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onally at the local land h the land to be taken is der desires, he may, on of the Interior, Ottawa, gration, Winnipeg, or the n which the land is situate, one to make entry for him, or a homestead entry.

DUTIES.
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esidence upon and culti- year during the term of ther, if the father is de- is eligible to make a home- sions of this Act, resides of the land entered for tead, the requirements of or to obtaining patent may residing with the father

ed a patent for his home- he issue of such patent, er prescribed by this Act a second homestead, the i to residence prior to ob- fied by residence upon the ond homestead is in the ead.

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ails to comply with the stead law is liable to have the land may be again

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 l of the three years, before gent, or the Homestead ng application for patent, onths' notice in writing to minion Lands, at Ottawa,

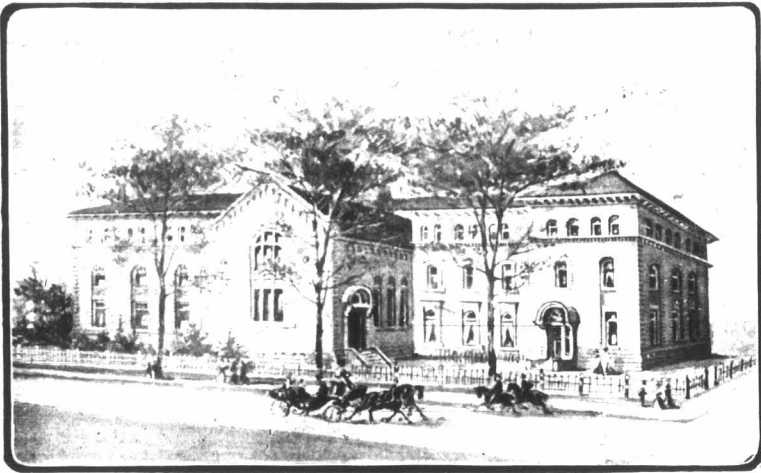
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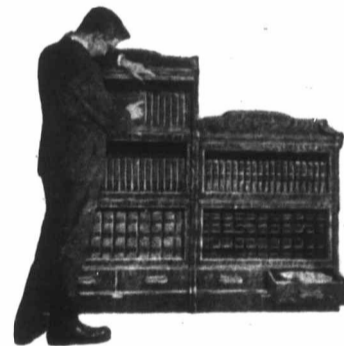
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10, 1903.]

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3 Sun. in Advent

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Appropriate Hymns for Third and Fourth Sundays in Advent, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., organist and director of the choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. The numbers are taken from Hymns Ancient and Modern, many of which may be found in other hymnals:

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 51, 178, 313, 318.

Processional: 47, 48, 355, 362.

Offertory: 16, 272, 293, 352.

Children's Hymns: 180, 188, 336, 566.

General Hymns: 191, 193, 353, 587.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 307, 315, 321, 322.

Processional: 53, 404, 430, 432.

Offertory: 518, 520, 612, 620.

Children's Hymns: 229.

General Hymns: 217, 226, 513, 514.

S. P. G. Deputations.

The English and American Church papers of last month speak in highest terms of praise of the valuable deputation work now being done for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by Rev. Charles Scadding. Mr. Scadding is rector of La Grange, Illinois, and undertook this work with the express consent of his own diocesan, and the approval of Dr. Lloyd, general secretary of the American Board of Missions. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Scadding is a Canadian and a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto. He is a graceful and effective speaker, and has evidently captured the hearts of his English hearers. The "Living Church" tells us his limelight lectures on the Church in the United States are given under these heads: (1) The Colonial Church. (2) Work among coloured people. (3) Early educational work in Ohio. (4) Work among American Indians. (5) Alaska. Under each head, a vast storehouse of lecturing

material is ready at hand. The tremendous debt of the American Church to the S.P.G. in colonial days has been acknowledged again and again. Murray Hoffman, in his great treatise on the "Law of the Church," speaks thus of it: "When, from the thousand altars of the Episcopal Church, the utterance of praise and prayer arises in the stately flowing language of the liturgy of Edward, let us remember that chiefly to that society (S.P.G.), we owe the unappreciable gift." When the negro is being burned and lynched and outraged, we cannot proclaim too loudly that the Church is his friend. We cannot think of the American Indian without thinking of Bishop Whipple whom Westcott called the most apostolic man he ever knew. Early educational work in Ohio brings forward the adventurous and daring work of Philander Chase of the giants of the early days of the American Church. Alaska, whose bishop is also a Canadian, and a graduate of Trinity College, has been brought into the blazing light of public scrutiny on account of the recent arbitration. Truly Mr. Scadding has an interesting tale to tell, and Bishop Montgomery made a happy choice in selecting so engaging a speaker.

Story—"The Paintings of the Frescoes."

With the New Year will be begun, in the pages of "The Canadian Churchman," with the kind permission of the author—all rights reserved—"The Painting of the Frescoes," a story of early mediæval English Church and rural life (founded on fact), which has hitherto not been published but was written and printed for private circulation and sale; the proceeds having been for the restoration of St. Breage, the church mentioned in the narrative. Those who have had the privilege of reading this little story have been very much impressed with its beauty and simplicity. It is hoped that the writer, who is the wife of the present vicar of St. Breage, he having at one time been a curate at St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, London, England, will be induced to publish it in England, so that it may bring both pleasure and profit to those who have as yet had no opportunity of its perusal.

The Horizon of Our Influence.

Who can trace the horizon of our personal influence? The mention of Mr. Scadding's successful lecturing tour in England not only draws attention to romantic episodes in American Church history, but awakens reflections on the illimitable influences that enter into, and issue out of, our earthly friendships. In Mr. Scadding's undergraduate days, Dr. Body and Dr. Roper, who are now teaching in the General Seminary, New York, were then on the Divinity staff of Trinity College, Toronto. The bare mention of some of the students, who were then passing through their hands, will illustrate the tremendous consequences that hang on the life of any faithful teacher. One student, Charles Brent, became Bishop of the Philippines. Another, C. P. Anderson, became assistant Bishop of Chicago. Charles Shortt, who was then in close touch with his Alma Mater, went later to Japan. J. M. Snowden became rector of a great church in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. E. C. Cayley and Herbert Broughall have left their mark on the educational life of Toronto. Herbert Symonds is on the Cathedral staff of Montreal, the largest city in Canada. George Haslam and Charles Hutton have built up the financial fabric of the dioceses of Nova Scotia and Ontario. Charles Kemp, of Clinton, Michigan, has proclaimed boldly "the Gospel of the kingdom," and written manuals of instruction that will tell on the life of future generations. Charles Scadding is tell-

ing to the Mother Church the story of the struggles and triumphs of her progeny across the sea. And yet all this is only a fragment of what might be told of one brief period in one college. When Dr. Body and Dr. Roper see their Canadian students of one brief period exerting a world-wide influence, what must they expect to be the sum total of a teacher's influence when his work is done? Herbert Spencer calls society "a ramified network of restraints." It is also a ramified network of stimulating friendships, so far as college life is concerned.

Our Relations to the American Church.

Bishop Dunn, of Quebec, did good service at the Pan-American conference of bishops at Washington, when he drew attention to the close relations between the Canadian and American churches. He pointed out that great use had been made of the American Prayer Book in compiling the appendix to our own Prayer Book, and added this significant conjecture: "No doubt," he said, "in framing the canons of our comparatively young and new General Synod, your canons (i.e., of the American Church), will be to us a very great guide and advantage." These words demand our careful attention, and remind us that great assistance in studying our own canon law may be derived from the history and legislation of the American Church. Murray Hoffman's treatise on the "Law of the American Church" is a luminous and exhaustive work and his masterly consideration of fundamental principles and of their application to a voluntary Church is exactly what is needed in Canada. We find the learned canonists of the Mother Church study carefully the development of the voluntary churches. The position of the laity is one of the thorny questions that confront the Mother Church at the present time, and the Bishop of Salisbury, the other day, in discussing it, referred to the experience of the colonial churches. Bishop Barry, who is now a suffragan of the Bishop of London, has written a treatise on this subject and given some of the experiences which he had gathered as an Australian Bishop. Evidently the development of the voluntary churches exercises a potent influence on all Church legislation, and Bishop Dunn gave a timely advice when he recommended the study of the canons of the American Church.

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to Street, Toronto.

Reforming too Fast.

Tammany once more rules in New York. It is said by those who have watched that city's affairs that this has been due not to any desire for the "Tiger," nor from any desire after the state of things that prevails under its rule, but as a protest against what was considered the overstrictness, not to say tyranny, of the reforming party. These latter are accused of undue harshness in enforcing observance of the law. Whether this be so is, of course, impossible for those not acquainted with the facts to say; but that such a thing has been said, may serve as a warning to some amongst ourselves. We know that reaction against too great zeal has more than once undone the work of really well-meaning people. This has been the case with the teetotal, not to call it temperance, movement in Canada. Some people cannot be got to see that there is such a thing as reforming too fast. A prominent anti-teetotalist said the other day, that the best supporters of the saloonist are the intemperate temperance workers. Rev. Mr. Du Vernet has put forth some very excellent leaflets in favour of local option for Toronto Junction. Every one will cordially endorse what he says and the arguments he uses in support. We do not think we have ever seen a better pleading on behalf of the object he has at heart. If all so-called temperance work were done on the same lines, it would have far better result than appears at present to be likely. It would be a good thing if Mr. Du Vernet's papers could be extensively circulated.

Church Loyalty.

The importance of the last Liverpool Diocesan Conference cannot be overestimated. The leading topic of discussion seems to have been loyalty to the Church services, and Bishop Chavasse, a pronounced Evangelical, averred that loyalty demanded three things: (1) Weekly celebration, (2)

Daily offices, (3) Saints' day celebrations. Time was when militant Protestants were by no means enamoured of any one of these three. But we are living in days when the spirit of unity is strong, and all parties in the Church are beginning to seek and to appreciate and to practise what is good and true in each other's life. Accordingly, honest and learned Churchmen put loyalty to the forefront and are willing to interpret the Prayer Book in a plain literal sense. What a different tone would have characterized much of our past Church life if we had looked less at party feelings and more at the fundamental verities of the faith and the plain teaching of the Church.

The Catholic Church.

Every now and then we have a practical illustration of the worldwide character of the Anglican Communion. When the Bishop of Exeter was consecrated in May last, the Epistle was read by the Archbishop of Sydney, and the Gospel by the Bishop of London. "I confess I felt a thrill of pleasure," the Australian Archbishop said afterwards to his Synod, "when, at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury, I took part in the consecration of the Bishop of Exeter in St. Paul's Cathedral last May, and read the Epistle by the side of the Bishop of London, who was Gospeller, thus bringing together official representatives of the Anglican Church from both sides of the world in a happy juxtaposition of mutual help." The Australian Church, like the Canadian, is a completely separate and independent Church in communion with the Mother Church of England, and the function referred to well illustrates the true meaning of a Catholic Church. It is worldwide in its unity, and yet nationally independent in the administration of its various parts.

Delinquent Parishes.

Bishop Tuttle took the breath away from some very contented Churchmen, at the recent Wash-

ington conference, by solemnly reading out the names of delinquent parishes. In more than one American diocese there is a custom of singling out a parish or its clergyman or its parish officers, and demanding, in the presence of the Diocesan Synod or Convention, some reasonable explanation of the delinquencies complained of. It is not sweet music to be reported as a defaulter, but there is no doubt that the remedy though drastic is a very effective one and is therefore likely to increase rather than decrease.

Other Folds.

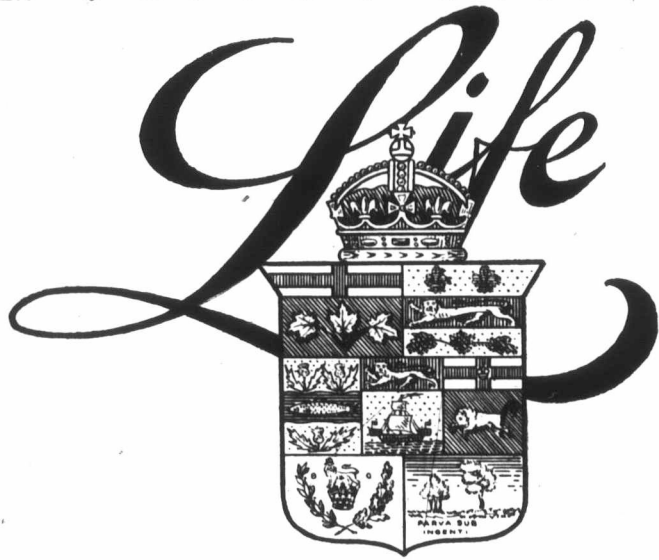
It is very gratifying to note how many distinguished members, who were brought up in other folds, have found their way into the Church of England. The "Scottish Guardian," of Nov. 13th, reviews a recent book, "The Ancestry of Randall Thomas Davidson," and tells us Archbishop Davidson's ancestry was Presbyterian, and his grandfather a well known Presbyterian minister, who was pastor of Tolbooth, where he died in 1827. The same paper takes note of the fact that our own Bishop Matheson's father was a Presbyterian. Rev. Professor Cody, one of our ablest Toronto divines, looks back on a Baptist and Congregational ancestry, and many of our best ministers in Canada come from other religious folds. May the Church be increasingly recognized as a spiritual "home" for all, and may we all earnestly pray that all may be one.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The historic churches of Christendom have from time immemorial observed this day as the Birthday of Jesus, and have marked it with every liturgical distinction, as being, with Easter and Whitsuntide, one of the greater festivals of the Church. As to the exact day difficulties have been raised, such as that December being the height of the rainy season in Judea, it was not

(Continued on page 756.)

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HUNCHBACK'S CHRISTMAS.

By Lieut.-Col. Mrs. Read.

Poor little Hunchback looked out through the tiny window pane, or, more properly speaking, through the wee speck in the middle, which she had managed to keep the frost off by breathing hard upon it, and rubbing with her poor thin fingers. Great snow-flurries swept round the corner of the court, and the little prisoner behind the window, shivered, partly because it looked so cold out of doors, and partly because it was so cold in the little room where she sat.

There was nothing but the barest necessities to look at inside, and not much outside, but she liked to sit there and watch the occasional passer-by. Anyway, mother would be home soon. Hunchback could tell this by the gathering darkness, which seemed to come down so slowly some days. Mother was always tired, and Fanny (Hunchback's other name) liked to be there to give her a smile when she came round the corner. Poor mother! Hunchback was thinking how white she looked sometimes—how she wished she could help her work! But, then, she had such a pain in her back always, and could not walk many steps. She wondered if she would ever run about like other little girls. If father would only come back! It was such a long time, now, since that dreadful night when the policeman took him away, and mother cried so.

Fanny sighed. It would soon be Christmas now. How she would love a new dollie, and some paints to make pictures for mother to see when she came home at nights. But she guessed she would not get them—mother had hard work to get food some days. Her old rag doll, Polly, was getting very shabby, though, of course, she loved it, and at this thought, Hunchback hugged Polly, her sole companion, through the long days, closer up to her.

She would never forget that wonderful day in the summer. It was a Saturday afternoon, and mother somehow came home early, and the kind lady she was working for had lent her a wheel-chair. Fanny was thinking of the delight of it. She could yet see all the lovely dolls and toys that she had looked at in the windows as mother wheeled her along the street. Oh, if Santa Claus would only find the room where she lived, and bring her a brand new doll—what joy! She clapped her hands at the thought.

She saw some one pause and look at her real hard through the window. Then the lady came and knocked at the door and said, "May I come in?" Fanny said, "Yes," and a kind-looking lady entered the room.

"What, all alone, little one? Where's mother?" "At work, ma'am."

"And do you always stay alone, dear, when mother's at work?" "Yes, ma'am, I ain't got no one to stay with me. It's kind of lonesome sometimes, ma'am, but I watches for mother to come," answered the little cripple, looking for the bright side of her dark life.

"What were you thinking of, dear child, when I looked through the window? Why did you clap your hands?"

"Oh, ma'am," shyly, "I was just a-thinking how grand it would be if Santa Claus could only find me, and bring me a doll Christmas time."

The lady looked serious, and sat down on a rickety chair close to Fanny.

"Do you know what Christmas means, dear?" "Oh, yes'm, mother told me, and I prays allus to God. I asked Him about the doll, too, ma'am."

By this time the visitor had taken Fanny's little wasted hand into hers, and, encouraged by this friendliness, Fanny was stroking a pretty red ribbon with queer letters on it round the lady's arm.

"I think I'll have to be your Santa Claus, little one."

"Oh, will you? How grand!" and Fanny confided her great longing for the box of paints to make "pictures for mother."



THE MORNING PRAYER.

wretched stum, an eager little girl had discovered that God had sent a Santa Claus to look for her while she slept, for not only was there a lovely dolly and a box of real paints with a brush and dishes to mix the paints in, and a dear little book with pictures in it to copy, but there were shoes and stockings and clothes for her, and a pair of warm gloves for her mother, and a real plum-pudding, some candies, and everything to make a little girl and her mother glad.

CURIOUS CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

The peasants of the mountains of Montenegro celebrate Christmas Eve in a strange manner. First they gather up all the pokers and shovels about the house and hide them away in a safe place, then they light the great Yule log; when this is burning brightly, the master of the house and his son take candles, and, going to the stables, stand for a moment in each corner; back to the door they hasten, and lift up their flaming candles, while some one drives the animals in, single file.

The mother now sprinkles wine over each female of the live stock, and kisses the animal softly on its head. After this important ceremony is at an end, the whole family cluck like hens, and make funny little chirping noises like tiny chicks, so that there may be an abundance of fowls during the coming year.

The first bit of burning wood that falls from the Yule log, is picked up by one of the sons, using his teeth instead of his hands; this is an exceedingly unpleasant task, as he must carry it into the yard and leave it there, at the risk of receiving a bad burn.

Now there is a general jubilee, as no witches can have the ghost of a chance of working evil to the members of the household.

The people of Lima, Peru, call Christmas Eve, "the good night," and the whole city is in an uproar, making preparations for the festal occasion.

The Plaza Major, or principal park, which contains about eight acres, is the central point for the festivities. In the middle is a magnificent fountain decorated with lions, griffins and angels, surmounted by a statue of Fame; here hundreds of jets of water leap up in the air to the height of fifty feet, filling the atmosphere with freshness from the spray.

Bands of negroes dressed in flowing red robes, some with their faces covered by odd masks, sing weird chants and dance with wild, fantastic steps to the accompaniment of guitar and castanets. The Indian women follow, their long black hair sweeping in masses almost to their feet. Waving light wands, they circle around with a graceful, floating motion to soft music played on lute and harp. Ice stalls are scattered over the square, where the merrymakers can indulge in what to them is a necessity during the long sultry night, as Christmas comes in midsummer.

In Russia, the peasants of all ages dress themselves to represent different domestic animals; the effect is ludicrous in the extreme. The reason they give for this is that they wish to commemorate Christ's having been born in a stable.

In Norway, it is the custom to present one's lady love with a gift in a very odd way; the house door is thrust open and a bundle of hay or straw thrown inside, in which is a pretty piece of jewelry.

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possible for flocks and herds to have been in the fields of Bethlehem at night. The Church, however, lays more stress on keeping a day in memory of the Nativity, than on success in selection of the precise date of the event. In the parallel case of Good Friday and Easter, it does not appear that anything is lost of their respective associations from their variableness in different years. From the fifth century, however, the 25th of December has been generally agreed upon, either by the influence of tradition, or from the desire to supplant heathen festivals of that period of the year, such as the Saturnalia. It is the fact of the Incarnation we annually commemorate, and this being done, the particular day has no special significance. It is, above all, a day for religious observance, and those who neglect or forget, on it, to worship the King, who as on this day took our nature upon Him, and as at this time to be born of a pure Virgin, miss altogether the meaning and blessing of Christmas. On this day of Christian joy and thanksgiving, let God's house be filled with worshippers, and let us sanctify our Christmas rejoicing in the home by our devout utterance at God's board. On this day many tables will be spread; there will be many banquets and feasts, and these will be hallowed, if those who feast have been first at the Lord's table, and have not slighted the "Sacred Feast, which Jesus makes rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood." Christmas Day, primarily religious, is also social in its character, and its joy finds its overflowing expression in the home. "In all civilized countries the annual recurrence of Christmas has been celebrated with festivities of various kinds. In none, however, was it more joyfully welcomed than in England, where even still the "old honour" has not altogether fled. It was the custom on Christmas Eve, after the usual devotions were over, to light large candles and throw on the

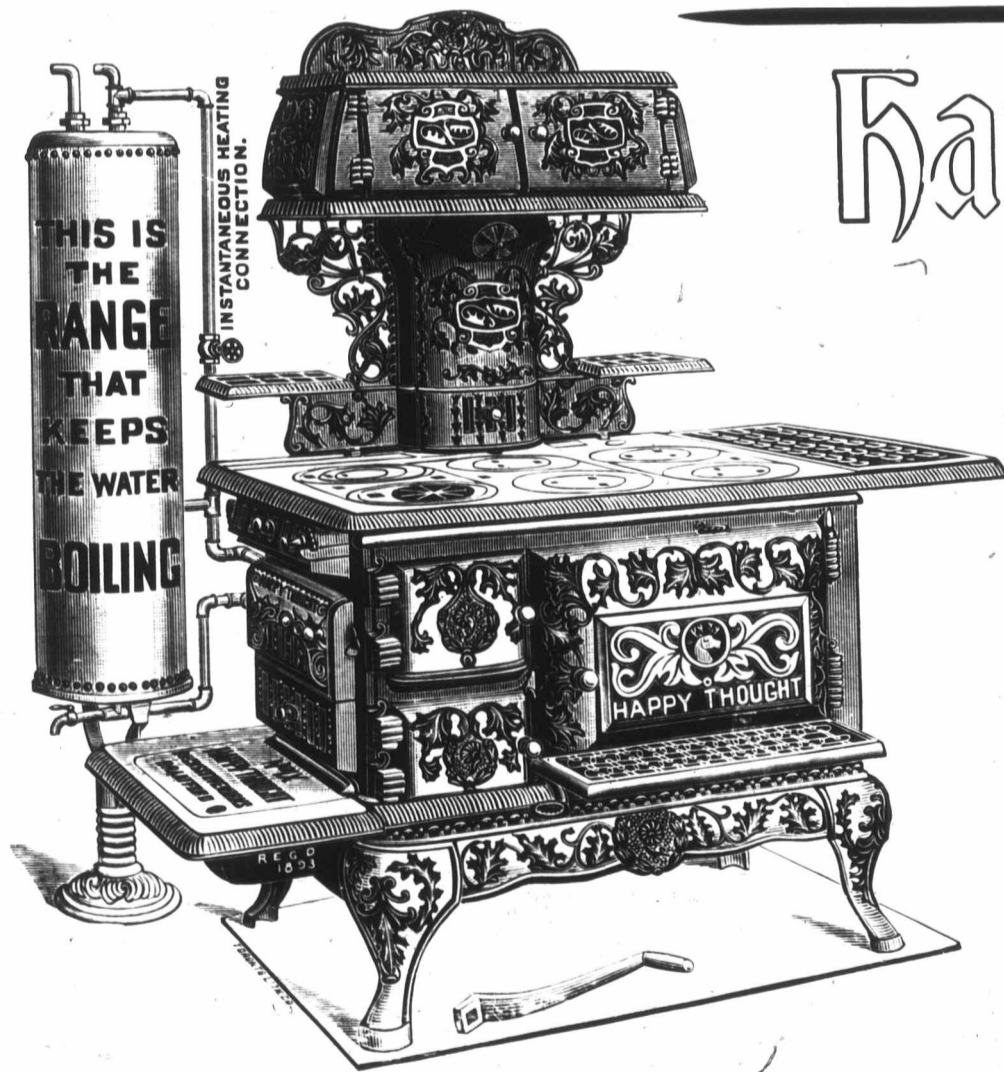
hearth a huge log, called the Yule Log or Christmas Block. At court and in the houses of the wealthy, an officer, named the Lord of Misrule, was appointed to superintend the revels; and in Scotland a similar functionary used to be appointed, under the title of the Abbot of Omeason, till the year 1555 when the office was abolished by Act of Parliament. The favourite pastimes, over which he presided, were gaming, music, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, dancing, blind-man's buff, etc., and the danger then as now, upon which Christian teachers found occasion to remonstrate with their flocks, was that of paying too great attention to the festive character of the season, and too little to its more solemn aspects. After the Church and our duties then comes the home, the gathering of families and relatives and friends, and above all, of making glad the hearts of children to whom this festival of the birth of a King appeals with singular force and power. Who can estimate the effect of the teaching of Christmas Day on youthful minds, when its religious observance is closely linked with those joyful and benevolent demonstrations, which are inseparably associated with it? Christmas Day of all others is one on which to manifest a practical interest in those whose low estate of poverty our blessed Lord voluntarily chose, and who being rich yet for our sakes was made poor. Most true it is that the poor we have with us always, and at this time, especially, we should seek to do them good. What should this day be banished from every home, and every heart should be gladdened by the thought of Him, who on this day was made flesh and dwelt among us, and by the manifestation of brotherhood of which He is the great teacher and example. The Nativity of Christ has inspired devotion, as shown in the offices of the Church, has stimulated Christian oratory, has given a lofty theme to the poet, and has furnished a subject for the great painters, while

it is the inspiring composition of a large part of Handel's greatest triumph, the Messiah. In it men and angels, the great and lowly alike, rejoice, and to it we trace the beginning of that Christian civilization which has ameliorated and elevated the condition of mankind, and raised their hopes beyond the present to a future through Christ, both glorious and immortal.

THE NATIVITY AND PROPHECY.

Jesus ever claimed that He was the subject of prophecy, and that all that He did was in order, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. In the record of His life the writings of the Old Testament find their true meaning and significance. The two Testaments are not contrary to each other, but the latter is confirmatory and corroborative of the former. Without the New Testament the Old would still be a sealed book, and in both alike we have eternal life and testimony of Him. How much He was the subject of the elder revelation He Himself set forth on that interesting occasion, when He joined two of His disciples on the way to Emmaus, and "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Himself." "And He said unto them: These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Me." Christ is as much the subject of Old Testament, as of New Testament revelation, and in the one we find the fulfillment of the prophecies of the other. Prophecy deals with His life, character, death, resurrection, ascension and coming again. Especially may we at this time dwell on those prophecies which refer to His birth, and to those strange and striking events

(Continued on page 758.)



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THE LITTLE FRIEND: A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

"Oho! I am so cold, so cold!" sobbed little Pierre, as he stumbled through the snow which was drifting deep upon the mountain side. "Oho! I am so cold! The snow bites my face and blinds me, so that I cannot see the road. Where are all the Christmas candle-lights? The people of the village must have forgotten. The little Jesus will lose His way to-night. I never forgot to set our window at home full of lights on Christmas Eve. But now it is Christmas Eve, and there is no home any more. And I am so cold, so cold!"

Little Pierre sobbed again and stumbled in the snow, which was drifting deeper and deeper upon the mountain side. This was the stormiest Christmas Eve which had been seen for years, and all the little boys who had good homes were hugging themselves close to the fire, glad that they were not wandering in the bleak night. Every window was full of flickering tapers to light the expected Holy Child upon His way through the village to the church. But little Pierre had strayed so far from the road that he could not see these rows and rows of tiny earth stars, any more than he could see through the snow the far-off sky stars which the angels had lighted along the streets of heaven.

Pierre was on his way from the hamlet, where he now had no other home than that offered to orphan boys by the Abbe's charity school; a sorry apology for a home, indeed! for the little Brothers were rough and rude, and far from loving one another. He had started at dusk from the charity school, hoping to be at the village church before curfew. For Pierre had a pretty little voice of his own, and he was to earn a few pennies by singing in the choir on Christmas morning. But it was growing late. The church would be closed before he could reach it. And then what should he do?

The snow whirled faster and faster, and little Pierre's legs found it harder and harder to move themselves through the great drifts. They seemed heavy and numb, and he was growing oh! so tired. If he could but lie down to sleep until Christmas Day. But he knew that he must not do that. For folk who choose this soft and tempting bed turn into ice-people who do not wake in the morning. So he bent his head and tried to plough on through the drifts.

Which! A soft white thing flapped through the snow and struck Pierre full in the face, so that he staggered and almost lost his balance.

The next moment he had caught a dove as it fell, and was holding it tenderly in his numb hands. It was a beautiful dove, white as the snow from which it seemed to come. Apparently it had been buffeted by the storm until it had lost strength to fly, and it now lay quite still, with closed eyes. Pierre stroked the ruffled feathers gently and blew upon its cold body, trying to revive it. For he was fond of all the little winged creatures, and had rescued many ere now from the mountain storms and chills.

"Poor bird!" said Pierre, softly. "You are lost in the snow, like me. I will try to keep you warm, though I am myself a cold little body." He put the bird under his jacket, holding it close to his heart. Presently the dove

Pierre hugged the bird closer and began to fear greatly: for he knew that he was in a dangerous case. "Dear dove," he whispered, "I am so sorry that I cannot save you. We shall turn into ice-images together. But I will keep you warm as long as I can." Then he closed his eyes, for he was very tired and sleepy.

In a little while something made Pierre open his eyes. At first he could see but the whirling snow, which seemed to fill all space. But presently he found that someone was bending over him, with a face close to his: someone chubby, and rosy and young—a child like himself, but more beautiful than any child whom Pierre had ever seen. He stared hard at the face, which seemed to smile at him through the snow, unmindful of the cold.

"You have my dove inside your coat," said the child, pointing. "I lost her in the storm. Give her to me."

Pierre held his coat the closer. "She was cold," he answered. "She was perishing in the snow. I have a jacket, and am trying to keep her warm."

"But she is warm when she is with me, though I have no coat," said the child. And indeed, he was clad only in a little shirt, with his rosy legs quite bare. Yet he looked not cold. A brightness glowed about him, and his breath seemed to warm the air. Pierre saw that, though it was still snowing beyond them, there were no whirling flakes between him and the stranger child. He stared, though not so much with wonder as with a strange content, still holding the dove closely. The child held out his hand once more.

"Prithee, give me the dove," he begged. "I must hasten on my way to the village yonder. The dove strayed from my bosom and was lost. You found her here, far from the road. Thank you, little boy. Are you often so kind to poor lost birds?"

"Why, they are the Lord's own birds,"

cried little Pierre. "How should one not be kind and love them dearly? On the Lord's birthday-eve, too! It is little that I could do for this one—I who have saved and fed so many on other Christmas Eves. Alas! The good old days of the wheat-sheaf and the full panikin of milk and the bright fire for warming!"

"What, did you set a sheaf of wheat for the birds on Christmas Eve?" asked the child, drawing closer, and bending kindly eyes upon Pierre. Now the boy saw that in the place where the child stood the snow had melted all away, so that they were enclosed as in a little feathery nest, which almost seemed warm to his numb limbs.

"Aye, that little I did," he answered simply.

(Continued on page 760.)



H. Wernet.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

opened its eyes and stirred feebly, giving a faint "coo!" as Pierre stroked it.

"I wish I had something for you to eat, poor bird," said Pierre, forgetting his own cold and hunger. "If I could but take you into my own house and feed you as I used to feed the birds upon Christmas Eve. But now I have no home myself, and I can scarcely keep you warm."

Pierre shivered and tried once more to move forward. But the storm seemed to have grown even fiercer, and the wind blew so keenly in his face that he could scarcely stand. "It is useless," he said. "I cannot go another step." And down he sank into the snow drift, which at once began busily to cover him up with a downy, cold coverlet, pretending to be a careful mother.

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which accompanied it. It was prophesied by Isaiah: "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son," and the evangelist, St. Matthew, records: "Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When, as His mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found of child of the Holy Ghost." It was predicted that salvation should come through the family of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Judah, David, and in two genealogical tables, those of St. Matthew and St. Luke, Jesus is proved to have been of the home and lineage of David. The genealogy of Matthew is Joseph's genealogy, as legal successor to the throne of David. That of Luke is Joseph's private genealogy, exhibiting his real birth, as David's son, and thus showing why he was heir to Solomon's crown. The simple principle that one Evangelist exhibits that genealogy which contained the successive heirs to David's and Solomon's throne, while the other exhibits the paternal stem of him who was the heir, explains all the anomalies of the two pedigrees, their agreement as well as their discrepancies, and the circumstance of their being two at all. The prophet Micah had foretold the place of the Messiah's birth. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be ruler of Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." And yet though Joseph and Mary dwelt at Nazareth, it came to pass, through Augustus having ordered a general census of the Roman Empire that they were brought to Bethlehem, where the Lord was born. It had been prophesied by Jacob that "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor the law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering together of the people be." And it came to pass that at the time of the final absorption of the Jewish power, Shiloh (the

trumpeter), gathered the nations under his rule. It had been foretold that there should be a great prophet typified by Moses; a priest forever typified by Melchizedek; that there should be born into the world a Child to be called Mighty God, Eternal Father, Prince of Peace, and that an everlasting kingdom should be given by the Ancient of Days to one like unto the Son of Man. We have here a series of prophecies, so applicable to the person and earthly life of Jesus Christ, as to be thereby shown to have been designed to apply to Him. And if they were designed to apply to Him, prophetic prediction is proved. In the Nativity, as recorded by the Evangelists, the prediction of the Prophets, as to the manner, time and place of Christ's nativity, are all remarkably fulfilled, and our faith is confirmed in Jesus, as the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, and that the Virgin's Son is also Son of Man and Son of God. "To Him," as St. Peter declared, "give all the prophets witness that through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." And at this time we rejoice in His birth of whom it was said: "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

GENEROUS OFFER.

The Canadian Churchman was greatly surprised, and equally delighted, at receiving, a week or two ago, the following letter which speaks for itself. The writer wishes to be unknown. Dear Mr. Wooten,—Will you kindly send me the names of seven clergymen in Canada who do not take the Churchman, but would like to do so? I will then forward you one year's subscription for each of them, to begin on December 1st. I do not wish it sent to those who, through indifference, neglect to take it, but to men who are unable to do so by reason of scant stipend or heavy expenses.

My name should not be mentioned." Are there not some others who would be willing to do the same? In England there is "the Silent Missionary Society," which receives the names of those of the clergy who would like to have certain of the English Church papers, and many of the "colonial clergy" profit by it. We believe there are a number of clergy who are glad recipients of the kindness of the S.M.S. Might not the example we have in the case of the Canadian Churchman be followed by the kindness of the wealthier Church people sending the Churchman to our foreign missionaries and to Canadian clergy in the United States and elsewhere, thus inaugurating a S.M.S. for Canada? Our beautiful Christmas number will be sent free to all new subscribers.

A DAY FOR EVERY ONE.

Christmas is known as the children's day. It is theirs to look forward to, enjoy, to look back upon and cherish. No less let it be the day for young men and young women, for the middle-aged, and for those who, having passed the Scripture limit of three-score and ten with eyes dimmed, it may be, but aglow with the love light, are looking toward sunset, a setting that for them shall prove to be the sunrise, the dawning of the new and eternal day. Forever cherished and forever blessed be the inspiring fact of the Incarnation, which brought the Christ down to men who otherwise had not looked upward to God. And forever blessed be the season of Christmastide, which speaks of peace on earth and good-will toward men. "Peace and good-will" may it be till He shall come as promised, and a weary, waiting world shall witness the light of the millennium dawn! Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

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AN URGENT APPEAL.

Sir, Will you kindly allow me once more to place before your readers our urgent need of men to occupy our new fields of work in the Northwest. Our work is being kept back by the urgent need of workers. In some places where summer students have been working, the reaction after they return to college is somewhat discouraging to our Church members. It means a serious leakage and loss. This, at a time when, if we had true workers of the right stamp, we could do so much. Now is emphatically the time when our Church should take deep root here. It would, if we had a sufficient supply of men to fully represent us. Shall our appeals be all in vain? Is there not sufficient heroism in the Church to lead men to volunteer for pioneer work? Churches and parsonages will soon follow faithful work. Local self-support will be elicited. I could place ten men at once. Who will offer for this urgent need?

J. QU'APPELLE.

(Continued from page 757.)

Why not? I love all the little creatures whom our Lord Himself so dearly loved, and to whom He bade us be kind. On Christmas Eve especially I always tried to make happy those warch the sent in my way, in barn and fold, and little ones which might wander cold without."

The child drew yet closer and sat down in the snow beside Pierre. His beautiful eyes shone like stars, and his voice was as sweet as the music of a violin. "What! You are the boy who stood in the doorway with a pan of

bread and milk part of your own supper—and called the hungry kitten to feast? You are he who tossed a rich bone to the limping dog and made him a bed in the stable? You stroked the noses of the ox and the ass and said gentle things to them, because they were the first friends of the little Jesus. You set the sheaf of wheat for the snow-birds, and they lighted upon your hands and shoulders and kissed your lips in gratitude. You are that boy, friend of God's friends. No wonder that my white dove flew to you out of the storm. She knew, she knew!"

The child bent near and kissed Pierre on the cheeks, so that they grew rosy and the warm blood went tingling through his little cold limbs. Sitting up he said: "Yes, I am that boy who last year was so happy because he could do these pleasant things. But how do you know, little stranger? How did you see?"

"Oh, I know, I saw!" cried the child, gleefully clapping his hands as a child will. "I was there. I passed through the village last Christmas Eve, and I saw it all. But tell me now: how do you come here, dear boy? Why are you not in that happy home this stormy night, once more making the Lord's creatures happy?"

Pierre told all to the child. How his dear father and mother had died and left him alone in the world. How the home had been sold, and now he lived in the charity school kept by the good Abbe. How he had learned of the chance to earn a few pennies by singing on Christmas Day in the neighbouring village church, which lacked a voice among the choir-boys. How he was on his way thither when the storm had hidden the road, and he had grown so cold, so cold!

"Then your dove came to me, little stranger," Pierre concluded. "She came, and I folded her in my jacket to keep her warm. But, do you know, it must be that she has kept me warm. Although I could walk no further, I am not cold at all, nor frightened, and no longer hungry. Sit close to me, little stranger. You shall share my jacket, too, and we will all three warm one another."

The child laughed again, a low, soft, silvery laugh, like a happy brook slipping over the pebbles. "I am not cold," he said. "I cannot stay with you. I must go yonder." And he pointed through the snow.

"Whether, oh, whither?" cried Pierre, eagerly. "Let me go with you. I am lost; but if you know the way we can go together, hand in hand."

The child shook his head. "Not so," he said. "I do not follow the path, and your feet would stumble. I shall find a way without sinking in the snow. I must go alone. But there is a better way for you. I leave my dove with you: she will keep you warm until help comes. Farewell, friend of the Lord's friends." Stooping the child kissed Pierre once more, upon the forehead. Then, before the boy saw how he went, he had vanished from the little nest of snow, without leaving a footprint behind.

Now the dove, clasped close to Pierre's heart, seemed to warm him like a little fire within; and the child's kiss on his forehead made him so happy, but withal so drowsy, that he smiled as he closed his eyes once more, thinking: "Until help comes. There is a better way for me."

On the side of the mountain, away from the village street, perched the little hut of Grandfather Viaud. And here, on Christmas Eve, sat the old man and his wife, looking very sad and lonely. For there was no merry children's laughter in the little hut, no patter of small feet, and whispering of Christmas secrets. The little Viauds had long since grown up and flown away to build nests of their own in far-off countries. Poor Josef Viaud and old Bettine were quite alone this Christmas Eve, save for the St. Bernard dog who was stretched out before the fire, covering half the little floor with his huge bulk, like a furry rug. He was the very prince of dogs, as his name betokened, and he was very good to grandfather and grandmother, who loved him dearly. But on Christmas Eve even the littlest cottage, crowded with the biggest tenants, seems empty unless there are children in the corners.

The Viauds sat silently gazing into the fire, with scarcely a word for each other, scarcely a caress for faithful Prince. Indeed the great dog himself seemed to know that something was lacking, and every once in a while would lift his head and whine, wistfully.

In each of the two little windows burned a row of candles, flickering in the draught that blew down the great chimney and swept through the tiny apartment. And these, with the crackling blaze upon the hearth, sent queer shadows quivering up the smoky walls.

Grandfather Viaud looked over his shoulder as a great gust blew the ashes into the room. "Hey!" he cried. "I almost fancied the shadow of one looking in at the window. Ha, ha! What foolishness. Eh! but it is a fear-

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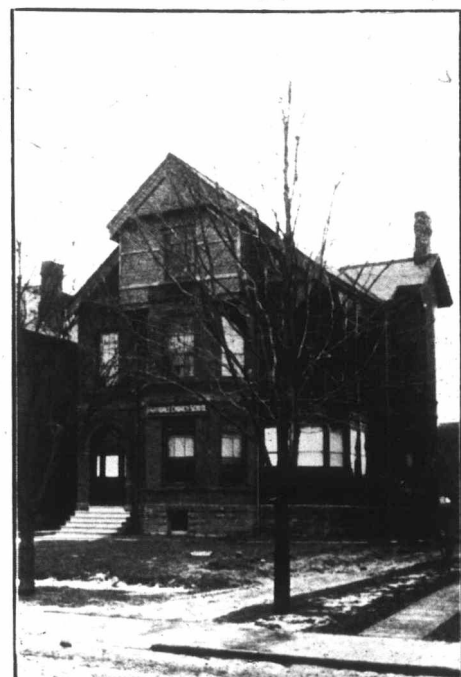


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some storm. Pray the good Lord that there may be no poor creatures wandering on the mountain this night."

"The Lord's birthday, too!" said Grandmother Bettine. "The dear little Child has a cold way to come. Even He might be confused and made to wander by such a whirl of snow. I am glad that we set the tapers there, Josef, even though we be so far from the village street down which they say He passes. How pleasant to think that one might give light to His blessed feet if they were wandering from the way—the dear little Child's feet, so rosy and soft and tender!" And good Grandmother Viaud dropped a tear upon her knitting; for she remembered many such little feet that had once pattered about the cottage floor. Prince lifted his head and seemed to listen, then whined as he had done before.

"You are lonely, old fellow, are you not?" quavered old Josef. "You are waiting for the children to come back and make it merry, as it used to be in the old days when you were a pup. Heigho! Those were pleasant days, but they will never come again, Prince, and we are all growing old alone, we three together."

"Ah, peace, Josef, peace!" cried old Bettine, wiping her eyes again. "It is lonely enough and sad enough, God knows, without speaking of it. What use to sigh for that which cannot be? If the good Lord wished to have a comforter in our old age, doubtless He would send us one. He knows how we have longed and prayed that a child's feet might echo through our house once more: how we have hoped from year to year that one of the grandchildren might return to bless us with his little presence." At this moment Prince jumped to his feet with a low bark, and stood trembling, with pointed ears.

"What dost thou hear, old dog?" asked the grandfather, carelessly. "There is naught human abroad this night, I warrant you. All wise folk are hugging the fire like us. Only those bad spirits of Christmas Eve are howling about for mischief, they say. Best keep away from the door, old Prince, lest they nip your toes or bite your nose for spite."

"Hush!" cried the grandmother, laying her hand upon his arm. "You forget: there is the Other One abroad. It may be that He—"

She was interrupted by Prince, who ran eagerly to the door and began sniffing at the latch in great excitement. Then he gave a long, low howl. At the same moment the latch rattled, and the Viauds distinctly heard a little voice cry: "Open, open, good people!"

The old couple looked at each other: the cheeks of one flushed, and the other's paled. At the same moment they rose stiffly from their chairs by the fire. But Grandmother Bettine was first at the door. She lifted the latch, the door blew open violently, and with a loud bark Prince dashed out into the storm.

"What is it? Who is there?" cried Josef Viaud, peering over his wife's shoulder. But no one answered save the rough storm, which fiercely, blew into the faces of the old couple, whirling and screaming about their heads. "H'm! It was only a fancy," muttered the old man. "Come in, mother. Come, Prince!" and

"Prince is not lost. For what was he bred a snow dog upon the mountains if a storm like this be danger to him? He is of the race that rescues: that finds and is never lost. Mayhap the Holy Child had work for him this night. Ah, the Little One! If I could but have seen Him one moment!" And good Bettine's head nodded slowly on her chair back. Presently the old couple were fast asleep.

Now when they had been dreaming strange things for some time, there came a scratching at the door, and a loud bark which woke them suddenly.

"What was that?" exclaimed grandfather, starting nervously. "Ho, Prince! Are you out there?" and he ran to the door, while grandmother was still rubbing from her eyes the happy dream which had made them moist—the dream of a rosy, radiant Child who was to be the care and comfort of a lonely cottage. And then, before she had fairly wakened from the dream Prince bounded into the room and laid before the fire at her feet a soft, snow-wrapped bundle, from which hung a pale little face with golden hair.

"It is the child of my dream!" cried Bettine. "The Holy One has come back to us."

"Nay, this is no dream-child, mother. This is a little human fellow nearly frozen to death," exclaimed Josef Viaud, pulling the bundle toward the fire. "Come, Bettine, let us take off his snow-stiff clothes and get some little garments from the chest yonder. I will give him a draught of something warm and rub the life into his poor little hands and feet. We have both been dreaming, it seems. But surely this is no dream!"

"Look, the dove!" cried grandmother, taking the bird from the child's bosom, where it still nestled, warm and warming. "Josef! I believe it is indeed the Holy Child Himself," she whispered. "He bears a dove in

his bosom, like the image in the Church." But even as he spoke the dove fluttered in her fingers, when with a gentle "coo-roo!" whirled once about the little chamber and darted out of the door, which they had forgotten quite to close. With that the child opened his eyes.

"The dove is gone!" he cried. "Yet I am warm. Why—has the little stranger come once more?" Then he saw the kind old faces bent over him, and felt Prince's warm kisses on his hands and face, with the fire flickering pleasantly beyond.

"It is like coming home again!" he mur-



WE WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

he whistled out into the storm. But the wind whistled too, drowning his voice, and Prince did not return. "He is gone!" cried Josef, impatiently. "It is some evil spirit's work."

"Nay, father!" and, as she spoke, the door banged violently in his face, as if to emphasize the good wife's rebuke. "It was a little child, I heard it," insisted Bettine as they staggered back to the fire and sank weakly into their chairs. "Perhaps it was the Holy Child Himself, who knows? But why would He not enter? Why, Josef? Oh, I fear we were not good enough!"

"I know naught but that we have lost a good dog. Why did you open the door, Bettine?" grumbled Josef, sleepily.

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mured, and with his head on Bettine's shoulder dropped comfortably to sleep.

On the morrow all the village went to see the Christ Child lying in the manger near the high altar of the church. It was a sweet little Child in a white shirt, clasping in his hands a dove. He had come, they knew, in the stormy night down the village street. And they were glad that their pious tapers in the windows had guided Him so safely on the road. But little Pierre, while he sang in the choir, and his adopted parents, the Viauds, kneeling happily below, had sweet thoughts of a dream which had brought them all together.

Who knows but that Prince at home happily guarding Pierre's snow-wet old shoes—who knows but that Prince was dreaming the happiest dream of all? For only Prince knew how and where and under what guidance he had found the little friend of the Lord's friends sleeping in the snow, with but a white dove in his bosom to keep him from becoming a boy of ice.—The Churchman.

A WELSH CHRISTMAS STORY.

Written for Canadian Churchman.
By M. G. M.

As I sit in my pleasant room this Christmas Eve before the glowing logs, a memory of the past comes to me with thrilling power; and I recall an incident that occurred in our pretty little Welsh village about this time many years ago. Christmas had always been such a joyful season at Llanarth: our simple services so hearty, our overflowing congregations, the Blessed Sacrament attended by every communicant in the parish; bells chimed; the "Waits" came round with their midnight carols, Christmas bounties and "doles" were dealt out to every poor and needy person in the place, feasting and gifts to all, and each child's heart was merry. "Peace on earth, good-will to men" breathed its spirit into

the very air. But one day a terrible thing happened that darkened our skies, nearly broke the hearts of our dear vicar and his wife, crushing, too, the spirit of Squire Gwynne, the master of Plas Mawr (Great House), and plunging the whole village into mourning. Two Christmases had gone by since then, but how sad, how different! Yet our vicar was still the same faithful shepherd of his flock, and never passed one of his people without a pleasant word and nod; but the marks of suffering were plainly visible in his benevolent face, and the elasticity in his step was gone. Rarely was the squire now seen outside his park gates, and we missed the jovial presence more and more in our parish gatherings; to the vicar alone he ever accorded a visitor's welcome.

The charge of church decorations was always entrusted to me, a band of willing workers assisting. In the good old-fashioned way we made long wreaths of evergreen, twining them round the pillars and pulpit, sprigs of holly here and there, making the church as much as possible a bower of green. One night I was alone in the vestry, which the vicar allowed me the use of when designing my texts and lettering; the rest had all gone home. I heard their good-byes as the schoolhouse door closed, but, hoping to finish my allotted task, worked on by the light of two sputtering candles. Sleeping dead were all around outside. Close beside the diamond paned window on my right was the tiny marble cross that marked the spot where our vicar's baby had been laid to rest, and not far off was the mausoleum of Plas Mawr. By turning my head I could see it gleaming in the moonlight, with a giant yew in the background, a tree that had seen generation after generation laid away in their narrow beds.

While shaping letters and measuring lines a sound from outside caught my ear. Thinking it might be the vicar coming back from the mountain side, where he had gone to visit an ailing parishioner, I paid no heed, but snuffed the candles and went on with my work. Again the

rustling sound of steps among the graves came to me, and then I saw, coming slowly towards the church, a tall figure, threading its way among the green mounds. A gust of wind rattled the doors and windows, and a passing cloud obscured the moon, so that I lost sight of the intruder for a time. When next I saw him he was bending low examining the mausoleum and its epitaph. Could it be a tramp, or who was he, and what did he want in a churchyard at such an unearthly hour? No thought of fear entered my mind; everybody in the parish was my friend, and, not being of a timid disposition I watched and waited. Whoever it was appeared much agitated, and with bowed head knelt on the frosted grass. His slouched hat prevented my seeing the face then, but a few minutes later I had a view of it as the man peered right into the room where I was. A dark, cadaverous face, bearded chin and loose waves of hair were all I could take in before the head disappeared. That face I had somewhere seen before, or one akin to it, but where? The vestry was shrouded in shadow, all but the corner where the table stood, so he might have seen the candles and my work lying about, though probably not myself. "He thinks the vicar is here in the vestry," I thought, and, obeying an impulse, ran swiftly and opened the door. "Won't you come in?" I called out. "Do you want to see the vicar?" Very unwillingly he came forward, and I saw that his clothes were mean and shabby, though he was certainly not an ordinary tramp. Keeping his face in shadow he removed his hat, evidently trying to speak—I had taken him so by surprise. Scanning his figure curiously, and to give him time to recover, I began telling where the vicar had gone, and how soon he might return. How I puzzled over the outlines of that strangely familiar face! Presently he pushed back a tangled lock of hair from his forehead, and at that moment the moonlight fell right on his face, showing a deep red scar over the left eye. With a rush of recollections I recognized him, and

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darting forward I cried fiercely. "You are David Gwynne; don't dare to deny it! I know you. What are you doing here, you bad, wicked man? Have you come back to see the havoc you made two years ago? Shame on you, shame on you!" My onslaught was so furious, the startled man fell back a little, warding off my approach with his hands. In vain he tried to speak; words would not come. At that moment I knew no mercy. The floodgates of my fury were opened, and I poured out the gathering rage of two long years. "Yes; you are David Gwynne! You—you, the wretch who nearly broke your father's heart and ruined his life. You, who stole away our vicar's daughter, and made their home desolate and his wife a wreck. Have you come back to gloat over their misery? And what have you done with our darling Gwladys? Have you broken her heart, too?" He cowered before me, shaking and trembling. "I wonder you dare to return. What do you expect? Do you know that your father's hair has become white, and he is an old, old man already, thanks to your cruelty? Shame on you for an ungrateful, wicked son! Not a line from you once to him, or to tell whether our darling Gwladys was alive or dead. Do you think such things can be forgiven?" The torrent of words

stopped for lack of breath. The poor fellow had sunk against the wall behind him. His sobs, broken with coughing, sounded through the room. Oh, how brutal I was! With deep shame I remember it all now. I, whose fingers had but a few moments before been fashioning a text for the chancel arch, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," in the vestry attached to God's house. And oh, it was only a few days to Christmas. But my good angel had not deserted me, for as we both stood there my eyes fell on the word "Peace" lying at my feet. The revulsion of feeling in my heart made me totter. Peace! What did I know of peace at that moment? What a mockery! Who was I to dare judge another, and to heap misery on a poor sinner fallen, and, no doubt, repentant? Tears were in my voice as I repeated the words of my text aloud; and then going towards him, I took the limp hand in mine and said, "David, back; forgive me. I am—cruel—brutal—to taunt you like this." When he broke down altogether, and rent my heart with his cries of self-reproach. But the lie was broken, and soon I had him sitting in my study by degrees telling me something of the bitter past. It took so long to tell, and he was very weak and broke down so often. Such a tale of misery and suffer-

ing I had to listen to! His wife and baby girl he had left at Aber, two miles off, awaiting his return. I couldn't help asking him more than once, "Why, oh why, didn't you come home, or at least send a letter to us?" But he always said, "No; I couldn't face it. I had brought it all on myself; and we were always hoping for better luck. Gwladys has been so brave and plucky; but when she got ill I lost heart, and—and—" Time went on; the candles had burnt out, and I was urging him to come home with me and have some supper so as to be fortified for his meeting with the vicar, when lo! the dear old gentleman himself stood in the doorway. David almost reeled in the effort to regain his feet, but I steadied him firmly, and I said, "Dear Mr. Hughes, this is David Gwynne come back to tell us that our darling Gwladys is alive, and waiting at Aber with her baby girl. Poor David is ill, and most truly penitent. You will forgive him, I know." Already the dear vicar—ah, how different to me!—had put his arms round the shrinking figure, soothing and comforting him—not one single word of reproach. I slipped out to the vicarage close by to break the news to Gwladys' mother, and found her quietly weeping over a pencil sketch made by her

daughter. It was with difficulty she could grasp the happy fact of their return, but when she did the effect was magical. With a devout expression of thankfulness to heaven we set about ordering a comfortable meal for our prodigal. Late as it was, we decided to move the progress of events; and so, after leaving David with us, the vicar went at once to Plas Mawr. What passed between him and the squire no one will ever know; but in less than an hour both came together to the vicarage. None of us had dared to expect this, and I ran from the room just in time to avoid seeing David fall at his father's feet in an agony of penitence; but I heard the pitiful weeping of more than one, with broken words of forgiveness and blessing. Next morning, very early, the vicar and I were off in the pony chaise to bring back to Llanarth its idolized Gwladys, poor girl, now so thin, pale and wasted, but so happy to be folded once more in the loving arms of father and mother. Her little one, a sweet, bonnie thing, strangely like its father, was destined to win every heart.

No words of mine could paint the sober joy of that family reunion; the sad past all forgiven. David chastened, re clothed and in his right mind at last, clinging to his father with pathetic tenderness, striving to make amends for the past.

Well, on Christmas Day the bells never rang out more gaily, nor did the church ever look so beautiful in our eyes, as when the congregation, with full heart and moistened eyes, saw the squire, his son and new daughter, with her mother, kneeling at God's altar, giving thanks with us all for the Christmas blessing of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

—Happiness is infectious; but that it is a question of temperament is only partially true. In searching for happiness it does not do to lend ourselves to various forms of excitement. The one is often substituted for the other.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

You think of the dead on Christmas Eve,
Wherever the dead are sleeping,
And we from a land where we may not grieve,
Look tenderly down on your weeping.
You think of us far, we are very near,
From you and the earth though parted;
We sing to-night to console and cheer
The hearts of the broken-hearted.
The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers,
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
Watch over all earth's weepers.
We shall meet again in a brighter land,
Where farewell is never spoken;
We shall clasp each other, hand in hand,
And the clasp shall not be broken.
We shall meet again in a bright, calm clime,
Where we'll never know a sadness,
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas
chime,
With rapture and with gladness,
The snows shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the earth, remember;
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May
Shall follow earth's December.
When you think of us, think not of the tomb
Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft, and beyond earth's gloom,
And wait for the great to-morrow.

—From Father Ryan's Christmas Chant.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

We have received from Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Son, publishers, Edinburgh, Scotland, the following Christmas publications. They are excellent reading for old and young, and most suitable for Christmas presents: "The Round Tower," a story of the Irish rebellion in '98; 50 cents. "Daddy's Lad," the story of a little


lass; 50 cents. "Won in Warfare," 90 cents. "Beggars of the Sea;" a story of the Dutch struggle with Spain; \$1.25. "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family;" new cheap edition, with eight coloured plates; 70 cents. "A Fair Jacobite;" a tale of the exiled Stuarts; 90 cents. "Silver Bubbles;" a new book of nursery rhymes; \$1.25. "The Children's Treasury," of pictures and stories; 35 cents. "The Book of Horses;" pictures of our pets and friends; 35 cents. "Our Dogs," 35 cents. "A B C" of games and toys, 35 cents.

The following have also been received from Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., 3 Paternoster Buildings, E.C., London, and can also be purchased at the Upper Canada Tract Society, 102 Yonge St., Toronto: "Tales from Maria Edgeworth;" with introduction by Austin Dobson, and illustrations by Hugh Thomson. Price \$2.10. "Bench and Mitre;" a Cornish autobiography by W. J. Hocking. Price, \$2.10. "Other People," a story of modern chivalry, by Stella Austin. Price, 70 cents. "Kenneth's Children;" a story for boys and girls; by Stella Austin. Price, 70 cents. "Mother Bunch;" a story for boys and girls; by Stella Austin. Price, 70 cents. "Uncle Philip;" a story for boys and girls; by Stella Austin. Price, 90 cents.

We have received the "Oxford Reference Bible" from Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C., London, England. It is printed on Oxford-India paper; brevier, 16mo. It is beautiful, clear type, most convenient size, and is very handsomely bound. The "New Oxford Prayer Book," small pica, 24mo. The particular features of this new edition are: (1) The unusually large type throughout, combined with the small size of the volume (5 5/8 by 3 1/2 by 5 1/2 inches). This is only possible by the use of the

(Continued on page 766.)

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[December 10, 1903.]

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

If, when we take the evergreens
The Holly and the Pine,
And with our kindly words and deeds
As Christians, we entwine
To celebrate the wondrous birth,
The gift of Love Divine;
Deep in our hearts, the peace and love
That makes our Christmas cheer,
Takes root, and twining 'round our lives
Shall ever green appear;
For us, the blessed Christmas chimes
Shall ring through all the year.

SANTA CLAUS IN KHAKI.

By Frank Yerlock.

It was Christmas Eve. Outside, an icy wind was blowing, driving a pitiless sleet against the window-panes and stinging the faces of the people as they hurried through the streets. The shops were gaily decked for Christmas, and very beautiful and bright they looked in spite of the rigours of frost and snow.

Out from the door of a poultryer's stepped a woman, her arms inconveniently full of parcels.

"Carry 'em for yer, mem?" said a plaintive, panting voice at her elbow.

"Yes, boy," with a look of relief, Tim Brown swung a turkey over his shoulder, tucked a package under each arm, and trotted along by her side. It seemed a long way to Tim, for he was tired and hungry, but they stopped at last before a door in a side street.

"Thanks, my lad," and the woman put three pennies into his hand.

"Thank yer, mem, an' a merry Christmas," said Tim, with a jerk at his forelock, and the next moment he was scampering down the street.

Tim made his way to a toy shop, and in a few moments had parted with two of his pennies for a woolly bear with a brass-studded collar, to which was attached a chain, and this again to a slim pole—quite a bargain for the small sum of twopence. With the last of his pennies Tim bought a fine juicy orange, and, stuffing it into his pocket, started off home.

Leaving the lighted streets, Tim made his way to a narrow East End court, whose broken-down domiciles showed that they were tenanted only by the poorest of the poor. Tim was perished with the cold, yet there was a warm glow at his heart, born of the sense of a loving deed. He might have spent his pennies on himself, but then he had thought of his sick mother and his little brother Willie.

Tim stopped at last before a rickety stairway. Up this he ran, leaping lightly from step to step. At the door of the attic he paused a moment to tuck the toy under his worn jacket.

"Is that you, Tim?" a weak voice asked.
"Yes, it's me, mother. Are you better?" crossing to the rough bedstead, on which lay a thin, white-faced woman.

"Look, mother, I've brought you an orange for Christmas; ain't he a beauty?" and he laid it on the pillow beside her.

"That was kind of you, Tim; but you should have got a bun for yourself. I'm sure you're hungry, my boy."

"Oh, never mind that, mother; I thought you would like the orange."

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

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"You're a good lad, Tim; now tuck 'em, Willie, and go off to sleep."

"You'll call me if you want anything, mother."

"Yes, child, but don't lie awake; you need a good night's rest."

Tim kissed his mother, and, with a bright, "Come in Willie," went into a tiny room adjoining.

"Now, Willie, we must 'ang our stockin's up, yer know, for it's Christmas Eve."

"But where can we 'ang 'em, Tim?" and the little lad looked round bewildered.

They had usually hung them on the bed-post, but there was no bed-post here—nothing but the hard straw mattress on which they slept.

"Oh! I'll find a place," and Tim began to look about him. "Here ye are, the very thing," as he espied two rusty nails in the wall. "Now then, give me yer stockin'," and in a few seconds the two empty stockings were dangling on the bare wall.

quite sure that Willie slept soundly. Then he crept out of bed, and drew from its hiding-place under his jacket the toy bear, which he dexterously fixed in Willie's stocking.

His own stocking hung limp and empty. Poor Tim! In spite of his mother's admonition, he did not go to sleep for a long time. He lay awake thinking—thinking how different was this Christmas from last.

He thought of the pretty cottage out at Lewisham when father was alive and mother was strong and well, where Santa Claus always came, and he and Willie were as happy as the day was long.

But now father was gone. The terrible war had broken out, and being a reservist he had been summoned to join the colours. Then came that anxious day when he was reported "missing," and a sadder day still when from "missing" he was reported "killed."

Tim's mother got an allowance from the War Fund, which, eked out by her slender earnings, had been enough to keep the wolf from the door; but when she grew weak and ill, and could no longer work, it was not sufficient to pay rent and coal and buy food for all. So Tim had put his shoulder to the wheel, and got a few odd jobs, often going hungry himself that little Willie and his mother should not want.

About the time when Tim hung up the stockings on the wall, a troop train rushed with a shrill scream into Waterloo. Among the bronzed, khaki-clad troopers, who jumped out was one whose checks showed thin and hollow under the tan. It was evident that he had been some time in hospital, but he was safe at home now, with money in his pocket too. About three in the morning the sick woman in the attic, lying wearily thinking, as Tim had done, was startled by the sound of a familiar step on the stair.

She listened with wildly throbbing heart. No, it could not be, and yet—to her there was no step like that.

There was a soft knock. She turned the key and then, after the first startled gaze, fell with a low cry of joy into her husband's arms. Brown is a common name; and among the thousands killed or wounded, or prisoners or missing, no wonder there were occasional mistakes of identity.

"Hush!" said the woman, softly, when the first glad rapture of reunion was over, "the boys are asleep."

"That's right," answered her husband, quietly, unstrapping his knapsack. "I bought 'em a few gimcracks in Southampton." And then with laden hands he stepped on tiptoe into the little room where his children lay.

The grey light of Christmas morning crept slowly through the attic window.

Tim woke with a start and caught sight of the stockings on the wall.

He rubbed his eyes and stared. Was he dreaming? The stockings were full, bulged out to their widest extent. No, it was no dream.

"Wake up! Wake up, Willie!" he shouted. "Santa Claus has found us!"

Then the door opened, and, looking up, Tim saw framed in the doorway a tall, khaki-clad trooper.

"Father!" and the boy sprang to the trooper's arms. When the doctor next called, he said Mrs.

Brown would need no more physic; she had found a tonic better than any he could mix.



CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.

Then they curled up close together
"Say, Tim," whispered Willie, "do you think Santa Claus 'ull come?"

"Can't say, little chap. Ye see, Santa Claus p'raps don't know where we lives now. He knew all about us out at Lewisham, but there's such a maze of streets and alleys and courts and things hereabouts that it ain't surprisin' if he can't find us."

Willie's lip trembled, and Tim could feel that he was on the point of crying.

"Come, now, little 'un, don't 'ee cry. He'll p'raps come after all; there's no tellin'."

"What ud yer like him to bring yer, Willie?"

"I'd like a woolly bear, Tim, like that in the winder the other day; you know, Tim."

"I knows, little 'un. Now you go 'straight off to sleep, and don't open your eyes 'till mornin', and very like he'll come."

Thus comforted, Willie nestled his curly head close down by Tim's shoulder, and in a few moments was fast asleep. Tim lay until he was

(Continued from page 764.)

Oxford India paper. (2) The printing is red and black and the initial letters which have been specially designed for this book. It can be had with or without Hymns Ancient and Modern. These Bibles and Prayer Books from the Oxford Press can be procured from any of the book stores in Toronto.

We have received the following most interesting ones from Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto: "After Prison—What?" By Maud Ballington Booth. Price, \$1.25. "Miladi," being sundry little chapters devoted to day-dreams. By Clara E. Laughlin. Price, \$1.20. "Work." By Hugh Black, M.A. Price, 75 cents. "The Country Boy," illustrated. By Forrest Crissey. Price, \$1.50. "Poems You Ought to Know," illustrated. Selected by Elia W. Peattie. Price, \$1.50.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

We have received a very fine selection of Christmas cards and calendars from the Upper Canada Tract Society, 102 Yonge St. These cards and calendars are very chaste in design and colours, very moderate in price, from 5 cents up, and are well worthy of an early inspection.

THE MORNING PRAYER.

Beautifully and wonderfully interesting is this little incident of every-day domestic life. The little children, washed and combed and dressed, and prepared for the day's enjoyment or school, as it may be, have knelt to say their morning prayer. Even skeptics or philosophers, or men whose customs and train of thought are wide apart from such customs, must behold in this picture a link of innocence like a finger-post, pointing to a better world beyond.

ANGUISH.

This affecting picture represents "a lamb wounded, lying on the ground, losing its blood, which pours out of a horrible wound. The ravens, with their infallible instinct, scent the approaching death, and await their prey; their sinister circle is closed in—the unfortunate little beast cannot escape them. The mother is there; she comprehends it, the poor creature, the fate which awaits her dear nursling, and, broken-hearted, full of anguish, she bleats for the shepherd, who comes not. It is a little drama, this picture, and as poignant as if it had men for actors and victims." Certainly those who are much with animals must often be deeply impressed by the intelligence that beams in their eyes, and by emotions which seem to crave expression with a yearning that is full of pathos. Not strange, therefore, that gifted men and women should deem such creatures worthy of their companionship and study.

THE WEEPING PITCHER.

The subject of this picture is a tender legend which runs as follows: A broken-hearted mother, inconsolable for the loss of her little daughter, had a strange vision. She beheld the angel to whose care the souls of departed little ones are entrusted leading her tender charge through the fields. The spirit-band had passed over a low stone wall; but one child, the last of the company, bore in her little hands a pitcher, the weight of which prevented her from climbing the wall. The sorrowful mother recognized this child as her own lost darling, and hastening forward clasped it to her bosom in an ecstasy of joy. The child nestled lovingly in the mother's embrace: "How warm it is in mother's arms," she said. But she might not stay; and, as she turned again towards her young comrades of the spirit-

world, she looked beseechingly into the mother's pale, yearning face, and said, "Do not cry so much, mamma, dear, for I must carry all your tears in my pitcher." Such is the pathetic story, framed, no doubt, with intent, if possible, tenderly to check the excess of maternal grief. But what can arrest that tide of sorrow! "Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not," is an enduring type of the bereaved mother. With simplicity and true feeling has the artist told the story with his brush. The scene is one that fixes itself indelibly upon the heart.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

Foresters in the olden times were men of consequence, being sometimes nobles of high rank, holding valuable prerogatives from the crown. The forester of whose dwelling we get a glimpse in this picture is probably a man of much less importance; and yet his position is responsible and well remunerated, and his style of living, as we can readily see, is that of a gentleman. His house has about it a certain stateliness, united with the appearance of solidity and age. But the house is only an accessory—a setting for the artist's real subject, "the forester's daughter"—a lovely maid, no less worthy to be sung than the "gardener's daughter," whom the laureate has embalmed in verse. Without her graceful and loving presence the scene would be bleak and cheerless; but her sunny face and thoughtful charity to the birds suffuse the scene with gladness and cheer. If the architecture of the dwelling suggests the respectability of the residents, surely the whole appearance of the daughter of the house is indicative of refinement and elegance. Not content with gladdening and sweetening the life within doors, this modest little "Lady Bountiful" issues forth, undeterred by cold and snow, and becomes the good angel of the pigeons and



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birds. How becoming the act. The vision is lovely, and its illustration of the beauty of kindly thoughtfulness of others, even of the dumb creatures about us, is impressive and wholesome.

"THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS."

By A. E. Fellowes Prynne (Royal Academy, 1895).

The Blessed Virgin, beneath a lowly rustic shed, seated on a fragment of a classic pillar (Christianity enthroned on the ruins of Paganism), unveils the infant Saviour to receive the adoration of all mankind. The Holy Child has one finger placed on His lips in allusion to the words on the veil, "Verbum caro factum est" (The Word was made flesh). All the surrounding figures bear symbols or attributes of Christ. The animals introduced are also symbolic, as are also

who has removed his shoes from off his feet—an act of Eastern reverence—presents incense burning in a golden censer, on which is the word "Deus," signifying the Divinity of Christ, to whom alone is due worship and prayer. The third, a young man, the darkest of the three, offers a casket of myrrh, on which are seen the word "Homo" and symbols of the Passion—the cross-nails, crown of thorns, and thirty pieces of silver, telling of His manhood, sufferings, death and burial. The dark colour of this king and the jewelled serpent round his wrist may also be taken to mean the sin which Christ, the Sinless One, became for men. On the right of the picture are three Jewish shepherds bearing humble gifts of prophetic meaning, and dimly behind them are seen the angels that guided them, singing the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." A little red-breasted robin, a winter migrant to Palestine, connected with which are several sacred traditions, sings its

that flows from the Incarnation, and referring also to the promise to Jew and Gentile alike, through the birth of Christ, in the last chapter of Isaiah ("I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream.") By the serpent entangled in thorns biting itself is an allusion to the prophecy, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." The withered thorns and thistles on the extreme right and left indicate the curse of the ground for the sin of Adam, overcome by the virtue of the sacrifice of Christ, the second Adam. In the background are green pastures, with the ox and the ass, which, in early Christian art, stood for Jew and Gentile respectively. The landscape is surrounded by a gloomy forest, out of which the Gentile Magi have come from darkness into light ("A light to lighten the Gentiles.") The night is departing, and the day is seen breaking through the forest.



A. E. Fellowes Prynne.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.

Canadian Churchman.

more or less, all the details in the picture. On the left is the manger crib, in the form of the "Alpha," covered with wheat straw (the Bread of Life), on which the infant body of the Saviour has left the impress of the cross. On the roof of the shed are two white doves with a sprig of olive, the symbol of peace. St. Joseph stands behind holding a lamp (the "Lux Mundi.") The three Eastern kings or Magi, guided by an angel holding the Star of Bethlehem, approach on the left, with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. The first, a king in extreme old age, presents a richly jewelled crown of gold, on which are chased the words, "Rex Regnum et Dominus Dominantium" (King of Kings and Lord of Lords). The sheathed sword laid down on the ground also indicates homage to the Prince of Peace, and the peace on earth which shall finally result from His rule. The second of the Magi, a man of advanced middle age and of a darker skin than the first,

songs of praise on the branch of a tree overhead. The old man kneeling in front brings a lamb (the "Agnus Dei"), followed by a sheep caught in the thorns, and with a mark of the Cross on its back and a bell hung round its neck. The shepherd also wears at his side a sacrificial knife; thus signifying that Christ is Priest as well as Victim. He offers also a lily, the type of purity, and in allusion to one of the promises to Israel through Christ ("He shall grow as the lily."—Hosea 14:5). The second shepherd, a younger man, brings grapes and pomegranates, also in allusion to the promises to Israel through Christ, and to our Lord's own words, "I am the true Vine." The third holds a pastoral staff, signifying Christ the Good Shepherd, and also brings olive again in reference to the promises to Israel ("His beauty shall be as the olive."—Hosea 14). At the feet of the Virgin and Child a spring of water rises. The "Well of water springing up into everlasting life"

BETWEEN THE ARGUMENTS.

As a heavy ground-swell, and a general indefinable feeling in air and sky by the seaside, enables the visitor to the shore to say with positive certainty, "There has been a storm just blown by," even though the shore be dry and no other evidence than that referred to is to be seen; so, on beholding those two men of peace, those priests who ought always to be without strife, we say, "There has been a storm"—a brief, heated argument on some disputed theological subject probably and a truce has been declared, and hospitality is about to be partaken of and the pipe of peace to be smoked; or, rather, the tobacco weed in another form and by another method is to serve the same purpose, and all dispute is to be considered amicably settled.

He only prays who trusts.

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not, all our way
Is night with Thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its ~~dark~~ relief of sacrifice,
Thy will be done!

Hi, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

—J. G. Whittier.

Correspondence.

THE GENERAL SECRETARY'S SALARY.

Sir,—I am quite in sympathy with the clergy who, after working hard to raise the missionary apportionments of their different parishes, have their enthusiasm and that of their parishes dampened by the increase to the General Secretary's

salary. To those who know the character of the work being done by Dr. Tucker, and the ability he brings to that work, there is no doubt that he is worth every cent of it, and more, too, but surely the board could wait until this year's receipts were all in and the prospects for next year known. Some parishes will not be affected by this matter, but others will. Do the clergy of these latter parishes know that they have it within their power to allay the feelings of their parishioners on this point, by securing that no part of their apportionment goes to make up the secretary's salary, or only that part that they think reasonable? The right to designate money for special purposes is fully acknowledged by the M.S.C.C., and the money given to the society can be designated for any work the donors may wish, and the total amount will be used for that purpose, and not a cent for anything else. This fact ought to allay the ire of the disaffected, for they practically control the money they give, though not what others may give. It is hoped that very few will avail themselves of this power, and that the money may be sent in to be disposed of as the board may require. The board are doing yeoman service in this great enterprise, which in its beginnings must be beset with innumerable difficulties that we outsiders cannot understand. From our standpoint we may not see the reason of their action, but rather than give up because we disagree, let us each do our part, resolving that if this great forward movement in our Church, which we believe to be inspired from above, end in failure, which God forbid, then it will not be because we have not done our level best. Let our watchword to our people be "Loyalty to Christ and His commands and loyalty to our Church in Canada." God bless her!

S. O. C.

Sir,—I see there are some kickers against the raise in the salary of Rev. Mr. Tucker, general agent of the Dominion Missionary Society.

Many of us think he is worth it. But to take a business view of it. He has succeeded in getting \$75,000. Three thousand dollars' salary is 4 per cent. commission. If next year he raises \$100,000, it would be 3 per cent. A good commercial traveller is considered worth 5 per cent.

W. E. COOPER,
Rector St. Martin's, Toronto.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CLERGYMEN OF COUNTRY CHURCHES.

Sirs.—Having visited Canada many times at all seasons of the year, I am convinced that your climate is both healthy and delightful, offering splendid opportunities for persevering and industrious settlers. The rapid growth and development on every hand, and consequent scarcity of labourers, justifies enthusiastic efforts to secure the immigration of thousands of steady, healthy toilers from the Mother Country, who are at present earning barely enough to keep them respectable, with no prospects of improvement. This letter is intended to solicit the co-operation of the pastors and members of country churches, where there is a scarcity of farm hands, domestic help, or even mechanical skilled labour. Parents of the young people in our country churches in Britain would gladly encourage their children to emigrate if they were sure of Christian care and companionship where they settle. My visit is in the interest of the Canadian Emigration Society, of 70 Victoria Street, Liverpool, and I shall be glad to correspond with anyone who takes an interest in this work.

WALTER STARK.

THE LITANY.

Sir.—I find in Macbeth's "Notes on the Book of Common Prayer" (Dublin, 1897) the following in-

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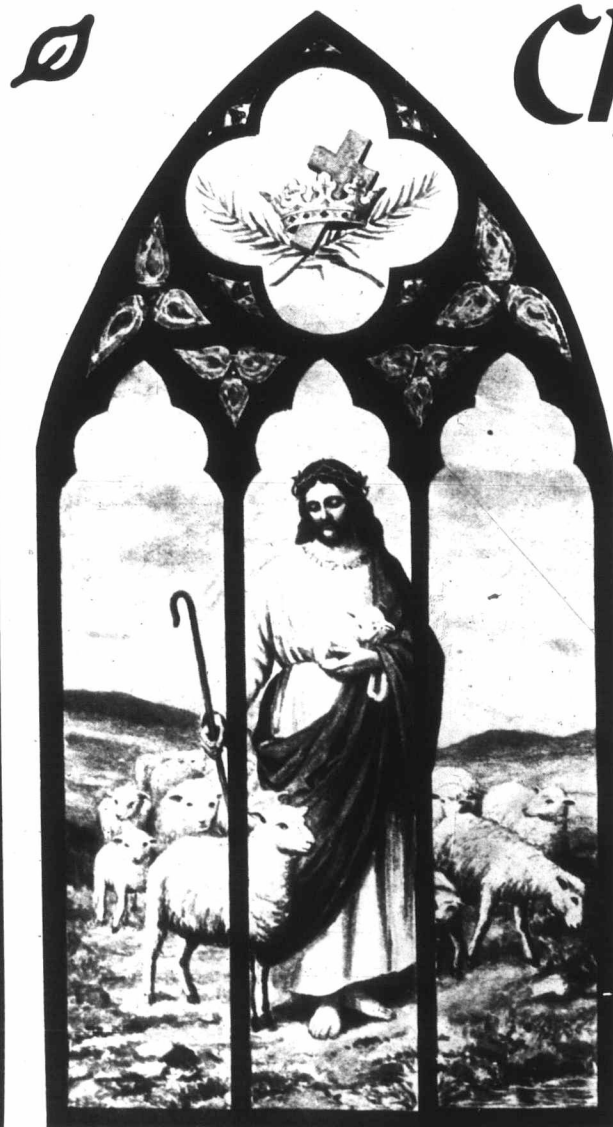
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information re Litany (and this by way of postscript): "The Act of Uniformity Amendment Act, 1872, permits it to be used in the Church of England as a separate office, or before or after any other office in morning or evening service. In the Church of Ireland a rubric was added (1878), authorizing its use as a separate service, and permission given to add the words, 'especially him (or her or those) for whom our prayers are desired' when anyone seeks the prayers of the congregation." Your correspondent is of the opinion that these items of authoritative information are not generally known, although the recent Coronation service is a useful object lesson on the use of the Litany before the Communion service.

L. S. T.

FASTING AND NON-FASTING COMMUNION.

Sir,—Allow me, in answer to your correspondent's question re the above, to put before him a resolution passed by the Upper House of Convocation at Canterbury on May 5, 1893:

1. That in the apostolic age the Holy Com-

6. That these strict rules were nevertheless subject to relaxation in cases of sickness or other necessity.

7. That at the Reformation the Church of England, in accordance with the principle of liberty laid down in Article XXXIV., ceased to require the Communion to be received fasting, though the practice was observed by many as a reverent and ancient custom, and as such is commended by several of her eminent writers and divines down to the present time.

8. That regard being had to the practice of the Apostolic Church in this matter, to teach that it is a sin to communicate otherwise than fasting, is contrary to the teaching and spirit of the Church of England.

I believe the above resolution can be thoroughly relied upon as expressing clearly and concisely the Anglican position in regard to fasting Communion, viz., that it is an ancient custom, once binding, but now voluntary.

A. CAMERON MACKINTOSH.

—When a person is satisfied with himself and his actions, it is generally a proof that others are dissatisfied with him.

traditional superstitions handed down from the days of the Druids, add a great deal to its charm. Herrick, full of quaint fancy, finding ever valuable lessons in the commonest and most unlikely things, sees in the mistletoe a beautiful emblem of his dependence upon the care of Providence:

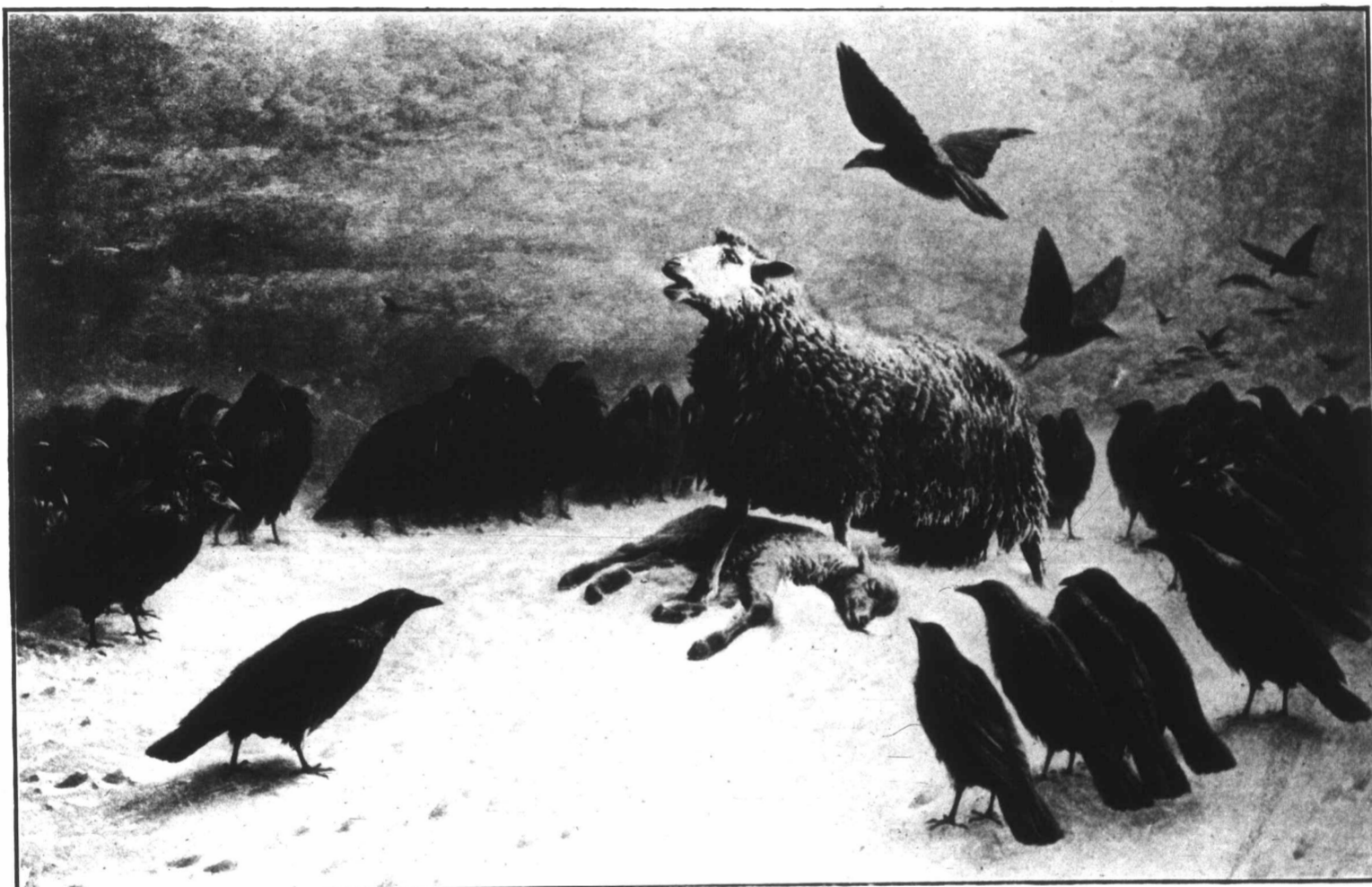
"Lord, I am like the mistletoe,
Which has no root and cannot grow,
Or prosper, save by that same tree
It clings about; so I by Thee."

PAPERS ON PREACHING.

No. VIII.

By Presbyterian.

It may be as well to devote a few words to the subject of how far a preacher may make use of helps outside of himself. Plagiarism is an ugly word. It is a still more ugly thing. To be really guilty of it is to cut off by his own act the preacher's highest source of power. For it is to be untruthful. Let us try to probe this to the bottom. How far must a man be original, to be true?



A. F. A. Schenck.

ANGUISH.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

Professor F. Edward Hulme, gives some interesting information about holly and mistletoe. The former, now so much associated with church decorations, was, even before the days of Christianity, found adorning pagan homes, since the great feast in honour of Saturn fell in the winter season, and neighbours were wont to exchange great bunches of holly in token of goodwill, thus antedating in their religious worship and kindly greeting something at least of the spirit of the glorious song of the angels at the birth of the Messiah. "In England one rarely finds holly trees of any great size, though at Clarendon, in Surrey, is one that stands eighty feet high, and in the New Forest may be seen several with a girth of eight or nine feet. The timber becomes valuable when the tree is of any considerable size, and so the trees are felled."

Even more interesting than the holly is the mistletoe, which, until quite recently, enjoyed a big reputation for its medicinal properties, especially as a specific for epilepsy. As a parasite it possesses many curious peculiarities, amongst others the fact that it is the only plant whose roots refuse to shoot in the ground; this and its

It must be said at once that no man can be, strictly speaking, original. Originality can in human beings under present circumstances apply only to manner not to matter. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" is the unanswerable argument of the greatest of preachers, when speaking directly of personal gifts. Originality is relative, not positive. Real originality, even as men think of it, is the rarest thing in the mental world. It is a compressed thing. It is seldom allied to powers of expression. It is like the pemmican, which travellers in northern latitudes, take with them, food in its most concentrated form. Most originality as generally conceived of in preaching, is but the new setting of old material. There are some master minds on whom this faculty has been richly bestowed by nature, which means by God. As Boswell said of Gray, the author of the Elegy: "He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great." This was unjust and cynical, but it illustrated what is meant by originality.

Granted, then, that originality is rare, and vouchsafed in any perceptible degree only to the few, it follows that lower degrees of intellectuality must be dependent on other men, other times, other suggestions, other reading. The

munion was administered in connection with the gathering together of Christians to share in an appointed evening meal.

2. That the practice of communicating in the early morning appears to have arisen about the close of the first century, probably in order to secure a safer as well as a more reverent celebration, and by the time of St. Cyprian to have become so fully established that it was regarded not only as the preferable, but as the proper practice, and as commemorative of the Lord's Resurrection.

3. That the practice of communicating in the early morning, together with the common association of fasting with prayer, led to the practice of communicating only when fasting, and that fasting reception of the Communion became the regular and recognized usage of the Church before the end of the fourth century.

4. That from the close of the fourth century this regular and recognized usage was formulated in rules for the clergy in canons of local and provincial councils.

5. That fasting reception of the Communion was the prescribed rule of the Church of England during the Anglo-Saxon period, and continued to be so to the time of the Reformation.

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RIGHT FINDING

sole question in this matter is, how do we use them?

A man is applying for a patent on some piece of machinery. There are previous patents covering the same kind of thing. He is rightly refused his request, and deservedly disgraced among his fellows, if it be found that he has appropriated what is another's and passed it for his own. But if there is an essential difference, or a marked improvement, or a substantial modification of previous designs, he will be allowed the benefit of it. His mind has not been original, but creative. So with those whose commission is to preach the Gospel. They may not be sources themselves of original thoughts, but they pass them through the crucible of their own minds, from which they emerge with their own stamp upon them. This must be lawful, for it is inevitable. The constitution of mental structure makes it a necessity. If a man will not take the time and trouble to do this, but will utilize someone else's output at first hand, he should be anything but a preacher of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is in deadly sin, either consciously or unconsciously, and can no more receive a blessing from God upon his work than any other deceiver. The text of originality, in the ordinary sense of the word, is whether the mind is stimulated, set in motion, forced onwards to the production of fresh ideas, expanded, enriched, till it gives forth from itself and through its own channels both of thought and expression? That is lawful use of other sources. That is what every man who reads and thinks must do. To do less than this is deterioration and finally stagnation. To use the words of a recent author, whom the writer of this article has been using in precisely this manner: "An original thought is a new birth, the fruit of a union of truth from without and of thought from within. A fertile intellect, open to truth, sensitive to take it in, and ready both to act upon it

and to be acted upon by it, is that rarest of all intellectual facts, an original mind." "If genuine originality is rare, the entrance of any thought that will set the mind to working should be welcome indeed."

Close and consecutive thinking is, in these days of bustle and noise, a hard thing. Excuses are readily made for its absence. It is so easy to take up a volume of essays, or sermons, or a magazine devoted to such purposes, and let some one else do the thinking for us, even though we preserve ourselves from the gross charge of actual word-for-word plagiarism, that many whose talents and attainments set them above this plane, yield to the soft seduction. It is not thus that effective and powerful preachers are made. It would do every clergyman in Canada good to read, or reread, George Macdonald's "Thomas Wingfold, Curate," for its dissection of this dead thing.

One is sickened to see the Niagara of volumes poured out from the religious press, which are shamelessly labelled "Preachers' Helps." Many of them are of the most commonplace and stereotyped description; namby-pamby and weak. They may be suitable for the least educated agricultural parish in England, which can only take its food when well sugared with little stories and anecdotes invented for the occasion. But the strong, virile, progressive, thinking Canadian is rightly impatient of such jejuneess, and may be pardoned if he listens to its counterpart with

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aversion. Better far one-fourth of the number of sermons, if they be only the product of the preacher's own experience put into his own words, than the plethora now demanded from men whose most precious energies are constantly being devoted to the serving of tables!

The whole question opens up the subject of the source and origin of thought. Unless one believes that the "brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," one is driven to the conviction that there are great thought currents, both human and superhuman, with which our own conduct and thought habits bring us into contact. If this be the case, there can be no absolute originality, but we are responsible in our wills and inner sanctuary for the thoughts from without which we attract.

A CAROL.

The little Lord Christ
Came down from the sky.
Oh, the snow lies deep,
And the wind is high,
But the Christmas bells are ringing
The little Lord Christ
They found Him no bed;
With oxen and sheep
He laid His dear head.
The Magi, gifts are bringing.
The little Lord Christ
Loved you and loved me.
The shepherds have left
Their fires—and see!
The Christmas angels, singing.

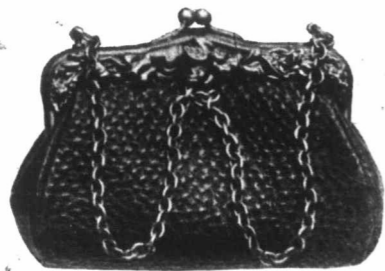
—Trouble is hard to bear, is it not? How can we live and think that any one has trouble, and we could help them—and never try?—George Eliot.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

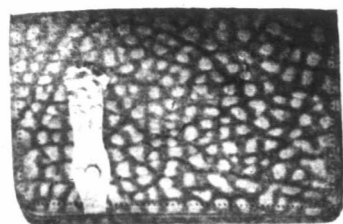
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[December 10, 1903.]

JOY-BELLS ARE RINGING.

Hark! throughout Christendom, joy-bells are ringing;

From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,

Echoes of ages from far Galilee!

Christmas is here,

Merry old Christmas,

Gift-bearing, heart-touching, job-bringing Christmas,

Day of grand memories, king of the year!

THE GIRL THAT DID NOT SMILE.

"Now comes the best outdoor fun of the whole long year!" said Eunice, as the Indian girls were hurrying to put on their outside things

afternoon. "Yes," said Esther, "dragging home the Christmas tree is better than to skate or coast or snowball, though of course those three are very lots of fun."

There was to be a half-holiday, that the school might go across the river to a place below a high bluff, where some thrifty young cedars grew, to get the Christmas tree.

It was to be drawn over to the Mission with a long, stout rope, that every girl would have the privilege of taking hold of, for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.

The superintendent, who would fell the tree, would exercise his sturdy muscle as the leading puller, and there would be merry talk and laughter from the pupils and the singing of glad songs upon the way home.

Word had gone forth that the school must soon be ready, and no wonder that the girls were in a flutter to be outdoors and around the house in ample time to join the teachers, when they should appear upon the other side.

"There sits the girl that does not smile or speak one word," said Eunice, looking at a middle-sized girl about the age of Esther and herself, who sat behind the play-room stove in dreary solitude. "Rebecca is so lame-footed that she could not go if she should want to, but just like she does not care, she is so cross."

Rebecca hugged a shawl about herself and sat with drooping head and downcast eyes, as if she saw and heard nothing that was going on. One foot was bandaged and enveloped in a heavy felt sock made for the especial purpose, as she could not wear a shoe. She had it drawn up and partly covered with her dress-skirt in a painful effort to conceal it.

Esther spared one eye with which to give attention to the gloomy schoolmate while she set her arctics on the floor.

"We do not know but she is wishing in her mind that she could go, but tries to act as if she did not care," was her remark.

She dropped down on the floor and hastily put on her overshoes and buckled them, then rose and looked more closely at Rebecca, taking sudden thought.

"Just like she ought to go and have a good time with the rest of us," she said.

"Tokee! She could not walk!" cried Eunice, struggling into her coat meanwhile. "It was her own fault that she froze her right-side toes. She did not mind and went to walk that very cold day after school, when we were all called in because the teachers thought we would freeze up if we should play outdoors."

"Ea-ah! every girl is gone but us, and I have not got on my overshoes, and now my shoestrings is untied and all unlaced!" lamented Eunice. "And the tins that pinched the ends

she did not know how wrong it was to go that day without leave. Then a large girl told her in Dakota the next Sunday that she had not minded, and her lame foot was making very lots of trouble, for it must be doctored, and she could not go to school or do her work. That made her so ashamed that she got cross, as well as sad. And then the pain down in her toes was pinching her so hard!"

"But," said Eunice, "she was very cross before she froze her toes. She would not try to say the English name of things when we would point to them and name them to her. So, of course, she could not learn English, and the girls stopped teaching her."

"At first she tried to name them, but the girls laughed when she made mistakes, and then she was ashamed to try," was Esther's explanation of the new girl's backwardness in learning English.

"And after that she would not smile or speak to anyone. She made the Indian sign, 'I do not like you,' with her fingers and fast turned her back and walked off when I tried to have her play a game with us, before she froze her toes. When next she looked at me I made same sign back, to teach her that she should not be so stubbed."

"You mean stubborn," Esther said. "Of course you could not teach her that way. I am thinking of a different way, and just like it will please her, if the white mother will say yes. Rebecca knows about the tree, of course. The girls have talked about it so she understood them, for it is a half-holiday and they can speak Dakota. Now the shoe is laced, and I shall run and ask the white mother. She is upstairs, for she is not going with the school. You and I are best friends, so I know that you will wait for me."

Esther started to her feet and left the room in haste. She met the white mother coming downstairs to see if all were ready for the tapping of the bell. She stopped her on the way and said to her:

"Rebecca's toes are now a little well, and

just like she would be so glad to go on Minnehaha—that is biggest of the four school sleds, Eunice would help haul her, for she always does a thing I want her to."

"I shall be very glad to have you take Rebecca if she cares to go with you," replied the white mother, who had been much troubled by the new girl's discontent. "I feel quite sure that you will take care that she does not hurt her lame foot by any accident."

"Yes, ma'am," said Esther, looking pleased. The closet door beneath the stairs was speedily unlocked, and Esther took the pretty red sled with "Minnehaha" printed in gold letters on the top, into the playroom, while the white mother passed along the lower hall into the kitchen at one side.

"Tokee! we cannot take her! It would spoil



F. Paul Thumann.

THE WEEPING PITCHER.

Canadian Churchman.

are gone, and it will take so long to push them through the holes I shall be very tardy!" sinking to the floor to grapple with the difficulty.

"You are so excited I will do it," Esther offered, kneeling down to lace the shoe. "The bell will tap before the time to start, so we will know."

As she began to twist the raveled ends, her thoughts were still with the unhappy girl who sat so silently behind the stove.

"Rebecca is a new girl from a wild camp, and has never been to school before," she thoughtfully remarked. "She could not understand English, and it is against the rule to speak Dakota-only holidays and Sundays, so we could not talk to her for six days every week. She was so lonesome she got very homesick, so she took the mourner's walk alone. Just like

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TIGHT BINDING

our fun!" said Eunice, who had heard the talk upon the stairs, while putting on her overshoes and had now risen to her feet. "It would be very hard to drag her all that way and back. Rebecca is a middle-sized girl, but she is long and fat, and we are short and not strong armed."

Esther placed the sled so near Rebecca that she could not help but see it with her downcast eyes, then told her in Dakota that she could be taken on the sled to see the Christmas tree hauled home.

Rebecca started slightly as if taken by surprise. Her set face underwent no change, however, and she did not raise her head or make reply.

"You need not say one word or act glad," Esther said to spare her pride, still speaking in the Indian tongue. "But if you wish to go a very little you can let your foot go down a very little—right at first. Then if you wish to go a little more, you can let your foot go down a little more, and keep on that way till you put it on the floor, so it will tell us you will go."

This plan to overcome Rebecca's pride by easy stages worked as if by magic. While the two schoolmates watched intently, Eunice seized with sudden interest as to the result of Esther's undertaking, the uplifted foot went slowly down until it rested on the floor.

"Ee! now her foot says very plain that she will go, and we will fast put on her things," said Esther, flying to Rebecca's cupboard to take out her hood and coat and mittens.

Though Rebecca did not smile or speak or even lift her head, she made herself quite pliable beneath the brisk hands of her schoolmates and was soon dressed for the ride. She was placed on the sled inside the playroom, with the laprobe tucked about her, and was taken out of doors and down the three wide steps by the

combined strength of her two young friends.

Then the white mother, who had been on the alert, appeared and put a small paper bag of popcorn in one pocket of each little teamster's coat, after which she handed out a larger bag to Esther, saying:

"You may give this to Rebecca. There are two cookies and a sandwich with the popcorn in her bag. As she has eaten very little lately she may feel like lurching on the way. The other girls will have popcorn this evening in the playroom."

Esther slipped the bag into Rebecca's hands beneath the laprobe, and the little teamsters started round the house. The bell had tapped before they left the playroom, and the large and middle-sized schoolmates had gone down the bluff and well across the flats toward the river. They were walking with the superintendent, who had on a comfortable outing rig, and bore an axe upon his shoulder. The industrial teacher and the school teacher, with the smaller girls, were still upon the high land leading to the hillside, and were walking slowly.

As the little teamsters hurried on behind them with their crippled passenger, the teachers turned and waved their hands and smiled at them.

"Just like they are walking that way so that we shall not feel lonesome, for the white mother must have told them we would drag Rebecca on the sled," said Esther. "We will not quite catch them, for Rebecca might not like to have us."

They timed their pace so as to keep a little way behind the two teachers and the small girls, who had now begun to walk more briskly.

"She is not so heavy as I thought, and it is quite nice to be eating popcorn while we drag

her," Eunice said in good cheer, as she put a puffy white kernel in her mouth.

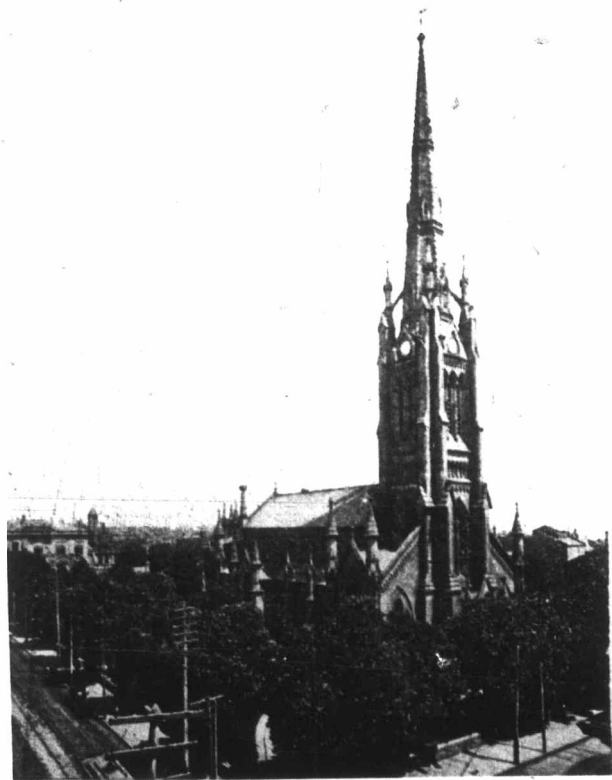
"I am glad we did not leave her in the playroom all alone," said Esther; "though just like the white mother would have played on the piano and kept singing in the music-room, so she could hear her. Ee!" she added, after glancing warily behind, "Rebecca's head is nearly up straight, and she is looking almost happy, and I do not know but she has got a popcorns in her mouth."

"Yes," said Eunice, looking straight ahead, "I hear her crash them with her teeth. She would not like to have us look at her so soon, and so my eyes shall not turn round just yet."

Rebecca had in truth grown less dejected every moment since, through Esther's thoughtfulness, she had been taken out into the sunshine for the pleasant ride upon the sparkling snow. She continued to improve in spirits with surprising promptness, and before the sled was half way across the wide Missouri, she had hungrily eaten all the popcorn, the two cookies and the sandwich, and had shyly made the Indian sign, "I like you," to the two schoolmates when they glanced behind them, after cautious waiting. She had even looked quite willing that a four-handed team of small girls should relieve the breathless and perspiring span, by the proposal of the teachers when half way across. But she had not smiled or spoken, so the conquest was not yet complete.

The party in the rear arrived upon the other side in time to see the Christmas tree come down beneath the last stroke of the superintendent's axe. The long, stout rope was tied securely about the trunk, and then the pupils seized it in a many-handed grasp and started homeward, with the superintendent in the lead.

"Now we must not act sorry that we cannot



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help drag the tree, or Rebecca will stop feeling happy," Esther said, as she and Eunice fell into the rear and sturdily took up the task of drawing back their crippled schoolmate on the sled. "But if you want to very much indeed, you can take hold with the Christmas draggers. Just like I can drag Rebecca all alone," she added, seeing Eunice could not help but cast a wistful glance quite often toward the merry company ahead.

"Tokee! again I say that you are my best friend, and I shall help you every minute," Eunice answered loyally. "I will not care so very much to be a Christmas dragger, and I shall not act the least bit sorry any more."

"Suppose you let us draw Rebecca while you help haul home the tree," proposed the school teacher, who was walking near with the industrial teacher.

"Tokee! we thank you, but we cannot let you," answered Esther. "It would make Rebecca so ashamed to have the teachers hauling her, when she got lame because she did not mind. We will try to beat the Christmas draggers." And the span ran on as fast as possible.

As they were passing by the superintendent, in a breathless effort to be in the lead, he said to them:

"Why not hitch the sled behind the tree? Rebecca will be pleased to ride that way, no doubt, and you two girls can come and take hold with us."

"Ee! that will be nice!" cried Eunice. "Now we can be Christmas draggers, too!"

"Yes," said Esther, "and just like it will be more fun for Rebecca, too."

They fell behind in eager haste. Meanwhile the "Christmas draggers" ceased to pull the tree, so that the sled could be attached.

"We will take care she doesn't fall off, and I will push the sled to ease the load when need be," said the young industrial teacher, as the little teamsters were about to tie the sled rope to the topmost mast bough now trailing in the rear.

When they had fastened it securely they turned and saw Rebecca's eyes alight with interest in the novel situation.

As they smiled right merrily at her, they were rewarded with an answering smile that cheered and softened every feature of her dusky face.

"Waxte! waxte!" (good! good!) she gleefully exclaimed, and pointed to the tree and to the sled rope that attached her to the dark green fragrant bough, on which the topmost candles were to gleam on Christmas Eve.

"Now she is the girl that smiles and speaks," said Eunice, with much satisfaction.

"Yes," said Esther, "and just like she will stay happier, and try to learn English, and again we will not laugh at her mistakes."

The little teamsters then ran on to take their places in the line. The older pupils in the lead moved forward without haste, all pulling steadily,

so that the small girls down the line might have a fair chance at the rope.

Presently a song was started, and the ice-bound river echoed from the ring of many glad voices.

SO LONG AGO.

So long ago, the angels told the story
To shepherds in the fields, how unto men
Was born the Christ, the Lord of life and glory,
In human form, a babe in Bethlehem.

And, while the chorus of seraphic voices
Sang songs, the sweetest, flooding earth and sky
Was all the wondrous light of heaven's glory,
That ne'er should dim, through ages rolling by.

in preparing holiday surprises for those who are dear to him than he does in the anticipation of the satisfaction that may reasonably be expected to accrue to his own existence. It is pleasant to dwell in thought upon the coming days of relaxation, with their good cheer for mind and body alike. But it is even more pleasant to make little plans for the happiness of others, and to select for them those small mementoes which mean so much for the tastes and the affections, however slight may be the estimate set upon them in the market-place.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

It is well-known, that St. Stevens Day is the day after Christmas, December 26th, but we

want to call particular attention to the beautiful and striking picture of the "Stoning of St. Stephen." Perhaps that seems strange. Such a sad day coming next to such a happy one! But this is always the way. Our happy days and our sad ones are all mixed up, and one often follows quickly on the other.

You know the story of St. Peter's martyrdom. He was a good man, who preached about Christ to the Jews, and the Jews hated him for it, and made up their minds to kill him, and, oh! the cruel way they did it. A number of them picked up huge stones and threw them at him till he died, all wounded and bleeding. And yet, though they were so cruel to him, he prayed for them before he died; and isn't this a lesson for us?

When people hurt us we nearly always have hard feelings towards them, and very, very seldom do what St. Stephen did for his murderers and pray for them, and yet we know we should do this.

Then, too, St. Stephen's Day teaches us not to be selfish in our Christmas joy—not to be so full of happiness that we forget how sad many of our neighbours are. And so, dear children, in your happy Christmas season, try to remember some poor little neighbours and help them, too, to have joy at Christmas time.



Leo Herrman.

BETWEEN THE ARGUMENTS.

O Christmas morn! O day of life and gladness,
Still shall the blessed words of joy again
Ring through our hearts with one unending
anthem,
"Good-will on earth! Peace and good-will to
men!"

THE MAKING OF GIFTS.

Among the many agreeable features of the holiday season, there is none more pleasant than the making of gifts. The truly human being, who feels himself no isolated unit in the total of conscious existence, but rather a creature linked to his fellows by the countless ties of sympathetic association, takes a greater delight

—The Christian life demands for all, yet it gives more than all in return.

—The more faith you have in God the more faith they will have in one another.

—Each happening, so-called of life, has its part in preparing us for God's best.

—There is nothing that makes us love a man so much as praying for him. Wm. Law.

—There cannot be a more reasonable thing in the world, than to think well of what God does, and to allow Him Who is the fountain of love and goodness, as well as of wisdom and understanding, to choose better and more wisely for us than we possibly can for ourselves.—Bishop Patrick.

RUPERT'S LAND.

Robert Machray, D.D., Archbishop and Primate,
Winnipeg, Man.

Winnipeg, Holy Trinity.—The consecration of the Very Rev. S. P. Matheson, D.D., Dean of Rupert's Land, as Bishop-suffragan to the Archbishop, took place in this church on Sunday, November 15th. Despite the cold and inclement weather, a very large congregation assembled to witness the interesting and solemn service, which was attended by many of the diocesan clergy, all of whom wore their robes. Amongst those present were the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Primate of All Canada; the Bishop of Calgary, the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, the Bishop of Keewatin, the Bishop-elect; Archdeacon Fortin, Archdeacon Vincent, Canon Coombes, Canon Murray, Rev. E. E. Phair, Rev. W. A. Burman, Rev. Samuel Pritchard, Rev. J. J. Roy, Rev. Sydney G. Chambers, and the Rev. C. W. McKim, and a few others were in the congregation. The Lieutenant Governor and party were in attendance; also the family of the Bishop-elect, and a number of his brothers and friends from points outside of the city. The ante-communion service was taken by the Bishop of Calgary; the Epistle was read by the Bishop of Keewatin, and the Gospel by the Bishop of Qu'Appelle. The Nicene Creed was next recited by the congregation, Rev. Canon Coombes leading. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, who took for his text Philippians ii., 20 and 22: "I have no man like-minded who will care truly for your state, but ye know the proof of him, that as a child serveth a father, so he served with me in furtherance of the Gospel." The preacher enlarged at some length on the friendship which existed between St. Paul and Timothy, a friendship which lasted for a period of fifteen years, and spoke of it as being one of the most beautiful friendships which

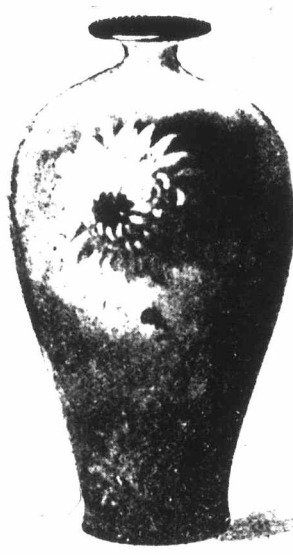
had ever existed between an old and a young man. He dwelt upon Timothy's early training by his grandmother and mother, and the fact that from his early youth he had been systematically taught the truths of the Bible. The preacher said that the words of St. Paul concerning Timothy might not inappropriately be used by the beloved Primate, the apostle of Rupert's Land, to whose wisdom, energy and self-sacrifice the Church will find itself increasingly indebted as the years go on, to his younger son in the faith who is to be consecrated as assistant Bishop. It was because of the speaker's long connection with the Bishop-elect that he had the great privilege of preaching on the occasion of his consecration. If he did not congratulate his brother as he took up the tasks and burdens to be laid upon him today, it was not because he did not thank God that he had been called to the high office of Bishop, nor because he did not rejoice that the Church was to have the benefit of his ripe experience; but because he knew what was meant by the ever-anxious work and life of a Bishop. He could not hide this from him as he went forth to labours which would grow larger every day, to cares and anxieties which would multiply, not diminish. It was rather a word of sympathy than of congratulation that sprang to his lips. He was not unmindful of the noble field, the splendid opportunity before him. He thanked God who had called him to this office. The unanimity of his election and the hearty way in which the announcement was received by his brethren was a guarantee that they would show by their welcome and co-operation, how eager and steadfast was their purpose to strengthen and sustain him in his work. The preacher spoke of his thankfulness to God that such a wise and happy choice had been made and in conclusion asked the earnest prayers of all present at the service for the Bishop-elect. The sermon was followed by the

act of consecration in which the Archbishop was assisted by the Bishops of Qu'Appelle and Keewatin, at the conclusion of which the newly-consecrated Bishop took his place within the altar rails with the other bishops. The offertory was given to the Building Fund of the proposed new St. John's College, of which institution the new Bishop is a distinguished graduate.

"A cable from Toronto, despatched on Saturday, stated that the Rupert's Land Synod, held at Winnipeg, had selected Dean Matheson as Suffragan-Bishop to Dr. Machray, Archbishop and Metropolitan of Rupert's Land, with right of succession. The Rev. Edward Matheson was ordained at Saskatchewan in 1880. He has been rural dean of Battleford, Saskatchewan, since 1891, and principal of the Battleford Industrial School since 1895. The jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Rupert's Land extends over most of the Province of Manitoba, and has an area of 72,000 square miles."

The above item appeared in the Church Bells of an October issue, and contains a great deal of misinformation. In regard to right of succession, this is not true, as Rupert's Land, being a metropolitan diocese, the constitution definitely states that the Coadjutor Bishop has no right of succession. Evidently the Rev. Edward Matheson is confused with Rev. S. P. Matheson, as the newly-consecrated Suffragan. The Rev. Ed. Matheson is a missionary at Battleford. The Rev. S. P. Matheson, Dean of the Diocese of Rupert's Land, is the one that has been elevated to the Episcopate. Again, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land's jurisdiction extends over more territory than the Province of Manitoba. The political Province of Manitoba is almost coterminous with the ecclesiastical Diocese of Rupert's Land, over which Dr. Machray is Bishop and chief pastor; but the ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land, over which Dr. Machray is Archbishop, comprises all

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the territory west of Lake Superior to the foot of the Rockies, thus taking in a part of Ontario, all of Manitoba and the North-West Territories. This is his jurisdiction as Archbishop. The dioceses co-extensive with the Province of British Columbia are not within his rule as Archbishop, but under the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Making mistakes like the above is simply keeping up the custom of Old Country papers when speaking of things Canadian.

A meeting of the clerics of Dufferin Rural Deanery was held in Manitou on November 16th and 17th. There was a small attendance the first day, but a full attendance the second day. Some interesting business was transacted, among the items being the subject of spreading Church literature among the people. The deanery felt that there was a most woeful lack of Church papers. A resolution on the matter was drafted, and will be moved at the next quarterly meeting, which will be held at Cartwright on February 8th and 9th. The missionary meeting in the evening was not well attended owing to the inclemency of the weather. The second day was devoted more or less to Sunday School work, although a very good paper on "Woman's Auxiliary Work" was prepared by Mrs. E. D. Kerby, of Morden. Mrs. Kerby not being able to be present, her paper was read by Mrs. Garton, wife of the rural dean. An-

other paper, and a most excellent one, on "The Duty of Scholars Towards their Sunday School," was presented by Mrs. A. Goldie-Scott, of Morden. Mrs. Goldie-Scott was mistress of her subject, and the deanery asked if the authoress would consent to have it published in the Canadian Churchman after it was read again at the Cartwright meeting of the deanery. Much discussion ensued over the relative merits and demerits of manual and leaflet teaching in Sunday Schools. The Rev. Wm. Walkin addressed the clergy at the early celebration; the Rev. J. H. Lackey, of Clearwater, gave an interesting children's address at the children's missionary meeting, while the Rev. W. G. MacMorine, of Somerset, preached a brief but weighty sermon at the evening service of the second day. After the close of the meetings the Woman's Auxiliary of St. John's Church, of Manitou, served to the visiting clergy and people present, light refreshments.

The Rev. S. J. Roch, M.A., incumbent of Melita, was the guest of the Rev. W. J. Rowe, Manitou, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Mr. Roch is a very earnest young clergyman, recently arrived from England. He was curate to the Rev. Charles Sutcliffe, vicar of Stalybridge. When Rural Dean Hines, of Saskatchewan Diocese, was in England last year he delivered several missionary addresses. Mr. Roch

became filled with the missionary spirit, and at once offered himself for work to the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, who was in the Old Land then. Much against the wishes of his vicar he resigned his curacy and sailed for Canada, arriving here in October. He is doing admirably at Melita, and has become enamoured of the western climate. Mr. Roch is an Evangelical. His college is Selwyn, Cambridge, and he has been in orders six years. He is unmarried.

A Social Club has been organized at Cartwright at the instigation of Mr. Brayfield, the energetic and capable lay-missioner. Mr. Brayfield is not a young man, but his zeal and efforts for the Church's interest cannot be eclipsed by but few clergy. Forsooth, he can put to shame some clergy.


Revs. Wilson and Leys, respective incumbents of Hamiota and Woodlands, were visitors to Winnipeg a week ago.

Coadjutor Bishop Matheson will hold confirmations at Swan Lake and Somerset November 20th, and at Manitou December 6th. His Lordship will be busy with confirmations for many Sundays from now till Easter.

Holmfild is to have a new stone church costing \$2,000 next year.


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two years. The first issue appeared the 1st of November and is a most creditable number. In all its history no better issue has been made; and the editors deserve a great meed of praise for the excellence of the production. It is to be hoped that all future issues will not fall below the standard as set by the initial number. May it be suggested here that the College Magazine should be supported by the clergy and the laity throughout the diocese. The magazines of other colleges are. Why not St. John's? At one point, a country place, no less than ten farmers were subscribers one year to "Vox Wesleyana," the organ of the strident body of the Methodist College in Winnipeg. There seems to be a greater interest for the welfare of their institutions, however small they may be, among the Methodist brethren than among Churchmen. This is not as it should be; and it wouldn't be if the laity were looked after, approached and interested by those who are anxious that success should crown their efforts. In the matter of the College Magazine, it would be a wise move for all undergraduates to act as agents among their friends and parishioners during the summer vacation. In these days of advertising one has to push his wares, be they of the Church or peanuts, if there is to be success. The same may be said of the College. The most insignificant opportunity should not be overlooked for interesting the laity. For instance, why overlook sending invitations to prominent laity throughout the province to attend the conversation on Commemoration Day? Many would be pleased; and that pleasure would be expressed at a later date in the form of a generous response to a St. John's College Fund appeal. The majority of the people have the idea that the College is some private concern, that it does not belong to them, and

consequently they do not take the interest in it that they should. This ignorance is due, of course, to the neglect of those directly interested in the working of the College. The laity need to be aroused, and exclusiveness is not one of the ways of arousing sympathetic interest in any institution.

Oak Lake.—St. Alban's.—Sunday, November 1st (All Saints' Day) was the day chosen for the annual Harvest Home services in this church. The church is, perhaps, the finest Mission church in the diocese, and the tastefully arranged decorations of grain, fruit and vegetables only served to increase its beauty. At the morning service there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, the Rev. R. C. Johnstone, of Winnipeg, being celebrant, assisted by the incumbent, the Rev. S. Ryall. There were forty-three communicants. Mr. Johnstone had kindly consented to make the appeal on behalf of the H. M. F., and preached two excellent sermons, a large congregation being present both morning and evening. The musical portion of the services was particularly bright and well rendered. In the morning the choir sang Van Boskerck's "Te Deum" and the anthem, "O Taste and See," by Goss; and in the evening Plummer's Evening Service and Barnby's harvest anthem, "Ye Shall Go Out with Joy" were rendered. The new and handsome two manual Bell organ was ably handled by the organist, Mr. J. B. Wallace. The offerings for the day amounted to about eighty-three dollars.

At a recent meeting of the rural deanery of Brandon, held in Alexander, the following resolution was passed: "That this rural deanery regrets the departure of the Rev. McAdam Harding, rector of Brandon, and rural dean. We

desire to place on record in the minutes of the rural-decanal chapter our appreciation of his valuable services in the rural deanery of Brandon. We recognize the importance of the work to which he has been appointed, and his fitness by experience and personal gifts to worthily fill the position and to discharge its duties. We believe that by his influence, zeal, energy and spiritual-mindedness he will greatly enhance the advancement of the Church. This rural deanery will miss his kindly advice, ability and courtesy. The sincere wish and earnest prayer of this rural deanery is that God's blessing may ever rest upon him and his work. Signed by Rev. W. Stocker, Elkhorn; Rev. E. B. Smith, Carberry; Rev. W. Robertson, Virden; Rev. J. F. Cox, Alexander; Rev. S. Ryall, Oak Lake; Rev. Geo. Horrobin, Bradwardine; Rev. Chas. Harrington, Brandon, and Mr. E. Diamond, Douglas." The Rev. Geo. Horrobin read an interesting paper on the "Work of the Church Army," and the Rev. S. Ryall read a paper on the "Prohibited Degrees of Kindred and Affinity." The question of the "Deceased Wife's Sister" was especially dealt with, and a profitable discussion followed, which served to accentuate the wisdom of the Church in drawing up its table of kindred and affinity. The Rev. Rural Dean Harding gave a helpful lecture on "General Church History" by aid of the deanery lantern. St. Paul's Church, Alexander, had been nicely decorated for the Harvest service, when the clergy of the deanery officiated, the Rev. E. B. Smith and Rev. W. Robertson giving appropriate Harvest addresses. Rural Dean Harding expects to leave Brandon by the end of the year. He will first spend three months in England, and then return in May to take up his new work in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, probably residing at Indian Head with the Bishop of Qu'Appelle.

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ONTARIO.

Wm. Lennox Mills, D.D., Bishop, Kingston.
Barriefield.—St. Mark's.—The Lord Bishop, preached in this church on Sunday, the 29th ult. The church was well filled and the service bright. The Bishop gave a timely and powerful sermon taking his text from the second chapter of Titus.

The Barriefield congregation met, in accordance with the Canon on Patronage, and appointed a committee to confer with the Bishop and submit to him the names of three clergymen from whom one might be selected and appointed as the new incumbent. The first name submitted was the Rev. Dr. Nimmo, whom the Bishop at once agreed to appoint. Word was received on Monday that Dr. Nimmo would accept. He is, therefore, to become the successor to Archdeacon Worrell, and will enter on his duties on the 1st of January. Dr. Nimmo has been very successful in his work at Rawdon, where a new and self-sustaining parish has been created by him. He is a man of boundless energy and much ability, and will no doubt well carry on the work which has been done during the last twelve years at Barriefield.

Portsmouth.—St. John's.—The Lord Bishop

interest lay in the report from Mr. Burton, the diocesan agent. Briefly, his report showed that in those parishes he had visited, the incomes which formerly amounted to \$1,721, had been raised to \$4,821, showing an average increase of \$308 per parish. The Mission Fund collections in these places amounted formerly to \$433. They have been raised to \$800.30. These figures in themselves demonstrate the wisdom of maintaining such an office for the diocese. They also show that Mr. Burton has filled the office with remarkable success. If he continues his work in the same way the affairs of the diocese will be in such a position that special appeals will be unnecessary and the regular income from all purposes will be amply sufficient. Mr. Burton will shortly remove his family to Kingston and make the See city his headquarters. A grant of \$100 for the next half-year was made to Ernestown, which has been divided from Bath, and made a separate mission. The new parish of Bannockburn, Millbridge, and Glenmyre, which has been set apart in North Hastings, was placed in the \$500 class and given a special grant of \$50.

The Classification Committee for the next year was appointed as follows: Archdeacon Worrell, Canon McMorine, Rural Dean Wright, Judge Macdonald, Mr. George Hague, and Mr. B. S. O'Loughlin. It was also resolved that the by-law should be rescinded by which a clergyman

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ices throughout the day were fully choral, and in the evening, the rector, the Rev. Canon Cayley, gave a short resume of the history of the church. At the time the idea of building St. George's Church was first mooted there were but three Anglican churches in Toronto—St. James', St. Paul's, and Trinity Church, on King street east—and it was felt that a church was badly needed in what was then the west end of the city. The west was then the prin-



preached in this church on Sunday evening, the 29th ult.

Kingston.—The annual meetings of the Synod committees were held last week. They were very well attended, and the usual interest was shown in them. Matters bearing on Church education were well considered. Two strong committees, one on education in general, and the other on Sunday schools, cover the ground pretty thoroughly, and leave little undone. The diocese now has six students in divinity at Trinity, and expect to have as many more next year. Sunday school conferences this year are to be as practical as possible, and a strong effort will be made to bring about uniform lessons for all the schools.

The Domestic and Foreign Mission Board was one of the chief centres of interest, and great enthusiasm was created by the announcement that this year's assessment had already been paid. The amount sent in by St. Paul's, Brockville, was over \$600, a sum largely in excess of the apportionment to the parish. A committee was then appointed to arrange the apportionment for next year. The following were the amounts assigned to the various rural deaneries: Frontenac and Leeds, \$1,450 each; Hastings, \$1,000; Grenville, \$650; Prince Edward, \$550; Lennox and Addington, \$500. The amounts for the parishes will be arranged by the clergy and rural deans.

At the Diocesan Mission Board the principal

receiving a mission grant was precluded from becoming an annuitant of the Commutation Fund.

The Superannuation Fund has been left a legacy by the late Rev. Jos. Forsythe, consisting of fourteen shares of Bank of Commerce stock, subject to the life interest of his son, the Rev. J. Forsythe, of Sydenham.

Arrangements have been made for bringing the work of the diocesan canvasser to a conclusion by the end of next year. It is expected that by that time the contributions will have amounted to be about \$70,000. Among the parishes yet to be canvassed are the two largest in the diocese, viz., St. George's Cathedral, and St. Thomas, Belleville.

The Committee on Biennial Synods report ed that such a change would not be desirable for the present, but that it would be well, in the near future, to alternate the meeting of Synod with a diocesan conference. The Lord's Day Alliance was warmly commended, and all the clergy were urged to aid in the important work of leading to a better observance of the Sunday.

TORONTO.

Arthur Savelman, D.D., Bishop, Toronto.

St. George's.—The congregation of this church celebrated the 20th anniversary of its consecration on Sunday, the 29th November. The ser-

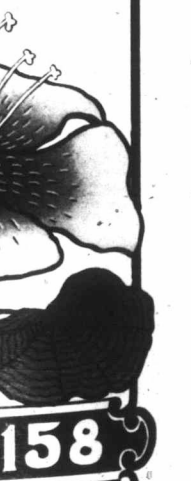
monial residential part, and the first movers in the foundation of the church were from among the leading citizens of Upper Canada. In 1844 definite action was taken, and Bishop Strachan, Vice-Chancellor J. G. Sprague, Hon. Wm. Cayley, J. G. Chewett, W. H. Boulton and Clark Gamble were appointed a committee to proceed with the building. The ground on which the church stands was donated by Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton, and the following year the church was completed and opened. The financial support accorded to the committee in their work was so hearty, and the steady growth of the congregation was so pronounced, that eight years afterwards (in 1853), the church was completely out of debt, and was duly consecrated and dedicated on St. Andrew's Day. Since it was first opened 56 years ago very little change has been made in the building. There have been four rectors of the parish. Rev. Chas. Ruttan, the first incumbent, was followed by Rev. Dr. Lett, who was in turn succeeded by Rev. Dr. Fuller, late Bishop of Niagara. Rev. Canon Cayley, who was curate under Bishop Fuller, and who is the present rector, has held that position nearly 20 years.

It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything. Phillips Brooks.

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IS ER DOD HITE S.



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Children's Department.

THE CHRISTMAS PRETENDER.

When Christmas time is almost here,
And folks begin to wink
And hush their talk when I come near,
*Then I begin to think
I'll write to Santa Claus about
The things I want to fill
My stockings—He won't get the note,
But I pretend he will.

I slip it in the envelope,
And put it with the mail,
And beg mamma to send it
By the postman, without fail;
And thank her when I find it gone,
For doing what I bid;
I know she never sent it off,
But I pretend she did.

I take my stocking Christmas Eve,
And by the chimney side
I hang them, while I wish that they
Were twice as long and wide;
And wonder how the chimney
Lets him down, that jolly man!
Of course, I know it truly can't,
But I pretend it can!

And when on Christmas morning,
All the things I wanted so
Are sticking from my stocking tops,
Or standing in a row,
I hug and kiss my mother,
And my father, too, because
I know it's mostly them, though I
Pretend it's Santa Claus!
—Mrs. George Archibald, in Good Housekeeping.

A CHRISTMAS CURE.

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

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

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

One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing; and that was why poor, dear old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose parents had long before Christ-

HOW SOME OF OUR READERS CAN MAKE MONEY.

Having read of the success of some of your readers selling Dish-washers, I have tried the work with wonderful success. I have not made less than \$9 any day for the last six months. The Mound City Dish-washer gives good satisfaction and every family wants one. A lady can wash and dry the dishes without removing her gloves and can do the work in two minutes. I got my sample machine from the Mound City Dish-washer Co., of St. Louis, Mo. I used it to take orders and sold 12 Dish-washers the first day. The Mound City Dish-washer Co. will start you. Write for particulars. Ladies can do as well as men.
John F. M.

WHAT SULPHUR DOES.

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a table-spoonful of crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medical use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver, the excretory organs, and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies, soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples, and even deep seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin disease as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics, and so-called blood "purifiers," will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

mas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not yet been able to decide upon one thing for that little boy's stocking.

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



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A fine Cut Glass and Sterling Silver Flower Vase.

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One hundred choicest quality Visiting Cards printed from Copper Plate.

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will recall
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Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with which the little boy could not hurt people, and something he could not break; and, although he had been thinking over all his lists of toys and presents, nothing had he found yet.

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

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

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

"I know, I know," said Santa. "No, I can't give up the donkey!—nor any other of those fine little animals that we have this year. I had thought of a nice little hammer and box of nails, and some blocks of wood for him to hammer the nails into! Hey, now! what do you think of that?"

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

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

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

"I know," interrupted Santa; "I know. You're a wise little counsel-

GIVE YOUR STOMACH
A NICE VACATION

Don't Do it by Starving it Either
Let a Substitute Do the Work.

The old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies just as well to the stomach, one of the most important organs of the human system, as it does to the man himself.

If your stomach is worn out and rebels against being further taxed beyond its limit, the only sensible thing you can do is to give it a rest. Employ a substitute for a short time and see if it will not more than repay you in results.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a willing and most efficient substitute. They themselves digest every bit of food in the stomach in just the same way that the stomach itself would, were it well. They contain all the essential elements that the gastric juice and other digestive fluids of the stomach contain and actually act just the same and do just the same work as the natural fluids would do, were the stomach well and sound. They, therefore, relieve the stomach, just as one workman relieves another, and permit it to rest and recuperate and regain its normal health and strength.

This "vacation" idea was suggested by the letter of a prominent lawyer in Chicago. Read what he says: "I was engaged in the most momentous undertaking of my life in bringing about the coalition of certain great interests that meant much to me as well as my clients. It was not the work of days, but of months. I was working night and day almost, when at a very critical time my stomach went clear back on me. The undue mental strain brought it about and hurried up what would have happened later on.

"What I ate I had to literally force down and that was a source of misery as I had a sour stomach much of the time. My head ached, I was sluggish and began to lose my ambition to carry out my undertaking. It looked pretty gloomy for me and I confided my plight to one of my clients. He had been cured by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and at once went down to a drug store and brought a box up to the office.

"I had not taken a quarter of that box before I found that they would do all the work my stomach ever did, and as a rest or vacation was but of the question for me, I determined to give my stomach a vacation. I kept right on taking the tablets and brought up and went ahead with my work with renewed vigour, ate just as much

as I ever did and carried out that undertaking to a successful issue. I feel that I have Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to thank for saving me the handsomest fee I ever received as well as my reputation and last but not least my stomach."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale at all druggists at 50 cents a box.

lor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem. And if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year."

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

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

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

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

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

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

A TEA PARTY.

Two little maids sat down to tea. The bill of fare was lemonade, with purple grapes, and crackers—crisp.

And doughnuts fresh which Cook had made.

"I really think," said one with pride, "We could not ask another thing!" "Indeed, I'm sure," her friend replied, "Our feast is fit for any king!"

"Then don't you think," the other said,—

"That since all things to God we owe,
That we should stop, before we eat,
And say a word to tell Him so?"

Then silently, with eyes downcast, Each little guest breathed soft and low:

"For these, and other blessings, Lord, We thank Thee, and would tell Thee so!"

—Young Churchman, L. L. R.

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When the nerves are injured or diseased, when there is a deficiency in the supply of nervous energy, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or some form of helplessness results because the brain no longer has control of the muscles.

It may be weak heart action, inability to digest food, failure of the lungs to purify the blood or impaired action of any of the vital organs, but the cause of trouble is with the nerves.

The restorative action of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is soon felt throughout the entire system, because it restores the vigour and vitality of the nerves—fills them with new nerve force, the vital power of the body; weakness, nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness and low spirits disappear and new energy and strength take their place.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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ALL CHILDREN KNOW THIS STORY.

Children, can you truly tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning?

Yes, we know the story well,
Listen now and we will tell,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning.

Angels sang a clear, sweet song,
For a holy babe was born,
Down on earth, to live with men,
Jesus, our dear Saviour, came
On the Christmas morning.



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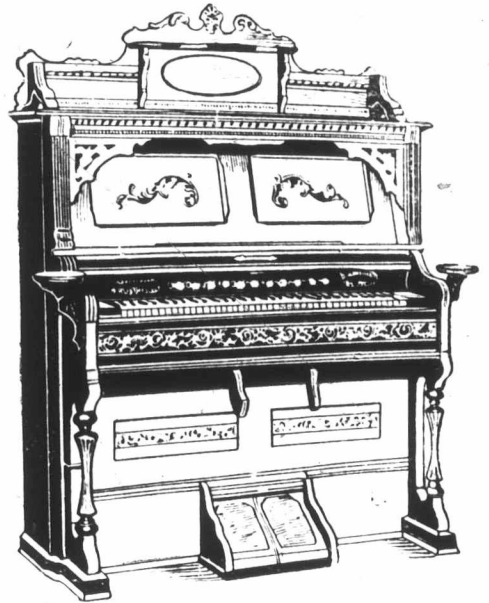
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- Dominion**—5 octave walnut organ by the Dominion Organ Co., in neatly decorated case without high top, has 7 stops, 2 sets of reeds in treble and one set in the bass, knee swell, height 4 feet 1 inch. Originally \$100. Reduced to..... **34**
- Bell**—5 octave organ by W. Bell & Co., in carved solid walnut case without high top, has 8 stops, 2½ sets of reeds, knee swell, height 4 feet. A splendid organ for a church or Sabbath School. Originally \$125. Reduced to..... **37**
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- Karn**—5 octave parlor organ by D. W. Karn Co., in neatly carved solid walnut case with high top. Has 10 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, height 5 feet 9 inches. Originally \$125. Reduced to..... **39**
- Bell**—5 octave parlor organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in neatly panelled and decorated solid walnut case, has 9 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, height 5 feet 9 inches. Originally \$125. Reduced to..... **41**
- Karn**—5 octave parlor organ by D. W. Karn Co., in handsomely decorated solid walnut case with high top. Has 8 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, height 6 feet. Originally \$125. Reduced to..... **43**
- Rowe**—5 octave parlor organ by J. T. Rowe, in very handsome solid walnut case with high top. Has 12 stops, couplers, etc., 2½ sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, height 6 feet 6 inches. Originally \$125. Reduced to..... **45**
- Bell**—5 octave organ by W. Bell & Co., in handsomely decorated solid walnut case with high top, has 9 stops, 2½ sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, height 6 feet 6 inches. Originally \$125. Reduced to..... **47**
- Kilgour**—5 octave parlor organ by Kilgour, Hamilton, in neatly panelled and decorated solid walnut case, has 9 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, height 6 feet; Originally \$125. Reduced to..... **49**
- Bell**—5 octave parlor organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in very handsome solid walnut case with high top. Has 11 stops, including couplers, vox humana, etc., 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, height 6 feet 3 inches. Originally \$135. Reduced to..... **\$53**
- Dominion**—5 octave Dominion organ in solid walnut case with handsome mirror top, attractively panelled and carved. Has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, including sub-bass, 2 couplers, vox humana and 2 knee swells, height 6 feet 1 inch. Used less than six months. Catalogue price \$175. Reduced to..... **57**
- Bell**—6 octave parlor organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in handsomely decorated and ornamented solid walnut case with high top, has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, couplers, vox humana, etc., mouse-proof pedals, height 6 feet 11 inches. Originally \$150. Reduced to..... **58**
- Mackie**—6 octave parlor organ by Mackie & Co., New York, neatly decorated solid walnut case, high top, has 16 stops, 3 full sets of reeds, including a sub bass set, couplers, forte stop, etc., 2 knee swells, height 6 feet 2 inches. A fine organ. Originally \$150. Reduced to..... **59**
- Dominion**—6 octave piano case organ by The Dominion Organ Co., in handsome mahogany case. Has 11 stops, including couplers and vox humana. 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, patent folding mouse-proof pedal attachment and swing desk. Height 4 feet 7 inches. Originally \$150. Reduced to..... **71**
- Bell**—6 octave piano case organ by W. Bell & Co., rich dark rosewood case with handsome mirror and rail top. Has 11 stops, couplers and vox humana, etc., 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, height 5 feet 3 inches. Originally \$175. Reduced to..... **73**
- Bell**—6 octave piano case organ by W. Bell & Co., solid walnut case with handsome mirror rail top. Has 11 stops, couplers, and vox humana, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells. Height 5 feet 3 inches. Originally \$175. Reduced to..... **78**
- Dominion**—6 octave piano case organ by the Dominion Co., in handsome solid walnut case with full length music desk, polished panels with hand carving in relief, and handsome top with bevelled oval mirror; 11 stops, 2 full sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, etc., height 5 feet 10 inches. Used less than six months. Catalogue price, \$260. Reduced to..... **88**

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The safety of the godly. PSALMS. *The church blesseth God.*

LORD, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer a thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

Ps. 66. 6.
1 Sam. 2. 9.
Ps. 25. 15
& 121. 1
& 141. 8.
Ps. 76. 5.
Ps. 2. 4
& 11. 4.
Is. 5. 27.
Ps. 91. 1.
Num. 14. 9.
Ps. 91. 5.
Is. 49. 10.
Rev. 7. 16.
Cp.
2 Kin. 4. 19.
Ps. 4. 1.
Ps. 120. 6
& 129. 1.
Ps. 97. 10.

PSALM 123.

1 The godly profess their confidence in God, and pray to be delivered from con. tempt.

UNTo thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

2 Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the LORD our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

3 Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

Specimen of type herewith.

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It was a strange story they had been listening to, of two little girls who awoke to find the stockings which they had hung up on Christmas Eve still hanging up, but, alas! quite empty. It had not been so with theirs. Sugar-plums, nuts and oranges had crowded them from top to toe, so that they nearly burst. And surely they were merry, happy children. The baker's boy brought the story which saddened them just for a few moments. He had found Mrs. Mill's two little girls sobbing over their empty stockings, and had slipped his own hand into them, but all that he could bring out was a single penny from one of the well-darned toes. The tears came into his kind eyes as he told Mrs. Goodwin how he had scolded the babies, and sent them straight back to bed. "I told 'em," said he, "their turn hadn't come first, that was all, and if they didn't stop cryin' and go cuddle under the blankets (bless me, blankets! I don't believe there's half a blanket in that whole house), maybe they would be passed by."

John and Jennie reached the house safely. It was wonderful how many pretty things they found that they could spare. Sure enough, both babies had taken the baker's boy's advice, and were as fast asleep as that famous historical character who slept under the haystack, "Little Bo-peep." But they slept under a blanket, soft and woolly, that looked like one which had covered Jennie the night before. And wasn't it fun to stuff those little stockings so full that two of the big darns gave way, and nearly rolled the sugar-plums out on the floor. The temptation to stay and see the surprise was great, but they resolutely turned their happy faces homeward, that there might be no suspicion of how the "goodies" got into those old

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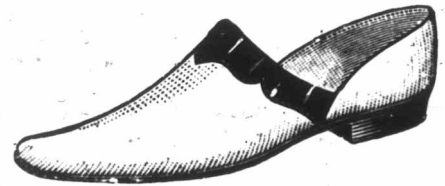
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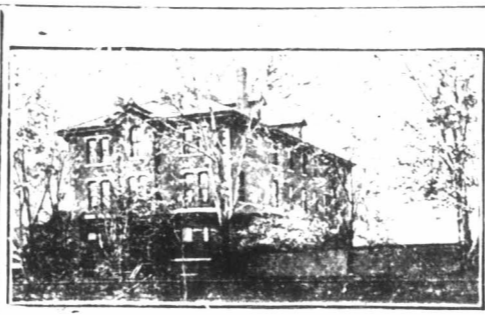
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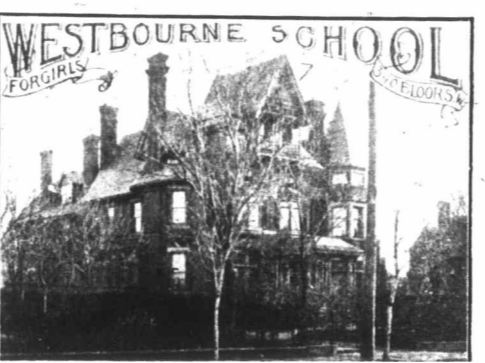
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THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10.00 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:—

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent, counter-signed in the manner prescribed by this Act and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
- (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 30 acres substantially fenced.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT.

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, at Ottawa, of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing land to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Land Agents in Manitoba or the North-West Territories.

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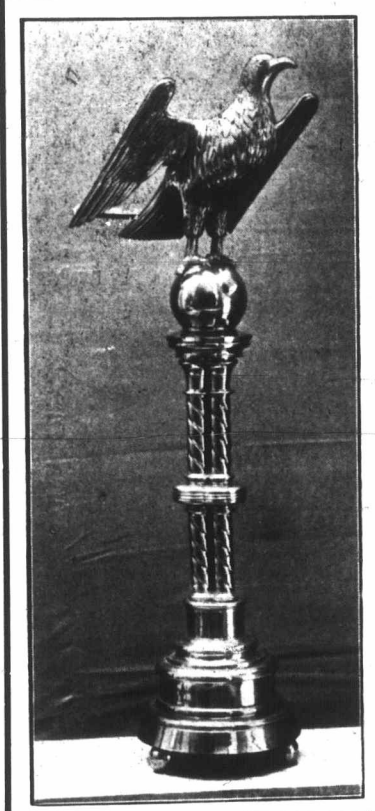
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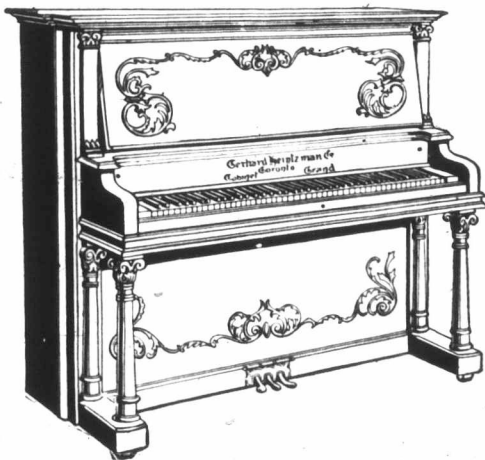
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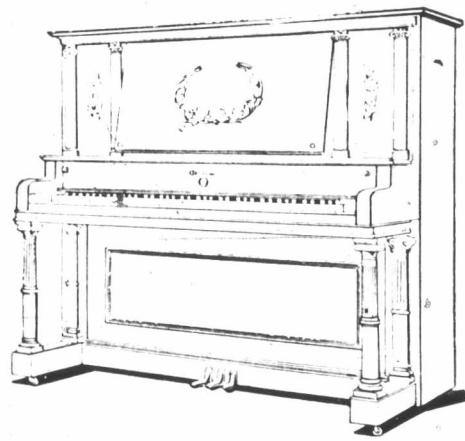


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