

# Canadian Churchman

AND DOMINION CHURCHMAN.  
A Church of England Weekly Family Newspaper.

Vol. 18.]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY DECEMBER 22, 1892.

[No. 51.]

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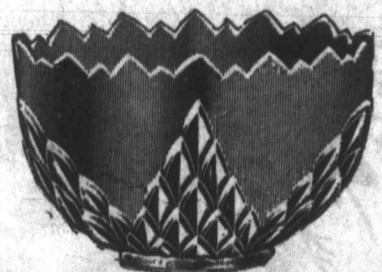
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Increase for the year.....	21,558,750 00
Emergency or surplus fund.....	803,311 43
Increase for the year of surplus fund.....	197,085 28
Total membership or number of policy holders.....	28,081
Members or policies written during the year.....	7,312
Amount paid in losses.....	\$1,170,308 86
Total paid since organization.....	5,427,145 50

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# Canadian Churchman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 22nd, 1892.

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AGENT.—The Rev. W. H. Wadleigh is the only gentleman travelling authorized to collect subscriptions for the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

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December 25.—CHRISTMAS DAY.  
Morning.—Isaiah 9 to v. 8. Luke 2 to v. 15.  
Evening.—Isa. 7: 10 to 17. Titus 3, 4 to 9.

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TO OUR READERS.—We want a reliable person in every parish in the Dominion, to get subscribers for the Canadian Churchman. Write at once for particulars, giving references.

NOTICE.—Subscription price in the city of Toronto, owing to the cost of delivery, is \$2.50 per year; if paid strictly in advance, \$1.50. We will give the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN one year, and our handsome and valuable Premium, to city subscribers for \$2.50 paid strictly in advance.

TO OUR READERS.—Kindly send the publisher of the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, 32 Adelaide street, Toronto, a postal card with names and addresses of your friends who do not take the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, and a specimen copy will be sent to each gratis.

DO NOT NEGLECT THE CHRISTMAS SERVICES.—The Magi watched for celestial phenomena, followed the guidance of the star, and were led to the place where the young child lay. And should we not wait for spiritual manifestations? And following these, shall we not be led to the Church of Christ, where we, too, may rejoice with exceeding great joy?

THE CHRISTMAS OFFERTORY.—The wise men opened their treasures, and presented to the infant Jesus gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Is anything too rich and costly for us to offer in honour of our Saviour? Think of this, ye rich and poor, and each your offering bring to Christ's servants who are serving Him and you.

CHEER THE HEARTS OF OTHERS.—At this festive season many church and charitable institutions appeal for aid. They are all needed, all worthy, and should all receive encouragement and aid. When our own homes are bright, and our hearts are glad, let us think of the widow and the orphan, of the homeless and the wandering, of the destitute and the sorrowing, and by some generous gift try to allay their sorrows, and cheer their hearts, and illuminate their lives.

LAY BAPTISM.—The Bishop of Argyle, in his correspondence to the English Guardian on this subject, says: "I have reason to doubt the validity of lay baptism, as that term is now generally understood amongst us. Once, I must admit, I took the popular view, and without investigating the question I believed implicitly that I had the whole authority of the Church Catholic on my side. But, after bestowing upon the matter a good deal more thought and study than many of my brethren in the ministry seem to think it worthy of, I came to a very different conclusion."

THE CHURCH SERVICES.—The Scottish Guardian wisely says the Church's system and teaching give her many advantages over the religious bodies around her. She has preserved, as they have failed to do, the ideal of worship as distinct from mere preaching. She has cherished brightness and beauty, art and music, not as possible attractions where religion has failed, but as adjuncts and vehicles of the highest religious offerings to God.

THE UNEMPLOYED IN ENGLAND.—Mr. John Burns emphatically holds that until the differentiation of the labourer from the loafer takes place, the unemployed question can never be properly discussed

and dealt with. Such a differentiation seems to us to be exceedingly difficult of attainment. There are at present too many men of the type so graphically described by Mr. Burns himself as "gentlemen who get up to look for work at mid-day, and pray that they may not find it."

SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—The Duke of Argyle, in speaking of land value in reference to this question, states it as his opinion that the idea of settling the price of the hire of land by the State is as absurd and irrational as the idea of settling, by the same agency, the price of the produce of the land, or of the hire of labour, or of anything else that is bought or hired. The value of everything is a fact, and to attempt to manipulate it, in the interest of one class or another, by the arbitrary action of so-called Courts, is an attempt to go back to the dark ages, when the price of everything, wages included, was subject to arbitrary, mischievous interference.

THE IRISH TENANT HIS OWN LANDLORD.—Mr. Russell, the Liberal-Unionist member for South Tyrone, Ireland, in his address the other evening in Toronto, said at the end of forty-nine years he may sit under his own vine and fig-tree, as "by the Act of 1890 the sum of £40,000,000 sterling has been placed at the disposal of Irish farmers for the purchase of their holdings, and I rejoice to tell you here to-night that, in despite of threats and inducements to take the opposite course, 80,000 Irish occupiers have been transformed into Irish owners. And where that operation has been carried out absolute peace and contentment are to be found."

BELFAST THE CITY OF INDUSTRY.—Mr. Russell said where they had law-abiding people, they had the hum of industry. "Take the city of Belfast as an example of what I mean. Why, sir, when I went to Ireland first, now 35 years ago nearly, that town had a population of 80,000. It is now a great prosperous city of more than a quarter of a million inhabitants. The ship yards vie with those of the Clyde and the Mersey; it is there the greyhounds of the Atlantic, the Majestics and the Teutonic, are turned out. The ship-building industry there is one of the greatest industries of the world, as you know, and wherever you go you see men with business to do, and intent upon doing it."

OF THE MONSTROUS PROPOSAL OF THE HOME RULE BILL, Mr. Russell said, "It is that this great free, industrious, Protestant Ulster shall be put under the heel of that part of the country which is neither free nor industrious nor Protestant. It is just, gentlemen, as if you were to propose to place Ontario under big Quebec. Let me say, in conclusion, that we are there, and that there we mean to remain. We shall not submit either our civil or religious freedom to that power which the Meath election petition has shown to be what it always was and always will be."

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE ENGLISH POST OFFICE.—Some idea of the vastness of the operations of the General Post Office may be formed from the following statistics: Before the Penny Postal Law came in force 88,800,000 letters and 80,000,000 newspapers were handled. Now it is 1,650,000,000 letters, 189,000,000 newspapers, 441,900,000 books, 217,100,000 post cards and 42,858,000 parcels. Making a grand total of 2,511,150,000

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**THE NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES.**—To receive, deliver and forward the enormous amount of mail matter requires the services of over 100,000 employes, 18,000 of whom are employed in London alone, and this number is exclusive of a very large staff of clerks. The 18,000 mentioned above attend to all the business of the London office, the postal system of which covers 250 square miles.

### CHRISTMAS, 1892.

Gentle Reader.—Grist is required to keep the mill grinding; we have ground out another year, and wishing to grind still better in the year before us, draw the attention of our readers to the reminder enclosed in last week's *Churchman*. Wishing them heartily all success and happiness in the year to come.

### CHARITY.

"I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love;" "the love of many shall wax cold."

To how many of us does this Advent warning come with sorrowful reproach? It may be that our hearts are chilled, the flame of devotion burns low, the oil of Divine grace has not been carefully stored up in our lamps.

How many have grown weary in well doing; the "first works" of zeal and love may have ceased to interest us, the cares of life may have dulled our spiritual perceptions and chilled our fervour, and we have ceased to watch for the Bridegroom's coming with any eagerness.

In a sermon on the Ten Virgins' preparation for their Lord's return, and on the need of making ready for His appearing, Canon Scott Holland says—

"The common heritage of grace brought down to us by the Catholic Church, is the beginning of salvation, but this cannot carry us through, unless deep in our secret heart we have stored up the hidden oil of expectant love,—the expectant love that looks with a personal and peculiar tenderness to the days of His coming, the love of the inner heart for Him who after long delay . . . is still waited for with intense devotion, with living personal earnestness. . . . Let us lay up this secret oil [of gladness, each one in his own soul-vessel,—not looking for fruit, for ease, for comfort, but storing it up in patience, in silence, in love, for that great day when the trumpet shall sound through the night and a cry is heard, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him.'"

There must be many marks of love in our lives, if there is any real union with Christ: Charity is the "very bond of peace and of all virtues"; it pledges us to the fulfilment of all moral and spiritual duties, since "Love is the fulfilling of the Law"; it constrains us to a nobler self-sacrifice and self-devotion to God and man, as we see the measure and cost of the Divine love for us, and the necessity it lays upon us, "herein perceive we the love of God because he laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Without Charity, "whomsoever liveth is counted dead before Thee;" there is no true life without love; "he that dwelleth in love" dwelleth in God, and God in him." To them that love His appearing, every incident in daily life comes as a token of His presence, a revelation of His will, a gift of His love, or a provision of His providence: "the good hand of my God upon me" is felt and acknowledged in all that

happens, and the smallest duties are dignified by the sense that they are worth doing for the love of God, if for nothing else, and that He deigns to accept the lowliest ministries of service for others as done unto Himself, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." The 18th chapter of I. Corinthians shows us many other instances and offices of Charity, which may well form a subject for Advent self-examination and study as we make ready to commemorate the great gift of Divine love in the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the Christmas Festival.

"Now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity."

Let our Advent watch kindle fresh zeal in our hearts through the exercise of these graces by which our union with Christ is maintained and strengthened; until the "promise of His coming" is fulfilled, and we are finally assured that neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

### MERRIE CHRISTMAS.

There is nothing so good but that it hath been profaned of evil men. But this word "merry" which will sanctify so many salutations at Christmas-tide, comes down from a clean source. In the English of the King James Version it stands for the Greek *euphron* as in the parable of the prodigal son, "Let us eat and be merry" . . . "they began to be merry." The sacred joy of the father over the son that "was dead and is alive again," which was as the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, was thought worthily interpreted by this word "merry," by the divines and scholars of the golden age of English undefiled. For then it signified the gentle cheerfulness of a grateful and contented heart, and *euphrosune* was near of kin to *eucharistia*. The one was spoken of the intelligent soul, the other of the immortal spirit, and both were opposed to the unseemly and riotous mirth of *eutrapelia*. If the elder son had heard such sounds from the banquet hall, instead of music and dancing, he might have done well to be angry and refuse to go in. But no suspicion of such evil attached to the father's feast, and the elder son's virtuous indignation reflected only on himself. And God "which maketh us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of His Son," invites men first to the eucharistic joy of sons of God in Christ Jesus, that all their joy may be in the Lord. With such a breaking of the fast as is to all in the Holy Sacrament, no lack of accessions of worldly circumstances can spoil the "merrie" Christmas of a Christian man. Without it, or its equivalent of spiritual communion, no abundance of friends nor fulness of bread can make a Christmas "merrie" as it is for him whose spirit doth rejoice in God his Saviour.—*Churchman*.

### THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

With glad and grateful hearts we welcome the return of the Christmas Festival. It marks another epoch in life; it revives the pleasant associations and joyous greetings which are incident to the season; and it presents, with increased prominence and force, the grand central truth of our holy religion, that Christ, the only begotten Son of God, for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, the Virgin Mary, and was made man, and dwelt among us. The salutations and joys, the services and gifts of Christmastide are appropriate and beautiful; and in the full spirit of the season

we offer to all our readers and friends the compliments and congratulations of the day. To each—to all, may this Christmas prove bright, and beautiful, and happy.

It is gratifying to notice that this festival of the Church is now all but universally observed. There have been those, even bearing the name and professing the faith of Christ, who have discarded the observance of the day as a useless custom, or a relic of superstition. Such unfounded and ill-timed ideas have been gradually exploded: and among even the strictest of modern Presbyterians, Christmas Day is celebrated as a public holiday, and as a Christian festival. This is an implied homage to the teachings, and principles, and practices of the Church; and, more than that, it is a recognition of the grand historic fact which is commemorated on this day, and of the great doctrinal principle which is based upon it.

These two must always go together. They cannot be separated. The history supplies the basis of the doctrine, and the doctrine is the most profound and comprehensive within the sphere of revealed truth. It is fundamental, indeed, to the whole Christian theme. No other truth can be enunciated without a primary recognition of this. Hence the insidious and inveterate attempts to invalidate both the fact and the doctrine. Both are impregnable. On the highest ground of evidence, and by the strictest rules of logic, their reality is demonstrated. We can deny any other fact of history, rather than the birth of Christ; we can reject any other doctrine rather than the Incarnation. Both have need to be asserted in bolder tones and upheld with stronger faith; and it was one of the blessed uses of this Christmas commemoration that it brings into fresh and bolder prominence the fact of the Nativity, and compels a fuller recognition of all that it involves in relation both to man and God.

### REVIEWS.

*The Expository Times* for December has some excellent and timely papers, besides a quantity of notes on current and general topics and hints for Bible students and teachers. Among the first class we would mention a very lucid and helpful article on the late Professor T. H. Green, famous not only for his great "Prologomna to Ethics" and other works, but also as being the prototype (as is supposed) of Mr. Grey in Robert Elsmere. Other articles of importance are—one on the moral and devotional value of the Old Testament by Professor Driver, Ryle's Canon of the Old Testament by the Rev. J. A. Selbie, and one on our debt to German Theology by Professor Banks.

## Home & Foreign Church News

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

### QUEBEC.

SHERBROOKE, P.Q.—*Deanery of St. Francis*.—This important section of the diocese of Quebec comprises twenty-one parishes or missions, besides Bishop's College; in this field of work are 28 clergy in parochial or professional work; besides these are two clergy who have retired; the Archdeacon of Quebec, who works in the whole diocese, also resides in the district. In December the Church Society of this district holds its anniversary, and the deanery board of the same district meets in the same week. The anniversary of 1892 took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6th and 7th. Special interest was excited on the occasion, as the Bishop of Quebec was amongst us at the anniversary. On Tuesday afternoon a meeting of the Church Society is held. At this all the clergy of the district present reports of their work during the year. When adopted by the meeting they are authorised to be sent to the central body at Quebec. A summary of these reports is prepared by the secretary (the Rev. Canon Thornloe, M.A.); the report was encouraging. The absolute total of money raised for Church purposes was not quite equal to that of last year, but the sum raised

for extra parochial objects was nearly 30 per cent. greater in 1892 than in 1891, thus showing increased zeal for the welfare of the Church at large. The number of persons added to the Church in baptism has been satisfactory, as many as 43 being returned from the mission of Waterville. The number of centres of worship and teaching kept open has involved much activity on the part of the clergy, it being not at all uncommon in the district for one clergyman to take three or even four services in different places on Sunday. Special musical services have been held in such centres as Sherbrooke, Cookshire and Hatley, with a view of strengthening this important branch of divine worship. Mr. Dorey, of Sherbrooke, has rendered great and valuable help in this matter. Bishop's College chapel and school have been restored after the fire at great cost, and in great efficiency. The work of the students as lay readers has been recognised as an important factor in the missionary work of the Church throughout the deanery. A more marked interest in the training of children was apparent on the part of the clergy, both on Sundays and week days. In some cases methods of direct giving have superseded indirect methods, in which the giver obtains some return for his money. Efforts made to disseminate good literature have been successful. The whole tone of the reports suggests increased and successful missionary work. The society's officials were thanked and re-elected. On the evening of the 6th, a service was held in St. Peter's Church; there were 27 clergy in their surplices. The Bishop preached an eminently practical sermon. The prayers were said by the Rev. F. G. Scott, M.A., of Drummondville, the lessons being read by the Rev. W. T. Forsythe and the Rev. H. S. Fuller.

On Wednesday, Dec. 7th, the deanery board held two sessions at 10 and 2.30; before this at 8.15 a celebration of the Holy Communion was held, at which about forty members of the Board were present. The Bishop was present at all the meetings and took the most practical interest in everything brought forward, and gave most useful advice on several matters.

At least 50 members of the Deanery Board attended, and the interest was kept up throughout. The Report of the Lay Helpers' Association was presented by R. W. Heneker, Esq., D.C.L. This was discussed at some length; it was resolved to push this organization during the coming year, and also to organize a woman's branch of the Association. Bishop Dunn's experience in the diocese of London is likely to prove most invaluable to the lay organizations in the Diocese of Quebec.

The Ven. Archdeacon Roe brought forward a very cheering report on Church extension in the district; two more missions are on the point of being opened; several others had been opened during the last few years.

The Rev. Principal Adams reported on the state of the University and School of Bishop's College. The Rev. Canon Thorneloe reported on the prospects and needs of Compton Ladies' College. This College was seen to be doing good work, but it suffered from competition from schools where teaching was given gratuitously. The interest of Church people was again called for in Church educational institutions.

The Rev. A. Stevens reported upon a successful Sunday School Conference at Hatley, and it is hoped to hold similar conferences at Stanstead, Cookshire, and Danville during the year 1893.

Mr. Dorey reported the successful work of the Choir Association and read a paper on the right and wrong kind of Church music.

The Venerable Archdeacon Roe read a very interesting paper on "The Best Way to Interest our People in the Study of Church History."

The colporteur work which had been started during 1892 was also reported upon. The Bishop made some very practical suggestions on this branch of Church work, and showed how the venerable S.P.C.K. would be glad to lend help to any well organized efforts.

In nearly every case the matters reported upon led to very interesting conversations, in which many of the clergy and laity took part.

The evening of Wednesday was devoted to a Missionary Meeting in the Church Hall, which was crowded.

The Bishop took the chair, and after prayer the Rev. Canon Thorneloe read his valuable summary of the Reports of the Church Work in the District, much of which is clearly of a missionary character in itself. After this the Rev. Charles Brooks, M. A., Missionary at Barnston, gave a very interesting and thoughtful address on the different religions which are to be found in Constantinople and on the work of various Christian bodies in that city and in the Turkish Empire generally. He thought the Christian liberality of the English Church was illustrated by the fact that he, a Church Missionary in the Eastern Townships, was called upon to give an account of the work of a Congregational Missionary in Constantinople. He spoke of the difficult problems which the Greek and Armenian Churches, as well as the

Mohammedan religion, presented. The Rev. I. M. Thompson of Waterville gave an address on "Work amongst the Indians in British Columbia," showing the marked changes which had taken place there. The Bishop concluded with a brief address. The choir gave a missionary anthem; several hymns were sung. There were 28 clergy present. The anniversary and meetings were very successful.

LENNOXVILLE.—*Bishop's College.*—The Missionary Union held its day on Nov. 30 (St. Andrew). Early Celebration at 7.15: Evensong at 5. Sermon by the Rev. F. G. Scott, M.A.; very thoughtful, suggestive and hopeful of the victory of Christ. At 7.30 p.m. a meeting very well attended in the College Hall. A paper on S. Columba by Mr. Bayne, B.A., and a very instructive address on work in Constantinople by Rev. C. Brooks, M.A., now of Barnston, P.Q.

MONTREAL.

A movement has commenced among the former pupils of Bute House, Montreal, to found a scholarship in connection with McGill University, Montreal, in memory of Miss Annie M. McIntosh, who for a number of years was the beloved Principal of Bute House, and whose earnest, faithful efforts have helped to build up the Christian womanhood of this country in the best knowledge of head and heart. Contributions towards this object will be thankfully received by Miss Mary Scott, editor *Woman's Journal*, Ottawa, Canada.

ONTARIO.

KEMPTVILLE.—On Wednesday, Dec. 14th, the Honourable Winifred Sugden gave an account of her work in India to quite a large number of persons in St. James' Hall. The people were charmed by the gentle and lady-like way in which she set before them facts that had fallen under her own personal observation, facts involving such extreme cruelty as to make the heart bleed. The people's attention did not flag, and twice they asked her to "Go on!" From what she said it could be easily inferred that no people on earth exhibited greater marks of the ravages of sin on their poor nature than the Hindoos, only to be healed by the life coming from the Incarnate Son of God, whilst the exquisitely tinted and misleading Light of Asia—Mr. Arnold's poem—faded away into gross darkness as the true principles of Brahma were truthfully brought out. Miss Sugden addressed an assembly of women alone the next day.

TORONTO.

St. Mathias.—Rev. F. G. Plummer, assistant minister of this church, appeals, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Harrison, the rector, for donations to the poor fund of the church. He says there is much distress in that part of the city. Donations may be sent to Mr. Plummer, 174 Arthur street, or to Mrs. Harrison. Money, St. George's Society Christmas tickets, gifts of clothing, boots, etc., will be gratefully received, or will be sent for if wished.

RURAL DEANERY OF TORONTO.—A joint conference between the clergy and laity was held in St. James' Cathedral school house last week to discuss the subject of lay work, and it was resolved that joint conferences of the laity and clergy of the deanery would tend to promote the best interests of the Church, and should be held from time to time, and that the following subjects might properly be discussed: "Lay Work in the Church, its development, organization and methods," "Sunday School Work," "City and Suburban Missions," "Benevolent Institutions and the Relief of the Poor," "Social Problems," and, in general, living Church problems of the day.

Church of the Ascension.—The mission helpers of the church held their annual at-home and sale of work in aid of the diocese of Algoma, on Tuesday last. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were present.

Church of St. John the Evangelist.—A very successful bazaar in aid of the funds for this church was held in St. Andrew's Hall, last week. The mayor formally opened it. Much credit is due to the ladies and members of the congregation who took an active part in getting it up, and bringing it to a successful issue.

All Saints.—The Literary Society of this church held its regular meeting last Thursday evening, when the rector delivered an address.

BRAMPTON.—*Christ Church.*—It is to be very much regretted that this congregation has again to feel the loss of another family by change of residence, by the removal of W. W. Nation, Esq., manager of the Dominion Bank of this town for some years, and who has been of very great assistance financially and

practically, having been for several vestries rector's churchwarden, in the time of Rev. Canon Johnston. Mrs. Nation also will be greatly missed in the Sunday school, Women's Guild and Auxiliary, where she has always exhibited those traits of character that have endeared her to the children of her class and to the co-workers in the church. Miss Drummond, the sister of Mrs. Nation, has also given up her class and gone to Toronto with the family. It is understood that another family of seven will shortly leave the church for other parts. Christ Church has been a considerable loser in numbers, for several reasons, during the past eighteen months, without any adequate gains; unfortunately the successor to Mr. Nation belongs to the Methodist persuasion, and therefore not likely to be of much assistance to Christ Church.

A neat folding card has been prepared and is given away by the Diocesan Committee to assist in promoting systematic and proportionate giving. It is intended for private use only, and contains a list of all special collections during the year, with columns for entering amount of offertory, &c. It is in fact a form for private accounts of all offerings for Church and charitable purposes. A limited number of these cards may be had free on application to Rev. W. C. Allen, Millbrook.

RURAL DEANERY OF DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND.—The clergy of the Deanery are reminded that Jan. 22nd is the date for Missionary Services generally throughout the Deanery, as arranged at last meeting. The Scheme of Deputations, etc., will appear next week. Wm. Allen, Sec. R.D.D.N.

Church Sunday-school Association.—The regular monthly meeting of this society was held recently in the Church of the Redeemer, Rev. Septimus Jones presiding. The usual normal lesson was ably conducted by Rev. Mr. Inglis. In continuation of the series of lectures on Church history, being conducted by the Association, Rev. Mr. Shortt read an interesting and profitable paper on "The History of the Church in Scotland from the Restoration." The paper dealt chiefly with the trials and successes of the Church in North Britain during the Commonwealth, and the regimes of the houses of Stuart and Hanover. Reference was also made to the phenomenal advancement of Scotch episcopacy during the present and preceding decade. A short discussion followed, emphasizing the latter part of the address, and was participated in by Rev. Dr. Langtry, Dr. Mockridge, and others.

St. Luke's.—The young men of St. Luke's parish have inaugurated a series of monthly musical evenings to take place during the winter, the first of which was held on Monday last, and proved a great success. Mr. Horrocks occupied the chair, and among those taking part in a well-arranged programme were Mr. T. E. Sampson, who rendered some guitar solos in capital style; Mr. Arthur Semple, piccolo solos; Mr. Alex. Harding, piano solos. The Italian orchestra was present, and played some fine selections during the evening. After partaking of refreshments the concert was brought to a close. The Entertainment Committee have secured the services of the best amateur orchestra in the city for the next concert on Tuesday, Jan. 8th, and will be pleased to meet the members of other Guilds on this occasion. A silver collection will be taken up.

CANNINGTON.—A "surprise party" was held at the house of the Rev. J. Vicars, a former rector of the parish, last Friday evening. The "surprise" was intended for the incumbent, the Rev. W. Creswick, and consisted of an address, signed on behalf of the congregation, expressing confidence and efficient management of the parish, appreciation of his zealous discharge of parochial duties, and respect for his manly independence under trying circumstances. The address was accompanied by a purse of money, collected for that purpose by a committee of ladies. This event, gratifying to all concerned, establishes a happy relationship between pastor and people in this parish which, it is hoped, will long continue.

NIAGARA.

OAKVILLE.—The Sunday-school of St. Jude is doing good work; and as it increases in good works, its prosperity also increases. During the year it has forwarded to the Industrial school, Manitoba, by its energetic Lay-Superintendent, monthly, 300 papers, "The Young Churchman" and "Dawn of Day." This month with the usual supply it has sent 300 handsome Christmas cards to gladden the hearts of the children. It has also given 200 books to Sunday-schools, and has on hand about 150 more to be given to any school that makes known its want to Canon Worrell, Oakville.

friends the complimentary day. To each prove bright, and

this festival of the observed. There the name and prove have discarded the needless custom, or a founded and ill-uly exploded: and dern Presbyterians, a public holiday, This is an implied d principles, and more than that, it historic fact which, and of the great ed upon it.

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December has some sides a quantity of opics and hints for Among the first lucid and helpful H. Green, famous omma to Ethics" eing the prototype n Robert Elsmere. are—one on the he Old Testament on of the Old Tes- e, and one on our fessor Banks.

Church News

St. Francis.—This of Quebec comprises, besides Bishop's 28 clergy in paroch- these are two clergy on of Quebec, who resides in the dis- Society of this dis- deanery board of ne week. The an- Tuesday and Wed- special interest was ishop of Quebec was On Tuesday after- ociety is held. At present reports of en adopted by the e sent to the central these reports is pre- v. Canon Thorneloe, ng. The absolute h purposes was not ut the sum raised

## CALGARY.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary returned on the evening of Dec. 6th, from a most interesting visit to the Innisfail and Red Deer Mission, on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. This immense mission was placed in charge of Mr. H. B. Brashier, who, as a lay reader, entered upon his duties on Oct. 1st, 1891, and was admitted to the diaconate on the 12th January last. By his zeal and single-minded devotion to his work Mr. Brashier has greatly endeared himself to the people among whom he has laboured, as the Bishop learnt wherever he went. Mr. Brashier has worked a district of nearly 2,800 miles single-handed, with the exception of help rendered for a short time by Mr. H. A. Gray, who is now preparing for holy orders at St. John's College, Winnipeg. The largest place in the mission is Innisfail, a town not more than fifteen months old. Here a most excellent frame church has been built. It was begun in April last and opened in June. The building is admirably situated on a site consisting of two lots 50x180 feet each, kindly given by the C. & E. Ry. Company. The cost of the church, which will comfortably seat nearly 200 people, will be about \$1,650. This will include the staining and varnishing of the interior and the panelling of the chancel, and of this sum nearly \$1,000 has been contributed on the spot, in addition to contributions towards Mr. Brashier's stipend. There is a debt still upon the church, but earnest efforts are being put forth to wipe it off so that the church may be consecrated as soon as possible. Mr. Ralph Cook, a prominent member of the congregation, has given 10 acres of land occupying a commanding situation for a cemetery. Services are held here weekly. The service held at 8.30 p.m. on Sunday, which consisted of shortened evening prayer, the confirmation service and Holy Communion, was one never to be forgotten. No such congregation has ever greeted the Bishop in the Northwest, out of Calgary, as that which assembled on Sunday afternoon. The church was crowded and a number being unable to find standing room, went away. The Bishop's addresses were listened to with marked attention. The service was most devout and the singing excellent. Seventeen persons were confirmed and several candidates were unavoidably absent; and nearly 60 persons received Holy Communion. In the morning the Bishop preached and celebrated Holy Communion at the town of Red Deer, twenty miles north of Innisfail. The use of the Methodist Church was most kindly offered and accepted for the occasion. Mr. Brashier holds service here fortnightly. It is hoped that a church will be erected at Red Deer shortly on a site given by the Rev. Leo Gaetz. Messrs. Piper and Nicholson have promised 10,000 bricks; Mr. David Mackenzie some lumber, and the sum in hand for the building, with subscriptions promised, amounts to between \$300 and \$400.

On Saturday forenoon the Bishop administered Holy Communion to a resident of Red Deer who is in ill health, the members of his household receiving with him. In the afternoon service was held at the Blind Man settlement, 10 miles north of Red Deer, in the house of Mr. Waghorn; and the Bishop afterwards baptized a child. The people of this settlement, who are chiefly halfbreeds, prize the Church's services very highly. Service is held once a month, and the preliminary steps for the erection of a church have been taken. On Friday afternoon service was held in the Penhold school-house, 11 miles north of Innisfail. Before the erection of the school house service was conducted at Mr. Threlfall's. The settlement is entirely Church of England and services are held here monthly. At Wavy Lake, 9 miles north-east of Innisfail, a monthly service is held at the house of Mr. Speakman, the attendance at which is about 50, nearly all of them Church people. There is also a monthly service at Little Red Deer, 10 miles west of Innisfail, held in the house of Mr. Philip Jones.

On Monday afternoon the Bishop conducted service at Bowden, a church settlement 10 miles north of Innisfail, in the house of Mr. James Fletcher, formerly of Kemptville, Ontario. There was a very large attendance, and after the service a meeting for organization was held at which a resolution was unanimously adopted to erect a church without delay. Mr. Brashier holds fortnightly services at Bowden, and, in addition, one of the settlers, Mr. John Smith, has for more than a year held service in his own house, but so as not to conflict with those taken by Mr. Brashier. In addition to all these, occasional services are held at Horse Shoe Lake, 12 miles east of Innisfail, where there is a large Church settlement and where regular service ought to be held; the N.W.M.P. barracks at the old crossing of the Red Deer, three miles from town, Ponoka, Wetaskiwin, Lacombe, and Olds. The Bishop is deeply impressed with the growth of the work caused by the great influx of people into the Red Deer and Edmonton districts during the past year; as well as with the indications of an enormous immigration during the coming year. He feels that the Church in the Diocese of Calgary is greatly undermanned; and the

money at his disposal for doing what is necessary utterly inadequate, and that unless more men and money can be found, excellent as the present staff is, and ready as Church people in the diocese are to do their part, the Church of England, whose prospects are so bright, must inevitably lag behind. The importance of completing the Bishopric Endowment Fund, and of largely increasing the funds for aiding new districts with the means of grace, cannot be over estimated. Churchmen in Eastern Canada are anxiously looked to for such help as they can give.

CALGARY.—The dinner given by the Ladies' Guild in the school room of the Church of the Redeemer, on Dec. 6th, was a great success. A large number of people patronized the bountiful spread of good things prepared by the ladies and the sale of work in connection. We understand that the total proceeds were in the neighbourhood of \$180.

## BRIEF MENTION.

One-fifth of the deaths in the Austrian Army are from suicide.

Hundreds of silver mines in Colorado have been closed, owing to the decline in the price of silver.

Hailstones weighing over a pound each fell at Brenham, Texas, last Tuesday during the cyclone.

Prince Bismarck is interested in Milwaukee street railway property to the extent of \$50,000.

Mr. Benjamin Wright, of the town of Perth, has a silver coin of the year 1652, when Cromwell held sway.

Rev. J. H. McMorine, rector of St. James' church, Kingston, who is now in Elizabethtown, Tenn., for his health, is recovering.

During the coming year France will spend \$1,900,000 for arms and ammunition for the cavalry alone.

A London despatch announces that Mr. Herbert Spencer is seriously ill.

The Bishop of Huron has appointed the Rev. D. J. Caswell, B.D., to the incumbency of Christ Church, Meaford.

The Lord Mayor of London has been urged to form a special emigration committee to relieve distress in the Metropolis.

Sir John Bernard Burke, editor of Burke's Peerage, died last week in London.

Since 1881 over 1,000,000 Bibles have been distributed among the German troops under the direction of the emperor.

At a sale on Tuesday night in Philadelphia, a letter written by George Washington to Madison in 1792 was sold for \$1,825.

The value of the honey and wax produced in this country during the past year was \$20,000,000.

The Archbishop of York says that the greatest need of the Church in England is a large increase in the number of clergy.

Heine had so warm a regard for his wife that he wrote, "For eight years I have had a frightful amount of happiness."

Dean Lefroy says there are 6,000,000 people in England who go neither to Church nor Chapel.

A Turkish torpedo boat left Kiel November 18 and has not been heard of since. She is supposed to have been lost in the Atlantic.

The Rev. W. B. Hornby, Bishop-Designate of Nyassaland, will be consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Thomas' Day, December 21st.

An aerolite, weighing 400,000 pounds, fell in Chihuahua, Mexico, about four months ago. The stone or metal has been taken to the city of Mexico.

The Duke of Portland has given \$800,000 to charities, according to agreement with his wife to so use all money won at the race-track.

The British wheat crop, according to the estimate made by Sir J. B. Lawes, is only 59,427,864 bushels.

The Bishop of Nova Scotia and one from the United States will attend the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, in Kingston, next February.

A very extensive industry in Russia consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the number of 80,000,000 annually.

St. James' Church, Carleton Place, has been apportioned \$1,200 towards the establishment of the new diocese of Ottawa. Already over \$500 has been subscribed and the balance is sure to be obtained.

The Bishop of Oregon reports great advances in Church work in his diocese. There are now fifty clergy where a few years ago there were only ten, and more are needed.

The crisis in the farming industry in England is likely to cause a large emigration, and efforts are being made to direct it in the direction of Canada.

It is proposed to establish a School of Agriculture and Mining in Kingston, Ont., for which project \$80,000 is required.

The Lord Mayor of London's badge of office contains diamonds to the value of \$120,000, and the temporary owner has to give a bond for it before he is sworn in.

The Chinese Sunday school of St. Bartholomew's parish has now over 600 pupils, and does by far the largest and most successful work of this kind in New York city.

The favorite drink in Nubia is made from fermented durrha bread. It is called ombulbul, because it makes the drinker sing like a nightingale.

The poet William Watson, who was recently granted £200 from the royal bounty fund for writing the best ode on Tennyson, has become violently insane, and has been placed in an asylum.

Algeria is the greatest cork producing country in the world, having 2,500,000 acres of cork forests, of which 800,000 are made to yield regular crops. The finest cork is obtained from that province.

The Dean of Melbourne, Australia, has just celebrated the 70th anniversary of his ordination, having been ordained by the Bishop of Limerick in 1822, or eight years before Bishop Durnford was ordained.

Last week Philip D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire, started for Europe, leaving to Chicago a Christmas gift of \$150,000 to build and equip the Armour Institute of Science and Art and Manual Training.

Trinity Church, Consecon, which has been closed for many years, was re-opened on Tuesday last by Rev. Rural Dean Loucks, of Picton. A chancel will be built and other necessary improvements made.

The Venerable Archdeacon Mulholland, of St. George's Church, Owen Sound, after 50 years work, will preach his farewell sermon on Christmas Day.

## British and Foreign.

An anonymous gift of £500 has been made to the Ripon Diocesan Victoria Clergy Aid Fund.

Father Ignatius flatly contradicts the statement that he has seceded to the Church of Rome and bequeathed Llanthony Abbey to the Pope.

In the city of Dublin there are about a thousand licensed houses, with a weekly average turnover of nearly £80,000. In the same city there were 15,521 arrests for drunkenness last year, one-third of those arrested being women.

Gravesend parish church, where on last month the Bishop of Rochester opened an elaborate new chancel, was licensed for divine service in 1497, and consecrated by Bishop Fisher, in 1510.

The Archdeacon of Essex has received from "A Friend" a donation of £1,000 towards the £9,000 required before the end of the year, on behalf of the Bishop of St. Alban's Fund for "London over the Border."

In the Fuh-kien province, China, 998 persons were baptized last year in the English Church's missions. Bishop Burdon confirmed 100 candidates in Hing-hwa, which has never had a resident European missionary.

The Archbishop of York has issued a special appeal for a fund of £12,000 in aid of poor Church day schools in that Diocese. The Archbishop, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Feversham, and Lord St. Oswald have headed the subscription lists with £150 each.

Dr. Daniel Dorchester, the government superintendent of Indian education, has introduced the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Twenty-third Psalm into the religious services of the government schools among the Indians.

The Bishop of Ely has appointed Bishop Macrorie, late of Maritzburg, to the Canonry in Ely Cathedral, vacant by the appointment of Canon Luckcock to the Deanery of Lichfield. Dr. Macrorie was consecrated Bishop of Maritzburg in 1869, and resigned his See in the early part of the present year.

The successor of Bishop Crowther in Africa is the Rev. Joseph Sidney Hill, who began his missionary career at Leke, in West Africa. He has also had experience in Australia and New Zealand. Latterly he has been on the staff of the Church parochial mission in England.

The many friends of the Dean of Rochester will regret to hear he is retiring in his 78th year from what he calls "foreign service," and will henceforth devote himself to decanal and diocesan duties. Dr.

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Hole has therefore refused the request of the Dean of St. Paul's, the Rector of Liverpool, and others, to preach next Lent.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the second son of the King of Sweden, has done a good service to the Temperance cause in that country. He has organized a Total Abstinence Society among the soldiers at Carlskrona, and is himself the president of the Blekinge Province Temperance Union.

Dr. Cust says that in its entirety the Church of England in its missionary operations makes use of the versions of the Holy Scriptures in 107 languages, and by far the greater portion are supplied, often free of charge, always below cost price, by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A singular mishap occurred in St. Paul's Cathedral lately. The man whose duty it is to wind up the clock had just completed his work, when one of the weights, which weighs about 800 lbs., fell through the timber supports of the clock, afterwards crashing through the tower staircase. The winder had a narrow escape. Happily, no one was hurt.

It is stated that the Council of the Protestant Churchmen's Alliance have lately met to consider the question of the proposed amalgamation of certain Evangelical organizations. Lord Grimthorpe presided, and there was a large attendance. A sub-committee was appointed to discuss the suggested amalgamation with a similar body chosen for that purpose by the Union of Clerical and Lay Associations. There is an impression that these two organizations will agree to combine and to carry on their work under a new name.

The Rev. A. Warren, vicar of St. Michael's, Appleby, has, according to the *Yorkshire Post*, decided upon a new departure in regard to the sermons at that church. He intends to give to his congregation from his pulpit the best sermons of eminent divines of the past, condensing them where necessary. The other Sunday, instead of the usual extempore sermon, he delivered a homily of Archbishop Cranmer's upon "Faith and Work." The congregation are said to "regard with much approval this action of their vicar."

Correspondence.

All Letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

N. B.—If any one has a good thought, or a Christian sentiment, or has facts, or deductions from facts, useful to the Church, and to Churchmen, we would solicit their statement in brief and concise letters in this department.

Wanted—More Bishops.

SIR,—I am truly thankful that the burning question of an immediate and substantial increase in the Canadian episcopate is beginning to receive the attention it demands. On all sides we have dinned in to us—and with much force and justice—the necessity for more lay help, for a largely increased staff of priests, and yet the Church at large is only just beginning to wake up to the fact that if any advance or extension worth speaking of is to be achieved by the Anglo-Catholic Church in Canada, we must begin at the beginning and enlarge our foundation. The Church as a whole never seems to have grasped the fact that it is men—not acres or square miles—she is seeking. We appoint bishops to enormous deserts inhabited mainly by the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and then talk complacently of the vast extent of such a diocese with its half a score of priests and its apostolic bishop, while we are losing thousands and hundreds of thousands of our children in the older provinces, simply because it is beyond the power of our handful of bishops to, in any appreciable degree, adequately administer their dioceses. While our bishops in old Canada are painfully struggling with the swiftly increasing arrears of their work, the Church is grievously, and, it is feared, permanently suffering—and she is moreover guilty of the cruelty, as a recent writer in the *Church Times* says, of "killing her bishops by inches" by over-work.

Feeling so strongly as I do, and have done for years, on this subject, I read with the keenest appreciation Dr. Langtry's letters on the subject, and most cordially endorse all he says as to the necessity of making this venture in the spirit of faith. The feeling indeed is rapidly gaining ground everywhere, and among all classes of Churchmen, that all a bishop should be guaranteed is enough to decently support him—if even that. As has been well said by a re-

cent writer, "Why not go forth in true apostolic style without staff and scrip." There are scores of priests, I am perfectly certain, well qualified to adorn the office, who would gladly undertake the work without any definite guarantee of stipend.

As matters now stand our episcopate, so far as Church extension goes, is a shadow of a shade, a mere fly on the wheel, a drop in the bucket. All these trials and energies are taken up in Church preservation, let alone Church extension. They just manage to keep life in the faint and feeble half-paralyzed body by acting as ordaining and confirming machines. By all means let us persistently agitate for the increase of the episcopate by writing letters to the press, both secular and religious, and by all legitimate methods, and above all by faithful, persistent prayer. Let me invite every priest who reads this letter to join with me at the Christmas Day celebration of the Holy Communion in imploring a blessing upon this movement, which is fraught with such tremendous consequences of good to the Church in Canada; let us at this, the "Highest Act of our Worship," earnestly pray that God may raise up additional chief pastors for the lifting up of the feeble hands and the strengthening of the feeble knees, the refreshing of the weak and the faint, and the general edification of His sorely depressed and languishing Church.

PRIEST OF HURON.

Christmas Day.

SIR,—Mr. Lyman's query under the above heading in last week's issue, reminds me of the gospel question, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?" In reply, permit me to say that the festival of Christmas has at least great prominence from its position at the ending and at the beginning of the year—the A and the U, the first and the last. Then observe, the singular adaptation of its position there, for Christ is the key-stone of history. With the birth-day of Christ comes the change in our chronology, from B.C. to A.D. Christmas synchronises with the festival of the dedication of the temple mentioned in the gospel (John x. 22, 23), "And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter, and Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch," and says Davison, on Prophecy (p. 253), "In a word, the second temple is covered with Christianity." Easter has been compared to the queen of the festivals, Christmas is king, and Pentecost baptizes all the family of God with holy fire. Christmas Day, since the purification of the temple by Judas Maccabaeus, has incorporated also with it the observance of the feast of tabernacles (see 1 Macc. iv. 52-59; and 2 Macc. x. 5-8.) But the crowning glory of the festival lies in its appropriate character, future as well as past, for it is the harbinger of true Christian unity in worship, when all nations shall go up from year to year to worship at Jerusalem and to keep the feast of tabernacles: When the place of the cross, shall become the city of coronation (see Zech. xiv. passim), "And the Lord shall be king over all the earth, in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one."

T. E.

Cote St. Antoine.

Sunday School Lesson.

Christmas-Day.

Dec. 25th, 1892.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE PRAYER-BOOK.

Among the forms of prayer in the Prayer-Book, the Lord's Prayer must always occupy a unique position. Its use in the public service of the Church dates from a very ancient period, and it is not surprising to find from the way it was set by our Lord before His disciples, both as a form to be used, and also as a pattern for other prayers, that it has come to pass that no Christian service is deemed complete unless it forms part thereof.

*Form of the Prayer.*—Let us notice that in the Prayer-Book both the forms of this Prayer given in the New Testament are used, viz., the one with the doxology as we find it in S. Matt. vi. 9-13; and the other without the doxology, as we find it in S. Luke xi. 2-4. It is supposed that the doxology did not originally form any part of the Prayer, as in the best ancient manuscript copies of the Gospel of S. Matt. it is not found; and it is thought that it was subsequently added when the Prayer came to be used in the services of the Church. (Barry, "Teachers' Prayer-Book," p. 24.) The principle on which the two forms are used appears to be this—when the Lord's Prayer is used as part of a service of praise or thanksgiving, the form with the doxology is used; when on the other hand it is used as part of a service of penitence or supplication, then the form without the doxology is used.

*Where used in the Services.*—Let us notice where this prayer is used in the different services to be found in the Prayer-Book.

(i) It comes first in the Morning Prayer, after the Absolution. Having confessed our sins and received the assurance of God's pardon, this prayer serves as a prelude to the praises and thanksgiving which immediately follow. (Note the Rubric which precedes it at this place.)

(ii) After our service of praise and the solemn profession of our Faith, the next step in the service is the offering of prayers and supplications, and as if to give the key-note to what follows, the Lord's Prayer is used, but this time without the doxology.

In the Evening Service it is also twice used at corresponding parts of the service.

(iii) It is also used without the doxology in the Litany, which is a service of supplication.

(iv) In the Communion Service we find it used twice; and there is something peculiar in its use at the opening of this service. In all other places in the Prayer-Book where the Lord's Prayer is used the people are directed audibly to join with the minister in saying it; but on this particular occasion it is customary for the minister to say it alone, and it may be noted that the "Amen," instead of being printed in italics, as at the conclusion of their prayers where it is intended that the people shall say it, is here printed in the same kind of type as the rest of the prayer. The reason of this is that originally this and the following prayer formed part of the private preparation of the priest, and were said by him secretly, and though they are now directed to be said aloud, yet the almost universal practice of the priest saying the Lord's Prayer at this place alone, preserves the memory of the former custom of the Church. (Barry, "Teachers' Prayer-Book," p. 199.) At this place the doxology is omitted for reasons above mentioned. The other place in which it is used in the Communion Service is as part of the thanksgiving after Communion, and here the doxology is added.

*Its use in Occasional Services.*—It is not only used in the ordinary services of the Church, but we also find that it forms part in all the occasional services, e.g., in the services of Baptism and Confirmation; Solemnization of Matrimony; The Visitation of the Sick; The Burial of the Dead; The Churching of Women; and the Communication Service for Ash Wednesday.

The importance which is attached by the Church to the Lord's Prayer is also shown by the fact that every baptized child is required to be taught to say it, and the Godparents are exhorted at the conclusion of the Baptismal Service to take care that the child is brought to the Bishop to be confirmed so soon as he can say, among other things, the Lord's Prayer.

*The appropriateness of its use.* When we consider the comprehensive character of this Prayer, we see how peculiarly adapted it is to all occasions of prayer, or praise or thanksgiving. When joining in praises and thanksgivings, the opening sentences and the doxology are in keeping. When on the other hand we are confessing our sins and imploring forgiveness, we "do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy." When we pray for the supply of our necessities, this prayer embodies not only petitions for daily bread for our bodies, but also for that Bread which came down from Heaven for the life of our souls.

Family Reading.

Baby's First Christmas.

'Tis early morn! The Angel keeps  
His silent watch while Baby sleeps,  
Upon the stillness breaks a chime  
That ushers in the Christmas time.  
The Angel bows his head in awe;  
He thinks of Christmas long ago,  
When with the Holy Seraphim  
He sang the earliest Christmas hymn  
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to men;"  
The bells repeat the song again.

"To-day another work is mine,  
To guard, Dear Lord, this child of Thine."  
The cross upon the Baby's brow  
Glows with a brighter radiance now,  
As to the little one he tells  
The wondrous story of the bells.  
The Baby smiles: the raptured grace  
Of holy worship lights her face,  
The Christ-Child's richest love is shed  
Alike on Babe's and Angel's head,

She wakes: and when she opens her eyes,  
All radiant with a glad surprise,  
Upon the Feast in all its glory,  
None guess she knows the Christmas story.  
M. S. R.

"I am convinced of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses"—this is what many people say.

## The Holy Child.

Many years ago, there was a baby born at a place called Bethlehem, in the land of Palestine, where the Jews lived. Bethlehem was a quiet little town, built upon a hill. Down the slope of this hill there were vineyards where beautiful grapes grew, and below there were fig-trees, and olive-trees, and corn-fields, and meadows.

One day two travellers came to Bethlehem, a carpenter named Joseph and his wife Mary. They had come a long way. They went to the inn, to see if they could spend the night there. This inn was nothing but a large hall, with places all round it like rooms without doors where travellers might sleep. It was quite full now, for a number of people had just come to Bethlehem. There was no room for Joseph and Mary, and they had to take shelter in the stable, where the horses and donkeys were put up for the night. And here God sent Mary a little baby.

Who do you think were the first people to hear about the new baby? Not the people in the inn. Some shepherds, who were spending the night in the fields below, taking care of their sheep, were the first. There were some other people too, a long way off, of whom you shall hear another time. An angel from heaven was sent to tell the shepherds.

While it was still dark everywhere, they saw all at once a bright light round about them, more glorious and beautiful than the brightest sunshine, and they were quite frightened. But the angel told them not to fear, for he had brought them good news. This was the news: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David" (that is Bethlehem) "a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord."

They had been looking a long while for the Saviour to come, but they never thought He would come in this way—a poor woman's baby, born in a stable. But this was the way He chose to come. He was the Son of God, and He chose to be born a poor child. The angel told the shepherds He was to be the great King, who should reign for ever and ever. And then the sky all round about was full of bright angels, who sang and praised God, because this Holy Child was born. This was the song they sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

When the angels had gone back to heaven, the shepherds said to one another: "We must go to Bethlehem, and see the baby who has been born." So as early morning was beginning to dawn, they left their sheep, and came up the hill to Bethlehem. God must have shown them where to go, for they found their way to the stable where Joseph and Mary were. There they saw the baby, wrapped tightly round with a piece of linen, and lying in the manger where the animals fed. Joseph and Mary heard the wonderful story which the shepherds had to tell, and they understood it. For an angel had told them long before that Mary's babe was to be the Son of God. Then the shepherds went and told their story to every one they met.

But we are not told that any one else except the wise men came to see the Holy Child. Perhaps they were too busy with their work and their pleasure, their buying and their selling, to pay much attention to what the shepherds said.

The Jews always used to name their babies when they were eight days old. Mary and Joseph had not to think what name they should choose for the baby. The angel had already told Joseph what His name was to be. It was Jesus, which means, "He shall save." Jesus is the sweetest and grandest name ever heard.

When the Holy Child was six weeks old, He was taken to the great city—Jerusalem. The beautiful temple where the Jews worshipped God was at Jerusalem. Every Jewish mother used to take her first little baby-baby to the temple, to present him to God. And each one always brought with her a thank-offering. The rich mothers brought a lamb, but God had said the poor might bring two doves instead, for doves were very cheap. Mary was a poor woman, so she brought two doves with her baby.

There was a very old man living in Jerusalem, named Simeon. God had promised him that he should not die before he had seen the "Saviour, Christ, the Lord," whom he had long been expecting. God put it into his heart to go into the temple just when Mary and Joseph were there with the Holy Child. When Simeon saw the baby he was very glad. He took Him up in his arms, and began to praise God. And he said that this child should be a Light for all the world. Just then a woman came in, named Anna. She was a widow and very old, and she loved to be in the temple. She, too, had long been looking for the Saviour to come. And she gave thanks to God when she saw the child, and went and told many others who had been longing for Him.

Years after, when this Holy-Child was grown up, He went about doing good, healing the sick, and helping the troubled, and teaching those who wanted to know about God. But at last some wicked people

who were jealous of Him, took Him and nailed Him to a cross. They could not have done it unless He had chosen to let them. He chose to die for our sakes, to bear the punishment for all the wrong things we have done. And when He died, those who loved Him thought they had lost Him. But it was not so. On the third day He rose from the dead, and then they knew that He was indeed the Son of God. Then He went back to heaven, and from His throne there He watches over little children, and loves them, and cares for them.

## The Robin's Christmas Song.

The sound of praise is in the air,  
Within God's house ascending,  
And songs of sacred gladness there  
In one full tide are blending.  
All minor notes have died away,  
Joy reigns alone—'tis Christmas Day.

And all around the pillars twining  
The holy wreaths are seen;  
With their bright berries ever shining  
The glossy leaves between.  
Without the world is cold, but lo!  
Inside the walls there's warmth and glow.

The holy words rise up again—  
"Glory to God on high!"  
Then soft and sweet another strain  
Afresh makes melody.  
Not from the choir *this* voice is heard—  
It is the carol of a bird.

He crept in with his ruddy breast,  
A strange new visitor:  
Where'er he goes, a welcome guest,  
Why should he not be here?  
And Robin thought, "What shall I do?  
Others are singing—I'll sing too!"

Adding his little mite of praise,  
Unconscious, to the whole.  
But conscious may we ever raise  
Thanks from our inmost soul:  
Though faint and weak, yet all along  
Swelling the one grand Christmas song.

## Christmas Thought.

In every parish in this city, and, it may fairly be said, in every parish throughout the land, it is upon the energy and activity of woman that a large share of the Christmas preparations fall. Upon her devolves the purchasing of gifts for the children, the training, oftentimes, for chant and carol, the marshalling of Sunday school forces, and the distribution of gifts. In the Church her work is apparent, for her deft fingers have designed and wrought the exquisite embroideries on stole and chasuble, on altar vestments, fair linen, and chalice veil. Her hands have cared for the sacred vessels, the polished brass of cross and vase, and decked the altar with flowers for this festal time.

It should not be inferred that any special meed of praise is due to those who labour in the Master's service. They do but their duty, and their reward is in their own hearts, but it is patent to the keen observer that the work among Churchwomen is more extensive, more general, than ever before. Within a few years Sunday schools have increased largely in every parish, and altar societies have been formed in many churches hitherto without them. When one considers the thousands of children in our churches throughout the land, one gets some idea of the numbers of women at work for them in the Christmas season.

To-day, in many a hospital, the gentle ministrations of the sisters bring a gleam of comfort to the sufferers. In prisons, hospitals and asylums, the Christmas Letter Mission, planned by the tender thought of a woman, sends a welcome message, bearing "glad tidings of joy" to the inmates. Canada, Australia, India and Africa are among the distant lands to which these greetings go.

"As an historical fact it has been Christianity which has transformed woman into the high and holy power of philanthropy which she is to-day." True it is that the coming of the divine Child, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, elevated woman from bondage to honour and brought to her the immeasurable possibilities of life and freedom.

Not a few people say, "I dislike the holiday season. I am glad when it is over." Is it not because the true spirit of Christmas is not within us if we feel this? We have been wearied with the rush, the excitement, and have not paused to realize the meaning of the season and to "hear the angels sing." At least we are selfish if we cannot be glad of the happiness of the children and the poor.

Doubtless there are many who to-day are crushed by some sorrow, but its shadow should not be allowed to fall upon the young. Sympathy, too, and love may arise best, perhaps, from a sorrowing heart, and

may extend, not only in the home, but to all humanity.

Women of wealth to-day provide the means for the development of some of our best Christian charities, and the exertions of others, who give their time and abilities, count for much in the work of the season.

There are few among us who have not some special poor to whom to give whether it be a gift in money, clothing, or provisions. "A gift is part of thyself," writes Emerson, and so it is, or should be. It should be a gift in thought; and flowers for the sad at heart; fruit for the invalid; a cheque for the needy friend or relative; provisions for the poor, are finding their way to many a home at this season from generous, thoughtful women.

Let us not put aside with the passing of Christmas the kindly feelings that the time awakens. Let us go forth with a more liberal spirit, a broader, freer mind, into the duties of the future, whether at home or abroad. Let narrow prejudices rest, and resentments be forever forgotten, if they exist within us. Thus may Christmas be, indeed, a blessed time to us, and in the new year, so soon to dawn upon us, shall

"Universal peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
Thro' all the circle of the golden year."

## The Eternal Child.

In vesture white, the Eternal Child  
Lay on His mother's lap and smiled;  
What joy to see that loosed-for sight—  
Her spotless lily of delight.  
Her love, her dove, her undefiled!

She recked not of the anguish wild,  
The sorrow upon sorrow piled,  
His dead Form swathed one awful night,  
In vesture white.

Oh, let our hearts this Birthday bright  
The sorrow and the joy unite;  
While, by the twofold grace beguiled  
Of suffering Man and infant mild,  
We walk with Him on Faith's calm height  
In vesture white!

## The Rose of S. Bridgid.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was the *Holy Night!* what a wealth of sacred reminiscence lay around this fascinating time! How truly a *Holy* night, pregnant as it was with the destiny of a world at enmity with its Creator—utterly gone out of His way. Groaning it lay at His feet, awaiting in agonies of doubt the coming of the long-promised Deliverer. He came, you Christian boys and girls all know that, and say, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, with the Angels: and in earth was peace again to men of good-will. Nature lay hushed in sleep. All the fields—those holy fields of Palestine lying about Bethlehem, are shrouded in the cold silver gossamer mists of winter nights—even as they are in the gay spring-time thickly bespangled with a hundred varieties of fair wild flowers. But not only has Dame Nature cloaked them all in her pale grey gauzes of fairy lightness and texture, but King Frost and a host of his fairies and elves have been holding high revel on their way to the mountains, marking their path by decking the earth in all-glorious array. Every twig, every blade of grass, glistens and sparkles in its raiment of jewelled hoar-frost. The clumps of the prickly pear and the dwarf hedges are hung with garlands and festoons of the same snowy gossamers, and the pearl-like enamelling of fairy flowers. All things are radiant and shimmering and sparkling with the lustre of its snow-white beauty.

Far away, like dusky giants, rise the everlasting hills, each one sacred with scenes of Bible story, wrapped in their purple and silver hazes, saturated with dew; and above all, Hermon and Carmel crowned with their coronals of snow. Here and there, thrown out into all the greater prominence by their deeper purple and jet-black richness, lay the deep treacherous gorges, overgrown with thick undergrowths of scrub and brushwood. Great masses of cedars and olives, twisted and gnarled by the lapse of years, lay on this side, silver-flaked in the moonlight, while on the other—discovered only by the clear shining of the silver ship of the moon, which rides with a queenly superabundance through the calm, almost transparent, eternal spaces of the liquid turquoise sea of heaven—dances and sparkles in a perfect shower of gem-like splendour a fast-rushing stream, refusing to be awed into silence by the icy finger of the frost, and casting itself off the rocks, it rolls in a veritable sheet of glass below, where falling, it froths and bubbles like yeast, only tarrying for a moment to weave itself into fantasies of fairy lace-work, and to throw out an aureole of scintillating diamond dust, as it trembles in the intense agitation of all the glory of a diamond cluster on the edge of



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ster on the edge of

the precipice, ere, with a wild roar, it descends into the awful ebon abysses of the neighbouring ravine.

Nature had indeed arrayed herself in her most sumptuous apparel, as if in expectation of the near fulfilling of the ancient story of the coming of the Lord; and how brightly shines the moon, as if exulting in the magnificence of the same great thought, as she rides serenely on her brilliant way, flooding the earth with silver radiance, and seeming to call to it to join with herself in one glad paean of praise.

Far up among the dark foliage depths on the mountains gleam out, ever and anon, the dull ruddy glow of the watch-fires of the shepherd, where their presence protects their flocks from the ravages of wild beasts.

But what was that yet brighter and more brilliant light which flashes out and runs with liquid golden brightness across the pale blue horizon of the eastern heavens; illuminating the earth with a greater flood of glory than the moon could bestow? Again, and yet again, it bursts out, till in the vehemence of its burning it spreads itself in a golden arc across the sky, flashing out long slender rays like Arab lances.

But other eyes than ours behold this strange phenomenon—the watching shepherds see and are strangely moved. Startled by the splendour of the unusual spectacle before them, and filled with amazement, they awaken their sleeping fellows to share with them the wonders of the sky. Presently moving forms, dimly outlined, glide here and there amid the glory, every instant becoming more and more distinct, until their attention is arrested and wholly centred on one of the angels (for they are no less) of celestial beauty, descending to their full vision.

Dazzled by the magnificence of this superb being of another world, the rough and simple shepherds fall down upon the ground almost paralysed with fear. The angel's nearer approach, and yet more his salutation, demands their attention. Speechless, they can do nothing but listen and wonder. What strange story do they hear? strange yet well-known and long expected, a story familiar to them from their childhood; when at their mother's knee they stood and also wondered with all an eastern child's wild imagining, in the calm Syrian eyes of long ago. The glorious King so long expected, so yearned for, so rapturously called upon in the temple service to appear, was now, said this heavenly visitor, born and lying in a manger at Bethlehem. In a manger, how strange! the glorious and wonderful long-looked for King, who was to be so magnificent, so glorious, born in a manger! yet the angel said that it was so.

But there was no time for thought; the bright messenger had told them other things, and more, had bid them go and greet him. Moreover, with a gesture of benediction, he was gone—gone to join his celestial companions who now flashed, a glorious host, across the heavens, filling the earth with their ravishing psalmody. Never had such a choir sang a new-born monarch's praises: never had such music entered mortal ears. No wonder the simple Bethlehemite shepherds listened awe-struck!

Gradually from their ravished vision the beautiful sight fades away, until nothing is seen or heard but the pale amber tint of the east and a stray whisper echo of the celestial chanting falls on their quickening ears, like zephyr-music stealing here and there across the earth. This soon, too, has departed; the heavens again lay stretched out in their own peculiar beauty, and silence reigns again supreme.

As silently, too, the thoughts and hearts of these peasant shepherds return to earth, their dazed eyes wandering listlessly from one face to another, as if seeking an explanation of the strange events they had just been witnessing.

"Let us go," say they, "even now to Bethlehem, and see this thing the Lord hath made known unto us." So they take their way down the mountain side on their wonderful journey, with hearts full of wonder and high thanksgiving.

Following in the wake of that little company was Madelon, the little shepherdess, who kept her sheep with the shepherds on the mountain. She, too, had seen the beautiful apparition to the shepherds, and had heard the glad message which greeted their ears. How she longed, in all the intensity of her childish wishes, to see this wonderful Baby-King which the angel said was just born. Is it surprising then that those same wishes prompted her to follow in the rough path of the shepherds on their night journey, weaving in her mind all the way the most beautiful and extravagant of fancies as to what and whom this important little personage should be?

We know from the sacred narrative how the shepherds found their Guest, how they gained the reward for their pains. However, when they had entered the house, and were bent in adoration before the Divine Child, poor little Madelon stood nervously without, timidly peering through the door at the happy sight within. Oh! how her little heart longed to greet that tiny Child, who lay within the arms of that beautiful woman, His Mother; to kiss

His dimpled Hands and Feet, delicately pink as the inside of a shell; to touch, and with what reverent fingers, that golden aureole of hair-mist circling about His Head. She sees, too, the shepherds are giving Him presents of lambs and kids, chosen from their mountain flocks, but she, alas! had no gift, not even a flower for the beautiful Baby-King, for was it not bitter winter, and the ground all frozen hard? so she turned away, her little heart full of grief and anguish, and we know how poignant a child's grief can be. Soon the tears were trickling down through her fingers, sparkling as they fell like brilliant jewels in the moonlight, and as she wept she prayed.

So great was her sorrow that she was quite insensible to the near approach of a comforter, even one of those lovely ministers of God, beautiful beyond compare, who drew near to turn her weeping into joy. A slight brush of those snowy wings recalled her, and she opened her eyes—on what? Could it be, was it really one of those glorious angels she had seen talk with the shepherds on the mountain? Truly, it is the great Archangel, Gabriel, whom she beheld with such wondering eyes, fringed still with pearl-like tears, who had come back again from heaven.

"Little Shepherdess," said he, in the sweet music of his voice, "why do you weep and why do you pray?"

"Alas," pleaded the quavering tones of the trembling little Madelon, "alas! I have no present to offer to the infant Jesus. Oh! if I only had some roses. He has not one single flower. But it is freezing, and spring is far away. Good angel, woe is me!"

With a tender smile Gabriel took her hand and led her out: and when they were beyond the threshold a golden light came down and floated around them. Whereupon Gabriel struck the frozen earth with his rod, and behold a miracle! the ground was covered with fresh flowers of snowy whiteness.

Awe-stricken, poor little Madelon gazed first upon the wonderful flowers, and then on her more beautiful celestial visitor. But lo! soon he was gone even as he smiled upon her. Scarcely could she draw her eyes from the brilliant blooms which shimmered in the moonlight, nor hardly dared to lift them up lest they should again encounter one of those angelic beings.

Suddenly she remembered the little golden-haired Baby in the adjacent manger, whereupon she hastily gathered a posy of the heaven-sent flowers, and hastening back to the stable, offered it with a heart overflowing with joy to the Holy Child Jesus, whose smile she received as a reward sufficient in itself.

Such is the story of the Christ-Mass Rose; and is it not a beautiful one? Ah! how happy was Madelon because Jesus was happy. He, because she had done a good deed; and she, because He had received it.

#### The New Born King.

My baby lies within my arms, and, rocking to and fro,  
My thoughts are dwelling on that time when, long and long ago,  
A mother opened wide her arms, and to her tender breast,  
With mother-love and reverence, laid her Holy Babe to rest.  
Oh, even now I feel the thrill which coursed through every vein  
Of that sweet mother's heart, whose Son o'er Heaven and earth would reign,  
I know just how she bent to lay her cheek against His Own,  
And how she sang her lullabies in loving reverent tone.  
And how the Baby-Eyes met hers and lingered on her smile,  
E'en as she kissed and loved her Babe and blessed her Christ the while.  
The Royal little Head was crowned with Heaven's hallowed light,  
The feeble little Baby-Hands were vested with the right  
To guide, to bless, to heal and lead, as older they should grow;  
And Heaven's Majesty was o'er that Babe of long ago.  
But yet He was a helpless child, and needed mother's care,  
Really a Baby to be loved, like my own baby fair.  
And, oh, that thought to every mother's heart must be so dear!  
And bring the Gracious Saviour's Blessed Love for ever near!  
And as I sit this Christmas Day and rock my babe to rest,  
And feel the helpless weight of his dear head upon my breast,  
I breathe a prayer of thankfulness that the great King above  
Knows, blesses, guards, and sacred makes, the power of mother-love.

#### The Sweet Old Christmas Story.

A great many hundred years ago, away and away across the water, one beautiful starry night something happened.

Up among the hills and the rocks the sheep were taking their rest; safe from the wolf or tiger, because the faithful shepherds watched all night.

They were gathered in a sheltered place around the fire and they were talking. Good men, they were, who believed what God had told them in the Bible, and were watching for his promises to come to pass.

If we had been near I think we might have heard something like this: "It is a long time that we have been waiting for the King to come.

"Yes," says another; "years and years! I remember how my grandmother used to gather us about her and tell us how the Lord was to send us a king to rule over us, and to make all wrong things right; she used to think he might come in her day; and she sat often listening and watching, to see if she could hear his voice."

"How do you think it will be?" asked a third. "Do you think he will come suddenly from the sky, with bands of music, and guards of angels, and with a crown on his head, speaking in a voice of thunder to all wrong-doers?"

The first shepherd shook his head. "I do not know," he said. "I often wonder how it will be; and I read over and over again the promises of his coming; and some of them sound as though he was to be poor and alone; but how can that be, when he is to rule the world? I do not understand it; but I long to see my king."

Just then a light brighter than the sun shone all around them. "What is that?" they said. Could the world be on fire? No, all was quiet down in the valleys; and the earth was sleeping. The shepherds looked at one another and said not a word; but their limbs trembled so that they could hardly stand.

Look! What is that, coming from the brightness! It must surely be an angel. He is speaking. "Fear not," and his voice was like the sound of music. As he spoke, the fear seemed all to glide away from the shepherds, and they felt a strange, sweet happiness stealing over them.

Then came the wonderful words: "There was born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour for you; He is Christ the Lord."

O glorious news! How shall they know where to find Him? Listen, the angels tell them: "You will find the baby in a manger." What strange news was this! the King of Glory, the Saviour of the world, to be found in a manger!

But before they could say a word, suddenly the air was filled with angels. They were singing their song: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The music to which these words were sung was not like any that the shepherds had ever heard before; nor did they hear anything like it again, until the angels opened the golden gates and showed them the way to the palace of their King. Only a few minutes, and the angels soared away, the beautiful light faded, the sweet voices were lost in the blue distance, and there was only the sheep asleep on the hill-sides, and the stars smiling down on them.

Do you think they thought it a dream? Oh no. Listen to what they said: "Let us go right away to find the Lord. He will be in Bethlehem; that is the city of David; the Lord has sent His angels to tell this news; we shall see our King!"

And they hurried away. Did they find the King? Yes, they found Him; a little baby in a manger, his father and mother watching over Him. Oh! I don't know what they said when they saw that baby. I have often wondered whether they dared to touch Him, to put His soft hand on their faces, and kiss His sweet, pure lips. But this I know. Wherever they went, they told that the King had come, and they had seen Him. Years and years ago it happened, yet the men and women, boys and girls, are talking, singing, and hinking about it to-day. The most wonderful night that the world has ever known was that in which the angels sang the song of the new-born King.

The shepherds who first told the story have been with the King in His palace, I suppose, for as many as eighteen hundred years, but on Christ-

mas Eve in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two, two sweet little girls are going out with their baskets full of holly leaves and buds, and in the sweet moonlight, with the stars looking down on them, are to sing for their sick mother the same sweet old story which I have been telling you.

These are the words they will sing :

The angels, the angels, who sang on Christmas Eve,  
And waked the shepherds so long ago,  
What was the song that they carolled so?  
Glad tidings, glad tidings, to you, to you, we bring,  
Of peace on earth, good will to men;  
And angels echoed the song again—  
Glad tidings, glad tidings, to you, to you, we bring.

They found Him, they found Him  
Beneath the Eastern Star,  
And kings and shepherds kneeled down to pray  
Around the manger where Jesus lay.

What treasure, what treasure, can little children bring?  
And where is the blessed Redeemer now,  
That round His cradle we all may bow?  
No treasure, no treasure, is half so sweet to Him,  
As little children who greet Him here  
With loving heart and open ear;  
No treasure, no treasure, is half so sweet to Him.  
—PANSY.

#### To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

#### Decorations for the Church.

If the ceiling of the church is high in its centre, arching in from all sides, festoons can be used effectively, but they should never be low enough to take away the idea of height and breadth. Let them start from some point at least half the height of the side walls and meet at one common centre; the old chandelier used to be the central point for the meeting of these decorations, but the use of electric lights has relegated this to the past. A charming effect can be produced by covering the place where the strands meet with a broad mass of branches, through which the electric bulb can flash its brightness like a star. In churches where there is no dome, or where the arches do not converge toward a central point, I would not advise the use of long festoons or wreaths. Let there be short ones from arch to arch, instead; always have a festoon start from and terminate in a cluster of boughs. One of the faults found with our native evergreens is their dull, unrelieved color. It is because of the contrast of rich green and glowing red and scarlet that the holly and mistletoe are so much more highly prized, perhaps. It is unnecessary to go outside of those two plants for contrast. When decorating a church it is always well to keep the decorations as conservative as possible, that they may not offend the older members of the congregation, who are apt to take offence at any innovations in such matters.

#### Greeting.

Merry Christmas to all the boys and girls! Sweetest of all holidays; though the past few weeks have been full of unusual enjoyment, yet I hope that the coming of Santa Claus with bonbons and toys, and the kisses and smiles of loving friends, will sparkle your eyes, and make music in your hearts. While baby-pet tinkles its new rattle, and little Eva looks proudly at her elegant set of china and new dollie, and Charlie grandly mounts his brand new hobby horse, we hope these things will occasion more happiness than all the holidays that have preceded. Oh, how susceptible our hearts are to enjoyment—so much so that even an old chimney contributes largely to our Christmas pleasure. Let us not forget the beautiful child of Bethlehem, with its haloed brow, and star-led throng of worshipers. Let us, too, worship this Christ-child, while our hearts re-

spond to the beautiful carols that strew the glorious Christmastide. But this mirth and happiness are not for us alone. If we would enjoy a happy day we must help to make others happy. Let your thoughts be kind and generous towards each other.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life  
Some lesson I have to learn.

Forgive and forget is a maxim worth heeding;  
Recall the harsh judgment so hasty and stern.  
Not one of us all but is certainly needing  
Some friendly forbearance and grace in return.

Unkindness and malice are weeds that grow thickly,  
But patience and love may transform them to  
flowers,  
Remember our journey is over too quickly  
To waste on ill-feeling these moments of ours.

#### Harry and Archie; or, First and Last Communion.

*Continued.*

It was night, and Harry lay upon his straw bed; a rushlight burnt in the room, and flared and flickered in the gusts of air which rushed through the broken panes. Harry lay as still as death; he had not opened his eyes nor spoken; his face was pale as death, and his thin hair lay out on his ragged pillow; his hands were folded on his bosom; the light just fell on the orphan's face; Archie was kneeling by his bedside; his face leant on his hand, and his eye was fixed on Harry's face so earnestly, he looked as if he had not moved for hours; you could hardly say who seemed the stillest, Harry or Archie. Archie did not speak, he did not open his lips; he seemed listening for Harry to breathe, and he was afraid of moving lest he might miss the slightest sound of it.

Outside all was still; it was two nights since the riot; the ringleaders had been taken, and would be tried next assize. The master had taken his children to a relation who lived a few miles off. The factory was burnt to the ground, and six hundred people thrown out of work.

Harry had been carried back to his own house, and Archie, who, from his youth, had been spared, had never left him. The doctor had said he might live, but it was not likely; and he had not yet spoken. It was strange, though all had admired him for his courage, there was no one to nurse or see after him but Archie; Archie did it all. There had been a sort of collection made among the men. Nannie had been sent for, for Archie knew about Nannie; he had often heard Harry talk of her.

Two o'clock struck by the church clock, and the doctor had said there would be a crisis; he would either die or speak then. And what would Archie give to hear him speak; to feel he was not a murderer; and, above all, the murderer of Harry!

Two o'clock struck, and Archie still knelt at the bedside, and watched Harry's pale, motionless face. You might have heard Archie's heart beat all round the room.

"His First Communion," said Archie to himself. "Poor Harry. How he talked of it: and I've done it. Wretched I!"—as he buried his face in his hands.

The room was so quiet—only Archie's breath, and the flicker of the rushlight, as the thin air crept through the patched panes of the broken window.

Every now and then a footstep passed in the lane underneath, and Archie heard it twice as long as he ever heard a footstep go up the lane before. The moon looked through the little diamond lattice-work of the window; and Archie felt it was like an eye which smiled on Harry's pale face, but looked away from him. He looked up at Harry, but there was no more sign of life or consciousness. He lay like a waxwork, and his thin hair spread out on the pillow; his long thin fingers rested on the sheet, just where they were three hours before. Archie would look away from the face, and look down on the bed, and count the threads in the patchwork before him, till he had counted them twenty times, and did not know the numbers yet, if he had been asked. He had never

known so long a night, or so deep a stillness. He tried to pray, and he did for Harry; but he could not for himself.

He looked up at the moon. "Archie," said a low, gentle voice. If an arrow had shot him, he could not have started more. Harry's eyes were open, and looked at him, and those fingers had moved.

"Where am I?" said Harry. "Mother—oh, I've had such a dream—I thought you were dead, and I was gone away."

And he kept his eyes fixed on Archie.

"And Nannie, too; I thought you were very far away: Oh, so far," and kept on looking at Archie.

Archie did not dare speak, he was choking; he was almost afraid of being alone with Harry.

"Harry," said he.

"Oh, where am I?" said the orphan, putting his hand up to his head. "Where am I?" he shut his eyes for a moment, and then his thoughts seemed to recover themselves; he put out his hand to Archie.

"Archie," said he, "I shan't live two days out; I am going to die. I should like to see the minister, and I want Nannie." The mention of his sister's name brought tears into his eyes.

"And Archie, dear Archie, I want some very serious talk with you before I leave you," he said very earnestly; and half lifted up his head on his pillow: but it sunk back directly, he was so weak.

Archie held his hand, and his hot tears dropped on it.

"Oh, Harry! I can't talk to you."

But the dying boy meant to talk, whether Archie wished it or not.

"Archie, you know how I did long to be confirmed, and receive my First Communion. But how can I now be confirmed? It's too late. But I should like to receive my First Communion. And that's why I want the minister to come, Archie. I'm so glad, so very glad, I have been getting ready for it: for I feel, somehow, as if I didn't mind dying now, though I am so young. I am so thankful God has given me grace to get ready. I shan't work any more at the factory, Archie; and I don't mind that neither, for the factory's a bad place; and I wish you were out of it Archie, dear. But now I've one thing to beg of you, Archie—one thing, one last thing—" and the dying boy raised himself up as he spoke, and fixed his eye full on Archie—"one last thing: that you'll be confirmed, Archie, next Monday. Maybe it will be the day I'm buried; and I feel as how I shan't live till to-morrow morning. And then maybe you'll take your First Communion the Sunday after it, if the minister will. And oh, Archie, Archie, never, never, leave it off till you come to where I hope I'm going." Harry spoke so earnestly that it overcame him, and he sunk back again exhausted.

Archie could not speak. He only sobbed bitterly. There was a long silence.

And Harry broke it again.

"Archie, you've been led away of late by bad lads and men, but you do know what's right, and I know you wish to do it; don't believe them, mind your own better feeling; it's God put it into you. Mind your better self, and thank God He hasn't brought you to die before you were ready. Take a warning from me: I'm a dying boy, Archie, who say it; and you should mind me; you used to mind me when I talked to you out at yonder fields; and you should mind me still more now I'm a-dying."

His manner being so earnest, Archie thought he had never heard any one speak like it before. "No, not even a minister in the church," as he said.

*(To be Continued.)*

—If we put off making our choice for God, we are like a man who goes drifting down a river with the stream, taking no notice of where he is going, till at last his boat is carried out to sea and he is drowned. So we may drift down the stream of life, never deciding for God, or therefore trying to row against the stream of sin, till we are carried out into the sea of eternity before we know where we are. Oh! let us not delay; if we have not already done so, let us choose this day whom we will serve.

Children's Department

A Christmas Dream.

BY HAL OWEN.

Dear little Perry Winkle was all tired out on Christmas Eve. He had had a very busy day getting ready for Santa Claus. In the first place he had been down town with his mamma, to visit the wonderful stores. He had seen lots and lots of beautiful things, but he did not have a chance to enjoy anything very much, so many other people, large and small, had hustled him and jostled him, and said, "Look out, little boy." "Oh, excuse me." "Stand aside, please." "Don't touch." "Oh, let me see." "Whata nuisance children are!" This last remark had been too much for him; he turned to mamma, and with overflowing eyes begged to go home. Mamma was not quite through, however, and kept consulting her list, going from store to store, from counter to counter, till his head was all in a whirl.

Finally, taking pity on him, mamma put him into the carriage and sent him home alone with the packages, promising to follow with papa as soon as she could. He felt quite grand, and enjoyed the ride very much, though he did want dreadfully to look into some of the packages. When he reached home nurse Lena met him at the door, and helped bring in all the funny bundles, large and small, and they piled them under the stairs.

Then he had a good lunch by the library table, as the dining-room was mysteriously closed, there being a suspicion of a big Christmas tree out there. All sorts of delicious smells drifted in from the kitchen, where a great deal of chopping and beating, stirring, boiling and baking was going on. There was to be a big Christmas dinner, with the grandmas, all the uncles, aunts and cousins to help eat it. Oh, what fun it would be, and he knew there would be a big Christmas tree somewhere during the day. Above all, he was going to hang up his stocking, when he went to bed, and he meant to wake up ever so early to see whether Santa Claus had really, truly filled it.

He was sitting up in papa's big arm chair with mamma's pretty pillow behind him, thinking over all these things, and watching the crackling and flashing of the cozy open fire, when slowly a little whiff of smoke took form and voice, and Santa Claus himself was in the room. He passed his soft, chubby hand over Perry Winkle's little tired head, and nestled it on the pillow, saying, as if to himself, for no one else was to be seen: "There, now I'm going to do a bit of advance work here, for I have such a rush of things to attend to to-night. I know how this little chap had his heart pricked to-day by hearing children called a nuisance. Big people ought to be more careful about what they say to the little ones. They ought to be ashamed to ever hurt their tender feelings. Children a nuisance, indeed! What would Christmas be without them? Why there wouldn't be any Christmas. The day itself, the birthday of the Holy Christ-Child, is dedicated to all children, to their supreme, universal happiness, and through children only is the day blessed to grown-up people. If people can forget or ignore this, they must be pretty well dried up, and have forgotten that they were ever anything but old sticks. I won't put a thing in

their stockings. I believe I will even whisk off the stockings, and give them to some needy person. Hold on, no, I will do better than that. I will take these people on Christmas Day where they shall see and hear happy children rejoicing and singing carols. In this way I will make them feel that children are a blessing, and their hearts will glow, and they will be glad to help and share the blessings. That's what I will do, but bless me, I must get to work. Come, helpers, one and all, come when you hear me call."

All at once in a misty whirl, shadows took shapes, and there was a hustle, rustle and bustle. Soon a beautiful Christmas tree appeared, telling by its sweet fragrance of the dear wild-wood home, with all its pleasant memories.

"Where's the sauce?" called Santa Claus.

"The Three Wise Men of Gotham have got it in their bowl."

"And the Christmas goose?"

"Old mother herself is bringing that, flying along on the fattest of the flock. She said that after everybody had had all they could eat of it, there would be enough goose oil to cure all the coughs, colds, and croup this winter. The rest of the procession is coming in good style. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, all have their arms full, the Queen of tarts is hurrying after them, and Jack and Jill are coming with the water, and they are trying to be very careful to look where they are going this time, instead of looking at each other. Sim-

will give each one a present. I am arranging this dish of fruit, cakes and flags especially for them. When he has generously passed them you see he will be well rewarded in discovering below a stunning box of real tools, everything in it, from nails to a plane, and this alone is worth everything else to this boy. He will give these strings of popcorn to the little children, too. How they will laugh!" and here old Santa chuckled and wiped from his starry eyes some diamond drops which he popped into a little velvet box, and marked for mamma.

For papa there was another little case, and there were bundles of all sorts for everybody. Such a lot of things for the grandmas. There was even a package for Carlo, which looked like a collar with a jingle bell. Like magic all these things seemed to arrange themselves. When everything was in order, Santa Claus surveyed it all with evident satisfaction, saying:

"There, now, Perry Winkle, I've done so much for you and your cousins I want you all to help me in every way to-morrow to spread the Christmas joy. Be a good boy—Hullo there!"

A rousing kiss, right in the middle of his forehead, made Perry Winkle jump from his chair, to find papa and mamma laughing (at his confusion at being found asleep).

The firelight shadows were flickering on the wall and lurking in the corners, but they all danced off as the lamp was lighted, and not a trace of the dream could he find about the room.

Mr. Grampus, an old friend of the family, had come in for a visit, and the supper party were having a lively time, when Perry, who had been very quiet for a long while, suddenly exclaimed,

"Mr. Grampus, did you ever say children were a nuisance? 'Cause if you did, you'd better look out, for Santa Claus is going to snatch your stockings, and make you go barefoot to the Mission school."

Everyone laughed, but Perry looked very sober, for Santa Claus had said so himself, and it must be truly so. When mamma asked him how he knew, he gave such a clear story of his vivid dream that they were all interested, and Mr. Grampus said,

"Well, I must save the soles of my feet anyway, and I'll take it all back, if I ever said so. Children are not a nuisance, so much for their blessing besides"—and he tossed over a gold-piece.

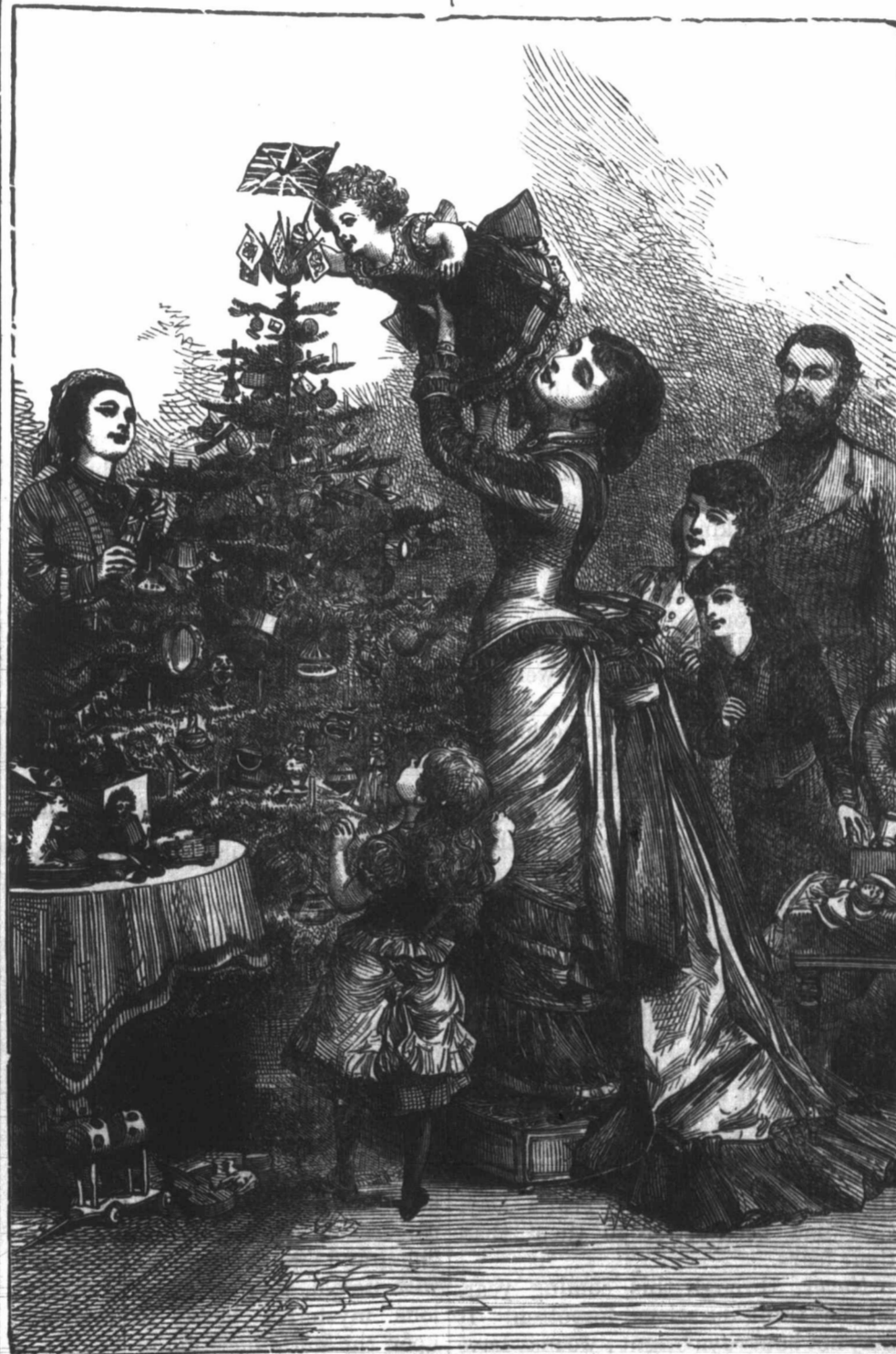
"This is not all for me? I must share it, as Santa Claus told me to do with everything," said Perry, earnestly.

When mamma came down stairs, having helped Perry hang his stocking, she said,

"I never saw anything take such hold on a child as that dream. He is possessed with a spirit of giving and doing that makes me ashamed. I have been so busy with my own circle, I confess I have given very little attention to the poor, and now he says we must do something. What shall it be?"

"I feel inspired to action also," said Mr. Grampus, and papa said he was ready for anything, while others who were present begged to be allowed to help in the work and fun.

Mr. Grampus said he knew several persons who were liable to lose their stockings that night if he didn't warn them, so while the others made the plans, he started out on missionary work, which so surprised his friends



THE "CHRISTMAS TREE."

The air was full of dainty figures, nimbly helping on the work in every direction. Many of these tiny people were old and well-known friends, who came trooping from Perry Winkle's books, in their special corner of papa's bookcase.

Animals, fancy boxes, candies and fruits, and all manner of tempting things, too numerous to mention, hung suspended from the tree. Everybody knows how indescribable it all is.

Little Jack Horner and Tommy Tucker came flitting over Perry's head bearing a big plum pudding, stuck full of currants and raisins all over, and a branch of holly on top.

"Clear the way," they cried. "We got here first, the pudding was so light."

ple Simon's pieman is on the way too."

"Are all these for Perry Winkle?" someone asked.

"Yes, his doting grandmothers told me to see that he has everything, and even I have to do as the grandmothers say. They do work me pretty hard this time of year, but then they are so good they can't be refused," and Santa Claus stopped to cool himself a moment.

"Will he enjoy all this by himself, all alone?" questioned another sprite.

"Bless your shiny wings, no," said Santa Claus. "I will tell you how it will be, I shall put it into his tender heart to think of several poor children he knows, and he will ask his papa and mamma to invite them, and he

that they responded generously, not only with money, but by their presence and help in carrying out the project. It was surprising how much everyone found they could do and spare. Thus a glorious good time was planned, which proved the brightest feature of the following day.

The overflowing stockings, the merry, loving greetings, the Christmas breakfast, the beautiful church service, the jolly family gathering and the good dinner were all heartily enjoyed by Perry Winkle, and indeed by everyone therein concerned. The best part of all was, however, when after dinner, before their own tree was lighted, all the Winkles and their guests and some of the converted children-haters, laden with all manner of good things, adjourned to a large room used for a charity kindergarten in the neighborhood. With great delight, they made ready for twenty poor families they had found in special calls that morning, who were utterly forlorn and forgotten.

In a short time they all came hustling in, fathers, mothers, and children, large and small. How they did enjoy that dinner spread before them! With what delight they received the gifts which followed, and when the carols were sung it was hard to tell who felt most deeply the true spirit of the day.

Never in all his life will little Perry Winkle forget the lesson of this Christmas dream, and this year, as he and his friends again try to fulfil its teachings, he hopes that many of you will also awaken to a realization that you, too, can do your little utmost to spread the Christmas joy.

#### The Hamper from Home.

It was the last night of the year, and the bells were ringing merrily. But it was not only the bells which were alive; everybody was awake, and all the world seemed busy. Some people were sitting at home settling their accounts or finishing work of various kinds; some were in the streets, returning from a social evening; and others, best of all, hurrying to some place of worship, to thank God for all the past, and to ask His grace and help for the year that was to come.

It was only the children who were asleep. In an old-fashioned house, a little out of town, in an upper room, two curly heads rested on their pillows. Rather hard pillows they were; and as the winter moonlight streamed in, you might have seen that there was not much carpet on the floor, and that the room was very cold and bare. It did not look a bit like home. No, it was not home, it was school, and Maggie and Mollie knew that quite well. These were the two little girls to whom the curly heads belonged. It is not very lively to be spending the Christmas holidays at school, and this was their fate just then.

"What are the bells ringing for?" asked Mollie, awakened by the sound and raising herself up in her small bed.

"Oh don't you remember?" replied Maggie. "Its 'cause it's the last night of the year, and to-morrow's New Year's Day."

"Oh, yes, I forgot," said Mollie wearily; "we were talking about it, weren't we? But it makes no difference to us. We shan't get any presents like other children do. Nobody thinks about us. Oh, Maggie, I don't see why we should be here! Why can't we be at home? And I don't like the bells—they only make things worse."

"Hush, Mollie, dear!" said the wise little elder sister. "You know it is for our own good that we are at school—mother said so; and you know, too, father can't afford for us to go home, 'cause it's such a long, long way and costs so much money."

"Yes, but that does not make it easier," replied Mollie impatiently. Then, suddenly brightening, she exclaimed, "Well, perhaps somebody will think of us to-morrow! Who knows?"

With this thought in her mind, the sound of the bells was more cheery; and before the New Year was in, both children were again fast asleep.

When they awoke next morning the bells had just begun afresh. The old year was gone, with its spring flowers and its autumn leaves, its summer warmth and sunshine, and all its happy hours; to everybody, young and old, a chapter in life was closed. What would the next one be? Who could say?

"Mollie, dear," said Maggie, "I know what mother would do if she were here, so let us do the same." Hand in hand they knelt down, and in their own simple words they asked God to make them indeed His children through Jesus Christ, and to give them a new blessing with the New Year, and not to forget that they were away from home and wanted somebody to love and care for them.

When they came down and had had prayers, their governess, who seemed ever so much kinder than usual, said to them:

"Oh, children, do you know a hamper came for you last night?"

They looked at each other. A hamper, and for them! Then they were not forgotten.

"And you can have it in and unpack it now, while I am cutting the bread-and-butter," she continued.

Oh, what delight there was over that hamper! It seemed an age to them while the cord was being taken off. Then very eagerly they explored the contents. Apples, cakes, mince-pies, (joyful sight!) and such a jar of jam—enough to last them all the holidays, and some to give away, too! Then there was a letter from mother, and that was the best of all, for it was full of love, and it told them how she was always thinking of them.

So they were not forgotten after all, and the love and the good things made them happy all that New Year's Day. God had been better to them than their fears.

Never, through this coming year, let us think ourselves forgotten. It may not be always bright; we may have our little troubles and difficulties, but our Heavenly Father is always with us. Will our mothers ever forget us? I hope not. Yet God says: "Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

#### The Christmas Table.

Much careful thought and attention should be given to the home table on Christmas Day, as a happy arrangement of greens, or plateau of flowers, will be found to give the needful touch that makes the Christmas dinner the bright and cheery meal it should be. When greens alone are desired for decoration, a large branch of mistletoe is effectively placed over the chandelier, and a basket of holly, with its berries, in the centre of the table. English mistletoe is preferable to the American, both on account of its richer col-

oring and the larger size of the berries. Place several sprays of either holly or mistletoe about the table, tying the larger ones with scarlet ribbon. If other greens are used, try to carry out the same suggestion, adding to them above the chandelier branches of the brilliant hued sumach, placing a mass of bittersweet in the centre of the table and sprays carelessly here and there on the cloth. The result will prove to you that even without the holly and mistletoe your table may be daintily and effectively decorated. Sometimes ferns alone are used; sometimes ferns with lilies of the valley. When both greens and flowers are desired, the former is more effective on or above the chandelier, the flowers placed in the centre of the table. A pretty addition would be the placing of a small spray of holly, with its berries, tied with a tiny scarlet ribbon, at each person's place. One could add little appropriate Christmas mottoes to these, if desired. The flowers used may be either orchids, roses, Roman hyacinths, violets or lilies of the valley. Tiny bunches of violets, or a few detached roses, if such are used as a centre piece, may be carelessly thrown here and there about the table (having an eye always to effect). When very elaborate decoration is attempted, fine, feathery foliage, placed at intervals about the table, are seemingly caught together with a few roses, violets or lilies of the valley, in small bunches. The napery, glass and china will, of necessity, be on Christmas Day the finest the house can boast. In completing the table decorations, do not forget to place a sprig of holly in the Christmas pudding.

#### A Merry Christmas.

Hark, throughout Christendom joy-bells are ringing;  
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,  
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling.  
Echoes of ages from far Galilee.  
Christmas is here,  
Merry old Christmas,  
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,  
Day of grand memories, king of the year.

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody, Christmas, with its old, yet ever new and marvellous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

The cattle have turned their heads to the east and knelt down to worship the King cradled in the manger; the houses are decked with holly; the yule log burns brightly; the gray shadows sweep away; the sun is up and the bright-eyed children who have lain awake all night listening for the patter of old St. Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats.

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

I do not know a grander effect of music on the feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ per-

forming a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.—*Washington Irving.*

#### A Difficult Sum.

"It is so hard. I can never do it, I know I can't. It is too bad of the Doctor to keep me in again, that makes the fourth time this week. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how I wish I hadn't to stay here in this stupid old school-room!"

Harold Hewitt held his slate in his hand, and bent over the puzzling figures which seemed to grow more and more puzzling every time he looked at them. He had looked at them a great many times that lovely fine afternoon, and they seemed all confused, they never would come right.

"Nine into seven—I can't," muttered Harold; "nine into seventy-one goes—? I declare I've forgotten. I'm forgetting everything to-day. How I wish I was clever about sums as our David is! he can do them without a bit of trouble; but they all say I'm stupid about arithmetic, and so I am—I can't help it."

And then Harold's eyes wandered away from his slate out into the playground.

How he would delight in being free! He could hear the other boys laughing and shouting; they seemed to shout more loudly than ever to-day, on purpose to provoke him. What fun they were having!

George Evans and Jim Sinclair were actually playing leapfrog close to the school-room windows. And now they stopped, panting and breathless, and called out to Harold—

"Hullo, stupid! not done your sum yet? Well, I never."

Poor Harold sighed and went back to his sum. "It is no use to try," he said, bending over the slate and rubbing out some figures at the bottom, "it won't come right."

That little word "try," however, reminded him of the rhyme he had learned long ago.

"If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again!"

And now as he pulled out his red cotton handkerchief to wipe his eyes, he also pulled out a card that had been given to him by his Sunday-school teacher the week before. He read the words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

"Have I done this sum with all my might?" thought Harold. "I don't really think I have. I've only kept thinking how hard it was. I will ask God to help me, and I will try with my whole might."

So he set to work in good earnest. He was just beginning to see his way when he heard a loud crash outside, just under the window. He started up and looked out. Annie, the nursery-maid, had been carelessly wheeling the perambulator with two of the Doctor's children in it. Suddenly it came against a garden roller, and both the children were turned out on the gravel path. Annie was too frightened to do anything but scream for help.

In a moment, Harold had jumped out of the window and rushed to the rescue. The first thing he did was to put the perambulator straight, the next to sit little Maude Venn on her legs, and the next to snatch up the baby and put him into Annie's arms. Both children had escaped with a few bruises, but they were crying loudly, and Annie was only too glad to take them back to the house.

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house.

"Thank you for coming so soon," she said to Harold; "I never can thank you enough."

This little incident seemed to do Harold a world of good and so clear his puzzled brains. He worked away briskly, and soon found that he had conquered his sum, and that, at last, it was right—right without a single mis-

take. "Quite right," said the good-natured Doctor as he looked at it; "and by the way, I hear you were very kind to my little ones when they were upset just now. Mrs. Venn would like to thank you herself, so I hope you will come to tea with us this evening, my boy."

Now being asked to tea with the Doctor was a very high and coveted honour, and Harold was very proud of it, so much so, that he quite forgot to box Jim Sinclair's ears for teasing him, as he had quite intended to do. But best of all, he resolved that, by God's help, he never would be conquered by any difficulty again, but would always try to conquer it.

You will have many hard things set for you to do throughout life; but do as Harold did, try to conquer them, and ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you, and He surely will.

Sunday Talks.

"For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with His truth."—PSALM xcvi. 13 (Prayer-Book version).

As you will remember, dear boys and girls, when our Lord first came on earth it was in all humility as a little child—you all know the story of His birth in Bethlehem. But His second coming will be very different; then He will appear with all the majesty and kingly power that belonged to Him as the Son of God.

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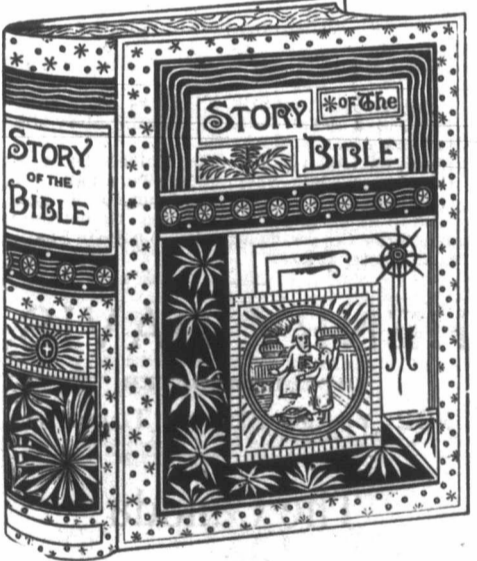


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To some people this second coming of Christ will bring great joy and happiness, but to others terror and distress—for this time our Lord will come "to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with His truth." Now you understand why some will be glad and some sorry to see their Lord, do you not, children?

Those who have tried to follow His example and to keep His commandments will rejoice, for after the judgment they will go to live with the King in His new kingdom, where no sorrow or sickness or distress can ever enter, and where the light of His love will ever be with them. But to those who have denied Him or disobeyed or forgotten Him, it will be a dreadful day; for this world, the pleasure of which has been so much to them, will pass away, and they will have no part with those who enter the kingdom of heaven.

These people would be glad if there were no second coming of the Lord and no judgment day, but that He will come and that He will judge every human being is certain. More than a thousand years before our Lord came on earth God inspired the psalmist to tell His people of the judgment, and in the tenth chapter of Acts we read that our Lord Jesus Christ "was or-

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dained of God to be the judge of quick and dead—the word “quick” as used here meaning the “living.” And our Lord Himself tells us that the Father “hath committed all judgment unto the Son.”

No one knows when the Lord will come. It may be in the morning, or at noonday, or in the evening, or at midnight, but knowing and believing that He will come, we should try to live so as to be ready to meet Him at any moment. For this reason we should use well every minute of our time—fill it full of holy thoughts, and loving words and kindly deeds, and we should use our influence to help others to do so as well. So that when our Lord appears to judge the world we may be counted worthy to be included among His faithful servants, and to “rise to the life immortal through Him Who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.”

#### The Frog and the Mouse.

A mouse sitting beside a stream said to herself, ‘I wish I could get over to the other side.’

A frog under the bank heard the words and said, ‘I will carry you across with pleasure.’

‘I should be so much obliged to you,’ said the innocent mouse.

Then the frog wound a stout string round his waist, and tied the end of it to the mouse’s tail, and jumped into the water, and invited the mouse to jump on his back.

All went well till they got into the middle of the stream, when the frog sank down into the water, and the mouse almost slipped off.

‘Do you wish to drown me?’ cried the mouse; ‘that would be a shabby trick.’

‘And serve you right, too,’ said the frog, ‘for being so silly as to believe that I would carry you across. Folks often make promises which they don’t mean to keep.’

The cruel frog had nearly dragged the poor mouse under the water, when a stork saw her, and pounced down on her, and caught her in his beak, and carried her off to his nest, the frog hanging to his tail.

‘Hey-day, frog!’ said the stork, ‘what brings you here?’

‘My own deceit,’ said the now trembling frog; ‘I tried to drown the mouse, and now I am brought to grief myself.’

‘My fine fellow,’ said the stork, ‘I will serve you for your cunning trick.’

Then the stork opened his beak and gobbled up the deceitful frog. ‘He who digs a pit for his neighbor sometimes falls into it himself.’

#### A Beautiful Dream

There was a little boy whose father and mother had died. All his relatives were far away. He was poor, and did not know what was to become of him. He said his prayers and went to bed. In his sleep he dreamed that he had started on foot and alone to go to his grandparents, many hundred miles away. But he came to where the roads forked, and he did not know which was the right one. As he paused and puzzled he saw a hand above him in the sky, and it pointed to one of the roads. He said to himself, “That is the hand of God,” and he followed its direction. But by and by he came to a deep river. There was no bridge and no ferry-boat. As

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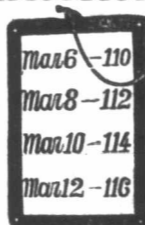
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he waited and prayed, two hands came down out of the sky and lifted him up and carried him across. He went on through flowery fields for awhile, but soon the road led into a deep, dark forest. He heard the howling of wild beasts, and was afraid. But the two hands came down again and went along with him, one each side, like two moving walls, and the beasts could not get near him. He was as safe as Daniel was in the den of lions. Night came, and there was no house for the tired boy to sleep in. But the hands stopped and folded into each other so as to make a tent, and he crept under it and was safe from all harm.

When the boy awoke and remembered his dream his trouble was all gone. He realized that God was around about him always, and that if he trusted and obeyed, no evil could befall him. The children in our congregation will never forget that story about the hands which guided and shielded the orphan boy.

—Regrets never follow virtuous actions. No one is sorrowful because, looking back on his past life, he sees that it has been self-denying and full of labour for others. If he does grieve at the retrospect, it is because his efforts have been so imperfect and because he has done far less than it was his duty to do.

—The best fruits of the highest and noblest education are not those which dwell in the memory; they are rather manifest in the mental power and the thirst for truth which have been engendered. These are superior to knowledge, for they can at all times command and master it, while no amount of erudition, however vast or varied, can atone for their loss.

—Men benefit the cause of honesty and sincerity of speech by accepting with gentleness, calmness, and courtesy all that may be brought forward in opposition to their views or in criticism of their conduct. Thus in many ways may what they esteem evil be turned into good; or rather the real truth that is in it may be gathered and developed, while the chaff will, by the same process, be blown away. “There is some soul of goodness in things evil would men observingly distil it out.”

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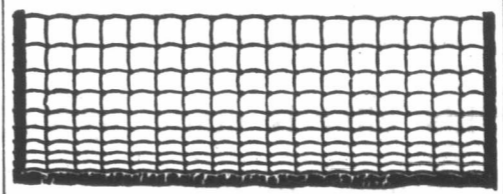
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