sublime creation. "Nobody," perhaps, but an artist, and you are that, my lad; and there is nothing perfect in this world, you know." A long time Giotto gazed upward at the painting, changing his position so as to view it from all sides. At last he sighed. "Ah, I see you have found a blemish at last," said his guide. "What is it?" "I do not know. Who am I to dare to criticise a work like that?" "Out with it, Giotto, or I shall believe you are never going to be a great painter." Giotto looked down and his face was troubled. "I see nothing," he stammered, "only if there be a fault

anywhere, there is an overweight in the size of the Virgin's head as compared with the slighthness of her frame." "Ha! ha! What did I say?" and the man clapped Giotto on the back. "What did I tell you, only that you had great skill and that you will be a greater painter than I." "And you are—" "The great Cimabue himself, whom all worship, and you, a shepherd boy of the hills, have dared to criticise a picture that they call faultless." Giotto fell upon his knees and hid his face in his hands. "Forgive me! forgive me!" he cried. "I did not know." "There is nothing to forgive," said Cimabue. "You have the genius of a great artist, and henceforth you shall be one of my pupils." "And you will teach me to be a painter?" said Giotto, his joy so great that he could hardly speak. "I'll teach you all I know. Nay, no more thanks. It is I that should thank you. Giotto, your



Improving An Opportunity.

genius surpasses mine, and in the days to come Cimabue's greatest fame will be that you were his pupil." It sounds like a fairy tale, but it all happened about six hundred years ago, and Giotto lived to prove Cimabue's prediction true. The little shepherd boy became the great painter of his age and the founder of a school. His name is associated with all famous names of Italy in his time. He was the friend of Dante, the protegee of Pope Clement V., and the honoured guest of King Robert the Wise of Naples. In all the churches of Italy to-day you will find his pictures, great paintings, so faithfully, so accurately portrayed that the peasant children say when looking at his angels, "Giotto must have seen a real angel to have been able to paint pictures so wonderful." Florence counts him among her heroes, for it was there, in the beau-

tiful city of the Arno, on whose spires and towers he had gazed so often when a boy, that Giotto did his best and greatest work. In the Duomo are his pictures, more wonderful than Cimabue's, and in the heart of the city stands his proudest monument. Giotto was an architect as well as a painter—the glorious Campanile, he built, which everybody admires for its grace and beauty.

DOINGS OF A FLOCK OF SPARROWS.

Someone has said that the world, without flowers, would be as desolate as a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome. Would it not be quite as desolate a place without its feathered songsters, the birds? Just over the way lives a little girl, a cripple from her infancy, who, in the absence of other companions, has formed an earnest friendship with a little flock of song-sparrows, which she considers her own. These bright mornings the muslin curtains of her window are drawn back, and the thin, white hands of my little neighbour dispense crumbs to the tiny visitors, who are always in time for their breakfasts. How animated they seem, and how eager their conversation! What beautiful thoughts they must be able to convey in household words that are songs in many keys! Perhaps their child-friend has learned a great life-lesson from this very source, for, though her sensitive lips are sometimes

drawn with pain that seems more than her frail body can bear, she is never known to utter a fretful, complaining word. It is truly a pleasant experience to see her clap her hands when she is permitted to meet her little friends at the window, and to hear her admonish them, in a silvery treble, not to be greedy. They flit gaily down the garden walk in answer, conscious, perhaps, that their modest dresses appear to advantage among the rows of blue velvety pansies. What wonderful little creatures they are! I feel their insignificance fading away, and the words of Holy Writ take a deeper and a tenderer meaning: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them shall fall to the ground without His knowledge? Fear not, then; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

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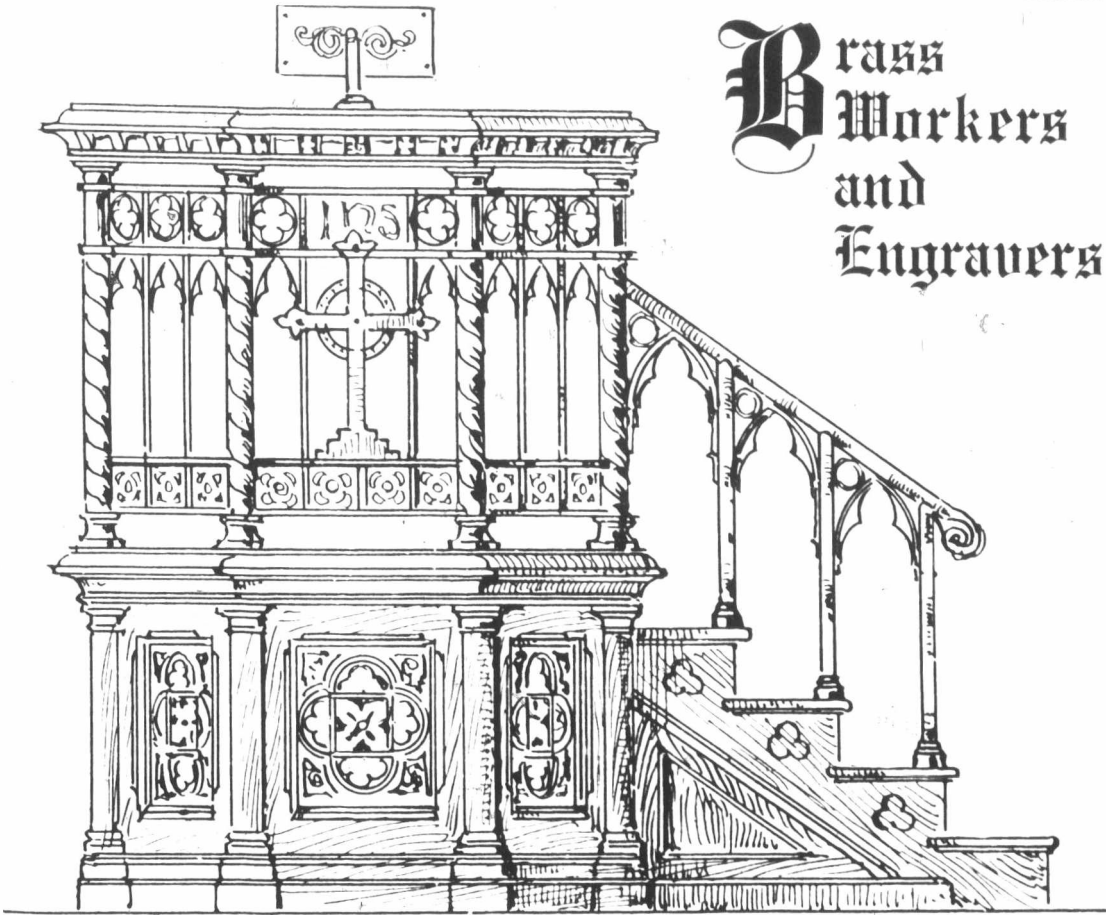
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