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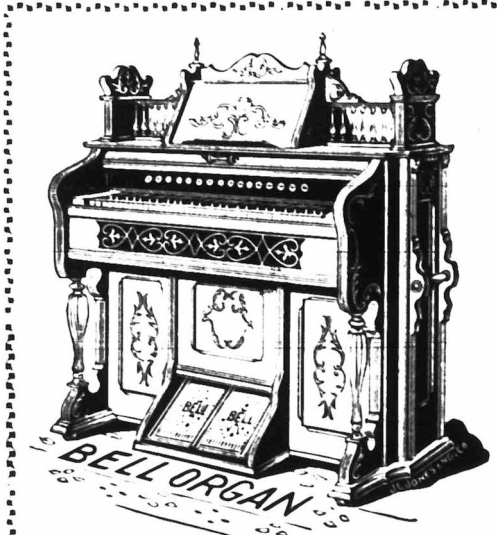
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The star-led winds haste with odours sweet;
O'ring, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet.
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet;
And pour thy voice into the angel quire,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed
fire.

Shall we not learn this lesson from the Magi, to seek Him diligently until we find Him; to bring Him to our best and most precious, to bring Him our very selves, an offering unworthy indeed, yet not unacceptable to Him? It is the day of Love—Divine and Human; the day in which we are taught to know the love of God for man, in which men are taught anew to love each other as brethren. It is a day of Good-will, of mutual blessing. God grant that its spirit may dwell in us all; and then we shall surely dwell in God and God in us, for God is Love.—William Clark.

CHRISTMAS—OLD AND NEW.

By the Rev. Canon Burbidge

Some chant the praise of olden times,
When yule logs bright were burning,
When Church bells rang their Christmas chimes,
And hearts for "home" were yearning.
When hands hung up the mistletoe,
And twined the cheerful holly;
And "Grandpapa" forgot his woe,
And bent to harmless folly.

In those old days baronial halls
Were decked with branch and berry,
And hundreds far beyond their walls
Were once a year made merry.
Dependents felt no sense of shame,
Nor dreamed of sad to-morrows;
But proudly spread their master's name,
And shared his joys and sorrows.

Much of this scene has passed away,
These feudal links are broken;
And yet the bright and festive day
Still brings its kindly token.
And human hearts have not grown cold,
Though other times are dawning;
And thoughts of poor, and young, and old,
Come with the Christmas morning.

Christmas is here! Seek out the sad,
Indulge the grace of giving;
If one poor heart through thee be glad,
Thou art not vainly living.
Go, catch the spirit of that life,
Revealed in sacred story;
Stay, if thou canst, this daily strife,
And give to Christ the glory.

CHRISTMAS IN JERUSALEM AND BETHLEHEM.

Christmas, always the most important day of the year in all Christian lands, and the day of greatest hilarity, naturally it will be expected that Christmas in Jerusalem and Bethlehem would be celebrated with more honour and rejoicing than anywhere else; and so it is. Shortly after noon, on the day before Christmas, a thrill of excitement is spread throughout the sacred city; as the loud clanging of many, many bells announces the departure of the Latin Patriarch, representing the Roman Catholic Church, accompanied by all his Bishops and clergy, for Bethlehem; he is also accompanied by an escort of cavalry, furnished by the Turkish Government as a token of honour, and for protection as well. These altogether form a grand procession, the cavalry gorgeously mounted, preceding the Patriarch's carriage, and his cavasses (or private escort), generally four, who run before

his carriage. In addition to those already mentioned, the French Consul, with his suite of officers and cavasses, all handsomely mounted in full uniform, form part of this escort to Bethlehem. There are many pilgrims from all parts of the world who come to Jerusalem and Bethlehem for this occasion, and they, with the native inhabitants, make the number in the procession to run up into thousands. This procession is met when about half-way to Bethlehem by a mounted escort. This escort is not composed of any particular creed, but is an honour bestowed by the city upon the Patriarch, the escort consisting of Mohammedans, as well as all kinds of Christians. It is composed of from thirty to fifty of the inhabitants of Bethlehem and the surrounding country approximate to it. A word of interest might be dropped here also. The place of the meeting of the Bethlehem escort with those from Jerusalem is at a large convent, called Mar Elias, which is supposed to mark the spot where Elijah rested from his pursuit by Jezebel, and awoke to find his food prepared and a messenger to tell him of the



RIGHT REV. GEORGE FRANCIS TOPHAM BLYTHE, D.D.,
BISHOP IN JERUSALEM AND THE EAST.

fast he was to enter into; a depressed place in a rock is pointed out as the place where he reclined. Proceeding onward, the procession soon reaches Rachel's tomb, which is about five miles from Jerusalem. This tomb is well preserved, and its authenticity seems unquestionable. Here the approach of the procession to Bethlehem is also announced by the loud clanging of bells, and again throngs of people, amounting also to several thousand, rush out to meet the Patriarch, and to assemble at the Church of the Nativity, which is reached after travelling one mile from Rachel's tomb. Arriving at Bethlehem, the Patriarch is greeted with a most excellent band, composed of students from the convent. Just before entering the Church of the Nativity the canonical robe is donned. This robe is most costly, amounting to several thousand dollars; it is of silver and gold threads, and the crown is of solid gold, studded with diamonds and other precious stones, surmounted by a small golden cross. Here the throng is simply immense, and a battalion of soldiers,

stationed both inside and outside, is required to preserve order, and to keep back the rush, as the Patriarch and his escort enter. These soldiers are all Mohammedans, and are as interested in preserving order as any Christian soldiery would be. Contrary to the views of many people, who are not acquainted with Mohammedans, they are not the opposers of Christianity; in fact their Coran (or Bible) to a great extent forbids arguing against it; hence much of the trouble arising between Mohammedans and Christians must be attributed to other causes than religious differences. Assembled in the church are Roman Catholics of many orders, Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Abyssinian, and Maronites (these latter are from the Lebanon country), also many people of various sects and orders. A service lasting about an hour is held, after which the Patriarch and priests retire to the convent, and rest until just before midnight, when they return to the church; and the ringing of the bells announces the entering in of Christmas, and services are commenced, and last until three o'clock, when a procession is formed, headed by the Patriarch, consisting of his Bishops and priests, and the French Consul and suite, besides many others of high degree. This procession marches around the inside of the church three times. The Patriarch bears the holy-water, with which he sprinkles the people. He is followed by a Bishop bearing the holy babe—a figure of a baby. After passing around the church the third time, the procession enters the grotto, where Christ was born. Here the wax babe is laid in the manger, or rather on the spot where the manger was, for the manger itself has been taken to Rome. This is the conclusion of the services.

In the afternoon the Patriarch and his accompanying escort retire to Jerusalem. Just at the time of his departure a service is held in the shepherd's field, where the angels made revelation of Christ's birth. Here the Roman Catholics and the Greeks have each a small church in which their services are held. Christmas Day marks the close of a forty days' fast or abstinence from eating meat, so the day is largely celebrated as a day of feasting, in which meat occupies the conspicuous part; each father who has a married daughter makes her a present of about twenty-five pounds of meat for the day. Each member of the household is always presented with a new suit of clothes.

This feast lasts for three days, and during this time the natives go from house to house exchanging greetings, drinking wine and coffee, and eating nuts, etc., together. Santa Claus is not known among them here, as he is in European countries, but is rapidly making acquaintance through the means of the Europeans; it is needless to add he is just as much welcomed here by the children as elsewhere.

There are 30,000 Christians in Jerusalem, 8,000 Europeans among them, but in Bethlehem there are only a few families of Europeans. There is, however, a small German church, and the number of Christians amounts to about 8,900—more than half are Catholics.

The Europeans all observe Christmas as they do in their native countries. Most of them have Christmas trees, and all the schools

and missions have trees, and many little, as well as big hearts are made glad by the presents that are given, and the accompanying time of rejoicing. It is also observed in the same way in the many hospitals, and in the Lepers' Home. The Greek Orthodox Church celebrates Christmas twelve days after the usual day—on the day of Epiphany, the sixth of January. The day is celebrated by them exactly as, by the Latins or Roman Catholics, with the exceptions of the Patriarch, accompanied by only two of his Bishops, and by the Russian, and Greek Consuls who accompany him. The Russian Consul corresponds to the French Consul in occupying the position of defender of his faith in the East; the Bishop of Bethlehem comes out to meet the Patriarch, making the number of Bishops three, to correspond with the Three Wise Men. Another and decided difference is that in the procession to the grotto no wax babe is taken, they having a perfect abhorrence of this custom of the Latins, and as the Latins leave the babe till this day to remove it, no little strife has often been aroused between them. It will be remembered that in the year 1851 the Crimean war broke out, and that it originated at this Church of the Nativity, through the strife between the Greeks and Latins. The Greeks having a different almanac from the Latins, throw the day of their Christmas, December the 25th, on January the 6th. The Armenians, who use the same calendar as the Greeks, have Christmas still twelve days later, as they claim Christ's birth and the date of His baptism to be the same; January 6th seems to have been the date on which ancient Christians celebrated Christmas. The Armenians, Syrians, Copts and Abyssinians have their services together. These are all Monophysites. Their service differs little from that of the Greeks, with the exception of

the baptism of a silver cross, which they take as an emblem of Christ, dipping it three times in holy water, with a few drops of holy oil added. A god-father is appointed for this cross till the time for the baptism at the next Epiphany. The one who is appointed god-father pays the Church a goodly sum for this

family of his congregation in Bethlehem. There are about thirty families of them.

There are many places of interest to visit during the Christmas celebration in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and although the natives do not have a Santa Claus as the Europeans do, still, with the different celebrations coming as they do, they have twenty-four days of feasting and frolicking to indulge in, as very little business of any kind is transacted till the feasts are all concluded. One place of great interest to visit in Jerusalem is the St. Salvador Roman Catholic church. Here they have in cardboard a panorama giving a history of the birth of Christ from the beginning, showing the Wise Men of the East approaching, with their servants, and camels loaded with presents. There is the grotto, with the manger with the star above it, donkeys and cows feeding and going in and out; also the shepherds' field is shown, showing the sheep grazing, the shepherds standing by, and the angels who proclaimed "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." May the time soon come when this proclamation is realized, when the spot so often disgraced by greed and strife, may indeed be blessed by "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

C. H. Baldensperger.
Jerusalem.

Preparing for Christmas.—Christmas once more is upon us, and rejoicings will be many. May our joy be the unfading and changeless one which springs from the Christ who is the guest of our hearts. May this Advent be so spent by us in the duties and lessons Holy Church affords us that when Christ comes to us in Death we may be prepared to welcome Him. If we make Him our Friend and Companion in health He will be ours when sickness and death come to us. How



MADONNA AND CHILD.

honour, and also gives money to the poor of the Armenian congregation. Seven sheep or enough oxen to amount to the same, are killed and cooked during the night, from the broth of which the Patriarch has a porridge of crushed wheat made. The next morning he distributes it with a portion of meat to each

guest of our hearts. May this Advent be so spent by us in the duties and lessons Holy Church affords us that when Christ comes to us in Death we may be prepared to welcome Him. If we make Him our Friend and Companion in health He will be ours when sickness and death come to us. How

dreadful to think of Christians living, lying in sickness, dying, and going to meet their Judge, prayerless and heedless of the consolations which the Church is ready to minister to them! Brethren, fail not to call in the Great Physician of soul and body in your time of need and sickness.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how as the day had come,
The bellies of all Christendom
Had rolled along

The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,

With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—Henry W. Longfellow.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

We wish all our readers, young and old, a very Merry Christmas and all the joys of this happy season, and we can feel these joys again only as we give them to others. The great blessing of the secular side of Christmas is that it fosters the spirit of love and generosity, and gives us a beautiful object lesson of the truth of our Lord's saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Hard, indeed, must be the heart that does not soften under the kindly influences of this blessed season. Long live Father Christmas! And so say we all of us.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS.

Were it not for the Church, her service, and her carols, how little there would be to perpetuate the festival of Christmas. There is a feeling abroad that we the dwellers in Christian lands, are affectionately disposed towards the season, and this idea is substantially correct, no doubt, but Christmas festivities are to a great extent a matter of custom, in which the commercial element plays no inconsiderable part. Ingenious people rack their very brains to invent some attractive novelty or other for the delectation of youth, and alluring gew-gaws innumerable are exposed for sale.

"Whose pampered looks draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide."

Long may the custom prevail; it is but a brief enchantment, and generally vanishes with the year.

Tradition may be credited in some degree

with the manifestations of the time when the hearts of men are warmed to benevolence. Yet it is the Church that keeps the flame aglow, and recalls with appropriate devotional observances the birth of the Saviour. With the exception of Tennyson and Browning (the former especially, whose mellifluous muse found in the subject a congenial theme), not many of our poets say much of Christmas, indeed few mention it at all. We have Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, but that is an elaborate and stately measure concerning the mystery simply. Scott is more human and social, and has sung sweetly enough of the blessed time when joy, love, and gratitude should animate the faithful, and enable them to realize anew the angelic message.

"That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

Shakespeare, in the whole thirty-seven plays (as far as one remembers) mentions it but once, and then only in reference to the rigour of the season; in "Love's Labour Lost," Byron says:

"At Christmas, I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows,
But like of each thing, that in season grows."

And hereon one might hang a thought or two. Foremost among the innovations which the commercial instinct has introduced into modern affairs to the perversion of simpler modes of life, is the vain fashion of awakening our summer beauties at unseasonable times. Roses now, are common at Christmas, alas! leaving us nothing to hope for, but rather is every pleasant anticipation deadened by a surfeit of untimely blossoms. Here in our northern clime, what man possessing a healthy sentiment, would not prefer the robust holly, with its "red-tipped branches and glossy leaves," to the frail and scentless flower of artifice—the hot-house rose or carnation—which can no more be compared to their healthy and odorous sisters of the summer garden than the pale moon can be likened to the glowing sun.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid; the night is still,
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

Sings Tennyson; and to enjoy an ideal Christmastide it is difficult to dissociate the bells. That must have been a sweet experience of the poet's when he listened to the bells of four hamlets on a Christmas eve:

"Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will, to all mankind."

Half a hundred Christmas days have gladdened a good many of us; some of them are but dimly remembered, but not a few have left impressions too deep for erasure, and which we can recall almost at will, but the scenes and circumstances reappear more readily, and in sharper outline at this recurrent season. Something even of that "freshness of the heart that fell like dew" seems to take repossession of our senses, awakening emotions as brief as they are delightful. How we remember that early walk to church by the footpath fringing the wood, of our looking down its leafless vistas and noting here and there in a fork of the branches the forsaken nest, which in the

spring the late tenant had so cunningly contrived in leafy seclusion. And what a prominent object the distant church appeared, no longer hidden by the umbrageous elms, but illumined by the horizontal rays of the winter sun, it seemed to adorn the landscape like something new, although it had stood there for centuries. With what reverence we entered its ancient porch, and inclined to silence, lest our voices and footsteps should disturb the slumber of Time. How we remember sitting there in a dim light while the rustic worshippers from the straggling villages gathered for the morning service, and thought what a happy, healthy congregation they made, and how well they sang the glorious "Adeste Fideles," the richest of all hymn-tunes, which one can never listen to unmoved. That was one of those dear days indelibly fixed on one's memory; some others are associated with pastoral scenes, but many were known in "the myriad-streaked city," where the ways of life were less fragrant. I know not what emotions may be awakened in the breasts of others who, like myself, can look back on fifty Christmas days, but in my own experience I am sure that where the day has been indolently endured, or passed in boisterous merriment, its remembrance brings few pleasurable associations, and is half forgotten without regret; on the other hand, the recollection of such days as were occupied in acts of duty or devotion, is as refreshing to the memory as it is consoling to the heart.

R. P. C.

SANTA CLAUS.

A jolly old fellow, whose hair is so white,
And whose little bright eyes are blue,
Will be making his visits on Christmas night,
Perhaps he will call upon you!

A funny old name has this funny wee man,
You know what it is without doubt;
He climbs down the chimney as fast as he can,
And then just as quickly creeps out.

He carries a bagful of candies and toys,
And leaves them wherever he goes,
For good little girls and good little boys;
So hang up your little white hose.

CHRISTMASTIDE, THEN AND NOW, IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

To the young it is said: "There can be no time like the present." This must be self-evident. They have no memories of the distant past to come between them and the future, to hinder the pleasant enjoyment of the present, which casts a joyous glamour over their vision, so that to them as is the present, so will the future be, or more joyous still. To those more advanced in years, experience should teach knowledge, and bring wisdom, especially to those whose heads are hoary with the frosts and snows of three-score years and ten, to them it is said: "There is no time like the past," "when I was a boy," "in the days of my youth," in the good old times when I was young," are expressions less or more familiar to us all. Youth, in its exuberance of health and spirits, and in enthusiastic enjoyment of the present, may over-estimate present pleasures, and so go on its way rejoicing, and, as a rule, seldom troubles itself

as to the future. So may, and no doubt in many cases, does age, either from prejudice or exaggerated ideas of the past, or want of capacity for the enjoyment of the present, come to the conclusion, too often erroneously, that when they were young boys and girls, men, women, and things, aye, even the Times and Seasons, were better then than now, and so they lament over and sigh for the "Grand old Times," and mourn over the degeneracy of the Times that are present and passing quickly away, and sometimes tell you

In mournful cadences and slow,
Things are changing for the worse you know
To what they were in days long, long ago.

Now, whether this be so or not as to things and matters generally in which the Church and the world alike, in the opinion of some aged, and it may be middle-aged pessimists or

excellence of the year. In the North and North-western Counties the New Year Day divides the honour with Christmas Day. In Yorkshire, for instance, Christmas is universally observed with the same degree of joyousness as in the Eastern, Southern, and Western Counties, while in the adjoining County of Lancashire to a very great extent, even yet, New Year Day is observed on almost equal terms as Christmas Day, is more, rather than less, of a holiday.

No impartial person who can remember as I do the way and manner in which Christmas, from the eve to *Boxing day, during the past sixty-five years, can long halt between two opinions "as to which were and are most consonant with the great event which was made known to the world by the angel hosts, who

total disappearance of these ancient institutions. They still linger, however, in some of the nooks and corners of England, but are mere shadows of the past. How often, when I was young, have I listened to the music of the Waits, and noted the difference in time and style between commencement and finish. How often have I noted with what fervour of feeling and reverent tones or manner the village choir has started on its Christmas Eve round, commencing with "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," etc., till towards the dawn of the joyful day, the tune, style, and manner have gradually changed so completely that Byron's grand hymn: "Christians Awake, Salute the Happy Morn," etc., could scarcely be understood, and few would suppose the singers were



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR GRANDPA IN OLDEN TIMES.

optimists, I would not now in the presence of dear old Father Christmas stop to discuss. As one who has reached his "three-score years and ten," and fifty-five of these as a loyal and loving communicant of the Glorious old Church of England, and fifty of the fifty-five in dear old England, I am not prepared to endorse the view that in the way and manner of celebrating the joyous and ought to be, holy, season of Christmas, was better in one instance when I was a boy or "young man" than it is now. Christmas in those days was not, and is not even now, observed in all parts of England in the same manner and degree, and scarcely equal to New Year's Day in Scotland, except by the "Episcopal Church," while in the Eastern and Southern Counties and most of the Western, it is the festival par

sang in sweetest notes of celestial melody the glorious song:

"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth peace, good will towards men."

To the present generation of Church people, especially Canadians, the Village Waits with their clarionets, trombones, and big, big drums, and the peripatetic choirs which have now become small by degrees (I scarcely like to say, and beautifully less), are but merely picturesque figures on the pages of "venerable chronicles," or in the memories of those who may be considered by their younger contemporaries as ancient fathers in the Church. I am one of them. I cannot say I am altogether sorry nor entirely glad at the almost

*The day after Christmas Day, so called as Christmas gifts or "boxes" are collected on this day.

the same who had commenced the round of singing on Christmas Eve. It was by contributions received from the dwellers in houses before which they sang, the Village Choir used to collect whatever remuneration they received in those days, and the rustic waits hoped to be enabled by the contributions received to purchase new instruments if needed, or repair their old ones, or put a new head in the big drum, if, as not unlikely, it gets broken by the tremendous beating it too often received in the larger hours of the night, or "the wee sma' 'ours o' the mornin'." The reason may be easily guessed, as from excessive generosity, or from the mistaken notion that Christmas time was such a season for joy and gladness, and this could only result from a few extra glasses or bottles of wine (so

called), or spirits, and that to be half seas over on Christmas Day, or Boxing Day, was, if a sin at all, the most venial of venial sins. So while I regret the decadence of the choirs and waits, two old customs per se, and the loss of the rustic music and tunes, the hymns and carols, I am glad, indeed rejoice greatly, that young men and maidens, if not old men and children, are no longer exposed to what was to many the initial step to future intemperance, and there and then too often prevented individual members of our village choirs not only from joining in the holy and joyful services of praise, but often from even coming to church. In this respect, indeed, old things—not good ones—have passed away, and new and better things have taken their places. So far as the services of the Church are concerned, the "Now" is better than the "Then." There is an old—a very old custom, which is peculiar to Yorkshire reaching so far into the realms of the dim and distant past that I could not trace it to its origin. Further than this, it was said to be a relic of Popish times. Whether this be so or not, there are many good people who are by no means desirous of sweeping away "time-honoured customs," who have long been of the opinion that this particular one has become so much nuisance now that its breach would be very much more honoured than its observance. The singing of the nominies, as they were sometimes called, or carols, or whatever they were originally, was confined to and carried on by juveniles from units to teens of years. I have forgotten the words of the nominies, never having seen them in print. I only remember two lines of one, and one of another. The two lines are:

The first great joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one.

This was evidently an allusion to the pleasures of motherhood.

The solitary line runs thus:

Here we come a waiseling—a waiseling.

Of course there were many varieties of Kerseumas (Yorkshire for Christmas) nominies, and as many and various bands of juveniles who for some ten days or more before Christmas used to amuse themselves, if nobody else, by singing these nominies from house to house, in the hope, doubtless, of obtaining Christmas-boxes. The never-failing conclusion of these juvenile performances was as follows:

I wish you a Merry Kerseumas,
And a Happy New Year,
A pocket full of money,
And a cellar full of beer—Please will you give me
a Kerseumas box?

There is another Christmas custom I have never met with anywhere else, and which is a special make of Yorkshire hospitality, and you cannot give greater offence to a Yorkshireman than by refusing his Christmas cheer. The custom is to provide a good supply of spice (Yorkshire for currant) cake, and the best Cheshire cheese to be had in the market. Cake and cheese—the latter sometimes weighing 30 or 40 pounds—are placed on the dining-room tables of the wealthy, and on the humbler kitchen tables of the people gen-

erally, and every visitor was expected to help himself or herself to as much or little as they pleased, only to avoid offence some must be taken. The cake and cheese are placed on the table as soon as breakfast is over, and remain till the dinner hour of the rich, and throughout the day with the poor. In the so-called good old times, strong ale, as well as "hot and fiery liquors," used to accompany the cake and cheese, and in these days what commenced in good feeling and brotherly hospitality too often ended in drunken brawls. Ale, spirits, and so-called wines, are now very happily, with rare exceptions, things of the past, to the immense advantage of the present, the boast of the good old times notwithstanding. Perhaps the accompanying extracts from Hone's Day-Book and Table-Book may be interesting to the readers of The Canadian Churchman:

Christmas Day, Dec. 25th, 1826—The Festival of the Nativity was anciently kept by different churches in April, May, and in this month. It is now kept on this day by every established Church of Christendom; and is a holiday all over England, observed by the suspension of all public and private business, and a congregation of friends and relations for "comfort and joy."

Christmas Pie.—The following appeared in the Newcastle Chronicle, 6th January, 1770, as the extraordinary composition Christmas pie: "Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipped to London for Sir Henry Grey, Bart., a pie, the contents whereof are as follows, viz.: 2 bushels flour, 20 lbs. butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, 4 partridges, 2 neat's (ox) tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds, 6 pigeons. It was supposed to be a very great curiosity; it was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, the baronet's house-keeper at Howick. It was near nine feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about 12 stones (168 lbs.), will take two men to place it on a table; it is neatly fitted with a case, and placed on four wheels to facilitate its passage from one guest to another, who felt inclined to partake of its contents."

In Christmas holidays, tables were all spread from the first to the last, the sirloins of beef, the mince pies, the plumb porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plum puddings, were all brought upon the board, where everyone was welcomed, and bid to eat freely, which gave rise to the proverb, "Merry in the hall when beards wag all."

Mission adds of our English forefathers in his time, that besides the famous pie at Christmas, they also make a sort of soup, which is, in their language called "plumb porridge." He also gave further account in his "Travels in England," of our Christmas customs, regarding which, he says: "Every family against Christmas, makes a famous pie, which they call Christmas pie. It is a great nostrum; composition of this pasty is a most learned mixture of neat's tongues, chickens, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon, and orange peel, and various kinds of spicery.

GEORGE WARD.

PRANG'S CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDARS, AND BOOKLETS.

These dainty publications of Prang's this year are perfectly charming, which all can see by visiting the well-known Church Book House, Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto. They have a large assortment of them for sale.

It is the duty of all this season to exercise charity and forbearance.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray,
O, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within the manger
Upon this blessed morn;
To which His mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn,
From God, our heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not, then," said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."
The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
The blessed babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother, Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray,
Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace,
This holy tide of Christmas—
All others doth efface.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Celebrates Our Lord's Birthday—the Incarnation of the Only Begotten and Eternal Son of God. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph had come from Nazareth to Bethlehem for the purpose of a family census-taking. The town was crowded, and no room was found in private home or inn, and the Child Jesus was born in a stable, probably hewn out of the limestone rock. The 25th of December has been observed in commemoration of that wondrous event from remote antiquity, and has come to be universally accepted as the exact date, and with abundant reason to justify it. There is no other festival so generally observed throughout the civilized world; and, because of this there is grave danger of its degenerating into merely a worldly pleasure day. Churchmen should endeavour to make it a holy Christian festival.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

To-day is Life's Birthday, the Birthday of that Life which for us dying creatures takes away the sting of death and brings the bright promise of eternal gladness hereafter.

Rejoice you who are faithful, for you draw nearer to the Crown.

Rejoice you that are sinful, for your Saviour offers you pardon.

Rejoice all, for all have an equal share in the great cause of joy. God calls all to life.

—Think kindly and justly of all your friends at this joyous season.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

No harsh thoughts on Christmas Day;
Hatchet buried, peace pipe smoking,
Hearts aglow though skies be grey,
Genial chat and harmless joking;
Kindly actions far and wide
To the sad and lonely-hearted,
Who this glorious Christmas tide,
From old friends and scenes are parted.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

It is not strange that Christmas should awaken so many tender feelings, and that its return should be hailed with emotions so glad by old and young, and by persons of all classes and conditions of life. There could be no sweeter story than that which is told us at

this season, none appealing more strongly to the best and purest, the kindest and noblest instincts of our hearts. If the busy world will stop to listen to anything divine, it will be to the recital of how the Son of God came down to earth in love to man, and took upon Him our nature as the Son of the Blessed Virgin, to share its experiences as well as to redeem it from its woes. Everything is here which most touches the heart. With all the world's self-seeking, its evil ambition, its strivings after power and fame, its admiration of the rich and the mighty, nothing moves it like deeds of love and self-forgetfulness, or the exhibition by the great, of common human relations in their simplest and most hallowed forms. Greater than the sight of the warrior spurring his steed into the thick of the battle, is that of the commander stopping to lave the brow of some wounded soldier by the roadside. More moving than the spectacle of the king upon his throne, is that of the monarch divested of his trappings of state and surrounded by his children. Childhood, poverty, humble and simple life, these are the choice themes of poetry, and they do especially bestir our tenderest emotions when brought before us as parts of the lives of the world's great and illustrious characters. And they all are contained in the story of our Lord's Nativity, the story of the way the great Creator of the Universe, rich in the glories of divinity, became poor for our sakes, and was born a little human babe of a lowly mother of David's line, in David's royal but humble city, with none to greet his entrance into the world but the angels from above, and simple shepherds below. While those only whose sense of sin and infirmity duly qualifies them to appreciate the object of the Incarnation, can be affected properly by the story of our Redeemer's birth, that event, by its divine consecration of all that is most attractive to the human heart, will ever be rehearsed in all its freshness, and listened to with unwearied delight as often as the festival kept in memory of it comes round.

But it is poor honour to pay to our Saviour at this time, only to be impressed by feelings natural to all without clearly recognizing the purpose of His human birth and according Him a welcome in the deepest places of our hearts. We are told that He came unto His own and His own received Him not; and He

may still come in the commemorations of the dear Christmas season to many who are touched with the beauty of the story without preceiving clearly their great personal interest in it. The reception which He desires can only be given Him by those whose acquaintance with their own hearts and lives has shown their need of the redemption which He came to accomplish—only by those who rejoice in being lifted up into fellowship with God; only by those who respond to the story of His love by trusting in His grace and obeying His commandments. And our interest in Christmas will have little that is profitable, and our observance of it little that is appropriate if among the feelings with which it is hailed are not those of a humble and grateful spirit. We shall celebrate it in a manner pleasing to our Incarnate Lord and beneficial

anything distinctly religious. The people in the streets are sober, industrious, harmless folk. Even on Sunday, if he misses the melody of church bells and that Sabbath stillness which is peculiar to England, yet the Sabbath stillness of some of our great towns is less disturbing than the ordinary stream of life in Peking. Consequently, he walks the streets at ordinary times without any deeper sense of this void in life more than is to be found in the half-conscious comment on return to the compound: Ah! this is Christian. If he stops to think as he sees an old woman toiling along under her bundle, and to wonder what is her hope for this life or the next, why that is no more than he did in England, and the answer is almost as vague and indistinct in England as in China. But at Christmas! Where is the prize beef? Where are the

turkeys, with coloured ribbons round their necks? Where are the carol-singers? Why does all the world look so dull? He feels inclined to march up to the first man he meets and say: "My dear Sir, have you forgotten that it is Christmas?" Easter is the festival of the few in England; it is not so noticeable, then, that it is the festival of the few in China. But Christmas! Everybody keeps Christmas, however little they may enter into its spirit; and to find all the world ignoring it strikes one as absurd. I confess, for my part, I could scarcely hold my tongue. I felt I must say: "Good people, you are all making a mistake. This is Christmas, you know. You ought to be making preparations." It's maddening to walk through a city and not to hear a single person wish another a Happy Christmas. But then, they don't know anything about it. That is Christmas outside—a saddening, depressing, astonishing thing. Inside it is the festival of a little body of Christians. The church is decorated with white chrysanthemums and evergreens, and lighted with Chinese lanterns; the children sing carols, the boys ring bells, presents are exchanged, a feast is held, the missionaries meet at dinner in the Bishop's house and rejoice (wondering all the time in their hearts what their people are doing at home), and the feast is kept. At the British Legation the chapel is well attended. Here, again, it is the festival of a small body. The old feeling of a Christmas at least recognized, and, in some sense, appropriated by all, is lost. Outside there remains the mass who are not touched by it. But, indeed, they are touched by it; it is theirs, too, ready for the day when they awake to it. That is the consolation of one who walks through Peking on Christmas Day, and perhaps his truest cause for rejoicing.

—Let us beseech God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that Jesus Christ, born in the winter, may be born within every heart where winter reigns, and that the new birth in each soul may make this a truly happy Christmastide.

—May this Christmas bring us more of love and holy joy than we have before known, and not to us only, but to the whole world.



THE CHORISTERS.

to ourselves, if we open our hearts to our Saviour, that He may dwell in them, and pray to be made partakers of the blessings which He has brought us.

CHRISTMAS IN PEKING.

By the Rev. Roland Allen.

A first Christmas in Peking has something startling about it. To one who has lived there for six or seven months it acts as a sudden reminder of half-forgotten things. He is forced back at a bound to his first sense of astonishment at finding himself living in a heathen city. The things which at his first arrival struck home and forced his attention have grown common to him. The air of Peking, its dirt, its indecency, its uncouthness, are familiar, and Peking heathenism is not blatant. The festivals are either quiet and kept in the privacy of the family, or else rather partake of the nature of a bank holiday than

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, please don't forget to call at our house.
Our little kids will watch for you, each "quiet as a mouse."
Unless the sand man comes too soon and shuts some blinking eyes
That wait the coming reindeer sleigh from out the wintry skies

There's Tom, and Ben, and Sue, and Kate, and little blue-eyed brother,
And me, but I'm the oldest one, so 'bout me don't you bother:
If Tom could have a painted sled, and Ben could have a top,
When one gets tired of using his, why, they could make a swap.

If Sue could have a pretty doll, and Kate could have some dishes,
Our toddling brother have a book with painted birds and fishes:
And if it ain't again your rule, to sometimes fun, of others,
I want to tell you that we have the very best of mothers

One year ago our father died, and left us in the keep
Of God in heaven: and every night, before we go to sleep,
We kneel at mother's knee and say, "Father who art in heaven,"
And mother whispers tenderly: "Let us all be forgiven."

So Santa Claus, if you will be to us so kind and good,
Please fill the smallest stockings first, and then if you but would
Skip mine and leave some little gift for loving mother dear,
We'll have a welcome Christmas day, though father is not here.

A merry Christmas day for Tom, and Ben, and Sue, and Kate,
Tho' a green and fresh-made wreath will hang above the open grate,
And little brother, when a man, will thank you with the rest,
That you did not forget to come, a welcome Christmas guest.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer *** sleep," came down upon the fold,
The little lambs securely slept—a story oft-times told,
A gentle, tender shepherdess went on her lonely way,
And eyes were bright, and hearts were light, when broke the Christmas day.

Good Housekeeping.

THE SONG OF OLD.

By A. E. B.

One winter midnight a feathery snowflake drifted uncertainly down from the gray sky. No one saw it, although a host of beholders might have examined the starry crystals with delight. For a moment only it lay, and then, slowly melted away into the brown earth. It was followed by another and another, until soft heaps of them covered the streets, rested upon the garden walls, clung to the trunks and limbs of the trees. Not one star ventured to show itself from behind the clouds, which dulled the sky. There was no sound to break the stillness, till suddenly came upon the air the joyous jangle of bells swinging back and forth in high places—chiming notes floating down from lofty steeple; swift, clamorous echoes having birth in belfry or tower—until all the air vibrated with the insistent

clangor—softened, however, by the falling snowflakes.

"And this is Christmas?" said one, whose interpretation of "Glory to God!" came through the glorification of man as represented by himself. "Peace on earth! and all the world ready to take up the sword, 'Good-will to men!' and the snow covering the huts, of the poor. What mockery!" And the man, whose "Glory to God in the highest!" was drowned in his own song of "Praise to man, unending praise!" turned from his window and went to his sleep, while the snow flakes still fell softly.

But while the man slept he dreamed, and he thought that he had the power of discerning each snow-crystal separately; so that he marvelled at the perfection of these myriads of them, while he could not understand that such beauty should be made to exist merely to be wasted and trodden under foot, till he saw further, and, after watching them gradually melt away, he had the perception to follow their course through the clods of earth, and beheld the drops trickle down through the soil to the roots of the trees, to the young grain, green under its cover of snow. And the man was filled with wonder at all he saw down under the surface of the earth; at the quiescent life; at the gathering together of streams which by degrees swelled the rivers and watered the land, or by a mysterious process were taken up higher into the very heavens. Then—since one can dream a great deal in a few moments—the echo of the bells went ringing through his dream: "Good-will! Good-will!"

Again he dreamed, and this time he was in the midst of a land threatened by war. Discord and persecution surrounded him; but—in the queer manner of dreams—he was conscious of penetrating to the purpose of it all, and he knew that great evils are often cured by the outbreaking of lesser evils, and that the overthrow of tyranny could not be accomplished save by such extremes as would rouse nations to action—just as the bells must swing far to either side before they could send their voices through the land. But the man turned and muttered in his sleep something about "glory."

A third time he dreamed. He saw an old man whom many followed, stepping along bravely, all looking toward their leader, who, however, fixed his eyes upon a star in the sky. And the dreamer asked: "What great general is this?" "No great general," they told him—"only a poor, humble man." "But what glory do they gain?" "The greatest glory—God's."

Then came a far-off sound, music borne from some unseen spot, and it carried the dreamer back to his long ago, when that same song was like a battle-cry. "I, too, am a leader," he said. "Behold my followers!" But no one answered, and, looking back, he saw that no one followed him; he was alone.

Then, suddenly, he awoke to see a white world reflecting back the dazzling sun, and walked forth.

An old, rickety house at the corner of the street was well chinked by the soft white snow; not a breath of icy wind could creep in through cranny or crevice. Men called cheerily to men. There was a holiday air in the look of things. There were Christmas treats in every poor dwelling; the man could tell by the savory odors which issued forth. He saw a ruddy-faced woman bearing a covered dish run across to a neighbour's house. He heard children laughing with delight as a door swung suddenly open, disclosing a gay, glittering tree. He sighed, for, as in his dream, he was alone.

Farther on he heard the deep notes of an organ. For a moment he paused, and then he stepped aside into the church. A clear voice sang out, "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth, good-will toward men!" Then

all dropped upon their knees, one common petition upon their lips. The man hesitated, then he, too, bowed his head. A shining sunbeam, coming through a stained-glass window, fell across his face, irradiating it.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" repeated the priest. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end!" responded the people. And the man, with the others, said "Amen!" He was no longer alone.

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

It was the day before Christmas. Dear little Polly had been busy for weeks doing all she could to make a present for everybody. Grandma had been her great helper, and together they had worked wonders. Everything was almost ready now, and this afternoon a great treat was in store. Phil, Polly's big brother, was going to take a whole load of children in his big sleigh to gather Christmas greens.

"Here he comes!" cried Polly, who was watching at the window. "Good-bye, Grandma, I'll bring you some greens on my way home," and away she flew like the happy bird that she was. "All aboard!"

What a jolly load they were, all sitting tailor-fashion, tucked into the big fur rugs, two rows of hoods and caps crowning faces fairly shining with happiness. Away they rode through the clear, crisp air, the horses prancing in time to the jingling, jangling, ringing, singing bells; the snow sparkled like diamonds, and all the world was glorious.

The woods seemed so strange in their winter clothes, the trees stretched out their long arms to welcome the children, while the ever-green trees looked so comfortable and snug in their thick, heavy, green cloaks. They appeared glad to see the children, too, and very proud to give them great branches to take home. The holly berries were as thick as "spatters," and looked so pretty in their green and white surroundings. Little rabbits hopped, skipped, and jumped about; and squirrels ran nimbly out on the high boughs, waving their plummy tails in triumph as they looked down with their bright eyes.

Birds, here and there, started out suddenly with a "whi-r-r" and a sharp call; a few stray robins hopped comfortably about, as though they well understood the whole matter, and were very sure of the "good will" due everyone at this season. One of these cozy, confidential little creatures greeted little brown-eyed Polly Porter with a cheery chirp, and winked to her to follow him into a little clump of trees.

"Come in," he said, "you are one of us, you understand a great deal, and we have a message and a mission for you. We know you are a Christmas worker."

Polly followed the robin and found herself in a large round space, with a wall of ever-green which arched to a roof above, and shaded the snowy carpet beneath. Flecks of sunshine danced with the shadows, and as Polly's eyes became accustomed to the witching place she saw heaps and heaps of letters lying all about. Funny little birds with spectacles over their eyes and tiny pencils over where their ears ought to be, moved about among the letters making notes of what they read. They looked so wise and important that Polly couldn't help smiling at them as she watched them, but her guide said:

"This is no light matter, Miss Polly; you see we birds have the contract this year from Santa Claus to gather all his letters from all the chimneys, and to read them, and then to take him to the right houses and tell him the right things to leave for the good children. It is a lovely mission, we know so many children so very well, having nested about the homes so much, and we love these children, too. But oh, Polly, Polly, you have no idea what a

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tremendous piece of business it is, and worst of all, we are so disappointed in many of the letters. So many lovely children will be crowded out this year, and may get nothing at all."

"Poor children, I suppose," said Polly. "We are trying to do all we can to help Santa Claus give them all something."

"Very kind of you, I am sure; but these are not poor children that we are grieving over, many of them are even rich, but they will be crowded out by Santa's new law. These are such hard times, he says children must share with others; that Christmas is the time to think and do for others. He is so anxious that children shall learn to be thoughtful and generous. The new law is that those children who write letters asking for too much, and only for themselves, shall get nothing at all; nothing whatever! Think of it! Oh! Polly, you don't know how many sad-faced children will look up bare chimneys, holding limp stockings in their pretty hands, it makes our little hearts ache."

Polly shivered, wondering if her modest letter would count her out, but her bird friend continued:

"We know you know how blessed it is to give, and we want you to do some missionary work for us right off. Of course you must not tell the children the secret of this new law, but help them to do something for other people. Have them write a second letter to Santa Claus, an 'important' letter, asking his favour for some one else, instead of so much for themselves—we will be on the look-out to guide Santa to them. Let this be the sign; let

every child who has done something for somebody else, has really scattered Christmas love, put some Christmas green in the window, and we will come with real blessings, oh, so gladly we will come! You know, Polly, dear, that in every holly-berry there is cheer, in every yulelog there is comfort, and wherever the holly, the greens, and the yule log are, there will come Christmas glory in some form with its blessing. Let everyone thus learn to cheer and to bless, that the world may rejoice, that—"

Just then a sudden gust of wind swept in, and the letters drifted into a snowbank, and the other children trooped in with their arms

full of the green treasures. "See! what a lot we have!" they shouted. "Why, Polly, where did you get those beautiful white berries?"

Polly looked with surprise at the branch of lovely white waxen berries she had just picked. She laid them thoughtfully on the top of her pile of green, saying:

"Yes, we have such a fine lot, let us see how many places we can take them to, places where they won't be likely to have any; let's play Santa Claus, and carry things to other people, and get other people to carry to someone else. And let us be sure, every one of us, to put some green in our own windows.

A CHRISTMAS CURE.

Santa Claus sat by the fire in his own home, looking very much troubled.

Santa Claus sat there thinking, thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good, jolly old saint? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeers got loose?

But no—it was none of these things. Couldn't he find toys enough to go around? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! Santa Claus had toys enough. That wasn't the trouble!

One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing, and that was why poor old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent on his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not yet been able to decide upon one thing for that little boy's stocking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that when filling stockings is his regular profession, but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. Whatever was given to him he would either break to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with

which the little boy could not hurt people, and something which he could not break; and though he had been thinking over all his toys and presents, nothing had he found yet.

"Chirp! Chirp!" sounded a sharp little voice. "You may as well give it up. He doesn't deserve anything, the little scamp!"

"Oh! Is that you, Cricket?" said Santa. "Come up here," and as he held out his fat forefinger a tiny black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

"You may as well give it up!" creaked the cricket. "You can't think of anything, I know."

"I know, I know," said Santa. "No! I



OLD CHRISTMAS JOYS.

for I have heard that means we think of others, and that Santa Claus will surely think of us!"

"Good! that's what we will do! Won't it be fun to play Santa, and then won't it be fun to watch the windows to see just where the dear old fellow is going to call!"

Rejoice all, for on this day a Son was born to the sweet and willing Virgin, a Child of Man—and the eternal Word, God of God. Light of Light, shines forth in that blessed Child, the Hope of the sorrowful, the Saviour of sinners, the Life of men.

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can't give up the donkey—nor any of those fine little animals that we have this year. I had thought of a nice little hammer and a box of nails and some blocks of wood for him to hammer the nails into! Hey, now! what do you think of that?"

"What do I think?" said the cricket. "I think, Saint Nicholas, that you have forgotten how the little boy beat his brother with his drumsticks; how he snipped his sister's fingers with the scissors; how he threw his harmonicon at the nurse; how he—"

"Dear, dear, dear!" groaned Santa, "so he did, so he did!"

"And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly," continued the cricket, "how will he ever learn better? To be sure, his mamma and papa and all his kind friends are trying to teach him, but it is necessary that everybody should help to train such a boy as—"

"I know," interrupted Santa, "I know. You're a wise little counsellor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem. — And if you think it will cure the little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year."

"Yes," said the cricket, solemnly, "sawdust it must be."

Christmas morning came. The little boy whose name Santa Claus did not wish to mention saw the other children pull out one treasure after another from their long, well-stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope, the night before, there was nothing but sawdust!

If I should use all the sad words in the English language, I could never tell you how sad that little boy was as he poured the sawdust out of his stocking, and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else.

Poor little chap!

It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa Claus again sat by his fire—thinking.

But this time he was in no trouble; no, indeed, not he! He was rounder, and rosier, and jollier, than ever before; and how he was smiling and chuckling to himself! His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of ecstatic surprises for the stocking of the boy to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed.

"Sawdust is a grand thing," chirped the cricket, leaping about in delight.

"Yes, but I am glad we do not need to use it this year," replied Santa. "Let me see the list again. Don't you suppose we could cram in one or two more things? Have you put down the—"

This is the end of the story, or, at least, all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should write more, and a certain little boy should read it, he would know just what would be in his stocking, and that would never do in the world.—St. Nicholas.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Silent night, holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
'Round you, lowly mother and child;
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds tremble at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluiah!
Christ, the Saviour is born.

THE BEST GIVING.

At the Christmas season everybody, no matter whether he has been helpful or not during the year, tries to do something for those he loves, and often for those he does not love, but who need to have something done for them. Let us give our Christmas gifts on the principle of "lifting a little." Let us choose the sort of present that will lighten a burden where we can do so, as well as one that will simply give pleasure to the eye or taste of those who receive it. Too many times we choose what we think is pretty, without regard to whether it suits the needs of the one on whom we would bestow a remembrance. It is not so gratifying to one's self to give money, and yet money is often the most sensible gift we can bestow, for the people who have real needs do not like to mention them, and if they have the money, it can be made to give real pleasure, and at the same time to lift a burden from the mind. I have known families to receive gifts of the same articles of clothing which, at great cost of labour, they had just succeeded in procuring for themselves. I have known families to receive beautiful gift books that must be handled carefully and kept away from the dust, who would have been so grateful for school books, maps, charts, and such things as they constantly have to buy. To people who have little space give nothing of which they must take care—that is, after a momentary pleasure, adding a burden instead of lifting one.

—Let all work of Church decoration be performed with reverence and decorum, as becometh the House of God.

—Good is self-knowledge, but Christ-knowledge is the best.

A STORY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

By Mrs. H. A. Hobart.

It was the week before Christmas, crisp and clear and bright; full of bustle and preparation for the coming festivities. The shop windows were gay with bright-coloured fabrics, marvellously beautiful toys, and tempting confectionery.

Christmas, with its gifts and pleasures, was the theme most eagerly discussed just then by the juveniles, meet them where you might. And as the boys came trooping out of school that Monday afternoon, and distributed themselves in groups of three or four on their way

homeward, it was the most natural thing in the world for Charlie Drew to tell his friend, Martin Ray, what a splendid time they were going to have at his house on Christmas!

Father had brought home the biggest turkey, and the dearest little pig. Mother had made the prettiest frosted cake. And such lots of nuts as were going to be cracked! And there was to be a Christmas tree loaded with presents for all the family. It was not very strange that Martin Ray should listen very attentively to all that Charlie said; nor that when he turned the corner towards his home and left the other boys, that he should walk very slowly and wish they could have a Christmas at his house. Poor Martin! he could remember his father, who was a soldier, and had died a good while ago, while fighting with the soldiers far away, when he was eight years old (and he was twelve now). He thought of him so strong and brave; and of his mother and her struggle during those years to keep her four children clothed and fed; and of her pale face as she sat day after day over her sewing. Then he became so engaged in his plans for the future that he forgot all about Christmas. First, he was going to study hard; then he would soon be able to go into a store and earn money enough to buy a sewing machine that would give his mother time to rest. He would soon be a man, and rich, and he would take care of her, and she should be dressed so handsomely, and have a nice house and carriage, and he was just arranging about how many horses he would keep as he entered his mother's room. His sister, Grace, was standing by her, and enquiring why they never had any nice things for Christmas like other children.

Martin saw the sad, weary look in his mother's eyes, as she said quietly:

"Mother is thankful that she can buy you bread. God knows what is best for us." And

as Grace still looked dissatisfied, she continued:

"I should like to get you a new pair of shoes, and Martin a pair of boots, and Walter a cap, and Susie a little cloak. But we must be patient and get them when we can."

Martin felt a strange choking in his throat. He wanted to get away somewhere, and picking up his cap, he told his mother he was going to see if they needed any wood cut at Mr. Clarke's.

Mr. Clarke's was a large house, not very far off, and Martin soon reached it, and heard from the maid that there was work for him to do.

cake, and had almost extended his hand for it, when the sad, weary look in the eyes at home seemed to be before him, and he said:

"If you please, Miss Hattie, I would rather leave it on the plate until I have finished this wood; I want to take it home to mother."

"Just eat this yourself, Martin, and I will get you another piece to take home," said Hattie.

But no; Martin would not take it, and stroke after stroke of his axe applied so vigorously told that he meant what he said.

"How is your mother getting along this winter?" asked Hattie, wishing to induce the boy to talk to her about himself and his mother.

"Pretty well," said Martin, a little timidly, "only she is very white and thin—she sews so steadily and sits up so late at night."

"What are you going to have for Christmas?" continued Hattie, anxious to know more about him.

"Nothing, ma'am," he said quietly; "mother was saying to-day that we must be thankful for bread. She cannot afford to get us any nice things for Christmas. Though, she said, if she was able she would like to get Walter a cap, and little Susie a cloak, and shoes for Grace and me. But mother can't do all that, Miss Hattie," and the boy's eyes were full of tears.

Hattie's were in about the same condition, as, a few minutes afterwards, when seated on a foot-stool by her mother, she said:

"Mamma, let us give Martin and his mother a real merry Christmas."

"How? What do you mean?" enquired Mrs. Clarke.

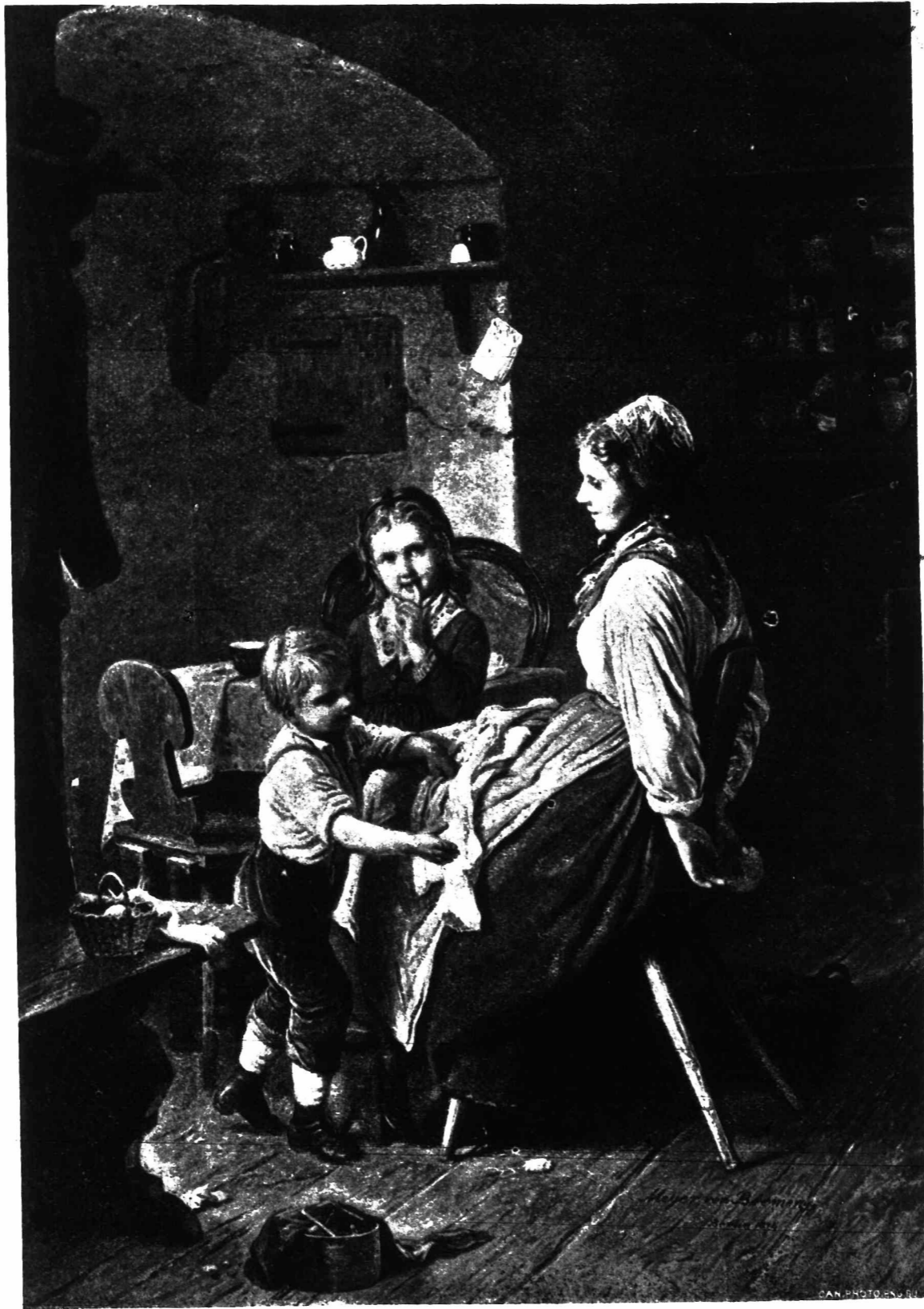
Hattie repeated what she had learned of Mrs. Ray's patient toiling and thankfulness, just for bread, and very soon gained her mother's sympathy.

"Let us set to work this very afternoon," said Hattie, eagerly, "for you know next Tuesday will be Christmas! We must ask all our friends to help."

That afternoon Hattie and her mother called on Mrs. Strong, a wealthy delicate lady, who could not exert herself sufficiently to do anything; but gave twenty-five shillings to be expended in purchasing whatever was needed.

Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Jones also entered with promptness into all the arrangements, so that by the close of the week everything was ready, and the preparations completed to Hattie's entire satisfaction.

Monday morning came again, and the widow rose early. And as she busied herself in preparing the frugal breakfast for her children, her heart was uplifted in devout thankfulness to Him who has promised to such as trust in Him, that "bread shall be



IN WHICH HAND IS THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

Mrs. Clarke came out and spoke very kindly to him, but seemed sad as she looked at him. Perhaps it was because he reminded her of a little boy who would have been about Martin's age and size, had he been alive. And it might have been for the sake of her own little Andrew, who was with the angels now, that later on she told the sweet-looking young lady who sat near her, to cut a large slice of cake and take it out to the little boy, who was busy at the wood-pile. Be that as it may, Hattie Clarke cut the cake and carried it out, and said to Martin in her own pleasant way:

"Rest a little while, Martin, and see how this cake tastes!"

Martin looked up, saw the nice, creamy

cake, and had almost extended his hand for it, when the sad, weary look in the eyes at home seemed to be before him, and he said:

"If you please, Miss Hattie, I would rather leave it on the plate until I have finished this wood; I want to take it home to mother."

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given, and his water made sure." As she knelt with her fatherless ones that morning, in spite of her poverty, she realized that "Our Father" in heaven careth for His children; that He knoweth best when to give and when to withhold earthly good. Strengthened and comforted, she sat down to her day's sewing. If the white vest, on which she bestowed so much care, could have spoken, it might have told of moistened eyes that day, and of a tear now and then, as tender memories of one who had once made this season so bright with his cheering smile and loving words came crowding in upon her heart.

When they returned from school in the afternoon, the little ones asked many a thoughtless question, as children will; but the mother still worked on, and her cheerful, patient words betrayed no sign of sorrow.

The vest completed, Mrs. Ray carried it to the shop for which she worked; received her small payment, and hastened home, fearing that the "agent" would be there for his rent before her.

Instead of the "agent," she was met by Martin, watching for her at the door, who whispered that Miss Hattie Clarke and several ladies were waiting to see her. This was something so unusual, that for a moment the weary, anxious widow paused with a feeling of timidity almost amounting to alarm. The words, "Fear not, for I am with thee," came assuredly to her mind, and she calmly entered her room to find it occupied by a group of smiling faces, who greeted her as if she had been an old acquaintance.

After a few moments spent in friendly enquiries and expressions of interest, to which the widow had long been a stranger, the ladies left, with assurances of kindness to herself and the children. Hattie lingered a moment to say, as she held the widow's hand, "Dear Mrs. Ray, we have told the man at the door to bring you something for a Christmas present,

and we hope you will have a happy time to-morrow."

Who could express the widow's thanks or picture the delight and surprise with which the children saw rolled into the room a barrel of flour, a sack of potatoes, a barrel of apples, a fine turkey, a large package of sugar and tea, a large cake, and a box containing books, dresses for the little girls, and—strange to tell—the very articles Mrs. Ray had so much wished to be able to purchase. There was the cap for Walter, the new shoes for Grace, boots for Martin, and such a nice little red cloak for Susie.

"How did they know?"

"My shoes fit beautifully!"

"Who told the ladies?"

"Won't we have a good time!" exclaimed the happy children, as they appropriated the articles designed for them. The last package was directed to the mother, and proved to be a nice dark merino dress, and enclosed a note from Hattie containing five pounds for the purchase of a sewing machine, with which she trusted the widow would be able to support her family more easily.

Mrs. Ray's heart was filled with grateful love that night, and the words of the thirty-fourth Psalm, while she read them to her children, seemed spoken to herself; for she felt more than ever that "they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Would you spend the happiest Christmas you have ever known? Find someone who is poor, these hard times, and prove, as Hattie did, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Or if too late for such a Christmas experiment, try to give someone a very "Happy New Year!"

—The world needs the true Christian spirit, the spirit of love. Alas! for those who turn it all into barter; who only give to those who can pay back.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O, lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth?"
To us ye speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O, clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope and Joy, and Faith,
O, clear and shining light.

O, star, which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Where art thou? 'Midst the hosts above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set;
Thy rays earth might not dim,
Send them to guide us yet!
O, star which led to Him!

Felicia Hemans.

Christmas Eve: To the Church and to each one of us severally, it was in effect proclaimed from heaven on the first birthday of our Lord, and it is proclaimed anew every Christmas Eve, "Arise, shine." Let us see how the words are spoken, and what Christmas thoughts we may, by God's blessing, draw out of them to do us good.

Christmas Day:—If it should please God to preserve our life through that year which will soon begin, may we so live during that year that we may find ourselves next Christmas to have really made a step in that blessed journey.

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ANOTHER CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE, DEAR—HOW MANY MORE SHALL WE ENJOY TOGETHER?

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will towards men" Luke ii. 14.

Such was the first Christmas anthem! such the first Christmas carol! Fully to understand the circumstances we must bear in mind that in Palestine the flocks are led out into the mountains to feed, but it is necessary that one should watch them day and night. Upon a plateau upon the mountain side, is a flock of sheep, some grazing, their bells sounding drowsily through the night, others sleeping; upon an abruptly rising eminence a group of shepherds recline near a watch fire. At times they gaze on the dim landscape lying below them, bathed in the calm moonlight. At times they converse together in subdued tones, as though overawed by the solemn stillness and serenity of the night season. Then in silence they musingly turn their eyes to the blue vault above them, jewelled with its myriad constellations, and as they trace the progress of some larger planet, they are thrilled by the stilly majesty of the time and scene—as though they trod on haunted ground. The hush of nature is unbroken, save by the voices of the night—

"A slumberous sound—a sound that brings

The feeling of a dream—

As of innumerable wings,

As, when the bell no longer swings,

Faint the hollow murmurings

O'er meadows, lake, and stream."

As they gazed, suddenly a pure, dazzling light floods the heavens, and eclipsing the bright stars, strikes the shepherds with terror.

While they are standing transfixed, a radiant, beauteous being appears to them floating in brilliant glory. And in a voice more full of music than the tinkling rill, bids them "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people:

for unto you is born this day a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Then swells the harmony of sweet seraphic voices on the throbbing air. The heavens vibrate with the glad euphonious sound until the mountains echo back a loud "Amen." The angels are gone, the glory shrunk back from mortal vision, and the shepherds stand trembling in the cold light of the stars. Well might the angel declare, "I bring you tidings of great joy," and the countless hosts of heaven burst forth in chorus as they beheld such depth of redeeming love!

We will dwell on the ascription of praise.

This may mean, either let glory be given to God in the highest places, i.e., in those realms above where the presence of God sheds a brilliancy beyond the splendour of many suns, or let praises in the highest degree be paid to God, or it may include both, and this I believe is the true signification. Whichever of these explanations we accept, it amounts to the same thing. Just as the Sons of God sang together for joy when God spake the Word and it was done, when a beautiful world emerged from the dark chaotic mass and the earth was decked with verdant hills and smiling valleys instead of being clothed with surging waters, so now, when the Word was made flesh and God the Son Oh marvel of marvels! lay cradled in a manger of a mean stable; when they saw the Word going forth to renovate the shapeless, gloomy ruins of man's moral character, again Heaven echoes with their hymns extolling the mercy and wisdom of God. "Glory to God in the highest" burst from ten thousand lips. Their songs were evoked by their wonderful display of the Divine attributes of love and forgiveness; by the thoughts of the souls pining in the dark valley of the shadow of death, upon whom a light was now arising, whose mild rays should

cheer and guide them in their passage through it; this fresh instance of God's fulfilling His part of the covenant to the last iota; this new proof of the stability of Divine truth in the fulfillment of many gracious promises. When we ponder on the intense pleasure the angels find in the work of Redemption, inasmuch as it redounds to the glory of God, does not a deep blush of shame mantle our faces that we are so indifferent, that our flame of gratitude burns so feebly? Deep, unspeakably deep, should be the feeling of thankfulness in all our hearts. Still, few thoughts of this occupy the minds even of many who have tasted that the Lord is gracious.

An act of great kindness from a fellow-man is met with loud expressions of gratitude, and very properly, too. But if ingratitude for temporal benefits is black, how much deeper the dye of ingratitude for the inestimable gift of eternal life! Our Church now specially invites us to celebrate the clemency of Jehovah, and give, as it were, a new impulse to that sense of gratitude. But few, very few, make this use of Christmas. True, it is a season of joy to them, and year by year its return is hailed with unabated delight. But it is because Christmas season is marked by the reunion of families and friends, and a round of more or less harmless feasting, because a sociability pervades, and wherever we go there is a hearty welcome, with cheerful good wishes and joviality. But the true cause of joy—the source of the institution—is too much lost sight of. Even Christmas Day—the memorial day of God Himself assuming mortal flesh, and tabernacling among men for their salvation—is often kept as a day of unhallowed mirth and debauchery. It is appalling to think that such is too frequently the case! May Christmas joys kindle in our breasts deeper gratitude to God, and an angelic joy in the salvation of sinners.

A Christmas

Hint

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makes an ideal
Christmas Present.

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THE CHRISTMAS LESSON STORY.

By Cunningham Geikie, D.D., LL.D.

The great anniversary in the Roman Empire at the time of Christ's birth was that of the birth or accession of the Roman Emperor. In Asia Minor especially the fete was the great event of the year, grand public games, processions, feasting, and theatrical displays, with a proportion of bloody gladiatorial fights, expressing the slavish flattery of the population. But the supreme honour paid to the ruler of the world on the auspicious day was the burning incense before his statue, as to a god, and grand services to him at the temple of Jupiter, as to the great Jupiter himself. In Palestine, it was on the birthday of the fox Herod Antipas, that Salome danced before the King and his lords, and won from him the ghastly reward of the head of John the Baptist.

Contrast with such celebrations that of the birth of the Son of Mary, with its angel utterances of good-will to men and the sweet prayer of the heavenly ones that peace might reign on earth, the anthem finding its supreme rapture in the ascription of glory to the all-perfect, all-gracious God enthroned in highest heaven! The skies looking down, white with glory, on the lowly roof beneath which lay the new-born Saviour, was but a symbol of the transcendent superiority of His reign, as King of Kings and Lord of Lords, then begun.

Augustus had gained universal earthly empire after proscriptions and frightful civil wars, which had laid waste provinces and filled all lands with mourning and wretchedness. Heathenism, with all its hideous impurity; slavery, with all its sufferings; political corruption, with all its crimes—were left untouched, as the normal state of things. In Palestine royal birthdays might be grand occasions of pomp and display; but the govern-

ment was a ruthless tyranny, which regarded the people as made for the ruler, and rightly subject to his every caprice.

But the birthday of Jesus Christ is the anniversary of the incarnation of eternal love, before the beams of which the sorrows of earth are one day to melt away, as the dark vapours of night before the radiant splendours of the triumphant sun.

Bethlehem, when I saw it last, was a good deal changed. Many new houses and some hotels have been built, and the trade in little mementoes of the town fills it with petty commercial bustle, little in keeping with its holy associations. But the terraces on the steep hillsides are still as they were, one may suppose, in the days when Mary carried out her babe to look in the green valley beneath, and the track by which she may have gone down to the field where her ancestress Ruth met Boaz, is still that by which the peasant goes down to his daily toil.

The Messianic idea among the Jews was so opposed to that of Christianity that it is easy to see how offensive it would be to them. Their ancient kings had been called the "Anointed" of Jehovah; that is in Hebrew, "the Messiahs" of God. Hannah thus speaks of the king as Messiah (I. Sam. ii. 10), or "anointed;" Samuel calls Saul God's Messiah (I. Sam. xii. 3-5); Samuel fancies Eliab "the Messiah;" David calls Saul "the Messiah," and he calls himself God's Messiah once and again (I. Sam. xvi. 6; xxiv. 6, 10; xxvi. 9, 11, 23; II. Sam. i. 14-16; xix. 21; xxiii. 1.) Whenever you read in the Old Testament of God's "anointed," the word in the Hebrew is "Messiah." Hence this term really meant, to a Jew, simply an earthly king, and his idea of the mission committed to this leader, anointed by God to his office, was the restoration of the Jewish monarchy.

Herod knew this, and therefore, unpopular as he was, felt alarmed at hearing of a child

being born who was to be the Jewish king. He knew that the Pharisees, who were all-powerful with the nation, hated him, and were always plotting to take his throne from him—though, indeed, they were powerless unless Rome supported them.

The same thought runs through all the opposition which Christ met. A suffering Messiah was beyond their conception. The "Anointed of Jehovah" was to be a victorious David, or Judas Maccabeus, leading them to triumph over the Roman, as David had led them to empire as far as the Euphrates, or as Judas Maccabeus had overthrown the rule of Antiochus the Syrian. But there were some with loftier thoughts, like the shepherds, and the magi from the East.

—Christmas is the preacher who emphasizes the fact that the religion which it celebrates is adapted to human nature. If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christmas—a bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, sympathetic, naturally helpful world. A man who is habitually mean and selfish is a man without Christmas in his soul.

—Christmas Day declares thou art His child; be not afraid to go unto thy Father; tell Him what thou wantest; say to Him, "Father, I am not moderate, reasonable, forbearing. I cannot keep Christmas Day aright, for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit in me, and I know I shall never get it by thinking and reading, and understanding, for it passes all that, and lies far away beyond it—in God. Oh, Father, give me Thy peace, soothe this restless, greedy, fretful soul of mine as a mother soothes a sick child. I believe the message of Christmas Day, that Thou lovest the world; that Thy will is peace on earth."—Canon Kingsley.

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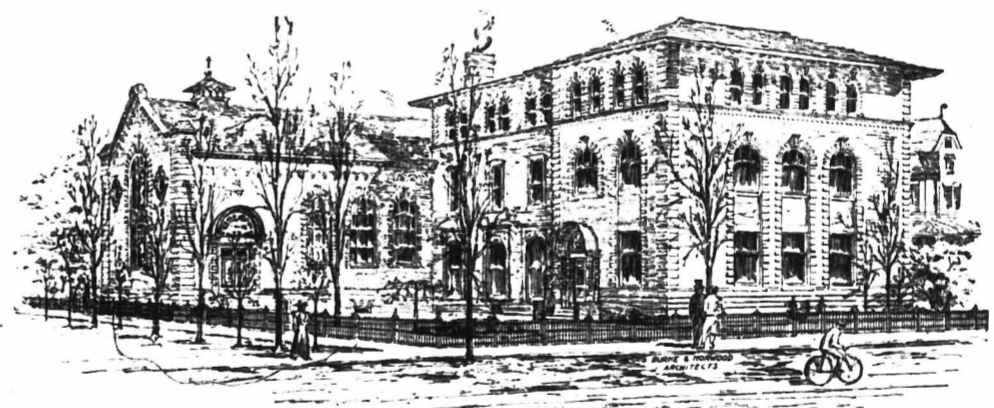
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WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

When Christmas comes,
The baby girl who scarce can speak,
The youth with bronzed and bearded cheeks,
The aged bent with weight of years,
The sorrow-stricken spent with tears,
The poor, the rich, the grave, the gay,
Who fare along life's rugged way,
Are glad of heart, when in the sky
The wondrous seraph wings sweep by.

When Christmas comes,

When Christmas comes,
The sailor on the seas afloat,
The traveller in lands remote,
The warrior by the campfire's light,
The courtier in the palace bright,
The student by the midnight lamp,
The miner deep in dust and damp,
Alike uplift, through riven skies,
The wondrous look of glad surprise,

When Christmas comes,

When Christmas comes,
In field and street, in mart and farm,
The world takes on a lovelier charm,
Sweet-scented boughs of pine and fir
Are brought, like frankincense and myrrh
To make our hallowed places meet
For hands that clasp and tones that greet,
While hearts, worth more than gold or gem,
Go forth to find their Bethlehem.

When Christmas comes,

—Margaret E. Sangster.

CHRISTMAS REJOICING.

We must, I suppose, often feel it must be so in the average course of life with some or other of us—that we are hardly in tune for the rejoicing of Christmas. The rush of gladness which it brings with it through a whole people, through all the wide realms of Christendom, deepens to many by sharp contrast

the bitterness of a recent bereavement, the sorrowful watch round a hopeless sick bed. But amid the darkness of our life, the hope of man is still on Him as fixed and sure as ever it was. He will not disappoint man of his hope. To-day bids us look up, in spite of everything, and lift up our heads. Come what may, nothing can efface the mark which Christmas has made in the rolls of time: "For us men and for our salvation, He was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man." Let us, in spite of the noise and turmoil, of fear or of sorrow, give that its due place in our hearts. Let not private trouble, nor the march of the world and the crash of its conflicting powers drown its holy call. It speaks to us, if we will but listen; it speaks as it did on that first birthday of our Lord, of the "peace beyond all understanding;" of "the joy unspeakable and full of glory," with which apostles, and saints, and martyrs went through life and death to God.—R. W. Church, in the "Anglican Pulpit Library."

SOME THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

What innumerable memories crowd in upon the mind at the mention of this great event in the life of humanity. Our thoughts—yes, even the thoughts of the careless and sin-stained, as, unbidden if not actively resisted, the recollection of lessons learned at the mother's knee, in the purity and innocence of childhood, under the shelter of the old home, forces itself upon the mind—our thoughts, I say, are insensibly carried back over the ages to the sacred spot where the Son of God became flesh and tabernacled among men.

How passing strange was that glorious scene! The eager, fussing crowd of worshippers, jostling each other in their anxiety to reach Jerusalem in time—manifesting, as is

so common even to-day, the inconsiderateness of selfish religious zeal. Each must have his proper accommodation: the strongest and most pertinacious push aside the weak and timid. Those rich and self-satisfied travellers, comfortably housed in the village inn at Bethlehem, were far too pre-occupied to give a thought to the fainting Virgin Mary, or to the Divine Babe, whose advent lit up the whole country side—nay, the world itself—with His heavenly glory. "There was no room for them in the inn."

And to-day, after the light of Christ's beauty has been shining over mankind for nearly nineteen centuries, there are thousands of hearts—not merely among the heathen in foreign lands, but in our very midst, perhaps among those who are reading these lines—that are so full of business, of pleasure, of self, that they cannot find a corner in their hearts in which the Prince of Peace may rest.

And what of those who, weighed down by the grinding torture of poverty and misery, can find no ray of brightness from the manger at Bethlehem, to pierce the cloud of grim despair which envelopes them in its hideous folds? When we think that there are thousands of men and women, yes, and little children, too—who, shivering and half-starved, uncared for and hopeless, will spend the coming Christmastide as they spend any other day—perhaps ignorant of the fact that the Son of God became Man in order to redeem them from the bondage of sin—is it not the duty of every follower of the Lord Jesus, more particularly those who will be in the enjoyment of countless luxuries, to think of their poorer brethren, and to give up one small pleasure, and determine that the fruits of that act of self-sacrifice shall be devoted to the task of relieving some sufferer, or brightening some lonely life? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Local Souvenirs



It has come to be considered quite "the vogue" to give one of the Sterling Silver Souvenirs of our City or Province as a Christmas Gift, instead of some of the senseless articles often seen.

They range in price from 40 cents to \$3 or \$4, and are of Sterling Silver with Gilding and fine Enamel, showing our public institutions and Coats of Arms, etc., and are particularly appropriate for sending to friends away from home.

Amongst them will be found Hat Pins, Brooches, Cuff-links, Glove Buttoners, Shoe Buttoners, Letter Openers, Coffee Spoons, Tea Spoons, Orange Spoons, Bon-Bon Spoons, Sugar Spoons, Lemonade Spoons, etc.



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MERRY CHRISTMAS

"There is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour." Luke ii. 11. Come with me where flocks are sleeping, Shepherds o'er them watch are keeping, 'Tis the field where David sung Faithful heart and silver tongue.

Here although the night was stilly, Winter dews were piercing chilly, Only humble shepherds they, Patient, longing for the day.

Then a glory filled their seeing From a wondrous shining Being, And their hearts were filled with fear At the mighty Power near.

And they saw around them winging, Angel forms together singing, And upon their wonder gaze Starry Heaven all ablaze.

What could be the mighty message That such angel visits presage; Hear it, for it ringeth still, "Peace on earth, to men good will."

O, fear not, ye shepherds lowly, There is born a Saviour holy, Tho' uncrown'd by diadem, King of kings at Bethlehem.

There they hasten'd and they found Him, With the swaddling bands around Him, Holy infant, meekly press'd To His mother's loving breast.

In no princely robes of splendour, Just a baby weak and tender, King of kings and Lord of lords, This is all His wealth affords.

"No room in the inn" to cover, Yet God's angels round Him hover, He who came to conquer death, Only warmed by cattle's breath.

O, with bursting heart I ponder, O'er this mighty living wonder, That my King should thus be born On this holy, happy morn.

Faith proclaims 'tis no mere vision, But a truth of Love's submission, Taught by Him whose only will, Was the Father's to fulfill.

Source of angels' exultation, Mighty scheme of our salvation, God hath come with man to dwell, Jesus our Emmanuel.

Glory to the Father be, Glory holy Son to Thee, From the saints and angel host Father, Son and Holy Ghost Three in One, and one in Three, Sacred Holy Trinity.

The Parsonage, Allandale, Adolent Westney.

—Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas is coming!" has been the glad refrain in your hearts for many weeks past, and now the blessed day is at hand. God and the world, angels and men, heaven and earth, love and praise, giving and receiving, all become one on this day. What were our dark silent winter with its long cold nights, without a Christmas? Christmas is in a special sense, the children's day. We sincerely pity every child whose heart is not filled at this joyous season with love and happiness. In Canada almost all little children hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, to be filled by Santa Claus, to whom some have written letters, telling him what to put into them. Others like the baby boy, "sing a song to Santa Claus:"

"Oh, good Santa, come and bring Every kind of toy; Bring a pony when you come, Bring a trumpet and a drum; Bring a waggon I can pull, An I a great long stocking full Of your goodies sweet—because I am big, now, Santa Claus."

In Germany, they make more of Christmas than even we do in Canada. Everywhere the Christmas tree is used, and on almost all the trees, way up in the very topmost branches is an image representing the Christ-child, while below are sometimes placed other images representing angels with outspread wings. If a family is too poor to have a whole tree, a single branch only will stand in a conspicuous place hung with a few simple gifts.

In France, almost universally may be seen representations of the manger in which Christ was born, with figures of Mary and Joseph and the child Jesus and the cattle feeding near by. Often these representations are decorated with flowers, and lighted candles burn softly before them.

In Norway, the people have a delightful custom of putting on the roof of the barn, or on a pole in the yard, a large sheaf of wheat for the birds, who fully appreciate their Christmas feast.

In England, almost every one who can do so, has a family party on

Christmas Eve; young and old join in the games, many of which belong especially to Christmas times. From the ceiling, or in the doorway of one of the rooms, is suspended a large bunch of mistletoe. If any little maiden is caught standing under it, she has to pay toll.

In Holland, the little Dutch girl puts her wooden shoes in the chimney-place ready for the gifts, just as the little American girl hangs up her stocking. And so in some way, all over Christendom, on the eve of the 25th of December is yearly celebrated the birth of the Child Jesus, who was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, two thousand years ago.

Dear children, Jesus is more to the world to day, than ever He was before, and it is only right and proper that you should rejoice and be glad on Christmas day.

Join in the Christmas anthem, chanted by the angelic choir: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Let the gifts you receive remind you of God's great gift to us, on that great Christmas of old, and of the blessing Christ brings to a lost world.

And amid all the joys and festivities of the happy Christmas tide, do not forget those who are not as fortunate as you. The poor, and the fatherless; the sick, and the afflicted; those in their lowly and cheerless homes, and those in the Home and Hospital which the Church has provided for them.

The day will be all the better enjoyed, if you are conscious that by the giving of gifts, or useful articles,

BABY ECZEMA AND SCALD HEAD.

Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and gives the little sufferer rest.

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W. J. GILL Cor. College and Yonge Sts. Telephone 1900 Is very thankful for the past favors received from his numerous patrons and customers and hopes to maintain their good will in the future. For Xmas week he will have a full line of Fish, Game, Fruit and Oysters. Special care and promptness in delivery.

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others have been rendered happy and comfortable, and above all you have pleased Him who has said: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

AN UP-TO-DATE CATARRH CURE.

Woodville, Ont., Feb. 23rd, 1897. It gives us great pleasure to testify to the excellent effects of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. It has completely cured me of Catarrh in the head. I praise it as an up-to-date cure. Jas. Stuart, Harness Maker.

—The Duke of Wellington, six months after the battle of Waterloo, was created a Marshal of France.

OUR Christmas Catalogue is profuse with the newest and best illustrations, highly embellished with the latest fashions of the day; comprehensive in the truest sense of the word, and contains the lowest prices ever quoted for DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, STERLING SILVER, NOVELTIES, Etc. Send your name and address and we will mail you a copy. AMBROSE KENT & SONS Jewelers 156 Yonge St. and 5 and 7 Richmond St. W. TORONTO

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CHRISTMAS WITH TWO MOLLIES

What did I have for Christmas
Oh, some fine pictures and a doll,
A watch, and a pair of gloves, and a
Bent hat, and a pair of shoes,
But I was so glad to have them,
I don't care for any more of this,
And I wore the diamond necklace
Wouldn't that have been bliss,
The bonbons are ever so creamy,
They know I don't like that kind,
And the doll isn't anything extra,
They said it was the best they could find
Oh, Christmas is always so grand,
I never get what I expect,
And then I must wait a year longer,
And again have my hopes all wrecked!

MOLLIE SMITH SELAKS

What did I have for Christmas
Oh, a few shillings, isn't it sweet,
And this beautiful new china dolly,
With dress and apron complete,
And I had two stacks of candy, lemon
And peppermint,
And a splendid long lead pencil,
And a pretty new dress of print
Oh, Christmas is always so lovely,
I never expect a thing,
And then I get presents and presents,
Till I feel as rich as a king!

Youth's Companion.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Three happy children were looking out of the window. Within the room it was warm and bright, but outside the streets were filled with snow. Night was drawing near, and the people that walked rapidly through the streets drew up their coats and wraps, for it was very cold. Baby was fretful, and mamma brought him to the window, too.

"See, mamma, that little boy selling his papers," said May, "how cold he looks."

"And he's crying," said Kittie, "And it's Christmas Eve," said mamma.

"Oh, mamma! Let me go down and buy his papers so he can go home," said May.

"I'll buy some with my Christmas dollars," said Johnnie, who had spoken before.

Mamma was quite willing, and she sent her maid to call the boy to the door.

The children took their money and went down stairs. The shivering boy, with the tears almost frozen on his cheeks, was glad to get into the nice warm hall. The children bought all his papers, and cook gave him a plate of hot soup, and mamma found out where he lived; and what a nice Christmas basket she sent there!

"What's all this?" said papa, coming in just as they were gathering up the papers.

"Why, it's Christmas Eve," said Johnnie.

"And we've bought his papers," said May, "with our Christmas money, so he could go home."

There was a special tenderness in papa's kiss that night. He felt that his little ones were beginning to understand the meaning of the Christmas festival.

HARRY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

Harry Lenox had a bright, new silver dollar his Uncle John had given him on his eighth birthday.

"Now," said Harry, "I will get that sled down at Dick's," and off he posted to invest his money. It was a few days before Christmas, and the shops were so full of toys that he could not decide what to get. While his attention was divided between the sled and a steam engine, he saw his little sister Josie stop at the window.

"I wish I had a doll for Mamie," she said to the little girl by her side.

"Can't your mamma get her one?"

"No; don't you know that there are six of us besides mamma, and not one of us can earn anything?"

Josie went on, but Harry's peace of mind was gone. He was all the boy in the family, and it did seem mean to use all that dollar for himself.

"Will you take the sled, my boy?" asked the shopman.

"Yes—no; I'll take the doll instead," stammered Harry. "It is for my little sister."

"All right!" was the man's reply.

"How much are the Christmas trees?" asked Harry, in a low voice.

"See here, my little man, you stay with me to day, and make yourself useful, and I will give you that little tree."

Harry was well pleased with the offer, and that night he spent a happy hour fixing his tree for tomorrow's surprise. Besides the doll for poor sick Mamie, there was a little keepsake for each of the younger children. Mamma's present was a nice warm pair of gloves. Of course they were cheap ones, but they were much better than her old ones, and coming from her little boy, they were highly prized.

THE LITTLE HOUSE.

It was only two days before Christmas. Fred Brown and Johnny Williams were talking it over, as boys always do. They were not rich boys with warm clothes and overshoes. Fred's shoes were ragged, and Johnny's jacket needed many patches.

"Wish I had some skates," said Fred. Then he looked at his shoes and added, "and oh, so many things I would like, but mother said she could not get much for us this year."

"My mother went to heaven last summer," said Johnny, "so I do not think I will get anything for Christmas, unless my teacher gives me something."

"My mother told me last night that the new family that lived at the foot of the hill was very poor. The father is dead and the mother is sick, and there are three little children. Mother says they will have no wood by Christmas day, and Charlie, the little boy, said he never had a whole apple before when mother gave him one yesterday."

"Oh, isn't it too bad!" said Johnny. "Now, if we were not so poor we could do something for them. Wouldn't it be jolly if we could make them happy?"

"But what can two little boys do that won't have anything themselves?"

"If I get an apple I will give it to that little boy Charlie."

"Oh, yes," said Fred. "I know what we can do. Let us tell all the boys at school to-morrow."

So the next day the boys in twos and threes and larger groups seemed to be very much interested in talking about something. And the night before Christmas boys came from all directions, and all went down the hill towards the little house, each with his pockets looking as though they held something. Every boy carried one, some two, sticks of wood.

And on Christmas Day the little house at the foot of the hill contained a bushel of apples, and wood enough to last several days.

And little jackets contained more happy boyish hearts than for many days. They had set music to the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

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About ten years ago I felt the beginnings of what is commonly known as Eczema. The disease commenced in my ears and spread entirely over both sides of my head and also developed on my hands. During those ten years I was a great sufferer. Specialists on skin diseases treated me. As I write this I am just commencing on the fifth box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and, judging from the rapid improvement effected, I am certain that before the box is used I shall be completely cured. Chas. Fish, Methodist Minister, 192 Dunn Ave., Toronto.

Winter's Here

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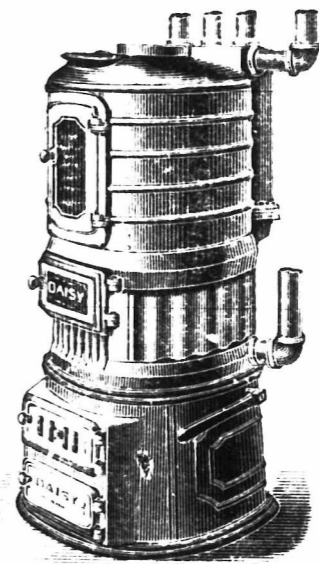
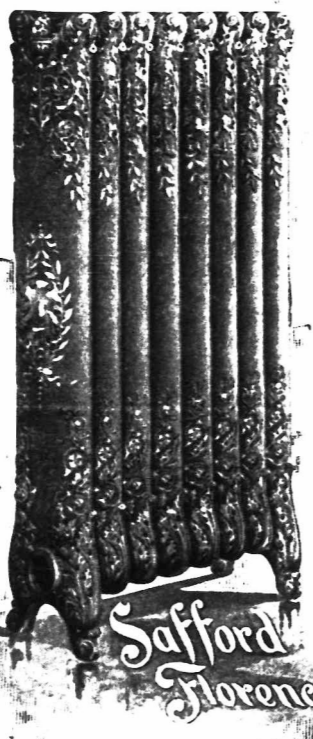
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CHRISTMAS SONG.

Why do bells for Christmas ring? Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star, Seen by shepherds from afar, Gently moved until its light Made a manger's cradle bright

There a darling Baby lay, Pillowed soft upon the hay, And its mother sang and smiled, "This is Christ, the holy Child"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring; Therefore little children sing

IT IS THEIRS.

Christmas is pre-eminently the children's festival. Tradition and custom have made it so; nay, more than that, the very nature of the celebration, commemorating as it does God become—not man only, but a child, a babe in a manger, makes it especially fitting that the little ones of earth should have the greater part in its joys and festivities. It is their day.

Most parents make a special effort to do something to bring to their children some special happiness on this crowning day of their year, but do we not sometimes allow adult selfishness unconsciously to creep into our preparations for the children's celebration? I am sure some of us do. Only last year I heard a good mother, who loves her children, say: "Emma wants me to get her a white muff for Christmas, but I'm not going to do it. I don't see why in the world she wants a white one, unless it is that Sadie Clarke has a white one! I guess the black will do. I tell her she ought to want one like her mother's instead of some of her girl friends."

The black muff was accordingly purchased, and I saw the brave struggle Emma went through to keep back the tears. A mother's

Exhaustion

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"I was taken with a severe attack of malarial fever which left me a physical wreck. I had a pain in my side which lasted for several months. I underwent a surgical operation and then I was given up as incurable. I was told I had a cancer that would soon cause my death. I had long heard about the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and I resolved to try it. I found after taking a bottle and a half that I was getting better. I continued taking it and the benefit I derived from it was a surprise to all who knew me. I am now almost well. I am pastor of several churches and can travel 30 miles in a day. I can preach every Sunday, and often through the week. I hope other sufferers will be induced by my experience to try Hood's Sarsaparilla." (REV.) W. H. BOND, Rye Cove, Virginia.

Many other clergymen have found relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Such testimony is worth considering if you want a medicine that will really do you good.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

unreasoning whim had spoiled the child's Christmas day and the memory of it throughout the whole year—perhaps throughout the child's life.

The mother who forgets the individuality of her child, or who tries to dwarf it, making it pattern after her caprices, is doing her child an eternal injury. The child's personality is a thing to bear in mind every day in the year, but especially when preparing for the day that is of so much importance to the little ones.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

A MEDITATION.

It is the voice of the Christ-child. He calls me again to the manger. I will go, and gaze, and wonder, and adore. In the stillness, I will say, with the prophet, "Lo, this is my God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation."

And yet, many a Christmas has come and gone, leaving no spiritual gain, so I must fear, in my soul. I have shared the glee of merry-hearted children, yet chiefly through sympathy with them. The cheer has been brief. The sacred joy has not been deep, and strong, and abiding. Only the surface of the soul has been touched. Of holy gladness, learned at Bethlehem, how little I know.

Let me think awhile and learn, once more, what it means to rejoice in the Holy Child, who was anointed with "the oil of gladness" above his fellows.

He came to teach obedience, as the secrets of peace and the source of joy; to find his "meat" in doing the Father's will. Tears may tell of a broken law. At least, so it was with the first tears. The blessed angels obey and rejoice evermore. Let me find my heart's delight in doing and bearing what my Lord appoints for me.

He humbled Himself to be born of a virgin. The oil of gladness was His, by the holy anointing, who came in "great humility." Ah, the saints have taught us that holy joy is only known in a humbled soul.

The holy angels veil their faces. The fallen angels may try to keep the pride, by which they fell, but they keep it in the eternal gloom of their dark abode. Let me ask that grace, which lifts and leads the soul, through lowliness of service, to the welcome and the joy of its Lord.

In those little hands, the cruel nails shall, bye and bye, leave their mark. He will go to the cross of His perfect sacrifice. The joy of the Master blends with the scene of the crucifixion. The manger tells of the harder bed, stained with the holy blood. Bethlehem is not so very far from Calvary. It was the man of sorrows, who should know the oil of gladness. Sacrifice is the way to eternal joy. It yields me foretaste now. Let me offer myself anew as a living sacrifice, in this Christmas tide, and find, in the sacrificial life, my constant and most real joy.

One glance at my miserable past; at my poor, weak soul; at my broken vows; at my countless sins; and then, one glance rest on the face of incarnate Love, and the heart sends out its confession and its cry—my Saviour, my Saviour—and His gift of joy has come to me, with the promise of His pardon and His peace. P.W.

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.

It is a well known fact that a torpid liver produces a sallow hue and a dull yellow complexion. You need not expect a clear and beautiful complexion if the blood is rendered impure by a sluggish action of the liver, which cannot properly perform its function of purifying and filtering all impurities from the blood. Ladies, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills is an invaluable remedy, for by their action on the liver and blood they promote true beauty by rendering the blood pure. This is the secret.

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We are constantly in receipt of reports from parents who give their children the emulsion every fall for a month or two. It keeps them well and strong all winter. It prevents their taking cold.

Your doctor will confirm this.

The oil combined with the hypophosphites is a splendid food tonic.

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SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus was one of the oldest ideas of the Celtic west in pagan times, as he was of the pagan east before. In Christian times he was still regarded with religious reverence, sitting—as he had sat for ages in Egypt and elsewhere—in the arms of his mother. Santa Claus was, in fact, the child Jesus in the middle ages; and throughout that period, the festive creed of Germany, and all Celtic Europe, was that He visited all family dwellings of good Christians on the eve of His anniversary, and brought with Him gifts and presents for the children. The truth of this original belief is plainly enough indicated by the word "claus," which, in the gothic or ancient German, means "child" and "son." Santa Claus formerly meant the "Holy Child."

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WHAT THE CHRISTMAS VOICES TOLD A CHRISTMAS CHILD

Peace and good will rang out the bells on the keen, frosty air; good will among men was whispered through the silent night, while the hearts of earth swelling with Christmas joy sent forth a great throb of adoring love which rose higher and higher till it flooded into the very courts of heaven, adding to the angels' joy and to the great glory that ever shines about that throne where perfect love is crowned.

Through a certain tiny, neat garden inside the large square house to which it led, this joy, this great Christmas love, had provided a greater blessing even than the toys which were sticking, with mysterious corners and angles, out of two enormous striped stockings which hung one on either side of the library fireplace, waiting for the first streak of dawn to awaken Norman and Arthur.

In the room above the library which was hung with pale violet curtains and draperies, mamma and papa had just received their first Christmas gift, and as it had come straight from God, had made them very, very happy. Papa was holding it in his arms tenderly, for it was so tiny and white and soft, that it must surely have slipped through his fingers but for the amount of finely tucked cambric which formed a robe and gave him something to hold on to, for their gift was just the nicest thing in the world—a dear little Christmas baby. Its blue eyes were winking and blinking in the most curious way up at papa, as if they wanted to know his dear, kind face better, and its odd little three-cornered mouth seemed trying hard to say something, perhaps to bring them a Christmas message from the unknown land which she had just left.

"The boys will have a sister to help them grow more gentle and unselfish, and we have a little daughter to be a blessing and comfort to us. She must always, I think, keep something of the holy joy of her birth night about her," mamma said, gently, as she smiled up in papa's face, and as he looked down at her over the baby's little face, he replied: "It seems as if the world was more full of joy this year. I suppose it is because we, dear, never had a Christmas like this before; we never had one that brought us such a blessing—a little Christmas girl of our own."

Just then some Christmas bells far away chiming the joy of the holy night, sounded through the frosty air, and a chorister—who was also an errand boy in one of the large toy shops, and had been kept till long after midnight at his work—was just now passing on his way home, and

hearing the bells echoing the peace and good will that was in his heart, sent forth his clear young voice to swell the joy as he sang:

When in the stillness of midnight,
From heaven through unmeasured space,
Good angels sped on a message bright,
A Child came down with heavenly Grace.

Mamma and papa listened till the last note had died away, then they looked at each other and then at the tiny baby, who had puckered her wee mouth into an odd little three-cornered smile, as if she liked her first Christmas carol and quite understood it. Mamma repeated the last line over softly to herself:—

"A Child came down with heavenly Grace," and papa, looking down, understood what was in her mind, as he always did, and he said, as he laid baby on mamma's arms:—

"Yes, dear, you're right; we will call our little one Grace, and her text shall be—

"The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men."

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORLD.

No Name on Earth so Famous No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was named DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's Disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

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A CHRISTMAS TALK.

"I wonder if those shepherds had any little boys or girls," said Annie, leaning on mamma's knee, and thinking about the Christmas story. "If my papa had been one of them, I



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W. E. DOBSON,

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should have wanted him to stop and take me with him, when he went to Bethlehem." "But you would have been asleep in your crib," said Jack. "It was night, you know." "And the shepherds went in haste," said mamma. "Perhaps, when it was known, around Bethlehem, some mamma's went afterwards, and took their boys and girls." "How I wish I had loved them," said Annie. "But how you can read about it all; the little town, with its 'inn,' or what we call a hotel, full of people, and the bright star shining over it; inside, the mother bending over the manger, where her Baby lay, and the shepherds and the wise men kneeling to look at the sweet infant face." "I wish there had been a beautiful room, a pretty crib, and everything lovely for such a Baby," said little Annie. "Then, the very poorest and loneliest children could not have felt so sure that Jesus knew all about their troubles."

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A man may be as brilliant, as clever, as strong, and as broad, as you please; and with all this, if he is not good, he may be a paltry fellow; and even the sublime which he seems to reach in his most splendid achievements is only a brilliant sort of badness.—Blackie.

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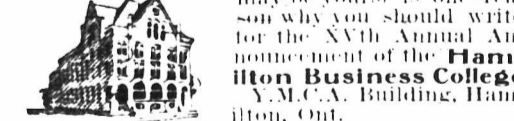
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