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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1, 1894.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.
Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month
at 11 a.m.; on the third Sunday at 8 a.m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. John Square.

Mr. Wm. Maynard.

Trustees,

His Honor Judge Woods.

Mr. S. R. Hesson.

Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

Mrs. R. Smith.

Mr. Clarence W. Young.

Sunday School Officers,

Superintend't, Rev. D. Williams, Ass't. Sup'ts., Mr. S. R. Hesson
and Mr. H. W. Copus.

Sec-Treas., Mr. Harry Watson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson

Sexton,

Mr. H. J. Emms, Caledonia Street.

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Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. W. Lawrence; Secretary, Mrs. Irvine. No. of members, 31. Regular meeting first Monday in the month.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

President Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, Mrs. Lawrence; Treasurer, Mrs. Burton; Recording Secretary, Miss Hay; Corresponding-Secretary, Miss Wade. Members of the Local Board of Management, Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Buckingham. No. of Members, 27.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

President, the Rector; Lay Director, Mr. James Makins; Secretary, Mr. A. McMullen; Treasurer, Mr. H. W. Copus; Chairman of Reception Committee, Mr. Alf. Johnson. Time of meeting, every Monday at 8 p.m.

DISTRICT VISITORS.

President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. Johnson; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Smith. Regular meeting last Thursday in the month.

YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

President, Miss Spencer; Vice-President, Miss Carpenter; Secretary, Miss E. M. Smith; Treasurer, Miss McWhinney. Executive Committee, Misses Burritt, Spencer and Fuller. Time and place of meeting, every Monday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock p.m.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of Members, 43. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.

JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

Lady Managers:—Miss Steet and Mrs. Moore; President, Annie Neild; Vice-President, Winnie Ridge-dale; Secretary, Hester Young; Treasurer, Nora Maynard. Number of members, 40. Regular meeting every Monday at 4:30 p.m.

CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

Teacher and Bible Class, Rev. D. Williams; Drill Inspector, H. W. Copus. Regular day of meeting, Friday, 7 p.m. No. of Members, 38.

Parish Register.

MARRIAGES.

Houghton—Westwood—Nov. 6th, William Houghton and Sarah Westwood, both of this city.

BURIALS.

Nov. 1st—Mark Wade, in Avondale Cemetery.

Nov. 5th—Martha Chowen, in Avondale Cemetery.

Nov. 10th—Thomas Headley, in Avondale Cemetery.

Nov. 23rd—Thomas R. Commander, of Toledo, in Avondale Cemetery.

A Word to the Older Men.

On reviewing the various agencies for church work in this parish we are struck very painfully with one feature—the almost complete absence from among them of the middle-aged and older men. With the exception of one or two in the Sunday school, and one or two in the choir, these, who ought to be the pillars of the church and examples to the young of devotion to the Master's service, are entirely absent. The church wardens are comparatively young men, the male teachers in the Sunday school are all young men; the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is all made up of young men; and these do all the work that is done by the men in St. James' church. Where are the older men? As Isaiah long ago said to the Egyptians, "Their strength is to sit still!" They are very strong in sitting still—none stronger than they! But it is not by such strength that the cause of Christ has been in any age, is now, or ever will be advanced, but by active participation in it—by doing something, not by sitting still and letting other—the young men and the women, do the work. It is an entirely false conception of the work of Christ for men to think that when they have paid their pew-rents and given to special collections, or when once they have filled the office of warden, their work is finished. Never will any church thrive as it ought to thrive until the men have realized that they are largely responsible for bringing people to church, for giving a proper welcome to them when they do come, for enlisting their support and sympathy in all the works of the church, financial, philanthropic and missionary. It is nonsense for our middle-aged men to say that they have no time. It is indolent Christians alone who cannot find time to do anything for Christ. We could name off-hand half-a-dozen business men belonging to other religious bodies—apparently also the busiest business men in this city—who have ample time to do this work in their bodies, and do it well and heartily. But our men prefer to sit still, with the inevitable result that it is always a struggle to make both ends meet financially, that the collections for outside purposes are shamefully small, that strangers and new comers find no welcome or scope for work and no enlistment of their sympathies with the church. If new families come into the parish, absolutely no effort will be made to enlist their support. If they come of themselves and ask for a pew, well and good; but no one will go and interview and welcome them. The district visitors will of course do so; but we want the men to welcome the men as well. We would therefore propose as a remedy for this and as a sphere of work for the older men the formation of a board from among the men—three or four or more for each ward—whose work would be to visit the men, to talk over with them questions affecting the welfare of the church, financially and otherwise, welcome new-comers and obtain their practical help. To do this work properly we want men of age and standing in the congregation. Unfortunately we cannot as yet find men of experience in the work; but that defect would very soon be remedied when once the work was begun. Here is a sphere of work for the middle-aged and older men—a sphere indeed where only middle-aged and older men can do the work and where the work must be left undone or done ineffectively if they do not rise to it. At any rate these men must do something for their existence—If they are live Christians, anxious for the welfare of the church. We have had too much "sitting still." If the parish has thriven at all, it has thriven hitherto not with the help, but almost in spite of the men who ought to be active workers in it. The men may expect to hear again of this before long; and we sincerely trust that there is still much enthusiasm and energy and church patriotism among the men notwithstanding the fact that they have been sitting still for a long time.

A CHRISTMAS DAY MUSING.

BY THE REV. J. R. VERNON, M.A.,

Rector of St. Audrie's, Bridgewater, Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," etc.



WHEN Joseph's brethren stood in the presence-hall of the great Ruler of Egypt, when they prostrated themselves before what

seemed his high majesty and limitless power, how amazed must they have been to mark his melting mood towards them, and to hear from the lips of the Prince, to whom all were bowing down, this word to them: "Come near to me, I pray you. I am your brother"!

But this is even that which the Lord Jesus, the Almighty, the Eternal, King of kings and Lord of lords, says to ourselves on Christmas Day, the day of His birth at Bethlehem. We have heard the announcement so often: the words are so familiar to our minds, that we are apt to miss the marvellousness of them. But if we heard it for the first time, as the heathen may—the wonderful story of Christmas, of how the Lord stooped from His majesty to become our brother—what would the amazement of the brethren of Joseph be compared to *our* wonder?

In the services for the day we have this great thing set before us. In the Gospel we read of the eternal majesty of Him Who condescended to take upon Himself "helpless infancy," and to stoop to our infirmities, that He might call us brethren. "*In the beginning was the Word, and the*

Word was with God, and the Word was God." And then, further on, "*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.*"

How startling the contrast!

The Word, from everlasting with the Father; and then the Babe, laid in swaddling clothes, in the manger at Bethlehem! The great God descending from the height of His unapproachable majesty, and saying to the weak, sinful race of man, "Come near to me. *I am your Brother*"!

"Come near to me, I pray you. I am Joseph, your brother!"

Besides the awe which these rough shepherds felt, in the presence of the great Ruler of the land, there was the thought of their former treatment of him. They had despised him, rejected him, threatened his life, sold him as a slave. And now behold him Prince of all, and themselves at his mercy!

I am Joseph—whom you hated, spited, abhorred, killed in intention. The terror of the announcement! But what reassurance in the word: "Come near to me. *I am your brother*"!

And we, at the Last Day—if the sense of our ingratitude, of our neglect, of our unfaithfulness, of our denials and betrayals, weigh upon our soul and make us fear to look upon "the King in His beauty"—how reassuring for the abashed and trembling spirit at that day—that "day of wrath, that dreadful day"—to hear from the Judge of all, from the Ancient of Days—the comfortable words, "Come near to Me. *I am your Brother*"!

THE JESSOPS:

AN EMIGRATION STORY.

BY THE REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Child Neighbours," "Jasper Rentoul," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A FRESH ARRIVAL.



MRS. PLAYFAIR bore the burden of her heavy trial meekly and patiently as a Christian should. Indeed, since the so-called "worst" was known, she seemed, like David, more calm and even cheerful than she had been during the days of wearying anxiety. "I dare not repine, for I know my dear husband is perfectly happy; only, if God so allows it, I should like to hear something as to how it happened. I am willing to let him go, but I'd like to know what time he had to think of his dear ones at home, on what day he died, at the bottom of what sea his poor body lies, whether he suffered, and things like that. I feel somehow that it would be a comfort, that it would give something to rest one's thoughts on. But God knows best; His will be done."

So the good woman spoke, and her friend Mrs. Jessop listened, wondering and puzzled. She could not doubt the depth of Mrs. Playfair's affection for her husband, and she became more and more curious to know by personal experience what was the secret power that inspired this calm serenity. Thus does the Divine light shine, not alone round the heads of conspicuous saints, but round the feet of the humblest Christian who treads with patient feet "the path that leads through darkness up to God."

Mrs. Jessop was really a kind-hearted woman, although her moral and spiritual nature had been stunted and imperfectly developed. She was genuinely sorry for the Playfairs in their day of affliction; and she could the more easily afford to be so because her own circumstances had brightened. At least she imagined they had. The villa was now let, actually at a slightly increased rent, so that the pinch of poverty was relaxed. A cheerful letter from Sybil, following the epistle from Reggie, of which the reader already knows, had inspired the widow with new courage. Indeed she was building to herself a most extravagant edifice upon the very slightest foundations. She was sure that her dear children must succeed. Nobody could be long blind to their merits, nor was it possible for such talents as theirs to remain unfruitful. The only source of fear was either that Sybil might not make a sufficiently brilliant match, or that Reggie's health might interfere with the rapid development of his fortune. But doubts of this character were easily dismissed; and Mrs. Jessop found herself free to bestow a large share of time and sympathy on her less fortunate friends the Playfairs.

Matters had remained in this condition for a considerable time, when one morning a stranger appeared at Heatherbank inquiring for Mrs. Playfair's.

house. He was a handsome, gentlemanly young man, weather-tanned, and yet withal of frank and open countenance.

Having been introduced by Susan into the parlour where her mother was sitting, the stranger glanced round him with curiosity, and possibly with some uneasiness.

"My business," he began somewhat awkwardly, "is with Mrs. Playfair. You are that lady, madam, I understand?"

"Yes, sir, I am Mrs. Playfair. Pray be seated."

"Thank you," he said. But as he laid his hand on the back of a chair, he glanced first towards Susan and then towards the still open door.

"Oh, my daughter will not be in the way. We have no secrets, have we, Sue?" exclaimed Mrs. Playfair, interpreting her visitor's look.

"No, of course not," he stammered. "But I think perhaps I could better explain my business to one—that is to you, ma'am."

Susan bridled up a little.

"I assure you I don't want to intrude, sir. Mother, I shall be in the kitchen if you want me." So saying, she swept from the room with the pretence rather than the reality of offended dignity.

The visitor gave a sigh of relief as he closed the door after her. Then he turned, and said abruptly,

"I was anxious to spare her feelings. My name is Parkinson."

"Indeed!" responded Mrs. Playfair, raising her eyebrows in mild surprise. She did not quite see how this announcement of a name could have wounded Sue's feelings, nor did the name itself convey any particular impression to her mind for the moment.

"Yes," continued the young man in a confidential tone. "I've come from America—from British Columbia. I arrived this morning."

"Parkinson, Parkinson. Ah yes, I remember now—that was the name of Reggie Jessop's partner. He spoke most warmly of your kindness. We

shall all be glad to see you, sir. How is the poor fellow?"

"He is dead!" and the words were uttered with evident emotion. "That is why I did not like to begin speaking all at once before her. He died in my arms four weeks ago."

Mrs. Playfair was surprised.

"This will be a terrible blow to his poor mother, for she was wrapped up in him, and never let it near her that anything could happen to him. I am glad you came here first. You know we are not relations, only friends."

"Yes, I understood that," said Mr. Parkinson, "but poor Reggie spoke so much about you, specially about—about Miss Playfair, that I feared it would be a great shock—that is, I thought I'd like to tell you about it by yourself first."

Mrs. Playfair did not think the time opportune for correcting any error that might have arisen in Mr. Parkinson's mind in consequence of anything that the poor young fellow, dying far away from home and friends, might have said in his last hours. She contented herself with thanking her visitor for his consideration, and listening to the story he had to tell.

It was a sufficiently pathetic story. The two young men had met quite casually at New Westminster, and from the first they had been drawn to one another. "He reminded me," said the narrator, "of a younger brother of mine who came out with me from England, and died before we had been six months in the country. Why he took a fancy to me I cannot exactly say."

It was easy enough, thought good Mrs. Playfair, to understand how poor Reggie, out of work, in broken health, and utterly alone, would cling in gratitude and affection to the strong hand held out to him with all the tenderness and generosity of a brother.

At this point Mrs. Playfair had interrupted the story, saying she would like to call her daughter. So Susan came in, and listened in silence to all that followed. The visitor pro-

ceeded to tell how he had; as he put it, induced Reggie to return with him to Kamloops. "You see, he was just the sort of man I wanted—educated, able to keep accounts, and that sort of thing. Besides, he was a companion to me, all the other fellows on the ranche being rough and ignorant."

Frank Parkinson dwelt on this view of the matter with enthusiasm; but he could not conceal the fact that Reginald Jessop had been from the first a helpless invalid. "He didn't pick up as quick as he had expected," was the way he put it. He hurried over the period that followed, said absolutely nothing of the weeks during which he had sat by the sufferer, tending him with a woman's care, and merely supplied a sufficient thread with which to unite the sad ending of the narrative with its commencement. He told with faltering voice of the last days and hours, of the final words of assurance and messages of love, of the comfort derived from the ministrations of a Church of England clergyman who had spent several days at the ranche in the course of a progress through his three-hundred-mile-long parish. Then there was a pause. No one spoke, but all were thinking of the poor mother close by, and of how the sad intelligence was to be broken to her.

"He said his poor mother would be awfully cut up, and that I had better come and tell you all about it first."

"Quite right; I am glad you did. We must think how to break it to her, poor soul. She has been in such spirits lately," said Mrs Playfair.

Then for the first time Susan spoke, raising her serious eyes, and looking full in Frank Parkinson's face.

"You have not surely come to England on purpose just to break this news to us—just to tell us about poor Reggie with your own lips?"

The full blood flushed deep beneath the tan on his honest cheek. He stammered, for he was no adept at speaking ought but simple truth.

"Well, yes. No—that is, not ex-

actly. I had intended giving myself a holiday home some time. There were things I wanted to buy, people I wanted to see. So I thought it might as well be now as later on."

"You were very kind; and to think that we were all complete strangers to you," said Susan simply. Then she dropped her eyes.

The subject of discussion now was how the news of her bereavement was to be communicated to Mrs. Jessop. It was decided that Mrs. Playfair should tell her in the course of the evening, and that Mr. Parkinson should call the next morning bringing with him the last letters that Reggie had written, and some small keepsakes with which he had charged his friend.

The pian answered the end in view. At first the poor woman was absolutely incredulous. She would scarce listen to what Mrs. Playfair had to say, and was sure the whole thing was a mistake. She was only fully convinced when Frank Parkinson came in the morning, and told her the whole story simply and tenderly, told her of Reggie's last words and prayers, told her of how he had himself closed his eyes, and laid him in his mountain grave.

Reggie's letters, written in the consciousness that the sand was almost spent in life's hour-glass, were a great comfort. There was one full of tenderness and consideration to his mother. The poor lad told with modest simplicity the story of the great change that had come over him. He spoke in glowing terms of the good work done by Mr. Turner on board the *Peruvian*, and sent a message to the clergyman, assuring him that the bread cast by him on the waters would be found in more than one direction, after many days. Though careful to avoid anything like preaching, it was evidently the young man's earnest desire and prayer that his mother should be brought to know the secret of that inward peace that possessed his own soul. Poor Mrs. Jessop wept copiously as she read; and from that day

forward she was convinced that no woman had ever been blessed with a more spiritually minded and saintly son than hers. Nor did the letter fail of its purpose, in that it made a lasting impression on her mind, and inspired her with an ambition to live worthy of one whose image was thus enshrined in the inner sanctuary of her heart.

There was also a pathetic letter to Mary and Dick, in which the elder brother asked pardon for any unkindness that he might have displayed towards them, and urged them by their dutifulness and industry to be a solace and support to their mother. There was also a letter to Mrs. Playfair, thanking her for her wholesome example, good advice, and kindly forbearance.

There remained a packet, which Frank Parkinson offered to Susan with some embarrassment.

"You asked me the other day why I came to England. Well, I promised him I would give you this with my own hands."

"Poor, dear fellow, he did not forget any of us," she answered quietly. At the coolness of which response Mr. Parkinson wondered much.

But had he read the letter he would not have been surprised.

"I am thankful now, dear Susan," so Reginald Jessop had written in those last days, "that you had the good sense to take me for what I was really worth. Since I have been out here I have sometimes dreamed



"I PROMISED HIM I WOULD GIVE YOU THIS."

that if God spared my life I might hope to become worthy of the love I was once vain enough to slight. But it is better as it is; and though I should like to think that I was not quite forgotten by you, I should be sorry that the thought of me should in any way interfere with your happiness. The man that will deliver you this letter is the sort of fellow that would be worthy of you, the sort of fellow to make any woman happy. I have told him a lot about you, but yet I think he does not understand. He imagines there was more between us than there ever was. Oh, Sue, you would not believe if I told you how kind and gentle he has been! If he had been my brother—nay, if he had been my mother or sister, he could not have been a more loving nurse than he has been to me—to me about whom he knew absolutely nothing. May God reward him."

There was more than this, but we need quote no more. Susan Playfair let many a soft tear fall on the closely written pages.

CHAPTER XII.

GOOD NEWS—THE END.



It seemed as though Mr. Parkinson's business tied him pretty close to Liverpool without occupying very much of his time. Day after day found him at Heather Bank. Poor Mrs. Jessop, having got over the first vehemence of her grief, was never weary of listening to the details of her darling boy's last illness and death. That Mr. Parkinson seemed never to weary of re-describing those details was a perpetual source of wonder to Mrs. Playfair and Susan.

But Frank Parkinson had livelier topics of conversation. He told stories of his own adventures and of his early struggles. He described how he and his younger brother had stood alone in Winni-

peg for the first time with not more than twenty dollars between them. He told of their various ventures, of their ups and downs, and of his great sorrow when, just as the sun of prosperity was beginning to shine steadily, the brother he had loved and cherished and laboured for sank into an early grave. He said that after that, though he made plenty of money, he never felt quite contented or happy till he fell in with Reginald Jessop. To have found a friend gave him a new interest in his business. And with the loss of that friend he confessed that his interest had, temporarily at least, somewhat flagged.

When questioned as to the probable date of his return to America, Frank Parkinson's answers were extremely vague. Sometimes he talked of selling out and settling in England; at another time he spoke as though he were about to set sail for his western home in the course of a few days. He seemed to Mrs. Playfair, who was a person of much practical shrewdness, to be "putting in the time," waiting for something, expecting something. That he greatly admired Susan there could be no doubt, yet he never attempted to "make love"; indeed, he seemed rather to avoid being alone with the girl. Noticing all this, Mrs. Playfair thought it but right to explain to the young man how matters had actually stood between Reggie Jessop and her daughter; and certainly after the explanation he appeared somewhat more at his ease.

There came a day when Frank Parkinson turned up at Heather Bank earlier than usual. Susan, opening the door, explained that her mother was out. She had gone across after breakfast to sit with Mrs. Jessop for a couple of hours.

"So much the better," responded the young man with radiant face. "I'd sooner tell my news to you alone. It is good news. Won't you let me in?"

She was standing opposite him in the doorway, regarding him with wondering eyes.

"Oh, certainly," she said, with a little blush; "come in." And she stepped back to let him pass up the narrow hall.

For the first time in his presence she felt embarrassed as they stood together in the little front parlour.

"Shall I go for mother? I can fetch her in a moment."

"I told you I wished to tell my news to you—to you first."

"I beg pardon. The first time you came you seemed very anxious to get me out of the room."

"That was quite different. There were reasons—at least, I thought there were. At any rate, the news was bad then."

"And now it is good, you keep it for me. That is kind."

"There can be no better news for you and your good mother, and for me there is but one thing it could give me more joy to hear, and I dare to hope I may hear that too." He took her two hands in his and continued, looking into her sweet face with brimming eyes, "Your father, the capt. in, is alive—alive and well! Just think of that, Sue! Won't it gladden your dear mother's heart!"

"Oh, joy, joy!" she cried. "Darling father, darling mother! No one knows, Mr. Parkinson, how she has suffered—suffered in silence. Let me go; let me run and tell her."

"Wait! Can you not spare me just a minute or two?" he pleaded, still holding her hands.

"Oh no! It would be cruel to keep her another moment in suspense"; and she twisted her hands as though trying to free herself.

"But it would not be wise to tell her all of a sudden before Mrs. Jessop. Your mother's joy would re-open the poor lady's wound; there can be no such good tidings in store for her."

"There is something in that," admitted Sue; and she ceased to struggle, as though she were pre-occupied in taking in this new view of the case.

"And you'd like to hear some details—how it happened, how I heard, would you not?"

"Oh yes! *How* did you hear about it—you before anybody else?"

There was nothing in the paper this morning; I always look."

Still retaining one hand, as if in forgetfulness, he drew her down on a seat beside him.

"Well, I just happened in at the office of the owners of the *Firefly*, and they had just got a cablegram. It came when I was there. Wasn't it lucky?"

"Oh, very; quite a coincidence," assented Sue. She little suspected that he had called at that office every day for a month till they had come to regard him as an amiable lunatic. "But are there any particulars?" she continued. "Is father all right? Will he be home soon? Where is he now?"

"It appears," replied the young man, who may be suspected of wishing, under existing circumstances, to drag out the narrative to as great a length as possible, "that your good father and four or five of the crew were picked up from a boat by one of the *Empress* steamers from Japan to Vancouver."

"I believe it was Tom's steamer. Just imagine that!" interrupted the girl eagerly.

"Very possible," assented Frank Parkinson, looking into her glowing face with unconcealed admiration. "I never thought to ask the name, and I confess I forgot all about brother Tom. It seems the *Firefly* had gone down in a gale, and some of the crew who had got into one of the boats rescued the captain from the sinking ship. They were all completely exhausted, and could not have lived much longer."

A few moments' pause, during which the girl felt her heart too full of thankfulness to speak; then, rousing herself, she said demurely—

"Had I not better go and call mother now? I can just say you are here and want to see her."

"And will you not say one word first to make me as happy as you and she will be?" he asked in a trembling voice. "You must know,

Susan, that I love you. I would not speak before because there was so much sorrow about, everything looked dark. I came home under a false impression about—about—you know. And after that, I could not speak

you come out to Columbia with me and be a ranchman's wife?"

This abrupt interrogation took her by surprise. Simple-minded damsel that she was, she felt unequal to the task of instantly analysing and



“‘AH! HERE SHE COMES.’”

while this uncertainty as to your father lasted. I couldn't ask your mother to part with you. But I will ask you to make me happy now. Sue, you know the sort of chap I am, the life I lead out there. I have told you a lot about it on purpose. You are a brave, good, helpful girl. Will

putting in order the various emotions that were throbbing in her breast, so she answered in sweet confusion—

“Don't speak that way to me—now, at least. I'm so happy, I'm almost frightened. You've told me about father. He will be home soon, please God; then we can talk,

then we can all be happy together. But I must go to mother now, I really must. Ah! here she comes."

They both started up just in time to get a glimpse of Mrs. Playfair's somewhat portly figure as it passed the window. But whether there was more of disappointment or relief in Sue's last exclamation it would be hard to say.

That was indeed a day of rejoicing—a day of thanksgiving after a long night of doubt and sorrow. Mrs. Playfair had scarce digested the great news, and had not dried her tears, when a telegram was delivered at the door. It was from Tom, and, made brief by considerations of cost, ran thus—

"Father safe, well, with me. Letter."

They waited a fortnight, and then the letter came—a letter confirming, enlarging, and in part correcting the brief paragraphs that had already appeared in the newspapers. Tom told his story well. He told how that, one sultry afternoon, when the steamer was going dead slow on account of an all-pervading fog, he had come on deck for a breath of fresh air. The steam-whistle was being sounded at intervals, and just after the captain, to whom Tom was talking, had let go the cord, the latter felt sure that he heard a faint cry coming from out the fog. So sure was he, that the captain was induced to stop the engines. Then the whistle was sounded once more, and in the silence that followed all ears were strained to listen. Again Tom was confident; and now the second officer said that he fancied he heard something like a human voice borne over the surface of the oily sea. A few moments later, and a boat drifted silently within the narrow field of vision. At first it appeared to be empty; but even while those on board the steamer gazed eagerly down, a man raised himself on his knees, waved his arm, and uttered a faint cry.

The letter then went on to describe the bringing on board of five men, and Tom's amazement when he recognised his own father amongst them. For several days the captain and two or three of the others were in a very critical state; but before Vancouver was made they had almost completely recovered from the effects of the hardships they had endured. They had been five days in the open boat. But for nearly a week previously their condition on board the *Firefly* had been most miserable.

The young engineer's letter concluded with a *P.S.*, which may be given in full. It ran thus,—

"Mother dearest, I am this moment the happiest of men, as you and Sue will be the happiest among women when you hear of father's safety. Sybil has consented to be my wife. Poor girl! she has had a lot to go through, but it has done her good. She is very much improved. You know I always loved her, though not blind to her faults. But now she seems almost everything I would wish her to be. I think the change in poor Reggie and his death and all that, had a great effect on her. She is as bright and straightforward as ever, but at the same time has become more gentle and serious. We are to be married the week after next, and father is to stay and give us his blessing. Then he will start at once, and be with you, God willing, before the end of next month. I know you will wish us happiness, and pray that we may have it."

"It seems to me I've had a lot of this sort of thing to do lately," said Captain Playfair, when he was called on to offer his congratulations and blessing to Susan and Frank Parkinson. "It seems rather hard lines for a poor fellow just brought back from the grave, as it were, to have to give away both his children first thing."

"Never mind, father, you have got the old woman left; and, please God, we won't be parted any more, now.

We'll just jog on to the end 'side by side," said good Mrs. Playfair, with honest tears in her eyes.

"Ay, that's the right way to look at it, old girl," responded the captain. "We are safe in port, now, and I've hauled down my flag for good. It will be—

" 'You and I together, love,
Never mind the weather, love!'"

"I must always think of the poor sailors, and never cease to pray for them," said Mrs. Playfair.

"Yes, sure, we'll do that night and morning, and not forget the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for the abundant mercies of the past," added the good seaman, in a voice of genuine emotion.

And so our story is ended. After all, Dick never went to sea, but he has found an opening that just suits him on Frank Parkinson's ranch. He rejoices in the free, open life of the upland country about Kamloops. He is already an expert horseman, and bids fair in time to become Frank's right-hand man. Nor has Sybil had reason to regret her choice. She has found a good husband, a happy and prosperous home. Her life is full of useful activity and wholesome labour. Still, she looks forward to "going home," even though it be but for a flying visit. She is not, as we know, a sentimental person, or given much to brooding; yet she often thinks how strange it is that her life should be lived out so close to the spot where poor Reggie Jessop lies in his premature grave. She sometimes visits that grave, and then the tears of silent pity are not wanting to water it.

Tom Playfair has continued to make steady progress. When he returns from his voyages his wife welcomes him in a beautiful little villa with flower-covered verandah, just outside Victoria. They love the place, and could not be happier than they are. Yet they also think and talk of "home"; and if, as is possible, Tom

is offered, and induced to accept, an important post under the Cunard Company, he may, before long, make a new home in the neighbourhood of Leaffy Lane.

The captain, too—who is immensely proud of his son—is serenely contented amid his quiet surroundings. He has obtained an appointment under the Liverpool Dock Board, which affords fair remuneration, and enables him to keep touch with nautical affairs and nautical men. At home, Mrs. Playfair is always cheerful, always busy, always interested. The captain and she are like lovers still, and never seem happier than when sitting side by side in church, or taking a quiet stroll in the evening time. Then there are always letters expected, or letters to be answered; always the "dear children"—ay, and now the well-nigh dearer grandchildren—to be discussed.

Finally, there remains Mrs. Jessop. The widow and Mary have been accepted by the Playfairs as a special charge. The captain amuses and cheers, with his merry talk, and his wife is ever ready with her homely wisdom and practical helpfulness. Mary is growing up a bright, obliging girl. She has become greatly interested in the affairs of Mr. Turner's church, and a regular attendant at Sunday School and other juvenile gatherings. She talks about these things at home, and thus her mother has become interested, too. Gradually the widow has been drawn out of herself; gradually she has come to know the secret of that abiding, inward peace, the possession of which she once envied in her friend. She still tells of her clever, handsome boy, and of the great things he would certainly have achieved had not his career been so untimely cut short. But no one would like to deprive a fond mother of the solace such dreams afford. Nor is there now in Mrs. Jessop's natural regrets one drop of bitterness or jealousy. She rejoices with the joys of others, and smiles in the light of

their prosperity. In her heart of hearts, no doubt, she still thinks that Tom Playfair was the very luckiest of men to win such a girl as her Sybil for his wife; and therein Tom would be in hearty agreement with her. But the old bitterness against an unkind

fate, the old arrogance of a fancied superiority, have quite passed away; and Mrs. Jessop humbly thanks God to-day for the friends, strong-handed and true-hearted, that were sent to her and hers, as helps and guides through their days of trial.

THE END.

ALMSGIVING.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A.,
Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.



THE word "alms" is a contraction of the old Saxon word "almesse," which is an abbreviation of a Greek word which signifies "mercy."

Almsgiving, then, means distributing kindness or mercy to others. But how few regard it in that light!

There are many whose charitable gifts are confined to a small number of subscriptions, which will be duly chronicled in the advertisement columns of the newspaper, and the unwilling contribution of a trifling amount to the offertory at the Sunday morning service in Church.

It may be that the clergy are remiss in not bringing before their congregations more frequently the Divine obligation of almsgiving. I have sometimes heard the laity say, "I never looked upon the matter in that light. Why don't we have it put before us as a duty from the pulpit?" The complaint is a reasonable one; but it is not surprising that the clergy shrink from the task, when they thereby lay themselves open to the accusation, by some disaffected parishioner, of being grasping or mercenary, and of having some selfish or personal motive underlying their words.

No one can study the New Testament, more especially the utterances of our Blessed Lord, without realising the intense importance which He attached, not to the amount contributed, but to the spirit in which it is offered. "Give alms of such things as ye have." "Freely ye have received, freely give." He assumes, in the Sermon on the Mount, that almsgiving is a recognised factor in the lives of His hearers—"when thou doest thine alms"—and enjoins secrecy, and the absence of ostentation, in the discharge of this duty.

St. Paul, ever reflecting the mind and teaching of his Master, enforces this lesson on the Christians at Corinth, and reminds them that "God loveth a cheerful giver." To the elders at Miletus he quotes a saying of the Lord Jesus, which is not recorded in the Gospels: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

If we turn to the Old Testament, what do we find as being the will of God in this matter? When Abraham met Melchizedek, a priest of the Most High God, after the slaughter of the five kings, he gave him "tithes of all." Jacob, in his prayer after the vision of the ladder, recognised the same duty, when he said, "Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." In the Levitical law we learn that "all the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's." And we read how the prophet

Malachi reproached the people for robbing God by withholding tithes and offerings.

This duty, of setting apart a definite proportion of their possessions for the service of God, was realised and acted upon by our ancestors, who made the tithe a first charge on the land. Until about fifty years ago the tithe was given "in kind"—*i.e.*, a tenth part of the corn, etc., was received by the clergy. This was afterwards commuted to a money payment, and those who pay the tithe acquire their land 10 per cent. cheaper than if the tithe were abolished.

But, in whatever way the offering of our gifts to God is made, the principle is the same—*viz.*, that all Christian people ought, not merely as a matter of duty, but rather as a privilege, to set aside, if possible, a tenth part of their income, to be devoted to the service of the Church, the relief of the poor, and the spreading of the Gospel message.

We all need to learn and grasp the fact, that almsgiving is an obligation laid upon us, which must be carried out systematically, and not regarded merely as being dependent upon our emotions. Many people claim credit to themselves because their hearts were touched by a stirring appeal in the sermon, and consequently they gave to the offertory a larger sum than they had intended to do. But this is not the spirit of Christ, nor the spirit He wishes to see in His followers. In the Sermon on the Mount (referred to above) almsgiving is classed with, and precedes, prayer and fasting.

In many instances, the neglect of this important principle arises from want of thought, sometimes from selfishness, and too often from weakness of faith. But when once people have realised the will of Christ, that they should dedicate a proportion of what they possess to

His work, and give regularly according to a fixed plan, there will be no need for urgent appeals from the pulpit or elsewhere.

It is a well-known fact that, whether you take the whole country, or the diocese, or the parish, as a unit, you will find that the greater portion of the money raised for religious or philanthropic work within the area (whichever it may be) is subscribed by a very small number of individuals. The same names occur over and over again.

It is equally well known that there is a vast number of people who rarely, if ever, learn the blessedness of giving. Poverty may reduce the amount we give, but it ought not to prevent the act. The widow in the Gospels was commended by Jesus Christ because she gave liberally according to her means. Cornelius received a Divine blessing, because not only his prayers, but his alms also, had "come up for a memorial before God."

Let us then remember :—

1. That almsgiving, or bestowing a definite proportion of our wealth on God's work, and on relieving the sick and poor, is incumbent on all Christians.
2. That almsgiving must be done cheerfully and lovingly—not grudgingly, or of necessity.
3. That almsgiving ought, if it is truly in accordance with the spirit of Christ, to be accompanied by self-denial. We lose much of the blessing of God if we only give away that which we do not miss.
4. That all should strive that their almsgiving should be methodical, and not spasmodic; and that it should, as far as can be, bear a definite proportion to the income.



GARDEN WORK FOR DECEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.

IN favourable weather trench or dig all the vacant beds. In heavy soils manure may be dug in at the same time, but on light soils it is preferable to do so early in spring with well-rotted manure. Clear away all decayed leaves from vegetable and other plants.

Fruit Garden.

Protect the roots of fruit trees by spreading litter over them before the frost sets in, especially in the case of tender sorts. Planting and pruning all kinds of trees may still be done in mild weather.

Flower Garden.

Continue to dig up flower borders, and protect the roots of plants by spreading litter round. Beds of bulbs may be also protected by putting loose straw over them in hard frosty weather.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Cannibal Dance.



It is well that we should realise some of the horrors of heathendom, painful as they are to speak of and hear. The Rev. I. B. McCullagh, who labours among the Indians of the North Pacific, thus describes a horrible heathen rite: "Alas! the great attraction during the winter was the Ulala, or cannibal dance, at which human flesh was rated at £1, £2, and £3 per bite. . . . One who paid three pounds had the full privilege of tearing a piece away and eating it! . . . Picture to yourselves such scenes, enacted by naked savages, besmeared with ochre and bedecked with feathers, howling and writhing through the fiendish contortions peculiar to this mysterious rite, in the lurid glare of the blazing logs, and encircled by an audience drawn from the various Nishga tribes, and you will see then 'the heathen at home,' perfectly at home in such darkness as this!"

The Custom of Beselam Berendam.

THE *Mission Field* describes a curious Dyak custom of deciding cases by an ordeal of diving, called *beselam berendam*. When Dyak chieftains have a difference, and no agreement can be arrived at, they finally determine to have their case decided by this ordeal. Each side hires a diver of experience. After a number of superstitious ceremonies have been gone through, extending over many days, the champions go down to the opposite sides of a river, accompanied by their lawyers and a great

throng of people. The lawyers go into the water to ascertain how deep it is, for the contest must take place in water not out of a man's depth. The divers follow them. As soon as the divers dip their faces underneath the water, the friends of each side begin to shout prayers to the gods of the rivers and seas to help their champion. The diver who comes up first loses the case for his side. They hold out very bravely, and have sometimes to be pulled up in an unconscious state by their friends. They have even been known to die rather than give in, but their employers are punished if they permit this now. No Christian can take part in any such contest, because it would involve the worship of heathen gods.

A Newfoundland Mission.

THE REV. G. H. FIELD has charge of the people on two groups of islands, the Burgeo and Ramea Islands. There are hundreds of islets. On the largest of them there are not more than two hundred people, and very many are quite uninhabited, but over the whole of the sixteen hundred fisher families scattered upon the islands Mr. Field has sole charge. How difficult and dangerous, as well as laborious, the work must be on that rock and often ice-bound coast, may well be imagined. "But here," says Mr. Field, "live souls for whom Christ died, and here the pastor must carry on his work of caring for them, partaking in their joys and their sorrows, sharing their poverty, and telling them of the things which are eternal."

STARVED AMONG RICHES.

BY THE REV. F. LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

Rector of St. John's Limerick; Author of "Sent Back by the Angels," etc.



HERE was a poor old soul that sat
Without the roaring city,
And caught within a dinted hat
The crumbs of passing pity.

One day they missed him from his place,
And straight, with jubilation,
Another of the begging race
Annexed the favoured "station."

But that damp hole whereto at night
The palsied scarecrow shuffled
Sent forth no smoke, and slung no light,
Lay dark, and dumb, and muffled.

The children clustered round the door,
And, later on, the older;
Then, having thumped his knuckles sore,
One burst it with his shoulder.

The walls were sobbing: well they knew
What draught, and rot, and rain, meant;
The rats had gnawed the hat, in lieu
Of choicer entertainment.

Ah! there the master sat, in state!
His knees and chin were meeting;
One hand hung stiffly o'er the grate
That not a stick was heating.

The jaw had dropt ; the mouth was wide ;
The blear eyes half-unshuttered.
One laid his hand upon the side,
And "Dead!—stone-dead!" he muttered.

With that the youngsters raced and ran
To fetch the first physician. . . .
"Yes, dead," pronounced the learned man :
"A case of inanition.

"In other words" (the doctor smiled),
"He died of sheer starvation!"
Then round him rose a hubbub wild
Of harsh-voiced indignation.

"Starved. Starved!" "And in a Christian
land!"
"For want of one poor copper!"
The doctor gloved his plump white hand,
And murmured, "Most improper!"

He bowed and left. The uproar loud
Was rising into riot,
When, at a voice from out the crowd,
There fell a sudden quiet.

"If Jack was starved, why, lads, I say
It's rather more than funny.
I know for certain yesterday
He took a power of money."

Then heads were nodded : every man
Than all the rest was wiser.
"I told you so," the murmur ran :
"A miser, sir! a miser!"

"He might have had a golden bed,
And golden step and scraper,
And hung the walls," another said,
"With Bank of England paper."

"The walls—that's where he's stowed the
dust!"
And straight, with frantic labour,
Each soul began to poke and thrust,
And elbow off his neighbour.

But now dark helmets towered on high :
Great voices thundered, "Stop, there!"
Like hounds whipped off the folks stood by,
And stared with watering chop there.

The room was cleared: the search went
round ;
The cracks and holes were many,
And here was found a shining pound,
And here a battered penny.

The chinks between the oozy flags
Were plugged with sterling stoppers;
The laths were lined with twists and bags
Of silver, gold, or coppers.

"A thousand!" said the sergeant. "Yes,
A thousand pound and over!
With this against his name, I guess,
A man might live in clover.

"And there he crouched, without-a friend,
While round him roared the alley,
Without an inch of candle-end
To light him through the Valley!"

"Dead!—starved like any outcast whelp!—
In deadly dread of plunder,
He stifled down the moan for help,
And kept the rattle under.

"Here—tie the bag, and seal it tight!
It plagues one's palm with itches.
That face will haunt me many a night—
Starved in the midst of riches!"

Those words the piteous story clinched.
I sighed and fell a-thinking.
I saw the dead face, white and pinched,
Amid the golden clinking.

Then, while I sat with half-closed eyes,
My musings dimmed and clouded,
Faint, flitting forms began to rise;
They rose, and cleared, and crowded.

I looked, not heeding rags or lace,
Not weighing rank or rôle there,
But peering down through every face
To read the naked soul there.

And lo! I read—my gaze sufficed:
Each depth I did examine—
Soul after soul, O loving Christ!
Was lean and pinched with famine!

On, on, before my view they passed
In endless turmoil thronging;
Some fierce, some sour, and some that
cast
A look of hopeless longing.

And few did heed a tender Face,
A Voice of pleading pity,
That pressed-unmeasured gifts of grace
On all the hungering city.

"Poor souls!" (so spake that Voice), "what lie
Blinds, stops your ears, bewitches?
Poor souls! why will ye starve and die
'Mid free, unbounded riches?"



"STARVED AMONG RICHES."

Drawn by PAUL HARDY.

Engraved by P. TAYLOR & CO.

SOME MISUNDERSTOOD PHASES OF THE PROPOSALS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT EXPLAINED TO A PARISHIONER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.



NOW you know that Nonconformists claim that their chapel trust property should be free from parliamentary control on the alleged grounds that it is private property.

I shall endeavour to show you that this idea of chapel trust property being private property is altogether erroneous and unfounded.

The first point is to ascertain what private property really is—what are its distinguishing characteristics—and then to inquire whether chapel trust property is identical with it, or can come under its definition, or does in fact bear any substantial resemblance to it.

Private property is of several kinds. There is the kind of private property which is the absolute possession of its owner, and in which no other person has any legal interest whatever.

There is another kind of private property, which is made the subject of a trust, and in which the present owner has only a life interest—such, for instance, for the most part, is family private trust property.

Then there is the private property of many hospitals and other institutions—religious and charitable—which is held and administered by a committee or a body of directors elected by the subscribers.

But to none of these kinds or classes of private property is Nonconformist-chapel trust property in any way referable.

To none of them does it belong. It stands out prominently as entirely different from all known kinds of private property.

Nonconformist-chapel trust property may be the result of the liberality of one donor or of any number of donors.

But as soon as such property is by its owner or owners devoted to its object, put in trust for the use of a particular denomination for the upholding of certain doctrines, the maintenance of a certain kind of Church order, and the support of a given chapel, it ceases to be private property, and at once, by virtue of the trust created under the authority of Parliament, assumes the cha-

acter of public, or at least semi-public property.

You, I suppose, think not. But here are some facts by which you can test the point for yourself, and see that chapel trust property, of whatever kind it may be, cannot possibly be regarded as private property. Take, for instance, a Nonconformist chapel, built, paid for, and put in trust for the use of a particular denomination. Whose property is it?

Is it the property of the minister? No. He has only the use of it for the purposes of his ministry or pastorate, as defined by the provisions of the trust deed. He has no absolute right in, or disposing power over, the property whatsoever. Is it the property of the deacons or elders of the chapel? No. They have no absolute right to it, or in it, except for the uses provided for in the trust deed; and ceasing to be deacons, elders, or members of the community to which the chapel belongs they have no proprietary or legal interest in it whatever.

Is it the property of the whole body of the communicants or members, for whose use it was built, being those who elect or appoint the ministers and deacons, and by resolution and vote under the provisions of the trust deed regulate and administer the affairs of the chapel?

No. The chapel is not their property. Not one of them has got proprietary rights in it. They have only a passing vested interest in it for purposes specified in the trust so long as they are members of the community for whose use it was put in trust.

Ceasing legally to be members of that body, all their interest in the chapel ceases with that event.

Could the ministers deacons, members, trustees, and all other persons legally concerned in the chapel combined, alter the contents of the trust deeds, and change the doctrines, principles, and usages prescribed in the trust?

They could not. Such a thing has never been done without Parliament or without the authority of Parliament.

If any person tells you that such a thing has been done, ask him to give you the case and its particulars.

You will find no person can do so.

Has Parliament dealt with chapel property, treating it not as private but as

public or semi-public property? It has. It has exempted Nonconformist chapels from rates and taxes. It has required them to be certified for public worship, and registered for marriages, and it has classified them with the Universities, if certified to the Registrar-General for public worship, in being exempt from the control of the Charity Commissioners.

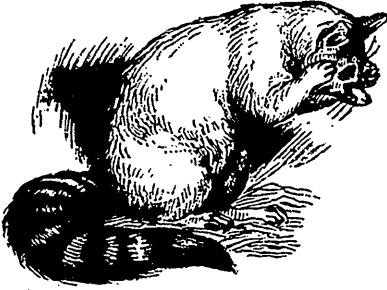
Many other characteristics of chapel trust property might be pointed out which are

wholly inconsistent with what is honestly understood as private property; but what has already been stated will no doubt convince all candid readers that, if the property of the Church devoted to the cause of religion is to be confiscated and devoted to secular uses, the same revolutionary policy should in equity be applied to Nonconformist-chapel trust property, and against this no valid plea can be put forward to show that it is private property.

SOME CREATURES OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Our Bird Allies," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.



CUNNING BASSARIS.

see them, after a fashion, by lifting the curtain which hangs in front of their cages. But they hang there motionless, and apparently lifeless, and might as well be stuffed skins for all the satisfaction that one gets out of the view. Then there is the beaver, of whom, in spite of several visits specially paid to his enclosure, I have never yet succeeded in obtaining a glimpse; and there is the aye-aye, an eccentric creature from Madagascar, half monkey and half squirrel, whose existence, also, has to be taken entirely on trust.

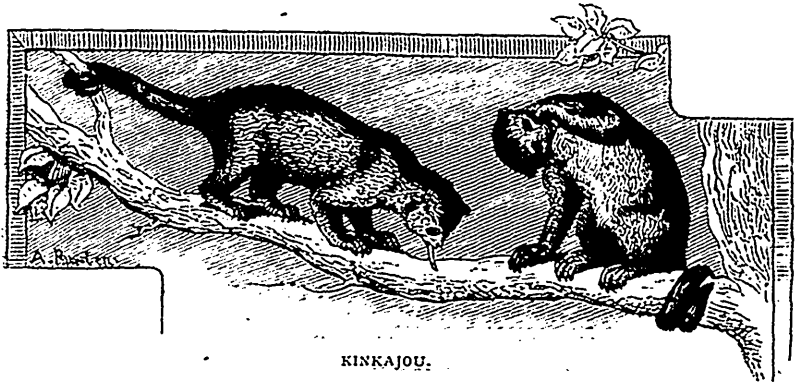
This latter animal would be particularly interesting if only one could catch sight of him. He possesses most extraordinary fingers, for one thing, the middle one being about half as long again as the rest, and so skinny and slender that it seems to be withered and useless. Yet it is employed more than all the others, both in eating and drinking. With it, too, the animal taps dead branches and sticks, in order to ascertain the presence of burrowing insects, very much as a surgeon "sounds" the chest of a patient. Then the front teeth clearly ought to belong to a rodent animal, such as a rabbit or a rat, for they have the same sharp, chisel-like edge, and they grow from the roots as fast as they are worn away. Indeed, it is rather doubtful still if the aye-aye really is a monkey; and it owes its present place in the animal world chiefly to the fact that no one knows where else to put it.

And it is rather a curious fact that two

VERY unfortunately, some of the most interesting animals in the Zoological Society's Gardens are hardly ever seen by the visitors to that celebrated menagerie. For they are beings of darkling habits, to whom night is as day, and day as night; and during visiting hours they are snugly packed away in their straw, serenely indifferent to the disappointment of those who have come on purpose, perhaps, to look at them. There are the bats, of course, though one *can*



"JENNIE," THE KINKAJOU
IN THE ZOO.



KINKAJOU.

Other of these nocturnal animals are in the same unsatisfactory position. The first is the Kinkajou, which is represented in the accompanying illustration. No one quite knows what the kinkajou really is. First of all it was ranked among the lemurs—the “monkeys’ poor relations,” as they have aptly been termed. Then, as neither its limbs nor its teeth had anything lemur-like about them, it was transferred to the weasels, with a beautiful new scientific title. Still, however, its position did not seem justified, for it has a long prehensile tail, which is quite out of place in a weasel. So once more it was moved on, and placed this time at the end of the bears, where it must be left for want of a better situation.

But certainly it is not in the least like a bear; and bears don’t have prehensile tails any more than weasels. Practically speaking, in fact, they dispense with tails altogether. Racoons have tails, however; and racoons are undoubtedly first cousins, so to speak, to the bears. So we may look upon the kinkajou, perhaps, as first cousin, on the opposite side, to the racoons.

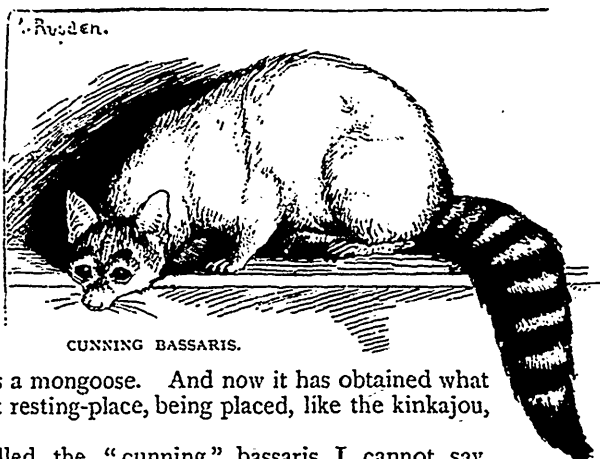
His tail is a very important member, for it is eighteen inches long—half as long again as his whole body—and is something like the “fifth hand” of a spider monkey; for it can be coiled round a branch so tightly, that its owner can swing in the air with no other support. When one nurses a kinkajou the animal generally wraps this tail round one’s arm. The tongue, too, is almost as curious as the tail, for it can be thrust out of the mouth to quite an astonishing distance, while it can also be so narrowed at will, as to find its way into every little crevice and cranny. Indeed, by means of this member, the kinkajou, which lives almost entirely in the trees, explores all the tiny cracks in the bark in search of its insect food; while, when it is fortunate enough to find a bees’ nest, it licks out the honey, cell by cell, from the comb, in the most dainty manner imaginable.

In a wild state the kinkajou is said to be rather savage than otherwise, and to resist capture with great determination. But it soon becomes perfectly gentle and tame if kindly treated. “Jennie,” for instance, one of the kinkajous at present in the Zoological Gardens, may be freely handled, and even nursed like a cat, while she is mostly ready for a game of play with those whom she knows and trusts. One of my earliest recollections, too, is that of nursing one of “Jennie’s” predecessors; and I can remember, even now, the gentleness and docility of the pretty little animal, as it lay in my arms, with its long tail coiled tightly round my wrist.



KINKAJOU ASLEEP.

The second of these two remarkable animals is the Cunning Bassaris, which is almost as great a puzzle as the kinkajou. First of all it was looked upon as one of the civets, far famed for the powerful perfumes which they secrete. Next it was moved on to the genetts, although some authorities thought that it ought rather to be regarded as a mongoose. And now it has obtained what seems to be a permanent resting-place, being placed, like the kinkajou, at the end of the bears.



Why it should be called the "cunning" bassaris I cannot say, except that this is an exact translation of its scientific name. The Mexicans term it the cacomixle, which is a rather unpronounceable title; but it used formerly to be styled the tepemaxthalon, which is more unpronounceable still. Even now the name "bassaris" is clearly wrong, for that comes from the Greek, and signifies a fox. But names do not go for very much in natural history, or we should not be contented to speak of crabs and oysters as shell *fish*, or to call an insect a "black beetle," although it is not black, and is not a beetle.

Among the miners of California and Texas this pretty little animal is rather in request, for it soon becomes tame, and its antics and gambols are very amusing. To this it adds the further recommendation of being an excellent mouser, thus forming a substitute for the "harmless, necessary cat." In its wild state it lives in hollow trees, which it carefully lines with moss before taking up its abode in them; and as it always betrays the locality of its domicile by gnawing away the bark at the entrance, it can be discovered and captured without very much difficulty.

A ROBIN STORY.

FOR YOUNG FOLK.

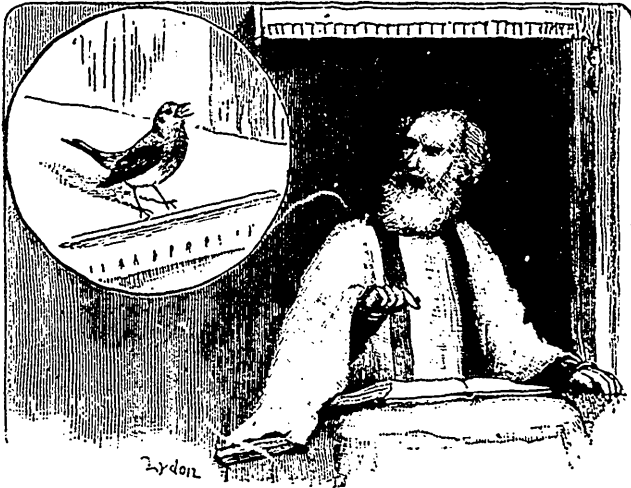
EXPECT, dear children, most of you know the story about the robins, and how they came to have scarlet breasts. But perhaps some of you have not heard it, so I shall tell it you, before relating a little story about one particular redbreast, *though it is only a fancy, not a fact.*

It is said that when Jesus Christ hung on the Cross, suffering for our sakes, with no one near to comfort Him, bearing His pain, that a little brown bird was flying past, and seeing the thorns piercing our Saviour's brow, plucked out those cruel thorns with its own small beak,

and then, the blood flowing from our Lord's forehead, trickled on to the breast of the bird, dyeing its feathers scarlet. And ever since the robins have had red breasts.

Don't you think this is a pretty story in itself?

It is not true though, but what we call a legend, and possibly it was told to show that robins were always thought of with affection, and believed to be birds that would do something kind if they could, or perhaps it was to make us believe that even birds knew our Lord on the Cross, and tried to help Him



when wicked men denied and crucified Him. We cannot tell whether it was so, or how the legend started, but at all events we do know that animals and birds are most wonderfully made, and endowed with great intelligence; indeed, I could tell you facts about them, which would be quite as interesting as any fairy tale. But to-day I have only a few minutes to write down one that I have heard my father tell me in my childhood, and a short time ago I heard him tell the story again to some grown-up people. They were so pleased, that it made me say, "Why shouldn't I write it down, so that if Mr. Editor will let it be printed in his magazine, the girls and boys can read it for themselves?"

Well, I must begin, or I shall never end, not that it will take long if I only start.

When my father was quite a young man he went to a curacy in Norfolk, which we will call Lyngham. The parish had two churches, at some distance from one another; and, as a rule, the Rector took the duty at the one which lay nearest the Rectory, while the Curate conducted the services at the one further off.

Shortly after my father went to Lyngham, a redbreast took to coming regularly to church; in fact, he had his home somewhere in the building, out of sight or reach.

On Sundays, unlike the rest of the congregation who sat in pews or on benches, and were sometimes known to drop asleep instead of saying their

prayers, the bird would just perch himself where he pleased, always be very much awake, and take his full part in the service in his own way.

Once, when my father was reading the Commandments at the Communion Table, Master Dick hopped on to the Altar rails, and whistled softly, not one bit afraid, while the Parson read—I think Dick had confidence in every one, and,

like some people in the world, he received a great deal of kindness and affection, because he always took it for granted that it was forthcoming.

It was all very well, you know, for a bird to say his prayers on Sunday (I am sure you will agree with me), especially as the school children repeating theirs generally drowned his chirps. Even in the hymns, though Dick might sing loudly, yet those stirring Norfolk voices made too much noise for him to be heard very distinctly.

But one Sunday morning the Rector himself changed places with the Curate, and came to the church that numbered a robin among the worshippers; and it was quite another thing to disturb the Rector (an elderly gentleman) during his sermon, by literally shouting all the time, just over his head too, for the redbreast perched himself on this occasion on the sounding board, which, you know (or possibly some of you do not know), is a canopy, or sort of cover, some three or four feet above the pulpit itself.

It was absolutely brawling in church, and nothing short of it, and brawling in church is a punishable offence.

Whether the bird was making a bold protest against what the poor Rector had to say, or whether he was merely heartily agreeing with his statements, has never been found out.

The sermon, that particular morning, was quite short—I mean, comparatively speaking; which was without a doubt a great relief to most of the people who were supposed to listen.

In those days the sermons were very long, and dreadfully dull for the school children, who were, at all events, made to sit still; for if they had not, the school-master would very quickly have brought his big hand down pretty heavily on their heads, and about their ears.

The truth was, that the old gentleman always preached without writing his sermon, and the robin had so confused and upset him that he could not at all recollect more than half the things he intended to say.

He did not at all like being put out by what he called a "little impudent rascal"; and there was no doubt that the preaching of the Gospel must not be hindered in this way, so the next day the Rector's wife had sad news for my father the Curate, and that was—poor Dick was to be caught and *killed*!

The same evening the Squire of the parish gave a dinner party, in spite of the sad decree gone forth that an innocent member of the congregation was doomed to die before next Sunday. And the Curate went to the party, though I am sure he was rather sad at heart. During the course of conversation with the lady next him at dinner something led to his telling her about this "church bird," and the lady thought it such a cruel thing to take away its life, that she devised a plan to save it. She begged my father to ask the Beadle to capture it and bring it to her alive in a basket at the Hall (where she was staying a few days). This was done, and the Beadle received a shilling for his pains.

And when the lady went home again she took Master Dick with her, in triumph.

What the Rector thought of her for frustrating his plan of getting rid of the bird I do not know. But the Curate thought more of her, I am sure, than he would have done of a lady who went to a fancy ball, her dress decorated with dead robins, or of many others who would actually take pleasure in watching pigeon shooting. Of course, though, he had not much time to think of it at all, and he heard nothing more about the bird for a long while. However, one day the Squire's wife gave him a special message from her friend who had borne away Master Dick so kindly. It was to say that he was perfectly well and fiappy, though she did not try the experiment of letting him go to church.

Moreover, that whenever his mistress played on her grand piano in the

drawing-room, the redbreast would be sure to hop out of his large cage, perch himself on the instrument close to her, and warble as long as she chose to play an accompaniment to his sweet songs. And I believe I am correct in saying that so he lived happily, if not ever afterwards, like people in story-books, at least to the end of his natural term of existence, which is all he wished for, I daresay.

That is all; but little as it is, I hope you will agree with me that this robin redbreast deserved to have his life-story, and his happy escape from an early death, written down in black and white.

E. DAVIES.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CAROL of Jesus, how He was born
 In a stable rude and bare;
 Carol His birth, the birth of a King,
 Though no kingly crown was there;
 Carol of Mary, holy and mild,
 Adoring with wonder her Heavenly Child.

Carol His pillow, humble and poor,
 Watched by a fond mother's love;
 Carol the cradle-song, chanted low,
 Yet wafted to Heaven above;
 Carol the glory that once was shed
 On a kingly Child in a lowly bed.

Carol of Shepherds watching by night
 Their flocks secure in the fold;
 Carol of Wise Men led by a Star
 From the land of wonders old;
 Carol the gifts they hastened to bring—
 Incense for the Priest, and gold for the King

Carol the Hymn the Angel sang
 While earth lay hushed and still;
 Carol the Anthem—Glory to God
 And peace to men of goodwill;
 Carol it loudly from night till morn,
 Jesus, the Saviour of men, is born.

W. J. HOCKING.

ALL SAINTS' VICARAGE,
 TUFNELL PARK, N.



SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.(N.B.—The passages referred to are from the *Prayer Book Version* of the Psalms throughout.)**Advent Sunday.** (Psalm xii.)

1. Where do we find the prophets Elijah and Isaiah speaking much as in the first verse of this Psalm?

2. What is there in Prov. xxix. and Esther iii. and viii. to remind us of verse 9 of this Psalm?

Second Sunday in Advent. (Psalm xlvi.)

1. In what respects is the first verse of this Psalm similar to its fifth verse?

2. Of what expressions in St. Matt. i. and Rom. viii. are we twice reminded in this Psalm?

Third Sunday in Advent. (Psalm lxxxiv.)

1. In what points do the opening verses of this Psalm agree with Psalm xlii?

2. With what part of Psalm cxx. may the spirit of verse 11 of this Psalm be compared?

Fourth Sunday in Advent. (Psalm cxii.)

1. Which verse in this Psalm corresponds with the beginning of Psalm xlii?

2. Of what verses in St. Matt. xii. and St. James i. may verse 5 remind us?

Sunday after Christmas. (Psalm cxlviii.)

1. What points of difference as well as of resemblance may be found between this Psalm and the "Benedicite, Omnia Opera"?

2. Of what single words in the "General Thanksgiving" may verses 5, 6, remind us?

BURIED TRUTHS.

(Questions requiring a larger amount of thought and research, for which a Special prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered extra. This competition is open to all our readers without any limit as to age.)

BIBLE LISTENERS.—Where do we read of a "listener" who "heard" what was good of himself, and immediately acted upon it? Where of one who heard an exceedingly wicked conspiracy, and immediately proceeded to act in opposition thereto? Where of one who heard some very good tidings, but could not believe in them at first? Where of another who also heard some very good tidings, but could not persuade certain others to believe in them at first? And where of a man who was described as constantly hearing what was said in secret in quite another part of the world?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.**XXIX. ENIGMA.**

A philosopher once (I suppose it is true)
Was amusing himself, as philosophers do;
When he saw on my surface what, had he not seen,
Perchance to the world still a secret had been.
He saw—but I must not tell what, or you'll know
What kind of a creature he saw it on too.

I'm a delicate beauty, an elegant something;
Yet so agile, and fragile, I'm almost a nothing.
I oft amuse children, yet once may declare,
I've tendered to Science assistance most rare.
In form I am round, in colours most splendid;
Now, ladies, my name! The enigma is ended.

XXX. CHARADE.

My first is not bright, but it makes others sharp;
My next I have seen in your eye;

My whole is a practice, at which some may carp,
That though cheap, you never could buy.

OLD BERTEL THE TOYMAKER.**A STORY FOR CHILDREN.**

BY NELLIE CORNWALL,

Author of "Twice Rescued; or, The Story of Little Tino," "Mad Margrete," "Hallvard Halvorsen; or, The Avalanche," etc., etc.



OLD Bertel was a maker of toys, and his toys were known in many of the big towns in Norway, but very few people knew him personally or where he lived.

He dwelt by himself in a hut on one of the mountains of that northern land, and a curious hut it was, with its pointed roof, painted Norwegian red, and small pointed windows which commanded the great fjord and snow-clad mountains that walled the fjord in.

Bertel was very old, and his brown, shrivelled face was like a bog berry half buried in snow. Some of the people of the fjord said that he was a wizard, and as old as the mountain on which he lived. Notwithstanding his aged appearance,

his eyes were remarkably bright, and gleamed from under his white shaggy eyebrows like frosty stars.

He seldom left his mountain home, and had not been seen in the quaint wooden-winged *kerke*, or church, in one of the mountain valleys for years. If he was not known to the young generation of the fjord by face, he was by name; and when they were naughty, they were told that Old Bertel of the Pine Mountain would come and carry them away and work their bones into his toys!

One Little Christmas Eve—the day before Christmas Eve—as Bertel was making a bear, and covering its wooden body with a piece of real bearskin, he heard a tapping at his door which he



“WHOSE CHILDREN ARE YOU?”

thought was caused by the bill of a mountain bird. The tapping continued, and then to his astonishment a sound of children's voices fell upon his ear. He got up and went to the window and peeped out, and there on the steps were a boy and a girl waiting for the door to be opened. They were talking, and Bertel heard the former say,—

“I wonder if Old Bertel will sell us

some toys now we have come up through the snow to ask him?”

“I believe he will, Paul; you know we prayed to the Good Jesus about it. Jesus hears little children's prayers, you know, and loves to make them happy.”

“But Bertel is cross as well as very old, isn't he, Hannchen?” said the boy in an undertone. “Suppose he should——”

The door was flung open as the lad was speaking, and the object of his fear stood framed in the doorway, glaring down upon them.

"What do you want, and whose children are you?" he asked, when the little girl ventured to lift her blue eyes to his strange wizened face, with his long hoary hair and piercing eyes which seemed to see into her innermost soul. But she met his gaze unflinchingly, and said,—

"I am Hannchen, Nanna Andersen's little granddaughter, who lives in the valley, and he," pointing to the boy, "is my brother Paul. We have come up here to buy a horse for our dear little Guido, who is sick. He wants a Christmas-tree badly, and we have nothing to put on it. Will you please sell us a horse, *Min Herre* [sir]?" she asked in a pleading little voice, as Bertel did not speak. "I've brought money—see." And she opened her hand and showed him four *skillings*, which is about twopence in our money.

"What sort of a horse do you suppose *that* will buy, eh?" And Bertel's voice, although it was gruffness itself, was not unkind.

"We cannot tell," Hannchen answered, drooping her small head, covered with a red knitted cap, from which peeped her flaxen hair. "It is all we've got. Our father and our mother are with God, and we have nobody to give us money now but *Bestemoder* [grandmother], and she is very poor, and could only give us four *skillings*. *Bestemoder* has promised us some pretty candles if we can get a toy to put on it for dear little Guido."

"I have dug up a tree out of the snow," said Paul, venturing to speak for the first time.

"And it is such a nice little tree," put in Hannchen.

"Is it really, my child?" said old Bertel, smiling; and the brown mummy-like face took a more life-like tint, which made Paul think he wasn't so very dreadful after all. "I think I can sell you a horse to put on that tree. Come in."

Paul and Hannchen followed the old man into the hut, and their blue eyes grew large and round at the wonderful things they beheld there. Its interior was quite as quaint as its exterior, and the sloping roof was crossed and re-crossed with carved beams. But it was not the hut nor the carved work that struck the children; it was the multitude of toys that filled every available space,

and even hung from those curious beams and crowded the shelves on the wooden walls.

"It is the fairies' toyshop!" gasped Hannchen at length, much to the amusement of old Bertel. "Ah, if only Guido were here to see it!" And her soft, round cheeks burned with excitement.

The old man chuckled to himself as he went from shelf to shelf selecting a toy here and a toy there, fishing out a doll from a box and a boat from another, and unhitching some more things, delightful to children, from the dark beams. All these toys, including a horse with a thick mane and a long tail, he crammed into Paul and Hannchen's arms, and told them they were to share them with little sick Guido. He would not take their money, and said they could lay it out in milk and cream for the *julegröd* or Christmas porridge, a dish which every Norwegian child likes to taste on the eve of the birth of the Christ-Child.

With many thanks and adieux the happy children departed, and old Bertel stood on the doorstep and watched them descending the mountain, feeling almost as happy as they.

It was a mild day for that time of the year, and although it was cold, and snow lay thick on the ground and on the branches of the dusky pines, it was bright, and the winter sun was peeping over the mountain range, and making the frozen waterfalls and fjords shine like jewels; and the old man, when Paul and Hannchen had disappeared behind the pines, gazed about him and drank in the scene.

In a valley which separated the Pine Mountain from another clothed with beech and oak stood a cottage. It was small and mean, and through its cracks the winter wind often pushed its icy fingers.

It was Christmas Eve, and much colder and wilder than the previous day; and notwithstanding that the wind was boisterous, the blind of the little house was drawn up, so that the people who lived in it might see the Christmas stars.

It was not very late in the afternoon, but the stars were already out, and looking in at a tiny boy lying in a cot bed before a log fire. His face was very thin, and white as a snowflake; his eyes were the colour of mountain barebells, and his hair lay like a cloud of shimmering gold on his broad white brow. It was Paul and Hannchen's sick brother

Guido. Near him sat an elderly woman in a white Norwegian cap and apron, and a little apart wee Paul and Hannchen themselves.

"Do you *really* think that the dear Christ-Child will bring us a tree?" asked the invalid boy for the tenth time within half an hour.

"I *really* do, my Guido," answered his grandmother. "But you must be patient and wait. I should not be surprised if it came when we have eaten our Christmas porridge."

The porridge was on the fire, and small Guido was afraid it never would boil; but it was ready to be poured into the big bowl at her elbow at last, and soon Nanna Andersen and her eldest grandchildren were gathered round the table and eating this Christmas dish. It was very rich and sweet, and even the sick child cleared up his share.

He had emptied his plate and was listening for the footsteps of Him who he believed was going to bring him a Christmas-tree, and his gentle face was towards the window, when an exclamation from his grandmother made him turn round, and there in the centre of the room was the tree, every bough agleam with tiny candles!

Guido clapped his little hands and cried, "Ah! has it come! How kind of the Christ-Babe to bring us such a beautiful tree!"

On the tree was the horse in all his glory of mane and tail, and also dolls, trumpets, mountain goats and cows with tiny brass bells, and all manner of things. There was never such a tree, Paul and Hannchen said, and the toys on it were better than any they had seen in the great shops in the town where they had lived until a year ago.

The blind was up, as we have said; but the stars were not the only bright eyes that looked into Nanna Andersen's window.

Old Bertel was so interested in Paul and Hannchen that he had come down from the mountain on purpose to witness their joy. The sight of small Guido clapping his hands, and Paul and

Hannchen dancing round the tree, made his heart so bright and warm, that the ice of selfishness that had lain over it for years, and made him live the life of a recluse, began to thaw, and when the children's voices broke into a quaint carol of high praise the ice gave and melted into tears, and forthwith there sprang up in his soul a desire to serve God, whom he had so long neglected, and with the desire a wish to be kind to all children for the sake of Him who redeemed him and all mankind, and that desire and wish blossomed and brought forth fruit by the power of the Life-Giving Spirit.

The next year, when the woods that clothed the mountains and valleys were full of flowers and melody of birds, and the waterfalls thundered amongst the pines, Old Bertel was hard at work from morning until evening, and sometimes far into the night, making toys; and when autumn came, and the oak and beech were on fire below the pine woods, he had filled dozens of little sacks with toys, and put a box of candles and a *kroner*, or crown, in each. These sacks he sent to a friend in Christiania, with the request that early in the day of Christmas Eve he should visit the *poorest* houses in that city in which lived little children, and leave behind him a sack in Christ's Name.

This his friend gladly did, and so many a little child was made joyous by Bertel's kindness and generosity.

And every day as long as the old man was able to work he worked, not for himself, but for the little ones of Christ; and every autumn until he died he dispatched a number of toy-filled sacks to be given away on the eve of the birth of the Christ-Babe; and after his death it was found that he had left all his money—no small sum—to be laid out in food, clothes, and toys for very poor children every Christmas, amongst whom were included Paul, Hannchen, and little Guido, who every Christmas Eve, until the former were grown up, and the latter went to dwell with the angels, were made happy by Old Bertel the toymaker.

THE REALITY OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY THE VEN. R. P. LIGHTFOOT, M.A., *Archdeacon of Oakham, and Rector of Uppingham,*

"The kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man."—TITUS iii. 4.



IN Christmas Day the words of the preacher need not be many, but they must be full of heart. The first point, then, I ask you to

notice in this: We are commemorating to-day a *fact*—nay, more than a fact, *the fact* of all facts; the mystery also of all mysteries. This is not an anniversary upon which we

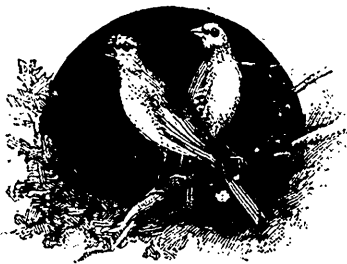
celebrate a common agreement amongst men to hold a certain opinion, but a day on which we declare our belief in a fact, before which all others pale. God has sent His Son to be born of a woman. God has taken man's nature into His own. The Word is made flesh. God's Son is incarnate. This fact, the fact of the Incarnation, is the very keystone of Christianity. Tear it away, if you can, from its surroundings, and the whole edifice is in ruins. If Christ Jesus be not God, our faith is vain, and Christmas Day is nothing.

Because, then, of this fact we rejoice to-day. True, much Christmas joy is earthly and carnal, or merely family or social, but what a substantial base there is to it all! For now in Christ heaven and earth are one. Christ has bridged the gulf. The God-Man is "the Way" between. Now in Christ we are united one to another; one way to go, one bridge to use, we stand on equal terms; "Sirs, ye are brethren."

My second point is this: What is the cause of this fact? Why did the Son of God become Man? St. Paul tells us in the text. It was the kindness there was in God's heart. It was His love towards man. Kindness and love intertwining with each other were the cause of Christ's coming. Because of these God sent His Son. God had showed much love before. He had been forbearing and forgiving, but He had never shown love like this. He had never proved the kindness and love of His heart as He did when He sent His Son, and spake to men by Him. As is the light of the sun to that of the morning star, so is the light of Christ Jesus to all others before or since. God has a kind heart; we know He has, because of Jesus Christ. God is loving to man; we know He is, because He sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world. Now we have learned why Christ was born at Bethlehem. A child can understand it, for a child knows what kindness and love mean. Grown men and women cannot fail to see it either, for kindness and love move even hard hearts. Say what we will, we can say no more than this. The kindness and love of God's heart moved Him to send His Son to become man for us.

My third point is this—viz., the duty laid upon us in consequence of God's goodness. What shall we do? What shall we be, by reason of this fact in which we believe? The answer is ready. Be kind, tender-hearted, one to another; be generous; be forgiving. That is our message to-day. Kindness and love brought Jesus Christ to Bethlehem, as on this day, and He, all through His life, was generous and forgiving. Let us, this Christmas, cultivate these graces. Away to-day with grudges and hard thoughts. To-day seek peace and ensue it. Throw oil on disturbed waters.

Avoid everything that may vex and annoy others. Peace, peace, I say, in the Name of God. And then, too, as you come to Christ in the Holy Communion of His precious Body and Blood, remember your friends far and near; those that are in the flesh, and those that have fallen asleep in Christ. Remember, also, those who have hurt you by word or deed, and pray for them with earnestness and humility. So may you hope that the sweet odour of the peace of God will be spread around you. God will grant the peace if Jesus Christ to be ministered unto you, and you, too, will be a minister of peace to all around. "The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."



RESURRECTION.

1 COR. XV. 49.

“**T**HE image of the Heavenly!”
Oh, say what may that be!—
The vesture of immortals,
The garb of victory!

The mystery of morning,
The touch of Heavenly skill;
The fashioning of spirits
Unto God's perfect will!

A hint, a thought, is whispered
Where blossoms break the sod;
Behold in their expansion
The pleasure of our God!

From lowly seed upspringing
A mystery we see,
Nor dimly guess, while hidden,
The body that shall be.

And winged life, which flutters
From out ignoble tomb,
In summer life, may wait us
From unbelieving gloom.

The spirit life within us
Shall flutter from each bond
Of mortal thrall, expanding
In nobler life beyond.

Nay, more; the Spirit's vesture
Shall bear in noble wise
The impress of the Heavenly,
The garb of Paradise.

CLARA TWHAITES.

Ted's Tolly, and What He Lost.



TED started out to school in good time, and a few minutes afterwards the postman delivered a letter at his house, from Uncle George, asking Ted to go over on Friday to his cousin Frank's birthday-tea. When nearly at school Ted was stopped by idle Bob, and persuaded to play traant and make a snowman. His mother was so annoyed at this that she did not allow him to go to Uncle George's, so he had none of the birthday cake.



While Shepherds watched their Flocks.

Words by NAHUM TATE.
Not very fast.

Music by J. WARRINER, Mus.D., Dublin.
(Organist of St. Matthew's, Denmark Hill, S.E.)

x. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

The An - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2. "Fear not!" said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
3. "To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord—
And this shall be the sign:
4. "The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
5. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
6. "All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

"WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE MAGAZINE?"

WE ask this question, because we think that some of our readers are not aware that handsome cloth cases in scarlet and gold are provided at a very low cost, so that the twelve monthly numbers can be bound together, and thus make an attractive volume for the home bookshelf. Whoever supplies you with the Magazine monthly can give you particulars as to the binding arrangements.

A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year
To all Our Readers,
Old and Young, Rich and Poor,
at Home and Abroad.

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An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

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General Parish News.

We are sorry to announce a considerable amount of sickness as prevailing in the parish. Mr. Hawkins, of Mackenzie st., and Miss Allen, of Cobourg st., are very poorly indeed. Mrs. Brooker, St. David st., has also been ill for some time; and Mr. William McEwin does not improve. Mrs. Henry Yeandle, Brunswick st., was seized with apoplexy on the evening of Tuesday, 28th, and at the time of writing is very low. Mrs. Friend has also been very ill. And besides these there were up to the last few days of the month six belonging to our church in the hospital. Of these, three have now left the hospital and the others are progressing favorably.

The sudden death of Mr. Wade was a serious loss to the church in many respects. For twenty-five years he had been prominent in all good works, as was also his family, and now we fear that the family will be necessarily broken up. Let us treasure the memories of devotion to the Church evinced by him and the late Mrs. Wade, and imitate their good examples.

We are glad to announce the arrival among us of two new families: Mr. A. Carman, Inspector of the Perth Mutual Ins. Co., who has taken up his residence on the corner of Albert and Nile; and Mr. E. Hannaford, of the G. T. R. civil engineer department, who has taken rooms on the corner of Downie st. and Market square. We give them both a hearty welcome, and trust they will find among us a pleasant home.

The reception by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was a pronounced success in every respect. There was a large number present, the programme was admirable, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. The presentation to Mr. W. C. Young was a surprise, but all agreed that it was well-deserved by the long and faithful services of Mr. Young.

During the temporary absence of Mrs. Jas. I. Moore, Miss King, Caledonia st., has kindly consented to assist Miss Steet in the management of the Junior Auxiliary.

We are able also to announce the arrival of a third family among us—that of Mr. Riddell, son-in-law of Mr. Wm. Buckingham. He has taken up his residence on Norman-st., where Sheriff Hossie used to live. To them also we give a hearty welcome.

The eldest daughter of the late Hugh Campbell has been taken by her aunt who lives in Alpena, Mich. The youngest daughter and his son, who has left the hospital, where he was ill with typhoid fever, are with Mr. Wm. Abraham, Douglass-st.

Miss Elsie Neild has been laid up with an attack of pneumonia, but is now recovering.

We are glad to find that the rumor as to the removal of Mr. C. F. Neild from Stratford is unfounded, and hope never to hear the rumor again.

We are glad to say that our collection for the Hospital this year was on the whole good—nearly double of what it was last year. The full amount was \$86.35, out of this \$6.35 are to be deducted as expenses for printing, postage, &c., making a net contribution to the Hospital of \$80.00.

HOW TO MAKE LARGE CONGREGATIONS.—Let each one who comes to church regularly bring one other with him who does not now come and the congregation will be doubled. Will each one who receives this Magazine, do this? If you will, then we shall have a congregation every Sunday of between 600 and 700. Let us endeavor to do this during Advent and what a glorious Christmas congregation we shall have!

Advent and Christmas.

Advent brings before us the two comings of Christ. His first coming to be a man among men, to be the son of man; and His second coming as the son of man to judge the quick and dead. The first coming was an exhibition of Divine Love; the second will be an exhibition of Divine Justice. These two—Divine Love and Divine Justice—are the fundamental principles of Advent. The first coming is the earnest and the guarantee of His second coming. Christmas reminds us that the first coming in Love is now a historical fact. On Christmas day we therefore rejoice in the love of God, in the Incarnation. The Incarnation of the Son of God is indeed the most overwhelming fact in all history. It is the central fact of the world's history. To this all preceding history sacred and profane converged. The Incarnation closed one volume of the world's history and opened another. The first volume recorded the history of man from Adam to Christ—man's fall—man's sin; the second volume opens with the birth of the new head of the human race; and records the history of man's redemption from sin by Christ Jesus. As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. Christmas day thus brings before us an event whose significance transcends any other in history—whether viewed in reference to the welfare of the whole race or in reference to the individual man. Let us remember this on Christmas day. So shall we make an effort to be present in His house to adore him and partake of the sacrament of His love. And remembering that His first coming in love is the earnest of His second coming in Justice, we shall rejoice not frivolously and like an animal, but seriously as a being that has eternity in view.

Church Lads' Brigade.

We earnestly urge upon parents their duty to assist Mr. H. W. Copius and Mr. R. Burritt in their work with the "Lads." It is needless to say that without their co-operation the work must be more or less ineffective. Regularity of attendance is a necessity in such work above all others. Let parents insist upon their boys being present. We hope the Brigade to prove a great means of good. As soon as they have learnt their drill properly, we hope to see the lads every Sunday morning in church. It is intended that it should prove an introduction to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in ordinary church work. Thus will habits of discipline, of regularity in Divine worship, and participation in church work be instilled into the lads at an early age. But we depend entirely upon the assistance of the parents both for a large attendance and for regularity. Let the parents give us this assistance.

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