

Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

Vol. 8.]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1882.

[No. 51.]

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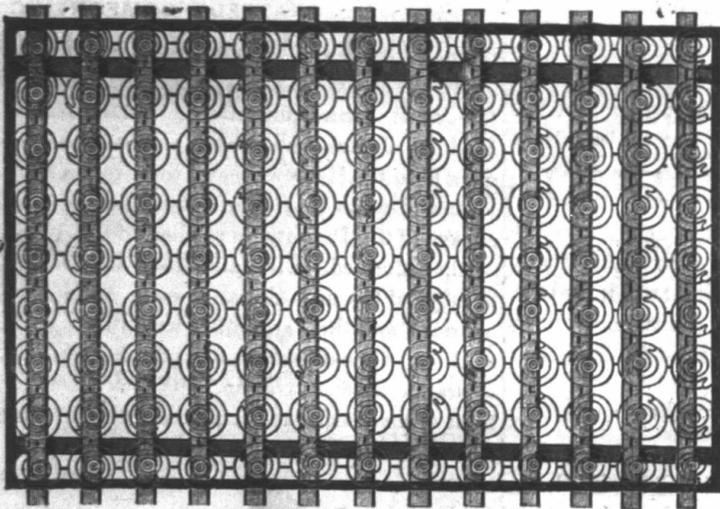
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Dominion Churchman

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The "Dominion Churchman" is the organ of the Church of England in Canada, and is an excellent medium for advertising being a family paper, and by far the most extensively circulated Church journal in the Dominion.

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LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

Dec. 24...FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.—

Morning...Isaiah 30 to v. 2. Revelation 14.

Evening...Isaiah 32; or 33, v. 2 to 3. Revelation 15.

(Notice of Christmas Day, St. Stephen, St. John, and Innocents' Day.)

Dec. 25—CHRISTMAS DAY.—

Morning...Isaiah 9 to v. 8. Luke 2 to v. 15.

Evening...Isaiah 7, v. 10 to 17. Titus 3, v. 4 to 9.

(Proper Psalms—Morning, 119, 45, 85; Evening, 89, 110, 138. Athanasian Creed. Proper Preface in Communion Service till Jan. 1st.)

Dec. 26...ST. STEPHEN, THE FIRST MARTYR.—

Morning...Genesis 4, to v. 11. Acts 6.

Evening...2 Chronicles 24, v. 15 to 23. Acts 8, to v. 9.

Dec. 27...ST. JOHN, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST.—

Morning...Exodus 33, v. 9. John 13, v. 23 to 30.

Evening...Isaiah 6. Revelation 1.

Dec. 28...INNOCENTS' DAY.—

Morning...Jeremiah 31, to v. 18. Revelation 16.

Evening...Baruch 4, v. 21 to 31. Revelation 18.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1882.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

AS we are now approaching the end of the year, it becomes our duty to request our friends who are in arrears to pay up their subscriptions at once. ALL ARREARS MUST BE PAID UP TO THE END OF 1882 AT THE RATE OF \$2 PER ANNUM. If \$1 additional is sent the paper will be paid for up to end of 1883. As at this period a number are falling due, we trust they will now be paid promptly, as well as the next year in advance. In remitting it would be highly desirable if each subscriber would make sufficient effort to send on in addition to his own subscription that of one or more from his friends or neighbours; so that we may be able to double our subscription list, and thus be placed in the same position as we hope all our subscribers will be, in having a HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

CHURCH THOUGHTS BY A LAYMAN.

No. 48.

THE SATELLITES OF CHRISTMAS.

AS the coming of the King is heralded in the magnificent procession which passes through the splendid halls of Parliament when the Session is about to be opened, with all the pomp and ceremony of State grandeur, so the King of Festivals, CHRISTMAS, comes with a glorious retinue of satellites heralding its approach, and circling around

and brightening this Season of Seasons, with consecrations of the beauty of holiness, the flashing light of Gospel teaching, and the loyal service of love. First in this grand triumphal march comes Advent, chief Herald of the Church, with trumpet tones warning the Church to lift up her gates and let the King of Glory enter in, and answering back as the wondering cry comes up, "Who is the King of Glory?" "He is the king; He who at this time came in great humility, now comes to claim the Kingdoms of this world for His own, and to judge the people in righteousness." Advent is then but the stately pursuivant, the processional leader, the perpetual S. John the Baptist, the Star in the East, whose office it is to usher in the Christ, and by notes of warning, to so prepare His way that they to whom He comes may be found acceptably prepared for their Lord and their God:

"And so provide before that feast,
Which Christ His coming next doth mind
That He to come, and be a guest
Within our hearts may pleasure find;
And we bid welcome, with good cheer,
That coming which so many fear."

Advent to the world sounds out its notes like the terrible blast of the sheriff's trumpeter, preceding the Judge of Assize whereat the poor prisoners tremble in their cells at their coming doom. To the people of God those tones are music; they chorus forth the antiphonic response, led on by the silvery voice of Bishop Jeremy Taylor;

"Lord, come away,
Why dost thou stay?

The road is ready, and Thy paths made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly! Behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way.
Hosannah! Welcome to our hearts! Lord, here
Thou hast a temple, too, and full as dear,
As that of Zion, and as full of sin;
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.
Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor;
Crucify them, that they may never more profane
that holy place,
Where Thou hast chosen, Lord, to set Thy face."

Advent is Christmas Eve to those who love His appearing. Next in the lordly festival cavalcade comes the day sacred to St. THOMAS the APOSTLE, the much maligned St. Thomas, whose doubts we all should have had in his position, while how few of us would have been ready to face death if only to be in the Master's company? How few, indeed, has the Church found out of her multitudinous hosts to do a Mission work as nobly as did St. Thomas?

"Blest Saint, by Jesus taught
Of things below to value wrought;
With love which casts out fear,
To your Redeemer to adhere;
May I, like you, the world and life despise,
And live to God perpetual sacrifice."

Next after the great central figure in the solemn procession we are gazing upon, comes with a new adornment, the martyrs crown, ST. STEPHEN'S DAY, significantly following on the morrow of the happiest, the brightest, the sweetest of Festivals, as though the intent were to check undue exuberance of joy by recalling to the Christian ear the Master's touchstone command, "Take up thy Cross and follow Me whithersoever I goest, even unto death."

"O, captain of the Martyr Host,
O, peerless in renown,
Not from the fading flowers of earth
Weave we for Thee a crown."

Oh! earliest victim sacrificed
To thy dear Victim, Lord,
Oh, earliest witness to the faith
Of thy Incarnate God!"

It has often occurred to us to ask those who regard our Saints' Day services as superstitious, how they would have acted had they witnessed the death of St. Stephen, and upon its anniversary been asked to go and visit reverentially his tomb? Would they have kept aloof from those loving brethren of the martyred saint, would they have despised, and derided, and sneered at loving remembrance being kept up of his memory? If they would have gone as affection and sympathy moved them in the early years of the Church, to maintain such a tender, brotherly memorial of the dead, pray, is not the heart of the Church still loving, is not the memory of the Church still vivid, is not the martyrs' grave still sacred, and is not meditation upon a saint's heroism and purity still wholesome? The Church we call Catholic and Apostolic wept at the grave of her son St. Stephen, and her heart has not so hardened as to forget the son of her early life. We, her later children, sharing in her love and glory, delight to go with the company of her faithful in all time, to keep fresh the flowers on St. Stephen's grave. Let those despise Saints' Days who have no part or lot in the Church, whose fond memorial times these Festivals are.

"But love endureth through all age;
Nor time nor distance dears,
Divide the living and the dead
Of Christ's communion dear."

But we have digressed. Most resplendent among the figures of light, shining with the beauty of the central body towards which it stands in closest relationship, the silvery moons of the Sun, the light of the world, comes the day of St. JOHN the EVANGELIST. This Festival is in perfect harmony with Christmas, for St. John's gospel is supremely the GOSPEL OF THE INCARNATION.

"In the use of the *Logos* (Word) as a distinct name for Christ, John stands alone. Other apostles, St. Paul, St. James, and above all the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews seems to hover on the verge of it, and when they approach it they are thinking always of the Divinity more than of the humanity, of the glorified, Eternal Christ, and not immediately of the man Christ Jesus. Alike the Alexandrians and the Targumists would have read with a shock of astonishment and disapproval that utterance which St. John puts on the very forefront of his Gospel as containing its inmost essence, and as solving all the problems of the world, that "THE *Logos* (the Word) became flesh." It was a truth far beyond anything that they had dreamed, that the Word who was in the beginning, who was with God, who was God, by Whom all things were made, in Whom was life, which life was the light of man, that this Word was in the world, came to His own people, to His own home, and was by most of them rejected, that this WORD BECAME FLESH, and tabernacled among us, and we beheld His glory, a glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth."

To the disciple whom Jesus loved came the sublime call to state the doctrine of the Godhead as eternally existent in as well to be eternally manifested by Him on whose breast this disciple learned

To this disciple was given, as if to glorify Love, to see the Divine power in the raising of the dead child of Jarius, the Divine glory in the Transfiguration, the Divine conflict with the powers of evil in the agony of Gethsemane, and those Divine visions which opened up the world's future and the joys of the Heavenly Paradise. St. John the beloved, the martyred exile, the old man who said "little children, love another;"

"We shall meet him, not as once
On that far island shore,
But where Apostles, Martyrs, Saints,
Have peace for evermore."

How picturesquely comes in to grace with innocence and beauty to adorn the King's procession, the DAY OF HOLY INNOCENTS, those sweet flowers martyred "on life's threshold, as the gale strews the roses ere they blow," whom the Church has adopted, being slain for His sake, whose early hours ran contemporaneously with theirs. In the honouring of these little ones who all unconsciously died as martyrs, there is exhibited a beautiful, pathetic, tender trait in the Church of our love and our loyalty. As in Adam the babe suffered the penalty of sin, all unconscious of evil, so in Christ the babe comes into covenant with Him as the Redeemer, the second Adam, the Divine, the Incarnated God, who is the Head of a redeemed race. Christmas and its brilliant circle of festival satellites, brings us very near to Jesus by all their sweet and solemn associations. May we so realize this closeness as to realize how near also are our brethren in all time.

By this consciousness we shall be moved to enjoy the Communion of Saints, and by divine sympathy to give to our brethren in the flesh whose needs we know, whose sorrows we are cognizant of, a practical demonstration that the same mind is in us as in Him we honor at Christmastide by a ministry of love. So by shining with charity, with brotherly kindness, with compassion, with self-denying benevolence, our Christmas will be to ourselves as well as to all in our sphere a benediction. We shall be Satellites of Christmas, reflecting His rays who, with the whole company of the redeemed, keeps with the Church on earth in eternal happy memory the first Christmas at Bethlehem.

A CANADIAN BOY'S CHRISTMAS IN IVANHOE LAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

IVANHOE LAND? "Where," cries Master Dick, who has taken the geography prize at his school this Christmas, "where is that place; it isn't down in our geographies, I'm sure."

Master Dick could tell us all about the meets and bounds of remotest Asian provinces, could give us the location of every State in the Union, and, as is too much the case in this Canada of ours, show us that his knowledge of the insignificant facts of the physical geography of alien nations, is minute and full; while all the while he knows nothing comparatively of the land whose glories are his proud inheritance. Master Dick shall go with us and we will spend Christmas together in the land of which he knows so little. He shall learn, as he travels, an invaluable lesson, a lesson which will make geography no longer a mere knowledge of the earth's divisions, as dry and profitless as the technical details of a surveyor's field book, but a knowledge of a stage whereon

has been played the mingled drama of human tragedy and comedy, in a series of fascinating scenes and acts culminating in great episodes of national progress.

Landing at Liverpool, in a hurried run through this region of marvels we so open Dick's eyes with all he sees and hears of the rapid, magnificent signs of progress in all the material achievements of commerce which teem on every hand in this region, that his British blood begins to glow with pride, and he expresses with boy-like frankness and vehemence his supreme disdain for those who have taught him to look on the old land as "slow" and her people as "old fogeys." "Why," says Dick, "Chicago isn't a patch on Liverpool and Manchester." So Dick will never again disparage the brains, the energy, the enterprise, the "go" as he calls it, of the race he springs from.

Leaving Manchester in its shroud of rain and smoke, through tunnels miles long and interminable rock gorges, we force our way until glimpses appear of the beautiful wooded district described in the words of Ivanhoe as, "that pleasant land of merry England which is watered by the Don." This is "The land of Ivanhoe," into the heart of which we enter on Christmas-eve, and with our Canadian boy companion alight at a mansion which he promptly pronounces "a jolly old place," which becomes highly interesting at once as we show him the room where we went to school, and point out the cricket field and the play-ground amid the shade of vast oaks and elms that were goodly trees in the days of the Tudors. Dick's delight now begins to boil over with the warm Yorkshire welcome he receives. The motherly embrace of our hostess tells him something of the sweetness of English life in this the county of hospitality and of genial manners. The house is full of quaint rooms and passages of all widths and sizes, whereon every coign of vantage are the Christmas decorations of holly, bright leaved, with its brilliant scarlet berries in grape-like clusters intertwined with laurel with its faint perfume—the incense of Christmas. Here and there hangs a twig with a small narrow, dingy leaf, sage tinted, it has a weird, uncanny look; its berries are stuck on as if artificially placed, berries of a dull pearly hue.

Master Dick ere long is made to do homage to this potent magical twig by being seized and unceremoniously kissed amid the laughter of a bevy of girls who have dared each other to break the ice with the Canadian visitor, and teach him "ye manners and customs of ye natives" of Ivanhoe land, across whose borders the mistletoe is the genius of Christmas-tide as the season of love and hilarity.

When the twilight shadows gather, Dick is escorted to the grand entrance hall, and here is soon speechless with surprise, for up the avenue come groups of rough men, with women in shabby finery decked, who are welcomed by the host and hostess each and all with a hearty hand-shake and "A merry Christmas to you." Dick's democratic ideas are rudely shocked at such familiarity between the lord and lady of such a mansion and these visitors; he wonders too what would be done in Canada if artisans were made the guests of the wealthy. While asking himself whether he ought not to retire from such company, he is asked to take a lady in to dinner, and goes with the procession along the grand stairs and corridor until the doors are reached opening to the drawing-room, which has been cleared for this strange Christmas-eve dinner. Dick's friend enlightens him between the courses, he learns that it is a Yorkshire custom

to give a dinner or supper on this night to all servants and workpeople.

In this palatial room are nearly two hundred sat as guests of their master and fellow guests of his friends of high social rank, who come to grace this happy board. Hear how these people shout when the toast of our "host and hostess" is given by the oldest employee. Dick jumps in his chair at the roar of Yorkshire cheers, and he ends his dinner with a conviction that aristocratic England has in its old customs a touch of human nature, sweetening the life of its people with a recognition of brotherhood, not known where "Jack is as good as his master," if not better! Song follows song, the ladies sharing in the after dinner concert.

Near to midnight the visitors disperse, forgetful of all that has passed between the master and themselves of apparent injustice or severity; the master has forgiven all the ingratitude or perversity or malice of his men. Together they will enter upon Christmas Day in peace and goodwill, all the harsh past being dissolved into the music of the Church bells which, as the cheery greetings cease, burst out in peals of joy, carolling in with their harmonies another Christmas morn. Dick's ears are all ears, as, mingled with a second peal of the bells at day dawn, the strains come floating along of choristers bidding "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn, Whereon the Saviour of Mankind was born." Then comes the village band giving prominence to this noble Yorkshire melody, which every Yorkshireman regards as a necessary part of a Christmas celebration. It is

no use trying to sleep, group after group come to the mansion with carols or instrumental sacred music. As soon as they cease, up from the key-hole, shrill as a bird, rings out the salutation of the boys:

"I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New year,
A pocket full of money and a cellar of good cheer;
An apple and a pear, a plum and a cherry,
With a glass of good beer to make your heart merry.
Please will you give us a Christmas-box?"

Dick, excited with the strange succession of sounds, breaking in so early on Christmas morn, springs out of bed to watch the Waits and boys who, one by one, keep up the season's good wishes with a persistence often thought a cruel kindness by murdering sleep.

At breakfast Dick's nose catches a new, appetizing perfume. He is served with a dish of "Fromerty," which in Yorkshire always heralds the first Christmas meal. This dish is simply wheat reduced to jelly, which it looks like as it is turned out of moulds. It is boiled with milk and eaten with honey or other sweetener, as it was by Dick's ancestors before "the making of England" into a nation.

All hands are piped for Church, and down the road some three parts of a mile Dick is fascinated by his host pointing out to him the rampart extending for miles, partly natural, partly excavated, behind which the Brigantes here made their final stand against the Roman invincibles, the *LÆCIO SEXTA VITRIX*, who for three centuries afterwards had their headquarters at York. As this talk goes on, and point after point is shown where the Roman legions have left the mark of their deeds of conquest and of civilized occupation, Dick begins to think that "Cæsar," which got him many a licking at school, is after all a very interesting book. Then as the church comes more into view he is told how the stones yet remain which mark the site of a Christian temple built as far back as to verge closely upon the days of the Apostles. The church reached,

Dick is struck with amazement that in so small a town, there should exist a more stately structure, than any in Canada, larger than any building he had yet seen, and as beautiful in detail as though time and labor and skill were costless. The holly sprigs and laurel wreaths and illuminated texts sadly interfere with Dick's devotion. Indeed what with trying to decipher the memorial brasses in sight of his seat, dating back six or seven centuries, poor Dick's mind is bewildered, and all the more so as he had been placed, as he was told, over the very spot where Druidical sacrifices had been performed and where his Saxon forefathers had worshipped God in a wooden church fifteen centuries ago, served by a travelling priest just as the Canadian Church works in the wilds of Muskoka now. Indeed Bede's story sounds very like the Bishop of Algoma's letters. "If any priest chanced to come into the village (that is twelve hundred years ago) the people earnestly entreated instruction and spiritual advice—for in those days itinerant clergymen went into villages to preach, baptize, or visit the sick, and when a church was built the people came many miles to hear divine service." All this and much more touching the history of England's church in the days of the Romans, the Saxons and the Normans, the days too of the Romish usurpation and overthrow, gives Dick a very firm conviction that what he was told in Canada about the Church being the Church of the Reformation and the church founded by Henry the Eighth is all an idle, foolish, false story, and Dick's opinion is that it is a great shame not to teach the people in Canada all the interesting things he has learnt this Christmas day. After morning service, the waits, the choristers and bands, and the boys who had so disturbed the early morn call at the mansion and are regaled bountifully with seasonable good cheer and gifts. While this hospitality is being dispensed, a group of girls are ushered into the presence of the family and guests. The elder one carries a cradle bearing in it a baby doll, set in the midst of evergreens and flowers, reminding those who have been in Italy of the Bambino in churches. Of course the ladies are all charmed with the wax figure and its adornments, and the troupe of merry girls bearing it, being invited, sing shyly their Christmas song:

"God bless the master of this house, the mistress also, Likewise the little children that round the table go. We have not come to your house to beg or to borrow, But we have come to pray that God will drive away all sorrow.

This is our jolly wassail,
Love and joy come to you
And to our parents too,

God bless you and send you a Happy New Year."

This ancient, touching, Christmas ditty, sung by tender girls of from nine to twelve years of age, is to them a charming break in the monotony of a life of poverty. To those whose hearts are in tune with Christmas it is a custom they see dying out with great regret, as it not only links the present with the past, but links also the family life of the poorest with the domestic joys of the rich when Christmas celebrations make the heart susceptible of sympathy which wells out in kindly, neighbourly deeds. The children's Christmas song is seldom heard without a tear, never without loving words of response, which these little ones remember and delight in from Christmas to Christmas.

From them the household is called to witness the Morris Dancers, with their absurd dramatic sketch, which sends Dick and the boys into fits of laughter, and makes them wild with envy as they watch the elaborate sword play and sword dance of these merry men. So flies on the day, in neigh-

bourly greetings, hilarity and old time observances. The railway and the telegraph are killing off these ancient customs, would that they would substitute something better! But they do not.

The bonds of Christian brotherhood are relaxing in these days of rush, so much the more then is it desirable for true-hearted Churchmen to see to it that Christmas is observed with all fervour, first as the outward and visible sign of the fact and spiritual teaching of the INCARNATION, upon which is based the only true brotherhood; next as a time of friendly gatherings, of healing social wounds, of neighbourly charities, in the spirit of "Good will towards men," especially they of the household of faith, as Christmas has been observed for more than a thousand years in "The Land of Ivanhoe."

Dick has gone to his room, but not to bed, he is deep in Scott's masterpiece, thrilled with the thought that he is on the very spot where Cedric's house stood, that his window looks out upon Rotherwood, where Gurth the born thrall of Cedric tended his lord's swine, that he has seen the altar whereon Prior Aylmer said Mass, and his spirit dances with joy anticipating a promised ride on the morrow to the Castle of Coningsborough, and other spots immortalized by the Magician of the North, touching one of whose poems Dick had read such strange reports in the papers of his native Canada. Would that all Canadian boys could spend such a Christmas! It would deepen their patriotism, enlarge their judgment, feed their imaginations, store them with fruitful memories, and enlighten their views of the Catholic and Apostolic Church which gave England unity, laws, civilization and the Gospel.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light! whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star! which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou?—Midst the hosts above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim—
O star which led to Him!

WHAT IS A CHRISTMAS BOX?

This question is not as easily answered as you may suppose; for though all little folk know that a Christmas-box is a gift made at Christmas-tide, such was not the original meaning of the word. Christmas-boxes were at first what we now call money-boxes. They were known as thrift-boxes, and consisted of small wide clay bottles with imitation stoppers, the upper part covered with a kind of green glaze. On the side was a slit, into which money could be put, and as the money was collected at Christmas, the boxes in the course of time gave the name to the present.

THOUGHTS ON THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS.

WHICH of us cannot look back to the time when Christmas was the merriest and happiest season in the whole year—when the preparations for the family gathering were but a foretaste of the pleasures in store! To me, when a child, Christmas-Day was a happy one, from the moment when I awoke and jumped from my warm little bed to look out of the window and see if it were a snowy Christmas (it did not seem proper if, on that day, the earth were not a sheet of white, with a bright sun to shine upon it), until the time when I went again to my little resting-place, tired and sleepy, and yet wishing all the pleasure could come over again to-morrow. How much, too, I enjoyed the Christmas service at church! The hymns and anthems always seemed prettier, and the sermon much easier to understand than on ordinary occasions; the story of the "Savior's lowly birth," even in those early days was a favorite theme. But I grew older, and Christmas lost some of its charms, for as yet I knew but little of the heavenly joy it may bring to the most sorrowful. By the time I had reached girlhood, many dear ones had entered the celestial city, and had left vacant places by the Christmas fireside; among them was my mother. Yes, death had laid his cold hand upon that warm and loving heart; and as we gather round the hearth the first Christmas after our bereavement, all eyes were tearful as we thought of her who "was not."

Years have come and gone since then, and now I look upon Christmas as a day of rejoicing for very different reasons; though often when the Holy Day returns all I love best are far away, I can thank God for the birth of His Son, and for the blessings he has purchased for all "by His precious death and burial, and by His glorious resurrection and ascension." Now Christmas is again drawing near, and another year of our lives has almost rolled away. Most heartily do I wish the coming festival may prove a happiness and blessing to all my readers. To me it must be a somewhat sad season, for the angel of death is again hovering over our family circle, and before Christmas comes another voice may be hushed, and another place vacant by the fireside.

I have now lived long enough to experience the full meaning of the words, "This is not your rest;" and let us all beware of looking upon the coming season in such a way as to make us forget these words. Not for one moment would I wish to say anything against all enjoying what God has bestowed on them, both in the way of worldly possessions and comforts, and the richer treasure of warm and loving friends; but at Christmas, when we are rejoicing in these, let us thank God for His good gifts; and, at the same time, look beyond them to that world to which each year, as it passes by, brings us nearer. Neither let us forget, in the midst of earthly pleasures and joys, that there is a higher and holier reason for rejoicing at Christmas time; and though we cannot, like the wise men of old, go to worship "Him who was born King of the Jews," let us give Him the fittest offering from the sinner to the Saviour—a humble, lowly, and penitent heart.—M. H. N.

Mr. I. J. Cooper has a very select stock of Men's Furnishing Goods, in underwear, half-hose, scarfs and ties, silk handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., in all the latest styles and best makes. We specially recommend the "Imperial Shirt." The clergy and our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize this old and reliable house. See advertisement on another page.

CHRISTMAS AT THE DOOR.

Heavy and thick the winter snow
Falls on the frozen pane;
Wild winds over the house-top blow,
Turning the creaking vane.

"None will come to our house to-day
In such cold and stormy weather.
Mother, tell us a game to play,
Merrily all together.

"Or tell us a tale of Fairy-land,
Such as you've often told,
Where elves are dancing, a gleesome band,
'Mid trees of silver and gold."

"Children, over the frozenmoor
Some one is coming now,
Who'll tell a tale, when he's crossed the door,
Sweeter than all I know.

"Hark! I hear his step at the gate;
Soon will the summons ring,
Come, make ready our room of state—
There he is! Kling, ling, ling."

Christmas outside.

"Children, open the door, I pray,
Merrily come to meet me.
Many and many a house this day
Has put on its best to greet me.

"All your prettiest carols sing,
Welcome me in with joy.
For see what beautiful gifts I bring
For each little girl and boy.

"And list to the tale of Christmas-day,
How once in a lowly stall,
Meek and mild in a manger lay
The Lord and Monarch of all.

"Best of gifts for peasant and prince
Was this sweet Baby dear;
To keep you in mind of it, ever since,
I bring you merry cheer.

"And glad I come to each little child,
To fill its heart with joy;
For that dear Lord, so meek and mild,
Was once himself a boy.

"Then open your doors and make them wide—
Wider each little heart;
And the joy I bring you, whate'er betide,
Shall never again depart."

INCARNATION.

BY F. W. FABER.

WHAT a revelation of beauty is the mystery of the Incarnation! The highest angelical intelligence could not have conceived it without a revelation from God, and Scripture pictures the angels to us as ever bending over and looking into this mystery, to feed their love, their wisdom and their adoration out of the depths of its glory and sweetness. The Scotist school of theologians teach that the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity would have been incarnate even if Adam had never sinned, and that the Incarnation was already involved in the very fact of Creation. For if God created creatures in order to raise them toward Himself, He would unite Himself to them in the closest possible way; and that way it now appears is by the Hypostatic union, the assumption of a created nature to an uncreated Person. On this hypothesis Jesus would have taken a glorious and impassable Humanity and His "delights would have been among the children of men." Sin and the fall gave to the Incarnation its remedial character, with the passible humanity, the mysteries of the thirty-three years, and all the pathetic circumstances of our redemption. The Thomist School of theologians hold, though not unanimately, that if Adam had not sinned, our Lord would not have been incarnate, and that His coming was simply remedial, an outpouring of God's mercy to hinder the utter desolation which Adam's fall must otherwise inevitably cause.

Without venturing to decide at present between these two great schools of theology, I may say that there are many things to recommend the Scotist

opinion. So far as the forgiveness of sin is concerned, God could have absolved us from it short of the Incarnation, and even the mercifulness of the remedial character of that mystery is if anything more forcibly and touchingly brought forward in the Scotist view, as if sin so far from hindering this great mercy, only gave fresh pathos, and new tenderness to a gift we might have expected it would have frustrated altogether.

But whether we look at the Incarnation as a double mystery with the Scotists, or as a single mystery with the Thomists, what a boundless field of holy contemplation does it not open to us! The incomparable wisdom of the inventions of God's mercy; the way in which creation is taken up to the Creator; the depth to which He penetrated to gather up to His majesty the farthest outlying reasonable nature; the manner in which He accomplished it by the union of two natures in one Person; the unutterable wonders of a weak, tired, insulted, suffering, dying God—well may the angels desire to look into these things; and if it were not that the will of God is there will, they would envy us their younger brethren, because our dear nature, not their lofty and resplendent one, has been set down forever at the Right Hand of the Majesty on High.

When the lark mounts up to heaven to sing its morning hymn, the sounds of labor and the cries of earth, the lowing of the cattle, the rushing of the waters, and the rustling of the leaves grow fainter and fainter as the bird rises in the air. The wind waves the branches of the trees, but to the bird they wave noiselessly. The morning breeze bends the silvery side of the uncut grass, where its nest lies hid, till the whole field rises and falls in green and white waves like the shallows of the sea; but it is all a silent show. No sound reaches the secluded bird in that region of still sunshine where he is pouring out those glorious hymns of which we catch only the prelude as he soars, or the last precipitate fragments as he falls to earth from out his shrine of light. So is it with us in prayer, when we rise above our own wants or the outcries of our temptations, and soar in self-forgetting adoration toward the throne of God hidden in light inaccessible. The sounds of earth go first of all. Then the waving soundless show seems fixed, and still, and motionless, and diminished. Next it melts into a confused, faint-colored vision, and soon it lies below in a blue mist, like land uncertainly descried at sea. Then, last of all, the very attraction of earth seems gone, and our soul shoots upward, as if like fire its centre was above, and not below. Thus must it be with us now, for we have to rise to the Bosom of the Eternal Father.

St. Joseph is kneeling by the Child in the Cave of Bethlehem. Let us draw near, and kneel there with him and follow his thoughts afar off. It is but an hour since that Babe was born into the world, and gladdened Mary's eyes with the divine consolations of His face. It was but nine months since he was incarnate in the inner room at Nazareth. Yet neither Nazareth nor Bethlehem were His beginnings. He was eternal years old the moment He was born. Time which had already lived through such long cycles, and had perhaps endured through huge secular epochs before the creation of man, was younger by infinite ages than the Babe of Bethlehem. The creation of the angels with the beauty and exultation of their first graces, the orderly worship of their hierarchies, their mysterious trial, the dreadful fall of one third of their number, and Michael's battle with the rebels, lie dim and remote beyond the furthest mists of human history. Yet the Babe of Bethlehem is older far than that. Indeed it was around Him that all angelic history was grouped. Hereafter He will spend a three years' ministry in Gallilee, and among the towns of Judah and Benjamin, yet, in truth all the history of man's world, from the times of paradise, had been His ministry. He preached before the flood. He gave His benediction to the tents of the patriarchs. He imparted grace, and saved souls, and wrought miracles in Jewry and in heathendom for some thousands of years. But now, by the sand-glasses of men, He is one hour old.

Bethlehem then was not His first home. The dark cave within, and the moonlit slope without,

are not like the scenery of His everlasting home. He is the Eternal Word. He is the first Word ever spoken, and He was spoken by God, and He is in all things equal to Him by whom He was spoken. He was uttered from Eternity, and the Father who uttered Him, or rather who is forever uttering Him, is not prior to the word He utters. His home has no scenery, no walls, no shape, no form, no color, no spot which can be loved with a local love. It is in the Bosom of the Father. It is amid the unlocalized fires of the Godhead. There in the white light, inaccessible through the brilliance of its whiteness, we confusedly discern the magnificence of a Divine Person. He is unbegotten. He is not a word whom any one could utter, for there is no one to utter Him, and He is beside adorably unutterable. He is not a Breath breathed forth of divine love; for there were none whose mutual love could breathe Him forth, and he is beside adorably unproceeding. The Word expresses Him, not because He utters Him, but because He is uttered by Him. The Holy Spirit is His fiery Breath, the Breath of the Father and the Son, coequal with them both, but with no procession from His blessed self. This Divine Person, whom we confusedly discern, is like a Fountain, a fountain of golden light flowing with uncreated waters. Yet the Fountain is not a fountain without its waters, and the waters are coeval with the Fountain. Out of Him flows the Son; from Him and from His Word proceeds the Holy Ghost, all coequal, coeternal, consubstantial. Yet He is the First Person, and gloriously without superiority or precedence. He is the sole Fountain of Godhead, yet it is the very glory of the fountain that its double streams are coequal with itself. He in His adorable sublimity is the unseparated Companion of the Two Divine Persons who are sent, and who send themselves. Him, without images, we discern in the breathlessness of our far-seeing faith. Him, without light, we behold in the darkness of His blinding majesty. Him, in His outstretched immensity we compass in the fondness of our adoring love. Him, in His nameless incomprehensibility, we sweetly understand in the knowledge that we are His sons. His Bosom, an abyss of unfathomable beauty, the shrine of unruffled peace, the furnace of the divine beatitude, is the home of the Babe of Bethlehem, His only native place.

Vain and weak men may darken counsel with words, and endeavour to set forth and preach another gospel, founded on their own imagination and carnal desires; but the solid foundation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ will ever remain the same—plain, simple and attainable by all alike; namely, Christ Jesus, the Son of God and the Son of Man, who, by taking on Him our flesh, opened the way of approach to the Father and eternal life; by being conformed to whom, and living with and in Him, our right and title to eternal life is made sure. "We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Every Christian believer, then, must recognize this fundamental fact, that in Christ Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God, and in Him alone, lies his hope of everlasting life.

The present season is rich in gifts, hence we may be doing a service to our readers by referring to the firm of Messrs. Woltz Bros. & Co., the Toronto Jewellers, at 29 King Street East. The object of this firm is to introduce the most finished specimens of the Jeweller's art, and, by a careful discrimination, to discard the introduction of anything of an inartistic nature. The interior of the house is replete with the beautiful and the useful. Ornaments for the person, of exquisite workmanship, necklaces, lockets, brooches in filagree, and in etruscan gold, invite inspection. The watches, rings, seals, etc., etc., are many of them of great choice. Nor must the dinner services, tea, and other sets be omitted. Their handsome design and ornate appearance are strikingly conspicuous. In another column will be found Messrs. Woltz Bros. advertisement.

BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

What will the darling baby say
When he opens his eyes on Christmas Day?
What will he say to the Christmas tree,
With its beautiful fruit for him and me;
Will he dance and caper and crow with glee?
For it's not a year, baby dear,
Since God our Father sent you here,
And this will your very first Christmas be.

The Christmas Day and the Christmas tree
Are here with their mirth and mystery.
Gather the kinder folk, young and old,
Shining cup of silver and gold,
Toys as many as he could hold.
Baby's lap and hands are full,
His dimpled fingers toss and pull;
From one to another the darling goes,
All are his lovers and friends, he knows.

But here comes one,
And all may run;
The pretty treasures fall from his grasp,
Her neck he twines with a loving clasp.
Such an odd little darling I never knew!
Mother, he only cares for you!

"Patience, love, for awhile and then,
Baby will play with his toys again."
The mother spake to her little Ned;
But to herself she softly said,
Daintily stroking the flossy head:

"I hear, I hear,
My baby dear,
Innocent oracle, thou to me,
Through His gift, the Giver see.
My God, thy love my joy shall be,
O'er all, in all, I care for Thee!"

L. M. H.

ON CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

"God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go."

OLD CAROL, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHRISTMAS Carols have had a remarkable history. At one time they were church hymns, and that only; at another, although still hymns of religious joy, they were intended rather for domestic than church use; while in another phase, they were elements in Christmas festivity, neither evincing religious thoughts, nor couched in reverent language. Two of these three sorts of carols often prevailed at one time, and sometimes all three. As to the word itself, etymologists are not agreed whether it was derived directly from the Latin, or mediately through the French or Italian; but the meaning has always been accepted as that of a hymn of joy, especially as applied to those (by far the larger number) intended for Christmas. Hymns or songs of joy we know to have been components in the religious ceremonies of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, and other ancient nations; and the mention in the Bible of "Jubal's lyre," "David's harp," "Miriam's song," etc., shows how largely music was concerned with the Jewish ceremonies. It has been said, not inappropriately, that the first real Christmas and Christian carol was the Song of the Angels mentioned by St. Luke—*Gloria in excelsis* (Glory to God in the highest); for it was a song of joy in relation to the Nativity. The hymns of the early Christians, adverted to by St. Paul and St. James, were probably in the nature of carols. It is known from other sources that the bishops and clergy, after the apostolic times, were wont to sing carols together in church on Christmas day.

As we approach the middle ages, we find the secular more and more mixed up with the sacred in the popular carols. A Breton song of the fifth century was made the basis for a carol, in which a fantastic use of numerals is employed, in accordance with an old belief in mystic, symbolic, or figurative numbers. The carol, in twelve stanzas, praises one God, two Testaments, three Patriarchs, four Evangelists, five Books of Moses, six water vessels in Cana of Galilee, seven Sacraments, eight Beatitudes, nine degrees of Angels, ten Commandments, eleven stars that appeared to Joseph, and twelve Apostles. The burden or chorus of each verse rehearses all that goes before it, in reverse order, something in the style of the children's "House that Jack built," a style known to have been adopted in a very old Hebrew hymn. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, English monks composed Latin carols for Church use. King John, in 1201, paid 25s. (a very large sum in those days) to choristers for singing *Christus Venit* before him on Christmas day. Later in the same century there was a carol, one verse of which (slightly modernized in spelling) ran thus:—

"That chyld is borne
At Bethlehem this morne,
Ye shall fynde hym beforne
Betwixt two bestys."

And another, a sort of lullaby to the infant Jesus, began—

"Lully lulla, thou littell tine chyld."

In the fourteenth century some of the carols took up the story of Mary and Joseph, and treated it in conformity with the notions of the age. In one of them, during the journey to Bethlehem, the couple espy a date tree, and Mary says—

"Ah my swete husband, wolde ye tell to me
What tre is yon standynge upon yon hylle?"

Another, on the same subject, modernized in spelling, begins—

"Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary, in the land of Galilee."

Then there ensues a conversation, in language startlingly plain and homely, showing that Joseph is jealous of Mary. One carol told of a feast at which a roasted cock came to life, and cried, *Christus natus est* (Christ is born). Another traced the history of the Cross, showing that Adam planted a kernel of one of the apples of the tree of life, and that the wood grew from thence; after furnishing material for the wand of Moses, and then for the temple of Jerusalem, the wood was used for the Cross. A third (among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum) treats of the "Seven Joys" of Mary, the first joy being as follows:—

"Ye ferste joy as I zu telle,
When Mary met Seynt Gabrielle—
'Heyl, Mary, I grete you welle,
With fadr, and son, and holy gost.'"

Advancing to the times of the houses of York and Lancaster, we find the sacred and the joyous, and also what to us would appear the ludicrous, still more commingled in the Christmas carols. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that any irreverence was thereby intended. The Bible language and the Church legends were woven into the popular poetry, and all were alike received with a ready simplicity. The anachronisms and inconsistencies were sometimes very remarkable. In one carol, for instance, St. Stephen is represented as being in the service of King Herod; and what he did is thus told:—

"Stevyn out of Kechen cam, with borys hed on hande;
He saw a sterr was fayr and bryght over Bedlem stande;
He kyst adown the bors hed, and went into the halle,
'I forsak the Kyng Herowds and thi workis alle;
Ther is a chyld in Bedlem born is better than we alle."

This combines in a singular way the sacred carol and the "Boar's Head Carol" of the middle ages. One of the carols of this century, beginning—

"Blyssid be that layde bright
That bare a chyld off good myght,
Withouten peyns, as it was right,
Mayd Modyr Mary"—

had an easy sing-song rhythm about it, like many of the popular ballads. Others had one Latin line to terminate each verse, such as the following (from the Sloane MSS.):—

A babe is born al of a may,
In the savacyoun of us
To hem we synge bothe nyght and daye,
Veni Creator Spiritus."

And another, edited by Mr. Wright, from a MS. in the Cambridge Public Library:—

"Lystenyt, lordynges, more or less,
I bryng you tydys of gladnes,
As Gabriel beryt wytnes;
Dicam vobis quia."

And another, which Edward the Fourth rewarded some choir boys for singing before him at Christmas:—

"ij song maydens cam til us,
Syng we to hym and say wel come,
Veni Redemptor Gentium."

And a fourth, given in Kele's "Christmas Carolles," in which each of five English verses ends with—

"*Salvator mundi natus est.*"

A few others introduced the word *Noel*—under the various forms *noel*; *nouel*, *nuel*, *novell*, *navell*, *nan*, *noels*—derived from an old French name for Christmas; such as—

"Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
This is the salutation of Angel Gabriel:
'Tiding true there be come new
Sent from the Trinitie.'
By Gabriel to Nazarete, city of Galilee."

These various extracts afford some insight into the peculiarities of the carols written four hundred years ago; but it may be interesting also to give a few verses of one, to show the quaint simplicity of manner with which fact was often united to fiction. We transcribe part of one which Mr. Wright has edited from the Harleian MSS. at the British Museum, of the time of Henry the Seventh:—

"Now ys Chrystemas y-cum,
Fadyr and Son togedyr in con,
Holy Goste as ye be con,
in fere-a,
God send us a good new yere-a.

I wolde yow synge for an I myght
Off a Chylde ys feyre in syght,
Hys Modyr hym bare thys ynduyrs nyght,
so styll-a,
And as yt was hys wylle-a.

There cam iij Kynges fro Galylee
Into Bethleem, that fayre Cytee,
To seke hym that ever shude be
by ryght-a
Lord and Kyng and Knyght-a.

Knele we now here adown,
Pray we in good devocioun
To the Kyng of grete renown,
of grace-a,
In Hevyn to have place-a."

The reigns of the Tudors produced many curious Christmas carols. Henry the Eighth, who kept his Christmas in grand style, was wont to have such compositions, both sacred and festive, sung before him. The Princess Mary (afterwards Queen), in 1821, gave 10s. to the minister of S. George's Chapel, at Windsor, for "singing carols to her on Christmas morning." The Duke of Northumberland's "Household Book," about the same date, has an item of 6s. 8d. paid to choir boys "for singing *Gloria in excelsis* on Christmas day." Queen Elizabeth paid 18s. 4d. to William Cornyshe, for "setting a carrall upon Christmas morning." Wynkyn de Worde, one of the earliest of our printers, printed a book of carols in this century; but they appear to have been wholly of a festive and merry kind. Another printer, Tysdale, under a license from one of the bishops, published a book of religious "Crestenmas Caravles," in 1562. In some parts of the Continent, a wooden figure of the infant Jesus was placed upon the altar in a church on Christmas morning; priests and people sang a carol to it, and boys and girls danced round the altar; but this was a kind of indecorum not practised in England; indeed, English writers had begun steadily to combat many of the usages in foreign churches, even before the Reformation had fully set in. In 1587, Byrd, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, composed a curious lullaby carol, beginning—

"Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,
My swete little babe, what mean'st thou to cry?"

and thus proceeding to narrate the cruelty of Herod, in the massacre of the Innocents. This was a favourite theme for the lullaby carols. Ritson gives a carol of this century, in which time and place are as much disregarded as ever:—

"There came a ship far-sailing then,
St. Michael was the steersman,
St. John sate in the horn;
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
And all the bells of heaven they rang,
On Christ's Sunday at morn."

A later edition of this carol so altered one of the lines, as to present it in the following strange form:—

"Oh, he did whistle and she did sing!"

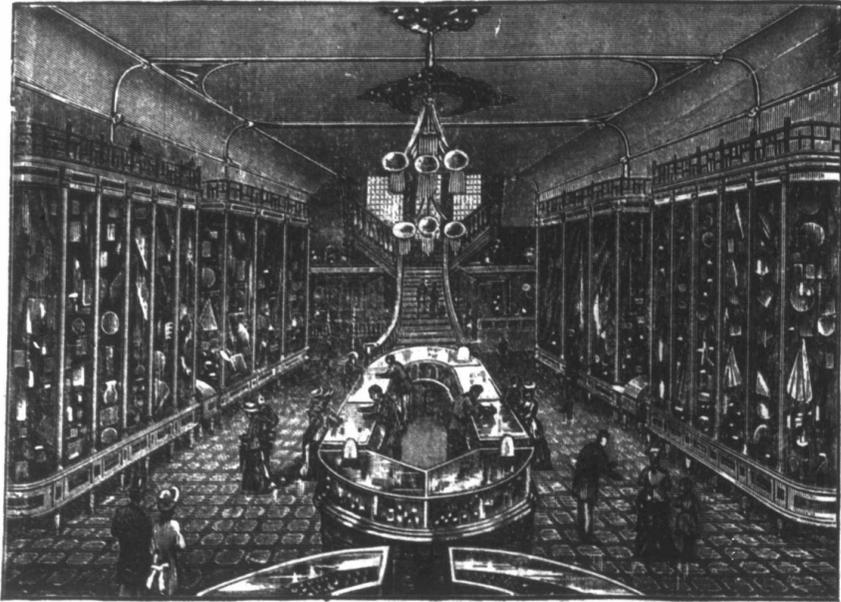
In the reign of James the First there was a pretty, genial, hearty carol, that would suit all good hearts in all times—commencing with the stanza given at the head of this paper. In the same reign, Bishop Andrews praised carols and carol-singing in one of his sermons. Of like period is one remarkable for its tender gentleness of tone, and the lowland Scottish dialect in which it is written. The opening stanza is:—

"This day to yow is borne ane childe,
Of Marie meike and Virgine mylde;
That blissit borne, bining and kynde,
Sall yow rejoye baith heart and mynde."

In the times of Charles the First, the carols were mostly of a cheerful kind, and some of them very elegant. Herrick wrote two or three, which have been preserved as good examples of his poetry. The following address to the Star, to tell where the infant Jesus lay, is far above the level of most carols:—

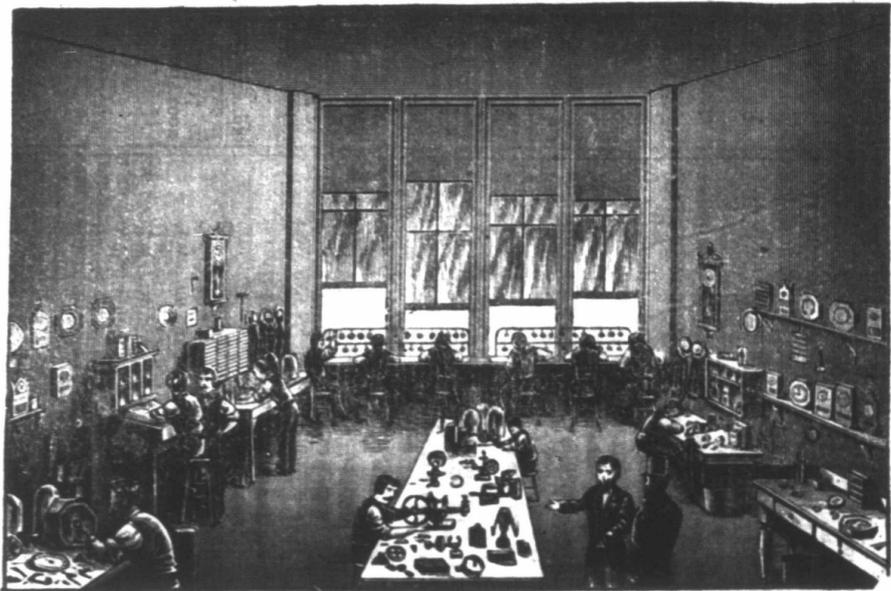
"Tell us thou dear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe that lately sprung;
Lies He the lily banks among?"

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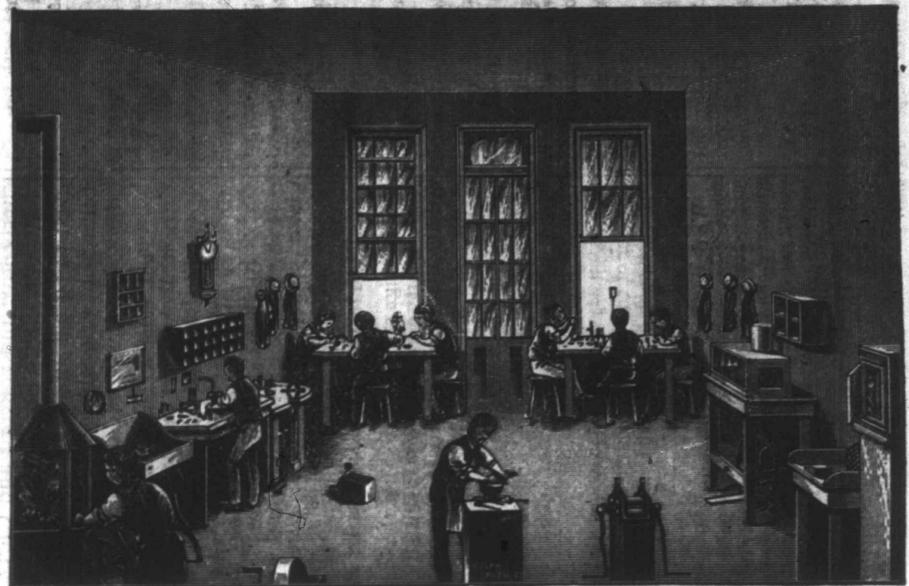
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DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

Dec. 21, 1882.]

Or say if this new birth of ours
Sleeps too within some ark of flowers
Spangled with dewlight? Thou canst clear
All doubt, and manifest the where."

The Puritans put a temporary stop to all such productions; for they denounced not only carols, but Christmas itself. Dr. Warmley, in a tract now very rare, ventured to censure this course, by saying—"Christmase kariles, if they be such as are fit for the time, and of holy and sober composure, and used with Christian solemnity and piety, are not unlawfu', and may be profitable, if they be sung with grace in the heart." When Charles the Second was restored, carols were restored also, but mostly of the gay and reckless kind.

During the last century, the carols sung were mostly in imitation of those of earlier date; and it is not always easy to determine which were new and which old. One, dated about 1700, had a very homely and unpoetical ending:—

"My lay is done; I must be gone.
I can stay no longer here;
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a good new year."

Another, a broadside sheet, printed in 1701, has a woodcut representing Jesus, Mary, Joseph, angels, shepherds, bagpipes, fruitsellers, sheep, oxen, ravens, crows and cocks; the animals and birds have labels in their mouths, denoting a conversation going on about the Nativity. Another begins in the regular street ballad singing style:—

"The five and twentieth of December
Good cause have you all for to remember."

One remarkable carol begins:—

"As it fell out one May morning,
And on a bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of his dear mother,
If He might go to play."

The boys with whom Jesus sought to play scorned him, because he had been born in a manger; but He speaks of them with tender forgiveness. This was a very favourite carol with children. Another was a conversation between the Virgin and the Child, the latter in his cradle; each verse ending with a lullaby. The old topic of the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem was reproduced again and again. In one carol, a farmer refuses the entreaties of his wife to admit the wayfarers, on the ground that they were common-place people, and will only allow them the stable. In another, the arrival at Bethlehem is thus told:

"But when they had enter'd the city so fair,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary whose substance was small,
Could get in the city no lodging at all."

One among many carols printed on broadsides, and sold both in the last and present centuries, chiefly to be sung by children, begins:—

"I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning."

The ships sail into Bethlehem, and contain "the Saviour Christ and his Lady!" Dr. Rimbault, in his little book on Christmas Carols, gives the tune of this carol, strikingly resembling a tune connected with a well-known children's game.

It has been felt by many persons, within the last twenty or thirty years, that Christmas carols ought neither to die away nor to descend to the level of vulgar absurdity. As Christian hymns of joy, relating to the greatest anniversary in the Christian year, they have a definite meaning, which deserves to be expressed in good words and music. It is known that some of the eminent writers in the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts wrote Christmas carols worthy of their fame: while, in the present century, compositions in the nature of carols, if not under that name, have proceeded from the pens of Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Clare, Keble, Tennyson, Mrs. Hemans, etc. Many works have been published having this object of resuscitation in view; some, as those by Sandys, Viztelly, Wright, Rimbault, Sylvester, etc., reproduce the words or music of old carols; while others give the words or music, or both, of new. A collection published by the Christian Knowledge Society, consists of sixteen new carols to old tunes; the words bear a close resemblance to modern hymns, and have nothing distinctive in their characters; while the music is selected from Handel, Haydn, Arne, Jackson, and from certain well-known psalm and hymn-tunes.—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

"On this Christmas day we will shut out from our fireside
Nothing."—*Charles Dickens.*

Room for the living and the dead—
Room for the happy, blooming faces,
With eyes that scarce a tear have shed,
Crowned with their crowns of youthful graces,
Room for the friends whose lives with ours
With equal footsteps walk together,
Through rough and smooth, through snows and
flowers,
Through summer airs and wintry weather.

Draw near, draw near, to-day, at last,
The joys that burn so clear and tender,
The twilight glories of the past,
The coming time with all its splendour,
Come, love, and friend, and wife, and child,
And ghostly forms that long to press us,
With voices like the night-wind wild,
O pray that Heaven may hear and bless us.

Draw round the roaring Christmas hearth,
Clasp hands, and raise your voices higher,
With all the voices of the earth,
To form one universal choir.
Sing, till the music pierce the sky,
From north and south and east and west,
"All glory be to God on high,
On earth ye men of peace be blest."
—*Martin J. Griffin.*

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

WHILE we write, Christmas is approaching—is very near. Before these lines come into the hands of our readers the great day itself will probably have passed by. But its memory will remain, and its octave will be unexhausted. Sad and solemn will the sacred season be to many a heart, if to others it is full of joy and gladness. To many there will remain only a memory of the joy which was once a present reality on Christmas Day. Yet to such, if they are indeed touched by the Spirit of Christ, there will be no moody grudging of the joy of others. Yea, even when the Christmas bells awake sorrowful remembrances, they will touch them with a sacred hope. Many a mourner will be able to say with the pensive poet—

"They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule."

And so, too, shall we bid farewell to the old year, which is passing from us, and welcome the new, which is coming, with its joys and sorrows, labours and sufferings, and hopes and fears, all unknown. One only thing we know—that God is fulfilling His own purposes with us and with the world, and that He has made us fellow-workers with Himself. There is much yet to be done. The most sanguine optimist cannot look back with perfect satisfaction to the past, nor around with unbroken complacency upon the present. There is much of evil and of falsehood to be put down; there is much need of effort to advance the cause of righteousness and truth. If the Christmas bells have told us of God's glory in heaven, and peace on earth to men of good will, surely the New Year's bells may remind us of the work to which we are called for God and for man, in the Church and in the world.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new
Ring happy bells, across the snow;
The year going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
* * * *

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—*Churchman's Magazine.*

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"And well our Christian fires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night.
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas-eve the Mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."
—*Marmion.*

IT must be remembered that these lines of Sir Walter Scott were written in Scotland more than seventy years ago, when probably very few except the Episcopalian "remnant" gave much thought to Christmas except by a grotesque commemoration of "Auld Yule." We can hardly believe, however, that at any time this great festival has been lost sight of in England. Ascension Day has been ignored and almost forgotten; Good Friday has been desecrated; Pentecost has been shorn of the honour which is due to the one great festival of God the Holy Ghost; but Christmas has always lived in the hearts and lives, and observances of the English people as the one great festivity which awoke and exercised at once the domestic, the social, and the religious affections.

If this can be said of the past, it is still more abundantly true of the present. The most inveterate "praiser of the time past" can hardly convince us, or even himself, that the keeping of Christmas in former days was more worthy of Christians or of Churchmen than it is at the present days. Some old customs may be dropping into disuse. The yule log and the ashen faggot may be disappearing, the husky voices of the waits may not now resound through the deserted streets; but Christmas is as much honoured in the family as ever, and it is much more honoured in the Church. Even in the meeting-house, where in former days the religious observance of Christmas would have been denounced as a return to the "beggarly elements" of the law, the song of praise is now often heard arising on the birth-day of the Saviour of the World, and fervent and eloquent appeals are made on behalf of brotherly love and concord and Christian unity.

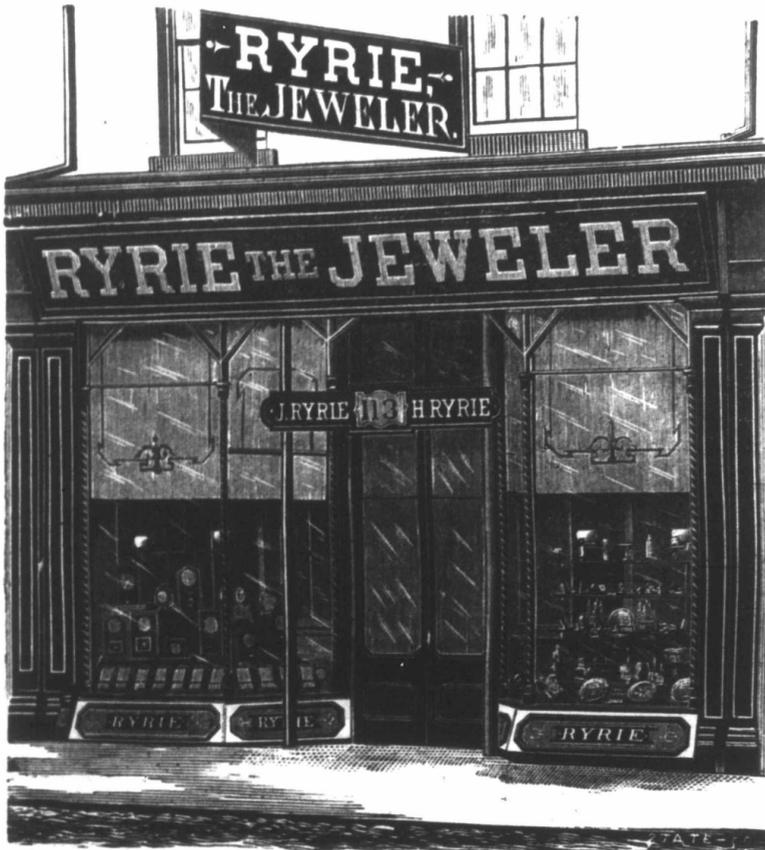
We can hardly wonder that, in some respects even the great festival of Easter, to which the Church has rightly assigned the highest place among her feasts, should in the popular mind hold a position second to that occupied by Christmas. The resurrection of Christ is, indeed, the starting point of all evangelistic work, and the basis of all Christian faith. We derive from it strength to toil and to suffer; it is the source of our hope and our joy. Yet we cannot wonder that the Christian family should find an attraction in the cradle even greater than that of the cross or of the empty sepulchre. When the Father of all takes a little Child and places Him in the midst of us, our hearts are drawn to Him by a power both strong and tender, and not to Him only, but to all who own Him as their Elder Brother.—*Churchman's Magazine.*

Subscribers wanting extra copies of the Christmas Number of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN will forward FIVE cents for each copy required.

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W. S. GARRISON, Patentee, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

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THE INFANT JESUS.

Dear Little One! how sweet Thou art.
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets Thine!

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love.

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleepest.
Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy Mother's will!
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou looketh up into His face
So helpless and so meek.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
This very moment bear.

While Thou art clasping Mary's neck
In timid tight embrace,
The boldest Seraphs veil themselves
Before Thine infant Face.

When Mary hath appeased Thy thirst,
And hushed Thy feeble cry,
The hearts of men lie open still
Before Thy slumbering eye.

Art Thou, weak Babe! my very God?
Oh I must love Thee then,
Love Thee, and yearn to speak Thy love
Among forgetful men.

O sweet, O wakeful-hearted child!
Sleep on, dear Jesus! sleep
For Thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.

A Scourge, a Cross, a cruel Crown
Have I in store for Thee;
Yet why? one little tear, O Lord!
Ransom enough would be.

But no! death is Thine own sweet will,
The price decreed above;
Thou wilt do more than save our souls,
For Thou wilt die for love.—Faber.

MISTRESS SANTA CLAUS.

Much have you heard about old Santa Claus,
But naught, I think, of his good natured wife,
And I must tell you of her, dears, because
In sweetening life for you she spends her life.
She's small and plump, her eyes are brown and bright,
And in a cave she lives that's full of toys,
Where, with her servant elves, from morn till night
She's busy working for the girls and boys.
Yes, quite three hundred days out of the year
Never a single idle hour have they,
For well they know there would be many a tear
Should sugar-plums fall short on Christmas-day.

And oh! and oh! the sugar-plums!
Some brown, some red, and some as white
As snow-flakes when they first alight;
Some holding grapes, some holding cherries,
Some bits of orange, some strawberries,
Some tasting like a peach or rose,
And some that the dainty nuts inclose;
Some filled with cream, and some with spice,
And all so very, very nice.

And oh! and oh! the sugar-plums!
Those funny, funny little elves,
They cram the boxes and the drums,
The bags, the baskets, and the shelves;
They heap them high upon the floor,
In closets pack them two miles long,
And when there is no room for more
They sing a jolly elfish song:
And pretty Mistress Santa Claus,
With sugar sticking to her thumbs
And tiny fingers, laughs aloud
To think of that great eager crowd
Of smiling girls and smiling boys
Awaiting for her husband's toys.

And oh! and oh! the sugar-plums!
And now, sweethearts, when merry Christmas comes,
And you greet Santa's gifts with loud applause,
Remember who sent you the sugar-plums,
And give one cheer for Mistress Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

At last thou art come, little Saviour!
And thine angels fill the midnight with song:
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
Whom thy creatures have sighed for so long.

CHORUS.—All hail, Eternal Child!
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother;
She hath looked on Thy marvellous Face;
Thou hast come to us, Maker of Mary!
And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour!
Art Thou come to us, dearest, at last?
Oh bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother!
This is worth all the wearisome past!

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;—
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother, with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!
On Eternity's jubilant shore.—Faber.

CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHRISTMAS is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the balance of presents and dinners is in one's favour, and the tin-horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very different is Christmas in heathen lands, where the uses of the stocking are unknown, and Christmas trees are hung with unfortunate travellers and unappreciated missionaries instead of glittering and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the north pole, where the nights last for six months, so that even the ablest of the Esquimaux can not distinguish Christmas-eve from Thanksgiving night nor Christmas morning from Washington's Birthday or Decoration-day! Even more depressing is Christmas in Central Africa, as a distinguished English traveller once discovered to his mingled sorrow and danger.

The traveller was a good and noble man. He was engaged in discovering fresh lakes, new kinds of cannibals, and original sources of the Nile in the heart of Africa, and his only desire was to do good to the human race, and to prove that the maps made by other travellers were all wrong. He had been three years in the Dark Continent, and having suffered incessantly from fever, starvation, the rude embraces of the lions and elephants, the bites of deadly serpents, and the cruelties of native kings, was nearly worn out. He arrived late one afternoon on the shore of a mighty lake which no other white man had ever seen, and which was at least five hundred miles distant from any of the various localities in which European map-makers had previously placed it. He lay down under the shadow of the trees, faint with all the various things that predispose a man to be faint in Central Africa, but exulting in the thought that he would compel the map-makers to place Lake Mjambwe where he wanted it, and not where they selfishly imagined that it would present the most picturesque appearance. Suddenly he remembered that it was the 24th of December, and that Christmas-eve would naturally arrive in the course of the next two hours. The thought saddened him. He glanced at his bare feet—for his supply of stockings had long since given out—and he thought of the happy homes in England, where the children were preparing to hang up their mothers' largest stockings, while he must spend the blessed Christmas season among savage heathen and untrained animals. He felt at that moment that he would give his new lake for an hour in his English home, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed himself asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. The woods were vocal with parrots who incessantly remarked, "Polly wants a cracker," and ostriches, and other tropical birds, each singing at the top of its voice. On the bosom of the lake floated immense native canoes bearing parties of excursionists, the music of whose accordions and banjos came over the water to the wearied traveller. He was hungry, and he felt in his pockets for his quinine pills, but they were all gone. He tried to rise to his feet, but he was too weak and rheumatic to rise without help, so he sank back murmuring, "'Tis 'ard, indeed, to die on Christmas among the 'eathen."

The sound of women's voices roused him. Three native women, clad only with the *testae* and *pombo* worn by their sex in that part of Africa, emerged from the forest on their way to draw water from the lake. They saw the traveller, and one of them, moved with compassion, sang in a low, mournful tone: "The poor white trash done come to Africa. He has't no mother for to fry hominy for him, nor no wife for to send to the store with a jug." Enfeebled as he was, the traveller knew that this was wrong, for he had read *Mungo Park's Travels*, and he could not help remarking, "You women don't sing that song as it ought to be sung."

"Sing it yourself, then," retorted the singer, in a cold, heartless way; and thereupon the women passed on, and left the wretched white man to perish.

The cruelty of the women made the traveller so indignant that he resolved to make one tremendous effort for life. He managed to rise, after painful exertions and the use of many scientific terms, and hobbled slowly to a native village about a quarter of a mile away. He had scarcely reached it when he was seized by two gigantic cannibals and dragged to the king's palace, where he hoped that either death or breakfast, he did not much care which, awaited him.

The palace consisted of one large room with an enormous throne, extending entirely across one end of it. On this throne sat twelve native kings in a row, each one with a musical instrument in his hand. The one who sat in the middle looked fiercely at the traveller, and demanded of his captors what was the charge against him.

"Poor white trash, Mr. Johnsing," briefly replied the largest of the two cannibals.

"Mr. Bones—I should say, prisoner," began the king, "what do you say for yourself?"

"I am a white man," replied the traveller; "but I've not had any soap for years, so I plead extenuating circumstances. Besides, I am 'ungry. Will you not give me some breakfast?"

The king's face grew bright with rage—for it could not grow any darker than it was—and he turned to his brother kings, and conversed with them rapidly in the Mjambwe tongue. They were evidently discussing the fate of the traveller, for presently the middle king cleared his throat, and said:

"Prisoner, you have forfeited your life, but we are disposed to be merciful. You ought properly to be baked alive, and afterwards eaten, but we shall pronounce a lighter sentence. You will listen attentively while we sing the opening chorus and the favorite plantation melodies, and you will guess every conundrum, and laugh at every joke. Say I not wisely, Brother Bones?"

A unanimous "Yah! yah!" from the other kings expressed their warm approval.

"No! no!" cried the traveller, in an agony of fear. "Give me some little show. Burn me, if you will, but do not torture me on this 'oly Christmas morning with your awful songs and conundrums. I've 'eard them all at 'ome." And in his desperation the wretched man fell on his knees before the native king who had pronounced the dreadful sentence. That monarch indignant beyond measure, raised his guitar, and struck the traveller a terrible blow over the head. The whole earth seemed to reel, and the doomed white man became unconscious.

When he regained his senses he found himself sitting on the shore of the lake where he had sat the night before. A young man neatly dressed in European clothes stood before him, and remarked, in a graceful way, "Mr. Jones, I believe."

"And you are Mr. Smith, I desay," replied the traveller. "Ave you got anything to heat with you?"

The young man had been sent to find the traveller, He had with him all sorts of stores, including canned plum-pudding and boned turkey. As he drew the traveller's arm in his, and assisted him to the place where breakfast was awaiting them, he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas."

It was the merriest Christmas the traveller had ever known, and when he returned to England with more new lakes and two private sources of the Nile, he said that all his honors could not give him the delight which he had known during his last Christmas in Central Africa after awakening from his terrible dream of the twelve native kings.—*The Family Magazine*.

The giving of Christmas presents has come to be of late years an established custom, and one which causes no little trouble for the givers, for it is no easy matter to discover just what to give as being most acceptable. If those interested, would drop into the store of Ryrie the Jeweler, 113 Yonge St., whose advertisement appears in another column; all this difficulty will vanish, for there are to be found presents of all kinds, useful and ornamental, from the most expensive to the very lowest. We have been personally acquainted with this house for several years, and know it to be thoroughly reliable in all its dealings, and at all times carries one of the most elegant stock of watches, jewellery and silverware.

ENORMOUS PURCHASE.

385

260

190

Ladies' Cloth Mantles

Mens' Winter Overcoats

Boys' Tweed Suits

AT

AT

AT

FORTY PER CENT.

Twenty-five per Cent.

Twenty-five per Cent.

Below Wholesale Prices.

Below Wholesale Prices.

Below Wholesale Prices.

The above Goods are all New and Choice, and manufactured especially for this Season's Trade. The Mantles were purchased from a large wholesale firm in this city, and the Clothing from one of the first manufacturers of Canada.

We do not deal in Bankrupt Stocks or Auction Goods, but we buy large lots of First-Class Goods for cash at Special Prices to clear. This is a grand opportunity for intending buyers to make their winter purchases, as we will sell the above Goods at from Ten to Twenty-five per Cent. below wholesale prices, in order to clear out the whole stock before the First of January.

\$5 MANTLES for \$3.

\$10 MANTLES for \$6.

\$25 MANTLES for \$15.

\$6 OVERCOATS for \$4.

\$12.50 OVERCOATS for \$9.

\$15 OVERCOATS for \$10.

\$6 SUITS for \$4.

\$7.50 SUITS for \$5.

\$9 SUITS for \$6.

"INSPECTION INVITED,"

or to be plain, Come and see our Stock, and if the prices for the above Goods are not as low as we state, don't buy them.

PETLEY & PETLEY,

128 TO 132 KING STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

THE HEART'S CHRISTMAS

Shall lips of listening choirs,
And bells in lofty spires,
Join the first *Gloria* of the angelic throng,
And not, O Heart, in thee
An answering melody
The music of the heavenly host prolong?
With holy zeal and love,
And works thy faith to prove,
Within thyself thy Bethlehem prepare;
Bring to His waiting shrine
The best of what is thine,
Thy gold and frankincense of praise and prayer;
So shall the truest, best fulfilment be
Of type and sign and ancient prophecy.
And when His burning Star
Shines in the east afar,
Rejoice with heart and voice, for unto thee,
On the glad Christmas morn,
Shall Christ be born!

EDITH E. WIGGIN.

LITTLE HANS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

"WHAT is the matter with my dear little Hans to-night?" said his mother, as she paused in her spinning and laid her hand on his head; for he had sat long gazing into the dancing flames of the open fire, and she missed the usual cheery smile from his face, and the glad words with which he was accustomed to entertain her in the long evenings of her toil. It was a poor little hut in which they lived, and ever since the father shut his eyes on that home to open them in a far more beautiful one, Hans and his mother had known what it was to be very poor in this world's goods; but they were rich in faith, and the inmates of many a lordly mansion would have given much to have had the peace and joy that filled their lives.

But there was something unusual to-night in the mind of little Hans, and his face was anxious as he turned it to his mother and said, "Mother, I'm sorry we cannot have a Christmas tree this year, for all the boys and girls at school are going to have one. Oh, mother, don't you think we can?"

His mother's heart grew heavy now, as she felt what his disappointment must be; for in Germany they celebrate Christmas-time far more than here, and it had cost her an effort to tell him, a few days before, that because of sickness she had not been able to earn as much as usual, and therefore she could not this year have any Christmas tree. She turned for answer to him, and showed him a single thaler, which was all the money she had, and also her poor worn-out shoes, which she had long been trying to replace with new ones, and her poor old Bible whose print had grown so fine to her tired eyes, saying, "I'm so sorry for my dear boy, but you see we cannot this year."

He spoke no more for a long time, when he suddenly looked up, saying, "Mother, does not Jesus hear us when we pray always?"

"Yes," she said, "always, my dear boy."

He soon kissed her good-night and went to his little room, where he knelt down by his clean white bed and asked the dear Lord Jesus to send him a Christmas tree. But he thought, "Perhaps He would understand me better if I should write Him a letter and tell Him all about it." So he took his pencil and slowly spelled out the following letter:—

DEAR LORD JESUS,—I am a little German boy, and my name is Hans, and I believe my mother thinks I am a good little boy, but papa has gone to heaven, and we are poor, and this year mother says we can have no Christmas tree; so won't you please send me one? And please to hang some new shoes for mother and a good large-print Bible, for she can't see to read in her old one; and if you please, I would like some new skates. Amen.

LITTLE HANS.

This little letter he put in the post box in the morning, and then ran downstairs with his glad face, which was a great relief to his mother, though she little dreamed the cause.

The intervening days passed on all too slowly for him, but too rapidly for his mother, who feared that grief might return.

Meanwhile let us follow the little letter, which he had put in an envelope directed to the Lord Jesus. It arrested the eyes of the postmaster as he looked over the mail that day, and with a smile he put it in his pocket, for he knew of no mail-coach which would take it any nearer to Him. But that day at his dining-table, he opened and read it, greatly to the merriment of those who heard it. But it chanced (if anything happens by chance) that a wealthy and good lady, one of the children of this same Lord Jesus, was a guest at their house, and her heart was touched, and she said, "Dear little boy, he shall have his Christmas tree. The Lord Jesus will send it through me."

The long-looked-for day arrived at last, and many hearts were beating high with anticipation, for Christmas Eve would come that night. A gentle snow was falling, fast covering the dark earth with its beautiful mantle of white, and Hans stood at the window gazing out on the lovely scene and wondering in what way the Lord Jesus would send his Christmas tree; for not one doubt had he but that it would come somehow. He wondered if it would come down from heaven like the snow that was then falling; and while his little heart was filled with loving thoughts of the dear Christ-child and of the beautiful song which the angels sang to the shepherds so long ago, he heard a rap at his door, which, when opened by his mother, admitted a lady who wished to know if Hans lived there, saying she was sent to take him and his mother to the grand house on the hill, where her mistress wished to see them.

Hans' poor mother was quite bewildered, and could hardly throw her thin faded shawl about her, so tremulous were her hands; but Hans knew in a moment that it was something about his Christmas tree, and he danced about so joyously that he quite shocked her sense of propriety.

The way was not long but he could hardly restrain himself to keep pace with his sober mother; and he himself received a little check when ushered into this princely house, where they were seated in a luxurious parlor. But in a moment his eye fell on a real Christmas tree through the door which was left ajar, and nothing could restrain him further. He bounded towards it, exclaiming loudly, "Tis mine! I asked the Lord Jesus to send it."

His mother was astonished at her usually quiet boy. Just then the kind lady entered and said, "Yes; it is yours; and she opened the door, revealing to them a tree which thrilled the heart of little Hans, who beheld, the first thing, the coveted skates suspended on one side, and amid the lighted candles which covered it many a present which would delight the heart of any boy, English or German.

He then began to search for the Bible he had asked for, which, with a purse of money and many an article of warm clothing, he found hung for his mother. After the tree a bountiful supper was given them, such as the boy had never seen before.

"Oh," said Hans to his mother, "I want to thank the Lord Jesus for all these things before we eat!"

"You had better thank the lady, too," said his mother.

"Yes," said Hans, "but Jesus sent it."

The lady was so delighted with the faith of the little boy that she promised to be their friend in the future, which promise she faithfully performed; and the poor little dwelling through her kindness, became an attractive and comfortable home.—*Children's Friend.*

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

By M. E. K.

AUNT RUTH sat thinking. It is only a week before Christmas, and, as yet, no gift has been decided upon for her pet niece, who lived in a distant city.

It was hard to know what to give Bessie—she seemed so well supplied with everything a little girl could want for comfort or pleasure. She was such a good child, and so unselfish, that she was a general favorite, and her friends, young and old, were always sending her some pretty trinket, until her own room was a kind of museum of love-tokens; every corner was fully her bureau loaded, the table covered, and the walls adorned; in fact it had almost become a proverb in the family that "Whatever Bessie wished for always came."

Now she was ten years old, had declared herself tired of Christmas trees, and announced that to hang up a stocking for Santa Claus to fill was too childish—she should like to keep Christmas some new way. This was what Aunt Ruth was puzzling over. At last, with a look of relief, she exclaimed: "I have an idea! I know it will please her."

She immediately went to her writing-desk, wrote a long letter to Bessie's mamma, and folded into it a crisp bank-note.

On Christmas morning Bessie opened her eyes upon a bright-silver quarter which lay on her pillow. Beside it was a tiny note. She opened it and read:

"DEAR BESSIE: I am one of fifteen silver fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from your Aunt Ruth. Take us all together down to some big store to-morrow, and we will turn into whatever small thing you may wish for."

"Oh, how nice!" said Bessie. "What a funny auntie! always doing something different from other people. I don't quite understand what it all means, but I am glad enough of this bit of spending-money, for I hadn't one cent left."

And, wide awake, she jumped out of bed and began pulling on her stockings, when, to her surprise and delight, she found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each. Two of Aunt Ruth's fairies had taken

possession of her shoes, another faced her in the wash-bowl, and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

"These will almost fill my poor, little empty purse," she thought, as she took it from a drawer and touched the spring—but there, right between the red linings, was the biggest fairy that had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! Mamma was called in continually. And how they laughed over every new discovery!

At breakfast, she was served first to a small piece of silver coin; another, just the same size, shone in the bottom of the glass of water brought her. It was really enchanting—quite like the story of Midas she had just been reading, only whatever he touched turned into gold. She wondered if the chicken, potatoes, and rolls would turn into silver when she tasted them; but, No! Although she looked very suspiciously at everything on the table, not another fairy showed itself.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies, I cannot tell. But what fun she had hunting after the other five, upstairs and downstairs, from attic to cellar, under rugs, in work-baskets, and in every conceivable place! Searching was all in vain, however; fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner-time, when it flew out, most unexpectedly, as Bessie was unrolling her napkin, and its silver mate lay temptingly among the nuts when dessert was brought in.

Bessie spent a happy afternoon sitting in the midst of her many presents, and planning how to spend her little fortune. Some of her fairy pieces should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Johnnie Davis; many times it made her heart ache as she had watched him trying to shovel snow with such red hands. She would carry a basket full of fairy cakes, frosted with pink and white sugar, to old colored Susan (she had overheard her telling the cook that it was many a long day since she had tasted anything nice); she would change her biggest fairy into a pretty doll for that distressed-looking crippled girl who lived around in the alley, and would carry out many other plans of the same sort.

But Mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk, and, rather reluctantly, she turned away from her new treasures to put on her wrappings, and felt in the pocket of her cloak for her gloves. They were missing, but there she found a fairy, and another came sticking out from the bow on her hat, in a most comical fashion.

That night, at supper, a little cake was placed before Bessie's plate, and fairy fourteen came near being eaten, but peeped into sight just in time to be saved from such a fate. How pleasantly and quickly the evening passed! All new things had to be looked at and admired over again. There was one more hunt after the fairy that had not made its appearance; it was unsuccessful, however, and bedtime, that dread of children, came at last. It was strange (for Bessie had ransacked her room five minutes before), but there, quietly resting on the snowy pillow, lay the last of Aunt Ruth's fairies!

While she was undressing, Mamma explained all the mysteries of the day by reading Aunt Ruth's letter, in which full directions had been given. Then she told how Papa had changed the paper money into the newest and brightest coins she could find; how busy she had been hiding them, as Auntie had suggested, and how successfully she had escaped being caught.

"Well, Mamma, it's the merriest Christmas Day I ever knew! I like all my presents very much, but I think I have enjoyed my fairies the most. I know what I shall do to-morrow. I have got it all planned. Some other people shall see fairies too."

And thanking her Heavenly Father for all His good gifts, Bessie tucked the crowded purse under her pillow, lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning, with Mamma to help and advise, Bessie started out on her pleasant errands of love; and the silver fairies disappeared rapidly into all kinds of the oddest shaped parcels, until Bessie's big basket was full, and her arms too. Such fun she had distributing her fairy bundles, and such looks and words of gratitude as she received in return!

"Why, it's nicer than my Christmas, Mamma," she whispered, at she turned to leave the poor little cripple, whom she had made so happy by giving her the first doll she had ever owned.

So, many sad hearts were made glad that day, and the whole long year, by Aunt Ruth's Christmas fairies.—*St. Nicholas.*

In our advertising columns will be noticed the wire window guard advertisement of Messrs. Greening & Co., of Hamilton. We would direct the attention of those who have charge of churches, schools, and other public buildings, to this simple, neat and durable protection against window-breaking. The firm manufactures every kind of wire work, useful and ornamental, at their works in Hamilton.



Goods Purchased

From the Ontario Bank, held as security for
Money advanced to D. Arnott & Co.

- 100 pieces *Black Velveteens*,
25c., 40c., 35c., 45c., 50c. and upwards.
- 200 *German Mantles*,
76c., \$1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 and upwards.
- All-Wool Poplins*,
30c.—worth 50c.
- 100 pieces of *Roller Towelling*,
7½c.—worth 10c. wholesale.
- 1 case of *Dark Grey Waterproof Cloth*,
75c.—worth \$1.00 wholesale.
- 1 case *Blue Irish Serge*,
\$1.75—cost \$2.00 to lay it down in the wholesale.
- 1 case *Wool Clouds*,
50c. each—worth 75c.
- 1 case *Gent's Hand-knitted Wool Gloves*,
35c.—worth 75c. in other stores.
- Ladies' Sleeveless Wool Jackets*,
60c. each.
- 4 cases *Gent's Silk Scarfs*,
15c. each—worth 50c.
- 1 case *Colored Cashmeres*,
37½c.—worth 60c. wholesale.
- 1 case *White Huck Towels*,
15c. and 20c.—worth double the money.
- 1 case *Black Book Muslins*,
8c.—worth 12½c.
- Costume Foule' Cloths, in Garnet, Navy
Blue, Brown, Bronze, Myrtle*,
At 30 cents per yard.
- 20 pieces *Black Silks*,
- 20 pieces *Black Satins*,

- 25 pieces *Colored Satins*.
- 1 case *Ladies' Umbrellas*,
At 35 cents each.
- 10 cases *Grey Flannels*,
25 cents per yard—worth 35 cents.
- 2 cases *Table Linens, 2 yards wide*,
35 cents per yard and upwards.
- Black and Colored Brocaded and Moire
Velveteens*,
At 65 cents per yard.
- Colored Cashmeres, 45 inches wide*,
At 30 cents per yard.
- Black Cashmeres, 45 inches wide*,
At 30 cents per yard.
- Several cases Ribbed Shirts and Drawers*,
40 cents each.
- Double-breasted Shirts, heavy ribbed*,
75 cents each—worth \$1.00.
- 1 case *Drab Mantles*,
\$3.50 each—worth \$5.00 and \$6.00.
- Children's Wool Ulsters*.
- Children's Cloth Ulsters and Jackets*.
- 5 cases *heavy Wool Shawls*,
60c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.00 and up.
- 100 doz. *Linen Handkerchiefs for Gents*.
- 10 bales *Grey Factory Cottons*,
7 cents—worth 10 cents—call and see it.
- White Quilts, Bed Comforters*.
- White and Colored Blankets*.

Immense Stock of SCOTCH, ENGLISH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,
By the yard or MADE UP TO ORDER.

THOS. WOODHOUSE,
NOS. 123 TO 127 KING STREET EAST,
OPPOSITE ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

An Angel voice on Judah's plain
Announced to men a Saviour's birth;
Each Christmas sends the sweet refrain
Re-echoing wider o'er the earth.

Whence come the joys of Christmas-tide?
A Child from Heaven has given us them.
Above all thoughts let this abide.
The Christ is born in Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.

"CHRISTMAS comes, the time of gladness!" Would that it were so! Would that to all the Christian world, Christmas should come as a time of gladness, a time to which all should look forward with pleasant hopes, should thankfully enjoy while present, and look back upon with kindly remembrance when past? Yet, we all know that it is not so in reality, and that although the Christmas publications may exult in their joyous imaginings, and the pages be covered with scenes that might have been borrowed from the court of Comus, *Il Penseroso*, rather than *L'Allegro*, rules the season, for those at least who have passed through the days of thoughtless childhood. Year by year, the family meetings dwindled, place after place is void, and when we separate, we sadly ask ourselves, how many will be left to meet again next year?

There are yet two modes of passing Christmas day, which are used as bye words to express utter misery, namely, Christmas in the prison and in the hospital. Of the former life I have no practical experience, and am not, therefore, qualified to write. But having passed six successive Christmas-tides in a London hospital, I have had many opportunities of noting the behaviour of the patients under such untoward circumstances.

Within the walls of such a building are gathered together a motley assemblage of human beings, differing from each other as completely as if they had been purposely selected from different quarters of the earth. Even within the comparatively small limits of a single ward, will be found such a mixed assembly as perhaps can be seen in no other spot on earth. In the same room may be—and I only relate what I have seen—an aged and venerable country clergyman, unused to the modern Babylon and its ways, who has been struck down by an omnibus while attempting to cross one of the great thoroughfares, and who cannot be moved for many a day yet, without imminent risk of losing his life.

The next bed may contain a costermonger, who has also met with a street accident, but has only himself to blame for it, inasmuch as a man who is too much intoxicated to walk straight on the open pavement, can hardly be expected to guide a laden barrow through the complicated mazes of a crowded thoroughfare.

In the next bed lies a carpenter, whose axe has slipped and nearly cut his left hand in two. He is a quiet old man, and ingenious withal, and while the surgeons are dressing his wound, he is mightily inquisitive about the anatomy of the injured part. He asks for some machine which will render his hand serviceable for work, and finding that no one has contrived anything that will suit his purpose, composes himself to reflection, and invents one for himself; a simple, but effective combination of buff leather and watch-spring. The matter was simple enough to him. He was the foreman, and didn't mean to lose his place. But unless the foreman's work was done, the place would be lost, and the work was undoable without the perfect use of both hands. Therefore, he *must* have the use of both hands, and he had it. I have seen him making a delicate wooden frame for a fancy cabinet, and working at it with perfect ease, the watch-spring slips supplying the place of the several tendons with astonishing accuracy. I like to see a man who will conquer circumstances instead of yielding to them.

Next to our ingenious carpenter lies, or rather sits, a lad who looks exactly as if he had been peppered all over the face, who has no eyebrows, very scarlet eyes, a very bald head, and two linen bundles in the place of arms. This is a young gentleman, who wanted to see a good explosion of gunpowder, and who gratified that inclination by lighting a sheet of newspaper, and pouring the contents of his father's powder flask upon it. He is heartily ashamed of himself, as well he may be, and shows an evident dislike to being questioned. Poor lad, he will have the option of retaining a peppered face for his life time, or of having the grains of unburnt powder separately picked from under his skin. Gunpowder accidents predominate about Christmas and midsummer; I pre-

sume because the boys are at home for their holidays, and enjoy enlarged opportunities for mischief.

Next comes a cot, containing a drum, a horse, a regiment of artillery, a ball, a slate, a Noah's ark, a whip, and a long piece of string with a stick of fire-wood tied to one end of it. Peeping over the edge of the cot is seen the ruddy face of a fine little boy, who has contrived, in some mysterious manner, to climb over the area railings of his house, and fall on the stones below. He has only broken his legs, and children are made of such plastic materials, that they soon get over any such accident, only rebelling at the enforced quietude of the first week or two. He is a general favourite, and many a visitor who casts a casual glance at his cot, gratifies him with a toy, or enriches him with a coin. He has a tin money-box for the last mentioned offerings, and is charmed with the rattle of the coins inside; not because of their value, but because of their noise. He likes all his tops very well, but gives the preference to the string and stick, delighting to fling the stick away, and then drag it back by the string. Thereby he shows himself a genuine Englishman in miniature. His toys must do something more than be looked at. His soldiers will soon be reduced to chaotic fragments, his Noah's Ark pulled to pieces, and the animals deprived of all their limbs. But the string and stick will remain his delight, he will drag the horse about, and run after the bell, and be supremely happy with them.

How differently are all the discordant elements affected by the coming of Christmas day! Some of the poorer kind are delighted with the prospect of good cheer, and in many cases, are found to put in practice all sorts of expedients to retard their recovery, until after Christmas day has passed.

Some of them are equal to any emergency, and can produce a malignant sore, prevent a bone from uniting, quicken or retard their pulse at will, and play such fantastic tricks that they cannot be detected but by an experienced surgeon. An old soldier of indifferent character is sure to be well acquainted with all these ruses, having contrived on the strength of his stimulated ailments, to spend many a week in the military hospital, when he ought to have been at his duty. When he gets into an ordinary hospital, he is certain to impart instruction to those who wish to learn the art of deception, and is such a pest to the ward that he is quietly discharged as soon as his delinquencies are discovered.

On going my rounds, and wishing these poor fellows a happier Christmas next year, I have often been told that they could not be better off, and that they were only too glad to enjoy warmth, clothing, and sufficient food in such a season. Of course, those who belong to a better class of society cannot but grieve that they must be absent from their friends; but even in the extreme case, where a wealthy and refined gentleman is forced to partake of hospital accommodation, the general conditions are not nearly of so sad a character as is popularly imagined. In point of fact, I have seen as many merry faces within the walls of a ward as in the dining-rooms of the rich and thoughtless, who never knew a day's illness.

In order to render the situation as endurable as possible to the one, and as happy as possible to the other, the ordinary and necessarily strict rules are relaxed for this one day, whenever the attendants judge that they can do so with safety. Visitors are admitted freely, and allowed to remain longer than at other times, and always avail themselves largely of this permission; so that the ward becomes quite animated during their stay, and the hum of lively voices fills the air. In some wards, where the patients are all improving, they are allowed to sing—of course under the proviso that the songs are to be committed to censorship before sung. They generally, however, restrict themselves to psalm and hymn tunes—those being most in favour which have a great many flourishes, and where one line is repeated several times in order to make the stanza fit the melody. Last Christmas there was one peculiarly sweet, fresh young voice, proceeding from a little girl in a cot. No one had the least idea that she could sing; but when any psalm tune was started she took the lead, and proved to be perfectly conversant with them all.

Towards noon a growing excitement becomes manifest; and as the minutes pass on the cause is dimly perceptible in a strange and yet familiar odour, wherein beef and raisins strive for the mastery.

In fact the Christmas plum-pudding is about to appear.

The Christmas-tide spent within the walls of a hospital may teach lessons to all who have suffered in common with their fellow creatures. The rough and occasionally profane costermonger finds for the first time that it is quite possible to exist without vice, and to speak without the interpolation of evil language. He is brought into close contact with those of higher and more refined nature than his own, and cannot but learn lessons of good breeding and consideration for others from the conduct that is observed towards himself.

In many cases, he finds the time hang heavily on his hands, takes up some of the well illustrated works which are largely supplied to the wards, and being anxious to understand the illustrations, learns to read, and so advances to the first step towards a higher state of existence than has heretofore been his lot.

One really cannot blame the poor ignorant fellows for the animalized lives which they lead. They know no better. The horrible language which they use, and which really makes one shudder to hear, conveys no particular meaning to them, except that of force and volubility; for they have no knowledge of the true meaning of the words they use. And though they spend their hard earnings in their coarse dissipation, it is simply because they do not know what to do. They must have recreation of some kind, and as, from their ignorance, they have no resources within themselves, and have no real home to which they can go, their only amusements are those which are supplied by the wretched beings who gain their debased living by administering to the gratification of the lowest phases of human nature. For my own part I always liked the costermongers, provided that their stay in the hospital was long enough to have its effects on their previous habits.

Those, again, of a higher class, who have been struck down by a sudden accident, and forced for a while to associate familiarly with those from whom they would have shrunk in health, and whom they barely consider to be fellow creatures with themselves, will also learn their lesson from a Christmas day in the ward of a London hospital. They will discover that among the poor labouring classes may be found as much true politeness, as much self-denial and as much sterling worth of character as among the higher orders to which they themselves belong; and it may be that they find themselves learning many a lesson from those very persons whom they had formerly considered as utterly beneath their notice. It is no small benefit to be able to look beneath the surface, and, if they have learned nothing more from the hospital, they may still find that their residence within its walls has been one of the disguised blessings of which life is so full. And as to the other members of the same ward, too numerous to be individually mentioned, they too perhaps may take to heart one useful lesson, and learn by personal experience that health and strength will not last for ever, and that it behoves them to work while they are yet able, and not to waste the priceless years and energies of youth that will never again return.—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

"THROUGH THE DAY THY LOVE HAS SPARED US.

Pacatum eterni lubet et dare membra quieti.

Quotquot erunt horas nobis amor Iste diurnas
Adfruit, et fessos jam recubare jubet:
Idem adis tacitae vigilantia tempora noctis,
Neu sit ab hoste Tuis irrequieta quies!
Tu dux, Tu comes es: quid Te custode timendumst?
Nempe fide, Jesu, fidere dulce Tuae est.
Hic aliena licet, licet advena terra vocetur,
Hic licet innumerus saepiat hostis itur,
Tu tamen eripias cunctus nos nostraque curis,
Brachia sopitos nos tamen Iste premanit.
Et quum vanuerit visus lux tristis, in alto
Da requie Tecum tempus in omne frui.

The worst enemy which Truth has been compelled to meet in the past, has been its own magnified and distorted, or else its belittled caricature. The exaggeration or diminution of God's requirements in the matter of belief and of duty, are the roots out of which the entire crop of heresy and schism have grown. No doctrinal error ever attained to great prominence in any age of the Church, which did not have some element of orthodoxy behind it. The duty of men is not to strike a compromise between opposing extremes, but to keep within the lines which bound the Church's recognized and authorized Catholicity.

We draw our readers attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Jolliffe & Co., 467 to 471 Queen St. West, Furniture Manufacturers and Importers. In the show rooms of the firm are displayed a very large stock of tastefully designed and well made furniture, spring beds and all necessary articles for completely furnishing. We recommend our friends to call upon them.

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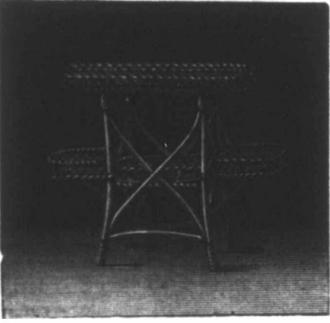
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Children's Department.

COME, little people, one and all,—
Chubby, slender, short and tall,—
Here are dainty Christmas rhymes,
All rung in with Church Bell chimes.
Come and peep, black eyes and blue;
Come and peep, dear gray eyes, too;
Come, you brown eyes, take your
share,—

Rhymes are plenty and to spare,
Merry Christmas to you, dears,
For a host of happy years.

KATIE'S WANTS.

Me want Christmas tree,
Yes, me do!
Want an orange on it,
Lots of candy, too.
Want some new dishes.
Want a red pail,
Want a rocking-horse,
With a very long tail!
Want a little watch,
That says "tick, tick!"
Want a newer dolly,
'Cause Victoria's sick.
Want so many things,
Don't know what to do;
Want a little sister,
Little brother, too.
Won't you buy 'em, mamma?
Tell me why you won't!
Want to go to bed?
No, me don't!

CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

The church bells for service are ringing,
The parents gone forth on their way,
And here on the door-step are sitting
Three golden-haired children at play.

The darlings, untiring and restless,
Are still for the service too small;
But yet they would fain be as pious
As parents and uncles and all.

So each from a hymn-book is singing—
'Tis held upside down it is true;
Their sweet roguish voices are ringing
As if every number they knew.

But what they are singing they know not:
Each sings in a different tone.
Sing on little children: your voices
Will reach to the Heavenly Throne;

For tender your angels are standing,
Who sing to the Father of all:
He loves best the sound of his praises
From children, though ever so small.

Sing on! How the birds in the garden
Are vying with you in your song,
A hopping among the young branches,
They twitter on all the day long.

Sing on! For in faith ye are singing,
And that is enough in God's sight:
A heart like a dove's, pure and guileless,
Wings early to heaven its flight.

Of Jesus, the Babe in the manger,
Of Jesus, the Life, Truth and the Way,
Of Jesus, our Saviour from danger,
We sing on His own natal day!

THE SNOW-BIRD'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

YES, the snow-birds had a Christmas-tree at our home last year—a real tree, just big enough for the dear little things. I'll tell you about it.

We were as happy as we could be around our own beautiful tree, when all at once Roy gave a shout, and pointed to the window. (Roy is my littlest brother. He has love-

ly brown hair, and it's banged in front and hangs way down behind. Mamma says he is the pet of the house, or that Lulu and he are the pets of the house. For Lulu looks very much like Roy, and has the same kind of lovely hair, and it's banged in front and long behind, just like Roy's. Only Lulu is older than Roy.)

Well, when Roy pointed to the window that morning, he called out: "See! See! they want a Kismas tee, too!" And we all looked around, and—what do you think? There on the window-sill were four lovely little snowbirds, looking in at our tree! And they would peck, peck, at the pane, as if they wanted us to open the window.

"Let 'em in! Let 'em in!" shouted Lulu, and she ran to raise the window. But the little birds were afraid of her, and flew away.

But they did not fly very far away—only to a tree out in the yard. And we opened the window and called "Birdie! Birdie!" again and again, and tried every way we knew to get them to come in. But just then it began to snow real hard, and the little birds flew down to a little, low evergreen, and away into the centre of it, where the snow couldn't fall on them.

But the best thing is to come yet. Lulu thought of it. Just when we said the poor little birds would have a real dull Christmas-day, Lulu shouted out: "Oh, I know! We'll make them a Christmas-tree of their own, and take it out and give it to them there in the evergreen."

And then Lulu got Mamma to cut off a little bough from our Christmas-tree, and she stood it up in a paper box, and packed the box all around with pretty blue paper, so that the bough would stand up all by itself. And then she hung the little tree all over with bread-crumbs, and, the first thing we knew, there it was, a perfect little Snowbirds' Christmas-tree!

Then Lulu and Roy put on their pretty, new red caps, and their warm coats, and the took that little Christmas-tree out in the yard, and up to the evergreen where the birds were, and they pushed the limbs away, and set the little box and the little tree in a corner of the evergreen, where it stood up straight. And—if you'll believe it—those birds never flew away at all, but looked just as if they expected it all along! And Lulu and Roy went a few steps away and turned around and stood perfectly still, and in a minute all four of those little birds flew down and helped themselves from their pretty little Christmas tree, and were just as happy over it as we were over ours. Lulu and Roy stood out there in the snow and watched them ever so long. And we could see them from the window, too. And we hope the same little birds will come back this year, and if they do, we're going to give them another Christmas-tree. Would'n't you?

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Magnificent English Levers

at about one-half the usual prices charged by retail dealers for watches of common manufacture, hence the extraordinary business extended to Stewart Dawson & Co. all over the world.

Fifthly—Stewart Dawson & Co., on receipt of remittance, supply every watch on a week's free trial, and return the full price paid to any customer dissatisfied. All are supplied with guarantee and full printed instructions how to use and wind them.

Stewart Dawson & Co. do not expect or solicit flattery or any gratitude for their exertions in placing within the reach of their Canadian customers facilities for purchasing their Watches at the same prices as they are now daily sold at all over Great Britain. Still S. D. & Co. consider that on account of the very high prices prevailing in all parts of America it must be a great boon to all requiring a FIRST-CLASS WATCH to know that they are now able to purchase at their Canadian Branch ENGLISH WATCHES of the very best description for the SAME LOW PRICES as if they resided in England, and purchased the watches there.

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7 7	9 9	5 10	Gent's Keyless English Silver Levers.
8 8	10 10	6 10	Gent's Keyless English Hunting Levers.
6 6	8 8	4 10	Farm servant's Pair-case English Lever.
5 5	7 7	3 10	Ladies' English Silver Levers, best make.
6 6	8 8	4 10	Ladies' English Silver Hunting Levers.
10 10	12 12	6 10	Gent's English Centre second Chronograph.
11 11	13 13	7 10	Gent's English Hunting Chronograph.
14 10	17 10	12 10	Gent's English Gold Levers, very best.
30 0	45 0	18 18	Gent's English Gold Chronograph.
10 10	12 12	8 10	Ladies' English Gold Levers, very best.
6 10	8 10	4 10	Ladies' Elegant Pearl and Gold Watches.
7 7	10 10	5 10	Ladies' Keyless Pearl and Gold Watches.
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For full particulars of all the above Watches see Stewart Dawson & Co.'s watch pamphlet. NOTE—Each Watch sent on a week's free trial on receipt of remittance as per Coupon below;—

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Stewart Dawson & Co. bind themselves to supply either of the above Watches at the reduced price and on the conditions stated, on receipt of this coupon and remittance for amount. (Signed) STEWART DAWSON & CO. P.O. Orders payable at the G.P.O., Toronto.

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NOTICE TO OUR CUSTOMERS IN CANADA.—Our prices being quoted in English money as in England, we take the Dollar in payment at its full value, reckoning it at 4s 2d as above. All orders will also be delivered free, carriage paid in full by us, and each order delivered safe at S. D. & Co.'s own risk by first return of post. Write for Stewart Dawson & Co.'s Watch Pamphlet, 100 pages, post free, for 5 cents in stamps, containing full particulars and illustrations of all our English Watches, as sold in hundreds daily all over England, Ireland and Scotland, together with 40 pages of the most wonderful testimonials from recent purchasers, never equalled in the world where authenticated truths pure and simple from the pens of purchasers in all parts of the universe will convince every intending watch buyer that Stewart Dawson & Co., of Liverpool, England, are the firm to apply to.

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PILES!

Immediately Relieved
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**The Medical
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Sent by post, with complete instructions, on receipt of \$1.
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FRENCH MUSTARD,**
Quarter and half lb. bottles.
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Mason & Hamlin

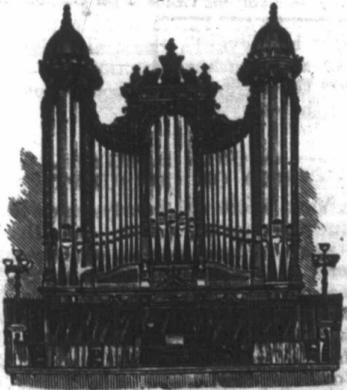
ORGANS are certainly best, having been so decreed at every Great World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years; no other American organ having been found equal at any. Also cheapest. Style 109; 32 octaves; sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular sacred and secular music in schools or families, at only \$32. One hundred other styles at \$30, \$37, \$65, \$72, 78, \$93, \$108, \$114 to \$250 and up. The largest styles are **wholly unrivalled** by any other organ. Also for easy payments. New Illustrated Catalogue free.

PIANOS This Company has commenced the manufacture of Upright Grand Pianos, introducing important improvements; adding to power and beauty of tone and durability. Will not require tuning one-quarter as much as other Pianos. Illustrated Circulars Free.
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These Engines are particularly adapted for blowing Church or Parlor Organs, as they render them as available as a Piano. They are Self-Regulating and never over-blowing. Numbers have been tested for the last four years, and are now proved to be a most decided success. For an equal balanced pressure producing an even pitch of tone, while for durability, certainty of operation and economy, they cannot be surpassed. Reliable references given to some of the most eminent Organists and Organ Builders. Estimates furnished by direct application to the Patentee and Manufacturer, WM. BERRY, Engineer, Brome Corners, Que.

ESTABLISHED 1836. S. R. Warren & Son CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS.

Premises, ---Cor. Wellesley and Ontario Streets, Toronto.



BUILDERS OF ALL THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE DOMINION.
The very highest order of workmanship and tone quality always guaranteed.

Ladies who suffer periodically from pains in the back will find immediate relief in a few doses of **Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure.** It was never known to fail. Try it at once. Your druggist keeps it.

A Perfect Coal and Wood Cook Stove



The Combination

On the principle of the self-feeder. The fire never goes out. Not more expensive in fuel than the common stove or range. As a baker unexcelled. Parties desiring the stove will do well to order at once as only a limited number can be manufactured this season.
Some of those now using the Combination:—
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TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.

HAS REMOVED TO
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Office:—At 65 King St. West.
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230 KING STREET EAST.
All orders promptly attended to. New feather beds and pillows for sale; also a quantity of new mattresses. Cheap.

PHOSPHATINE.

To the Medical Profession, and all whom it may concern.
NEWMARKET, March 21, 1882.

MESSES. LOWDEN & CO., Toronto.
GENTS.—I have taken one bottle of Dr. Austin's Phosphate, recommended by Dr. Bentley, of this place, and have received great benefit from it. I believe that after taking five or six bottles I shall be quite free from a nervous tremour which has troubled me since I was 16, and now am (61) sixty-one years of age.
Yours truly,
J. S. WETHERILL.

LOWDEN & CO., Sole Agent for the Dominion, 35 Front Street East, Toronto.

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Carved Brackets,
Fancy Tables,
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Suitable for Christmas Presents, at

PETERKIN BROS., 71 Queen-street, West, Toronto.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home, easily made. Bestly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO. August Maine.

12 beautiful Christmas Cards assorted, 12 imported. Colors sent on receipt of 25 cts., by return mail. Less than one-half they will cost elsewhere. **WILLIAM M. DONALDSON & Co.,** 115 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A BIG INVESTMENT.—G. M. Everest, of Forest, states that Hagar's Pectoral Balsam still holds its own amongst the many cough medicines in the market. He says that he has sold it for nearly sixteen years, and the sales are steadily increasing. One family has purchased over 60 bottles for various members and friends.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes:—"Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood in full vigor.

ANNUAL VOLUMES, 1882.

British Workman, 50c.
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Band of Hope Review, 35c. The Pri e, 50c.
Child's Own Magazine, 35c.
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Mailed post-paid on receipt of price.
JOHN YOUNG,
UPPER CANADA TRACT SOCIETY,
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Manufacturers of
COLLARS, SHIRTS, CUFFS, &c.,
Importers of
MEN'S UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, SCARFS, TIES, UMBRELLAS, &c.
Clerical Collars, &c., in Stock and to Order
109 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY
Manufacture those CELEBRATED CHIMES AND BELLS for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, etc. Price-list and Circulars sent free.
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WALL PAPERS
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UNDERTAKER,
239 YONGE ST.
No connection with any firm of the Same Name.

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Steam Dye Works,
334 YONGE ST., opposite Gould.
THOMAS SQUIRE,
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N.B.—The only house in Toronto that employs first-class practical men to press Gentlemen's Clothes.

TIMMS, MOOR & Co.
PRINTERS,
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Office over Willing and Williamson's store.

Every description of Church, Professional and Commercial work promptly executed at lowest rates.
Orders left at the DOMINION CHURCHMAN Office will receive our best attention.

50 all Lithographed chrome cards, 25 alike, 10 Agts. big Outfit, 10c. **GLORIE CARD Co.,** No. 74

BOTANIC GOLDEN HEALTH AND LIVER PELLETS.
If you are suffering from Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Piles, Pimples, Skin diseases, Headaches, Urinary diseases, and Diseases of the Womb. The best health restorative ever discovered, and declared by all who have used them: "Worth a Guinea a box."
Price Twenty-five cents.
Send for Circular.
D. L. THOMPSON & Co.,
Sole Proprietors, TORONTO.

R. CURESTON,

(Over five years foreman to G. S. McConkey)
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
Pastry, Cakes and Confectionery,
Jellies, Charlotte Russe, Blanc Mange, etc. Jelly-Tongues, Boned Turkey, etc., to order. A full line of Confectionery. Wedding Cakes made on short notice.
324 Queen Street West, Toronto.
Terms Cash. First-class articles only



**NORMAN'S
ELECTRIC BELT**
Institution,
Established, - 1874.
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NERVOUS Debility, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Paralysis, and all Liver and Chest Complaints immediately relieved and permanently cured by using ELECTRIC BELTS, BANDS, and INSOLES.
Circulars and consultation free.

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BOOKBINDER,
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Account and Blank Book Manufacturer, Paper Ruler, etc.
Special Tenders for the Binding of Clergymen's, Sunday School, Circulating and Public Libraries.
Manufacturer of THE NEW FLEXIBLE PAD for Headings and Office Stationery.

CONSUMPTION



And all like diseases of the Head Throat and Chest, including the Eye, Ear and Heart, successfully treated at the
Ontario Pulmonary Institute,

No. 135 Church Street, opposite the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Ont. **M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D., M.C.P.S.O.,** Proprietor.

The only Institute of the kind in the Dominion of Canada
All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by the most improved medicated Inhalations, combined with the proper constitutional remedies.
Nearly 40,000 cases successfully treated during the past sixteen years for some form of head throat or lung troubles.

CONSUMPTION.
There is a point which we would advert, and that is the unwillingness of those suffering from diseases of the chest to acknowledge themselves in any danger until their disease has reached an advanced stage. This arises, no doubt, in a great degree from the presumed hopelessness of such cases. We would warn all who have a frequent desire to "clear the throat," and who become fatigued and "out of breath" on every slight occasion, that they are on the high road to all those changes and symptoms which constitute pulmonary consumption—that the disease begins in a majority of cases as "cold," ending in "sore throat;" that gradually it extends down the windpipe, rendering the voice slightly hoarse and indistinct, first observed on reaching aloud, and that finally involves the bronchial tubes and the air-cells. The seat of the primary disease is in the mucous membrane of the throat, windpipe and bronchial tubes. The expectoration comes from this membrane, and the tubercular matter is deposited on its surface. If, therefore, they would avoid the dangers which attend consumption in its advanced stage, they will not disregard those signs of impending evil, but by prompt and judicious means seek to restore the offending organ to its former tone and health.
By the system of Medicated Inhalation thousands of cases are cured after all hope of a cure is past. And thousands are to-day living witnesses of this very fact.
Consultation free and prices of the Institute are within the reach of all.
If possible call personally for consultation and examination, but if impossible to do so write for a "List of Questions" and "Medical Treatise." Address
ONTARIO PULMONARY INSTITUTE,
135 Church-st., Toronto, Ont.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD The Light Running Domestic.

A. W. BRAIN, Sole Agent, and general Sewing Machine Agent. Repairs of all kinds of sewing machines, needles and parts for all machines.
Office, 7 Adelaide-st. East
TORONTO.

Cingalese is the name of a widely and favourably known hair restorer, which is not recommended to do utterly impossible things, but then nothing is better for keeping the hair in a good condition and restoring it when lost, if the scalp is capable of being toned up to exert its proper functions. Sold at 50 cents per bottle by all druggists.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our kindly helpers who contribute items of Diocesan Intelligence, will please excuse the delay which will occur in publishing the news they have sent. Next week we hope to make ample amends. We wish them very cordially all reasonable blessings.

CHRIST IN THE DWELLING.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

'Twas Christmas eve, and still and deep
The snow untrodden lies;
And stars are glancing, cruel-bright,
High in the frosty skies.

Slow through the village-street he came,
That beggar old and wan,
Weary and falt'ring, hunger press'd,
With garments scant and torn.

And sad, and slowly, as he went,
He plaineth evermore,
"For Christ's dear love, have pity on
The homeless and the poor."

"I have so many little ones
At home to clothe and feed,
Not e'en a groat have I to spare,
However great thy need."

And sad, and slowly, as he went,
He plaineth evermore,
"For Christ's dear love, have pity on
The homeless and the poor."

"The feast is spread, the dance is set,
The music waits for me;
I cannot stay to hear thy plaint,
However sad it be."

Still sad, and slowly, on he came,
And plaineth evermore,
"For Christ's dear love, have pity on
The homeless and the poor."

"Business and duty call me hence,
Indeed I cannot stay;
I'll hear thy case, if leisure serve,
Perhaps another day."

Thus heeding not, or hearing not,
They pass'd him by; or worse,
They gave him mockingly, "God speed,"
Or gave him hasty curse.

Then paused his faltering steps awhile
Before a cottage-door,
"For Christ's dear love, for Jesu's sake,
Have pity on the poor."

"For Christ's dear sake," thro' opening
door
A stream of fire-light came—
"Whoe'er thou art, this blessed eve
Thou'rt welcome in Christ's name."

They changed his garments, scant and
worn,
They bathed his weary feet,
Poured oil into his gaping wounds,
And set before him meat.

Thus warm'd, and fed, they laid him
down
To rest, on their own bed;
"God send you rest," they said, "Good
night."
"Christ be with you," he said.

* * * * *

'Twas Christmas morn, the sun shone
bright,
And through the frosty air
The joyous bells rang forth a call
To join in praise and prayer.

"Go to the stranger's room, my child,
And if he be awake,
Bid him with us to praise and prayer
This day, for Jesu's sake."

Within the humble room there shone
A mild celestial light,
Nor lamp, nor fire, might give that glow,
Nor heavenly sunbeams bright.

And in the midst a sweet young child
With raiment full and fair,
A wreath of fadeless roses twined
Among his radiant hair.

"Fear not," he said, and sweet and low
His voice fell on the ear;
"Ye took me in for Christ's dear sake,
And Christ himself is here."

"The shelter and the succour given,
The clothing and the bread,
Unto the least of My poor lambs,
Is giv'n to me instead."

Henceforth, upon that humble home,
God's richest blessings fell,
A peace surpassing knowledge,
No mortal words can tell.

Not perfect rest from toil or care,
From tears not full release,
But, still through every trial there,
God's presence gave them peace.

E. F.

Messrs. Darling & Currie, Architects,
have just completed the plans for a large
addition to the premises occupied by
Petley & Petley, King-street East. The
rear portion of the building will be pul-
led down, and a handsome new building
ninety by fifty-five feet will be erected
in its stead.

Mr. Harry A. Collins, 90 Yonge St.,
Toronto, exhibits a large stock of House
Furnishings for the holidays. If any of
our readers require anything in that
line they will be well supplied at this
reliable establishment, and will find Mr.
Collins an obliging and courteous gen-
tleman to deal with. See advertise-
ment.

We would draw our reader's atten-
tion to the announcement in our col-
umns, of the great sale going forward at
the ware-rooms of Thos. Woodhouse,
128 to 127 King St. E. In addition to a
full stock in his ordinary lines of Dry-
goods, there are immense piles of neatly
made clothing. Mr. W. having just
purchased the stock of D. Arnott & Co.,
is now selling at a great reduction. We
counsel our readers to visit this estab-
lishment and inspect the stock.

"Ma, I came very near being at the
head of my class to-day." "Why, my
son, how is that?" "Well, you see,
there was a big word came all the way
down the class to me, and if I could
have spelled it I would have gone right
up. I am so sorry, ma, for you know
you promised me that when I got head
you would take me down to Petley's and
buy me one of those nice tweed over-
coats, the same as all the boys are wear-
ing now."

Charles Stark's great and varied
stock of Watches, Jewellery, plated
Ware, and Fire-arms will be noted in
our advertising columns. The articles
are all at rock bottom cash prices. C.
S's wonderful expansion of the Fire-arms
department is extraordinary—four years
ago he commenced with less than a doz-
en stand of arms, his stock now em-
braces nearly a thousand. We re-
commend our readers to call at Mr.
Stark's establishment, 52 Church and
1 Court Streets' near King

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is coming. Yes, it is com-
ing very soon. We see signs of it on
every hand. Indeed, the air is full of it,
and we have no doubt the minds and
hearts of our young friends are not think-
ing or caring for much else. We are
afraid they will not care to read anything
we have to say, unless it be about festi-
vals, candles, trees, presents, bright
skies and good cheer generally. Now,
we would not for the world say or do
anything to put a damper upon these
happy anticipations. No, not we. We
were once boys and girls ourselves, and
we know exactly how they feel and
what they want. All we wish to do is

to make our Christmas season still more
bright and happy. Our good old fathers
used to say to us:—Now, boys, be as
happy as you can. Get your Christmas
tree. Cover it all over with red, white
and blue candles; with glass balls, big
and little; with cornucopias, with dolls,
with baskets, with oranges—indeed,
with everything you can think of. Then
hang up your stockings—both of them—
and think and believe you will not be
disappointed. But—but, boys, be careful
that you are not selfish. Think of
others. Remember how many there are
who never have much of a Christmas.
Now, do you just think of them, and be
sure that you do something to brighten
up the Christmas time to them. Jesus
gave up everything when he came into
this world to make your lives bright and
happy. Go and be like Him, and then
what a Christmas you will have! You
know of plenty of families where just a
few things would make the mother and
children as happy as queens. Yes, and
more too, you will be a hundred times
more happy yourselves. Remember that
this same Jesus who gives you such a
Christmas says:—"It is more blessed
to give than to receive."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from active
practice, having had placed in his hands
by an East Indian Missionary the formula
of a simple vegetable remedy for the
speedy and permanent cure of Con-
sumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma,
and all Throat and Lung affections;
also a positive and radical cure for
General Debility, and all nervous com-
plaints; after having thoroughly tested
its wonderful curative powers in thou-
sands of cases, feels it is his duty to
make it known to his fellows. The re-
cipe, with full particulars, directions for
preparation and use, and all necessary
advice and instructions for successful
treatment at your home, will be re-
ceived by you by return mail, free of
charge, by addressing with stamp or
stamped, self-addressed envelope to
DR. J. C. RAYMOND,
164 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

NEW INVENTION.—On the sixth of
March last I obtained a patent in Can-
ada, for changing common windows to
Bay Windows. The invention is also
patented in the United States, and is
having a large sale in every State. I
have sold twenty-two counties in Can-
ada, and offer the remainder for sale, or
will take a partner; the right man with
\$200 capital can secure the manage-
ment and an interest in the business.
Canadian references given.—Address,
W. S. Garrison Cedar Falls, Iowa,
U. S. A.

A. Chard, of Stirling, in a recent letter
states that he met with an accident
some time ago, by which one of his
knees was severely injured. A few ap-
plications of Hagyard's Yellow Oil af-
forded immediate and complete relief.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTMAS.

THE early history of the festival
of Christmas is involved in obscu-
rity, and the practice of the primi-
tive Church was diverse. In the
Eastern Church the Feast of the
Epiphany was that on which the
birth of the Saviour was commem-
orated: But by the fourth or fifth
of December there seems to have
been observed, in most parts of
the Christian world, St. Chrysostom,
in one of his sermons preached on
Christmas Day, in congratulating
himself and his hearers on there
being such an observance of the
festival as he had long desired;
goes on to say, "It is not yet ten
years since we knew that this was

truly the day of the Nativity," and
he proceeds to state that it had
been known from the beginning
to the Westerns, and it was from
them they had learnt it. It was,
he says, "the inhabitants of Rome
who first knew the truth in this
respect, for they have long celebra-
ted this day, in conformity with an
ancient tradition."

This sermon, delivered at Anti-
och, probably in the year 386, shows
that at Rome, at least, the 25th of
December had been long observed,
and that it was then coming into
general use in the East. A story
is told that Cyril of Jerusalem
having written to Bishop Julius
of Rome on the subject, the latter
declared that he had examined
the records and found that the
Nativity should be celebrated on
the 25th December. It would
further appear, both from the
sermon of St. Chrysostom and
from other ancient testimonies, that
there was a good deal of murmur-
ing in the East when the bishops
began to keep the feast of the
Nativity apart from that of the
Epiphany, the people declaring
that they were dividing the feast
and casting them into idolatry.
To the Roman testimony as to
the day, we may add that of St.
Augustine, who says that the
"Consent of the Fathers hands
down that the day of the Nativity
of the Lord is on the eighth day
before the Kalends of January."

Whatever claim the 25th of De-
cember may have to represent the
birthday of the Saviour of the
world, it has at least the sanctity
which belongs to the use and asso-
ciations of many centuries. And
for this must ever be sacred and
venerable. On this day we cele-
brate the birth of our Lord and
Saviour Jesus Christ, the Son of
God and the Son of man. On this
day our fathers, throughout many
generations, have kept the feast.
Well, therefore, may we put aside
any questioning as to the exact
day which is thus represented, and
stir ourselves up to gratitude and
joy as we give thanks to God for
"His unspeakable gift"—*Church-
man's Magazine*.

Undoubtedly the best medicine to
keep on hand for Colds, Coughs, Asthma,
Bronchitis and Pulmonary troubles gen-
erally, is Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It
will not cure Consumption, but it will
cure those troublesome conditions lead-
ing thereto.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER
CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

When death was hourly expected, all
remedies having failed, and Dr. H.
JAMES was experimenting with the many
herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a
preparation which cured his only child
of Consumption. His child is now in
this country enjoying the best of health.
He has proved to the world that
Consumption can be positively and
permanently cured. The Doctor now
gives this recipe free, only asking two
three-cent stamps to pay expenses.
This herb also cures night-sweats, nausea
at the stomach, and will break up a fresh
cold in twenty-four hours. Address
CRADDOCK & CO., 1082 Race Street,
Philadelphia, naming this paper.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Blessed old Santa Claus! King of delights, What are you doing these long winter nights? Filling your budgets with trinkets and toys Wonderful gifts for the girls and the boys? While you are planning for everything nice,

Pray let me give you a bit of advice. Don't take it hard, if I say in your ear, Santa, I think you were partial last year; Loading the rich folks with everything gay, Snubbing the poor ones who came in your way; Now, of all times in the year, I am sure This is the time to remember the poor.

Plenty of children there are in our city Who have no fathers or mothers to pity; Plenty of people whose working and heading Scarcely can keep all their dear ones from needing. Now, if I came every year in December, They are the ones I should surely remember.

Little red hands that are aching and cold, You should have mittees your fingers to hold; Poor little feet, with your frost-bitten toes, You should be clothed in the warmest of hose. On the dark hearth I would kindle a light, Till the sad faces were happy and bright.

Don't you think, Santa, if all your life through, Some one had always been caring for you, Watching to guard you by night and by day, Giving you gifts you could never repay; Sometimes, at least, you would sigh to recall How many children have nothing at all?

Safe in your own quiet chamber at night, Cozy and warm in your blankets so white, Would't you think of the shivering forms Out in the cold, and the wind, and the storms; Would't you think of the babies who cry, Pining in hunger and cold till they die?

Once, on a beautiful Christmas, you know, Jesus, our Saviour, was born here below; Patiently stooping to hunger and pain, So He might save us, His lost ones, from shame. Now, if we love Him, He bids us to feed All His poor brothers and sisters who need.

Blessed old Nick! I was sure, if you knew it, You would remember, and certainly do it; This year, at least, when you open your pack, Pray give a portion to all who may lack; When, if you chance to have anything over, Bring a small gift to your friend— KITTY CLOVER.

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, and CONSUMPTION in its first stages, are treated at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 178 Church Street, Toronto, where the Spirometer is used, an instrument invented by Dr. M. Souville of Paris, and ex-aide surgeon of the French army, which conveys the medicines in the form of cold inhalations to the parts diseased. Suitable constitutional treatment is used when required. Consultations and a trial of the Spirometer free. Poor people bearing certificates furnished with the instrument free. When not convenient to visit the office write, enclosing stamp, for pamphlet giving full particulars to International Throat and Lung Institute, 178 Church street, Toronto, or 18 Philips square, Montreal.

THE Hair Brush

POSITIVELY CURES Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache & Neuralgia in 5 mins. Toothache, Dandruff, Falling Hair, Baldness. Not WIRE Brushes.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT. IF FATHER

is getting Bald, and Mother suffers constantly from Headache or Neuralgia; if Sister is prematurely Gray, and Brother is troubled with Dandruff or crazed with agonizing Toothache—we will guarantee to cure all so afflicted if you will act upon the following advice: On Christmas present them, one and all so suffering, with Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Brushes. They are splendid—pure bristle, elegantly carved Brushes, and remarkably well adapted for Christmas Presents, nicely fitting Santa Claus' stockings whether large or small. Remember they are not toys, but genuine useful articles, doing good service for years, and adapted to any person. Thousands of the best families in America and England use them and speak in the highest terms of their wonderful cures. Last year we were so crowded with Christmas orders that we had to disappoint some. Therefore order now in good time. This season we offer greater inducements, as follows: The price is \$4 each; but to families wanting three Brushes, we will send them postpaid on receipt of \$12.50, or six for \$15. They are also for sale in all drug and fancy stores; but these are special Christmas prices to those ordering direct, and sending the amount to us. We pledge ourselves to return the money if not as represented. Ask your druggist or fancy goods dealer to show them to you.

THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOC'N, 842 Broadway, New York.

THE Flesh Brush

QUICKLY CURES Rheumatism, Lumbago, Paralysis, Palpitation, Impure Blood, Liver Complaints & Backaches. Not WIRE Brushes.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size \$1. For sale by all dealers. T. HILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE!

Quality and Quantity Always Uniform. For sale by Grocers. D. S. WILTZBERG, Proprietor, 23 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co Portland, Maine.



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KENTISH COB NUTS, Crystallized Fruits, all kinds of Canned Fruits and Vegetables. The best Brands of SALT WATER OYSTERS, Shrimps, Prawns, Lobsters, etc., in their seasons.

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O. B. Sheppard, Manager. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 18, 19 and 20,

MAUDE GRANGER

IN

The Planter's Wife.

Remainder of the week, THE HARRISONS.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE—King St.

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Jos. J. Dowling

And a full Dramatic Corps.

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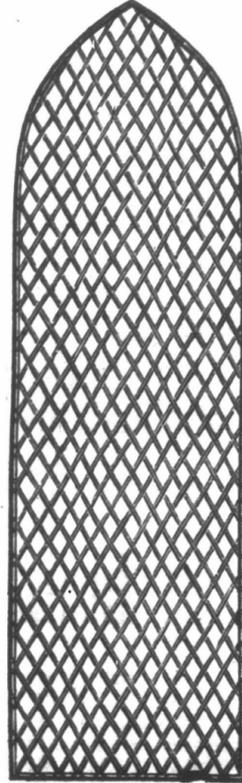
Or, Early Life in Colorado. Prices as usual. Box Office now open. Christmas Matinee Monday, December 25th—Maxwell's great SPECTACULAR AGGREGATION.

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Security Three to Six Times the Loan without the Buildings. Interest semi-annual. Nothing ever been lost. 25th year of residence and 5th in the business. Best of references. Send for particulars if you have money to loan. N.B.—Costs advanced, interest kept up and principal guaranteed in case of foreclosure.

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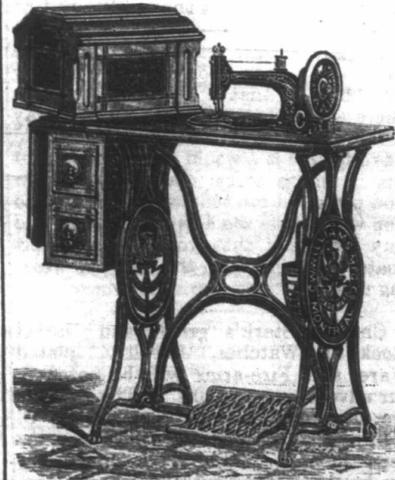
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Wire Window Guards for Churches or Public Buildings, with arch, gothic or square top.

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Sewing Machines

Are taking the lead everywhere. REASON WHY: Because they give the best satisfaction.

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Prints Cards, Circulars, Labels, Tracts, every thing needed by business men, churches, schools, &c. Strong, rapid, and a boy can manage it and earn hundreds of dollars a year. 10,000 sold. Ouths, including Press, Type, &c., from \$5. to \$10. and up. Send 3 cent stamp for 20 page Illustrated Price-List and two gorgeous floral book markers printed on Model Press. J. W. Daugherty & Co. Mfrs. 1721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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\$5 to 20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STRINSON & Co Portland, Maine

THE PLACE

For all kinds of Xmas Cards, Albums, and other FINE ART GOODS.

H. J. MATTHEW'S AND BROS., 93 YONGE STREET, Who have commenced their usual Christmas Clearing Sale, wholesale and retail.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety and low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Bradley, Garretson & Co., Brantford, Ontario, Canada

A SECRET.—The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health, without the one the other is impossible. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions, and opens the avenue to health by purifying and regulating all the organs to a proper action. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek.

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Artistic Wall Papers.

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Hardware House,

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GENERAL HARDWARE,

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Skates, Plated Goods, Cutlery.

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Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability.

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"ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,"

With 18 full pages wood engravings, beautifully executed, and a large picture, presented in colour, entitled, "CINDERELLA,"

from the painting by J. E. Millars, B.A.

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With 14 full page illustrations in colours, and large presentation plate, by J. A. Mellars, entitled "LITTLE MRS. GAMP."

Tales, Stories, etc.

Also in a few days, YULE TIDE, with large presentation plate, beautifully printed in colours (one of the finest of the Year's Annuals), and several full page wood engravings. Tales, Stories, etc. Price of each Holiday Number, 50 cents, including postage.

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On the largest scale by the most perfect and powerful oxy-hydrogen apparatus extant, with the same effects as originally produced at the Royal Polytechnic, London, Eng. Special terms to churches, etc., who wish to have these attractive entertainments.

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All Kinds of Church and Domestic Glass

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MOLLER'S
COD-LIVER OIL
Cheapest
Superior to any. Highest medical authorities testify to its delicacy of taste and smell. For sale by Druggists.
W.H. Schieffelin & Co. (Wholesale Agents) N.Y.

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FRINK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Softest, Cheapest and the Best Light known for Churches, Schools, Sewing Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get Circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.
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J. & R. LAMB, BANNERS.
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I White Oats F White Wheat A
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Cleaned from all hulls and impurities. Being already thoroughly cooked, can be prepared for the table in ten minutes. Saving fuel, saving time, saving waste, saving health. The most nutritious foods in the world. Send for circulars containing certificates and directions for use. Prices reduced. For analysis all grocers. Ask for A.B.C. only. Samples of invitations! THE CEREALS M'F'G CO'S American Breakfast Cereals. Office, 35 Murray St., N.Y.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Our Stock of **HOUSE FURNISHINGS** is now complete in an endless variety of the very latest novelties and all the requirements of a well-equipped house. Attention is directed to our beautiful styles of **FENDERS, FIRE IRONS** and **SCUTTLE** to match; in gilt and burnished steel. **LIBRARY LAMPS, PULLEY HALL LAMPS, FANCY DECORATED LAMPS** and **CHANDELIERS.** Full lines in **GRANITE IRON TEA-POTS, COFFEE-POTS** and **TEA SETS.** In **PLATED WARE--RODGERS' CELEBRATED KNIVES, FORKS** and **SPOONS,** in the Tipped, Newport and Crown Patterns. **SILVERWARE--CASTORS, TEA SETS, PICKLE STANDS, NAPKIN RINGS** and **CAKE BASKETS.** **COMMUNION SETS A SPECIALTY.** Also just received, another supply of the **SELF-BASTING BROILER, NEW FRYER** and **JAPANNED TOILET SETS.**

As the principle on which we commenced business--"LOW PRICES FOR GOOD ARTICLES"--is still maintained, we have no hesitation in saying that no person will ever leave the "**HOUSEKEEPER'S EMPORIUM**" with anything but satisfactory proof that we have the cheapest, most varied, and largest assorted stock of any house in the trade.

HARRY A. COLLINS'
HOUSEKEEPER'S EMPORIUM,
90 YONGE ST., WEST SIDE,
A FEW DOORS NORTH OF KING ST.

LABATT'S
India Pale Ale!
AND
BROWN STOUT
Received the highest awards of merit for purity and excellence.
PHILADELPHIA1876
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TESTIMONIALS SELECTED.
I hereby certify that I have examined samples of JOHN LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE, submitted to me for analysis by JAS. GOOD & CO., agents for this city, and find it to be perfectly sound, containing no acetic acids, impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor.
HENRY H. CROFT.
Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

I hereby certify that I have analysed several samples of INDIA PALE ALE and XXX STOUT, from the brewery of JOHN LABATT, London, Ont. I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops. I have examined both the March and October brewings, and find them of uniform quality. They may be recommended to invalids or convalescents where malt beverages are required as tonics.
Signed, **JOHN EDWARDS, Phy.,**
Professor of Chemistry and Public Analyst.

All first-class grocers keep it. Every ale drinker should try it.
JOHN LABATT
LONDON, ONT.,
JAMES GOOD & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
220 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN,
—AT—
H. & C. BLACHFORD,
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Agents wanted. \$5 a Day made selling our New HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 5 lbs. Price, \$1.50. Domestic Scale Co., Cin. O.

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THE FOLLOWING PROFIT results in this Association will be of interest to intending insurers:
Policy No 618, issued in 1872, at age 30 for \$1,000 on the All-life plan. Annual premium \$20.80.
At the Quinquennial Division on the close of 1876, the holder elected to take his profits by way of TEMPORARY REDUCTION of Premium, and had the benefit of the same.
This Policy-holder will, at the ensuing Quinquennial Division, after the close of the present year (1881), have a TEMPORARY REDUCTION for the ensuing FIVE years \$978, EQUAL to 46.91 per cent. of the annual premium.
The cash profits for the five years are \$493, equal to 41 per cent. of the premiums paid during that period.
The cash profits if used as a PERMANENT REDUCTION would reduce all future premiums by \$2.65, equal to 12.68 per cent. of the annual premium.
The above unsurpassed results are the profits for the SECOND FIVE YEARS of the policy.
The next Quinquennial Division takes place as early as possible after close 1881.
President,
Hon. Sir W. P. HOWLAND, C.B. K.C.M.G.
J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE CO.

Guarantee Fund. . . . \$100,000
Deposited with Dom. Govt. . . \$50,000
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J. L. BLAIKIE, Esq.

In thanking you for the promptness with which you have paid the amount of your policy, No. 3838, on the life of my late husband, I feel it is only due to you and the insuring public, that the liberal treatment you extend to claimants, as proved in my case, should be made known. A little over one year ago my husband insured his life in your Company. I advised you this afternoon of his death, which occurred early this morning, and I was pleased to find that you paid the amount of the policy in full on my call at your office, and furnishing you with satisfactory evidence of his decease.
JANE ELIZABETH FRANKLIN.

—THE—
FEDERAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Head Office, - Hamilton.
Capital Subscribed . . . \$700,000
Deposited with Dominion Government . . . 51,100
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Before insuring elsewhere examine the liberal plans and benefits offered by this Company.
POLICES ARE NON-FORFEITABLE after three full years premiums have been paid.
EXAMPLE—Age 35—After the Policy has been kept in force three years, on the ordinary life plan, it will be continued in full for two (2) years and 298 days longer, without further payment of premiums.
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Managing Director.

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WORKS.

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94 and 96 Bay Street.
CHURCH GLASS IN EVERY STYLE.
FREE TO ALL!

One set (3) Silver Steel Tea Spoons, 1 Silver-plated Sugar Shell, 2 dozen colored Japanese Knapkins, 1 elegant colored Engraving, The Lord's Prayer, with colored portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Garfield and Arthur, size 19x24 inches. All sent post paid, provided you will cut this out and return with 10 cents postage to the publishers, J. C. McQuinn & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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ROBE MAKERS, ETC.,

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FROM OUR STOCK OF
CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

- Fifty Perfect Poems. Selected and edited by Charles A. Dena and Rossiter Johnson, with 70 illustrations; bound in silk, gilt edges \$11 00
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BEAD PAV to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps
Samples free TAYLOR BROS. & CO Cleveland, O.

A RARE OFFER

\$1 Worth of SHEET MUSIC FREE

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; out from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Foy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail to us, with full name and address, and we will send you free of all expense, your own selection from the following list of sheet music, to the value of One Dollar. We absolutely GUARANTEE that the music is unaltered, and sold by first-class music houses at the following prices:

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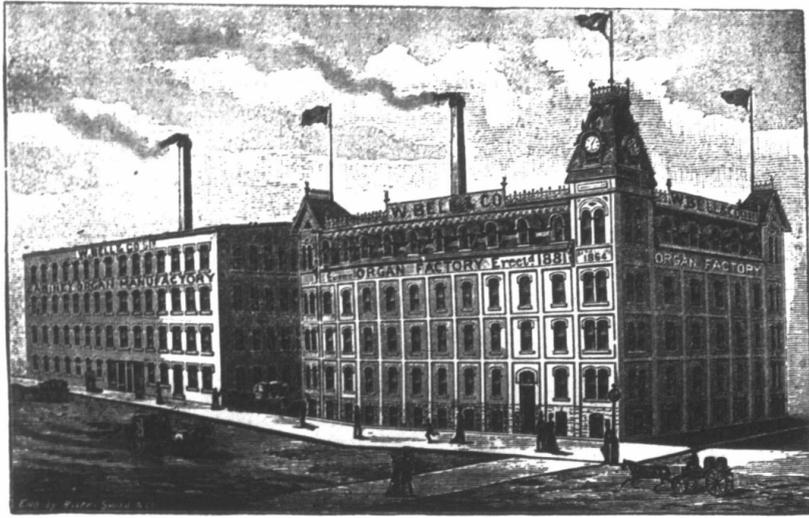
If the music selected amounts to just \$1, send only the 15 pictures, your name and address. If in excess of \$1, postage stamps may be enclosed for such excess. We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce every one to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after trial, they continue to use the soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers—the music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper. Name this paper. A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foy, can select music to the amount of \$4-50. This Soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you use every week.

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THE LARGEST
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For further particulars apply to

R. H. TOMLINSON, Manager.

TORONTO, 12th September, 1892.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

ESTABLISHED 1856

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\$10 The manufacturers have shipped us 6,000 of these watches, and called orders to sell them at \$10 each. They are heavy hunting cases of beautiful workmanship, also of engraving. Guaranteed pure mint coin silver 99 1/2 fine, the finest make, patent lever chronometer action, full jewelled garnets and diamonds, and containing all the latest improvements, and as time-keepers cannot be surpassed. This is the same style of watch as is sold for \$10 each, or \$8 each by retail jewelers in London, Eng. Counting cost of five per cent and advertising, including other expenses, the maker \$8 each, and he offers them at \$10, having adopted the new rule of selling exclusively for prompt cash at more fractional profit. You get the exact same watch \$20 below retail price by ordering through us, saving 1st. The manufacturer's profit on credit sales to the wholesale trade 50 per cent. 2nd, the profit added by the wholesale dealer on sales to the retail trade 50 per cent more, and 3rd, the jeweller's profit in selling to you of 20 per cent more than 100 per cent, as his cost is \$10, he must make large profits in order to make \$20. By ordering through us, you save from 40 to 60 per cent. The price is increased by three from 10 to 30, and at factory price, the price is only 10, and the wholesaler pays for a gross. When you order through us, you get the watch for 10, and the watch according to our catalogue of 20, order in registered order, we to send the watch according to our catalogue, we increased in first class running order and 5 years guarantee.

W. BELL & Co., Manufacturers' Agents, 7 PLACE D'ARMS, MONTREAL.



CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL CO., successors to Meneely & Kimberly, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y., manufacture a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to Church Bells. catalogues sent Free to parties needing Bells.

WOLTZ BROTHERS & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FINE WATCHES, GOLD CHAINS & DIAMONDS

Solid Silver and Electro-Plated Ware.

SOLID SILVER TEA SPOONS.



ANTIQUE NO. 8.—FULL SIZE.



EMPRESS OF INDIA.—FULL SIZE.



DOMESTIC.—FULL SIZE.

Teaspoons.....\$18 00 per doz.
" 21 62 "
" 25 00 "

Teaspoons.....\$15 00 per doz.
" 18 00 "
" 22 00 "

Teaspoons.....\$15 50 per doz.
" 19 12 "

The price is governed by the weight.

SINCE last year we have added many new and attractive lines of goods to our list. We not only keep constant watch to the ever changing modes of fashion in the Jewelry Department, but also to that which is necessary as well as ornamental. Although our stock of precious stones in settings forms a great attraction, consisting of Rubies, Sapphires and Diamonds, also Pearls, and many other precious gems, yet the beauty of design in Solid Silver, combining the useful and the ornamental, makes this Department not less attractive. In the latter we have nearly everything necessary for household use, from a child's spoon to a Tea Service costing hundreds of dollars. In spoon work and other Table flat ware we have lately added entirely new patterns never made before. The "FONTAINEBLEAU" is one of great beauty, and cannot help but please the lover of art. We have spared no pains to secure the latest in every department of the Jeweller's province. All who will favour us with a call will be well repaid for the time spent.

WOLTZ BROTHERS & CO., 29 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.