

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Canadian Churchman

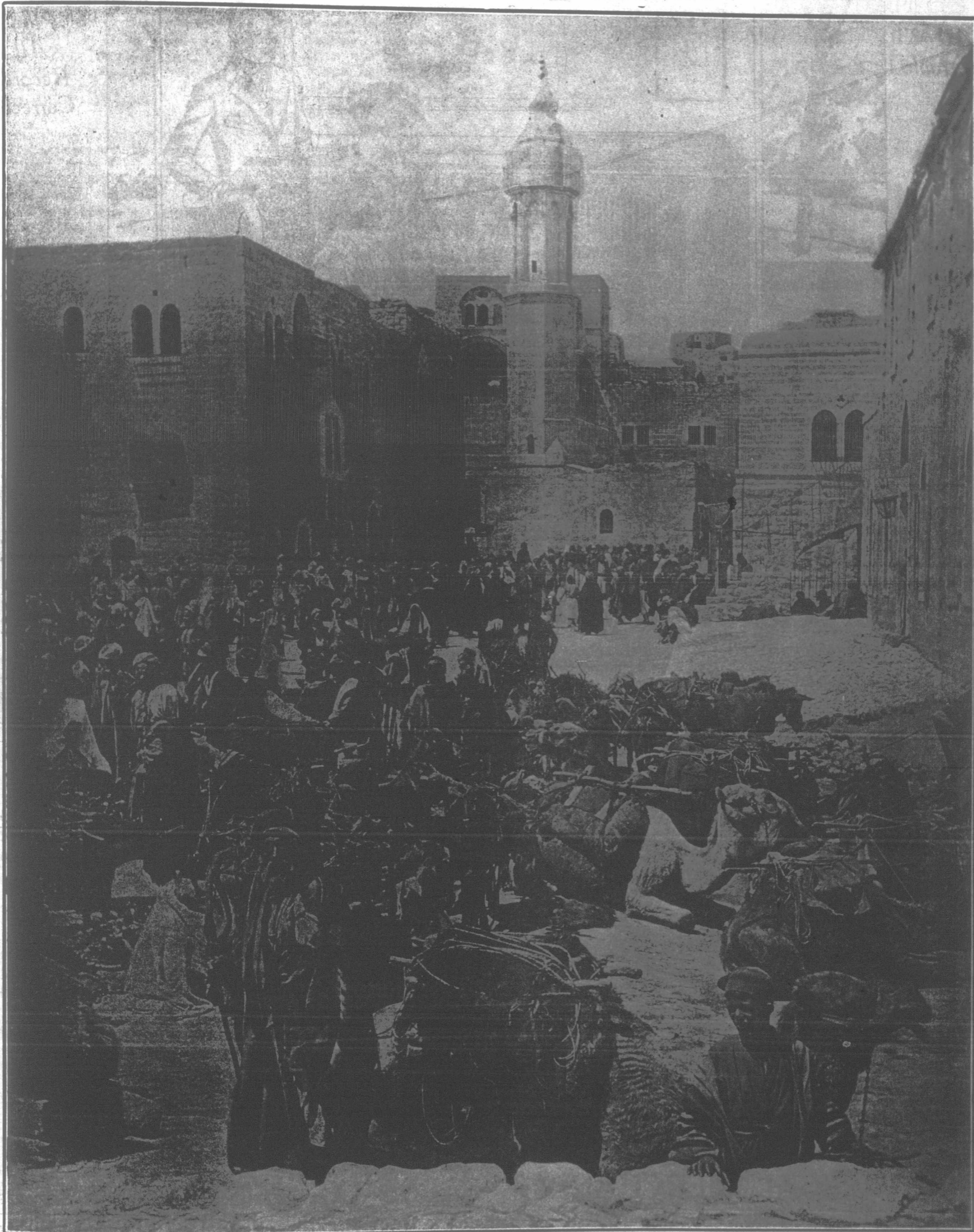
A National Church of England Weekly



Volume 47

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16th, 1920

No. 51



THE MARKET PLACE AT BETHLEHEM

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Made in
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Your good judgment in the selection of a Gift is appreciated when you choose a Brunswick

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- 2041—The Love Nest
Le Wana
2048—Cuban Moon
The Love Boat
5014—A Young Man's Fancy
Alice Blue Gown
5013—Idle Dreams
Scandal Walk
5029—Avalon, Fox Trot
Wishing, Fox Trot

VOCAL NUMBERS

- 2039—Just Like a Gypsy
Wondering
5010—Tell Me Pretty Maiden
Shade of the Palm
(from Florodora)
5034—Auld Lang Syne
All Thro' the Night
13007—Bells of St. Mary's
Evening Song
5033—Adeste Fideles
Joy to the World

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Personal and General

The Rev. H. A. Sims has resigned and will go to St. Paul's, Fort William, early in the New Year. He has been at Cobalt for about two years.

The Senate of Cambridge University by a vote of 904 to 712 have rejected a proposal to admit women on equal terms with men.

The Rev. J. Morris, the newly-appointed Rector of Old St. Paul's, Woodstock, Ont., preached at both services at that church on December 5th.

Mrs. Perceval, of Kingston, Ont., died on December 3rd, aged 93 years and 11 months. For many years she had attended St. Paul's Church in that city.

The Rev. A. Shore, Rector of Ilderton, and Mrs. Shore, on December 6th, were thrown from their buggy. They suffered severe bruises and are confined to the house.

Dr. Gwynne was lately enthroned first Anglican Bishop of Egypt and the Soudan in All Saints' Church, Cairo. Field Marshall Viscount Allenby read the King's mandate.

Mrs. Woodroffe, a highly esteemed resident of Woodstock, Ont., died in that city very suddenly on December 7th, aged 67. The deceased lady was an active member for many years of New St. Paul's, Woodstock.

The gifts of gold ingots made to Westminster Abbey by King George and the late King Edward on the occasion of their coronations will be disposed of for the benefit of the Abbey reconstruction fund.



MISS GLADYS TRIVETT.

OUR NEW MISSIONARY.

Miss Gladys Trivett, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Trivett, of Guysboro, Nova Scotia, has gone to her new field of work in China well equipped for service. Cherishing the desire since a child for missionary service, she trained in the Toronto General Hospital, graduating in August, 1919. Obtaining a scholarship from that institution, she took a course at the University of Toronto in social work, at the same time combining a course at the hospital in anaesthesia and X-ray work. She has also carried on until her departure theological work at Wycliffe College, and after the allotted time at Pekin Language School, Miss Trivett will enter St. Andrew's Hospital, Kweitch, Honan. Her efficiency and consecration will make her a most useful leader among the young Chinese who enter the hospital for training.

Dr. Cody gave an address to the members of the Young Men's Canadian Club at a dinner in the Board of Trade Building, Toronto, on December 7th. His subject was "Democracy at the Cross Roads."

A memorial arch is to be erected at the entrance to the outer enclosure of the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., in memory of the 147 ex-members of the College who lost their lives in the war.

A dog wearing spectacles was shown recently at the annual Fair of the Animal Rescue League which was held at Boston, Mass. It is a striking example of humanitarian assistance to our dumb friends.

A miniature replica of the Campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, is to be erected at Niagara Falls, Ont., to the men of that town who lost their lives in the war. The tower will include a clock 4 feet in diameter.

Mr. John H. Hiscocks, a well-known London, Ont., citizen and Secretary since 1914 of the Ontario Travellers' Association, died in that city on December 5th. He was a member of St. James' congregation, South London.

The incorporation of "The General Synod of the Church of England in Canada" for the purpose of the government of the Church and to enable to acquire, hold and dispose of property will be the object of a bill to be introduced in Parliament at the approaching session.

Rt. Rev. J. G. Anderson, the Bishop of Moosonee, ordained Rev. Herbert George Dudley, a student of Wycliffe College, Toronto, to the priesthood in the Pro-Cathedral, Chapleau, Ont., on December 12th. Mr. Dudley is stationed at Hearst, Ont. In the evening the Bishop preached on "The Work of the Holy Spirit of God."

Bishop Lucas, who is still in England, has received a letter from Mr. W. H. B. Hoare (dated August 23rd), reporting the safe arrival of the SS. "Herman" at Shingle Point, opposite Herschel Island. This means that the mission party at Aklaik will be well supplied for the coming year, and that the building materials ordered from San Francisco have come to hand, thus making it possible for the erection of the new Eskimo church, mission home and hospital. It will be remembered that the church, which is to be named "All Saints," will form a memorial to the late Rev. H. Girling. The Bishop preached in Mr. Girling's home church at Nottingham and addressed meetings in that city on November 21st and 22nd.

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The Editor is glad to be able to state that all the appeals for clothing have been provided for.

This journal will gladly be of service in collecting, distributing and forwarding books. It is suggested that lists of books should be sent to the office before the books are sent so that it may be discovered whether there is any demand for the books offered.

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From Week to Week

"Spectator's" Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen

ONE would like to see the principles of peace and goodwill more abundantly manifest in the public life of the world than is now apparent. Five times we celebrated Christmas with the horrors of war overshadowing us, and our thoughts were perpetually with our fine fellows in the midst of strife. Now for the second time we celebrate the same great festival under nominal peace, but we haven't to look far to find that underneath the surface the fires still burn, and even the surface itself is covered here and there with the old malady. The leaven of malice and wickedness still works in society, keeping it in a ferment of turmoil and misunderstanding. It seems to be useless to lay the blame with this or that people. It appears to be madness to lay all the folly at our own door and act as though that of itself would bring everybody else to a right frame of mind. Human experience does not seem to warrant us in leaving our homes or our possessions unguarded and unprotected on the assumption that our confidence will induce reciprocal respect and safety. We have no evidence of a conclusive character to prove that a nation throwing itself absolutely on the honour of the world, will, by that act of faith, preserve its integrity and lead mankind in the paths of peace. "Here is the son come, let us kill him and the inheritance will be ours," seems to be the suggestion of such an act. Yet peace and goodwill is the better way. It is the breath of the Christmas teaching, and we should never lose sight of that far-off goal towards which every devout disciple must direct his weary footsteps. While it may appear necessary for Christian nations to guard their hard-won privileges and responsibilities, may we not cast out all enmity and hatred from our hearts. May we not make this, and all seasons, an occasion of renewed faith in the power of God's spirit to turn the unruly wills and affections of men—our own included—so that mankind may dwell on the face of the whole earth as members of the one family of God? Let us begin this Christmas season with a new outpouring of our hearts in prayer, first of all for our own enlightenment and then for the enlightenment of the world that the way of Christ may be made known upon earth, His saving health among all nations.

The Canadian delegation at the assembly of the League of Nations now in sessions at Geneva is attracting much attention to this country, and to its own personnel. The Honorable Mr. Doherty has had his opportunity in moving the deletion of Article X., considered by many to be the climax of the whole covenant. The Honorable Mr. Rowell has stirred the leading men of Europe by his vigorous advocacy of the rights of the Assembly as opposed to the Council of the League. Sir George Foster has made a name for himself as a preacher of righteousness and a pleader for European repentance. The impression that these gentlemen have left on their associates arises, not so much out of what they have said, as their manner of saying it. Diplomats of the old world are reputed to be experts in so expressing themselves that it is difficult to know just what they really mean. If necessity requires, their words may be interpreted at home as conveying one idea, while abroad they have quite a different significance. That kind of

thing is not unknown in Canadian public life, when different interests seem to demand different treatment. When, however, our representatives go abroad these little considerations are forgotten and men of the old world have been made to sit up, as our statesmen poured out their convictions with startling clearness and emphasis. They represent the spirit of the new world. The men of Africa, Australia, North and South America will do the same thing, and it will be a surprise to the writer if the deliberations of the League of Nations do not mark a new epoch in international conferences. It will be a wholesome change to have diplomacy conducted by the rules of common sense.

"Spectator" is not at all sure that Mr. Rowell speaks the full mind of Canada when he pleads for the strengthening and determining influence of the Assembly of the League of Nations. If we understand his argument, as cabled to the press, Mr. Rowell is applying the principles of democracy in their fullest power to this assembly. The League of Nations consists of two sections. First, there is the Assembly where every member nation has its due representation. Above this Assembly stands the Council, which has a limited membership, so organized that the Allied nations in the recent war have the preponderating power if they act together. This is intended to be the dominating factor in the whole league, and it was so constituted that the principles for which the Allies fought and were victorious should be preserved in safety. Canada may or may not be represented on this council. Mr. Rowell's argument seems to be that the powers of the Assembly should be strengthened and the power of the council correspondingly weakened. This, no doubt, is a more democratic ideal, but what does it involve? Here is an Assembly made up of representatives from all corners of the earth—every little republic in South America, the Balkan States, China, Greece, Spain, Africa and in time Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria, Germany and all sorts and all conditions of people. Each state, great and small, has its own voting power. The decisions of such an Assembly would represent the "average" ideals of this conglomerate constituency. Its ideals might be higher than the lowest, but they would certainly be a long way lower than the highest. Apply this to international adjustments and it is not difficult to see that Canada's ideals could not find expression in such company. Democracy has not reached the status of a divinity. The British Empire and her allies had to fight desperately for the preservation of her civilization. Would that preservation be more secure in the hands of this amalgam of nations than in the hands of those that saw and suffered for a precious possession? If we stake all on the principle of democracy no doubt Mr. Rowell is right. Is that kind of democracy safe for the world?"

"Nothing is more unprofitable than a life absorbed in making profits."—The Christian.

Let Thy grace accompany me all the days of my life, that I may, by a holy conversation, and an habitual performance of my duty, wait for the coming of our Lord, and be ready to enter with Thee at whatever hour Thou shalt come.—Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

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The Heart of a Child—Jesmond Dene



THE child at the heart of the world! No wonder it has been the favourite theme of art and verse in all generations; no wonder painters have loved to paint it,

poets to sing it, mothers of all degrees to tell it to children of all ages, for does it not inevitably appeal to what is deepest and most tender in human experience? At the heart of life, always, is the child, and it is surely the wisdom of the Divine economy that when the fulness of time was come, and the supreme manifestation of God was to be made, it was not with the sound of trumpets nor the voice of words, not with the clank of steel nor the pride of power, but in silence, in great humility,—

"They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high.
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry."

The word became flesh, indeed, and the manner of it was that Unto us a Child is born.

"He came all so still where His mother was,
As dew in April that falleth on the grass.

He came all so still where His mother lay,
As dew in April that falleth on the spray."

Poets have always loved to dwell on this aspect of Christmas. Another early song runs thus,—

"Jesus, Thou wert in cradle knit,
In weede wrapped both day and night,
In Bethlehem born, as the gospel writt,
Bairn y-born of beerde bright." (lady)

The singer of a later generation bids us—

"Begin from first where He encradled was,
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toiful ox and humble ass,
And in what rags and in what base array
The glory of our heavenly riches lay."

They will summon us to come and—
"Behold a tender silie babe
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas! a piteous sight.
The inns are full; no man will yield
The little pilgrim bed,
But forced is He with silly beasts
In crib to shroud His head."

A modern song which has caught the spirit of the early simplicity tells how—

"The Christ Child lay in Mary's lap,
His hair was like the light;

"How comes He, soft and weak,
With such a tender cheek,
With such a small soft hand?
The very hand which spanned

Heaven when its girth was plann'd.
How comes He with a voice
Which is but baby noise?
That Voice which spake with might
—'Let there be light'—
and light
Sprang out before our sight."

It is for all children. Baby is never so young but that mother croons over him the songs of Christmas,—

"Thine eldest Brother is a king,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee. . . .
Sweet baby then forbear to weep,
Be still my babe, sweet baby, sleep."

When they are a little older they understand more, and here is our poet speaking for the little four and five-year-olds,—

"Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just as small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of heaven and just like me?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small,
And Thou knowst I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way;
So a little child come down,
And hear a child's tongue like Thine own."

They never, never tire of it; how could they?

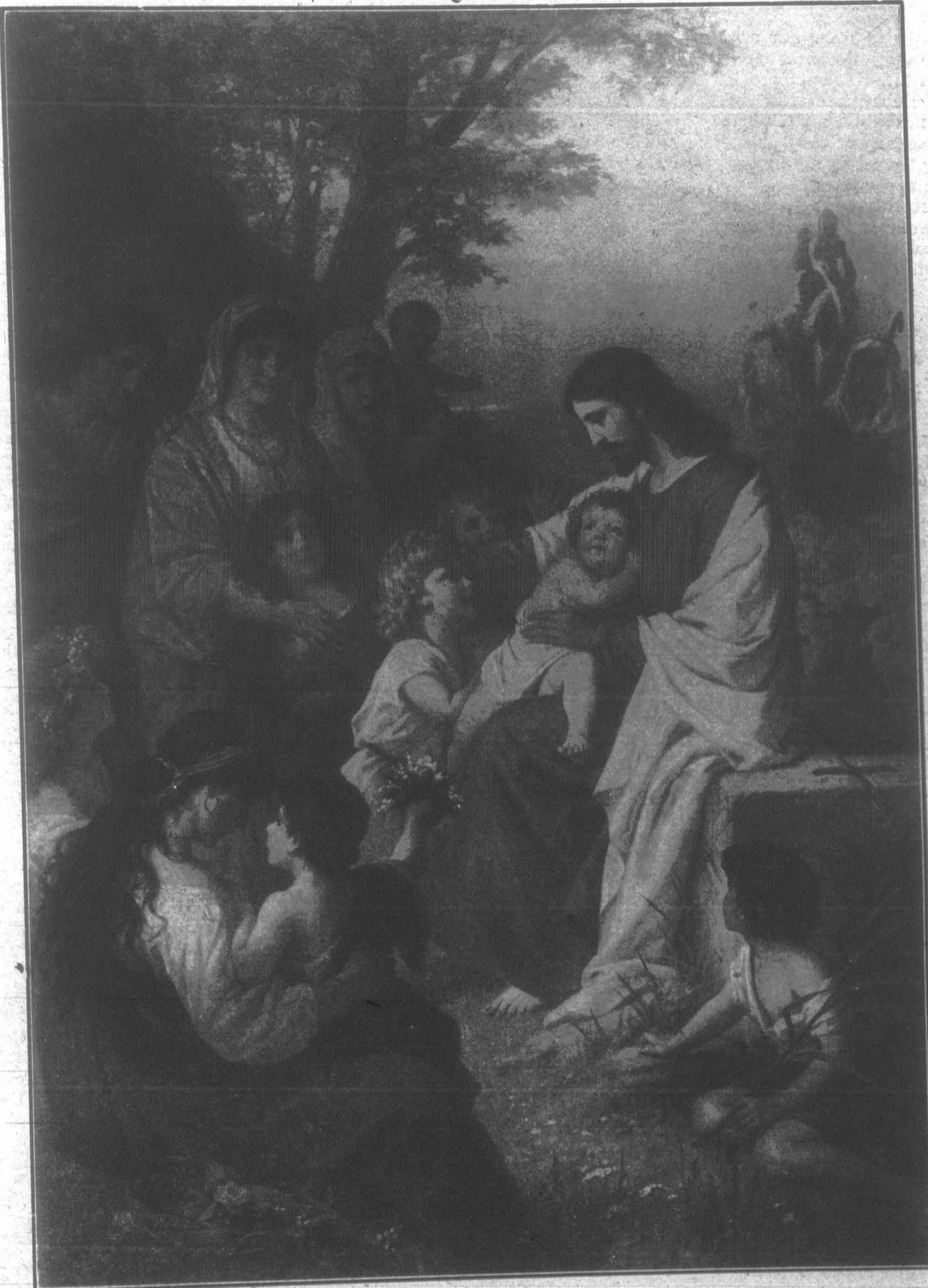
"A child was born in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
A child was born in Bethlehem, a star shone o'er the stable,

And there they saw the King of kings, no longer thronged with angel wings,
But croodling like a little babe, and cradled in a stable."

The sorrow of it comes home through the poets, too; the entrance of every child upon its earthly journey is fraught with pathos, for there are thorns and it must tread on them. Every mother as she looks forward sings something like this,—

"Weep not, my baby, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee."

(Continued on page 822.)



O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.
"The Christ Child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star;
O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.
"The Christ Child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire;
O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire."

They question and wonder, all of them, and our own unspoken thoughts through them find utterance,—

“There Was a Man---” A Christmas Story

Rev. H. A. WEST, L.Th., Winona, Ont.

It was the Eighth day of the month of Tebeth, in the year four B.C., in the City of Jerusalem. The setting sun cast its dying rays across the Capitol, lighting up the great golden dome of the temple and causing the white palaces that rose terrace above terrace between the temple and the palace of Herod to stand out more prominently as the gathering darkness crept through the narrow streets below. In the cool of the evening a young man slowly made his way, from the council chamber next the temple, where he had been attending a meeting of the Sanhedrin, to one of the stately homes lying in that part of the city called the upper town.

He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, tall and broadshouldered and wore a long sleeved tunic of white wool reaching below the knees and fastened about the waist with a blue fringed girdle; over this a long dark mantle was loosely worn, caught up on the shoulders. Short thick curls of jetblack clustered about his head while his brilliant deep set eyes and strong, firm mouth marked him as a man of strong and forceful character, tinged with restlessness and impatience.

As he slowly paced along, returning from time to time the greetings of passing acquaintances, he was suddenly conscious of great excitement in the streets. From all directions people were crowding towards the Tyropoen, the great bridge that connected the upper and the lower towns. His first thought was that some act of disorder had broken out or some further deed of violence on the part of the garrison, but there appeared to be no sign of the terror that usually accompanied these disturbances. The young man joined the hurrying crowds and soon found himself in the midst of a great mass of people who were surrounding some strangers, evidently men from a far land.

Three middle-aged men, mounted upon camels and accompanied by a small escort of mounted horsemen and servants, were the cause of the excitement. While they showed signs of a long journey, he noted that they were all richly dressed and plainly men of wealth and prominence. As he forced his way nearer to them, he saw the elder of the three strangers trying to speak, then as the crowd grew silent he caught the words “Where is He that is born king of the Jews; for we have seen His star in the east and have come to worship Him?”

As the young man wondered what these words might mean the crowd about him surged with excitement and many questions were shouted at the strangers. Again the same man spoke and the crowd again grew silent. “We seek the newborn King of Israel, the Coming One, that we may render Him our homage. We have come from far to seek Him. Canst not thou tell us where we may find Him, for we have asked oft in the city and none seemeth to know?”

Again the crowd stirred, but suddenly hushed as a small body of Herod's guards forced their rough passage through the people. The mob gave back sullenly, but closed in behind them, anxious to hear and see all. With a quick military salute the Tribune in command addressed the three men: “O strangers, its the Noble Herod's command that ye appear before him at the castle, that he may learn of whom ye seek, and if well, aid ye in the seeking.”

The three men bowed as one and the eldest again speaking replied “We thank thee for the Royal Herod's courtesy, lead on and we follow thee.” The officer gave a short command and the guards again cleared a passage through the wondering people, closely followed by the strangers and their escort. As the majority of the mob followed the little company, the young man turned again homewards.

Filled with amazement at the strange scene and stranger words he had heard, he turned

them over and over in his mind. “What did it all mean?” As he walked and pondered he suddenly felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and turning found at his side an elderly man, by his dress evidently a priest, who with a smile fell into step with him, saying as he did so:

“Greeting, O Nicodemus, son of Gorion. Methinks thou carriest the sorrows of Israel with thee. Why ponderest thou so gravely, that twice have I called after thee and thou hearest me not?”

“Nicodemus laughed. “O Hanani, I heard thee not. Of a truth I carry no sorrow, but I wonder greatly at that which I have this night seen and heard. Thou camest after me; methinks thou too hast heard and seen the strangers from afar?”

His friend nodded. “Yea, I both saw and heard, and now they are the guests of Herod, who I think will not welcome their seeking. Their quest endeth. But we are at thy abode. I will enter awhile with thee.”

Entering the gateway of one of the most beautiful of the great homes in the upper terrace, the two men threw aside their mantles and at the suggestion of Nicodemus made their way to the awning covered roof. Here for some time they paced to and fro in silence, pausing occasionally to look out over the distant country, beyond the first and second walls to the new suburb of Bezetha and listening to the low murmur that came up to them from the great city below.

The younger man was the first to speak. “Tell me, O Hanani, what thinkest thou of the words of those from afar? I have been reading much lately in the roll of the blessed Isaiah, who foretelleth the coming of Messiah. Thou knowest too how great is the expectation of the people that the time of His coming draweth nigh. Can it be, thinkest thou, that the time is at hand, for the strangers were men of wealth and nobleness. Will Shiloh come soon to put away the sins of the chosen of Jehovah, to whom be blessing and praise, and to redeem the sons of Jacob from the curse of the uncircumcized Gentile?”

Hanani seated himself on a low divan ere he answered. “I know not; as for those whom ye have seen this night, thinkest thou that the Holy One will manifest to strangers afar His Messiah before His own people. That the time of His coming is nigh I believe as thou. But He cometh to drive out the twice accursed Roman, not to redeem from sin, for doth not sacrifice make atonement for that?”

Nicodemus shook his head impatiently. “Yet would I know, for I have pondered much, wherein can the blood of beast or fowl satisfy for sin. From the time of our father Abram we have had unending slaying of beast and bird, but wherein lieth the merit of such. How can the blood of a beast atone for the sin of a man?”

Hanani gazed at him in amazement. “How canst thou, a son of the law and a member of the Sanhedrin, a teacher of the people, ask so? How it may suffice we may not know, but that it doeth so we cannot doubt; not methinks in the merit of the bullock or bird offered, but in the penitence and obedience that bringeth the gift to the altar. Always it hath been so, always it will be.”

Nicodemus again shook his head. “From the great day of atonement in Tisri until to-day have I pondered much. I was early at the temple on that day, with those who waited the opening of the gates, when from the pinnacle the watcher announced the first gleam of the new day. I saw the high priest as oft before in golden vestments offer the daily sacrifice. Again I saw him in linen robes make confession for himself and his house as he offered the bullock of the sin-offering. When he drew from the Calpi the lots “la-Jehovah and la-Azazel,” and one goat died for the people, and one went forth

bearing their guilt—yea, and when amidst the clouds of incense he entered alone, for the only time in the year, the Holy of Holies, there to pour out before where the ark of the covenant stood the blood of the offering—yea, and when all was finished and in his golden robes he finally offered the festive offerings—I wondered much. Wherein doth atonement lie? It is but a type of something greater to come, for sayeth not the prophet that when Messiah cometh He shall bear the sins of Jehovah's people? Thinkest thou that these be types till Shiloh cometh?” The priest rose. “Thou art beside thyself. Messiah cometh in glory to redeem Israel from the Gentile, not, O Nicodemus, to suffer for the nation. Sacrifice and suffering for the Shiloh! Thou art mad, thou son of Gorion.”

“Yet, O priest, sayeth not the Prophet ‘On Him lieth the sins of My people and by His stripes we are healed.’ Yea, and that He was bruised for our iniquity and wounded for our transgression?”

The priest answered somewhat irritably. “I counsel thee seek again the writings, for they foretell not the suffering of Messiah as thou thinkest, but that His reign shall be glorious, and that He will rule the nations with a rod of iron. But the hour groweth late and I may not tarry. Peace to thee, thou son of Gorion, and mediate no more upon that which the Holy One hath hidden in His own wisdom.”

Nicodemus was about to accompany his visitor to the lower apartment and courtyard when they were suddenly roused by a loud knocking at the outer gate, and, as they listened, heard the gate swung back, the sound of voices, and then the steward appeared with the message that a messenger of Herod waited below. Wondering what this could mean so late in the evening, the two men went down to meet the messenger, who saluted and handed Nicodemus a tablet on which was a summons from Herod the king to attend a meeting of the Sanhedrin at once. Nicodemus acknowledged the message, and, promising obedience, dismissed the soldier. The priest did not speak until the messenger had left, then gazed at Nicodemus, whose face portrayed both anxiety and surprise.

“I wonder, O Nicodemus, what meaneth this sudden summons? 'Tis like Herod, who ever worketh some evil design in the hours of darkness!”

Nicodemus threw his mantle about him as he replied. “I know not nor can surmise what the call meaneth, unless it hath to do with the strangers who were taken to Herod this night. But thy way lieth partly with mine. Wouldst thou know, my friend, the meaning of this counsel? Seek me after it is over, and I will enlighten thee.” With this the two men left the courtyard and turned into the darkened street.

Not in Herod's new palace but in the old fortress of Baris, rebuilt by him and named Antonia in honour of his patron, was the Sanhedrin to assemble. When Nicodemus entered the Council Hall he found most of the other members already gathered and like himself ignorant of the cause of the summons and fearful of some further act of insult or oppression by the dreaded king. The last of the council had barely taken his seat when the great doors were thrown back and several guards entered and took their stand about the royal dais. The next moment the gathered assembly rose and bowed low to the ground as, clad in a purple coloured mantle and carrying a slender ivory wand, the king entered.

The terrible old man was one to inspire terror. Despite his efforts to win favour by rebuilding the temple more glorious even than it had been in Solomon's days; despite the fact that he had never attempted to interfere with the temple or its worship and had lavished costly gifts upon it, the Idumaean was hated by all alike, mur-

(Continued on page 822.)

A Trip to Baffin Land, 1920

Rev. A. L. FLEMING, L.Th., Toronto

(Continued from last week.)

ON each of the five Sundays we spent on board the ship two services were held, one in the saloon and one in the foc's'le, and the attendance at them all was most encouraging. That men, most of whom had no definite Church connection whatsoever, should come to the saloon each Sunday of their own free will to worship God seems to prove that whatever may be their attitude to the organized Church, they raise no insuperable barrier between themselves and the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. It is not for me to speak of the value of the services, I merely wish to put on record the fact that they were all exceedingly well and regularly attended. I count it a high privilege to stand before these men—adventurers of the North from many grades in society, some of whom would not be near a clergyman again for several years—and place before them the imperial claims which Jesus Christ makes regarding each man's life—private and public.

My feeling is that to-day, no less than in the old days, the Strong Son of God appeals to men. It is He alone Who can make and keep these men noble and true—they are already brave. Such men do not wear their religion on their sleeves, but it is often much more deeply rooted in their hearts than they are willing to allow. Their hypocrisy is not in professing more than they believe but less. During the trip I heard and overheard many candid (some most candid) expressions regarding the Church and religion, but these are not for publication. They gave food for thought under such heads as:—

1. "The man in the street's" attitude towards the organized Church.
2. Towards the Head of the Church.
3. Towards the clergy.
4. His ability or lack of ability to grasp fundamental principles.

A point of interest which was noticed was that although I am considered in my early prime of life I was the oldest but one of all the men who frequented the saloon—officers and passengers. It shows that the men needed in the North are young men whose enthusiasm and energy will carry them over every obstacle. This is a point which the Church will do well to take into consideration in laying her plans for the future.

The first port of call was at St. John's, Newfoundland. Here our old fellow-sojourner in the North, Mr. Ralph Parsons, came on board on his way to inspect the various trading posts of the H.B.C. He had been recalled from Montreal on account of the serious illness of his wife, and only a few days before our arrival, at St. John's she had passed away. There were some "hard cases" on board the ship, but I doubt if there was one whose heart did not go out in sympathy with Mr. Parsons in his irreparable loss. The one redeeming feature is that he has a little boy about 12 months old to help him bear his sorrow along the lonely path of life.

When I first knew Mr. Parsons he was district manager at Lake Harbour. He is now head of the H.B.C. interests in Newfoundland, Labrador, Ungava, Hudson's Strait, and Baffin Land, and has attained to this position through ability and effort. I should like to state that Mr. Parsons' clear vision has led him to take a definite stand for "clean morals," and he has done not a little towards enabling the Eskimo to break away from some of the serious temptations resulting from old-time practices. He early grasped the fact that to obtain the best results workers must live "clean" lives, and he has abundant cause to feel that his idea has proved successful. I think the day is coming when this principle will be more generally appreciated than it is by business men, but fundamental truth is slow to be re-

ceived, since it requires intelligence and moral fibre to do so.

The voyage along the Labrador coast had little of special interest save that we enjoyed the sunrises and sunsets, and passed hundreds of icebergs. Some of us were fortunate enough to see a great iceberg break in pieces—it was a magnificent spectacle. First we noticed a movement on the berg followed by a low growling noise when a large piece tumbled into the sea with a splash. Instantly the berg lost its equilibrium and rolled over with a roar, lashing the waters around into foam. In "turning turtle" a grinding noise could be heard and another large section gave way, so that for a time it seemed as if the ice were alive, so great was the movement in the sea due to the rotation of the various huge masses of ice. Finally they all came to



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Will you help to bring the true Christmas message into the life of this little Baffin Land maid and her sisters?

rest and a death-like hush settled over the placid waters again, broken only by the throb of the ship's propeller.

About 90 miles south of Cape Chidley (the most northerly point on the Labrador), we came into loose field ice, but this in no way retarded the ice-breaking "Nascopie." It was at this time we got our first sight of walrus, those ivory-tusked monsters of the Polar Seas. As soon as walrus were reported in sight the lust for blood (more politely termed "the sporting instincts") revealed itself on board; rifles from .22 to .403 calibre were in evidence, and "much noise" and a great expenditure of cartridges followed. I confess that on this occasion my sympathies were not with those on board ship, but with the harmless denizens of the northern waters, and it was with a sense of satisfaction that I saw them make their way unscathed to safety.

Early in the morning of August 3rd the ice field became close and heavy, and soon after rounding Cape Chidley the good old "Nascopie" was brought to bay. To make matters worse the fog came down "as thick as soup," as someone expressed it, so that we had to possess our souls in patience. In the afternoon the fog lifted, and the heavy current flowing through the Gray Strait between Cape Chidley and the Button

Islands slackened sufficiently to allow the ship to plough her way through the ice, and make Port Burwell Harbour that afternoon.

At Port Burwell it was my privilege to meet my old friends, the Rev. B. and Mrs. Lenz, of the Moravian Mission. With their usual generosity they insisted upon my spending the night with them as it was impossible to get out to the ship in a boat since the tide had changed and the ice was once more packed. It is unnecessary for me to say that I enjoyed the Christian fellowship and communion at this the most northerly of the Moravian Mission's stations.

Here I tasted my first dish of seal meat, after five years, and enjoyed it. Here, too, I got to know Mr. and Mrs. Heath. Mr. Heath is the H.B.C. manager for Ungava, with headquarters at Fort Chimo, and had come up to Port Burwell in a motor boat in order to meet his chief (Mr. Parsons), and his wife and son who had come up in the "Nascopie." It was interesting to note that such good feeling should exist between the H.B.C. officers and the Moravian missionary even while the Mission has a trading side to it.

The landing of cargo at Port Burwell was a difficult and dangerous piece of work on account of the heavy tides and ice, but we got away eventually at 5.30 a.m., August 7th. The journey north to Lake Harbour was a hard one. All day and all night, and all the next day the ship was forcing her way through heavy ice so that sleep was out of the question, and one wondered how long a steel ship could stand the strain. To those who have never experienced the sensation it is somewhat nerve racking, but after a time it has its thrilling side, too, and one can enjoy seeing the vessel force its way up on the ice and feel it shake from stem to stern; then see the great mass grind and crack as the full 5,000 tons' weight of the ship comes upon it, and finally break asunder with many a growl as if grudging the ship her advantage or promising revenge. At night it can never be anything but unpleasant, and sleep becomes impossible owing to the vibration; sometimes, too, the quick ear can catch sounds coming from the men on board that are not laudatory of the Arctic! what Shakespeare would describe as "curses, not loud but deep."

No ship could stand the strain of butting heavy ice unless specially built for the work—the "Nascopie" fulfils her difficult task admirably. Mr. Storkerson has sailed in many seas, and has spent 13 years in the Western Arctic where small wooden ships only are used, so he was much interested in this entirely new experience. Some of the "tenderfeet" were inclined to criticize the ship at Montreal, but a day in the ice was sufficient to impress them so favourably with her qualities that their criticism turned to praise. Early in the morning of the day on which we reached Lake Harbour three bears were seen on the ice, but they were too far away to allow the Captain to grant permission for a hunt, and so these monarchs of the north went on their way unconscious of their danger. At 6.30 p.m. on August 8th, the ship picked up the Eskimo stationed at the point of land at the entrance to Lake Harbour, and at 8 o'clock we cast anchor off the Mission and Post. My old friend, Mr. S. J. Stewart (who is in charge of Lake Harbour District), and the other H.B.C. officers greeted me most kindly and expressed their regret that I was not going to winter in the country, while the reception I received from the Eskimo left nothing to be desired. The SS. "Pelican" was anchored in the harbour when we arrived, having broken her propeller. During the two Sundays she was at Lake Harbour we had a service on board, and found Captain Bergner, Chief Officer Jones, and the others very kind and pleasant to meet.

(To Be Continued)

Tales from the Canadian Ivanhoe ^A Ghost Story

Mrs. M. W. BROWN, Toronto

"WHOSO did not see Avignon in the days of the popes has seen nothing," says Daudet. We might say, "Whoso has not seen Quebec does not know Canada." The two great civilizing forces of the modern world met on the North American Continent and each has found a home with a distinctive type of life in our Dominion. The French-Canadians pride themselves on having preserved the speech, manners and customs of Louis XV. They are the true descendants of old France, they tell us, while modern France has been largely affected by German and other foreign influences.

Learning to know the other half of ourselves is a very delightful task, as we discover when we set about it; and, what is more, it is eminently worth while. There is no more agreeable or effective means of becoming acquainted with a people than by reading their literature. Possibly there is no book which can do more to awaken an interest in the French half of ourselves than "Les Anciens Canadiens," by Phillipe Aubert de Gaspé. The book was published in 1862: It deals with the people and conditions of New France at the time of the Conquest and is full of heroic incidents, humour and local colour. There is a bit of life at the old Jesuit College of Quebec, the life of the seigneurial manoir, descriptions of fêtes, customs, legends, all told in a vivid and picturesque way. The characters are so convincing that we feel that we know the seigneur and his family.

THE GHOST STORY.

José, Uncle Raoul and the exile Archibald Cameron of Locheil. Bright joyous figures they are when first we meet them, tempered later by the bitterness of warfare and conquest. The reader inevitably takes an interest in the life of the Colony. He gains the French-Canadian point of view regarding France. Quebec has never forgotten that it was abandoned by the Mother Country in the hour of its struggle. The reader learns too what is the French-Canadians' attitude towards England. The British flag protected them from the horrors of the French Revolution; it is their guarantee of peace and security, and not least, perhaps, is a bulwark against the "boastful Bostonais."

The following translations will serve to give an idea of the variety and charm of this inter-

esting book. A characteristic note is struck in the opening scene. The Angelus sounds from the Cathedral tower and all the bells of the city join in announcing the salutation which the Angel made to the Mother of Christ, patroness of Canada. The people in the streets devoutly recite the Angelus. The students of the Jesuits' College file out of the Church in an unusually subdued manner, for they are to say goodbye to two of their classmates, Jules d'Haberville, the son of a Canadian seigneur and Archibald Cameron, of Locheil, an exile in Canada. The two boys were warm friends and always passed their vacations together at the seigneurie. At Point Lévis they are met by an old family servant José, who on their long drive seizes the opportunity to relate his favourite story of the encounter of his "defunct father who is dead" with the witches.

"I cannot tell it as my defunct father did," he said, for I have neither his beautiful accent nor his fine voice. When he told it people shivered as if they had the ague. But I will do my best.

"One day my defunct father who is dead was returning from the city rather late. He had been entertained by his friends and they had become somewhat jolly, for he loved a drop, the brave, honest man, and always carried a flask of brandy in his bag when he travelled. 'Old man's milk,' he called it.

"It was already dark when my defunct father left. His friends tried to persuade him to stay all night, saying that he would have to pass all alone the cage where la Corriveau underwent punishment for the murder of her husband. You saw it yourself, gentlemen. When we left Point Lévis at one o'clock, she was very quiet in her cage, the wicked beast, with her skull without eyes. But do not trust her. She is sly. Though she cannot see by day, she knows well enough how to find the road at night to torment poor folk.

"Well, my defunct father, who was as brave as his captain's sword, told them he didn't care. He didn't owe la Corriveau anything, and a lot of other reasons which I have forgotten. So he touched his mare with his whip and was off like the wind.

"When he passed near the skeleton he thought he heard a noise like a moan, but as there was a strong south west wind blowing he thought it

was the wind whistling through the corpse's bones. He was a little bit scared at this, and he took a drink from his flask to brace him up. 'After all, it is necessary for Christians to help one another,' he thought; perhaps the poor creature was asking for prayers. He took off his cap and devoutly recited a *de profundis*, thinking that if it did not do her any good it could do her no harm, and at any rate he himself would be the better for it.

"He kept on at a good pace, but that did not prevent his hearing behind him 'tic-tac, tic-tac,' as if a piece of iron were striking against the stones. He thought the tire of his wheel or some bolt had become loose, and he got down to look. But everything was in place. He touched his mare with his whip, hoping to regain lost time; but no sooner had he started than he heard the 'tic-tac, tic-tac' again. As he was brave he did not pay much attention. Arrived at the height of St. Michel, which we passed an hour ago, he was overcome with sleep. 'After all,' said my defunct father to himself, 'A man is not a dog. Let us take a nap; we shall be the better for it, my horse and me.' So he unharnessed his horse and fastened her so that she could not wander away. 'There, my pet, is some good grass, and you can hear a brook close by. Good-night.'

"As my defunct father crept into his cabriolet to shelter himself from the dew, he took a motion to know what time it was. He looked at the three Kings to the south and the Chariot to the north and decided it was midnight. It was time, he said, that all honest men should be in bed.

"All at once it seemed to him that the Island of Orleans was on fire. He jumped over a ditch, propped himself upon the fence, and looked and looked. At length he saw that the flames danced along the shore as if the goblins, all the damned souls of Canada, had come together to hold their Sabbath. As he stared his sight became clearer and he saw a strange sight. They looked like a sort of men, a strange breed, however. They had heads as large as a half-bushel measure, decked up with pointed caps a yard long; their arms, legs, feet and hands were armed with claws; but they had no body to speak of, their legs were cloven up to their ears. They had almost no flesh, and were nearly all bones, like skeletons. All these pretty fellows had the upper lip split like a hare's lip, beneath which a rhinoceros tooth, a foot long, stuck out, like the pictures in the books about the supernatural, Mr. Archie. Then the nose! It was neither more nor less than a long pig's snout which they twisted from right to left of the tooth, to sharpen it, I suppose. I was forgetting the big tail twice as long as a cow's tail, which hung down their backs and served, I think, to chase the mosquitoes.

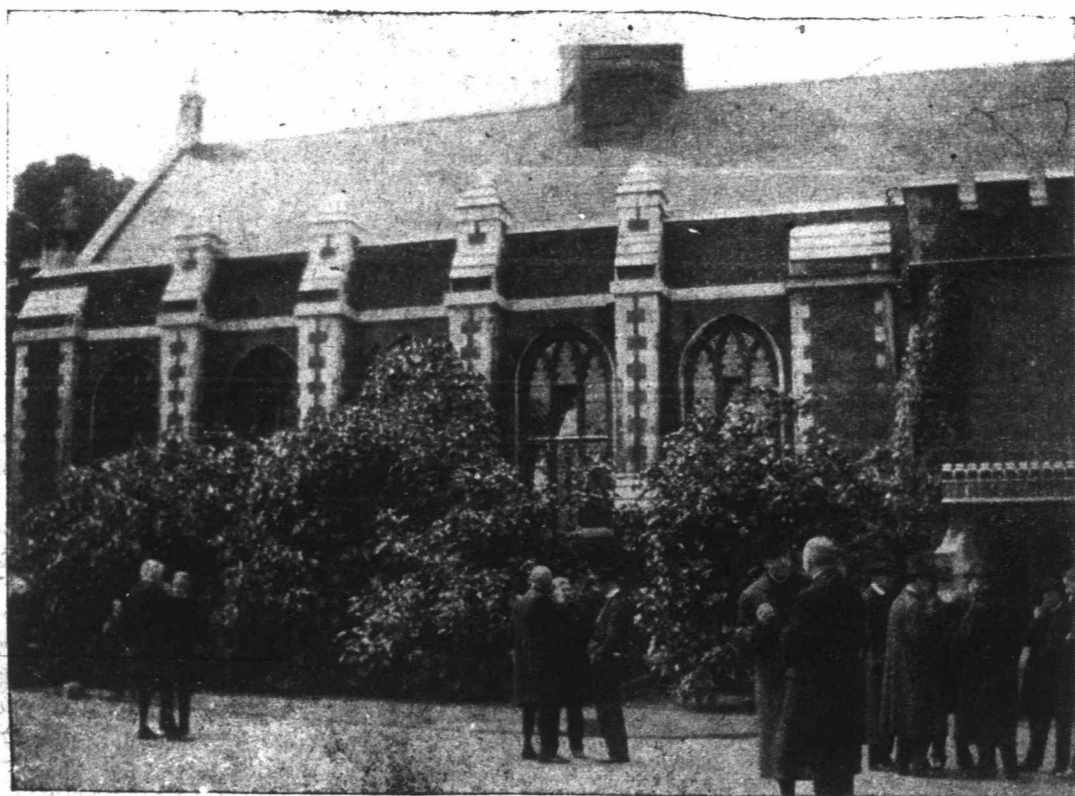
"The funny thing was that they had only three eyes for two goblins. Those which had only one eye in the middle of the forehead, like the Cyclops (Cyclops), of which your uncle, the Chevalier Monsieur Jules, who is a learned man, used to read to us from a big book, all Latin, like the breviary of the curé, which he called his Vigil (Virgil). Those which had only one eye held by the hand two acolytes which had both eyes. Flames leaped from their eyes, which lit up the Island of Orleans as light as day. The two-eyed acolytes seemed to have a great respect for the one-eyed ones. They saluted them and hovered around them, fluttering their arms and legs like Christians dancing a minuet.

"The eyes of my defunct father were sticking out of his head. It was worse still when they commenced to jump and dance without changing place, and to intone in a hoarse voice, like an ox being strangled.

"Oh the miserable cannibales, said my defunct father, an honest man cannot be sure of his property for a moment. Not content with having stolen my most beautiful song which I always keep till the last in weddings and festivals, they have hashed it up so you would scarcely recognize it. Instead of good wine, it is Christians they wish to regale themselves on.

"The witches continued their devilish song, looking at my defunct father, and pointing at him with their long rhinoceros tooth.

(Continued on page 835.)



THE LIBRARY AT LAMBETH.—*Spirit of Missions.*

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A Winter Evening in Chile

MISS J. THOMAS, M.A., Toronto

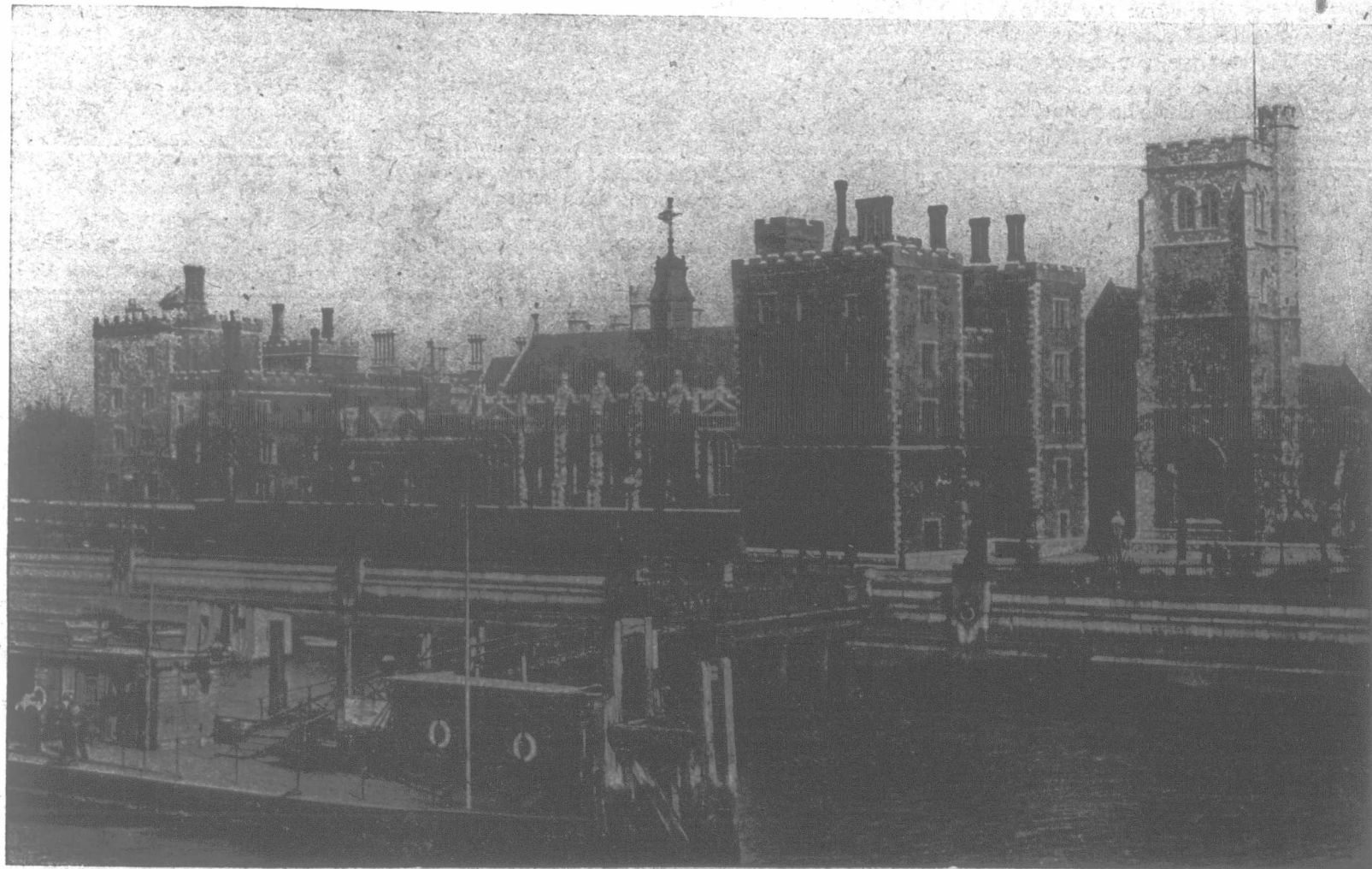
WHAT is Christmas-time like away down in Chile? It is summer-time down there now, and the first really enjoyable outdoor picnic will probably be held on Christmas Day!

But it was my fortune to visit Chile in mid-winter last July and August, and to see the school work among the Araucanians in full swing. Their mid-winter is not like ours, for there is no snow to be seen except on the tops of the mountains away over to the east, and there is but little

floor of the large schoolroom was cleared by pushing desks and benches to one side, a little baby organ was carried in, a couple of large lamps were lighted. Thirty neatly dressed girls gathered with the two lady missionaries and two native assistants. Then in came some fifty Indian lads with their two Chilean teachers.

First, we always begin with musical chairs. The "chairs," some low wooden stools, were ranged in a row, and round them tramped the boys while the organ played. Suddenly the music

passed to the second person, who did likewise with it, passing it to the third, and so on. The last in the line brought it to the referee, and the line which first got its flag to the referee was declared to have won. The Canadian visitor suggested that it would be interesting to have the girls play this against the boys. The Chilean teachers smiled, "Oh yes, but of course the boys would easily win," and it was tried. It was really quite unaccountable, but the girls won! and worse than that—they won three times running! The mis-



LAMBETH PALACE, FROM THE RIVER THAMES.

—Spirit of Missions.

frost. For all that, it was winter. The trees were stripped of their leaves, the roads were deep mud, and at times the rain fell in torrents. When the downpour would cease for awhile it was pleasant enough, for the sun was warm and the air mild on the bright north side of the house, where shelter could be found from the keen, piercing south winds.

During my stay we had some very pleasant evenings indoors with the girls and boys of the schools. Life should never be all work and no play, and young people in Chile, even Araucanian Indians, are just as fond of play as are young people in Canada. Our missionary in charge of the Quepe Girls' School has recognized this trait of human nature, and provides simple, wholesome pleasure for the Araucanian youths and maidens under her care. Be it remembered that the boys and girls of whom I speak are young men and women, not children. They are mostly of the later teen-age, some are twenty, few or none under fifteen.

Announcement was made to the boys in school on Friday that they were still invited to come to play games at the Girls' School that evening. Little preparation was made for the party. The

ceased. A rush—one boy is left without a place. But I need not describe musical chairs. Everybody knows it. It was quite as noisy and jolly a game as ever I have seen anywhere, and I never have seen it played where there was a brighter, keener sense of pure fun and fair play. No sour looks on the part of the losers and no quarrelling.

Next came "My ten." It is something like blind man's buff, played by two people, both blindfolded. One calls "My ten," and the other answers by shaking a pair of clappers. Our children in Canada have nearly the same thing in "Jacob and Rachel."

There followed other games requiring more or less skill. They danced in a circle round a high tin can, against which they tried to pull one another, and the big fellows showed wonderful dexterity in avoiding it. Two boys, each holding his left foot in his left hand, a candle in his right, tried to light one candle from the other. Of course they overbalanced and spilt the candle grease and missed ever so often, rousing peals of laughter from those standing about.

They played "banderos." Two lines of boys were drawn up, each with a flag which had to be carried right round the line by the leader and

missionary remarked to me in English that the sons were really quite hurt about it, and at the point of turning sulky. I determined to try a little diplomacy, and as it was then about time to stop the games asked for the honour of addressing them. Speaking, of course, by interpretations, I complimented them on their hearty play, their good temper, their being good sports, and lastly, on the politeness of the boys in letting the girls win in "banderos!" Smiles returned, and report has it that the visitor was declared to be "harta simpatica," an expression which the missionary declared she was unable to translate, though she assured me it was "something very nice." A hymn was sung, evening prayer followed, and then "buenas noches." I had learned to say in Araucanian "pun mai," but found they would much rather air their English and say "Good night."

Two or three fine-looking young men with handsome smiling faces waited to say good-night personally. They were ex-pupils who had been specially invited and seemed to enjoy the games and pleasant company as much as anybody. With them stood a round-faced beaming lad of nine-

(Continued on page 823.)

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age 825.)

"There Was a Man--" A Christmas Story

(Continued from page 818.)

derer of wife, son, brother, nephew and many of the highest and noblest in Judea, filling the city with spies and even stooping to this thing himself, and on the slightest suspicion giving the suspected one to torture and death. No foreign ruler could have been hated or feared more. At this time he was nearing the end of his blood-thirsty, evil life, but as yet there were few signs of it. Short grey beard, and small brilliant eyes that darted to and fro and gleamed with secret satisfaction as he saw the fear of those who bowed before him, yet outwardly for the time it best suited him to be gracious, so seating himself he motioned for the Council to do likewise.

When all had obeyed he spoke, "I have summoned ye, Council of the Sanhedrin for tidings hath come to me this night that a new king hath appeared in Jewry. 'Tis strange, for methought none of the brood were left, howbeit I would demand of ye where this king shall be found, for 'tis said that He is Messiah and His birthplace foretold. I would know, that I may welcome Him as becometh such a one."

There was a deep silence in the councilroom, none venturing to reply. "Speak," commanded the king. "Ye need not fear, I know ye loyal and but gathered ye that thou mightest tell me where this New King may be found."

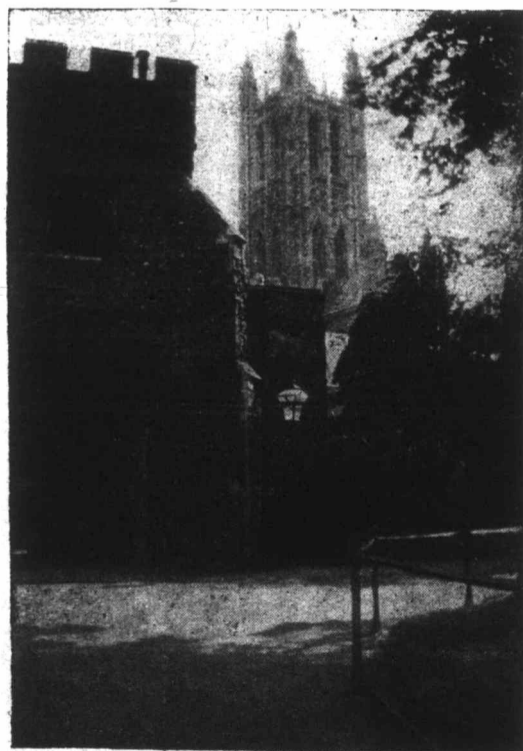
The President rose and bowed. "O king, in the Prophets it is written, 'In Bethlehem of Judea shall He be born who shall rule My people Israel.'" He hesitated, then continued, "It is written, 'Thou Bethlehem in the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule My people Israel.'"

The king frowned. "Is this true, O council?" he asked.

The members bow and many speaking at once answered, "Yea, O King," and the President of the Council, acting in the absence of the High Priest, spoke again. "If it is thy pleasure, most noble Herod, thy servant will show thee the writings."

The king rose. "Be it so," he said, and with a slight inclination of his head left the apartment as a sign that the council was over, the members rising and bowing low as before.

Short as has been the session, Nicodemus could scarce restrain himself. He would follow these men, he too would find the King, the Messiah, so that as soon as he could he hastened



A CORNER IN LAMBETH.

home, there giving command for a slave to follow the strangers when they left Herod's palace, and also ordering that a horse be prepared for immediate use. All desire for food or rest left him, and not till towards early morning, when he received word that the strangers had departed toward Bethlehem, could he cease his rapid pacing to and fro upon the roof. Then he hastily threw a heavy cloak about him and mounting the horse took the Bethlehem road after those who he desired to follow.

Bethlehem, five miles south of Jerusalem, was a short trip, and Nicodemus had even in this short journey overtaken the strangers ere they reached the place, his horse, urged on, easily overtaking the slower moving camels. As a short distance behind them he entered the village he was conscious that some event causing excitement had taken place. The inhabitants were all up and astir, though it was so early. As they passed slowly down the long street they suddenly halted as a small party of Temple shepherds drew near shouting and singing a refrain Nicodemus had never heard before, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and goodwill to men." The villagers had by this time gathered about the strangers, but Nicodemus called one of the shepherds to him.

"What mean ye by this song ye sing and why are the people gathered? Hath the Messiah come?"

The shepherd waved his arms excitedly. "Yea, glory to the Highest who hath sent Him and hath given grace to His servants to see Him." And then he related the strange story of the angelic visit, to the wondering Nicodemus.

Nicodemus felt a great thrill within him. It must be so. The strangers, the prophecy of the writings and now the story of the shepherd. Verily it must be indeed the coming of Messiah. He leaped from the horse, and, giving command for the shepherd to wait his return, hurried on foot after the strangers who had turned aside to enter a small khan at the end of the village street.

He turned in after them, and then crossing the khan yard approached a large cave from which a light and the sound of voices proceeded. At the entrance he paused and, looking in, saw a sight that he would long remember.

On a low shelf of earth covered with straw, over which sheepskin robes had been thrown, lay a young girl in her early teens. Clasped to her breast was a babe quietly sleeping, while over the rude cot stood a tall, black-bearded man in rough garments, but on his face a look of wonder and adoration as he turned to gaze at the young mother and sleeping babe. Beside the cot knelt the three strangers with faces bowed to the earth while the beautiful eyes of the girl-mother were turned wonderingly at a number of costly jars of frankincense and two small golden caskets. Nicodemus saw them rise and heard the low murmur of voices as they spoke to the tall man by the cot-side. He could not catch what was said, but saw them suddenly kneel again and one by one press their lips to the swathing band end that hung down over the side of the bed, then rising slowly one by one with lowly reverence they backed out from the presence of the little family. Nicodemus waited to see no more. Hesitating a moment, he suddenly entered, and kneeling, without a word, gazed at the mother and child, then drawing from his girdle a purse of gold, he laid it beside the other gifts and rose and left the cave.

He did not attempt to join the strangers, but, remounting his horse, turned back to the city. His mind was in a whirl, he could not understand, he remembered Hanani's words of the glory of the coming Messiah—but this was poverty, lowliness. Why, the parents were peasants—he could not understand it—unless it was that the prophecy of suffering and pain foretold by Isaiah was to be thus fulfilled. But even so he could see no connection between this babe and the burning beasts on the great altar of the temple. He would tarry patiently and see. If this was the Lord's Messiah, time would reveal it, but in his innermost heart, despite prophecy, shepherds' tale or strangers from a far land worshipping at the rude cot's side—he did not believe that this Babe held in its tiny life the hope

(Continued on page 831.)

The Heart of a Child

(Continued from page 817.)

How much more for this Child. And with this thought Southwell, the Jesuit martyr of Queen Elizabeth's reign, makes us see "a pretty babe all burning bright," weeping "as though his floods should quench his flames," himself the furnace, his love the fire, and men's souls the metal which is being wrought there to their own good. The tremendous contrast is never far out of mind, and our poets have perceived and striven for words in which to express the Divine paradox of Christmas:

The manner may be slightly conventional, according to the time,—

"The Son of God, the eternal king,
Who did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He Whom the whole world could not take,
The Word which heaven and earth did shake
Was now laid in a manger."

Sometimes great tones peal forth like some great organ,—

"This is the month and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace."

While a larger imagination sweeps the universe with its great questionings,—

"Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best that thou canst do,
A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend the powers of heaven and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth."

And kneeling in adoration they meditate on the mystery,—

"In the bleak cold winter a stable sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
Enough for Him whom cherubim worship night
and day,
A breastful of milk and a mangerful of hay.
Enough for Him whom angels fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel which adore."

For it is the Incarnation, the first step in the great adventure of Calvary. The children's Little Jesus is the Jesus of the Scars. Many voices sing Him; here is one coming out of the troubled deeps of the 17th century.

"Hast thou not heard how my Lord Jesus died?
Come, let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of power when He did ride
In His majestic robes of glory
Resolved to 'light, and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

"The stars His tire of light and rings obtained,
The cloud His bow, the fire His spear,
The sky his azure mantle gained,
And when they asked what He would wear,
He smiled and said as He did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

"When He was come as travellers are wont,
He did repair Him to an inn;
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel sin;
And having given the rest before,
Here He gave up His life to pay our store."

The Child calls us from His manger cradle which is also His throne, and we reply:—

"Christian, be thy heart's door undone,
Take in and warm the little one!"
"O God my love, O God my love,
So poor, so lowly, O God my love!"

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The Quiet Hour

Rev. Canon G. Osborne-Troop, M.A.

THE COMING OF OUR LORD—TO SUFFER.

IN approaching this most holy subject we have need of the utmost reverence and awe. We are indeed entering into the Holy of Holies as we contemplate the awful mystery of the suffering and death of the Son of the living God. The Old Testament Scriptures gaze on the coming tragedy of Calvary from afar off. We can with difficulty even begin to realize the vast difference between their viewpoint and ours. We look back upon that One Supreme Sacrifice. For us the Cross stands naked: the Tomb is empty. He Who once for all died beneath the intolerable burden of our sins now lives and reigns at the Right Hand of the Majesty in the heavens. But to the believers under the Old Covenant these wonders were wrapped in impenetrable mystery. They had indeed the Gospel. Even to ancient Abraham, as St. Paul assures us, the Scriptures preached the Gospel beforehand. And St. Peter says that the old prophets inquired and searched diligently what the SPIRIT OF CHRIST which was in them did point unto, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them. What men of faith these were, who with Abraham rejoiced to see Christ's Day, who saw it, and were glad! How they put us to shame!

How can any of us measure the depth, length, breadth, and height of that inspiration which enabled Isaiah to write—

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and THE LORD hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. . . .

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was He stricken. And they appointed His grave with the wicked, but with the rich man was His tomb; because He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth. . . . He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

We may with holy confidence challenge the universe to find any one to fulfil these words save the GOD-MAN CHRIST JESUS. He, and He alone, is the spotless Lamb of God, that hath taken away the sin of the world. In the grand words of the Holy Communion, He made there upon the Cross "by His one oblation of Himself, once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world."

For long and weary centuries penitent sinners waited in full assurance of faith for that Supreme Sacrifice, which alone could put-away sin. They, just as we, owe all to the Sinless Sufferer. Had He not died, no man living could be justified. Not even the Sermon on the Mount, enforced by the unique human life of God Incarnate, could have saved a single soul, had Christ not died.

"Blest Cross, blest Sepulchre, blest rather be
The MAN that there was put to shame for me."

As with lowly reverence we ponder Gethsemane and Calvary, let us never forget that the physical agonies of the Son of God, terrible as they were, were as nothing compared with His spiritual suffering. The bloody sweat in the Garden, and the heart-rendering cry upon the Cross, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" were wrung from Him not by physical agony, but by the inconceivable anguish of His sinless soul beneath the awful burden of human sin—your sin and mine. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the Law; but thanks be to God, Which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Fellow sinner, you and I are saved to serve.

"I would not work to save my soul,
For that my Lord hath done;
But I would work like any slave
From love to God's dear Son."

The Bible Lesson

Rev. Canon Howard, M.A.,
Montreal, P.Q.

First Sunday after Christmas,
December 26th, 1920.

Subject: The Birth of Jesus,
St. Luke 2: 8-20.

THE Angel of the Lord and the Glory of the Lord revealed to the shepherds made them very much afraid. The reassuring words of the angel, "Fear not," prepared them for the message he had to deliver. We may be quite sure that under these impressive circumstances every word spoken by the angel would be remembered.

1. The Shepherds. There was something poetically appropriate in making to the shepherds the announcement of the birth of Him Who was the Lamb of God, and Who, in His own teaching, called Himself the Good Shepherd. This, however, was not the reason they were chosen to receive the revelation made by the angel. They were devout, God-fearing men who were prepared in heart to receive the Divine revelation. Herod was not worthy to receive it, nor were the Scribes and Pharisees,

nor was the High Priest himself. In the matter of calling men to receive God's revelation, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." Throughout the Old Testament we find it as an established principle that God spoke to the humble and the pure in heart. When it came to the great revelation of Christmas God chose as the first witnesses of His love these holy and humble men.

2. The Angel and the Heavenly Host. Simple-minded and humble as the shepherds were it did not preclude them from receiving a wonderful revelation. In contrast with them and their lowly circumstances was the glorious setting of the revelation on its heavenly side. One of God's angels was sent to make the announcement. With him was a multitude of the heavenly host. Round about shone the glory of the Lord, the visible manifestation of God's presence. No common message was this. It concerned no ordinary child. The birth of a child who was to become a prophet or a king was not worthy of so great an announcement. We may dismiss it all as an idle tale, unless we are prepared to believe it as the announcement of the Incarnation of the Son of God.

3. The message of the angel. First, there was the personal message to the shepherds, "Fear not," allaying their natural embarrassment and dread. That personal message, however, has a meaning for all men to whom the Gospel comes. There were terrifying things in heathen religions and even the religion of the Jews was not without some elements that inspired fear. Christ's coming brought to men the knowledge of the love of God, and banishes slavish fear from the hearts of those who receive Him.

"Good tidings of great joy" are the words which describe the Gospel message. It was a message from God—the very best message which even God could give—and it brings joy to all whose hearts receive it. Observe how the thought of joy is so frequently expressed by those who know Christ. "Joy" and "rejoice" are favourite words of St. Paul who, perhaps, knew of the hardships which Christians had to bear as well as any man of his generation. Moreover, the good tidings which are world-wide in their objective are bound up with the fact that the Saviour Christ, the Lord, was born. An incarnate Saviour is the only One we can really come to know. The emphasis of the angel in his message is upon the fact of the birth of Christ.

4. The song of the heavenly hosts. Glory to God is the heavenly aspect of the Incarnation. God is glorified in service and men's praises are called forth by that which God has done. The ultimate end of the Incarnation is declared to be peace on earth. Those who receive Him find inward peace and, in the end, it shall bring peace to all. "Good will towards men" may mean "among men in whom God is well pleased," which indicates the love God has for men as shown in sending to them a Saviour. Or it may mean that the peace comes to men of goodwill, that is, those whose hearts have been prepared by grace. There is a deepening sense of the value to the world of men of good will. In such is the hope of lasting peace.

5. The Shepherds moved to action. (1) They resolved to go to Bethlehem; (2) they acted promptly upon their resolution; (3) they saw for themselves the new-born King; (4) they made known the message of the angel; (5) they went back to their ordinary duties with a new joy in their hearts and the praises of God upon their lips. It is a parable for us of expectation, experience, witnessing, and inward joy and peace.

REALISING the impossibility of personally communicating with their numerous friends at this Festive Season, the officials of the following Churches in Toronto desire to extend their Heartiest Xmas Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

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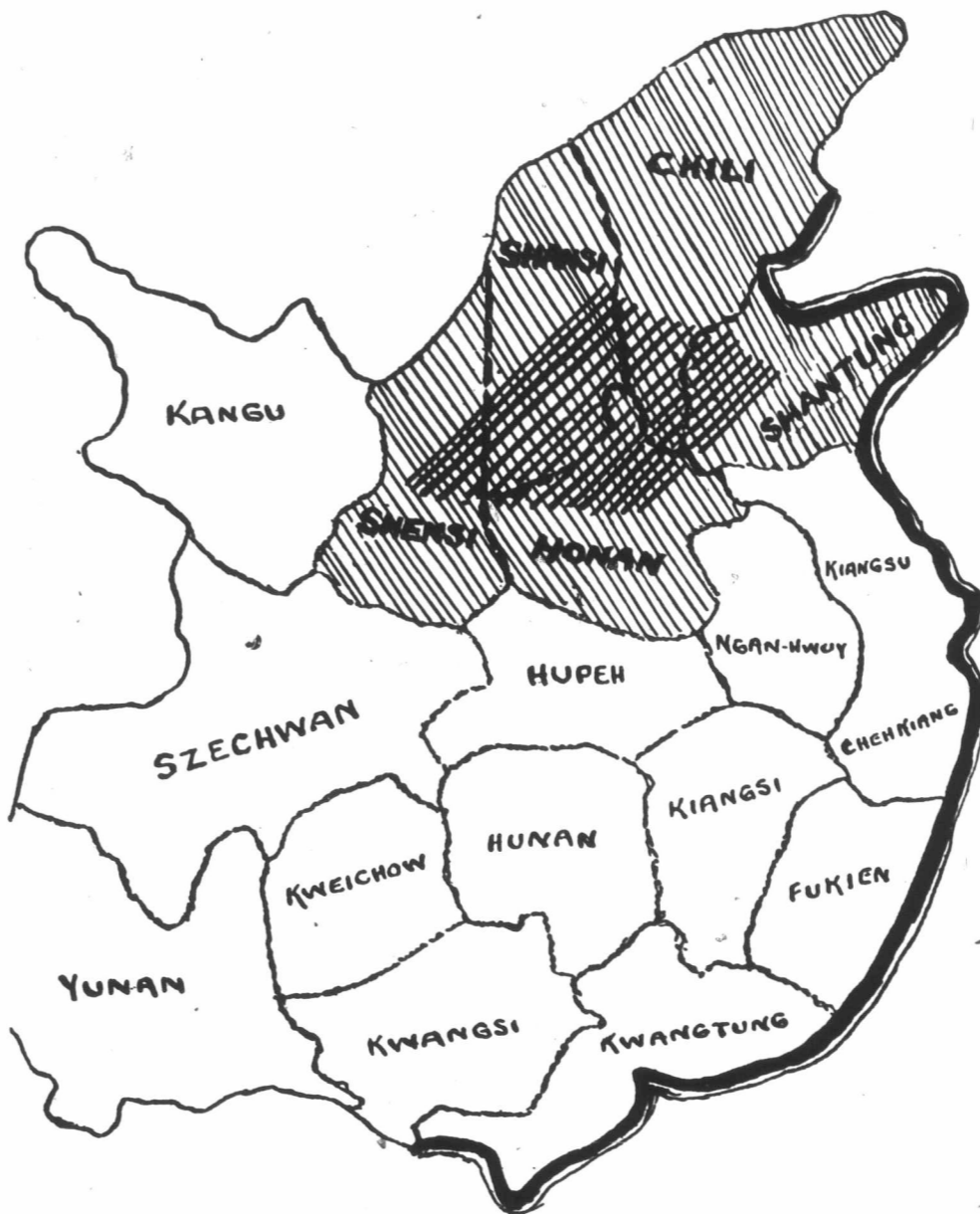
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MORE ABOUT THE CHINA FAMINE.
Famine Relief in Canadian Mission Areas.
THE Joint Relief Committee in Honan, of which Rev. Mr. Simmons, of our Mission, is Treasurer, is now hard at work administering relief. Mr. Simmons writes: "Our friends of the Canadian Presbyterian Church are right in the very worst area, and before the winter is over they will witness such misery as will haunt them to their dying days, unless they are enabled to minister adequately to its relief. We are so glad that you are working in conjunction with the Presbyterian office and relating your efforts. I am at the very centre of the Committee's work and will keep you advised from here regularly. The Shanghai Committee has already made grants to our Local Committee, and we have gathered over \$80,000 in the province. This is a good start, but in view of the awful need it is but a start."

What the Chinese Are Doing.
 It is the purpose of the Chinese Government to impose surtaxes on customs, salt and postal charges in aid of famine relief, and the government has asked the diplomatic corps to sanction a surcharge of 10 per cent. for this purpose.
 The Colony of Hong Kong has granted \$100,000 for famine relief in North China. This sum is already available for the use of the International Executive Famine Relief Committee through the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank.
 In Shanghai a committee of prominent Chinese merchants has been organized for famine relief. This committee has set as its objective the raising of \$5,000,000, and at last reports had already secured \$1,600,000 in contributions. Students of Government and Christian colleges are raising sums ranging from \$500 to \$1,500 each. The Students' Union of China has issued an appeal calling upon all citizens to work together and to give freely.

Chinese Christians Leading in Relief.
 Dr. C. T. Wang, former Vice-President of the Cabinet, and one of China's representatives at the Peace Conference, a graduate of St. John's Anglican University, Shanghai, has wired to the Cabinet in Peking urging that labour be secured for men in the famine area, giving food in return, and carrying out national plans for the opening up of roads and canals.
 The local Christian Churches through China are setting aside a Sunday for an offering on behalf of famine relief.
 A medical squad is being organized by the Kuang Chi Christian hospital to be sent to North China to aid the sufferers.

Cry of Forty Millions.
 Mr. D. MacGillivray, a Canadian whose home was formerly in Toronto, now engaged in literary work in China, writes that facts which they have received regarding the great famine are simply appalling. The committee are told of girls being tied to trees by their parents to keep them from following and left to starve while the parents go out to die; of children being thrown into the river, of husbands poisoning their wives and children to spare them suffering.

Relief Wanted Now.
 The chief point urged was the desperate need for funds to arrive early in the coming year, to supplement the advances made to cover the first few weeks of the famine. The minimum amount one can allow per head to keep body and soul together is \$1.00 a month. It means therefore that hundreds of millions of dollars must come in from outside sources during the next few months and early spring or multitudes must perish. Imagine the task of feeding or relieving a population as great as Canada multiplied by four!
 Reader, whoever you are, help us. Give to the extent of your really denying yourself something.
Remember the Appeal in Anglican Churches throughout Canada on Sunday, January 9th.

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Carrie Hunter's Christmas Letter

JEANNE ACADIENNE

SHE put her head wearily down on the table, holding a sealed letter in one hand. She had begun a Christmas letter of good cheer to her old school friend, and then, with a heart full almost to bursting, had thrown pride to the winds, and told her troubles as they were.

"Arthur is out at a meeting on the next concession, and I can write you something of what is weighing on my own heart. Jen, dear, we are not starving, but we are in need. We have not yet been able to get warm underclothing for Jack and Betty, not to speak of outside garments.

"Last winter we struggled along here, and I would wrap the little ones up in all sorts of coverings, and go out with Arthur to visit our parishioners, but I used to be almost fainting from exhaustion and cold before I reached home. This winter I cannot go! I have no warm coat, nor any money to buy one, and the children are far from well. Dear old Arthur goes off so cheerily on his blessed rounds. His coat (only a cheap one) is very much worn, but still has a bit of fur left on it. He will always say, 'Cheer up, dear, the Lord will provide for His own. He will not leave us comfortless!'

"But, Jen, I am almost mad with the worry of it! When I see my own flesh and blood pinched and ailing for lack of skilful medical care, and when I know that I cannot put another patch on my husband's clothes without making him appear absolutely poverty-stricken, it is breaking my heart. Do you think there are any rich, kind ladies in our Church who will understand and help? I am just leaving this matter in your sympathetic care, for you have always been such an unselfish friend, though I know full well you have many problems of your own.

"Do you remember how we used to pull the daisies, and mine always came 'poor man, poor man'? Little did I care then, and how little I thought he was coming in the guise of a colonial parson! I used to think that poverty was somehow always connected with alms. I did not imagine one of gentle birth and breeding could suffer as I do, Jen, dear, tortured with that awful dread—dread of the future, for my dear husband, for the little ones I have, and if it please God, for others yet to be given us!

"You may laugh or cry, Jen, when I tell you that my teeth are falling into decay, but it is true that neither Arthur nor I have been able to see a dentist since I came from home seven years ago. O, I must tell you that I saw some people whom you know. Last week one warm day I drove into town with Arthur and the kiddies. He coaxed me to go in with him to see Canon Neville, and there were three ladies calling with heavy, luxuriant seal coats on. Of course Arthur passed muster, having on his clerical collar, but I was the poor sister alright. I shrank from them all, and they returned it. This was a social meeting, not a church affair, or I might have been cordially received in spite of my old clothes, but I was made to feel that I was not 'one of them.' If you ever see any one from home, don't let them know of our condition. Ah! shall I ever see them again, I wonder! I cannot even afford a Christmas card this year."

Carrie Hunter's life passed in review before her as her weary head lay on the table. A brilliant young woman, in England, with a splendid

monetary position, she gave up all ambition for further worldly success and went across the ocean to share Arthur Hunter's life as a prairie parson. On that windswept land she made a cosy home, spending willingly all she had, to make life comfortable for her husband. He had nothing, indeed he was in debt, for with his years of college training, interrupted by a severe illness, he was forced to borrow money in order to go on with the Master's work. His wife went everywhere with him as long as she could, but when two little ones were given to them, she had to keep them at home for shelter. But the loneliness of that prairie life! Sand storms, and snow storms, and prairie animals ever near brought Carrie Hunter almost to a state of nervous exhaustion, watching ever anxiously for her husband's return from his pastoral rounds. One day in a church paper, which had been sent them, she saw that a parish by the sea was vacant. By the sea!

Oh, what music began in her ears! The song of the sea! It was never silent, and kept her awake at nights. She would take a long breath as if to take in that dear old smell of the sea. Why, that sea would be the same that touched her old home!

They went, but to get their furniture moved would cost them a small fortune, so they sold it at a great sacrifice to a skin-fint new settler, and they reached their new home by the sea with just the few clothes they possessed. It was summer, everyone was kind, the rectory was big, and airy, and some second-hand furniture was given them, but nothing new, for new things cost money. She loved the scenery and the salt air, and forgot for a while that they were so poor, for her husband started in so earnestly and full of spirits in their new parish, but food, clothing, hay, oats, coal, wood, everything jumped away beyond the paltry increase in salary, and she was now in a cold, desolate house, with a delicate husband and children, and no money to provide even comforts. They were forced to pay for the necessities which accompany the carrying on of their work, but nothing was left beyond providing food and something to cover their nakedness.

She got up, looked at the children, put another stick of wood in the yawning fire-box, made ready some plain but appetizing supper for her husband who returned shortly, and he remarked: "Why, Carrie, you look so bright to-night. I tell you, it cheers a man up to come home to a happy little wife like you." Carrie smiled at him, hugging the letter to her heart.

Next day she sent it off to her friend who understood. And Carrie Hunter is waiting.

Invaluable relics were brought to light by excavations made in Greek Macedonia for military reasons by the allied armies in the East. The collection includes neolithic instruments, vases of all forms known in ancient Greece, as well as jewels, bronze, silver and gold of great historical value. Tombs dating from the fifth and sixth centuries before Christ were also discovered. The objects unearthed establish the identity of the ancient civilization of Macedonia, with that of the rest of ancient Greece. They have been taken over by the Greek Curator of Antiquities.

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All Over the Dominion

A handsome war memorial tablet was unveiled in St. John's, York Mills, Ont., on December 12th, when Canon Hedley, a returned Chaplain, preached.

At the annual sale held by the Church of the Messiah, Toronto, on December 9th, the sum of over \$1,500 was realized in aid of the Building Fund of the new Parish House.

On St. Andrew's Day, Rev. C. A. Shortt, warden of the Anglican Theological College of B.C., conducted a Quiet Day and Intercession for missions under the auspices of the Diocese of Columbia, W.A. Board, in Victoria, B.C.

The Bishop of Ontario confirmed a large class of candidates in St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Napanee, Ont., on Sunday, December 5th. During the week previous, the Churchwomen's Guild held a bazaar, of which the net proceeds were over \$650.

The members of the Ministerial Association and Laymen, of Belleville, held a meeting there on December 9th to consider the recent Lambeth Conference Appeal for Union. Archdeacon Beamish and Rev. Rural Dean Swayne took part in the discussion, amongst others.

At St. Mary's Church, Richmond Hill, a very successful bazaar given under the auspices of the W.A. was held in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, December 8th, which netted about \$130. This is to be applied to the redecorating scheme for the church. Work is taking a new lease of life in this part of King Parish.

A Congregational Supper was held at St. Hilda's, Fairbank, Toronto, recently to celebrate the setting apart of St. Hilda's as a separate parish. Canon Brain was the chairman. The event of the evening was the presentation by Mr. J. Caulkin (the People's Warden), of a cheque subscribed by the people as a slight appreciation of his services, to the Rector, Rev. H. R. Young, which was accompanied by an illuminated address. Mrs. Young was the recipient of a bouquet of roses which was presented by the daughter of one of the oldest members of the parish.

The service held in Grace Church, the mother Anglican Church in Brantford, was unprecedented and unusual, being under the auspices of the A.Y.P.A. (Anglican's Young People's Association). The capacity was taxed to the limit. The lessons were creditably read by two young members, and the sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. N. Hoath, the popular and energetic President, and was most inspiring. After the service the congregation were invited to the Parish Hall where they were tendered refreshments and a social hour was profitably and well spent.

The Rev. Capt. Trench, M.A., Principal of Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, visited the parish of All Saints', Melfort, Sask., November 27th and 28th. On the Saturday evening the Church was filled for his illustrated lecture entitled "War and its relation to Missions in Central Africa." On the Sunday Principal Trench preached on the subjects of "The Christian Ministry" and "Worship." Forty men gathered for a special service in the afternoon for his address on "The Plain Man and the Bible."

The Woman's Auxiliary of St. Thomas', Morden, Man., held their annual Christmas sale of work on

December 4th, with splendid results. Jubilee services are to be held at Christ Church, Deer Park, Toronto, next Sunday. The Bishop of Toronto and Canon Paterson are the preachers.

On October 28th the Bishop of Huron visited St. Thomas' Church, Granton, Ont., and confirmed twenty candidates who were presented by the Rector, Rev. J. R. Bythett.

The 95th anniversary of Trinity Church, Quebec, was observed on November 21st and 22nd. The special preacher was Canon Skey, of St. Anne's, Toronto. Congregations both morning and evening were large, and the special offering, in spite of the November Forward Movement instalment being due, was larger than in past years. On Monday evening the laymen held their annual banquet in the Parish Hall, to which all the clergy of the non-Roman Churches in the city were invited, and a large number of the lay members of these bodies attended. The special speakers for the evening were Canon Skey and Col. Clarke who was in charge of the C.A.M.C. in Siberia.

A musical festival of unusual interest will be given at the Church of the Redeemer on Sunday evening, December 19th. Mr. Otto James, A.R.C.O., organist and choirmaster, has arranged a service entirely from the works of Gounod, which will be particularly appropriate to the season of Christmas. The choral works will include: anthem, "O Sing to God," "Sanctus and Gloria in Excelsis" (St. Cecilia), and the "Hymn of the Apostles" (Redemption). The solos and voluntaries will be from the pen of the same master. Miss Vida S. Coatsworth, L.T.C.M., pianist, will assist Mr. James with the accompaniments, and a devotional and artistic rendition of the service is assured.

Annual Quiet Day and Conference of New Westminister Diocesan Clerical Society were held on November 23rd and 24th. A large number of the clergy were in attendance. The Quiet Day was held in Bishop Hill's Memorial Church, South Vancouver. The leader was the Rev. C. A. Shortt, M.A., who made it a most helpful time in devotions and addresses. The conference, held in St. Paul's Parish Hall, dealt with some Reports of the Lambeth Conference. The speakers were Rev. Principal Vance, on Reunion; Rev. Dr. Craig, on Christian Science and Divine Healing; and Rev. H. J. Underhill, on Woman's Position in the Church. On Tuesday evening Dean Quainton, of Victoria, addressed a public gathering on "Impressions of the Reunion Resolutions."

Recent Appointments

Sims, Rev. H. A., Rector of St. James', Cobalt, to be Rector of St. Paul's, Fort William, Ont. (Diocese of Algoma.)
Blagrove, Rev. T. J., D.D., Rector of St. Mark's, Parkdale, Toronto, to be Rector of St. John's, Peterborough, Ont. (Diocese of Toronto.)
Cree, Rev. A. T. H., Rector of Parkhill, Ont., to be Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, London, Ont. (Diocese of Huron.)
Morton, Rev. S. E., M.A., Rector of Rawdon, to be Rector of Leeds Rear. (Diocese of Ontario.)

Public Speaking

FRANK HOME KIRKPATRICK
(COPYRIGHTED)

No. 4. Naturalness and Simplicity.

AN appreciation of the desirable may be stimulated or accentuated by contrasting it with the undesirable. Our estimate of the purity of vice, of the constancy of faith with the suspicions of jealousy, of the pleasures of hope with the miseries of despair.

Similarly, an appreciation of naturalness and simplicity in delivery may be aroused or heightened by placing them in contrast with unreality, artificiality and pretense.

In a certain theological college in which it is my privilege to lecture, there is held an annual oratorical contest. The event is looked forward to with great interest. The clergy and many of the laymen of the denomination encourage the students by their attendance. A few years ago the contest was presided over by a dignitary of the particular church that maintains the college referred to. Notwithstanding his distinction and authority, his superior intellectual attainment and high "spiritual endowment," he is simplicity itself. Probably I should have said on account of them, since simplicity and true greatness are twin brothers.

But to return to my story. This man addressed the students at the banquet that followed the annual contest. He drew generously from the rich store of his experience. He gave them much good advice. I particularly remember one statement which I prefer to repeat in his own words. It was this: "Gentlemen, if in your future ministry after preaching a sermon you should think enough about the manner of your delivery to ask anyone—no matter how sincerely—how you did, you will have departed that far from simplicity, naturalness and sincerity."

His meaning was, if you have a message, if you have something to say, do not be conscious of the manner of your delivery, but rather speak with the directness and the simplicity you would use in telling it if conversing with one individual.

On the other hand, I have in mind a certain professional orator. His purpose is entertainment. His method is, as it were, a box of tricks. He poses, strikes attitudes and manipulates his voice. His delivery is a combination of affected gestures and unreal intonations. The attention of his hearers is attracted to his manner, and not to his matter; to his delivery, and not to his message. He is not simple, natural, purposeful and sincere.

Or, have you attended some school function where some "sweet little miss" had been selected and prepared to "say a piece?" In all probability this preparation was made under the direction of one of her teachers, who had taken some lessons in "gestures." You will remember how ridiculously affected the whole performance was—or probably you will prefer to forget it.

By what right are such artificialities imposed upon children not yet

Brotherhood

The President and Council wish all the Members of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Canada a Very Happy Christmas.

While we are enjoying the fellowship of our family circle at Christmas time, let us not forget the real purpose of the season, which is to render thanks to God for the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ; and let us show our Brotherhood by inviting to our circle some of those lonely souls who have no home of their own, but yet have the right to rejoice at the birth of their Saviour. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me."

Brotherhood Notes.

Toronto.—A very interesting ceremony was performed on December 8th, when Mr. Evelyn Macrae, vice-president of the Brotherhood, presented Charter No. 567 to the Chapter of the Hospital for Incurables. This Chapter, with the exception of the Chaplain, Archdeacon Ingles, is composed entirely of patients, and their work consists of ministering to their fellow-patients. The Chapter at St. John's, Norway, has been revived and is looking forward to a successful winter's work. The general secretary spoke to the thriving men's club on the question of personal service, and his appeal resulted in a number of men joining the Brotherhood Chapter.

Winnipeg.—St. Matthew's Chapter sent in a splendid report of work which we would like to print in full. They had a splendid annual meeting on St. Andrew's Day, and are looking forward to renewed efforts during the coming year. The newly-formed Chapter at St. Philip's, Norwood, is making great headway. The ten members are all keen, and the Corporate Communion on Advent Sunday, at which the new members were admitted, has been an inspiration, not only to themselves, but to the visitors which were present from other Chapters.

Regina.—St. Paul's Chapter is once more flourishing, and under the guidance of F. W. Tanner, the director, is planning for a Church Attendance Campaign early in the new year. This Chapter is acting as a source of strength to other churches, and E. A. Matthews, the Dominion Council member, states that at an early date he is going to Pense with the object of forming a Chapter there, and that either he or the Rector, Canon G. F. Davidson, will go to Swift Current for a similar purpose.

Melfort.—The men of Melfort are keenly interested in the follow-up work and the Forward Movement, and have formed themselves into a Probationary Chapter of the Brotherhood for this purpose. The Rev. G. Barnes is the Rector and Mr. H. D. B. Clark, secretary-treasurer. The names of the other officers have not yet been received.

old enough to discriminate for themselves?

I feel that anyone who will take the trouble to contrast the latter two types of delivery with that suggested by the clergyman in his address to the theological students will be impressed with the desirability of naturalness and simplicity in public speaking.

(Next article—"Preparation.")

THE MANAGEMENT OF SHAW'S BUSINESS SCHOOLS

extends Greetings to the readers of this journal with best wishes for a

Merry Christmas

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WORLD BROTHERHOOD DAY

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1921

The Executive Committee of the World Brotherhood Federation—Eminent Leaders of Men's Work in the Protestant Churches of the World—decided at the recent Congress in Washington to request the Universal Observance of BROTHERHOOD DAY on the First Sunday in January.

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and Conference Diocesan Clerical November 23rd number of the ance. The Quiet

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Bonnie Prince Fetlar.

Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe," etc. McLelland & Stewart, Toronto (351 pp.)

Prince Fetlar, a black Shetland pony, is the new friend which a host of readers, young and old, will find in Miss Saunders' latest book. We know of no writer who has made the world of common things so intimate and significant for young readers as Miss Saunders. This story has a warm interest in following the development of a nervous, motherless city boy, who jumped at the laugh of a loon and shrank from every wild thing into a lad that loved God's out-of-doors. His adventures among a crowd of healthy children were more painful than interesting to him. The story of how he found a mother is one of the prettiest parts of Miss Saunders' pleasing tale. The popular appreciation of her tales is shown by the fact that their sale has passed the million mark.

The Air Plane Spider.

By Gilbert Murray. McLelland and Stewart, Toronto. 86 pp.; \$1.00 net.

From walks with his own children in the garden, Mr. Murray has written out an amusing and most instructive story in nine short chapters of a tarantula spider which he names Laura. There are eight coloured pictures. We learn that Laura has to wear a black apron, when she is full grown, that she has to go and "hunt for a husband," that she has to prepare the home for the groom, and that she finally has to eat him up so that nobody else will get him. How Laura spins her web is a most fascinating bit of this child's tale.

Adventures in Mother Goose Land.

By Edward Gowar. McLelland and Stewart, Toronto. 254 pp.; \$2.25 net.

Little Noel wished himself into a book, and goes off with Humpty Dumpty's daughter on thirteen adventures into Mother Goose Land, riding on a broom-stick. When he comes back, he finds that Grandma is quite ready to read these stories to him for the print is so big she does not need glasses." Another surprise for Noel is that coloured pictures have been taken of himself as he meets Dr. Fell, the old woman under the Hill, Dr. Faustus, and many others of the Mother Goose family. His delightful journey ends with the wedding of Humpty Dumpty's daughter to Old King Cole's son, and so he has to "go home" to his mother, who finds him sitting up in bed holding a book in his hand and saying: "My wish has come true!"

The Burgess Annual Book for Children.

By Thornton Burgess. McLelland and Stewart, Toronto. 363 pp., with index; \$3.00 net.

From little Nimbleheels, the jumping mouse, to the largest land animals and sea-mammals, the author has carried out his story-telling descriptions. Nothing seems to be left out. There are 32 full-page illustrations in colour, and 16 full-page illustrations in black and white by Louis Fuertes. The love and friendship of the author for every bird and animal in our country is quickly communicated to the young reader, and all boys and girls who are fortunate enough to get this book cannot but grow in sympathy and interest for dumb animals.

Stronger Than His Sea.

By Robert Watson. McLelland and Stewart, Toronto. 300 pp.

Sandy, our hero of five, a country boy, was "up against it" from the start, always having to put up with bragging companions, and when he thought he had one over them, when his father died, Geordie scornfully said, "Any one could have a funeral like you. It was only a walkin' funeral, and my father's no' goin' again except when there's cabs and beef-steak pie." This is a strong tale of a strong, good lad, who won in life's struggle and lost not his soul. It gives you a good taste in the mouth, and can be read with pleasure and profit by young and old.

The Eyes of the Law.

By Ethel Penman Hope. McLelland and Stewart, Toronto. 236 pp.

This story is a "mix-up" of personalities and names, mostly married people of mature age. There is little in it to attract young readers, but how the love-tangles are straightened out, and how each Jack finally gets his Jill, is rather interesting reading. The scene is for the most part at a fashionable New England resort. The story is clean and true to some kinds of life.

The Girls of Miss Clevelands'.

By Beatrice Embree.

A word about the author of this story of Boarding School life in Toronto will undoubtedly be of interest to many readers. Miss Embree is the daughter of a well-known schoolmaster and writer on educational matters. She took a special Arts course at Trinity College, was a resident of St. Hilda's and later became mistress at St. Margaret's College. The delightful thing about her book is that the reader never knows which part the writer has really experienced, that of the pupil or mistress. The modern girl is portrayed, healthy, slangy, athletic, frank, and full of purpose, a great contrast to the older boarding school girl. The "villain" is not allowed much choice to work out deadly plots against her school-mates, as in the old times, but among these girls at Miss Clevelands' there is a club motto, "The Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth," which they find mighty hard to keep, and very inconvenient at times.

The girls gather from Halifax, Vancouver, and from away down South, and sly digs are given about the various kinds of pronunciation. The boastful, stretching-the-truth girl is properly squelched, when she arrives back from her Christmas holidays with the yarns about her gaieties, her late hours, many domestics, twelve-passenger cars, etc., and, what is better, she is exposed in her fabrications by an innocent young thing who remarks: "I met some one who knew you—Myrtle Brown. She was a great talker, knew all about every one in Brandon." The everyday life at school is well described—Jill at work and play, and the closing days, so precious in memory. This book ought to appeal to every girl who has passed any time in a Canadian girls' boarding school, and will be a better eye-opener for those who intend to go than many prospectuses.

"We are strong only as we are pure."—The Christian.

The Church in the West

SASKATCHEWAN NOTES.

Rev. W. G. G. Dreyer, formerly financial missionary in the diocese, has been visiting the west recently in the interest of the Deaconess' House, Toronto, endeavouring to secure young women for training and enlist support. He preached at St. Alban's at the special St. Andrew's Day Service, November 30th.

After many years of faithful work the Rev. J. B. Gibson left Lloydminster for his new work at Anyox, B.C. Until a successor is formally appointed the Rev. A. Cross, L.Th., has been appointed as locum tenens and is now in charge.

The Rev. J. B. Gibson has been most faithful to the work since his coming to the diocese shortly before the "Sixty." His work at Merrill and Perdue as catechists and his rectorship of Lloydminster, where he succeeded Rev. C. Carruthers, were appreciated. We are glad to know that he expects to return to Saskatchewan.

The Rev. E. Hodson, L.Th., has resigned the parish of Christ Church, Saskatoon, to accept work at Hazelton, in the diocese of Columbia. He expects to leave for his new work the beginning of January.

The Rev. E. Hodson came out with Dr. Lloyd's party of catechists in 1907, and gave good service at Watson, Langham, Radisson, St. George's, and Christ Church, Saskatoon. He has been a faithful parish worker, and his work amongst the boys and in the pulpit have been greatly appreciated by his people.

Mr. J. H. Smith, a recent graduate of Emmanuel College, was ordained to the diaconate on Sunday, November 28th, at St. Saviour's, Vermilion. Rev. H. A. Edwards preached the sermon, and in the absence of Archdeacon Dewdney, presented the candidate. Mr. Smith is stationed at Vermilion.

The Rev. A. T. Leach is now occupying the comfortable parsonage recently purchased for him at Macklin. Mr. Leach has the honour of being president of the Local Council for the R.E. Council for the Wilkie District.

The Rev. J. B. Bunting, who was offered a new field of work in the spring, has decided after careful thought and prayer to remain at Mount Hope. His decision will be a great encouragement to his people.

ATHABASCA NOTES.

We are pleased to announce that as a result of the Home Missionary Appeal for workers in the Indian Department of the Church's work, Miss Favelle, from the congregation of the Ven. Archdeacon McElheran—that is, St. Matthew's, Winnipeg—is now on her way to join the staff of one of our Indian schools. She will probably be stationed at Whitefish Lake. Two other lady workers are also expected to go to other schools where the matrons are working single handed.

While attending the centenary pilgrimage down the Red River near

Winnipeg last month, several members of the diocese visited the grave of the late Archdeacon Scott, formerly in this diocese, and for a number of years in charge at St. Peter's Indian Mission, Dynevor. The members of the party were photographed at the grave, which is in the pretty churchyard of St. Andrew's. Copies have been made, and by the kindness of the Bishop these will be sent to a few who knew the Archdeacon in the North.

Church News in Brief

Inability to secure suitable missionaries and the inadequate time which remains for preparation has resulted in the proposed Lenten Mission in Winnipeg being postponed until October of 1921.

On St. Andrew's Day special services were held at St. Thomas', Morden, Man. The W.A. made a Corporate Communion and a cycle of missionary intercession was maintained through the day, ending with a full service in the evening with address.

St. Paul's, Runnymede, Toronto, have realized \$3,500, payable within a year, for their new church building. The congregation is rapidly growing. A Men's Association, formed last spring, has now a membership of 50. St. Matthew's, Toronto, A.Y.P.A., won the second of a series of debates at present being held throughout that city at Christ Church, Deer Park, Toronto, on December 9th.

An interesting service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ont., on December 5th, when nearly 40 babes whose names are on the font roll were

formally admitted to the next stage of their Church life. The primary little ones were present to welcome the smaller ones and they sang a little hymn of their own. A feature of the service was the catechizing of the children by the Dean of Huron.

At a meeting of the S.S. Teachers of the city of Halifax, the Rev. T. H. Perry, Rector of St. Matthias' Church, was unanimously elected President of the S.S. Teachers' Institute for the ensuing year. During the coming year a new method will be followed in conducting the Teachers' Institute. Rather than meeting at one place as formerly the teachers will go from Church to Church each month, one School providing hospitality and one of the visiting Schools providing the programme for the evening. Halifax is noted for the large number of S. Schools, considering the population, and it is hoped that great interest and enthusiasm will be aroused among all the teachers of the city.

The Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Toronto, has been carrying on the Forward Movement in a decidedly practical way. Co-operating with the other Protestant bodies in the locality every house in the parish has been visited to ascertain the church affiliation of every family and also the Sunday School attended by the children. The west end of the parish has been very poorly served by the church, as the distance to any church of our own denomination has been too far for either the young children or the aged. The Rector and wardens have rented a hall, which has been fitted up as a mission, and Sunday School is held every Sunday at 3 p.m., followed by evening prayer at 4.15. The opening service was conducted on Sunday, November 21st by Rev. Canon Hart and the sermon preached by Rev. J. D. Paterson.

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A ROYAL ERRAND BOY

By ROSALIE DE WOLFE

NOT long ago, young Prince Henry, the third son of the King of England, shook in his royal shoes quite as violently as any American boy does, when he has to take a difficult examination. King George and Queen Mary, his father and mother, had decided that Prince Henry should attend the famous old school of Eton, and not even a prince may be excused from its entrance examinations.

However, because the boy belonged to the royal family, he was given a private examination before the "Head," as the Honorable Edward Lytton, the head master of the school, is called. But being all alone with the learned gentleman, Prince Henry thought, was even worse than having companions to share his nervousness. In mathematics, history and English grammar, Prince Henry acquitted himself fairly well, and when it came to French, he was quite at home, for he had studied the language since he was five.

"Very good," said the "Head," and the prince felt sure that he was going to be put in the "upper remove," which is the name given to the higher class. But alas, when Prince Henry began to translate Latin and to recite Greek grammar, studies which schoolboys in England begin much earlier than is the custom in this country, the "Head" began to frown. The fact was that Henry was far behind other boys of his years in these studies and must be put for a term at least in the "lower remove." This meant that the son of the king would have to be a "fag" and run errands for Johnny Jenkins, Sammy Smith, or any other boy who happened to be in an upper class. The rules and customs of the school are not changed for any boy, no matter who his father may be.

Prince Henry was glad to go to Eton even as a member of the "lower remove." He enjoyed especially laying in a supply of the kind of clothes that every Eton boy must wear. There was the Eton jacket, cut square in the back and without tails; the broad rolling white collar; the plain, dark waistcoat; the long trousers, and the greatest novelty of all, a silk hat, the "topper."

The very first day, Prince Henry learned that as he was only a "lower remove" boy, his "topper" must have a cloth and not a ribbon band, and that he must leave the lower button of his waistcoat unbuttoned.

Prince Henry was rather anxious for his duties as a "fag" to begin. He heard from the other boys that he was lucky in having been chosen a "general fag." They told him that nearly every "lower remove" boy must black boots, make tea or do errands for one particular "upper remove" boy whose special "fag" he is. Besides these special "fags," there are ten "general fags," who may be called to serve the members of the sixth form, but not of fifth form, at any time when their special fags are busy.

Prince Henry's turn came soon when an "upper remove" boy, the grandson of a well-known manufacturer of thread, called on him to make tea. In England even schoolboys take tea at five o'clock. Prince Henry was slightly nervous over his new duties, for although the children of the royal family are brought up rather plainly, yet he had never attended to all of the details of tea-making alone. However, everything went off very nicely.

In the course of the next few days, Prince Henry learned many other things besides tea-making and his lessons. He must never walk, so long as he remains a "lower remove" boy, on the west side of "High" St., unless he is calling at the shops. He must never wear a fancy coloured waistcoat nor brown shoes. Nor may he carry a rolled umbrella. In cold weather he may not turn up his coat collar unless he happens to belong to a society called the "Pop." And until he becomes an upper class boy he can never walk arm in arm with another boy or whistle a tune when he happens to be feeling cheerful.

Every Eton boy enters himself for a sport of some kind and Prince Henry has chosen to be a "dry bob." That means that he will go in for cricket and football. If he had chosen rowing instead, he would have been called a "wet bob." When Prince Henry plays football, he wears a pair of gray "knickers," a flannel shirt, a sweater, a scarf, a cap and black boots.

Threepenny Day, February 27, is a great day at Eton. Then all the boys receive a threepenny bit as a present. In by-gone times, when the Eton boys had less pocket money, the threepenny bit meant a great deal to them. Nowadays they spend much more than this on Threepenny Day, but they enjoy the fun of receiving the small coin just as much as the

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BOY

boys of long ago. When this custom was new, the boys could have their choice of the threepenny bit or half a sheep, which at this time was worth only that amount. The students tell the story that in recent years one boy demanded the half of a sheep.

The greatest day of all for the Eton boys is the Fourth of June, the birthday of George III, who was the great-great-grandfather of Prince Henry. The Fourth is a whole holiday, when the Eton boys invite their friends to spend the day and the old Etonians come back for reunions. For this great occasion the boys wear a special costume which consists of a blue jacket with gilt buttons, white duck trousers, pink socks and black patent leather pumps with gold buckles. Yet in spite of this elaborate dress, they are real boys; they enjoy thoroughly the big cricket match in the afternoon and the procession of boats in the evening; and they do full justice to the banquet which, with a display of fireworks, brings the day's programme to a close.—"The Boy's World."

SPECIAL SERVICES AT ST. JAMES' CHURCH, THREE RIVERS.

November 27th and 28th were red-letter days in the history of this church. On the evening of the former, the Lord Bishop of Quebec confirmed thirty-seven candidates, thirteen of whom were formerly connected with other communions. The candidates were presented by the Rector, and Rev. J. W. Harrison, of Shawinigan Falls, acted as Bishop's Chaplain. At the 8 o'clock service next morning there were about 60 communicants. The Rector was celebrant, and the Bishop assisted. Morning Prayer and a second celebration of the Holy Communion followed at 11 o'clock. The Bishop was the celebrant and

preacher, and he also read the Lessons. There was a good attendance, and about 70 communicants. At the Sunday School hour, 3 p.m., the Bishop spoke to the children for a few minutes.

At the beginning of the evening service, the Honour Roll Memorial Tablet, most artistically designed by Percy E. Nobbs, architect, of Montreal, was unveiled by Lieut.-Col. Ritchie, D.S.O., M.C., a former member of the congregation, who went overseas at the beginning of the war as Lieutenant, and came back in command of his regiment; and, together with two small brass mural tablets, was solemnly dedicated by the Bishop. On the tablet are engraved the names of forty-one members of the church who served in the great war. After the unveiling and dedication, Scout Master Jones hung a wreath on the wall under the tablet. Evening Prayer was then proceeded with and was taken by the Rector, the Bishop read the Lessons, and Col. the Rev. Canon Almond, C.M.G., D.C.L., Director-General of the Canadian Chaplain Service during the war, was the preacher. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and every one in the large congregation listened intently to the veteran Chaplain's eloquent, inspiring and thrilling message.

"Show me a place where there isn't any meetin'-houses and where preachers air never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where wimmen air slip-shod, and where maps of the devil's wild land air painted upon men's shirt-bosoms with tobacco juice! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em."—Artemus Ward, 1834-1867.

"There Was a Man--"

A CHRISTMAS STORY

(Continued from page 822.)

of Israel and the glory that had departed.

Thirty-three years had passed away. Again it was evening time, and on the same roof where years before he had talked with Hanani, now long years dead, Nicodemus sat. Time had dealt kindly with the Pharisee. His form had ripened into full manhood, iron grey heavily streaked his hair and heavy lines marked the face, but he was still a forceful and vigorous man despite his years.

He had been reading from a small roll, but as darkness gathered he laid the roll aside and rising walked to the battlements and gazed out over the city. From time to time he listened anxiously and at last hurried to the outer stairway leading to the street as he heard rapid footsteps, and as a short, thickset man appeared, held out his hand in greeting, and led his visitor to a seat. Not till then did he speak, and then, with a voice filled with anxiety, he asked: "What have they decided? Speak quickly, friend Joseph!"

His friend, known in Scripture as "Joseph of Arimathea," threw aside his mantle, and wiping his brow with a corner of his robe, answered:

"They have passed sentence of death. Through the treachery of one of the Nazarene's followers, his shelter is known, and under authority of Pilate He will be taken to-night. Woe to the guilty priests who seek the life of the Innocent One. A good man, yea more than a man, for never was man that spake as this man or did the things that he doeth."

Nicodemus rose and walked rapidly up and down as he asked again:—

"Can nothing be done, O Joseph? There hath been nothing found against Him, and we know that 'tis only through envy Caiaphas seeketh his death. Pilate will not give sentence of death against him."

Joseph shook his head. "I know not, but if the priests so demand methinketh me Pilate will not refuse. To him it mattereth little and he would win favor with Annas and Caiaphas."

Nicodemus again seated himself and said softly: "Tis now nearly two years since first I saw the Rabbi. His mighty works and new doctrine were filling the city and I, who have ever sought the truth, even in new form, would hear Him. Thou knowest, too, O friend, of the strange happenings of the last days of Herod the king. I knew not for many years that the babe of whom such strange tidings were heard had escaped, but thought that he perished with those Herod slew when the strangers from the East fled away without again seeing him. Yet was it told thy servant that the Rabbi who did such mighty works and the babe were one. I sought Him one night. He tarried at the house of one Mary, the mother of Mark, who was a follower of Him, and dwelleth in the lower town near the linen bazaar. I went secretly, for thou knowest the hatred of the rulers against Him. I climbed the outer stairs and found Him alone upon the housetop in a small chamber. Never shall I forget Him. Tall with thick gold-brown hair, eyes that seemeth to pierce me through, and a face fair and beautiful beyond that any pagan



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sculptor hath ever conceived. He met me with friendly greeting and welcome smile. I have told thee before of His words, that I must be born again, and that I could not understand whereof He spake. I asked of Him the meaning of sacrifice, and He spake of the love of the Holy One whom He calleth His Father, whom, sayeth He, sent His only begotten Son into the world, that He might be lifted up and draw all men unto Himself. I know not to this day whereof He spake, but I know and have witnessed, as hast thou, O Joseph, His mighty works of healing; yea, the very dead live at His command. With thee I say: 'Woe to us if the innocent die.'

Joseph took up his mantle. "I go again to seek further news. I will do what I can, but I fear me that

crucifixion. Along the road that led through the busy quarter of Acra, beyond the two gates and the suburb of Bezetha, close to the grotto of Jeremiah, to the place of Golgotha, called the place of the skull, lying north of the city and not far from the outer walls, the two friends passed. There a great multitude had gathered, and already the terrible sentence had been carried out. Three crosses stood side by side upon the small knoll, each cross guarded by four soldiers, the little company of troops being commanded by a tribune.

Nicodemus, with Joseph, forced a passage as near as they could through the crowd, till they stood almost directly in front of the central cross. There hour by hour they stood in silence, listening to the rude mockery of the crowd, urged on by the many



little can be done. Thou wouldst not attend the council to-night, so thou canst not know how great is the enmity to the Rabbi. Peace be to thee, my friend. And with these words he turned away.

With the early morning Nicodemus received word that the Master had been taken, that after trial before Caiaphas He had been sent before Pilate, who, having tried without avail to win His release, had pronounced sentence of crucifixion on the Nazarene, and that at the sixth hour He would die.

Stunned at the news, for Nicodemus had hoped that Pilate would refuse the sentence of death the leaders demanded, he hurriedly sought Joseph, and with him in the early morning hour followed the crowds that were making their way to the place of

priests and leaders scattered amongst the people, but which gradually grew less and finally hushed as no sign or groan was heard from the sufferer on the cross. The two men heard the words of comfort spoken to the thief dying at His side. They heard His tender words of pitying care as He commended His mother to one of His disciples, and then His prayer for mercy for those who willed His death. As they listened, the spirit of the watching crowd seem to change. Many recalled His acts of mercy and healing, yea, many present had received help at His hands, and the whisper, first low, but growing in strength, passed through the people: "The innocent dies. Never hath this man done ought but good, healing the sick, preaching to the poor, seeking always the good of men." Even the priests seemed to realize this change

in the mob's feeling, for they ceased their efforts to arouse it. Nicodemus felt awe, pity, remorse, as if even he had shared in the act which placed the Nazarene on the cross. As he was conscious of the

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different feelings that thrilled him, he recalled the words that he had spoken to Hanani long years ago. Then there came to him the words of the dying one, spoken to him that night when he had secretly sought Him: "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." Then came the words of the Prophet: "God hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Suddenly the cloud passed from his mind; with a loud cry that caused Joseph to turn to him in amazement, the revelation came. This was the Great Atonement. Sacrifice of sheep and goat, bullock or fowl, why they were but the types of this One who was sacrificed through the hatred of the people. He had proclaimed Himself the Son of the Highest and now, held up between heaven and earth, the guiltless One was passing in supreme agony of body and soul. This was the supreme sacrifice offered for the sins of men. Blinded by the sudden illuminating flash of truth, Nicodemus fell on his face, regardless of the assembled people, and then as in very abasement of spirit, but strangely mingled with grief and joy—grief that such a one died, joy in the revelation that had come—he prayed. He was conscious of some force drawing his attention to the cross, he lifted his head and there saw the dying eyes fixed upon him, and even as the head of the sufferer bowed in final surrender to death, was filled with sense that the One on the cross understood. Nicodemus was not conscious of the sudden darkness that had fallen; he did not feel the terror of the people, or see their sudden flight as the earth heaved and rolled under them. Once again he seemed to be back in the little khan in Bethlehem where, with the strangers of long ago, he bowed in lowly worship to the sleeping babe, God's last best gift to men.

THE END.

A WINTER EVENING IN CHILE.
(Continued from page 821.)

teen, a day boy, who requested permission to have his sister, an assistant teacher in the school, come home with him that night as he wished to take her to town next day. "Permiso" was readily granted, and while Maria was getting ready she gave her bundle to the brother, Juan Antonio, to hold for her. The missionary asked me, "Do you see that? Juan Antonio is holding his sister's bundle! You know among the Indians it is always the women who carry the parcels, isn't that good?" Once more the Canadian visitor stepped in and complimented Juan Antonio on carrying his sister's bundle—"as a gentleman should do." Juan Antonio beamed afresh, and Maria bridled with pride and pleasure.

These two are an attractive pair. Their father is a sad drunkard. So is the elder brother, and both have tried their utmost to make Juan Antonio drink, but have completely failed. Juan Antonio won't drink. May God keep him from it! Maria

has been employed as a teacher in the school for a year now. She told the missionary that she does not mean to marry. "Oh, Maria, why not?" "You know, Senorita, all the Mapuches beat their wives. I don't want to marry." "Oh, of course, you shouldn't marry a man like that. You should marry a good one." "There aren't any good ones, Senorita." "Come now, there must be some good ones. What about Juan Antonio?" "Juan Antonio is very good to me, but quien sabe, what he'd be to any other girl!"

I cannot believe, however, that my friend Juan Antonio will beat his wife when he gets one, nor can I believe that Victorino Ladiner will ever be anything but a gentleman. The latter is the eldest of three brothers, who come regularly to church and Sunday School, a distance of over a mile through rain and mud. Their father is a tall, dignified-looking man, who is said to be much interested in the Gospel and to enquire eagerly from his sons about what they have learned. He knows very little Spanish, but the sons understand it well, and are men of good standing and some education. Indeed, the handsome Victorino is currently reported to be the real head of the house.

These people are certainly attractive and offer a most promising field for the proclamation of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

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On Tuesday evening, November 30th, Hubbards, N.S., was the scene of a sad event. The body of the Rev. Joseph Norwood, of Summer-ville, Mass., arrived on the evening train. He was a member of the Norwood family who have been so closely connected with Hubbards for so many years. The Rev. Robert Norwood, formerly Rector of Memorial Church, London, Ont., accompanied the remains. Late as the hour was the body was immediately conveyed to the church, and there the casket was opened. Rev. Robert Norwood spoke a few words which went to the hearts of all the deceased's friends. Such a large number wished to view the body that darkness had fallen before the casket was placed in the grave. At his own request he was buried by the side of his father in the shadow of the church. There was a large number of floral offerings, and these with the light of the moon shining on the nearby water added a spiritual touch that made the usually sad event seem beautiful. His death is made doubly sad from the fact that his aged mother, who had journeyed on to see him, arrived Friday evening, to find that her son died that morning.

It is the genius of Christianity to have transfigured sacrifice by displaying it to us as the reverse of the medal called Love.—H. R. Haweis.

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This philosopher was a wise man in his day. Neglect and thoughtlessness to those we love has created many misunderstandings in the homes of our people. Give the same consideration to your wife to-day as you gave her during your courting days by inviting her to either Noon or Evening Dinner at

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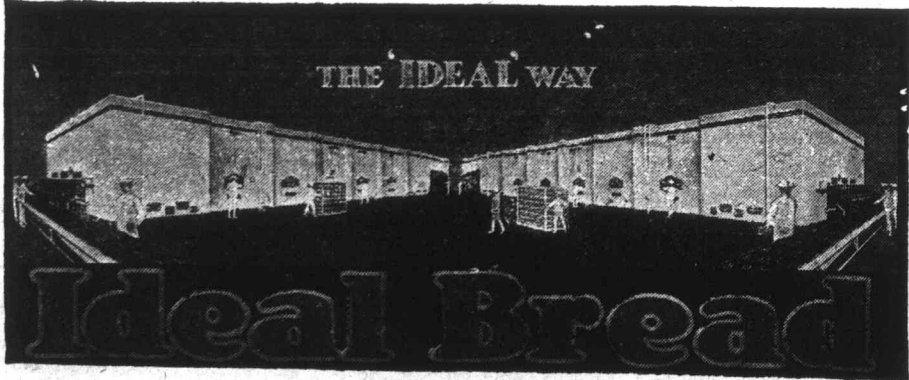
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DAISY.

A Christmas Story.

BEAUTIFUL, feather-like flakes of snow came falling through the air one Christmas Eve. The wind tossed them and whistled around a small cottage, in England, one mile from a little village. Daisy lay inside the cottage on a small battered bed. Next to her room she could hear her two brothers, Davy and Ethelbert, sleeping heavily. She was the youngest of three children. And she lay thinking of the story her Mother had read them, about the Christ-Child, as they sat around the fire. Suddenly a thought came to her; why not try to find Him? She dressed quietly putting on her hat and patched coat. Then slipped softly out of the house. The world was white and still. And the cold wind blew on her small, pale cheek. For she was only five. She walked on and on, then disappointed she sank

"Do you want my shoes?" said Daisy, taking them off her small feet. Then she handed him her wooden shoes and cotton socks. The Christ-Child touched them lightly and they turned to nice warm boots and woolen stockings. "I do not need them, for I never feel cold, Little One," he said, smiling kindly down at her. So Daisy put them on. "Oh," she murmured, "it is so warm when walking in the snow." She put her small hand in his and it suddenly turned warm at his clasp. "Dost thou need anything?" the Christ-Child said. "Only one thing," said Daisy. "Please give my Mother money to mend the cracks in our little cottage. Then just enough winter things to keep us warm. Because she often wonders what would happen when our food and clothes are gone." The Christ-Child looked and saw her with the look of unselfishness in her face. Then he said, in the sweetest of voices, "Thou shalt have thy wish."



down to rest. "I do so want to find Him," she said. "Since Daddy died I find not such a nice Christmas time." Then she was just going to start on once more, when behold a dazzling light shone before her. A small figure of her own size stood before her. All clad in white. Fair hair fell down to his shoulders. A golden ray surrounded his head. Daisy raised her head and looked into a starry pair of eyes, which seemed to have a pure, sweet, pitying look shining in them, so good, so loving, that small Daisy was not afraid. "Are you the Christ-Child?" she said. "I am," said the sweet stranger. "What doest thou want, little one?" Daisy looked and saw that his feet were bare, and soft white skin showed.

"Now please," said Daisy, "Will you take me home again?" So then he led her through the snow storm once more to her bed. When she awoke in the morning she heard the church bells ringing faintly. As she looked out of her window she could see the steeple. Then to her surprise some new soft clothing lay at the foot of her bed. Her brothers and Mother had new clothing too. And the walls no longer had cracks but were strong to face the wind. When at breakfast, on their humble table were wreaths of holly and presents of all kinds. All this came about, because one little child gave up things for others and so met the Christ-Child.
 MARJORIE GOULD (age 11).

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Tales from the Canadian Ivanhoe

A GHOST STORY

(Continued from page 820.)

"All that I have to say to you, my dears, cried my defunct father, 'is that if you never eat lard till I bring it to you, you will never have to skim the fat off your soup.'

"The witches seemed to be waiting for something, for they turned often to look behind them. My defunct father looked too. What did he see on the hill? A huge devil built like the rest but as long as the steeple of St. Michel which we passed an hour ago. Instead of the pointed cap he wore a three-cornered hat, surmounted by a fir-tree instead of a plume. He had only one eye, blackguard that he was, but that was worth a dozen. He was without doubt the drum-major of the regiment because he carried in one hand a pot twice as long as our sugar caldron which holds twenty gallons, and in the other the clapper of a bell which I believe the dog of a heretic had stolen from some Church before it was consecrated. He struck once on the caldron and all the fiends began to laugh and jump and flutter, nodding their heads at my defunct father as if they were inviting him to come and enjoy himself with them.

"You will wait a long time, my sheep,' thought my father, his teeth chattering as if he had the ague. 'You will wait a long time, my lambs, before you catch me leaving God's good earth for the land of the bogies.'

"All at once the big devil struck up an infernal roundelay, accompanying himself on the caldron, which he beat in double-quick time, and all the witches skipped off like lightning, so fast, indeed, that it only took them a minute to make the tour of the island. My poor, defunct father was so stupefied with the hubbub that he could only remember three verses.

The sweat streamed down my defunct father; but he was not at the end of his troubles. There he was, the dear man, his eyes bigger than his head and never daring to budge. It seemed to him that he heard behind him the 'tic-tac, tic-tac,' which he had heard before; but he had too great need to keep an eye on what was passing in front to look behind. All at once he felt two great, dry hands, like the claws of a bear, seize his shoulders. Terrified, he turned and found himself face to face with La Corriveau, who was trying to scramble onto his back. But the cage was strong, and with each spring she made she fell to the earth, uttering a hoarse cry, without letting go, however, the shoulders of my defunct father, who bent under the weight. He would have been crushed if he had not held fast to the fence with both hands. My poor defunct father was so filled with horror that one might have heard the water which ran off his head and fell on the fence like great grains of duck-shot.

"My dear François,' said La Corriveau, 'please take me to dance with my friends on the Island of Orleans.'

"Oh, you limb of Satan,' cried my defunct father. That was the only oath he ever used, the dear saintly man, and that only when he was very badly used. 'Limb of Satan! Is that the way you thank me for my profundis and my other good prayers that you wish to drag me to the Sabbath. I thought you had at least three or four thousand years in purgatory for your pranks. You have only killed two husbands; that is a mere trifle. Having a tender heart for all creatures I felt sorry for you, and said to myself we must give a helping hand when we can. And is this the way you thank me for my

pains, that you try to drag me to hell like a heretic?'

"My dear François,' said La Corriveau, 'do, I beg you, take me to dance with my good friends,' and she knocked her head against my defunct father till his skull rattled like a dried bladder filled with pebbles.

"You may be sure,' said my defunct father, 'you may be sure, you infernal limb of a daughter of Judas Iscariot, that I am not going to make a beast of burden of myself and carry you over to dance at the nocturnal meeting of your cronies.'

"My dear François,' said the witch, 'it is impossible for me to cross the St. Lawrence, which is a consecrated river, without the aid of a Christian.'

"Get over as you can, you fiendish gallows-bird,' said my defunct father. 'Get over as best you can. Every one for himself. That's a great scheme to get me to take you over to dance with that crew. You may go as you came, however that was, dragging your cage after you, which must have pulled up all the stones of the king's highway. There will be the dickens of a row one of these days when the inspector comes along and sees what a wretched condition the roads are in. And then the poor habitant will have to pay the penalty for your pranks because the road is not kept in good condition.'

"Suddenly the drum-major stopped beating time on the caldron. All the goblins stood still and uttered three cries, or rather three yells like the savages give at a war dance before starting on the war path. The island was shaken to the very centre. The wolves and bears and all the ferocious beasts and the witches of the mountains to the north took up the cry and the echo resounded till it was lost in the forests which border the River Saguenay. My poor father thought it was the end of the world and the last judgment.

"The big devil with the pine-tree plume gave three strokes and a profound silence followed the infernal uproar. He lifted his arm in the direction of my defunct father and cried in a voice of thunder: 'Will you hurry up, you lazy dog, will you hurry up, you dog of a Christian, and bring our friend over? We have only fourteen thousand four hundred rounds of the island to make before the cock crows. Do you wish to make her lose the best of the fun?'

"Go to the devil, the whole pack of you,' cried my father, losing all patience.

"Let us go, my dear François,' said La Corriveau, affectionately. 'Don't be childish about a little thing like this. Moreover, time is flying. Come now, let us make one effort.'

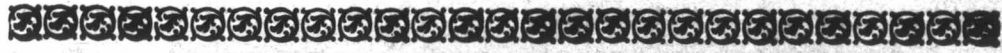
"No, no, daughter of Satan,' said my defunct father. 'It is a pity you haven't on that fine collar the hangman put round your neck two years ago. You wouldn't use your tongue so glibly if you had.'

"During the conversation the goblins on the Island began singing again.

"My dear François,' said the witch, 'if you refuse to take me over on your body I will strangle you and ride to the carnival mounted on your soul.' So saying she seized him by the throat and strangled him.

"How,' exclaimed the young men, 'she strangled your defunct father who is dead?'

"When I say strangled, it wasn't much better than that, for he lost consciousness, the dear man," said José. "When he came to, he heard a little bird which cried, 'qué-tu?'



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"Oh then I am not in hell," said my father, "for I hear God's birds."
"He risked opening one eye, then the other, and saw that it was broad day. The sun was shining in his face. The little bird, perched on a neighbouring branch, kept saying 'qué-tu?'"
"My dear child, it is hard to reply to your question because I do not really know who I am this morning. Yesterday I thought I was a brave, honest, God-fearing man, but I have had such a time of it this night that I must smoke to be sure whether I am myself, François Dubé, here now in body and soul.

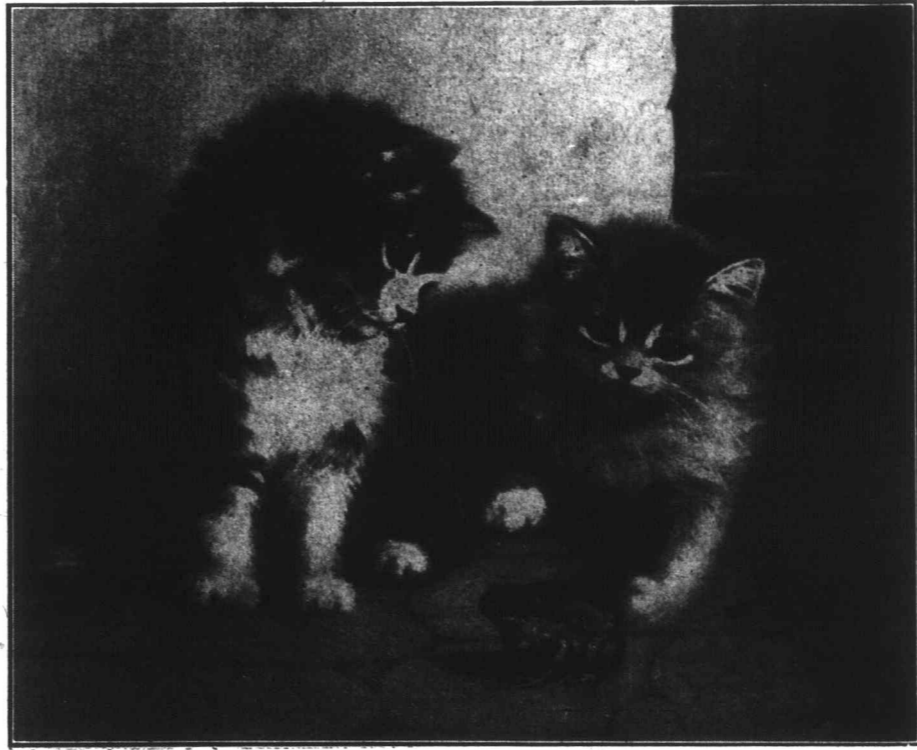
"Then the dear man began to sing
Dansons à l'entour
Loure-loure
Dansons à l'entour

"He was still half bewitched. After a bit he saw that he was lying full length in a ditch, where, fortunately, there was more mud than water, because without that my poor defunct father, who died like a saint, surrounded by his relatives and friends and provided with all the

How the Ship Came Home

ALL day long, day after day, Gerard watched from the little window. He fancied sometimes that all the ships in all the world must pass the window—all but one, and that ship seemed as if it never would come. And he wondered whether he would really be able to recognize it when it did come back.

Would it be a steamer, belching black smoke across the sky, smirching all the pretty clouds, and leaving a long trail of soot and steam behind? Or a "four-master" from the Indies, with great, piled-up masses of snowy canvas overhead, and spices and silks and all the wonders of the East below? Or would it be like one of the old galleons, with four decks and high, carved poop, the holds bursting with gold, and the sailors' faces all tanned with the hot suns of far-away lands? It might, of course,



sacraments of the Church without missing one, would have died without confession like a savage of the woods, saving the respect I owe him and you, my young gentlemen. When he got himself clear of the ditch where he was stuck fast, as if he were in a vise, the first thing he saw was his flask on the side of the ditch; then his courage returned a little. He put out his hand to take a drink; but not a bit of it. It was empty. The witch had drunk it all.

"Now, Monsieur Egotist," said Jules, "what have you to say of our Canadian witches?"

"I say," replied Archie, "that our Caledonian witches are mere fools compared to those of New France, and if I ever return to my native mountains I will have them all imprisoned in bottles as La Sage did the lame devil, Asmodeus."

"Hum-m-m!" said José. "I don't wish to say anything against it, the blackguards; but where would you find bottles large enough? There is the worst of it."

be only a little fishing smack, or a grey, coasting, tramp steamer; and there were so many of that kind passing every day that there would be great difficulty in deciding which one was Mamma's.

Gerard longed very much for that ship to come. So did Mamma. He knew that very well, because sometimes he would wake up during the night and see her staring, white-faced and anxious, out of the window. That was on the stormy nights, when it was cold and dark and lonely. And, of course, that made Mamma very anxious—very anxious, indeed. Supposing the ship—that wonderful ship that seemed to hold everything that Gerard had ever wanted—supposing it should sink! The thought was too awful. He would jump out of bed and throw his arms around his dear Mamma's neck, and whisper—

"Don't cry, Mamma. Don't cry. It's sure to come, quite safe."

And then Mamma would kiss him and put him back into bed, and say:—"Thank you, Gerard dear."

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And then she would tell him of all the wonderful things he should have, toys and sweets and books and pictures—when her ship came home. And Gerard would fall asleep, a smile upon his face, as the thought of all the good things he was to have crossed his mind—when Mamma's ship came home.

Gerard had not always lived in the little cottage by the high cliffs overlooking the sea. Some years before—it might be two or three—he had lived in a great house, with high walls all round it, with lovely smooth lawns that sloped down to where a fountain played and red and yellow fish swam lazily in the clear water. There had been an orchard, too, filled with apples and pears and great purple plums. He remembered it all quite well. But that had been before Daddie had sailed away to the far-away lands.

Then, after a time, they had left the big house, and had come to live in the little cottage. They had no servants here; Mamma did all the work herself. She never wore pretty dresses now, nor the little red and white stones that used to sparkle on her neck. And often—and this puzzled Gerard—she would cry and press a handkerchief to her face when the postman would shake his head and say:—

"No, Mum; there is no letter today."

They were going back to the big house when Mamma's ship came home.

Once there had been a letter, but that was a long time ago. Gerard had watched Mamma read it. He had seen her eyes grow bright and a smile cross her face; but before the end of the letter had been reached she burst into tears and had run from the room.

Afterwards she had been very quiet, and had walked about the cottage without saying a word. The letter had done that. So afterwards, when Gerard saw old Parkins, the postman, he stopped him to say:—

"Don't take any more letters, please, Parkins, to my Mamma. They make her cry."

And Parkins had shaken his funny, grey old head, and said:—

"Ah, Master Gerard, boy, you don't understand."

And then day after day had passed, and Mamma's face grew thinner and thinner. And sometimes she would eat no dinner, and her dresses grew patched and worn, and Gerard would see her lips move just as if she were

saying her prayers. And he would put down his spoon and say:

"I know what you're thinking, Mamma."

And Mamma would smile and nod, and Gerard would run to her and cry:

"You are wishing your ship would come home! And it will come one day, you know."

And one day—no it was night, for Gerard had been in bed for some time—Mamma's ship did come!

He was nearly asleep, but not quite, when he heard a loud knocking at the door of the cottage. His Mamma, who sat by the fire mending Gerard's clothes, rose, and opened the door. It was a wild night, and a great gust of wind whirled through the cottage as the door was opened. Then suddenly he heard his Mamma's voice. "Gerard! Gerard!" she cried. "Mamma's ship has come home!"

Gerard leaped out of bed and ran to the window. The moon had risen through a great black cloud, and the bay outside sparkled and shone in the moonlight. He could see clearly from shore to shore.

The bay was empty!

Mamma had made some terrible mistake.

Tears rose in his eyes, and he turned away. And the next moment he was lifted high into the air. A pair of strong arms encircled him. He looked into a bearded face, with laughing eyes, which somehow he felt he had seen before.

When it was all explained to him afterwards, Gerard smiled, and put his arms round the big man's neck, and said:

"Fancy calling you a ship, Daddie!"—"The Children's Magazine."

THE BOYS WHO RAN AWAY.

By D. Y. Mills. S.P.C.K. (Paper, 57 pp.; 1/3 net.)

A Mission School in Zanzibar is the setting for this little story, which describes the dreary wanderings of two little runaway boys, who finally return home, penitent and weary. Even grown ups can learn much of these mission lands and peoples from just such simple descriptions as are here given in story form. This is another useful book for mission bands.

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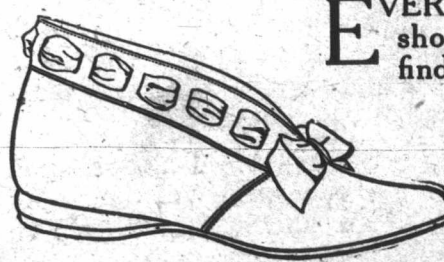
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Beside the Home Fires

Notes on Girl Guide Work
By IRIS

THERE is no time like Christmas for the Guides to show the true guide spirit, the joy of service, and the duty of being useful and helping others, and above all of being a friend to all. Justly lately I met a little girl in a Guide uniform with a big parcel under

her arm. I made the Guide sign, so she told me all about it. She said, "You see we wanted to do a special good turn for some one at Christmas, so our Patrols said they would help to fill a basket, and now we have such lovely things to give! The School Teacher knows of some poor children, and she will take our basket to them on Christmas Eve." I said, "Don't you want to know who they are?" The child replied, "Oh no, they might not like it. Of course our Captain will know, but she could not tell, and we would not ask because our first law is, 'A Guide's honour is to be trusted.'" Then she went on her way with a happy smile. I think this

shows some thing of the real spirit of giving.

Another company lent a helping hand to a branch of the Junior Auxiliary when they were sending their Christmas box to the far west two months ago, and gave toys for the Missionary's Children, and when some Scouts heard of it they too took up a collection and sent a Scout book to the Missionary's little son, telling him how he could be a lone Scout or get up a Patrol of Indian boys.

Now the same company of Guides are sending a basket of good cheer where the father is dead, and the poor little mother works so hard, and the Junior Auxiliary came to their aid

this time, and made a blue skirt and middie, the Guide uniform, for the little daughter so that she might be able to come to the Guide meeting, for as they said, "You know it is the only fun she has."

And so the children go on working and they are learning that service to others is the key note of the blessed Christmas time.

We are glad to hear that the Scoutmasters and leaders of Indian Head, Sask., have been doing their good turn, for we hear they have helped to organize a Guide Company there, and are now helping them in their work. The Scoutmaster is instructing them in the aims and principles of the organization and Patrol Leaders receive lectures from another worker who enlightens them on the various duties of their position.

They now have four good Patrols, namely, the Blue Heron, the Whippoorwill, the Beaver and the Fox.

Welcome to the great Sisterhood of Girl Guides! The Iris Patrol would like to hear from you.

Try to get some of those good Scout leaders to show your committee how to organize the Province of Saskatchewan into a Provincial Committee, for no organization in this great Dominion can progress without Provincial organization. Perhaps some other Scoutmasters will take note and be as kind as the good Scout of Indian Head and give the Guides a helping hand.

We noticed a wonderful letter in *The Farmers' Sun* of December the 4th, setting forth the aims and objects of the Guide Movement. It says: "The Girl Guide Movement was inaugurated as a means to an end, a means of ensuring the girls having a good environment and the interest of wholesome activity during the hours of free time. The country needs the very best that every citizen can give, and the training that we give to the young to help them to fit themselves for what is now upon them—the reconstruction of the national life—is one of the most important and urgent problems of the day."

Surely at Christmas time, the children's festival, our thoughts go out to the Babe of Bethelhem, and we feel as we think of Him that we must not think only, but act, and do all we can for Child Welfare to help the children to be better and happier, to prepare themselves to be good citizens, not only of the king, but of the King of kings.

PUZZLE CORNER.

1. Riddle-Me-Ree.

My first is in laughter and also in grief,
My second's in shortness and also in brief,
My third is in oval and also in round,
My fourth is in winding and also in wound,
My fifth is in sinner and also in saint,
My sixth is in crimson and also in paint,
My seventh's in giddy and also in gay,
I'm what you are doing each moment and day.

2. Word Square.

What you find by the side of a stream; a wide, flat space; tidy; diminutive of Catharine.

3. The Mystery.

I've seen you where you never were
And where you never will be,
And yet within that very place
You shall be seen by me.

4. Puzzle Sentence.

Look
Look U Look
Look
&

C that o VXS or XX UR ii.
Answers Next Week.—C. A. B.



"My! How I did used to dread having the Threshers come—but I don't mind now."

"WHY, a year ago I could no more think of cooking a big dinner than I could fly.

"I did not seem to have any strength then, and a little extra work or excitement would use me up for a week.

"The doctor said my nerves were weak and that I had nervous prostration. I certainly was nervous and irritable. I was always worrying about something.

"It all looks very foolish now. But that is just the difference between being weak and strong.

"Why doesn't every woman use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when she gets run-down in health?

"But I suppose they do not all know about it or do not realize what it will do for them. Then perhaps some of them do not use it long enough to build up their exhausted nervous systems.

"One thing sure, the women of this community will know all about Dr. Chase's

Nerve Food, for they know how miserable I was, and I will see that they know what I used to make me well.

"I certainly did get into a terribly run-down condition, but no one would believe it to see me now since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I can now take a real pleasure in life and its activities.

"And why shouldn't I? I sleep like a top, enjoy my meals and get outdoors where the fresh air and sunshine help to keep me feeling fine.

"I don't believe people appreciate good health until they have been sick for a time. I am sure that I did not. The credit for my splendid health now is undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I want every woman to know it."

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four good Patrols, Heron, the Whip- er and the Fox. great Sisterhood of e Iris Patrol would you.

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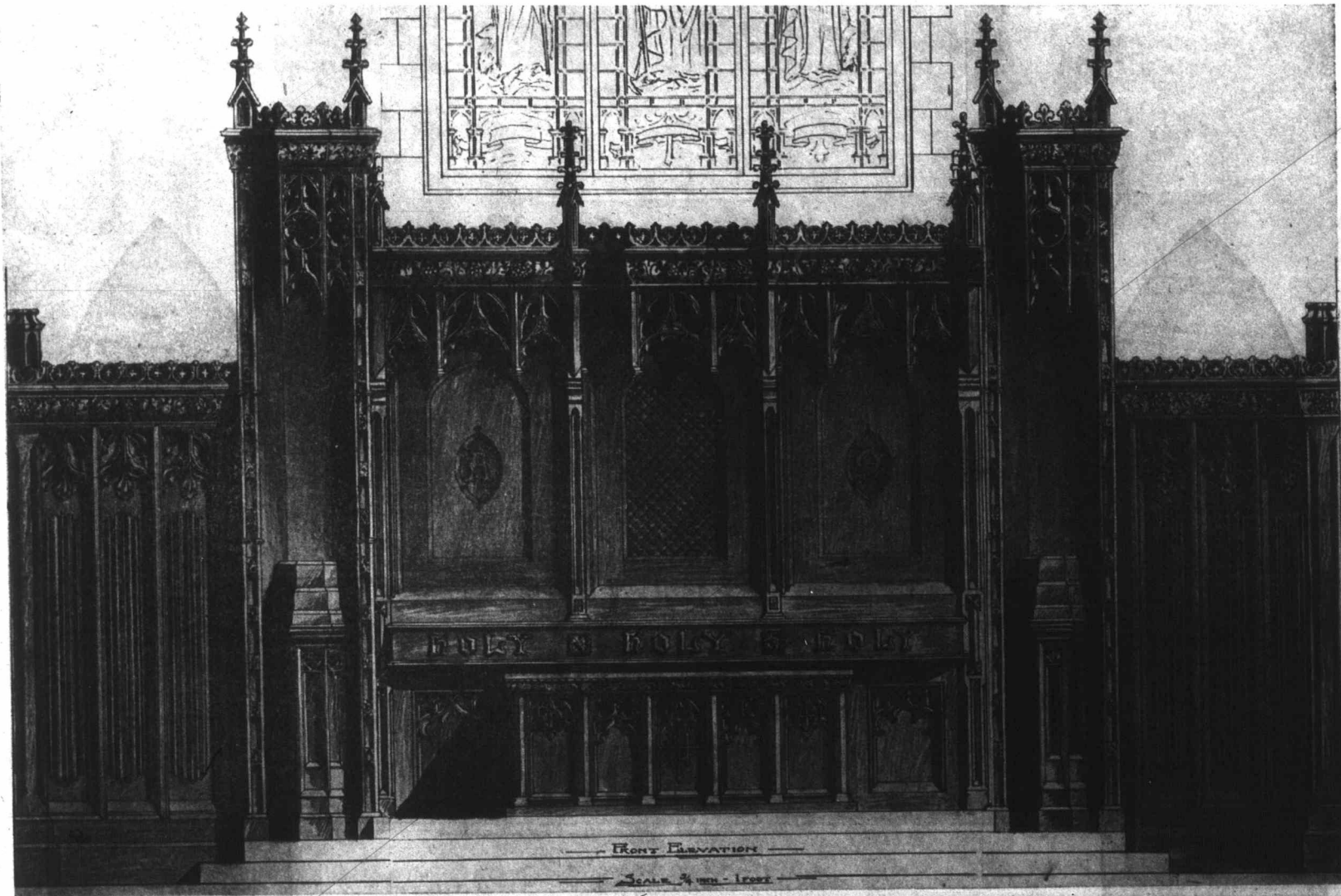
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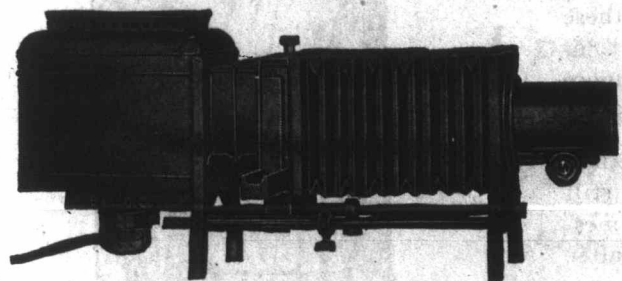
Look ok U Look Look & VXS or XX UR ii. xt Week.—C. A. B.

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