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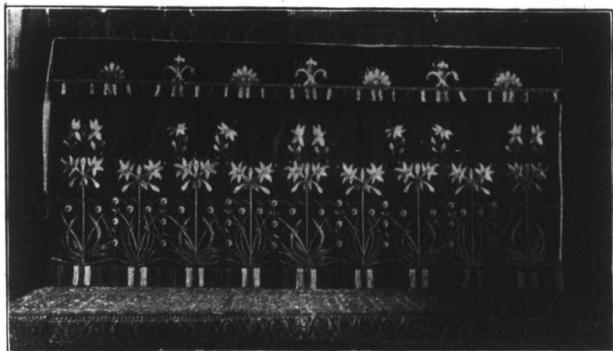
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Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who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

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

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

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

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

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1899.

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION.

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

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LESSONS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

December 17—Third Sunday in Advent.
Morning—Isaiah 25; Rev. 1.
Evening—Isaiah 26 or 28, 5 to 10; Rev. 2, to 18.

December 24—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Morning—Isaiah 30, to 27; Rev. 14.
Evening—Isaiah 32, or 33, 2 to 23; Rev. 15.

December 31—Sunday after Christmas.
Morning—Isaiah 35; Rev. 21, 15—22, 6.
Evening—Isaiah 38 or 40; Rev. 22, 6.

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

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 196, 316, 320, 553.
Processional: 45, 305, 391, 392.
Offertory: 51, 214, 216, 226.
Children's Hymns: 217, 565, 568, 569.
General Hymns: 47, 52, 54, 288.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 51, 178, 313, 318.
Processional: 47, 48, 355, 362.
Offertory: 186, 272, 293, 352.
Children's Hymns: 180, 188, 336, 566.
General Hymns: 191, 193, 353, 587.

The God of Hope.

Our attention is directed to this great name by the Bishop of Derry, and the advice is a very fitting one at this Christmas season. Have we realized, says the Bishop, how much, for mere ardour and expectancy, for energy, courage, and buoyancy of heart, the world owes to the Christian faith. Take the case of an average mill-girl. Her life is spent in a crowded and noisy room, watching the revolution of a wheel, and tying a thread as often as it breaks. When this deadly monotony is over she retires to a narrow street under a smoky sky, to poor nourishment, a hard bed, and an early return to labour. A few sensational novels have unfitted her for the only domestic ties to which she can aspire. A few lank-holiday excursions have shown her the mansions and parks, the carriages and conservatories which are the daily joys of other women. If her health is precarious she contrasts with their December summers by a perfumed sea, her own shivering misery, the infirmary, perhaps the

workhouse, and a nameless grave. . . Then there comes to her that great change which is rightly called conversion. Her monotony becomes a discipline. Her loneliness is watched by the Supreme Being, her Father. Her sorrows are shared by the King of Heaven, Who is Himself the Man of Sorrows. Her life here is the shadowy vestibule to the City of God. Her obscurity is the disguise of an heir of God and a joint heir with Christ. In her untaught bosom there begins to move a loftier emotion than ever stirred the sententious heart of Seneca. Multiply her experience by tens of thousands and you begin to understand what Christianity is in the everyday life of man.

The Christmas Churchman.

If our readers take as much pleasure in receiving, as we do in sending them, this Christmas number of the "Churchman," we shall be gratified, indeed. No pains have been spared, nor money withheld, to attain the best possible result. A very practical way in which each of our readers can show that our efforts are appreciated, would be, to send a Christmas Number to some absent relative or friend; or, to some one who would be pleased with the gift. On receipt of twenty-five cents, we will gladly send a copy to any address in England, the United States or Canada.

Who Will be Next?

We invited our readers to help us to extend the circulation of the "Canadian Churchman" during the coming Christmas season. And, among the responses to this invitation, one deserves particular notice. A gentleman in a rural deanery in Western Ontario selected one name in every parish in the deanery and sent the "Churchman" to these parties paid up to the end of 1906 as a Christmas gift. This does not mean a very large outlay in one deanery, but if this example were followed, it would mean, in the aggregate, not only a great increase in our circulation, but a wide dissemination of useful Church literature. Surely it is possible in every deanery to find some zealous Churchman who would take pleasure in sending a Christmas gift of this sort to the brethren of his own deanery.

An Unexpected Result.

The large crop in the North-West is doing good in unexpected quarters. Five years ago an elevator was built in Halifax at a cost of \$150,000, of which the city gave \$50, and up to a month ago not half a dozen car loads have passed through it. It has now been ordered to be ready for the 1st December, and the Intercolonial officials hope that this winter there will be regular shipping of grain from Halifax, beginning with the turbiñer, "Virginian."

Dangerous Ventures.

How often in life one is tempted to do a thing which seems on the surface easy and pleasant. And it may be the doing of it offers profitable results. Indolence, fine weather, the hope of gain, are each and all inducements to this course of conduct. One is in the winter season going out for the day. The sun is out, the air is warm, and it may be time presses. A light overcoat and thin soles seem just the thing for such a lovely day. Alas! the home coming at night is through bitter cold, a strong wind and driving snow. A little careful forethought would have conclusively proved that a winter overcoat and thick soled boots were the proper things for the season, and

a severe cold with perhaps a touch of pneumonia would have been avoided as well as much inconvenience, and the loss of valuable time. The unseasonable sailing of vessels on the northern lakes, during the mild days towards the end of November, and the awful storms and shipwrecks, with the sad loss of life and property, are another instance of the danger that always lurks near those who either go, or are sent, on ventures, seemingly profitable, but which are a breach of the rule founded on experience, and formed for safeguarding the very interests which are so unwisely imperilled. Yielding to the temptation which unusual profits and quick returns offer—in themselves containing the very elements of danger—is another popular pitfall which never lacks victims. The moment one feels the insidious approach of such temptations is the moment when the mind should seize the impulse and plunge it into the cool, clear pool of a well-ordered judgment. Its attractive colours will quickly fade, and its swelling form shrink to its proper dimensions.

Labour in Canada.

That Canada is a more favourable field for the labourer than Great Britain, is becoming more generally understood, largely through the careful and competent investigations made on the ground by specialists from the labouring classes of the Old World. Perhaps the most recent authoritative opinion is that of Mr. David Gilmour, a Scottish labour candidate for the Imperial Parliament. The delegate from the Trades Congress of Great Britain to the American Federation of Labour, Mr. Gilmour is reported to have said that working conditions are eighty per cent. better in the Dominion than in the Mother Land. He finds that wages in Canada are double what they are in Great Britain. But that the scale of living of the Canadian labourer is twenty per cent. higher than that of the British workman. This leaves a margin of eighty per cent. to the advantage of the Canadian. The unbiased opinion of such men as Mr. Gilmour amply justifies the hopeful and patriotic view generally held by Canadians of their country and its future and must give food for thought to many a toiler in the Old World who would like to better his position and improve the prospects of his family.

Tree Life.

The "Leisure Hour" has an interesting account of the big trees of California, which have now through recklessness been reduced to about five hundred. The big tree, the "Leisure Hour" says, has come down to us through many centuries because of its superb qualifications. Its bark is often two feet thick, and almost non-combustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at the heart, and fungus is unknown to the tree. In earlier times the ancestors and kindred of these Sequoias formed a large part of the forests which flourished throughout the polar regions, now desolate and ill-clad, and extended into the low latitude of Europe so that the trees belong to an ancient stock. By counting the annual ring of trees which have been felled it has been found that some of them lived for four thousand years or more before they were cut down. No estimate can be made, however, of the age which the trees could possibly attain to if left to grow, for they seemed never to die a natural death, and, unless destroyed by man, lightning, fire, or storms, they live on indefinitely." Fortunately the Forestry Department has intervened and has begun the work of cultivation as well as preservation. It has been found that where the accumulated leaves and debris have been burnt

and removed from the roots of these trees numbers of young shoots spring from the soil. These shoots are now being carefully nursed and planted out in Government reserves, and so the boys and girls of to-day may live to see the beginning of forests of these giants.

Home Life.

Small wonder that Church leaders should speak in no uncertain tones on one of the growing evils of modern life. "The Bishop of Liverpool, preaching in Liverpool Cathedral, said that there were not wanting symptoms threatening the break-up of the old English style of home, and with it, of that home influence which had helped to make this country what it was," says "Church Bells." "In the upper classes nurses and governesses were taking the place of the mother, and schoolmasters and college tutors were expected to fill the place of the father. So great were the claims of business and politics supposed to be, that fathers and mothers declared they had no time to look after their children. What was the remedy? It lay in the revival of true home life. Marriage must be treated with the utmost honour and reverence and we must uphold the pure and reverent love of one man for one woman. The claims of society must never be allowed to compete with the claims of home life."

A Candid Acknowledgment.

From time to time we get from Roman Catholic sources admissions which prove the possession of a spirit of fairness and candour in those who make them, as where a writer in a magazine for Catholic youth says of Protestantism: "It has more influence on the masses than one would expect from so small a handful of men, were these not inspired by the principles of tolerance, righteousness, and justice, which alone can carry

moral and social reform. In France everything which is expressive of moral strength—the struggle against intemperance, against immorality, against all social evils whatever they may be—is the work of Protestantism." Such simple statements of honest conviction do more to promote right thinking and feeling, and a just sympathy for all faithful Christian effort than the laboured arguments of learned apologists of the Roman Church.

The Russian Church.

This Church in Russia had been separated from the Roman in 1054, when the great schism between the East and the West occurred, finally as to the possession of the Holy Spirit, and no love had been lost between them, says Canon Boyce in the "Australian Churchman." It retains the doctrine of transubstantiation, but gives the elements in both kinds. It does not require celibacy in its priests, though none may marry a second time, and Bishops must be unmarried. The Confessional and Penance are honoured and regarded as important, and monastic and conventual life are favoured. The services are full of ceremonies and very spectacular, with a copious use of incense, while preaching and consequent teaching are at a discount. There was much superstitious devotion. The Church had had a measure of self-government and liberty for itself until the reign of Peter the Great, but he changed matters seriously, and they have been practically unaltered and are largely responsible for a condition of things far worse than those in Spain. That famous monarch, according to M. Witte, quoting from a recent article in the "Contemporary Review," transformed the Church into a department of the State and it soon was its serf. "It became merely one of the numerous wheels of the complicated government machine." Peter "imposed upon the clergy, police, and detective

work that was entirely inconsistent with the clerical office. The priest was obliged to see that the number of persons subject to taxation was properly indicated, and, in addition, to report without delay all actions revealed to him in confession that tended to the injury of the State." Thus confidence in the priesthood was impaired, and the order was an agent in the repression of the people.

Regenerate.

What profound depth there is in the theology of the Collect for the Nativity of our Lord, and yet how simple and beautiful are its aspirations. Almighty indeed is the Divine Being who gave us His only begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and as at this time to be born of a pure Virgin. Great is the mystery of Godliness. Vast in conception; wondrous in execution; infinite in scope; marvellous in results is the scheme of redemption. Unfathomable to the keenest, most cultivated and powerful human intellect. And yet, like the rain, the sunshine, and the prolific earth, in combined and beneficent operation, ever renewing the face of Nature, and incontestably revealing, within man, the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit of God. Full well does this noble Collect emphasize the cardinal doctrine announced by the Apostle of the Gentiles:—"He saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit."

The Queen's Appeal.

"I appeal to all charitably disposed people in the Empire both men and women to assist me in alleviating the suffering of the poor starving unemployed during this winter. For this purpose I head the list with £2,000. All contributions to be sent to Earl de Grey, treasurer. (Signed) Alexandra." Throughout the Empire this simple womanly appeal will touch thousands of kind



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We feel under just as much obligation to consider that fact in selling you the smallest piece of neckwear in our showrooms as the most costly garment we make—and so you may select here with the absolute confidence that you are getting what you ask for in style and quality—the most for your money.

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We are busy filling Christmas
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4 and 86
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By Courtesy Mackenzie & Co.

MADONNA.

Canadian Churchman.

hearts and bring many a helpful, timely response. We are confident that Canada will not be appealed to in vain. Those who have this world's goods in abundance cannot close their ears to the cry of "the poor starving unemployed," as the Queen touchingly describes them. Those of moderate means will not be behind hand. And the widow's mite will not be lacking, so long as the world lasts, in such a cause.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

Amongst all the days in the Church's year, that on which we commemorate the birth of our Lord, is nearest and dearest to old as well as to young. And the reason is not far to seek. There is a freshness, a beauty, a simple appealing power to the devout mind in the undimmed and indestructible vision of the coming of the Royal Babe, the true Son of God, from His eternal home in high heaven, to tabernacle for awhile in fleshly form on earth. As the lover of Nature wanders forth over the melting snow, beside the loosened stream, beneath the leafless trees, with yearning heart searching for the unfolding of the first tender wild flower birth of spring; or, the anxious father walks his study floor, his ear strained to catch the first feeble wail of the new born infant; so, but with a larger, deeper, holier desire, does the lover of his Lord look forth, from the window of his soul, for the rising of the Gentile's star; the coming of the heavenly host; and the dawning of the natal day of the Prince of the House of David. There is that in early childhood which appeals with surpassing power to the deepest, purest, truest instinct of our nature. Nor is that strong overmastering emotion, which, under certain circumstances, knows no barrier, or restraint, confined to a mother's heart alone. The question was one day asked of a distinguished British officer,

one of the heroic band who for over four weary months defended the Residency at Lucknow against the Sepoys, what struck him most, on the day of their deliverance, when Lord Clyde's troops appeared upon the scene and rescued the heroes and the women and children for whom they had so long and bravely fought. He said the act of one of Lord Clyde's men, who on seeing a little child amongst them, forgot all discipline, rushed from the ranks seized the little one in his strong arms, pressed it for a moment to his breast, and then silently and reverently returned it to its mother. Yes, there is no vision that the light of earth has ever disclosed at all comparable to that revealed to the Eastern kings, and the searching shepherds on the lowly manger bed—the Babe of Bethlehem. How each reverent human heart longs for the approach of that day of days. The day on which the Church commemorates the birth of the "Heir of all things;" "The brightness of the Father's Glory;" "The express image of His person;" "The true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And who can fitly describe the joy of the early communion. A joy which swells and spreads through every act of worship on that blessed day. A joy which is re-doubled in its intensity by the knowledge that the round earth vibrates with the note of joyous praise, which in all lands and languages is ascending, like incense to the Throne of Grace, richly fulfilling the sublime aspiration of the Psalmist, "Let the people praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise Thee." The world never can grow old so long as the love and adoration of the peerless Christ Child glows and burns in the hearts of men. May the Christmas Day never dawn when the iron discipline of convention will so still the hearts of men that none will be found ready to rush from the ranks and with willing sympathy press the little ones to their breasts and share with them the simple child-like joy which has been made the peculiar herit-

age of childhood, on that hallowed day, by the gentle and gracious Being who said, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And who took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

YULE-TIDE.

The quaint old name for Christmas season brings to mind the social observances of our forefathers in celebration of the joyous occasion. And never a Christmas Day comes and goes without mention being made in some British home of the Yule Log. Even in some homes to-day, on Christmas Eve, where there is space for it,—a large log is laid upon the fire, and as it cheerily burns, lights up the room with its ruddy glow, and throws out a comfortable warmth, the family group themselves in front of it, and reading, song and story go the round. A curious instance of the affection with which this old custom was regarded was the putting by of the unburnt remnant of the yule-log, and the using it to light the new yule-log of the following year. The old word yule had a special significance in the olden time, and was joined not only to the Christmas time in the sense in which we have used it, and to the yule clog, or log, which brightened the fire of Christmas Eve—but gave its name as well to the yule-cake made, and to the yule-song sung, on that happy, jovial occasion. So that though the quaint old word is, through the changes which time has brought about in our mother-tongue, passing from popular use, the bright glow of the Christmas fire still remains, and the rich plum cake, and merry song, still go the round as of yore. But there is one of the words of the olden time which not only lingers, but bids fair to out-last, most of its ancient fellows: Christmas-box.

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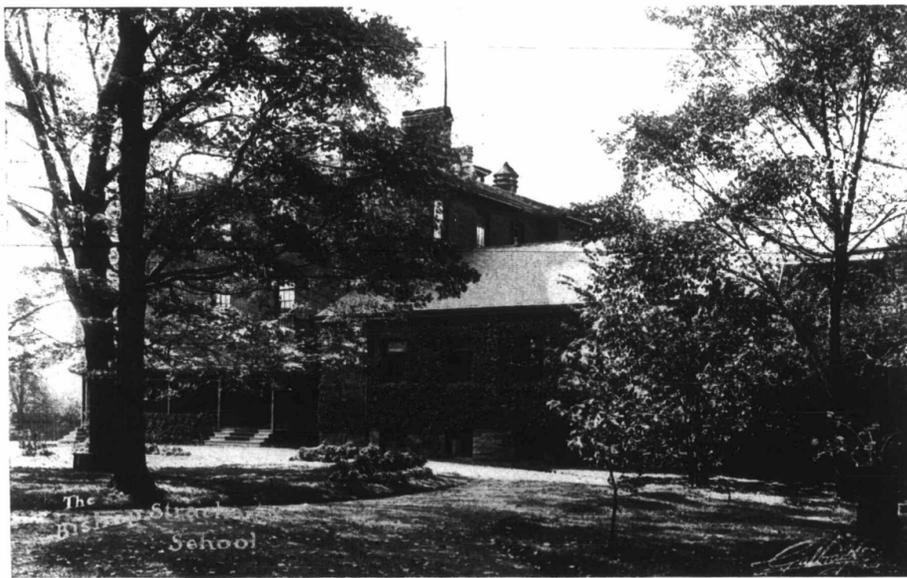
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ADORATION.

The origin of this treasured word, rich as it is with happy memories, is found in the practice of placing a box in the Church before Christmas Day, into which were placed presents to be distributed on the Monday following. And from this old custom the Monday after Christmas received its favourite English name: "Boxing-Day." What a depth of meaning and suggestiveness there is in the word Christmas-Box. How marvellously the first great gift of the Giver of every good and perfect gift has imprinted His name and character on the most beloved and longed-for day in all the year and on the myriad tokens of affection, which have through the centuries gone, been distributed by loving hands on that cherished day, the wide world round? How the heart of the school boy, or girl, warms with the thought of the Christmas holidays, the joyous return to the far off home, and the gifts to be given and received? And many a way-worn traveller, in a distant land, turns in thought to the old homestead, as the day so full of pleasant memories of his early years approaches. And his heart warms with an unwonted glow, as memories of those happy Christmas days of his innocent childhood return like the fragrance of forgotten flowers, or a cool refreshing breeze across a parched desert, to soothe and comfort him as he plods on his weary way. And then the gathering together of those long parted.

The expectation, perhaps cherished for years the eager preparation, and last, and best of all, the deep unspeakable joy of the glad re-union. Christmas speaks to us all of a deep, full, rich abiding homefelt joy. It is a day that links the latest year of life with the earliest that memory can recall, in a golden chain of sweet and tender associations; associations that are purified and hallowed by the gracious Being who gave it the high honour of perpetuating His own name. Thus linking himself, with the very language we speak, and imparting a mysterious and sublime significance to the initial announcement of St. John's Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word." As the Incarnate Word became the personification of God's love to man, so the very name of the day on which His incarnation was consummated, spells love unbounded, and unending to all mankind.



FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Spectator's Comments, and Notes of Public Interest.

The world no longer makes objection to the method of the Church in observing days and seasons throughout the year. The sun and the sun's relations to the earth are not the sole factors in the division of time. The Christian

Church has forever exalted the Son of Righteousness to the foremost place in temporal calculations. The year is not merely a succession and aggregation of days, weeks and months, arbitrary divisions of an abstraction; but it is in the mind of the Church a series of occasions on which the great truths of life and redemption are to be pondered. The civil method of marking time is accurate, convenient and indispensable, but the ecclesiastical method brings each season into vital relationship with man's inmost being. As we are children of God so we divide the year into appropriate periods of special service to Him. This has not always been understood, nor has it met with favour in certain quarters in the past. To-day, however, it would seem as though the whole body of Christians had come to assent to the wisdom of the course, and approval is shown by the acceptance of the plan. The Church may properly feel gratified at the justification of methods once so strenuously opposed, but, after all, such gratification is merely an incident in our ecclesiastical experience. Our anxiety should be to transform a method admittedly beautiful in theory into a really pregnant means of glorifying God and uplifting men.



The first and perhaps the most universally observed of all the great festivities in the Church's year is Christmas. It appeals in a

specially tender manner to the imagination. It brings before us the conception of God's compelling love in giving to the world a Saviour. It dignifies our human nature by the revelation of the indwelling of divinity. It brings an otherwise far away God into the most companionable relationship with men. From generation to generation the faithful have lifted up their voices in adoration for this unspeakable gift. Beyond the gates of those who have directly felt the glory of this revelation, men have indirectly felt its power. They who kneel at the altar are conscious of the uplifting influence of the birth of Christ, and they who have not dared to approach the altar have known in an indistinct way the blessed power which the day symbolizes. It is like the wireless telegraph. Somehow, these delicate instruments respond to an influence that is invisible and intangible. If properly tuned the far-away message may be received, and recorded, but if improperly adjusted this subtle force may only agitate the mechanism, that it is unable to move to definite action. We rejoice, however, in the hearts that are uplifted in conscious exultation over the birth of a Saviour of the world. We rejoice also that they who have not drawn close to God may yet in some remote way be made participators in the glory which they have failed to comprehend. Let the Church throughout the world deliver its message on Christmas Day with strong decisive tones. We may dwell lovingly on pretty pictures and enlarge upon the irresistible influence which this great event has had upon the poetry and art and literature of the world; but let us not forget to point out that if God made a long step manward, man must travel a long way Godward. "Oh, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders which He doeth to the children of men."

The most apparent form in which the influence of Christmas finds expression may be observed in the kindly salutations and messages, the gifts of friend to friend, and the many acts of benevolence towards those in need. We cannot let ourselves go even for a season in large-hearted unselfishness without being blessed. There is, we suppose, no reason for pouring out all our generosity and graciousness during one week of the year and then thinking only of ourselves during all the others. And yet it is better to feel the warmth of one's really unselfish act than to live forever in a desert of self. Many may appear to enter into the spirit of the occasion when in reality they are only joining in an irresistible

fashion. But let it be. It is better to be caught up in the forms of virtue out of an imperfect motive, than never to feel its influence at all. We, therefore, rejoice at the great impulse to generosity, particularly to the needy, that is so characteristic of the season. A single courteous attention, or a single good meal does not go far in the long course of a year drawn out in want. But perhaps a glimpse at our opportunities and responsibilities may lead us on to a more thorough performance of duty.

"Spectator" speaks to thousands of the laity, both men and women, and he would venture to invite them to some special token of friendliness towards their clergy at this season. Every one knows that it is an occasion when such a thing can be done with perfect propriety, and the recipient is in no sense likely to lose his self-respect thereby. There are hundreds of clergy who would be overwhelmed with joy at the expression of a really generous, whole-hearted feeling of friendship on the part of their congregations at this season. We would go further and say that there are hundreds of congregations that would feel infinitely better pleased with themselves if they would only pull themselves together and present some unmistakable token of good will toward the clergy. Every man is pleased with the approval of those whom he serves. The priest of God is no exception. A little encouragement makes us all take a keener joy in our work. And when we refer to the clergy we would say a word also on behalf of the clergyman's wife. It not infrequently occurs that the courtesy that would be most touching and acceptable to a clergyman is a little personal thought for his wife. She has to support him in all his work. It is sometimes taken for granted that if the clergyman is honoured, his wife is partner in it. That is quite true, but it does not take the place of a direct expression of good will to her who must necessarily be an important member of every parish. The women of the Church ought to see to this. To the wealthy of our cities and towns we would venture to suggest that they make their Bishops the agents for conveying some Christmas gifts to homes where a word of brotherly cheer would be appreciated.

It is now almost two years since "Spectator" came before the Church public in these columns. The conditions under which he has written have not made for a close personal knowledge of his readers. He is not able to gauge very accurately

the trend of Church feeling, but he trusts he has in some degree done his duty in speaking out regarding the subjects that seemed to him to require thought and discussion. He will consider his usefulness gone when the desire to please supersedes the desire to serve. Many thousands of his readers are to him nameless, and he to them is but a shadow, and yet he is not unconscious of a real communion of love for the Church and the Church's Head, and a common desire to do what men may do to push forward the Kingdom of God. As he writes he thinks of the vast number of men and women interested in the welfare of the Church he loves in this country, and sincerely does he hope that blessings rich and lasting may come upon them. To the Bishops and clergy, and their dear wives, the churchwardens, Sunday School superintendents and teachers, the organists, choir leaders and members of the choirs, the officers and members of the Woman's Auxiliaries, and every other organization in the Church, "Spectator" wishes a merry Christmas, a Christmas with hearts going out in generous good-will to neighbours, and joyous, loving service to Christ.

SPECTATOR.

WITH HIM.

"I have been a follower of Christ for more than forty years," said a good man one day. "I have always felt in my days of trouble that Jesus had met the same form of trial, and so there has been between us the fellowship of sorrow.

"I lost property; but I felt that I was the nearer to him who left heaven's riches for me.

"I buried friends, and felt then that I was in a sense one with Him who wept at the grave of Lazarus.

"And now I am stricken with blindness. At first I was in the deepest distress because I had come, as I thought, into a place where He could not sympathize with me; for He had never been blind.

"But there came to me one day the text, 'They blindfolded Him;' and Christ and I were one again. Blindness even, if so only I could be one with Him, was a blessing.

"If this trial pleased Him, it was all right; and I knew He would be pleased if I took the trial trustfully, and should thus 'suffer with him.'

"It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."

City Dairy Pasteurized Milk

"Nathan Straus, the Milk Philanthropist of New York, in a paper read October 22nd, before the Milk Congress held in Paris, France, presented a closely argued thesis supported by quotations from official reports, figures and statements by eminent scientists showing that a properly sterilized milk supply would greatly lessen not merely infant mortality but also mortality among adults, since the chief cause of consumption was traceable to intestinal infection received during infancy through milk.

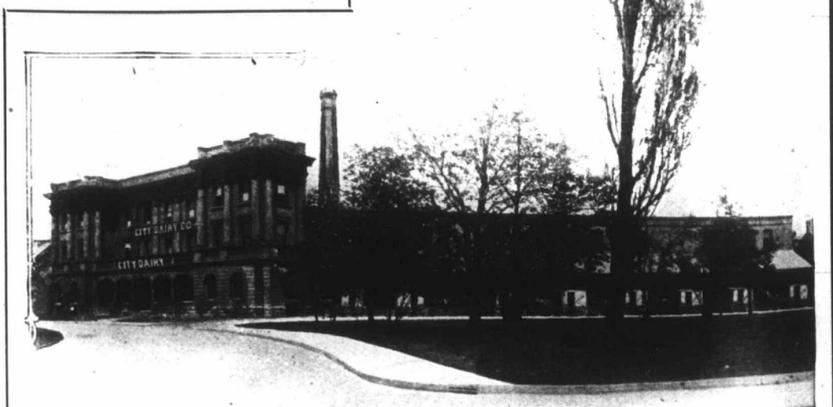
Mr. Straus concluded his argument with an urgent recommendation that the pasteurization of the entire milk supply of a city be made a function of the municipality. He declared that pasteurization was the only safeguard against impure milk."

We believe that Toronto comes nearest to measuring up to Nathan Straus' standard of any city of its size, or larger, in the world. The City Dairy furnishes one-fifth of the milk and cream supply of the city, every drop of which is pasteurized.

Our Motto is "Milk and Cream good enough for babies, and that's good enough for anybody."

City Dairy Co., Limited.

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THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

What a blessed thought it is, that we each have our guardian angel. A thought that links us, as with a golden chain, to the bright, sunny hours of early innocent childhood. The beautiful form of the guardian angel with outstretched hands, seeking to save the sweet little children eagerly gathering flowers, and catching butterflies at the brink of a precipice, over which one unguarded step means sudden death, will bring to many a mind the memory of the inward voice, which never fails to warn when pleasure leads to danger. Alas! that its pure angelic warning should so often be given in vain!

MADONNA.

There is a softness, a finish, a chaste, and soothing charm in Bouguereau's beautiful portrait of The Madonna and Child. In the Lamb folded to the bosom with the left arm, whilst the right supports the Holy Child. By a touch of genius, he brings together, on the same loving Virgin breast, the type of the Lamb of God of the New Testament, and that of the sacrificial lamb of the Old.

ADORATION.

Great painters have vied with one another in transferring to canvas with graphic and impressive power their conceptions of important events in the life of our Lord. Here we have presented to us with simple beauty and appealing grace, the Virgin Mother adoring the Heavenly Child, whilst figures emblematic of inspiration, devotion, and protection add grace and effect to the scene.

THE OLD FOLKS' CHRISTMAS EVE.

A quaint, and old time portrait, is that of the Old Folks' Christmas Eve. It speaks of the historic past, with the furniture of other days. The grandfather's clock. The simple homely board, with the old teapot, and two homely mugs.

But the mind quickly passes from these adjuncts to the venerable couple,—the wife reading as she doubtless has done at the same time throughout the long passed years, the beginning of the greatest of all earth's stories. And the husband with rapt gaze, inwardly beholding the manger, the Virgin, and the Babe,—which on the morrow would bring "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men."

HIDE HERE, LADDIE.

Many stories of the remarkable intelligence of the collie come to mind, as one looks on this amusing group. Laddie has evidently broken the rule of keeping out while the floor is being

scrubbed. The maid cannot help laughing, as his little mistress attempts to screen him with her upraised dress, and he, the rogue, with a comic expression of meekness and humility, crouches behind his young protector, and gives point and humour to the situation.

GOOD-BYE.

It is not every parting that is sad, and comparatively few are so bright, fresh, and full of living interest as this. "Good-bye" comes sweetly from the merry, smiling little one, as she waves one hand to the eager mother, and anxious puppies left at home, whilst the other

blended in the central figure. At the right stands an interested group of spectators headed by the sturdy youth with the white flag. Is it a victor or victim who stands upon the chair with arms ready to ward the expected blow? So intense is the situation that we almost expect to see the question solved as we look at the moving scene.

IN DREAM-LAND.

Standing in a growth of lilies, the fairest flower of them all, this lovely child conveys to us the power, the pathos, the exquisite sensibility of true art. The fair form clad in a loose white robe. The wealth of waving hair. The rounded child-like face, and the eyes so large and expressive, with their quiet, modest, outlook, so full of the diffidence, modesty, and, shall we say, shyness, of gentle girlhood, cannot fail to linger in the memory, long after the portrait has been laid aside.

ANXIOUSLY WAITING.

Anxiously waiting the return of his mistress, the watchful little terrier, perched on a chair beside the cradle which contains his charge, the sleeping babe, looks eagerly towards the door through which he hopes she will soon return. His watchful care will doubtless ere long be relieved and vigilance and faithfulness, rewarded with many a fond caress.

HELLO, WHO ARE YOU?

It is with a sense of mutual enquiry that these young travellers meet and salute one another so early on life's journey. The puppy is puzzled by tiny fluffy chick. No less than the chick is puzzled by the big hairy puppy. It is a question that many an older and wiser traveller has puzzled over on the self same journey. If it has puzzled older heads, need we wonder at it moving the minds of enquirers so young?

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

"A sower went forth sowing." The refrain of this noble hymn comes to us again and again with its melancholy, pathos, and its deep abiding interest to each and to all. The parable of the sower has that in it which appeals strongly to every class and condition of men. Like the bold stroke of a master pen it reveals, with a graphic truth and power that will not be denied, the possibilities and eventualities of each human life. A favourite subject in song, story and art, it can never be dismissed without a look, a thought, a sigh,—for what life so fruitful that diligent cultivation and seasonable priming might not have brought forth from it a fuller, richer harvest?



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Canadian Churchman.

clasps to her side the favoured one, with whom she is soon to have a jolly romp on the lawn.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

With what an unflinching sense of humour, keen knowledge of human nature, and mastery of the brush, does our artist depict for us the Village School? Who does not remember the crusty old Dominic, with his short temper and long stick? The mischievous urchin, whose head is fitly adorned with a fool's cap, and fingers characteristically employed in pinning a paper to the ancient coat tails, is not found only in a village school. How deftly comedy and tragedy are



Correspondence.

THE AUDIT COMMITTEE.

Sir,—There is such a thing as a useful instrument being so wielded that its value is lost. So it is with the Audit Committee of the Toronto Synod. This is partly due to a complete change of conditions since the Canon constituting it was passed and partly to its own composition. In the early days, when expense was a matter of great moment, the Synod adopted the plan of managing its finances by standing committees, each charged with the care of a particular trust. Disaster fell on the authors of this plan at an early stage, through trusting an eminent member of the Synod, and leaving the entire active management in his hands. Still the system remained, and the volunteer committees struggled to maintain the investments at a high rate of interest. Diversity of views and methods, caused by the division of authority, brought matters to a crisis, with over \$100,000 of securities in arrears, and unproductive. All this time an Audit Committee consisting, as the Canon read, "of three clergymen and three laymen," who had been charged with the duty "to examine into the condition of all funds, moneys and securities," was at work. It was annually exhibiting its inability to do its duty, which involved examining nearly one million dollars' worth of funds, moneys and securities invested in varied securities, and under the control of many committees, each with its own ideas of value, classification, method and book-keeping. The truth is that the division of authority, the inability of volunteer committee men to foresee and prepare for fluctuations in values, and to properly nurse and deal with the securities in arrears, had produced the usual result. The composition of the Audit Committee,

while natural in a Synod composed of both orders, was a drawback, so far as it only provided men who acted under the same disadvantages as those whom they were supposed to supervise. Its powers, too, and its duties, were impossible of effective exercise, when it is recollected that their only executive action was to report to the Synod those transactions relating to the funds which had already occurred. The committees administering those funds were not in any way under its control. The breakdown of the whole system, namely, that of separate committees investing "off their own bat," so to speak, was to be expected. It might have worked when the business was small and easily handled, but it was not effective when that business became large and important. It is not surprising that in this state of affairs the idea of electing one committee to handle the whole investing business of the Synod became popular. It required statutory authority to make the change, but it was done, and for fourteen years such a committee has had sole charge. It was not an ideal conception, but there it is, and its effect and its relation to the Audit Committee must be considered. The provisions of the Canon on the Investment Committee are, in brief, these: 1. There are two clergymen and laymen elected. 2. Of these, two laymen represent the Clergy Commutation Committee, two laymen represent the Rectory Lands' Committee, and the rest represent the Synod general account. 3. They may, and do, make all investments of Synod funds, and divide the income. 4. They report their transactions to the Synod annually. From this it is clear that the Separate Committee were to have their representation on the Investment Committee, and that the report of that committee was to be direct to the Synod. And this is the more evident when the amendments to the other Canons are looked at, for they reduce the committees so represented to merely administrative bodies. Now it is

neither useful, logical, nor businesslike to appoint another committee of equal number "to examine into the condition of all funds, moneys, securities, under the control of the Synod," when the Synod has deliberately put them into the charge of one specially constituted and representative committee and required it to report to the Synod. It is true that the Audit Committee Canon was not then altered, but its effectiveness is gone, and its retention has proved a source of embarrassment and disagreement. The Audit Committee cannot control the investments, it can only criticize them when made; a function quite unnecessary when by the Investment Committee Canon the Synod is made the sole judge of all matters done by that committee during the year. An audit is not necessary, but that is now done by paid and responsible auditors appointed by the Audit Committee and paid by the Synod. The argument one hears, namely that the duty of the Audit Committee requires it to examine into the condition of the funds is, as a matter of words, true. But it is an impossible task, and the attempt to do it is usually performed in a way which demonstrates its inability. If it could supervise or veto investments, it would have a duty, intelligibly and easily performed. But it cannot do so. What it does can be just as well performed by a criticism in the Synod of the Investment Committee's report when it is presented. The Audit Committee's opinions, offered without the knowledge which is afforded by that report, are certainly ineffective, and often mistaken. They have still functions to perform, useful and dignified which, with your permission, I will indicate later.

FRANK E. HODGINS.



HAVE THE CLERGY THE RIGHT?

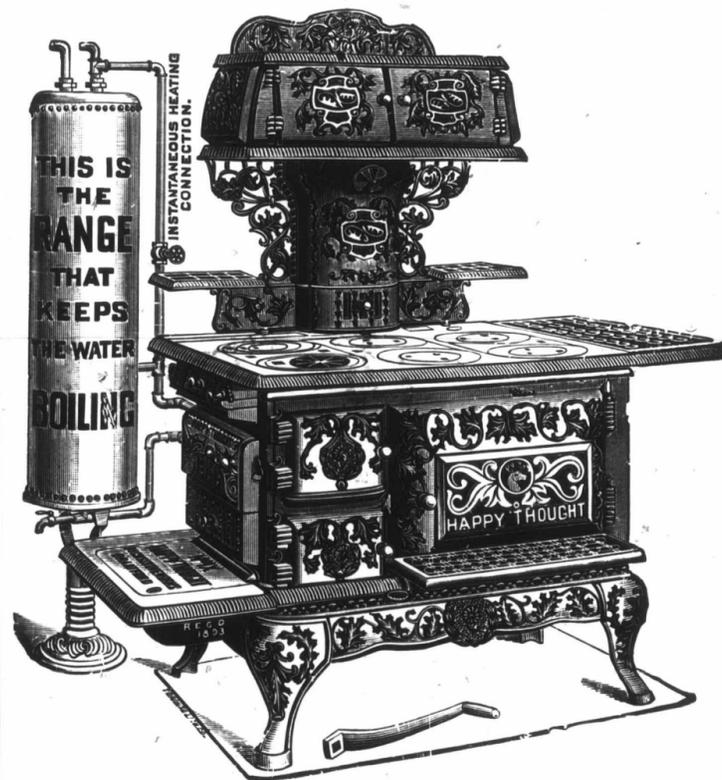
Sir,—Will you, or one of your numerous readers, kindly inform the writer, in your next issue,

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etical Province. It is wise to proceed along the line of least resistance, and the line suggested appears to me to be the one of least resistance. Our Methodist brethren are to-day the strongest in numbers of any religious body in Ontario. I have long thought that that position of numerical superiority is to a great extent due to the work of the local preachers, who in earlier days, when the country was more thinly settled than it is at the present time, preached and prayed on Sundays, and held little flocks together until regular pastors could be provided. Our Sec of Toronto was founded in 1830, about the time that the Methodist local preachers were very active, and I cannot help thinking that if Bishop Strachan had utilized in large numbers the educated and pious laymen of that time, either as lay readers or as permanent deacons, our Church would have retained its leading position and would be to-day the strongest religious body in Ontario. In conclusion, let me repeat what Professor Clark said in General Synod, that if St. Paul could earn his bread as a tent-maker, and be at the same time a great Apostle, godly men in this age might well earn their bread at honourable callings, and at the same time be deacons in the Church.

TORONTO.

THE ABERDEEN SOCIETY.

Sir,—In a Canadian Churchman sent to me by the Aberdeen Society, I notice a letter signed "Anne J. B.", in which she offers reading for settlers or those isolated from libraries, etc. Paper dated November 24, 1904. I think we here may be classed among the needy ones. We are forty-two miles from a railway (Trout Creek is our nearest railway station), and all who come here and all store goods, etc., have to drive over a bad road that forty-two miles. Our settlers are of all nations, and most of them on

free grant land. Then we have lumber camps, and in them are all kinds of people—French, Canadians, Poles, Germans, Russians and others. We have for years collected reading matter, which we pass on to settlers and lumber camps; and if the lady who wrote still has reading matter to dispose of I shall be glad to pay freight, if the box is large enough, say, 100 pounds, to come by freight, to Loring, via Trout Creek, G.T.R. We find express too dear. My son has a store, and is postmaster here. I can give other reference if needed.

MRS. L. A. KELCEY.

Loring, Ont.

THE CHURCH YEAR.

Sir,—At the close of another Church year we will be anxious to begin the new year aright and make the most of the beautiful chain of teaching which we possess in our Prayer Books. There should be, in every clerical library at least, some work of recognized authority on the Church year, and there is, perhaps, nothing better than Stanhope's "Paraphrase upon Epistles and Gospels." It is an old book (Dean Stanhope died in 1728), and it has been widely sold, and can now be obtained easily and cheaply from any dealer in second-hand books. A good illustration of its value is seen in its treatment of Jeremiah 23:5-8, the Epistle for the Sunday before Advent. We should know why that Epistle was chosen, what it means, and how its message bears on the future life of the Church before we begin the work of the new year. As sermons on Jeremiah are not much heard, and the book is, perhaps, little studied, I may add that there is a little book, entitled "Jeremiah, Ezekiel: Two Studies (written by William G. Ballantine, president of Oberlin College, and published by Revell), which gives a pithy, instructive and awakening introduction to that book.

T. G. A. WRIGHT.

THE LAYMEN.

Sir,—On the evening of the 4th inst. a meeting of Toronto Churchmen, called by the Ruri-decanal Conference of Toronto to consider certain Church questions, was held in Holy Trinity schoolhouse. Viewed from the standpoint of the strong position of the Church in this city, and making due allowance for an all too short previous notice, the meeting may be regarded as having been a disappointingly small one. But if the meeting be viewed from the standpoint of a new, more earnest, and well-designed attempt to enlist the sympathies of the laymen in all matters affecting the well-being of the Church in the parish, in the city, in the diocese, in the country at large, and throughout the world, I think the meeting may be regarded as having been a success. One of the faults of many of us is that each one's parish or Church party marks the limits of his interest, his sympathy, and his activity, but if laymen can be periodically brought together to exchange views and to consider ways of promoting the extension and securing the greater efficiency of the Church, the sympathies of Churchmen will be warmed, their interest will be broadened, and the Church will be strengthened and extended. The Toronto Ruri-decanal Conference has invited the churchwardens and lay delegates to take part in its deliberations, a new departure, which, I think, is a very commendable one. That Conference occupies a position midway between the parish and the Diocesan Synod, and has no legislative power, and so it has occurred to me that the invitation to take part in its deliberations might be extended to all Churchmen in the deanery, in order to secure the presence, the sympathy, and the co-operation of laymen other than those holding the offices of warden and lay delegate. Will you allow me to make this suggestion to the Ruri-decanal Conference of Toronto?

TORONTO.

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TEN.

the 4th inst. a meeting called by the Ruri- into to consider cer- held in Holy Trinity the standpoint of the ch in this city, and n all too short pre- may be regarded as y small one. But if n the standpoint of well-designed attempt the laymen in all ing of the Church in the diocese, in the ghout the world, I regarded as having faults of many of us Church party marks s sympathy, and his can be periodically ge views and to con- the extension and ncy of the Church, en will be warmed, ned, and the Church extended. The To- ence has invited the egates to take part departure, which, I ble one. That Com- midway between the Synod, and has no has occurred to me part in its delibera- all Churchmen in the re the presence, the tion of laymen other es of warden and lay ne to make this sug- l Conference of To-

TORONTO.



H. J. Sinkel.

ANXIOUSLY WAITING.

Canadian Churchman.

THE MADONNA OF THE HEARTH.

Written for Canadian Churchman.

Part I.

"By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly

Of the Future what it cannot give them."

—Longfellow.

"Look, Bluebell, what I have brought for you!"
From a low couch placed before a smouldering
fire in the grate a golden head was suddenly
raised; and a pair of deep blue eyes were turned
towards the speaker, whose approach had been
till then unnoticed, his light footstep having
failed to invade the brown study which had en-
wrapped the young girl.

"O, Don! How lovely, how beautiful! Is it
really and truly for me?"

A sudden flush had leaped into the pale,

delicate face of the girl, and the eyes kindled
with unwonted pleasure, as they rested on the
unexpected gift in her brother's hand. It was a
large, white chrysanthemum in full bloom.

"Don't get up, Sis, I'll bring it to you." He
placed the flower-pot carefully on the floor be-
side the low sofa, where, in a sitting posture,
Bluebell could just touch the topmost blossom
with her hand. It was a beauty. One more ac-
customed than she to gifts and pleasures might
have exclaimed at its loveliness. She touched
the delicate blossoms with a hand almost as
white and frail, and took long breaths of the
delicious perfume; while Don stood looking down
tenderly upon his sister, his manly face beaming
with a reflection of her delight. What was it
not worth to have brought such a radiant look
into the one face dear to him on earth?

"How's the headache now, girlie?" he asked,
as she drew him down to a seat beside her.

"Better, thank you, much better. I am only
a little tired. You have sold your picture, Don,
I know. Tell me all about it."

Don placed some fresh coal upon the grate,
and stirred up the fire into a blaze before answer-
ing. The early autumn twilight was fast filling
the room with shadow, but the ruddy glow of
the fire cast a cheerful light over everything.
The room, which did duty as kitchen, dining-
room and parlor combined, was small and bare;
that is to say, there was an absence of any pre-
tence at luxury; but the few simple articles of
furniture were neatly arranged, and the place
had an indescribable air of refinement. Near one
window, which overlooked a narrow, squalid
street, were placed an easel and a stand contain-
ing a palette, brushes, etc. It was the artist's
studio. In the other window were a few gerani-
ums in bloom. The walls were adorned with a
number of water-colour sketches, chiefly land-

drawings. Imperfect and somewhat amateur they were, yet they showed unmistakably the touch of an artist's hand.

"Yes, Bluebell, I have sold my picture. Williams seemed to like it, rather, he gave me ten shillings for it. I shall be a long time getting rich at that rate, but every little helps."

"Yes, indeed, Don; but ten shillings was not enough for that picture. It was worth more, I am sure."

"I don't know. Maybe it was; and yet, ——" There was silence for a moment as Don gazed dreamily into the glowing coals. "But I tell you, Bluebell, if I could only paint the pictures just as I see them in my mind, Williams wouldn't get them for ten shillings."

"Tell me about the pictures you see in your mind, Don."

A wistful smile played for a moment over the brother's features, and he spoke almost eagerly. "They are such beautiful pictures, girlic, and so real, green fields starred with daisies; banks blue with violets; sunny, silvery brooks; rippling fields of golden grain; cool, shadowy woods, with sunlight trickling down between the leaves; tiny blue lakes, surrounded by soft, grassy hills; or wide vistas of delightful country, in which all these are combined, with ridges of blue-gray hills away off in the distance, or a glimpse of sunny sea beyond some mountain glen. I don't know how it is, Bluebell, but these pictures rise up before me with such vividness at times. In the factory, on the street, or here by our own little fireside, like silent friends they come and go."

"And yet, Don, you have scarcely ever been outside of London, and then only a little way out into the country. How can these lovely scenes have originated in your mind?"

"It must be from pictures I have seen, perhaps in the Academy. A beautiful painting is to me something more than a mere inanimate thing;

it seems to become almost alive. I feel the soft air and the sunshine around me; I hear the music of the brook, or the rustle of the leaves, and smell the perfume of the flowers. The faces there are the faces of friends. It all seems a living reality."

Bluebell listened, fascinated, to the description of these flitting ideals; and, gazing with sisterly pride and affection into the glowing face of her artist brother, said eagerly: "The whole secret of it is, Don, that you have the very soul of an artist. You will be a great painter some day, I know it; I feel it! All in good time the tide of fortune will turn, and your genius will have a chance to develop. Your work will be recognized, and you will become rich and famous."

Don laughed merrily. "When that day comes, little dreamer, do you know what I shall do? I'll take you out of this noisy, smoky city, away off to the loveliest place you can imagine. You shall wander all day among the flowers, and rest by the sunny sea. There will be no headaches, no cough, and no weariness, then. Your cheeks will grow plump and rosy, and your eyes will sparkle with delight."

But suddenly the joyous note died out of his tone, and the merry smile faded into shadow. Perhaps it was the contrast their actual circumstances presented to this imaginary scene that caused the shadow and the sigh. Like a fragile flower his sister seemed to be fading before his eyes, fading for lack of the proper nourishment and pure air he longed, but was powerless, to give her.

"Oh, Bluebell!" he continued in a wistful tone; "if only it might come true! But it is only a dream; and we are very poor, bound in by force of circumstances to a narrow life of struggling for daily bread. After all, what can we do to better it?"

"What but look sunward, and with faces golden, Whisper softly to each other of a hope?"

Her hand had stolen into his. He pressed it gently. "My little guardian angel, what should I do if I hadn't you to 'whisper to me softly of a hope?'"

"What should we do without each other, Don? Haven't we been all in all to each other always, especially since mother died?"

There was a silence, and the same thought was in the mind of each. It was not the memory of a great bereavement, but of a long-felt need, an empty void that nothing yet had filled, nothing but their close sympathy and love for each other. A father's care they had never known; Mr. Brown had died before either was old enough to remember his face. And their mother—she had loved them in a rough, undemonstrative way, but somehow she had failed to enter the deepest recesses of their hearts. She had not made the name of "mother" sacred to them. Herself uneducated, uncultured, and lacking in those finer instincts that, strangely enough, characterized the brother and sister, she had failed to understand or sympathize with their dearest dreams and aspirations. Bluebell's poetry and fairy-tales were to her "idle nonsense," and Don's pictures "a heap of trash;" so they had grown to depend entirely upon each other for sympathy and love. Mrs. Brown had earned a meagre living by going out to wash for her more fortunate neighbours, and as soon as the children were old enough they had to bear their share of the burdens; so their opportunities for education had been small indeed. But an interested and devoted teacher had given these "little ones" many a "cup of cold water" in the shape of choice literature, a few good pictures, and many words of encouragement, help, and cheer. Every opportunity for betterment had been eagerly grasped and turned

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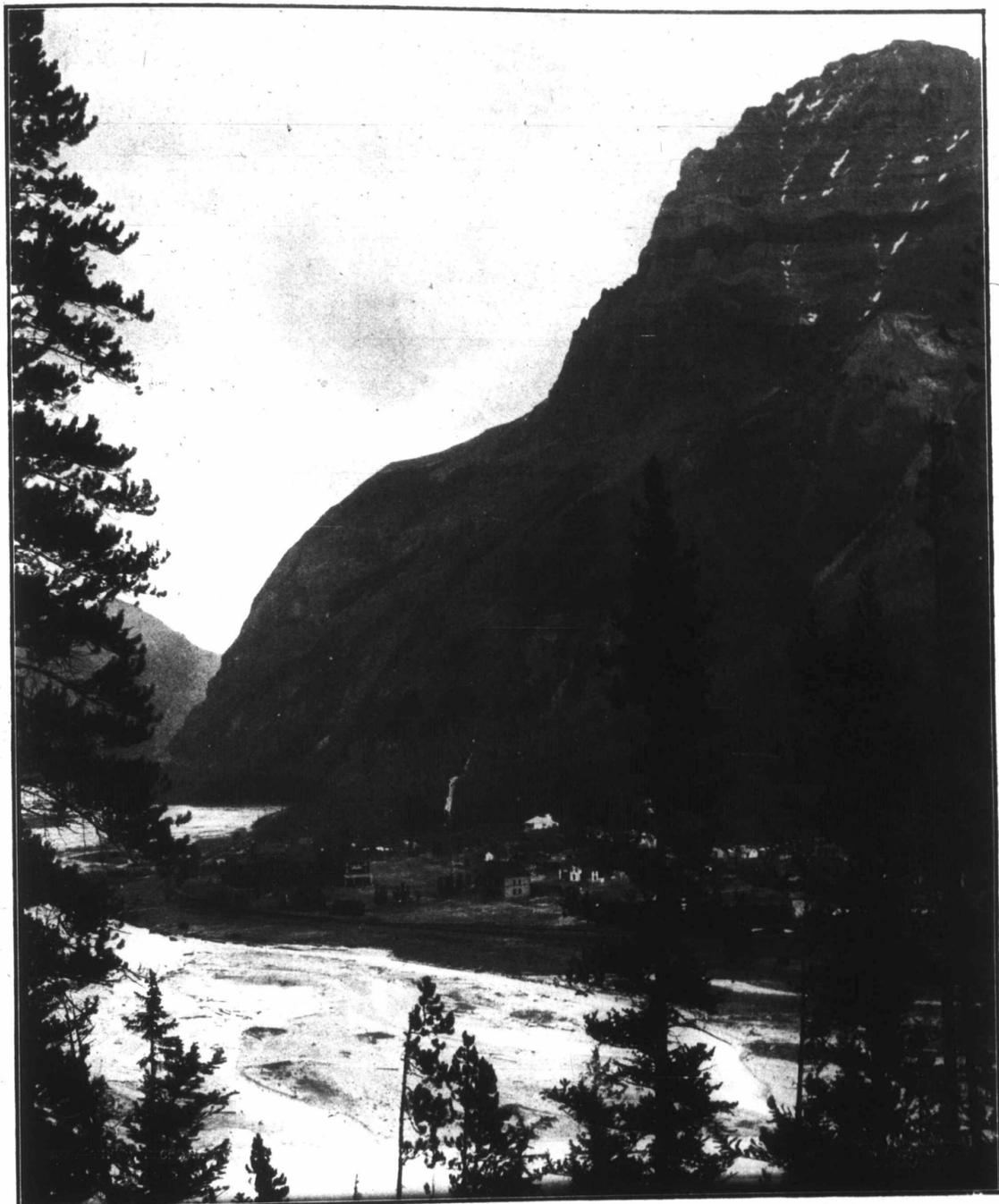
Monetary Times Printing Co.
of Canada, Limited - Toronto, Ont.

December 14, 1905.]

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FIELD, B.C., AND MOUNT STEPHEN.

Canadian Churchman.

to good account; and so the brother and sister
had grown up pure in mind and heart, even as
a sweet and fragrant flower may rear its head
among ugly, noisome weeds.

When Mrs. Brown had died three years pre-
vious, seventeen year-old Don had proudly under-
taken the support of his sister, then a delicate
girl of fourteen. He worked in a boot and shoe
factory, spending all his spare time in painting.
In his early childhood Don's chief happiness had
been in making pictures, and in later years, when
he was old enough, all the pennies he could
gather together were spent in the effort to bring
nearer the realization of his dearest dream, to be-
come an artist. An old artist, who lived near,
gave him lessons for a mere song, maintaining
that the pleasure of teaching such a bright,
earnest pupil was reward enough for him. Now,
at twenty, his life-long perseverance in his pur-
pose was beginning to bear a little fruit. He
was sometimes able to sell his pictures, though
for much less than they were worth. Bluebell
made the most of their simple means, and oc-
casionally made a little money herself by doing
fancy work, for which, like Don's pictures, she
was poorly paid. Yet they had for the most

part, been happy; for had not each the other to
love and care for?

"Oh, if I should lose her!" thought Don, "I
must, I must do something to keep her from
slipping away." He turned his dreamy gaze from
the glowing hearth to his sister's face. How
very beautiful it looked in the flickering firelight,
with those pure, sweet blossoms bending close
to the clustering curls of gold. A sudden thought
flashed into his mind, and his heart beat fast.
What a picture she would make! "What a foolish
fellow I am," he mused, "not to have thought
of it before! Here I have been vainly grasping
after fleeting will-o'-the-wisps of fancy, when
right before my very eyes is a living, breathing
model that Michael Angelo himself might have
envied. Yes, I will do it. I'll make her a Madonna.
It shall be my magnum opus, my masterpiece. It
will surely be a success—and she will not drift
away."

Part II.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."
—Tennyson.

"Good-bye, Mary. I shall be back in a week
at least. What Christmas gift shall I bring you
home from London?"

"Oh, anything you like, John. I have no
particular wish. Good-bye."

No particular wish! Well might Mrs. Mortimer
say that. Nothing that money could buy had
been denied her by an indulgent husband, who
seemed almost to have been gifted with the
magic "golden touch" ascribed to the fabled King
Midas of old. Kendal Hall was one of the most
beautiful of those "stately homes of England,"
for which that dear old land is so widely famed.
No particular wish! And yet there are joys
which all the gold in the mines could not buy;
and as the carriage disappeared in the gray De-
cember mist, Mrs. Mortimer turned back, with
a sigh, into the lonely, lovely home in the heart
of the Westmoreland hills.

A few days afterwards, Squire Mortimer, hav-
ing completed the business which had brought
him to London, bethought himself of the pleas-
ant task of procuring a Christmas souvenir for
his wife. While passing along the street he sud-
denly came upon a little group of men, women,
and children, gathered before the window of a

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But he was apparently much engrossed with the picture. Leaving the group, he soon discovered the magic spell that had enticed and held them there. It was a painting of the Madonna.

Squire Mortimer paused in wonder and admiration. He was no mean connoisseur of art; and his quick, experienced eye told him at once that this was a work of more than common genius. Yet a few minor defects, which a less practised eye would not have noticed, stamped the work as the production of one not yet quite master of his art. Many a Madonna had he seen, but never one just like this. The central figure was a young and beautiful maiden in kneeling posture, resting one slender hand lightly upon a little cot, on which a sleeping infant lay. The background was in partial shadow, but a gleam of firelight played over the Madonna's features, and glistened upon the snowy drapery and upon the pale petals of a many-blossomed chrysanthemum, whose topmost flower almost touched her hair. The form and attitude of the kneeling figure was graceful and pleasing in the extreme; but it was the face that arrested his gaze and held him spellbound. It was a face of almost angelic sweetness. Waves of pale gold hair rippled back from a chaste, white brow. The full, curved lips had a pathetic droop, denoting pensive thought; and a pair of large, spiritual eyes, blue as the summer sky, were gazing far away into space, with a rapt expression, as if they beheld visions of which mortal lips might never dare to speak. The picture seemed to stand out upon the canvas in life-like reality. It bore this inscription, "The Madonna of the Hearth."

The Squire stood fascinated by strange emotions which he could scarcely understand. Where had he seen those eyes? And who could the unknown artist be? He made his way through the little group and entered the studio. Addressing a little sharp-eyed man, who seemed to be the proprietor, he said, "May I ask if you

know the name of the artist who has painted the Madonna picture in your window?"

"Donald Brown, sir. He is here, and will speak for himself," answered the man, turning to a tall, plainly dressed youth, who stood near. The Squire looked up in some surprise. "Is 'The Madonna of the Hearth' your own work, my friend?"

"It is, sir."

"You are young to have accomplished so fine a work; you have a future ahead of you. May I ask who was your model for the Madonna?"

"It was my sister. Her name is; but I always call her Bluebell because of her blue eyes."

Then with a few kindly worded questions, Squire Mortimer drew from the young artist the few simple facts concerning his previous life which have already been related here. Donald answered quietly, striving meanwhile to quell the rising hopes in his heart, lest they should suddenly be dashed in disappointment. The Squire seemed greatly interested.

"How much do you ask for your picture, Mr. Brown?" he presently asked.

"I haven't set a price on it yet, as I hardly knew how much it ought to bring. I preferred to wait and see how much might be offered."

"Would you take £100 for it?"

One hundred pounds! Don thought he must be dreaming. An over-full heart for a moment sealed his lips. The gentleman whose eyes had been upon the painting, mistook his silence. "You think that is not enough?" he said.

"Enough! Oh, sir, I had never dreamed of receiving so much as that for it. You cannot mean that you will give me £100 for it! It would mean so much to Bluebell and me!"

The Squire smiled at the eager, radiant face; and, taking out his cheque-book, handed him a cheque for the sum named. "I have one request," he added; "may I see your sister?"

Permission was willingly given; and while

Squire Mortimer was making arrangements for having the painting transferred to his hotel, Donald, having left his address, hastened to communicate the good news to his sister. He thought that his cup of joy was almost full when he saw the radiant light upon her face.

"O, Bluebell!" he said earnestly, when the unexpected good fortune had been fully discussed, "If this had failed, I believe my spirit would almost have been crushed. I put my whole heart and soul into that picture. Somehow I felt that it would be a turning point in my career, either for better or for worse."

"I knew it," she replied. "Haven't I seen it day by day? How I have trembled and prayed for you! But God has been good to us."

Just at this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Squire Mortimer. His kind face and gentle tone soon put Bluebell, who had somewhat dreaded his coming, quite at ease. He conversed pleasantly for half an hour, then bade adieu, expressing the hope that they might meet again. "Strange," he mused as he descended the narrow stair, "to find such genius, such refinement in the midst of surroundings so very humble. It is very, very strange." On the landing he was intercepted by the landlady, who had learned of the good success of her tenant's enterprise.

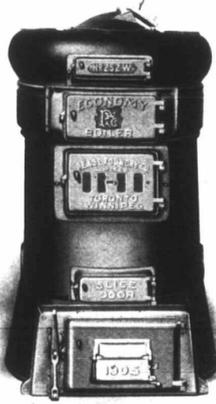
"Pardon me, sir, for my boldness in addressing you, but are you acquainted—do you know anything about the young artist up yonder?"

"Nothing but what he himself has just told me. I did not even know of his existence a few hours ago; but I am extremely interested in him and his sweet-faced sister. They strike me as being—well, a little above their surroundings." He paused, half doubting how this remark might be received.

"They are," she replied emphatically. "They are no common folks, I assure you. I know a thing or two that would surprise some folks;

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The "PEASE Economy Hot Water Boiler" has no equal in the market to-day. It will do the work claimed for it—we sell it with that positive guarantee.

If you are installing a boiler see that you get a "PEASE." If you are thinking of changing the one you have, remember it would be only a few hours' work to replace it with a modern 'Economy Boiler'—Write for particulars.

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TORONTO

December 14, 1905.]

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A. J. Elsley.

GOOD-BYE.

Canadian Churchman.

but it is no matter. I only thought you might be a friend of theirs."

A note of mysticism in her look and tone, striking in unison with his own vague questionings, thoroughly aroused his curiosity. "I hope I may always be a friend to them," he said. "If there is anything you can impart to me concerning them it will be treated with the utmost confidence, and I shall regard it as a personal favour. You need not be afraid to trust me."

She looked at him keenly a moment. "I believe I can trust you, and I will. It has preyed upon my mind so long, it will be a relief to tell someone. Just step in here a moment and sit down."

He obeyed, and she began at once: "I said that they are more than common folks, and it is true. They are of gentle birth."

"I don't understand you. Their father, I am

told, was a poor cobbler, and their mother an uneducated washerwoman."

"So they think; but listen, Mr. and Mrs. Brown were not their parents."

A sudden lightning flash of thought made Squire Mortimer's heart give a sudden bound. "What do you say, madam? How do you know?"

"Mrs. Brown confessed it to me on her dying bed."

"Confessed what? Tell me all, all you know, all that she told you!" His breath was coming in quick gasps, but he held a firm check upon himself and did not interrupt again.

"She confessed that the children were not her own; that just after her husband's death in Liverpool she had stolen them from a careless nursemaid, who had left them in their carriage in front of a large dry goods shop, while she was buying some finery and chatting to some friends. She

had acted on a sudden impulse, thinking to obtain a reward for them; but soon becoming frightened at her deed; and fearing punishment instead of reward, she escaped quickly from the city, and buried herself in the heart of London, rearing the children as her own; and the crime has never been discovered. Perhaps I ought to have told them, but I was afraid it would only arouse vain hopes."

"How long ago did this happen?"

"About seventeen years ago, I think. The boy was nearly three years old, and the girl an infant of six months."

With a great effort the Squire steadied his voice to ask one more question: "Do you know their real name?"

"Mrs. Brown didn't know who their parents were at the time, but the girl wore this." The landlady had taken from a bureau drawer a care-

fully took a package; and unfastening it she held to view a tiny loaded package; and unfastening it she held to view a tiny embroidered infant's robe, yellowed with age. On the collar was plainly written the name, Alice Mortimer.

He almost snatched it from her hand in his eagerness. "Found, found at last!" he cried; "Thank God, thank God!" He seized her hand in a grip that almost made her wince. "How can I ever repay you?" he exclaimed, "you have restored—rather God, through you, has restored to me my children. My name is John Mortimer of Kendall Hall. I lost my boy Reginald and my girl Alice in just the way that you have described. There can be no mistake about it. This little robe is proof positive; a fac-simile of it is among my wife's most cherished treasures; and the young lady has my baby Alice's eyes. There surely was never such another pair! Thank God! It is He who has led me to them."

Much as we should like to dwell upon the strange and joyful scenes that immediately followed, necessity forbids. We must draw over them the veil of silence. After all, perhaps they are as easily imagined as described. Let us pass on.

It is Christmas Eve. The stars are just coming out in a sky of cloudless blue. Their gentle radiance falls with quiet benediction upon a lovely landscape scene, which a light fall of snow has transformed into a veritable fairyland. The windows of Kendall Hall are all aglow. Within are comfort, warmth and light, shining holly and wreathing mistletoe. Servants are moving quietly about, or gathered in expectant groups in the large, cheerful kitchen. The Hall is awaiting the home-coming of its lord and master. Mrs. Mortimer stands at a window, gazing up the glistening carriage drive. Listen! There is a sound of wheels; he is coming!

"Welcome home, John! I am so glad you have come back." Having responded to the salutations

of the servants and given his wife an affectionate kiss of greeting, the Squire gently leads her to a seat in the library, saying, "Come, I have a little surprise for you."

"Oh, my Christmas gift?" she smiles. "Never mind it now, John; it can wait. Dinner is ready, and you must be hungry."

"Nay, but I have some pleasant news for you, which you must hear first."

Gently, tenderly, fearing lest too great and sudden joy may overcome her, the Squire unfolds a wonderful tale. But joy seldom harms. "My long lost darlings! Is it, is it true that they are found? Oh, tell me where they are, that I may go to them!"

"They are here, waiting for a mother's welcome home. Wait here and I will bring them to you."

She met them on the threshold—the baby Alice, now a sweet and lovely girl and Reginald, a tall and fair young man of noble countenance—met them with a long and close embrace as if she could not let them go. There were confused questions, kisses and tears,—but they were tears of joy. Surely there never was a more joyful "welcome home!" The angels themselves must have looked upon that scene and smiled.

Good news spreads rapidly. The joyful tidings sped from lip to lip; and in an incredibly short time all the village had heard of the return to Kendall Hall of its long lost son and heir, and the sweet and gentle Miss Alice. Suddenly the bells set up a merry peal, and flung their wild music far on the starlit air.

Reginald and Alice—for they are no longer Don and Ida Brown; their new real names seem a part of the new, wonderful life they have entered upon,—Reginald and Alice can scarcely yet realize that they are not living in some beautiful dream from which they will soon awake. To think that this beautiful, luxurious home is their own by right of birth! More than that, to call

this noble gentleman "father," and this gentle lady "mother;" to see the lovelight in her eyes, and to feel the caressing touch of her soft, white hand! Can Heaven itself afford any truer happiness?

When the sunlight touched with gold the glistening hills and dales on that fair, bright Christmas morning, "Bluebell" and her brother stood at a window, hand in hand, gazing at the broad expanse of country—lake and river, meadow-land and park—the very scenes that had been so indelibly printed on Reginald's childish mind that they had risen before him so often since in dreams. The very air seemed throbbing with the jubilant chimes of bells.

"What are they saying, Bluebell?"
"Peace on earth, good will to men! Oh, brother, truly God is good!"

—Lilian.

THE DAY OF SACRIFICING LOVE.

By The Bishop of Ripon.

Christmas Day is the day of sacrificing love. It is the day when self and all thought of self should be laid aside. Life seems to increase selfishness. Experience tells us that in the struggle each man must be for himself. We are learning better. We are learning that each man is to be for his brother-man. The joy of the world, the mitigation of its hardships, the alleviation of its sorrows, are not matters outside our interest. They are the very things for which we should have eyes and hearts. They are the very things for which we must learn to sacrifice our wealth our ease, and our self-pleasing, to promote. Not with signs of sovereign power did Christ come to speak a royal fiat and abolish all ill; but under limitations, by self-sacrifice, by patience, and thought, and effort, by doing kindly acts and speaking kindly words, by the sovereign

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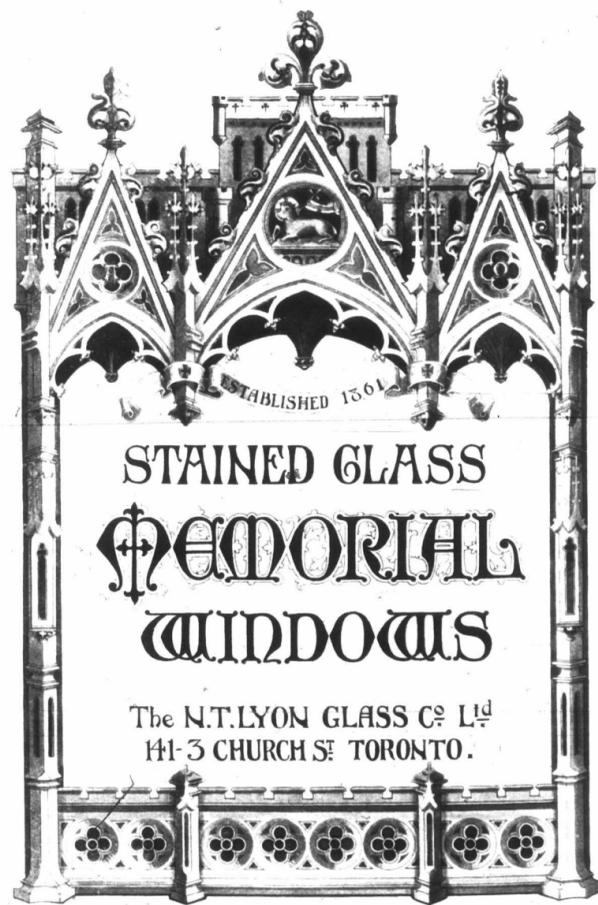
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SACRIFICING LOVE.

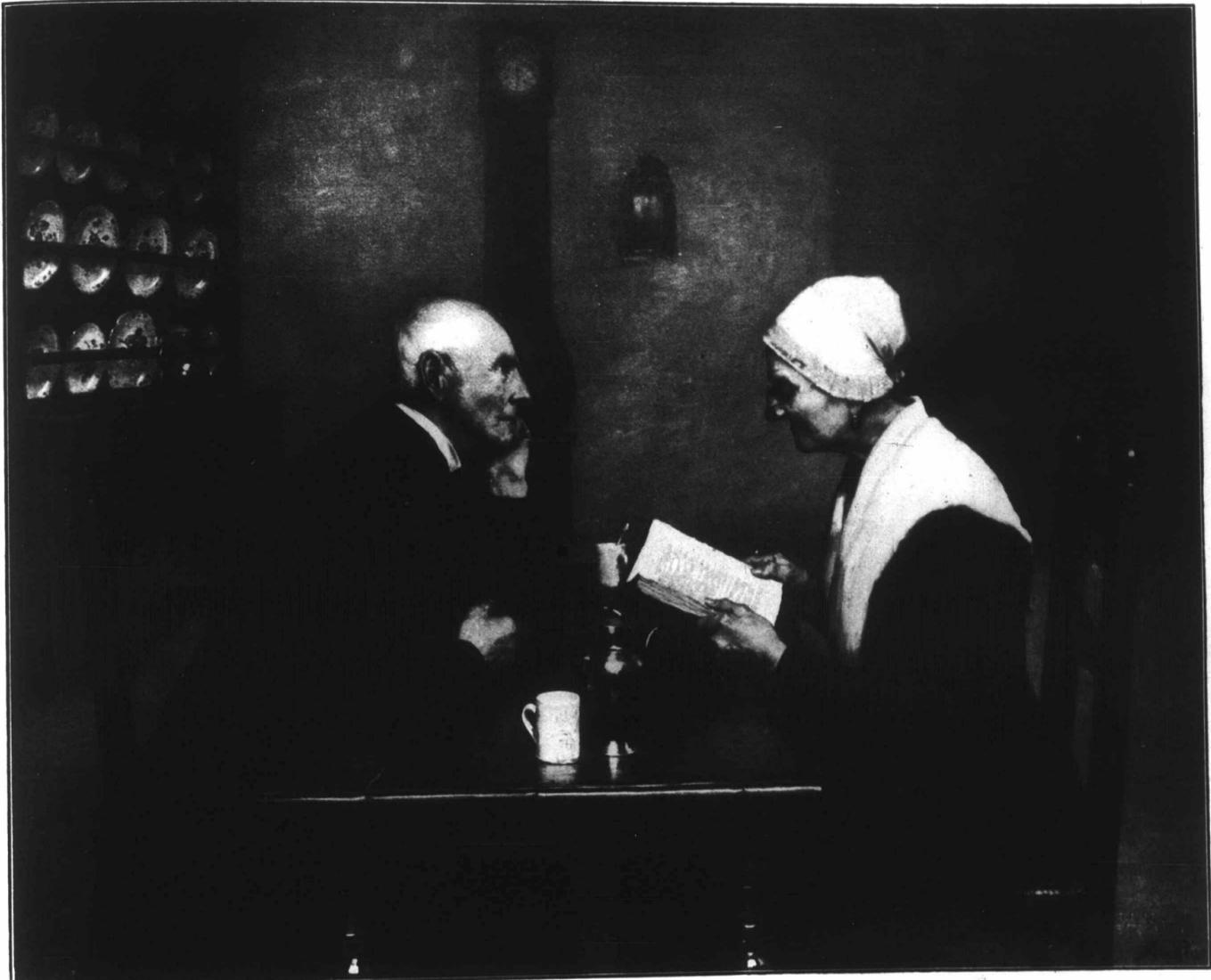
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power of simple and self-sacrificing love, did He live and work in the world. And so was the world brought to the feet of God—not by might, not by power, but by the Spirit which was God's. Let self, then, be flung aside on Christmas Day and always. Let us throw ourselves into the joys of others forgetting our own sorrows; into the sorrows of others, forgetting our own pleasures.

To make to-day's hard march, to fight to-day's hard battle, and leave the great campaign where it belongs—in the wise Captain's hands—there is the only comfort, the only light, which often-times seems left to us; and when we take it in profound humility, behold! it is enough.

A manufacturer in the west of England, anxious that his hands should keep Christmas

in a proper spirit, told them that if they went to church on that day, they should receive their wages just the same as if they had been at work. Shortly after the address, a deputation of solemn-faced employees waited upon their chief "We're willin' to attend church," said the spokesman; "and if ye can see your way to payin' us overtime, we're willin' to attend the Methodist Chapel in the evening."



By Courtesy Mackenzie & Co.

THE OLD FOLKS' CHRISTMAS EVE.

Canadian Churchman.

GOD'S WHISPERS.

There is hardly ever a complete silence in our soul. God is whispering to us well-nigh incessantly. Whenever the sounds of the world die out of the soul, or sink low, then we hear these whisperings of God. He is always whispering to us, only we do not always hear, because of the noise, hurry, and distraction which life causes as it rushes on.

The more we look at the world with intelligent and loving eyes, the more the world means to us. The more we look at each other's face with intelligence and love, the more human beings mean to us. The more we think of the fathomless depths and the lofty heights of being, and of the Being that fills being and is the source of it, the more it will mean to us.

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For Calendar and further information apply

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MRS. A. R. GREGORY Lady Principal

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—Phillips Brooks.

A little motherless seven-year-old, who was being brought up by two aunts, and taught to pray at their knee, before lying down at night, was found to have gone to bed one night without coming to "say prayers." "Why, Alice, you've gone to bed without saying your prayers." "No, men; I've said 'em," she replied. "Whom did you say them to?" asked auntie. "I said 'em to the bed!" was her response. She had seen her aunts thus kneel, and thought herself old enough to follow their example. Alas, how many prayers are said to the bed!

THE CHRISTMAS CHEF.

By Frank H. Sweet.

"Did you get one, John?"

Mrs. Botsford spoke eagerly, almost hysterically. Her husband drew off his gloves slowly.

"Why, yes, I brought one up, Julia, of course, I sent her round to the kitchen entrance."

"Can she cook?"

"She is neat and very nice-looking," Mr. Botsford temporized defensively. "She says she can do every kind of housework from up garret to down cellar. And she seems to be strong and willing."

"But can she cook fancy dishes, I mean?"

Mr. Botsford looked embarrassed.

"Well, you see, she was brought up on a farm," he explained, "and hasn't had much chance at such things. She says, however, that she had quite a reputation at home for plain, wholesome cooking, and she is willing to learn. I told her what you wanted."

Mrs. Botsford dropped upon a stool, her eyes filling.

"Oh, John," she cried, "it's eleven o'clock now, and Cousin Edward's fiancée is coming at three

to stay until Saturday, and she and Edward and some of her people will be here for Christmas dinner, and you know I have never seen the girl nor any of them. If Edward were here he might help me explain, but of course I can't as it is; and he counts on us to do everything for them so they will like us. We must have things nice, Edward is such a dear boy, and he wants us to like her, and he says she is the sweetest and most unconventional girl in the world, and she's worth a clear million in her own right. Oh, John, why need our cook get sick at such a time, and—" Mrs. Botsford was becoming incoherent and seemed to recognize the fact herself, for she stopped suddenly. But John nodded comprehendingly.

"I see," he said. "But what else could I do? I went to three different offices and found only two cooks. One was red-faced and smelled of whiskey, and of course was impossible. The other I brought with me. There's a corner on servants, especially cooks, at this season. The only suggestion of one besides these two was a ten-dollar-a-day chef who commences a regular job Monday. Of course you don't want a chef for two days."

Mrs. Botsford sprang to her feet, her face suddenly radiant.

"The very thing," she exclaimed. "He can do the art work and your cook the plain dishes. A chef will be so—so chic, and you know Miss Lenox has been used to everything. I never dreamed of such good fortune—for just the two days we want him, and not obliged to keep him any longer. You must telephone at once, John. We will need a few touches for dinner to-night, and a full display of his powers to-morrow, and then something a little less elaborate the next day. He—a chef is he, isn't he, John?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. That has always been my impression—though I don't suppose there's any law against a girl filling the position. The manager did not state in this case, only that a chef could be had for two days."

"Well, it's a man, of course. Now hurry to the telephone, please, before some one else gets him."

She waited until her husband returned from the telephone nodding.

"Says the chef will be up at one sharp, Julia. Now I'll go downtown and order the Christmas trimmings."

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READ THIS. REFLECT ON EVERY WORD. CALL AND HAVE EVERYTHING SUBSTANTIATED

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10 Acres	\$200.00
Cost of 1,000 orange trees, 35c each, 100 to the acre	350.00
	<u>\$550.00</u>

Can you invest this amount, that in four years will give you an independency for life? This is what you can do in Cuba. But bear in mind you must live during these four years, and how? Well, you can grow all kinds of small fruits, vegetables, etc., and find a ready market in Havana for all you can grow; also you can ship to New York fruits, vegetables and every thing you can grow during the winter months, when everything here demands the highest prices, and get excellent returns. Other established colonies are selling their land at from \$60.00 to \$75.00 per acre. So shall we be selling ours at these prices within two years.

Large numbers from Canada are now planting their lands and are delighted with the prospects, sending for their friends and purchasing other lands from us.

A practical medical man is now on the property with the intention of following his profession. We have also a practical fruit grower under our Cuban Manager who will gladly advise our Colonists on every point.

Buy now and save money. Call for every information. 30,000 acres of these lands have been sold to Canadian people during this year. This gives you an idea of the number of people going to settle on our estate.

There is no safer heritage to leave to your family than a ten-acre plantation under cultivation at Ocean Beach, thus insuring at the end of eight years and every year thereafter an annual income for life of more than \$5,000.00.

Bear in mind that no investment is so absolutely safe beyond all possible chance of loss as an investment based upon its agricultural value.

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AGENTS WANTED

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At one sharp, Mrs. Botsford was at the window, expectant, anxious. But exactly as the clock struck, a cab rolled up to the door and a girl alighted. Mrs. Botsford's countenance fell a little, but rose as the girl, with a quick glance around, opened the small gate and went toward the side entrance. It was the chef, though but a girl. And the fact of her coming in a cab and being well dressed was significant of the ten dollars a day.

Mrs. Botsford did not wait for the waitress to answer the bell, but hurried to the side entrance herself. The occasion was too momentous for ceremony. As she drew open the door the girl was bending over a fine clump of late chrysanthemums that were smiling daringly into the very teeth of winter. Mrs. Botsford's heart warmed toward her instantly. She loved flowers, and a girl who could bend over flowers with that look on her face was not an ordinary workman, but an artist. As the girl looked up, smiled, nodded, and then came forward, Mrs. Botsford caught her in her arms.

"If you are as nice to Miss Lenox as you are to me," she smiled, "I think she will like you. Now you will leave me in charge. I will do the best I can."

Mrs. Botsford returned to the drawing-room, rubbing her forehead thoughtfully.

"What's the matter, Julia," her husband asked, "another headache?"

"N-no," doubtfully, "that's where the chef kissed me. I never had a girl kiss me so soon before. And she—patronized me, John. No," wrinkling her brow judicially, "it was not quite that, either—it was just a way. Graduates might kiss each other like that, or—or grandmothers. I suppose it's the ten dollars a day. But I don't care, if only she diffuses her artist soul through the cooking. She has an artist soul, John; I saw it in her eyes."

At three o'clock she was again at the window; but there was no carriage in sight. Two minutes later the telephone rang. She did not call Mr. Botsford this time, but went to the telephone herself.

from the West you know, and lots of families get rich quickly out there. And, of course, a lover's opinion isn't always reliable. Poor Edward!"

Mr. Botsford nodded vaguely and opened the note, which read:

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Botsford:—Sorry I cannot come according to agreement. Imperative summons elsewhere. Will see you to-morrow.

Faithfully, etc., M. Lehnocks."

"Rather abrupt for good form, isn't it?" queried Mr. Botsford, "and doesn't there seem a suggestion of Jew among the ancestors, or is it German or Irish? The combination might masquerade almost any nationality that's foreign. But never mind, Julia—we must be as nice to her as we can, for Edward's sake. And we're agree to have a pleasant evening, for the Rolles' presence will guarantee that. I will go and ask them at once. We will leave to-morrow's uncertainty of nine letters to disentangle itself."

But they did not have to wait until the morrow for the disentanglement. At nine o'clock



G. Costantini.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Canadian Churchman.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, without giving the chef an opportunity to speak, "you don't know how glad I am to see you. We have been under such a strain. Absolutely not a person in the house able to do a thing, and company coming who are so particular and so accustomed to the very best. I will take you right into the kitchen, and Sarah will show you where everything is. And you can have the waitress to help, too. If you need anything not in the house, Sarah will tell you where to order; you can use the telephone—it will be brought instantly. I am so glad. I shall not suggest a thing, for I see you are perfectly capable and can do best in your own way. Only to make it just as—as comprehensive as you can. Miss Lenox is accustomed to everything, and—and I want to make her like me, so much, and to please Edward."

She had been hurrying the chef through the hall towards the kitchen, half laughing and half crying, but wholly joyous and anticipative. At the door, to her surprise and almost consternation, the chef suddenly bent forward, pressing a light kiss upon her forehead.

"What's that you say?" she questioned presently, leaning forward as though in that attitude she could make the receiver at her ear more intelligible, "can't come? Why, that's too bad! But you will be here to-morrow, of course? What? Will send note? Yes. Well, come just as early as you can."

She crossed to where her husband had stopped cutting the leaves of a magazine to listen.

"It's too bad, John," she said; "and I know from the looks of our shelf that even to-night's dinner will be something to be proud of. You might ask the Rolles in, if you like. Being in the next house a late invitation will not be out of place. We ought not to allow even a single meal of a chef to be hidden under a bushel."

An hour later the note came. Mrs. Botsford read it with perplexed face, then passed it to her husband.

"I didn't know she spelled her name that way, John," she said, "though, of course, we never saw it spelled out. One can never tell much from pronunciation. And—and I'm afraid she's not so well educated as we thought. She comes

that night, after the palms and mistletoe and holly had arrived and been arranged in the various rooms to their satisfaction, Sarah suddenly burst upon them with her face full of consternation.

"The chef!" she gasped; "didn't ye say she was goin' to stay to-morrow an' the next day?"

"Certainly; why?"

"Because she's gone—left entirely. I was at the range, watchin' the turkey, an' she came in with her hat on an' said that everything was all ready so that I could attend to it now. An' she left a note for ye, an'," opening her other hand as she gave Mrs. Botsford the note, "she made me take this three dollars for being so nice to help her with the work, she said, an' she told me good-bye."

"But why did she go?" gasped Mrs. Botsford. "I thought—"

"She said everything was all ready," Sarah repeated stolidly "an' that I could attend to it now. There," as a clear car tinkle sounded outside, "that's her car startin' now. She said she wanted to catch the nine-o'clock."

Mrs. Botsford opened the note with trembling

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"She's all right," she frowned, looked mortified, and finally passed the note to her husband with shining eyes. "She's all right," was her only comment.

The note read:
"Dear Mrs. Botsford: "You really must forgive me. I had an errand downtown, and so called at your house an hour earlier than I intended, thinking I would stop there awhile and then perhaps you and I would do the errand together. A sight of your lovely chrysanthemums drew me straight through the gate to the side entrance, then you opened the door, and somehow we drifted into the kitchen before I quite realized what I was doing. There your straits and a remembrance of former triumphs conspired to do the rest. I really do love cooking, and have taken a lot of courses in special things. I think I have excelled myself this time, and believe you will be pleased with the result. Sarah and the chamber girl can manage the rest very nicely. I shall do my errand now, and will stay with my aunt at the Marlborough to-night. It will be more convenient. You may expect us quite early to-morrow morning.

Lovingly,
Marguerite Lenox."

When He gives a duty, He is ready also to give the grace needed for the doing of it.

He drives sins away as the wind drives the smoke. He casts them into the depths of the sea, that they may never reappear, however great and heavy they may have been. For when the sinners turn with their whole hearts from sin to God, God turns away wholly from their sins and looks with smiling face upon them.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"The Prince of Peace."—Is. 9:6.

O Prince of Peace, we bless Thy name,
For love revealed and love unknown,
For grace immutably the same
On sinful earth and heaven's throne.

Thou art our peace; Thy precious blood
Has taken all our guilt away,
Has reconciled our souls to God,
And made us children of the day.

Thou art our peace; for Thou hast brought
To laden hearts the gift divine,
Surpassing wisdom, knowledge, thought,
That calm eternal rest of Thine.

Thou art our peace; though stars of night
And burning worlds and all things fail,
For Thou hast set our home of light
Beyond the stars, within the veil.

Thou art our peace; we see Thee true,
Good Shepherd, to Thy Word of old,
Thy lost sheep bearing, Greek and Jew,
Back to one sacred flock and fold.

And Thou art peace; Thy glorious reign
Shall put an end to war and strife,
And give for sorrow, woe, and pain,
Millennial harmony and life.

Then, blessing, honour, might, to Thee,
In praises that shall never cease,
Be now and to eternity,
O Lord of Glory, Prince of Peace!

—F. J. Hamilton, D.D.

A CHRISTMAS BEAM.

Pearly was between seven and eight years old; but, young as she was, she sometimes had very bright ideas, as little girls often have.

As Christmas drew near she knitted her brow more than once in a thoughtful way, trying to decide on the gifts for which she meant to write to Santa Claus. You see, that was one of her habits, to write a letter every year to the gift-giving saint to tell him just what gifts she would prefer; and, as her parents were quite rich, Santa Claus, who is a little partial sometimes, I fear, usually brought her just what she wanted.

But even if Pearly was a rich man's little girl, she went to Sunday School. Miss White was her teacher. On the Sunday morning before Christmas, as Miss White was going to Sunday School, she seemed to be in deep study.

"How shall I teach the lesson to Pearly, my rich little pupil?" was the question that made Miss White look so sober. "Nobody likes to be preached to too much, and I must teach her in some other way."

It wasn't the regular lesson of the day that Miss White was thinking about, but rather the true idea of Christmas, and how it could be made best and merriest. She walked on. Near the church door she whispered suddenly to herself: "Oh, I've just thought of a plan, I'll give Pearly an object lesson."

An object lesson is a lesson that is taught by objects—things that you can see—and not by words.

The lesson of the day being over, Miss White whispered to Pearly:

"My dear, will you go with me to-morrow forenoon to visit a sick little girl?"

"Yes, if mamma'll let me," Pearly replied.

The matter was arranged with Mrs. Granville, Pearly's rather proud mother, and so the next



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BEAM.

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GOOD MORNING, DEAR MOTHER.

Canadian Churchman.

morning Miss White's carriage stopped before the door, and the next minute Pearly was bundled snugly in the seat by her teacher's side.

"It will not be a very fine house to which I am going to take you, Pearly," said Miss White, as they drove along. "Jennie Scanlin is a sick girl. Her father is dead, and her mother can hardly earn enough with her sewing to make a living. You won't mind going into a poor, bare room, will you?"

"I'll go where you go," spoke up Pearly, for she thought everything her teacher did was precisely right.

The room in which Mrs. Scanlin lived was indeed a bare, cold, cheerless place, with two small children, poorly clad, shivering in one corner, and Jennie the little invalid lying on a bed that had scarcely enough covering to keep her suffering body warm. The mother sat sewing as her visitors entered. When Pearly had been introduced, Miss White asked: "Is Jennie any better to-day?"

"No; she seems to be suffering more pain than before," was the mother's discouraging reply.

Pearly looked around the room and wondered how any one could bear to live in such a poor and comfortless place. Then she thought of her own elegant home, the Brussels carpet on the floor, the fine pictures on the wall, and the rich furniture that must have cost thousands of dollars. It was too bad that everybody couldn't have such a nice home.

"Pearly," said Miss White, "you may talk with Jennie awhile. I want her mamma to step out on the street with me a few minutes."

Miss White really took the poor woman to a neighboring grocery, where she ordered the goods that she needed. Pearly drew her chair up to the little invalid's bedside and began to talk to her quite freely, for Pearly was not at all bashful. Presently she said:

"Christmas is pretty near here, isn't it?"

"Yes, it will be day after to-morrow," answered Jennie with a sad smile.

"What do you think you'll get for Christmas presents?" queried Pearly, longing to describe all the elegant gifts she expected to receive.

"I don't expect to get anything," and the wan face became sadder than before.

"Nothing at all!" cried Pearly. "Why, that won't seem a bit like Christmas! Why don't you expect any presents?"

"We are too poor," was the reply. "Mother can hardly get us what we need; so how can she buy us any gifts?"

"But won't Santa Claus bring you something?" asked Pearly in her innocent way. "Maybe he would if you'd write to him, same's I do."

Jennie was older than her little visitor, and she knew more about the real character of Santa Claus; but instead of saying that there was no such person as good St. Nick, she simply responded:

"I'm afraid Santa Claus would rather bring gifts to rich people than to poor ones. No, I I don't expect to get any presents from him."

"It must be awful hard for you to get such nice ones, an' lots of 'em, too?" Then she thought awhile. "Do you think it would do any good if I'd write to Santa Claus?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned Jennie, wearily. "It wouldn't do any harm, I suppose."

Before Pearly and Miss White left the house of poverty the little girl was almost crying because she pitied the children so much. On the way home she said to her teacher:

"Just to think o' Jennie an' her little brother an' sister not getting a single Christmas present—not a single one! I'm going to write to Santa Claus about 'em. Don't you think he'll send 'em something nice if I do?"

"Only in one way, Pearly," Miss White replied, with a bright smile.

"What is that?"

"By your giving up some of your own presents," replied the teacher.

The little girl became thoughtful, and after reaching home she was very quiet, and her white little forehead had quite a deep crease in it. She was thinking hard. "Give up some of my own nice presents?" she whispered. "But I wanted that big dollie so much, and that nice muff, though I've got four good ones now, and, and—but Jennie won't have anything at all. Poor, sick Jennie! She ought to have a nice warm bed, an' a good doctor to give her medicine, an' something good to eat, an' ever so many things."

The struggle between selfishness and pity lasted until the next day. In the afternoon Pearly made up her mind. There was a firm but happy look on her face. She went to the library and found pen and ink and paper, and then sat down to her little writing stand and wrote a letter. It took her a long time, but at last it was done, and she carried it to her mamma.

"Here, mamma," she said, "is my letter to Santa Claus; I want you to mail it right away."

and then she turned quickly and skipped out of the room, so that her mamma wouldn't see her tears.

Mrs. Granville opened the little sheet and read the childish scrawl. We will correct Pearly's spelling and make the proper commas, periods, and other marks, but give her own language. Her mother was greatly surprised at the mis-sive, which was different from all the little lady's former Santa Claus letters:

"Dear Santa Claus,—This letter will surprise (Pearly wrote it 's'prise') you, I guess. But, dear Santa Claus, it seems awful selfish for me to get so many Christmas gifts that I don't need. You know there are lots and lots of people who won't get any presents at all, 'cause they're so poor. I know some of them. There's Mrs. Scanlin lives on Cedar Street she's got a sick little girl and two other little children, and they're cold and hungry, and won't have any Christmas at all, if you don't give them something. Now, dear Santa Claus, don't let your feelings be hurt by what I say, but I wish you'd take the money it costs to buy my nice presents, and not buy them for me this year, but buy poor sick Jennie and her mother and the other children the things they need. I've always been so pleased with the presents you brought me; but I don't want to be selfish any more. You know Christ wasn't a bit selfish. Won't you do what I've asked you to, dear Santa? If you want to make this Christmas merry for me you will.

"Your loving little friend,

"PEARLY GRANVILLE."

As Mrs. Granville read the cramped child-like lines, the tears rose to her eyes, and she said to herself:

"Yes, we have all been too selfish. In the midst of all the want and suffering we have cared only for ourselves. Pearly has taught us a lesson, the precious darling. Santa Claus shall visit that poor widow and her children, who have won my little girl's pity and love. Pearly shall have her wish."

And that is just what happened. Good old St.

Nick—at least Pearly thought it was he—visited Jennie and her mother and other children some time on Christmas Eve, and you should have seen what a heap of nice and useful things he brought, and when Pearly and mamma called on them on Christmas Day the little girl's joy was full. She clapped her hands and said:

"I feel gooder this Christmas than I ever felt before."

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."

Heap on the coals with generous hand,
And hang the garlands green and fair;
Light up the wondrous magic tree,
And spread the board with viands rare,
Whate'er is hid, let joy appear,
For "Christmas comes but once a year."

Let horns be blown, and rockets fired,
And good old-fashioned games be played;
Let happy children laugh and dance,
And tales of "long ago" be said.
Let songs be sung to soothe and cheer,
For "Christmas comes but once a year."

Let severed household bands unite,
Let heads forbear to scheme and plot;
Let merry, harmless jest go 'round,
And grudge and quarrel be forgot.
Let foes be friends, and friends more dear,
For "Christmas comes but once a year."

Oh, for the sake of Him whose day
Of birth you keep so joyously,
Be quick to share with those less blessed,
What He hath given so lavishly,
His poor, that are so very near,
Whose "Christmas comes but once a year."

Thank God, between the surging years
The years of toil and bitterness,
There comes a lull, a little while,
Of peace, good-will, and blessedness!
Thank God, to weary hearts and homes
Once every year glad Christmas comes!

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[December 14, 1905.]

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

Story of a German Christmas Eve.

By Emily Duffill.

The door-bell rang. Gretchen stepped out of the drawing-room where she was decking the Christmas tree and loading the little tables with gifts for her household, and answered the ring herself. It was her husband who had returned from visiting his patients somewhat earlier than usual.

The clock in the hall was striking four. "What, back already?" she exclaimed. And then, with playful show of force: "You must take yourself off to your own quarters, Herr Doctor, for no one is allowed to enter the drawing-room till the 'bescherung' at six o'clock."

Karl smiled and offered no resistance for he knew of old that whilst his wife was busy with her mysterious preparations, the other members of the household must make themselves scarce. He had his own little secret; a costly gift for Gretchen was hidden behind certain ponderous medical tomes in the library.

The busy hausfrau returned to her congenial task in the drawing-room, for there was much to be done in the two hours returning. She expected every moment the arrival of the lovely foliage plants and palms for adorning the main table, where her husband's gifts were to be displayed. Then there were the finishing touches at the Christmas tree, and the deft arranging of the other presents. The room was fast assuming the fairy-like appearance we associate with the homes of the Fatherland at Advent time.

Whilst the wife was thus engaged, the housemaid had taken the afternoon coffee to her master's room, and lighted the lamp. The doctor's cosy study was separated from the drawing-room by the dining and consulting-room. Karl paced up and down for a few moments then, opening the French window, stepped out on to the balcony. Already the lamps were lit in the spacious square. Snow lay lightly on the trees and shrubs. Brisk foot-passengers sped along, carrying bundles of various dimensions.

The imposing house, to the right of the doctor's residence was the dwelling of a rich manu-

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

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facturer; and, passing to and fro in front of this, and casting furtive and perhaps menacing glances towards it, was a shabbily dressed workman. Dim as the light was, the man's face seemed distorted with a scowl of rage.

Karl wondered what the business of this malcontent might be, and felt sad that he should have no share in the universal joy; but persuaded that any malice he might feel was directed toward the plutocrat next door and not to himself, he withdrew, closed the window, and shut the night, and the snow, and the wayfarer out. Dropping into his armchair, he was soon lost in thought.

But in due course, sunshine came again to the stricken home. Baby Marie was born and became the light and joy of her parents' hearts.

But somehow, this afternoon troubles and cares seemed to outweigh mercies and blessings, and the murmur and the sigh repressed the struggling note of praise. Then Karl tried to rally himself out of his brooding melancholy, and felt some self-reproach for his want of faith and submission to the Divine will.

Even Marie was old enough now to enter into the gladness of the "bescherung," and it would be an event of great happiness only shadowed by the absence of the little ones whose feet were treading the streets of the New Jerusalem. The lamp cast but a faint red glimmer round the room, and the modified light favoured thought, and thought passed into unconsciousness, and Karl slept.

Then a vision appeared to him. Two familiar little figures clothed in white stood by the door. Were they —? Could he be mistaken? No! Fritz and Lenchen, the two dead children, dressed in garments woven in heaven, were there. He longed indescribably to rush to them and caress them, but found himself restrained, and he could but hold out his hands yearningly.

The two children remained standing silently just within the door, and Karl noted that they looked just as they looked before sickness and the shadow of death came. Their blue eyes beamed upon him, but he could speak no syllable of welcome.

The boy held his sister's hand caressingly—a little touch of proprietorship their father remembered well—and the girl leant her fair head against her brother.

At length, in clear tones that trembled in the silence of the half-darkened room,

the boy began: "We come to wish you and dear mother happiness and blessing this Christmas Eve. It seemed so long since we saw you. And we begged so hard that an angel opened the gate for us, and we came down to earth on the last rays of the setting sun. We came to tell you we still belong to you up yonder, and we always think lovingly of the tender care with which you and mother cherished us. You must not sorrow any more for us. You must dry your tears, for we see you and mother weeping for us in the twilight when you sit alone. Then



HIDE HERE LADDIE.

Canadian Churchman.

It was hard to catch the spirit of this festive time, for much sorrow had fallen to himself and Gretchen during the last few years. Two dear children had been taken to the Father's house, and this afternoon he seemed to see again his pale and sorrowful wife watching and weeping beside the death-beds of their eldest boy, and little Lenchen, who left them but five months later than her brother.

Dreary Christmases followed these bereavements, and only to give gladness to little Hans did they observe the customary celebration at all.

December 14, 1905.]

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...and us in heaven. We have no right to be strong at Christmas time. And that is why we have come to ask if we may see you light the Christmas tree, and watch the 'bescherung' unseen, from one corner of the room."

After this speech, Fritz relapsed into silence.

"Come nearer, my beloved children, and sit on my knee, and lean your little heads against my breast," the father said imploringly.

"We should like to," said the little sister, "but we dare not."

"Who has forbidden you?"

"That is a law in heaven," explained the boy. "If we came and leant against you, you would love us so much that we should be unwilling to go back; and the heavenly atmosphere which clothes us now is the breath of everlasting blessedness, not meant for those who are still on earth. But listen!" he continued, "it is striking six. The 'bescherung' will begin now. May we look on?"

"Look on!" exclaimed the father, his voice broken by the very intensity of his love; "you must take part in it from beginning to end, and the presents your mother has provided you shall enjoy to your heart's content."

The two white-robed childish figures turned to the door.

"Come, then, father!" said Lenchen, looking back to see whether he followed.

Karl rose from his chair at this summons. He saw the boy's hand rest on the door-knob for an instant, then the little being disappeared. Now he knew that this brief vision of his children was a mere hallucination, but something impelled him to knock at the drawing-room door.

"Gretchen!"

"What is it?"

"Are you ready? It has just struck six."

"No such thing; it is only five."

At that moment a tremendous crash was heard—the very earth seemed to rock with some horrible convulsion! The mansion next door was a wreck; the debris littered the street! The ragged workman was an Anarchist, who had cunningly stored deadly bombs in the cellar of his former employer's house and had loitered about till dark to light the fuse. This was his day of vengeance and his master's day of doom. The wing of the doctor's house adjoining his rich neighbor's shared in the catastrophe, and as the study was situated in this wing, it is clear that but for the visit of his angel children, this would have been Karl's last Christmas Eve.



CHRISTMAS.

Behold, I bring good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ, the Lord.—Luke 2:10, 11.

Do we sufficiently remember what a different world this world in which we live would have been without Him whose birth the holy angels thus proclaimed as good tidings of great joy unto all people? And have we realized how much darker that other world to which we are all hastening would have been, had He not come to "bring life and immortality to light by His Gospel?" We have just had our national Thanksgiving, but Christmas is the world's Thanksgiving Day, for then it received from God the unspeakable gift. Let us then keep the day as a holy day, a day for holy joy and thankfulness. Because we may not be absolutely certain that it was the very day on which Christ was born should make no difference, as it is the great event itself we commemorate on the day.

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

Almighty Framers of the skies,
Oh let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in Thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till Thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed; the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly.
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left His palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise
And hail'd salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty He bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown;
Though in a human walk He trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all His own.



We all want to do some great thing—to do what prophets, saints, heroes, and martyrs have done. But the small thing, the commonplace thing, the little trivial duty, the thing that has to be done out of everybody's sight—in the routine of business, home, or school—that seems poor work to do for God. But it is what He wants us to do.

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TORONTO

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Chapter I.

Burrows called at the Vicarage on Christmas Eve and found the Vicar's little boy, Charley, in a great state of excitement.

"It's come, Mr. Burrows," he shouted. "What has come?" asked Burrows.

"The tree, the tree, my Christmas tree!" replied Charley, capering round like a wild Indian.

"I'm glad to hear it. But be careful of my toes."

"Do, come down and see it. Kate has put it in the breakfast-room, and tied a whole heap of things on to it, and when it is lit up it will be jolly."

The tree certainly looked very gay. Bright balls of shining tinsel, small toys, candles, oranges, and apples, were mingled in bewildering and enchanting confusion, while the roots of the tree were hidden in a pile of brown paper parcels suggesting delightful possibilities.

Miss Kate looked up as they entered. I think I may divulge what has hitherto been a secret that Miss Kate and good old Burrows were beginning to find a mutual pleasure in each other's company, and that the presence of Miss Kate at the various gatherings was no small reason why Colonel Burrows went those lonely walks at Timeford.

Miss Kate looked up with a blush.

"How do you do, Mr. Burrows? Why, Charley, you know that you were not to come down here and see the tree until to-morrow, and this is the third time you have been in."

"I can't keep away," exclaimed Charley. "I'm so jolly excited, Mr. Burrows, and just longing to see it all lighted up and to find out what is inside those paper parcels."

"You must let me come and see it in full swing," said Burrows.

"Of course," said Charley.

"Are you staying over Christmas?" asked Miss Kate, shyly.

"Yes, I must," replied Burrows. "There are so many entertainments on that I cannot be

spared. So they are putting off our festivities at Timeford until the New Year. I shall get down there then."

"Well, now, Charley, I must go," said Miss Kate. "I have to visit little Elsie Kent. Poor child she will not have much of a Christmas. And, Charley, you are not to come into this room while I am away."

were trembling. Indeed they walked the last hundred yards very slowly that Miss Kate might somewhat recover herself before they entered the child's sickroom.

Elsie was only one among the thousands of delicate children whom the foul breath and crowded dwellings of the mighty city slay, and she was as fragile a morsel of humanity as you would discover in a day's walk.

She welcomed her visitors with a bright smile which illuminated her wan cheeks like a sunbeam.

"I've brought you some Christmas presents," said Miss Kate, placing a small basket on the bed, and taking out the fruit and toys it contained.

Then they told the child everything they could think of to interest her, about the prize-giving at the school, about the decorations in the church, and last but not least, about the great Christmas tree at which the Apple-yard scholars were to be present.

"I wish I could be there," sighed Elsie.

"Never mind, I'll come and tell you all about it," said Miss Kate.

"And I'll come too," said Burrows, with a meaningful glance at Miss Kate.

"You shall have the best present on the tree! Elsie," said the lady.

"And I'll fill my pockets with fruit and cake," added the gentleman.

Elsie laughed with joy.

"But I should like to see the tree all the same," said she. "I have never, never seen one, and it must be lovely; all bright with lights covered with toys and oranges and apples."

Miss Kate and Burrows took a long time to cover the comparatively short distance back to the Vicarage, but it was dark by this time, and no curious eyes could have seen the deep colour reappearing on Miss

Kate's cheeks or the bright light in her eyes.

"Charley," said Miss Kate, when she had cooled her burning cheeks with water; "I want to speak to you."

"What is it?" asked Charley, defiantly.

"There is such a poor pale little girl in my district, who is so weak and fragile, and who has never seen a Christmas tree. Don't you



IN DREAM LAND.

Canadian Churchman.

Charley promised.

"I should like to visit Elsie, too," remarked Burrows. "She was in my Band of Hope before she fell ill. May I walk down with you?"

I do not know what Burrows said to Miss Kate on the way down to Elsie's home, but long before it was reached, Miss Kate's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes very bright, and her hands

the very best, very nice to—to—?"

"What?" asked Charley.

"To let her have our Christmas tree?"

"To let her have my beautiful tree?" enquired Charley, in amazement. "No, indeed."

Chapter II.

Charley went to bed. At first he thought of his tree and of all the pleasure he would derive from seeing it alight and opening the parcels, and taking down the toys and fruit, and quenching the lights at the end.

Then he began to think about Elsie, about her pale face, and about her never having seen a Christmas tree.

"Fancy, never!" thought Charley; "and I've had one every year as long as I can remember."

"You ought to let her have your tree, and not be greedy," said Charley's better self.

"What! my tree! Why, I've looked forward a whole week to seeing it and taking the things off it," replied that other Charley.

"But this poor little girl has never seen a tree like that, and she will not live long, perhaps," came the answer.

"Yes she will. She's not so ill as that," replied Charley's more selfish self, quickly, as if anxious to put away such a disagreeable thought.

So the argument went on in Charley's mind. He did not have a good night, and he rose cross and unrefreshed.

"Kate," said he, after breakfast, "do you think I really ought to give up my tree. I have looked forward to it so much."

"Yes; I think you should," replied his sister, after a pause.

"Then I will," burst forth Charley, as if afraid that he might change his mind again.

In a moment the sunshine seemed to flood his whole heart, and Charley felt so happy. He had

not felt at all like Christmas before, but now he knew he was to have the happiest Christmas he had ever spent.

"I think," said Kate, "we might go down and join Elsie, and have the tree all together in her room. I am sure father would allow us."

Imagine Elsie's delight, and astonishment, and breathless excitement, and rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and exclamations, and torrent of thanks, when old Smith, the general factotum at the Vicarage bore in the tree from the barrow outside.

The crowd of ragged urchins watched the fairy vision disappear with undisguised regret, but Elsie's face and simple joy at the sight was something good to see. Charley felt very glad indeed that he had consented.

"Now, Charley, you must cut off the things," said Kate. "It is your treat to Elsie."

"We must light up first," said Charley, solemnly.

Mrs. Kent, and Mr. Kent, and two small Kents watched the operation with anxious interest, and signalled to the crowd outside its successful completion by vigorous clapping.

"It's like heaven," whispered Elsie.

"It's like the Crystal Palace fireworks," remarked Mr. Kent.

"It's as good as the Coronation," was Mrs. Kent's comment.

The distribution of the toys, and the apples, and the oranges, and all the rest of the things, up to the fairy at the top was a long but delightful business. Mr. Burrows and Miss Kate had to help, and even Mr. and Mrs. Kent noticed how their fingers got mixed up in untying the articles, and what looks and whispered words these duties entailed.

Elsie lay back at last quite exhausted but very happy.

"She ain't never had such a treat," exclaimed Mrs. Kent.

"You won't miss me from church in the future," said Mr. Kent, firmly; "not even if it kills me."

"Ain't it been lovely?" whispered Elsie.

They walked home through the quiet streets almost in silence. Charley was the first to speak.

"That's the jolliest Christmas I've ever had," said he. "I only wish father had been there."

"Well, he's here now," said a pleasant voice; and the Vicar joined them.

The story of Elsie's delight, of Mrs. Kent's gratitude, and of Mr. Kent's resolve, had to be told, and that loosed all their tongues. A merry party they made, all talking at once, as if to make up for the previous silence, and all trying to make the bewildered Vicar understand exactly what had happened.

"May I speak with you? Are you busy?" asked Burrows, when they reached the Vicarage.

"Certainly you may. Come in," replied the Vicar.

What exactly was said I do not know, but I do know that Miss Kate spent the New Year with Colonel and Mrs. Burrows, at Timeford; that the old tower of the parish church positively rocked with the merry peal that was rung one spring morning, three months later, and that Miss Kate now rules with a gentle hand at Timeford Hall.

Appleyard School still continues its good work. Another generation of scholars sit on the old benches and other teachers teach them, but they all know the names of Miss Kate and Burrows, and when they visit the old place, as they do sometimes, they receive a welcome such as Appleyard School alone can give, and they find many of their former scholars, now grown to be men and women, with children of their own waiting to shake them vigorously by the hand.—By Rev. Herbert Dudley Lampen, M.A.

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CHRISTMAS CALENDARS.

The Upper Canada Tract Society, of 102 Yonge St., have on their counters this year a large and varied assortment of beautifully got-up calendars for the New Year, embracing many subjects, scriptural and otherwise, ranging in price from 5c. up. They are well worthy of inspection, and we would strongly advise our readers to call and see them, for undoubtedly they are one of the best collections in the city of their kind.

Home & Foreign Church News

From our own Correspondents.

NOVA SCOTIA.

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

Torrence Bay.—On Thursday, December 7th, a granite memorial obelisk was unveiled in the graveyard of the parish church, in the presence of a large concourse of people, by the Rev. W. J. Ancient. The obelisk has been placed here in memory of 277 persons who lost their lives in a shipwreck which took place at Prospect, two miles from here, thirty-two years ago, when the White Star liner "Atlanta," foundered, and 562

persons lost their lives, 277 of whom were buried here. At the time of the disaster, the Rev. W. J. Ancient was the missionary-in-charge of the parish.

Louisburg, C. B.—The clergy of the rural deanery of Sydney held a very successful meeting at Louisburg on St. Andrew's Day. All were most hospitably entertained by the rector, Rev. Rural Dean Draper. On the eve of the festival Evensong was said at St. Bartholomew's Church, Rev. B. A. Bowman preaching a helpful sermon. At 8 o'clock the next morning the Holy Eucharist was celebrated by the rural dean, and Rev. A. P. Shatford gave a devotional address to the clergy on "Doubt." At 10.30 Matins was said, Rev. C. O. Schofield giving a practical address on "Ways and means of arousing a missionary spirit."

The chapter meeting took place at 2.30. Ven. Archdeacon Smith read an excellent paper on the "Authorship of the Second Epistle of St. Peter," and Rev. C. W. Vernon one on "Eternal Punishment and the Restoration of All Things." Both elicited interesting discussions. It was announced by Rev. W. J. Lockyer, rector of Port Morien that by the generosity of Mr. Mayhew, the president of the Cape Breton Coal and Iron Railway Company, a priest would be at once stationed at the new mining settle-

ment of Broughton. At Evensong a helpful sermon on "Lay Help" was preached by the Rev. A. Gale to an excellent congregation.

QUEBEC.

Andrew H. Dunn, D.D., Bishop, Quebec, P.Q.

Quebec.—The following are the Bishop's public engagements for the remainder of this month:—Sunday, December 17th,—(3rd in Advent).—Celebrate the Holy Communion, Cathedral, 11 a.m., and assist at Evensong. Tuesday, December 19th.—Preside Central Board, 4 p.m., and travel to Lennoxville. Wednesday, December 20th.—Confer with candidates for Holy Orders. Thursday, December 21st.—(St. Thomas, Ap. and Martyr).—Ordination of deacons, Bishop's College Chapel, Lennoxville, 8 a.m. Friday, December 22nd.—Return to Quebec. Sunday, December 24th.—(4th in Advent).—Celebrate the Holy Communion, Cathedral, 8 a.m. Preach, 11 a.m., and assist at Evensong. Monday, December 25th.—(Christmas Day).—Celebrate the Holy Communion, Cathedral, 11 a.m. Tuesday, December 26th.—(St. Stephen, First Martyr). Wednesday, December 27th.—(St. John, Ap. and Evan.). Thursday, December 28th.—(Innocents' Day.)


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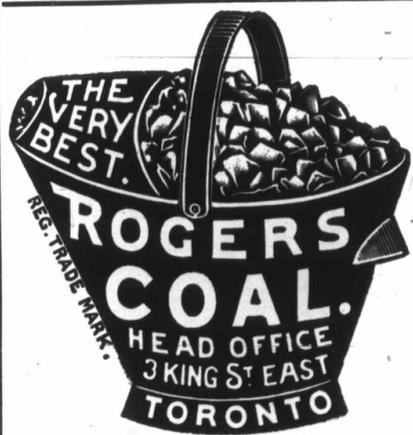
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Gaspé. The Rev. R. Walters has been elected curial Dean of this deanery in the place of the Rev. J. N. Kerr, who has resigned.

ONTARIO.

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

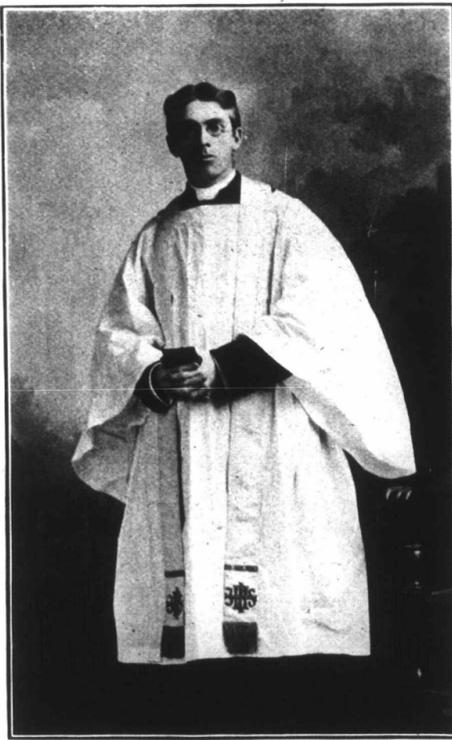
Belleville.—St. Agnes' School.—We are glad to report the steadily increasing prosperity of this school now in its third year. In every department there are highly qualified specialists, and the increasing numbers in each department, show the growing popularity and satisfaction with which the school is regarded. Situated in beautiful and extensive grounds, the original building seemed an ideal spot for a school, and now with its second large addition, containing a suite of class-rooms, piano-rooms, gymnasium, and swimming tank, it is complete in all its appointments. The accommodation for boarders, which has been up to the present limited, is now ample, and forty more may be received. Mrs. F. R. Lingham, the directress, by whose indefatigable energy and interest the school has been brought to such a state of completeness, and the lady principal and staff whose work has been highly appreciated by parents and pupils, deserve to be highly congratulated upon the success of their work.

OTTAWA.

Charles Hamilton, D.D., Bishop, Ottawa.

Ottawa.—The Rev. E. A. Anderson, M.A., was born in Ireland about forty years ago and received his education at old historic Trinity, Dublin, from which he graduated with honours in 1887. He at once came to Canada, and entered the Training Institute at Stratford, to qualify for teaching. He was appointed Classical Master of Smith's Falls High School, where he remained for seven years. During these years he was offered the Principalship of more than one high school, showing that his work was becoming known. In 1896 he gave up teaching and entered Trinity College, Toronto, to take up a Divinity course. His career there was a brilliant one, and he carried off all the prizes within reach.

During a part of his time in college he had charge of the parish of Pickering, near Whitby, where he gained experience, which has been of material use to him. He was ordained in 1897 and placed in charge of the Mission of Mattawa, where he remained until 1899, when he was appointed curate to the Rev. A. C. Nesbitt, in Smith's Falls. His return to this town where he had made so many friends, was hailed with delight, and here he spent a very pleasant and use-



General Agent Diocese of Ottawa,
Rev. E. A. Anderson,

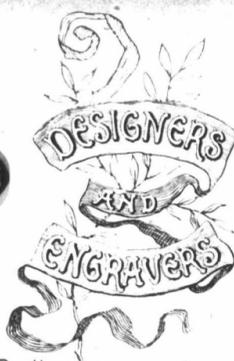
ful year and a half. Upon the death of Canon Nesbitt a very strong effort was made to have Mr. Anderson appointed rector, but this was not to be, and on the Rev. W. H. Stiles being appointed to Smith's Falls, Mr. Anderson was sent to Vankleek Hill, where he had a most success-

ful pastorate of five years. He has just resigned that parish to devote himself to the work of collecting for the fund to increase the endowment of the diocese. In 1890 he married Katherine French, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. French, of Omeeme, one of the pioneer missionaries of that northern country. She had been her father's right and left hand supporter in his work, and has proved herself a true helpmeet in every work for the good of Church or parish. Mr. Anderson is one of the "brainy" young clergy of the diocese, full of native Irish wit, a clear thinker, with a peculiarly happy tact in expressing his ideas so as to carry conviction to the minds of his hearers. He will doubtless be heard in most of the city churches during the coming winter as he is living in the city while engaged in his canvass, which it is expected will occupy all his time for the next three years.

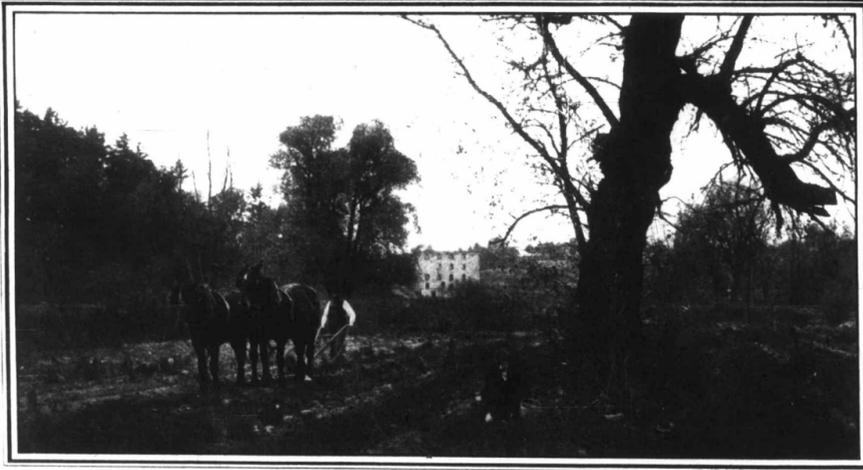
Cornwall.—Trinity.—It is with great regret that we have to chronicle the sad news of the death of the rector of this parish, the Rev. Rural Dean Houston, who died here on the 7th inst. Although the deceased had not been in good health for some five months past, the end came suddenly at the last, for he was well enough to walk out on the day previous to his death. He died very early on the morning of the 7th, from an attack of heart failure, and was dead a few minutes after the seizure. Robert Lockie Mulock Houston was born August 29th, 1850, near Carleton Place, Ont. He was educated at Trinity College, Toronto, where he took the degrees of B.A. and M.A., and also the theological course. He was ordained priest by the late Archbishop Lewis, of Kingston, in 1875, and had charge successively of the parishes of Lansdowne, Merrickville, Iroquois, and Cornwall, coming here in 1894. He is survived by his widow, one son, and two daughters. His funeral took place last Sunday, the 9th inst., and the obsequies were largely attended.

Metcalfe.—Trinity.—The Lord Bishop of the Diocese held a Confirmation service in this church lately, when he bestowed the Apostolic rite upon nine candidates, who were presented to him by the rector of the parish.

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CHRISTMAS BELLS.

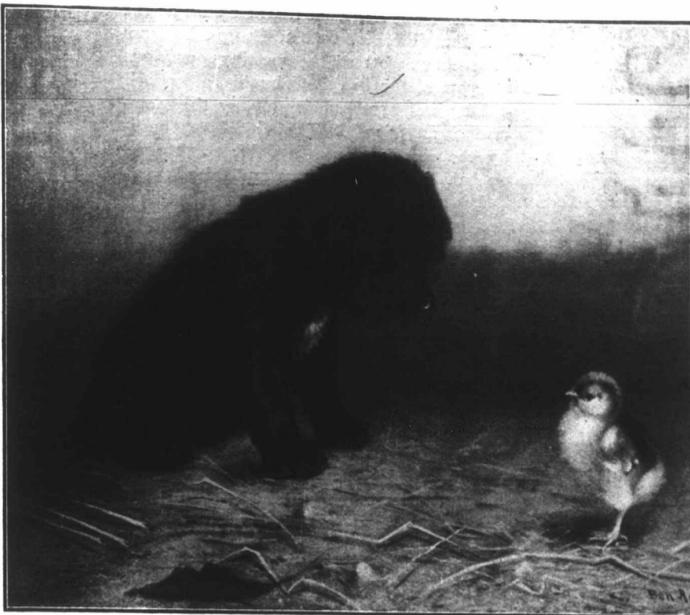
Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger cradle bright,
There a darling Baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the Holy Child."
Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

—Eugene Field.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

When rosy children are asleep,
And o'er the winter snow
The silver moonbeams softly creep,
The little waits below
Their youthful voices clear uplift:
"All praise to God for His great gift."



HELLO, WHO ARE YOU?

Pakenham.—St. Mark's.—A number of the parishioners called upon the rector, the Rev. J. R. H. Warren, on Saturday, the 25th ult., and presented him with a purse containing \$100, with which to provide himself with a horse. Mr. Warren was greatly touched with the kind thought of his people, whose gift he very much appreciated.

Ottawa.—St. Matthew's.—The St. Matthew's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, Senior and Junior, have completed and shipped the outfit promised by them for the Indian girl, Marion Baptiste. In addition to the outfit the bale contained a number of articles of clothing for distribution among the other children in the Home on the Peigan Reserve. The bale, with freight charges, was valued at \$47.89.

TORONTO.

Arthur Sweatman, D.D., Bishop, Toronto.

Toronto.—Church of the Ascension.—This church celebrated its thirtieth anniversary on Tuesday, the 5th inst. The school-room was nicely decorated, and about 400 people attended. The programme consisted of a number of three-minute addresses by prominent men, interspersed with musical selections, vocal and instrumental. The people's warden, M. Currey, reported that the church was never in a healthier financial condition, and that the attendance is 150 per Sunday larger than ten years ago, notwithstanding the many changes in the community. The Rev. W. H. Vance, rector, thanked the congregation for their hearty co-operation. Those who spoke were: Rev. W. H. Vance, R. Kincaid, M. Currey, T. D. Delamere, Controller Hubbard, William Fahey, and W. E. Wellington.

Wycliffe College.—The first of the series of inter-college debates for the current year was held in the convocation hall, between Trinity and Wycliffe. The subject of debate was "Resolved; That Canada should make a cash contribution to the Imperial Government for the Naval defence of the Empire." Wycliffe, represented by Messrs. R. B. Grobb, M.A., and A. C. Collier, upheld the affirmative while Messrs. W. W. Hart and L. V. Redman, supported the negative for Trinity. The chairman was the Rev. Lawrence Skey, M.A., and the judges, Profs. Kennedy and Hume, and Mayor Urquhart. During the proceedings an excellent programme was rendered. The sup-

porters of the contending colleges made their presence felt in no uncertain tones in the gallery. The Wycliffe debaters secured the decision on the basis of both matter and style.

Havelock.—It is pleasant to know that Canon Dixon's lectures are becoming an institution in many churches. His coming is beginning to be looked forward to by young and old in many a parish, with keen anticipation. The man is liked, and his lectures are liked. Here in Havelock I had the thanks of not a few for bringing him here, and I have reason to think Canon Dixon himself was not displeased with his visit to the parish on the 22nd ult. There was a congregation of about 150, all so very reverent, that you could hear a pin drop as the lecturer was explaining the views and scenes of the now familiar story of Christie's Old Organ. Both the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers were in church, and I had their congratulations on the success of the evening. The Methodist minister was specially struck with the number of young people present, and all so reverent and well behaved.—H. Caplan.

NIAGARA.

John Philip Du Moulin, D.D., Bishop, Hamilton.

Hamilton.—St. Luke's.—The new organ which has just been placed in this church was formally opened and dedicated on Sunday evening, the 3rd inst., by the Lord Bishop of the diocese after Evensong. The service was conducted by the Rev. E. R. N. Burns, assisted by the Rev. H. Leeke of St. Phillip's. The organ, which is a very fine instrument, was built by Walter Spencer, of this city. Mr. Spencer is choir-master at St. Luke's. In his address after the dedication the Bishop referred to the many years of valuable service Mr. Spencer had given in St. Luke's Church. And later, when speaking of music in churches, he strongly denounced the habit of raising money by bazaars and concerts and the practice followed in some city churches of giving Sunday evening concerts as he styled them. The organ, which possesses a very sweet tone, is a two-manual one, and is encased in oak, and is a valuable addition to the church. It has the following stops: Open diapason, or great organ; melodeon, dulciana, principal, flute, swell organ, gamba, stopped diapason, treble and bass; violina, piccolo and oboe, together with the usual couplers.

The song goes on: "On Christmas
—morn
Good news to earth came down,
In stable was the Christ-child born,
The heir to heavenly crown."
And rosy sleepers dreaming still
Feel angel music through them thrill.

One dreamer dreamed of lilies rare,
And golden gates that swung
At entrance of a garden fair,
Where silver bells were rung;
And murmured in her sweet sur-
prise,
"I hear the songs of Paradise."

From house to house with noiseless
feet,
Slow trudging through the snow,
Raising their voices clear and sweet,
On, on, the waits still go,
And still the sleepers dream the
song
To angel-voices doth belong.

HURON.

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

London.—Cronyn Memorial Church.—On Sunday, the 3rd inst., the parishioners celebrated the 32nd anniversary of this church. Thirty-two years ago, when London was a small town of 17,000 people, the church was opened for Divine worship, Bishop Hellmuth preaching at the morning service, and the Rev. T. P. Dumoulin, the present Bishop of Niagara, being the preacher in the evening. The first rector was the Rev. Wm. Harrison Tilley, son of the well-known Sir Leonard Tilley, of New Brunswick, one of the most earnest and devoted men that ever laboured in the Church of Christ. After a ministry of less than three years he was succeeded by Archdeacon Richardson, who for over twenty-one years laboured faithfully and successfully as the second rector. In 1898 the Rev. Cecil Owen, of Winnipeg, accepted the rectorship, and his loving Christian zeal and unwavering enthusiasm will long be remembered by the people amongst whom he spent four years of his ministry. In 1903 he resigned to become rector of Christ Church, of Vancouver, and was succeeded by the present rector, the Rev. Dyson Hague. During this long course of years the Memorial Church has had a career of unbroken spiritual prosperity, a prosperity that for which two causes may be given, first the preaching of the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, and second the purity and popularity of the services, the grand old service of the Church of England being rendered in that beauty of simplicity which is ever so attractive to the masses of the people. The anniversary collections towards the reduction of the church debt, which were taken up on the 3rd inst., were very liberal. Crowded congregations attended both services. The Bishop of Huron preached in the morning on the text, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" Rev. Dyson Hague's sermon in the evening was based on Hebrews, 13:7—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Mr. Hague, in opening, referred to the great work done by Bishop Cronyn and Rev. Harrison Tilley who, he said, were in their day beloved of people of all denominations.

At a meeting of the parishioners, which was held in the schoolhouse on the following evening, the rector, the Rev. Dyson Hague, made the pleasing announcement that the whole of the debt on the church which amounted to some \$5,000, has been met in cash and promises. The meeting was altogether one of the most notable and interesting ever held during the whole of the

Church's thirty years' experience. The attendance was very large, taxing the capacity of the lecture hall, where the people assembled. A special feature of the evening occurred when the rector summoned the members of the choir to the platform, and standing in a semi-circle they surrounded Mr. Verschoyle Cronyn, one of the oldest and most honoured members of the church, and presented him with a bouquet of thirty-two American Beauty roses, and an address full of affection and esteem, in which the choir acknowledged the many kindnesses they had received during the past year from Mr. Cronyn. Mr. Cronyn replied in a happy vein. The musical programme was an excellent one, consisting of two numbers by Mr. Percy, organist of Christ Church, and an old Memorial Church boy; and solos by Miss Scarlett, daughter of one of the Memorial Church's leading vestry men. The Bishop of Huron was the special guest of the evening, and made a most appropriate and charming speech, which was listened to with deep interest.

East London.—St. Matthew's.—The Bishop of the diocese visited this Church on Sunday evening, December 3rd, and preached a most practical and logical sermon on behalf of missions from Exodus, 14:15—"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." His Lordship expressed his appreciation of the improvements made in St. Matthew's, especially in regard to the offertories. The chancel has been newly carpeted, a silver alms basin presented, two beautiful book rests, of oak, for the Holy table, two oak hymn boards and numbers, new white silk book marks, a curtain of rich felt has been placed behind the Lord's table, which adds very much to the appearance of the chancel, while the prayer desk has been turned, facing with the choir, and a nice seat placed at back of it. The vestry has been renovated and carpeted; the congregation average two hundred and fifty. A branch of the A.Y.P.A. has been organized, with over thirty members; they meet every Monday evening. A junior chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew has also been organized. The A.Y.P.A. has undertaken to raise the interest on debt, while the Woman's Guild have pledged themselves to pay at least one hundred dollars annually on the same. The Woman's Auxiliary is doing a splendid work, they have twenty-three members and the Woman's Guild has thirty-three members. The rector has been very much encouraged by the assistance he received from the members of the congregation since his coming amongst them. There is a large field for work in this parish, as East London is growing rapidly and it is very likely that St. Matthew's will have to be enlarged after a few years.

Sandwich South.—St. Stephen's.—The Rev. Wm. H. Hartley, incumbent of this parish for the past five years and a half, has removed to Blyth to assume the rectorship of that parish. On the eve of his departure from St. Stephen's parish he was given a cash present, by his parishioners, sufficient to purchase a beautiful fur-lined overcoat, which, no doubt, he will find a necessity in his new parish. The Ladies' Aid of St. Stephen's Church presented Mrs. Hartley with a handsome reception chair, and an address expressive of affection, and also of regret at the thought of parting. May the success of Mr. Hartley at Blyth be as evident as it was in Sandwich South.

RUPERT'S LAND.

**Samuel P. Matheson, D.D., Archbishop,
Winnipeg.**

Winnipeg.—St. Matthew's.—On Monday night, November 27th, there was held in the basement of this church the regular weekly meeting of the

Guild of St. Andrew (Young People's Association). As it was expected that it would be the last time that Rev. H. H. St. George-Buttrum would be able to attend the meetings, previous to his departure for British Columbia, a farewell leave-taking was arranged for among the members and their friends. The chair was occupied by the vice-president, Mr. Walter Moore, who on behalf of the members and friends presented the rector with an address and suitably inscribed gold locket, as a memento of esteem and regard they have for a true friend and worthy leader. Mr. Buttrum in thanking the donors for their sentiments of good-will and respect, spoke at considerable length on the amicable and happy relations that have always existed between him and the society, not only collectively, but also individually. Amongst those who kindly contributed towards the evening's enjoyment were: Miss S. Gagnon, song; Mr. Walter Moore, Miss G. Golby and Mr. C. Buttrum, sketch; and Mr. A. Darby, song and reading. After the singing of the national anthem, and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the chairman arranged the company present on the platform, and with the speed and deftness of a professional photographer, took a flash-light photo of the group.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

John Dart, D.D., Bishop, New Westminster, B.C.

New Westminster.—The twenty-third Synod of the Diocese assembled in the Cathedral parish, New Westminster, under the presidency of the Ven. Archdeacon Pentreath, Commissary-General of the Diocese. Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a.m. each day. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Keator, Bishop of Olympia, was present at the sessions, and on the first evening preached the Synod sermon, an eloquent and dramatic address, founded on the words, "Awake! awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion." Dr. Keator, who is our nearest American Bishop, was warmly welcomed on his first visit to the diocese. The following brief summary will give an idea of the proceedings, which lasted two days. The chairman appointed His Honour Judge Bole as his deputy. The committees, elected or appointed, are as follows: Executive Committee: Ex-officio the Archdeacons of Columbia and Yale; Rev. H. J. Underhill, clerical secretary; J. R. Seymour, lay secretary; W. Taylor, treasurer. A.M.C. Creery, registrar. Elected by Synod, clerical: Revs. H. G. F. Clinton, C. C. Owen, R. Hilton, C. W. Houghton; lay, A. D. Taylor, H. J. Cambie, T. S. Annandale, Judge Bole. Bishop's Nominees, Rev. A. Shildrick, Mr. G. H. Cowan, (continued in office). Board of Discipline: Archdeacon Small, Revs. H. G. F. Clinton, H. J. Underhill, His Honour Judge Bole, G. H. Cowan, and A. D. Taylor. Hymnal Committee: Rev. H. J. Underhill, Messrs. W. J. Walker, and A. P. Judge. These are to act with Archdeacon Pentreath and Rev. H. G. F. Clinton, who were appointed at the General Synod. Delegates to General Synod, clerical: Archdeacon Pentreath, Archdeacon Small, Rev. C. C. Owen, Rev. H. G. F. Clinton; alternates, Rev. H. J. Underhill, Rev. H. S. Akehurst; lay, J. R. Seymour, W. Taylor, H. J. Cambie, Judge Bole; alternates, A. Creery, A. Penzer. Representatives on Board of Management, M.S.C.C., Archdeacon Pentreath, Rev. C. C. Owen, Messrs. H. Abbott, H. J. Cambie. Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Fund: Rev. G. H. Wilson, H. S. Akehurst, Messrs. W. Taylor, J. R. Seymour. Sunday Observance: Revs. H. G. F. Clinton, C. W. Houghton, J. R. Payne, Judge Bole. Superannuation Fund, Revs. A. Shildrick, C. C. Owen, Messrs. C. W. Sarel, G. H. Cowan. The Bishop sent words of greeting from England. His Lordship is engaged in furthering the interests of the diocese, especially with regard to the proposed Theological College in Vancouver. The chairman read a report on the different

branches of work in the diocese. There were twenty-eight licensed clergy in the diocese. One parish had become self-supporting, and one additional parsonage provided during the year. Some of the Missions were increasing their contributions, and the question of self-support was kept before a Mission as an ideal to be reached as quickly as possible. All parishes and missions were filled except the large, thinly-populated, and difficult district of Cariboo and Chilcote. Two new missions had been opened since last Synod, and the mission steamer launched last April was free from debt, and their connection with the Victorian Order hospital at Rock Bay was proving a great blessing to the coast district. The report of Archdeacon Small, Superintendent of Indian Missions, told of a new Indian hospital at Lytton, completely paid for, and a new mission house, or parsonage, on which there was still some debt. In this mission district, with one central church, and thirteen small Indian churches, there were fifty-nine baptisms and forty-six confirmed. Reports were received from the Chinese and Japanese committees. Rev. H. Beacham and Mr. A. D. Taylor were appointed to look into the work of the Chinese Catechist at Vancouver, with a view to its improvement. A number of devoted women from Christ Church gave their services in the evenings to the work of instructing the Chinese. From the Japanese mission the report stated that a native interpreter was at work. A service was held at St. James' Church on Sunday afternoons, and Miss O'Melia gave daily instruction to classes of Japanese. She is now on the staff of W. A. workers. A building is in course of erection on Cordova St. for the better accommodation of this work. The questions asked by the secretaries of the Pan-Anglican Conference, proposed to be held in 1908, were discussed and referred to a committee consisting of the chairman, Rev. H. G. F. Clinton and Mr. W. J. Walker to receive suggestions up to January 1st. A number of minor changes were made in the constitution and canons. One was a revision of the canon relating to diocesan collections, with a view of making the methods of obtaining money more elastic, and not altogether dependent upon collections in church. Parishes may adopt the present plan of collections, or one annual appeal may be made to all wage earners in the parish covering all diocesan objects, and the total sum apportioned by the incumbent and Church officers, provided that the subjects of the various canonical offerings be brought before the people at the proper time by sermon or otherwise. As the Synod sat on the King's Birthday, a telegram of congratulation was sent to His Majesty, and the following answer received: "The King thanks the Anglican Synod of New Westminster most sincerely for their kind congratulations." It was resolved that on the completion of the supplementary endowment of \$25,000 for the Bishopric, now nearly completed, and in the hands of the Colonial Bishopric Fund, that society should be memorialized to transfer the amount to the Synod for investment. The close of the fiscal year of Synod was changed from September 30th to December 31st, and the Bishop was requested to summon the next Synod some time preceding Lent in 1907. A motion was carried to organize a special fund to assist weak parishes in the erection of parsonages. On motion of the Rev. H. J. Underhill, seconded by the Rev. C. W. Houghton, it was resolved to memorialize the next General Synod to have the Rev. Dr. Tucker appointed an ex-officio member of that body. The usual votes of thanks were passed. Only five clergymen were absent. One of these was ill, one was prevented by a funeral, and the Rev. J. Antle was on the mission boat. Forty-one out of sixty-seven elected delegates were present. Lunch was provided each day by the ladies of the Cathedral, St. Barnabas, and Safferton parishes, and a pleasant interruption took place each afternoon at 4.30, when the Synod suspended business for ten minutes, and afternoon tea

was served by the ladies. According to a standing resolution, in the absence of the Bishop, the acts of the Synod have to be submitted to him for confirmation before coming into force, and all changes in the constitution or canons have to be registered in Victoria before becoming law. The latter is a part of the Act of Incorporation of Synod.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS.

The assortment of Christmas cards and calendars which is to be seen this year at the Church Book Room, No. 23 Richmond St. W., is a very tasteful and appropriate selection, and they are well worthy of the patronage by all Church people. The prices are quite moderate, and are well within the reach of all, the price of the cards being from 2c. up, and the calendars from 5c. Some of the larger calendars are especially beautiful in their designs.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

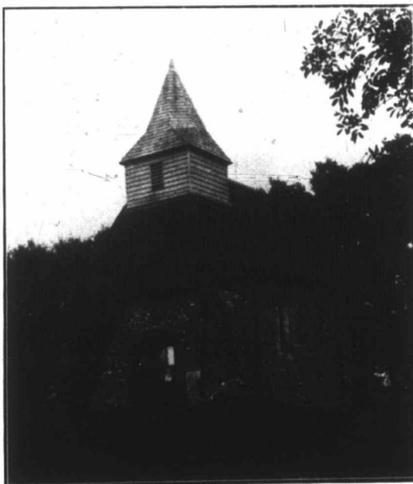
Ottawa.—St. George's.—The annual services of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in this city on St. Andrew's Day took the form of a corporate celebration of the Holy Eucharist in the morning and a united Evensong at night. Both were held in this church, and the evening service particularly was largely attended. The clergy present and taking part were: the Lord Bishop of Ottawa, Rev. Canon Low, D.D., Rev. J. M. Snowden, rector of St. George's; Rev. George P. Woolcombe, principal of Ashbury College, and Rev. E. A. Anderson, diocesan agent. Nearly all the other clergy in the city and vicinity were noticed in the congregation. The Rev. E. A. Anderson preached a particularly appropriate and inspiring sermon from Rev. 22:3, "And His servants shall serve Him." Opening with a passing reference to the late Convention, and to the previous gathering in Ottawa eleven years ago, the speaker declared his purpose on that occasion was to have a practical talk as a plain Brotherhood man to plain Brotherhood men. A first requisite for successful work in the Christian life was self-respect, and an appreciation of the great fact that each one had an individual value in the sight of God. The Catechism opens with the apparently insignificant and almost, it might seem, irrelevant question, "What is your name?" but that very question showed how thoroughly the Church in her wisdom realized the importance of the individual. Another fact to be borne in mind by the Brotherhood man was that the rules of the Brotherhood—the rule of Prayer and the rule of Service—were the fundamental rules of the Church's teachings. The child in its earliest days of awakening responsibility is taught in the Catechism to answer the question, "Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do as thy sponsors have promised for thee?" "Yea, verily, and by God's help (prayer) so I will (service). Personal responsibility was the condition every Brotherhood man must ever realize and face. Environment, individual circumstances, and surroundings could never modify nor change this. The life of prayer and service must be continued and persevered in; it was the preparation for that other life when we shall serve Him with perfect obedience, perfect gladness, perfect readiness, and perfect efficiency.

At the close of the service the members of the Brotherhood adjourned to the schoolhouse, where the annual business meeting was held. Mr. A. G. Gilbert was unanimously re-elected president of the Local Council, and Mr. T. Alder D. Bliss, secretary, both gentlemen being warmly thanked for their efficient services in the past. Hearty thanks were also extended to the Rev. E. A. Anderson for his valuable address, and to the organist and choir for their kind and greatly appreciated assistance in the musical portion of

the service. In acknowledging the vote Mr. Anderson referred to his lengthy connection with the Brotherhood, and declared that it was largely due to its influence that he had first been led to seriously consider the ministry as his life's work.

Sunday School Corner.

Sir,—In regard to the provision of teachers for Sunday School work, a continual difficulty arises in some parishes of securing suitable ones. It has indeed been held that any earnest Christian may be employed usefully in the Sunday School, but surely the Church cannot afford to ignore the value of training and equipping her Sunday School workers where it is possible. To take one illustration, How many infant class rooms are there in the various parishes without a blackboard or a sand map, or any other similar way of enabling the little ones to receive and give out correct impressions and expressions. Some churches have not even a separate room for the infants, but I could name a good many schools where they have, but then they have no blackboard. It is difficult to imagine a day school room of any sort without a blackboard.



Lullington Church, England.—This church is situated between Polegate and Eastbourne, on the Sussex Downs. It is said to be the smallest parish church in Great Britain, being only 16 feet square. It is used regularly week by week for Divine service.

But the blackboard is a far more useful aid to teaching an infant class than the picture roll in common use. The picture that the teacher draws and which the little ones are allowed to reproduce, however crude the drawing, is far more likely to reach the children's mind than merely looking at the picture roll. If possible use both. But it is an axiom that there can be no impression without a corresponding expression. It is absolutely necessary to give the children an opportunity of expressing the impressions received. Our day schools are giving more and more attention to this side of the work. Our Sunday Schools lag behind. A common objection to the use of the blackboard is "I can't draw." But it is not necessary to be able to draw. To the childish imagination a straight line will represent a person, and a dot or an initial a place. Our own children have had a blackboard or paper-and-pencil lesson nearly every Sunday since they were old enough, and one of the greatest treats is to be allowed to reproduce with their own hands the lesson so taught. When a child can conjure up the scene of Jezebel's death so as to throw in to her picture the foot-prints of the departed dogs,

one realizes how real the scene has been to her. There are, of course, other methods of conveying impressions and calling forth expressions besides the blackboard, but as it is one of the most helpful and the most easily procured I have dwelt upon it. The Synod of Huron has seen the advisability of giving special instruction in methods of teaching and applied psychology to the students of Huron College. But it will of necessity be some years before that work can bear much fruit, and meantime another generation of scholars may have grown up badly taught because of the lack of some suitable teachers' training classes, which should, if possible, find a place in every parish. Let me conclude this already over-long letter by recommending Adam's Primer on Teaching, with special reference to Sunday School work. T. & T. Clark. Price, sixpence, (12c. net.)

C. CAMERON WALLER.

The Teacher's Manner.—We should constantly bear in mind how much scholars are affected by our general demeanour towards them. In more than one instance we have known of much prejudice being excited against religion, in consequence of the rudeness and impoliteness of manner of very worthy Christians. "Let us adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." Remember that although you have apparently failed to win reverence, attention or order, you have done something if you have evinced indomitable patience in an atmosphere of annoyance. You have let them see something of the fire of the burning bush; of patience, the perfection of the beauty of holiness. You can let them see a standard much higher than that of the street or the school-yard, or possibly of the home.

Prayer.—In all that has been said, we trust that too much stress has not been laid on what man can do. No teacher ought to go to the Sunday School, or to visit, without imploring the blessing of God on what he is about to do. He ought to be as some one expresses it, "warm from prayer," when he enters on these duties.

Fungi.—In one month and a half Canadian farmers lost \$75,000,000. How? By fungi. In one night Manitoba's wheat crop reduced from about 66,000,000 bushels to 33,000,000. How? By rust. Every fungus is a parasite, shedding myriads of spores. Are there any in your school, brethren? We know one species employed by the silly teacher who flatters scholars in the record book. Sowing spores of pride, idleness, and dishonesty.

The Sunday School Teacher.—Sunday School teachers should realize that it is for them, by God's help, to train the communicants and Church workers of the future. They should teach the children the use and meaning of the Book of Common Prayer and of well-known Church hymns so that the passage from the class to the congregation may be easy, natural, helpful. There is a teacher whom we know—patient with the scholars, prepared with the lesson, prayerful to the children's Father in heaven—never absent, for the work is God's and must not be neglected—never late, for that would disorganize the school; but early enough to welcome children and fellow-teachers with a cheery word and smile. This teacher always makes time in the midst of a busy week to visit at least one scholar at home, and never fails to enquire about the wanderers and the sick. Oh, how that teacher is valued and beloved! Discouragement comes at times, of course, but weariness in well-doing never; and at the last that teacher's ear shall hear the Master's own "Well done!"

What are Appropriate Christmas Gifts?—There seems to be a disposition on the part of some teachers to disregard the proprieties in selecting gifts for their classes at Christmas time. We hear of all kinds of inappropriate presents, suggesting "the bargain counter," and the "curb-

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stone fakir." It should be with us an accepted understanding that a gift from the Church at the season on which we celebrate God's gift of His own dear Son to us, should have something of a religious character. A Bible, a Prayer Book, a Hymnal, a good book, a picture, an illuminated card, a medal, a book-mark will be much more fitting for such a purpose than the cheap toys, marks and similar articles strung up on the Christmas tree. And when the Christmas tree is in the chance of the Church—think of that!

Fresh Items from the Field.—The man who has been providentially raised up to carry forward the work of the Sunday School in Mexico has felt the touch of brotherhood during his Eastern visit as he has met, in conventions and homes, the men and women who have so deeply at heart the work to which he is giving his life. The Rev. Eucario M. Sein is a native Mexican, born in Toluca in 1870. His education began early, and has been thorough. He studied English at ten years of age, French at thirteen, and German a little later. When Mr. Sein surrendered his life to his Saviour, he gave himself unreservedly to the Master's service, joining the mission at Matehuala, from whence he was called into the larger field. His experiences peculiarly fit him for the difficulties and privileges of the new position for which he was unanimously chosen.

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THE KITTENS' FIRST LESSON.

Mother Puss is an indefatigable teacher. One can see by the gravity of her expression; the up-raised switch, and close attention, of her little furry pupils, that strict discipline is the order of the day. Such apt pupils we are sure will not fail to give a good account of the first real mice that come their way.

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**GOOD MORNING—A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO YOU.**

With all the earnestness and interest with which our two sweet little kittens look forth, from their curious resting place, upon the world, the "Churchman" says to each and all of its readers, "Good morning, a Happy Christmas to you!"

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FIELD, B.C., AND MOUNT STEPHEN.

Nature has favoured Canada with many a noble view. Vast lakes, great rivers, lofty mountains, a rugged sea coast are hers, as well as more placid and less awe-inspiring scenes. Not the least striking of the outlooks in the West, is Field, British Columbia. No Canadian need wonder from his own home-land in search of impressive and beautiful natural objects.

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GOOD MORNING, DEAR MOTHER.

He must have a heart devoid of human sympathy who could gaze on this loving meeting, instinct as it is with the purest, sweetest senti-

ment of life, the love of an innocent child for its young, and tender-hearted mother, without being pleased by the happy scene, and touched by the affectionate greeting, "Good-morning dear mother!"

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

We have received from Messrs. A. R. Mowbray & Co. Limited, publishers, 100 S. Abdate's St., London, W., the following publications. They are excellent reading for old and young, and most suitable for Christmas presents.

"Addresses." By the Rev. Frederick M. Williams, M.A., Canon Residentiary and Prelector in Hereford Cathedral. Price 2s. 6d.

"Help by the Way." Plain instruction on the truths and duties a Christian should know. Price 1s.

"The Holy Communion." Addresses and instructions, doctrinal, practical and ceremonial. By Vernon Staley, Provost of the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Inverness. Price 2s.

"With the Beloved." A book of private devotion in verse. Price 1s. 6d.

"The Pigeon Pie." Price 1s. 6d.

"The Private Devotions of Archbishop Laud," Archbishop of Canterbury, and Martyr. Price, paper, 1s., cloth, 1s. 6d., leather, 2s.

"The High Road to Heaven." New and cheaper edition. Price 9d.

We have also received from Messrs. Nelson & Sons, publishers, Parkside, Edinburgh, the following publications:—

"Famous Sisters of Great Men." Henriette Renan, Mary Lamb, Caroline Herschel, Dorothy Wordsworth and Fanny Mendelssohn. By Marianne Kirlew.

"John Knox's Bairns." Price 1s. 6d.; "The Life of the Faithful Departed." By the Rev. George Brett, M.A. Price 6d.

"Soldiers of the Cross." By Eliza F. Pollard. "The Ghost of Exlea Priory." By E. L. Haverfield. An excellent and entertaining story for girls, with coloured plates. Price 5s.

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A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

A friend of mine one afternoon last winter started out to walk from Innsbruck over the mountains to visit a certain village. The way led through the woods. There was no path, for a heavy fall of snow had covered equally the surface of the ground. Only a red line on the trees showed the direction one should pursue. So he went on toiling through the snow, climbing upward, until he reached the height of 2,000 or 3,000 feet, when the path ended in a clearing. The red mark could not be found beyond; and when he turned at last to retrace his steps, he could distinguish nothing to guide him home by the way he came. Already the short afternoon was waning, and the light beginning to fade away. It was certain death to plunge blindly into the forest. The only alternative was to descend the side of the mountain, risking the hidden precipice, over which he might be hurled a hundred feet, any unsuspecting moment. This he determined he must accept; and stumbling in the snow as the low underbrush snared his feet, he cautiously and slowly descended.

Suddenly he fell. It was as though the ground had opened under his feet. Dazed and confused, irritated at his fortune and pain, he looked around and lo! on the tree above him, some reverent hand had placed a rude picture of the Saviour as He fell under the weight of His cross, His face so weary, so sad, but oh! so patient. And close beside, the guide mark which told the traveller he was now on the familiar highway which would lead him safely home.

Is there not here a Christmas thought for us all?

But I tell the story now, thinking of the boys who in the perils of life have as little opportunity to escape a fall. Whose shall be the rever-

ent hand to provide that when they do fall, they shall see, as they look up, the One Face; and, seeing it, know that it is indeed the Christ's? Close by, they will surely find the sign of their King's Highway.

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A CHRISTMAS VISION.

The child climbed the hill that night with weary feet. He had run countless errands for his mother during the day. The last trip that had taken him to the dear old town was over, and he clasped his small purchases to his breast as he trudged along. The snow which had fallen the day before covered the earth and shone like a silver carpet under the light of the glorious moon. It seemed to the child that the evening star was brighter than usual, and he wondered if it might not be a faint reflection from the Christ's Star which had shone a thousand years ago.

The top of the hill was reached at last, and he paused to rest a moment before the great cathedral. Through the door he could see the altar decked with greens. The gayety and light within drew him nearer. There was a moment's stillness, then the great bell in the belfry struck the hour and the chimes sent forth their evening song and died away into silence.

The boy sat down in a corner of the great place and leaned his head against the high-backed seat. The shepherd's story was in his mind. He remembered the beginning, "And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed."

He had seen the picture: Mary and Joseph on the road to Bethlehem; the dreary stable, with its cold, gray light, and the cattle dozing in the stalls; but the loneliness seemed to vanish when Mary held the Child, and the angels' song rang through the frosty air.

The altar before him with the Christmas candles; the sanctuary lamps sent forth a faint perfume and tiny clouds of smoke. A great golden one in the centre swung slightly to and fro, sending the smoke in irregular waves that curled and drifted away in the air. The boy watched it for a few moments, until it seemed as if the vapory cloud took shape, and the dim outline of a wonderful woman shone above the chancel steps. She was bending tenderly over a little figure in her arms. The light above seemed to centre on the Child. There was a halo all about Him.

Through the stillness of the night came a faint strain of music, and suddenly the door of the church opened and a procession of little children angels entered. They were holding bunches of holly berries and candles in their hands.

As they drew near the altar, the child's mother stretched out her arms to them, and they flocked about her, caressing the Babe and laying the berries at His feet. One little fellow in his eagerness brushed against Him, and the thorny leaf scratched His foot. The Babe whimpered. "Sing to Him!" said one of them. "It may soothe Him!" and the cherub company burst into song. As the last note died into silence the Babe closed His eyes and smiled. When the children noticed this they stole quietly away, singing softly as they went.

"Well, my child, is it a Christmas Vision that makes you smile in your sleep?" asked a voice at his side, and opening his eyes the boy saw the parish priest bending over him.

"Didn't you see them?" he asked. "They were here just a moment ago, the Child and His Mother."

"God sends His angels to us all," said the old priest gently, "and and I pray that the Child who appeared to you this night may grow with your heart until you are like Him. Such visions are not sent to be forgotten."—By Grace Laurence, in "The Church Standard."

Beautiful Furs for Christmas Gifts

Furs are at all times beautiful and useful presents, but more so about Christmas time. We have one of the finest Fur establishments on the continent, and sell only High-class Furs. Our prices, however, are the very lowest; could not even be equalled. **Try us.**



For Your Little Girls

Make your little girls happy with a splendid and useful present as this Misses' White Thibet Boa. It is two yards long, made with very choice quality full Thibet, with drops on each end and a chain fastener. Our Special Price is

\$5.50

A fine, large round muff, made of the same fur, with cream satin lining and down bed, we sell to match the boa. Our special price

\$5.50

The Robert **SIMPSON** Company Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

SANTA CLAUS ON THE TRAIN.

On a Christmas Eve an emigrant train
Sped on through the blackness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in twain
With the gleam of its fierce head-light.

In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child:
The woman's face bore want's wan trace,
But the little one only smiled,

And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lisped, "Now, mamma, come and guess
What Santa Claus'll bring."

But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she said;
"The train is going too fast."

"O mamma! yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little deer;
They runs all over the world to-day—
I'll hang my 'tocking up here."

She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes,
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.

On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played,
And stole into his heart.

As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.

And a great big bundle of Christmas toys
Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets,
and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.

At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
"Twas sweet to hear her glee;
"I knowed that Santa would find me out;
He caught the train you see."

Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right;
The good Saint Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.

For the saint is fond of masquerade,
And may fool the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.

And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says, "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.

KNOWING ELEPHANTS.

A traveller journeying round the world, found nothing to interest him more than the celebrated trained elephants of India, which he saw at Moulmein, a seaport town on the Bay of Bengal. In writing to a friend, he thus describes their wonderful intelligence:

"Here you see the trained elephants at work, piling up teak timber in the numerous timber-yards that line the river. Their knowledge and intelligence are simply wonderful. They are guided by a native called a mahout, who is perched on the neck, and who gives all the necessary orders, assisted by his heel and a sharp-pointed iron goad very much like a small pickaxe.

"The elephants thoroughly understand what is required of them. Think of their piling up square timber to the height of forty feet, every stick of which is in line and in its proper place, each piece weighing from two to three tons.

"They carry the timber on their trunks, holding it in place by their trunk to the place of piling. When the pile is too high for them to build upon comfortably, they build a staging for themselves out of the same material, and do not hesitate to mount it with their load.

"Mr. Findlay, owner of one of the largest yards, had his force of elephants put through their various forms of work for our benefit, such as piling up the logs and tumbling them down, as well as drawing by chain harness and pushing with their trunks and tusks from three to five of these logs, end to end, tandem fashion. When drawing the logs, the elephants, at the word of command, unhitch the chain or hook, but cannot be made to couple it.

"When pulling down the timber he had just put in place, I thought one of them cast a suspicious eye in our direction, as much as to say, 'You people are at the bottom of this.'

"They are at times very troublesome and dangerous, and great care is taken to keep strangers at a respectful distance. They are immense in size, and cost from 1,800 to 2,500 silver rupees each; that is to say, from £180 to £250 each.

"When the bell rings for dinner or quitting time, they quit at once what they are at, and cannot be induced to go on, but bolt immediately to their quarters for their meal. Woe to the feeder should any of them be cut short in their food. They never forget it, and revenge themselves at the first opportunity.

"They bathe in the river every evening and know as well as man when Sunday comes. On that day they make for the mud pits, and, like pigs, wallow there all day."

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

When drugs and doctors fail to cure you, write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 30 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception, but an honest remedy which you can test without spending a cent. Address JOHN A. SMITH, 3195 Gloria Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

"ORME" PIANOS

OTTAWA

There are a dozen points of undeniable superiority in the "Orme" piano which you should know about if thinking of a purchase or exchange.

Write now for style sheets and descriptive drawings; for prices and terms—sent free to any address.

You can deal with us at a distance just as satisfactorily as though you lived in Ottawa—where we have been established since 1861. There are a number of plans for buying an "Orme" piano which we shall be pleased to submit when your letter arrives.

"Any 'ORME' will last a lifetime—as a good piano should."

The "Orme" is a modern piano—all new inventions have been adopted to make it the best in Canada and the public have unanimously recognized our efforts in a tangible way by purchasing and then recommending to their friends.

Every "Orme" piano is guaranteed and returnable at our expense for any defect whatever.

N.B.—We have all makes of used pianos at from \$50 upwards, and organs from \$25 upwards. Write for lists.

J. L. ORME & SON
Dept. 11 OTTAWA

"One of the oldest and most substantial music houses in Canada."

CHRISTMAS.

Soft, soft, O Christmas bell!
The children's hearts are merry
Your silver chimes to hear—
But sadly sweet and plaintive
They fall upon my ear.
For joy with sorrow strives to
sway
My heart upon this Christmas Day.
Swing, swing, O Christmas bell!
'Tis well! 'tis well!

Soft, soft, O Christmas bell!
For oh! the gates of heaven
Swing wide on Christmas Day;
And all the blessed angels
Come down to earth, they say.
I feel soft arms about me now,
My mother's kiss upon my brow.
Soft, soft, O Christmas bell!
'Tis well! 'tis well!

King, ring, O Christmas bell!
Be merry, little children,
'Tis right it should be so;
For you the Christmas-tree is hung.
For you the hearth-fires glow.
But years bring tears, ah! well-
away!
And tears will come on Christmas
Day.
Still swing, O Christmas bell!
'Tis well! 'tis well!
—W. W. Gay, in S. S. Times.

* * *

BROWNIE'S DOLLAR.

One Christmas morning Brownie found a pretty iron savings bank under his Christmas tree. It was a funny little bank. It was shaped like a house, and whenever any one would pull a small bell handle, made out of a white glass bead, at one side of the front door, a monkey would spring out of the chimney and hold out his hand for a cent. Then, when the cent was placed in the monkey's hand, he'd drop down into the chimney again and the cent would fall jingling into the bank.

It was so very interesting to see the monkey spring out of the chimney and then to hear the money fall with a jingle that almost everybody who came to see Brownie's papa and mamma pulled the bell-handle and gave the monkey a cent just to see how it worked, so that when the year had passed around and Christmas was near at hand again, Brownie found himself rich. He had a whole dollar in his bank.

Brownie thought that with all the money he'd like to give his papa a present for his Christmas, just to surprise him, and he thought and thought and thought what it should be. Then he went to his mamma and asked her, and she said he'd better ask papa.

"But he'll find out I'm going to surprise him," said Brownie.

"No, he won't. Just you ask as if you wanted to know. Don't tell him anything about your dollar or what you are going to do with it," said mamma, "but just say: 'I wonder what you'd like to have Santa Claus bring you.'"

So Brownie went to his papa and asked him what his mother had told him.

"Well," said papa, "I'd like a house and a lot and a fine saddle horse."

Suffered for years with
Stomach TroubleFruit-a-tives" promptly
cured her.

Stomach Trouble is usually bowel trouble. The bowels become constipated. Poisonous matter, which should leave the bowels every day, stays in the bowels, two and three days at a time. These poisons paralyze the stomach muscles, prevent the digestive juices from reaching the food, and stop the whole process of digestion.

MRS. F. H. WALLACE, St. Mary's, O. T.: "I have used most of one box of Fruit-a-tives, and found them all right. I have had a good chance to recommend them to a friend. I have been in bed for a week with a bilious attack and am getting around fine thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

Doctors talk of dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach when they should talk of Constipation.

Fruit-a-tives
or Fruit Liver Tablets

cure Stomach Troubles because they tone, sweeten and stimulate the stomach and they cure the Constipation which is the chief cause of dyspepsia. These concentrated and specially combined fruit juice tablets act directly on the liver—increase the flow of bile—and make the bowels move regularly and naturally every day.

More than that. "Fruit-a-tives" regulate the kidneys—strengthen them—make them excrete more urine—and rid the system of excessive urea and uric acid. They stimulate the glands of the skin to increased action—take away pimples and redness—and keep the skin clear, soft and lovely.

A month's treatment with "Fruit-a-tives" will make you think you had a new stomach.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your druggist should not have them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



"But they cost more than a dollar," said Brownie, in great surprise.

"Why, of course they do," said papa, with a sly wink at mamma. "Oh, of course. H'm! Let's see. What do I want that's worth a dollar—just as if anybody would give me anything worth as much money as that! Well, I'd like a new diary or a penholder or a new razor-strop or something like that."

And Brownie laughed with glee until he went to buy the diary and was told that it would take every single cent he owned; and he was proud of his fortune.

"It's going to take it all," he said, a little sadly.

"Oh, no," said mamma. "You can get a fifty-cent diary, and papa will be just as much surprised."

"So I can," said Brownie; "but no, I won't. He told me the names of the dollar things he wanted, and I don't think it would be fair; besides, it won't be long before I have another dollar. The bank is good yet."

The diary was bought, and Brownie's bank was emptied to its last cent to pay for it, but the little fellow wasn't unhappy about it at all. To be sure, he no longer had any money at all, but wouldn't his papa be surprised. And wasn't that worth while.

And it was. Papa was so surprised that he talked of nothing else all Christmas Day—the idea of his getting such a beautiful diary, and all paid for by Brownie! How perfectly splendid it was!

But papa wasn't the only one who was surprised that Christmas morning, for Brownie, on going to show the bank monkey a lovely book some one had sent him, seemed to see a knowing look in the monkey's eyes, and, on shaking the bank up and down, what do you suppose Brownie found there?

One whole lovely shining yellow gold dollar!

And the monkey never would tell who put it there; and though Brownie is a big man with little boys of his own to-day, he still has that same gold dollar.—Harper's Young People.

* * *

WHEN MIDNIGHT STRIKES.

They say that when the midnight strikes

So slow and solemn that you feel Almost afraid—a boy who likes To stand and listen to the peal

May, if he does not run in fear Or shake or let the wind blow out His candle, very faintly hear A far-away and joyful shout

That loud and ever louder swells— Until it reaches to the sky, And shakes the steeples so the bells Begin to swing, now low, now high;

And ring and clash both loud and gay

To tell the world and all men in it Although the Old Year's passed away, New Year's been born that very minute.

* * *

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

In a manger, dim and lowly,
On the Virgin mother's knee,
Lies the infant Saviour holy,
Wise men worship silently.
Bright above them overhead
Shines the glorious Eastern Star;
Shepherds watching flocks are led
To the manger from afar.

To this little sleeping baby
Merry Christmas owes its birth,
For He is the Christ child holy,
Come to bring good-will to earth.

For Him now, we Christmas keeping,
Make our gifts and sweetly sing,
Christ, the gift, and God the giver;
Ring, ye merry joy bells, ring!
—Frances Nelson Worthington.

The men who look as if they had good, red blood in their bodies—and know what the joy of living means—are men who take a morning glass of ABBEY'S SALT.

There's a moral in this for YOU.

Abbey's
Effervescent
Salt

AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 25¢ AND 60¢ A BOTTLE.

See that you have enough of the little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a renowned hero nor a saint.

To Enliven
the Liver

KIDNEYS AND BOWELS — TO PREVENT DISEASE BY CLEANSING THE SYSTEM—YOU MUST USE

DR. CHASE'S
Kidney-Liver Pills.

There's a need in every home of a medicine that will promptly cure biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation.

A medicine that by cleansing the filtering and excretory organs will remove all poisonous waste matter, and by so doing prevent fevers, colds and such deadly diseases as dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease.

No medicine satisfies this need so well as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This is no idle boast, but an absolute fact that is backed up by the testimony of a hundred thousand homes.

The reputation of Dr. A. W. Chase as author and physician is the guarantee which first made this great medicine popular.

Now it stands on its records of cures—a record which has seldom, if ever, been paralleled in the history of medicine.

As a treatment for backaches, headaches, indigestion, aching limbs, liver derangements, kidney disorders and constipation, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prompt, thorough and effective.

Once their merit is tested, they are kept in the house and relied on to cases of emergency. By keeping the liver active and the bowels regular they positively prevent serious disease.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Backache Plaster promptly eradicates pain, and may be used on any part of the body.

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[December 14, 1905.]

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

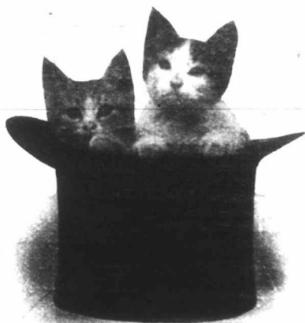
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**LULLABY SONG ON THE NEW BIRTH-
DAY, OR DAY OF HOLY BAPTISM.**

Lullaby. Lullaby, sweet song so lowly,
I sing thee my baby, a story so holy,
Angels shall listen and smile while I'm bringing
Home to my own heart the truths I am singing.

Lullaby. Lullaby, rest baby, rest thee;
The arms of the Holy One deign to caress thee;
The heart of thy God is thy pillow, my treasure;
The will of thy God is thy life duty's measure.

The grace of thy God and His Spirit within thee,
Is breathing, my child, from all evil to win thee;
O safe in the shelter of His Holy ark,
Ride safely, my baby, o'er waves deep and dark.



O wing of the Holy Dove spread wide Thy pinion,
Protect Thy possession from other dominion;
Let neither the world, flesh nor devil prevail,
Be Thou my child's champion when these assail.

Obreathe Thy south wind, and drop Thy warm dew
The soul Thou hast purchased with Thy grace
renew,
Day by day, Lord we pray, lest the good seed
should die,
And yield Thee no fruit in the great by and by.

O Shepherd, kind Shepherd, in Thy Fold we lay
Our baby so precious, Thine own lamb, to-day;
May our prayers never cease nor His will never fail;
Thou art the Almighty, the good must prevail.
—Caroline Macklem.

GOOD MORNING,—A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU. Photo by John Dodds.

**HIGH-PRICED
BUT
WORTH THE
PRICE**

Gourlay Pianos

**DECIDEDLY
BETTER
THAN MERE
FIRSTCLASS**

A GOURLAY PIANO is the supreme Christmas Gift, because it brings year-in-and-year-out pleasure to every member of the family. It is an instrument that one's grandchildren will use with pleasure.

Have you thought of giving somebody a Piano for Christmas? Let us tell you an easy way to accomplish it.

**By Paying
Fifteen Dollars**



you can include the Piano among the gifts on Christmas morning, and while you are paying the remainder of the price in easy payments the Piano is in your undisturbed possession and use.

*Write now for particulars of our special Christmas Offer.
We offer eight different methods of payment, and ship on approval anywhere in Canada.*

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
Branches at Hamilton and Winnipeg. 188 Yonge Street, Toronto

**HIGH-PRICED
BUT
WORTH THE
PRICE**

Gourlay Pianos

**DECIDEDLY
BETTER
THAN MERE
FIRSTCLASS**

AT CHRISTMAS.

While stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
Beam from your eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring,
Joyous and clear,
Speak only happy words;
All mirth and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad
For love's dear sake.
—Emilie Poulsson, in St. Nicholas.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

One afternoon in Christmas week a clerk in the Leipzig post-office, whose duty it was to sort the letters, found a tawdry little epistle, and put it in the dead-letter box. The letter went the usual way to the black cabinet, where serious, silent men are seated, endowed with power to decide upon the fate of packets unclaimed or unaddressed. The letter bore the direction to "Jesus Christ, at Leipzig," and, being opened, displayed the following contents:

"Dear Holy Christ,—Christmas is drawing near, and as I full well know, Thou art now going about and presenting good children with bon-bons and nice little toys. O! dear, holy Christ, I wish Thou wouldst come to us. We are so anxious to see Thee, and I more than my sister, as I want a satchel to put my books in. But I believe that my sister Selma wants one also. We should also like to have a pair of shoes, each of us, as the weather is very bad. To my brother Curt please bring a box full of tin soldiers. He is ill, and must not go out of the room. But, above all, Thou shouldst look after the health of my mamma, who is worse than Curt, and cannot move except on crutches. Dear, holy Christ, I pray Thee, do not forget us. I am a good child, and shall be very obedient to my mother, and I live at Green Street, No. 10, in the courtyard.

"Marie. Selma. Curt."

The letter, as appears from the signatures, although written by the eldest sister, had afterwards gained the approval of the younger children, who attached their names in token of assent. Some few days passed. At last it was Christmas Eve. A knock came to the door of the mother of the three little children, and a gentleman with a lady entered, and put the satchel, the shoes, and a great many other things on the table. The German Christmas tree was lighted and merriment filled the house. For once official secrecy had been violated, and the dead letter, being shown to a charitable Samaritan, caused more joy and gladness than pen can describe.—Selected.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

This beautiful Christmas number is sent to any part of Canada, Great Britain and the United States for twenty-five cents.

A Novel Departure in Trade

Mr. William Lawson, long associated with his father's Victoria Tea Warehouse, of old-time fame, and for the last 13 years with the Salada Tea Co., is opening a tea and coffee business, wholesale and retail, with sampling offices at 12 Leader Lane.

Mr. Lawson begins with ample capital to procure the right goods at right prices, and with the invaluable asset of upwards of forty years' intimate acquaintance with the buying and handling of the various qualities of high-grown tea and coffee.

Special offer for a limited time—4 pounds of 40c. tea for \$1.00. 3 pounds of best roasted coffee for \$1.00. Equal to any packet tea on this market up to 50c.

WILLIAM LAWSON
Tea and Coffee Expert



DARAMBAI, THE STORY OF A SLAVE BOY.

By DR. W. R. S. MILLER.

Darambai is a little black boy whose home was in Central Africa.

Look at your school map of Africa and search for the Benue River which flows east and west and enters the great Niger River at Lokoja; when you have found this river look for a big town on its banks called Yola, and then on the south of this river and east from Yola, if your map is a very good one, you will see the name of a country called Laccia, occupied by the Laccia people.

Darambai is a Laccia boy, and his people are Heathen or "Pagans" as they are called out here. Living not very far away from his people and constantly raiding their towns are some people called Gamdaris. These are terrible slave-raiders and are much feared by Darambai's people. One day, three years ago, these people came down and fought against little Darambai's town, of which his father was a chief, and, when they had killed most of the strong men and boys, set fire to the town, and caught and carried away the women and children into slavery.

Little Darambai now became a slave. What a hard life he had to live! Very soon his poor mother died in great suffering from a wound which she received in the fight; and his little sister, the only one of his family left, was carried away to another place many miles from him in slavery.

It was a rough time for the little boy, made to carry a load which he had never done before; to travel most of the day in burning sun, with very little food or water; often made to work hard and with never a soul to say a kind word to him. And then a change came. Some English officers had heard of this slave-raid, and laid a trap and came upon these cruel wicked people, and beat them and set their slaves free; and then, because their homes had been destroyed, took them to a home for

little freed slaves, and there Darambai lived for a few months; then he was brought to the Hausa missionaries to be loved and taught about Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world, the King of Peace. Of course to a little boy coming from a heathen home everything was very new and strange. You would be very surprised could you have seen him then and see him now after living for three years with Christians. Filthy, and without any idea of keeping himself clean; nearly starved, and ready to fight with any other boy for the legs or head of fowl which had been thrown into the ash-pit; telling lies on every occasion, and stealing anything that came in his way. I think you would have said, "Whatever can be done with such a boy?"

Some of you did, I think, see him in England last summer. Shall I tell you some of the things people said to me about him? "What a gentlemanly, well-mannered little boy." "What an intelligent boy he seems to be." And what pleased me most were the words of the cook in the house of some friends of mine with whom we stayed. They were these, "Darambai is a true little Christian, he is such a good lad and so truthful, and would put most English boys of his age to shame."

What has done this? We believe that the Gospel of Jesus Christ can change the hearts of quite little children, and I think we can see in many ways that Darambai knows now that he has a Saviour, and is trying to be a good boy because of the One who died for him.

THE DIVINE CALL.

When, therefore, the smallest instinct or desire of thy heart calleth thee towards God and a newness of life, give it time and leave to speak, and take care thou refuse not Him that speaketh. . . . Be retired, silent, passive and humbly attentive to this new risen light within thee.

HARRY'S SERMON.

On one occasion Harry and Eddie, two little brothers, took it into their heads to have church. As Harry was the older of the two, he said to Eddie, "I'll be the preacher and preach you a sermon." "Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the people." And so Harry began by announcing his text. "My brethren, my text to-day is 'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible for little children, and this is one of them."

"Firstly. Be kind to father. Don't bother him when he's busy. Don't make a noise when his head aches

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

(LIMITED)

ASSETS, \$4,000,000.

Offices:—78 CHURCH STREET,
522 QUEEN ST. WEST.

3½%
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INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.
Withdrawable by Cheque.

Office Hours:
9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.
Every Saturday Evening 7 to 9.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

The RELIANCE

LOAN & SAVINGS CO. of Ontario

HEAD OFFICE:
84 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

DEPOSITS

SUBJECT TO CHEQUE WITHDRAWAL

3½ per cent. interest allowed on deposits

of one dollar and upwards, compounded half-yearly.

DEBENTURES issued for \$100 and upwards, for terms from 5 to 10 years; interest at 4 per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.

Moneys for the above may be forwarded by mail.

HON. JOHN DRYDEN, J. BLACKLOCK
President. Manager.

The Dominion Life Assurance Co.

Head Office, Waterloo, Ont.

Full Deposit at Ottawa.

Paid-up Capital, \$100,000.

This Company offers insurance in a separate class to total abstainers—thus giving them all the advantage their superior longevity entitles them to. Its security is unquestionable, its ratio of assets to liabilities is unsurpassed in Canada, save by one Company (much older.)—It added a greater proportion to its surplus last year than any other. AGENTS WANTED.

THOS. HILLIARD, Managing Director

J. C. SPENCE & SONS

ARTISTS IN STAINED GLASS

37½ Bleury St., - Montreal.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

Church work of all kinds. Memorial windows and leaded glass a specialty. Churches decorated. Texts and scrolls supplied.

C.B.S.

—Wards of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ have been organized at St. Matthias and St. Thomas' Churches, Toronto. For further information apply to Rev. Father Hartley, 379 Shaw Street, Toronto.

Father has to work hard and earn money.

"Secondly. Be kind to mother. Don't make her tell you several times to do the same thing. My brethren, we ought to mind right off.

"Thirdly. Be kind to Mary. She is small and lame and can't talk plain.

"Finally, my brethren, be kind to the cat. Amen."

Why are Karn Pianos Famous?

Because they are endorsed by musicians and the purchasing public.

Because they are favorably known from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Because they are musical as well as durable, pleasing to the eye, melodious to the ear.

A Postal will bring you illustrations of our new styles.

THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED

Manufacturers of Pianos, Reed Organs, Pipe Organs and Piano Players.

WOODSTOCK, - ONT.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
 EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc.,
 Musical Director.
 CANADA'S LEADING
MUSIC SCHOOL.
 HIGHEST ARTISTIC STANDARDS.
 Send for ILLUSTRATED CALENDAR,
School of Expression
 F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B., Principal.
 Special Calendar.

CHURCH DAY SCHOOL
 Major Street, Toronto
SISTERS S. JOHN THE DIVINE
 KINDERGARTEN and
 ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT

Edgehill, Church School
 for Girls
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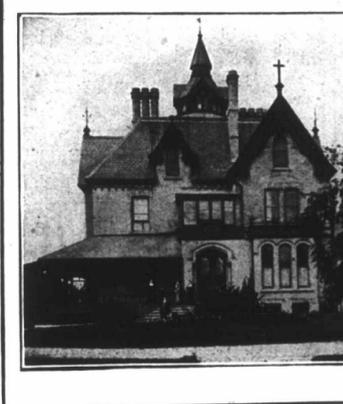
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A WORD TO THE PHYSIOLOGIST.

Once Said that the Way to Keep
the Stomach Healthy Is to Ex-
ercise It.

But He Did Not Tell How to Make
It Healthy.

The muscles of the body can be developed by exercise until their strength has been increased manifold, and a proper amount of training each day will accomplish this result but it is somewhat doubtful whether you can increase the digestive powers of the stomach by eating indigestible food in order to force it to work.

Nature has furnished us all with a perfect set of organs, and if they are not abused they will attend to the business required of them. They need no abnormal strength.

There is a limit to the weight a man can lift, and there is also a limit to what the stomach can do.

The cause of dyspepsia, indigestion and many similar diseases is that the stomach has been exercised too much and is tired or worn out. Not exercise but rest is what it needs.

To take something into the stomach that will relieve it from its work for a short time—something to digest the food—will give it a rest and allow it time to regain its strength.

The proper aid to the digestive organs is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which cure dyspepsia, indigestion, gas on the stomach and bowels, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, and all stomach diseases.

Rest and invigoration is what the stomach gets when you use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, for one grain of the active principle of them is sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of food.

The Tablets increase the flow of gastric juice, and prevent fermentation, acidity and sour eructations.

Do not attempt to starve out dyspepsia. You need all your strength.

The common sense method is to digest the food for the stomach and give it a rest.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not make the cure, but enable the organs to throw off unhealthy conditions.

Perfect digestion means perfect health, for under these conditions only do the different organs of the body work right and receive the building-up material found in pure blood.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a natural remedy and are a specific for stomach troubles. The ablest physicians prescribe them.

The Tablets are pleasant to the taste, and are composed of fruit and vegetable extracts, golden seal and pepsin.

At all drug stores—50 cents per package.

A FEW MINUTES' CHAT.

"I know one thing," said Esther Hart, despondently; "I'm getting to be awfully old and ugly."

She had been leaning in on her way to the schoolmistress's room, and during the last few minutes' chat she had had a good deal of trouble during the last few minutes' chat that kind of thing was like a shot to Miss James.

Many, indeed, there were among the poor and afflicted who had learnt to bless her for her happy face and warm hand clasp, and her quaint way of talking faith and cheer into them. Esther was one of these.

She had been a girl in the school, and Miss James had watched her grow up to girlhood and womanhood, left behind by most of her old companions, who had married and settled in other places—not because she was plain and undesirable either (for Esther had a sweet face, and a heart that would have made a home very happy), but because duty had woven such a close net about her.

Now the parents were gone, and the invalid sister who had been such a constant care; and Esther had only herself to work for. But somehow all the light seemed gone out of life, without the old motive. The work, though in reality so much less, seemed twice as hard; and sometimes when she thought of herself—no longer a girl, and alone—a great wave of desolation would sweep over her; and it went hard if she didn't have a good cry, and make herself ten times more sad.

For this "cry" failed to refresh her as it is supposed to do those who have really nothing to cry about. Esther, when you come to think, had really a good deal to make her sad; and when that is the case tears hurt rather than heal.

She had been having rather a bad time of it on this particular afternoon, so Miss James' visit was just as well-timed as it could possibly be.

"Old and ugly!" repeated she, surveying Esther with a comical look. "Now you are fishing for compliments."

Esther smiled a sickly little smile, and shook her head.

"Not from you," she said; "you aren't given to saying things you don't mean."

"Come, then," laughed Miss James; "you stand committed to believe exactly what I say about this 'old and ugly' face of yours. Let me see. Affectionate brown eyes; a nose that is neither handsome nor a disgrace; a mouth neither large nor small; hair that goes the fashionable way without the aid of curlers; and a complexion that would be fresh enough for twenty, if only the owner would appropriate a little more of the air and sunshine which may be had without money and without price. Age, thirty-two?"

Esther nodded "Yes." "I feel more like forty-two," added she. "But it's the expression of my face that is so old."

Miss James studied her in silence a few seconds, and there was something very pathetic in the look with which she bore the scrutiny. "I am right," it seemed to plead.

"Do you know what gives the expression to your face?" Miss James asked suddenly.

Esther did not answer.

"Your features are born with you," the schoolmistress went on, "and you aren't responsible for them. But it has been so truly said that 'expression is the mirror of the thoughts.'"

Esther looked up quickly. "But I am not always thinking miserable

thoughts," said she. "I know it is better than that—that it has all happened as it has. We ought not to want our dear ones to go on suffering when God is ready to take them home."

"But when they were with you, you were always thinking sweet thoughts," said Miss James. "Do you see the difference? You must train yourself to think them now. Go out into the sunshine, and bless God for the singing of the birds, and think sweet thoughts about your dear ones in the brightness of the glory-land; and let some of the sweetness that used to be for them go out to others who are needing sunshine in their suffering and loneliness."

"Let your waking thought be sweet, and sing about your work as you plan your little acts of helpfulness. Don't wear black in your heart, though custom demands it of you in your dress; and you will soon find your mirror giving you back a smile worth far more than the careless laugh of seventeen—which you can never have again."

"Oh!" cried Esther; "you are so good and wise; you always help me so. I see it now; and I see why you always look so young and so beautiful."

Miss James stood up. "To flatterers never give heed," said she, severely. "I must go home if you talk nonsense. But," she added, resting her hand an instant on Esther's shoulder, "you may come home with me, if you like, and look sweet over a cup of tea. I have a tiresome headache this afternoon, and am sorely in need of a good angel to charm it away."

—Florence E. Burch.



GOSSIP TOWN.

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumour, with
rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day?

It isn't far to Gossip Town
For people who want to go;
The Idleness Train will take you
down
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is a popular
route,
And most folks start that way;
But it's steep down grade—if you
don't look out,
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.

You glide through the valley of
Vicious Talk,
And into the tunnel of Hate;
Then, crossing the Add-to Bridge,
you walk
Right into the city gate.



It contributes greatly towards a man's moral and intellectual health to be brought into habits of companionship with individuals unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits, and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

WHAT SULPHUR DOES

For the Human Body in Health and
Disease.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHUR DOES

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