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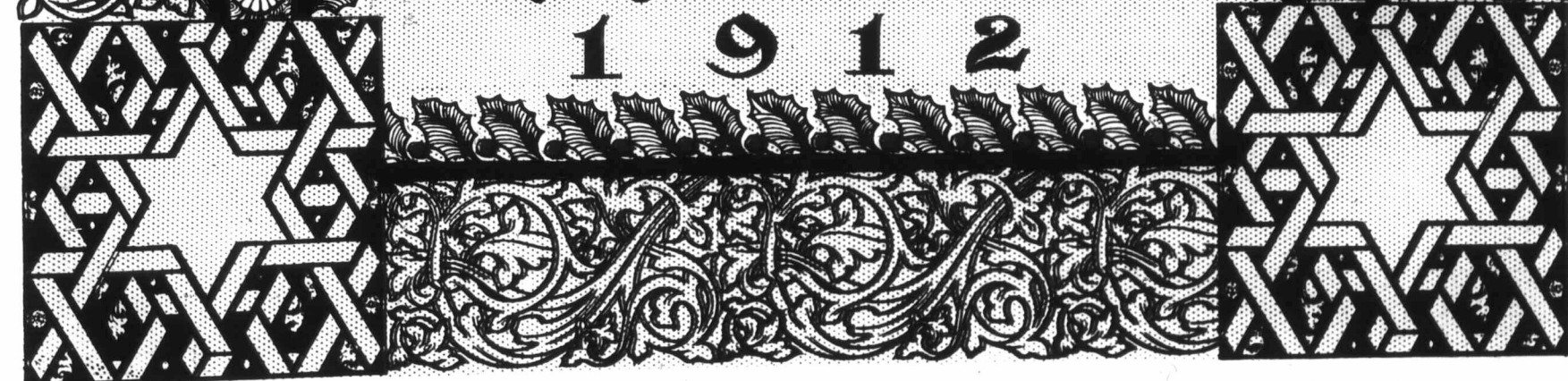
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Evening—Isai. 35; John 14:1—8.

December 22.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Morning—Isai. 30:1—27; Rev. 8.
Evening—Isai. 32 or 33:2—23; Rev. 10.

December 25.—Christmas Day.
Morning—Isai. 9:1—8; Luke 2:1—15.
Evening—Isai. 7:10—17; Titus 3:4—9.

December 26.—St. Steph., 1st M.
Morning—Gen. 4:1—11; Acts 6.
Evening—2 Chr. 24:15—23; Acts 8:1—9.

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General: 308, 396, 412, 707.

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Holy Communion: 232, 234, 237, 243.
Processional: 59, 64, 432, 476.
Offertory: 325, 399, 486, 564.
Children: 66, 707, 719, 727.
General: 108, 395, 471, 768.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Holy Communion: 248, 249, 386, 668.
Processional: 72, 73, 79, 599.
Offertory: 75, 79, 81, 742.
Children: 77, 712, 723, 737.
General: 74, 78, 514, 738.

THE OUTLOOK

A Merry Christmas

We desire to take the opportunity of our Christmas number to wish all our readers the best of Christmas blessings. The old wish, a Merry Christmas, in the Bible sense of "Merry," is as appropriate as ever, for "a merry heart doeth good like medicine." It is only as the Lord of Christmas enters into our heart and life that we can know what Christmas joys are, and as we go once again in thought, and faith, and love, to Bethlehem, may we all recall the "glad tidings of great joy," and may they fill our souls "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Then with the "joy of the Lord" as our "strength" we shall not fail to "send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." To those whose lives have been shad wed by bereavement, and who at this festal season are longing for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" may the Master come in all the plenitude of His peace. And so whether in sunshine or in cloud may Christmas for everyone of us be "full with the blessing of the Lord."

Principles Not Persons

In the various problems that occupy attention it behoves us all to remember that we must stand up for principles and avoid personalities. There is scarcely anything easier than the imputation of motives, and certainly nothing more deplorable or unchristian. In particular, the questions of the Montreal Diocesan College and the circular on Church Unity call for special care. Our columns are open to the fullest, frankest discussion on these and other topics so long as personalities are studiously avoided. Men of intellectual ability, of unquestioned loyalty, of real scholarship, who are held in honour in our Church, are behind these movements, and we must respect motives even if we think methods are wrong. We shall resolutely refuse insertion to all communications, or parts of communications, which deal with personalities, while throwing wide open our pages to all that confine attention to the real merits of the cases. Only thus shall we be enabled to arrive at the truth while we endeavour to "speak the truth in love."

The Divorce Question

Not only in England, but in Canada, the dangers of the divorce question are being felt in their relation to the prosperity and national spirit of the Dominion. Important expression of opinion was given in this connection the other evening at the annual meeting of the Huron Old Boys' Association, by Mr. W. D. McPherson, M.P.P., who said that the problem was one of the gravest that the people of Canada would be called upon to face in the future. He deplored the lax divorce laws now prevalent in many of the United States, and strongly urged the people of Canada to oppose strenuously any attempt by Parliament to make the conditions less severe in severing the marriage tie. He said that divorce in Canada is steadily on the increase, and that the only manner in which the nation can be kept pure is by keeping the family life pure and intact. The report of the Royal Commission is, of course, giving rise to much discussion in England, and the recent utterances of the Archbishop of Canterbury were as weighty as they were moderate and balanced. From time to time we propose to call the attention of our readers to the opinions of representative men in the Old Coun-

try, because we are naturally desirous of giving every opportunity to Churchmen in Canada to form and maintain a clear view of the solemn issues connected with this subject. We have already referred to the "Times" and its splendid championship of the Minority Report, signed by the Archbishop of York, Sir Lewis Dibdin, and Sir William Anson; and, in particular we would call attention to the significant way in which the leading article in the "Times" closed its treatment of the subject in a recent issue. Speaking of the three who signed the Minority Report, the "Times" said:—

"They remember that English men and women are still a Christian people, and they rely upon the veneration in which these people hold the clear moral teaching of Christ."

Modern Revivalist Methods

Many strictures are being made in the United States upon the methods now in vogue among a certain class of revivalists, their slangy addresses, their sensational proceedings, and, in many cases, greediness for money, are being very generally denounced in the religious press of all denominations. One noted "Evangelist" is reported as refusing to undertake work in a certain town without a guarantee of \$10,000. There are undoubtedly many honourable exceptions to all this, but so far as can be judged the professional free lance revivalist has of late greatly deteriorated, and is rapidly tending to become a scandal to religion. The contrast between the present-day evangelist of this type and the late Mr. Moody is pointed out by one writer in an American religious periodical. When Moody was presented with a thankoffering of \$2,500 in England for his own personal use he handed back one-half of it, and also gave the whole proceeds of the sale of his books to evangelistic work. The Church of England in Canada and elsewhere has its sins of omission and commission (principally the former) to lament and overcome and atone for, but for this particular offence it cannot, thank God, be accused. And may that day be far distant when it lays itself open to the charge, however indirect and remote, of, as one writer on the subject puts it, "making merchandise of men's souls," or of permitting it.

Present-Day Novels

The Archbishop of York has been speaking in the strongest terms against the morbid, realistic, and erotic fiction of the day. He believes that the typical novel is a study of the abnormal, and he says that he is "sick of this hot, panting, bleary-eyed fiction," and that "to turn from it to the Waverley Novels is like passing from supper room in Bohemia, gas-lit, scented, and stifling, into the open air where the stars are shining and the wind is moving through the trees." There is no doubt that the Archbishop has good reason for speaking in this way, for during the last few years a large number of novels has been published of the most mischievous and objectionable type. As a well-known writer, himself a reviewer, has said, the very worst books published of recent years are those which "combine high moral reflection, and even a certain slimy piety with foul and sensuous descriptions of evil." But on the other hand it is thought that the Archbishop might have taken account of the healthier side of present-day fiction, because there are so many novels that strike a high moral tone. The writer, whom we have already quoted, believes that at least ninety-nine out of every hundred of the novels are free from immorality. We hope this is true, for the writer ought to know, but mean-

which is the occasional book that gets wide advertisement and does incalculable harm. Any book that palliates wrong-doing and glorifies sin stands self-condemned, and should be avoided as mortal poison.

A Welcome Testimony

It is impossible for Canadians to be indifferent to the affairs of the great nation to the South of us, and much has been said of late in connection with the recent election of Dr. Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency that makes most interesting reading. In particular, a recent issue of the "New York Herald" contained an interview with Dr. John McDowell of Newark, N.J., who was a pupil and friend of Dr. Wilson when the latter was President of Princeton University. Dr. McDowell gave some recollections of Dr. Wilson which are well worth reproducing:—

"Dr. Wilson was always a welcome speaker at the college vesper service in the afternoon, and also at the students' Y.M.C.A. meetings Tuesday evenings. His whole influence as a professor was pronouncedly on the side of robust, evangelical Christianity. Then when Dr. Wilson became president his influence for religion increased in strength. Some of the most helpful memories of my college course gather about the prayers and baccalaureate sermons of Woodrow Wilson. All of these utterances were forceful in their nature and helpful in their influence. At the alumni prayer meetings of the Philadelphian Society, which is the college Y.M.C.A., one of the men we could always count on to be present was Dr. Wilson, then president. There on Sunday afternoons regularly, with a group of men about him, you could find Dr. Wilson on his knees in prayer for the university. When the question came up about abandoning the alumni prayer meeting because it was not largely attended it was at the urgent request of Dr. Wilson that this was not done."

We join in thankfulness to God that a man of this fine character should have been elected to be the head of the great nation of the United States.

The Lord's Coming

In connection with an appeal to set apart a day in October as one of prayer for the speedy return of our Lord, twelve churches in Denver, Colorado, employed a novel plan to call attention to what they had to say about "that blessed hope." They united in an advertisement in all the daily papers. In the centre was a large Cross, with texts on either side: "Behold He cometh"; "I will come again"; with the questions, Who? When? How? Why? And then the words, "Get the answer to-morrow at"—followed by the announcements of the services at the twelve churches. We are glad and thankful to know that two of the twelve were Episcopalian, one being St. John's Cathedral (Dean Hart), the other St. Stephen's, where Mr. O'Malley, a Canadian, is the rector. Of course there was criticism of these utterances but, singularly, not on the part of the secular press, but from other clergymen who were not in sympathy with such views. We understand that the results were large congregations, a very responsive hearing of the truth, and the gist of the sermons published on the following Monday morning in the Denver papers. The brethren who thus united in this splendid testimony have set a good example which might well be followed in several cities. Concentration of thought and effort on the Coming of the Lord will always bring blessing to preachers and hearers.

Politics in the Church

Dr. Denney, of Glasgow, speaking the other day, touched upon a point of importance not only in connection with his communion, but with others also:

"One of the minor reasons for which he would like to see Church Union was that it would get rid of political embarrassments in the Church, because it would bring all kinds of political opinions into one religious community in such strength that they would hold each other in check and command respect. He would not say that the United Free Church was too Liberal, but it was in danger of being too exclusively Liberal. He would not say that the Church of Scotland was too Conservative, but it was in danger of being too exclusively Conservative. That was bad for the politics of the country and bad for religion; but he believed that it would be good for both if all people were gathered together in one Church, and all kinds of politics came under the same Christian consecration."

While these words have reference to union between Scottish Churches they have a special application to one communion only, like our own. It is bad for any Church to be too exclusively of one or another political camp, bad for politics and bad for religion, and nothing but good can accrue if Churchmen recognize that a man can be a loyal Churchman whatever his political views may be. When people of all kinds of politics are gathered together in one religious communion the tendency will be to hold each other in check and elicit respect for one another's opinions. Dr. Denney's words seem to us to point clearly the true way for all Church people.

"O WORD OF GOD INCARNATE"

In the October number of the Toronto "University Monthly," Professor Macallum, writing on "The Origin of Life," remarks that "the man in the street does not believe in miracles. A religion that is based on miracles, or makes the belief in miracles a cardinal point in its creed, is certain in this modern day to fail to appeal to the average individual, scepticism is in the air he breathes, and a miracle is a stumbling-block in his path to religious belief." This is a very definite and unqualified statement. We wonder whether the use of the plural "miracles" might be changed to the singular "miracle," because at this season of the year we are reminded of the supreme miracle by which Christianity stands or falls, that of the Incarnation. Be this at it may, Christmastide is a fine opportunity of examining a dictum of this kind, and of putting it to the test. Taking the passage as it stands it would seem as though it involved the denial of the Incarnation, and therefore the miraculousness of Jesus Christ. For the moment we are not concerned with the specific idea of what is called the Virgin Birth, although even this is only stated in Scripture and is believed by the Church, because it accounts adequately for the uniqueness of the earthly life of our Lord. While the Virgin Birth is not strictly an evidence of Christ's Divine Person, but simply the New Testament explanation of the earthly origin and appearance of His Person, there can be no doubt that it is associated with that unique fact which is called the Incarnation. But we are quite content at present to concentrate attention upon the unique life, and therefore the standing miracle of the Person of Jesus Christ. Whenever this is denied the explanation is almost invariably due to the prevalence of belief in a doctrine of evolution, and this, it may be suspected, is at the foundation of Professor Macallum's words quoted above. Now whatever may be said of this doctrine in relation to natural and mental science, we are still altogether without proof that morality can be explained in terms of evolution, and, still more, that human self-consciousness and self-determination can be brought within its scope. Above

everything else, Jesus Christ cannot possibly be explained thereby, for the records of His life and influence prove that He was the great exception to this law, so that if evolution cannot account for His Personality as man we are in the presence of the miraculous, and on the historic Person of the Man Christ Jesus all non-miraculous theories are shattered. For us to-day the Person of Christ is the great miracle, and the true method of procedure is to argue from Christ to miracles rather than from miracles to Christ.

We are, therefore, not at all concerned with any abstract problem of the possibility of the miraculous, and such a question is really superfluous. We are faced with a supernatural Person, and the question whether He could, or did do supernatural works is after all not of the first importance. As a modern writer has aptly said, "The sinless Christ is as great a miracle as a Christ Who can walk on the water." We refuse, therefore, to depart from the fundamental question of the miraculous Person. Modern thought in its belief in the uniformity of nature has undoubtedly modified our conception of the supernatural, and we do not now believe that the supernatural is identical with the arbitrary or the unnatural. But if we rightly interpret Professor Macallum's view of the religion of "the man in the street" the demand for an absolute uniformity of nature would really exclude Christ Himself as supernatural, and would make His appearance in time nothing more than the outcome of natural evolutionary processes. Christianity, on the contrary, is a religion that is based on the miracle of the Person of Christ, and makes that miracle "a cardinal point in its creed." If thereby "it fails to appeal to the average individual" it cannot possibly help itself, because on this question no compromise is practicable. We really gain nothing by insisting upon the absolute uniformity of nature unless we are prepared to go further and deny the possibility of any Divine interposition which, while being neither arbitrary nor unnatural, should still be truly supernatural. Even though "scepticism is in the air" and "a miracle is a stumbling-block to religious belief," the question still remains, "What think ye of Christ?" If we allow the scientific doctrine of the uniformity and continuity of nature to block our way we shall come to the conclusion, not merely that separate miracles are impossible, but that a miraculous Christ is unthinkable. In reality Professor Macallum's dictum implies a decision on a priori grounds before the evidence is even looked at.

The Person of Christ is therefore the great miracle, and the issue cannot be evaded or avoided. Our Lord represents a Divine intervention on behalf of man at a particular moment of time in history, and on this point we take our stand. Amid all the differences of detail the whole Christian Church is at one in a belief that Jesus Christ was God manifest in humanity and under the conditions of time. When this is clearly seen the question of the number and character of miracles becomes quite secondary. Now no one can read the Gospels without drawing the conclusion that the writers fully believed that there was an extraordinary element in our Lord's life, that, as the Bishop of Ely has said, "There was conspicuously present in the Lord's life an element of activity transcending common experience." So the Person of Christ must be accounted for. His character as a Sinless Man is a miracle, and inasmuch as mind must have an organism by which to express itself there does not seem any valid reason for not accepting a physical miracle like the Virgin Birth. But we are quite content for the present purpose to concentrate attention on the uniqueness of the moral life of Jesus Christ and to challenge even "the man in the street" to account for Him. The ultimate decision will pretty certainly be made when we have settled the question as to what Jesus Christ came into the

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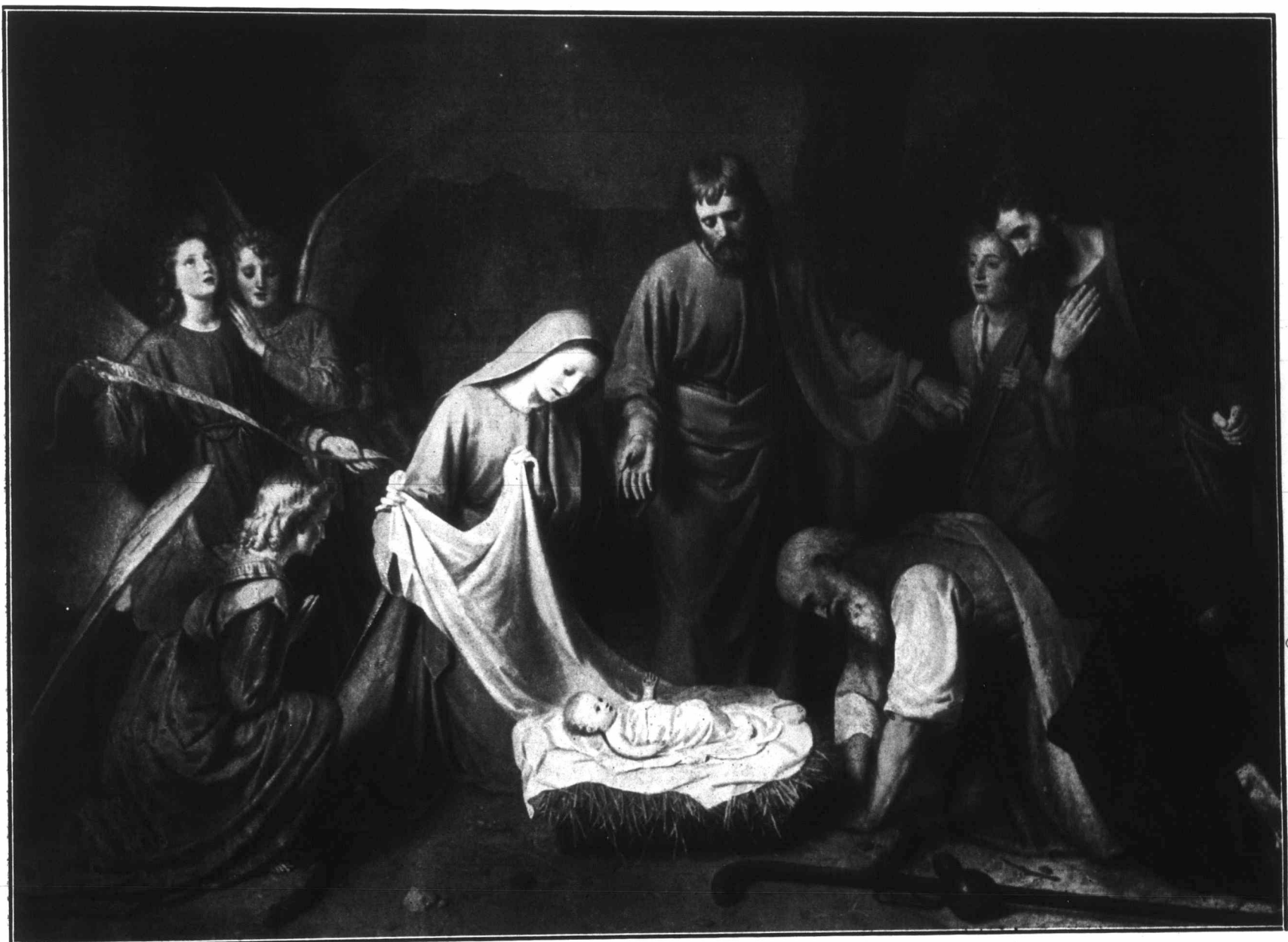
**THROUGH
MY STUDY WINDOW**

The Musings of "Criticus" on Passing Events

THE season of Christmas comes to an old and dying year, to a weary and sin-sick world, as a great rejuvenescence. It comes into our selfish and sordid life as a beam of sunlight, as a breath of spring comes into a dingy and infected room. The saddest, even the vilest hearts, receive a new baptism of joy and hope at its approach. It gives a wholesome stimulus to all that is best and purest in our social relations. It makes the hearts of little children to leap for joy. It fills the poor man's table with plenty. It gladdens the mother's heart by bringing home the absent son. Brightened itself by all sorts of social festi-

an abnegation of the spirit of Christmas, through a cultivation of the spirit of jealousy and strife; and it has been perpetuated for centuries by the same cause. Its course has been marked by outrage, war and massacre, and it is only being removed, like a malignant ulcer, by a bloody operation. Should not Christian Europe, at this time, bow its head in shame and repent in sackcloth and ashes because, through its unworthiness, the Crescent has so long replaced the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia, the first purely Christian city of the world has been for centuries the stronghold of the false prophet and the fairest lands of three continents, including the Holy Land, have been wasted and polluted by the unholy hand of the infidel? The regions, to our shame be it spoken, where the gospel of purity and peace was first proclaimed by angels and apostles, and the Lord Himself, have been

And national life is only the aggregate of the life of the individuals that compose it and nations go to war because of the spirit of ambition or hatred that exists in all the classes of which they are made up. How far removed are we not still from the spirit of the Christ Child, that spirit that thinketh no evil and endureth all things? We find everywhere, e.g., a bitter spirit of hostility between capital and labour. That which God, in the order of nature, has joined together, the selfishness and greed of man have put asunder. Capital is a great power that might very well be enlisted in the cause of beneficence. It is actually, to a large extent, at least, a malignant agent sewing the interests of greed and oppression. Employers of labour are oft n more concerned with their profits than with the welfare of their employees. And by a natural rebound this is met by a spirit of envy and bitterness on the part of



The Canadian Churchman.

The Nativity.

tivities, it gives a moving invitation to the Table of the Lord. It is marked by overflowing human kindness and an interchange of friendly tokens and greetings. It cements friendships and disarms enmities. It breathes the atmosphere of joy and peace, as a prophecy of the good time coming when this old and weary world will give place to a new heaven and a new earth, where there will be fullness of joy for evermore. The old year, the old world, the old heart renew their youth at Christmas.

Surely the blessed angels who came, on the first Christmas morning, to proclaim peace on earth and good will toward men, must find this an inauspicious time in which to renew their visit. We are witnessing, it is true, the removal of an enormity from the face of Christendom by the downfall of the Turkish power in Europe. But that enormity only became possible through

for a millennium the scene of nameless outrage and ruthless war. How can the blessed angels unfold their wings and return to such a scene and sing the song of peace on earth and good will to men! And, like a malignant ulcer, the evil has spread far and wide over the whole of Christian Europe. Churches, it is true, dot the land. Bells everywhere sound their call to worship the Prince of Peace. The youngest child rejoices to lisp the story of Christmas. And yet everywhere barracks counterbalance churches and the blare of trumpets drowns the sound of chimes. Nations are looking daggers at one another. Mysterious airships are seen hovering over the coasts of England like portents in the sky. Europe is an armed camp and trembles as if sitting on a powder magazine. Is there no angel in the sky to breathe upon us the spirit of Christmas and to sing afresh to us the song of peace and good will?

trades unions. Are not these two elements that should work together for the common good too often arrayed against one another in deadly strife? The great centres of our civilization and Christianity are largely represented by Dives who clothes himself in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, and Lazarus who lies at his gate hungry and full of sores. Inordinate indulgence and pride find their counterpart in grinding poverty that breeds envy, malice and all uncharitableness. Our drawing rooms are the meeting place of culture and refinement and the sphere where the gentler sex should display all the amenities of social intercourse. Is not the stock in trade of afternoon tea conversation too often the character and conduct of our neighbours, and while we roll off honeyed words from our tongues, is not the poison of asps too often under our lips? And are not wounds inflicted on character, often more deadly than the sabre of the

dragoon or the knife of the assassin? Is not our whole public life a fierce battlefield? Read the discussions in our parliaments, our city councils, and our newspapers. Are they not too often manifestations of an evil spirit that distorts the best of actions and imputes the worst of motives? And are they not too often met by merciless retaliations, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth? Are not Liberals and Conservatives too often hostile factions that vie with one another in abusing one another rather than in promoting the public welfare? Is not ruthless competition the principle that is frankly adopted as the rule of business life? Is not brazen self-assertion written large over all our advertisements? Does not the survival of the fittest often mean the ruin of the best? Is it not often thought clever to adopt unscrupulous methods to undersell competitors and make victims of customers? In all this where is there room for meekness, brotherliness and goodwill? The clerical profession is the great spiritual brotherhood that is banded together to give effect to the spirit of love, to proclaim the love of God to man and the consequent love of man to his neighbour. Do the clergy always display even towards one another the spirit of meekness, gentleness and forbearance? Do they always rejoice in one another's success and grieve over one another's failures? Congrega-

tions are assemblies of the faithful, that meet together to provoke one another to love and good works. Do we always treat one another as belonging to the inner circle of the faith? Do we receive our clergy as messengers of God and stewards of divine mysteries? Do we always uphold their hands in generous appreciation and earnest prayer? It is to be feared that in all these respects we are still far from the millennium, we have assimilated only in a small measure the spirit of the Child Jesus.

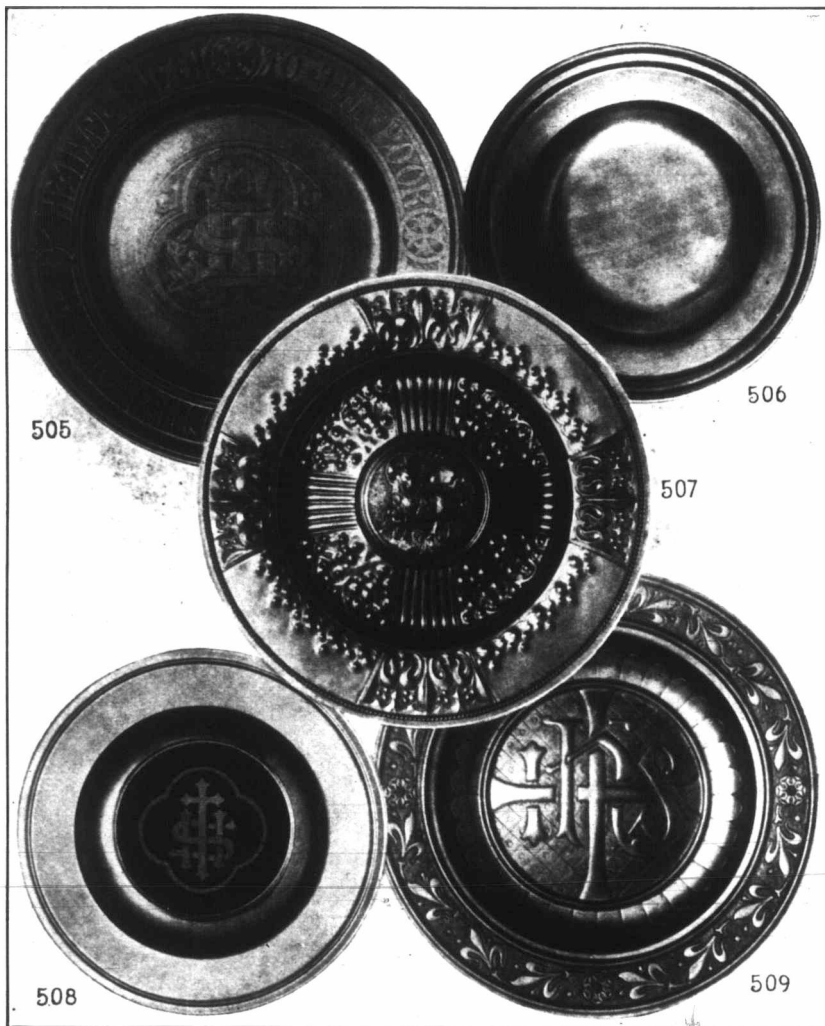
But, thanks be to God, Christmas is once more at hand with its call to newness of life and with its glad tidings of great joy in the birth of the Divine Child. Around that sacred cradle may all hatred and evil cease, and may peace and good will abound. In all our social reunions may He be a welcome guest. In all our festive rejoicings may He be the Master of the feast. And while He is present with us in the family circle may we, as members of His spiritual family, the Church, not be absent from His holy house and His holy table on Christmas Day. May we, with the Shepherds of Bethlehem, go and see this thing which is come to pass and, like them, when we have seen it, make it known abroad, that all who hear it may wonder and worship. Then once again will the heavens be opened over an old life, an old

world, and we shall hear the angels' wings, and the saddest and the sweetest music will be united by the music of praise to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will towards men." Criticus.

"THE WORD OF GOD INCARNATE."

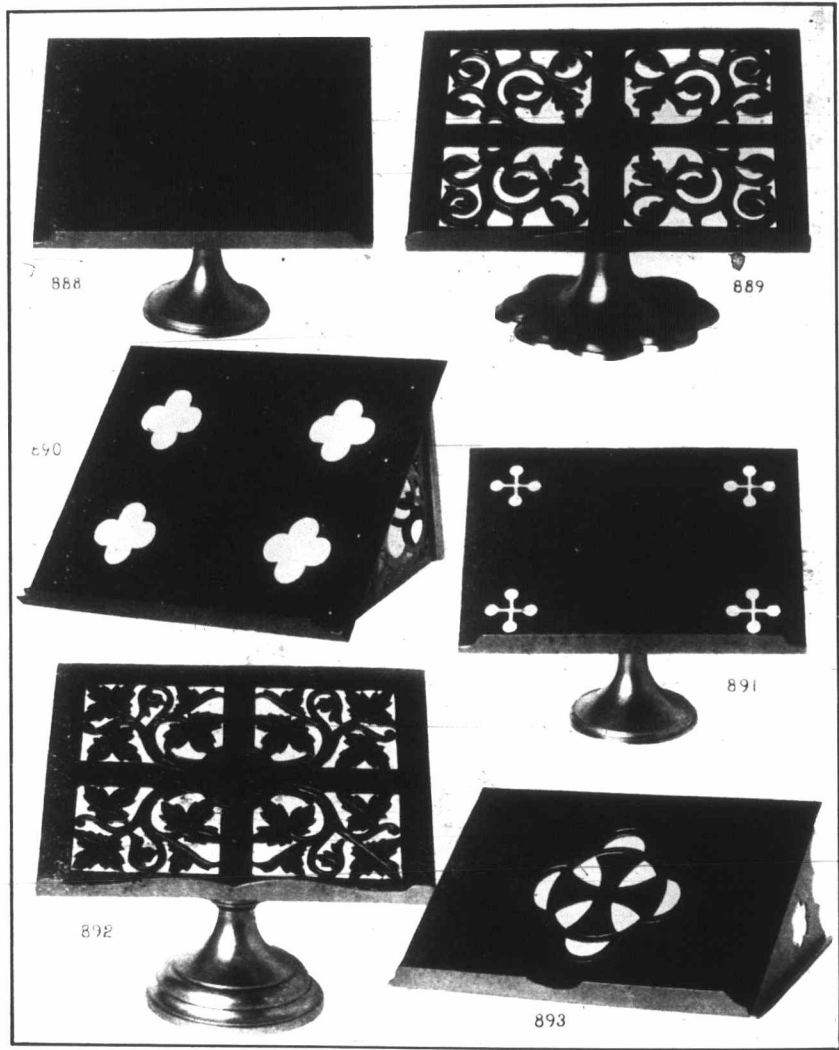
(Continued from page 758.)

would do. If His history is only that of one of the world's great teachers, then the miraculous element may perhaps be set aside, though even here in connection with the teaching of Christ there are problems which "the man in the street" has to face. But if there is such a thing as sin in the world we may be perfectly sure that a Divine Incarnation is absolutely essential, for no one but a Divine Sinless Redeemer can cope with it. Face to face with all that we know of Jesus Christ in the story of the Gospels, in the records of the New Testament, in the experiences of the Church throughout all ages, and in the marvellous influence that He has wielded over human thought and life, we still hold with absolute confidence and ever-increasing thankfulness to the words of the Apostle, "God manifest in the flesh," which is expressed in the ancient belief of the Church Universal that He was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."



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ETCETERA

This column is intended specially for laymen and laywomen, and communications of interest to the life and work of the Laity in our Church will be welcomed, addressed to "Laicus," at the Office.

IN the course of a review of a political biography, the reviewer, speaking of the subject of the biography, writes as follows:—

The cause of failure is not far to seek. He was a political egoist, who played the game for his own hand. . . . "Great minds," said Disraeli, "must trust to great truths and great talents for their rise, and nothing else."

This may or may not be true criticism of the person referred to, but it contains a great truth for all Christian workers. When a man or woman is tempted to be an ecclesiastical or social egoist who "plays for his own hand" instead of working for the glory of God and the good of men the inevitable result will be spiritual failure and, it may be, disaster. There are men to-day in the churches with insignificant intellectual power and few social gifts, and yet because they have no ulterior object, but only a supreme devotion to the will of God, they are greatly used of Him. On the other hand it is possible for men to possess great gifts and yet not to be used of God, men who are stale in speaking and writing, and powerless in personal work. The desire to excel, and to be first, and to have a great reputation tends to eat out the life of the Spirit. In the case of the subject of the biography now alluded to, the biographer says that "he rated his own powers and consequent responsibilities too high," and the outcome was failure and disappointment. And with Christian workers who make the same mistake, the result will be spiritual loss, unutterable sadness, and possibly even humiliation.

We came across the following lines some time ago:—

"The old squire said, as he stood by his gate,
And his neighbour, the deacon, went by;
In spite of my bank stock and real estate,
You are better off, deacon, than I.

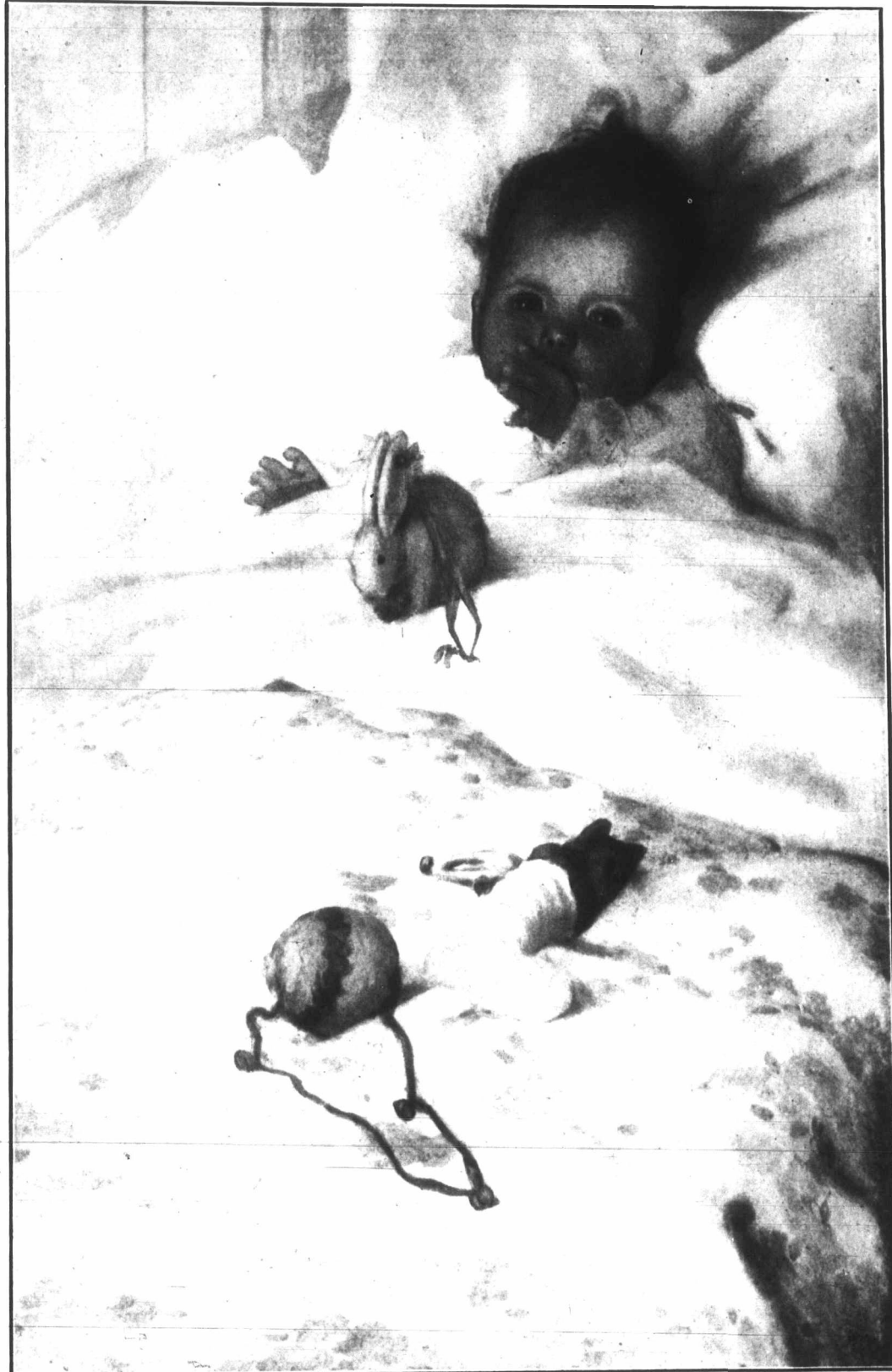
We're both growing old, the end's drawing near,

You have less of this world to resign;
But in Heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,
Will reckon up greater than mine.

They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so poor,
I wish I could swap with you even;
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store,
For the shilling and pence you have given.

Well, squire, said the deacon, with shrewd common sense,

While his eye had a twinkle of fun;
Let your pounds go the way of my shillings and pence,
And the thing can be evenly done."



The Canadian Churchman. **Baby's First Christmas.**

William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature at Yale, was discussing at a dinner in New Haven, the significance of words. "Some words," he said, "have a history, and a knowledge of their history gives them a richer meaning. Take, for example, the word 'laconic.' Philip of Macedon was threatening the Laconians. 'If I enter your city,' he said, 'I will level it to the dust!' 'If!' was the Laconians' reply. And the pointed brevity of that reply is embedded in our word 'laconic' like a fly in amber."

When the Centenary of David Livingstone's birth is celebrated next March, there will be no one to whom it can mean quite so much as to an alert, active octogenarian, who lives at Sevenoaks, England. Sir John Kirk (there are two of this name) is the only man living who went with Livingstone through the thick of his wonderful work in "Darkest Africa." He alone can tell from personal observation how the great explorer faced danger. Livingstone is still a hero to him. "A man," he exclaims, "of splendid simplicity

and singleness of purpose! That is how I remember him. He had only one aim—to help the native races to a higher existence. Fame and money were nothing to him. He firmly believed that civilization was a grand thing for all men, and the conception of exploiting the weaker peoples of the world for the benefit of the stronger (which seems to have taken hold lately in some quarters) would have filled him with abhorrence.

W. C. Pearce, Secretary of the Adult Bible Class Department of the International Sunday-School Committee, remarked recently to a company of Bible Class workers that he sometimes bowed his head at his desk and prayed, "Lord, keep me from getting lost in my own machinery."

A great deal of interest has naturally been shown in the Prince of Wales, who is just finishing his first term as an Undergraduate in Oxford. A story is told of the little Prince, that when he was eleven, his grandfather, King Edward, who was very fond of his eldest grandson, and liked talking to him, asked him what he was studying in his history lesson. "Oh," was the reply, "all about Perkin Warbeck." "Who was Perkin Warbeck?" asked the King. "He pretended," said the young Prince, "that he was the son of a King. But he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents."

Laicus.

The life of Jesus was an active life. He would have His followers devote their lives to such activities as talent and opportunity render possible and advisable. Here again consecration to the highest ideals of the Master's life should dominate. He would have us not only perform useful service and do good; but so throw ourselves into the work we do and so strive to accomplish that which needs to be accomplished that the measure of our achievements shall be the full measure of possibilities under the circumstances that surround us.—Selected.

Christmas Before Christ



By HENRY J. MARKLAND

THE ANCIENT WINTER FESTIVALS OF THE JEWS, THE ROMANS, THE CELTS, AND OTHER RACES.
FROM WHOSE RITES AND CUSTOMS MOST OF OUR CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS ARE DERIVED

AGES and ages ago, perhaps a hundred centuries or more, when human beings began to record the facts of the physical world, they noted that there was a definite season at which the short days of winter began to lengthen, and the long, grim nights to grow more brief. This was the time of the winter solstice, in December, when the sun turns in its apparent course among the stars, and seems slowly to return, with its radiant light and vivifying heat. And although, as the old weather maxim has it, "When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," men knew that the power of stern winter had been broken, and that soon would come the springtime, thrilling the earth with new life, causing the seed to swell and the buds to burgeon, and suffusing all created things with the fresh joy of vigorous youth.

All over the world, then, this moment of transition was watched for eagerly; and when it came it was welcomed with merrymaking and with a sort of symbolism which belonged to the nature-worship of the primitive peoples—east, west, north, and south alike. These peoples had, in most instances, no knowledge of one another, yet they all had marked the time when the life of the world was about to be renewed.

Thus the Jews, on what is now December 25, held their great feast of Hanukkah, the Festival of the Lights, every house or hut or tent blazing with rude torches or clustered lamps. These were meant to welcome the renewal of light and heat from the returning sun, and the custom goes back farther than recorded history. Its early significance became in part forgotten, so that in the second century before Christ it was revived and made to have a new significance; yet it is really the infinitely ancient greeting to the sun.

In much the same way the Egyptians celebrated the same season, and it is a curious and interesting fact that they chose for its symbol a newborn child, since at that time another year was born, and it was the period when Nature began to give birth to the new plants and grain and blossoms.

In the Northern Forests.—In the remote north and west, where the winter was far more terrible and stern, the first token of its decline was hailed with wilder joy. In the black Scandinavian forests great fires were kindled, fed with mighty trunks of pine and spruce, until the flames shot far up into the heavens, defying the Frost King and hailing his approaching downfall. Around these roaring seas of billowy flame gathered the savage, bearded Northmen, basking in the ruddy warmth, quaffing great horns of mead and ale, calling with hoarse voices on their barbaric gods, and clashing their rude weapons; for the time was coming when the ice in the fjords would melt, when the serpent-shaped boats could again be launched, and when the vikings could glide out to slay the monsters of the sea, or to fight and to plunder and ravage the abodes of other men.

But on the night that was longest, just before the great flaming wheel of the sun turned backward once again, and when the Yule logs were made ready to flare out, a terror, strange and sinister, took possession of the timid. Men and women and children whispered to one another that on this night there were many who suddenly put off their human forms and were changed into werewolves, fierce, ravening, and thirsting for blood; and that these dreadful creatures roamed in the forest glades until the rising of the sun of the new year. In this belief we see, perhaps,

only another symbol—that of the transformation of the season—of which we shall find many more.

The Weird Rites of the Druids.—Strange and weird and awe-inspiring was the December ceremonial among the Celtic peoples of western Europe, and most of all in the rites of the Druids, who observed this period of the winter solstice in their great roofless temples at Stonehenge and Avebury, in Britain. In them, torches blazed at night, and mysterious ceremonies accompanied the cutting of the sacred mistletoe, which symbolized the continuance of life, and of the means of life, throughout the winter.

But far more wonderful must have been the scene at Carnac, on the coast of Brittany, the seat of the Druidic worship among the Gauls. Human eyes have never gazed upon a stranger sight than this marvellous sanctuary, with its thousands of huge white columns, all massive monoliths, grouped in three great avenues like the aisles of a vast cathedral, uncovered and not enclosed by walls, rearing their forest of stone upward to the frosty heavens. Amid all this maze of mystic pillars, the flames of countless fires glared at night, as the Druids, crowned with chaplets of green, moved in their imposing procession. At a distance, the uninitiated gazed with awe upon the spectacle, perceiving on the cliffs the frantic figures of the Druidesses, their hair streaming in a sort of fiery mist, as they waved their torches wildly and shrieked out cabalistic words and litanies, while the myriad pillars echoed to the fearful chanting of the Druids. Here was, indeed, an awful precursor of the Christmas that we know—a heathen Christmas before Christ, kept by tall, skin-clad savages, on whose volcanic passions a check was placed only by the reputed magic powers of their mysterious priests.

Rome's Great Winter Holiday.—But closer far to our Christmas was that riotous holiday which the Romans knew under the name of Saturnalia, and in which were merged two other festivals, the Brumalia and the Juvenalia, so that finally not a single day, but the entire period from the 10th of December to the early part of January, was given up to revelry. No one can tell—the Romans themselves had quite forgotten it—just how the custom of the Saturnalia began. It was older than their recorded history, and it lasted until it passed under the purifying influence of Christianity and became the Christmas cycle of the Middle Ages.

In name, of course, it was a feast in honour of the old Italic deity Saturnus, who, according to tradition, taught the art of agriculture to the rude inhabitants of Italy. In reality, like the Egyptian and Jewish and German and Celtic feasts, it was a welcome to the coming of the sun and to the first stirrings of the vernal, germinating impulse in the earth. On the evening of the 10th of December—corresponding roughly to our Christmas Eve—a pontiff took his place before Saturn's temple, and exclaimed with a sonorous voice:

"Saturnalia! Io, Saturnalia!"

The cry was taken up by thousands, and was repeated exultantly throughout the Forum and along the Sacred Way. It flew from mouth to mouth until all Rome was ringing with the shout of "Io, Saturnalia!"

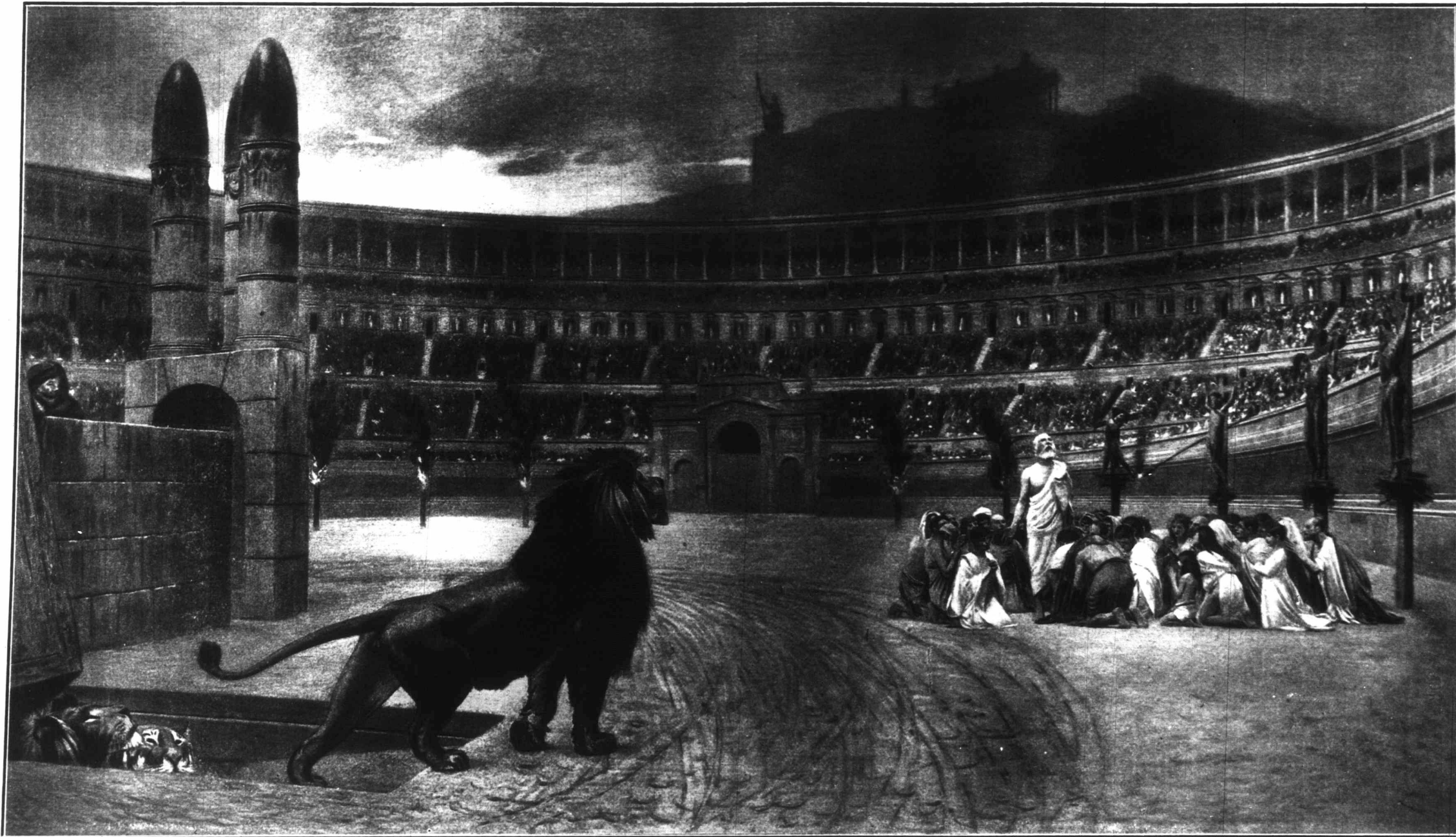
A Day of Social License.—Then, just as the earth was soon to be freed from the bonds of winter, so the fetters of convention were relaxed among the Roman people. No man could be convicted of a crime, for the courts were closed. No man could be punished for a crime, for to punish

was to be polluted. The slaves who swarmed in Rome put upon their heads the cap of liberty and mocked their masters with impunity. Burly Germans and sleek Cilicians invaded the beautiful dining-halls, and, sprawling upon the couches, ordered up the choicest vintages of the Greek islands, gulping down the perfumed wines as these were poured from the smoky amphoras. No one checked their license. If the master entered, he was roughly bidden to serve the men whom at any other time he might order to be lashed or branded, or even burned alive. Drink-inflamed revellers would often tear the togas from the Roman gentlemen of the family, and swathe themselves in the white folds of the stately garments, hiccuping out ribald songs and insults without the slightest fear of punishment.

The cleverer Greek slaves would find their fun in a way less gross but possibly still more irritating to their Roman owners. Gathering together, they would go through the form of electing new officers and magistrates from among themselves—consuls—pretors, prefects, ediles, pontiffs, and the rest. Then these mock officials would go forth with the badges of their rank and wittily burlesque the real magistrates with every kind of grotesque exaggeration, to the intense delight of the crowds who watched them. The pomposity of one high officer, the meanness of another, the personal peculiarities of still another, would be held up to universal ridicule by these mischievous and impudent creatures; for the Saturnalia gave them license to do and say just what they pleased. For the time, master was slave and slave was master. Society was turned upside down.

Among the free-born Romans the celebration was somewhat less boisterous, and was marked by many a custom which has been perpetuated in our own Christmas usages. The giving of presents was as universal then as now, but with the sensible restriction that they should never be expensive. At one time the modern plague of elaborate giving appeared at Rome, but it was checked by a sumptuary law; and after that, if any one received a very costly present, he was not allowed to keep it, but must sell it at auction to the highest bidder. The proceeds of the sale went into the treasury of the temple of Saturn. Therefore, gifts were simple and inexpensive—a jar of olives, a box of toothpicks, a few napkins, a crock of jellied fish, a lacerna or short cloak, some sweetmeats made of honey and cheese, and other things of the same character. Most common, however, as a present at the Saturnalia were thick wax candles, thousands of which were exchanged by friends and lighted in a general illumination.

Banquets of the Saturnalia.—Late in the afternoon began the revels, which were held in every large household. All formality was dispensed with. The guests reclined on whatever couch each might select, ignoring all precedence. They ate of each course as often as they liked, and no course was removed until all present voted that they had had enough of it. Drinking went on at pleasure. Every one called for what he wanted, from the costly Chian wines of Greece, slightly dashed with salt, to the strong Massic and Falernian vintages of Italy. The dishes were as various as the wines. Oysters and snails, game pies, anchovies, every kind of fish, granules of pork, and dormice broiled upon the embers, meats hot with mustard, larks, pheasants, guinea-fowl, and deviled eggs—the abundance would have matched the most lavish Christmas cheer of later medieval times.



The Canadian Churchman.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS

CHRISTIANITY IS THE GREATEST FACT IN HISTORY. THE EARLY CHRISTIANS ENDURED MARTYRDOM RATHER THAN FORSAKE PRINCIPLE. 87,000 EAGER SPECTATORS IN THE COLISEUM AT ROME WITNESS THE CHRISTIANS GIVEN TO THE LIONS

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As the guests became gorged with the rich food and flushed with wine, they chose a master of the feast, or "king," whose duty was to contrive amusement, and whose orders every person present was bound to carry out, no matter how absurd they were. At the command of the "king," there trooped in acrobats, and Spanish dancing-girls, Ionian flute-players, and clowns, each set doing a "turn" for the enjoyment of the company.

Finally, the "king" would give the most extravagant commands to his temporary subjects. The oldest and most dignified person present would be made to dance on the dining-table and sing the latest popular song. Another was ordered to pick up a flute-girl and carry her three times around the house. Still another would receive a whispered command to walk up to some prominent senator who was there and insult him grossly. Others were forced to drink beakers of brine, or to have a jar of wine poured down their backs, or to be plunged in the water of the cisterna in the adjacent conservatory.

As the night wore on, the fun grew fast and furious. The pungent smoke of the lamps thickened the air, and the fumes of wine mingled with it. The feast became an orgy, with a pandemonium of shouts and songs, of chinking dice, and of dishes falling on the marble floor. The scenes enacted here, when the drunken slaves came in and climbed upon the couches with their masters, have given a dark significance to the very name of Saturnalia.

The Advent of Christianity.—When Christianity first made its influence felt in Italy, and, later, over the entire world, it took these heathen rites and ceremonies and consecrated them to its own beneficent and noble ends. The old festival of the winter solstice had been meant to mark the beginning of a new life for the material world. It was now to mark and glorify the opening of a new life of the spirit.

From the first, the Western or Roman Church commemorated the birth of Christ during the last week of each December. The Eastern or Greek Church, for a while, had no fixed date for this observance; but Pope Julius I. (337-352) convoked a body of the most learned men of both great churches, and they declared December 25 to be the natal day of the Saviour. It was the day, as has been said, of the Jewish Feast of Lights; and it now, by slow degrees, combined all the most striking customs of the different races in their welcome to the turning sun.

Common to all were the Christmas candles, bonfires, and torches, now symbolizing the Light of the World. From the Northmen came the great Yule logs. From the Druids came the sprays of pine and evergreen, the mistletoe, and the holly; while the huge sirloin of beef, which was once a part of England's Christmas merry-making, recalls the Druidical sacrifice of bulls. From the Romans came the joyous salutation, "Merry Christmas" (to Saturnalia), the exchange of gifts, the feasting, and the Christmas carols; for these last were written and first sung together with the so-called "manger-songs," to take the place of hymns to heathen gods. The so-called "mummings" which developed into the "masques" of the sixteenth century were a reminiscence of the travesties in which the Roman slaves indulged. The Egyptian mysticism was recalled in the fact that our Christmas is, before all else, a holiday and festival for children.

Some of the coarser features of the Roman Saturnalia died hard, although they finally became innocuously absurd. The practice of the slaves in burlesquing their masters and in travestyng the officials of the state crops up in the practice of certain churches which had for Christmas Day a peculiar ritual of their own. After mass had been celebrated, the priest would turn to his congregation and bray three times. The people brayed responsively, and then flocked into

the chancel, where they elected a Pope of Nonsense, a Cardinal of Folly, an Abbot of Unreason, and other burlesque dignitaries. Then began a mock service, in which the vestments were worn inside out, and the missals and breviaries turned upside down, and the prayers said backward.

In France and England the Christmas revels of the gentry long resembled the Saturnalian banquets of the wealthy Romans. The "king" of the latter appears as the Lord of Misrule among the former; and the wild license of heathenism long endured in Christian lands.

Yet in the end, the church, in raising the ideals of humanity, swept away those lingering traces of excess which still survived. In nothing else is the continuing, persistent influence of Christianity more surely illustrated than in its transformation of the Christmas before Christ into the Christmas which is Christ's alone. The superstition of the Egyptians, the savagery of the Northern peoples, the frantic and bloody practices of the Druids, and the grossness of the Romans, have all been purified and touched, as it were, with grace and beauty; so that there remains a festival of harmless mirth, of light and colour, of song and melody, of good-will and of peace, and through it all the happy innocence of children's laughter.

We are too ready to listen to the word of the Lord without seeking to prepare His way. We are satisfied with the personal comfort of our God; we are contented to be forgiven and left alone. But the word of God will not leave us alone, and not for comfort only is it spoken. On the back of the voice which sets our heart right with God, comes the voice to set the world right, and no man is godly who has not heard both.—George Adam Smith.

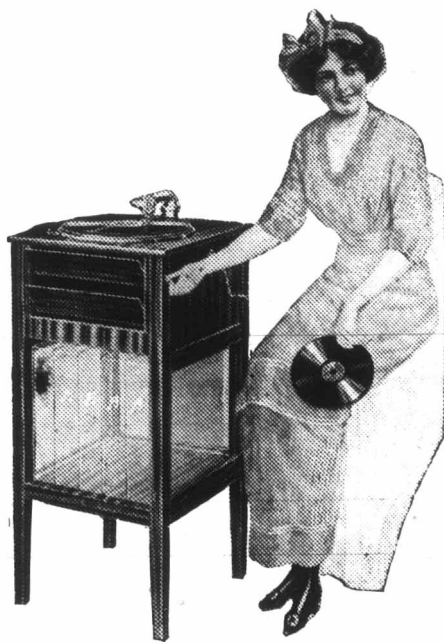
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THE MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE SANTA CLAUS —

THE head of the firm of Pendleton Brothers, real estate agents, looked impatiently from his office window out into the whirling snowstorm. He was not in the best of tempers, and every boy in the great Broadway building scampered a little faster when he came to the glass door that shut Pendleton Brothers away from the rest of their fellowmen.

This was no unusual occurrence, for "Pendleton Old Man," as the office boys called him, was never amiable; he was only sometimes a little less disagreeable than people expected him to be. When he was particularly angry, he usually flung open the door, attacked any one within reach, and continued his tirade until even the cat slunk away discouraged.

"Guess the old man's a leetle nervous," the janitor was wont to remark calmly, on these

When he reached Delancey Street, in which one of his rich clients was buying property, he had cooled off somewhat, perhaps owing to the snow that lay thickly on hat and overcoat. He had not remembered his umbrella.

Delancey Street was full of ash-cans, push-carts, half-clad children, and women with babies wrapped in shawls. Delancey Street was above, or below, considerations of weather. Mr. Pendleton was interested in spite of himself. Old New Yorker as he was, Delancey Street was new to him. This side of life he had read of, but he belonged to the half that lived differently. He had not realized that there were so many children in the whole city.

Turning about, he found himself followed by a crowd of small boys, several of whom, their hands in the holes where the pockets used to be, were strutting along in comical imitation of his own military bearing. One look at his face caused two or three to burst into a shout:—

"Santy Claus, Santy Claus! It's Santy Claus hisself!"

Johnnie Gwinn calmly disregarded the taunt, save that he thrust a derisive tongue in his cheek, and constituted himself Santa Claus' guardian angel on the other side, from which sheltered vantage-ground he administered sly kicks to his tormentor.

Their progress was slow, and the red-postered ash-can spilled all its discouraging contents over the sidewalk in the skirmish. Old cabbage leaves, banana skins, and celery tops made dangerous going for one who chose to be fastidious; but picking his way, with new laughter that warmed his heart, Mr. Pendleton, transformed into a snow-image, climbed the precipitous stairs, falling over pails and brooms, used on Delancey Street solely for purposes of ornament. He was half-pushed, half-pulled into a dingy front room, where an astonished woman backed off with an air of defiance, catching up a stray chair, not unused to this mission, for the laudable aim of self-defense.

Mr. Pendleton was embarrassed.



The Canadian Churchman.

Holy Communion on the Veldt.

From *The Graphic*.

occasions, in a voice of compassion. Thereupon the head of the firm glared fiercely, retreated, and banged the door.

It had gone on so long that it had ceased to be surprising, or exciting, or dreadful. This morning the explosion had been worse than usual, and the janitor discussed the matter with Mr. Pendleton's coachman, who reported a lame horse and a grazed carriage as the causes of the present little difficulty.

"He's got to go to Delancey Street," remarked the coachman, "and he's got to go in a car, and I'm thankful fur it. Seems like he's uglier 'long toward Christmas than any time of year; it makes him mad to see other people enjoying themselves."

Mr. Pendleton's face as he boarded a cable car was proof positive of the truth of the coachman's statement. He wore a huge frown, and snapped up the conductor so sharply that the man retorted, and everybody had to wait until the dispute was settled. The frown, the voice, the manner, accorded ill with the snow-white hair, the heavy white beard and moustache, and the erect, gentlemanly figure.

This was followed by more eager voices:—

"Hi, Santy! I seen you uptown in a big show-window!"

"Say, old gent, w'ere's your Chris'mus presents?"

"Are you comin' to my house?"

"I live with Billie Magee—there where the ash-can is, what's got a red poster on!"

Amazement, incredulity, incomprehension, anger, amusement, and something approaching good-humour, chased each other over Santa Claus' features. He laughed outright—he, "Pendleton Old Man," who had all but forgotten how his own laugh sounded.

"I'm looking for 201," he said, smiling; "can anybody tell me where it is?"

"That's my house!" screamed the ragged little chap who lived "with Billie Magee."

"And it's lots of us fellows' house, too. There's forty of us kids in Magee's."

"You've struck it right now, Santy," said one hatless youngster, approvingly. "You come along o' me. Don't faze yourself none with Johnnie Gwinn. I licked him yistiddy, and he hain't forgot it—have you, Carrots?"

"Be seated, madam," he stammered, with instinctive courtesy toward a woman, removing his snow-covered hat and revealing his snow-crowned head.

This was greeted with a yell of joy from the clamouring crowd, who called loudly for Billie Magee. A small, sickly man came creeping out of a dark bedroom, blinking at the light, and exclaiming, impatiently:—

"Arrah, byes, what's up wid yez? Lave the owld gint alone; he aisy now!"

A torrent of explanations nearly overwhelmed him, but, singling out Johnnie Gwinn, he bade the rest keep still. Mr. Pendleton was so intent upon his new acquaintances and their remarkable language and behaviour that his own errand had quite slipped his mind. Johnnie, nothing daunted, stood forth.

"Me an' dese other kids," he began, "was up to Macy's yistiddy, an' we seen dis vere old gent in de windy a-givin' away Chris'mus presents; but he didn't give us none, so he come down here, an' axed w'ere we lived, an' he's

(Concluded on Page 778).

CHRISTMAS IN NEW ZEALAND

By ALICE GRIFFITH THOMAS

WHAT is Christmas in New Zealand like? Well, it is certainly unlike Christmas in the Northern Hemisphere. How could it be otherwise with a hot midsummer sun, the buzz of the mosquito, the strong, pervasive scent of sweet briar hedges, and, above all, the heated, dazzling air? My fourth Christmas Day in that so-called "Brighter Britain" brought me no more vivid realization of the day than did my first one. People who had been in the colony for years would remark: "Yes, but it's not like Christmas in the Old Country." And most decidedly it was not. The English letters and parcels marked, "To be opened on Christmas Day," which had been carefully placed at the bedside overnight, brought Christmas greetings and good wishes. But, alas! letters were five or six weeks old, and, being written in November, how could the writers give them the true Christmassy flavour? Christmas plans were hardly formed so early. "I think," or "I expect I shall be there for my Christmas," gave only the most meagre information for the imagination to work on. Then, again: "When you read this we shall probably be at seven o'clock dinner. Will you have breakfasted, I wonder?" But the Christmas cards and their messages? Yes, these undoubtedly do help, and the new books, published so recently, bring pleasure in the thought of happy hours to be spent in their perusal.

After family prayers, breakfast is taken amid a merry company of young people, and arrangements are made for our six miles' journey to our noon dinner, for which we have received invitations from some Scottish friends. After presents and breakfast are settled, the open air is sought and the shady verandah and garden are enjoyed. An early Church service is held so as to allow people to go off to picnics and other excursions. My host, a Presbyterian, is the only resident minister of the village, and one misses the liturgy and Christmas hymns. The one Christmas hymn sung carries the thoughts homewards to the land we love.

After the service we prepare for our horse-ride or a seat in the buggy. If the former, a riding-skirt over the thin muslin dress is donned, and a straw hat with a puggaree is added. What a merry party we are, and how refreshing is the passage through the air as our horses canter along! What greetings as we pass other family parties on our way! Some are off to friends, others to the beach, ten miles distant, and others to the beautiful bush. What good things are stowed away in all those baskets and dangling cans on the pack-horses! What happy faces as we call out, "A Merry

GREETINGS

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Christmas!" What a strange, unseasonable wish it seems to one accustomed to so different a Xmas.

Our destination is a house situated on a breezy plateau, with a garden and orchard on its slopes, and fields of sheep in every direction beyond. A charming old lady is our hostess, whose Christian life and bearing give tone to the household. But there, I must not linger to describe or lose myself in reminiscences. Of course, we must valiantly eat the regulation Christmas dinner of turkey and plum pudding, however much we may wish for colder viands, for are we not celebrating in the gold old way of the Homeland? We have no ice cream as in Canadian hot weather, no ice cold water. How thankfully we escape after hot coffee to the orchard, where we take our dessert from the gooseberry bushes and strawberry plants. Oh, how hot it is, even in the thinnest of dresses! What a joy to throw ourselves down on the cool grass and close the eyes and woo sleep. Alas! for the spirit of mischief inherent in most human beings! That is not a splash of rain which alights on the nose, but a ripe gooseberry, thrown with sure aim by one who desires attention to the propounding of conundrums. It is so delicious to lie still and think of the dear ones in England, who, by this time, are fast asleep, with Christmas Day over and the 26th already with them. But no dreaming is allowed, for are we not all to contribute to the jollity of the day? By-and-by the big bell is rung on the lawn to call us in to tea. This we have in the cool drawing-room, with the French windows open to catch the breeze. Our tea is drunk from a rare old tea service, which our hostess is ready to sacrifice for the sum of £12 on behalf of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. I fear it was something of a satisfaction to find the tea service still in the house on all my subsequent visits.

After tea we have hymn singing. The men who are engaged on the sheep farm join us for this, and the clergyman guest from Scotland gives us a beautiful address, which touches our hearts anew with "The Old, Old Story of Jesus and His Love."

Soon horses have to be caught and riding-skirts are donned. Our "good-byes" are said and thanks expressed for our happy day, and off we go in the cooler evening air. But before we reach the manse our happiness is clouded, for we meet the party returning from the beach, who have a disquieting tale to tell. A little lad of five has been left behind. The father and mother had each the impression that the child was with the other. Some of the men had returned to the beach to search for the little fellow. As we reached the manse daylight quickly failed, for in that latitude there is no twilight, and we wondered whether the men had reached the seashore, and with what success. Soon, we had gathered for family prayer, and, needless to add, "the lost child" took up a large part of the petitions. As we retired our thoughts flew—not to the Homeland and Christmas there—but to that lonely, pathetic, little figure on that desolate sandy waste, and our prayers ascended to the Lord Who loves the little ones that this child should be kept safely. Thus, we could have no room or thought for homesickness.

How the search was continued for more than forty-eight hours, and how the child turned up after all search had been abandoned, is quite another story. Suffice it to say, that our Christmas joy was restored to us in fullest measure when the child was taken to his parents and all anxiety ended on his behalf.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.—J. G. Whittier.



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AT CLOISTERHAM AND GAD'S HILL

By Rev. DINSDALE T. YOUNG

MY holiday wanderings led me on a day to Rochester. I had never visited the ancient city, great in history and in romance, before, often as I had whirled by it in the railway train. Like Thomas Chalmers and Benjamin Jowett, and many of the past and of the present, I love to inspect the cathedrals of the land. I have scrutinized practically all of them. But Rochester's immemorial pile was yet to be explored, so on one of the bright days of this rainy August forth the like-minded travellers went.

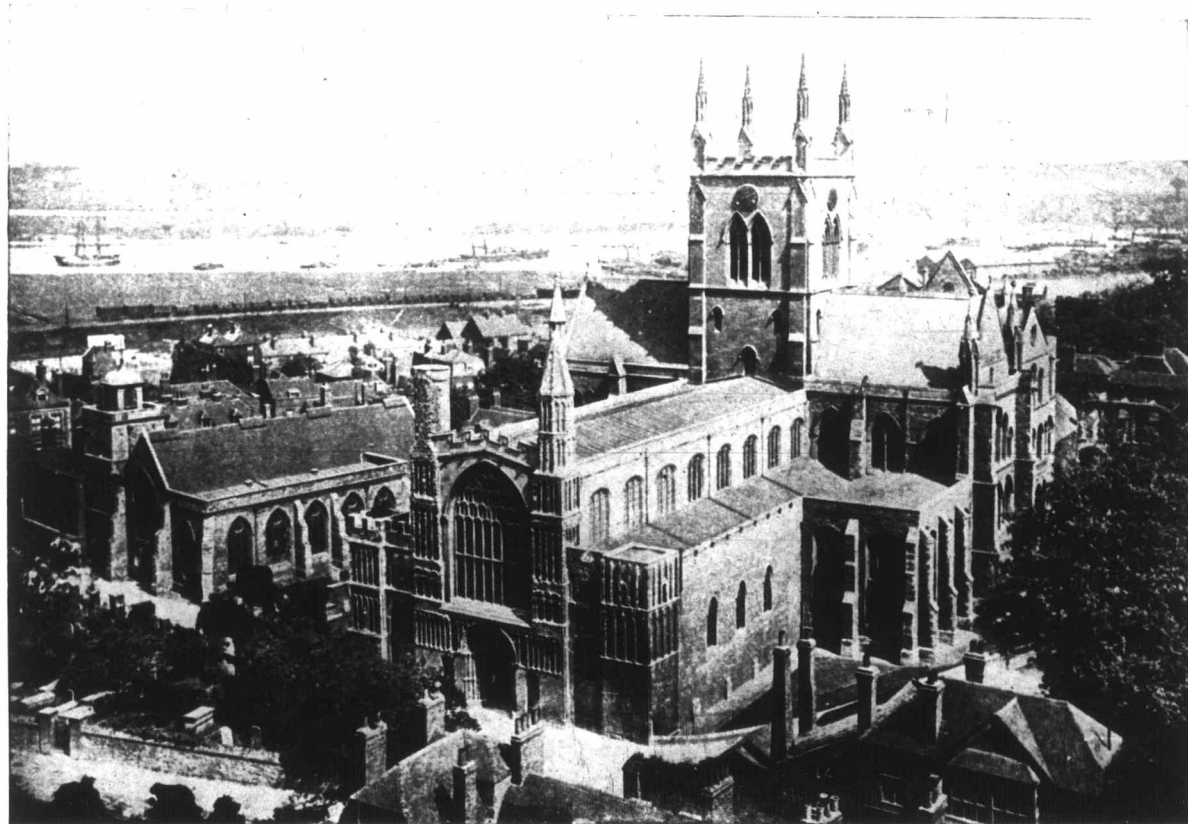
Let me make a confession. I have twice lately been ashamed when standing on classic ground to bethink me that I had not read literature which helped to make it classic. At Knaresborough I had to own that I had failed to read Lord Lytton's "Eugene Aram," an omission I speedily rectified, to my delight and profit. At Crowland a similar humiliation befell me as I recalled that I had been a stranger to Charles Kingsley's wonderful "Hereward the Wake," a most culpable oversight, which I hastened to repair, and so made a red-letter day for myself in my literary life.

Now, in view of visiting Rochester, I made provision against such a mortification. I had not read the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," the pathetically unfinished story of Charles Dickens, though I am a great lover of the stories of that so-human wizard. Unlike the great episcopal historian, William Stubbs, I have not been an omnivorous novel-reader, much as I love to dip into those refreshing springs. Somehow I had stupidly overlooked Edwin Drood. Have mercy, Sir William Robertson Nicoll. I pray you! Let Claudius Clear intercede for me! He knows how to condone the literary delinquencies of a travelling preacher. And I am looking eagerly for the worthy Editor's annotations of Edwin Drood this autumn. So be element, as you can well be, Sir William! When I journeyed to Rochester my blood was

tingling with "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Oh, at what a thrilling point of interest in that wonderful story God's finger touched the immortal writer! This little paragraph from "Edwin Drood" was in my mind: "For sufficient reasons . . . a fictitious name must be bestowed upon the old cathedral town. Let it stand in these pages as Cloisterham. It was once possibly known to the Druids by another name, and certainly to the Romans by another, and to the

who (like myself) revel in "Pickwick Papers," can never forget "Westgate House," as Dickens calls it; or "The Nun's House," as he surnames it in "Edwin Drood." Eastgate House is its proper name. It was built by Sir Peter Buck in 1500. The old knight built it to good purpose, do the centuries say, and they will say. Eastgate House is now a museum. A museum is, as a rule, one of my prime detestations. But I was entranced with Eastgate House. Here

the old times live again, and live abundantly, before one's admiring eyes. Every chamber of the old house is quick with interest. In one room we see implements and objects used by the people of Rochester and district in the first four centuries of the Christian era. But the Dickens Room is that which absorbed us most. Here the strange, sensitive being seemed to pervade us. Every relic and reminder is precious and fascinating. What imaginations were conjured up at the sight of the proof-sheet corrected by his deft and delicate hand! And how touching it was to see the very



The Canadian Churchman.

Rochester Cathedral.

Saxons by another, and to the Normans by another; and a name more or less in the course of many centuries can be of little moment to its dusty chronicles."

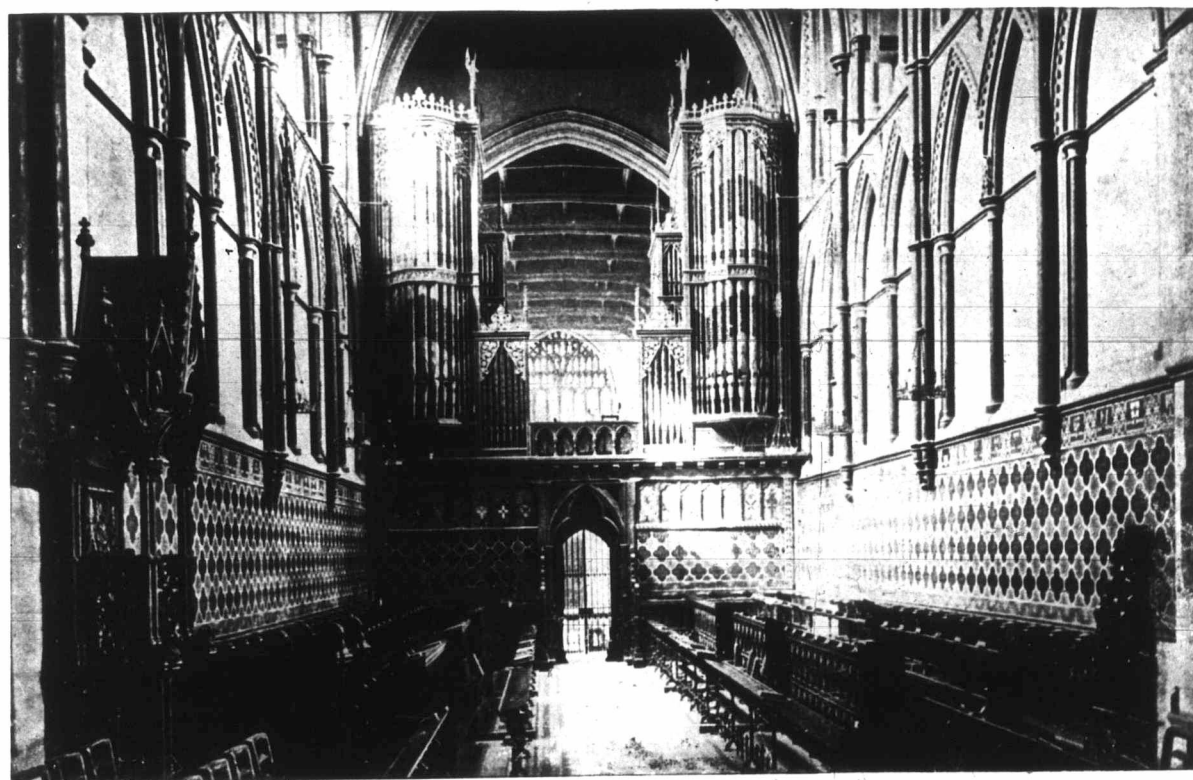
Rochester is full of interest for many a reason, but its charm is vastly enhanced to multitudes

telegram despatched by the inmates of that darkened home at Gad's Hill on June 9th, 1870, a telegram summoning medical aid for the great writer, who was, indeed, beyond it! Not least interesting of the crowded objects of interest in Eastgate House is the table subscribed for by ladies who were formerly pupils of the historic school which was once upon a time housed therein. In the visitors' book, which rests upon that table, the Cambridge graduate and the degreeless Methodist preacher, a happy party of two, were proud to enter their names.

It was interesting in passing along the High Street to observe Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School, of which David Garrick was a pupil in 1737.

And now we are at the Cathedral. Of it as a building little need be particularized. It has little, beyond its exquisite Norman portal, to call for

special remark. It is one of the smallest and one of the least memorable, architecturally, of all the cathedrals. Its inadequate tower and almost contemptible spire well-nigh call for protest. The choir, however, gives us a welcome and worthy recompense. It is delightful—



The Canadian Churchman.

Rochester Cathedral—The West Choir.

as being Charles Dickens' Cloisterham, and as being so close to his beloved Gad's Hill, the home of his later years, and the scene of his unanticipated death.

We made straight for Eastgate House in the quaint, historic High Street of Rochester. Those

special remark. It is one of the smallest and one of the least memorable, architecturally, of all the cathedrals. Its inadequate tower and almost contemptible spire well-nigh call for protest. The choir, however, gives us a welcome and worthy recompense. It is delightful—

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

east, spacious, and transepted. It is scarcely too much to say that the choir seats with memories of great ecclesiastical names. Walter de Merton is impressively commemorated, the founder of Merton College, Oxford, an early Bishop of Rochester. There is an illuminated list of Bishops of that same See, John Fisher (1504-1535); Nicholas Ridley, the martyr; Francis Atterbury; Samuel Horsley. And, in later years, two others may well be cited: Walter King, who was an intimate friend of Edmund Burke, and who was grandfather of that lately departed spiritual genius, Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln. The gentle-hearted Thomas Legh Cloughton (afterwards Bishop of St. Alban's) is the second, whose name we must not omit. Yet more recent names demand recognition: "A. W. Thorold" (1877-1891), who had more than a touch of preaching genius; "R. T. Davidson" (1891-1895), the present Archbishop of Canterbury; "E. S. Talbot" (1895-1905), now Bishop of Winchester.

One could not but admire the handsome choir screen, which is a memorial of Dean Scott. "Liddell and Scott" is a familiar title to multitudes of us, and calls up many memories of school and college days when the Greek Lexicon was always at our hand, as, indeed, it often is now. It is the Scott of "Liddell and Scott" whose memory is thus preserved in Rochester Cathedral.

It was gratifying to see good Dean Hole celebrated. There was a recumbent effigy, and his fellow-Freemasons have erected a tablet to his memory. Undoubtedly Dean Hole was the most popular figure connected with Rochester Cathedral in recent years. His books are widely known. He was a romantic and lovable personality. The great clerical Rosarian had beautiful roses in his heart. We peeped into the lovely Deanery Garden and thought how the genial and beauty-loving Dean Hole must have enjoyed that Eden in the midst of the old city.

Charles Dickens is, of course, commemorated upon the cathedral walls, and so his name is formally associated with the tower he did so much to make famous, and the neighbourhood he has immortalized.

The reading of epitaphs has always been a pursuit of mine, and there are several which came under my eye at Rochester well worth reproducing. This one will, I think, be appreciated by all who have an instructed heart. It is to the memory of a good wife and mother who passed away in 1779:—

"In search of humble virtue's dear remains,
Reader, on this sad spot thy eye detains,
Know that the earth thou tread'st on held a
mind,
Strict to its own; to faults of others kind.
She asks not praise from verse, from marble
fame:
The poor, the sick, the blind, record her name,
Her steady faith her useful life commends,
Tenderest of wives, of mothers, and of friends,
With early woe, with years of torture prest,
Her patient piety sustained the test,
When cancerous pangs her ebbing life blood
drained,
And not even utterance for a prayer remained:
To Heaven a firm, undoubting look she threw,
Her spirit following, to its mansion flew,
Is this an envied end? The means prepare,
Go and do likewise, and those mansions share."

We surveyed the really noble crypt, one of the finest in England. And on leaving it our attention was caught by a tablet to the memory of John Hopkins, who for many years was the cathedral organist. Surmounting the inscription is a representation of a bar of music; it is from his tune, "Rogate," and a line of the hymn to which it is set is printed, "There is a blessed home beyond this land of woe."

Hard by the cathedral, indeed, looking down upon it, is the beautiful old Castle of Rochester. These are the twin great landmarks of the old-time city. Ancient buildings circle about the cathedral, and running close up to it is the grim-looking dwelling where, in Edwin Drood, the evil Jasper is represented as abiding.

It was immensely interesting to lunch at the Bull Hotel, so rife with reminiscences of Mr. Pickwick and his companions. We saw the old ball-room and other mementoes of the unforgettable company.

After many sights, which I cannot chronicle here, we passed on to Gad's Hill, the home of Charles Dickens. A walk along a pleasant road brought us to the historic spot. It lies some two miles from the town of Strood. It was curious to see hard by the house "The Sir John Falstaff Hotel." When A. K. H. B. saw Gad's Hill House, he was disappointed in its size. To me it appeared as larger than I had anticipated. It is a considerable and comfortable-looking dwelling. The passage which Dickens had constructed beneath the public road is still there; a long flight of steps conducts to it on either side of the road. How curious a whim it was to connect his estate by such a subterranean way! The arbour in which Dickens wrote is now erected in Cobham Park, and the estate of eight acres is in private hands.

It was a thrilling experience, that sight of Gad's Hill House, where Charles Dickens wrought at his later tasks, and where all-suddenly he received his summons hence.

His books will be invested with a new interest to me because of my hours at his Cloisterham and at Gad's Hill.

There is all-too-little "hero-worship" to-day. And such holiday expeditions as that I have sketched happily tend to revive our admiration of vanished worthies and their abiding memorials. The British Weekly.

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CHRISTMAS DAY AMONG THE DOWN-TOWN POOR

By the Rev CANON DIXON,
Rector of Trinity East, Toronto

REMEMBER some years ago, how, when the present Prince of Wales was a little boy, he was told on his birthday that he could do anything he liked for that day, and at once he replied, "I will ride through London on the top of a bus." As one of the oldest workers among the poor in the City of Toronto, I have come to the conclusion, that the poor, although bearing untold hardships, get the most enjoyment at the happy season of Christmas. It is true they might not agree with me, and this would be only natural, but still for solid pleasure, they get the best of it without question. A poor child would perhaps prefer to ride in a motor car than on the top of a bus, but for real fun, the bus "supplies the goods."

My experience proves to me, that the poor anticipate the Christmastide equally with the rich;

Of course here, as elsewhere, there are frauds, parents that like to play "sharp," but I am glad to say, things are becoming so systematized, that these cases are becoming rare. Supposing, however, that it is tried by the father or mother, the poor little children are innocent, and are likely to suffer by the action of either father or mother, although unfortunately, to help the little ones we have to assist the parents at the same time. God's poor are always with us, and always will be in our midst, and it is a problem to know how to deal with them wisely, but we must not dwell too much on the word "worthy," for we make a great many mistakes ourselves, and do a great many things that are "unworthy."

But now, we will imagine that it is Christmas Eve in the great city, a city with all its wealth and evidences of prosperity; and with many it is a question whether there are any submerged poor in Toronto. They have read of, and perhaps have seen the poverty of London and New York, but they have not supposed that any such thing exists in a young country like Canada. If it does, they dismiss it with a passing thought, as something due to the people's own fault. Yet

been going on, in order that the ground might not be covered twice. It does not take long to gather a crowd when the poor little children get wind of what is going on, and as the lanterns are flashed upon the addresses, and when the pinched faced children are asked, "do you live here," they gleefully shout "Yes." In spite of the number of them, there is a bag for each one, and as if by magic the children disappear into the surrounding houses, to sit and wonder what Santa will bring them in the morning, for a promise has to be given that they will not open the bags until Christmas morning.

Usually a child responds to the knock of the worker, but soon the doorway is filled with peering, eager faces; the mother standing in the rear, a gaunt and weary figure limned against the lamp-light from a back room. It is indeed the "Kiddies night," consecrated to their merriment, and the mother stands motionless, as the hub-bub rages about her. Her quiet "Thank you, sir." "A very merry Christmas," is a pleasure in itself.

In spite of the multitude of bags (made of strong manilla paper) no errors are made, for every worker realizes the importance of the Mis-



The Canadian Churchman.

The Arrival of the Shepherds.

"And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a Manger."

or it is, indeed, a forsaken corner of the world, where the parents and children are not expecting something out of the ordinary. No matter how small or great the matter may be in their eyes, it all goes to make up Christmas. The organizations that make a specialty of looking after the poor in Toronto at Christmas time in order that no one may be overlooked, are doing a grand work, and many hundreds of homes are made bright by the efforts of the St. George's Society, the Irish Protestant Society, and others; in fact through one channel or another, very few go without some extra on that glad day.

There are no larger-hearted people in the world than in Toronto, and for two weeks before Christmas Day, my phone is kept ringing and the average request is "My children and myself want to give a Christmas dinner to some family, that is not likely to have much; will you give me the name, number of children, and their ages, and we will undertake to supply them." By this means the rich are kept in touch with the poor, the outcome of which is, happiness all round.

here it is at our very doors, and all too often it is only those who have actually gone down into the midst of it who know to what extent and to what depths it reaches in our fair city; and they are usually too busy to force it upon the public notice.

Come with us on that great night, let us call it expectation-night, Christmas Eve, and see for yourselves, what is being done to make the next day a real Christmas in the dwellings of those who have little of this world's goods, and to whom it would indeed be a dark day, if they were entirely neglected. It is 7 o'clock, the sleighs are loaded with all sorts of things from potatoes and beef, to the infant's rattle, and the young men of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and also many young women who are in charge of the distribution of the good things (supplied to us by warm hearted people from every quarter of the city) get on board and the sleighs are off. Most of these conveyances make two and even three trips, with a small army of young people carrying parcels in their arms to those living near the church. All day long, the work of sorting had

sion they are on, and the sorrow in the hearts of both parents and children, should a bag be left at the wrong door.

"Does Mrs. live here?" was the enquiry at the first place called at, but a voice from somewhere in the darkness was heard; "She does not live here now, she moved last week over there." "Over there" meant a climb up a stairway as steep as any ladder, but on a night like this, nothing can prevent the good things reaching the proper persons, and it was worth the climb. The little room at the top was a scene of wild confusion, chairs were upset, boxes were scattered about, rag mats thrown into the corner, and chaos reigned supreme. "Its only the boys having some fun," explained the tired looking mother, as she tried to straighten things up. "You see there are three boys, and it is so hard to keep them quiet in the evening." The boys consisted of three curly headed youngsters, ranging in age from five to nine years, who stood open-mouthed looking at the visitors; and then

(Concluded on Page 778.)

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

IN the library, Anna C—, a beautiful, exquisitely dressed girl, is preparing for Christmas. She is directing cards for a musicale, on Christmas Eve, to which she has asked only the most exclusive set. At a large cost of manoeuvring, Signor S—, a famous tenor, has been secured for a couple of songs.

"Why not invite poor little Miss Ward, the children's music teacher, Anna?" her mother asks. "It would be a great pleasure for her to hear the Signor."

"Yes, and she would have nothing appropriate to wear on such an occasion. No, it doesn't do to mix the classes."

"You might give her a new gown for Christmas."

Anna shrugged her shoulders. "Of all times in the year, Christmas is the last in which to be generous. There are the Burtons and Smileys and Foxes; every one of them gave me jewellery last Christmas, and I must pay them back. And here's the subscription paper for dressing the church with flowers. I can't give less than Netty Percy, or everybody will say it is mean; and there's the subscription for the Oratorio, and the Christmas Club reception—everybody knows what you give to a penny. No, I've no money for shabby governesses."

"It's all a bore," sighed her mother. "Christmas used to go by without any fuss, but since it became the fashion to give presents to all your friends, I hate the day!"

In her tiny room, in a cheap boarding-house, the little governess, too, was making ready for Christmas. She was from the country, and all her savings went to the poor old father and mother in the gray little house in the village. She was going home to spend the day, and her

trunk was packed with a shawl for her mother, and an oddly-carved cane for her father; a sewing basket, second-hand books, etc., odds and ends which she had picked up in the city for a trifle through the whole year. She would like to have worn a new gown home. "But really," she thought, "with a good sponging, my navy blue serge is quite respectable, and on Christmas one cannot afford money to deck one's self out."

Her heart was so full of love and good-will, she wished she could make all the world a present. But she had such a little bit of money!

However, by doing without the gown, she was able to buy two warm petticoats for that shivering chambermaid with the consumptive cough, and to give two dolls, dressed from scraps and patches, to children who never had a toy.

She knew many such people; they came to the cheerful, friendly little woman naturally, as cold people do to a fire. She gave them her time, her help, when they were sick; or hearty, loving sympathy always.

As she started out this cold morning with her cheap little gifts, it seemed to her as if her Lord were behind her urging her to go and carry His blessing to these, His children.

The poor chambermaid had a gift for her. It was a picture, cut out of a cheap illustrated paper of the Stable and the Child. The tears came to her eyes as she looked at it, and she suddenly stooped and kissed the other woman's sunken cheek.

The church bells rang joyously as she hurried through the streets to take the cars for her country home; the same sun shone on her that rose on the Babe and the worshipping shepherds, and in the pealing anthems and the happy faces, she found the same blessing, "Peace on earth, and good-will—good-will."

These were the ways in which these two women prepared for Christmas. Which is yours? —Household.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE ESKIMO

By the Rev. A. L. FLEMING

MEN will pass over many things without taking note of them, but the Festival which is held this day throughout the Church to celebrate the birth of her Lord, is not included amongst these. Of all the feasts in the Christian calendar, Christmas stands out pre-eminently as the one which we connect with gladness and good-cheer. Consciously, or unconsciously, we have learned to associate Christmas with bright services, happy gatherings, letters, gifts, and a good dinner. If these be not present, it is difficult to realize that they are merely incidental to the real meaning of the day.

Although separated from the nearest Church and post office by over a thousand miles of ice and snow, we decided to keep the Festival which commemorates the advent of the King of Glory. From the time the ship left us in September, carrying with her our last mail to the homelands, this was the one great event to which we looked forward. At first we counted the months between us and the eventful twenty-fifth. Then, the weeks; later, the days and hours. At last the day came, and found us living at an Eskimo village, about one day's journey, by sledge and dog team, from the Mission House.

The little dome-shaped dwellings of the people could be seen here and there scattered about the bay. The frozen sea, the hills draped in their mantles of purest ermine, and the deep snow all around, gave the outside world a very "Christmassy" appearance. A hut of snow with a piece of ice for a window, a pre-historic stone lamp to supply light and heat, and a sleeping bag of reindeer skins appears more romantic upon paper

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than in fact, but Christmas, even under such conditions, may, at least be joyous.

After breakfast, and the usual household duties were over, we held a service for the Eskimos in the largest snow-hut, and it was my privilege to tell them the old, yet ever beautiful, story of Bethlehem. They had never had a Christmas in their village before, and it seemed to us that the Christ-child, Who came to bring peace and goodwill to men so long ago, must have been specially near to them that day. As we watched their eyes sparkle, and saw the look of joy and wonder on their upturned faces, we could only pray that the Saviour might take these poor souls, who live in that cold and barren land, and give them to know the warmth of His undying love.

Service over, we now had time to open our letters. Although the Imperial Government does not see fit to send mails to Baffin Land, yet loving friends at home had anticipated our need, and had written their greetings months before. Only those who have lived through it can understand all that a Christmas letter means under such circumstances.

Christmas dinner is always an important matter, as every good house-keeper knows, and so we determined that the Eskimos should fully share in this also. The menu was not extensive, it is true, but there was enough and to spare of pea soup, plum pudding (without plums) and tea, while the children were regaled with home-made candies. Even one of the dogs had benefited by the festive season, for just before Christmas, while focusing my camera, I had taken off my sealskin glove and laid it on the snow at my back. When the photograph had been taken, I turned to get my glove since my fingers were feeling cold, but, lo! it was gone! A small child, named Kow-muck-shak, then quietly informed me that a dog had eaten it.

Poor beast! It would have been unchristian to grudge him a snack, but it was difficult to see how he could get much nourishment out of the glove. Our own dinner consisted of venison stew, some tinned vegetables, and a very excellent plum pudding, made by my friend and colleague, the Rev. J. W. Bilby.

In the evening another service was held at which Mr. Bilby gave a most helpful address; so ended our second Christmas in Baffin Land.

Bishop Phillips Brooks says:

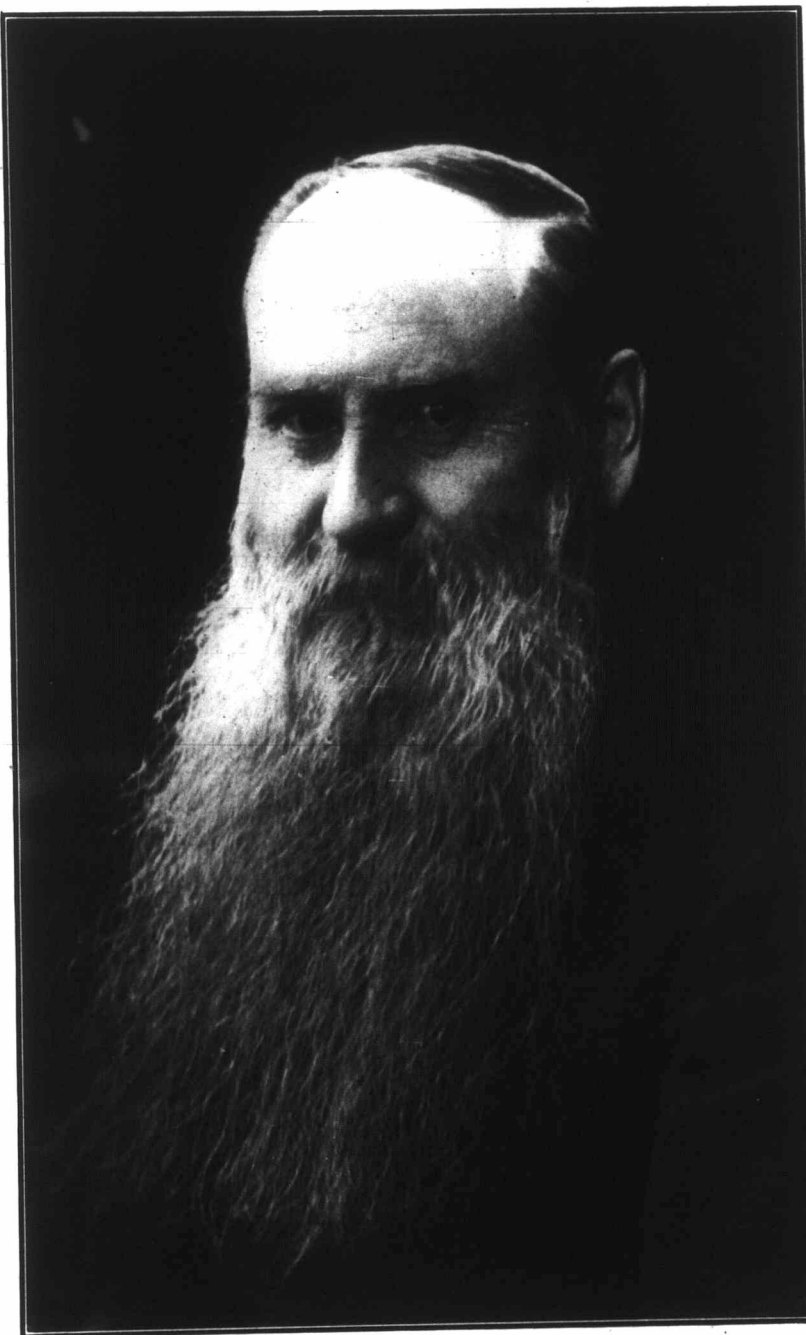
"How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given.
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven:
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in."

Surely, we may believe that to these poor children of the snow, who are eager to hear the message of salvation, He will as surely enter in. To us is given the joy of bringing them the news.

We must get the air of heaven into the lungs of our soul by the shaft of prayer, and our feet must climb the hill Difficulty, whose steps are little acts of duty and self-control. One foot will not carry a man far, nor one wing a bird, and our soul must have the two wings of Prayer and Perseverance.—L. H. M. Soulsby.

THE PRIMATE

THE Most Reverend Samuel Pritchard Matheson, D.D., D.C.L., Archbishop of Rupert's Land, and Primate of All Canada, is genuinely indigenous to the land in which he labours. He was born in the Parish of Kildonan, within a very few miles of what is now the city of Winnipeg, on September 20th, 1852. His father, John Matheson, was a son of one of the original Selkirk settlers, and was brought to the Red River Valley as an infant, in 1815.



THE MOST REVEREND
SAMUEL PRITCHARD MATHESON, D.D.
PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA.

At the age of 14, Samuel Pritchard Matheson entered the Boys' School connected with St. John's College, Winnipeg, and since then has lived in close contact with that institution. He therefore enjoyed the great advantage of being brought up under the eye of the late Archbishop Machray, and between master and pupil there was always the deepest appreciation and friendship.

On completing his course at St. John's, he was appointed tutor in the college and, in turn, held the positions of Professor of Exegesis, head master of the Boys' School, and Warden of the College. He was ordained in 1875, and admitted to the priesthood a year later. His natural ability, excellent training and thorough acquaint-

ance with every phase of church life in Western Canada combined to make him a most valuable helper to the late Archbishop, and in 1882 he was made Canon of St. John's Cathedral. As Canon Matheson he came into prominence in the Church life as well as in the wider interests connected with the development of the West. A powerful and popular preacher, a prominent Mason, a leader in educational matters and a man beloved by all, his influence was widely felt. On the death of Dean O'Meara in 1902, Canon Matheson was appointed as his successor, and in the following year, when Archbishop Machray, feeling the effect of years of trying and self-sacrificing work, was compelled to ask for a Suffragan, Dean Matheson was unanimously chosen by the Provin-

cial Synod to fill the office of Assistant Bishop of Rupert's Land. For the two years following he was in closest touch with Archbishop Machray, and ministered to him in the closing hours of his life. It seemed, therefore, in every way fitting that the Diocese of Rupert's Land should choose Bishop Matheson as successor to the first Archbishop, and this was done in 1904. Five years later Archbishop Matheson had conferred on him the highest honour in the gift of the Church of England in Canada, when he was made Primate of All Canada.

It will be readily seen that he has tremendous responsibilities resting upon him. He is Bishop of a difficult diocese, Archbishop of an enormous Province, Primate of the whole Church in Canada, and Chairman of the Canadian Church Missionary Society, and of its Board of Management. In addition, he is Warden of St. John's College, Chancellor of the University of Manitoba, and takes a prominent part in all public affairs of Western Canada.

He is a man of deep spirituality, broad sympathy, strong optimism, and consecrated wisdom and is in every way worthy of that devotion and loyalty which are so largely shown towards him in the Church in Canada, and without which no leader can accomplish a great and lasting work.

ON EARTH PEACE.

By Lucy Sandys.

Christmas Bells ring out so clear,
Christmas Day is drawing near,
Bringing tokens from above,
Of our God's undying love;
"On earth peace, to men good-will"
Angel voices echoing.
"On earth peace"—and yet to-day,
(Nineteen centuries passed away),
Is the message given them,
Heeded by the sons of men?
In our thoughts has peace not grown
To belong to Heaven alone?

"On earth peace," welcome the day,
When all strife shall pass away;
When, as one, all we on earth
Hail with joy the Saviour's birth—
And the angel's tidings hear
Mingling peace with Christmas cheer.

"On earth peace," O Christmas bell
Ever may thy tongue re-tell,
Tidings which the angels bright
Chanted in the silent night:
"On earth peace—to men good-will!"
Heaven's message to us still!

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By the
Rev. J. COOPER ROBINSON, M.A.

WHETHER I am the first of our Canadian missionaries to travel by this route or not, I do not know, but I cannot recollect having seen anything in the way of a description, by one of our number, of this increasingly popular way of going to the Far East, and so it has occurred to me that a few notes on the journey may be of interest.

I left Toronto on July 14th, as soon as possible after the conclusion of the M.S.C.C. Summer School at Port Hope, and on the evening of the 12th we went aboard the SS. "Letitia" at Montreal which left for Glasgow the next morning at sunrise. Leaving on Saturday gave us a Sunday in the noble river, and everything was conducive to

A SPIRIT OF WORSHIP.

At the request of the ship's officers I conducted a service in the commodious music room, which was entered into heartily by almost all on board. When Sunday came again we were off the coast of Ireland. The sky was not clear and we feared we might not have fine weather for the passage up the Clyde, but as the day wore on the sky cleared, and in the afternoon when we ascended the comparatively small stream with tremendous shipbuilding works on either hand, conditions could not have been more favourable. We saw the framework of what will be, at the time of her launching, the biggest ship in the world. We saw the place where more torpedo boats and destroyers are built, we were told, than in any other yard in the world. We saw the new warship for the British Navy contributed by New Zealand, and to be called by that name. One of us, at least, left the lunch table to get a good look at Dumbarton Rock which was crowned with a castle in the days of Bruce, and—but there, we must not try to tell of all the interesting places and things that are to be seen from the deck of a vessel as she steams slowly up the famous Clyde. We spent a pleasant day in Glasgow and another most interesting one in Edinburgh, after which we reluctantly turned our faces southward. I journeyed to Keswick, where I had the great pleasure and profit of attending the greater part of

THE GREAT CONVENTION

held annually at the end of July for the deepening of the Christian life. Two great tents seating 2,500 each were crowded several times a day to study the Bible and listen to expositions and addresses by spiritual teachers. The Keswick Convention itself supports quite a large band of missionaries, and I got there just in time to attend their annual meeting and hear an address by one of the C.M.S. ladies from Japan, with whom I was associated in work for a short time at Hamada. Besides the special Keswick missionary meeting, there is always a general missionary meeting which is regarded as probably the most important meeting of the Convention. So many missionaries at home on furlough attend this Convention that it is generally possible to have representatives from all the larger fields in the world. This year there were ten speakers, and I was honoured with an invitation to be one of them and to set forth the situation in Japan. The meeting lasted from ten to one, the tent being packed and scarcely a person leaving during that long period. Truly an indication that missionary work holds a strong position in the hearts of the most earnest Christians of the mother countries. The Keswick Convention is not a denominational gathering, its motto being "ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS,"

but it must be a matter of satisfaction and thankfulness to members of the Church of England that this great gathering, which has been increasing in influence for more than thirty years, was commenced by a Churchman and that a large proportion of the leaders in the movement are still clergymen and prominent laymen of our communion.

After a week at Nottingham, and a few days at a fine country house near Leicester, with friends of missionary work who had visited us in Japan, we went to London, and from there to a little village called Otford, in Kent, where the rest of my time in England was spent. At Otford one got

A GLIMPSE OF RURAL ENGLAND

which was very interesting. The village church is nearly a thousand years old and those of the neighbouring parishes, several of which are within easy walking distance, have nearly all some historic interest. Besides the church there are some ruins of an old royal palace at Otford which centuries ago passed into the hands of the Archbishops of Canterbury. It is claimed that it was at Otford that Cranmer compiled the Prayer Book.

Acting on the doctor's advice it had been decided that my wife and daughter should remain in England till the end of September and then proceed to Japan by the usual sea route, while I was to go on ahead by

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

In carrying out this plan I left London on the evening of August 29th for Harwich, where I took ship at ten o'clock for the Hook of Holland, which we reached early the next morning. By six o'clock I was in Rotterdam where I decided to spend a few hours. I fell in with an old sailor at the station who had been around the world and spoke English pretty well. It did not take long to ascertain that fifty cents would be considered a satisfactory remuneration for his company and conversation till ten o'clock, so we started off, and I only hope he is as satisfied with the result as I am. He seemed to know the place thoroughly, and had a lot of information to give about different places. We saw amongst other things the two old windmills that remain in the city and are still used to turn mill stones to grind wheat as they have done for a long time. The

STATUE OF ERASMUS.

and near by the house where the great scholar was born, were interesting to me as well as the old stone city gate. The dogs helping the milkmen to draw their carts were curious, and also the great wooden shoes worn by the market women and others. At nine we were able to gain admittance to the old church of St. Lawrence, which was different from anything I had seen before. In the part which would have been the chancel in an English church there was an enclosure where I was told the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered and the marriage service for upper class people is performed, a higher fee being charged than for the marriage of ordinary people, which takes place in the body of the church.

Within half an hour of leaving Rotterdam I found myself at The Hague, which has become so well known as the place of meeting for

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

There is an air of quiet comfort about The Hague and an absence of the contrast be-

tween deep poverty and great wealth which is so noticeable in some places. It is the favourite place of residence for the Queen and, consequently, of the aristocracy. It has the houses of Parliament and other interesting buildings. I was fortunately able to visit the snug little royal palace and the Upper House of Parliament and get a good general idea of the central part of the city.

By the middle of the afternoon I was in Amsterdam and spent the rest of the day till after eight going about its most interesting streets on foot and in trams. The three principal cities of Holland in one day is a pretty big order, but I am well satisfied with my experience, and would advise anyone with only one day to spare to divide it up as I did. Taking a train at nine

I FOUND MYSELF IN BERLIN

the next morning before seven and had a long day there. The forenoon was spent in walking about the central part of the city and visiting the National Gallery. Three hours of the afternoon were spent in a motor car with a party of Cook's tourists accompanied by an interesting interpreter, who pointed out the principal places and objects of interest, and spoke about them first in English and then in German, as we went along. A drive like that does not cost much and is the best way of getting a general idea of a place in a short time. Berlin is certainly a splendid city and bears many evidences of the energy of the present Kaiser. If I had passed by the palace half an hour earlier on my way to the National Gallery I would have had the pleasure of seeing His Majesty, who went out with the Crown Prince that morning.

Leaving Berlin at 11 p.m., I looked forward to an interview with the Russian Custom House officials the next morning at Alexandrovo with less pleasure than I had sometimes experienced, for I had been told that their examination was "very searching." However, nothing serious happened, to me at least—I saw a few other people having to pay on some of their belongings—and there was nothing to grumble about except being detained for more than an hour in

A STUFFY, CROWDED BUILDING

when one wanted his breakfast. None of the officials seemed to understand English, and I felt very much alone in the crowd. However, on getting into the train for Warsaw I found a Russian lady with two big girls who could speak English pretty well and who took compassion on my ignorance and did much to make the journey to Moscow pleasant. The smaller girl took me to the dining car and saw that I got my breakfast, and was always ready to act as interpreter.

Between Alexandrovo and Warsaw I fell in with an English Presbyterian medical missionary on his way back to Amoy, and he proved a very pleasant travelling companion for the next ten days. He had the advantage of me in being able to speak a little French and German, which are more useful than English in travelling through Russia. There was not a berth to be secured for the night between Warsaw and Moscow, but seats are numbered and booked in the ordinary carriages which provide a place in which to lie down at night but no bedding. Two people are assigned to a seat large enough to seat four, and at night the cushioned back of the seat is lifted up to form a bed so that both can lie down. I found on entering the car that one of the seats in the compartment my number indicated was occupied by a man and his wife and that the other

and to take possession of by a woman and two children, the latter of whom were being put to sleep, so that there was evidently no room for me. The married couple, seeing my difficulty, invited me to share their side of the compartment, which I did till night, when the upper berth was at my disposal, the family party occupying the one below. The berth proved to be a little too short for one of my length, and one of the train porters could not resist the temptation, as he passed by, to tickle my feet, which protruded into the passage about the height of his head. The situation would have been comfortable enough if one had been supplied with a pillow and a rug, and I found out afterwards that these could have been hired from the sleeping car for a small sum. On the way to Moscow we passed over the battlefield of Borodino, where large numbers of troops were being assembled in preparation for celebrating the hundredth anniversary of

THE BATTLE WITH NAPOLEON.

A few days later our train was held at a station for half an hour while a Te Deum was sung and some prayers said in the waiting room in commemoration of the battle and subsequent failure of "The Little Corsican" to accomplish his object, the conquest of Russia.

We reached Moscow about three in the afternoon and left again at nine, so there was not time to see much of the city, especially as we had to drive across the city to another station and make some arrangements about our journey onwards. It was a beautiful afternoon and the necessary drive showed us the best part of the great city. We passed by the walls of the Kremlin and saw some of the principal buildings. I had written beforehand to the agent of the

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY,

an English-speaking Russian, who kindly met us at the station and gave us what assistance we re-

quired. This was a great advantage and we were able to spend the little time we had very pleasantly and profitably. He had dinner with us at a hotel and finally saw us off at Koursk station before going to his home a few miles away in one of the suburbs.

From Moscow to Harbin is a distance of nearly 5,000 miles and the journey occupies eight days with very little to break the monotony. A good part of the distance reminds one of the prairies of the Canadian North-West, with miles and miles of wheat and oats land, here and there, herds of cattle and sheep. The builders of the railway seem to have studiously avoided the larger towns, some of which can be seen in the distance, and it looks as if the line had been built for military rather than commercial purposes, which was probably the case. There is

NO STRIKING SCENERY

like one gets in crossing Canada, the prettiest parts being near the Volga and some of the other large rivers, and then around the southern end of Lake Baikal. Either the roadbed is not very good or the rolling stock not up to the mark for the motion of the train was such as to render reading in most places difficult, and writing, except with a typewriter, out of the question. Double tracking is being carried on extensively, and eventually the line ought to be first-class in every respect. Soldiers were in evidence at every station and several accompanied the train as guards all the time.

Very few travel first class by this line, and the second class carriages are divided into compartments containing four berths each. I had with me a man from one of the Russian Provinces who spoke German, and a Russian naval captain who could converse in English pretty satisfactorily and proved to be an interesting companion.

He would not talk seriously about religion, however, though he had

A LARGE RUSSIAN BIBLE

with him which he said he had ceased to read. He was in Port Arthur during the siege and escaped only a few days before its capture. After that he went south with a small vessel under the British flag to render assistance to Admiral Rozhdevsky on his way to the scene of action with the Baltic fleet. He was in the battle of the Sea of Japan, on one of the ships that was sunk, but was rescued by the Japanese and spent six months a prisoner of war at Matsuyama. He was on his way to Vladivostok to take command of a cruiser and was keen for another war which he prophesied would take place within two or three years and set the world ablaze.

Another interesting fellow-passenger was a Russian lady, wife of the governor of the Imperial estates in Siberia, who was mourning the death of an only son accidentally killed at the age of fifteen by a shot from a revolver in the hands of a playmate. She was

READY TO BE INSTRUCTED

and comforted out of the Scriptures, and held views about war more in harmony with those of Count Tolstoi than the officer before mentioned.

At Harbin we had a sleep without motion. It was in a sleeping car which stood at the station all night and left at seven in the morning. That brought us to Chang Chun at three in the afternoon, and there we said good-bye to the Russians and were taken in hand by the Japanese, which was a pleasure and comfort to me, as I could once more communicate freely with those in charge of the train. The little brown fellows in khaki who guarded the train were less picturesque than the long-coated and high-capped ones we had had for ten days, but I felt more at home with them and amongst the passengers a sprinkling of Japanese appeared.

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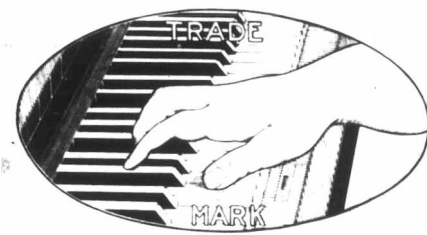
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Professing the Faith as summed up in the Nicene Creed and the Apostles' Creed, holding to the Doctrine which Christ our Lord commanded, and to the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper which He Himself ordained, and accepting His Discipline, according to the Commandments of God,

Maintaining the ministry of the Church which we have received through the Episcopate in the three orders of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, which orders have been in Christ's Church from the time of the Apostles.

Being here assembled in Conference in Shanghai on this twenty-sixth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve, do hereby constitute a Synod which shall be called the **General Synod of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui.**

上帝之名 亞門

宗普世聖公會之諸聖品信徒等由英美加拿大聖公會所立之中華及香港各轄境之代議員承受舊新約聖經為包含一切得救之要道並視為信奉之標準則承認尼吉亞信經使徒信經為道之總要格守吾主基督所命之聖訓及親設之聖洗聖餐二聖禮遵守基督之教政凡此皆按上帝之誠命而行保存教會中之聖職乃我等由諸所授於基督教會自使徒時即有之會督會長會吏三等品職用是於主歷一千九百一十二年四月廿六日會集於上海成立

議會曰中華聖公會總議會

Shanghai 1844 江蘇
F. Graves
 Bishop of the Mission District of Shanghai
 & L. Hawks Pott
 Benjamin D. Howell
 戴朱 侯 士
 德 同 信 德

West China 1895 四川
 W. Gassels
 Bishop in Western China
 John Arthur Nickerson
 L. A. Alder, 2nd
 A. E. Seward
 W. G. Lee
 Philip John Turner
 James George Black
 譚 李 設 公

Kwangsi-Hunan 1909 桂湘
 W. Barnister
 Bishop in Kwangsi, Hunan
 Percy Stokes
 吳 宋 馬
 鴻 崇 達
 景 真 源

Victoria 1849 港粵
 George A. Dunlop
 William E. Higginson
 霍 夏 步 士
 登 登 登

Hankow 1901 鄂湘
 L. H. Root
 Bishop of the Missionary District of Hankow
 Laurence Arthur Rigby
 Alfred Henry Allen
 胡 張 王 盧 陳
 蘭 育 芳 春 植
 李 祥 之 榮 芳 卿

Honan 1909 河南
 William C. White
 Bishop of Honan
 M. Casalter Ward (Dean)
 魏 胡 張
 復 金 慶
 榮 德 生

Chekiang 1872 浙江
 Robert J. Hooley
 Bishop - Chekiang
 W. S. Moule
 C. J. R. Sumner
 沈 俞 徐 周 吳
 再 明 度 晉 昌 錦
 生 慶 度 昌 錦
 長 會 長 會

Shantung 1903 山東
 Geoffrey D. Liff
 Bishop in Shantung
 Henry Matthews
 B. A. M'Donnell
 高 席 萬 孫 趙 王
 榮 永 傳 長 慶 明
 慶 清 培 禮 福 彰

Hubei 1910 皖贛
 V. D. Huntington
 Bishop of the Missionary District of Hubei
 Ambrose Goddard
 Edmund S. Woodward
 李 程 程 朱 周
 元 崇 開 德 步
 模 洛 明 祥 源
 長 會 長 會

North China 1880 華北
 Charles P. Scott
 Bishop in North China
 Frank Norris (Dean)
 Donald Scott
 雷 唐 李
 文 俊 魁
 夏 芳 魁

Fukien 1906 福建
 H. M. Cronin
 Bishop in Fukien
 John Martin
 H. J. Scudder
 葉 劉 葉 郭
 瑞 謙 維 維
 英 光 亨 新
 會 會 會

Those who wish to travel strictly first-class from Chang Chun to Port Arthur or Fusan will find the Japanese trains which meet those from Europe three times a week, quite to their liking, for I never saw anything better anywhere. Both my purse and my taste, however, favoured something more moderate, so I waited till eight and then took the ordinary night train without a sleeper which

BROUGHT ME TO MUKDEN

at an early hour the next morning, none the worse for a night without much sleep and ready for a day of sight-seeing. There is quite a Japanese town growing up around Mukden station, including a splendid hotel in connection with the station and managed by the Japanese division of the Manchurian Railway. I had heard that the two things to be seen at Mukden are the Manchu imperial tombs and palace, and proceeding to the British Consulate I obtained permits to visit them.

That night I enjoyed the luxury of a Japanese bath and slept on a quilt on the floor once more, and the next morning I went on to Antung on the north bank of the Yalu River which separates Manchuria from Korea. The opening of a splendid steel bridge over this river last year, for both railway and vehicular traffic, enables the Japanese to run through trains from Chang Chun to Port Arthur and Fusan, and to compete for through traffic to Europe with the Russian route via Vladivostok. They are able to shorten the time from Tokio to Europe by half a day and to

REDUCE THE SEA PASSAGE

from 36 hours to less than 12, which will be appreciated by those who have some of the most uncomfortable hours of their lives crossing the Sea of Japan from Tsuruga to Vladivostok or vice versa. The short passage from Shimonoseki to Fusan is sometimes rough, but is not so likely to be so as the other, and at most takes only about ten or eleven hours.

Spending the night at Antung, where I experienced a typhoon which threatened to carry away the frail building in which I was sleeping, I proceeded the next day to Seoul, where I had a quiet Sunday, preaching to a little congregation of about 20 Japanese in the morning and attending an English service in the evening. I noticed that a good many changes have been made in the capital of Korea since I visited the place over four years ago. Broad streets have been opened in various directions and the old city walls in places have been torn down and used for banding purposes. Several

REALLY IMPOSING BUILDINGS

have gone up—namely the Bank of Chosen—and others are being erected, and there are many evidences that there is something doing. Just at the time of my visit there was a good deal of excitement amongst the missionaries and Korean Christians over a conspiracy trial that was going on and which has since resulted in the imposition of heavy sentences on a large number of Korean Christians—mostly Presbyterians—as punishment for an alleged plot to assassinate the Governor-General. There was something queer about the way the trial was conducted, and apparently none of the missionaries believed there was any ground for the accusation whatever. An appeal has been made by the convicted men and it is to be hoped that a new hearing of the case by a superior court will be carried on in a different way and result in the clearing of the prisoners or their satisfactory conviction. The matter has no doubt injured the reputation of the Japanese courts. On Tuesday I went down to Fusan, and the next morning I had breakfast in Shimonoseki, which for several years formed part of my large district at the west end of the main island. I now felt that I had reached home, and after a visit to the catechist and his wife, and a call on a sick member of

THE LITTLE CONGREGATION

in the hospital, I left for Hiroshima, which was my place of residence during the five years I was in Japan without my family. Two days there enabled me to see the little church that since I left has been built on a good site I was able to secure, to call on a number of old friends, and to pay a little visit to Kure, which was always an interesting part of my field. The next stage of my journey brought me to Nagoya on Saturday, September 21st. I preached in both the churches the next day and also took the English service for the missionaries and other foreigners in the afternoon. This afforded me an opportunity of meeting many old friends and fellow-workers both amongst the missionaries and the Japanese. On Sunday night a terrific typhoon swept over a large district in central Japan, the part most affected being in the neighbourhood of Nagoya and Gifu. I only recollect one typhoon as bad, and that occurred about 17 years ago. Over twenty people were killed in and around the city and

MUCH DAMAGE WAS DONE

to property. The churches in Nagoya both escaped, but that at Gifu was seriously injured. The next Sunday I spent at Toyohashi with the Millmans, making the acquaintance of a new member of the family and enjoying a play with the fast-growing bigger boys as well as happy fellowship with their parents. Here again I preached twice at an out-station to which Mr. Millman and I went on bicycles.

Then I left to take up work at Niigata in the extreme north end of the diocese, calling at Tokyo, Matsumoto, Nagano, Ueda and Takata on the way, thus visiting all the members of our mission now in the diocese. I am sure we may rely on having the prayers of many in Canada in connection with the opening of this new station.

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JERUSALEM

Motor Boats on Dead Sea Now—Steam Harvesters on Rich Plains of Sharon.

AN interesting proposal has been made by the Free Masons to rebuild Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. The ancient capital of Palestine is no longer a sleepy, forgotten eastern town, but a live, up-to-date, modern city. This fact is to be noted in the rapidity with which Jerusalem is extending. Until a generation ago there were no buildings outside its three-mile circuit of wall. The old Jerusalem within the walls could be set down comfortably inside the railings of Hyde Park in London and leave abundant space to spare. To-day just as there is a City of London and a Greater London around it, so there is growing up a Greater Jerusalem outside the gates.

Jerusalem has a progressive municipality. Attention has lately been paid to its street-paving and sewerage system. A few months ago a water-cart made its appearance, having been brought out from England to water the streets of the Holy City. Previously they had been only sprinkled with water carried in skins. A celebrated English firm of fire-engine makers has supplied the Jerusalem town council with fire-fighting appliances, and it was but a year or two ago that the city was furnished with an efficient telephone service, by means of which the Greek Patriarch may "ring up" the Anglican Bishop. And had the centurion, who was a man under authority, having soldiers under him, lived in these days his men would have been equipped with bicycles, for such machines will shortly be at the disposal of the Jerusalem police force.

Jerusalem, too, is having its own tramways, a French syndicate being responsible for the service. Then a British firm has been asked to submit tenders for lighting the city by electricity, and a German syndicate—Jerusalem certainly distributes her favours equally—has been empowered to improve the water supply by the erection of a large reservoir at the springs of Ain Fairah and Ain Fouwar. These are situated in the upper part of the Valley of the Brook Cherith, perhaps near the unknown spot where, among the gorges of his native uplands, the prophet from Gilead found safe asylum.

Nor is the throb of modern activity confined to the capital of Judea. How far away seem the old methods of reaping by hand, and of letting the unmuzzled ox tread out the corn on the primitive threshing floor, while the women ground at the mill—how far away they seem when one learns that now on the rich Plains of Sharon, lying between Jaffa and Jerusalem, there are modern harvesting and reaping machines driven by horse-power or steam, as well as threshing machines operated by motors.

The motor has found its way into Palestine. Kerosene motors drive the pumps which irrigate the extensive orange groves round Jaffa. And recently a motor boat was placed on the Dead Sea, on the shores of which once stood those cities of the plain which pass so luridly before the reader of the Book of Genesis.



If a man would keep both integrity and independence free from temptation, let him keep out of debt. Franklin says: "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong
Like echoes from an angel's song;
"Good-will and peace, peace and good-will,"
Ring out the carols, glad and gay.
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born to-day.

In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mothers' eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born to-day.

—Susan Coolidge.

TAMING ELEPHANTS

TO see the working elephant at his best one must go into Burma, where the teak timber trade, worth millions of dollars a year, is the staple industry. Teak, as every one knows, is a very valuable wood quite equal to mahogany, and much used in expensive furniture and fittings. There are in Burma vast forests, thousands of square miles in extent, and these are leased by the Indian government to private corporations, many of whom employ over a thousand elephants, each one of them worth at least 5,000 rupees, or \$1,675. These elephants are renewed from the wild herds, as occasion demands. But the Indian government strictly protects every elephant between the Himalayas and Cape Cormorin, and not one may be shot save by special license, and when it is clearly shown he is a "rogue," or outcast from the herd, and on that account likely to become a serious menace to the villagers.

The Indian government itself undertakes the trapping of the wild elephants through its Forest Department. In the old days this was done by digging pits in the jungle and covering them lightly with twigs, branches and grass. But for one elephant successfully taken by this method at least twenty were maimed or destroyed, and now the "kheddah" system is in vogue. The "kheddah" is simply an immense enclosure made with the trunks of trees and with a V-shaped entrance. On a day pre-arranged thousands of beaters under the supervision of white shikaris, or hunters, drive the wild herds from their feeding grounds toward the kheddah; and at last with a thunder that shakes the ground many hundreds of the monsters rush screaming and trumpeting into the great enclosure.

Next day expert mahouts, or drivers, mounted upon tame working tuskers, enter the kheddah and begin to make friends with the captives. The work of taming these wild elephants is astonishingly simple. It is also comic to witness, because so well-trained are the tame decoys that should the prisoners misbehave themselves they are very drastically corrected by the tusks of their task-masters. In a week or so each captive is led forth between two tame elephants, and his education is very nearly complete. Many elephants are shipped from India proper up to

Moulmein and Burma in ships specially built for the purpose. I have seen as many as 120 full-grown elephants being put on board one of these curious liners. They are lifted by a special sling harness, attached to cables and a powerful crane.

It is pitiful to see the terror of the enormous brutes dangling helplessly in mid-air, and when one realizes what agonies they suffer at the mere sight of a mouse, one understands their dread of being swung in the air. The elephant labourers are fully grown at twenty-five years, and then they do their best work, travelling faster than the older ones. For nearly fifteen years they continue to increase in weight and their experienced mahouts are able to tell their age at a glance by the shape of their ears. As workers they are both quiet and swift; I have seen a Rangoon elephant outrun a fast horse for a short distance. Oddly enough they cannot jump in the least, and a deep ditch only seven feet wide is to them quite impassable. Near-sighted they are, too; but to make up for this their sense of smell is little short of miraculous.—St. Nicholas.



The Canadian Churchman. **The Sabbath Day.**

IN HIS NAME.

Above all other considerations in the celebration of the Christmastide let us remember to perform whatever we may do, and say whatever we say, in the name of Christ. The humblest service is glorified when dedicated to Him, the most trifling offering is not unacceptable when done for Him, whose eye-takes note of the least of our efforts. Our hearts are thrilled with such overflowing love for Him that we do not recognize Him in the humble claimants for our kindness when we meet them, and forget that He said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Oh, let us honour the day of His birth by exalting His name, and exemplifying His love in every act of our lives. Let us ever keep in mind His injunction, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," and so conduct ourselves that we may be sure that the Redeemer did not come to earth for our salvation in vain.

THE MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE SANTA CLAUS.

(Concluded from Page 765.)

got presents for us all—ain't yer, Santy?" turning anxiously to Mr. Pendleton.

There was a breathless moment of suspense, then that gentleman suddenly took a most surprising resolution.

"For every single one of you," he said, gravely, "as soon as I find out what you want."

They crowded around him, and he got out his note-book, and balanced himself on a three-legged chair. The Magees stood open-mouthed in the background.

"I want a rollin' chair for me sister; her legs got cut off by de cars."

"Gimme a drum, Santy—g'wan!"

"Gimme a knife, old man!"

The confusion made Santa Claus throw back his head and burst into such a laugh as nobody in the Broadway building had ever heard or dreamed of.

"Go out and get every boy that lives in this house," he commanded.

"Dear heart!" broke in Mrs. Magee, who had relinquished her hold on the chair, and had grown suddenly cheerful, "don't you be worritin'; ivery wan is here now."

Then into Santa Claus' note-book went name after name, and after each name the name of the article desired. Poor little chaps on Delancey Street! Some of them asked for nothing for themselves, but for mother, or sister, or baby. Observing this, Santa Claus' benevolent intentions expanded to include whole families.

He forgot his errand; he shook hands with every boy there, and called him by name. He hurried uptown to a great department store, and then rushed out to a toy store, and hastened back again, until the whole day was gone. His cheque was made out in three figures, and he had not a cent in his pockets, but his heart was

light as he watched the great pile of gitts being sent downstairs.

When he came back to his office he was tired, wet, smiling, and the janitor gazed in startled surprise. The great office door opened, and he entered the warm and luxurious apartment. The junior member of the firm looked up, and asked, shortly:—

"Had a good day?"

"The best I've had in years," said Pendleton Old Man.—S. S. Times.

CHRISTMAS DAY AMONG THE DOWN-TOWN POOR.

(Concluded from Page 760.)

the tears sprang to the eyes of the mother when matters were explained to her. "How can I thank you enough," she said quietly, "we have so little money, and I was afraid we would have nothing for the lads when Christmas morning came, and now they can hang up their stockings and—well I won't tell you how I feel for I cannot."

It would take the whole of this issue to tell all that we see on one Christmas eve, and all the experiences of that one night, and therefore I will only ask you to come to two more places with me, and then leave you to think of what it is to be poor. We hastened to a home where death had cast its dark shadow. One of the little boys had been drowned; there were four little fellows left, and to this house was carried a big bag. On knocking, a chubby little chap with rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, and sturdy legs, came along curious to know the reason of the call. "Say Mister, is this paid for?" he queried, as he looked at the said bag. "Oh, yes," was the reply, and the youngster sent for his mother. She came and was joyfully surprised, "Oh! it is good of you people, and the children will appreciate it so much," was

all she could say as the children swarmed about her. "Good bye, and merry Christmas," came from them all, as they turned from the workers.

One more place, before we conclude. It is a humble home, on one of the well-to-do streets, where peace and happiness reigned, although here, too, death had cast its shadows over the household. There are four little children in the house, the eldest one and the youngest a creeping babe of 8 months. The kind faced mother asked us to see the delight of the children. Were they tickled? Rather. Cries of joy greeted us, and I am afraid they did not wait until the advent of Christmas before they ascertained what the packages contained. Who would blame them? "I don't know how to thank you," said the mother, but we assured her that we had had our reward. "Poor little things," she said, "they had their father last Christmas, but now ——" Surely there is no need to say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and if the reader is sitting disconsolate over something that has happened since the last Nativity day, we suggest that he should arise, and make some fellow-creature's season a bright one, and it will be passing strange, if the dark clouds do not scatter before the warm sun of God's love.

A decree was recently issued by the government of Uruquay providing for instruction in telegraphy of women to be employed in government offices. The results have been satisfactory. The class in telegraphy, together with the organization of the college for the higher education of women and several other proposals, illustrate the earnest efforts that are being made by the government for the advancement of women in Uruquay. Further encouragement is given as officials have been instructed to employ women when possible.—"The Living Church."

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Canadian Church News
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Clarendon Lamb Worrell, D.D.,
Bishop, Halifax, N.S.

Halifax.—All Saints' Cathedral.—On Thursday, evening, November 28th, St. Luke's Hall was the scene of an extremely pleasant function, the happy occasion being a reception to the new Vicar of the Cathedral, the Rev. Canon Llwyd, Mrs. and Miss Llwyd. The Bishop and Mrs. Worrell received and the guests were introduced to the Vicar and family by the Rev. Canon Hind. A large number both of clergy and the laity were present at the reception, including many prominent members of the congregation.

Church of England Institute. On Monday evening, November 25th, a very successful meeting of the Sunday School Teachers' Institute was held at this Institute, the president, the Very Rev. Dean Crawford, in the chair. An interesting feature was the presentation to Mrs. Crooks, of St. Matthias Sunday School, of the diploma obtained from the Sunday School Commission for the passing of the examination on the complete normal course. Mrs. Crooks headed the list of successful candidates from all over Canada. The presentation was made in appropriate words by the Bishop, who congratulated Mrs. Crooks most heartily, and expressed the hope that her example would be followed by many others. Canon Gould gave an illustrated lecture on "Palestine," through which the land where our Lord lived and worked was made far more real to the teachers.

MONTREAL.

John Cragg Farthing, D.D., Bishop,
Montreal.

Montreal.—St. George's.—This church has been sold for the sum of one million and a quarter dollars, approximately, and a modern ten-story hotel is to be erected on its site. The property will be taken over in about a year's time. Those who signed the agreement on behalf of this church were Canon Paterson-Smyth, the rector, and Messrs. G. E. Drummond, Henry Birks, and George F. C. Smith.

Montreal.—Cathedral Scheme Dropped.—It is definitely stated in a Montreal paper that it is unlikely that a great Anglican Cathedral will be erected in this city in the near future unless something quite unforeseen occurs. This paper states that the failure of the big cathedral plan is said to have been due largely to the action of the Church of St. James the Apostle. It is planning to increase its auditorium next summer, and quite recently it has purchased a new rectory on Mackay Street. Christ Church Cathedral did not relish the idea of its magnificent home passing into commercial uses, so the whole scheme has been dropped.

ONTARIO.

William Lennox Mills, D.D., Bishop,
Kingston.

Kingston.—The Ven. Archdeacon Carey has been transferred by the Bishop of the Diocese from the Archdeaconry of Kingston to that of Ontario, in which Archdeaconry he succeeds the late Ven. Archdeacon J. K. McMorine, and His Lordship has appointed the Rev. O. G. Dobbs, M.A., of Brockville, to the Archdeaconry of Kingston.

Kingston.—At morning prayer at St. James' Church, the Rev. T. W. Savary made a feeling reference to the late Venerable Archdeacon Macmorine. He took his text from Hebrews, 12th chapter, 6th verse: "Be imitators of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." The preacher said that the work of a good man did not stop with death. But no more were his kindly words heard, no more was his face

held in St. James' Parish House last week, a comprehensive immigration scheme was discussed, which included the remodeling of the Church of the Ascension as a thoroughly equipped "institutional church." From this as headquarters, immigrants would be met at the station and taken care of, being directed to reliable boarding houses if they wish to remain in Toronto. It is expected that the work will be undertaken on a larger scale than ever attempted in the city before. It is probable, also, that the great "Palestine Exhibition" will be brought to Toronto shortly and placed in the Arena or the Armouries. The "exhibition" is arranged by the London (England) Missionary Society to the Jews, and is designed to give a practical illustration of the life and events recorded in the New Testament Bible story. Over 1,500 voluntary assistants will be required to present the exhibition.

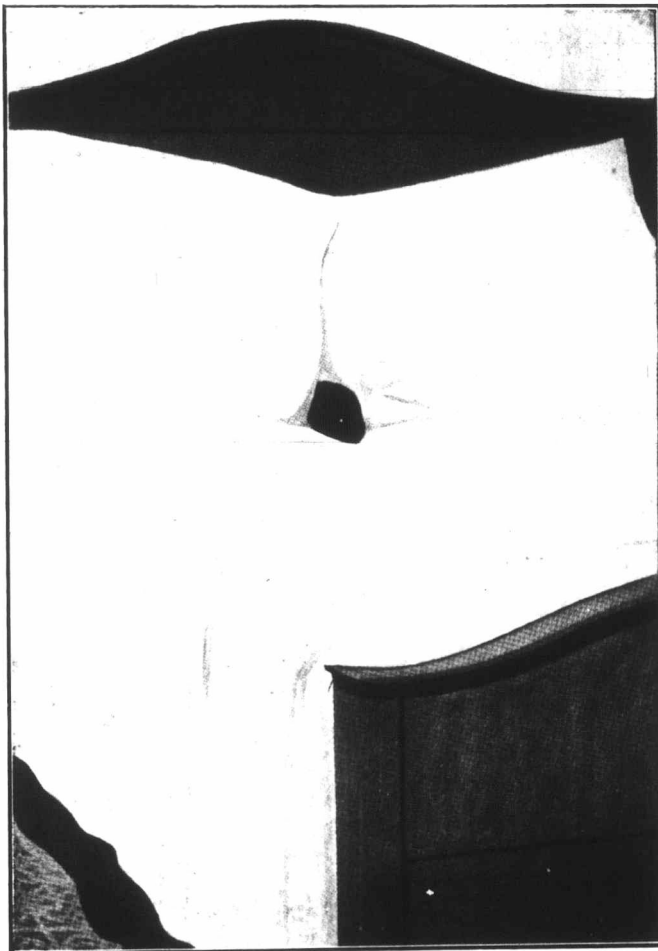
ance was large, encouraging reports were submitted by the church wardens, and a short but delightful programme was very much enjoyed. The Rev. Canon March, rector of St. Paul's Church for the last twenty-five years, and his estimable wife, were the recipients of a magnificent silver tea set, a gift from a very appreciative congregation, as a mark of the high esteem in which both are held at the conclusion of their silver jubilee in Lindsay. After the presenting of the beautiful set to Canon and Mrs. Marsh by Mr. Milne, the rector thanked the members of the congregation for the gift. "I have, through the goodness of God, been permitted to be here these five and twenty years, and I thank you very, very heartily, and I know that I express the thanks of Mrs. Marsh as well, for this kind remembrance." The rector thanked the congregation for their hearty co-operation in the past, and felt sure that God would continue to bless the church. The Venerable Archdeacon Perry, of St. Catharines, and formerly of St. Paul's Church, Lindsay, when called upon, in referring to the gift, stated that the people of St. Paul's could not have done anything better. Canon Marsh had always been a great asset to the church, and had rendered twenty-five years of faithful work. Church worship, he stated, should be a communion, where every person helped the other person. The speaker also referred to the great stimulating force of church worship. "We want the stimulation of fresh air, clear water, sunshine, friendship and fellowship, and the stimulation of God." Mr. G. A. Milne, the People's Churchwarden, presented his report of the collection raised on Sunday at the 27th anniversary services. The morning collection amounted to \$281, the evening collection to \$172, while the Mite Society raised \$221.55. The Parish Workers handed in the sum of \$30 and the Sunday School raised \$37.08, making a grand total of \$741.63. Mr. Milne stated that the Mite Society deserved the thanks of the congregation, and the Parish Workers should also be commended. The latter society at much expense, probably over \$200, had redecorated the church and installed a fine new lighting system.

At the close of the evening dainty refreshments were served by the ladies.

Collingwood.—All Saints'.—The programme for the season of the Men's Association is of unusual excellence. The officers are Hon. President, Rev. R. Macnamara; president, R. W. Thom; secretary, Percy G. Dodd. Among the chosen speakers for the season are Bishop Reeve, Rev. R. W. Norwood, Mr. L. A. Hamilton, Canon Gould, Mr. Frank Yeigh, Rev. Dyson Hague, Rev. Dr. Renison, Archdeacon Davidson, and others.

These Men's Associations are proving of great value to the churches that have them among their organizations.

Eglington.—St. Clement's.—A special vestry meeting of this church was held in the parish hall on Thursday night, the 5th inst., the rector, the



The Canadian Churchman.
Far From the Madding Crowd.
A little Study in Black and White.

seen, and his people sighed for a vanished hand. He had gone to another world of ministry.

The preacher urged upon his hearers to follow the high example of good words and works set by the late rector.

Kingston.—Fifty-two years in the ministry is the Rev. Canon Grout's life story. The best of it is that Canon Grout does not talk of retiring, but looks after the business matters at Synod Hall with ability and marked intelligence. He is one of the "grand old men" of the Ontario clergy.

TORONTO.

James Fielding Sweeny, D.D., Bishop,
William Day Reeve, D.D., Toronto.

Toronto.—Toronto Rural Deanery.
—At a meeting of the Rural Deanery

Church of the Epiphany.—The sale of work in connection with this church, of Christmas articles, last week, proved a great success, a very large sum being realized for special objects. The amount of self-sacrifice shown by many of the ladies in the extensive preparations was most remarkable.

Orillia.—St. James'.—The Rev. Dyson Hague preached forceful sermons on Sunday, December 1st, to large congregations in this church.

Port Hope.—St. John's.—The Rev. J. A. Elliott has taken up his new duties in Port Hope. He will doubtless prove a power for good in his new sphere of work.

Lindsay.—St. Paul's.—The annual congregational reunion held recently in connection with St. Paul's Church was a decided success. The attend-

Rev. A. J. Fidler, presiding. The discussion centered on the subject of enlarging the seating capacity of the present building, and that an architect be employed to advise the vestry, etc. If the present building cannot be enlarged to advantage, a new edifice should be erected with a seating capacity of from 800 to 1,200. A committee was appointed to deal with the matter.

Aurora.—Trinity.—The Bishop of the diocese held a Confirmation service in this church on Thursday evening last when thirty-five candidates were presented by the rector of the parish, the Rev. G. S. Desparq. A large congregation was present at the service. The sale of work lately held in this parish netted the sum of \$183.50.

Mr. Veigh gave an interesting illustrated lecture on the subject of "Canada During Her Century of Peace" in the schoolhouse on Monday evening, December 2nd, to the members of the Men's Association of the church and their friends.

HURON.

David Williams, D.D., Bishop,
London, Ont.

St. Thomas.—St. John's. The Rev. W. Francis Brownlee, rector of this church, had a narrow escape from death by electrocution while driving past station 52 on the Traction line, north of Talbotville, on Monday afternoon, December 2nd. Mr. Brownlee was on his way to visit a friend and was just turning off the London and

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Port Stanley Road onto a side road when his pony, which was owned by Blathwaine Dixon, of this city, stepped on a wire on the ground and dropped dead. For a moment it did not occur to Mr. Brownlee what the trouble was. Hastily dismounting from the buggy, he caught hold of the animal's head with the intention of hitting it up. No sooner had his hand come in contact with the dead animal than Mr. Brownlee received a severe shock, but was able to withstand it. The fact that he had gloves on probably saved him from death, or, at any rate, serious injury. Mr. Brownlee, who had his young daughter with him, returned to the city on the next car.

RUPERT'S LAND.

Samuel P. Matheson, D.D., Arch-
bishop, Winnipeg.

Winnipeg.—Holy Trinity.—The new organ which has recently been placed in this church, was formerly dedicated on Wednesday, November 27th, in the presence of a congregation which completely filled the church. The rector, Archdeacon Fortin, offered the dedicatory prayers and afterwards delivered an address at the close of which the "Te Deum" was sung. This was followed by a short recital on the new instrument by the organist, Mr. H. St. John Neffel. Miss Beatrice Overton sang two solos.

Winnipeg.—St. Margaret's.—A dedicatory service was held in this (Continued on page 782).



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INCURABLE CHILDREN

At this Christmas season our thoughts naturally turn to those less fortunate than ourselves, and an effort is made to make this one day in the year a joyful one for all. And especially is this birthday of Christ considered the children's day, when our sympathy goes out to the little sufferers who are cared for in the Home for Incurable Children, 152 Bloor Street East, Toronto.

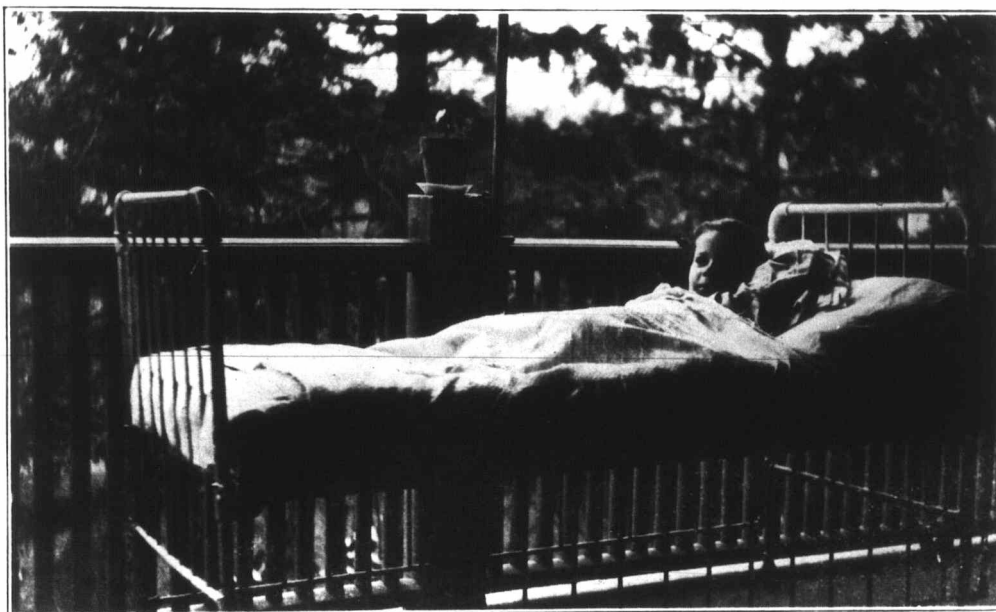
At the annual meeting of this Home, held recently, the secretary, Mrs. R. A. Donald, commenced her report with the text "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness." Psalm 145:7. And as we listened to her account of the work being done in this Home—the only one of its kind in the whole Dominion—it was realized how applicable those words were to the children cared for therein. All are sufferers, without hope of permanent relief from pain. Many are homeless, and others have come from homes where they met with cruelty and neglect. And their bright, happy faces showed how much they had to thank their Heavenly Father for, that He had put it into the hearts of some of His servants to found such a Home, and to support it, as it has been supported during the thirteen years of its existence, entirely by voluntary contributions. The Home is well situated, with a large lawn at the rear, overlooking the Rosedale Ravine. Here, during the summer months, those children who are well enough to be moved spend their days, and those who are unable to leave their beds are wheeled out on the spacious verandahs. The house itself is large and airy, and the wards bright and cheerful.

After a visit in the wards visitors do not go away thinking of it as an institution, but as a Home, where poor little suffering children, some

of whom are detained in mind as well as in body, are cared for as in a family; nursed and mothered alike by nurses and superintendent.

Those of the children who are able to use their hands have been taught various occupations. Wood carving, pierced brass work and raffia basket making is done by the boys, and knitting, crocheting, and sewing by the girls. As one of the little boys pathetically put it, "the work made him forget the pain for a while."

The thoughts of most of these children, in common with all other children at this season, are turning towards Christmas and Santa Claus, and the gifts he will bring. But they also have their share in bringing happiness to others at this joyous season. Some of the boys, who have formed themselves into a club, provide each Christmas a dinner for some poor family. The picture of one of these little sufferers will make its effectual appeal to our readers for their general sympathy as they recall what they themselves owe to God's "unspeakable gift."



The Canadian Churchman. Carrie Enjoying the Verandah.

A HIDDEN WELL.

By Amy Chambers.

There was quite a number of people in the Winthorpe who would have told you that Mrs. Bland was a cold, hard woman. She was certainly a calm and self-contained one, and was bringing up her two fatherless girls well, though none would have termed her an indulgent or even affectionate mother. She had worked downright hard in the little outfitting business which had proved so successful, having good health for the most part, so that it was with some surprise that her neighbors found her decidedly slow in rallying from a bad attack of bronchitis.

Mrs. Armsfield, who lived just over the way, made up her mind one afternoon that she really would visit the invalid. She was all uncertain as to how she would be received, since there was practically no record of neighbors dropping in at Mrs. Bland's, all her relation with them being of a purely business character.

Emily, the elder daughter, who had been spared from her situation for a

week or so on account of her mother's illness, seemed just a little nonplussed at Mrs. Armsfield's advent, while Jessie, who was minding the shop now her school hours were over, looked quite impressed as her sister ushered the visitor upstairs.

"It's Mrs. Armsfield, mother; you'll like to see her," uttered Emily, opening a door to the right of the landing, and then slipping off downstairs again. Mrs. Armsfield went forward in rather gingerly fashion, being much relieved when the invalid seemed really pleased at her advent, although traces of tears were clearly evident on her pale cheeks.

"Are you in much pain?" said the visitor, sympathetically, as she took the chair indicated. The other shook her head silently, and closed her heavy eyelids, under which the slow tears still crept.

"It isn't the pain that hurts," she said at length. "It's thinking about my girls. They don't neglect me, they look after my needs; but neither of them really likes to be with me,

and they just get away as soon as they decently can."

"They've things to see to, I suppose," returned the other, a little uncertainly. "But they love you dearly, I'm sure."

"If they'd only show it a little more"—and the words came with a sob. "I don't mind when I'm well; 'tisn't my way to show feeling much myself. But when you're ill you do want love somehow."

"Perhaps —" hazarded her companion, and then stopped, scarcely knowing how to proceed.

But the invalid caught her meaning.

"Perhaps I haven't shown them love enough, you think. But I've always been so busy, and one has to be a bit strict when there's no father. I've strove so hard for them, they must have known how I cared, mustn't they?" she ended appealingly.

"There's a poem I read once," said Mrs. Armsfield, gently, as her hand closed over the other's trembling fingers, "which tells how love should be like a fountain rather than a well. We know the well isn't run dry, but

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we can't see its waters. And so it's not enough that love for us is hid deep down in our friends' hearts, we want to be made glad sometimes by the sight and sound of it."

"That's me, that's me, now!" and Mrs. Bland half raised herself from her pillows. "And do you think my girls have felt like that?"

"I do, dear, for young hearts sometimes miss love most," Mrs. Armsfield told her gently. "But it's never too late to let its sunshine in."

They talked together for some time, and when Mrs. Armsfield rose to go, the other's face wore a hopeful, peaceful expression that was good to see. The kindly neighbour didn't break confidence. It was only a few encouraging, suggestive words she gave the sisters as she found them sitting closely together, but they woke a new light in the young faces, and sent Emily to her mother's bedside with strange tenderness in her ministrations, while Jessie's good-night kiss was more loving and lingering than it had ever been before.

Gradually the self-erected barriers between the widow and her daughters entirely disappeared, and new happiness dwelt in their home, for love's life-giving fountain was henceforth unsealed.

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CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

(Continued from page 780).

church on the evening of Friday, November 29th, the dedication ceremony being performed by the Primate in the presence of a large congregation. The sermon was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, the rector of Holy Trinity. The Rev. Canon Jeffery and the rector of the parish, the Rev. A. W. Woods, also took part in the service.

ATHABASCA.

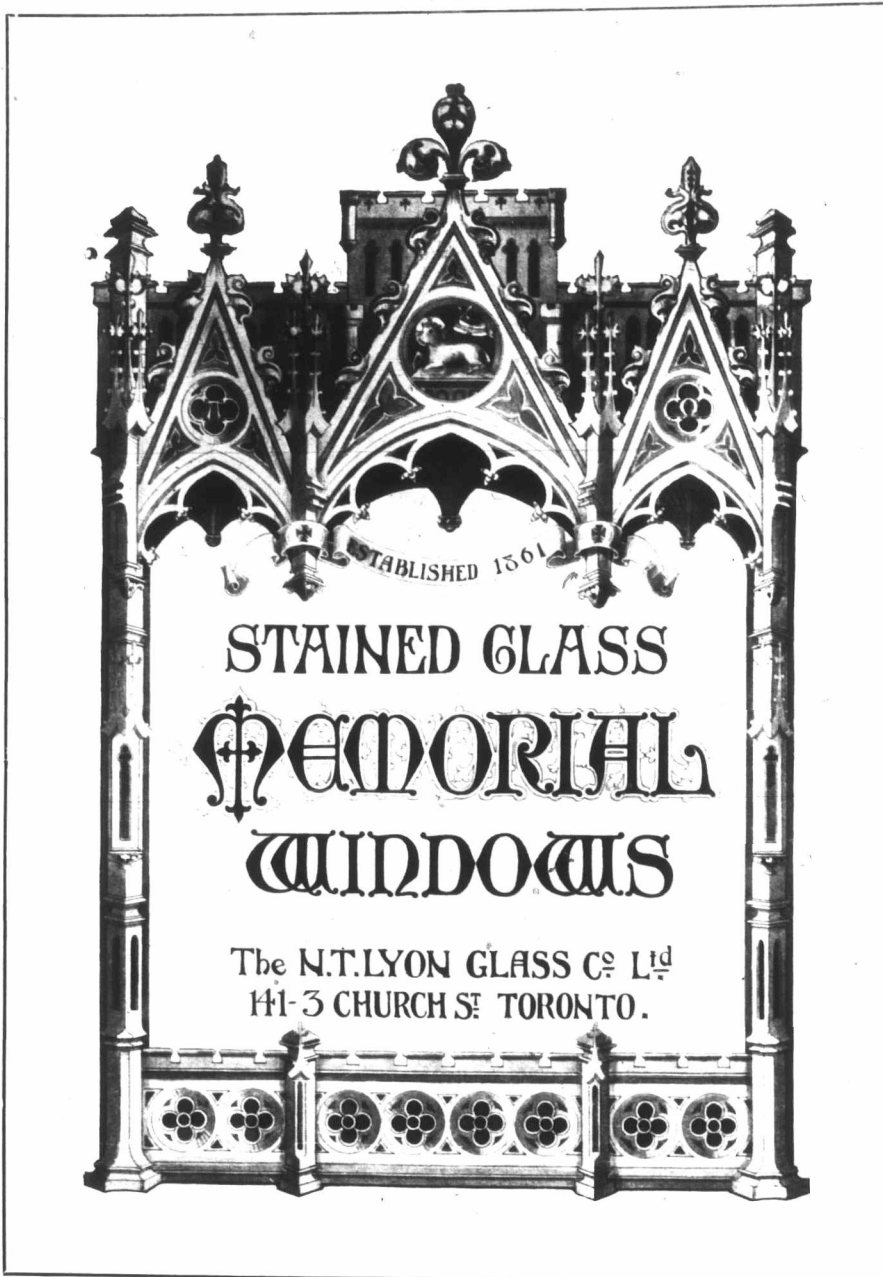
E. F. Robins, D.D., Bishop, Athabasca Landing.

Battenburg.—Emmanuel.—On Sunday, November 24th, the annual Harvest Thanksgiving service was held in this church. The incumbent, the Rev. O. J. Roberts, took as his texts 2 Cor. vii. 1, and Gen. viii. 22. There was a large congregation and twenty-three stayed to the Holy Communion, some coming fifteen miles or more to the service. Another service was held at Sunnyside, fifteen miles off. Here, also, there was a good attendance. At 11 o'clock the incumbent was at Excelsior, seventeen miles in another direction.

SASKATCHEWAN.

Jervois A. Newnham, D.D., Bishop, Prince Albert, Sask.

Macklin.—Holy Trinity.—The Harvest Festival at this church was held on Sunday, October 27th, when special services took place, the Rev. Gordon Matthews officiating. Even-



ing which was held in the Luxton school house recently a committee was appointed to devise ways and means preparatory to carrying out the wishes of the residents. This is another instance of the rapid growth of this promising locality.

On Thanksgiving Day a "New England Supper" was served by the W.A. in the Masonic Hall. A large number sat down to the tastefully decorated and heavily laden tables. The proceeds amounted to \$55.

COLUMBIA.

John Charles Roper, D.D., Bishop, Victoria, B.C.

Luxton.—Members of the Church of England resident in Happy Valley are contemplating the erection of a church not far from Luxton station. Their number is increasing so rapidly that a permanent place of worship has become an urgent necessity. At a meet-

ing which was held in the Luxton school house recently a committee was appointed to devise ways and means preparatory to carrying out the wishes of the residents. This is another instance of the rapid growth of this promising locality.

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The Churchwoman

On St. Andrew's Day intercessions for missions were made throughout the day in all the Halifax churches by members of the W.A. A corporate communion service was held at All Saints' Cathedral at 11 a.m. His Lordship the Bishop was celebrant, assisted by the dean of Nova Scotia. About eighty communicants were present. An earnest and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. C. E. Whittaker, missionary to the Eskimos at Herschel Island, Mackenzie River, from the text, "He brought him to Jesus." When we have found Christ our great desire should be to lead others to Him. This is the greatest work we can do. In this connection the preacher spoke of his work in the far north among a people who had been living in a state of degradation that no decent language could describe. Work was begun in 1802 by the Rev. I. O. Stringer (now Bishop), who was joined three years later by Mr. Whittaker. They laboured amidst many discouragements, and seventeen years passed before the first baptism took place. Since then over two hundred have been baptized and are leading Christian lives. Our prayers are asked for Mr. Fry and his associates.

Girls' Friendly Society.—At the regular meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society, which was lately held in Toronto, a very encouraging report was given by the Lodge Committee. A spacious residence on Pembroke Street has been procured, and the Lodge, accommodating 35 guests, will be opened on January 1st.

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Personal and General

Canon Starr, of the Cathedral, Kingston, was the guest of Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt last week.

Amongst the bequests to various public institutions in the will of the late Stuart Dunn, of Quebec, the sum of \$10,000 has been left to Wycliffe College.

The Queen Mother celebrated the 68th anniversary of her birth on Sunday, December 1st. Every Britisher joins in lovingly wishing long life to her most gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra.

A permit was received at the Synod office on Thursday last from the city architect for the purpose of the erection of the addition to St. Alban's Cathedral, which is to cost \$300,000, and which is already under way.

On December 2nd, in the Cathedral at Rimogoon, Bermah, Capt. Walter C. Reid, son of Mr. W. J. Reid, London, Ont., was married to Norah, youngest daughter of Mrs. Casey and the late Mr. Geo. E. Casey, ex-M.P., Elgin County, Ont.

The Prime Minister's long-expected naval announcement was made in the House of Commons on Thursday last. Mr. Borden proposes a contribution of \$35,000,000; the British Admiralty to build and man the super-dreadnoughts, three in number.

We greatly regret, just as we are going to press with our Christmas number, to hear from the Bishop of Fredericton that he has had to be operated upon for appendicitis. We earnestly hope before our next issue to hear of his rapid improvement. Later information states Bishop Richardson has successfully gone through his serious operation and is doing well.

The Canadian Northern steamship "Royal George," which ran on the rocks below Quebec recently, and which has been in dock at the Louise Basin in Quebec, will be ready for service again towards the end of the week. The damage done to the ship's bottom was not serious, it is stated.

The professor was delivering the final lecture of the term. He dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed. Suddenly a voice from the rear enquired: "Who's the printer?"

A unique steamboat for the use, we believe, of Roman Catholic missionaries in the Arctic region is being built by the Polson Iron Works, Limited. It is forty feet long, nine feet three inches wide, and three feet six inches deep, and will be shipped in twenty parts from Toronto to Athabasca Landing, whence it will be hauled across the snow for several hundred miles to the Mackenzie River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean. Every part will be numbered,

and a screwdriver, rivetter and other tools will be sent along so that the missionaries, who are not experienced mechanics, will be able to put the boat together with the aid of a diagram.

Was His Argument Ridiculous?—The great astronomer Kirchner had a friend who denied the existence of a God. One day he called on the astronomer, when he saw in one corner of his room a very beautiful celestial globe, and inquired whose it was, and who had made it. "It is not mine," said Kirchner, "and I do not think anybody made it. It must have come here by chance and of its own accord." "Ridiculous!" said his friend. "What is the use of such a reply?" "Why," rejoined he, "you

is safe where it says "safe," then it is a true chart no matter who made it, or when, or how, or where it was made. It is the sea that is the best test of a chart, so is the human life the best test of the Bible. Would you know the truth of the Bible? Become a Christian. "If any man will do His will," says Christ, "he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." (John vii. 17).—Selected.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew

The Toronto Local Assembly held their annual meeting last Saturday in St. George's Sunday School. During the afternoon various chapter reports were read showing the progress

generous supporters of the House. The Bishop of Toronto, the Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C., and others are to address the gathering at 3:30 on Wednesday. A full report of the proceedings will be given in our next issue.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Can you send a more beautiful and acceptable gift to your friends in England or elsewhere, than this superbly illustrated number of your own church paper?

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—The Canadian Churchman, 36 Toronto Street.

Children's Department

AN EVENING IN SANTA CLAUS' HOUSE.

By a Girl of Sixteen, "H. J."

The house is a huge, semi-spherical structure of well-packed snow. There is a large, circular table in the centre, as Santa Claus has introduced as many modern conveniences as he could, for he is wise enough to see that what benefits him or his many partners will most surely benefit the people all over the world.

"Santana, my dear," said the old gentleman, as he beamed across the table to Mrs. Claus, "do you think you could manage to have a few more dolls dressed, a couple of hundred? Eric tells me there are a lot more letters requesting dolls. Oh, I wish the youngsters would write sooner!"

Mrs. Claus, not pausing to look up from her work among the girls, replied that they were very, very busy, but would do their best.

Everything in the home looked bright and cheerful. The whole appearance of "The Factory," as Santa Claus, Junior, called it, was suggestive of willing work for others. Santa himself was busily engaged in the construction of various mechanical wagons and engines. The girls, enthusiastically talking all the time, were discussing ways of decorating story books, painting balloons and curling dolls' hair while they worked. Two of the boys were carving picture frames, while a smaller one tested the engines his father had already made. On one side of the room there was a large desk, with



The Canadian Churchman.

"Sweep up Your Snow, Mum?"

cannot believe that this little, imperfect piece of workmanship sprang into existence of itself! how, then, can you imagine that the glorious heavens, which this merely represents, could have sprung into being of their own accord?"

Our Chart. If you would know whether the Bible be true to its teachings, you must do by it as you would by a chart. The chart is nothing but a piece of paper, and what good would it do for a half a dozen captains to sit down on the shore and discuss its merits? How can they know whether its descriptions are correct or not? Let them take it on board, and prove it by sailing by it. That is a true chart on trial. If there is a rock where it says "rock," if it

of the work in the city chapters. The election of officers took place, after which supper was bountifully served by the ladies.

After the evening service Captain Geo. E. Blake spoke on "How Can a Brotherhood Man Increase His Usefulness to the Chapter," and Mr. H. W. Hewitt "How Can the Chapter Increase its Usefulness to the Church."

THE DEACONESS AND MISSIONARY TRAINING HOUSE.

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intercessions throughout x churches A corporate field at All a.m. His celebrant, ova Scotia. s were pre- impressive he Rev. C. o the Eski- Mackenzie e brought have found could be to us is the In this oke of his ng a people a state of t language s begun in inger (now hree years ey labour- ragements, before the Since then n baptized an lives. r Mr. Fry

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many pigeon-holes full of letters. Seated at this desk was Eric, Santa Claus' eldest son and secretary, hastily sorting letters, and frequently phoning orders to neighbouring houses where his father's partners lived.

Later on, they heard a shuffling noise in the low passageway leading to the house. Soon a bundle of fur emerged with a big armful of parcels. It was one of the partners. After putting down his burden he went out to his dog-sleigh to get the rest. The younger ones crowded round, reading out the labels: Formosa, Zanzibar, Ontario, England, Burmah, Cuba, and many more.

"Did you bring the hair ornaments for Hi Sing's little girl?" some one asked.

"And the skates for Teddy McCullough?"

"And the dishes for Kitty Davidson?"

"Yes, yes," said the man, while Santa attempted to restore order, and smiled happily to his wife at the children's eagerness.

Soon they were all busy again. "Tell Fourteen and Fifteen to procure as many seal as they can for those poor people across the Channel," said Santa, as their visitor prepared to leave.

Suddenly there was a loud ring at the 'phone, which was speedily answered by Eric. He soon turned to his father: "Yon Yonson left his home in the dog-sleigh about half-past five to go to his brother's and has not been seen since."

Santa and his two eldest sons hastily prepared to go out in search of the unfortunate man, while his wife 'phoned to the neighbours, telling them the news. Soon the three were ready and started out, each with a lantern and several dogs. They searched for a long time, but could see no trace of the man. It became bitterly cold, and they were very tired. They were just on the point of returning home to see if any news had been received yet, when one of the dogs began to dig in the snow. Santa Claus hastened forward, and they soon uncovered the man.

He was totally unconscious, but, as the distance was not great, they soon had him at Santa's home. Mrs. Claus had hot blankets, etc., ready, and they began the task of reviving the man.

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After what seemed a very long time he moved and opened his eyes. He soon regained consciousness, but was still very weak, so all but Santa, who insisted on staying up with the sick man, went to bed.

THE SLEEPY MAN.

"Nurse says the sleepy man is coming—let us run, and watch him through the keyhole; 'Twill be such glorious fun."

So they softly crept to the playroom. Little Ted and blue-eyed Nan, and waited long and patiently To see the sleepy man.

At last it came their bedtime, And nurse looked all around For Baby Nana and little Ted. But neither could be found.

So then she sought the playroom, And lo, behind the door, The sleepy man had caught them both And laid them on the floor!
 —New York Tribune.

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Ethel Taylor Crittenden.

"I've got all my Christmas presents ready," Marjory said, proudly. "And I've made every single one myself! Are yours done, Franklin?"

Franklin shook his head. "Mother's been sick so long," he explained. "I don't expect I can give any, Marjory."

"O Franklin, I'm so sorry! But it's a good while before Christmas—maybe I can help you make some presents."

"I don't need to make many," said Franklin. "If I could just think of one for mother, I wouldn't care so much about the others. You see, she's been so very sick."

"What do you think she would like?" asked Marjory.

Franklin put his chin in his hand and thought hard.

"I know!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "Flowers, of course! But there aren't any now, are there?"

Marjory looked doubtfully at the garden. Only dead, brown stalks showed where the chrysanthemums and asters had bloomed so gaily a little while before.

All at once she jumped up and picked up something lying in the garden path.

"Here's the very thing, Franklin!" she cried.

The little boy looked at the dead-looking round object in Marjory's hand.

"It's a bulb, Franklin! I helped mother plant some the other day, so I know how to do it. This looks just like hers; do you s'pose anybody cares if you have it?"

"I'll ask father," said Franklin. "He's in the library."

Father was very busy, but he glanced up long enough to speak to Franklin.

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"What is it, little boy?" Franklin explained how Marjory

had found the bulb on the garden walk. A moment later he ran to the back yard.

"Father says I may have it!" he cried, joyfully.

Franklin's little tin bucket was lying by the porch steps, and Marjory said that was the very thing to plant the bulb in. She showed Franklin just how to mix sand with some rich earth from the garden, and then the little bulb was pushed down in the bucket, under the earth blanket, until only its shiny nose was in sight.

"Now, we will put it in the dark," explained Marjory, "and you must keep it well watered, Franklin."

Every morning the little boy crept to the dark closet under the stairs to see how his Christmas present was growing. One day he found a tiny green shoot peeping through the earth. Later on, Marjory thought it was time to bring the plant to the light.

Christmas morning mother came to breakfast for the first time in many, many weeks.

"What is this?" she asked, as Franklin stood beside her with a rusty little bucket in his hands.

"It's a flower," the little boy said, proudly: "a bulb for you, mother! I've been watching it for weeks and weeks, and I'm very sorry it didn't bloom!"

"Never mind," mother said, gently kissing Franklin's happy face. "I think it is a beautiful present! Think of your taking care of it for mother all those days while she was sick!"

Presently Franklin ran out to try



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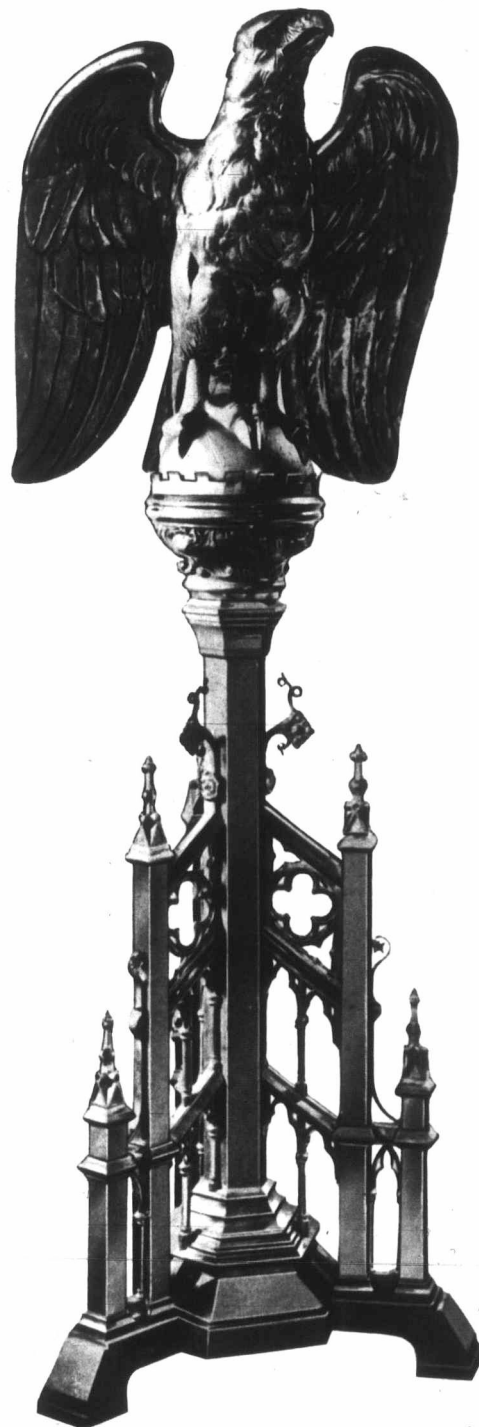
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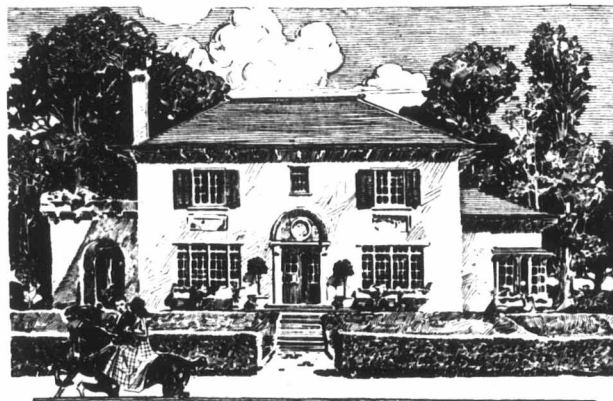
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