

Canadian Churchman



Christmas A.D. 1911

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There were once a man and woman who planned to go and spend a day at a friend's house, which was some miles distant from their own. So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit; but they had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old and was said not to be safe, and she immediately began to worry about it. "What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way." "Oh, said the man, "I forgot that bridge! It is a bad place; suppose it should break through and we should fall into the water and be drowned?" "Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and of the baby?" "I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I couldn't work, and we should all starve to death." So they went on worrying and worrying till they got to the bridge; when, lo and behold, they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built; and they crossed over it in safety, and found that they might have saved themselves all their anxiety. Now that is just what the proverb means; never waste your time worrying on what you think may possibly be going to happen, don't think, "Oh, suppose it should rain to-morrow so that I can't go out?" or, "What should I do if I should have a headache on the day of the party?" Half the time the troubles we look for do not come; and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worrying.



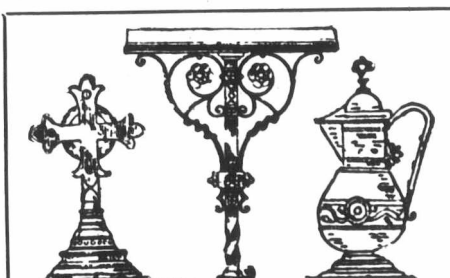
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The Bishop of London's Evangelistic Council have presented the Bishop of Salisbury with a silver inkstand and an illuminated address as a mark of their appreciation for the work he has done in the organization of London Missions. Dr. Ridgeway certainly deserved this recognition of his services, for he has been the life and soul of the Council, which has been the centre of evangelistic activity in the diocese, and arranges for Hyde Park gatherings as well as for missions in poor parishes and wealthy districts. In reply, the Bishop said the inkstand will rest on a valuable heirloom in his new home, "the table round which had gathered many illustrious men, and on which Canon Liddon had written his famous Bampton lectures."



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December 17—Third Sunday in Advent.

Morning.—Isai. 25; Rev. 1.
Evening.—Isai. 26 or 28:5—19; Rev. 2:1—18.

December 21—St. Thomas, A. & M.

Morning.—Job 42:1—7; John 20:19—24.
Evening.—Isai. 35; John 14:1—8.

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.

December 27—St. John A. & Evan.

Morning.—Exod. 33:9; John 13:23—36.
Evening.—Isai. 6; Rev. 1.

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

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 236, 240, 241, 252.
Processional: 10, 63, 306, 550.
Offertory: 323, 326, 500, 699.
Children: 56, 488, 687, 730.
General: 308, 396, 412, 707.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 232, 234, 237, 243.
Processional: 59, 64, 432, 476.
Offertory: 325, 390, 486, 564.
Children: 66, 707, 719, 727.
General: 108, 395, 471, 768.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Holy Communion: 248, 249, 386, 668.
Processional: 72, 73, 76, 599.
Offertory: 75, 79, 81, 742.
Children: 77, 712, 723, 737.
General: 74, 78, 514, 738.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

On next Sunday notice will be given of the Advent Ember Days. We shall be asked to fast and to pray (1) for those who ordain, (2) for those who are to be ordained, and (3) that many may hear the call to preach the Gospel, to minister in holy things, and thus to assist in preparing the way for the return of Jesus. In previous meditations on this Sunday we have thought of the necessity of a ministry, and the nature of the ministry established by Jesus Christ and developed in the Early Church under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. "It is evident unto all men diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church: Bishops, Priests, and Deacons" (The Preface to the Ordinal). Now, during this year let us at the various Ember-tides meditate upon the characteristic spirit of each order of the ministry. We begin with the Diaconate. The word "Deacon" is derived from a Greek word, which signifies "to serve." The characteristic, the essential, spirit of the Diaconate is "service." And for this reason he who is ordered Deacon never ceases to be Deacon: for, the higher the office in Holy Church, the weightier the responsibility of service. What is the highest service we can render mankind? Is it not service in spiritual things? Is it not that service which puts men in a right attitude to God and to eternity? What are the duties of the Deacon? To assist the Priest at Divine service, especially at Holy Communion, to read the Scriptures and Homilies in the Church; to instruct the youth in the Catechism; to baptize when the priest is absent; to search out the poor, the sick and the needy, and to report these to the Priest of the parish. Why report? That the priest, who has been relieved from the serving of tables, may be steadfast in prayer for the needy and in the ministry of the Word. The Deacon does his necessary and humble work in order that the poor and the afflicted may receive spiritual prosperity and health, as well as temporal relief. It is the Deacon's duty to bring all who need to the priests, who are the "stewards of the mysteries of God." By such faithful service the world is being prepared for the Second Coming of Christ Jesus. The following beautiful story is told of Thomas of Kempen: The monks were walking in the garden one day, speaking of the blessings to be granted to those who bear the cross of Christ. To one, the most blessed promise was that of reigning with Him; another dwelt on the ecstasy of the beatific vision; a third spoke of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Thomas, a novice of fourteen years, walked with them. One of the old monks asked him: "To thee, little brother, what promise of our Lord doth seem most sweet?" The answer was: "To me, O Father, beyond all joys most dear, is this, 'And His servants shall serve Him.'" The spirit of the Diaconate is but the necessary spirit of all disciples of Jesus directed upon special duties in the Church. Let us all imitate Christ Jesus by a life of loving service to God and our fellowmen. "And His servants shall serve Him."

The Social Side of Christmas.

Man the world over is a social being. Not only the domestic hearth, but clubs and societies everywhere go to prove the fact; and even to those solitary beings who, by their own acts or by force of circumstances, are impelled to wander far from the thronged centre of civilized life, there comes at times a deep and fervent yearning for a return of the bygone days; a visit to the familiar scenes of childhood; a touch of the

vanished hand that so often warmed the heart with its friendly pressure; or the tones of the once loved voice—now stilled to the ear of sense but ever cherished by memory. The social side of Christmas—how it appeals to us all! And, as the glad season approaches, how the heart warms as the mind involuntarily retouches the familiar pictures of the merry gatherings of the past. Surely there is no British writer of the past or present who could enter more intimately into this attractive side of the much-loved season than Dickens, and in tens of thousands of homes, as often as the glad season comes, the old favourite is taken down from the shelf and accorded the heartiest of welcomes in the family circle. And the reason is that he was so completely in touch with the home life of the average Englishman and his descendants. Take, for instance, this bit of description from one of his earlier sketches, so full of the spirit of cheeriness and joy that lights up many a home and gladdens the hearts of young and old: "As to the dinner, it's perfectly delightful—nothing goes wrong, and everybody is in the very best of spirits, and disposed to please and be pleased. . . . Uncle George tells stories and carves poultry, and takes wine and jokes with the children at the side table, and winks at the cousins that are making love, or being made love to, and exhilarates everybody with his good humour and hospitality; and when at last a stout servant staggers in with a gigantic pudding with a sprig of holly in the top there is such a laughing and shouting and clapping of little, chubby hands and kicking up of fat, dumpy legs as can only be equalled by the applause with which the astonishing feat of pouring lighted brandy into mince pies is received by younger visitors. Then the dessert! and the wine! and the fun!"

The Present and the Past.

Would that it were possible for more people to allow the sunshine of the present to irradiate and dispel the gloom of the past. It is quite true that to many life has brought some heavy burdens, some of them hard to bear, and in many homes troubles and sorrows have multiplied with the passing years. But it is equally true that the law of compensation never fails to enable those who are willing and resolute to endure their troubles with some degree of cheerfulness and to present a resolute and cheerful front to their sorrows. There is always some sunshine to be found somewhere along life's pathway for those who seek it, and who have the courage and spirit to get away from the side where the shadows darken and to persist in walking on the bright side. It may be hard to accomplish, and it may call for a sharp and determined struggle. But it has been done many a time by those to whom at first the effort seemed hopeless. And there is no better time to begin the struggle than at Christmas. There is a world of encouragement in the cheerful optimism of Dickens: "Reflect," he says, "upon your present blessings, of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your new year a happy one."

A Time for Forgiveness.

No day of all the year can equal Christmas as a day of generous forgiveness and forgetfulness of causes of difference between relatives, friends or acquaintances. Amongst our favourite Christmas writers none can surpass Charles Dickens in emphasizing this blessed obligation. "Christmas has come round," says our author,

"and the unkind feelings that have struggled against better dispositions during the year have melted away before its gentle influence like half-formed ice beneath the morning sun." Yes! Christmas is the time for forgiveness. And, as you remember that Divine pledge in human form of forgiveness to you that lay as a helpless Babe in the manger at Bethlehem, how can you keep any part of your heart cold and unmoved towards any human being? No, no; this must not be. Divine forgiveness and human forgiveness must fill and overflow each loyal Christian heart on that glad and glorious day.

Christmas and Climate.

To one born and bred in Canada, whose Christmases have been those of his home land, a Christmas spent in a southern land, however pleasant its surroundings, would still leave something lacking. We refer, of course, to the robust and vigorous Canadian, who loves his Canada with all the love of a loyal, manly heart—a true product of her bracing and vigorous climate. To him the pure snow mantle which covers the land at that glad season; the broad ice fields; the "nipping and eager air," and all the sights, sounds, and accompaniments of his North Land winter are part and parcel of his own home Christmas Day. Courtesy and goodwill to his friends of the South will impel him to do his utmost to maintain the cherished traditions of the day; but deep and heartfelt will be his recollection of many another happy Christmas spent in his own beloved homeland farther north. The love of the Swiss for his native mountains has become proverbial. The love of the Canadian for the noble land that has given him birth is a pure and exalted sentiment. The splendid British heritage we possess in the "Great Dominion" should not only fill us with honest pride in the land of our birth or adoption, but nerve us to strengthen and broaden our British-Canadian sentiment, and to strive with

might and main to hold fast the grand traditions of our race in imparted to our children, as our fathers and forefathers have to ourselves. May they and their descendants in the long roll of the years to come with ever-broadening, ever-strengthening voice sing, as do we: God bless our King and Country! God bless our great and growing Empire! God bless the King!

THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

We are accustomed, and rightly enough, at this blessed Christmas season, to regard these words as applying more especially to the life beyond. We think of the work of Christ in reference to individual souls, and their deliverance from the power of sin. But there is another, and scarcely less important, phase of the work of Him whose entrance into this world we are at this time celebrating. Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ came to save the human race in time as well as in eternity, in the mass as well as in the person of each individual man, woman or child, in this world as well as in that which is to come, to transform the kingdoms of this world into the kingdoms of light, and truth, and righteousness. Christ, then, is the Saviour of this present world. He came to make this world a good place to live in. We are in this world for a definite purpose. We have not wandered here by chance. Our life here is part of one vast scheme of character building, a link in an endless chain, and, therefore, it is our bounden duty to make the best of it, and to get out of it as much as we possibly can. Our Saviour, then, came to "save" the world, and to transform it. This does not mean that He came to banish pain and suffering, to remove all difficulties, and to "make life easy." By no manner of means. If there is one fact that Christianity sorely faces, it is the fact of pain and the necessity of

suffering. In fact, life without these things would become utterly unlivable for many reasons, the highest and the lowest. Christ, therefore, does not promise salvation from suffering. What, then, does He promise? A world transformed; i.e., a world wherein the service of God shall not be made unduly hard, wherein the claims of man's material necessities shall not demand his whole and undivided attention. Our material or bodily necessities form undoubtedly the first claim upon our energies. Self-preservation, in the most literal sense, is the first law binding on man; for our bodies have been lent to us as an implement is lent to a workman, and it is our duty to take care of them. We have no right whatever to injure or to try to get rid of this implement. It is not our own. Therefore, our material needs, as long as we are in this world, have the first claim upon us. Our life has to be lived, and it only can be lived according to laws enacted by Divine authority. Now, it was never intended that the calls of his material existence should absorb man's mental and physical powers. Man was left with a margin for the cultivation of his higher powers and faculties, which, of course, includes the practice of religion; but, owing to the greed and selfishness of some, millions of human beings have been robbed of this margin. Conditions of living, or of existence, have been made so hard that myriads of people even to this day are denied the opportunity of cultivating the higher things of life. To merely "get lived"; i.e., to keep body and soul together, to use the common expression, is not the final end of our being. It is, no doubt, as we have shown, our bounden duty to preserve our physical existence, but only as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. But this sordid necessity has been imposed by man upon man, with the result that Christianity never has had a fair chance. Matters, no doubt, have vastly improved, but an immense amount yet remains to be done. Christ, then, came to save this pre-

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sent world by lightening the strain of existence. To effect this He laid down certain eternal principles, which, if once universally adopted, would most undoubtedly revolutionize all oppressive and injurious conditions, and make the world in the higher sense "a better place to live in." These principles, at one time, and, perhaps, to a certain extent yet, have been regarded as impossible of practical application. But there has been a wonderful change of late. It is beginning to dawn upon people that the only solution of the problems of life, even in relation to material things, is the general adoption of the principles which the Child of Nazareth came to teach, and for which He laid down His life. It has taken the world well nigh two thousand years to learn this. The old idea is still strong that Christianity does not concern itself with material conditions, except to temporarily relieve them, and is exclusively taken up with the life beyond. And this idea has undoubtedly been fostered at times for sinister ends on behalf of those who have thriven by the sufferings of the many. But we are coming to clearer and better conceptions of the matter. Christ was not a mere philanthropist, bent on relieving physical suffering and making this life easier and pleasanter, as some, in the reaction from the older idea, are inclined to think. Nor is He, on the other hand, one Who came to proclaim the utter worthlessness of this life, as a countless multitude of devout and pious souls have held in the past, and in some cases still hold. He came to restore the true balance of life, and to make this world a real school or training place for the next. And this will be the final outcome of Christian civilization. But, as an Anglican divine recently said: "God is not in a hurry." The blessed and glorious fact remains that He Who at this time came in weakness and obscurity is now finally coming into His own as the Saviour not only of individual souls, but of the world at large, now and here.

CHRISTMAS.

Once more the great festival of the Incarnation has come, a Royal Feast, reminding us of a Love surpassingly sweet and tender, which embraces the human race in its Divinely comprehensive arms. A ray of sunlight caught by a faultless prism is shown to be a union of blended violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and

red. The rainbow hues of childhood's wonder waited long centuries for explanation, but in the fullness of time the revelation came and was understood. The promise made to Eve, to Abraham, to Isaac, to Jacob, to David, has been fulfilled. The fullness of time has come; Jesus our Emmanuel is with His people. Radiating from the manger cradle in vibrating waves of differing glory—Purity, Obedience, Faith, Hope, Joy, Peace, and Love stream forth from the Son of Righteousness, Who is risen with healing in His wings. The dazzling white of God's holiness,

country hamlet—young men and women will start forth to be with their loved ones on this happy day. It is natural that it should be so, for we think of the spotless Mother, the Divine Father and the Holy Babe on this day of joy and gladness. The lesson of purity, virtue, holiness is specially strong. The pure and lowly maiden, blessed mother of our Redeemer, chosen by God, singled out from the race, wins our reverence and respect. The sinless Christ, Example of childhood and age, has no taint of guile, no shadow of wrong, no trace of evil, in His perfect

life. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Jesus has come—the Father is revealed—our Standard has been given—our Help is assured—our end is victory. On, ever on, in the path of purity and obedience, of faith and hope, of joy and peace, and the raptures of unspeakable love will thrill our souls eternally.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Spectator's Comments and Notes of Public Interest.

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, has issued a statement on the "Ne Temere" situation that is quite interesting. He is a master of diplomatic utterance and one of the most skilled strategists that the Roman Church has produced in this country. In this statement he has done two things: he has assumed in the most offhand manner possible the illegality and invalidity of the Hebert marriage, and he has drawn a herring across the trail by directing attention to the quiescent attitude of public opinion regarding the numerous divorces that are completed every year or where truly existing marriages are broken. He begs the question by declaring that "people profess to be scandalized because a marriage, really null and void, has been so declared by competent authority." And again, "in the Province of Quebec, when we demand that the civil power recognizes the impediments on marriage ordained by the Catholic Church, we do not solicit any favour, but demand a right, guaranteed by treaty, by the constitution of the country and by our civil code." There you get in a single sentence the whole claim of the Roman Church. First, the Church decrees the law of marriage, and treaty, constitution, and code guarantee the validity of such law. But that is the very point at issue, and it comes with singular assurance and audacity from a prelate



The Canadian Churchman.

Madonna and Child.

caught in the faultless Son, is prepared for trembling eyes of man as it passes through the body of our Incarnate Lord. The broken ray of Divine light reveals a sevenfold source of blessedness, and we lift up our hearts in praise and thanksgiving to Jesus the Revealer—the Revealer of God to man, and man to man, and man to God. Ecce Homo! Yes, behold Him—obedient, faultless, holy. Behold Him, as God would have Him. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." Christmas is the great home festival. From all parts of our land—from city, from town, or from

who has shown himself unwilling to carry a case in point to the final tribunal of the Empire, where that very question would be authoritatively settled. The whole object in appealing the Hebert case was to have a final ruling upon the point, and yet the Archbishop will hear of no doubt, and assumes the legality of his position without the formality of a test. The withdrawal of the case is a piece of astute tactics. It presumably takes two parties to cause a lawsuit and to carry it to appeal. The withdrawal of one party may make it impossible ever to reach the goal of certainty. It would have been an easy matter for the Archbishop to have secured funds to put the question beyond all doubt. But, perhaps after all, it is safer to beg the question. Then, of course, the reference to divorce is likely to turn attention away from the point at issue. We are not, however, dealing with divorce just now. That can be considered at another time. It is the validity of marriage that calls for the consideration of Canadians. The sententious declaration that the Roman Church is asking for no favours in the Province of Quebec, but only its right, is not sufficient to establish the thesis. It has been shown, we think, conclusively in a pamphlet published by Canon Kittson, of Ottawa, entitled "Church History from the

Archives," that there is neither treaty nor constitutional authority for any such position. However, the point we wish to make is to express our regret that the Roman Church has not seen fit to defend its case in appeal until it reached the Privy Council. It had a great opportunity of establishing its rights for all time, but it has seen fit to withdraw and to go on with the question still unsettled.

"Spectator" sincerely trusts that the Parliament of Canada will do full justice to our French-Canadian Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Every right which is theirs should be granted fully and graciously. We would also humbly suggest that the rest of our fellow-citizens might be allowed whatever rights and privileges that are left over. It would look as though our friends are already up and doing at Ottawa, and privileges that were denied in years gone by in Manitoba may now be forthcoming. These Nationalist gentlemen are seeking early the rewards of their labours. The result will depend upon the degree of vigilance and patriotism that is displayed by Parliament. Canada has centuries before it, and it is a serious matter to give a single nationality privileges which will affect the whole subsequent history of our country. Our

aim should not be to perpetuate race consciousness, but to establish a broad Canadian Nationalism. To establish our laws now in accordance with the so-called "National" ideals will make the situation ridiculous a few decades hence, when Canadians shall number twenty millions and French Canadians, say, four millions. No doubt our friends know what they are doing when they clinch their claims now with the necessary statutes, but patriots should build on a broader and deeper foundation. We, therefore, hope that our Government will not regard too seriously certain votes, but will trust to the justice and patriotism of our people as a whole to stand by it in building wisely for the future. It would look as though in another direction this influence is being felt. It is practically announced that a plebiscite will be taken on the question of the navy. If Canadians are called to the polls to declare whether or not they are in favour of a navy, we suppose we will have to go out and cast our ballot; but by all that is black and white "Spectator" will go with about the same sense of pride and self-respect as would be his were he called upon by the Government to declare by ballot whether he is in favour of supporting his wife and family or not. The time must surely be at hand when the real

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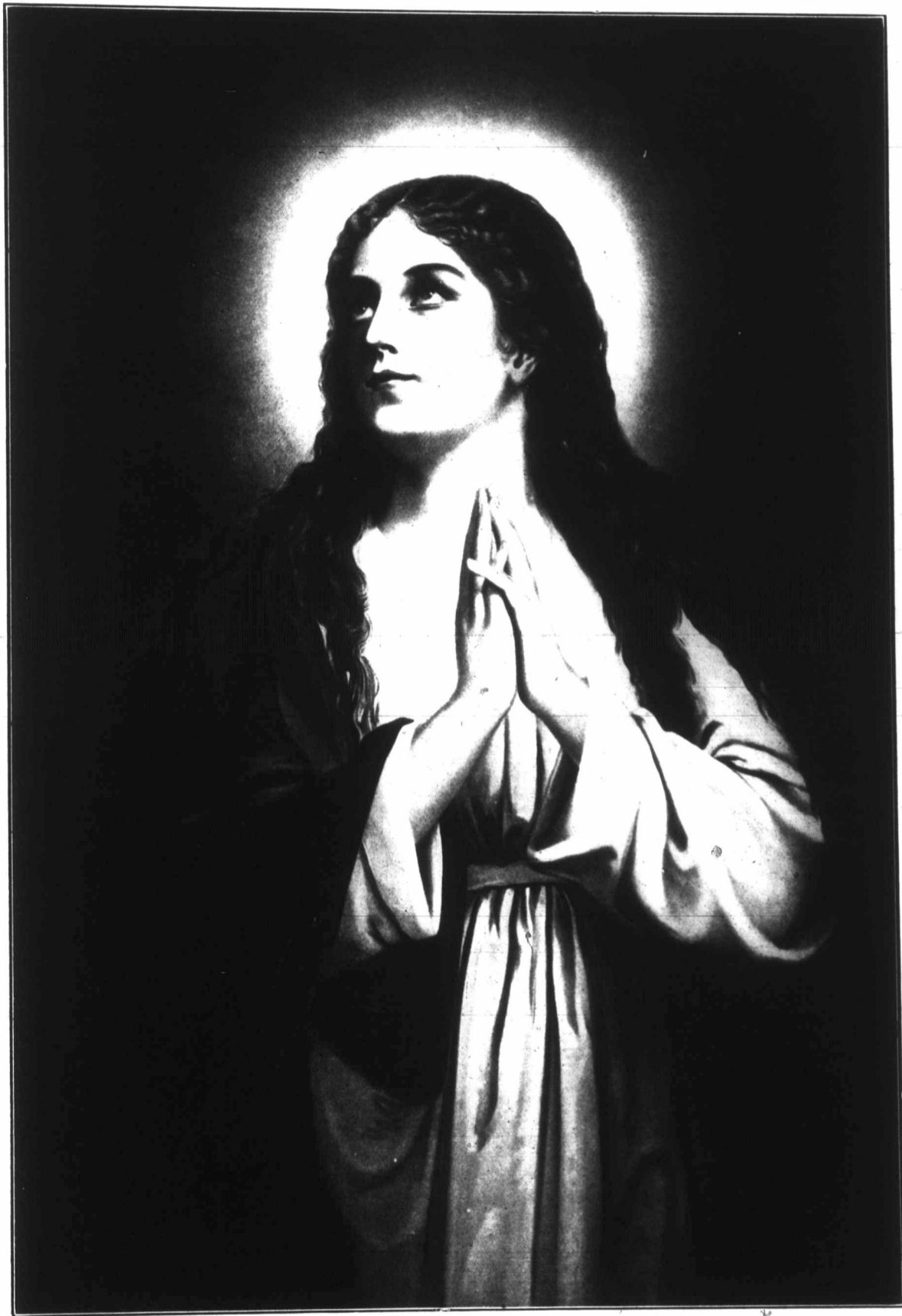
The advertisement displays a wide variety of ecclesiastical items. At the top left is a nickel-plated filler (64500, \$3.00). Next to it is a silver-plated baptismal bowl (64501, \$5.00). To the right are a silver-plated goblet (64502, \$2.50) and a silver-plated plate (64503, \$2.50). Below these are a silver-plated flagon (64504, \$6.00) and a silver-mounted glass flagon (64506, \$18.00). In the center, there is a silver-plated paten (64517, \$6.75) and a sterling-silver chalice (64518, \$17.00). On the right side, a memorial tablet (64510) is shown with an inscription for Rev. Mark Young Stars. Below the tablet is a hymn board (64515, \$6.50) with the numbers 302, 447, 685, and 19. At the bottom, there is a solid-oak litany desk (64520, \$35.00) and a sterling-silver credence paten (64521, \$15.00). Other items include a solid-brass altar desk top (64509, \$8.50), a solid-brass cross (64513, \$7.50), and various vases (64511, 64512).

sentiments of the nation will find emphatic expression on this subject.

On a former occasion, in taking a general view of the object of Morning Prayer, "Spectator" asked what is the objective, "What does it lead up to as the climax and core of our worship?" Mr. Brewer, in the last issue of the "Churchman," answered this question by stating that "Morning Prayer (at least on all Sundays and Holy days) leads up to the Lord's own service of the altar." From these words I would gather that he does not consider Morning Prayer as a unit, but merely a preparation for the Holy Eucharist. It is a part, not a whole. For various reasons we cannot accept this as a satisfactory answer. We were speaking of the structure and objective of the Service, and trying to think ourselves and our readers into the Service so as to feel its movements and to recognize its supreme purpose. Now, Mr. Brewer says that on Sundays and Holy days its purpose is to lead up to the Holy Eucharist. The obvious question, then, is, What is its objective on other days, for its structure remains the same? Besides, Morning and Evening Prayer are constructed on almost identical lines. What is the supreme moment, the dominant thought, the climax of Evensong? It surely cannot be a preliminary to the Lord's own service of the altar. If our revisers take the view that Morning Prayer is introductory to the Holy Communion, it would seem to us that it would need considerable recasting. This is the object of "Spectator's" enquiry and suggestion, namely, that we should, first of all, think out and settle the object that is sought in every given service, and then build or modify the service on lines calculated to attain that object. Our interpretation of Morning and Evening Prayer may be incorrect, but it has always seemed to us that the pivotal point in these services is the Creed. There is apparently a gradual but somewhat irregular crescendo, which finds its climax in the confession of our faith, and then there is a subsidence. A grave question to be considered is, Does the Creed take the same position of importance in the public worship of the people to-day as in times past? We simply put this as a question to be thought over—has not the early Christian passion for creeds and symbols been somewhat replaced? Let us just add a word of warning. We shall have many references in the next few years to "liturgical laws" and "catholic practice." It seems to give great weight to our utterances to catalogue them as such. In our experience of ancient liturgies "laws" and "universal practices" are difficult to discover, and

some of the so-called "laws" seem to us to transgress the principles of devotional psychology. Let our readers bear in mind that an immense amount of scholarly twaddle has been poured out on the subject of liturgies.

Since writing the foregoing paragraph on the utterance of Archbishop Bruchesi a notable reply has appeared in the Montreal press from Bishop Farthing. Never can we recall so effective an answer on such an elusive subject. His Grace's claim that the "Ne temere" decree is in force in "every country in the world" is met by a quotation from the "provida," which alone has



The Canadian Churchman.

Mary.

authority in Germany. He is most effectively quoted against himself from a pastoral letter on mixed marriages, and the claim to treaty, constitutional and civil authority for the Roman position in regard to marriage is disposed of in the same thorough and effective way. We are in no way surprised that the Archbishop withdraws from further discussion as unprofitable, for a straighter, more complete and understandable utterance could hardly be produced. Its special merit is that the man on the street is able to see its force. It will reach the public that needs and has been looking for it. Spectator.

PRAYER BOOK STUDY.

The questions are published weekly for a year, and the answers given from time to time. They are intended for studying the Prayer Book.

290. Where does the word "altar" occur in any ordinary Prayer Book? 291. What two persons mentioned in the Prayer Book received their names before birth? 292. Give the English words for "Eli, Eli lama sabac-thani." 293. Where is part of Deut. xxvii. found in the Prayer Book? 294. What does "Gabbatha" mean? Who were Alexander and Rufus? What was Prætorium?

ANSWERS.

Answers to the questions on the Prayer Book; both questions and answers are numbered alike so as to avoid confusion.

280. When the Epistle is taken from one of the Prophets or from the Acts, and is not really from the Epistles, it is entitled "For the Epistle." 290. This question is put in because some say the word is not found in the Prayer Book. It is in the Gospel for sixth Sunday after Trinity, and is found frequently in the Prayer Book. 291. S. John the Baptist and our Saviour Christ. 292. See Gospel for Sunday next before Easter, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" 293. In the Communion Service.

CHRISTMAS UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

By Robert John Renison, D.D., Archdeacon of Moosonee.

Although the first Christmas came under Syrian stars, Christmas can hardly mean as much to dwellers under summer skies as to those who have known the regions of the North. When the casual visitor from Canada lands on the shores of some tropical island and hears the music of a summer afternoon as the waters wash on a golden strand, and at night watches the fireflies flit through the boughs of the palms, he wonders whether other parts of the world are so blest as this, in which nature seems to be always summer-like. But nature has its compensations, and when one reads of the tidal waves blotting out whole villages, of the terrible pestilence that walks at noonday, or of an earthquake that blots out the civilization of a hundred years, one is sometimes thankful for the privilege of living in a country where the north wind brings iron to the blood, and where the necessity to struggle and to conquer develops a more powerful manhood than is

to be under more congenial conditions. In the northern part of the Diocese of Moosonee we live a life apart. The scattered villages at the mouth of the Hudson Bay have characteristics of their own. Although the Christmas postman arrives six weeks behind time, and, although we are hundreds of miles away from our brethren in the settled parts of Canada, still, distance means nothing when there is Christmas in the heart. As the September storms begin at Albany the great flocks of wild fowl are preparing for their mysterious flight to the vineland of the South; and, as they finally gather and form into huge aeroplanes speeding through the night, one wishes sometimes that it were possible to go with them. But for the Indian, the north country is his home, and the winter season is his harvest. As the first flakes of snow are seen your Redman becomes uneasy. It being contrary to an Indian's idea of political economy to do any work without first being paid for it, he goes to one of the Hudson Bay Company's stores and negotiates for "debt"; that is to say, an advance on his winter hunt. He buys powder, shot, flour, tea, sugar, clothing, and loads his birch-bark canoe. In that birch-bark canoe he has his "Lares et penates." The man himself sits in the bow with his gun between his knees in case a stray moose or otter should cross the river before him. His wife sits in the stern with her paddle in her hand and her baby slung on her breast. Two or three children are sitting in various parts of the canoe, each with a paddle. One of two half-starved dogs are put in as supernumeraries, and can be seen sniffing the savoury bacon that lies amidships. But before the Indian leaves the metropolis he goes to the Mission and asks for his "pesim musinagin"; that is to say, the Mission calendar. It is an Indian almanac, with a text for every day in the year and a cross marked opposite each Sunday. The Indian keeps his reckoning by sticking a pin in the day of the month and shifting it each morning at morn-

ing prayers. He likes to know when Sunday comes, because on that day he does not visit his nets, or set his traps, or carry a gun unless it is a case of dire necessity. And on Sunday morning, in every snow-crowned wigwam, the Indian father is the priest in his own family. The Indian says to the missionary: "I wish you would put a large red cross to mark Christmas Day, because, wherever I am this fall, I shall endeavour to visit the post for Christmas week," and so he departs to his distant hunting-grounds. Christmas Day on the shores of Hudson Bay is somewhat unique. Imagine a wide stretch of the Albany River, five miles at the mouth, covered with ice three feet thick and hard as iron. The snow is three feet deep over the entire country. The northern pines and spruces seem chilled to the marrow, and their boughs are laden with white crystals, till the woods, on certain days, seem like frosted fairyland. The northern lights hold revelry every night; but the sun himself seems coldly dependent. Christmas is particularly helpful at such a time. It seems as if the Nativity were a message to men snowed under. Two or three days before Christmas the Mission staff begins to decorate the church with cedar boughs and red berries carefully saved from the autumn. Dozens of bags of candy and presents of various kinds, suitable to the childish heart in every country, are being prepared. One evening, as the sun is going down at four o'clock, the missionary stands on the bank of the river and looks across, and, although he is a distinct prohibitionist, he sees a huge, black sea-serpent winding its way across the ice through the feathery snow. This is an Indian family coming to keep their Christmas. In the front marches the man with his gun on his shoulder, his snowshoes on his feet, hauling a toboggan as he breaks the trail for his family. Behind him comes his wife on snowshoes with the baby on her back, also hauling a toboggan. Two or

three little children on little snowshoes, each of them hauling a toboggan, are walking bravely on, trying to follow in their parents' footsteps, and one or two frozen dogs are reluctantly bringing up the rear. These people have tramped for a hundred miles for three or four days' journey in order to be present at a Christmas service. There are no street cars, no hotels, and none of the conveniences of modern transport; yet none of them seem to think they have done anything wonderful. The Indians are natural orators. There is not a man in the congregation who does not think he can preach a better sermon than his minister; but they never have the opportunity except on one day in the year. On Christmas Eve we always hold an annual prayer meeting, which is conducted by the Indians themselves. One after another they rise in their places and testify what the message of Christmas means to them. One old man at length helps himself to his feet by his snowshoe staff, and, bending forward, he tremblingly tells of other days before he knew of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. He must be a very old man, because his face is wrinkled with many winters and his hair is white, a phenomenon for a northern Indian. It is the etiquette in our northern metropolis for every man to wear new clothes at Christmas time. Every man has a new pair of moccasins, given him by his sister or somebody else's sister. The men are clad in blue capotes, girdled with red sashes. The women wear blue drugget gowns with plaid shawls. Picture to yourself the scene in St. Paul's Church. The men sit on the one side, the women on the other in Apostolic fashion. The church is built of logs, lined with decent pine. We have no stained glass windows and no cathedral organ; yet, assuredly, the Spirit of God is there. Every man takes from under his capote his books, written, of course, in the Indian language. They are kept carefully in a silk handkerchief from Sunday to Sunday. How

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wonderful it is to hear them sing in their own language the old familiar tunes of the Catholic Church, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "O Come, All Ye Faithful," and "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." Eagerly the congregation leans forward as their pastor proclaims from the pulpit the old message of Christ who was born in Bethlehem—the story that must ever be new, while the aspirations and sorrows of humankind continue as they are. Afterwards they come forward (the majority of the adults are communicants) to partake of the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. These are moments when one realizes the meaning of the communion of saints, and that there is compensation in missionary work. At this time of the year the heart of every Canadian should go out to these simple children of the forest. This Canada of ours that we love, and whose future seems so bright, once belonged to the Indian. From its fertile prairies, from its laughing rivers, he has been driven back, till he stands with his back to the Arctic Ocean and his face to the ever-encroaching white man, asking that somewhere a haven may be left for him. It may be the destiny of this people to pass away before the new conditions of this growing century, but at least the work and the faith of Horden, Newnham, Holmes and Anderson can never be anything but a source of thankfulness to the Canadian of the future.

THE ROOT AND BRANCH POLICY.

By Geo. S. Holmsted.

Anyone who studies the history of the Reformation in the British Isles must perceive that two entirely different policies were pursued. The one which principally found favour in England recognized the fact that what was needed was to reform, not to destroy—to do away with abuses in doctrine which were, in fact, no part of the Catholic Faith, rightly understood, and abuses in practice which tended to the promotion not only of superstition, but even of fraud, or which tended to bring the laity into an undue and unreasonable subjection to the clergy. This policy, in short, aimed at preserving all that was truly Catholic while doing away with doctrines and practices which were really un-Catholic. In England, fortunately, as we think, the ancient ministry of the Church of bishops, priests, and deacons, which had existed throughout the Christian Church in Europe, Africa and Asia from the very earliest times of which we have any authentic ecclesiastical history after apostolic times was preserved; the ancient liturgical service, purified, it is true, was also preserved, and also, as a necessary consequence, many ancient and perfectly innocent customs. In Germany and other parts of the Continent of Europe the Reformers were unable to secure the co-operation of bishops, and, as a consequence, the ancient ministry could not be continued among them. Then, too, the policy of the Reformers in many places was

of "the root and branch" variety. The Church was not to be reformed—it was to be dug up by the roots and practically to be reconstituted. Everything which had not the express sanction of the New Testament writers was to be swept away, and everything was to be remodelled on what that generation happened to think was the Church constitution in the apostolic times. In Scotland the reform in religion was conducted according to this latter policy, owing to the fact that Knox and other Scots had imbibed their ideas from Continental Protestants. But he would be a bold man who could undertake to say that he could discover in the New Testament the elaborate organization of the Presbyterian Church as we now see it. It was the substitution of an entirely new system, having no authority or precedent whatever in ecclesiastical history, and

probably have been accepted, subject to such alterations as they desired. The attempt to force it upon them without giving them any opportunity to have a voice in its composition was, as it deserved to be, unsuccessful; and, though we may wonder somewhat at a staid and sober-minded people like the Scots being carried off their feet by the ravings of an ignorant old woman like Jennie Geddes, still, it was one instance out of many where national pride and independence were aroused to action by a very ignorant person. The result of the rejection of the Prayer Book by the Scots was to create a breach between Scotch and English Reformers. Thereafter "Episcopacy" became in Scotland another name for tyranny and oppression. Bishops must be got rid of at all hazards, and the "Solemn League and Covenant" was formed, whereby all who took it became bound to root out Episcopacy, which had existed in the Christian Church for over 1,600 years, and in Scotland ever since the Church had been in existence there, as a noxious thing, utterly repugnant to pure religion as understood by the Scots. When a modern Presbyterian looks upon this curious document and then at the mild and harmless thing that Episcopacy is found to be in the Anglican part of the Church to-day, and realizes that, after all, an "overseer," whether he be called a "bishop," or a "moderator," or a "superintendent," is really a very necessary officer for the proper organization of the Christian Church, he probably wonders what on earth could have possessed the fathers of Presbyterianism in making a solemn league and covenant against the most ancient kind of overseers, and then being guilty of the inconsistency of having "overseers" themselves under the name of moderators. It is true the Presbyterian by this change, seems the more effectually to cut himself off from fellowship with the Church of the past, but is that a really desirable thing? Can anyone regard those ancient bishops of the Church who assembled at Nicea in A.D. 325 and who fought the great battle against Arianism and vindicated the Catholic Faith against the insidious assaults not only of Arians, but of the numerous other heretical sects with feelings other than respect? And yet, to a Presbyterian Irenæus, Ignatius, Polycarp, Clement, Hosius, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Gregory, Ambrose, the Augustines of Hippo and Canterbury, Columba, Ninian, Patrick, and all the other great worthies of the Christian Church who have filled the Episcopal office must appear, according to Presbyterian principles, as tyrants, and oppressors, and false teachers. Is it not a fortunate thing for English Catholics that they are under no such obligation, but are at liberty to regard them as in truth they were, the honoured leaders of the Church, and entitled to our reverence, respect, and gratitude? But there is another result of the "root and branch policy" which was not foreseen. Such a policy may not be felt



The Canadian Churchman.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

a very strong and effective system we may admit it to be. How far it was due to necessity, and how far it was due to a deliberate and determined resolve to make all things new, it is hard to say. Episcopacy in Scotland had degenerated to its lowest depths, and the bishops, instead of being overseers of the flock, were mere placemen; and the efforts of Charles I. and his Ministers to restore the Episcopate to efficiency were not distinguished either by wisdom or prudence, or a reasonable regard for the just rights or prejudices of the Scottish clergy or people. Nothing could well have been more ill-advised than the action taken by that monarch in regard to the Prayer Book. The objections taken to the book by the Scotch clergy were very reasonable, and, if they had been acceded to, the book would

numerous other heretical sects with feelings other than respect? And yet, to a Presbyterian Irenæus, Ignatius, Polycarp, Clement, Hosius, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Gregory, Ambrose, the Augustines of Hippo and Canterbury, Columba, Ninian, Patrick, and all the other great worthies of the Christian Church who have filled the Episcopal office must appear, according to Presbyterian principles, as tyrants, and oppressors, and false teachers. Is it not a fortunate thing for English Catholics that they are under no such obligation, but are at liberty to regard them as in truth they were, the honoured leaders of the Church, and entitled to our reverence, respect, and gratitude? But there is another result of the "root and branch policy" which was not foreseen. Such a policy may not be felt

to create any difficulty in a country in which there is a practical unanimity in its adoption; but when it is introduced in other communities, where people are by no means unanimous in its adoption, it causes separation and division, and a want of co-operation, and a consequent loss of power in the Church. Moreover, its adoption has proved a direct incentive to the multiplication of sects. If Presbyterians may set up a new ministry, why may not Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, etc., do the same? So that Presbyterianism, with its root and branch policy, has been the exemplar and pattern for manifold schisms. If the fathers of Presbyterianism could have looked into the future and could have foreseen that the result of their action would be to create all the discords, rivalries, and divisions which to-day exist in the Christian Church in Canada as the direct or indirect result of their action, and that they would weaken and greatly hinder the force of Protestantism in Canada to-day; and if, besides that, they could have foreseen that they were furnishing to Romanists one of their strongest arguments against the real, substantial religious reforms which the fathers of Presbyterianism had at heart, may we not believe that they would have hesitated before adopting the root and branch policy?

PRAYER.

Prayer is converse with God, and, as we read the prayers which God's servants have uttered in past ages, we recognize both the variety and the similarity of Christian experiences. The relation of the soul to God is the same; the expressions of its need are the same; whether the prayer belongs to an early or a later Christian epoch; the divergencies of thought, custom, or ecclesiastical environment do not invade the spiritual sanctuary in which the soul

helps converse with God. To use St. Bernard's thought, the soul converses with things without to things within, and converses within to things above. My hope is that these prayers, drawn from many lands and many ages, may stimulate the spirit of prayer and awaken a brave and active confidence in the value of prayer; for throughout the Christian world one thing more than all else is needed now—faith in the living God.—Bishop of Ripon.

JESUS OUR FRIEND.

Friendship is the sweetener of human life. But how difficult to find a friend we can trust, with whom we can be familiar, and to whom we can commit our all. Indeed, such a friend is not to be found among fallen men. But Jesus is this friend. He lived, He suffered, He died, to secure our friendship, and to prove Himself our friend. Yes, He laid down His life for us. But He rose from the dead, and is now the friend of all who put their trust in Him. To Him we should look for all we need, for He is able and willing to supply us. To Him we should go with everything that troubles us, for He is ready to listen, relieve, or counsel us. Nothing should be kept back from Jesus. He considers nothing beneath His notice which affects the peace, or prosperity, or happiness of His people. Whatever troubles us interests Him. Our little everyday troubles and annoyances should be carried to His throne, and whispered in His ear. For want of this very frequently our little trials affect us most, just because we try to bear them ourselves, and do not think it worth while to trouble Him with them. Trouble Him! Indeed, it never troubles Him when we carry our concerns to Him! If anything troubles Him, it is when we try to do without Him, and to bear our trials without His aid. Make Jesus thy friend, and

show thyself friendly by frequent visits, free communications, and steady confidences.

A LOST CHORD.

By Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Seated one day at the organ
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

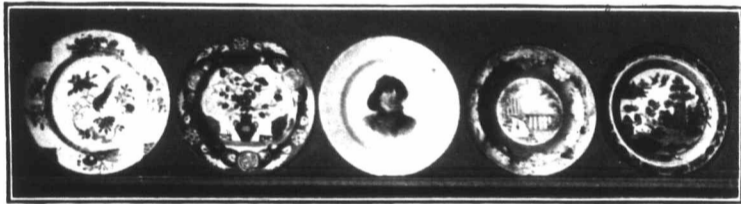
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

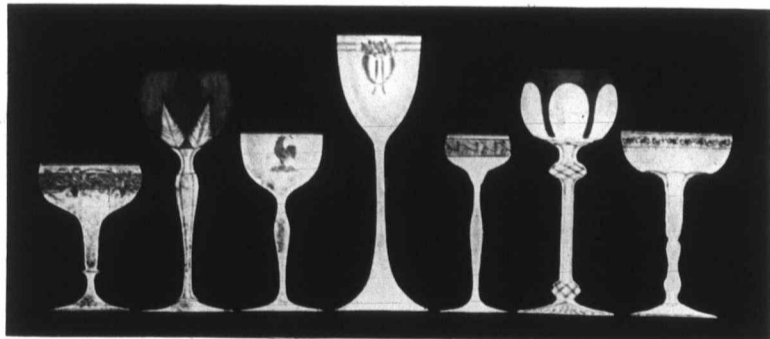
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord Divine
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand amen.

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Madonna and Child.

THE OTHER SIDE OF CHRISTMAS.

Clothes' was crowded. Cynthia Wayland wandered into the fancy department and stood looking about her. To a shop-walker she turned a pleasant smile. "Thanks, I won't trouble you. I want to see several things for Christmas presents, but I can easily wait until one of the assistants is disengaged. If you could find me a chair to sit on—" A seat was instantly forthcoming, and she sank into it, pleasantly conscious of her need of rest after a long morning spent in the shops. Sitting there with unconscious grace, her grey furs thrown back from her shoulders and violets nestling at her throat, she embodied something of the spirit of Christmas—well-to-do-Christmas, mark you—with a light heart—and a full purse, and a day whose every hour was at her own disposal; and a home where the softest of Chesterfields and the most fragrant of China tea waited to restore her after her arduous toil. Just now she was absorbed in watching the manoeuvres of a handsomely dressed woman who had evidently come shopping for the express purpose of spending as little money and of giving as much trouble as possible. "What microscopic consciences some women possess!" thought Cynthia, as she saw the woman depart without a purchase or a word of thanks after having made the assistant pull down six heavy boxes of fancy goods for her inspection. Five minutes later she watched the same assistant bend over the counter, and with infinite gentleness help an old country-woman choose a six-penny doll for her grandchild. "And what angel patience these girls have!" she thought. After that she turned her attention exclusively to the assistants. The one at the counter nearest her she decided was one of the most interesting-looking girls she had ever seen. She was a slight, dark creature, rather pale, whose finely marked eyebrows seemed to accentuate the start-

led glances of her eyes and the look in her mouth when Nature had intended to be as gracious as Cynthia's own. Her eyes and mouth were written all over her in their nervous movements, and the fire-brilliance of her eyes—and yet she was the very same girl who had served the old country woman with such grace and tactfulness. "She looks like a bit of finely tempered main-spring wound up so tight that it's bound to go off with a 'whizz' sooner or later," thought Cynthia, comically. "She looks sort of incandescent, no, I don't mean that exactly. I mean she is so white-hot that she might fly to bits at the merest touch. But she would probably feel better for exploding. I wonder if I could cool her off with a little tact, or would it be too dangerous to try? Anyhow, I'll have that girl serve me, or none." She had her way—a circumstance so usual with her that it evoked no self-congratulation. In a few minutes she was being waited upon silently, but no less effectively, by the incandescent girl, but she did not venture the cooling process until her purchases were being packed up. Then she was purposely banal. "Christmas means a trying time for you, does it not?" "Yes, rather." The girl's voice was sweet, but abnormally cold. Cynthia reflected that metal under a certain degree of cold will scorch the naked hand that dares to touch it. Such was the quality of the girl's tone. She ventured again, however. "I suppose you are looking forward to Christmas Day?" "Not particularly, thank you." "No? That is rather heretical, is it not? Christmas is supposed to be the best day in all the year. But at any rate you will be glad of a day's relaxation?" "Yes," replied the other, slowly, "it will not be unpleasant—to rest." She was busy putting back some fine leather goods in the counter case; but between whiles she glanced at Cynthia with eyes which, for so young a girl, were strangely bitter. Suddenly she leant her two hands on the counter

and looked into Cynthia's eyes. "Would you really like to know how I shall spend Christmas Day?" she asked, "or are you merely trying to be gracious, like all the other would-be sympathetic people who have asked me similar questions since nine o'clock this morning?" Cynthia was taken aback. Then she remembered that after all she could answer the question truthfully. "I should really like to know," she replied, gently. "Very well, you shall." And then came the explosion—a quiet one, it is true, but none the less it left behind it a distinct sensation of shock. "To begin with," said the girl, "I shall not go to church on Christmas Day, not because I am indifferent, but because I shall not wake in time. When, for nearly ten days at a stretch you have been on your feet in a place like this from half-past eight in the morning till nine or ten at night, with just a few minutes in between to snatch your meals, a reaction is bound to set in on the very first day you are able to rest. On Christmas Day I shall fling myself into bed at one o'clock in the morning, and I shall sleep like a dead dog until past eleven. Then I shall get up and have a dinner of roast beef and potatoes, alone at my lodgings. In the afternoon I may take a short walk or a tram ride, and come back to my rooms for tea. Then I shall read if I can find a decent book; if not, I shall go to bed and try to forget that it is Christmas. Boxing Day will be much the same. There will be no merry parties to attend, because I have no friends here, and there will be no excitement of present-giving, because in the ten days' rush of assisting the public to choose presents, I have no chance of preparing any myself, and the only person who would care to remember me in that way cannot afford to do so. Don't imagine that all shop assistants will fare in this way. Most of the girls here will be able to snatch some enjoyment, especially if they are with friends. But for the happiest of us there is bound to be an ele-

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December 14, 1911.

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

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ment of fatigue—and—and barrenness, such as you with your leisurely view of life can at best only remotely conceive. Ours, you see, is the other side of Christmas. I heard the whole thing epitomized this morning by one of our errand boys. 'Christmas,' he said, 'is all very well for that 'alf o' the world as can afford to be waited on. For the other 'alf as's got to do the waitin' it's a bloomin' fraud.' He never spoke a truer word." The long speech, uttered in a low tone, but with pent-up energy, ended abruptly, and with a nod of dismissal the speaker turned her attention to the next customer. Mechanically Cynthia gathered up her parcels and departed.

"That explosion may have relieved the girl," she told herself outside the shop, "but it has undoubtedly disturbed me. I feel as if some particle has lodged in my spiritual ego and is setting up an irritation." Later in the day her brother and an uncle scanned her sober face across the tea-table. "You look as if shopping didn't agree with you, Cynthia," said the latter. "What have you been doing to yourself?" "Hitting up against the other side of Christmas, Uncle Mac, and getting some of my self-complacency chipped off." "What?" Cynthia explained. At the finish, her brother tilted a quizzical eyebrow. "Phew—sounds a bit fiery. That little girl will have to curb her temper if she wants shop-life to be endurable." "She certainly was in a rage, not with me personally, you understand, but with life. I am inclined to think, though, that she would improve very much upon acquaintance—with a little sweetening," added Cynthia laughing, as she dropped a lump of sugar in her tea. * * * * *

Precisely at ten minutes past eleven on Christmas morning Betty Burgoyne awoke. That is to say, she rolled over on her pillow, stretched a little, opened one eye for a second, and shut it again tightly. "Let me, for one blissful moment, forget who I am and where I am," she breathed; "let me imagine that I am not Betty Burgoyne at all, but that love of a girl whose head I nearly snapped off in the shop the other day. This is her—my bedroom.

There is a soft, green carpet on the floor, and little chintzy curtains at the window. There is a big, soft, furry mat to step out on, and a silk, wadded dressing-gown to slip into—if I want to get up. But I don't, because this bed is the kind which makes you feel as if you want to lie and doze for ever. The pillows are all frilly, and the sheets are the finest hemstitched linen, with a lovely lavendery smell about them, and the eider-down quilt is a June day cloud which somebody caught and stitched into a pale green satin bag, with roses meandering all over it. And there is

a tree crackling in the grate and a little silver clock ticking away upon the mantelpiece, and in exactly five minutes' time the maid will come with a cup of tea and an armful of letters and parcels, and one big bunch of Malmaison roses. And she will look at me and smile, and say: 'A Merry Christmas to you, miss!'" Thump, thump at the door. Betty's eyes flew open and took in realities at a glance. "Oh, come in," she called wearily, and the door opened and the maid came in, but not the maid of her imagination. This was a touzle-headed lass in a dirty print frock, with an injured expression upon her sallow countenance, and a card held gingerly

dressing. Ask her if she will send the taxi away and wait. I can't possibly dress decently in less than half an hour." Caroline clattered down the stairs, and with a sigh of relief Betty heard the cab depart, and set about dressing. Half an hour later she was saying "Good morning" to a sunny-faced girl, who rose from the sitting-room sofa to greet her with a smile. "I went to Cliffords' business premises and found out your name and address from the caretaker. I am so sorry I came too early, for I meant you to have your sleep out. But my watch is fast." "Why have you come at all?" asked Betty, bluntly. "To behave rather arbitrarily, I am

afraid. I want you to run upstairs and get into your outdoor things. Pack all that you need for three nights in a bag, and come straight off with me." "Where?" "To my home—to share the other side of Christmas—my side." The colour flamed into Betty's cheeks. "I am ashamed," she said, in a low voice. "I ought not to have spoken as I did that day. I could have bitten my tongue out afterwards. Believe me, we shop-girls do not often whine like that." Two hands came down suddenly upon her shoulders and a pair of soft, brown eyes looked into hers. "My dear," said a tender voice, "do you think I cannot understand what an accumulation of weariness and loneliness and irritation that little outburst represented? Do you think that every member of the public whom you serve so patiently day after day is stupid and callous and uncomprehending? If that is the impression you have of us it is only fair that you should give me a chance of dispelling it. Run along, there's a dear girl." Cynthia Wayland in a compelling mood would have been difficult to resist, even if Betty's whole soul had not longed to obey her. In a few minutes she was busy cramming her things into a bag, with Caroline hovering inquisitively about the door. "There's a letter for yer downstairs," she announced; "the post-mat's Newcastle. Looks like yer mother's 'and-writing. Christmas card, I expect." "Oh, Caroline, fetch it, there's a dear. I haven't time to open it now. It must go into the bag." Caroline complied. In a smoothly running taxi Betty leant her head against the cushions and listened to Cynthia's chatter. "I had better tell you a little about our household," she was saying. "I keep house for a bachelor brother, who is the nicest boy in the world, and an equally nice bachelor uncle, who has recently returned from abroad. To-morrow my fiancé is coming, and we shall entertain a small party of friends in the evening. They are all jolly people, and you are to imagine that you are spending



The Canadian Churchman.

Holy Family.

between her thumb and first finger. "There's a lady downstairs as wants to see yer, an' she's got a taxicab a-waitin' outside a-totten up tuppences' for all it's worth, and 'ere ye hain't hup yet." "What?" cried Betty, aghast. The information was repeated with mournful emphasis, and the piece of paste-board handed over for inspection. Betty read the fine, black lettering:—

Miss Cynthia Wayland.

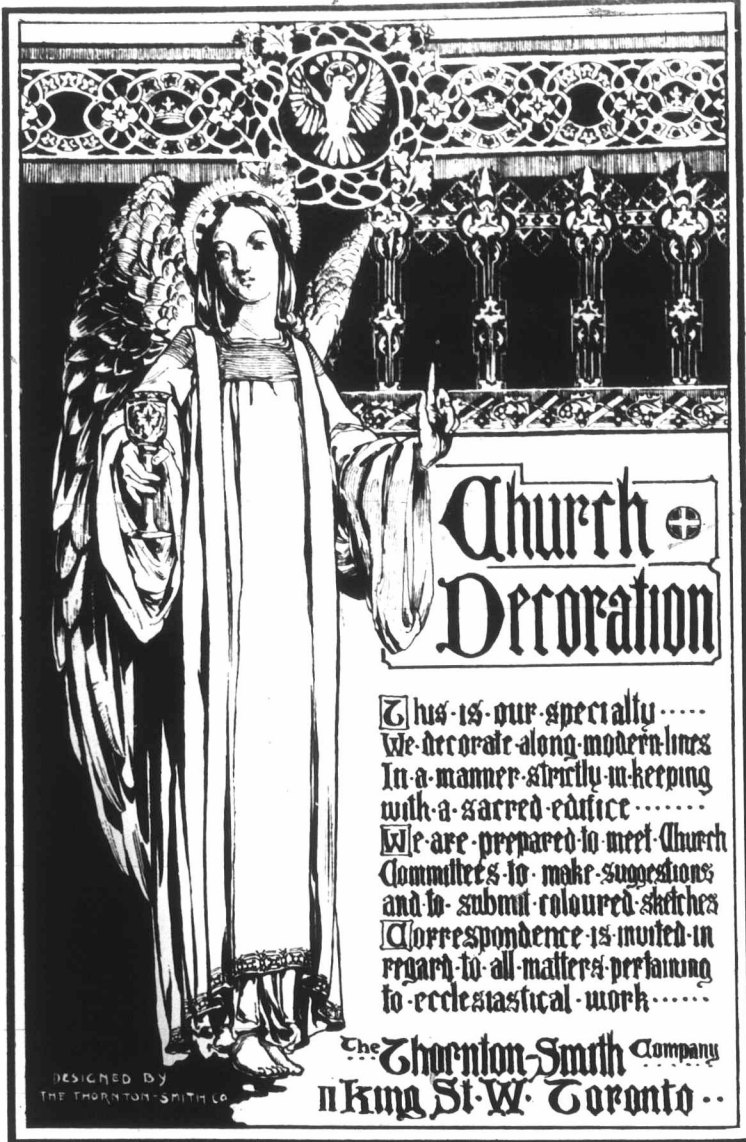
"It's she!" she gasped in a shock of intuition. "Caroline, run downstairs and tell her that I am

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Christmas in your own home, Betty—do you understand?" Betty smiled a little doubtfully. Later, she stood in Cynthia's drawing-room and shook hands with a tall, good-looking young fellow whom Cynthia called Jack. Then she was introduced to Mr. Andrew Macleod, a finely-built man of middle age, whose eyes from the moment she entered the room dwelt upon her with strange intentness. When the gravity of his face broke up into a smile and she felt the warmth of his hand-clasp, her whole heart went out to him. There was something in the welcome given her by this quiet, grey-haired man which made her feel that Cynthia's injunctions would not be difficult to obey. Three nights later Betty and Cynthia were sitting before the fire in the latter's pretty bedroom. The clock pointed to nearly midnight, and Betty was pulling the pins from her hair. "Well, have you had a happy Christmas, after all, Betty?" asked her hostess. "The happiest in my life." "And what do you think of us as a family? My brother, for instance; do you like him?" "Very much, indeed." "And my husband-to-be?" "He is as nearly worthy of you as a mortal man could be." "Thank you. And Uncle Mac?" "He is a darling," fervently. "He is," agreed Cynthia, eagerly; "he really is. He has only been living with us for a year, for he was nearly twenty years abroad. But I should be sorry to lose him now; at any rate, before I am married." "I cannot understand why he is not married himself," said Betty. Cynthia laughed. "You have touched upon a sore point. I am always telling him he ought to get a wife. The fact of the matter is, there is a little romance in connection with him. Years ago he loved a girl, but lost her. I don't know who she was, but he told me that if he could find her again and she were free, he would marry her at once. Sometimes I believe he is really on the look-out for her still. By the way, Betty, he has taken an immense fancy to you." "Oh?" "Yes, indeed;

but then they all have. What with Jack following you about like a faithful hound and Uncle Mac gravitating towards you from his smoke-room, and my Tom casting glances at you which should be exclusively mine, I ought to be wildly jealous." "You need not," said Betty, soberly; "they all belong to you, more or less. All I have left in the world is one little over-worked mother, whom I can only see for one paltry fortnight in the year." She broke off suddenly, and sprang to her feet. "What a cold-blooded, selfish, neglectful little pig I am! There's mother's Christmas letter in my bag, and I have never opened it yet." "Read it now," said Cynthia, "and I will finish brushing your hair for you." The letter was fetched, and Betty sat down, letting the other's fingers stray at their own sweet will over her down-bent head. For a few minutes there was silence in the room. Then suddenly Betty looked up with a face as white as a sheet. "Cynthia," she gasped. "My dear child, what is the matter? Is your mother ill?" "No; but I think she must be mad, or else I am. Cynthia, your uncle's name is Andrew, is it not?" "Yes." "Then for goodness' sake read this letter and tell me if my eyes have deceived me. I have never heard of anything so extraordinary." Wonderingly Cynthia obeyed. It was not a long letter, and the first sheet was taken up with the natural love-talk of a mother to her eighteen-year-old daughter at Christmas-time. It was the second which contained the paralysing element. "And now, dear child," wrote Mrs. Burgoyne, "I have something to tell you which will astonish you very much and possibly displease you, though I do hope you will try to consider the matter impartially. I have had an offer of marriage, Betty dear, from a gentleman who, many years ago, was a very intimate friend of mine. I have never spoken to you of Mr. Andrew Macleod, but the fact remains that at one time only a very slender thread of Fate prevented me from marry-

ing him instead of the man whom I afterwards met, whom I dearly loved, and who was your father, Betty dear. A year ago, it seems, Andrew came home after twenty years' absence in India, and set himself to find me. Yesterday I received a letter addressed to me under my maiden name (he knows nothing yet of my marriage, or of you), which he sent to an old schoolfellow of mine, trusting that it would eventually reach my hands. It was such a charming letter, Betty, written by a man who has kept his kind heart through all the years. I am deeply touched and honoured that he should ask me for the second time to be his wife, and this time I am strongly inclined to say 'Yes,' though I have not yet seen him. Neither of us are young, but I am sure we could make each other happy, and I know his heart is big enough to hold you, too, when I tell him it is a case of 'Love me, love my daughter.' I have not answered his letter yet. I cannot, until I hear from you. Shall I say 'Yes,' or 'No,' Betty? Shall I bid him 'Come,' or 'Stay'? Perhaps it is cowardly of me to leave the decision in your hands, but I could not take such a step, happily, against your will. I only ask you to consider that the man I speak of is one of the best in the world, and that sometimes, Betty, your mother is a very lonely woman. Write to me soon, dear, and believe me, ever your loving mother, Elizabeth Burgoyne." Cynthia folded the letter and stood motionless, her lips trembling a little, her eyes wet. "It's Uncle Mac without doubt," she said at last. "I never thought life could be so romantic—and so funny. It must have been Providence which sent me into Cliffords' that day; why—" "Cynthia," interposed Betty, desperately, "what am I to do?" "Do?" echoed Cynthia. She sprang to her wardrobe and pulled out a silken kimono-shaped wrap, which she folded about Betty's astonished person, and then taking hold of her cloudy

masses of hair, plaited it with lightning-like fingers. "Do?" she reiterated; "why, there's only one sensible thing to do. You are to go straight downstairs to Uncle Mac and show him that letter and tell him who you are. Yes, it's past twelve, I know, but that doesn't matter. I'll come with you to appease Mrs. Grundy. Well, now, what is it?" Betty had caught sight of herself in the mirror, and her expression was profoundly shocked. "I can't go down like this, Cynthia."

"You can, and you will. Can't you see that you look too lovely for description? Your eyes are blue stars, and your cheeks are peonies, and with that long, thick plait over your shoulder you might be a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl. If Uncle Mac doesn't take his future step-daughter straight to his heart, I'm a Dutchwoman. No; come along this minute." The invasion of the smoking-room by Cynthia, tall, flushed, dishevelled, stirred quick interrogation in the eyes of the two men. The sight of Betty trailing along behind in a shining, rose-coloured garment much too long for her, and with blue eyes adorably scared, brought them to their feet in a trice. "Great Scott! what is the matter?" "Something wonderful," cried Cynthia. "Something which concerns you, Uncle Mac. Tell him, Betty dear, quick." "I—I have had a letter from my mother," stammered Betty; "it is about you. She—she is a widow, you know, and her name before she was married was Elizabeth Wentworth. Oh, dear—oh, dear—don't you understand?" He was staring at her, spellbound, pallor spreading slowly over his bronzed skin. "Is it possible?" he exclaimed at last. "Can it be true? You are Elizabeth's child." Betty handed the letter to him with shaking fingers. "Read it," she said faintly. In the background Cynthia signalled something to Jack with her eyebrows, and the two, unnoted, left the room. With a beating heart Betty watched his face as he read, first its white anxiety, then the slowly returning colour, finally the kindling eyes. When at length he threw the letter down and took both her hands in a close clasp, her relief nearly choked her.

"Why, hullo, Betty, this is the most satisfactory thing that could possibly happen. Tell me everything about your mother." She answered his many questions with a breaking voice, told him of her father's death fifteen years ago, and the long years of loneliness and poverty which had streaked her mother's pretty hair with grey. "You may find her very much altered in looks," she finished, "but at heart, she does not change. Even now she can laugh like a girl." "There

come I have just turned my back upon it." "God always cares," he said gently; "and Christmas is always what we make it. The Christmas spirit never leaves anyone untouched who wants to be touched." "You mean that it is my own fault if I have found it hateful?" "I do not know; it is not for me to judge. I only know that it is the heart which creates Christmas, not circumstance." Then he smiled at her whimsically. "I believe I am taking a good deal for granted, Betty. I have not obtained your formal consent yet. Will you conduct me to Newcastle to-morrow, to fetch—my Elizabeth?" "Oh, yes—yes," she laughed, and her blue eyes thanked him through a mist of tears.

* * * * *

Out in the hall, on the lowest step of the stairs, Jack Wayland sat with a very sleepy fox-terrier at his feet. Though out of earshot, he could see through the open door of the smoke-room the little scene being enacted within. "Kipps, old fellow," to the dog, "some people seem to have all the luck. There's a grey-headed old buffer in there saying 'good-night' to the dearest little girl in the world, and—yes, by Jove—he's kissing her. It isn't fair. It's a situation which can't and shan't endure. We'll give her six months, Kipps—till that recreant Cynthia is married. Then, if she doesn't recognize our sterling worth, and collapse under the spell of our united fascinations, and promise to come and keep house for us for ever and a day—we'll drown ourselves, won't we, Kipps?" Kipps said never a word, but he lifted his drowsy head and nosed the air three times, long and steadily. He was sniffing from afar off the savoury odour of chicken-bones, from three consecutive wedding-feasts—in



The Canadian Churchman.

Doubtful Moments.

will be no more worry for either of you," he said huskily; "my heart and my home will be big enough for you both." Betty fumbled for a handkerchief, and not being able to find one she let her tears fall unrestrained. "I am so ashamed of myself," she sobbed; "for the last two years I have been such a discontented girl. I thought God did not care. And when Christmas has

the year nineteen-hundred-and-eleven.—By E. M. Rickard, in "The Girl's Realm."

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Back Row—The Bishops of Niagara (Clark), New Westminster (DePencier), Qu'Appelle (Harding), Moosonee (Anderson), Toronto (Sweeny), Duluth, U.S. (Morrison), Montreal (Farthing), Fredericton (Richardson), Assistant Bishop of Quebec (Farrar), Yukon (Stringer), Athabasca (Holmes).

Front Row—The Bishops of Nova Scotia (Worrell), Ontario (Mills), Algoma (Thorneloe), Assistant Bishop of Toronto (Reeve), Archbishop of Ottawa (Hamilton), Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate (Matheson), Calgary (Pinkham), Quebec (Dunn), Keewatin (Lofthouse), Caledonia (DuVernet), Huron (Williams)

December 14, 1911.

MY PARISH.

My name is Capellano Navalis, and I am pastor of the important parish of Johnnierville, in the State of Sicanoisé. How I attained to so great a dignity this story shall relate. Not many years ago I had been travelling in Canada with my family prior to settling down to work after a year's holiday. The question arose as to where we should pitch our tent. Should it be Canada, or should we return to England? The latter motion was finally voted down, in a full house, for two reasons. In the first place, supplies were getting scarce, and in the second, there was not much to attach us to the Old Land, since most of our relations had journeyed to another world. As there was at this time an infant in arms to be thought of, and Canada is rather cold for such, the "better half" suggested the United States as a place to inhabit. We had been taught in our geography books at home that there was such a country; we had read of Indians who went to and fro seeking scalps and taking them; we knew the white population were able with much trouble to keep them in subjection, and that these same white people lived in certain big towns, named New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and that there was another town named Boston, where some Indians had wasted some good Ceylon tea by throwing it into the harbor, and had escaped punishment by saying the whites had done it. I had vague recollections of learning that the Mississippi was the longest river in the world, and had somewhere heard that there was a Church in the country which corresponded to the Church of England, but what it was called, or whether it had been introduced into the country by George Washington I had no idea. Since my visit to Canada I had heard a vast amount more as to this wonderful land, which led me to think that the knowledge disseminated at home was of a very limited quantity and of a very imperfect

brand. Hearty of the voice of my motherland, I sat down and penned a letter to each of the Bishops of the Church, whose names I discovered in a Canadian annual. I wrote to five in all. They all offered me work. A friend unkindly suggests that it was because, knowing no better, I addressed all my letters to "The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of....." and ended humbly with "Your Lordship's obedient servant." What most struck me at this time, as I recollect it, is that the Church which recites the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds should call itself the "Protestant Episcopal Church"; and also, that of all the Bishops to whom I wrote, only one was businesslike enough to ask me to send my letters of Orders for inspection. I presume the others would have demanded them on arrival, but they did not mention them when writing. After sundry and interesting correspondence it transpired that I had agreed to work in a diocese of what is called "The Middle West." I was allotted a working class town of about eight thousand people. I think, after a choice of two or three missions, I was dextrously palmed off into this because I was from "foreign parts," and the same parts almost as my new parishioners. Folks who are equal to the same parts are equal to one another. This would have been true, only the parishioners were from Wales and the priest from England. After deciding to try this mission, I remember meekly enquiring from the Bishop if there was only one Episcopal Church in the town. Without moving a muscle of his eyebrow he assented. So I went down to my work with the feeling that I had a great charge and a great responsibility. In England, if there were eight thousand people in a town, it would be safe to count at least seven thousand of them as members of the Church. It had been arranged by my predecessor, who had felt obliged to resign this portion of his vineyard because its productiveness had become so great he was unable to look after it and the

parts, as well, that I should meet my new flock at an evening service. He said they came out best at nights, and he was anxious for me to get a good impression of the place. A local restaurant keeper, who told me he had been a prisoner at Andersonville, and was an old Confederate soldier, came to escort me to church. I did not know where Andersonville was, nor what a Confederate soldier was until next day, when I went down to the schoolhouse and borrowed an American book or two as a corrective of such colossal ignorance; but I know he was of the salt of the earth, and I have had a kindly feeling in my heart for Confederates ever since. Mais revenons a nos moutons. Imagine my feeling when I found the important mission of which I had charge could not even boast of a building of its own. The services were held in a disagreeable ex-Methodist meeting-house, at that time pressed into service as a schoolhouse, for we were a rapidly growing community, and could not build schools fast enough for the increase of population, and the congregation of this overproductive part of the vineyard! I shall never forget it. First to arrive was an amiable lady who acted as choir and organist. Next came a sprightly Welshman devout and audibly energetic. Then a stolid Englishman, and after him a lady. This was the whole congregation. I feared there must have been some mistake in announcing the service, but was told it had been proclaimed in both local papers and by postal card. That evening I returned to my rooms and pondered. I wondered what they had a mission in such a place at all for, and how many members there really were. Next day I paid a visit to the stolid Englishman, who was treasurer of the mission. He painted everything in blackest colours, told me the mission had been killed, and he saw no hopes of any real progress. I felt thankful I had left my family behind in Canada while I prospected. After mature consideration I resolved to

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give up all ideas of reading or anything but visiting, and determined to put in three months solid work tramping from house to house wherever I heard of an Episcopalian or an old countryman who ought to be such. By the grace of God the mission grew. At the end of eighteen months, in spite of many discouragements, we found ourselves with over sixty communicants, and seventy in the Sunday School. We raised enough money to build a little brick church, furnish it and install a furnace. As I look back now I often marvel, and wonder how it happened, and can only say, "The grace of God. The grace of God." Let us skip intervening places and come to the parish of Johnnville. An American parish is very different to an English one. I speak of the Middle West, for I know no other. In England the priest has charge of the spiritualities of his cure, and the vestry are the business board who help him in external matters. In the Middle West the vestry like to arrange the spiritual affairs so that their rector may have all his time set free to seeing that the finances of the parish are thrivingly abundant. Moreover, if the rector should be at all filled with a sense of his duty, and feel that the house of God should be for purposes of worship rather than for the singing of sacred solos by Unitarians or other agnostics, he will probably be waited on by a deputation of the unemployed, (commonly called "The Rector's Aid") who will inform him that it has been the custom of the parish from time immemorial, and that if such things are not allowed it will empty the church, as many people only come for the music. In my parish nearly all the members of the choir can read music well. Consequently they all have "ideas" and strenuously labour to prove the truth of the poet's words:—"Quot homines, tot sententiae." At a choir practice one evening six members appeared without their hats. I mean six members of the female persuasion. When I meekly suggested that I was hopelessly old fashioned and even carried it to such an extent as to believe the Bible and quoted the words of St. Paul as to women being uncovered in church, and expressed a wish that next week they would bring their hats with them, I found that some who are described as "our best Church people" took offence and absented themselves from practice and church for a few weeks. The unconfirmed have been admitted to communion in days bygone. I have repelled nobody, but I have felt it my duty to point out to such that the Church forbids it, and I possess an unfortunate conscience which makes me feel I must call attention to rubrics. So that as I write the account stands thus: To gentle remonstrance with one unconfirmed, \$100. To speaking about the wearing of hats, \$30. Total loss, \$130 a year. And yet strange to say, the congregations have increased considerably, and the funds are larger by far than when we started. I can only say again, "The grace of God." But still can you wonder I am not happy, and that I live in hope that some day I shall be called to a place where churchly ways

are not "taboo." Then shall I once more say:—"The grace of God." When that call does come, I pray it may be to British territory.—H. H. M.

A LITTLE GHOST STORY.

Christmas numbers are never complete without a good ghost story. One of the cleverest we have read was written by the late L. F. Austin, who, as we remember, preceded Mr. G. K. Chesterton as a popular essayist in the columns of the "Illustrated London News." It is well worth repeating. It is entitled "A Strange Boots," and runs as follows: "I woke with a start one morning to hear a heavy step in the passage. It sounded like somebody staggering under a heavy load. I opened my door, and saw a man with a huge basket full of skulls. He looked at me with a grim smile, shook his head, murmuring 'Good morning,' and dropped a skull at the next door as if it were a pair of boots. This operation was repeated all along the corridor, till there were rows of shining skulls in the dim light, some doorways having two, one smaller than the other, evidently a woman's.

able to see what were her gifts the preceding season, and thus to avoid the risk of repeating herself. Still more canny is she if she has made mental or written notes from time to time of various articles for which she has heard a desire expressed by friends. Such note-taking will greatly lessen her labours. For it is no light thing to choose Christmas gifts judiciously. The whole secret of their acceptability lies in their appropriateness. Not only must they be appropriate to the person from whom they come and to whom they go, but to the circumstances in which the latter is placed. For an instance, there are few housekeepers who do not welcome an addition of fine table linen to their store. But if to a housekeeper who lives plainly in simple surroundings one sends a superb lace-trimmed tea-cloth or doilies that throw all her other possessions into the shade, there is an unsuitability about the gift that robs it of much of its charm.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

The covering of pillars, stairs and walls with evergreens is so old a custom that no one knows when it began. In old, as in modern days, the air was fragrant with the breath of pine and balsam. The ivy, the holly, the mistletoe and rosemary were woven together in wreaths or garlands, or hung in great bunches from ceiling and arch. The laurel has been in use for festive occasions since the Romans made it the symbol of victory. No Christmas would be complete without the dark leaves of the holly framing its clusters of red berries. Rosemary has long been "for remembrance," and wassail-bowl was stirred with it as a suggestion of other revels and revelers. As for the mistletoe, have not the poets sung its praises and the romancers dwelt at length and with detail on the unique privileges it confers—the liberty to kiss whoever happens to be standing under it? The Druids attached great importance to it, and invested it with the gracious qualities of keeping away evil spirits and of healing certain disorders. It is from these superstitions that the kissing privilege undoubtedly arose, and its nature may be gathered from the comment of an English writer: "The maid who was not kissed under it would not be married that year." Out of consideration for the unmarried, therefore, it was hung in doorways and other exposed places where the unwary were most easily caught.



The Canadian Churchman.

Love, from Childhood to Old Age.

Suddenly every door was opened as by a given signal, and headless skeletons stooped and picked up the skulls. Then there was a commotion; the corridor was swiftly alive and white with flying bones; the man with the basket was surrounded by a mob of horrid figures, striving to adjust skulls that would not fit, and thrusting them into his perplexed face. It was the smaller skulls, I noticed, that excited the most vehement protest. Clearly, the unfortunate domestic had polished them all, and left them at the wrong doors, especially the feminine headpieces, which were now so vociferous. I longed to intervene, and point out that he could not be expected to distinguish one skull from another with even approximate accuracy, when a kindly voice murmured:—"Monsieur is very ill."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The buyer who really puts some altruism into her Christmas gifts makes out her list several weeks in advance. If she be a canny somebody she has kept her list of the year before, and is

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then do the other thing, without letting any moments drop between.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

Jesus loved children as no one else has ever loved them! Suffer little children to come unto Me. He said to the apostles eager to protect Him from the wild and joyous throng. And the day of His birth has become the children's day. The earth has never seen a day which has shed more light upon their paths. There is a magical charm to Christmas. Each generation has added to it something of its own. In the radiance of Christmas, Christ smiles evermore on the little people—and on all those able to become children again. Where else on earth clusters so many memories? The Christmases of his childhood illumine a hallowed spot in the heart of every man. The older and unhappier he grows, the brighter glows the light yonder, in the beloved past. Let me close my eyes, forget the present, and for a moment live again the happy days when I had grandfather, grandmother, father and mother, and all the wealth of life and hope which God sows with lavish hand in the soul of a child. I see, on winter evenings, the white earth, and the western sky as red as fire. The red—we knew what that meant, with Christmas drawing near. Our grandmothers had told us: Our Lady of Christmas was making her cakes. Immediately the childish imagination, which halts at nothing, built in the golden clouds a celestial kitchen where beautiful angels heated the ovens and mixed the cake. The sky was so near us that the smoke from our roofs seemed to drift upward to its temple courts. Then, evening past and night fallen, it was inevitable that a shadow should suddenly loom on the picture. For if good children see angels, bad boys are afraid of someone ready and waiting to administer punishment. This individual was Hans-Drabb. I knew him myself, this uncompromising person, fore-runner by a few days of the lovable lady in white the bearer of the sparkling fir. He rever-

tightened us beyond calculation. We would be in the right and a good fellow to say his forbidding counterpane. Day by day he spied upon us, watched us in all our misdeeds and performances. And if he presented our misdeeds with birches for our own good, was not this worthy fulfilling a necessary function? We had, therefore, for Hans-Drabb a respect, somewhat fearful, liking. Besides, chains rattling in corridors, loud knocks on the doors, the grave and denunciatory tones of his voice—did we not know that all these things announced the approach of the divine evening? Each one of us, if he could have expressed his soul, would have said with effect:

And I walk living in my stary dream

But now is the expected evening. After the short December day, too long, nevertheless, for our impatience, the shades of night have fallen, the stars begin to shine. In the room, growing darker and darker, the children gather. Father holds me on his knees. I can still feel his chin lightly touch my head, caressing me while it pricks just a little. And our questions: Why isn't mother in the room? Is she making a call on our elderly neighbor, as happened last year at this time? Will she miss the dear Christmas Lady again? It would be a pity. Suddenly a bell sounds in the corridor and seems to draw near. The door is mysteriously opened. Veiled and silent, the celestial visitor enters, bearing, as a torch, the dear little tree. Each one of us says his prayer. Oh, those little prayers, so short and simple! I am beginning to say them again. If I live to grow old, I shall end by not saying any others. The dear Lady listened to them. Then she spoke, her voice sweet with the echoes of another world. And as mysteriously as she had come the white figure withdrew, leaving in our souls, for weeks, a trail of light. Later, on a similar day, when I had grown tall and become an eager observer of all things, I

thought of her, through her veil. She had not been in just the same place as mother. That was a revelation to me. Mother's absence at each visit of the gracious lady was a further proof. Without disturbing the faith of the little ones, my views were settled from that day: Our Lady of Christmas was mother. The years have passed. Almost all the guests of those distant Christmases have entered the eternal mansions. Following my beloved ones, my thoughts, when the trees of to-day are lighted, fly to the absent, in the land of consoling mystery. I feel their souls surrounding our souls. And, as in the happy years of childhood, heaven and earth seem to me to draw close together and to mingle. Slowly in the heart of the mature man a harmony has been brought about between the simple faith of the little tots—always to be revered, for it represents so much of truth—and the fact established by the sharp-sighted lad. Our Lady of Christmas: I still believe. It is true. It happened. The red glows of evening are indeed a reflection of her labour of love. They are thinking of us above. Beyond the reach of our eyes an invisible graciousness watches and prepares wherewith to rejoice our hearts. The child's eyes saw right. They penetrate further than the telescopes which claim to have discovered nothing in the infinite. What sweeter proof of what is taking place above, what better interpretation of his qualities has our Father in Heaven sent us than our mothers? It is true, therefore, that "Our Lady of Christmas is mother," sister of the angels, beloved messenger of the good God. I have been told that the sounding-line has never been able to measure the depth of certain lakes. Perhaps because the line was not long enough. But, truly, there is one abyss whose depth no sounding-line can measure. This abyss is the heart of a mother, and it is full of love. I wish that all children might have a happy Christmas day.—Charles Wagner.

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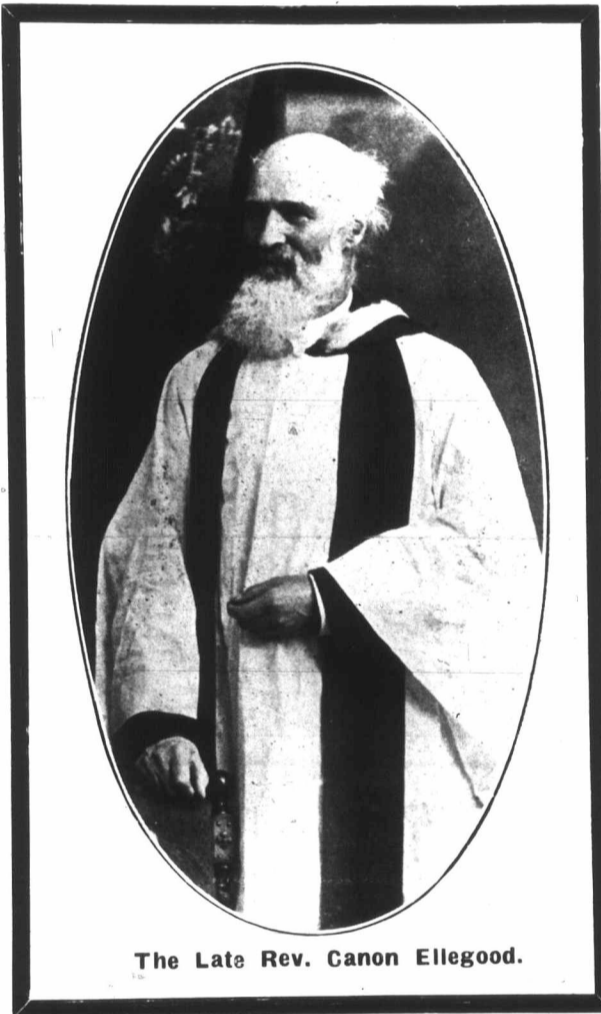
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THE LATE REV. CANON ELLEGOOD.

On Sunday morning, December 31d, just as the sun had touched the crown of Mount Royal with its golden rays, and as the early communicants of his church had gathered together to celebrate the Holy Eucharist, Jacob Ellegood, Master of Arts, Doctor of Divinity, Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Rector of the Church of St. James the Apostle, passed into that rest which remaineth to the people of God. At the eleven o'clock celebration the church was filled with worshippers who had known their rector all their lives, and with whom in many cases the tenderest family experiences were associated. At the close of the ante-Communion service Rev. Allan P. Shatford, the brilliant young curate, who has served under Canon Ellegood for the past five years, bearing largely upon his willing shoulders the great burden of a complex and influential parish, came forward to the chancel steps and spoke the words that seemed to be upon every heart. In eloquent and touching phrases, with manifest sympathy with the whole occasion, and in perfect good taste, he said the words that seemed to give relief to the pent-up feelings of those who were conscious of losing a personal friend as well as a spiritual leader. Mr. Shatford spoke as follows: "We worship God this morning under exceptionally sad circumstances. The priest who has led your prayers and praises for nearly half a century has been called to his rest. Rarely has a church been called upon to suffer so severe a loss. Our hearts are naturally heavy, but I want particularly to lead your thoughts to the bright side of this day's bereavement. I could not preach a sermon, nor would you care to hear one, but we may think simply and briefly of him whom God hath taken home. Let this bright, beautiful morning, when the sun shines clear from unclouded skies, be a symbol of that dear land to which our beloved rector has gone. Death brings great sorrow, because we are impressed immediately by the dear companionship and delights from which the departed go. We do not think enough of those dearer joys and friendships to which our loved ones go. And to-day we must cheer our hearts with the thought of all those rich and holy delights in which the rector finds his present satisfaction. First of all, our sympathy must flow out toward those sorrowing relatives who stood closest to his life, and our prayers are now offered that God may bind up their wounded hearts. As a congregation we have suffered a heavy loss. For forty-seven years our rector has broken the bread of life and poured out the wine of refreshment for the members of this church. He has baptized the children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. It will be impossible for us ever to think of the Church of St. James the Apostle apart from Canon Ellegood, so closely was his life identified with it. He has been your first and only rector. He has preached the simple Gospel of Jesus for nearly half a century in this church. I know how he has carried you upon his heart. And I remember all your loving, loyal sympathy for him. Almost his last words to me as he was dying were, 'Thank everybody for all their kindness.' When mind and body were alike failing, he struggled to frame a sentence of appreciation for all your goodness. Not only this church, but the whole Canadian Church—indeed, the Holy Catholic Church—suffers loss, for he was one of her brightest ornaments and most worthy priests. We need to thank God for his sweet, simple life. He carried sunshine and cheer with him everywhere, for optimism was the dominant feature of his life. It is ours now to strive and emulate his noble example. I would like to add a word about my own personal loss. Five years ago to-day I came to be his curate. During the whole of that time we have worked together in unbroken and unmarried friendship. He was to me a second father, and I have tried to be to him a son. And I count it one of life's richest

privilege to have been able to minister to him in his closing days. There is something touchingly beautiful in the time of his death. This is Advent Sunday. I had prepared for you a sermon on 'The Coming of Christ.' And how peacefully He came to the rector this morning, just as the early service of the Sacrament was commenced. And may we not believe that Jesus will come to us to-day in our bereavement? Let us listen for the Master's footsteps and invite Him into our hearts and lives. And this is our Communion service. We believe in the Communion. In the sacrament of the altar we get very near to the departed. Do not let us think of our rector as far away, but as really present with us in the Sacred Feast, which for over sixty years he has administered. By the merits of that sacrifice, of which the Eucharist is a perpetual representation, let us plead that God may crown the years with reward and rest, and comfort all sorrowing souls with the balm of His healing love." Canon Ellegood was born of United Empire Loyalist parentage. His grandfather was from Princess Ann County, Virginia. When the American rebellion broke out he



The Late Rev. Canon Ellegood.

raised a regiment at his own expense and commanded it. He was taken prisoner, but afterwards regained his liberty through exchange. When the war was over and the cause lost, he emigrated to New Brunswick with his slaves, and brought the material of his house, which he called "Rose Hall," with him. Canon Ellegood was born at Dumfries, New Brunswick, on March 16th, 1824. He received his education at King's College, in that Province, and Frederickton University, of which he was a D.D. He was ordained deacon in 1848, and priest in 1849, by Bishop Mountain, of Quebec. Canon Ellegood was one of the clergy who accompanied Dean Bethune when he received and installed the first Bishop of Montreal, the Right Rev. Dr. Fulford. In 1848 he was appointed assistant at Christ Church Cathedral, of which the late Dean Bethune was rector. His duties in connection with this church took him to Point St. Charles, where he was appointed to minister to the sick immigrants who were dying in vast numbers by ship-fever and other diseases. In October, 1848, he was appointed to the incumbency of St. Ann's Church, Griffintown. At that time a very bitter feeling existed among the Orangemen and the Roman Catholics of that

section, and when the corner-stone of the church was laid by Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Governor-General, it culminated in a free fight, and for a time it was considered dangerous to attend evening service. This ill-feeling soon changed, however, an example being set by Canon Ellegood and his old friend, Father Dowd, who used to make a point of showing their friendship by walking in the streets together. In 1851 St. Ann's Church was burned down. The new church, St. Stephen's, now St. Edward's, has been the mother of five churches, two parsonages, and three school buildings. The Church of St. James the Apostle, one of this group of churches, and of which Canon Ellegood was first rector, was opened in May, 1864. It was then known as "St. Crickets-in-the-Field" from the fact that a cricket ground adjoined it. At that time there were about ten thousand troops stationed in Montreal, and the officers and men spent considerable of their spare time in playing cricket, including battalions of the Scots Guards and of the Grenadier Guards. All that is changed now; the regiments have departed, and the church is in the centre of the city instead of on the outskirts, as it was then. Canon Ellegood's ministerial career in Griffintown and Point St. Charles extended through a period of sixteen years. Canon Ellegood married Harriet Taylor, eldest daughter of George Taylor, of London, England, and sister of the late Samuel and Fennings Taylor. Mrs. Ellegood died in 1869. The last time Canon Ellegood was in St. James the Apostle Church was the special service to raise to the priesthood the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist. On the 21st of September last he recorded his vote in the Federal election, an act which, he said, was the sacred duty of every British subject. In recalling the life and character of the deceased presbyter the writer would give as the two outstanding characteristics of the man: his great social charm and his great breadth of sympathy. No one could be long in his company, even in his days of decrepitude, without feeling that personal charm which made him an influential social factor in Montreal. He was big, breezy, unconventional, but always behind and underneath there was the refinement and charm of the gentleman. He had travelled much, and met many of the most famous men and women of his day. He was a ready conversationalist and a good raconteur. It was no wonder that he was sought after by hostesses who wanted to make their dinner parties go with a swing. He always had a ready retort, and no mean skill in intellectual fencing. A newcomer to this country a few years ago had heard a good story at the Canon's expense, and repeated it to him. "Never mind," was the laughing reply; "I will have a story about you before long; that is, if you are any good." With his social gifts there was also a wonderful breadth of sympathy—a perpetual consciousness of the essential unity of mankind and the pettiness of sectarian and ecclesiastical differences. He has laid claim to the distinction of being the first clergyman in Montreal to introduce a surpliced choir, but his friend, Father Wood, questioned that claim somewhat. That was no simple matter forty-five years ago, as ecclesiastical feeling ran in those days. He has been on the most cordial social and ecclesiastical relations with all denominations throughout his ministry. As already noted, he was for many years on terms of close personal intimacy with Father Dowd, the noted priest of St. Patrick's Church, and he has invited Dr. Barclay, of St. Paul's, on more than one occasion to officiate in St. James'. On the very last day that he was out of his house he heard that the aged and scholarly Doctor Barnes, pastor emeritus of the Unitarian Church, was fast losing his eyesight, and he said at once, "I must go and see him"; and so he did. Staunch Churchman that he was, he was always conscious of the essential brotherhood of humanity and the essential fatherhood of

In 1847-8 he played a heroic part in saving for the victims of the terrible ship fever: he carried off thousands of immigrants ere they found a home in this new land. A huge boulder in Point St. Charles marks the spot where the bodies of these wretched strangers were buried in the score of trenches with the simple words of committal read over them by Mr. Ellegood and a few others who took their lives in their hands to thus comfort the dying and see that they had some respect shown them in death. The late Canon Ellegood was not a great scholar, great thinker, nor yet a great preacher, but he was great of heart and prodigal in human sympathy. He reached a right judgment apparently by intuition, and the number of his friends was legion. His passing was as the turning of the tide seaward as the sun was going down at evening. A very large number of people attended the funeral of the late Canon Ellegood, which was held on Wednesday morning, December 6th. Late the evening before, the body was removed from the rectory to the church, where the clergy and choir kept vigil over the remains of their late beloved rector. At 8 a.m. there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which the Bishop of the diocese celebrated, assisted by the Rev. A. P. Shatford, the curate-in-charge. A large congregation was present at this service. At nine o'clock, in the presence of a very large congregation in addition to the members of the Victoria Rifles, of which regiment the late Canon Ellegood had been the first and only chaplain, the first part of the Burial Service was read, which was conducted by the Lord Bishop of the diocese, the Rev. Dr. Abbott-Smith, and the Rev. A. P. Shatford. The full choir was present, and two hymns were sung, "Forever with the Lord" and "Peace, Perfect Peace." At the close of the first part of the service Bishop Farthing, accompanied by Ven. Archdeacon Ker, Dean Evans, Canon Rollitt, of Hamilton, and the Revs. Paterson-

Smyth, G. Osborn, Frank Chatterton, M. Little, A. P. Shatford, and a number of others then ranged themselves about the flower-covered bier in the chancel and read the last Offices of the Church in which Canon Ellegood had served so long. The service was concluded as the choir and clergy marched slowly to the vestry, chanting the "Nunc Dimittis" as a recessional. At the grave-side at Mount Royal Cemetery the Bishop again officiated and read the sentences of committal, the buglers of the Victoria Rifles sounding the Last Post. H.R.H. the Governor-General sent a telegram of sympathy. Among those present were: Chief Justice Sir Melbourne Tait, Chief Justice Ritchie, Rev. G. H. Baker, Rev. Fred. Whitley, Rev. F. A. Pratt, Rev. Dr. James Barclay, Rev. A. Bowman, of Ste. Therese; Rev. Arthur French; a delegation of Baptist ministers; Rev. Dr. Sullivan; Rev. Dr. Therrien, president of the Baptist Ministerial Association of the Province of Quebec; Rev. J. T. Marshall, Rev. J. T. Kirkwood, Rev. Dr. J. E. Gordon, and Rev. Dr. G. O. Gates, His Worship Mayor Guerin, Principal Peterson, and a large number of others. The floral offerings were very numerous. The chief mourners were Mr. E. E. A. Duvernet, K.C., of Toronto; a nephew; Mr. G. P. Taylor, of Montreal, nephew, and a grand-nephew, Kenneth E. Young.

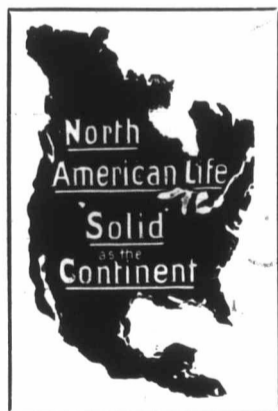


**THE REV. J. CHARLES ROPER, M.A., D.D.,
THE BISHOP-ELECT OF COLUMBIA.**

All well-wishers of the Church in Canada must rejoice at the expected return to it of the Rev. John Charles Roper, M.A., D.D., as Bishop of the Diocese of Columbia. Once or twice before he had been a prominent, though unsuccessful, nominee in episcopal elections; and it was understood at the time of Canon Welch's withdrawal from St. James' that he was one of the

candidates for the rectorship between whom the choice of a successor finally stood. Now the Synod of the Diocese of Columbia has done credit and honour to itself in electing him as its Diocesan, and its members may rest assured that, so far as expectations may be based upon the experience of Trinity College, St. Thomas' Church, Toronto, and the General Theological Seminary in New York, they are securing in the fullest sense of the words a real Father in God. The impression left upon the students of Trinity College in his time (1885 to 1888), whether Arts men or Divinity men, was that of unaffected goodness, simplicity and gentleness of character coupled with strength, deep learning, wide scholarship, refined culture, and thorough gentlemanliness, as well as aptness to teach. None of the professors brought from the universities of the Old Land to serve Trinity College has done his work more thoroughly than Professor Roper, and none has left behind him a more affectionate regard. With the lapse of years few, if any, of the students of the present day know more than his name. But general regret was felt by those to whom he lectured when he severed his brief connection with the College to become vicar of St. Thomas' Church. They still remember the rare privilege which they enjoyed, and they are grateful for it. Of his work at St. Thomas' there are many who are qualified to speak, although again his tenure of office was brief. The little building soon became too small for the worshippers, and a new one was erected in the face of difficulties which a less tactful man might possibly have found insurmountable. A beautiful service, with thoughtful, scholarly sermons, characterized the church; and frequent celebrations of the Holy Communion became one of its outstanding features. When he was called to the chair of Dogmatic Theology in the General Theological Seminary in 1897 the Canadian Church suffered a distinct loss and that of the United States made a great gain. There, too,

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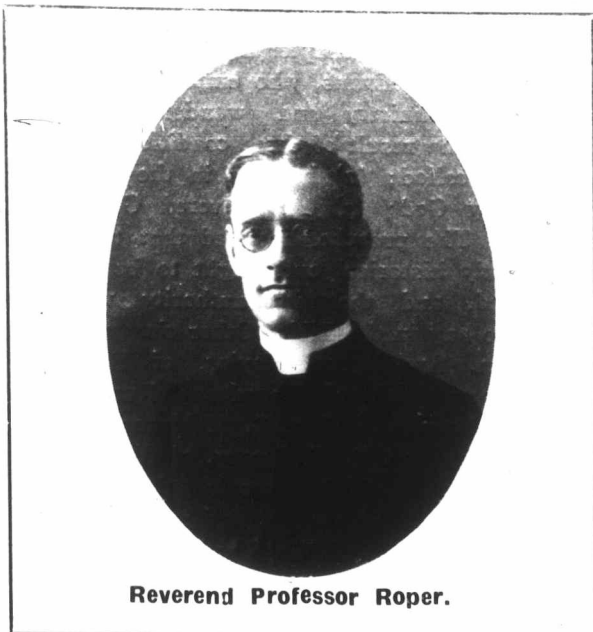
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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

he inspired the same feelings and the same measure of respect as he had inspired in Toronto in both his academic and his parochial relations. After removing to New York he married Miss Fanny Bethune, a daughter of the late R. H. Bethune, Esq., sometime President of the Dominion Bank, and a son of the second Bishop of Toronto. Thus he is a nephew-in-law of the distinguished entomologist, who for nearly thirty years was headmaster of Trinity College School, and a brother-in-law of Mrs. Evans, of the Deanery, Montreal; Mrs. Goldwin Larratt Smith, of Toronto, and of Mr. Henry Bethune, of the Dominion Bank, Toronto. The Bishop-elect graduated from the University of Oxford with the degree of B.A. in 1882, having studied at Keble College. He took his M.A. after a sojourn at Brasenose, where he was a lecturer and chaplain. Upon accepting the appointment at Trinity he became a Master of Arts of that College by virtue of his office. He holds his D.D. from the General Theological Seminary, New York, honoris causa. He became a deacon in 1882 and a priest in 1883, serving as a curate during the interval. The Bishop designate is known to many of the clergy on the Pacific slope, having been present at the United Clericus which was held in Victoria in 1900. In connection with this gathering an interesting instance is given of Dr. Roper's magnetic personality. He was passing through town at the time of the Clericus and dropped in at one of the sessions during discussion on the Higher Criticism. He sat down in his usual quiet way, but as soon as the delegates caught sight of him there were loud and insistent cries of "Roper, Roper," and it fell to him to deliver the most brilliant address given during the debate. No little recommendation is it to say that Dr. Roper has been likened in his spiritual qualities to that great saint called home to his rest a few years ago, Bishop King, of Lincoln. Like his venerable prototype, he is a member of the advanced section of the Anglican Communion, but he has also the greatest respect for the convictions of those who differ from him. As a preacher he has been said to leave a lasting impression upon the minds of his hearers. Whatever else many of the delegates to Synod may have desired, there is a general belief that Dr. Roper's election will add another strong man to this diocese to join hands in the great work which clergy and laity have to perform, so ably officered by the Very Rev. Dean Doull and the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, who for the past twenty-seven years has borne the heat and burden of the day. The Rev. Dr. Roper has signified his acceptance of his election to the See of Columbia, and he will be duly consecrated to the Episcopate in the course of the next few weeks.

THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, TORONTO.

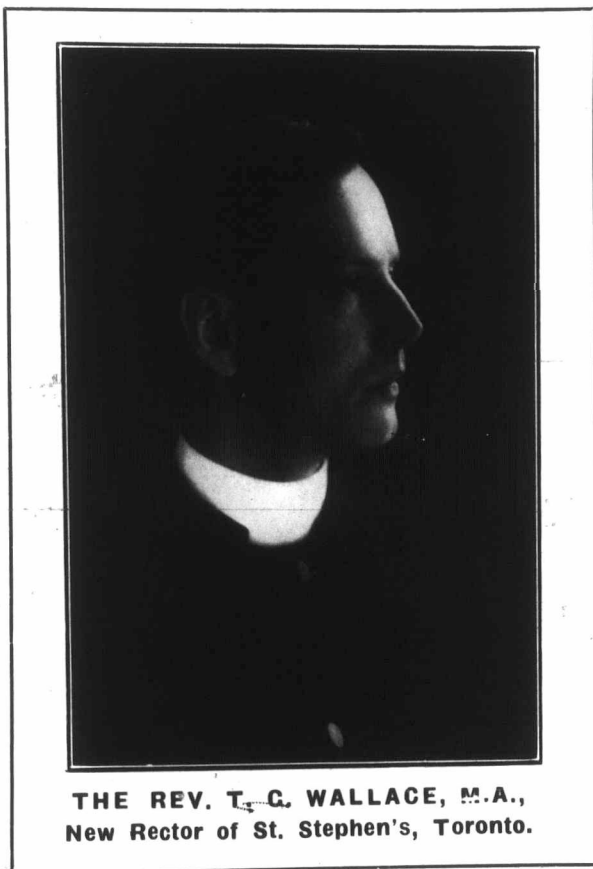
The Rev. T. G. Wallace, M.A., rector of New St. Paul's, Woodstock, Ont., has been offered and has accepted this living. He was born in the north of Ireland, was educated at Portera Royal School, Ireland, Dublin University, and Cambridge, and he has served in the following parishes since his ordination: Bishopsmypton, in the Diocese of Exeter, England; Georgetown, with Norval and Oakville, in the Diocese of Niagara, and Woodstock, in the Diocese of Huron. In Woodstock he succeeded the present Bishop of Montreal, and he has spent four and a half years in that parish. Another of his predecessors in Woodstock was the late Archbishop Sweatman. Though of Irish birth, Mr. Wallace has extensive Canadian connections, his great-grandfather having settled in Chinguacousy Township, in Peel County, Ontario. It is thirteen years since he first became associated with the work of the Canadian Church. Mr. Wallace is a member of the Executive Committee of the

Diocese of Huron, standing throughout on a clergy list of about 165 clergy. He is also a



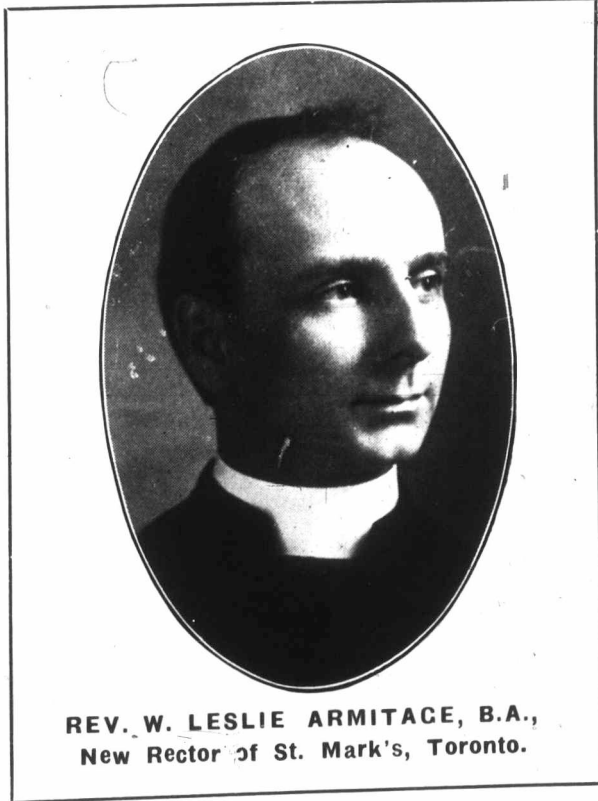
Reverend Professor Roper.

member of the Committees on Huron College Jubilee and on Moral and Social Reform. He is



THE REV. T. G. WALLACE, M.A.,
New Rector of St. Stephen's, Toronto.

an examiner at Huron College, and is Rural Dean of the County of Oxford. He is an excel-



REV. W. LESLIE ARMITAGE, B.A.,
New Rector of St. Mark's, Toronto.

lent preacher, a splendid organizer, and has been an influential factor in the life of the city

of Woodstock since he first took up his residence there. He is the joint author of a recent book, entitled "Addresses on the Ordinal," the other authors being the Ven. Archdeacon Richardson, of London, and the Rev. Rural Dean Ridley, of Galt. This book gives to the public three able addresses by these three clergymen which were delivered at the annual clerical breakfast held in Synod Week in the Diocese of Huron. Mr. Wallace's departure from the diocese will be very greatly regretted by the Huron clergy.

THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. MARK'S, PARKDALE, TORONTO.

The Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, who has just been appointed rector of St. Mark's, Parkdale, Toronto, is a native of the County of Bruce, having been born near the town of Kincardine. He is a graduate in Arts of Queen's University, Kingston, but received his theological training in Huron College, London. After ordination he served for a short time in the Memorial Church, London, with Canon (now Archdeacon) Richardson, after which he went to Peterboro' as assistant at St. John's Church with the charge of the Mission in the south end of the town. This Mission grew rapidly under his direction, and soon became self-supporting. The building was extended and dedicated as All Saints' Church, and a separate and independent parish was erected by the late Archbishop Sweatman, with Mr. Armitage as first rector. After a most successful work in Peterboro' Mr. Armitage was called to Picton, where he has been for eight years. His work in Picton has been one of great difficulty, owing to a heavy debt and old and unserviceable buildings. The debt has been wiped out, the attendance has increased at all services, and the Sunday School has nearly doubled. The various organizations are in a healthy condition. The W.A. is one of the largest in the diocese. A new church is now in course of erection, and will be a great strength to the work in the parish. During his whole ministry he has presented a class for Confirmation every year. Mr. Armitage took a prominent part as a member of the Collegiate Institute Board of Picton in the erection and furnishing of a new Collegiate, which is pronounced one of the most complete and up-to-date in the Province. The Children's Aid Society and other charities have received much help from his untiring zeal. In the Synod of the Diocese of Ontario Mr. Armitage has also been active, and is now a member of the Executive Committee, of the Episcopal Fund Committee, the Committee on Social and Moral Reform, the Committee on Investment of Synod Funds, and is a substitute delegate to the General Synod. In all of his Church work Mr. Armitage has had an able helpmate in Mrs. Armitage, who, by the way, is also a graduate. For some time she has been a valued teacher in the Sunday School, but her special work has been with the Junior Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. In this work she has been singularly successful. Last year she was presented with a life membership in the W.A. by the members of the local Branch. Both Mr. and Mrs. Armitage have been helpful members of the Tennyson Club, of which Mr. Armitage is president this year. Profound regret is expressed on all sides at the thought of his removal from Picton, where he is highly regarded by all the citizens, but especially beloved by his congregation, who have ever loyally supported him in all his efforts on their behalf. The very best wishes of the whole community will follow Mr. and Mrs. Armitage to their new sphere of work in Toronto.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear. The ruin of millions may be traced to it.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

L. L. Jones, D.D., Bishop, St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Port-de-Grave Mission.—The annual missionary meetings were held in this Mission on Thursday, November 23rd, in St. Luke's Church at Ship Cove, and on the following evening in St. Mark's at Barened. The speakers were the Rev. Canon Colley, from Carbonear, and the Rev. E. E. Rusted, from Island Cove. Canon Colley reminded us of the debt of gratitude we owe to missionaries, and that it is our duty to see that those who are living in heathen darkness are brought into the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to those who have a glimmer of light, "that they might have it more abundantly." Mr. Rusted spoke of the work of the Church in Corea, reviewing her history in that part of the vineyard from the first missionary up to the present day. Both speakers were listened to with rapt attention by the congregation, and the collections for the Home and Foreign Mission Fund were the largest ever taken up during the incumbency of our energetic and faithful priest, the Rev. F. Severn; in fact, the total amount collected for this fund this year is the largest in the history of the Mission. Thanksgiving services were held on Sunday, November 26th. Services were bright and hearty, and attended by large congregations. Very forcible and appropriate sermons were preached by the incumbent

MONTREAL.

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

Ironhill.—The Brome Clericus.—The thirty-fifth meeting of the Brome Clericus was held in this place on Tuesday, 28th November, 1911.

The Holy Communion was celebrated in Holy Trinity Church, Montreal, on the 28th November, 1911, by the Rev. J. W. Martin, Dean of Montreal, assisted by the Rev. F. W. Steacy, Canon of the Book of Jonah, chapter III, which was delivered by Dean Evans, who emphasized Jonah's marvellous ministry and wonderful success, which was the result of three conditions: (1) He was truly called; (2) he was in the place appointed by God; (3) he delivered God's own message. The preacher insisted that this book was strictly historical and ought to be literally interpreted, and that its authority was not inferior to any in the Bible. Other clergy present were Ven. Archdeacon Naylor, of Farnham; Canon Carmichael, of Knowlton; Rural Dean Judge, of Brome; the Rev. G. A. Mason, of West Shefford; the Rev. F. W. Steacy, of Glen Sutton. At the close of Divine service the members assembled in the parsonage, and studied part of the second chapter of the fourth Gospel. After dinner, which was served in the parsonage, the members reassembled for business. Dean Evans, at the request of the incumbent, occupied the chair. The minutes of the next preceding meeting were read and confirmed. Invitations for the January Clericus were given by Canon Carmichael and Rural Dean Judge. The members decided to leave the matter to these two gentlemen to settle according to which place, when the time approached, would seem to be most generally suitable. The programme for the next meeting was discussed and arranged thus: (1) Paper by the Rev. F. C. Ireland, South Stukely; (2) paper by the Rev. J. W. Martin, Iron Hill; (3) paper by the Rev. F. W. Steacy, Glen Sutton. Canon Carmichael communicated to the members Mrs. Lawlor's appreciation of the letter of sympathy sent during his illness to her husband, since deceased, by the August Clericus. The Archdeacon of Clarendon read a paper upon the "Rubrics of the Office of Holy Communion," being his fifth treatise upon this

subject, in which he discussed many important details: the proper celebrant under various conditions, the Administration in both kinds, the Reception, the Posture, and the Delivery; and outlined the history of the "Black Rubric," and emphasized its great value. The paper was freely discussed, especially by Dean Evans and Canon Carmichael. A paper, entitled "The Church of England on the Being of God," was read by Canon Carmichael, who showed that the Prayer Book speaks clearly and didactically concerning the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity. This paper was discussed by Dean Evans and Archdeacon Naylor. A paper on Bishop Lightfoot's work on St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians was read by the Rev. E. P. Judge, who gave a historical setting of the epistle in relation to Gnosticism and the Essenes, and showed that the tendency in Colosse was towards a restricted, rather than a universal, Christianity, and towards a spurious rather than the true wisdom. Votes of thanks were tendered to Dean Evans for his sermon, to Archdeacon Naylor and Canon Carmichael and Rural Dean Judge for their papers, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin for their kindly and bounteous hospitality. Congratulations were tendered to the Rev. E. P. Judge upon his appointment to the office of Rural Dean of Brome. Canon Carmichael pointed out that the Brome Clericus had been organized largely by the efforts of the Rev. N. P. Yates, M.A., at present a missionary in Tainan, Formosa, and suggested that the secretary be instructed to communicate with him, and to convey to him the good wishes of the members of the Brome Clericus. Thereupon the meeting adjourned to partake of supper in the parsonage. At 7.30 p.m. a missionary service was held in the church. Owing to heavy rain the attendance was small. Earnest and inspiring addresses were delivered by Archdeacon Naylor and Dean Evans which were much appreciated by those who were privileged to be present.

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Montreal.—St. James the Apostle. The Rev. A. P. Shatford has received the following sympathetic message from His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught in regard to the death of Canon Ellegood, which reads as follows: "To the Rev. A. P. Shatford, Church of St. James the Apostle.—I am desired by the Governor-General to say that he has heard of Canon Ellegood's death with great regret. His Royal Highness had been much looking forward to seeing him during his forthcoming visit to Montreal. Please convey His Royal Highness' deep sympathy to all relations. (Signed), Arthur F. Skaden, Private Secretary to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught."



ONTARIO.

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

Kingston.—St. George's Cathedral.—The Rev. W. F. Fitzgerald, vicar of St. Paul's, delivered his famous lecture, "Ireland and the Irish," under the auspices of the W.A. in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, the 5th inst. There was a large audience, and the lecture was much enjoyed. The Dean of Ontario presided. The Bishop of Ontario, Archdeacon Carey, Canon Starr, Canon Louckes, and Canon Grant were also present. At the close the Bishop proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer for his able, instructive and amusing lecture, which was seconded by the Dean.

The Rev. Canon Paterson Smyth preached in this church on Sunday evening, December 3rd.

On Tuesday evening, November 28th, the annual banquet of those Anglican laymen who are interested in the Laymen's Missionary Movement was held in the above hall, at which two excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. Frederick Welch, the President of the local Branch of the organization, and the Rev. A. P. Shatford, curate-in-charge of St. James the Apostle, Montreal. The Lord Bishop of the diocese was present, as well as the Dean and the Archdeacon of Kingston.

St. Paul's.—On Sunday, December 3rd, the Rev. Canon Paterson Smyth, the rector of St. George's, Montreal, preached in this church in the morning.

Lansdowne Rear.—St. John's.—The death occurred lately of Mrs. G. F. Deane. She was the secretary of the Church Guild and vice-president of the local Branch of the W.A. and the Women's Institute, respectively. During the seventeen years of her residence in this place she was a constant attendant at the services of the Church. She was a most amiable and estimable woman, and was very highly esteemed by all who knew her.



OTTAWA.

Charles Hamilton, D.D., Archbishop, Ottawa.

Pembroke.—At a choral celebration of the Holy Communion on Advent Sunday a beautiful jewelled cross was dedicated by the rector and put in place at the altar of this church. It bears the inscription, "To the glory of God and in Loving Memory of Julia Josephs. Entered into Rest June 10th, 1903." The cross is nearly three feet in height, and has added much to the churchly appearance of the whole sanctuary.

Smith's Falls.—St. John's.—On Sunday evening, December 3rd, the Right Rev. Dr. Holmes, Lord Bishop of Athabasca, preached a most in-

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teresting sermon to a large congregation on the work which he is carrying on in his diocese in which he has spent the past twenty-six years.

Carleton Place.—St. James'.—During the past week there has been placed in this church a beautiful brass desk for the pulpit, given by Miss Bertha Lewis in memory of her mother.



The Canadian Churchman. **Good Friends.**

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN ADVENT.

By **William Crowell Doane, Bishop of Albany.**

He is coming from the garden of the promise of the Lord,
The garden of the promise of the Son who is the Word,
With a crown of perfect Godhead and the pierced human heel,
Which the promise of the garden did so wondrously reveal;
With that double-natured mystery most manifest and clear
God made man and man engodded. He is coming, He is near.

We are waiting for His coming; all our altars to adorn
On the blessed feast of Christmas, when the Holy Child was born;
We are waiting for His comings in their order due and meet,
Holy Scriptures, Holy Orders, Holy Sacraments;
His feet
Upon the mountains, beautiful, and publishing the peace
That passeth understanding, and whose blessing shall not cease.

We are waiting for His coming to assume His rightful sway
O'er the nations and the races of mankind who must obey

When He calls them, when He claims them, as by every right His own,
By creation, by redemption, to bow down before His throne.
Then the earth shall all be filled with His knowledge, as the sea
Is covered with its waters, spreading full and far and free.
He is coming, He is coming, He will make the sightless see;
He will open every prison door, and set the captives free;
The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, He will right every wrong;
The dead shall rise from sleep in all their great uncounted throng;
He shall win the final victory where all have failed before,
And life shall reign in Heaven and in Him forever more.

He is coming, He is coming; let us haste with willing feet,
To welcome His sweet childhood and His manhood, too, to greet,
And to own His Godhead glorious, thinly veiled in Mary's Child,
By the Holy Ghost conceived, and by sin all undefiled;
Soon our Advent will be Christmas, some day Christmas Advent be,
When He comes to judge and govern in His Kingdom gloriously.

TORONTO.

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

Lakefield.—This parish was privileged in having Bishop Reeve here on Advent Sunday. His Lordship addressed a large congregation in the morning, giving a most interesting account of his former work in the Diocese of Mackenzie River. He also celebrated the Holy Communion, with sixty partaking, twenty-two of whom were members of the Woman's and Girls' Auxiliaries, attending in a body. In the evening, before a congregation that taxed the seating capacity of the church, the Bishop held a Confirmation, when eighteen persons, four of them adults, were presented for the laying on of hands. A branch of the A.Y.P.A. was formed in this parish last month, and has already a membership of twenty-nine. A good programme for the year has been adopted.

Anglican laymen have just reason to be gratified at the spirit of progress which has been roused to action in recent years by the energetic and unselfish men who have done such splendid pioneer work amongst them. This Laymen's Movement is one of the most hopeful and satisfactory religious awakenings of this age. "Go Forward!" is, and must be, the motto. And the undoubted response to it is, and ever will be, success. Forty-five churches were represented at the fourth annual meeting recently held by the Toronto Central Committee in St. James' Church Parish House, and over one hundred members were at the meeting. Eighty-two thousand dollars was the amount decided on for the coming year. The names of the members of the new Executive Committee are as follows: Chairman, Mr. A. H. Campbell; vice-chairman, Mr. W. C. Brent; honorary secretary, Mr. Evelyn Macrae; Messrs. Noel Marshall, S. Casey Wood, jr., N. F. Davidson, W. D. Gwynne, Philip Dykes, Walter Gillespie, Frank Gray and Wm. Ince.



THINKEST THOU?

Helen Elizabeth Coolidge.

Christmas chimes are filling all the frosty air,
Christmastide rejoicing find we everywhere;
Yet, I pray thee tell me, what is in thy thought?
Thinkest thou whose coming richest blessing brought?

Christmas angels chanting, "Peace be to the earth."
Shepherds faithful telling of the holy birth;
Is thine heart uplifted to the Prince of Peace,
With a true allegiance that shall never cease?

SPOILING HIS NEW SHOES.

By Milford W. Foshay.

"Now, of course, you all remember what was said last Sunday about our Christmas entertainment tomorrow evening." It was the superintendent who was speaking, and Billy Ford pricked up his ears; for, to tell the truth, he had paid very little attention to what was said last Sunday. "You know," the superintendent went on, seeming to understand that some might not have heard him tell about it before, "you know, we are going to try and see if every one cannot find something to give that will be useful to persons in great need, especially to boys and girls who have not enough to wear to keep them comfortable." He said a good deal more than this, and Billy heard every word. The entertainment was held on Monday evening, so that whatever was brought could be distributed on Tuesday, the day before New Year's. The members of the school had all received their Christmas presents the week before, and it was their turn now to see what they could give to those

who, very likely, had received little, or perhaps, nothing, at that time. An enthusiastic endorsement was given to the superintendent's appeal by all, or nearly all, for there was one, at least, to whom the invitation to give, came as a message of sorrow. Billy had nothing to give, or so he told himself while the superintendent was talking; but just as the school was dismissed he thought of something, and it spoiled the squeak of his new shoes as he walked out. There was no music in it now. There had been when he went to the class, and he then expected it to last for a good many Sundays; but now—well, he was too confused in his mind to know exactly what to think. Christmas morning—only last Wednesday—his principal present was a new pair of shoes. And these before the old ones were worn out! This was where the advantage lay: He could wear the old ones every day, and save the new ones for Sunday use for a long time. His father and mother had heartily sanctioned this way of doing, and he went to Sunday School in the morning stepping with satisfaction. He was afraid at first that the snow would spoil the gloss, but when he found that it stamped off easily, the tiny squeak the moisture made in the sole attracting the boy's attention sounded sweet in his ears. But the superintendent had mentioned shoes as one of the articles likely to be needed at this time of year, and while at first he thought he had nothing to give, it came to him that he really could give his old pair. He turned the matter over and over in his mind as he walked homeward. To give them meant to wear the new pair every day, and so spoil their good looks for Sunday. And then, they would wear out just that much quicker. His father was not able to buy him another pair until these were gone, and it was only because of Christmas that the new ones came as soon as they had this time. Maybe it wasn't right for him to think of giving away the old ones and

making it harder for his father. There was some relief in this thought, and still more in the one that followed it: perhaps his father would not let him do it, anyway. He was on the point of asking his father about it as soon as he got home, when he remembered that the superintendent said he desired only those to give who wished to for the good it would do, and not because they felt as if they ought to; and this set him thinking in a new direction. It took him but a moment to decide this, for he knew just what it felt like to have his toes out in the snow. He did not now know exactly what he wished his father to say when he asked him for his permission. "Father," he began, to get it over with as quickly as possible, "may I give away my old shoes?" "What for?" his father asked, in surprise. "Oh, so some kid that hasn't any can keep his toes warm," Billy replied, as if it were a matter of no great importance after all. "They're going to bring things to the church tomorrow evening." His father understood the struggle that was going on, and he did not reply for a few minutes. Then he remarked: "It will spoil your new ones." Billy gulped. Wasn't his father going to help him out?—although he did not know whether or not he wanted him to. "I know it," he answered, trying to speak indifferently; but, somehow his voice sounded like someone else's speaking to him over the telephone. His father again waited some time before saying anything. Really, he was opposed to Billy's idea, but he wished his boy to learn for himself. "Do as you like," he said at length, and not in a favourable tone. "Your own toes may get cold before spring. I'm no millionaire." Billy took his old shoes to the church on Monday evening. The following Sunday a letter was read from the one who had the distribution of the gifts in charge. It told about a number of particular instances in which much good was done, and Billy was deeply interest-

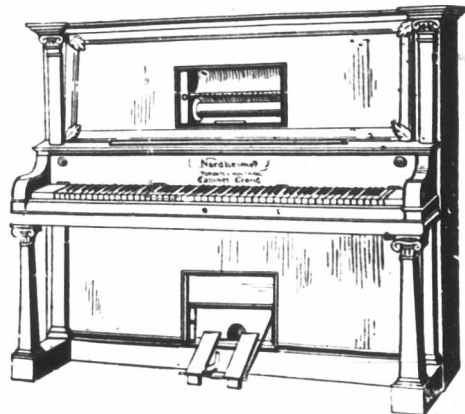
ed; but when the superintendent read the following, he dropped his head: "I think a pair of shoes did as much good as any one article we received. A young boy who ran odd errands thought he would have to lose these chances because his shoes were worn out, and he could not stand round and wait for uncertain employment. What money he did earn was used up so quickly that he could not save for another pair, and his feet were actually out on the ice and snow. A pair of not more than half-worn boy's shoes came among the things you sent, and they made that boy the happiest little fellow in the city." When the entertainment was over, Billy went up to the superintendent. "Please, what are you going to do with that letter?" he asked. "Nothing in particular. Why?" "May I have it to take home and read to my father?" "Certainly you may! Glad to have you do it!" And Billy took the letter. It was typewritten, and having heard it once, Billy read it off in good style to his father and mother. When he finished, his father said: "Guess it was worth spoiling your new shoes for, after all." But Billy had already found that out.

MRS. MELTON'S CHRISTMAS BLESSING.

Mrs. Melton was slowly running the carpet-sweeper over the rug in her husband's study, with her eyes on the large calendar over his desk. "December 1st? It's a wonder how fast the days go by. I really believe I'll open the Christmas box this afternoon. It rains, and no one will call. After the children are away at school, I'll just have a quiet time for it." Downstairs Swedish Mary was lustily singing:

"I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

And humming it also, Mrs. Melton and her sweeper journeyed upstairs to the bedrooms. She stopped to



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turn the wall-roll in "mother's room," so-called, though mother was out West for the winter, and high-school Fred was sleeping there. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters," she read, and as the sweeper went back and forth over the carpets, her mind dwelt on the words, "All waters"—she had never thought definitely of that verse before. She began to name them to herself. Atlantic, Pacific, Indian oceans; the China sea; the Mediterranean; the great rivers of India and South America. How many waters there were, and how many people beside them! She thought of her yearly missionary dollar, and some way it did not seem so large as usual. "And there is a special blessing just for givers to missions, too!" she exclaimed aloud. "I never realized that before." It was growing late in the morning. The carpet-sweeper was laid aside, and dinner cares were pressing. But at last the quiet time came, and Mrs. Melton brought out the "Christmas box" from its closet corner. The box had for some years been a favourite institution with Mrs. Melton, and she had recommended it to many friends. It had two parts—one small, with a tiny slit in its cover; one large, with a generous opening. Down through the small slit Mrs. Melton dropped odd change all the year, and never felt penniless at Christmas time. Into the larger box went bits of fancy work made, or bargains found in the shops. Early in December the box was opened for assorting, and very interesting work Mrs. Melton found it. This had been an unusually good year for the box. Pennies and dimes were plentiful in the smaller part, while books, handkerchiefs, doilies, and cushions well filled the larger. Notebook in hand, with a little puzzled scowl on her face, Mrs. Melton studied the collection. "Now I should like to buy something really elegant for Aunt Julia. I wonder if I could possibly afford a little piece of cloisonne? And Fred needs a watch chain, and John would enjoy that new set of histories. I believe the more money I save, the more I want to spend. There isn't half enough here for all I want to do." Swedish Mary, her afternoon work done, was climbing the back stairs, still singing, though with tired voice.

"I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

In a moment the thought of the wall roll message came back to Mrs. Melton. "Beside all waters"—could that special blessing come to her? Slowly she began to separate these dimes and nickels into two piles. She knew that it meant Aunt Julia would get an American vase instead of the costly Japanese inlaid ware. Fred might have to accept a plain silk fob, and father get one volume rather than a set, but as the mission pile grew, her face became brighter. "I'll divide Aunt Julia's gift between her and Japan," she said to herself; "half of John's shall go to India, and I'll divide the rest all about." To plan was to do with Mrs. Melton, so that evening her pastor had a visitor. Very simply

she told the story of her morning and of her afternoon, then laid her little pile of marked envelopes in his hand. The good man cleared his throat more than one time before he answered: "You have given me 'meat in due season.' May I pass on the message?" And he did; so wisely and well that a rich blessing fell on many a trusting heart that Christmas-tide, who, rejoicing in Christ's birth, tried also to send the good news to distant shores and peoples.

THE WARNING OF FOOD EXPERTS AGAINST THE USE OF ALUM POWDERS.

There are many housewives that unthinkingly use alum baking-powders in making biscuits, cake and pastry, when it would only take a little precaution to avoid doing so. Baking-powders that contain alum cause indigestion and nerve disorders. English food experts condemn alum as an injurious adulterant unfit for a baking-powder ingredient. If you are not careful you may be buying alum in your baking-powder and putting it in food. The way to be sure is to read the label on the baking-powder, and if the ingredients are not plainly printed on it, refuse to accept it.

RAIN AND SNOW.

Little maid, little man,
Guess this if you can.

When I go up, up, up,
Nobody sees me at all;
When I come down, down, down,
Every one sees me fall.

In summer I drop on the ground,
And hasten to run away;
But when in the winter I come,
Wherever I fall I stay.

When over your head I sail,
I am dark and almost black;
But when I lie under your feet,
I whiten the dusty track.

Little maid, little man,
Guess this if you can.

THE CIVING OF ONE CLASS.

By Hope Daring.

There were eighteen ladies in the Church who were over seventy years of age. More than two-thirds of these ladies were in poor circumstances. Some lived alone, others shared the home of a relative. Mrs. Alden's class of girls resolved to give these old ladies a tea-party as a Christmas gift. It could not be given on Christmas, so the day following was selected. The class contained twenty girls, ages ranging from fourteen to seventeen. The invitations were hand-written, and each one was delivered by some girl who personally knew the lady for whom the invitation was intended. In every case the caller lingered for a few minutes, to answer questions and

make full explanations. The invitation ran: "Dear Mrs. Mitchell: Class Number 7 of the Sunday School requests the pleasure of your company at a tea-party—to be given at the church parlours Dec. 26th, from two to seven. A carriage will call for you." This last promise was made possible by the fact that the fathers of two of the girls owned horses. The day was a bright, sunny one. The parlors were fitted up with rugs, plenty of comfortable rockers, flowers and some interesting pictures. The girls and their teacher were the hostesses. There was no constraint; in ten minutes after the guests arrived, they were chatting away of their past experiences. Now the girls had expected to do the entertaining, but they found themselves entertained. However, the pictures went around. There was singing—some gay songs and a few pathetic old favourites. Two of the girls recited well, and they gave several bright, funny selections, which received lavish praise. The girls had themselves prepared the supper, and they served it. The guests were seated at two tables, which were decorated with holly. The young hostesses had longed for such cream biscuits as their grandmothers used to make, but they dared not undertake them. They contented themselves with rolls, brown bread, cold boiled ham, baked beans, "smoked" beef, cheese, pickles, honey, plum preserves, raspberry jam, pound and fruit cakes, cranberry tarts and tea. The guests grew merry at the table. They ate heartily, and they praised the viands. When each one was asked to tell of some Christmas of her early life, the response to the request was a hearty one. The supper over, the girls sang hymns until the arrival of the carriages. Then they helped the guests don their wraps, and—oh, the sweet words to which they listened. "It has been such a gift to us poor, lone bodies as will please the One who came on Christmas." "A few more" Christmases like this, and heaven will not seem strange." "I've been wicked enough, deary, to think that the church and the young people didn't care much for us old folks. And here you are giving to us as God gave, because of love!" "I shall think of this till next Christmas." There were tears in the eyes of some of the girls as they went about the prosaic task of dishwashing. They were not tears of weariness or disappointment. "I have had my best Christmas gift this afternoon," Elsie said softly. "I have had the joy of giving in His name and spirit."

POLLY'S DREAM.

It was Christmas Eve and Polly's mamma had tucked her snugly in her nice little bed. It was not long before Polly was sound asleep, and this is what she dreamed: Suddenly she found herself on top of a high mountain which was covered with snow. She was very much frightened at being alone, for Polly was a timid little girl, and had never been away from home without her mam-

ma. But she remembered it was Christmas Eve, so she started off running to try to get home before Christmas Day. On her way down the mountain, she met an old man in a sleigh. It was full of toys, and was drawn by eight reindeer. Now Polly had often heard of Santa Claus, and though she had never seen him, she felt sure that this was he. And it really was "old Santa." As soon as he saw Polly he stopped the sleigh, and looked at her. She was very much frightened at his taking any notice of her, and started to run away; but Santa Claus said, "Come here, little girl!" in such a kind voice that she was not afraid, and went up to him, and he wrapped her in nice warm blankets, and put her on the seat beside him. After she had gotten warm, he said, "What is your name, little girl?" "My name is Polly Crump; what is yours?" said she. "Why, haven't you guessed my name yet?" he said in surprise. "Look behind you and I think you will guess pretty soon!" She looked and saw all the toys; so she said timidly, "Isn't your name Santa Claus?" "Yes," he said, laughing, "I'm old 'Santa,' the children's friend, and I am on my way to fill their stockings with nice things!" "Please take me back home now, Santa Claus, I have been away from home so long, that I am afraid my mamma will be uneasy about me," said Polly. "All right!" he said. Just then the clock struck seven, and Polly awoke to find that it had all been a dream, and she was in her own little bed. Up she jumped, and was out on the floor in a minute, calling, "Mamma! Papa! and nurse and everybody, come and see what Santa Claus has brought me!"

IN GOOD-CHILDREN STREET.

There's a dear little home in Good-Children Street,
Where my heart turneth fondly to-day;
Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet
Makes sweetest music at play;
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face
And warms every heart in that old-fashioned place.
For my dear little children go romping about
With dollies and tin tops and drums;
And my! how they frolic and scamper and shout,
Till bed-time too speedily comes.
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet,
With the little folks living in Good-Children Street.
—Eugene Field.

When we are studying and pursuing excellence, we are insuring durability; and the more thoroughly the idea of durability enters into our work and guides our lives, the more valuable will be the one, and the nobler and happier will be the other.

THE HOLY NATIVITY.

Jesus the Son of God,
His glory to unfold,
Is born a lowly Virgin's child,
As prophets long foretold.

While in a manger laid,
His heavenly host on high,
Sing praises to the King of kings,
Who brings redemption nigh.

The shepherds come to see
The infant undefiled,
Isaiah's God Who hides Himself
In Mary's holy child.

The wise men of the east,
Led by His guiding star,
Arabia's gold, and precious gifts,
Bring with them from afar.

Imperial Caesar sways
The sceptre of the land,
But the Messiah, great in love,
All empires shall command.

His vast dominion shall
Extend from sea to sea,
All nations of the earth shall dwell
In His salvation free.

The Angel host is gone,
The night is dark and drear,
But Christ is born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour ever near.
—Rev. L. Sinclair.
Huntsville, Ont.

TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL.

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The Rev. E. A. Hall, of Morris- town, has accepted the offer of the parish of Fort Edward, the stipend of which is \$1,500 per annum. He will take charge of his new parish on the 23rd inst.

Work resolutely for some great purpose in life; make up your mind to that, and then never relinquish it. But remember the infirmities of your own nature, to guard against them. Remember that hours of despondency will come, and days from which the light will seem to be utterly shut out.

God calls us to duty, and the only right answer is obedience. Undertake the duty, and step by step God will provide the disposition. We can at least obey. Ideal obedience includes the whole will and the whole heart. We cannot begin with that. But we can begin with what we have. It is better to obey blunderingly than not to obey at all.—George Hodges.

The Rev. Thomas Teignmouth Shore, Canon of Worcester Cathedral since 1891, and a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King, died on Saturday, December 2nd. He was born in Dublin in 1841. He was appointed an Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria in 1878, was a Chaplain-in-Ordinary from 1881-1901, and was also a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the late King. He was the religious instructor of the daughters of the late King.

To give up a life of luxury and become a nurse in one of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell's hospitals in Labrador, is the plan of Miss Amelia Forbes, daughter of the late J. Malcolm Forbes, the well-known yachtsman and capitalist, of Boston. At present Miss Forbes is training for her chosen profession in the Waltham Home for Nurses, and when she com-

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pletes her course she is to start for the north and begin her duties among the Eskimos, Indians and fishermen. Miss Forbes first became interested in the work of the Labrador medical mission while attending a lecture by Dr. Grenfell, and she volunteered her services.

The approaching consecration of Khartum Cathedral, on St. Paul's Day in January, by the Bishop of London, is to be a notable ceremony. Lord Kitchener has announced his intention of being present on the occasion. His Beatitude Cyril V., the Coptic Patriarch of Egypt, and the 112th successor of St. Mark the

Evangelist in the See of Alexandria, has also expressed his wish to attend. Dr. Gwynne, the Suffragan Bishop, whose "Bishop's Stool" will be set up at Khartum, is, together with his staff of clergy, on very friendly terms with the Coptic Bishop of Nubia and Khartum and with the young men of the congregation.

The New Bishop of Ripon.—The King has approved of the appointment of the Right Rev. T. W. Drury, D.D., the Bishop of Sodor and Man, in succession to Dr. Boyd Carpenter, now Canon of Westminster. Dr. Drury is a native of the Isle of Man, and he took high honours both in mathematics and theology at Cambridge, gaining also the Scholfield and Evans University prizes. He was ordained in 1871 to a curacy in his native island, where he remained for five years, serving also as mathematical master at King William's College. In 1876 he became rector of Holy Trinity, Chesterfield, where he remained for six years. Then, on the invitation of the Committee of the C.M.S., he became Principal of their college at Islington, over which he presided till 1890. In that year he succeeded the present Bishop of Durham as Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, and from thence he was called in 1907 to the Episcopate as Bishop of Sodor and Man. The late Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton,

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held him in high esteem. It is, perhaps, chiefly as a teacher that Dr. Drury has made his mark, and especially in the training of candidates for ordination. It has been recalled how constantly during his time at Islington candidates from that college were selected as "Gospelers," this distinction being generally accorded to men who have been placed first in the Bishop's examination for Deacons. The Bishop

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has published a number of works, among them being "How We Got Our Prayer Book," "Two Studies in the Prayer Book," "Confession and Absolution," and "Elevation in the Eucharist." Bishop Drury is sixty-four years old.



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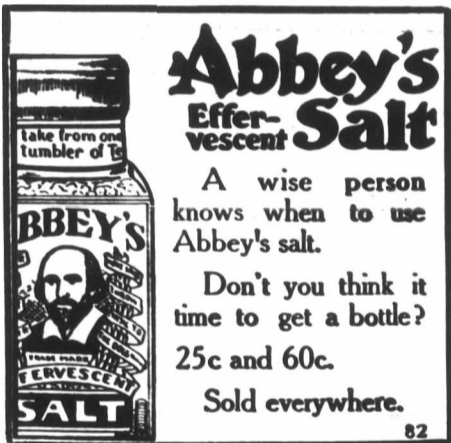
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Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. —Franklin.



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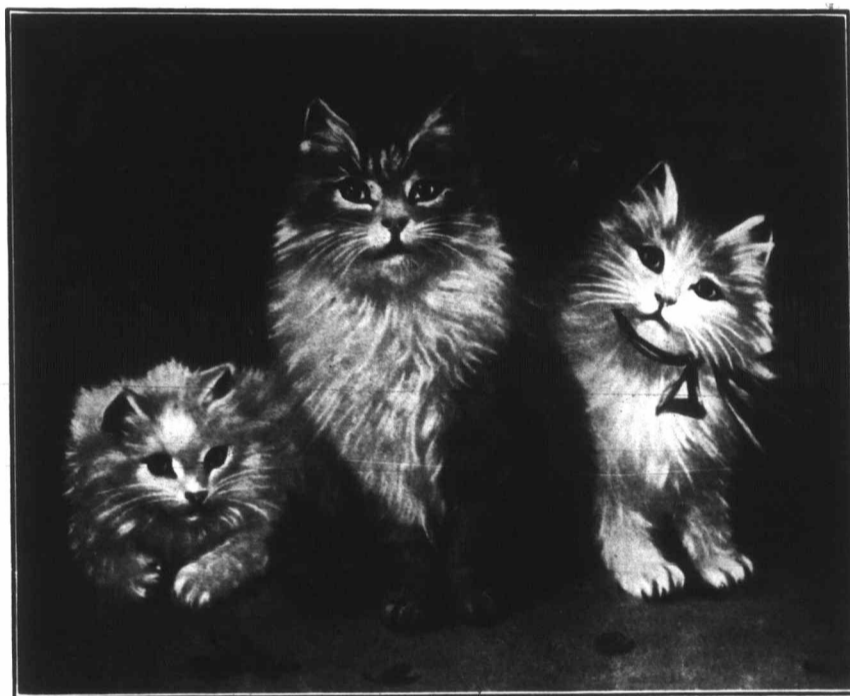


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Toronto. St. Jude's. On Friday last, Dec. 8th, Sydney, the dearly beloved son of the Rev. J. S. P. Roberts, the rector of this parish, died after a brief illness in his nineteenth year. He was a young man of exceptionally good character and a great favourite with all who knew him. The Churchman extends to the family its deep sympathy in their sad bereavement.

THE DAY OF SACRIFICING LOVE.

Christmas Day is the day of sacrificing love. It is the day when self and all thought of self should be laid aside. Life seems to increase selfishness. Experience tells us that, in the struggle, each man must be for himself. We are learning better. We are learning that each man is to be for his fellow-man. The joy of the world, the mitigation of its hardships, the alleviation of its sorrows, are not matters outside our interest. They



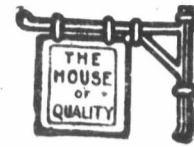
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are the very things for which we should learn to sacrifice our wealth, our ease, and our self-pleasing, to promote. Not with signs of sovereign power did Christ come to speak a royal fiat and abolish all ill, but under limitations by self-sacrifice, by patience and thought and effect, by doing kindly acts and speaking kindly words, by the sovereign power of simple and self-sacrificing love, did He live and work in the world. And so was the world brought to the feet of God not by might, not by power, but by the spirit which was God's. Let self, then, be flung aside on Christmas Day, and always. Let us throw ourselves into the joys of others, forgetting our own sorrows; into the sorrows of others, forgetting our own pleasures.—Bishop of Ripon.

Peace is our proper relation to all men. There is no reason why, as far as we are concerned, we should not be at peace with everybody. If ever they are not at peace with us, we may be at peace with them. Let them look to their own hearts; we have only to do with our own. Let us follow "peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." It is not without design that these two were connected together by the apostle—following peace and holiness. A life of enmities is greatly in opposition to growth in holiness. All that commotion of petty animosity in which some people live is very lowering; it dwarfs and stunts the spiritual growth of persons. Their spiritual station becomes less and less in God's sight and in man's. In a state of peace, the soul lives as in a watered garden, where, under the watchful eye of true Divine source, the plant grows and strengthens. All

religious habits and duties—prayer, charity and mercy, are formed and matured when the man is in a state of peace with others—with all men; when he is not agitated by small selfish excitements and interests which divert him from himself and his own path of duty, but can think of himself, what he ought to do, and where he is going. He can then live seriously, calmly, and wisely; but there is an end to all religious progress when a man's whole mind is taken up in the morbid excitement of small enmities.

There is no more a royal road to good habits than to learning. Step by step, and with painful effort, we conquer here, we subdue there; we mold ourselves bit by bit, and hour by hour, till time comes in to help us with our work, and habit reacts on itself by crystallizing and consolidating, so that custom becomes necessity and action automatic. Then we may say that we have formed good habits, and we may be so far satisfied with ourselves.



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Mildred was her mamma's only little girl, and when Mildred was ever so much littler than she is now, which is saying a great deal, mamma wanted her to learn to be thoughtful and generous, so she said one day, "How would you like to have a little make-believe sister,

a truly little girl that you can call your sister, although she won't be living here with us?" "That will be ever so nice," answered Mildred, "but where can we find her?" "In the hospital," answered mamma. "That is a great building where sick people are taken to be doctored. Some of them have no homes, and if it was not for the hospital they would have no place in which to be sick. I was there yesterday and saw Lulu. Lulu is just as old as you are, but she has no home and no papa and no mamma." "Then I will take her for my little girl," said Mildred. And to hear her talk you would surely think she was as old as her grandma. "So you can," said mamma; "and we can send her a letter right off and tell her that you are to take her as your little sister." So mamma wrote the letter for Mildred, for Mildred had not learned how to write, and other letters were sent right along to the cripple by Mildred, for this little waif would have to pass her whole life on a cot in an hospital, tended by the kind nurses and doctors, but, of course, it would have been much nicer to be well and in a home of her own. Mildred found out when her little sister's birthday came and carried her a birthday cake with cardies and candles on it, and the two girls had a tea party and ate it off a cute little table. Mildred also sent Lulu her Sabbath School papers and cards when she was through with them. It was now almost Christmas time and Mildred was as busy as a bee with her presents. To see the number of people that she must give presents to would make you almost believe that she was Santa Claus himself, but the most of her planning was for Lulu, and this is the way in which she told her plans to mamma: "I am to give my little sister ever and ever so many presents—a whole stocking full, sure, but what worries me is because I can't get a stocking big enough for all that I want to put in-

it." "Then I don't see out that I shall have to make a great big stocking just for Lulu," said mamma. "That was just what mamma did do. She made a stocking out of a piece of red cloth, and it was so large that it was almost as tall as Mildred herself. Then came the fun of filling it, and into it Mildred placed books and dolls and bags of candy and oranges and nuts—all loose the nuts were, and oh, so many things she'll have to tell you about them, for I haven't the time. For Mildred wasn't the only one who put presents into the stocking. Oh, no, papa and mamma bought just as many things for the little cripple as they did for their own truly little girl. The best part of all was on that beautiful Christmas morning when Mildred carried the stocking to Lulu and saw her take out the presents and enjoy them. If you want to know what a nice time Mildred had doing this, just plan a big stocking like this for some little boy or girl that you know.

COME, SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus, Santa Claus, come to-night!

Please, dear Santa Claus, do! Christmas would never be gay and bright,

Santa Claus, but for you.

Santa Claus, Santa Claus, come to me!

Bring me whatever you please! Though but a little the gift may be, No one shall call me a tease.

See! my stockings are hanging there, Ready and waiting your will; Only two little ones, just a pair, Handy and easy to fill.

Santa Claus, Santa Claus, come to-night!

Come, you blessed old dear! So may the morning's peep of light Show me that you've been here.

HOME.

Home is the best interpreter of heaven. Home is not a place or a State, but a fellowship. It is not the walls of a house that make a home, for many who are housed well enough are yet homeless, having none of the joys of mutual kindness and help which bind men and women in the life of the home. Nor is home an internal condition of feeling, but a fellowship which takes us out of ourselves and our feelings, and makes us feel with and for others. So heaven is the perfect fellowship of those who have learned to forget self in the joys of others. And, as home finds its center in the one who most perfectly exemplifies the love which is its life—generally in the home-making mother—so heaven finds its center in Him whose life was the perfect exemplification of the spirit of sacrifice. "That where I am there ye may be also" is its character. Sunder the life of man from His, either in this world or the next, and you leave it to the contention and

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THE CROSS WAYS.

Sibyl, her pretty girlish face angry and mutinous, dashed from the room, slamming the door behind her. In the silence that followed, her lips words still seemed to echo. "It isn't fair—just because you're the oldest and have always had things, that we should never have anything. It's our turn. How would you have liked it when you were eighteen? You've had your good times. It's just downright selfish of you not to let us have ours, and I'm going to say it out for once, so now!" Virginia drew a long breath. It had been "said out" unquestionably. Going to the door she turned the key. It

SHE REFUSED IT

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had been coming for a long time—some such crisis as this; now that it had come, she was going to face it without flinching. She seated herself before her dressing table, and looked steadily in the glass. Yes, it was true—she was not so pretty as she had been; the first girlish bloom was gone—gone to Sibyl and Evelyn. "Point one," she said, slowly. "Virginia Crane, you are jealous of your little sisters. Point two. Sibyl is right. You've had your good times, and it is their turn. Point three. Something must be

your party?" Sibyl stared in bewilderment, the colour flooding her face. "Oh, Virginia," she gasped, "do you mean it? I—," impetuously she threw her arms about her sister's neck—"I was such a horrid pig!" she cried. And suddenly there came to Virginia a strange thought. Suppose in the "good times" she were missing the joy of being a sister.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

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done at once. What shall it be?" There was a long silence after the third point. Virginia was thinking. There were several things she might do. She could go abroad with the Clarendons. She thought that over for a while then she put it aside. "I won't shirk!" she declared. She could take up settlement work, for instance. That, too, she rejected. "It wouldn't," she said, with grim humour, "be fair to the poor. They have enough to bear without having to help out the poor rich." There remained one way, a very distasteful one, but she could do it—at least she could give it a trial. She would study the art of being an older sister. It would not be easy for her to step aside gracefully, not half so easy as for some girls, but she could try; she could study it as she had studied over her music. For an hour she sat there thinking it out. Then she opened her door. "Sibyl!" she called. Sibyl, half-ashamed and half-defiant, came hesitatingly. "I have changed my mind about the concert," Virginia said. "You're right—it is your turn. I'll stay and entertain Aunt Garcia. And would you like to wear my string of pearls to



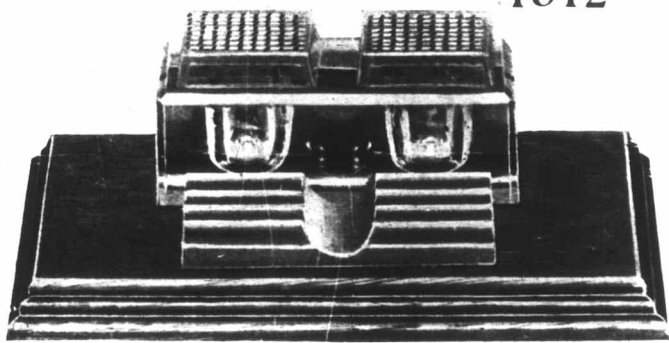
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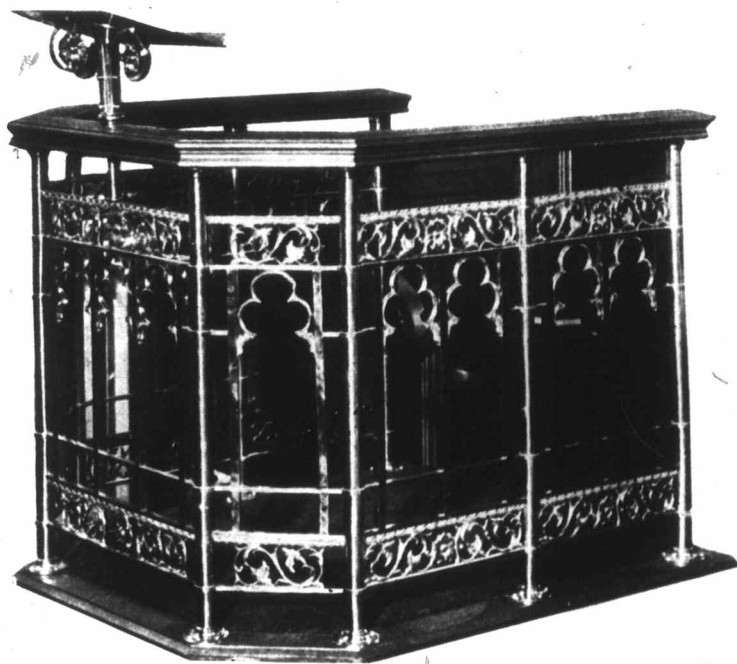
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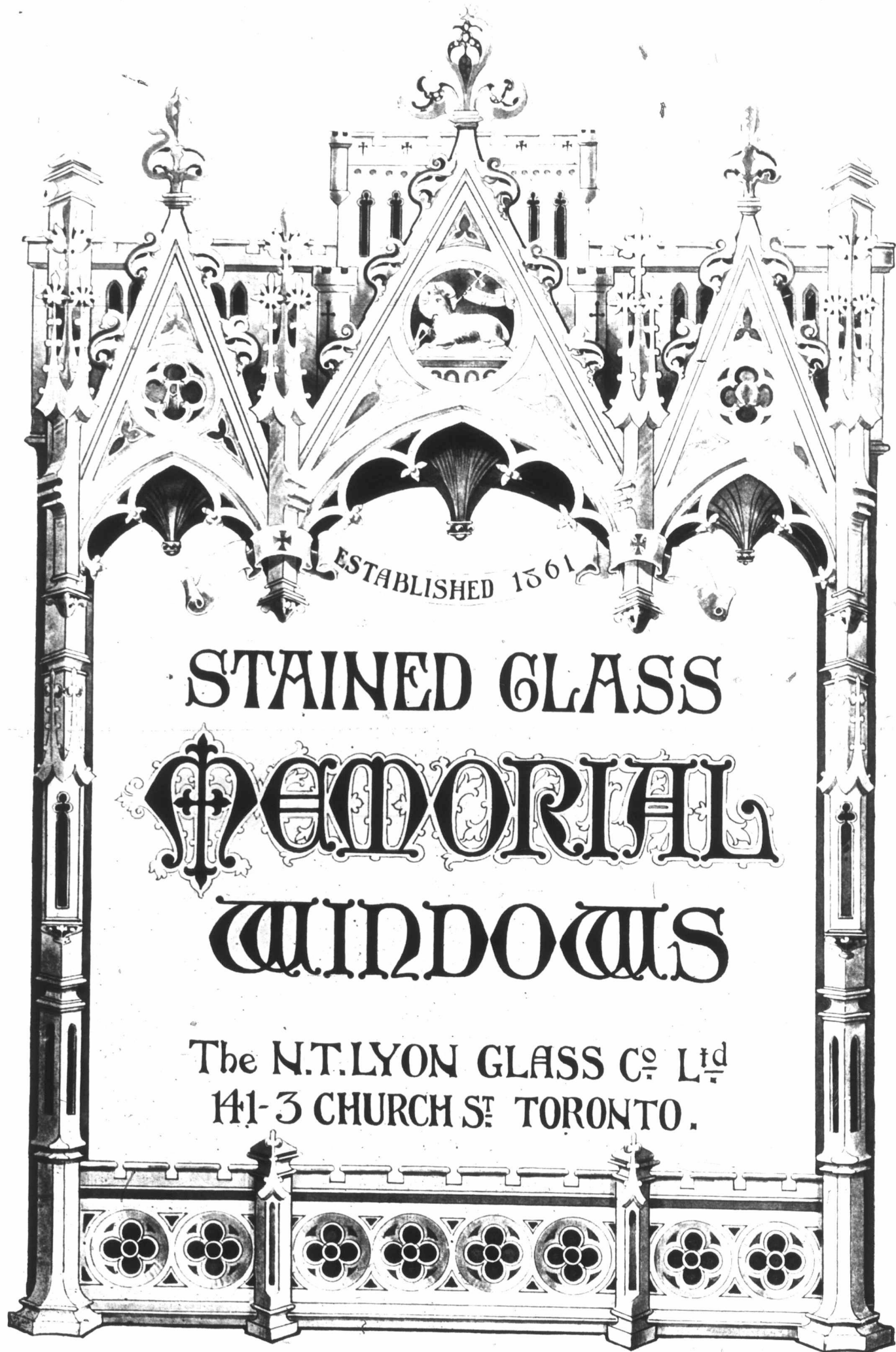
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