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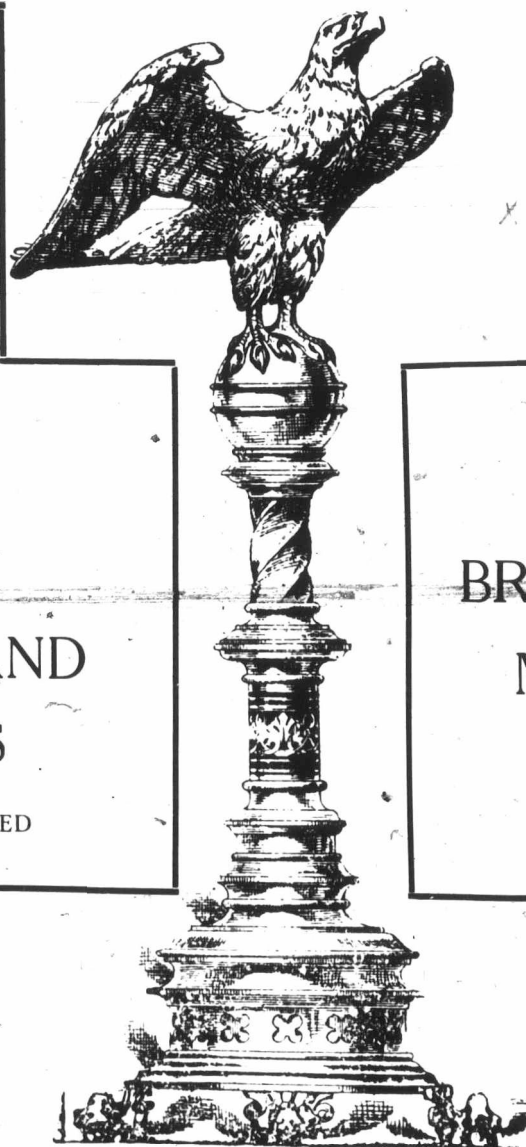


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December 11.—Third Sunday in Advent.

Morning—Isaiah 25; 1 John 3, 16-4, 7.
Evening—Isaiah 26; or 28, 5 to 19; John 18, 28.

December 18.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.

Morning—Isaiah 30, to 27; Rev. 2, 18-3, 7.
Evening—Isaiah 32; or 33, 2 to 23; Rev. 3, 7.

December 21.—St. Thos., A. & M.

Morning—Job 42, to 7; John 20, 19 to 24.
Evening—Isaiah 35; John 14, to 8.

December 25.—Christmas Day.

Morning—Isaiah 9, to 8; Luke 2, to 15.
Evening—Isaiah 7, to 10 to 17; Titus 3, 4 to 9.

December 26.—St. Stephen, the First Mart.

Morning—Gen. 4, to 11; Acts 6.
Evening—2 Chron. 24, 15 to 23; Acts 8, to 9.

December 27.—St. John, A. & E.

Morning—Exodus 33, 9; John 13, 23 to 36.
Evening—Isaiah 6; Rev. 1.

December 28.—Innocents' Day.

Morning—Jer. 31, to 18; Rev. 16.
Evening—Baruch 4, 21 to 31; Rev. 18.

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 the new Hymn Book, many of which may be found in other hymnals.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 236, 240, 241, 252.

Processional: 10, 63, 396, 550.

Offertory: 325, 390, 486, 564.

Children: 56, 488, 687, 736.

General: 308, 936, 412, 767.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 232, 234, 237, 243.

Processional: 59, 64, 432, 476.

Offertory: 325, 390, 486, 564.

Children: 66, 707, 719, 727.

General: 108, 395, 471, 768.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"He anointed Me to preach good tidings to the poor." St. Luke 4:18.

Jesus came back from His temptation with an absolutely unique sense of commission, and therefore an appreciation of ministerial authority that never was, and never can be, paralleled. He

listened to the Father and therein lay the secret of His power and authority, the source of His wisdom and love. And He would teach men to sit still in every trial and circumstance and hear the Word of God. The power to preach ever depends upon the power of listening to God, and awaiting His special revelation or message of comfort. Now the more faithfully a priest ministers to the poor of this world, to the suffering, and to the unhappy, the more does he realize the inadequacy of his words, and the necessity on the part of the poor, the unhappy and the suffering, of waiting quietly upon God. Christianity is a Gospel (a message of good tidings) to the poor, the suffering and the unhappy. Poverty without amelioration, suffering without faith, unhappiness without hope, are prejudicial to all spiritual advance. Jesus prevents such prejudice being necessary. The poor He bids lay up treasure in heaven. And He rewards such humble faith in two ways. First, He gives to the hungry soul the certainty of imperishable riches above. Secondly, He inspires the godly rich to work for the necessary amelioration of social conditions. We suffer because of our sins, because of the sins of our fellows. The Gospel shows the life of sacrifice and bids us be self-sacrificing. And the result of self-sacrifice is that we no longer suffer. Jesus died to save us from our sins. We live a life of consecration to God that sin may not have the dominion over us, and that we may point the better way to others. We are often unhappy in this life because we have not got the things we want. Jesus teaches us to seek the things that are above. And in that search we become and remain happy. Ambitions of this earth invariably lead to unhappiness; there is inalienable happiness in our lives when our ambitions have point in the Kingdom of God. The words of grace proceeded out of the mouth of the Son of God and the people wondered. We can have no doubt but that many who wondered found in His words a message of nobler ambitions, of faith in the day of suffering, and of hope in the pressure of unhappiness. To some that day was the real beginning of spiritual life. Why? Because on that day they laid more stress on listening than on disputation. To the chosen the Risen Master said, "Peace be unto you; as the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." How many of the ordained appreciate the underlying thought, that they are sent to teach men to walk and to talk with God directly? The glory of priesthood is not only in the past, in rightful descent, and therefore in authoritative and effective ministry. It is found in the present order of things in the preaching of the Gospel to the poor. And in this ministry of the priesthood stress must be laid on hearing as well as on see-

ing. The priest must forget self, must glorify only the office of ministry and stewardship. By so doing they with all faithful men learn that Christianity is a Gospel in that it points to the highest ambitions, and comforts the suffering and unhappy by putting faith, hope, and love into their lives.

The Nativity.

Amongst the many references to the Nativity in the works of learned and graceful writers none is more graphic and beautiful than that of the late Dean Farrar in his "Life of Christ." "Travelling in the East," says the learned Dean, "is a very slow and leisurely affair. . . . Beerth, which is fifteen miles distant from Bethlehem, or possibly even Jerusalem, which is only six miles off, may have been the resting place of Mary and Joseph before this last stage of their journey. But the heavy languor, or even the commencing pangs of travail, must necessarily have retarded the progress of the maiden mother. Others who were travelling on the same errand would easily have passed them on the road, and when, after toiling up the steep hillside, by David's well, they arrived at the khan—probably the very one which had been known for centuries as the house of Chimham, and, if so, covering perhaps the very ground on which, one thousand years before, had stood the hereditary house of Boaz, of Jesse, and of David—every leewan was occupied. The enrolment had drawn so many strangers to the little town that 'there was no room for them in the inn.' In the rude limestone grotto attached to it as a stable, among the hay and straw spread for the food and rest of the cattle, weary with their day's journey, far from home, in the midst of strangers, in the chilly winter night, in circumstances so devoid of all earthly comfort or splendour that it is impossible to imagine a humbler nativity, the Christ was born." This moving and pathetic description of the opening scene in the life of the "Son of Man" proves how faithfully and impressively the learned Dean after visiting the sacred scene, accomplished the task he had set himself of telling "the full story of the Gospels in such a manner and with such illustrations as . . . might serve to enable at least the simple and the unlearned to understand and enter into the human surroundings of the life of the Son of God."

World-Wide Christmas Joy.

In one of the charming fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, we are told that "the church bells rang for the Christmas time. 'The bells ring for the new-born,' said the Ruler of the Year. . . . And in the fresh green fir-wood, where the snow lay, stood the angel of Christmas, and consecrated the young trees that were to adorn his feast. 'May there be joy in the room, and under the green boughs,' said the Ruler of the Year." There is joy, not only in the thousands of rooms where "the Christmas trees" spread their treasured "green boughs" at Christmas-tide, but in every country, and in every clime of earth, there is joy at Christmas time. Joy in the cottage—just as pure, and sweet, and true—aye, and simpler far, than the joy that reigns in the palace. Joy on land and sea. Joy on lake and river. Joy in the far-off regions of the earth, where the Hedins and Shackletons seek to add new laurels to the geographer's brow no less than in the homes of wealth and luxury in the world's great cities. And the wonder of it all is that this marvellous stream of joy, mingling the human and divine in man, may be traced to its source in a manger of the stable of a humble inn, in the little town of Bethlehem.

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Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all that grieves you,
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I will surely give you."

Bethlehem!

No name in all the wide world's geography falls with softer, sweeter accents on the Christian's ear. Not Babylon, of old renown; Venice, whilom queen of the Adriatic; Rome, the capital of the Cæsars; Not even dear old London, the throbbing heart of our beloved Empire, (we write as Canadians), can for a moment compare in profound and soul-stirring interest, in deep attachment, and devout affection with the little hill-side town in distant Palestine, with the musical name, that soothes the spirit like the sound of chiming bells from some far-off cathedral tower. And do you ask of us, dear reader, "Why this is so"? Accept our answer in the beautiful and deeply moving words of that noble soul departed, the saintly Bishop Phillips Brooks:—

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie:
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love,
O morning stars, together,

Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!"

Christmas Play.

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,"
says the old rhyme. And of all the old Christmas rhymes probably this is the most popular. The refrain of it seems to linger in the memory, And the words of it trip so readily from the tongue. Who ever knew a Christmas to pass by without hearing some one say: "Christmas comes but once a year"? The Christmas plays of the olden time are for the most part memories to-day, save where some lover of the traditions and observances of the past, as for instance, the Squire of Bracebridge Hall, fondly retains them in their place amongst the Christmas festivities. In place of the old play, children, and some who will never cease to be children in spirit, may spend a blithesome hour looking at the wonders of the pantomime. But after all, the purest, sweetest and most cherished play of the children at Christmastide, is that engaged in round their own fireside, where hang the stockings stuffed with good things by dear old Santa Claus, near which stands the Christmas tree bright with coloured candles, and rich with welcome presents, whilst all about them are those whom they love and who rejoice in the happiness of the little ones even more than they do over their own.

"A Christmas Carol."

It may safely be said that no English writer has brought home to the heart of English-speaking people the brightness, cheeriness and joyousness of their beloved Christmas season with more genial warmth and kindness of spirit than Charles Dickens. Well might Carlyle say of him: "The

good, the gentle, the high-gifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens, every inch of him a man." In none of Dickens' writings are his broad charity for all men; his deep affection for the little ones; his tender sympathy for the poor; and his deep insight into the mysterious and abounding joy of Christmas more manifest than in the unforgettable "Christmas Carol." Ever as the blessed season comes round thousands, aye, tens of thousands, of delighted readers, young and old, read for the first, or it may be the seventh, time, the wonderful change wrought by the spirits of Christmas in the miserly and grumpy Scrooge, from where "The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's key-hole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of,

"God bless you, merry gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay!"

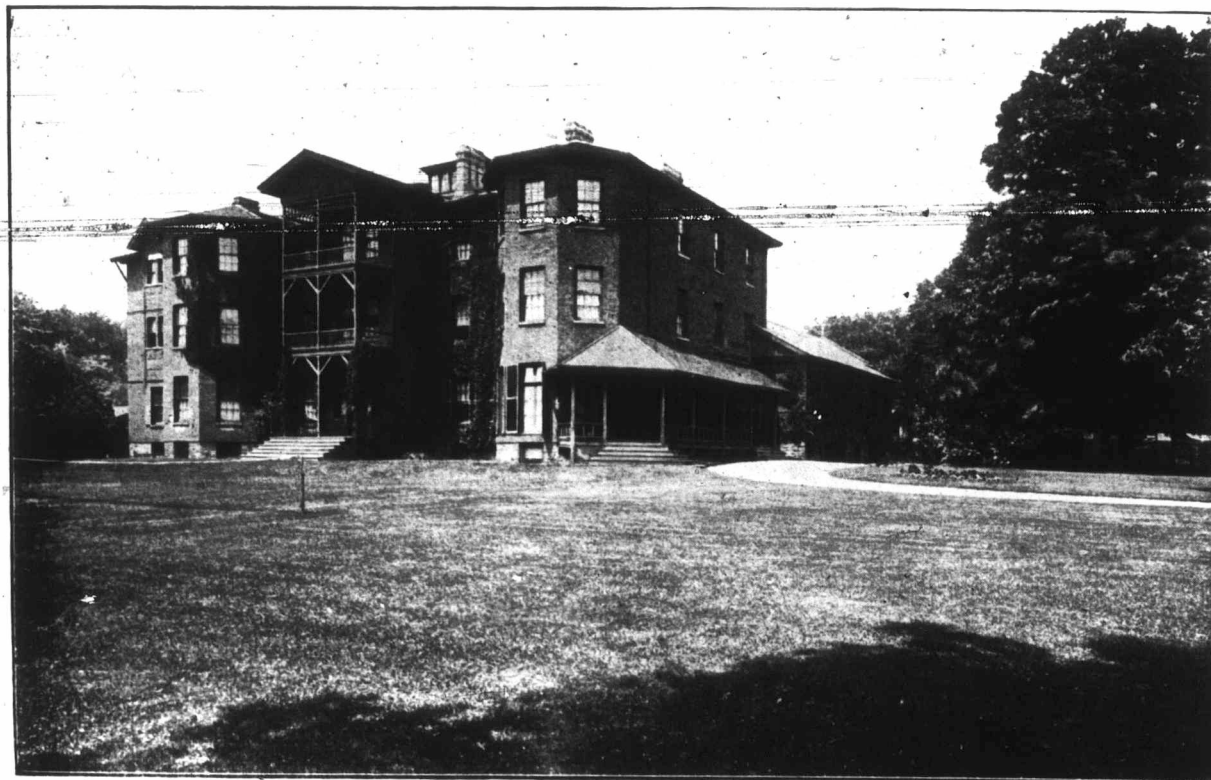
Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost," until at the end of the enchanting story, we hear the self-same Scrooge, changed by the Christmas spirits, say to his astonished clerk: "A merry Christmas, Bob!" with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!" Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more, . . . and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God Bless Us, Every One."

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Home.

At no season of the year is this treasured world so cheerily and affectionately brought to mind as at Christmas. The memory of the dear old home of childhood is revived in the heart of old and young as often as the hallowed season approaches. It is a time, too, when we long to have those who are near and dear to us gathered together within our own home. Or if we have no home of our own, we look forward to a joyous gathering with those we love in one of their own homes. "It was a practice worthy of our worthy ancestors," says Hare, "to fill their houses at Christmas with their relations and friends; that, when Nature was frozen and dreary out of doors, something might be found within doors to keep the pulses of their hearts in proper motion."

BETHLEHEM.

By Rev. C. Cameron Waller, M.A., Principal of Huron College, London, Ont.

"Bethlehem," says George Adam Smith, "lies in the midst of a district of great fertility, with water not far away. . . . though too little to be placed among the families of Judah, it is the finest site in the whole province." As our attention is once more turned towards the great event that happened there, it is surely worth while to look at some of its earlier associations. We shall not be long in discovering that some of the most fascinating and sacred memories of Old Testament story are centred round Bethlehem. Their connection with it has perhaps been a little over-shadowed by what may properly be described as the greatest event in the history of the human race, but they are worth recalling. The first mention of the place is connected with a birth and a death. The birth is of one whom his mother called "Ben-Oni," "Son of my sorrow," and his father, "Ben-jamin," "Son of the right hand." The death is the death of Rachel, mother of Joseph and Benjamin, the wife of Jacob's choice, for whom he paid such a heavy price of service and of toil. Shall we be regarded as fanatical, if we see in the two names of this first recorded birth at Bethlehem a foreshadowing of the Incarnation? They recall the humiliation and exaltation, the Humanity and Deity of the Man of Sorrows, born of woman, who is "by the right hand of God, exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour," "the Man of Thy right hand, the Son of Man." In the time of the Judges there are associations with Bethlehem on which we cannot dwell. Iban of Bethlehem judged Israel. A Levite of Bethlehem

became an idolatrous priest; another contracted an alliance with a woman who proved faithless and indirectly occasioned greater troubles. The chronicles of this village alone illustrate man's need of a Prince and a Saviour. For these things happened when there was no king in Israel. To Bethlehem came Ruth after her beautiful words to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." From her marriage to Boaz sprang the royal house of David. At Bethlehem, or just outside of it, Saul was anointed, First King of God's people, who made such a failure on the religious side, because he tried to govern without God. In the vicinity David's boyhood was

Lord by Jeremiah and their own expressed determination. Three scenes of tragedy are grouped round Bethlehem. We have noted the death of Rachel at Benjamin's birth. She is represented as weeping over the captives who streamed along the high road past her tomb on their way to Babylon, and again over the infants massacred by Herod's order. Not so familiar are the words that follow the prophecy. "Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy." This is one of the unfulfilled prophecies of the Old Testament.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Through Him Who was born at Bethlehem shall they be brought back who perished on account of His birth, and not they alone, but a great multitude whom no man can number, gathered from out of all lands, who having tasted of the water of the True Well of Bethlehem have no more thirst and dwell in the house of the Lord forever. But besides these associations there is another on which we may focus attention. Amos, the first of the goodly fellowship of the minor prophets, was a herdsman of Tekoah, only six miles from Bethlehem. This shepherd of the neighbourhood was the first of the prophets to announce the rebuilding of the Tabernacle of David after the approaching doom which he predicted. "In that day will I raise up the Tabernacle of David which is fallen." The Tabernacle of David first began to be restored after more than six hundred years, when no king reigned of David's line, when Jesus was born King of the Jews. "The Word became flesh and tabernacled among us." In the prophecy of Amos the shepherd, we have an adumbration of the Incarnation and all that it has meant to the world since then. The text is quoted by St. James presiding at the



Madonna And Child.

spent. He learnt to use his sling. He practised his harp. He caught the inspiration of the Psalmist and the imagery for many of his psalms. From the well of Bethlehem three of his mighty men drew water at the risk of their lives, performing one of those reckless deeds of valour that brave men love, and which live in story and in song. Hither came Chimham, son (?) of Barzillai the Gileadite, after the quelling of Absalom's rebellion, and apparently received an inheritance there as his reward. At the Inn of Chimham halted the remnant of the people under Johanan, the son of Kareah, after he had rescued the captives from Ishmael, and thence they fled into Egypt, in disobedience to the Word of the

Council of Jerusalem. "To this agree the words of the prophets as it is written, After this I will return and build again the Tabernacle of David that is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up; that the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord." The admission of Gentiles to the Church without circumcision was the point in dispute. The words of the prophet shepherd are agreeable to doing so and thereby forwarding the building of that great spiritual house of which our Lord Jesus is the Head. "We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with

hands, eternal in the heavens." To Him and to the body of His building through His Incarnation, and that which follows upon it, have we come. After denouncing the judgment to fall on the buildings of this world, Amos foretold the restoration of this other building. To us his words have a fuller meaning than they had to him. It was more apparent to those who seven hundred and fifty years afterwards, from the same neighbourhood, also left their flocks and went in response to the angelic summons to see the thing which had come to pass which the Lord had made known to them, but was "for all people." "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." The message is even more significant to us, as once again the angels' hymn and the shepherds' response are echoing round the world. So let us in heart and mind once more go even to Bethlehem, to rejoice with an ever-increasing army, won for the Good Shepherd, by the successors of prophets and shepherds and worship the God-Man, Whom the Lord has made known unto us.

THE PAGAN ELEMENT IN CHRISTMAS.

By Rev. Dr. Paterson Smyth.

I.

This great mid-winter festival, December 25th, was once a festival of mere pagan rejoicing, and many of our Christmas customs we have kept from that old pagan time. The yule-log comes from the feast of the Norsemen, and the mistletoe from the ceremonies of the ancient Druids, and the Christmas tree is a remnant of the pagan Germans in the far-back days when they brought green fir trees to tell of the coming of spring, and to represent their mythical Yggndafel, the tree of the world's life. Thus long before Christianity the poor pagan world about December 25th kept social fes-

tival, to cheer their hearts, to thank the gods, to look forward to the springtime, to be kindly and give gifts. It was all pagan, with much of materialism, much of evil, much of excess, but with much, too, of deep human meaning and much of the good side of the big heart of humanity, cheer, and hope, and kindly good-will. Perhaps it was that which made it possible for the Church to take hold of it when instituting the Christmas feast. Something better had come, for the world to rejoice about. One day in the midst of its pagan darkness, in a poor remote village, in a subjugated province, there came the opening heaven, and the song of the angels, and "Earth was never the same again." The glory vanished, and the song ceased, and there remained of it all just a little Child asleep in His mother's arms. But, oh, the difference to the poor old world that the coming of that Christ Child made!

II.

For 300 years there was no keeping of His birthday. Then with a true instinct the Church laid hold of the old pagan festival so deeply rooted in the popular heart, and throned in it the Child Christ. She retained the feast, she kept the people rejoicing, but taught them the deeper spiritual things to rejoice about, that the Great God was their loving Father, that the Son of God had come to earth with the flesh of very man wrapped round His Godhead to love them, to teach them, to live for them, and then at last to die for them in the most touching self-sacrifice that earth had ever seen. A new spiritual element had come to sanctify the old pagan feast, to lift the feast and the feasters nearer to God. In a curious way this new spiritual element got interwoven with the life of the simple people. The pagan legends were transformed to Christian. The world of nature seemed telling about Christ. The Christmas rose and the Christmas vine and the Glastonbury thorn blossomed at Christmas in sympathy with

Him. The Christmas holly, with its crimson berries, told of the thorn-crown and the drops of blood. The country people heard a language in the cries of birds and animals on Christmas Day. The cock crowed, **Christ is born**, and the raven croaked, **When?** and the crow cawed, **To-day**, and the ass cried, **Eamus**, (let us go!) and the wren was blessed as "God's little fowl," because he had had his nest, they said, in the grotto stable. Simple, childish, semi-pagan, was the Christmas of those medieval days. The manger crib, and the midnight mass kept the higher side of it in mind. But the old pagan element lay always underneath.

III.

Consider whether it does not lie as much underneath it to-day. Nay, rather, consider whether it be not rising to the surface, whether the good-natured material pleasure of the old pagan days is not becoming the dominant note in the modern Christmas. Consider, then, the world's first Christmas night, A.D. 1,—how the heavenly music swelled and died away on the pasture fields of Bethlehem—how the shepherds were abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night—how the glory of the Lord shone round about them—how the tidings of great joy to them and to all people swelled at its close into the first glad Christmas anthem, ringing out into the midnight, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men!" Wondering and afraid, the simple countrymen listened. They were Jews. Such visions of God were things of the past in their history. But the heart of the nation was throbbing at a great expectancy that the Messiah was coming. Was this the meaning of it? As they recovered from their astonishment they said one to another, "Let us go even unto Bethlehem and see this great thing which the Lord hath revealed to us." And so they came to Bethlehem and saw the first Christmas of the world. All the pleasant bustle and excitement.

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Joy of relatives coming home. "There went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, so everyone came to his own city." From the shops of Jerusalem, from the fishing villages of Galilee, from the forests of distant Lebanon, from Corinth and the cities beyond the sea, men and women coming back to the old home that they had not seen for years. The boys coming back as men to greet the old father and mother, the daughters returning with little children around them, the pleasant welcomes, the merry meetings. And the bustle in the little shops and lodgings, the pleasant stir to business in the town. And in the midst of all the bustle and interest and pleasure, quite unnoticed, a little Jewish baby born suddenly into the world, and a young mother, friendless and lonely, wrapping Him herself in the swaddling clothes and laying Him in the cattle stall to sleep. "There was no room for Him in the inn." The business people rejoiced in the business, the families rejoiced in the gatherings at home, the children rejoiced in the novelty and excitement. No one had thoughts of the Christ Child, the centre of it all, except those few poor shepherds on the mountain path with the light of God's glory on their faces, and the joy of God's good tidings in their wondering hearts. Of all who were crowding into Bethlehem that Christmas night, these only were going to see the great thing which God had revealed to them.

IV.

Consider, I say, whether this is not largely the Christmas attitude still. The few with the joy of God's good tidings in their hearts coming even unto Bethlehem to see the great things which God has revealed, and the many in the good-natured thoughtlessness of the old pagan world keeping merry festival. One would hate to talk unreal cant about this. It is good for the children to rejoice in the Christmas sports, and watch for Santa Claus, and join in merry gatherings of friends. It is good for us older people to rejoice in their joy, to give gifts and to be kind, to become again for the time little children ourselves at the festival of the Child Christ. But the good-natured old pagan world had that much of good. Shame on us Christian people if our children got no more! Cannot we do more to keep the spiritual joy of Christmas for ourselves and for our children? Cannot we this Christmas Eve get the children around us and read for them the Christmas story and tell them sympathetically what Christmas

means to men? It is surely possible to tell even to merry romping children that there is real reason for rejoicing at Christmas—glad tidings which tell to the bright and happy of a higher happiness beyond their wildest dreams—which point the lonely and bereaved ones to a better home where the Christmas circles will be filled up again, and the love of the Father will be around us for ever. Christian men and women, it is necessary to rouse ourselves, for our children's sake, if not for our own, lest the pagan element grow to dominate the Christian in the festival of the Child Christ.

peculiar spirit, with its own special traditions and associations, and the door is thrown wide open for those whose hearts are capable of yielding to the better impulses of our nature, and rising, even if it be only once a year, to a just appreciation of what it means to need, and means to possess. It is a season when those who would not assent to be classed among the needy can be reached without injury to their self-respect or their dignity. Public opinion has so taken up the Christmas season and insisted upon making it a time of good wishes and good deeds that even those remotely known to us may receive at our

hands tokens of good will without associating any thought of the significance that would surely be attached to it were it given at some other time. It is this fact that "Spectator" wishes to emphasize in the minds of his readers of wealth. He is, of course, quite aware that to very many, such a reminder is wholly unnecessary. But every year there are young men and women passing from the struggling stage into "competence," and from competence into "abundance," and from abundance into "wealth," and he is anxious that the generous impulses of their hearts should deepen and broaden as they climb the golden stairway of possibility and of power. The younger generation of business men are, we think, giving more attention to their employees and their families at this season, and that is only reasonable and right. Home keepers might look more carefully into the home conditions of those who help them in the household. Companies and corporations might devote some attention to enquiring where some money might be judiciously distributed that would tend to make life brighter and the season more wholesome. There are many patients stricken with the white plague lying in homes where death awaits them unless they can be transferred to the mountains, or given a

chance for life somewhere in God's free air. The world is simply full of opportunities of making this season a time of Christlike ministration if we only will. Yet we fancy many prefer not to know or think about these things, for ministry of this kind means outgiving of the heart and affections, as well as of the gold and silver. There are still some who have doubts of their own knowledge and judgment in distributing of gifts where they will do the most good at this season, and therefore may be inclined to do nothing at all. May we not ask such to send a cheque



The Canadian Churchman.

The Holy Family

FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Spectator's Comments, and Notes of Public Interest.

Many times "Spectator" has called to mind the opportunity which Christmas puts in the hands of the prosperous to do the generous, the gracious and the Godlike thing by those who have not prospered. Wherever there is need it may and should be considered at any and every season of the year. But Christmas comes with its own

to their clergyman and ask him to make such use of it as may be in the best interests of those who need? One of the greatest joys a clergyman can have is the wherewithal to give when giving is manifestly needed. It is a miserable thing for a rector to go about his parish at this season with empty pockets giving forth good wishes when he knows in his heart that here and there something more substantial would be more to the point. May this be a specially Merry Christmas for all our readers, merry in making the world more Christlike.

It is perhaps necessary to annually remind the public of the wisdom and propriety of furnishing every Church home with a Church paper. This is the season to see to the matter. We can hardly boast of great intelligence as Churchmen if we contribute generously towards building and maintenance of a church, contribute generously perhaps towards the promotion of the Church in various parts of our Dominion, and in foreign countries, and yet seek no information regarding the work in which we profess to be interested. It is hard to persuade our families to become interested in the Church services if we systematically ignore them, and it is equally difficult to fail to inspire contempt for the Church in our children if secular papers and magazines find their way in abundance into our homes, and the one journal that has no welcome is that which tells of the trials and triumphs of the Church of God. We know that we are speaking to the wrong people when we discuss this subject in this column, but our readers have influence, and influence is often disseminated and applied by having our attention drawn to such a thing as this.

There is one other thought that we would like to press home at this season, and that is that Canadian Churchmen should see that they have

done their duty by our Missionary Society. The financial year will soon close, and it will not be a very comfortable feeling to have if we are conscious of failing to do our part in the extension and maintenance of the Kingdom of God. It is all very well for us to rejoice in our Christmas cheer and our Christmas festivities, but what have we done to cheer the workers who are representing us on the frontier doing the pioneer work of the Church in our western dioceses and in the foreign lands? If we have led our bishops to suppose that they may order their diocesan households on the assumption that they may expect a given amount of assistance from us, it surely is of the greatest importance that we should live up to that implicit pledge. It is not likely to be a very happy Christmas if the churches, opened and maintained on the understanding that we meant what we said, should have to be closed because they come to realize that they have been leaning on a broken reed. It is, therefore, of obligation that we do our full part in sustaining the missionary enterprises of the Church. Those who have subscribed should see that payment is made now. Those who have not subscribed should now subscribe and pay. The time is short. The clock will shortly strike.

"Spectator."

**LETTERS FROM AN OLD PARSON TO A
THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.**

LETTER VII.

My Dear Boy:

It is a pleasure to find you interested in missionary work, and I am glad to hear that you are to be one of the speakers for your college on this subject. I do not need to impress upon you the fact that missions are a first call upon every Christian man; but, perhaps, I can warn you against some of the things which missionary

speakers say and do which hurt the object they have at heart. First, remember that a speech is not a sermon. Some of our men never realize this. One unhappy ear-mark of the Anglican Communion is the pulpit voice. Some of us carry it everywhere, even to the wood-shed. You know what I mean: that sing-song, deadly monotonous flow, that strips the best English of all its gripping power. People tolerate it in the pulpit, because of long usage, but if you wish to hold their attention in speaking, cultivate a natural tone. Don't be too statistical. Figures are hard to remember, and only really interesting when we see them on the right side of our bank-book. While it is necessary to use some to make your points, be sure they are such as will rivet your argument. To handle statistics and make them interesting requires a very special quality of mind. Gladstone could make a Budget-speech that would hold a crowded house for hours, but there are not many Gladstones. If you use figures reduce them to the individual unit. To speak broadly of millions conveys little to the average man. But bring the matter down to concrete shape. Show that so many dollars a year, or cents a week, from each man, will produce such and such results. He can grasp that; and what he can grasp, he will consider; favourably, too, if you have presented a good case. Study your subject carefully. Missionary literature, thanks to the Laymen's Missionary Movement, is plentiful, cheap and good. Don't try and cover the whole field, but make yourself master of one particular district. Take China, or India, or any one of the great mission fields, and know all about the work there. Familiarize yourself as much as you can with the habits and mode of thought of the people. This will enable you to speak understandingly. Get up the details of each line of work—medical, evangelistic, educational. Study the history of missions in your chosen district; in a word, know everything that is to be known about it. When you

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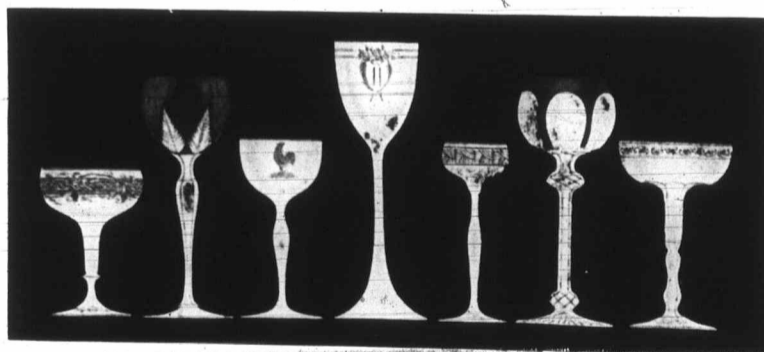
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CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

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have stored your mind with facts, group them together for presentation. Some men are so unfortunately constituted, that although they may be perfect encyclopædias on a subject, their manner of imparting their knowledge is so painfully dry as to be offensive. Such men injure the cause they seek to help. To avoid this, it is vitally necessary that you, yourself, should be interested. Your words should come hot from the heart. You must throw the force of your personality into every sentence you utter. That is

the secret of successful speech. We clergy are very hard people to enthuse. What to other men is an inspiration, is to us a common place. This is sometimes true, even in the holiest acts of our priesthood. Our work, holy as it is, consecrated to God as it is, is routine work: our routine. And it is hard to find inspiration in routine. We need taking out of ourselves at times. Unfortunately, the continual grind of duties, and our wretched poverty renders this impossible for most of us. The result is easily seen in our work. The indifference to its missionary obligations, which has at times characterized the Christian Church, is largely the fault of the clergy. We have excused this neglect to ourselves. We have pleaded at the bar of our conscience, first, the difficulty of raising funds for local church needs; secondly, our own poverty, due to the wretched stipends we receive, sometimes only in part. Any man who knows the real financial condition of most country clergymen; their pitiful economies, their shifts for existence, can at least understand their dread of further responsibility. Some day, I hope, the Christian people of this continent will awake to the shame and sin of denying their

spiritual leaders a living wage. This, I believe, lies at the root of our having failed hitherto to do our part in missionary work. We were wrong, of course. Our faith had grown weak. We had lost our grip on the promise of God. In our present sordidness, we had forgotten the promise of the future. We are realizing our duty more fully now, and I am sure the clergy will take their proper place as leaders of a great forward missionary movement. You, young men, should be in the forefront of the battle.

Your hearts have not been seared, your ambitions have not been blighted. Your ideals are fresh and pure. Above all, you have the glorious gift of youth. Youth with its mighty energy, its wonderful recuperative power. In God's battles, as in life's battles, youth must be served. The mental attitude of the speaker toward his subject is of the highest importance. One can make a clever, even a brilliant, speech on a subject in which one does not really believe, but it will lack the power of conviction. But if one really and

action. It has become a part of oneself, and when one speaks on the subject, one's own personality, self, is projected. To secure this **heart-belief**, the same course is necessary as in the awakening of others. Study the psychology of the missionary impetus. You will find one motive in sympathy. The sad state of heathendom, its miseries and wretchedness arouse the hitherto latent sympathies of your nature. A second motive is utilitarian. The reasonable man desires the happiness of others as well as his

own. Under the present conditions of the heathen world, happiness is only for the few, and even then of a low order. A third motive is economic. Millions of lives are wasted, millions of possible producers are unemployed. Whole continents are practically undeveloped, neither people nor natural products contributing their quota to the world's storehouse. A fourth motive is the desire for the uplift of man as man. The advancement of one section, is not enough, man everywhere should be elevated. One nation, or one individual living in degradation is a blot on all manhood. The highest and strongest motive of all lies in the common fellowship of all men in Jesus. His Incarnation, His death, His resurrection, constitute the vital bond binding together all created in the image of God. These motives urge missionary work. When they are fused by the Holy Ghost they become the heart belief of which I spoke. Once that is present, you can win others to your side—without it, your speeches are mere words. The missionary key note was struck at the Epiphany. God was

made manifest to man, in man. Don't forget that. God was manifested not outside ourselves, to be gazed upon, not shut from us by formality, but in man, in our likeness, the likeness of sinful flesh. So to day God is made manifest in man. In God-like deeds, in God-like thoughts, in God-like lives. That manifestation will win the world. Blessed thought, yet thought of solemn awe, and awful responsibility. God is made manifest to man in me. Only God Himself can supply the grace needed to fulfil our calling.

Yours faithfully,

The Old Parson.



The Canadian Churchman.

Feeding The Swans.

surely is convinced of the truth and importance of his subject, there is a subtle something which carries that conviction from the mind of the speaker to the mind of the hearer. Of the first importance there is, your own personal conviction. This conviction is of two kinds. There is the intellectual assent, which is necessary, but does not possess carrying power. Back of that we must have the stimulus of what I shall call **heart-belief**. This means that our mental assent has been converted into a principle of life and

formality, but in man, in our likeness, the likeness of sinful flesh. So to day God is made manifest in man. In God-like deeds, in God-like thoughts, in God-like lives. That manifestation will win the world. Blessed thought, yet thought of solemn awe, and awful responsibility. God is made manifest to man in me. Only God Himself can supply the grace needed to fulfil our calling.

LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD.

Sir, "A beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord." "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed." A scholarly, cultivated, self-denying priest of God's Church is just now passing through a time of great trial and suffering. More than once he has been under the surgeon's knife and near the dark valley, but God has spared him yet. He has done heroic service for Christ wherever he has laboured, and in every parish great spiritual and material progress has followed his work. A few of his friends at this time desire to offer him some testimony of their loving sympathy. I have been asked to act as treasurer of a fund for this purpose, and invite contributions. Rev. William Lowe, Box 110, Lucan, Ont.

NOVA SCOTIA.

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

Halifax.—There were present at a meeting of the Halifax deanery at the Church of England Institute, Thursday, November 24th, the Rev. N. LeMoine, Rural Dean; Venerable Archdeacon Armitage, the Rev. V. E. Harris, the Rev. C. W. Vernon, the Rev. L. J. Donaldson, the Rev. H. W. Cunningham, the Rev. C. K. Masters, and the Rev. S. H. Prince. The first election of a Rural Dean to succeed Mr. LeMoine, resulted in the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Cunningham. In the evening the deanery met in conjunction with the wardens of the parishes, when besides the clergy, there were present G. A. Woodill, representing St. Luke's Church; J. W. DeWolfe and A. T. Tremaine, St. Mark's; Messrs. Mitchell and Dawes, St. George's; and Messrs. McLeod, Lydiard and Parker, St. Matthias. The business was to allocate to the various parishes the mis-

sionary appointments for the year 1911; also to consider the matter of assessments to the See and Synod. An appreciative minute regarding the departure of the Rev. F. Ernest Smith was adopted, which the Rural Dean was requested to convey. The Venerable Archdeacon Armitage introduced a motion to the effect that the attention of the Assessment Committee of the diocese be called to the large assessment of the Halifax deanery in comparison with those of Lunenburg and Tangier, containing as they did, the large parishes of Lunenburg and Dartmouth. It was resolved that the Assessment Committee should go fully into the matter of assessments, so as to be put on a proper basis and information be given as to the basis on which assessments are made. The Rural Dean was directed to bring a motion before the Synod, authorizing the different deaneries to apportion on parishes the amount assessed for See and Synod at their respective deanery meetings.

ONTARIO.

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

Kingston.—Half-yearly meetings of the committees of the Diocese of Ontario were lately in session in St. George's Hall, and they reported to the Executive Committee of the diocese at its recently held meeting, the Lord Bishop in the chair. There were present the Dean, the Archdeacon of Kingston, Canons Starr, Cooke and Loucks, Rural Deans Patton, Dibb, Dobbs, Beamish; the Revs. J. W. Jones, J. T. Serson, A. L. McTear, F. D. Woodcock, Col. McGill, Dr. Rogers, Chancellor McDonald, R. J. Carson, and J. B. Walkem. Dr. Rogers moved a resolution to provide for the due observation next June of the jubilee of the foundation of the Diocese of Ontario. Mr. J. B. Walkem reported that \$1,500

mortgage on the Pittsburg property had been arranged. The Chancellor reported on the Divinity Student Fund, which showed a credit balance of \$75. Students are now receiving assistance. A small sum of money was placed at the disposal of the Bishop for deserving students now unassisted. The S.P.G. thank-offering reported by the Chancellor showed that the full \$5,000 had been added to the Episcopal Fund capital. This was collected by the Rev. J. W. Jones. The Missions Giving report by the Dean showed that a new order of things for giving had been adopted in the diocese. The M.S.C.C. Fund, Diocesan Mission Fund, the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and Clergy Superannuation Fund now make one combined annual appeal. The receipts this year were divided, one-half to the M.S.C.C. Fund, and three-eighths to the Diocesan Fund. Of the remaining one-eighth, \$304 was apportioned to the Clergy Superannuation, and the balance, \$304, to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The present receipts showed \$9,337, and \$5,000 more is expected before the end of the year. Several parishes have still their apportionment to make up in order to keep faith with the new order of things. The report which was carried named the sum of \$18,700 to be aimed at next year, an increase of ten per cent. upon the various deaneries. After matters arising out of the minutes were disposed of, and correspondence read, the application for permission to sell certain lands belonging to St. Thomas' Church, Belleville, was considered, and a deputation from the vestry explaining the application addressed the committee, and the whole matter was referred to a sub-committee to report to a special executive committee to be called by the Bishop, if necessary. Suspension of the rules of order were granted, and Rural Dean Patton moved that inasmuch as in the wise Providence of Almighty God, the Rev. Edward Costigan, late vicar of St. John's Church, Toronto, and for some years a

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zealous missionary and esteemed incumbent of this diocese, and beloved of the whole Church, has been called to enter into that rest, which remaineth for the people of God, it was resolved that the deep sympathy of this executive committee of the Diocese of Ontario be hereby conveyed to Mrs. Costigan and family connection in their sorrowful bereavement. This was carried by a standing vote. The Rectory Lands Report showed a half-yearly dividend allowing 2 per cent. At the end of the financial year (31st December), a larger dividend may be declared. All new loans are at a higher rate of interest. The Board of Rural Deans reported a suggestion that all rural deans be members of the Missions Givings Committee. The Bishop suggested an amendment to the canon so that this may be expected. The Episcopal Fund Report presented by Canon Loucks showed the fund in a satisfactory account. Clergy Superannuation Report presented by the Rev. Canon Cook was also satisfactory. Clergy Trust Fund presented by the Rev. J. R. Serson showed \$800 on hand to meet the January payments. The Diocesan Library Committee's report presented by Canon Starr reported a gift from the library of the late Venerable Archdeacon Bedford-Jones. It also requested financial assistance to print a catalogue. Widows' and Orphans' Committee, through the Rev. F. D. Woodcock, reported a debit balance of \$1,611 which would be greatly reduced when the balance of the missions ending for the year shall have been received. The Finance Committee reported by the Rev. A. L. McTear revealed a satisfactory state of affairs. The Sunday School report gave a very optimistic feeling for the better organization of the Sunday Schools of the diocese, with the probability of a speedy appointment of a Diocesan Sunday School Secretary. The Lord's Day Alliance reported on by the Rev. F. D. Woodcock, called attention to clergy using trains and boats on Sunday, which was not in harmony with the Fourth Commandment. The Widows' and Orphans' Fund Debt report presented by the Rev. J. W. Jones, showed a handsome receipt of \$664 from the Woman's Auxiliary of the diocese, which leaves \$687 to the debit side.

Planning without God is fighting without the principal factor.

OTTAWA.

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

The regular November meeting of the Executive Committee of the Diocese of Ottawa was held in Lauder Hall last week, with a good attendance of members. An application from the parish of March to mortgage the church property to pay the debt on the church was granted subject to the approval of the chancellor. The Rev. J. M. Snowdon presented the report of the Missionary Society, recommending quarterly returns from the

\$100; Mountain, \$46. On mixed marriages, the Rev. J. F. Gorman presented a report and recommended that the Synod memorialize the General Synod to take steps towards a movement for the unification of all procedure in the annulment of the marriage tie under the powers given to the Federal Parliament by the British North America Act. On moral and social reform Dr. Weagant said that the committee thought the Church of England should take a very definite position in all movements connected with the uplifting of humanity. During the year the committee had taken action in connection with certain abuses

in the management of the Boys' Home, in which connection the name of the Rev. Mr. Capp was specially mentioned. They also recommended the increase of the Church of England Temperance Society, and the establishment of a Temperance Sunday. The following are the members of the new classification committee: Rural Deans Mackay and Clayton, the Rev. T. J. Stiles, Judge Senkler, and Messrs. Gisborne and MacNab.

TORONTO.

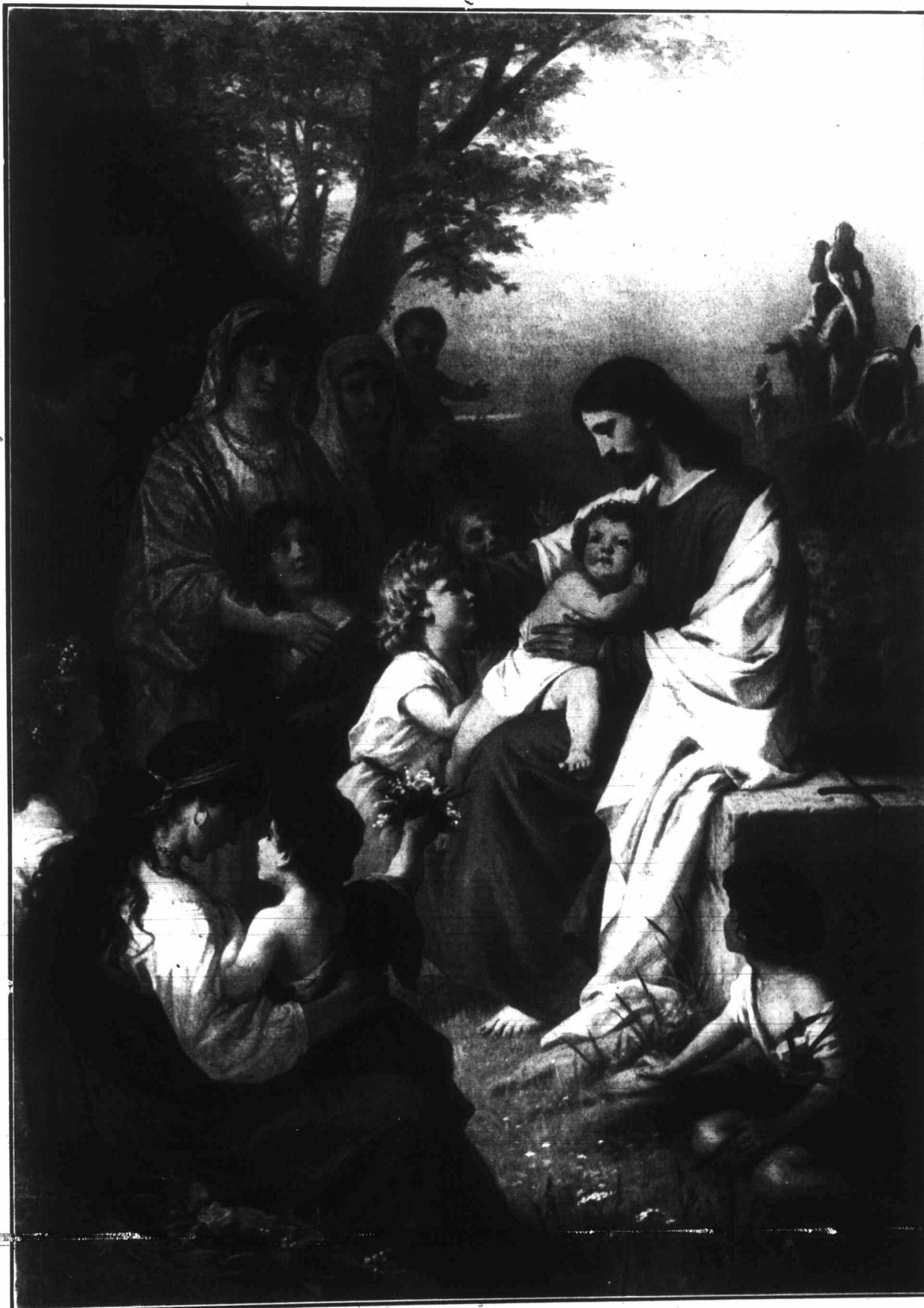
James Fielding Sweeney, D.D., Bishop.
William Day Reeve, D.D., Toronto.

Markdale. — Christ Church.—The parishes of Markdale and Berkeley were lately honoured by a visit from the Right Rev. Dr. Reeve, Assistant Bishop of the diocese, who came, at the personal invitation of the rector, to give an account of his missionary life and work in the Diocese of Mackenzie River. Large congregations greeted His Lordship at both churches; and all present listened with deep interest and much profit to his addresses. His visit has proved a spiritual uplift to the parish, and will doubtless do much to infuse a deeper interest in Missions. Bishop Reeve will be accorded a warm welcome to

Markdale and Berkeley, should he find it convenient to honour them with another visit at any time in the future.

Young's Point and Warsaw. The Rev. Cyril G. D. Brown, formerly of this diocese, but latterly of the Diocese of Huron, has been appointed by the Bishop as missionary-in-charge of this mission. This mission will in all probability shortly be called "The Stoney Lake Mission."

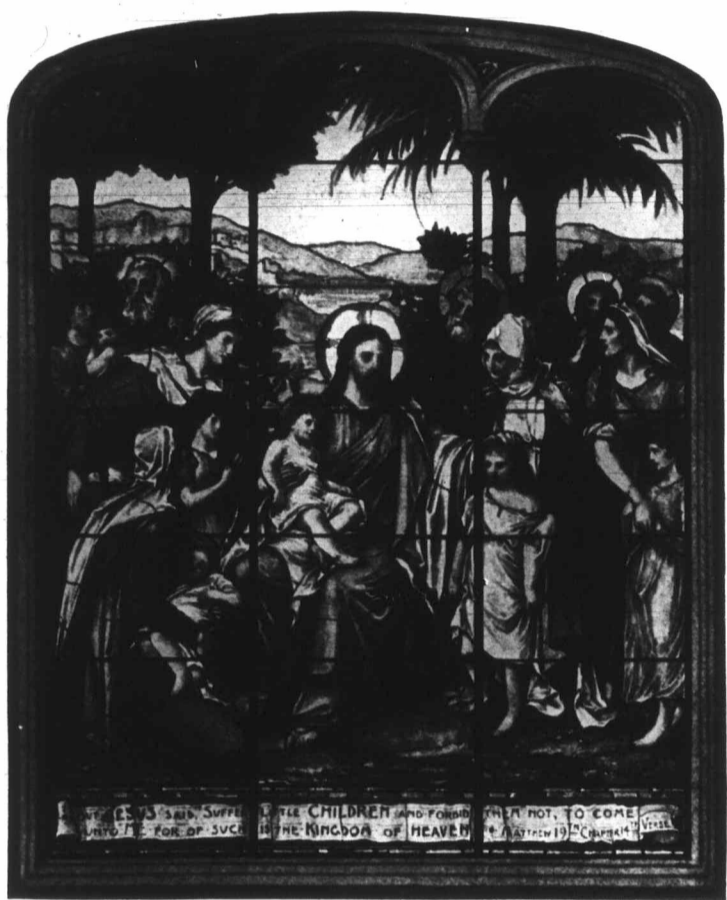
(Continued on Page 764).



The Canadian Churchman. "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

parishes to the board. Better data was asked for the making up of the apportionments of the parishes. He also presented the report of the apportionment of the Diocesan Mission Fund which had been adjusted to the ability of the parishes. The Rev. W. M. Loucks reported that the augmentation fund now stood at subscribed \$74,339, paid in \$48,527. This year the canvass resulted in the following parochial subscriptions: St. Matthew's, Ottawa, \$885; Russell, \$771; Plantagenet, \$291; 50; Navan, \$685; Bearbrook, \$502; Newington,

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WHAT IS ROMANISM?

By George S. Holmsted.

V.

Whoever reads the Creed of Pius IV., which was set out in my last letter which contains the numerous additions to the Nicene Creed which Pope Pius IV. deemed necessary for all men to believe as a condition of salvation must feel that it is essentially a theologian's creed, composed by theologians for theologians, and not for ordinary every-day people. None but theologians destitute of common sense could have compiled such a creed. If by the side of Pope Pius IV., or of the fathers at the Council of Trent, there could have stood a sensible parish priest of an Irish village gifted with the most ordinary common sense, we may imagine that he would have said, "Holy fathers, you seem strangely to forget that the greatest part of Christendom is composed of poor ignorant folk, such as I myself minister to, most of whom can neither read nor write, and you are asking me to teach these poor souls to pretend (for it can only be a pretence), to believe that they cannot be saved unless they believe all these propositions you have here laid down, with most of which, they must live and die in entire ignorance." Perhaps if such a counsel of common sense had been heard, there would have been no creed of Pius IV., and one less obstacle to Christian unity. Let us consider the first of these Papal additions. "I most steadfastly admit and embrace the apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, and all other observances and constitutions of the same church." This is like asking a man to sign a blank promissory note. In order to admit and embrace it is surely necessary that we should be first perfectly informed as to what are the apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, and at that important point this Creed is silent. For as we have seen, even among skilled

theologians, has this perfect knowledge, and is able to distinguish the true from the false? Not one; and yet mankind is asked to believe that they cannot be saved unless they "admit and embrace" some indefinite thing of which they know nothing. To be accurately informed as to this one article, it would take a lifetime to find out even what the ecclesiastical traditions are. But let us ask, do Romanists spend their lifetime searching out the apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, and carefully discriminating the true from the false? Of course they do not; but if they do not, how can they believe this article of their creed? and yet according to the alleged infallible authority, the neglect to believe this article of the Papal Creed entails the loss of salvation. A man may believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Redeemer, but because he does not steadfastly admit and embrace all the apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, he is according to the alleged infallible authority doomed to everlasting damnation! Does any Romanist pretend to believe this? It is to be hoped not. It is not as if tradition was uniform. A book was published some years ago by the late Dr. Little-dale, in which it was shown that according to the traditions of the Roman part of the Church (owing to the trade carried on in relics during the Middle Ages), Bartholomew is now reputed to have had 4 or 5 bodies, 13 heads, 13 arms, 7 legs, besides several jaws, etc., all of which are said to be still extant at different places, and, according to ecclesiastical tradition, all genuine. Imagine a man's salvation being dependent on his "admitting and steadfastly embracing" ecclesiastical traditions of this kind. To suppose that it is, offends both against Scripture and common sense. We may admit that men ought to have respect to well-established traditions, which do not in any way offend against the letter of Holy Scripture, but to say that their salvation depends on their belief in traditions, "apostolical

or ecclesiastical," is in effect laying some other foundation of salvation than was laid by Christ Himself. And here it may be remarked that though the Nicene Creed which is founded on Holy Scripture does not teach us to believe or say that out of the faith set forth in that Creed, there is no salvation,—yet Pope Pius IV. declares that all the questionable doctrines which he added to that Creed, and for which there is no Scriptural foundation whatever, must be accepted as a condition of salvation.

(To be Continued).

ASK!

"Ask what thou wilt and it shall be given thee."

Ask what thou wilt. The Master gives thee leave
To bring to Him whatever thy soul doth grieve;
He feels thy sorrow, knows thy want and cure,
And waits to hear, that He may grant thy prayer.

Ask what thou wilt. All power is in His hands:
All hearts—all forces—move at His commands.
There is no gift too great for Him to send,
No gift too small for Him who calls thee
"Friend."

Ask what thou wilt. Ask, doubting not that He,
Who bids thee pray, will surely hear thy plea.
Who asks believing, hath his answer won.
"According to thy faith it shall be done."

Ask what thou wilt. Ask, and if He deny,
Still on His changeless love thou may'st rely.
The finite see not, as the Infinite;
Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Ask what thou wilt. Thou canst not ask too
much;

Canst not too oft the golden sceptre touch.
Ask what thou wilt. And He will give thee more
Than thou hast asked, than thou wouldst dare
implore.

—F. H. Marr

December 8, 1910.

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

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HIS INSPIRATION.

The rector of St. C—— sat at his desk. He had been there for some time with his pen poised between thumb and forefinger, the neat sheets of sermon paper, which the pale bars of the late December sunshine were gilding, remaining as guiltless of hand-writing as at first, save for the text written in clear characters across the top: "And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." His gaze strayed out across the dingy street, where the very snow, soiled with the contact of many feet, seemed typical of "Poor End," as his parish was popularly designated; and there came to him, as he looked, a sense of unfitness—a sense of his youth and the spiritual responsibility on his not over-strong shoulders. "Poor End"—destitute of hope and of love—of nearly all things, indeed, endearing life—here was a desert at his own hand. But to make it rejoice or blossom in ever so small a measure—he protested to himself that strength of character even to Godlikeness was necessary. Surely his well-developed themes, selected with such care for their literary and spiritual beauty, had fallen on stony ground thus far. Had he influenced anyone in any way? had he coloured the most humble opinion? A rush of bitter feeling, such as only the truly earnest and the shrinkingly sensitive can know, contracted his very soul. "We're waiting fer you, Mister," suggested an urchin's voice from the doorway. The rector started, dropped his pen, and pushed the paper back with a quick gesture. The school children were flocking into the chapel-room beyond; he remembered, for choir practice. There was a slight commotion as he entered, and two or three children pointed the finger of scorn at a little, thin-faced girl who was clutching to her breast a white rose. A sound of vexation escaped his lips, as he followed the accusing fingers. The rose—a potted, pearly-white souper, he had found himself, though ill-affording, unable to pass at the florist's that afternoon—had evidently been torn from its stem by the hands of that grimy-looking child. "Tilly!" he ejaculated firmly. "I never!" protested this forlorn remnant of humanity, flatly, in the language of "Poor End." A certain spirituality in the child's blue eyes suggested that love of the flower might have prompted the act; on the other hand, the insolence of facial outline maintained that it was mere

love of getting something for nothing, probably a hereditary characteristic in Tilly's family. In this case, apparently, she was not to have the benefit of the doubt. "Go home!" requested the rector with youthful sternness. He followed her to the door, and observed, with some compunction, that her ragged shoes were unfit protection from the slush. * * * * * "Oh, Mr. Ward, won't you come an' see Tilly?" besought a woman's voice, on the afternoon of the succeeding day, breaking in a second time on his Christmas sermon. "She's sick, an' fev'rish, and it seems like she won't get no better." He rose wearily and followed the bent figure, wrapped in a cheap plaid shawl, into the street. He

answer to the question in the watchers' eyes. When Christmas morning broke over "Poor End," the little life had ebbed away. The rector stepped out into the chill air, his face still drawn with watching. The street seemed noisy and squalid. A freckle-faced boy tugged at his coat sleeve. "Is Tilly sick?" he piped in a thin voice. "Say, it was me dat picked dat rose. I done it when nobody was lookin', an' throwed it down, an' Tilly, she picked it up. But Tilly wouldn't tell—she wouldn't." The boy shrank back at the pained look in the man's eyes. A few days later a new Christmas sermon was preached. The rector spoke, not as one who, holding certain truths in his hand, dispenses them charitably among the lowly, but as one erring man to another, and tears that were an honour to his manhood found response on many a world-stained face.

SECRET ROOMS IN OLD ENGLISH HOUSES.

From the days when secret chambers, priests' holes, and similar hiding places were almost a necessity to those of our own time is a far cry; but the romance attached to things of the kind is not less a matter of interest in the present than in the past. Many of the most famous hiding places—such as that, for example, at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, the home of the Abingdons—are well known; but every now and again throughout the length and breadth of the land, and also in places on the Continent the destruction of old buildings constantly brings to light secret chambers in whose construction a wonderful amount of ingenuity and resource had been displayed. Few places have been more completely honey-combed with secret chambers and cupboards than this fine old Tudor mansion. Although



The Canadian Churchman.

Thoughts Too Deep For Words.

found the child very ill, but her face changed at the sight of him, and the thin little lips moved feebly. He bent down to catch the words. "I never," she whispered with an effort. "The doctor says he can't come back 'til midnight," murmured the distressed mother, winding her rough hands nervously in her apron. The child grew worse rapidly, and feverish hours of pain alternated with lapses into merciful unconsciousness. Hour after hour the rector soothed her in his arms, the little face like a white petal drifted against his breast. Once the stillness was broken by the doctor's weary tread. His face looked tired and anxious, and he shook his head in

Mr. Abingdon himself denied the presence of the men for whom Sir Edward Bromley was searching in the house, and, indeed, even volunteered to be hung at his own gate if any such were to be found, the search was a most rigid one. In the gallery over the gate itself two cunning and very artful holes were discovered in the main brick wall; while in and about the chimneys three other skilfully built cavities were found in which two of the traders were close hidden. These chimney cavities were most cleverly constructed, the entrances being formed of wood covered with brick properly mortared and coloured black, like the other parts of the chimney. Several of the

funnel- or separate flues of the huge chimney stacks, it was found, had been constructed, not for the usual purpose of conveying smoke upward, but for that of conveying air and light downward into the tiny chambers built in the chimney stacks, themselves. Eleven secret corners and chambers were found in Hindlip Hall at that time, all of them—again to quote this curious document—"containing books," Massing stuff, and popish trumpery, only two excepted, which appeared to have been found on former searches, and therefore had now the less credit given to them. For three days the search went on without the discovery of the Jesuit Father Garnet ("Little John") and three others, by name Hall, Owen, and Chambers; but on the fourth day, in the morning, from behind the wainscoting in one of the galleries, two men, Owen and Chambers, came out of their own accord, being no longer able to sustain their hunger, as they had had but an apple between them since they had hidden, some five or six days previously. On the eighth day a chamber was discovered in the chimney, in which Henry Garnet (the Jesuit) and Hall were found. In this chamber were marmalade and other sweetmeats; but they had also received, by means of a tube put through a little hole in the chimney that backed another in the gentleman's chamber, soups and warm drinks. In a farmhouse in Warwickshire, which from its size one would judge had once been a manor house, an extremely ingenious hiding place was discovered a few years back, and in a manner almost as curious as the one last mentioned. Some children were playing in a now disused apartment of the south wing, when one of the boys slipped and fell heavily against the oak panelling of the wall near the chimney-piece. What was his surprise, and that of his little companions, when, with a click, which they afterwards described as being like that of knives being knocked together, a large panel suddenly sprang back, and a draught of

cold air rushed into the room! Frightened almost out of their wits lest they had done some damage, the children ran to their mother, who, coming into the room to see what had happened, soon discovered a narrow passageway leading from the secret panel to the back of the fireplace, where a flight of about half a dozen steps led to a large cavity six or seven feet in length, four feet in width, and about eight feet high, contrived immediately at the back of the chimney-piece. Further and ultimate investigations disclosed the fact that not only had this chamber been used as a hiding place in ancient times—for several very valuable books and a bundle of letters relating to incidents of the Civil War were discovered—but by an ingenious contrivance the head of a bird forming a portion of the carving over the mantelpiece could, by a spring arrangement, be turned on one side, giving the person in the hiding chamber a fairly good view of the room below. One can imagine with what anxiety the refugees in ancient times may have often turned the bird's head aside and peered out upon those who were engaged in searching the room for the purpose of their capture.—"Chambers' Journal."

THE HOLLY TREE.

Oh! woodman, spare the holly-tree, the crimson Christmas-tree,
Its waving boughs and berries red are very dear to me;
For when the frost, with ruthless haste, strikes dumb the prattling rill,
And the wind beneath the cold starlight chants anthems loud and shrill;
When fades the flower in grove and bower, how cheerless earth would be,
Save for the robin in the boughs of the dear old Christmas-tree!

I love it for its constancy, this old familiar thing,
For close as ivy to the oak, sweet memories round it cling.

How often have we seen its boughs, when household hearts grow bright,

When, though the earth is drear without, within, oh, all is light!

Oh, then, if merry hearts are dear, and laughing eyes to thee,

'Touch not—touch not a single bough' of the brave old Christmas-tree!

I love its crimson drops, which seem to fall from crowns of thorns,

I love them, too, because they bloom when earth is most forlorn,

Sweet type of Him Who came in love to save a wintry world,

Whose glorious banner we would see in every land unfurled;

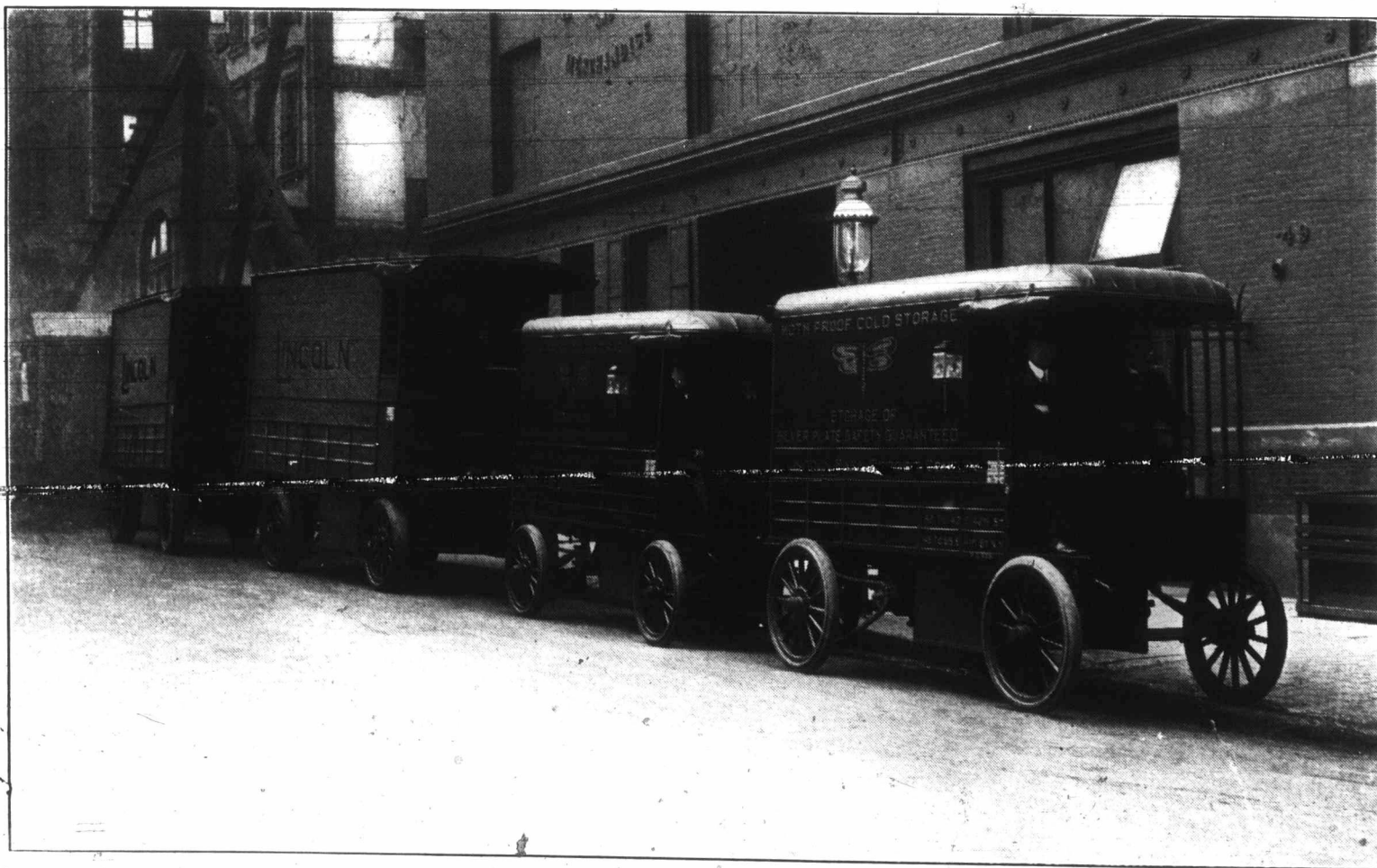
Then hallowed by such sacred thoughts if thou wouldst blessed be,

Oh, woodman, spare the beautiful, the dear old Christmas-tree!

"There's Room at the Top."—"There is always room at the top," said Daniel Webster, in reply to the inquiry of a young lawyer as to the chances of success in his profession; and only those who pursue their avocations, of whatever nature, with this in mind are certain to succeed. There are those in plenty of mediocre ability, superficial acquirements, and inadequate preparation, but the thoroughly trained and competent are scarce. The standard of modern professional requirements has been greatly elevated by the advances which the world has made within a few years past, and still higher demands are constantly being made. The demand for men who have a complete knowledge of every department of their business has always been felt. The extent of that knowledge widens every year as improved methods and facilities are introduced.

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HOW DICKENS SPENT CHRISTMAS.

Charles Dickens, the grandson of the noted English novelist, writes a number of welcome memories of his grandfather's Christmas celebrations for "The Ladies' Home Journal," (December). He tells of the novelist's wonderful enthusiasm for Christmas festivities and of his habit of filling his country home to overflowing with guests at this time of the year. He used to fill the home up so full that the guests often overflowed into a house in the village, writes the grandson of the great novelist. The spirit of Christmas ruled supreme, though even here his favourite recreation was a long walk accompanied by such of the party who could go the distance or last the pace he set. These long walks were a great feature of his life and tried the mettle of ambitious but inexperienced visitors considerably. There were walks in endless variety in that part of Kent: around the beautiful woods of Cobham, through Rochester, and over Blue Bell Hill, with its magnificent view, or on the highroad between Rochester and Chatham, with its glimpses of the river covered with a procession of shipping. But what was more interesting to my grandfather than any view was the constant passing of tramps; he took in not only the minutest detail of the scenes through which he passed, but also every fluttering rag of every tramp he met. The result of this close observation is to be found scattered all through his works, from the tramp who appears in "Copperfield" when David was making his way to Dover along this very highroad, down to the memories of Joe Gargery and Pip in the Marshes. Sometimes, my father used to tell me, my grandfather would be engrossed on these walks, and my father said that many a mile he had tramped with him, my grandfather striding along with his regular four-mile-an-hour swing; his eyes looking straight before him, his lips slightly working, as they generally did when he sat thinking and writing; almost unconscious of companionship, and keeping half a pace or so ahead. When he had worked out his thoughts he would drop back again into line and the conversation would be resumed as if there had been no appreciable break or interval at all. But the Christmas walks were not like that. They were eminently sociable walks, when his writings were evidently far from his mind. In the evening the house was snug and cozy, with the brightest and most genial of hosts to keep things going. Besides music and billiards there were impromptu charades and drawing-room games, in which he delighted and excelled, and with these amusements the time passed quickly and happily. My

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grandfather was a great lover of games, and into them he threw himself as heartily and with as much energy and earnestness as into everything else: "Spanish Merchant," "How, When and Where," and "Yes and No." There was also a special memory game which was really hard work by reason of the extreme care it required. My father remembered him very well in an absurd charade playing a ridiculous sailor who was brought up before a magistrate and could not be restrained from dashing out of the dock and dancing a preposterous hornpipe on the floor of the court, and doing it all with as much humorous detail as if he had had days of rehearsal to work it up in, instead of only comparatively a few

taking out the courses, making flags, putting up tents and hurdles, and carrying out the many details of such an entertainment, with quite a boy's enthusiasm. It was found, too, on the morning of the sports that he had arranged for a basket to be prepared, containing every kind of appliance and medical comfort useful for treating quickly any accident that might occur. The day was a great success, for my grandfather knew the people and trusted them, and, as generally happens, the people showed themselves worthy of the trust. He described the success in a letter and himself recognized nothing wonderful in it. The Christmas Day dinner was naturally a bright and cheery festival. He kept up the liveliest conversation all the time, as

may easily be imagined, and his sprightly remarks and comical stories made the occasion one always to be remembered with delight. "It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself," was a sentiment he expressed, and he showed his sincerity by following out this idea. He always liked to have his dinner-table look pretty, with a special place of honour for the plum pudding, which would not be in order without its special bit of holly, which must be well berried. His Christmas toast was short, to the point, and always the same: "Here's to us all! God bless us!" There can be no better memory of my grandfather than that which pictures him seated at his Christmas dinner, surrounded by his family and friends, the embodiment of the spirit of Christmas.

A SMALL PARTY.

It is the forenoon of Christmas Eve. The weather is wet and cold; the streets are crowded. From one of the huge blocks of flats in a busy London suburb a little, old man descends his six flights of stairs. With a basket on his arm and a pipe in his mouth, he moves slowly through the neighbourhood, watching the display of eatables, entering the shops and asking prices. When he returns home, after an hour's shopping, his pipe is out, and the basket is no longer empty. "It's easy to see that some one is going to have his boy to supper," said the porter. The old fellow smiled, and climbed to his tiny flat—two small rooms. Once there, he takes out, spreads, and gazes at the contents of his basket. Such a supper it is to be! Why not, since his boy is coming to spend the Christmas with him? The old man is an army pensioner, a veteran non-commissioned officer, and his boy is at Aldershot—a bright, promising young fellow with ambitions which present-day facilities for passing from the ranks make quite reasonable. The Christmas



The Canadian Churchman.

One, two, three—go!

minutes. Visitors unaccustomed to the ways of the house—but most of the Christmas guests were accustomed to them, or very soon became accustomed—were not expected to join in these games unless they liked, any more than they were expected to join the walkers on a twelve-mile tramp; but if they did join in they were expected to do their best. One Christmas he inaugurated a grand programme of sports that was carried out in the meadow at the back of the garden, open to members of the village cricket club, and their usual opponents, with admission to any one who liked to come. My grandfather worked hard for two days before with his sons,

returns home, after an hour's shopping, his pipe is out, and the basket is no longer empty. "It's easy to see that some one is going to have his boy to supper," said the porter. The old fellow smiled, and climbed to his tiny flat—two small rooms. Once there, he takes out, spreads, and gazes at the contents of his basket. Such a supper it is to be! Why not, since his boy is coming to spend the Christmas with him? The old man is an army pensioner, a veteran non-commissioned officer, and his boy is at Aldershot—a bright, promising young fellow with ambitions which present-day facilities for passing from the ranks make quite reasonable. The Christmas

Even supper is a very cherished institution. Both remember happy occasions in days gone by when there was a third to share it with them—the mother whose bright presence was withdrawn from them while the boy was still at school. On the Christmas Day an old institution will be honoured—namely, dinner with an ancient comrade of the old man's. The old man will be the cook this year, as he has been since he has lived alone. She was a splendid cook, and he used to watch her. He learned from her. How his boy shall enjoy his supper! He sets to work with such care. He does his best, enjoying in advance the effect produced upon the beloved guest by the luxuries he has purchased. Everything goes on well. A tempting odour permeates the little flat. He begins to set the table. From the sideboard he takes old relics, a tablecloth and serviette. As he puts something in his son's place a smile passes over his face, and he enacts beforehand the little scene he feels sure will take place. "What's this, father?" "Open it and see." "A watch! A gold watch! Father, I know. It's mother's watch." And the old fellow sees his boy jumping up from the table to thank him while he says, "The watch was there; it was no use to keep it. The watchmaker repaired it, and now it goes." He is a little moved as he pictures the scene, and bracing up he goes on with his preparations, looking occasionally at his wife's picture, that seems to be watching him and to smile as if she, too, were awaiting her boy. "Well, he may come now; it's ready. He will not be much longer; it is after 5.30, and he was to be here by five o'clock." In the meantime the old man sits down, looks at the waiting table, and sees again in his mind a Christmas of former days—the mother seated opposite to him, the youngster between them on his high chair. Parents and friends, dead now, came to exchange greetings. "Why, it's half-past six.

Can it be possible that the boy is detained. If he is late the fine supper will not be so good. He'll come; he never fails. I must wait." But while the clock ticks, a painful idea takes a root in the father's mind. If his son were not coming, where is he? What is keeping him? The tick-tick of the clock sounds like so many hammers on his heart. His breathing comes shorter in his heavy disappointment. Suddenly the clock strikes seven o'clock. Intensely listening to every noise from outside, he starts every time the hall-door shuts. He tried to recognize the ascending step. "Is it he?" "No, it stops on the fourth floor." He wishes the clock were fast that he could stop the flight of time. It is a quarter past seven. "He is not coming. What can he be doing? Has he through any misconduct failed to get leave? Or—if he were sick." It is his only hope, cruel as it is. He hears a shout in the streets. It is a newsboy with an evening paper. What is that? "Railway accident near Aldershot." His heart stops. The clock ticks on; it is now nearly eight o'clock. Three hours late. He is oppressed by a hopeless sense of calamity. He pictures his brave son, who would be with him gaily sharing that lovingly prepared feast, lying mangled under mountains of telescoped coaches. He moves feebly to the door intending to go out and purchase a paper. As he moves about blindly into the passage he stumbles into a pair of strong arms which hold him firmly. "A Merry Christmas, father. I am late. I'll tell you"—he catches sight of the old man's almost death-stricken face. "What's the matter, father?" "Nothing, my boy. You are here. That is enough." It was all explained over the happy meal. There had been an accident on the line, in which happily no one had been injured, but not to the train he had travelled up in. The mishap had, however, dislocated traffic, and hence the delay, which was not so very grave after all. The supper, none the better for

the delay, was, notwithstanding, a perfect success, and the incident of the watch happened just as the old man divined. It was followed by another not less touching. The father poured some wine from a long-necked bottle, and the son, raising his glass and looking at a picture opposite, says: "My mother!"

* * *

THE UNFAILING ONE.

He, who hath led, will lead
All through the wilderness.
He, who hath fed, will feed.
He, who hath blessed, will bless.
He loveth always, faileth never;
Then rest on Him to-day, forever.

He who hath given thee grace,
Yet more and more will send.
He, who hath set thee in the race,
Will speed thee to the end.
He loveth always, faileth never.
Then rest on Him to-day, forever.

Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In His beloved hand.
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand,
If trusting Him, who faileth never,
We rest on Him to-day forever.

—Francis R. Havergal.

* * *

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December 8, 1910.

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

By George Weston.

An old-fashioned daughter of an old-fashioned family was Mary Jane Hamilton, sitting quiet when other children cried, viewing all things without fear or favour, and playing with her dolls in such a careful way that her elders whispered one to another, "Isn't she an old-fashioned thing!" A little later she might have been seen, with her books under her arm, on her way to school, trudging sturdily through the snow, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, but intent alone upon the business in hand—an old-fashioned trait that sometimes threatens to become obsolete. Time swept along, and she became Miss Mary Jane Hamilton, sixteen years old, with a gentle, musical voice and manners of sweet demureness. She had learned such old-fashioned accomplishments as sewing and knitting; on Saturday mornings she wore an old-fashioned Holland pinafore and helped her mother with the baking; and when she was in the sitting-room in the evening she scrupulously observed such old-fashioned precepts as "little girls should never speak until they are spoken to," "never contradict your elders," and all those other homely and emphatic old rules that our grandfathers and great-grandfathers knew and loved so well. Finally Miss Mary Jane Hamilton was lost to history, and her place was quietly taken by Mrs. John Bellamy, an old-fashioned little wife. She ruled her house like a queen, robed in sprigged dimitics, with a cameo brooch at her throat, and her hair dressed in that simple fashion which must have been one of the abiding delights of our grandfathers. Would you see her in the morning? Then you must hasten to the market-place, for there she is to be found choosing the best vegetables and the best cuts of meat, recognized prizes awarded by the shopkeepers only to those who are not too proud or too indolent to come in person for them. Would you seek her in the forenoon? Then you must stand carefully on one side as she dusts the bric-a-brac, washes the cut glass and polishes the silver, well knowing in her old-fashioned wisdom that tasks like these were never meant for the hireling and stranger. Would you find her in the early afternoon? Then if it is summer you must go to the garden, where she is weeding her flowers and tying up her roses; or if it is winter you will find her making a quilt according to the old-fashioned octagon pattern. Or in the early evening? Then look in the kitchen, and there you will see her making the dessert and keeping a calm eye on the handmaiden to see that all goes well. Presently, too, you will find the old-fashioned wife reigning over the dinner table, and as John tastes his soup and cuts his meat and eats his dessert, you will see him give his Mary such mute glances of admiration that it will do your heart good to see them. But slowly and by imperceptible advances a shadow arose over the Bellamy home. John Bellamy began to think

that Mary Jane was old-fashioned! At first it was nothing but a vague and indefinable feeling, faintest shadow of a shade, which slowly darkened into growing irritation, finding its expression in such remarks as: "Mary, can't you do your hair any other way than that?" "Mary, I wish you would learn to play cards like the other women!" and "Mary, why do you keep on doing your hair like that?" He began to frown upon her as he talked. "Mary," he said one night, "I have asked my sister, Helen, to come and pay us a visit." And he meaningly added: "Now, if you would only watch her and drop some of those old-fashioned ways of yours!" Mary's face brightened in an unaccountable manner. "Your sister, Helen!" she cried. "Won't that be nice!" She prepared the spare room with her own hands, and Miss Bellamy arrived. In one hand she held a banjo case, under her other arm she carried a snow-white juvenile bulldog, and eight large trunks followed close behind. She stayed a month, a long, mad month, and when she departed, leaving behind her a reminiscent perfume of heliotrope, which lingered in the house for weeks afterwards, John breathed a full breath of relief. The next night his dinner was late, and

dreadfully old-fashioned. Old-fashioned to beat the band!" she concluded—her very first attempt at slang. John looked at her. He recovered himself with a start, sat down and picked up the paper; but every minute or so he found himself looking at Mary Jane over the top of his paper as if he had never seen her before. On all such occasions he recovered himself with a start, and returned to the news of the day, only to find that he was looking at Mary again over the top of his paper. When Mary walked across the room, he noticed that she was wearing a new pair of French slippers, with heels of a wondrous height. The next night John came home late, but the dinner was later yet. "Why, the soup is cold," he cried. "Yes," said Mary, "it is some of last night's. I forgot to order a bone for Pom-pom to-day, and of course he had to have the soup-bone." "Is this a steak, Mary?" he asked, a few minutes later, his tone chastened and his manner gentle. "You bet your life!" said Mary. John winced, but finished his pleasantry, nevertheless, by sighing, "I thought it was shoe leather." "Yes," said Mary. "That's the kind they send you when you telephone, but I don't have time to go to the market any more. John, do you know, I must have five new dresses! Helen said eight, but I think I can get along with five. All my clothes were so frightfully old-fashioned. What's the matter, John? Aren't the potatoes done?" "Done?" complained John, in a tone of pain, "Why, they're raw!" "I'm so sorry because there's no dessert. I was paying calls all afternoon. Helen said I didn't go out enough. Pom-pom! What have you got there? John, is he playing with your hat?" John rescued his hat and looked for his slippers with the most woebegone expression ever seen on mortal man. "Oh, don't put on your slippers, John!" cried Mary. "The Scudders are coming over to teach me to play cards. John, I'm nearly-daffy—on bridge whist. I shall want to play it all winter!" There arose then before John's mind two visions. In the first he saw an endless vista of evenings like these; cold soup, tough steak, indifferent desserts, and Mary in the pursuit of strange gods. He even felt that she would wish to learn to play the banjo. In the other he saw a long line of perfect dinners, perfect content, perfect repose, with Mary sitting at her needlework, her cameo brooch at her throat, her hair arranged in all the beauty of simplicity, the cat on the hearth, the bird in the cage, and the fire laughing at the storm outside. "John," said Mary, "I wish you'd bring home a bottle of violet cologne to-morrow night. A large bottle—say a quart." "Mary," he said, humbled to the full, "if I were you—I—I wouldn't have it." "Wouldn't have it?" cried Mary, bending over apparently to pat Pom-pom, but really to hide her happiness. "Why, John, you don't want me to be old-fashioned, do you?" "Yes, Mary," implored John, almost with tears in his tones, "I do!"—"Youth's Companion."

God's mercies often spring out of man's miseries.



The "Canadian Churchman."

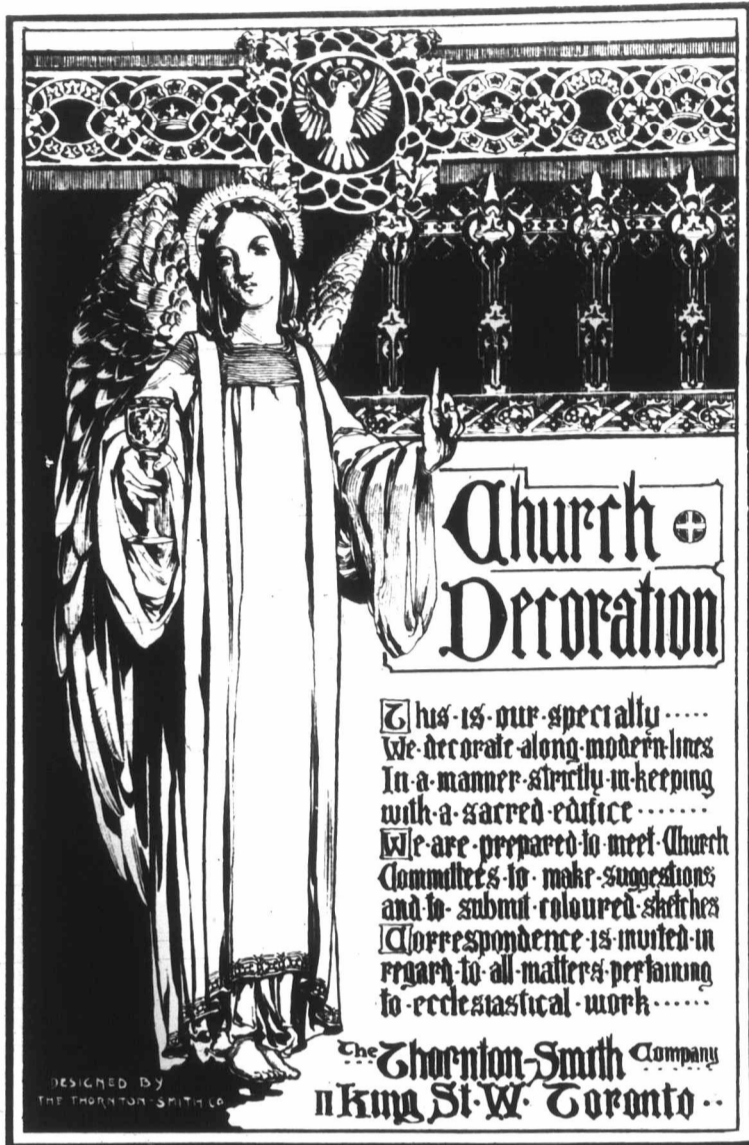
A Gossip of the "Olden Time."

Mary wore her hair in the pompadour style. John ate his dinner in silence, and every time he looked up from his plate he found himself gazing at Mary's pompadour. When John went out the following morning, he met a dressmaker coming in. That night his dinner was late again, and there was no dessert but a cake from the baker's. John left his cake untouched in an ostentatious way, and sought his slippers in a bit of a fret. "Have you seen my slippers, Mary?" he asked, reproachful at her indifference to his search. Mary was deep in a fashion-book, and without looking up, she replied: "I think Pom-pom was playing with them." "Pom-pom?" asked John straightening his back the better to show his surprise. "Pom-pom?" Still looking in the fashion-book, Mary whistled—John started at the sound—and an eager little bulldog ran into the room. "Helen sent him as a present to me," said Mary. "She says every one has a dog nowadays." "What are you going to do with the cat?" complained John, swallowing his surprise at last. "Oh, she went away as soon as she saw Pom-pom." "Poor cat!" cried John bitterly. "Yes, cats are nice," said Mary, turning a leaf, "but

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THE FOUR O'CLOCK CABLEGRAM.

The little god of love in his whimsical humour often chooses strange hunting-grounds. The office of a Mark-lane grain importer is an unlikely spot for the birth and development of the tender passion; yet here Cupid alighted one afternoon and gazed eagerly round in search of quarry. The three clerks perched on high stools at shining mahogany desks amused him mightily; the ways of commerce were new to him. "Fusty old frump!" he murmured, as his glance fell upon the head clerk, a married man with a bald head and an ill-tempered mouth. "The word 'romance' must long ago have been expunged from his dictionary; I doubt if it ever found a place there!" In the second clerk Cupid recognized an old acquaintance, and sighed mournfully. "A callous, money-grubbing old bachelor" was his disdainful comment. "His heart will always remain an impregnable fortress." At the sight of the junior clerk the little god's face brightened. Paul Latimer was distinctly good-looking; his eyes were frank, his expression boyish, he carried himself with the air of a youth who spent every moment of his spare time in cricket and football fields. Concealed between the pages of his ledger was a newspaper; ignorant of Cupid's presence, he was reading Surrey's latest score with greedy avidity. Suddenly a low tap sounded through the room. With amazing alacrity Latimer thrust the newspaper away, and strode into the outer office. The god of love followed. Across one end of the room ran a wooden partition; in the centre of this appeared a pane of frosted glass labelled "Inquiries." Paul slid back the panel, revealing a girl's figure, clad in the neat blue uniform of a Reuter's messenger. Her bronze hair was crowned by the usual sailor hat, her only ornament a silver brooch twisted into letters that formed the word "Daisy." She was pretty, fresh, and innocent; Cupid decided that the name suited

her admirably. "Good afternoon, Miss Daisy!" Paul remarked, bashfully. "Good afternoon!" echoed the girl, primly, as, whipping open her satchel, she handed him the daily American cablegram. For months Paul had secretly admired the pretty messenger, but her strictly businesslike manner had hampered the growth of their friendship. To-day the young clerk felt bolder. Perhaps Cupid's presence affected his thoughts. Carefully lowering his voice so that it should not reach the ears of his superiors in the adjoining room, he made a suggestion. "It will be a beautiful evening, much too hot to spend indoors. I wonder if you would allow me the privilege of taking you down to the Embankment Gardens to hear the band?" Daisy shook her head decisively. "Certainly not; I never go out with anyone unless I have been properly introduced." Paul looked discomfited, and Cupid, dodging behind a letterpress, wickedly aimed a gold-tipped shaft straight at the young clerk's heart. "Now for a second victim," he chuckled, drawing from his quiver another arrow; but when the god turned to the place where the girl had stood, he found to his annoyance that she had left the office. "It serves me right; I ought to have been a bit quicker," he remarked testily, as he spread his wings and flew away. Meanwhile, Paul, conscious only of a smarting feeling in the region of the heart, carried the cablegram into his governor's office. Returning to his desk, he found himself quite unable to settle down to work. Daisy's face persistently rose between his eyes and the ledger, rendering the rows of figures quite indecipherable. In desperation he allowed himself five minutes' relaxation and gave his thoughts full sway. Certainly she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Her hair was the exact shade of the leaves of the copper beech that grew in the garden of his old home; her eyes matched the wild hyacinths one gathered in the woods in the spring-time. He wondered if by any chance she took an interest in

cricket? Decidedly she was a lady; she didn't trick out her neck with gaudy ribbon or strings of imitation pearls, and she wasn't the sort to chaff and giggle with the clerks whom she met at the various offices. At this juncture Paul's heart began to ache pretty badly. He added up a few columns of figures, and then fell to wondering how he could obtain the formal introduction without which she peremptorily refused to accept him as an escort. It appeared to him that the only way would be to discover where she lived, and by hook or crook unearth some mutual friend who would be willing to perform the kindly office. At six o'clock the love-sick youth closed his ledger with a bang, consigned it to the guardianship of the safe, balanced his stamp book, and carried the letters over to the post. Instead of catching the homeward bus to most un merry Islington he made his way to the huge offices where his divinity was employed, took shelter in a friendly alley, and fixed his eyes upon the door of exit. He had not long to wait; already the messenger girls had begun to file out in ones and twos, fast amongst them was Daisy, to Paul's enraptured gaze looking sweeter and more charming than ever. She hurried away in the direction of Liverpool Street Station, and the young clerk, mindful to keep out of sight, discreetly followed. In the booking-office he overheard her ask for a ticket to West Ham, and at once booked to the same destination. In the crowd that alighted on the West Ham platform Daisy was easily recognizable. Quickening his pace, Paul followed her through the station gates out into a busy thoroughfare. From a woman selling flowers upon the pavement the girl bought a somewhat tumbled nosegay, then continued her walk, pausing at length before a small and dingy linendraper's, whose external aspect was anything but prosperous. From the opposite side of the narrow street Paul watched her enter; he nodded brightly to the elderly women behind the counter, lifted up a

POOR COPY



The Canadian Churchman

**It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose.**

flap, and disappeared into the dim recesses of the back parlour. The young man cast an upward glance at the dilapidated board above the shop, and with some difficulty spelt out the name Unwin. "Daisy Unwin!" he repeated softly to himself. "The combination does not exactly take my fancy; Daisy Latimer would be far prettier." For some moments he stood contemplating the poor assortment of goods displayed in the window; then, summoning up his courage, pushed open the door and entered. The elderly woman behind the counter he rightly guessed to be Mrs. Unwin. Her face brightened at the sight of a customer. She came eagerly forward. "Were you wanting anything, sir?" Paul nodded. His masculine mind gave him no inkling what to ask for. His eyes fell on a baby's bib enclosed, with other articles, in a glass case. He pointed to it with a reckless finger. "A lady's collarette, if you please. I fancy that one will suit me nicely." Repressing a smile, the woman drew forth a box containing what Paul would have described as a mass of fripperies. She held up a circle of lace adorned with cheap loops of scarlet ribbon. "I fancy this article would suit you better." "And the price?" interposed Paul. "One and elevenpence three farthings. If that is too much I can find a cheaper one." "It will do excellently." The young man pocketed the parcel, stammered out a bashful remark concerning the beauty of the weather, and left the shop. His heart was beating triumphantly. For the modest sum of one and elevenpence three farthings he had

made the acquaintance of Daisy's mother. On the following day he literally counted the minutes that must elapse before he again saw Daisy. As four o'clock struck he dropped his pen and listened breathlessly for her familiar knock. At last a sharp, decisive rap sounded through the office. He sprang to his feet, in his unseemly hurry knocking over a stool and thereby arousing the ire of the senior clerk, who commented savagely upon his clumsiness. Headless of his colleague's wrath, Paul flung back the panel. He was confronted by a red-haired girl with a snub nose and a decidedly disagreeable expression. Without a word she tossed down the cablegram and stalked out of the office. Bitterly disappointed, the clerk returned to his seat and sought distraction in hard work. The days slipped by, bringing with them no glimpse of Daisy. Paul was becoming desperate. To question the red-haired girl might be provocative of gossip—gossip that he was particularly anxious to avoid. Had some accident befallen the lady of his heart? Could she be ill? Overcome with anxiety, he resolved to pay a second visit to her home, and endeavour, by some means or other, to glean tidings that would assure him as to her safety and well-being. When he reached the shop he discovered to his horror that the shutters were up, the blinds of the house closely drawn. His heart stood still. What could have happened? Had misfortune overtaken Mrs. Unwin? Was the business a failure, or could it be possible that Daisy —? He savagely pushed away the thought—he dared not pursue it further.

As he stood outside, blindly wondering how he should satisfy the hateful fear that had seized him, the door of the shop opened, a woman emerged and hurried rapidly away down the street. In a second Paul was after her. By her fusty raiment, her rolled-up apron, he guessed her to be a charwoman. He touched her lightly on the shoulder. She turned and faced him with an air of melancholy importance. "Tell me," demanded Paul, forgetful of the fact that he was addressing an entire stranger, "has some trouble befallen Mrs. Unwin? Is Miss Unwin —?" The charwoman sniffed. "Dead, poor lamb; she died this afternoon at four o'clock. Double pneumatics, the doctor called it. The end was quite sudden. Mrs. Unwin is fair broke up!" After the manner of her class she was evidently drawing pleasure from the tragedy of her recital. Her bosom heaved, she picked up a corner of her shawl and affected to wipe away a couple of imaginary tears. "Did you happen to be a friend of the young lady's?" "An acquaintance—only an acquaintance," said Paul, gazing at her with miserable eyes. "Thank you; I won't trouble you any further." He turned away with a feeling of utter blankness. At the moment he was too dazed to realize the truth of the woman's words. He could not believe that Daisy was dead; she was so pretty, so young. He desperately choked back a sob. When his mind at last grasped the magnitude of his sorrow he suffered badly. In years he was hardly more than a boy, and a boy's first love is strong. He went about his work in a

silent, miserable fashion. His passion for cricket and other sports had temporarily deserted him. One afternoon the fit seized him to wander down to the Embankment Gardens. There was a melancholy pleasure in visiting the place where he had once asked Daisy to accompany him. The place was thronged with the usual crowd of young people, clerks like himself, and pale-faced girls released from their offices, anxious to seek distraction from their daily drudgery. The seats were mostly full, but in one, rather apart from the rest, Paul espied the figure of a solitary girl, her head bent over a book, her bright hair gleaming in the sunshine. He seated himself at the extreme end of the bench, and, without casting a glance in her direction, pulled out a newspaper. At the same moment a gust of wind blew down his neighbour's sunshade that was resting against her knee. As Paul leant forward to restore it to her, his eyes fell upon her face. He started back with a cry of mingled joy and disbelief. "Daisy!" She gave a smiling blush of recognition; then, recalling the familiarity of his address, drew herself up with an air of offended dignity. "Miss Unwin!" said Paul humbly, though his expression was still one of utter bewilderment. Instantly the girl's face softened; her voice was low and sad. "Miss Unwin, poor little Lily Unwin! I had no idea that you knew her. It is terrible to die when one is only eighteen. She worked with me at the old office. We were close friends. I went down to see her at her home at West Ham just a week before she died. Of course, you heard all about it?" "I have heard nothing!" cried Paul, hoarsely. "I have been labouring under a miserable mistake." In a few blundering, boyish words he faltered out his story. Daisy's eyes grew tender as she listened. "Poor fellow! And so you really thought that I was dead?" "What else was I to think?" asked Paul with averted gaze. "You ceased to call at the office; I never saw you

again!" The girl smiled. "It was certainly odd, but the very day after you asked me to go out with you I secured a better appointment; the firm were most kind in releasing me. I'm not a girl messenger any longer; I'm a lady clerk!" she announced with an air of pride. "And you still hold fast to your determination to make no friends without a proper introduction?" A gleam of fun crept into her eyes. "The present case appears to be an exception." For a moment she hesitated, then added, "If you really want to know me better, come to tea next Sunday and be introduced to mother." Cupid, who is extremely partial to the Embankment Gardens, was hovering near and chanced to overhear her words. In a moment he recognized the pair and aimed straight at the heart of the girl. "It's a thousand pities to leave a job unfinished!" he chuckled mischievously, and he resumed his flight.—Evelyn Collins. "Church Family Newspaper."



Twelve Good Rules.—The twelve good rules mentioned by Oliver Goldsmith are:—

1. Urge no healths.
2. Profane no divine ordinances.
3. Touch no State matters.
4. Reveal no secrets.
5. Pick no quarrels.
6. Make no comparisons.
7. Maintain no ill opinions.
8. Keep no bad company.
9. Encourage no vice.
10. Make no long meals.
11. Repeat no grievances.
12. Lay no wagers.

Three Rulers.—The world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority, and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people who can look only at the outside.

SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope declining,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father has not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire, some time, some-
where!

Unanswered yet—though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So anxious was your heart to make it known.
If years have passed since then, do not despair,
For God shall answer you, some time, somewhere!

Unanswered yet? But you are not unheeded;
The promises of God for ever stand;
To him our days and years alike are equal,
"Have faith in God!" It is your Lord's com-
mand.
Hold on to Jacob's angel, and your prayer
Shall bring a blessing down, some time, some-
where.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say unanswered:
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was
uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
Keep incense burning at the shrine of prayer,
And glory shall descend, some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered:
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock,
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer
And cries: "It shall be done, some time, some-
where!"

—F. G. Browning.

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One, Two, Three—Go!—We are children again as we look at the genial old grandfather, the excited children, and the eager fox terrier. Though many of us have gone far in the struggle of life, and bear many a scar and stain from its strenuous battle, yet are we content to have this sporting group bear us back again to the happy and innocent time, when we, too, were as ready and eager as they are for the starting word, "go!"

A Gossip of the "Olden Time."—This picture scarcely needs comment: it "speaks for itself." Quaint, and, it may be, medieval, though its surroundings be, it has a universality of application to all times, countries and races. When, and where-ever, two friendly old dames foregather, there is bound to be gossip, friendly gossip,—let us hope, in this case, harmless gossip—in the air.

A Musical Accompaniment.—What fun little Miss Mischief is having as she draws the bow

Curiosity. "What is it?" says one little pussy to the other. "I really cannot make it out. Give it a tap with your paw, little sister, and let us see what it will do." And so little pussy doubles up her wee paw and prepares to give Mr. Toad an accelerator.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

On the Highlands there was a poor shepherd lad who had many miles to walk when he went to church. Yet he was seldom absent, so that when he did not appear for three Sundays the minister rode over the hills to see what was the matter. He found the poor lad was very ill. He read to him from the Bible, and spoke to him about Jesus; but the boy was dull and weak, and did not seem to understand. Once, however, when the word "sheep" was used, he looked interested. Seeing this, the minister told him very much the same as I have said to you, and asked him if he did not want to claim Jesus as his Shepherd. "Remember," said the minister, "that 'my' is the important word. David does not say, 'The Lord is my Father's Shepherd,' but 'my' Shepherd." He then made the boy tell off the text on the fingers of his left hand, and as he went away he put the fourth finger of the boy's left hand to the palm of his right, and said: "Don't forget, it is my Shepherd." A few days later he came again, and as he drew near the cottage everything seemed very still, and when the boy's mother came to the door, she sobbed out, "O, sir, he is dead!" There on the bed lay the body of the young shepherd. "Look at his hands," said the mother; "I cannot unclasp them." He had died with the fourth finger of his left hand clasped tightly in by the fingers of the right. "Ah," said the minister, "I know what that means. Though he cannot speak with the lips, he is speaking to us with his hands, and is telling us that in the valley of the shadow of death he fears no evil, because from the heart he was able to say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd!'"



The Canadian Churchman

A Musical Accompaniment.

across the violin strings, whilst Master Fox-terrier, the first tenor of the party, sings "for all he is worth" to "an appreciative and admiring audience."

A Funny Story.—Indeed it must be. So absorbed in it are the smiling lads, that they are all unmindful of the warning given by the boy on the left, that the school-master is looking their way. They had better "look sharp," or something will happen to them less pleasant than "a funny story."

A True Lady. A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with kindly disposition and well balanced mind and temper is lovely and attractive, be her face ever so plain, and her figure ever so homely.

HURON.

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

Brantford.—St. James'.—The Rev. Hubbard Miller, of Dundalk, has been appointed rector of this church in succession to the Rev. T. B. Howard.

Burford.—Holy Trinity.—The Bishop of the diocese paid a visit to this parish on Sunday, November 27th; when the rector, the Rev. Jas. Moore Horton, presented forty-three (43) candidates for the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation. The Bishop delivered an impressive address from Acts 8:17, to a congregation of 300. The vested choir of 35 voices furnished appropriate music, under the direction of Mr. Smallman, the choir-master.

Parkhill.—St. James'.—This church has suffered a great loss recently by the removal of Capt. E. A. Humphries and family to Sarnia, where he has accepted the position of organist in one of the leading churches. During his residence in Parkhill he became a member of the Church of England, was confirmed, and for more than two years gave his splendid talents gratuitously to the service of the Church. As he is a musician of great ability, these were most highly appreciated. He was besides lay delegate to the Synod and a most liberal supporter of the Church in every way. This is one of many losses by removal this church has had in recent years, but still the loyal and generous little congregation more than holds its own. Six years ago it, with Grace Church, Greenway, was a Mission receiving aid from the diocesan funds. When the present incumbent, the Rev. F. G. Newton, assumed charge, it became self-supporting, and for the last two and a half years has had the standing of a rectory,

more than the required amount being given, as well as the full amount of diocesan and missionary apportionments. A new church has been built and dedicated at Greenway, and a fine brick schoolroom in Parkhill. The entire cost of the latter was assumed by the Ladies' Guild, and two-thirds of it has been paid. The attendance at this church from the country has more than doubled, and necessitates the enlargement of the present shed accommodation. The Bishop will (D.V.) visit the parish for confirmation on December 12th and 13th next.

* * *

MOOSONEE.

John George Anderson, D.D., Bishop, Selkirk.

Chapleau.—St. John's.—In this diocese as elsewhere, missionary interest is growing. This particular parish has lately been doubly favoured. In October, it received a visit from Mr. R. W. Allin, of the L.M.M., who addressed two meetings, one for men, and one held in the church. On November 16th, Miss Lee, of the C.E.Z.M.S., who is stationed at Foo-Chow, China, visited us, staying off on her way West; the first, but, we hope, decidedly not the last, missionary from the foreign field to tarry even a little while in Moosonee, though so many have passed and re-passed, not knowing what a hearty welcome they might have had. Miss Lee addressed a large gathering on Wednesday evening. Unfortunately, through a misunderstanding, her lantern slides could not be used, but in spite of that everyone was interested and instructed. On Thursday afternoon, Miss Lee met the members of the W.A., and other ladies, at the home of the Bishop, on the invitation of Mrs. Anderson. She showed many curios, and gave many interesting details of her work in the school at Nankai. There was also a display of most beautiful fancy work, em-

broderies, silver ware, etc., by native workers, some of which found ready sale. Support for two children was also promised. Miss Lee also had a new experience, a visit to the Indian school where she saw Indian children being taught, the first she had seen, and realized that whatever the race or colour the work for God is the same.

Cochrane.—Holy Trinity.—Encouraging reports of the work of the W.A. in this new parish are received. The members have undertaken to raise a portion of the clergyman's stipend, and are also looking after cleaning the church, etc. We trust that as the busy new town increases in size, the membership of both church and W.A. will keep pace. The work in this great new and wonderful part of the diocese is just beginning, but as the new railroads open up the wonderful gold-fields of Porcupine, etc., and the equally wonderful farming lands further on, it will increase rapidly, and men and means will alike be needed to help it on.

Moose Fort.—This branch also continues in good works helping the missionaries by sewing for the children in the school, etc.

The branch of the W.A. at Biscotasing is somewhat in abeyance, as most of the members have moved away. The Bishop and his family are now resident in Chapleau.

CALGARY.

William Cyprian Pinkham, D.D., Bishop, Calgary, Alta.

Strathcona.—Holy Trinity.—The Rev. David Jones, B.A., rector of this church, died suddenly on Sunday, November 13th, and his death came as a great shock to the members of the congregation. Mr. Jones, who was born in Wales about



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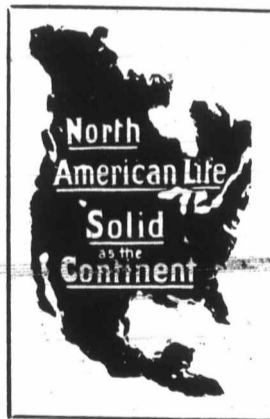
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thirty years ago, and who was a graduate of St. David's, Lampeter, volunteered for service in Western Canada about five years ago. He was in delicate health at the time, and it was thought that the dry climate might be beneficial. He laboured in Lethbridge and also in Taber, and great success attended his efforts wherever he went. In August last he became rector of this church, succeeding the Rev. W. R. George. In the short space of time he has been in the parish, he has won the hearts of the people and filled a difficult position with wisdom and tact. It is a great blow to the church to be thus early bereaved of a pastor who has harmoniously accomplished so much during his brief stewardship, and from whose guidance great things were anticipated. During his ministrations the attendance at all services has very considerably increased, the different organizations of the church put on a firmer basis, and a spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm aroused, while the financial condition of the church has shown a marked improvement. On the following Wednesday morning the funeral took place, the body having been conveyed to the church from the rectory on the previous Monday in a coffin, and whilst there it was constantly guarded by different members of the congregation. Large numbers of people visited the church during those two days in order to pay their last respects to the mortal remains of one who was so greatly beloved by them during his life-time. The church was draped in black, the sombreness relieved by altar flowers of lilies-of-the-valley, and by a wealth of exquisite blossoms sent by friends. The Bishop of the diocese travelled north from Calgary to officiate at the services, and was assisted by Archdeacon Gray, Canon Webb, and the Rev. A. Boyd, of Edmonton, whilst several clergymen from other parishes were also present to take part. Amongst the latter were the Rev. J. Mason, Leduc;

the Rev. H. H. Wilkinson, of Fort Saskatchewan; the Rev. Alban Blood, of Highland Park, and others. Commencing at nine o'clock the Holy Communion was administered to a large number by the Bishop and Archdeacon Gray; and this solemn service was followed by the funeral service, with specially appropriate hymns and music. This service was very largely attended, and the church was quite full. Those present in the church included not only members of the

and around the coffin. At the regular meeting of the Town Council the following resolution was passed unanimously, and a copy of same was presented later to the wardens of this church: "Whereas this Council has learned with deep regret of the untimely death of the Reverend David Jones, a young man of great promise who had recently come to our city as Clergyman of the English Church; And Whereas we are informed that during his short life here he demon-



The Canadian Churchman. A Funny Story.

congregation, but also members from every other denomination, prominent citizens, and many Welsh people. Members of the local lodge of the I.O.O.F. were also present on behalf of the Taber Lodge, to which Mr. Jones was allied whilst in that town. Amongst the ministers present were the Rev. H. E. Gordon, the Rev. J. M. Millar, the Rev. Alex. McDonald, and the Rev. T. Hartig. A large number of wreaths and other appropriate floral memorials were placed on

strated great ability in his chosen work and had greatly endeared himself to the hearts of his parishioners; Therefore, be it resolved, that this Council extend their deep condolence to his friends and the members of his congregation, in the loss of their friend and minister, and be it further resolved that an engrossed copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Council, and a copy presented to the Parish of Holy Trinity."

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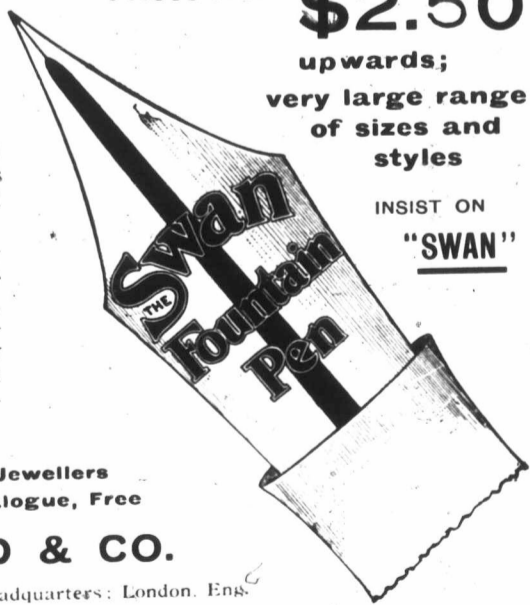
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*REST.

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My soul oppressed—
And I desire what I have long desired,
Rest—only rest.
'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain,
In harvest days.
The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer
For rest—sweet rest—
'Tis hard to plant in sowing and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when tilled, to weep
O'er fruitless field.
And I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.
My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears,
I pine—for rest,
'Twas always so; when but a child I laid
On mother's breast
My weary little head; e'en then I pray
As now—for rest.
And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For, down the West
Life's sun is setting and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

—Father Ryan.

*The favourite poem of the late Sir John A. Macdonald.



APPLE MEMORIES.

Long years ago the writer remembers distinctly the reading of a story about Canada, while to him Canada was nothing but a story. It was about one of the old district courts, in what is now Ontario, and in the days when there were juries in every kind of case, big or little. The narrator had strayed into a country court, and having heard a case, wished to hear the end of it. But the jury were out for a terribly long time, and when at last they returned and gave their verdict, he wondered how they endured confinement in the stuffy, close little room allotted to them. He found they had not done so, but had strolled off into the orchard beyond, and had taken time to sample the apples while discussing the case. No wonder that it took time. And perhaps this simple story, of simple life and freedom, light and fragrant as an apple-blossom, is partly responsible for the writer being in Canada to-day. What changes since that jury gave their verdict! Orchards are no longer an item of luxury on the farm, but have become the serious business of counties, just as the egg and butter money has long since ceased to be the perquisite of the mistress, but a mainstay of the province. As to apples, how difficult it is to realize what orchards were and are now, when from the railways one sees the cold storage warehouses, or better still, visits the annual exhibitions in November. At these one realizes how thankful we ought to be to our Creator for casting our lot in a land which produces such flowers, vegetables, and fruit in such abundance and excellence; apples of all shades, rosy cheeked, golden yellow, purple, green or speckled, not tumbled into barrels as they came to hand, but carefully selected, graded, and in most cases, placed in boxes for transportation across the ocean or to the prairie provinces. May the later days be as happy and as celebrated as the early days of apples were in colonial times, and on both sides of the line, whereof Bryant wrote:

"Come, let us plant the apple tree,
Cleaving the sod with the spade;

Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently by the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly."

Before this time Cowley had praised the husbandman who improved it in England:

"He bids the ill-natured crab produce
The gentle apple's loving juice,
The golden fruit, that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss."

But the old apple orchards produced much merriment, not only by the apples cooked, or eaten, or made into cider, but the apple-paring parties. They had great fun in the old-fashioned days that people now know nothing of. "There sat the hired man with his coat off, astride the chair and apple parer, forking on the fruit which he turned swiftly with his right hand, holding the knife on with his left. The scalped apples usually fell into an old wash-tub, and the boys and girls, young and old, sat in a circle quartering and coring them in pie pans or wooden bowls. After the work, the games, the frolic and the merriment began. It was of one of these that Burroughs wrote, "Where so many things were cut and dried besides apples." And Whittier wrote of those days:

"And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons straggling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples spurted in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood,
With nuts from brown October's wood."

There is another use of apples which the United Empire Loyalists brought with them, but we have not seen or heard of since the habit of selling the product of the orchard off the farm has come in; that is apple butter, which was merely a kind of thick apple sauce that would spread easily over bread. This used to be put up in barrels for family use. The unkindest memory of this fruit that the States evolved dates from the early days of the Civil War, and chronicles the wish to hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree. These customs and verses, however, are but of yesterday, and of this northern continent of America, but in far-off times, under the burning suns of classic and Bible lands, the apple was celebrated. The apple was not a forest, but an urban tree, always planted near the house, and like the cat and the dog, a companion of man. It is found in all fables and mythologies. The garden of the Hesperides grew apples from seeds brought as gifts to Juno on her wedding, and then came wonderful stories about them, and Hercules, and Atlas, probably all arising from the introduction of the favoured Farnese or Baldwin variety of the day. Then Homer wrote of apple trees bearing beautiful fruit in the gardens of Alcinoüs. The Trojan wars and all their results were traced by the singers to an apple. No wonder the use grew up of the expression, The apple of the eye. And we have the apples of Solomon, beautiful and tempting to the eye, but smoke and ashes to the touch. All through the Old Testament the apple is honoured. In the Song of Solomon it is praised, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." And "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples." And now we hope our readers will apply the proverb to this poor scroll, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." John Bunyan, the ingenious dreamer, as Cowper called him, wrote a good deal about apples in the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He was not at first very kind to the apples. He made Christiana's boys "plash and eat" the apples from Beelzebub's orchard which overhung their way. But later on he quite changed, and introduced hearty and hospitable Gains with his banquet and dessert of apples and nuts, and we may fitly close this paper with part of what he said of

apples. They brought them a dish of apples very good tasted fruit, and Gains said:

"Apples were they with which we were beguiled,
Yet sin, not apples, hath our souls defiled,
* * * * *
Drink of his flagons, then, thou Church his Dove,
And eat his apples."



THORNS BY THE WAY.

God gave our lips to me and you
To utter words that are kind and true,
Brave and cheerful and glad and clean,
But never one that is base or mean.
We should speak of His love to rich and poor,
And keep the lips that He gave us pure.

God gave us ears to hear the song
That echoes ever the world along,
Music of waters and birds and breeze,
And all life's wonderful melodies.
To hear all that is to Him akin
But never to listen to wrong or sin.

God gave us eyes that we might look
At His world like a beautiful open book,
Reading His love in fields and skies
With earnest, reverent, watchful eyes,
And learning wherever we gaze to see
His gracious kindness to you and me.

God gave us feet that we should go
On errands of mercy to and fro,
Walking all of our busy days
In upright, honest, virtuous ways;
Following only the safest guides,
And never straying where sin abides.

God gave our hands to me and you
Faithful and grateful work to do,
To raise the fallen, the weak to aid,
Doing our duty all unafraid,
Always using the gifts He gave
To help the world that He came to save.

God gave our bodies to you and me
Dwellings meet for our souls to be,
So should we, as we march along,
Keep them healthful and clean and strong;
So shall they be through our length of days
Temples filled with the Giver's praise.

—L. M. Montgomery.



The cultivation of the heart should be like that of a garden, where we prune and weed before we begin to plant.



THE HOLY CHILD.

Hail most Holy Child of Mary
Full of truth and grace;
Who hast come in love and meekness
To redeem our race.
Unto Thee we bring our praises
This high festal day;
Hear us, O sweet Child of Mary,
Hear our joyful lay.

Through long ages holy prophets
Had Thy birth foretold,
Now at last, O dear Redeemer,
We Thy-face behold;
Angels have proclaimed the tidings
How Thou cam'st to earth;
Lowly shepherds came to greet Thee
At Thy wondrous birth.

As the angels and the shepherds
Praised Thee, so may we
Come with loving adoration,
Holy Child, to Thee;
For Thou art our God and Saviour,
Everlasting Love,
With the Father and the Spirit
Ever praised above.

—William Edgar Enman.

December 8, 1910.

SASKATCHEWAN DIVINITY COLLEGE.

When Archdeacon Lloyd brought out fifty-five unordained catechists from England four years ago, it was never supposed that all of those men could be prepared for entrance to the ministry. They were picked men from all over England, yet it would be unreasonable to suppose that all would stand the strenuous test of work and education. Nearly four years have passed and the first twenty-seven of these men have been ordained to the diaconate. Others are a year or more behind them, and others again, though continuing to serve on the field, will never get through the examination for ordination. If anything the test for admission has been more severe than down East. Not only have men had to qualify by actual work in the field but they have had to get seven months' lecture material into five months each year for three years and read on the field between times. The twenty-seven men who have now reached the first stage towards the regular ministry, have won through well according to Ontario standards.

The Course of Training.—The course has been thorough, wide, and systematic, covering three years, with still a complete year to be put in residence between diaconate and priest's orders. The subjects have been Old and New Testament History, Introduction and Exegesis, Liturgics, General, English Reformation and Canadian Church History, Systematic Theology, including Articles and Creeds, Apologetics, Catechetics, Homiletics, Service Rendering, Choir Training, and Extempore Speaking, and a good course in Greek Testament. The newly ordained deacons have all gone on the field now for twelve months' work, when they will again enter college from September 1st up to some date in May, in order to obtain three good courses in the University in English Literature, Philosophy, and History, together with the completion of their

Divinity course. We think they will then be able to maintain their place in the ministry as superior to the average three-year men down East, and probably not really short of the four-year men in Eastern colleges.

CLERICAL SUPPORT.

"They who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel," that is

tion between him and his people, his people are badly off and he is worse off. He can never make the money he is to receive for his services the object to himself and to his office. He has pledged his soul to take charge of the flock of God, "not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind." A word to the pastors and people which may help both. First, the clergyman does not work for money and cannot be paid

ing. The labour is the end, both with him and with his people. He must have means to live while he labours, and that is the meaning of supporting him. The horse must be groomed, he must have his oats and his water and his hay, to enable the horse to work—not to pay him for his work but to keep him in working condition. The grooming, the oats, etc., are not the end, but the means. The analogy may be a rude one, but it is apposite enough. The clergyman lives to do his work; his support is furnished to keep him in working condition. How much may be needed for that is determined by each man's place and circumstances. It must always be enough to supply reasonable, orderly wants, physical and intellectual wants, without grinding care or undue anxiety, and it all is for the work's sake. The clergyman who claims his support puts it on that ground. He cannot work without it. For his sacred work's sake he demands attention to this bounden Christian duty. For the work's sake the people are bound so to perform this duty, that he may devote soul and body to his calling, utterly free from anxiety about the things of the world in any shape. That is the object of clerical support.

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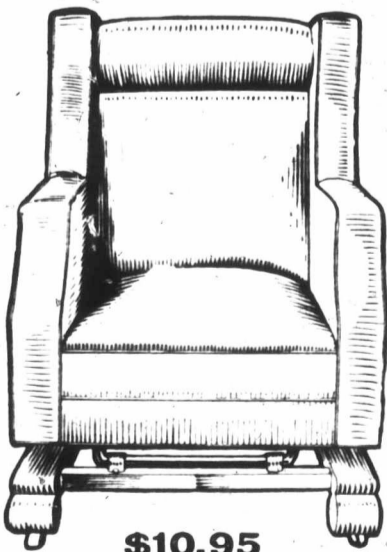


Those who were ordained to the Diaconate on this historic occasion, Sunday, Sept. 25th, 1910. Beginning at the top left hand corner the names are as follows:—Rev. Taylor, Hodgson, Matthews, Ahenaken, Child, Davis, Deacon, Sheasby, Richardson, Eller, Cross, Alderson, Gibson, Clark, Church, Horne, Coulthurst, Edwards, Wright. Staff: Rev. Prof. Broadbent, M.A., Rev. A. D. Dewdney, B.A., Rev. Principal Lloyd, M.A., Rev. Prof. Tuckey, M.A., Rev. H. Schofield, M.A., Rev. Goulding, Botton, Barnes, Butcher, Gosden, Marshall, Brandt and Whiting.

the Lord's appointment. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," is the rule of Scripture and of reason. How truly these rules are understood, how well they are acted on, is another matter. The clergyman does not work for money. His hire can never be paid by a check on the bank. If so much money can cancel all obliga-

by money, or he is unfit for his office. Second, notwithstanding this, he must have money and the people he works for must give it. Why? Because otherwise he cannot do the work. That is to say, the support he receives is not pay for his labour, in the mercantile sense, but simply a means to enable him to go on labour-

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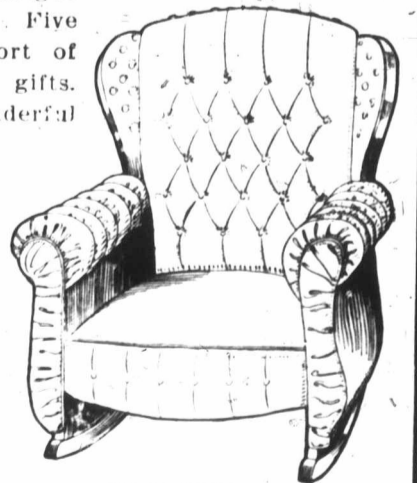
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A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Pale evening stars were shining,
In splendour from on high,
Angelic hosts are singing,
Praise God, the Lord most high!

Within the humble manger,
See Mary's Holy Child,
The precious heaven-sent stranger,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild.

Before him, humbly kneeling,
The Wise Men from afar
Cast down their precious treasure
Led hither by His star.

Deliverer of His people,
By prophets long foretold,
He brings more precious treasure
Than frankincense or gold.

For this is Christ the Saviour,
And, oh, what joy He brings!
The night is past forever,
Our freshened spirit sings.

A full and free salvation,
He bringeth from above,
To man in every station,
From God, the God of love.

To publish peace, He cometh,
To set the prisoner free,
To dry the tears of sorrow,
To comfort you and me,
To bear the cross He cometh,
To take away the rod,
To give us strength for weakness,
And help us on to God.

Then praise His name, all people,
On this blest Christmas morn,
All hail, the Son of Mary!
All hail, the Promised One!

THE DAY AFTER.

She had been one of those beautiful girls, willowy of figure, golden of hair, pink of cheek, with clear gray eyes, and a sweet dimpled chin. She had married early. At thirty-nine the sheen of the golden hair was gone, her figure had lost its erectness, her colour was faded. Now there was a pitiful stoop in the shoulders from burdens carried while too young, and there were gray threads, many of them, in her still abundant locks. But still there, the same beautiful clear eyes and the sweet graciousness that had ever characterized her was, if anything, more intensified. It had been a struggle, this life of hers, with this husband she had chosen. There had been poverty and hardships and many sicknesses and he was not one of those chivalrous, thoughtful men. He loved her, of course, but somehow he never told her of it. He was too engrossed in his own affairs to remember that she perhaps might like to be remembered on anniversaries and at Christmas time. He never proposed a holiday and somehow she grew not to expect it. But hers had always been a family to remember the birthdays. As far back as she could remember, she could recall her mother as saying, "Now, to-day is my little daughter's birthday. She must be good and happy and mother will try to make it a day to be remembered." And mother always had, all through her life, until her hands were folded in

her last long sleep. There was still at the old home the aged father and a young married sister. "To-morrow is Elizabeth's birthday," said Muriel, the young married sister, the night before. "I'm going out there to see her. Haven't you a birthday present for her?" The old father looked up. "How fond your mother was of birthdays," he said thoughtfully. Then he added, "How would some pretty china do? To think of Elizabeth being thirty-nine and the mother of a family. She was such a pretty baby. Our first. Yes, get her the china, Muriel, and of the finest. The way has not been always easy for my little girl." "Belle's going to send flowers," said Muriel, "and I've a fine birthday cake to go with the silk waist I've made her." Elizabeth Wayland rose on her thirty-ninth birthday with a little flutter of her heart. She should remember and speak of it, after all, this husband of hers. Very carefully did she prepare an especially nice breakfast—but he, engrossed in his paper did not apparently notice it. After he had eaten, he put on his hat and coat, bade her his usual careless good-bye, and went to his office. "He has forgotten," she thought as she watched him walk to the car. "Ah, well, I won't speak of it." But somehow that birthday was not going to pass unnoticed. "Happy birthday, mother," said Beatrice, her oldest, coming down half an hour later and handing her a pretty belt. "Happy birthday," exclaimed good Mrs. Starbird, her

next-door neighbour, bringing in a beautiful tray cloth. And then the postman brought her a birthday greeting in the shape of a long letter from her old school friend telling her all the news of her dear old home town. "To think that Mary Morris remembered it was my birthday!" she exclaimed happily. By eleven good old Uncle Hiram, who lived in the next street, came puffing in. "Your Aunt Lucy knew it was your birthday and she sent this," said the old gentleman, handing her a bundle. "I guess if she'd forget every one else's birthday she'd remember yours. You always was her favourite." The something proved to be a handsome sofa pillow, ornamented and enriched by Aunt Lucy's most beautiful stitches. "My! it's beautiful, Uncle Hiram!" cried Elizabeth, flushing with pleasure. "And just what I wanted." In the early afternoon Muriel came over. She kissed her oldest sister lovingly. "A happy birthday to the best sister in the world," she said. Just then a man drove up. "Father sent you up a set of china," she added, "and, dear me, here are the flowers." She opened the door to receive the box. It was full of pink carnations. "Elizabeth," she said, "Belle sent those with best wishes for a happy birthday. Now, I'm going to stay to supper. Father, too, is coming over, and you are to wear this silk waist in honour of the occasion. This is my gift." She arranged her sister's hair, her still beautiful hair, though so thickly

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sprinkled with gray, slipped on the silk waist, fastened it, and adjusted her skirt. Then she bade her look. "You ought to have a pretty brooch," she said, "to set it off." It fitted to perfection and the little pink stripe in it brought a tinge of colour to the pale cheeks. "You look as pretty as a rose," said Muriel fondly. "Now, Beatrice and I are going to get supper. I forgot to tell you that Horace ordered you some ice-cream. He sends his love and wishes he could come, too." Horace was their brother. Her husband came home at the usual time that night, but the house was bright with the new china, with the carnations as a centerpiece, and there was his wife in her "sil: attire," sitting quietly with her father. There was chattering and laughter in the kitchen. He looked surprised. Just then Muriel came in. "Didn't you know?" she asked. "Why, we're celebrating Elizabeth's birthday." The supper was perfect, the birthday cake was all it claimed to be, and there was ice-cream and to spare for everybody. But Elizabeth's husband was unusually silent. He looked at his wife more than once. "How sweet she was; how good she had always been; how true and tender. And he? He who had wooed so tempestuously, loved so ardently, had forgotten—forgotten even her birthday." After the guests were gone, the children in bed, he went over to her. She was sitting in her favourite low chair. "Elizabeth," he said, "I forgot—" But Elizabeth only smiled. "I knew you had," she answered. And then all at once he seemed to realize that his careless conduct of so many years had done its work. She did not expect anything of him. His neglect, his thoughtlessness of such long standing, had so dulled the keenness of her feelings that she could look and speak quite calmly of his lack of care. No; she did not expect anything of him. "Why should she?" And the recollections came trooping back and he remembered—remembered his wooing and his promises and her bright beauty. The beauty was dimmed now, through servitude to him. The burden she had carried, the children she had borne him, the poverty and disappointments and the toil. And yet through it all, how sweet, how dear, how unselfish she had ever been. The next morning he took his oldest daughter aside. "Beatrice," he said, "yesterday was your mother's birthday. I did not give her anything. I forgot it. But yesterday I made a handsome sum of money and to-day I'm going to buy her a present. Have her put on that silk waist again, will you, and get something nice for supper." And Beatrice promised. He went straight to her when he reached home. "Dearest," he said, "yesterday was your birthday. You can't think how I felt when I saw your father and sister with their gifts, to think I had none, and, though it is the day after, will you accept, with my love, this?" And then he fastened in the lace at her throat a beautiful brooch of pearls. The loveliest, costliest thing

she had ever known. "Oh!" cried Elizabeth, flushing into her old-time beauty. "And you remembered." Her husband put his arms about her. "On the day after," he corrected, smilingly. "No, I'm not going to make any rash promises, dearest. You know my careless ways of old, but through it all I've never forgotten to love my wife. Shall we begin again on the day after?" But Elizabeth only smiled—her wonderful, rare smile—and he knew then and forever how she loved him.

IN OUR FATHER'S CARE.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

The ships glide in at the harbour's mouth,
And the ships sail out to sea,
And the wind that sweeps from the sunny south
Is as sweet as sweet can be
There's a world of toil and a world of pains,
There's a world of trouble and care,
But oh, in a world where our Father reigns,
There is gladness everywhere.

The earth is fair in the breezy morn,
And the foilers sow and reap,
And the fullness comes to the tasseled corn,
Whether we wake or sleep.
And far on the hills by feet untrod,
There are blossoms that scent the air,
For oh, in this world of our Father, God,
There is beauty everywhere.

The babe lies soft on the mother's breast,
And the tide of joy flows in,
He giveth, he taketh, he knoweth best,
The Lord to whose home we win.
And oh, when the soul is with trials tossed,
There is help in the lifted prayer,
For never a soul that he loves is lost,
And our Father is everywhere.

The ships sail over the harbour bar
Away and away to sea,
The ships sail in with the evening star
To the port where no tempests be.
The harvest waves on the summer hills,
And the bands go forth to reap,
And all is right, as our Father wills,
Whether we wake or sleep.

A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

It was Christmas eve. Two children sat by the side of a huge white porcelain stove. Both were busy knitting. Their home was in one of the old stone blocks in the Wilhelm Street, in the city of Berlin. Trude lived in the fourth storey, Paul in the first; but they played together every day, and were great friends. Paul was seven years old, Trude only five. The children talked as busily as they knitted, and there was much to talk about, for this was the one night of all the year—Christmas eve. The words Christmas and Santa Claus were often on their lips, and the

smiling, happy children confided to each other what they hoped he would bring. Trude longed for red shoes, and Paul for a pair of shoes. The two little friends were alone, for Aunt Emma had been obliged to go out and do some late shopping. The room in which they were sitting was a large one, and served the double purpose of dining room and parlor, and just now the table was set for three, for to-night Uncle Fritz was coming. Trude had often spoken of her Uncle Fritz to Paul. "And he is coming to-night," she said; "oh, I am so glad!" Uncle Fritz lived far away in the Black Forest, but every Christmas eve brought him to Berlin to spend the holidays with Aunt Emma and little Trude. A loud knock at the door startled the children for a moment. But Trude was a brave little girl, and putting down her bright-coloured knitting, she immediately opened the door. Now who should come in but Santa Claus, with a huge pack. He was dressed all in fur, and had a long white beard and merry blue eyes. The children were amazed. But there surely was nothing to fear from such a good, kind-looking Santa Claus. Trude went up to him at once, curtsied politely, after the manner of little German girls, then held out her hand and said, "Good evening, dear Santa Claus." "Good evening," responded Santa Claus, in a strange, deep voice. "Have you been a good girl?" he inquired kindly. "Sometimes I have," answered the child, gravely. "Can you pray?" he inquired again. Little Trude folded her hands and repeated the prayer that every little German child learns at Christmas: "O thou dear, loving, holy Christ." The boy's turn came next; he was greatly frightened, but managed to say the prayer, though his voice trembled. Santa Claus was evidently satisfied, for he said: "You are both good children, and I have something very nice for you." Oh, how little Trude's eyes danced, as package after package was handed to her. "You have eyes just like my Uncle Fritz, dear Santa Claus," she said, looking straight into his face. Paul now received his share of presents, and both children thanked the good Santa Claus most heartily, and, though their arms were full of presents, they shook hands with him. He seemed pleased, for there was a merry twinkle in his eyes, and with "A merry Christmas, children," he took his departure. Shortly after this Aunt Emma returned, and was joyfully greeted by the two delighted children. It was now time for Paul to go home, and the hour would soon arrive when Uncle Fritz was expected. Another loud knock at the door was heard, then cries of joy from Aunt Emma and little Trude, for here at last was Uncle Fritz, who had come all the way from the Black Forest for the holidays. Supper over, the Christmas tree was lighted, and they gathered around it and sang their Christmas songs. The presents were distributed, and the happy little Trude sat on her Uncle's knee and told him about the wonderful visit they had had from Santa Claus, then suddenly looking up into his face, she said gravely, "Uncle Fritz, you have eyes just like Santa Claus."—Bessie Burnside, in S. S. Times.



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CHARLIE EARLE'S CHRISTMAS.

There was much coming and going at the farm that evening, for was it not Christmas Eve? and nurse was busy sending off gifts to those who were not so thriving as herself; and busy too, in making preparations for the morrow. Charlie, meanwhile, sat on the settee and made friends with Molly, who was about his own age, and knew much more, though she was only a girl, about dogs, and rabbits, and tadpoles, than London-bred Charlie did. Then they helped to stir the pudding "for luck's" sake, and dressed the kitchen and parlor with evergreens, till nurse called them to the door and bid them listen to the chimes. And Charlie thought it very beautiful as he stood at the door and listened to the bells. And, as they stood there, the wind wafted to them, too, the voices of the choir, as they went on their round through the village, singing their carols, and then Charlie went to bed, with "Hark, the herald angels sing!" ringing in his ears. Next morning, Charlie, as he ran downstairs, could hardly believe that this was really Christmas

Day, all was so unlike any he had known before; but in the kitchen he found one thing like home Christmas mornings, a pile of parcels by his plate, containing the pretty gifts prepared by his father and mother and Laura, and sent by them to nurse; so that at any rate the little lad should not be robbed of his part of his Christmas pleasure. There was a note from mother, saying that she and father and Laura were safe in Edinburgh, and that grandmother was better, and that she hoped to tell him in her next letter when they and he should meet at home in London. Such a bright beginning was enough to make all the rest of the



Rev. Canon Williams, M.A., for 45 years Rector of St. John the Evangelist, Toronto.

day bright, and bright it was. He found plenty to do till church time, as Molly showed him all the nooks and corners about the farm. The old church, with its high pews and

country congregation, made Charlie think that he must be dreaming. Surely it could not be Christmas, but must be the autumn, and he and Laura and everybody had come away from London for the holidays! No! it was no dream, it was really Christmas. When service was over Charlie and Molly hurried home to help Martha, the farm girl, to have all in readiness for the Christmas dinner. They were both sorry to find that this, being a grand day, was not to be spent in the kitchen but in the parlor, among all the glories of nurse's wedding presents, where every one felt somewhat stiff and constrained. But, after dinner, there was not much

sitting, at any rate for Charlie; for who could think of sitting still indoors when outside was a pond covered with ice, and a farm-yard full of horses and dogs? Indeed, the whole day was so full of interest that Charlie had hardly time to think how different it all was to what he had pictured only two days before—this quiet farm-house Christmas—so different to the home one in the big London house, with its Christmas-tree and gathering of uncles and aunts; and, best of all, the presents of father, and mother, and Laura, but notwithstanding all this, Charlie spent a very happy day, even though it was away from home.

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BILLY STEEN'S BEGINNINGS.

When Billy Steen got to the school-house on this Monday morning, everything was very quiet. To look at the big square brick building and its empty yard, no one would think that a swarm of shouting, racing children had been spilled all about it and out into the street ten minutes before. Billy was nine minutes late. He put his hand on the door-knob and looked about him. A fat robin was strutting over the walk, a big heavy bee was humming in the sunshine. Maybe bees are busy, but, when you hear them, they make you think of laziness and going to sleep. "I'll get marked, anyway," thought Billy. "I meant to make a new start to-day and—surprise everybody. But I'm late, and nobody will feel surprised at that, or know that I meant anything different. He was thinking of yesterday, and what the teacher had said, and how he felt when she said it. "She is a lovely teacher," Billy thought; "her talking is fine. While you sit there and listen to her, you feel as if goodness was more than anything else, and as if—as if God was just a natural idea. But it is so easy to get over it afterward." Still Billy waited. "I don't like to give it up, but I suppose it's all spoiled now. But I hate to give it up." Slowly Billy walked back along the walk and up the steps. With a last look at the robin and the bee, he turned the knob and went in. "You are late again, Billy Steen." Billy said nothing. He looked sullen. Didn't Miss Morton suppose that he knew that? "I shall have to put your name on the board. I hoped that we should have no names on the board to-day. This is the beginning of a new term." Billy knew that, too. It made his heart sink lower still. How differently he had hoped to begin. The room was very still while Miss Morton wrote at the top of the blackboard "William Steen." A strange voice spoke up clearly: "Miss Morton," it said, "Billy Steen started for school when I did." Billy looked up for an instant. The voice belonged to a short boy with blue eyes, who was at school to-day for the first time. Otherwise he would have known that you must hold your hand up when you wish to speak. Miss Morton frowned. She did not like her class to be broken. But when she looked into the blue eyes her frown grew a little smaller. They were very blue eyes, and "very straight-ahead ones." "Billy must have loitered then," said Miss Morton. "Loitering is an extremely bad habit." "But he didn't loiter," contradicted the voice calmly. "He met a baby playing on the trolley track. So he picked her up and put her by the gutter, and showed her how to make mud pies there. It was a fine place for them. But you can't ever depend on a baby; we've got one. When Billy was at the corner, and turned around, she was standing up, shaking her dress out, and getting ready to move back. So then Billy took her home, I guess." Miss Morton's

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frown was gone. "But," she said, "you were here very early indeed, Archie. Billy might have taken the baby home, I should think, and still have got to school in time." Archie's blue eyes clouded. Then they brightened again. "Maybe he met another baby," he said, "or something." Miss Morton actually smiled. "Perhaps so," she said. "Did you meet another baby, Billy?" "No'm," answered Billy. There was a moment's silence in the schoolroom. Miss Morton glanced at the open book on her desk. But she did not pick it up. She seemed to have forgotten how precious grammar minutes were. "Why didn't you come directly on to school?" she asked. Billy looked away from the desk lid finally. He looked at Miss Morton. Then he flashed a glance around from desk to desk; it was not often that he saw at them such a circle of kind faces. All the other boys were better scholars than he was. None of his folks cared much whether he learned or not, and Billy did not care. All the others lived in nicer places than his—unless it was the new boy. Billy looked into the blue eyes last, and they were the friendliest of any. Suddenly he straightened himself up, and spoke out distinctly, without feeling shy: "When I got to the corner, old Aunt Martha was worrying over a quarter a man had paid her for apples. She thought it was a nickel, and she didn't give him any change. She's awful honest, Aunt Martha is. The man was going to the station, and his train would start before she could get there, being so old and stiff with the rheumatism, and she was worried pretty near sick. So I took her two dimes, and found him, and gave them to him, and he said that he didn't want any change, the poor old soul could have it. Then I had

to take them back. She was tickled to death; two dimes are a lot to Aunt Martha. She doesn't get so much extra very often. But of course after that I was late." The school-room was very quiet when Billy stopped. He hesitated, took another look about him, and added half under his breath, "I—I wanted to come in time." Miss Morton stood up and said: "Boys, Billy Steen was late this morning. I have marked him on the board. I should like to take that mark out. But I will leave it to you. Shall I erase Billy's name or not? Aye or no?" There was a thunder of "Ayes" from all the desks. Then somebody clapped, and somebody stamped, and the room was in a uproar. Miss Morton in the midst of it stepped down and shook hands with Billy, and the boys heard her say she "was proud to teach a gentleman." That morning, for almost the first time in his life, Billy studied his lessons. It was not the last time. He thought of what his teacher had taught them at Sunday-school the day before. "I wonder," questioned Billy slowly, "if, when you help somebody that's started wrong to start over again right, you aren't making a fine beginning yourself. That is how Archie began." —Sally Campbell.

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THE TWO SIDES OF IT?

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.
Of course, things tangled up some-
times,
For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl
smiled,
Through all their lives together,
It didn't come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
And coloured all outside;
One chose to hope, and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.

A BIT OF CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas morning, and
very, very cold. Every few minutes a
trainman came through the car,
watching carefully a dial-faced ther-
mometer, and stooping to turn screws
of the heating apparatus, in persistent
attempts to keep the pointing finger
at seventy degrees. Despite the dis-
comfort of close air, which was none
too warm at best, the passengers in
the main wore joyous faces and didn't

seem to consider the numerous pack-
ages and bundles an annoyance. From
a wayside station, which looked as if
it had never been neighbour to any
house where human being lived, a
poor little girl entered and dropped
into a seat, where an overcoat told
that its owner was probably in the
smoking car. The child did not no-
tice this, and in her ignorance of
travel, it would have made no differ-
ence if she had. She might have been
eight or ten years old, but that air
of self-reliance was hers which pov-
erty's child often acquires very young;
yet there was nothing forward or
"bold" in her appearance. Her dress
was of the scantiest; a thin cotton
gown, barely concealing the lack of
suitable underwear, a little worn
shoulder shawl and a battered straw
hat. When the conductor appeared,
the hand which presented her half-
fare ticket was red with cold; but the
small person lifted to him a wonder-
fully frank face, and confidently in-
formed him that she was going to
grandma's for Christmas, and that the
package she clutched in her other
hand contained cookies for grandma.
The conductor smiled down at her, a
pitying smile it was, as he thought
of his own well-fed, well-clothed chil-
dren, with whom he expected to eat
a late Christmas dinner when his run
was over. The smile lingered on his
face as he passed to the next seat
and saw that its occupants had
heard the child's words. Two women
sat in the seat; strangers to each
other, and as unlike as two persons
made on the same general principles
could be. One was tall, dignified,
young, wrapped in costly furs, every-
thing about her showing the person
who had never lacked money or lei-
sure. The other, stout, jolly, elderly,
comfortable—a kindly and well-to-do
woman. The two had traveled miles
and miles, side by side, with not a
word passed between them. Now, both
sat with eyes fixed on the forlorn bit
of humanity in front of them. Sud-
denly, the younger woman opened her

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traveling bag and took from it a soft,
gray scarf shawl. It was at least two
yards long and half as wide. Folding
it together she touched the little waif,
saying in a low tone. "Stand up my
dear." The child obeyed, wonderingly,
and this woman in the costly furs
placed the folded shawl around the
small shoulders, crossed it in front
and bringing the ends to the back,
pinned them securely. "It is yours
to keep," she whispered. "A Christ-
mas present." Then, turning to the
woman at her side, she said, apolo-
getically, "I really did not need it my-
self." There was a blink of tears in
her eyes. "Well, now," the older
woman exclaimed in admiration, "you
just set me to thinking! I'm really
ashamed that I didn't think of doing
something myself. Here, I've got
two pairs of mittens for my grandson
—just about her size—in my bag; and
he can't wear out more than one pair
this winter. Besides, I can knit an-
other. It's nothing at all to knit mit-
tens." She was busily undrawing the
strings of an enormous silk bag, but
her glasses were blurred and her
fingers were clumsy with haste.
"What's your name, little girl?"
"Katie!" "Well, hold out your hand,
Katie. My! Aren't they a good fit!
There's another Christmas present to
keep. And here's a frosted cake.
Just eat it right now, Katie. Your
grandma won't need it, with all those
you've got in your bundle." The
child again obeyed. She did not say
"Thank you"—possibly she didn't
know how, but she seemed to glow all
over, and her eyes returned thanks,
even if her timid lips did not. "I'm
proud to know you, my dear." The
roly-poly, comfortable woman turned
now to her more cultivated neighbour.
"You're the right sort, I can see that,
even if you are rich." "And I am
proud to know you," the other re-
sponded, almost shyly offering her
hand, which was quickly buried in a
big, warm grasp. "The rich are not
so very different at heart." I hope. At
that instant the man of the overcoat
sauntered in to resume his seat; gave
a low whistle of surprise at the happy
little traveler next to the window;
glanced at the two women, and com-
prehended the situation. His right
hand made a quick dive into his
trousers' pocket, as if to get some
money; in another instant he with-
drew it and reached up to the rack
overhead and lifted down a large

paper bundle. Taking the bundle
across the aisle to an empty seat he
opened it and took out a smaller pack-
age from among many others. Unty-
ing this package he brought to light
a flaxen-haired doll, dressed in the
latest style and resplendent in a large
picture hat. This he placed in the
little girl's arms, saying, "From my
little daughter, who would rather you
should have it." Then he lifted his
hat courteously to the women, took
his overcoat on his arm, and strode off
to find a seat elsewhere. Rich little
Katie! Passengers near were buried
in newspapers. The little episodes
were almost unnoticed; but the angels
knew that the Christmas spirit has
never vanished from the earth since
the time when they announced the
birth of the Holy Child.—St. Nicholas.

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When spring unlocks the flowers
To paint the laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers
Refresh the mower's toil,
When winter binds in frosty chains
The fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still,
And owns her Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning,
And those that love the shade,
The winds that sweep the mountain
Or lull the drowsy glade,
The sun that from his amber bower
Rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their Master's
name,
In silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of Nature,
Expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful,
His little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course,
The seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love,
And Saviour, honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither,
The hope of summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter,
The birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled—the sun and
moon
Forge their old decree,
But we in Nature's latest hour,
O Lord! will cling to thee.
—Bishop Heber.

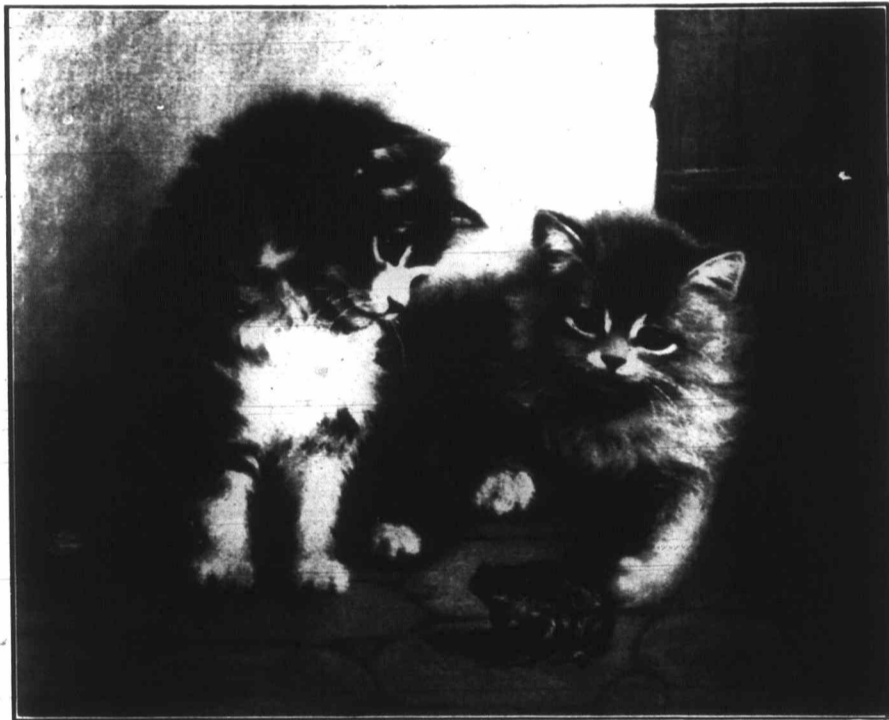
SOME CURIOUS PLAYMATES

The porch was wide and shady, and there was a thick green screen of morning-glories between it and the street. Inside the curtain of vines a railing ran round it, with a flat top, wide enough to play jacks on if one was careful not to let them bounce off the wrong way. Faith used it for a shelf to hold her books and magazines, and Louise played doll-house on it from morning till night. But Maurice and Emma had the most fun of all. Last summer, when Aunt Beth came to visit them, there had been a good deal of rain, then days of warm sunshine, so the vines about the porch had grown very large. Ever so many of the big leaves were nibbled about the edges as if some wee mouse from fairyland had been scalloping them. Aunt Beth noticed that the very first morning she was there, but as there was no one with her just then but Emma and Maurice, she didn't speak of it, for of course those little people wouldn't know what had done the mischief. She went indoors, presently, to write a letter, and sat down near the open window. Her chair was low, and she couldn't see the children on the porch, but their voices came in distinctly. For a while she paid no attention—till presently Emma said, "Mr. Brown is coming to-morrow. He's in a big hurry, and he'll see him scamp. Maurice says he's going to have

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company for dinner, and there isn't a thing in the house to eat." Then Maurice chimed in, "Mrs. Yellow is having a awful time wif her children this morning. They won't stay home, and she's afraid they'll get lost. There goes Tiny up that glory-stem again, I've bridged her back fifteen times, and Tommy's going to fall over the edge an' kill himself if he don't be careful." Emma sighed. "They make pecks of trouble when they're naughty, which they most always are. I can't see why they won't be good and mind,—it's lot nicer." "Just like us," remarked Maurice, sagely. "We're nicer when we're good, too, but we get bad just the same. Why, Em, this morning you —" his sister wisely changed the

ies, and invite 'em to come. Watch Tiny Yellow, Em, till I come back." "Well, I will, only hurry, Maurice, or the tents will begin to shut up, and anyway I can't take care of all of 'em very long by myself." A few moments later Maurice's little sandals pattered up the porch steps. "This leaf's full," he announced. "Mr. and Mrs. Greenie an' about eighteen children. They all wanted to come to the lawn-fake, so I brought 'em." The excited voices rang louder, and Aunt Beth, whose curiosity had been gradually growing, came at last to the window to see what it all meant. Emma's black eyes and Maurice's blue ones were fastened on their novel playground, and both earnest faces bent over the queerest collection of



The Canadian Churchman.

Curiosity.

subject. "Look, Maurice, at Miss Spotty, I do believe she's using that drop of water for a looking glass. Isn't she the vainest? She's turning her head just like the girls do when they're fixing their hair to go to a party. Now she's all done. No wonder, Maurice, she's going out to walk with Mr. Fuzzy. Did you see that? He kissed her good-morning. Wasn't that too cute?" "Yep. Tiny Yellow's come back and rolled up in a ball. I guess she's goin' to take a nap. I'm glad of it. I'm tired looking after her," and Maurice's voice sounded as if a weight of care rested on his shoulders. "I wouldn't bother with her," declared Emma. "If she's bound to run away, let her go and get another. There's plenty more. Mr. Brown's gone clear out of sight, and I'm going to hunt another Mr. Brown. His wife'll never know the difference. Oh, Maurice! let's have a lawn-fete, with lots of pretty tents and things, and let all the families come and have a picnic." "All right; let's do. You fix the lawn-fake, and I'll go out to the honey-suckle and hunt some green-

pets that the watcher had ever seen. "It's their favourite pastime—keeps them busy for hours," laughed mamma, coming in just then. "No, indeed, I don't object. They don't injure the squirmers, and they never get hurt themselves. On the whole, I consider these queer things rather nice playfellows, and while the children engage their attention this way they can't be devouring my vines. Let them alone, Beth, and don't look so shocked." Out on the flat top of the railing the two little ones had outlined a good-sized oblong space, with rows of smooth pebbles from the driveway. This was carpeted with green leaves from the vines, and studded with gay tents of pink, blue, and crimson morning-glory bells. Over and around and under, creeping, wriggling, or rolled in little furry balls, were dozens of brown, yellow, spotted or striped caterpillars! —The Sunday School Times.

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O, wake ye, little children,
And be of goodlie cheer,
Your sun so high along the sky
Hath shone two thousand year,
And once it saw a little Child
In manger lying undefiled,
And all about the cattle mild
Did lovingly draw near.
So wake, ye, little children,
And be of goodlie cheer,
O, wake ye, little children,
And let each heart be gay,
Good-will to men they caroled then,
And why should ye delay?
Awake, awake, and rise and sing,
And greet ye every living thing,
For man and beast did greet your
King
On that first Christmas Day!
Then wake ye, little children,
For this is Christmas Day.
—From "A Child's Christmas
Tree," in the December Everybody's

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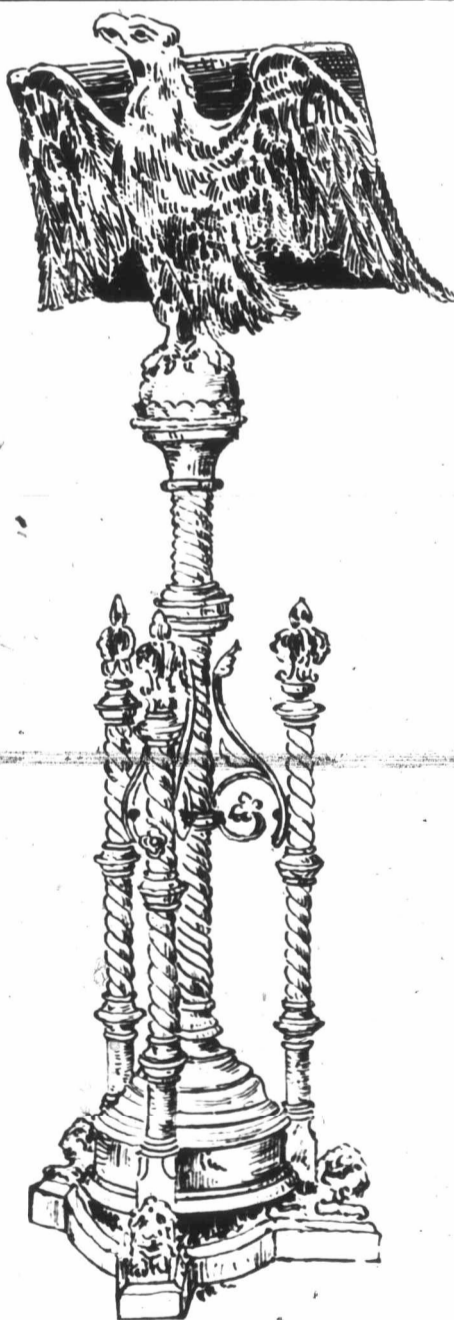
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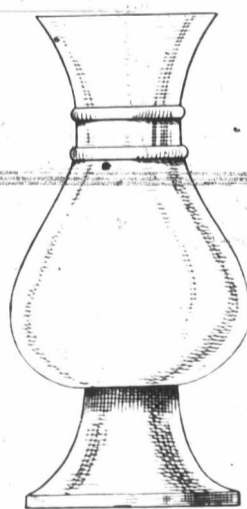
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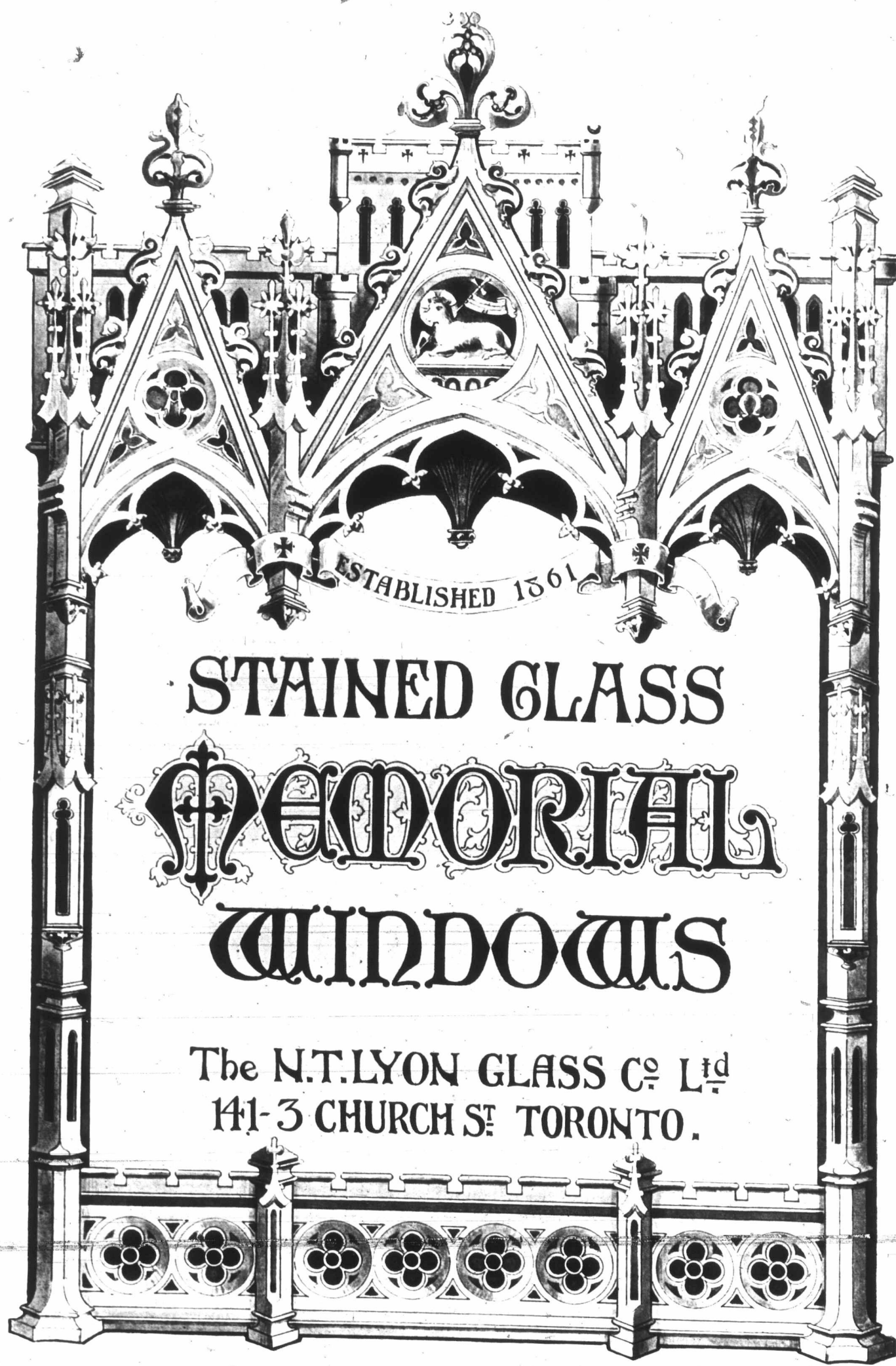


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