

9, 1909.

S & L

Manufacturers
one
rics.
ISTS.
DON, ENG.
seum
Liverpool.

The Church
onto.
wa
op of Ottawa
onto.
been moved to
the Corner of
her Avenue.
y, September

CHARGE

RCH
SCHOOL FOR
BOYS.

from Toronto
p of Toronto. Large
nds. Boys prepared
and Royal Military
Attention given to
nating commercial
January 10th
apply to M. E.
ad Master.

ines, Ont.
OR BOYS.

pen; completely
the universities,
at careful over-
d.
A., D.C.L.
Principal.

adies'



or Resident-
with
ment.

Matriculation,
ions in Music
and German,
School, with
n, under grad-
school, Cricket
aming bath.

, Principal.
apply to the
gins February

S.

Send for
Hillsboro, O.

s now poss-
e reached an
es, a vigor-
has a nono-
Exeter, and
ans; whilst
ster, Ripon,
s, Hereford,
hester, and
arians. Thus
are upwards
and the re-
of Lichfield,
would have
twenty.

CANADIAN CHURCHMEN

CHRISTMAS, A.D. 1909.

WM. BARBER & BROS.

LIMITED
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

PAPER

MAKERS

MANUFACTURERS OF MACHINE FINISHED

BOOK PAPERS

WOVE AND LAID, ANTIQUE
AND SMOOTH FINISH

COLORED COVERS

IN EVERY STANDARD COLOR AND GRADE
CARRIED IN STOCK OR MADE TO ORDER
IN ONE THOUSAND POUND LOTS

ALSO POSTERS IN 5 COLORS

We make a
specialty of paper for
half-tone catalogues,
society journals,
religious weeklies
and
litho. labels

JOHN R. BARBER, President

J. L. McNICOL, Superintendent

R. B. BARBER, Sales Agent, Mail Building, Toronto.

The
weekly issue of
the
Canadian Churchman
is printed on
paper from this
mill.

RENE R. BARBER, Manager

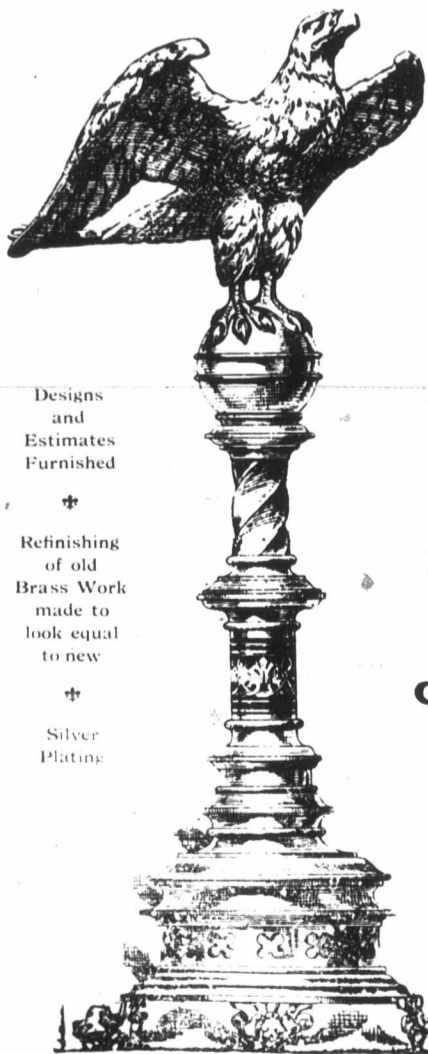
TOTAL SECURITY:
\$22,600,000.00



CANADA BRANCH:
8 RICHMOND STREET EAST
TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, MANAGER

Church Brasswork

AND ART METAL WORKERS



Designs
and
Estimates
Furnished

Refinishing
of old
Brass Work
made to
look equal
to new

Silver
Plating

All Kinds of Special
Brass Work
made to
order

Altar Rails
Altar Rail
Standards

Prayer
Desks

Font Ewers

All Kinds
of

Chandeliers,
Standards
and
Brackets

Eagle and Rail
Lecterns

Brass Vases
Collection Plates

Alms Dishes

Brass Pulpits

Memorial Brasses

Gas Chandeliers

of every description

CHADWICK BROS.

Brass Founders
Operating the largest Brass Works in Canada

HAMILTON, ONT.

Canadian Churchman

DOMINION CHURCHMAN, CHURCH EVANGELIST AND CHURCH RECORD
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
ESTABLISHED 1871

Vol. 36

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1909.

No. 48.

\$20.00

For twenty dollars we make to order a neat dressy Sack Suit,

"Clerical or Lay"

If graduating let us make your first clericals; price will be very satisfactory.

E. T. BERKINSHAW
348 Yonge St. TORONTO

TEMPORARY DUTY—Rev. Canon Jarvis is prepared to take temporary duty, city or country. Apply 34 Hazelton Avenue, Toronto.

POSITIONS SECURED—for Episcopal Clergymen in the United States. Write for circulars. The Clerical Registry, 136 Fifth Ave., New York City.

WANTED ORGANISTS to fill several Church vacancies in the United States. Salaries \$500 to \$1,000. Write Webster's Choir Exchange, 136 Fifth Ave. New York.

CHRISTMAS CARDS—for Sunday schools. "Helps to Prayer" cards are helpful and ornamental. Thousands sold. Per doz. 20c, per 100, \$1.25. R. Mason 21 Howland Ave., Toronto.

WANTED—St. Augustins, Lethbridge, Alta. Diocese of Calgary. Correspondence will be received with a view to filling vacancy of Rector, occurring Jan. 31st, 1910. Address: The Church Wardens, St. Augustins, Alta.

PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS
A Clergyman of long experience in Church building is prepared to supply plans and specifications for Churches, Parsonages, Church Furniture and Decorations, and Restoration. References: His Grace the Archbishop, The Bishops of Ontario, Ottawa, Algoma and Quebec. Address A. J. Canadian Churchman Toronto

P. C. BROWNE & CO.
SPECIALISTS IN
CHURCH DECORATION



In number and importance of Churches. In high standard of work. **UNEQUALLED in the PROVINCE.**
85 Macdonnell Ave., Toronto.

"MESSIAH"

MASSEY HALL, DECEMBER 30, 1909

Toronto Festival Chorus

Toronto Orchestra

Dr. F. H. Torrington, - Conductor
Tickets, \$1.00, 75c., 50c.
Subscribers' List at Massey Hall

At Christmas, play and make good cheer, for Christmas comes but once a year.—Tusser.

THE
THORNTON-SMITH CO.
CHURCH DECORATORS
11 King Street W. Toronto

HOTEL CECIL
OTTAWA ONT.

Walter B. Walby, Prop.
Finest, Most Homelike, and Modern Hotel in the City
Special Rates to the Clergy.

The
WARREN CHURCH ORGAN CO
WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Have one of the best equipped factories and have built some of the largest organs in Canada and the United States.
SPECIALTIES: Workmanship, tone volume, balance, variety of effect.

DRINK HABIT

THE DRINK HABIT thoroughly cured by the Fittz Treatment—nothing better in the world. Rev. Canon Dixon, 417 King St. E., has agreed to answer questions—he handled it for year Clergymen and doctors all over the Dominion order for those addicted to drink. Write for particulars about a ten days free trial.

Strictly confidential. Fittz Cure Co., P. O. Box 214, Toronto

JOHN POURE
Churches, Music Hall and Lodge Room
DECORATOR
OIL, WATER OR, PRESSED WORK.
Grey Street, - London, Ont.

MEMORIAL
English Antique
Stained Glass.
WINDOWS

The N. T. LYON GLASS CO. Ltd
141-143 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Memorial Windows
Scripture subjects skilfully treated in richest

English Antique Glass
"Quality" has first place with us.

Robert McCausland, Ltd.
86 Wellington St., West, TORONTO

DANIEL STONE
UNDERTAKER
82 West Bloor St. Telephone North 3684

Choir Vestments

CASSOCKS SURPLICES
COLLEGE CAPS & C.
for MEN, BOYS AND LADIES.

GEO. HARCOURT & SON
57 King St. W.
TORONTO.

MRS. JOAN BISHOP
Artistic Costuming

The latest and most select novelties in Trimmings and All Gownings
28 COLLEGE ST. PHONE N. 5157.

WM. SMITH & SON,
LIMITED

Manufactures of
Church Seats, Church Furniture, and School Seats
CHESLEY, ONTARIO.

The Alexander Engraving Co.
16 Adelaide Street West, - Toronto

Half-tone Engravings, Zinc Etchings, Wood Cuts, Designing and Commercial Photography.

Our Cuts Give Satisfaction.
Samples on application. Phone Main 215.

St. Augustine Wine

Registered Communion Wine
\$1.50 per Gallon. (25c. extra for container.) \$4.50 per doz. Qts. (bottled), F.O.B. here. Direct importer of Foreign Wines and Spirits
Telephone Main 625.

J. C. MOOR, 433 Yonge St., TORONTO



CHRISTMAS ANTHEMS AND CAROLS

We will gladly send "on approval" to any organist or choirmaster, samples of Christmas Anthems and Carols.

We are sole agents for Caleb Simper's and Ambrose Abbott & Co's anthems and carry a good stock of all the favorite English publications. If you are interested in these or in Organ Voluntaries, anthems or services for general use, organ voluntaries (pipe or reed), secular choruses, or in general music supplies we would be glad to hear from you.

Ashdown's Music Store
144 Victoria Street, Toronto

SPECIAL OFFER To Men Who Smoke
French Briar Pipe "bent or straight" 50c.
Finest quality Tobacco Pouch 50c.
1 lb. package Clubb's Dollar Mixture 25c.
\$1.25
Till Christmas we will send this Complete Smoker's Outfit prepaid to any address for **\$1.00**
Order Early Satisfaction Guaranteed
A. CLUBB & SONS, 5 King West Toronto

REV. DR. PATERSON SMYTH'S WORKS

A Page from the catalog of Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. London, England

Twentieth English Edition (125,000 Crown 8vo, 128 pages. Illustrated

HOW WE GOT OUR BIBLE

Cloth 35c. Post paid, paper 20c. post paid net.

Tenth Thousand. 222 pages. cloth 90c. post paid

HOW GOD INSPIRED THE BIBLE

Thoughts for the Present Disquiet.

"A scholarly and cultured attempt to calm the minds of those who, in the favourite phrase, are 'trembling for the ark.'"—Literary World.

THE DIVINE LIBRARY:

Suggestions How to Read the Bible

Cloth, 35c post paid

"Would that we could have had such a book published before us as a people half a century ago! But sad to suspect, it might have been condemned and repudiated by the very nearly universal assent of Protestant Christendom. And yet it is packed close and deep with commonsense, true learning, and real religion. It teaches many lessons which scholars have, long ago, been forced to learn, but which they have all too timidly and slowly taught their hearer to and readers."—Literary World.

Fifth Edition. 216 pages cloth extra, 90c. post paid

With eleven illustrations

THE OLD DOCUMENTS & THE NEW BIBLE

AN EASY LESSON FOR THE PEOPLE IN BIBLICAL CRITICISM

Second Edition. Price 35c, post paid

SOCIAL SERVICE IDEALS

A Programme for the New Century

"This book is a trumpet call to action. We earnestly commend it to all Christian and patriotic men."—News Letters.

THE PREACHER AND HIS SERMON

Cloth, 50c, post paid

The Church. Its Divisions; Its Project of Reunion. Paper, 20c, post paid

THE BIBLE FOR THE YOUNG

A SERIES FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES BY R. V. J. PATERSON SMYTH, B.D., LL.D., Litt. D., Rector of St. George's Montreal, late Professor Pastoral Theology, University of Dublin

1. GENESIS (ready). 2. MOSES AND THE EXODUS (ready). 3. JOSHUA AND THE JUDGES (ready). 4. ISRAEL'S PROPHECY AND KING'S (ready). 5. ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM (ready). 6. LIFE OF OUR LORD FROM THE FOUR GOSPELS. 7. THE PRAYER-BOOK.

Each Volume, cloth 50c. Paper 35c. post paid
The Publishers desire to draw special attention to this series. As far as they know there is no other series published with the same peculiar aim, not only to make the Bible story vivid and interesting, but also to save the child from doubt and perplexity after years by teaching him now what the most thoughtful and reverent scholars agree in thinking about the Bible. Therefore they anticipate a very great sale for it when it becomes fully known.

To be had of all Canadian Booksellers

ESTABLISHED 1864
LYE & SONS

Church Organ Builders,

Tubular Pneumatic Organs, finest one quality, great durability. Address
10 to 16 St. Nicholas St., Toronto

4 Stop Church Organ for Sale—one Manual full compass Pedal Pipes. Write for price and terms.

When writing to or purchasing from Advertisers mention "The Canadian Churchman."

"ST. AUGUSTINE"

Registered

The Perfect Invalids' & Communion Wine.

"St. Augustine" is a sound pure wine, better cannot be obtained.

Rev. Canon Dann.

Cases 12 Qts. \$4.50; 24 Pts. \$5.50 F. O. B. Brantford.

J. S. HAMILTON & Co. - Brantford.
Manfrs. and Pro. "St. Augustine Wine."

Telephone - - Main 7405

We are equipped to produce Printing Matter that will attract attention anywhere.

Our prices are inducing and should attract the shrewd business man—try us.

**The Monetary Times
Printing Co., of Canada,
Limited**62 Church St., Toronto,
N.-W. Cor. of Court St.**ALEX. MILLARD****Undertaker and Embalmer****359 Yonge Street, TORONTO**

Telephone Main 679

**THE NORTHERN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
OF CANADA**

LOOK LOOK

**Have You a Strong
Personality?**

We are looking for men of force who can influence others. If you are the man we want we have a proposition that will interest you. It will be to your advantage to get in touch with our

HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.
JOHN MILNE, W. M. GOVENLOCK,
Man. Director. Secretary.**MONUMENTS**

It will pay you to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. We have the largest and best stock in the city to select from.

McINTOSH-GRANITE CO'Y, Ltd.1119 Yonge Street, Toronto
Telephone N. 1249.**MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, (West Troy), N.Y.**The Old Reliable
Meneely Foundry,
Established
nearly 100 years ago.**CHURCH,
CHIME,
SCHOOL
& OTHER
BELLS**

During an interval at the recent meeting of the Synod of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, the Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Meade, was presented by the clergy and laity of the United Dioceses with a portrait of himself. The Earl of Bandon, K.P., presided, and made the presentation to his Lordship, and the Ven. the Archdeacon of Cork read the address. Dr. Meade has been Bishop of the diocese since 1894, and he is greatly beloved and esteemed by all his people.

**A Physician's Testimony
for Labatt's Ale**

"We find that the ale uniformly and well agreed with the patients, that it stimulated the appetite, and thereby increased nutrition. The taste, likewise, is always highly spoken of. In nervous women, we found that a glass at bedtime acted as a very effective and harmless hypnotic."—SUPERINTENDENT OF LARGE U. S. HOSPITAL.

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

COAL AND WOOD

HEAD OFFICE: 44 King Street East, Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1856. TELEPHONE 131 AND 132

Office and Yard, FRONT ST. near BATHURST. Telephone No. 449 and 2110.
Office and Yard, PRINCESS STREET DOCK. Telephone No. 190.**You want to give a Christmas Gift
which will please AND BE HELPFUL.**

We cordially recommend

S. D. Gordon's World Famous Quiet TalksQuiet Talks on Home Ideals
Quiet Talks about Jesus
Quiet Talks with World Winne
Quiet Talks on Personal Problems
Quiet Talks on Prayer
Quiet Talks on Service
Quiet Talks on Power**These Seven Books
neatly bound in
cloth, well printed,
75c. net each, post paid.**

These Books have helped and inspired thousands. They will help you and your friends.

Send for our Illustrated Christmas Catalogue.

**William Briggs, Publisher, 29-37 Richmond Street West,
TORONTO****A VERY SUITABLE
CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

All subscribers should send a copy of this beautifully illustrated Christmas number of the Canadian Churchman to their friends.

**PRICE 25 CENTS POST PAID to any part of Canada,
Great Britain or the United States.****SEND YOUR ORDERS IN EARLY.****CHURCH BRASS WORK** of every description made to order on shortest notice. Designs furnished and satisfaction guaranteed.**KEITH & FITZSIMONS, LIMITED**
111 King Street West, TorontoWhoever eats raw meat? No one. Then drink only safely cleansed and Pasteurized milk and cream from the *City Dairy***MENEELY BELL CO.**
TROY, N.Y. AND
177 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY.**BELLS****BELLS.**

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue The C. S. BELL CO., Hillsboro, O.

**PEWS**

OUR SPECIALTY

THE **GLOBE**

FURNITURE CO. LIMITED.

WALKERVILLE, ONT.

A beautiful eagle lectern of brass has lately been erected in Shankill and Luyan Parish Church, Ireland, by Mrs. Hill, of Larne, in memory of her sister, Mrs. Stafford. It is of similar design to that erected in Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight, in memory of the late Prince Henry of Battenburg. It comes from the work-shops of Messrs. Jones and Willis, of London.

The Rev. A. H. Stanton has just entered upon his 48th year as curate of St. Alban's, Holborn. The Rev. E. F. Russell, another curate of St. Alban's, has completed 42 years' service there, and the Rev. G. R. Hogg 35 years, this being in each case the

At the Christmas Season

—the "home time"—what could be more appropriate than to discuss the idea that lies at the root of all home feeling—the protection of that home by Life Insurance?

Life Insurance is no heavy burden. Under the Great-West Policies it is remarkably inexpensive. For example, the Automatic Endowment Policy gives \$1000 Insurance at age 30 for \$23.70 a year. This is protection at Straight Life rates, but the Endowment feature avoids life-long premiums and provides for the requirements of later years.

Take advantage of the quiet leisure of Christmas-time to inform yourself on this vital matter of Life Insurance, so essential to the welfare of your home.

Ask for rates. There will be no obligation.

THE

Great-West Life**Assurance Company**

HEAD OFFICE, - WINNIPEG

**LADIES' SPECIAL
INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS**

Hem stitched—Pure Irish hand embroidered Linen, every letter from A to Z. Good Pure Linen Cambric, Black Letter in wreath or fancy Scrip letter or Good Pure Sheer Linen, Black in spot ring and spray (tied with flax) If they were laundered and neatly boxed would sell in regular way for \$1.75 as now per dozen.

**\$1.25 per dozen
65c. per 1-2 dozen**

(Postage 10c doz. extra)

not less than 1/2 doz. of a letter can be sold—should we be sold out of one style of letter will send the other.

All equally good value.

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders

JOHN CATTO & SON

55-61 King Street East, TORONTO

**- CHURCH -
FURNITURE**

Altars, Pulpits, Fonts, etc.

Send for Catalog of

Pews & Brass Goods

The Blonde Lumber & Mfg. Co. Limited.

— Chatham, — Ont. —

**CHURCH AND
MEMORIAL WINDOWS**

STAINED GLASS

Designs and estimates submitted.

LUXFER PRISM COMPANY

LIMITED

10 King St. West - Toronto

**Church
Brass Work
MEMORIAL
BRASSES,
RAILS, VASES.****PRITCHARD ANDREWS
CO. OF OTTAWA, LIMITED**
133 Sparks St. OTTAWA.

only curacy served. The Rev. J. C. Hose, curate of St. Saviour's, South Hampstead, has even a longer record, having been ordained to the curacy which he now holds in 1857.

Canadian Churchman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909

Subscription Two Dollars per Year
(If paid strictly in Advance, \$1.00.)

NOTICE.—Subscription price to subscribers in the City of Toronto owing to the cost of delivery, \$2.00 per year; if paid in advance, \$1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES PER LINE 20 CENTS

ADVERTISING.—The CANADIAN CHURCHMAN is an excellent medium for advertising, being by far the most widely circulated Church Journal in the Dominion.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.—Notices of (Births, Marriages, Deaths, etc.), two cents a word prepaid.

THE PAPER FOR CHURCHMEN.—The CANADIAN CHURCHMAN is a Family Paper devoted to the best interests of the Church in Canada, and should be in every Church family in the Dominion.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers should be careful to name not only the Post-Office to which they wish the paper sent, but also the one to which it has been sent.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If no request to discontinue the paper is received, it will be continued. A subscriber desiring to discontinue the paper must remit the amount due at the rate of two dollars per annum for the time it has been sent.

RECEIPTS.—The label indicates the time to which the subscription is paid, no written receipt is needed. If one is requested, a postage stamp must be sent with the request. It requires three or four weeks to make the change on the label.

CHEQUES.—On country banks are received at a discount of fifteen cents.

POSTAL NOTES.—Send all subscriptions by Postal Note.

CORRESPONDENTS.—All matter for publication of any number of the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, should be in the office not later than Friday morning for the following week's issue.

Address all communications, FRANK WOOTTEN, Box 34, TORONTO.

Phone Main 4643. Office—Union Block, 36 Toronto Street.

NOTICE.—Subscription price to subscribers in the United States, \$2.00 per year; if paid in advance, \$1.50.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days

December 19—Fourth Sunday in Advent
Morning—Isai. 30, to 27; Rev. 4.
Evening—Isai. 32; or 33, 2 to 23; Rev. 5.
December 26th—First Sunday after Christmas.
Morning—Isai. 35 Gen. 4, to 11 Acts 6
Evening—Isai. 38; or 40 2 Chron. 24, 15 to 23; Acts, 8 to 9.

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

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

Holy Communion: 232, 234, 237, 241.
Processional: 66, 70, 476, 670.
Offertory: 63, 65, 580, 646.
Children's Hymns: 700, 701, 707, 710.
General: 58, 60, 61, 108.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Holy Communion: 238, 242, 249, 397.
Processional: 72, 73, 75, 76.
Offertory: 81, 514, 599, 738.
Children's Hymns: 72, 80, 709, 712, 742.
General: 74, 77, 79, 723.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

The Collect for this Sunday reminds us of the quest of all spiritual men. Like John the Baptist we feel our imprisonment, we are conscious of the many hindrances to spiritual progress. But we are more faithful than the despondent prophet. We know that God has already manifested His power in salvation. The joy attendant upon the first coming of Jesus results from our recognition of the salvation effected by Him. We rejoice at Christmastide for then we celebrate the birth of Him who is called Jesus because He saves His people from their sins. The power of salvation is felt in our midst day by day. Nevertheless the conditions of life are such that we who appreciate the power of Jesus Christ in the work of salvation look forward to, long for, the time when He will come to manifest His power in judgment. If you seek a proof of the depth and sincerity of a man's spirituality you will find it in his estimate of the last day. It is a comfort and consolation to him for it will be the day of the revelation of God's power. The doctrine of

the last day brings us into touch with the universal, the absolute. The stability of the universe is due to the characteristics of God. And at the last day we shall have the supreme revelation of God's characteristics in all their power and glory. As never before we shall be conscious of His Omnipresence, for He shall be present to all mankind; of His Omnipotence, for then He demonstrates His power over all things, of His Omniscience, for in that day He brings everything to light. Judgment Day means the universal recognition of Him who is universal and therefore absolute. "O Lord, raise up Thy power," we pray. The answer to our prayer comes even now in our day, for salvation and judgment are to a certain extent coincident. The complete answer will be given at the last day. And the present manifestation of Divine power and the future universal vindication of God's claims unite to cheer us on our heavenward way. The conditions of our day are analogous to those when the first believers lived. We need to be encouraged as they were. Think of our discouragements as we look upon all the problems of life. "'Tis looking down that makes one dizzy," says the poet. Is not the poet right? Look onward and upward to that last Day. It is the day of the manifestation of God's power. Who is God? some one asks. And our reply is the resumé of all our faith and hope, the inspiration of all our optimism in life.

"God, Thou art Love!
I build my faith on that."

Dreams Before Christmas

"I chanced," writes Charles Lamb in his captivating essay 'The Child Angel' "upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of." And are not his beautiful words a fitting prelude to the infinitely varied dreams of the myriads of Christian children—who with curious fancy wander through dreamland during the all too long hours of the night before Christmas—wondering "what could come of it." How many of our friendly readers with thinning hair and thickening wrinkles it may be, but whose eyes have not lost their merry twinkle, and whose smiles are still responsive to the joyous memories of youth, can still recall the dreams of those happy, happy nights of childish innocence before the dawn of Christmas day? What a blessed thing it is to retain, aye even to the end of life somewhat of that bright ethereal spirit of early childhood! Childlikeness. That exquisite blending of the wisdom of age, with the modesty, purity, and gentleness of youth. The happy mortal thus singularly blessed can share the joy of an almost childlike slumber and dream the happy dreams

of joyous anticipation of good things to come with Christmas morn.

A Little Giver

How tender and sweet the joy of the little one who not content with awaiting the coming morning and receiving the treasured gifts with which good Santa Claus has stuffed almost to the bursting point her overloaded stock—herself a miniature Santa Claus—creeps softly from her bed, distributes her own little gifts amongst the suspended stockings of her loved ones—then back to bed and sleep until the blessed day has well begun. Of such an one the poet Frechette has beautifully written in his charming story, Little Pauline. "And now little Pauline you do not hear the sonorous peals of the church bells chiming in the night. You do not hear the sacred hymns floating in the illuminated sanctuaries, nor the harmonies of the great organs roaring and thundering under the arches of the lofty vaults. You do not see from your downy little bed, the pious crowd kneeling around the manger in which the infant Jesus outstretches his little arms. * * No, but surely the good angels who looked at you this evening from the altitudes where they sang "Glory to God in Heaven, and peace on earth to men of good will," have descended towards you, my little Pauline, and now bend their heads over the white couch where you sleep, to kiss your brow, and bless your little great heart."

The Glastonbury Thorn

There is a curious legend about this famous thorn tree, which avers that it sprang from the staff of Joseph of Arimathaea, who after the death of our Lord came to England, settled at Glastonbury and planted his walking staff in the ground. The staff sent out roots and put forth leaves and on the festival of the Nativity, flowers. It is a fact that this thorn, the botanical name of which is *Cratogeomys Præcox*, will, in England, when the season is mild, put forth blossoms about, or before Christmas day. In Aubrey's Natural History of Wiltshire, there is an interesting reference to cuttings from this memorable thorn:—"Mr. Anthony Hinton, one of the officers of the Earl of Pembroke, did inoculate, not long before the late civil warres (ten yeares or more) a bud of Glastonbury thorn on a thorn, at his farm house, at Wilton, which blossoms at Christmas, as the other did. My mother has had branches of them for a flower pott, several Christmasses, which I have seen." We wonder if there are any scions of this historic thorn in Canada?

Santa Claus,

Is the spirit of Christmas," writes that benevolent Dane Jacob A. Riis, the one time friend of Hans Christian Andersen, and the all time friend and champion of the poor, the destitute, the down-trodden. Comparatively few men are as competent to give as weighty an opinion on this subject as this unselfish, great-hearted man. "Ever and ever so many years ago," he says, "when the dear little Baby was born after Whom we call Christmas, and was cradled in a manger out in the stable because there was not room in the inn, that spirit came into the world to soften the hearts of men and make them love one another. * * * The steps of the real Santa Claus you can trace all through the world * * * and when you stand in the last of his tracks you will find the blessed Babe of Bethlehem smiling a welcome to you. For then you will be home." How simple, direct and devout is this statement! Wherever, as that glorious day approaches, the tender heart prompts to deeds of love and generosity, the wide world over, there, the spirit of Santa Claus is shown and even the bitter



**COMMUNION
CRUET**

Plain crystal with sterling
silver - mounted cork.
Height 7 1/2 inches.
\$6.50.

The firm's ecclesiastical department
will be pleased to submit sketches and esti-
mates of communion sets for special requirements upon request

Henry Birks & Sons
LIMITED
GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS
MONTREAL

roughs of life are softened and sweetened by his cheering and comforting presence.

The First Christmas Tree

A bright centre point in the festivities of the Christmas season is the Christmas Tree brilliant with glowing candles, and its pleasant green boughs laden with welcome gifts. Henry Van Dyke in his attractive story, named in the words of our heading, tells of the setting up by Boniface, the apostle of Germany, in the hall of the Chietan Gundhar, near the mouth of the Rhine, of the first Christmas Tree in the year of our Lord 722. Winfried of England—as Boniface was called in his home land—had compassed the destruction of the Thunder Oak of Thor, proclaimed the message of the Cross and taken a little fir tree from the forest: "When they came to the house of Gundhar, he bade them throw open the doors of the hall and set the tree in the midst of it. They kindled lights among the branches until it seemed to be tangled full of fire flies. The children encircled it wondering, and the sweet odour of the balsam filled the house. Then Winfried stood beside the chair of Gundhar, on the dais at the end of the hall and told the story of Bethlehem—of the babe in the manger, of the shepherds on the hills, of the host of angels and their midnight song. All the people listened, charmed into stillness." And then his assistant, the young prince Gregor, and his companions at the lower end of the hall, chanted their Christmas hymn:—

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will, henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Truly this beautiful picture of the founding in the far off days of the Church's history of

one of the most cherished customs of her faithful children, destined to be perpetuated ever as the joyful day comes round in millions of her happy homes.

A Christmas Feast For The Birds.

Amongst the modern Christmas customs in England may be mentioned that referred to in "The Story of Christ-Tide," by John Ashton. "Most Christmas Customs," writes Ashton, "save the Christmas Tree, cards and the stocking hung up to receive gifts are old, but one of the prettiest modern ones that I know was started by the Rev. J. Kenworthy, rector of Ackworth, in Yorkshire, about forty years since, of hanging a sheaf of corn outside the church porch, on Christmas Eve, for the special benefit of the birds. It seems a pity that it is not universally practised in rural parishes." We heartily commend this humane and praiseworthy custom to our rural rectors in Canada. And though our city rectors would scarcely know where to turn for a sheaf of corn for the birds, yet a handful of bread crumbs would not, we are sure, be unwelcome to their feathered friends.

The Future of Oxford and Cambridge.

In the press of political oratory at home, speeches which on other occasions would be quoted and commented on at length are passed by unnoticed. Under these circumstances we may be excused for referring to one of Lord Rosebery's, which shows the change in University teaching in England, and suggests a future for Oxford and Cambridge to which we altogether dissent. Imperceptibly the Universities of Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield and Newcastle have achieved positions, influence and wealth so as to show their determination to reach the leading positions. It is necessary to keep this in view

in order to appreciate Lord Rosebery's remarks made at a reception given him by Glasgow University graduates living in London. "Many years ago, he said, "I dined with the Glasgow University Club in London, and spent a very pleasant evening. On this occasion I expected something similar, a cheerful little gathering of thirty or forty people, and possibly churchwardens after dinner. But instead, he found he had to stand at the door of a vast saloon to receive hundreds of gentlemen, and in the dining hall his worst fears were realized, reporters were present. "Springing up in recent years in England, he said, were the inspiring figures of new Universities, showing an uprising of intellectual interest which was full of promise at a time when all in the future of this country was not so full of hope. But what was to be the character of those Universities, and what the future of the older seats of learning? How was the field of work to be delimited, or was it not to be delimited at all, and were the older Universities to compete in an ignominious rivalry with the newer schools? "I am very doubtful personally," he said, "of the result of pouring new wine into old bottles. I think," he added, "that Oxford and Cambridge must remain immemorial shrines of that exquisite learning which they have provided for centuries past."

Here is the only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely.—Charles Dickens.

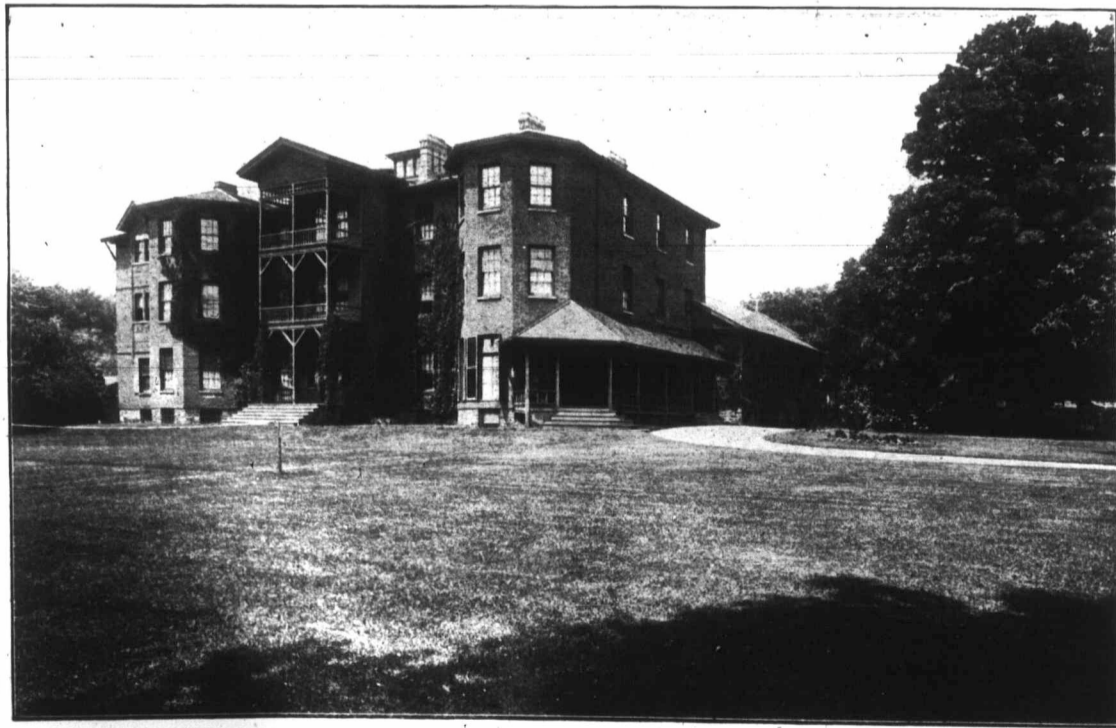
Right happy Christmas that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can transport the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!—Charles Dickens.

Forty-Third Year

Bishop Strachan School

Wpkeham Hall, College Street, Toronto.

A Church Residential and Day School for Girls. Gives a thorough general education from Kindergarten to full Matriculation Course, with parts of 1st and 2nd year University work.



Excellent courses in Manual Training, the Domestic Arts, Painting and Music, with special facilities for Pipe Organ.

Within easy walking distance of best concerts, lectures and city advantages. Surrounded by spacious shaded grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, cricket field and outdoor rink in winter. Good gymnasium.

President:

The Right Reverend The Lord
Bishop of Toronto

For Calendar apply to

Miss Acres - - - Principal

5, 1909.

s remarks
Glasgow
Many
Glasgow
nt a very
I expected
athering of
chwardens
ne had to
to receive
ng hall his
re present.
ngland, he
Universi-
al interest
hen all in
ll of hope.
those Uni-
lder seats
ork to be
at all, and
ete in an
hools? "I
d, "of the
bottles. I
Cambridge
t exquisite
centuries

ndar of the
ne consent
—Charles

n us back
that can
iles away,
t home!—

rain-
and
Pipe

e of
van-
aded
quet
rink

rd

al



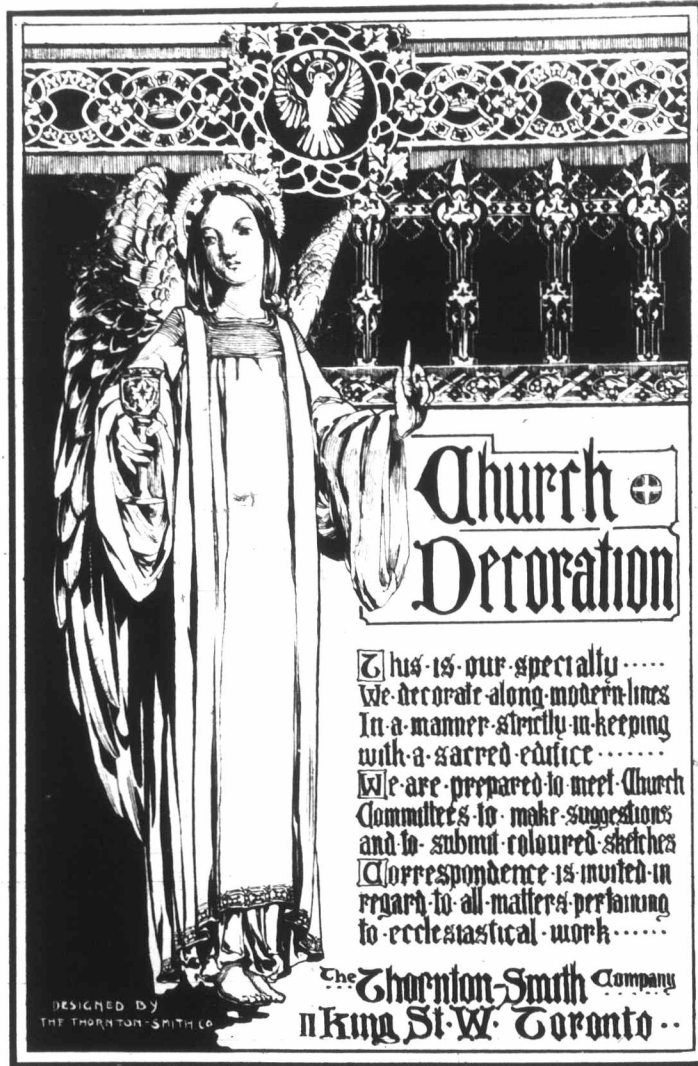
Dagan-Bouveret.

Madonna of the Vineyard.

Church Interiors

Our decorations are designed thoroughly in keeping with each individual edifice entrusted to us. For a list of Churches decorated by us apply to

The Thornton
-Smith Company
11 King St. W.
Toronto



Mural Paintings

In Mural Figure Painting we are in a position to execute work of the highest order, as we have in our Studios Artists thoroughly trained in this work.

The Thornton
-Smith Company
11 King St. W.
Toronto

THE SILENT REVOLUTION.

The term "revolution" is a noisy kind of a word. It suggests times of storm and stress, the crash of empires, the breaking up of ancient institutions, violent upheavals, thundrous explosions of long pent up forces, the clangour and clash of opposing factions, tumults and disorders, sudden changes and reversals, and, in short, all the accompaniments of some mighty and far-reaching convulsion. Such times, we know, have come and come again in the history of the human race. And yet, when the smoke has cleared away and the "shouting and the tumult" died down, things have gone on much as they did before. There has been very little real change. Things have, no doubt, changed outwardly, but all that it has amounted to is this, that the same old things have been done in a new way. There has been no radical or fundamental change. The wheel has turned full circle, it is true, but it is the same old wheel. Those who were undermost have become uppermost, and those uppermost, undermost, apparently, at least. But the change has only been one of position. Human nature at the top or bottom of the wheel is still precisely the same, and the great revolution that was to re-create the world has had no more real effect upon real conditions than the changing of the top half of a column of figures to the bottom and of the bottom half to the top would affect the general result. The actual result is exactly the same in both cases. In the event which we are now commemorating we have a supreme and unique illustration of the fact that all the real revolutions in human history have been silent ones. They have come unobserved, and by means the last and least suspected. Just consider the case in point. The birth of an obscure Jewish peasant's son proves to be the most important event in the history of mankind. Four letters in

general use prove this, if nothing else does, viz., B.C. and A.D. By universal consent the civilized world has made the birth of this humble peasant's child the central fact in human history. Two practical lessons as they affect the individual and the community seem to naturally follow upon this. First, we must not expect too much from sudden and violent revolutions within ourselves. Men, we do not deny, sometimes seem to change suddenly, fundamentally and permanently. But if the truth were known they were unconsciously ready for it. The stream had been silently and steadily undermining the barrier, and the event which produced the sudden yielding was the occasion, not the cause. It is as absolutely certain as any other widely observed law can be that no real moral change, or transformation, or revolution ever took place as the result of some single unforeseen event, and, as it were, by main force. As well attempt to wrench the child into the stature of the full-grown man. The Christ that is born in each of us must, therefore, follow these universal and unchangeable laws. "The Kingdom of God" within us, "cometh not by observation," but has its lowly and obscure beginnings, its slow and silent growth, its almost imperceptible development. It comes and gains its mastery in each individual heart as Christ came into and conquered the world. And this is true of mankind in the main and of the world at large. The world is being silently and gradually transformed, and what is absolutely certain, there is no other way of doing it. Mankind has been slow to learn this lesson, but there are indications that the race, as a whole, is beginning to grasp the fact that things will not be revolutionized by sudden and violent outbursts and applications of force. Despite many superficial indications to the contrary, it is becoming evident that the age of "revolutions," in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, is passing,

and that the lessons of the past have not been altogether thrown away. Mankind is gradually accepting the fact that sudden and violent changes bring nothing but reaction and loss, and that "patience" must be left to do "her perfect work." For in each individual the question remains, "Has Christ been really born in our hearts? Have we accepted Him as our leader and Master? Has the silent revolution begun? Christmas is truly named. It is not the mere commemoration of an historical fact, but it stands for all those distinctive virtues, glorified and immortalized in His person. It is Christ's Festival. What is it to us—the blind mechanical following of a custom that we have inherited as we have other customs and usages, good, bad, and indifferent, or is it really and truly the upwelling and overflowing of the Christ born within us.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.

THE FESTIVAL OF RECONCILIATION.

A Christianity which does not tend to reconcile mankind, i.e., to promote good-will and mutual toleration, cannot be regarded as anything but a failure. The primary object of Christianity is to unite men. Incidentally, Christianity has temporarily divided men, but that was only with the ulterior object of permanently reuniting them. From our past divisions we have learned, or are learning, the lesson of the higher and better unity, the ground had to be cleared for the foundation. We had to learn from our mistakes, and we had to grievously suffer for them so as to prevent their repetition.



The Greatest of All Heroes Is One.

Byam Shaw, R. I.

But it is not this phase of our "unhappy divisions" upon which we would dwell, and whose mending and ending the Christmas season specially suggests. We have in our mind those far less excusable personal differences, so easily aroused and so hardly allayed, which poison the lives of so many of us, and bring reproach upon our common Christianity. Christmas we have called "The Festival of Reconciliation," and, as a rule, it is generally accepted in this spirit. Popularly, it is regarded as a period for making up our differences, for the healing of feuds, for the settlement of disputes, and for the establishment or re-establishment of friendly relations. Now, it is a matter of undeniable fact to anyone who will take the trouble of a few minutes' serious reflection that the vast majority of our differences are due to things essentially trivial in themselves. Let any man of ordinary intelligence candidly review his life for, say, the past ten years, and he will be forced to this conclusion. He will, if he is honest, be bound to acknowledge that the differences which have arisen between him and his fellowmen have had their origin, not in some grievous wrong or injury, but in something in its nature essentially frivolous and unimportant. It is the little grievances of life, and especially the slights, which really count in this respect. It is comparatively easy to forgive a serious injury. We brace ourselves for the effort, and rise to the occasion, and are often rewarded by a pleasing sense of our own magnanimity and enhanced self-respect. With a slight it is quite different. Our self-respect has been wounded, we have been made to feel small. Not to resent a slight too often brands a man as mean-spirited. There is no glory in it. It is unfortunately only too often put down to a lack of self-respect and to moral cowardice. No doubt there are, as Macaulay so

unjustly remarked in the case of Cranmer, men who are "below resentment," and a man naturally dreads to be included in this category. He fears that his motives may be misinterpreted. Then there are our instinctive dislikes, which divide us. What strange and mysterious impulses come under this head! These dislikes and personal aversions, which often we cannot begin to explain or define, or which are founded upon some personal defect or peculiarity. It is a curious fact that we are infinitely more intolerant of the eccentricities than of the vices of our fellowmen, and it is a still more curious fact that there is nothing we are prouder of than our own eccentricities. It is a common saying, often used apologetically, that one "cannot help his likes and dislikes." From this we utterly dissent. A man, perhaps, cannot help the impulse towards certain likes and dislikes, but he need not give way to them, and impulses can most assuredly be corrected, transformed, and even reversed. We can help our likes and dislikes. As well say that water must be allowed to run where it likes and vegetation to grow where it likes. Nine-tenths of our dislikes are utterly irrational and unjustifiable, and something to be heartily ashamed of. Not infrequently people are secretly proud of these instinctive dislikes. They regard them as an indication of a certain acuteness of mind. They can "see through people"; they cannot be imposed upon by a plausible exterior; they can read character, etc. If the real truth were known it is just exactly the opposite. They are the poorest judges of character in existence. It is they who are imposed upon and carried away by appearances, it is they who are lacking in imagination. They have a narrow outlook. Their personal prejudices and dislikes, therefore, instead of being an indication of superior

mindedness, mark them out as persons of deficient or undeveloped intelligence. At this Christmas season, when the question of the healing of our personal differences is especially in evidence, it would be immensely to our own and to the general gain if we could candidly and honestly consider this matter, not only of our injuries, but of our slights and personal dislikes. The way in which we act in regard to these apparently, but only apparently, trivial matters will constitute a searching test of the depth and vitality of our Christianity. Try and conquer some dislikes and forgive some slights during this Christmas season.

THE CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF HONAN.

St. Andrew's Day was marked by an event entirely unique in the history of the Canadian Church. On that day was consecrated the first of her own foreign missionary Bishops. As the people gathered for the ceremony in St. James', Toronto, the chimes rang out "Dominus regit me," a happy prophecy for the new Bishop and his diocese. Slowly the choir led the way through the church singing that old rally cry, written by a son of the Church, "Onward Christian Soldiers." Then came the clergy, about forty in number with Canons, Archdeacons, Bishops and Archbishops following. The bright hoods and the scarlet Convocation robes gave a pleasing touch of colour in the dim light of the old fane. The Archbishop began the Communion Office. The Bishop of Ontario was the Epistoler, and the Bishop of Niagara read the Gospel, the great commission of the Church. The Bishop of Huron and Bishop Reeve presented Dr. White to the

Primate, who caused to be read the record of the election and the certificate of the Primate that no valid canonical objection could be raised against the candidate. The Bishop of Toronto read the Litany, and the Primate put the solemn questions to the Bishop-elect. Then all the Bishops drew near and laid their hands on the head of their younger brother, while the Primate read the consecration sentence, " . . . See that thou stir up the grace of God, which is given thee by the imposition of our hands." Thus was our first Missionary-Bishop commissioned to his work and to our work with the authority and responsibility of an office hoary with tradition, venerable by usage and sacred in origin. The Bishops of Huron, Montreal and Toronto assisted the Primate with the remainder of the Communion Office, a number of the clergy communicating with the new Bishop. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon Tucker, General Secretary of the M.S.C.C., from Gal. 4:4, "But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son." Advent calls us to consider Christ's humble coming in the flesh, and also the second and greater coming. At our Lord's first coming all things throughout the world were in readiness. In the political world the domination of the Roman Empire was supreme, and by the superior force of the conqueror peace was over the earth. In the religious world there was widespread unrest and dissatisfaction with the old beliefs which had lost their hold on thinking men. Everywhere was an anxious expectancy, awaiting for the coming of the King. The Greek Tongue, understood in almost every country of the Roman world was the language prepared for the telling of the great message. The commerce of the nations had made ready highways for the messengers of the Gospel. The Son came in the fulness of time. To-day, after two milleniums, while the Church seemed to have lumbered, there was a new fulness of time. The awakening interest and increasing effort of

the Christian Church, as shown by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, is one evidence. The doors of opportunity wide open the world over is another. Africa, once unknown to the geographer and explorer, is now traversed by railways, and



The Right Rev. W. C. White, D.D., Lord Bishop of Honan, China.

the depths of its jungles are penetrated from the coasts. Even the Moslem Empire declares that freedom of thought and action is not incompatible with the Koran. The Christian triumphs

in Uganda are only the beginnings of Christian Africa. India with its teeming millions, some in a state of unrest, is governed, not by the strong arm of England, but by the moral force of her government. Christ is the real ruler of India. Japan fifty years ago was absolutely closed to commerce and religion. Twenty-five years ago edicts were scattered through the land threatening severest penalties to any daring to preach Christ. Now the whole land stands open and Japan is as nearly Christian as was the Roman Empire in the days of Constantine. China has been changed from the most stubborn to the most teachable. The ultra-conservative race of the world is seeking the new things of the West. They have railways, telegraphs, telephones, newspapers, and are abandoning their old scholastic system of education and adopting Western science and arts. The four hundred millions of China need the Gospel which alone can guide them through the united future. In China the Church has her greatest missionary problem. Now is the supreme moment of opportunity. Addressing the Bishop, the preacher said, on you, my brother, a great and serious responsibility has been placed this day. The great traditions of the Episcopate and the deposits of the Church are handed on to you to guard. Yours is the most glorious opportunity of impressing a character on a new church. May your name be indelibly written on the foundations of the Christian Church in Honan.

The First Bishop of Honan.—The Bishop of Honan is a man singularly fitted by gifts and experiences for the position which the Canadian Church has given him. He was born in Norwood, Ontario, 1873. He matriculated to the University of Toronto from the local High School and studied Arts and Medicine. In 1897 he graduated from Wycliffe College. He was ordained deacon by the late Archbishop of Toronto to the assistant curacy of Trinity, East, Toronto. After one year's work he went to China as a missionary of

BOOKS FOR GIFTS AT CHRISTMAS

- | | |
|---|---|
| Life of Archbishop Machray.
By his Nephew, Robert Machray.
Fully Illustrated. Cloth 468 pages. \$5.00 net. | The New Hymn Book.
The Life of Christ beautifully illustrated by Wm. Hole, the celebrated Artist. Cloth gilt, \$2.50. |
| An Apostle of the North.
Memoirs of Bishop W. C. Bompas.
By Rev. H. A. Cody.
Fully Illustrated. Cloth \$2.35 postpaid. | The Vision of His Face.
A Devotional Book By Dora Farncomb. Author of Hopes and Quiet Hours.
Cloth \$1.00 |
| The Foreigner.
A Tale of Saskatchewan.
By Ralph Connor.
Cloth \$1.10, Postage 10c. | Cathedral Cities of England.
George Gilbert.
Illustrated by W. W. Collins, R.I.
Cloth \$3.50 |
| The Dawn of Galilee.
Same author.
Booklet. Illustrated 25c. | The Greater Abbeys of England.
Abbot Gasquet.
With illustrations in color after Warwick Goble.
Cloth \$3.50 |
| Anne of Avonlea
Sequel to Anne of Green Gables.
By L. M. Montgomery.
Cloth, Illustrated, \$1.20.
Postage 10c. | Bibles, Prayer Books, Calendars, Christmas Cards, Prize Books, Gift Books. |
| The Bible Beautiful.
A history of Biblical Art.
By Estelle M. Howell.
48 full-page plates, \$2.00. | Illustrated Hymns.
In Colors. Illustrated. Board covers 10c. each. Postage 2c. " " " " " "
Bells Across the Snow.
Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.
O, Little Town of Bethlehem.
The Lord is my Shepherd.
Abide with me.
Nearer my God to Thee.
Rock of Ages.
Sweet Hour of Prayer.
I Need Thee Every Hour.
The Lord is my Shepherd.
He Leadeth Me.
My Faith Looks up to Thee.
The Secret of a Happy Day.
Just as I Am.
Jesus, Lover of my Soul.
O Paradise.
Lead Kindly Light.
The Beatitudes. |

THE CHURCH BOOK ROOM, LIMITED
23 Richmond Street West, - TORONTO

INVESTMENT

SAFE

PROFITABLE

DEBENTURES

A limited amount
of Debentures will be sold to
draw

FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST
secured by Company's
total assets.

DEPOSITS

Money received on deposit.

Interest allowed at
the rate of
FOUR PER CENT.
from date of deposit.

START AN ACCOUNT

LOANS MADE ON FAVORABLE TERMS

THE SUN AND HASTINGS

SAVINGS AND LOAN CO. OF ONTARIO

OFFERS ABSOLUTE SECURITY
ASSETS - - - \$1,300,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President, WHITFORD VANDUSEN, Esq., Banker, Toronto
Vice-President, AMBROSE KENT, J.P., Wholesale Jeweler, Toronto
SHE MACKENZIE BOWELL, K.C.M.G., Belleville
REV. AMOS CAMPBELL, Belleville
W. J. FAWCETT, Esq., Banker, Toronto
H. WILBERFORCE AIKENS, M.D., Prof. Toronto University, Toronto
J. T. GILMOUR, M.D., Warden, Central Prison, Toronto
Manager and Secretary, W. PEMBERTON PAGE, Esq., Toronto
Solicitor, H. H. DEWART, K.C. (Dewart, Maw & Hodgson), Toronto

HEAD OFFICE:

Confederation Life Building, TORONTO, ONT.

Write for Particulars or call and see us

W. Pemberton Page, Manager

Christian
some in
the strong
ce of her
of India.
closed to
years ago
threaten-
preach
open and
the Roman
China has
the most
ce of the
the West.
es, news-
scholastic
n science
of China
de them
e Church
ow is the
ssing the
rother, a
n placed
piscopate
led on to
us oppor-
w church.
the foun-
an.
ishop of
s and ex-
Canadian
Nørwood.
University
hool and
graduated
d deacon
assistant
fter one
ionary of

the Church Missionary Society. There for the first three years he was doing pioneer work in Kianning in Fuh Kien, where there were only twenty Christians in a population of two millions. In addition to ordinary evangelistic work, he was able to begin a small dispensary and hospital, thus gaining access to the homes and hearts of the people. Here he had to endure frequent riots and at last on the outbreak of the Boxer uprising he was ordered to withdraw to the coast. After the massacre, a return to the previous field being impossible, the C.M.S. appointed him to Longuon. His work was the supervision of established missions having three thousand Christians and two thousand adherents and catechumens. There were sixty or more congregations in the district of Longuon, Ningtiak, an Lieng Kong, and the territory was divided among the Church councils (something like a Diocesan Synod on a small scale). The educational work was well developed—day schools for boys and girls and women's classes. There was a staff of twelve women who did the teaching, evangelistic and medical work. In this place Dr. White was able to publish his English-Chinese dictionary in the Fuh Kien language which is now used largely by all missionaries requiring that language. In 1903 Dr. White came to Canada on furlough, and on his return was sent to Fuchow to take up new special work among the mandarin and literati classes. This opening was the result of the general awakening of China. Everything western was sought not always purely from the single desire to learn about the Christian religion. But the opening was an opportunity not to be lost. Here Dr. White was able to render valuable assistance in lecturing in the C.M.S. Theological College and to help the leper settlement work. His interest in this leper work was first aroused at Fuh Kien, and all through his years in China he has been a promoter of the movement. In Fuchow the leper settlement had four hundred inmates. During the last three years the literati of China have been making strenuous efforts to curtail the traffic in opium. In Fuchow the dens have been closed by order of the officials through the activity of the Chinese Anti-Opium Society. But disappointment seemed the result of their efforts when one Parsee commenced to manufacture the drug from the raw material and offer it for private sale. The consul at first refused to interfere. But largely through the influence of Dr. White he afterwards stopped this private selling. Had this not been done many more private salesmen would be operating, who were waiting to see the result of the test case. This alone opened many homes of the better classes to our missionary. From this work, Dr. White was called to be our first Missionary-Bishop. We see that God in His good time has raised up the man for the work. Dr. White enters the new field with an experience and standing which, under God's

blessing, will go far to establish the success of the Diocese of Honan.

Our New Diocese.—The first conference of the Anglican Church in China held at Shanghai in 1907, invited the Canadian Church to send out a Bishop and staff of clergy to take charge of a province wholly untouched by the Anglican Church. Our General Synod in 1908, on the report of the Executive Committee of the M.S.C.C. enthusiastically responded. In 1909 the civil province of Honan was assigned and set apart for the new diocese with the sanction of the Arch-

diocese, "on account of the fertility of the soil. But it is not all equally fertile. In the centre and east the land is flat and sandy with few trees. The south and west have beautiful mountains—a pleasant but somewhat distant retreat for the missionaries. The climate is dry and bracing, somewhat like that of Ontario, but practically no snow on account of the dryness of the winter. The people, chiefly farmers, are strong in body, simple and reliable in character but scarcely up to the Anglo-Saxon standard of cleanliness. They speak the mandarin language—the official tongue which is used over two-thirds of the Empire. The main railway from Han Kow to the north passes through the centre of the province to Peking which is fourteen days by rail from Paris. Kai Feng the capital, is a city of 200,000 about like Toronto. It is three and a half miles across and is surrounded by an immense wall fifteen miles long. It is easy of access, being seven miles from the south bank of the great Yellow River. (Our missionaries, however, will go in via Shanghai and River Yangtse). Kai Feng is the last provincial capital to be opened to Europeans. Historically, Honan is very important. Fuh-tsi, the legendary founder of the Chinese Empire, is said to have come from Honan. Langtzu, the originator of Taoism, taught in Honan. Confucius was a governor of the northern part of the province. Kai Feng in 960 A.D. was the capital of the whole empire, and traveller still may see the Emperor's palace now used for heathen temples. The Mohammedans are fairly strong in the city and strangely enough, the Jews had a colony there twenty five years ago. But they have been absorbed by intermarriage, some have lapsed into idolatry, and others have become Mohammedans. Christian effort in Honan is largely confined to the two strongest agencies,—the mission of the Canadian Presbyterian Church in the north of the province and the China Inland Mission in the south. The most cordial relations exist with all the missions working there, and they are warmly anticipating the work of our Church. Bishop White's work will centre in Kai Feng where he intends to start his mission in evangelistic and pastoral activities with an educational basis. The wisdom of an educational basis is in the training of native Chinese pastors and teachers. The present opportunity in China is educational. Our plans include boarding schools for boys and for girls, High and Normal schools with institution in Arts and Science, and a Theological College. This will be the only Christian educational centre in Honan. Nothing like it nearer than Peking on the north, Han Kow on the south, Wehsien on the east, and to the west absolutely no rival. The other Christian workers in Honan have no colleges, and in all probability will avail themselves of the privilege of our colleges. Of course this is all in the future, Bishop



Contemplation.

A. Lenoir

bishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of North China, and the Presiding Bishop of the American Church. The British Foreign Office legalized the action. The Province of Honan is in the centre of North China. Its area is 67,940 square miles, about the size of England and Wales. The population is about thirty-five millions, giving 520 persons to the square mile. This great population occupy themselves partly in the production of cotton, hemp, silk, tobacco, and the mining of iron and coal, but chiefly in farming. In the north, the crops are millet and wheat, and in the south, rice. The province has been called "The

White is negotiating for a piece of land, about thirty acres, just outside the south gate. The elementary schools will not be placed on the grounds, but scattered through the city and country towns. Though based on education, the main object of the mission is evangelistic and pastoral. Work will be immediately begun in the city and plans are laid to gradually cover a large section to the east and south which is absolutely untouched by Christian effort. Bishop White takes to the field two priests and four women missionaries, a staff absolutely unacquainted with the language. But he will be assisted by four native Chinese workers of ripe experience who have been released by the diocese of Fuh Kien for this purpose. The American Church at Shanghai and Han Kow have offered secretarial assistance and the use of their houses. The Church Missionary Society have already given the freedom of their house at Shanghai for our missionaries on their journeys. Very truly we have here only the beginnings of a diocese, only plans. But even in our plans we have the heritage of the whole experience of Christian effort in China and the work is being shaped to avoid the failures and follow the methods which have been shown to be adapted to the situation in China. Our work is as yet in the future. By our help in prayer and gifts and by God's blessing alone can these plans be fulfilled for the glory of our Master, the head of the Church.

DISCIPLINE.

Neither an individual nor a nation can become great in the truest sense without discipline. At the root of sound discipline lies obedience. How well the great dramatist expounds the profound wisdom of and necessity for this sterling quality: "Therefore doth heaven divide the state of man in

divers functions setting endeavour in continual motion, to which is fixed as an aim or butt obedience." It has been well said that to command one must first have learned to obey. We know of no better means for the thorough grounding of youth in habits of obedience and discipline than a course of military drill by a competent instructor. There are some respectable people teachers even—who on occasion talk and write intemperately of those who favour military drill in our schools, and defensive precautions for our Empire. Such people unconsciously apply to themselves Selden's comment: "He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against." Over against the opinions of the educators, great and small, to whom we have referred, we place the opinion of another educator, who in greatness of soul, love of liberty, and lofty patriotism, outranks them all: "I call, therefore," writes John Milton, in his Tractate on Education, "a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." And how can that complete and generous education of a man begin better may we ask, than by giving him a thorough grounding in habits of obedience and discipline, and at least a rudimentary knowledge of the principles and practice of military drill.

SUDDEN DEATH.

From time to time the shadow of sudden death falls with startling unexpectedness upon some happy home. A member of the family, who, in the morning, went forth, seemingly strong and well, to discharge his daily duties, is at some fateful hour of the day, brought back sadly and silently to his bereaved family. Or, it may be, the stroke falls on one of the dear ones at home,

from whom he tenderly parted in the morning. Sudden death brings grievous sorrow to the beloved survivors. It teaches us the frailty and uncertainty of life. But to those who have learnt the lesson of life aright and who find themselves thus quickly bereft of one who faithfully strove to walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit, the dark cloud is not without a "silver lining." The sharp pain of sorrow is relieved by the remembrance of the faithful promises of God's blessed Word and above all by the soothing ministrations of the Comforter, whose sustaining power is never more strongly felt than on such trying occasions. "The true manner of preparing for the last moment," says Fenelon, "is to spend all the others well, and ever to expect that. We dote upon this world, as if it never were to have an end; and we neglect the next, as if it were never to have a beginning."

CONTENTMENT.

Don't be constantly envying those of your companions who appear to be more successful than you, but be contented with your lot, and success will in the end crown your efforts. We agree with the poet who says, "Contentment makes men happy."

TRUST.

Life would be impracticable unless it were the primary rule to believe what is told us. There is not a single relation in adult life in which we are not compelled to depend upon the word of another—of a husband, a wife, a friend, an agent. We believe certain things representing them—in their honour, their chastity, their affection, their faithfulness. To what kind of condition would life be reduced if we apply to these matters "the universal duty of questioning all that we believe?"

Our New Electric Breakfast Outfits

HAVE been selected as the best and most reliable utensils of the kind we are able to secure. The Toaster is practically indestructible, while the cost of operation is infinitesimal. We also carry the Electric Coffee Percolator. If you have never used one you have lost the best flavor from your coffee. Ask us to show it and explain its simple workings.



... Most Suitable Christmas Gifts ...

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

Phone Main 8975

12 Adelaide St. East, Toronto

THE TRUE GOSPEL.

In apostolic days men advocated a Gospel without the Cross. But St. Paul would have none of it. In the fourth century Arius taught a Christianity without a perfectly Divine Saviour, and the Church would not have it. In the fifteenth century the Renaissance, intoxicated by the discovery of Greek and Roman literature, despised the "jargon of St. Paul," and would have paganised Christianity, but the Reformation brought northern Europe back to the Scriptures and to Christ. To-day men are proclaiming a Gospel without the supernatural. They are asking us to be content with a perfect human Christ; with a Bethlehem where no miracle was wrought; with a Calvary which saw sublime self-sacrifice, but no atonement for sin; with a sepulchre from which no angel's hand rolled away the stone. But we must have none of it! We will hold fast; we will transmit, the faith once for all delivered to the saints. We will hand down to our children, we will proclaim to all the tribes of the earth, Christ incarnate, atoning, risen, ascending, our Intercessor at God's right hand, waiting to come again to judge the quick and the dead.—The Bishop of Liverpool.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHURCHMAN.

To the young parson, with his vision of Catholic truth or Catholic worship, or social betterment, or higher learning, we would say, Don't give up your vision if you feel and know that it is God-sent; but do not hold it selfishly or arrogantly. If you feel and know it to be true, and know that it is God's good word to you, you must hold it and you must teach it. But hold it lovingly and teach it patiently. Paul planted and Apollos watered, but it was God alone Who gave the increase. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it,

until he receive the early and the latter rain." The man in the pew must be converted from the old to the new way of looking at things; but you cannot convert him with a club. He is a good sort, the old-fashioned Churchman. He has the grace of the sacraments in him, although it often works secretly. The most rapid method is not always the most thorough or the most lasting. Try converting him, not from without but from within. Let him see, not your intellectual super-

fering. Nay, do not mind failing. No one has a right to succeed who is not willing to fail.

A CHEERFUL FACE.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good, wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams—"or the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effect will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought. Smiles are the highest and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them; those little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving face of those who lead them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quite rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, wearied path of life. Be gentle and indulgent to all; love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy.

THE TRUE MAN.

Mind is superior to things not because it is free from laws but because it is a law unto itself. The true man is he who freely and gladly obeys the laws of his being, who is not drawn hither or thither by ever-passing impulses.

Now Came Still Evening On.

Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A.



iority, but your spiritual reality. When he realizes what this new light has done for you, he may be willing to let it do something for him. You must bring him in God's way, and in God's time, to realize that the new is not the uprooting but the outgrowth of the old; then he will accept it gladly, as bringing our blessed Lord nearer to him. Do not mind waiting. Do not mind being misunderstood. Do not mind suf-

fering, but steadfastly follows the leading of his conscience and his own ever-progressing standard of right-doing. Thus he is, first of all true to himself, and, in so being, he is true to all others. If he makes a promise, he is sure to keep it; if he enters into a contract, he will fulfil it both in letter and spirit; if he assumes a relation, he will be certain to discharge its obligations—and this not from outward compulsion

from the lack of social or personal disfavour, not from the influence of circumstances or feelings, but from his own secret loyalty to the right, which is the essence of all true freedom.

ACTIVE SYMPATHY.

Sympathetic feelings with human joy or sorrow need the vital force of thought and action to make them valuable or even lovely. There is a great deal of sensitiveness which is simply selfish excitement, and which, instead of being a source of pride, should rather be a cause of shame. Tears will be wept freely over a tale of distress without any practical effort to relieve it being ever thought of, much less put into execution. Feelings will thrill with admiring sympathy on hearing of some noble deed of heroism or self-denial, without any active desire to possess the same spirit, or any real attempt to make the life more generous. Pain will be keenly felt at some careless or unkind word, some deceitful or unfriendly action, some bitter or sarcastic criticism, without any lesson being learned of greater tenderness or charity in dealings with others. Even religious emotions may be awakened, in the form of fervid excitement or peaceful reverie, without leading to any true development of the religious nature, or any vital growth of the religious life. True sympathy must be active, or it is not sympathy at all.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

Who can tell the thoughts that cluster around the word sister? How ready she is to forgive the errors, to excuse the foibles of a brother. She never deserts him. In adversity she clings closely to him, and in trial she cheers him. And when

the bitter voice of reproach is poured in his ears she is ever ready to hush its harsh tones, and turn his attention away from its painful notes.

THE LORD'S COMMAND.

Have ye heard the Lord's command—
"Go ye into every land,
Tell all nations of My love,
May they, too, its greatness prove?"

Let us question heart to heart,
Have we done in this **our** part?
Do we heed the Lord's command
To illumine the distant land?

Millions need the healthful Light,
Shrouded in unchristian night;
Millions pine for love and hope,
As thro' mists of dread they grope.

Let us question heart to heart,
Have we done for these **our** part?
Do we heed the Lord's command
To illumine the distant land?

Sure for children of the Lord
There's some message in this word;
Give a talent, e'en a mite,
Or oneself—a human light!

Then we answer from the heart,
"We have done our little part,
We have heard the Lord's command
To illumine every land."

A. L. E.—"The Christian."

Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing—ringing
through the frosty air—happiness to each one
bringing, and release from toil and care.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT IRISH WILL IN YORK.

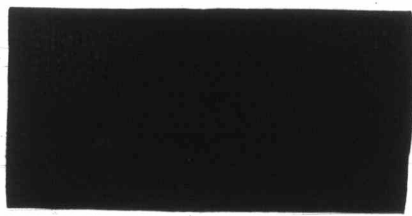
The Rev. W. Ball Wright informs the "Yorkshire Herald" that whilst examining a volume of 14th and 15th century Latin wills in York, published in 1836, by the Surtees Society, he found the will of Walter De Brugge, Canon of York, dated 1396. In it De Brugge left directions that if he died in Ireland he was to be buried in the chancel of St. Patrick's Church, Trim, County Meath, and left money to that church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; also a gold chalice and a large new missal to the cathedral, so that they might make a special memorial of him at the high altar. He also left vestments and his ordinal of the Sarum Use to St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Lagamon's Brut and Visions of Piers Plowman and a Harmony of the Gospel and other books to friends. Though dated in Trim, the will was proved in York, which seems to show he died in the latter city. He also mentions his patrons, Lionel Duke of Clarence and Edmund Count of March, who were Earls of Ulster in Ireland. He left 10 marks to the church of his Prebend of Fenton in York Minster. Mr. Wright at once wrote to Dr. Bernard, the Dean of St. Patrick's, and asked him if he had ever seen or heard of the will, and received a reply in the negative, whereupon he sent him a copy. Subsequently a reply was received to the effect that Walter De Brugge was Canon of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and Archdeacon of Meath, but they had no knowledge of the will nor any record of him in the cathedral, but that in the Patent Rolls there were some notices of him. It is remarkable that the will should have lain in York 513 years, until an Irish clergyman came across it and was enabled to identify it. It is believed to be one of the oldest Irish wills in existence, as it was dated at Trim the Monday next before the Feast of St. Michael, A.D. 1396. Proved September 30th.

HOLIDAY GOODS



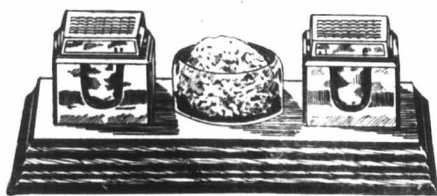
LEATHER GOODS,
LADIES' BAGS,
WALLETS, PURSES,
LETTER CASES,
CARD CASES,
INK STANDS

OUR OWN SPECIAL
MAKE



FANCY STATIONERY,
OFFICE SUPPLIES

MEMO. AND ADDRESS
BOOKS



FOUNTAIN PENS
"Get the Best"

BOOKBINDING
very style of
the art

BROWN BROS., Limited

51-53 Wellington St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE NEW HYMN BOOK

COMBINED WITH

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING
REALLY ATTRACTIVE
AND WELL BOUND FOR XMAS
ASK FOR THESE IN

The "Canada" Series

Winners of the Gold Medal for Special
Bindings at the Franco-British Exposition,
London, 1908.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

York-
volume of
ork, pub-
he found
of York,
ions that
ed in the
County
and St.
chalice
so that
f him at
and his
ck's Ca-
of Piers
and other
the will
he died
patrons,
ount of
and. He
ebend of
at once
Patrick's,
heard of
negative,
quently a
alter De
blin, and
nowledge
athedral,
re some
the will
an Irish
abled to
he oldest
at T'm
Michael,

OK
ER

S

December 16, 1909.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Madonna of the Vineyard.—Modern art sometimes vies with that of the Ancients in the production of beautiful figures and scenes. The artist in this beautiful masterpiece has elevated the art of his country and added to his own renown.

The Greatest of All Heroes.—Another triumphant vindication of the "King of kings and Lord of lords," Who for our sakes and for our salvation, was born of the Virgin Mary and plied the trade of his adopted father in the humble town of Nazareth.

Contemplation.—The artist has touched high water mark in this beautiful and attractive portrait. Beauty of mind and of body are combined, we are sure, with a tender heart and an amiable disposition in the contemplative maiden before us.

Now Came Still Evening On.—Full well has the artist caught the subtle and impressive suggestiveness of the poet's charming line. Here is a noble lover's walk—for knight and maiden of high degree, or for the humble swain and his chosen mate.

The Cottage Garden.—Fair lilies blowing for Easter-tide and fair maidens ministering to their growth. Yeend King is happy in his pastoral scenes. This is by no means the least attractive of them.

Madonna and Child.—This is evidently a very modern photographic portrait. It is probably a fair representation of the attempt to modernize the personalities of the sacred story.

Rabboni.—Impressive indeed is this scene. The artist has effectively represented the spiritual presence of the risen Saviour and the awed but affectionate devotion of the kneeling Magdalene.

Gathering Daisies.—The gentle pervading charm of this fair scene suggests the budding spring time and the innocent joys of youth at that happy season.

Trust.—With becoming gravity and obedience the noble "St. Bernard" steadies his massive head, whilst his sweet little mistress with all the

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

771

earnestness in the world adjusts the lump of sugar on her favourite's nose.

Disgrace to His Family. A Credit to His Family.—The demure Blackamoor of one family group—the dashing hero of the other, are graphic types of failure and success in the life of the juvenile doggie. The moral of these moving pictures will persuasively appeal to our younger readers.

to enforce the favourite British maxim—"What we have we hold."

Our Spiritual Mother.—Beautiful and touching, to all who love Her, is the article on the above impressive subject that recently appeared in our valued exchange, the "Scottish Chronicle." Part of it reads as follows:—"Our heavenly Mother, the Church, is continually administering to the spiritual wants, and comforts, and edification of

her children, from the time she calls them her own at holy baptism until their departure to join the unseen ranks of the Saints. In her Book of Common Prayer she sets forth her lessons, her wishes, her warnings, and her precepts; in this she breathes those cheering words, and provides those consolatory and blessed means of grace which alike gladden the adverse or prosperous 'in all time of their tribulation, and in all time of their wealth.' She knows what is needful for the Christian life, and, as a loving mother, provides and administers various means of grace. How beautifully is her year chequered with joy and sorrow. Feast and fast, gloom and glow. Lent succeeds the joy of Christmas. The triumph of Easter succeeds the deep abasement of the Passion. The calmness of practical life succeeds the season of the outpouring of the Spirit, and precedes the contemplation of the second Advent. Here and there, throughout each season, the sorrow of self-denial is cheered by the day of her Lord's resurrection, and the days of her times of triumph are relieved by the days of Rogation, or the seasons of Ordination. Her very Festivals are solemnized by a Vigil. Her Vigils are suspended in the days of special joy. * * *

Yet she cherishes no partiality. All receive her like attention and

care. On the high and the low she sprinkles alike the bright new birth. For mighty kings and the meanest citizen she has the same holy services, the same blessed sacraments, and the same sacred means of grace. When the bodies of her children are committed to the narrow grave she makes no distinction; she knows none. She sings the same funeral lay for the lord of the palace as for the beggar in the lowly hut. She christens the bodies of all in the same way, with



The Cottage Garden.

Yeend King.

What'll You Have?—For our part we would prefer "Home Sweet Home," if the dear little favourite of some happy home will favour us with that well known air.

Indisposed.—This young gentleman has evidently returned from the wars and is, we hope, convalescing after his, no doubt, vigorous efforts to uphold the honour of his kennel. No doubt he impressed on his doughty opponent his ability

dust to dust," when "earth with its earth," must lie. She has no child to honour before the rest."

"YE DID IT NOT."

In this busy world it will do us good to read the following reverie, which some one has given us:—"Master, I have this day broken no law of the Ten—have hurt no one. Is it enough?" "Child, there stood by thy side one burdened with heavy tasks of lowly earthly labour. For a little help, a little easing of the burden, he looked to thee. Thou hadst time and strength. "Master, I did not see." "Thine eyes were turned within. There was an ignorant one crying from out his darkness: 'Will none teach me?' I have given thee knowledge." "Master, I did not hear." "Thine ear was dull. There came a guest to seek thy converse, a human friend in quest of fellowship. I marked thy sigh, thy frown. Why was thy heart not glad?" "I was reading. I hate to be disturbed, to be called from great thoughts to trifling talk." "The children would have had thee also a few moments in their play. Without thee they went wrong—how far wrong thou wilt not know. It is too late." "Child's play? But I was searching for a hidden truth of spiritual import." "Thou did'st not turn aside to lift that lame one who had fallen by the way." "I was in haste to do what I planned. I meant to help him when I returned." "Another lifted him. And shall I question further?"

Life's Perspective.—Life may be said to resemble the painting of a landscape, in which no beauty of form or colouring, no delicacy of touch or force of expression, can atone for the lack of true perspective. Unless the objects represented assume such proportions as to convey to the mind a sense of their relative distance, the picture is a

failure; and unless our lives show a similar discrimination, they will be equally worthless. The value of our time and talents will greatly depend upon the degree to which we observe these proportions. There are people of good abilities and great diligence who rarely seem to reap the natural fruits of their labour, because they are so intent upon little details that they lose sight of their main objects.

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."

Heap on the coals with generous hand,
And hang the garlands green and fair;
Light up the wondrous magic tree,
And spread the board with viands rare,
Whate'er is hid, let joy appear,
For "Christmas comes but once a year."

Let horns be blown, and rockets fired,
And good old-fashioned games be played;
Let happy children laugh and dance,
And tales of "long ago" be said,
Let songs be sung to soothe and cheer,
For "Christmas comes but once a year."

Let severed household bands unite,
Let heads forbear to scheme and plot;
Let merry, harmless jests go 'round,
And grudge and quarrel be forgot,
Let foes be friends, and friends more dear,
For "Christmas comes but once a year."

Oh, for the sake of Him whose day
Of birth you keep so joyously,
Be quick to share with those less blessed,
What He hath given so lavishly,
His poor, that are so very near,
Whose "Christmas comes but once a year."

Thank God, between the singing years,

The years of toil and bitterness,
There comes a lull a little while,
Of peace, good-will, and blessedness!
Thank God, to weary hearts and homes
Once every year glad Christmas comes!

—F. H. Marr.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him: there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil! The busy world shoves angrily aside the man who stands with arms akimbo set, until occasion tells him what to do; and he who waits to have his task marked out shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—J. R. Lowell.

Don't Forget.—A successful business man says there were two things that he learned when he was eighteen which were afterwards of great use to him—namely, never to lose anything, and never to forget anything. An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it—what shall I do then?" The answer was, with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it." "I don't mean to do so," said the young man; "but suppose that should happen?" "But I say it must not happen! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it." This put a new train of thoughts into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provisions against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay.

FOR XMAS. Oxford Bindings of the New Hymn Book

Oxford bindings of the New Hymn Book and Prayer and Hymn Book. 100 different styles at prices from 50 cents up to \$9.00. No more beautiful or appropriate gift could be imagined. Ask your Bookseller to let you see any one of the following styles.

8vo Edition with Tunes For the Organ. 8½ x 5½ inches. 1088 pages. On Oxford India Paper.	24mo Edition. Words only. 5½ x 3¾ inches. 784 pages. On Oxford India Paper.	The Hymn Book bound with the Book of Common Prayer, Oxford Edition. Bourgeois 32mo. Two Volumes in case. On Oxford India Paper throughout.
oxa 811 Italian, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges net \$3.50	oxa 511 Italian, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges net \$1.50	oxa 2481 French, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, in padded upright case, telescope handle net \$3.00
oxa 822 Paste grain, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges net \$4.00	oxa 517 Lambskin, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll net \$1.75	oxa 2483 Rutland, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, in padded oblong case, telescope handle net \$4.00
oxa 836 Rutland, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll net \$5.50	oxa 536 Rutland, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll net \$2.25	oxa 2489 Rutland, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, in Connaught case, with pocket and wrist handle net \$6.00
oxa 840 Turkey morocco, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll net \$7.00	oxa 538 Velvet calf, limp, round corners, art gilt edges net \$2.50	oxa 2497 Sealskin, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, in Connaught case, with pocket and wrist handle net \$9.00
oxa 846 Sealskin, limp, silk sewed, round corners, art gilt solid fore-edge, gilt roll net \$8.50	oxa 540 Turkey morocco, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll net \$3.00	
oxa 844 Levant morocco, yapp, calf lined, silk sewed, round corners, red under gilt edges net \$9.00		
16mo Edition, with Tunes. For the Choir. 7½ x 4¾ inches. 1088 pages. On Oxford India Paper.	The Hymn Book bound with the Oxford edition of the Book of Common Prayer. Small Pica, 24mo. Red Rubrics. On Oxford India Paper throughout.	48mo Edition. Words only. 3¾ x 2¾ inches. 640 pages. Bound with the Book of Common Prayer. Two Volumes in case, on Oxford India Paper throughout.
oxa 711 Italian, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges net \$2.50	oxa 2586 Rutland, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll net \$4.50	oxa 2185 Rutland, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll, in upright padded case, telescope handle net \$3.00
oxa 722 Paste grain, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges net \$3.00	oxa 2589 Panne calf, yapp, leather lined, silk sewed, round corners, art gilt edges net \$6.50	oxa 2190 Russia, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll, in upright padded case, telescope handle net \$5.00
oxa 736 Rutland, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll net \$4.00	oxa 2597 Sealskin, yapp, leather lined, silk sewed, round corners, art gilt solid fore-edge net \$6.75	oxa 2193 Velvet calf, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, in Connaught case, with pocket and wrist handle net \$5.25
oxa 740 Turkey morocco, limp, round corners, red under gilt edges, gilt roll net \$5.00		oxa 2197 Sealskin, limp, round corners, art gilt edges, in Connaught case, with pocket and wrist handle net \$7.50
oxa 744 Levant morocco, yapp, calf lined, silk sewed, round corners, red under gilt edges net \$6.00		

The Annotated Edition.
A very useful and desirable Book, in Cloth and Leather Bindings from \$1.50 to \$5.00

HENRY FROWDE
25 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

If you have not access to a Bookshop, we will forward postpaid on receipt of price any of the styles catalogued.

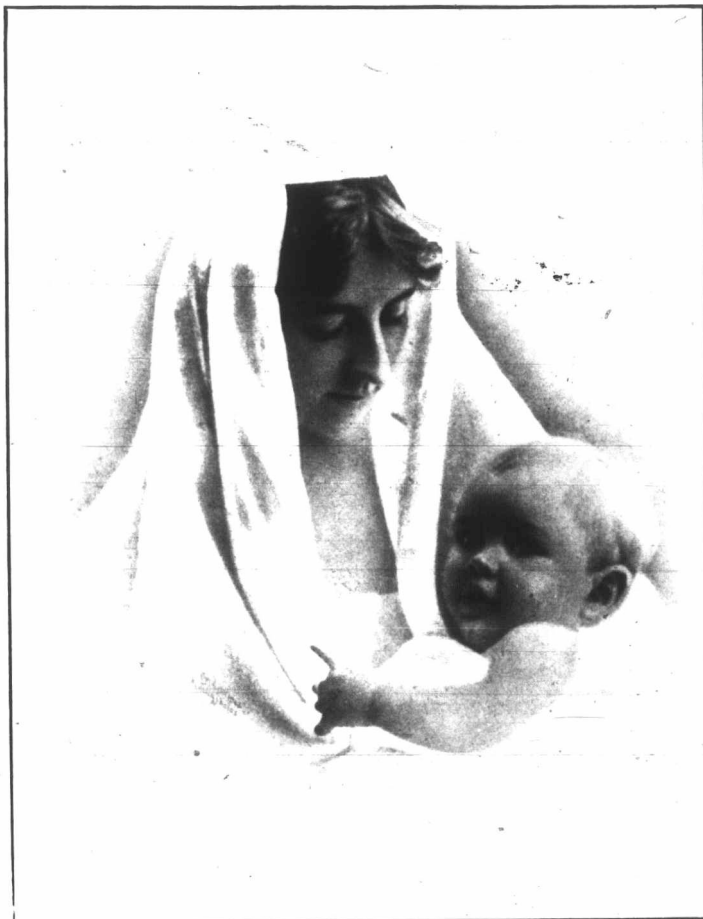
CHRISTMAS HERE AND YONDER

By W. Letterman Smith.

It was bitterly cold. Snow was falling in fine, feathery flakes. Times were hard. Men and women, boys and girls, too, in great numbers had been recently laid off at factories and mills. Poverty abounded. Cupboards were bare. Cellars were empty. Money was scarce, and credit gone. And Christmas day—Christmas, the time for feasting and merry-making—was but two days off. Out in the cold and snow, looking in at the gaily decorated windows of the principal shopping street of the factory town and peering into the faces of eager and half-distracted shoppers, was an old man, half blind, half deaf, half lame, half-witted, his clothing thin and worn, but neatly patched, accompanied by a young girl, not far advanced in her teens, who was also thinly clad, but clean and neat. An orphan child she with the sole care of her aged and well-nigh helpless grandfather whose declining years she brightened by her cheery, hopeful, disposition and superb devotion. She was the very idol of the old man's heart. How could he live without her? How indeed? "What's all this? Why's everything lit up? Why's the shops so gay? Why's so many people out to-night? Buying! Buying! Buying! Why's they a buying so much to-night?" queried the old man as, leaning on the arm of his faithful grandchild, he tottered along by her side. "Why, it's Christmas time, Grandpap. Don't you know? Christmas! Christmas! you haven't forgot Christmas, have you? There, now, what an old forgetter you are," and the child looked up laughing into the old man's face as he mumbled "God bless you, my child. You're good to your old grandpap. Christmas! Yes, Christmas! But what's Christmas?" "Oh! you dear old creature, you. Are you a heathen not to know what Christmas is, when our dear Lord was born in a stable; and the angels sang in the sky; and the shepherds came; and the star shone; and the wise men came all the way from the East. Oh! what a forgetter you are, to be sure." So they wandered about, these two together for an hour or more, and then returned to their little scantily furnished attic room. "Well, it ain't cold in here anyways, grandpap," said the girl as she hustled the old man into the room and closed the door. "Here now sit up by the fire and toast your feet, and get good and warm while I boil the coffee and cut the bread, and we'll have supper in a jiffy, and you'll feel better, I know." And she drew up the old arm chair in front of the stove and settled her grandfather comfortably in it; and then bustled about preparing their simple meal, singing all the while one of those beautiful Christmas hymns her grandfather delighted to hear. "Now, then, grandpap, supper's ready; and you're ready for it, I know. So am I." "Ready! Yes. But ain't it all we've got? What's we a going to do for to-morrow?" "Why, we've got beans, a whole pint of them, enough to last us all day; and we needn't drink all the coffee to-night and then we'll have some for to-morrow. Let's eat and be thankful. Some's worse off 'n we. The Lord will provide. Cheer up. We'll have a good Christmas." And the old man was comforted. Christmas eve came. The young girl, who had been thrown out of work when the factory shut down, and who had earned barely enough since by doing odd jobs to keep herself and her grandfather alive, had been trying all day, but without success, to make a few pennies with which to purchase something to eat for

the morrow, Christmas day. And now, leaving the old man alone, she was off again to seek an opportunity to honestly gain enough to buy a loaf of bread and a little coffee for Christmas day. The clock on the neighboring factory had long since struck the hour of eight. Two hours alone and the old man was restless, pacing the floor, stumbling over chairs, catching his foot more than once on the edge of the old mattress, the child's bed, that protruded from the corner of the room and would most persistently get in his way, and, gazing out the little window, wondering why she didn't come. He opened the closet door, and muttered to himself as he looked in—"No coal. No food. No oil. We must starve in cold and darkness. It matters not to me. I'm old. I can't do anything. I'm only in the way. But Miriam! Poor, little Miriam! Sweet child! What'll become of her, if I ain't here," and the old man broke down, and moaned, and sobbed and wept. As he stood thus, the room door opened and in came Miriam, whom cold and excitement had combined to make flush and rosy. How sweet she looked! How fascinating! How bright and cheery—her presence a

provision, could not comprehend. "Now come right here, and sit by the fire, but it's almost gone, and I'll tell you all." And so she did. How she had wandered about the shopping streets until almost exhausted seeking some work, or errand, by which she might earn enough to provide something, anything, to eat on Christmas day. How she saw a woman, with two small children tugging at her skirts, carrying two baskets, one of them large and heavily laden. How she offered to carry the basket and mind the children. How her offer was accepted. How when she reached the house the woman bade her come in, and listened as she told her, in answer to her inquiries, about her grandfather, herself and their impoverished condition. And how, when she had finished, the kind woman packed the basket and gave it to her, telling her to come on the morrow for coal, and promising to come to see them during the course of the day. Then they rejoiced together; the old man and the young girl, and that night she lulled the old man to sleep with those sweet, Christmas carols and hymns he so dearly loved to hear her sing. Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. The young girl, having with great difficulty carried the scuttle of coal from the kind lady's house and gathered some bits of wood she found nearby, now bustled about, getting the breakfast—a simple meal to be sure, but a feast, indeed to these poor creatures—cheerily singing her grandfather's favorite Christmas hymns, while the bells in the steeple far and near pealed out their glad Christmas chimes. The old man lay quietly on his bed, and the voice of his grand daughter blended with the voices of wife and daughter, and with the voices of angels; and the pealing bells were transformed into the sweeter music of heavenly harps and viols. The old man was dead. And Christmas day! Dead Oh! No, not dead, but alive forever more. His voice—here harsh and cracked, there sweet and mellow—now joined with the melodious voices of saints and angels in the great hallelujah chorus of praise unto the King that was born in earthly poverty, but now reigns as Lord of all, God blessed forever. Kind neighbors did all they could for the distressed child. The worn out body of the old man was reverently laid to rest. The kind lady came and took the lone girl to her home and gave her employment as maid. "The Lord will provide. He has provided for me, and for dear old grandpap, too. The Lord is good. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Blessed every one that trusteth in him."—said the orphan girl as she concluded her prayer that first night in her cozy, little room in her new home. "Southern Churchman."



Madonna and Child

benediction! "Here I am, grandpap, safe and sound. You'd thought I'd run off and left you for good and all, now didn't you? And you a standing there a looking into the empty cupboard, and not a caring one bit, you old scamp. But dear me, dear me," she continued as the old man slowly turned around, "you've been a crying! What's the matter, dear old grandpap? Tell your little girl. Is it the empty cupboard? Well, well, cheer up now. Look a here! Look a here! See what I've brought. Look! quick! oh! how slow you are! Look right into this basket, you dear old man, and see what's here. And all ours. Every bit of it ours, yours and mine. Look! Here's a piece of fitch, and half a dozen eggs, and a whole loaf of bread, and here's a little coffee, too. There now. And I'm to go early to-morrow for a bucket of coal, as much as I can carry. And it ain't so far neither. And we're a going to have a good Christmas dinner, too, I can tell you. Cheer up. The Lord will provide. He has provided. So cheer up and be thankful." The words fairly tripped over each other in their mad haste to be heard. But the old man, dazed at the sight of such rich

WHAT IS YOUR "PERSUASION."

This question was asked by an officious visitor of a dying man in a hospital. "Persuasion murmured the man, and his eyes kindled as they had caught a vision of the King in His beauty and the land that is far off. "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."

A bright and happy Christmas to you! Live up yourselves to the great meaning of the day Phillips Brooks.

ok
rices
your
th the
er,
se.
net \$3.00
net \$4.00
net \$6.00
net \$9.00
ly.
yer.
i Paper
net \$3.00
net \$5.00
net \$5.25
net \$7.50
n request.
Bookshop,
receipt of
logued.

Memorial Stained Glass Windows



Executed at our Studios
for St. George's Church,
Toronto

You are cordially invited
to visit our new showrooms and inspect
numerous interesting examples of

Memorial Windows.

Having filled the most important commissions
of the kind in this country
it is safe to say we are able to satisfy all
such demands.

Our windows are acknowledged by competent judges to be, in all respects, equal to the best English work. Our prices, therefore, are the same as charged in London; we simply claim to save our patrons the freight, duty and insurance, which total, approximately, 40% (an item for serious thought), and to afford them the great advantage of treating with a local firm of long experience whose interests, for obvious reasons, are identical with those of the purchaser. Owing to our right of claim for excellence in this branch of Ecclesiastical art, such importations from abroad have practically ceased.

We have made a long and special study of glass for Anglican Churches which has an individual distinctiveness.

Our productions to-day are the result of fifty years' careful, painstaking effort to produce only what is best in Memorial Stained Glass.

The exports from our studios in genuine English Antique Glass, to England and the United States, attest our standing.

Robert McCausland, Limited

141-143 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Established in Canada over half a Century



Executed at our Studios
for St. George's Church,
Toronto

FOR THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The girls of Blaketon were a pretty lively set. Here were the Academy girls, and the High School girls, and Madame Lafitte's girls; and any of the brightest of all three sets were in a Sunday School. They were scattered through a dozen classes, and when scattered through each Sunday, what a chattering of girl voices and laughter! The tired superintendent would toss his gray hair back and smile, for it was a very pleasant sound to hear. Of course there were various clubs and secret societies (which really are not "secret" at all, for what girl could help hiding her own particular friend and roommate?), but the most successful of all, that winter, was the "A. C. C." This is the way it is formed:—"Isn't it jolly that Christmas is so far?" exclaimed Madge Arkwright, as she pulled herself into her fur-bordered jacket, three minutes after the bell had sounded for dismissal. "Splendid! You can't guess what I'm going to give you!" returned Susie Peterson. "It's the funniest—" "Oh, tell me! Tell me! I won't tell," cried her companions, as they crowded around Susie. At she shook her head till her bright-red braid went straight, and its bow flew off. "Do you know," put in one of the quieter girls, named Dorothy Star, as she picked up the ribbon and returned it to its owner amid a gale of laughter, "I most dread Christmas!" "Why, Dolly Star, what an idea! What do you mean?" The girls separated into little knots and began to move towards the door. "Well, I'll tell you, girls. From now till Christmas, these three weeks we shall be—well, Christmasy. You know what I mean—generous and forgiving and full of 'good will,' as you know. But the day after Christmas we shall be tired and cross (I always eat too many choco-

lates) and sleepy, and the tree will be thrown out into the vacant lot next door, and the holly will begin to turn yellow. Oh, it's miserable to think of. I'm always just horrid, after Christmas, in spite of all the good resolutions I've been making for three weeks." Dolly paused, breathless, after her long speech. Her face was flushed, and her brown eyes shone with just a bit of suspicious moisture. It was not easy to speak about these things to the other girls, you see. They were silent a moment; then Susie broke out impulsively: "Look here, girls, let's get together and have a club for carrying Christmas, the real Christmas spirit, right over into January—" "And clear on to the next Christmas!" put in Madge with enthusiasm. "What shall we call it? Who will belong?" cried two or three. "Anybody can belong. Now for a good name." "The Well Wishers!" "The Good Cheer Society!" "The Keep-It-Up Girls!" These and other titles for the new organization were suggested, but the name finally adopted was the "After Christmas Club." Several meetings were held in the homes of the founders of the club. New members flocked in, attracted by the novelty of the idea. On the very day after Christmas the test came. As Dorothy had predicted, every one was disposed to be a little irritable and fault-finding; but the fact of the existence of the After Christmas Club, and eagerness to live up to its aim, helped its members to put down all unpleasant feelings and meet the day, and those that followed, with a sunny face and cheerful heart. "I declare," said old Mrs. Brown, the washwoman, "I believe rich folks have some feelin's, arter all. They're gin'rally satisfied with givin' away suthin' at Thanksgivin' an' Christmas, but them gals came round the next day, jest as 'twas beginning to seem lonesome, an' I could see the end o' the

cold turkey, with my four children so keen arter it, an' what do you think? They'd found two new jobs for me, reg'lar ones, an' besides, they gave me this shawl, an' a real nice warm one 'tis!" This is not a chronicle of all the doings of the "After Christmas Club," nor has the story any special "end." In true life, stories have no real end, but keep right on, as these girls are doing. The task was not an easy one, for there were times when the skies were gray, and spirits flagged, and gentle deeds and words were thanklessly received; but the Club persevered, and bids fair to grow in numbers and usefulness all through the year until "Merry Christmas!" is again heard on every side, and the Christmas spirit of cheer and good will makes life glad and full of sunshine. Who will be the first to start another "After Christmas Club?"—"Sunday School Times"

Turkish Proverbs.—Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not, the Lord will. Who fears God need not fear man. If a man would live in peace, he should be blind, deaf, and dumb. A small stone often makes a great noise. A foolish friend is at times a greater annoyance than a wise enemy. If thy foe be as small as a gnat, fancy him as large as an elephant. A friend is worth more than a kinsman. If my beard is burnt, others try to light their pipes at it. The dogs bark, but the caravan passes. You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "Honey." They who know most are oftenest cheated. More is learned from conversation than from books. He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse. The fish that escapes appears greater than it is. Trust not to the whiteness of his turban; he bought the soap on credit.

THE APPLEBANKS' CHRISTMAS.

The girls stood over the register during the recess between the Sunday School and church service, and listened to Mrs. Williams' cheery, persuasive voice, as, with a little book in her hand, she was flitting about like a bird among the congregation. "What is she begging for now, I wonder?" said Annabel Monroe, with a curl of her pretty lip. "I never saw any one like Mrs. Williams. She is always and forever asking for money for something. I believe she has money on the brain." "Oh, it's for a present for the organist," said Lida Rees. "Mrs. Shipley don't have much to live on, and she has played in Sunday School so long. I heard them talking about it at the social the other evening. She needn't come near me, I haven't a single cent for her. I haven't half enough to buy presents to go round among my friends." "I actually have to go in debt every year," said Annie Lee, "in order to get all my friends a little something, and then I never am satisfied. I can't afford to get nice presents; just some silly little thing I know nobody cares for. Do you know, girls, I don't think we keep the Lord Jesus Christ's birthday in a very Christ-like manner? I have a great mind to make a new departure this year." "How?" said the two girls. "Well," said Annie, flushing a little, "I can't help thinking every single Christmas of what he said, you know: 'The poor you have with you always, but Me you have not always;' and 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these ye do it unto Me.' And I think every time, now, next year, I'll give lots of Christmas presents to the poor; but Christmas comes and goes, and my relatives and friends get it all; and they don't need it a bit." "That's so," said Annabel, "but what can we do? We have to give presents to our friends because they give to us. And there are so many. Why, ten dollars will not begin to cover mine this year." "Well," said Annie, thoughtfully, "I haven't got ten dollars to buy presents with, but I believe I'll apply what I have some other way this year. It is Christ's birthday, and He ought to have the gifts. I've been thinking of the Applebanks. Johnnie is the best boy in my class. They are such good folks and so poor. Mr. Applebanks has been down with inflammatory rheumatism for six weeks, and the mill has stopped running, and Sarah is out of work, and the only way they can get anything is by Mrs. Applebanks taking in washing. I feel so sorry for

them." "Well, I'm as sorry, too," said Lida Rees, "and I wish I could join you in making them a nice Christmas. But my money is all laid upon the altar of friendship." "And mine, too," said Annabel. "But, Annie, I'll try to save something next year to make the right kind of presents. I never thought of it before, but you are right. Christ ought to be the central thought of our giving." It was the day before Christmas—a cold day, promising a colder night, and

ping in between the lining and the leather, and, finally in despair, had gone herself, across the road to a kind neighbour to borrow a wheelbarrow load of wood, the children being ashamed to "ask favours." It made Sarah cross to witness the inexhaustible patience of her toil-worn mother and to hear her pathetic voice singing with a faith in God which it seemed as if nothing could shake.

"It may not be my way, It may not be thy way, But in his own good way, The Lord will provide."

"He doesn't seem to provide anyway," she fretted, her cold hands tucked the covers more closely around her sick father. "I don't see how she can keep on believing. God's people never give us a thought." "Blessed is he who hath not seen yet hath believed," said her father, softly. "Your mother's faith is a great comfort to me Sarah." "Whoa!" such a loud whoa as it was. Johnnie and Jimmie were at the window directly, and the next minute they called Sarah. "Sade, here's a man, don't you think, throwing off a load of wood; a great, big load, too. I guess you don't know it all, Sade Applebanks. Ma said the Lord would provide in His own way and time, and He has." Happy Mrs. Applebanks! How her faith flamed up with the glorious fire they made up to "warm the corners of the room." And Sarah's heart was kindled also, when the grocer's wagon drove up with a beautiful basket of Christmas provisions from a pair of plump chickens to a big pound of assorted candy. There was only a little card in the basket, on which was written, "From a friend. In His name." The Applebanks never knew who gave them such a happy Christmas, but God and the angels knew and Annie Lee felt satisfied with the simple card and booklets she distributed among her friends who had no need.



RABBONI.
Jesus saith unto her, "Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father."
St. John 20th, 16th.

Herbert Schmatz.

the Applebanks were suffering. Their fuel had become completely exhausted, and Mr. Applebanks was enduring agonies from his rheumatism as the rooms grew colder with the waning of the fire. Again and again Mrs. Applebanks searched her worn-out purse for some stray change that possibly might have escaped her notice by slip-

ping in between the lining and the leather, and, finally in despair, had gone herself, across the road to a kind neighbour to borrow a wheelbarrow load of wood, the children being ashamed to "ask favours." It made Sarah cross to witness the inexhaustible patience of her toil-worn mother and to hear her pathetic voice singing with a faith in God which it seemed as if nothing could shake.

A BERLIN CHRISTMAS TREE.

Over a hundred years ago, the story goes, the German people sought a symbol of their love for Christ, and to mark the anniversary of the date of His birth. They looked for a flower or tree and as they looked the snow was over the ground the winter winds were chill. They passed many trees that a few weeks before had been fresh and fair and green; all seemed dead and a voice sang high above their heads: "Not this, not this, look farther still." At last on the top of a hill covered

... pure white snow, they came to a tall fir-tree. Each branch was loaded down with its burden of white feathery moss, but as they shook it free from this covering the branches sprung lightly back into place, each tender spiral quivered and gleamed fresh and living in the wintry sunshine, and from the clouds above the angel voice sang, "This one, this one," and so they felled the tree, and bore it home and placed it in their church before the altar. They hung lights from its branches, they laid gifts for the poor under its shade, they placed on its topmost point a shining figure of the Christ-child, and their voices rose to heaven in a hymn of praise to God of "Peace on earth, good will to men." Since then, at Christmastide, in every German home, no matter how humble, a tree of evergreen, alight and with its image of the Holy Babe, is seen on Christmas Eve.

BLOWING IN THE YULE.

Beautiful Christmas Custom of Old Town on North Sea.

Blowing in the yule from the grim old tower that had stood for 800 years against the blasts of the North Sea was one of the customs of the old town that abide, however it fares with the Nisse; that I know. At sun-up, while yet the people were at breakfast, the town band climbed the many steep ladders to the top of the tower, and up there, in fair weather or foul—and sometimes it blew great guns from the wintry sea—they played four old hymns, one to each corner of the compass, so that no one was forgotten. They always began with Luther's sturdy challenge, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," while down below we listened devoutly. There was something both weird and beautiful about those far-away strains in the early morning light of the northern winter, something that was not of earth and that suggested to my child's imagination the angels' songs on far Judean hills. Even now, after all these

years, the memory of it does that. It could not have been because the music was so rare, for the band was made up of small storekeepers and artisans who thus turned an honest penny on festive occasions. Incongruously enough, I think the official town-mourner, who bade people to funerals, was one of them. I have never heard music since that so moved me. When the last strain died away, came the big bells with their deep voices that sang far out over field and heath, and our yule was fairly under way. "Century Magazine."

THE COMING KING.

"Multi in Nativitate Ejus gaudebunt."

When Angels in the starry height
Sang their song on Christmas night,
There burst upon the weary earth
Glad tidings of a Prince's birth.
All Heaven re-echoed with the sound,
While earth was dumb in silence bound:
How few there were who heard the cry
Of Hallelujahs in the sky!
How few rejoiced with Mary, maid,
O'er her Child in the manger laid:
The simple shepherds of the plain
Were all the courtiers of His train!
But hark! to-day how Christmas bells
In every clime their music tell
Of loving welcome to our King,
Whose praise with joyful hearts we sing,
We twine the laurel and the bay
In honour of our Guest to-day,
But simple love we also bring
As our best Christmas offering.
Oh! let not faith nor hope decay—
Twin sisters of a brighter day—
Shame on us if we let them lie
Like passion flowers that bloom and die!
For when the King doth come again
Shall He find the Faith in the hearts of men?

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

By Dora Paget.

Dismally the bitter wind howled round a quiet, snow-covered house in a Yorkshire village. In the old-fashioned dining-room, with its comfortable red curtains and bright fire and gas light, sat Mr. and Mrs. Francis watching out the old year. She was a pretty, white-haired little lady, who must have been lovely in her youth; he a tall, stern-looking man. Sitting with his head bent forward, he caught the sound of suppressed weeping, and lifting his head he gazed solicitously at his wife. "Mother, he said, "you're crying." Receiving no reply, he continued, "Dry your tears, dear wife. We have so much reason for bending our knees and thanking the good Lord for His manifold mercies towards us. We have plenty of this world's goods. What is the trouble mother?" "Do you not remember?" she faltered. "It is five years to-day since you sent Mary away and told her never to cross the threshold again. Have you forgotten that dreadful Christmas time, which brought us truly not peace, but a sword. Those dreadful words! How I have prayed the Father in heaven to soften your heart towards her." "Enough, enough! You would do well not to utter her name. A disobedient—" "She only did as we did—married for love. The man of her choice instead of yours. Charles, I beg you to forgive her. She was young and thoughtless, and she has suffered for her mistake. As you hope for mercy, forgive her to-night." The old man bowed his head. "I seem to hear her knocking at the door, and mingling with the knocks a voice saying, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' I feel sure we shall hear from her soon." "Do you know where she is?" Mr. Francis seemed glad, now the ice was broken, to speak of his daughter. "No, only that her husband died. I am sometimes afraid.

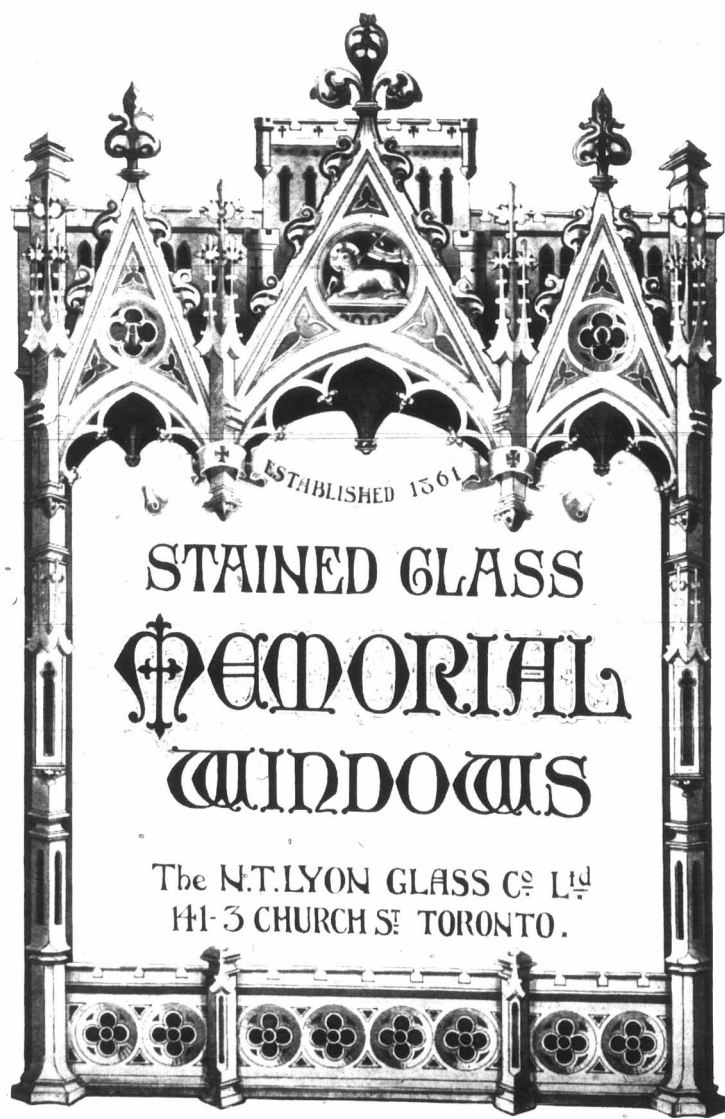
HOLIDAY GIFTS

EXCLUSIVE
DESIGNS IN CHINA AND
GLASS FROM LEADING
EUROPEAN FACTORIES



ELECTROLIERS
AND
... SHADES ...
Dresden
China
Dutch Glass

WILLIAM JUNOR
TORONTO HAMILTON



Charles, that she may be in want." "She could have written us." Mrs. Francis did not reply, and it sent a pang to the old man's heart to remember that it was very unlikely his daughter would do so after his harsh treatment of her. There was no sound in the old-fashioned room save the crackling of the fire and the roar of the wind in the wide chimney. Then the old man said, his stern voice softened, "Mother, as I hope for forgiveness, so now do I forgive Mary." They sat in silence for a long time, until suddenly a loud bark from the house-dog broke the stillness. Then a timid knock sounded at the door, and after a while a second, more timid still. "It is Mary," said the mother. "She has come home, father, do you hear?" Together they went into the hall and opened the heavy front door. A pale, thinly-clad girl—she was no more—stood on the step. "Mother!" She was in her mother's arms, but presently she turned to her father and, with stammering lips, faltered: "Father, forgive me." "As God forgives me," he said, and took the slight form in his arms. And the bells of the old church at that moment rang out the old and rang in the new, rang in the Christ that is and was and is to be.

A CAROL OF THE KINGS.

It is chronicled in an old Armenian myth, that the wise men of the East were none other other than the three sons of Noah, and that they were raised from the dead to represent, and to do homage for all mankind, in the cave at Bethlehem! Other legends are also told: one, that these patriarch-princes of the Flood did not ever die, but were rapt away into Enoch's Paradise, and were thence recalled to begin the solemn gesture of world-wide worship to the King-born Child! Another saying holds, that, when their days were full, these arkite fathers fell asleep, and were laid at rest in a cavern at Ararat until Messiah was born, and that then an angel aroused them from the slumber of ages to bow down and to hail, as the heralds of many nations, the awful Child. Be this as it may—whether the mystic magi were Shem, Ham and Japheth in their first or second existence, under their own names or those of other men; or whether they were three long-descended and royal sages from the loins or the land of Balaam—one thing has been delivered

to me for very record. The supernatural shape of clustering orbs which was embodied suddenly from surrounding light, and framed to be the beacon of that westward-way, was and is the Southern Cross! It was not a solitary signal-fire, but a miraculous constellation, a pentacle of stars, whereof two shone for the transom and three for the stock; and which went above and before the travellers, day and night, radiantly, until it came and stood over where the young Child lay! And then? What then? Must those



Jimenez.

Gathering Daisies.

faithful orbs dissolve and die? Shall the gleaming trophy fall? Nay—not so. When it had fulfilled the piety of its first-born office, it arose, and, amid the vassalage of every stellar and material law, it moved onward and onward, obedient to the impulse of God the Trinity, journeying evermore towards the south, until that starry image arrived in the predestined sphere of future and perpetual abode: to bend, as to this day it bends, above the peaceful sea, in everlasting memorial of the Child Jesus: the Southern Cross.

HER CHRISTMAS SCHEMES.

Aunt Emma laid down the letter she had been reading aloud from her sister in a Western mining town, went over to her desk, took out a small blank book, and made an entry. Lillian looked on. "Well, now what are you doing," she asked wonderingly. Aunt Emma was so systematic and so full of odd schemes! "Why, I am just noting it down before I forget it, that Thirza wishes she had a silk shirt-waist of some sort to go with her black skirts this winter for best, and that Roland is getting so interested in books about battles and historical stories of all sorts." Lillian looked more puzzled than ever. Aunt Emma laughed. "It's my Christmas book, dearie," she explained. "You see it began in this way: I thought I'd send little Alice Berry some of Louisa Alcott's books, sending one each Christmas, and I forgot which I had sent, and gave her 'Under the Lilacs,' two years in succession. The poor child was so disappointed, and her mother never told me until long afterward when it was too late to exchange it; so I asked Mrs. Berry to write me just which books Alice had, and I wrote it down in a memorandum-book. It occurred to me that it would be very handy to know all the presents I had given each year; so I made a complete list, and have done that for four or five years. It is so convenient. I should have sent Helen a raffia basket exactly like one I had given her before but for that book. And now I don't confine it to what I have already given but during the year write down any suggestions for appropriate presents and make a note of the colour schemes of the girls' bedrooms too." "O, do tell me what Helen's is," begged Lillian eagerly. Aunt Emma turned the pages of her book until she reached the G's, it was Helen Garry another of her nieces." "It's blue and white," she reported. "O my! thank you. I'm so glad you have it! I have been wanting to find out, and I had planned to make Helen a cushion-cover. I decided to make it yellow but now I'll make it blue instead. Have you any suggestions? I have been trying to think what to get for Agnes." Aunt Emma obligingly turned to Agnes's page. "Any little travelling co

venience," she answered. "Agnes takes so many little trips, and she told me last month she hadn't any of these little home-made contrivances that are so handy. She hasn't time to make them, and no one gives them to her." "The very thing," cried Lillian. "I know how to make such a variety of them. I made a whole outfit for Jean when she went West—shoe-bags, a cylindrical rubbers-bag that buttons up, a bag to put all her combs and things in when she goes into the dressing-room of a sleeper, a stickpin-case, a hairpin-case made the same way with net to put the pins in, all made with linen with dark brown feather-stitching, and a wash-cloth bag of oil-silk. You can buy such pretty celluloid things, too, soap boxes, tooth brush holders, and such. Do you mind if I help myself to some of those ideas? "No, indeed," replied Aunt Emma, "I am going to give her a bedroom clock, anyway. She has long wanted a little gold one." "I have a Christmas box, too," pursued Aunt Emma, smilingly. Lillian followed her upstairs into the bedroom, and the older woman brought a large suit box out of the closet. There were in the box all the left-over materials from the year before—ribbons; cloths of different kinds; silks, worked, lace, braids, and patterns, cords, photographs, mounts, fresh, unsoiled candy boxes to old her delicious home-made candy; cambric and bright pictures that had accumulated during the year, for the babies' scrapbooks; white tissue rapping paper, baskets, holly-figured crepe paper, etc., a box in itself full of suggestions. Lillian drew a long breath of delight. "I am going to begin right away to have a Christmas book and a Christmas box," she said.

The noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy: like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, that they may soar up into their native element.

MODRYB MARYA: AUNT MARY.

A Christmas Chant.

[In old and simple-hearted Cornwall, the household names "uncle" and "aunt" were uttered and used as they are to this day in many countries of the East, not only as phrases of kindred, but as words of kindly greeting and tender respect. It was in the spirit, therefore, of this touching and graphic usage, that they were wont, on the Tamar side, to call the Mother of God, in their loyal language, Modryb Marya; or, Aunt Mary.]

Now, of all the trees by the king's highway,
Which do you love the best?
Oh! the one that is green upon Christmas Day,
The bush with the bleeding breast!
Now, the holly, with her drops of blood, for me:
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree!

Its leaves are sweet with our Saviour's name,
'Tis a plant that loves the poor:
Summer and winter it shines the same,
Beside the cottage door.
Oh! the holly, with her drops of blood, for me:
For that is our kind Aunt Mary's tree!

'Tis a bush that the birds will never leave,
They sing in it all day long:
But, sweetest of all, upon Christmas Eve,
Is to hear the robin's song.
'Tis the merriest sound upon earth and sea,
For it comes from our own Aunt Mary's tree!

So, of all that grow by the king's highway,
I love that tree the best:
'Tis a bower for the birds upon Christmas Day,
The bush of the bleeding breast.
Oh! the holly, with her drops of blood, for me:
For this is our sweet Aunt Mary's tree.

WHERE IS YESTERDAY?

(A Child's Inquiry.)

"Mother! some things I want to know,
Which puzzle and confuse me so.
To-day is present, as you say;
But tell me, where is yesterday?"

"I did not see it as it went;
I only know how it was spent—
In play, and pleasure, though in rain,
Then why won't it come back again?"

"To-day, the sun shines bright and clear;
But then, to-morrow's drawing near.
To-day—oh, do not go away!
And vanish like dear yesterday."

"'Tis when the sun and all the light
Has gone, and darkness brings the night,
It seems to me, you steal away
And change your name to yesterday."

"And will all time be just the same?
To-day—the only name remain?
And shall I always have to say,
To-morrow you'll be yesterday?"

"I wonder, when we go to heaven
If there a record will be given
Of all our thoughts and all our ways,
Write on the face of yesterdays?"

"If so, I pray God grant to me
That mine, a noble life may be:
For then, I'll greet with joyous gaze
The dear, lost face of—yesterdays."

—M. Holden.

DON VALLEY
BRICK WORKS

Use Light Shade Buff

BRICKS

For lining your Churches
and Sunday SchoolsAs cheap as plaster and
much more beautiful.

DON VALLEY BRICK WORKS

Head Office,

36 TORONTO ST., TORONTO, ONT.

ROBT. DAVIES, Prop.

JNO. M. BOWMAN, Manager

P. BURNS & CO.

Established 1856

WHOLESALE
AND RETAIL
COAL AND WOOD
MERCHANTSHead Office: 44 King Street East, Toronto
Telephone Main Nos. 131 and 132

BRANCH OFFICES:

304 Queen East, Telephone M. 134 274 College St., Telephone Col. 1304
429 Spadina Ave., Telephone Col. 607 324½ Queen W., Telephone M. 1409
1312 Queen West, Telephone Park 711 572 Queen W., Telephone Col. 12
441 Yonge St., Tel. Main 3298

YARDS:

Front St., near Bathurst, Telephones M. 2110, Main 449
Princess Street Docks, Telephone M. 190
449 Logan Avenue, Telephone N. 1601
Huron and Dupont, Telephone Col. 2319

A SOLDIER IN TIME OF PEACE

"Chore time, Ernest. Come, get up." The clock in the dining room had just tolled off five. Ernest was aroused from a pleasant dream by his father's stern voice. It was dark yet, that cold winter morning. A solitary star in the east showed him where snow had drifted in through the open window and lay in a little bank over his shoes and stockings. Not minding the cold or the darkness, he hurried out of bed and began dressing. "I'll keep West Point time this morning," he chuckled to himself as he made his fingers almost fly. In five minutes he was downstairs building fires. His mother closed her eyes for another nap as she heard the kitchen door shut, for she knew that he had started breakfast. She had been kept awake nearly all night by the twangs of rheumatism. As he went whistling about the barn that Saturday morning, he talked aloud to the cows and sheep. "Good to be an early riser, then it doesn't come so hard when you have to. I don't care now if father did throw that water on me last spring to wake me up. I've made a lot more by saving the two hours a day." "Tom," he said, as he curried the shining flanks of his favorite steed, "you shall have some oats in a jiffy. Now coax pretty, you rascal." Fairy, the white kitten, was purring around his feet. At a word from him the little creature climbed up on his shoulder. Tom and Fairy had grown to be great friends and the big, soft nose of the favorite rubbed down the white fur without receiving a single scratch. Ernest was fond of pets of all kinds. His father was a keeper in the Zoological Garden. All kinds of animals and birds were to be seen there. When his work about the barns would be finished, he had been promised a visit at the Zoo to see the new polar bear. It had just arrived the day before. As it was the only week-day when there was no school, several other boys were going with him. Each one was to furnish something to treat the visitor from the Arctics, and so win his good will. About the middle of the forenoon as Ernest was rushing the corn stalks through the cutting machine for the stock, he heard his mother call him. Looking up, he saw her beckoning to him from the back porch. "I want to finish the shock first," he replied. "The wind will scatter them all over if I leave them now." "Come right away," she urged in a worried voice. "I want the meat now to put on for dinner. There's nobody to send but you. Come back through the park and see if your father wants anything. Can't you look pleasant about it?" asked his mother as she saw the expression of vexation cross his features. He was in such a hurry to go with the boys to see the bear. Not that it was out of his way to return by the park, but it would be so much more fun to wait and go with the boys. Then with a sudden resolution, he answered, "Mother, I'll be off this minute." After Mr. Blair entered the gardens that morning, he went as usual to clean the

cage where two black bears and the new polar bear had been placed. As he was used to it, he did not feel afraid, because he had done it regularly. — But this morning the polar bear appeared to be in bad temper and was ugly. When the keeper had finished his work in the cage, he found that the bear had placed himself in front of the door the other two were behind him. In his attempt to get through the door the polar bear sprang at him and threw him down. He rose to his feet, but his leg was bleeding from a savage bite. Then Mr. Blair was thoroughly alarmed. He rushed to the opposite side of the cage and at the same time called for help. The bear became furious at the sight of blood. The keeper had nothing but a broom to protect himself, and as he used this to keep the enraged beast at bay, he continued to call loudly for help, but he saw that his strength

were soon subdued. Ernest called an ambulance to convey his father home. Then he went back to the market for more meat for dinner. "Mother will telephone for a physician quicker than these legs will carry me," he answered in response to an inquiry of one of the employees. When he returned home he found his father lying in bed very pale, but hopeful from the doctor's assurance that he would be about again in a few days. "My son," exclaimed his mother, with a glad look in her eyes and a note of thanksgiving in her voice, "aren't you glad that you did not wait to finish that shock of corn this morning?" "You have shown yourself to be a true soldier this time," replied the doctor.—Z. Irene Davis.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.



What'll You Have?

was rapidly failing. Ernest was quicker with his errand than usual that morning, and having purchased a quantity of fresh beef, he was hurrying home with it, when he recalled his mother's words, "come home through the park and see if your father wants anything." As he neared the garden he heard his father call, "Help, Help." Running swiftly to the cage of bears he saw the great shaggy gray brute about to attack his father. Grabbing a fork he prodded the animal sharply in the back. It turned and ran at him with savage fury. Tearing off the paper from the meat, he pushed the juicy piece in through the iron bars. The bear instantly set its teeth in the fresh beef with a savage growl. While the creature was devouring its lunch, the keeper escaped safely through the cage door. Some of the employees by this time came running up with sticks and forks. The bears

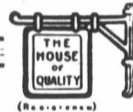
THE WORK OF THE PEACEMAKER.

A true peacemaker, going about, trying to draw people ever closer together and to heal all threatened contentions and quarrels, is doing a divine work of love in the world. The great majority of strifes and differences among men are needless. They are caused by the wicked meddlesomeness of outside parties. Or they come from hasty words or acts, unconfessed and unrepented of. Trifles are exaggerated, or purely imaginary slights or injuries are allowed to kindle bitterness which burns like a consuming fire. The peacemaker's word spoken at the right moment would prevent all this. Another part of the peacemaker's work is upon those who have actually become estranged, who have drifted apart, into open enmity. In every community there are such persons. Sometimes

they live under the same roof and eat at the same table. There are brothers and sisters, there are husbands and wives, who are farther apart than any strangers. A thick wall of cold rock has been built up between them.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is the close of day and sing. Their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their way homeward. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody, listen for a while for an answering melody from off the water, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fishermen, as the shadows gather around them, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer them, and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these dwellers of the sea.—The Canadian Presbyterian.



Fairweathers' FURS

most desirable of permanent gifts

And the choice must be greatly enhanced by EARLY buying.

Completeness is the feature just now in every kind of garments, sets and single pieces in our stock — and comparison is well worth while—we urge it.



- White Fox Sets \$45.00 to \$150.00
- Mink Sets \$50.00 to \$350.00
- Marmot Sets \$15.00 to \$45.00
- Persian Lamb Jackets \$110.00 to \$500.00
- Pony Coats \$50.00 to \$150.00
- Musquash Jackets \$65.00 to \$150.00

Write for Fur Catalogue "M"

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

THE JOY-GIVING LETTER.

A Christmas Story.

By Helena H. Thomas.

"Is the minister in? He expressed a wish to have me call in passing." "Yes," was the answer, "and you can go right up to his study unannounced, for just now he is occupied with his mail; so you need have no fear that next Sunday's sermon will suffer in consequence. But please first step into the parlour and see some of our nice Christmas gifts," added Mrs. Blank. Then pointing out the handsome chair and table that were in evidence, with beaming face, she continued: "Then there were beautiful flowers and small gifts too numerous to mention. Being a minister yourself, you can better appreciate how much generosity on the part of parishioners has gladdened our hearts." A moment later the caller, who was the pastor of a sister church, rapped at the study door and in response to a hearty "Come in!" entered, and was more than surprised to see that the uplifted eyes were glistening with tears. For Mr. Blank was so far from being emotional that many of his own parishioners even had accused him of being "cold and unfeeling." "Good morning brother," said Mr. Blank, springing to his feet when he saw who his caller was. "You did not expect to find me, of all men, in tears—but—" "No bad news, I hope," was the interruption, as the other apparently

found it difficult to explain the situation. "No, no; they are glad tears, brother," was the hasty rejoinder. "For I have just received my most precious Christmas gift." At this the speaker pointed to an open letter, saying: "I feel like a new creature since that came in." "I infer that it contained a generous cheque," was the comment of the caller. "No, no, brother, was the emphatic rejoinder, "but the knowledge that my bank account had been moved up one figure would not gladden my heart as has the letter over which I have both laughed and cried. Seeing you have chanced to call just at this juncture, I will venture to share its contents with you. For I think I am safe in saying that there are times when you too, are heart-hungry for such words of appreciation. "But first let me tell you that the writer of this letter is a cultured old lady, who has met with such reverses that she is obliged to practice rigid economy. She is also of such a retiring disposition, as well as slow of speech, that beyond a warm hand-clasp and her rapt attention when listening to sermons—which means so much to a pastor—she has never before given me especial encouragement, and so this letter-gift comes as a glad surprise. Read it for yourself, my dear brother." The caller was then handed the following letter: "My Beloved Pastor: The Christmas-tide brought me such a longing to show my great love for you in some tangible form that the Father alone can understand how it hurts to be so poor in this

world's goods as to be unable, even in the smallest way to obey the heart's promptings. From one source and another I have learned that you and your dear ones received many tokens of 'good will' from more fortunate members, for which I am truly thankful. Still, that does not heal the heart wound caused by my inability to give to yourself and worthy wife a gift at this time. In deed—although I am half-ashamed to confess to such weakness I could not sleep last night for the inexpressible longing to add something to your Christmas joy. Then something I am sure the Gift of gifts was back of it, seemed to say: 'Give him a glimpse of your heart; that will mean more to your sometimes discouraged pastor than costly gifts.' So I arose as soon as gray had given place to sufficient light to prepare my belated Christmas gift. But now I find my heart too full for even written words, as I pause my pen and think what I owe to the uplifting sermons upon which my soul feeds from week to week. So, after all, even this will be next to a failure. But, dear pastor, brother, friend, when we meet in our Father's Home you will know how much I appreciated your earthly services. Then, methinks, it will be my glad privilege to point to a bright star in your well-earned crown and say: 'Doing unto the least—even me—placed that there.' Until that glad hour, beloved pastor, this faulty attempt to give you a glimpse of my heart must suffice as my Christmas-gift." The caller read the foregoing

with intense interest, and then grasping his brother-minister's hand, he said in tremulous tone: "I feel greatly strengthened by reading what was not intended for my eyes, and I thank you most heartily for sharing this gift of loving words with me. For I confess that my hands have been hanging somewhat heavy of late for the want of appreciative words to stay them up. To be sure I was not personally concerned, but it occurred to me while reading it that there might be at least one in my own congregation who feels towards me in like manner; and the very suggestion has given me fresh courage to go forward." Then followed prayers of renewed consecration to the Master's service, after which the caller said: "Now I am ready for the matter of business you referred to at the close of the Ministers' meeting." Mr. Blank looked puzzled an instant, and then, with rising colour, said: "Really that letter has—so absorbed me that I had quite forgotten that I requested you to call in passing. But, really, I have no desire now to suggest the 'exchange' I had in mind last Monday. For then, like you, brother, I was feeling somewhat disheartened, and I fancied that I might find something of an uplift in facing another congregation. Now, however, nothing but duty would tempt me to leave my own pulpit, for I know that there is at least one who counts it a privilege to listen to my faulty sermons. And that is sufficient to put a glad, new song in my mouth." Then as the brothers in

Weston's Home Made Bread

is used by the most prominent and particular people throughout this city and country. They freely testify that Weston's Home-Made Bread gives better satisfaction than any other Home-Made Bread they have tried.

PHONE MAIN 329

and have our Driver call
upon you

George Weston
Manufacturer
Factory: Cor. Soho and
Phoebe Sts.
TORONTO



DON'T PUT MONEY IN A LETTER

LETTERS ARE FREQUENTLY
LOST AND
NEVER RECOVERED

SEND YOUR MONEY BY

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

MONEY ORDERS
AND FOREIGN CHEQUES

ISSUED IN
DOLLARS, POUNDS STERLING, FRANCS, GULDEN, KRONEN,
KRONOR, LIRE, MARKS, ROUBLES, Etc.

PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

If lost or delayed in the mail, a new order
issued or money refunded free of charge

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOUR FRIENDS AT
HOME OR ABROAD

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED

MONEY TRANSFERRED BY TELEGRAPH AND CABLE
FOREIGN MONEY BOUGHT AND SOLD
Hundreds of Agencies throughout Canada

GENERAL OFFICES

TORONTO, CANADA

Christ left the study Mr. Blank, like his wife, called attention to Christmas gifts, both useful and beautiful, and then added: "These will perish with the using? but my most precious gift will live on and on!" "Yes," said the caller as he gave a parting grasp of the hand, "only a letter, but a priceless gift."—American Messenger.

THE BOY AND THE PINE TREE.

The boy, Linley Sands, lived on a lonely farm, miles from town. He was the youngest of five, and the others were strong, while he was rather delicate, so he helped his grandmother with the housework, and had entire care of the chickens and geese. In the winter, when farm work was not pressing, all the others, excepting Washington, the eldest, who worked in a store in the county-seat town, went to school regularly; but Linley had to stay at home in stormy weather. He studied all the harder on those stay-at-home days, and easily kept up with Albert, Leonard and John; and, not being able even in summer to play ball, he was much alone. But he had a friend, a handsome friend, who talked to him softly, and even taught him many things. This friend was not a dog nor a horse, but a pine tree which he had discovered in the oak woods back of the farm. There was not another pine tree on the place, and Linley could only suppose the seed had been dropped by one of the pretty pine buntings who frequented the pine woods near the county town some miles away. The little tree was so small and lonely that Linley's heart went out to it the first moment he saw it. It was then about five feet high, taller than Linley, who was ten years old; but still, it seemed very small among the tall oaks and maples and birches. The thick growth of underbush had quite hidden it, until it was tall enough to show its green top over the bushes one November day, and when Linley told of his discovery, John said: "We'll cut it for a Christmas tree." But Linley asked grandmother if he had not the first right to the pine; and when she said yes, "Then it keeps on living as long as I do," said Linley firmly, and the older brother said no more. Christmas trees were not in fashion in that farming district, although there was always one brought from the pine woods near the county town, and put in the district schoolhouse at Christmas time. Linley felt that this little tree had come to him, and from that time he counted it as a friend. No weather was too bad for him to visit it for at least a few minutes; to lay his hand on it, and even put its fragrant branches to his cheek. In warm weather he spent all his spare time with it. "Too bad you're alone, Chum," he told it; and he searched his grandmother's small bit of woodland to find another pine. Then he begged a schoolmate who had friends near the distant pine woods to get him some cones with ripe seed, and he planted a dozen seeds near his

Chum, and watched most carefully that no squirrel should get them. When they really became little pines, only a couple of inches high, Linley was wonderfully happy, and he introduced them to Chum by numbers. He also put the numbers in a little book, and made notes of their growth. His grandmother became interested. "Well, Linley, you are beginning forestry," she said; and then she told him how carefully trees are planted and cared for in Europe; how every bit of forest is in charge of foresters, who mark what trees are to be cut, and who plant thousands of trees every year, so that, for hundreds of years, Europe's forests had been kept full of healthy trees for use in building, and how every dead branch is used for firewood. "You do not see miles of bare hill and plain, as in our country, unless some good crop is grown there," she told him. "Here we have had so many great forests that we have cut them as if they would grow again like grass. Soon there will be a scarcity of trees." "Then will we have foresters? For I'll be one sure," said

called it "Our family." When the wind made music in Chum's branches, Linley found that beautiful thoughts came to him, and often he noted them down; but he did not neglect the housework nor the chickens, and he would have done the farm field work, too, but the brothers would not let him. He had been lame since an illness in his fourth year, and the work would have really hurt him; so he made up to his brothers by saving the wages of a hired woman, and by cheerfully sympathizing in all their joys and sorrows. So the years went on. The lonely farm had been enlivened by a summer resort on the great hill east of it. A railway station was put so near that the farm milk could be easily sent to town, and in the telegraph office Linley Sands found work. The grandmother had died, and the farm had been divided between Albert, Leonard and Linley, for John and Washington had gone West and were making money there. Linley asked to have the bit of forest, leaving the good farm land to his brothers, and he was comfortably supporting him-

self by telegraphing, while he lived still in his old room at the farm. Twenty years had given him and Chum a large family of handsome tall pines, and Chum was a wonder of strength and beauty. Linley had kept every evil insect from hurting it, and had cut off every feeble branch, so Chum was as straight as a telegraph pole. In these twenty years Linley had grown to feel that the pine knew him and understood his love for it. "My first real friend. My first teacher in forestry," he often said, with his arm around it. For Linley was now a forester, as far as a man could be who could not live the hardy life of a woodsman. People came to consult him about their trees, for he had studied foreign books on forestry. He was a real "tree doctor," and as he only had light work at the telegraph station, and that chiefly through the summer, he had time for his trees, and soon he wrote a small book on forestry. After a few more years Linley married, and built a pretty house near Chum, on a bit of ground left open by the death of some old maples. There he had the telegraph wire brought, and laid across the highest branches of Chum, and still later, the telephone wire was put there. "All the news of the great busy world that I always longed to see comes to me by my old friend," said Linley. "And if the big pine gets a lightning stroke?" said a visitor. Linley looked shocked, for he had often feared that in these twenty-five years. "Then what is left will still be my friend and hold the wires," he said. "If he falls, I'll have him put up stronger than before." But still the great pine lives, healthy and beautiful. Linley's children would no more hurt it than they would hurt their parents; and the Sands forest and tree nursery are now so much more important than the little telegraph office that the station's name is Sands, and every child within reach of Linley's forest has learned to love and value trees as one of God's best gifts.—Evelyn Muller.

SELLING HIMSELF.

From his office window Dr. Lepley noticed the boy drive his wagon-load of corn upon the old-fashioned weigh scales directly opposite. He watched him, idly, as he stepped down upon the platform, and then, while the nearsighted weigh-master was adjusting the scales, the boy put one foot back upon the hub of the wheel, and seizing the back of the seat, swung himself free of the platform, thus adding his full weight to that of the corn. "Ho, ho! selling himself, eh?" exclaimed the doctor, adjusting his far-sighted glasses to be sure that his nearsighted eyes were not deceiving him. "Bless my heart, if it isn't Squire Giles' son Jack!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "The young rogue, to disgrace his good, honest old father by such juggling! But he'll square the deal with me, or I'll know why," he chuckled as he hurried across the back lot to the corn crib, where Jack was already shovelling the big yellow ears into the huge old-fashioned bin. "Hello, chappie!" he called out in his jolly fashion. "Want me to give you a lift?" "No, thank you," replied Jack politely. "He's a willing little fellow at any rate," soliloquized the doctor, watching the boy's efforts at disposing of his heavy load. "It's a fine lot of corn, certainly," he added, good naturedly, adjusting his far-sighted spectacles so to have better view of the heap of golden ears, piling up in the big granary. With the last shovel of corn Jack sprang down into the crib to gather up the "nubbins" scattered on the floor, and while he was at work, the doctor stepped forward and closing the door with a thud, locked it and put the key in his pocket. "Doctor, Doctor Lepley!" called Jack, thinking the absent-minded man had shut him in by mistake. "Please, sir, you have locked me in the crib," he explained, when the doctor turned in his tracks and faced him. "Yes, I know," was the reply. "Isn't that right? I bought you, you know." "Bought me!" cried Jack, not certain whether the



A Disgrace to his Family.

Linley. "Perhaps, when I am gone," said the good grandmother, who had taken care of the five brothers ever since Linley's mother died, when he was a baby. Their father died a few years later, so they were all grandmother's boys, happy and good fellows. Linley did not neglect his regular work in the house, though he much preferred outdoor work, and at this time people did not know that outdoors is the best place for delicate people. Forty years ago they were kept in hot, close rooms; but, fortunately, Linley's pine tree gained much fresh air for him, because his grandmother soon saw how much better he seemed after a day or half a day spent in planting seeds, or cutting away bushes from around his pets. For he did not stop with twelve pine babies; he got more cones, and every bare place between the not very thriving old trees he filled with pines. People began to notice them, and said, "Lin Sands is sort of queer. He'll never live to sell lumber off them pines." But Linley called the plantation his forest, and to Chum he

self by telegraphing, while he lived still in his old room at the farm. Twenty years had given him and Chum a large family of handsome tall pines, and Chum was a wonder of strength and beauty. Linley had kept every evil insect from hurting it, and had cut off every feeble branch, so Chum was as straight as a telegraph pole. In these twenty years Linley had grown to feel that the pine knew him and understood his love for it. "My first real friend. My first teacher in forestry," he often said, with his arm around it. For Linley was now a forester, as far as a man could be who could not live the hardy life of a woodsman. People came to consult him about their trees, for he had studied foreign books on forestry. He was a real "tree doctor," and as he only had light work at the telegraph station, and that chiefly through the summer, he had time for his trees, and soon he wrote a small book on forestry. After a few more years Linley married, and built a pretty house near Chum, on a bit of ground left open by the death of some

...peering in through the ... was joking or crazy. "Yes, to be sure," returned the doctor, "I thought you had said settle with your father in accordance with your weight. How much do you weigh?" "Ninety-two pounds," answered Jack, sheepishly beginning to see through the doctor's queer actions. "Ninety-two pounds—a little more than a bushel and a half of corn. At eighty cents a bushel you are worth about one dollar and twenty-five cents," mused the doctor. "A cheap boy, certainly. You have not put a high price on yourself, Jack." "I didn't—didn't mean to sell myself," insisted Jack. "You didn't!" exclaimed the doctor. "Then why were you so careful to have yourself weighed with the corn? I thought at the time you were discounting yourself; but a boy who will stoop to such low trickery is not worth much at best." "I didn't think of it in that light," pleaded Jack, ready to cry. "It's the first time I ever did such a thing, and I am sorry that I acted so meanly." "Sorry for the wrongdoing, Jack, or sorry that you've been found out? Which is it, my boy?" urged the doctor. "Both," answered Jack quickly. "I am sorry I was so mean to try to cheat you, and sorry that you know of my meanness." "Then if I let you go back on your deal you will give me your word of honor that you will never attempt such crookedness again?" said the doctor. "Will you promise?" "Yes," answered Jack, eagerly. "And doctor I hope you will not tell

my father of my—dishonesty," he added as he stepped humbly out of his prison. "I should be sorry to be the bearer of such news to your father, Jack," returned the doctor. "But, my dear boy, do not let the fear of exposure overshadow the higher and more important one, of right doing for its own sake. Remember, always, that if you are to retain your own self-respect, you must put the highest valuation upon your honour, never, under any circumstances, cheapen yourself by a sale to bidders."—Young Churchman.

WINTER JOY

By Miss Emma Herzog.

Merrily over the snow they glide,
Laden with greens for Christmas-tide.
Carlo, expressive of his joy,
Barking, accompanies girl and boy.

Holly enough each room to deck,
Ivy for posts, from base to neck,
Garlands the temples to confine,
Steer they for home, the wreaths to twine.

Gayly the joys of winter sing,
Let all the woods with echoes ring.
Youth is the time to laugh and play,
Cry, Holiday, glad Holiday!

WHICH WAS BETTER?

The children were looking at their presents, on Christmas morning, and great shouts and laughter were heard. "But oh!" said Jess suddenly, "I

do wish we could see how the poor little O'Briens are enjoying their presents!" "Do you care more for that, than for your own nice presents?" asked Fritz as he bent over his chest of tools. "Yes, I do; for you know they don't get presents very often. I am so glad that we helped to give them a merry Christmas! It makes me feel good and happy inside, when I think of it!" The boys laughed. But it was true! If they had seen inside of the home of the poor children, they would have known that it is truly "more blessed to give than to receive." Mrs. O'Brien was holding baby in her arms, and smiling at the others as they danced about, full of joy at such a merry Christmas, which they had not expected. "Oh, now I can go to school, mamma! See my nice, warm, dress!" "And my shoes and mittens!" cried Joe. "See, mamma!" cried tiny Ned, holding up a bright-coloured, warm cap and a nice coat. On the floor, by mamma, was a box of oranges and candy and figs, such as all children like. For a long time Jess and Fritz and Harry had saved their money, to help give this poor family a Christmas. Nothing makes you so happy as doing something for others.—The Shepherds' Arms.

THE CHAIN OF HABIT.

A minister used to tell his people the legend of a tyrant and a blacksmith. The tyrant compelled the blacksmith to forge a chain, and

when it was made very large and strong, the tyrant bade his servants to bind the blacksmith with it and cast him in prison. "This," the minister would say, "is just what Satan is trying to do with people today." Ought we not then, to be very careful how we forge a chain of evil habits that may bind us hand and foot for everlasting woe? How many have forged the chain of evil-speaking link by link, until their language is so corrupt that respectable society shuns them! Many are they whom Satan has beguiled into forging a chain of intemperance. Well does he know that when they are bound with this chain, he can easily lead them to commit crimes too numerous to mention. Then it is that Satan shows the wily deceit of his contemptible cunning. After he has bound a victim with a strong chain of intemperance, he will summon his imps to help him mock the inebriate as he writhes in all the unspeakable horrors of delirium tremens. Such find the way of the wrong-doer extremely hard. Sin is the primal cause of all pain, wretchedness and despair. Sin brought Adam and Eve their first sorrow, and it has flooded the world with sorrow and death through the ages. Every sin has its own avenging angel—an accusing and smiting conscience. Solomon declares that the soul of the transgressor shall eat violence. The only way to pass through life joyfully and successfully is by the way of the Cross. "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light," says Christ.

The Upper Canada Tract Society's "Book Shop"

JAMES M. ROBERTSON, Depository.

2 Richmond St. East, TORONTO, ONT. - - - Phone Main 7416



In our "Book Shop" you will find a careful selection of the New Books of the Season. Gift Books for Boys and Girls and the younger Children, and Devotional Works in various Bindings, also a choice range of Bibles and Prayer Books with new Church Hymns.

A Handsome selection of Christmas Cards and Calendars is now ready for inspection.

Subscribe Now

For the
**CANADIAN
CHURCHMAN**

and you will receive this beautiful
Christmas number

FREE

Address your order
CANADIAN CHURCHMAN
Box 34, - - - TORONTO, ONT.

Bank of Toronto

Good Service to their customers at all times has been one of the chief factors in The Bank of Toronto's long and successful course

Savings Depositors receive assurance of the safety afforded by our large resources, and our safe and conservative methods of conducting business, and courteous treatment by careful officers.

Business Men keeping accounts here have afforded them all the facilities of a long-established, well-conducted Bank, possessing ample resources and full equipment and connections for the banking transactions of all classes of business, both large and small.

Assets - \$48,000,000

HEAD OFFICE

Toronto, Canada

Incorporated 1855

WORKERS FOR GOD.

It is right that we should have an aim of our own, determined by our individuality and our surroundings; but this may readily degenerate into exclusive narrowness, unless it has for a background the great thought that there is a Kingdom of God within us, around us, and above us, in which we, with all our powers and our aims, are called to be conscious workers. Toward the forwarding of this silent, ever-advancing Kingdom, our little work, whatever it be, if good and true, may contribute something. And this thought leads to any calling, however lowly, a consecration which is wanting even to the loftiest self-chosen ideals. But even if our aim should be frustrated and our work come to naught, yet the failure of our most cherished plans may be more than compensated. In the thought that we are members of this Kingdom, already begun, here and now, yet reaching forward through all time, we shall have a reserve of consolation better than any which this could give.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa

is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.

The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

PRECIOUS FAITH.

It is "precious faith"; costly in itself, priceless in the blessings it brings. And how does it bring them? Not by any virtue or worthiness of its own. There is no merit in faith; how can there be when it comes simply trusting the Trustworthy? Is there anything virtuous in the fact that we have "fled for refuge," and have found safety in the cleft of the Rock? No, faith is not in the least a recommending goodness before God. It is the clasp on the life-belt when the man is drowning; the rest of the rescued in the arms that bear him to the shore; the standing in peace behind the shield which our Champion presents to the foe. It is the very opposite of merit; it is our recourse to mercy. But just because it is all this it is "precious" in the blessings it brings. Cowper calls faith "the blood-receiving grace." So it is, and it is the "receiving grace" also for all the circle of the blessings of God in Christ, purchased for us with His Blood, stored up for us in His

ity of reception. Do we need to define "faith" to ourselves over again? Has not every instance of the use of the word by our Lord Himself in the Gospels long ago assured us that it means just personal reliance, personal trust, personal intrustment? It is the open arms which in their emptiness embrace Christ, the open lips which receive Him as the bread of the soul, the life, the all. As in justification so in this its glorious sequel, our part is to take the promise as it stands, to take the thing in the envelope of the promise, and to act upon its holy presence and reality.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS

There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self. Seek the clasp of Christ's hand before every bit of work, every hard task, every battle, every good deed. They are hands of blessing. Their touch will inspire you for courage, strength and noble



A Credit to His Family

Fulness, conveyed to us by His Spirit, Cherish then this "precious faith." But do so, not by continually looking at the faith and as it were pulling it up to see if it is growing. Do so rather by often looking at its Object, and by continually putting faith into use, as you meet each reality of life relying upon Him. By faith Jesus Christ becomes, not only an outside Fact, but an inward power to make all things new, in you and so around.

living. Live in fellowship with God by prayer, and in fellowship with men by sympathy. And above all, believe in the efficacy of prayer. Do not think that it is merely the prerogative of a few princely souls. Elijah became what he was and wielded the power which he did through prayer. The man who will sit down for twenty minutes in his room and look at the character of Jesus Christ feels his longest life is not enough to approach the surpassing and infinite glory of that figure. Then a new sensation comes. He is hungry and thirsty. He hungers and thirsts to live like that, or see in himself and in others the mind which was in Christ Jesus. In this world of grace and love, and mercy, and compassion, this world which was the scene of Christ's life and ministry, this world for which Christ died, let no man despair.

THE RECEPTIVITY OF FAITH.

The Lord "stands at the door and knocks," the man, the inner man, must rise and set it open. Faith is the act of man though it is "the gift of God," and "by means of faith" Christ arrives in the heart to dwell there. But on the other hand, because the action of the soul is in this case faith, and nothing else, the words remind us for our "comfort and good hope" that the action is in effect nothing but utmost simplic-

One of George Herbert's excellent proverbs is, "Pardon all but thyself."

THE DOMINION BANK ESTABLISHED 1871

C. A. BOGERT, H. J. BETHUNE, GEN. MGR. SUPT. OF BRANCHES.

18 Branches in Toronto

THE DOMINION BANK

HAS ALWAYS GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION TO

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

The Home Bank of Canada

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the three months ending the 30th of November 1909 and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday the 1st day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th November both days inclusive.

By order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager. Toronto, Oct 21st 1909.

The Pioneer Trusts Corporation of Canada

After twenty-five years' successful management of trusts of every description the Corporation confidently offers its services as

- ADMINISTRATOR
- EXECUTOR
- GUARDIAN
- TRUSTEE
- ASSIGNEE
- RECEIVER
- LIQUIDATOR or
- GENERAL AGENT

to those requiring a trustworthy and efficient medium to undertake such duties.

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

Ottawa Toronto Winnipeg

7% GUARANTEED

Return absolutely secure. A postal card will bring you information of a highly satisfactory investment. R. E. HEMERER CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING.

The Canadian Churchman is undoubtedly a first-class advertising medium. It circulates extensively in the homes of the clergy and laity. Our advertisers assure us that it is an excellent paper to advertise as it brings most satisfactory returns.

THE LONELY HEART.

"I am tired of being brave; besides it does not pay." Mrs. Grant looked at the speaker with astonishment. "What?" she stammered. "Just that," replied Jennie Carson. "I was taught to hide my sorrow and troubles, to make light of them, to keep a bold front to the world and have my moans out by myself. It is all wrong. Henceforth I shall cry aloud in the streets and demand a little sympathy and comfort from my friends." She laughed, but her voice quivered and a mist came over her eyes. The older woman sat down as if her knees had given way beneath her. "Go slower," she said. "Why, I have been telling people you were busy and happy and full of your own resources." "Exactly! even you. Yesterday I turned over a new leaf. I went calling, and in the midst of a funny story let fall a parenthetical remark that I had been very unhappy all summer, ended my story, and took myself off, leaving the remark to be digested. That afternoon one of the family came to call, and made himself very agreeable. This morning, as a neighbour passed, I invited her in, cut a great bunch of flowers for her, and when she said, 'How you love to work in your garden!' I answered, 'Yes, it occupies some of the bitter hours which used to be so happily filled with my invalids.' Then I got her out of the gate and away. She has just telephoned, asking me to dinner. This afternoon an errand took me to an old friend's house. On leaving I urged her to come to see me, saying that I almost die from loneliness. 'I thought you were too busy to be interrupted,' was her bewildered reply. 'You love to read and work in your garden—' 'So I do,' I replied; 'but suppose all your dear family had died one after the other, and your hands, which were once so full, were suddenly free; then try to fill an empty heart with things!' A step was heard on the long walk, and Jennie's face brightened. 'Here comes my god-send!' she exclaimed. 'She has kept coming and coming, with her cheer and fun and ready companion-ship; she has taken me to walk and drive; rainy days and forlorn Sundays she has urged me to spend with her; she has not hesitated to express her sympathy and affection; she has understood.' In another moment the monologue had become a laughing trio; but one person went off thoughtful. 'What a volcano!' she murmured. 'But it was justified, though I know Jennie too well to imagine she will fulfill her threat to complain. I wonder how many other lonely hearts under smiling faces live all about me? Sons and daughters leaving old parents to long, solitary hours; the well and strong neglecting to visit the sick and disabled; neighbours forgetting to do kindly offices for the sorrowing; church-members indifferent to the troubles of those in their own congregation? That brave girl says she has turned over a new leaf. So must I.—' 'Youth's Companion.'

THE ELIXIR.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossess,
And give it His perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, "For Thy sake"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold
For that which God doth touch and
own
Cannot for less be told.

—George Herbert.

HOW SELF WAS BLOWN AWAY

"I'm tired of everything, mamma. Do tell me what to do!" said Beth Lincoln, coming into the room where

her mother was sitting. "I'm tired of everything and everybody. Please tell me what I can do?" "Is my daughter tired of herself?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, with a slight emphasis on "herself." "Why, yes. Didn't I say so, mamma?" "How would it do to stop trying to please self, of which you are so very tired?" "Mamma, what do you mean?" Just then dear little Madge came toddling into the room and wistfully said: "I haven't any one to play with." Mrs. Lincoln gave Beth a meaning look, and said: "How would it do for my big girl to get away from self and amuse my little girl?" Mrs. Lincoln was called away from the room, and she found two happy children when she returned half an hour later. What were they doing? Beth was blowing soap bubbles, and Madge was trying to catch them. Mrs. Lincoln stood for a moment in silence, thinking: "What a beautiful picture!" Beth looked up and saw her mother, and said: "Aren't the bubbles beautiful, mamma, and isn't Madge a dear?" "I have two dears now. But what has become of that tired self?" "Blown away, mamma, with the bubbles," laughed Beth.

A Golden Rule.—"To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace more than if I had been certified I should die within the day, nor to mind anything that my secular obligations demand of me less than if I had been insured to live for fifty years more."



"Christmas Carol"

PAST, PRESENT AND CHRISTMAS
SEASONS TO COME WERE ALL DISCLOSED TO
OLD SCROOGE IN DICKENS' MATCHLESS
"CHRISTMAS CAROL"

If it were possible to reveal to you your future Christmases and also those of your family, might not the revelation lead you to take immediate steps to protect those dependent upon you and at the same time to make some provision for your own maturer years.

You had better consider this now and secure an
Endowment Policy at once from the

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE CO.

"Solid as the continent"

HOME OFFICE, - - TORONTO, ONT.



By appointment Purveyors to His Excellency the
Governor-General

The
HARRY WEBB CO.
Limited
Caterers

For Weddings, Banquets, Receptions, Evening Parties
and all classes of Entertainments.
Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes shipped to all
parts of the Dominion.

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

Catering Establishment: 447 Yonge Street
Bakery: 23-29 Buchanan Street
Wholesale Candy Factory: 31-35 Buchanan Street

TORONTO

SUBSCRIBE NOW for the

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

And you will receive this beautiful Christmas Number
FREE. Address your order

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN
BOX 34 - - TORONTO ONTARIO

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

By Lillian Leveridge.

"Father, dear, won't you come down to tea now?" Timidly, almost in a whisper, a little childish voice made the faltering request; but if the man in the observatory, bending his snow-white head over a complicated and delicately constructed instrument, heard the voice, he made no sign. Far below in the city streets heavy vehicles went thundering by, and a steady double stream of pedestrians passed and re-passed, growing less and less as the electric lamps glimmered more brightly through the smoky mist. Behind the closed blinds a thousand scenes in a thousand life dramas were being enacted; joyful home gatherings, children's merry laughter and happy, mysterious whisperings; there was the little life in its dawning cradled by tender arms; the old man, grizzled and gray, setting out for that bourne from which there is no returning; young hearts tasting the exquisite bliss of pure affection given and received; others experiencing the bitterness of love grown cold, or the anguish of separation. Oaths and prayers, blessings and cursings, careless laughter, passionate pleadings, sweetest music and moans of agony were mingled in that deep tide of sound that surges ever upwards from a great city. But none of those heart-throbs shook the long silence of the observatory; and if any of the mingled noises ever ascended so far they were subdued to the softest of harmonies. Scarcely a sound was heard there. There was no light but the cold, clear light of stars which shone resplendent through the crystal walls and the skylight. "Won't you come to tea, father?" the child repeated. "No, child, no. Bring me a cup of coffee." Down the long, long stairs and back again obediently went the little maid. She set the coffee on the table near her father, but he was gazing abstractedly through the skylight at the stars and took no notice. Estelle waited in silence. After about five minutes he drank the coffee, and giving her back the empty cup, said shortly, "Go now." Little Estelle retired silently and left Carl Zellino alone with his absorbing work. Below in that bare but faultlessly clean little room, Estelle had set the table for two, and she felt very lonely as she sat down to her solitary meal,—not that a solitary meal was anything unusual, but to-night being Christmas Eve, the longing for sympathy, companionship and love was keener than usual, that was all. As she was clearing away the tea things Mrs. Smythe "dropped in," as she often did, to brighten one of the child's lonely hours, for she felt a real sympathy for the neglected, motherless girl. "What is your father busy at now, my dear?" she asked kindly, "inventing as usual, I suppose?" "Yes," answered Estelle, "I wonder if he will succeed this time. I do so wish he might. He is so disappointed when he fails, but I feel sure he will do something great some day." Mrs.

Smythe smiled, but did not echo the sentiment, for she could not have done so truthfully. All faith in Carl Zellino's inventive genius had long ago melted into thin air. She sometimes said—not to Estelle—that if he had possessed less brains and more commonplace stick-to-it-iveness it would have been better for him and for his child. He was gifted with unusual musical abilities, and might have been successful as a professor of music if he had not so repeatedly neglected his work to follow some wild and elusive will o' the wisp. "What is your father inventing now?" Mrs. Smythe asked. "I don't know what he calls it, but it will be very, very wonderful," Estelle's pale face flushed, and her large black eyes kindled with the fire of enthusiasm. She had an unshaken faith in her father's genius; he would be a great man some day. "It is a kind of musical instrument to be played by the light of the stars," she explained.

but as for "sphere-music," she knew nothing whatever about it. It was the craziest of all crazy notions she had ever heard of. Left alone, Estelle took down from a shelf a little volume of poems. It was scarcely a child's book, but it was the only one she had besides her mother's Bible. She held it in the flickering candle-light and poured thoughtfully over a poem that touched an answering chord in her being somewhere, but which as yet she only dimly understood:

"And as I gazed on the field sublime,
To watch the bright, pulsating stars,
Adown the deep where the angels sleep

Came drawn the golden chime
Of those great spheres that sound
the years

For the horologe of time."

But Estelle was very weary, and ere long her head sank down upon her folded arms, and she fell asleep.



Trust.

"To be played by the light of the stars!" exclaimed Mrs. Smythe, "Can't you play it in the daylight or lamplight?" "No, its the starlight that will make the music. Don't you see?" "No, I don't see." "Well, I don't understand it either of course, only I know it is a wonderful thing. It will be the first instrument of its kind in the world. It will be real sphere music. Father says great poets and musicians have fancied they heard it, but it was only dreams before." "Has he produced any of this sphere-music, as you call it, yet?" "Not yet, but I am sure it will be finished soon. Father doesn't talk much to me now, and he has hardly eaten anything for days. He works up there all night." "Poor little soul!" There was pity in Mrs. Smythe's tone as she said good-night to this child of strange fancies. Mrs. Smythe was kind and good as best she knew how to be:

"Estelle! Estelle!" The girl awoke instantly. There before her stood her father, the light of a great joy illumining his face. He stretched out his hands toward her saying, "Come, Estelle, come!" "O father! is it finished?" "At last, at last the stellophone is complete. Come and listen. The music is wonderful, but I cannot understand it. Something tells me you will be able to interpret it. Come!" "I interpret it, father!" Silently they ascended the dark stairway, her hand clasped close in his. They entered that star-lit room in hushed expectancy, but all was still. Zellino stepped softly to that most delicately strung of instruments, and touched a tiny electric bulb. Then—distilled softly from the starlight fell the music of the immortals. There was no mighty volume of sound: it was as if all nature's sweetest notes, mingled and blended together, refined and purified a

thousandfold—the very quintessence of music—were permeating the air through and through. No human hands could have produced such exquisite harmonies. It seemed like spirit-music, music not of sense but of soul. A filmy cloud floated across the heavens, and the strange, sweet notes ebbed and died away. Zellino stooped and lifted the child in his arms and kissed her forehead, whispering, "What does it mean, little girl? What is it the stars are singing?" "I know, father. They are singing, 'God is love.'" "Oh, that cannot be—nothing so simple as that—it must be something far more grand and wonderful." "There is nothing so wonderful as God's love, father, and that is the song the stars are singing." "Perhaps you are right." The cloud passed, and once more their hushed hearts listened, listened, listened to those heaven-born echoes that filtered through the night. Soothed by that unearthly lullaby the tired child soon fell asleep, and Zellino gently placed her on her own little bed; but not until the song of the stars had died away in the rosy dawning did he seek his own couch. Though Zellino had been awake all night, he did not in consequence sleep all day, far from it. He awoke in time to do the greatest day's work of his life—the greatest because the most loving. The song heard in the night had melted away the selfishness that had so long encrusted his heart, and his eyes were opened to conditions of which he had previously been unconscious. He discovered for the first time that little Estelle was too thin and pale for one of her tender years, that her clothing was faded and threadbare, and that the small room in which her day were chiefly spent contained not a atom of comfort or beauty. He too steps to remedy this as soon as possible. A little hoard of gold, the existence of which no one had dreamed, was unlocked, and it helped to right a number of wrongs. But better than all, he lavished upon his little daughter the love and tenderness she so long had craved. He went out with Estelle to the homes of the poor and lowly—she was known and loved there. Weary, sorrowful eyes brightened at the sight of the child in her pretty new coat and hat, and were doubly cheered by Zellino's generous gifts. The miserly recluse had suddenly become the dispenser of unlooked for blessings. Never had there been so bright a Christmas Day. Night, still, beautiful night fell once more over the great city with its benediction of peace and good-will. Far up in the little observatory Zellino and Estelle listened, listened, listened to exquisite harmonies that floated earthward through blue infinitudes of space. Zellino pressed the child's hand closer to his own, saying, "It is true, little Estelle. That is what the stars are singing, 'God is love.'"

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

RAPHAEL TUCK'S CHRISTMAS
CARDS AND CALENDARS.

We have received a beautiful selection of this firm's gift books, juvenile and toy, calendars, booklets, and Christmas cards. The artistic designs and colour printing of them, the apt illustrations of meritorious design, and the interesting character of the texts will, we are sure, be greatly appreciated by the public. We strongly recommend these beautiful publications to all our readers. They are superior works of art.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

There is a fine story told by General O. O. Howard, retired Major-General of the United States army, who lectured recently in London, Ont., on "Abraham Lincoln." In the autumn of 1862 General Howard and D. L. Moody were passengers on the steamer "Spree," when the great shaft broke, and the steamer was in momentary peril of sinking. There was a big prayer meeting led by Mr. Moody, and in the midst of it help came. General Howard says he had abundant experience of perils; and at this time, as well as others, he believed the Lord showed Himself to be a hearer and answerer of prayer. Not only was prayer answered, but there was the almost universal lifting up of human souls into the sunlight of God's presence. There are the ex-

hilaration and ecstasy of knowing that God has come as truly to His distressed servant as when His angel stood by St. Peter in prison, or by St. Paul in the Egyptian ship in the Mediterranean storm.

PERSEVERE.

Beginning a thing is easy. It is persevering in it that is difficult. The test of character is the ability to go on and finish. It is a rare virtue and an exceedingly valuable one, for, whatever you have set yourself to do, there will surely come a time of discouragement, when you doubt if, after all, it is worth while. Look out for that time—the time when you are tempted to turn back. It is there that the danger lies. It doesn't matter what your work is—earning a living or making a home or conquering a besetting sin—the discouragement is bound to come. Don't give way to it. Be prepared for it and make up your mind to keep on just the same.

HOLY LIVING.

I will not that thou ween that all are holy that have the habit of holiness and are not occupied with the world; nor that all are evil that mingle them with earthly business. But they are only holy, what state or degree they be in, they which despise all earthly things, that is to say, love it not, and burn in the love of Jesus

Christ, and all their desires are set on the joys of heaven; and hate all sin, and cease not from good works, and feel a sweetness in their heart of life without end; and nevertheless they think themselves—vilest of all, and hold themselves wretchedest, last and least. This is holiness of life. Follow it and be holy. And if thou wilt have reward with apostles, think not what thou forsakest, but what thou despisest.—Richard Rolle.

British and Foreign.

A new memorial pulpit and pulpit lamp were recently dedicated in the Memorial Chapel of the Holy Communion, Philadelphia.

An anonymous donor has recently given \$10,000 towards the erection of the new parish house for the Mission Church of St. Augustine for negroes in Philadelphia.

Old Count Chapel, Strangford, County Down, has recently been renovated and beautified by Geraldine Lady de Ros, in memory of the late Lieut.-General Lord de Ros.

In St. Mark's Church, Orange, N.J., a beautiful oak rood-screen, which was placed therein by Mrs. W. R. Howe in memory of her father, the late Mr. Blake, of Orange, was lately dedicated.

The Rev. C. J. Davis, rector of Trinity Church, Buffalo, N.Y., has just had presented to him by a number of his parishioners, an electric

stanhope. In the gift is included its maintenance.

St. Andrew's, Lake Sunapee, New London, N.H., has lately been presented with a handsome black walnut font and an altar rail of dark oak with brass standards. They are both memorial gifts.

The Ven. Archdeacon Averill has been elected to the vacant See of Waipapu, N.Z., and his election thereto has been confirmed by the Standing Committees of the various dioceses in New Zealand. He is 45 years of age.

During some recent excavations at St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, four coffins, two of stone and two of lead, were unearthed. They were found within the walls of the old cathedral, and probably belonged to the twelfth century.

The number of men who matriculated at Cambridge University at the commencement of this, the Michaelmas, term was 1,160. This number goes beyond any modern precedent and exceeds by 43 the entry at the corresponding date last year.

The people of the Church of the Ascension, Pittsburgh, Pa., are about to erect a new parish house which will cost in the neighbourhood of \$40,000.

The Church and Medical Union has been formed in England, the object of which is to promote co-operation between medical men and the clergy in dealing with the sick.

A beautiful addition has been made to the fine old Church of St. Nicholas, Rattlesden, in the form of a new rood-screen that has been erected to the memory of James Anstey Wild, by

THE
Alexander
Engraving

PHONE, MAIN.
7700




HALF-TONE & ZINC ETCHERS
DESIGNERS ENGRAVERS
COLOR WORKERS

352
ADELAIDE ST. W.
TORONTO

THE
ILLUSTRATIONS
IN THIS ISSUE
ARE
SAMPLES
OF OUR
WORK

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



MADE IN CANADA

IS USED BY THE BEST BAKERS, CATERERS AND HOME COOKS, AS WELL AS BY THE LARGE STEAMSHIP AND RAILROAD COMPANIES, AND IS PREFERRED TO ANY OTHER.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

surviving members of his family. It takes the place of an ancient rood-screen that previously existed of which only a few remnants remain.

The Tennyson statue, which has been placed in the ante-chapel at Trinity College, was recently unveiled by the donor, Mr. Yates Thompson. The statue is the work of Mr. Thorneycroft. The late Poet Laureate is represented sitting upright with an open book across his knees. His fine head is shown to great advantage, and there is dignity in his whole bearing.

On a recent Sunday morning in the new church of St. Luke's, Roselle, N.J., the beautiful new stone altar, the gift of the mayor and Mrs. MacQuoid, was used for the first time and on the evening of the same day, after

Evansong, 24 new memorial windows were dedicated. These were situated in the chancel, in the Lady Chapel and in the Baptistry.

A marble reredos is to be placed within the next few weeks in All Souls' Memorial Church, Cawnpore, India. This Church was erected by the Government of India as a lasting memorial of those who lost their lives in the Mutiny, and in the church are tablets on which are inscribed the names of 600 of our fellow-citizens of the Empire-men, women, and children—whose lives were lost in that terrible outbreak.

A new cope, very richly embroidered, and of Gothic pattern, has recently been presented to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Chappaqua, N.Y.

The new reredos in the restored Selby Abbey, Yorkshire, contains some beautifully carved panels, the work of Herr Peter Rendl, of Ober-Ammergau. The subjects are the Crucifixion,—the figure of our Lord being 3½ feet in height,—the Last Supper, Christ bearing His Cross and our Lord's Agony in Gethsemane.

A brass tablet has been erected in the Church of the Holy Cross, Crediton, Devon, to commemorate the service which was held therein on the 9th of June last on the occasion of the millenary of the consecration of the first Bishop of Crediton. At the head of the tablet is an impression of the 13th century seal of the Collegiate Church at Crediton. Its subject is our Lord on the Cross, surrounded by the emblems of the four Evangelists with the inscription around it in Latin, "Seal of Holy Cross, Crediton."

Recently in Salisbury Cathedral, previous to the annual school service, Canon Myers, Chaplain to the Bishop, presented to His Lordship a beautiful pastoral staff for the use of the Bishops of the diocese. The Bishop thanked the donor for his handsome gift. The staff is composed of carved and sculptured ivory with silver-gilt mountings and an ebony stem in three lengths, with silver-gilt amulets at the junctions, and a spiked foot of the same material. The crook, forming the top of the staff, is of ivory, about 1½ inches thick, is circular in form, and the central portion of the disc is pierced and contains a representation of our Lord's commission to St. Peter.

At the present time there are no less than nine bishops of the name of Williams serving in the Church. Five of them hold dioceses within the British Empire, and three within the American Church. In addition to the above there is a tenth bishop of the same name still living, who for many years was bishop in Shanghai, China, but who retired in 1889, and now resides in Japan. The great majority of these bishops bear essentially Welsh Christian names such as David, Arthur, Watkin, and Llewelyn. They suggest, moreover, that these bishops are quite Welsh by descent, if not by birth. It hardly looks as if the Church were an "alien" Church in the Dependency.

A primatial cross was recently presented to His Grace the Archbishop of York by 45,000 members of the C.E.M.S., as also an album and an illuminated address. The cross, which is a beautiful piece of work, designed in the Renaissance style, is of four separate pieces of rock crystal, set in a silver frame, the lower portion of the staff being of aluminium for lightness. The central medallion is representative of the Agnus Dei and at the four terminals of the cross are medallions of the Four Evangelists. Embodied in the base are the obverse and the reverse of the Society's cross. Under the palladium of York, the arms of the See of York, and the Archbishop's family arms, there are four enamels of four great Englishmen especially associated with the North:—Oswald, most Christian King of Northumbria, who is regarded as the patron saint of the Society; Aidan, the Celtic apostle of the North, first Bishop of Lindisfarne; Paulinus, the first Christian missionary from Rome to Northumbria,

Don't Grow Old
Keep Good DIGESTION
and an Active Liver with

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 33

the first in the continuous succession of the Archbishops of York and the Venerable Bede. Studded on the cross are eleven amethysts, the gift of the designer and maker, Mr. Bainbridge Reynolds, of London. The Archbishop was the founder and the first Chairman of the C.E.M.S.

FREE

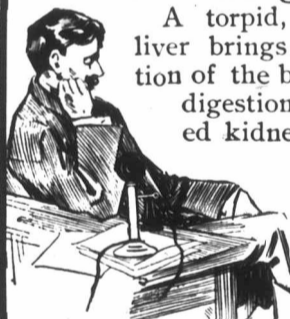
To the End of This Year FREE

The Canadian Churchman will be sent free to New Subscribers outside of Toronto only, from now till the 31st December 1910 for the yearly subscription of one dollar, Toronto, England and the United States, one dollar and fifty cents, thus giving the balance of this year FREE. New Subscribers will be entitled to our beautiful illustrated Christmas number FREE. The price of the Christmas number alone will be 25 cents.

The "Canadian Churchman" is the recognized organ of our Church. It has the confidence of the Church reading population, and should be in the home of every Churchman. It is a paper that can be placed in the hands of every member of the family; brightly written, with frequent illustrations. We ask each of our present subscribers and friends to send us without delay at least one new subscriber; and to try in every way in their power to bring the "Churchman" prominently before the Church people,

Address Orders to
Canadian Churchman
Box 34, Toronto, Ont.

You cannot be cheerful, active and energetic when the liver is wrong.



A torpid, sluggish liver brings constipation of the bowels, indigestion, deranged kidneys and all sorts of depression and discouragement. There is headache, backache, pains in the limbs and rheumatism.

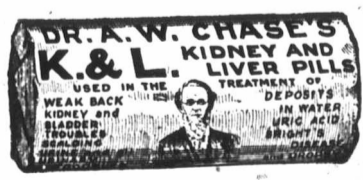
By quickly awakening the action of the liver and bowels

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney & Liver Pills

cleanse the system of poisonous impurities and restore good digestion and assimilation.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills owe their phenomenal success to the fact that they positively cure liver complaint, biliousness, constipation, backache and kidney disease.

One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.




Insist on getting what you ask for.

The Angle

LAMP

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT



OUR PROPOSITION

is to send you a light which, burning common kerosene (or coal oil), is far more economical than the ordinary old-fashioned lamp, yet so thoroughly satisfactory that such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Peabodys, etc., who care but little about cost, use it in preference to all other systems. We will send you any lamp listed in our catalogue "19" on thirty days' free trial, so that you may prove to your own satisfaction, that the new method of burning employed in this lamp makes common kerosene the best, cheapest and most satisfactory of all illuminants.

A LIGHT FOR COUNTRY HOMES that is convenient as gas or electricity. Safer and more reliable than gasoline or acetylene. Lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal.

Write for our Catalogue No. 30, and our proposition for a 30 days' Free Trial.

The 1900 Washer Co.,
357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

KING EDWARD AND THE CHURCH.

I am told that no matter where King Edward happens to be on Sunday—at sea, or at a German watering place, or camping on the plains or in the mountains, or visiting friends in the country—he has always observed the Lord's Day in the strictest manner, and when there is no Church in England convenient or chaplain present, he reads prayers himself at the appointed hour to as many of his companions as are willing to join him in the service. Nor does he ever travel on Sunday, except at sea. This has been the rule of his life, as it was that of his mother, the late Queen, and his father, the Prince Consort. At Marlborough House, in London, and at Sandringham, his country place, prayers are read daily in the morning, the members of the household, the servants and the guests being expected to attend, although not required to do so. The attendance is voluntary, but general. The King is almost always present in London, but seldom fails to appear at morning prayers while in Sandringham. On Monday he invariably attends morning services; in London at the Chapel Royal, or at the Church of St. Anne, and at Sandringham at the beautiful Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, a quaint and venerable structure said to be more than 400 years old, which was restored at his expense for the benefit of his household and tenants, and is filled with beautiful memorial windows and tablets. The humblest laborer on the estate kneels beside the King and

gives the responses with him, the only difference being that the royal family have a separate entrance and a section of pews reserved for themselves and their guests. Pews are also reserved for the servants of the household, the remainder of the sittings belonging to tenants of the King's estate and their labourers. The Princesses teach in the Sunday School, and Queen Alexandra has charge of the music, drills the choir and on occasions presides at the organ.

"DON'T CROSS A BRIDGE UNTIL YOU COME TO IT."

There were once a man and woman who planned to go and spend a day at a friend's house, which was some miles distant from their own. So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit; but they had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old and was said not to be safe, and she immediately began to worry about it. "What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way." "Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge! It is a bad place; suppose it should break through and we should fall into the water and be drowned?" "Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and of the baby?" "I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I

You can enjoy the music of the masters as only virtuosi can render it—if you have a

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PLAYER PIANO

in the home.

A silent piano is a useless investment. Silent and useless, because no one in the family plays.

Why not exchange it for a Gerhard Heintzman Self-Playing Piano—which **anyone** can play—you, your wife, or any member of the family. Think what this change will mean to you—how you can enjoy your favorite music, rendered artistically.

The Gerhard Heintzman is the pioneer player commanding the **WHOLE KEYBOARD**.

One of the exclusive features of the Gerhard Heintzman Player—the **EXPRESSION BUTTONS**—is evidence of its superiority. With this device the most unmusical person can, without conscious effort, play any piece of music as the composer intended it to be played—accentuate and give prominence to the melody or theme as desired.

This is but one of many patented features—all reasons for the high excellence of the Gerhard Heintzman Player Piano.

Send to-day for our handsome booklet—it tells all about them—gives interesting inside piano information.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN CO., LIMITED
City Hall Square, - TORONTO.

NOTE.—We are now in our new showrooms, the finest in Canada.

Nordheimer

The Nordheimer Piano is a Perfect Christmas Gift

The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co.
15 KING ST. E., TORONTO

couldn't work, and we should all starve to death." So they went on worrying and worrying, till they got to the bridge; when, lo and behold, they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built; and they crossed over it in safety, and found that they might have saved themselves all their anxiety. Now that is just what the proverb means; never waste your time worrying on what you think may possibly be going to happen; don't think, "Oh, suppose it should rain tomorrow so that I can't go out?" or, "What should I do if I should have a headache on the day of the party?" Half the time the troubles we look for do not come; and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worrying.

HOW TO CONQUER

Those of us who are inclined to give up to discouragement when things go wrong might learn a helpful lesson from a young woman who had left home because her father was a drunkard. When she became a Christian, however, she announced her intention of returning and doing

what she could to reclaim him. "But what will you do when he finds fault with all your efforts to please him?" some one asked her. "Try a little harder," she answered, with a soft light in her eyes. "Yes, but when he is unreasonable and unkind you will be tempted to lose your temper, and answer him angrily. What will you do then?" "Pray a little harder," came the answer, with a fearless ring in the words. The discourager had one more arrow in his quiver. "Suppose he should strike you as he did before. What could you do but leave him again?" "Love him a little harder," said the young Christian steadily. It is pleasant to add that her splendid faith conquered. Through love and prayer and patient effort her father was not only reclaimed from his besetting sin, but proved Christ's power to save all that come unto Him.

Men cannot live isolated; we are all bound together for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body. No higher man can separate himself from any lowest.—Carlyle.

Highfield School
HAMILTON ONT.

Residential and Day School for Boys. Great success at R.M.C. and in matriculation. Head Master J. H. COLLINSON, M.A.

WESTBOURNE

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

340 Bloor Street, W., Toronto, Ont.
Reopens September 13th 1909

Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the principal,

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE,
TORONTO.

Residential and Day School for Girls, under the management of George Dickson, M.A. (late Principal of Upper Canada College, Toronto), and Mrs. George Dickson, Miss J. E. Macdonald, B.A., Principal. Thorough preparation for the Universities and for all Examinations in Music, Art, Domestic Science. A graduate of the N.Y. School of Dramatic Art has charge of Physical Culture, Tennis, Cricket, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath, Skating Rink and Tobogganing.

Trinity College School

Port Hope, Ont. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Special attention given to the younger boys.

Next term begins January 11th.

For Calendar an all information apply to the Headmaster

Rev. Oswald Rigby, M.A. (Cambridge) LL.D.
PORT HOPE, ONT

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Chelsea Square, NEW YORK.

The Academic Year begins on Wednesday, the first Ember Day in September. Special Students admitted and Graduate course for Graduates of other Theological seminaries.—The requirements for admission and other particulars can be had from The Very Rev. W. L. R. OBBINS, D.D., Dean

EDGEHILL, CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Windsor, Nova Scotia
INCORPORATED 1891.
The Bishop of Nova Scotia, Chairman Board of Trustees ex officio. The Bishop of Fredericton, member of Board of Trustees.
Lady Principal, Miss Gena Smith (late Lady Principal of King's Hall, Compton, P. Q.), formerly Headmistress of St. Stephen's High School, Windsor, England, assisted by Eleven Resident Experienced Mistresses from England (five of whom are specialists in the Music and Arts Departments). House keeper, Matron and Nurse.
Extensive buildings, with capacity for 100 Residents; Heated by Hot Water. Lighted by Electricity. Grounds covering eight acres, with Lawns for Tennis, Croquet, Basket Ball, Hockey, etc. School Dairy and Laundry.
Preparation for the Universities.
For Calendar apply to
REV. H. A. HARLEY, A.



PLYMYER BELL CHURCH BELLS. UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY. Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

Glen Mawr

651 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Thorough in all its departments. Gives careful individual attention, and good physical, mental and moral training.

Offers great advantages in Music, Art and Languages, Native French and German teachers.

Large staff of experienced residential and visiting Professors and Teachers. Pupils are prepared for the Universities, and for the Music and singing Examinations of Toronto University, the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the Toronto College of Music.

For Prospectus and full information apply to

MISS VEALS, Lady Principal.

DUNHAM LADIES' COLLEGE, DUNHAM, QUE.

Montreal Diocesan Church School for Girls For Calendar, apply to the Lady Principal.

E. C. WHITNEY WORDSLEY, ENGLAND

CASSOCK, SURPLICE STOLE AND CLERICAL CLOTHING MANUFACTURER

Clergy Cassocks.—Russell Cord, 12s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. Serge, 12s. 6d. to 50s. Silk, 50s. to 126s.

Clergy Surplices, 4s. 6d. to 42s.

Choir Cassocks.—Boy's, 4s. 6d. to 15s. Men's, 5s. 6d. to 19s. 6d.

Choir Surplices, Linen.—Boy's from 2s. 3d. Mens from 5s. 6d.

Ordination Outfits from £6:11:9.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND PATTERNS FREE.



Bishop Bethune College, OSHAWA, Ontario

Visitor: The Lord Bishop of Toronto

Preparation for the University. Young Children also Received.

For terms and particulars apply to the SISTER IN CHARGE, or to

The Sisters of St. John the Divine
Major Street, Toronto

Established 1860
British American Business College

Y.M.C.A. Building, Toronto,

Thorough, practical courses, in all commercial subjects. Students may enter any time for day or evening courses. Particulars sent on request. T. M. Watson, Principal

HILL CROFT

BOBCAYCEON, ONTARIO.
A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY FOR YOUNG BOYS

Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding School. New and specially designed buildings. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.

Apply for information and prospectus to W. T. COMBER, B. A. (Oxford) Headmaster

The Bishop of Southwark and the Hon. Mrs. and Miss Talbot have left England for India. They expect to be back again in England (D.V.) about the middle of next March.

Mrs. J. C. Courtenay was recently presented by the members of the choir of St. Margaret's, New Galloway, Scotland, with a handsome silver clock. Mrs. Courtenay has been continuously connected with this Mission Church since it was started in 1882, and has regularly played the organ therein for the past 11 years.

ST. AGNES' SCHOOL BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

PATRON—The Lord Bishop of Ontario

Thorough Courses in English, Languages, Music, Art and Physical Culture.

Pupils prepared for the Universities. Conservatory of Music Examinations held at the School. Beautiful and extensive grounds, large and handsome building thoroughly equipped with every modern convenience and improvement, including gymnasium and swimming tank.

For Prospectus and fuller information apply to

MISS F. E. CARROLL
Lady Principal

When writing to or purchasing from Advertisers mention The Canadian Churchman

A large number of people gathered together in the Synod Hall, Waiapu, N.Z., for the purpose of presenting Bishop Williams, previous to his retirement from the See, which he has held for the past 14 years, with his portrait in oils. On behalf of the Cathedral parish the Bishop was presented with a handsomely ornamented episcopal throne which is to be used by the future Bishops of the See, and upon which the name of the retiring Bishop has been first inscribed as a memorial to him.

JONES & WILLIS

Church Furniture Manufacturers
Metal, Wood, Stone and Textile Fabrics.
*TAINED GLASS ARTISTS.

43 Great Russell Street, LONDON, ENG.
Opposite British Museum
Also at Birmingham and Liverpool.

Schools of The Sisters of The Church
36 Walmer Road, Toronto.

330 Kent Street, Ottawa.

VISITORS: His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa

The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

The School in Toronto has been moved to new and better premises at the Corner of Walmer Road and Lowther Avenue. Next term will begin Thursday, September 9th., 1909.

Apply SISTER IN CHARGE

St. Alban's A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Three miles from Toronto
Visitor—Lord Bishop of Toronto. Large and beautiful grounds. Boys prepared for the University and Royal Military College. Special attention given to Juniors and boys entering commercial. Reopens January 10th

For prospectus, apply to M. E. Mathews, Head Master.

Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont. RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Lower school for boys under fourteen; completely separate and limited in number. Upper school prepares boys for the universities, professions and for business. Most careful oversight. Health conditions unequalled.

REV J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L. Principal.

Havergal Ladies' College TORONTO



Separate Senior and Junior Residential and Day Schools with Preparatory Department.

Preparation for Honour Matriculation Havergal Diploma, Examinations in Music and Art. Resident French and German Mistresses, Domestic Science School, with six Departments. Gymnasium, under graduate of the Boston Normal School, Cricket tennis, basket ball, rink, swimming bath.

MISS KNOX, Principal.

For Illustrated Calendar apply to the Bursar. The Third Term begins February 7th 1910.



EAGLE AND RAIL LECTERNS

Altar Rails, Crosses, Vases, Desks, etc., Candlesticks, Vesper Lights, Memorial Brasses, Chandeliers, and Gas Fixtures, Communion Services, made or refinished. Electrical Contractors

CHADWICK BROS.

Show Room 191 East King St. Hamilton
Factory, Oak Avenue, near Barton St.
Send for Catalogue

A STORY-BOOK CHRISTMAS EVE.

Alice was chilled and miserable and lonely. She had been sitting all the afternoon in her cold bedroom rather than in the dining-room, where her grandfather took his afternoon nap, for every time she moved or turned a page he bade her be quiet, and this made her so nervous that she made more noise than ever. "I think Christmas is the most miserable time of all the year," she said, wistfully, as she gazed at the gloomy scene without. "I wonder if anyone ever had a Christmas like those one reads about? I'll go out," she said, suddenly turning away from the window; "It can't be colder out than in." There was no one to say her nay. She had freedom if she had nothing else, freedom to amuse herself as long as she did not worry anyone. The house was very still as she crept down, and as gloomy as the world without; there was not a scrap of holly anywhere, no smell of Christmas fare preparing, no Christmas stir and bustle. They all seemed to forget that it was the glad season. "They" meant her grandfather, asleep in the dining-room, and Grace and Ellen, asleep in the kitchen. Mr. Madron's gardens stretched right down to the main road, and in the hedge at the bottom Alice had a favourite perch from whence she could see all the passing there was. Of the very few joys which came into Alice's life, the very greatest of all was the railway, which had been brought there since Mr. Madron had built his house, and passed along close by it. The station was on the opposite side of the road, very near his gate, and formed the chief interest of Alice's life, for, from her look-out in the hedge, she could see the trains and the passengers come and go. As she walked down the garden that afternoon, the distant hoot and roar of an engine reached her ears, and Alice, growing more cheerful at once, hurried along to be in time to see it run into the station and draw up. But to her surprise the engine did not draw up; it whirled by with a rush and a roar that nearly deafened one, and dashed through the station like a mad thing. Before her very eyes was enacted one of the most dreadful sights she was ever called upon to witness, or in flying so swiftly round the curve of the station the guard's van and one car had become uncoupled from the train, and to the horror of those looking on came stumbling and rocking off the rails and across the track until, with a cracking and breaking of glass, mingling with the screams of those within, the car was brought to rest against the platform, while the guard's van, swaying after it, finally tumbled over. Alice could only stand and gaze, horror-filled. The two passengers who had been awaiting the train, the station-master and the porter, rushed to give what help they could. Two of the men went to the guard's van, two to the car, which, being upright, they soon managed to enter, and very soon Alice saw them merge again, one carrying a lady, the other a little boy, fortunately the

only two passengers in it. The lady was apparently unconscious; the little boy, frightened and cut about his face and hands, was crying bitterly. "Mumme, mumme!" he called, piteously. At the sound of that cry Alice ran forward; she felt somehow that she could comfort him. The station-master, who knew her, looked up with relief. "I think it's only a swoon, missie," he said, "but I don't know where to carry her." "She must come to our house," she said, desperately. "I'll run back and tell them and bring help." "Grandfather! Ellen! Grace! Quick!" she shouted. "There's been an accident to the train. Come and help. Oh, grandfather, do let the lady and the little boy come here; she looks like death, and he is crying so!" For once she succeeded in rousing that drowsy household, and before she realized what had happened she was running to the station hand in hand with her grandfather, while Grace and Ellen were bustling round lighting fires and getting beds ready. Very soon Mrs. Vivian and Roger had

putting his little arm on her broad shoulder, kissed her warmly. "Why, you little darling!" cried Grace, delightedly, "A happy Christmas to you, too, sir—leastways, as happy as we can make it." And Alice, hearing her, wondered if Grace would have spoken to her in that way if she had shown her some affection. "I wish I could go to church with you this morning," said Mrs. Vivian, brightly. Oh, yes, I am feeling well enough, and I would love to keep my Christmas with you." "We don't keep Christmas," said Alice, with some embarrassment. "Don't you?" with a sad little smile. "But we can all keep it in our hearts, can't we? And mine is very full of joy and gratitude for our merciful escape." Sure enough, when Alice Mr. Madron got back from church, there in the drawing-room, which Alice had never seen used before, was Mrs. Vivian, looking perhaps a little wan, but very happy, while Roger played on the hearth; and, somehow, all the house looked and felt more festive than it ever had be-

real, so like a dream. "Open them, dear." "Is it—is it really—real!" she gasped. Then, as she untied the pretty ribbons, Alice gave a cry of real delight. "A book! a book!" she cried. "Oh, how lovely!" But when she opened the other and found a box of beautiful chocolates, words quite failed her. She could only go across to Mrs. Vivian, and, flinging her arms about her, kiss her again and again. "Haven't you one for me, little maid?" asked her grandfather, wistfully, and Alice, ashamed of her neglect, kissed him warmly, too. "I—I didn't think you cared, grandfather," she said, shyly; and again she wondered gravely if people liked you to show that you loved them, even if they did not seem to; and she was so lost in thinking out this problem that she did not hear her grandfather speaking to her until he had called her twice. "Little maid," he said, "Alice, I have a little present for you too, only you ran away before I could give it to you," and he laid two new half-crowns in her hand. There was more, much more, than enough to do and think about, to fill up the time to the early Christmas dinner and when presently they went to the dining room another surprise awaited them there, for the usually bare table was bright with holly and red ribbons, and by every plate, and in groups here and there, were gaily-coloured crackers, while pretty little dishes were piled high with sweets. Never had Alice, nor indeed her grandfather, enjoyed so bright and happy a meal in that house, and after dinner they all went back to the drawing-room and talked and played games until the light failed, when they sat by the fire and told tales. "I do think," said Alice, pausing in the merry games with which they finished up the evening, "that this is the most wonderful and lovely Christmas anyone could possibly spend. I shall know now that it can be like story-book Christmases—only better."—Aunt Alison.



Indisposed

been carried to Mr. Madron's house and put to bed, where the doctor soon dressed their cuts and bruises—neither very serious, fortunately—and gave her a soothing draught to help her over the shock. Roger, however, in a very short time, declined to stay in bed any longer, and in spite of his bandaged head and hand, was soon playing merrily with Alice. When Alice awoke the next morning she lay for a moment wondering what it was that was making her feel so happy, and when recollection came back to her she could not bear to linger a moment longer in bed, so anxious was she to hear how both their unexpected guests were. Mrs. Vivian saw her. "Come in, dear," she called, "and let me give you a Christmas kiss. Yes, I have had a beautiful night, and feel ever so much better, thanks to the good care of me you have all taken. A happy Christmas to you, too, Grace," she said, smiling up at her. And Roger, standing up in the bed, said, "Happy Kismass, Gwace," and,

fore. There were actually some bits of holly and ivy in the vases. On the couch where several mysterious-looking parcels, but Alice did not notice these. She ran quickly up to take off her outdoor things, and as quickly ran down again, but to her surprise she found her grandfather there before her, settled quite happily in a big arm-chair by the fire. "Come and sit by me, dear," said Mrs. Vivian, beckoning to her. "There, now, we form a nice little semi-circle, and," she added, "there will be just time before dinner for you to accept these little Christmas gifts I want to offer you. You see," she added, with a laugh as she gathered up the parcels from the sofa, "I was taking some with me, hoping to need them, and I find I do in a way I had not dreamed of. Please accept these as a little keepsake from Roger and me," and she placed in his hands some beautiful silk handkerchiefs, while to Alice she handed two parcels. Alice was speechless; everything seemed so un-

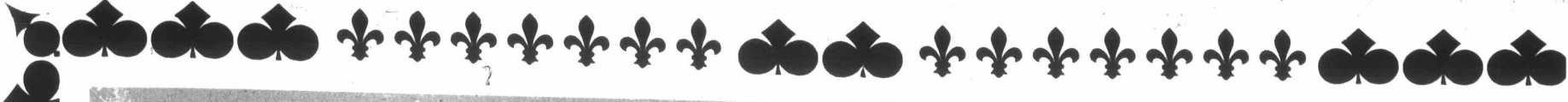
LIKE THE MODEL

A story is told of a beautiful statue that once stood in the market place of an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave girl, and represented her as being beautiful, tidy, and well-dressed. A ragged, uncouth, forlorn street child came across the statue one day in her play. She stopped and admired it. Something in the pure white marble face seemed to touch her. She went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Next day she came before the statue again and gazed at it long and lovingly, as before. It had an inspiration for her again, and she went home and washed and mended her tattered clothes. The statue came to be a favorite place of resort for her, and each time that she gazed on its sculptured loveliness she had a glimpse of a more beautiful life, until she became a transformed child.

dream. "Open them, at—is it really—real!" Then, as she untied the, Alice gave a cry of "A book! a book!" he how lovely!" But when e other and found a box chocolates, words quite he could only go across and, flinging her arms s her again and again. i one for me, little her grandfather, wist- ce, ashamed of her ne- him warmly, too. "I— ou cared, grandfather," y; and again she won- if people liked you to u loved them, even if eem to; and she was so g out this problem that hear her grandfather r until he had called her maid," he said, "Alice, e present for you too, away before I could give d he laid two new half-hand. There was more, han enough to do and o fill up the time to the as dinner and when y went to the din- oter surprise await- ere, for the usual- le was bright with ribbons, and by every groups here and there, oured crackers, while dishes were piled high Never had Alice, nor grandfather, enjoyed so happy a meal in that er dinner they all went awing-room and talked games until the light hey sat by the fire and do think," said Alice, he merry games with nished up the evening, he most wonderful and as anyone could pos- shall know now that it ory-book Christmases— Aunt Alison.

THE MODEL

old of a beautiful sta- stood in the market alian city. It was the reek slave girl, and re- as being beautiful, d-dressed. A ragged, orn street child came atue one day in her opped and admired it. the pure white marble ouch her. She went hed her face and comb- Next day she came be- e again and gazed at vingly, as before. It tion for her again, and me and washed and attered clothes. The be a favorite place of , and each time that its sculptured loveli- a glimpse of a more until she became a hild.



KAY'S

The Largest House
In Canada Devoted Exclusively To
High-Class Furniture And
Furnishings

KAY'S

JOHN KAY COMPANY undertake the decoration and furnishing of resi- dences, etc., in any part of Canada. The immense stocks they carry in Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Furniture, Wall Papers and Pottery, their splendid manufacturing facilities and the experience gained in sixty-five years of business enable them to fill orders of this kind in a thoroughly satisfactory manner at most reasonable cost.

CURIO CABINET
No. 312
Solid Mahogany Inlaid
Price,
only \$36.00

A seasonable feature of their present stocks is a collection of Fancy Furniture, Pottery, Brassware and objects of art, personally selected by their representative on his last trip to Europe. It affords an unusual opportunity for the selection of things uncommon and exclusive for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



The illustrations shown above are two out of about a thousand fine half-tone engravings in their Catalogue No. 31. A copy of which will be promptly mailed on request.

John Kay Company, Limited, 36 and 38 King Street W. Toronto, Ont.

Founded A.D. 1710

SUN FIRE

INSURANCE OFFICE

The Oldest Insurance Office in the World.

FUNDS IN HAND EXCEED

\$13,000,000

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS

HEAD OFFICE:
THREADNEEDLE STREET,
LONDON, ENG.

CANADIAN BRANCH:
15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST,
TORONTO, ONT.

A. M. BLACKBURN, Manager J. M. KAY, Inspector

TORONTO AGENTS:
HIGINBOTHAM & LYON IRISH & MAULSON
Telephones Main 1536 and 488 Telephones Main 6966-67

There is no substitute. First-class Printing pays—we do that kind.

THE MONETARY TIMES

PRINTING CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Phone Main
7405

62 CHURCH STREET
TORONTO, CANADA

WE have one of the largest and best equipped plants in the business for the prompt production of catalogue, commercial, and fine job printing in one or more colors.

We are at all times pleased to submit samples and estimates, or have our representative call.





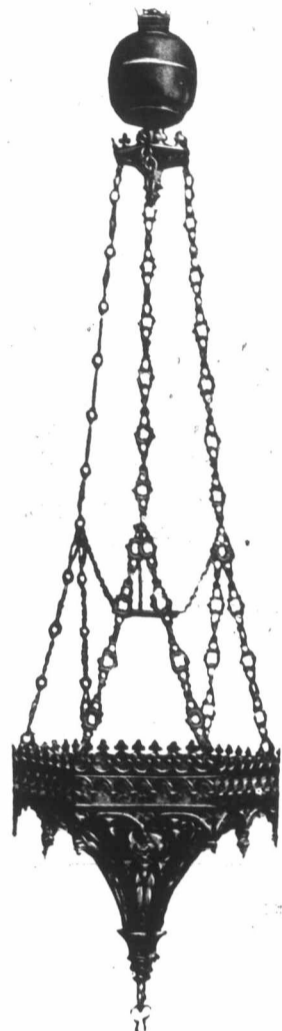
Church Brass Work

Manufacturers

Pulpits
Lecterns

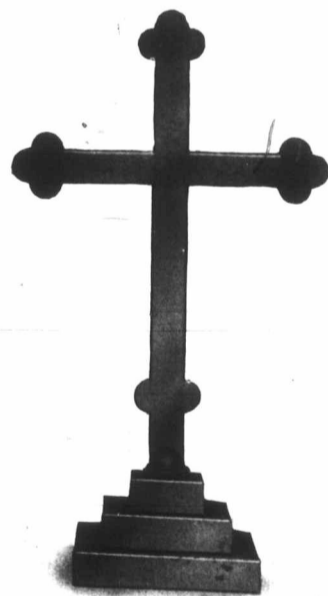


No. 5



No. 5

Crosses
Bases



No. 6



No. 50

The Keith & Fitzsimons Company

109-111 King Street West, Toronto

Limited

Catalogue Furnished upon Request

