

December 7, 1899

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Undertaker and  
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a Jubilee, 15c.; 8 Trans-  
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\$1; South African pack-  
ets free. Wm. R. Adams,  
reet, Toronto

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ls, etc. Chande-  
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**BROTHERS**  
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STURERS'  
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**Castle & Son**  
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& SAVINGS CO.  
those desiring to own  
continuing to pay rent  
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velopes

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Co. of Canada,  
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# Canadian Churchman



Christmas, A.D. 1899.



## We Teach Business

What is most gratifying to the student who takes our business course is that the teaching is the kind that brings the student success in after life. All through our long history, extending over forty years, as a business college, we have determined on being thorough.

## British American Business College

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The term for the new year, after the Christmas Holidays, will open on January 3rd, 1900. Call and talk with us or drop postal card and receive free our handsome calendar.

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RESERVE FUND, - - - 250,000

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Vice-Presidents HON. S. C. WOOD, W. H. BEATTY, Esq.  
J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.

Under its Charter of Incorporation and the Letters Patent THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION has authority to undertake and execute every kind of trust, and financial agencies of all descriptions. Among the more important trusts, agencies and other offices which the Corporation is authorized to discharge, the following may be specially mentioned:

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Acts as Agent for Executors, Trustees and others.  
Accepts and Executes Trusts of every description from Courts, Corporations and Individuals.

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Total Assets, Over  
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# Canadian Churchman

DOMINION CHURCHMAN AND CHURCH EVANGELIST.

The Church of England Weekly Family Newspaper.

ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. 25]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1899.

[No. 48.

## COWAN'S Healthful and Nutritious Hygienic Cocoa...

Sold in ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. Tins only. Absolutely Pure.

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Direct Importer of High Grade Foreign Wines, &c.

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are made for people who want the best. For fifty years they have delighted Canadian brides and have been the chief ornament at fashionable weddings. We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion. Catalogue and price on application.

The Harry Webb Co., Limited TORONTO

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The Church Society for the preaching of the Gospel to the Jews all over the world. Employs over 200 agents in its Evangelistic, Educational, Medical and other works. Increased support urgently needed.

The Children's Beehive for Israel.

A happily designed means of interesting the young in the great work of Jewish evangelization. Write for particulars. All contributions acknowledged to your diocesan treasurer.

Information gladly supplied by

REV. A. F. BURT, Shediac, N.B.  
Sec'y for Canada.

## A Present for a Smoker

"I really don't know what to get him for Christmas," is a remark made by many wives, mothers and sisters. If you will permit us, we would like to suggest a few things that are appropriate and suitable for a smoker.

### A FEW SUGGESTIONS

- A Fine Sterling Mounted BBB French Briar Pipe, many shapes, \$1.00.
- A Tin of CLUBB'S "DOLLAR MIXTURE," won't burn the tongue. 1 lb. tin, \$1.00; ½ lb. tin, 50c.
- A Fine French Briar Pipe, straight stem, with two-inch amber mouth-piece, sterling mounted, in case, \$1.00. This is very special.
- A Leather Cigar Case. All kinds—Telescope—Clasp. From 50c. to \$7.00.
- A Handsome Gun Metal Cigarette Case, \$2.00 and \$2.50.
- A Sterling Mounted Congo Crook Cane, \$1.00, worth \$1.50.
- A box of Clubb's La Rosa Cigars, 25 in box, \$1.00; 50 in box, \$2.00.
- A Beautiful Meerschaum Pipe. Very finest quality.
- Straight Pipes, \$3.00, \$1.00, \$5.00. Very large, \$10.00.
- Bent, plain, medium size, \$5.00.
- Carved, Bent, small size, \$4.00; medium size, \$6.00.
- These are all of recent importation, and are beautiful goods.
- Tobacco Jars, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.
- Tobacco Jars, air tight, with Cambridge University Crest, \$3.00.
- Ash Trays brass, 25c., 50c. Tatlow China Trays with Canadian motto, very special, \$1.00.
- Box 25 fine Imported Havana Cigars, "La Anleguidad," \$2.50 box. Bock Golden Eagle, \$2.75 box.
- A tin of "Clubb's Perique Mixture," ¼ lb., 75c.; 1 lb., \$1.50.
- Long German Pipes, with cherry stems and china bowl, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.00.
- Egyptian Cigarettes, English Tobaccos, Havana Cigars, Manila and East India Cigars, and a full and complete list of Smokers' Sundries.

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We guarantee that all the above lines are the very finest quality and just as represented. If on receipt of goods you are not fully satisfied, return them to us and we will refund your money. Address,

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WANTED—Consecrated men and women for rescue and pioneer work in the Church Army. Training free. Address Col. J. A. Stansfield, 299 George St., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

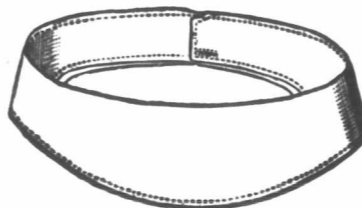
## Albion Hotel

Accommodation for 300  
Guests

Heated by steam; electric bells and lights; baths and all modern conveniences. Rates from \$1.00 up. Take Parliament Street cars to E. Market Square, Toronto, Ont.

JOHN HOLDERNESS, Prop.

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Call and see

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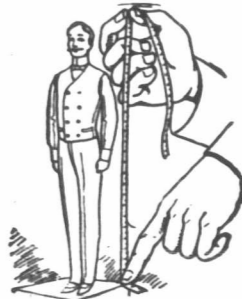
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An illustrated paper for the Sunday Schools of the Canadian Church, will be published MONTHLY beginning January, 1900, at eight cents a year in quantities of ten or over. Single copies ten cents. Send orders, with cash, at once. It will also be published WEEKLY next April if sufficient patronage is offered. Send for sample and price.

## Sunday School Manuals.

### 1. The St. Paul's Series "Manuals of Christian Doctrine."

According to the Church Catechism, adapted to the Christian Year. By Rev. Walker Gwynne, edited by the Bishop of Albany. Introduction by the Very Rev. Dean Church. Preparatory Note to Canadian Edition by the late Metropolitan of Canada.

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Senior Grade, for teachers and oldest scholars ..... 25 cents.

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Illustrating the Church Catechism from the New Testament, in four series.

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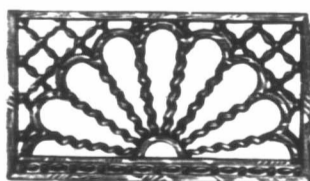
Napkins	1c. each
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Blankets	10c. each
Lace Curtains	10c. each

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Only the articles mentioned on this list will be accepted.

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To Make Home Pretty and Attractive



Is the wish of every lady. Perhaps we can help you a little by improving some unsightly arch, a nice piece over a bay window, a screen for a stairway, a cozy corner, a handsome stationary or folding screen. The expense will not be much and would add greatly to the appearance of the rooms. We make these in Moorish fret work, Japanese fret work, scroll or grille work, all combinations of the different styles and makes, finished in any color desired. For further particulars

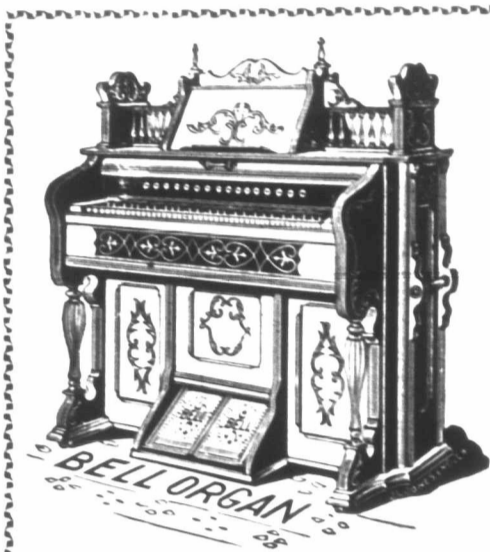
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Selected from such goods will be appreciated—the claims of both these famous brands having been fully endorsed wherever exhibited by the presentation of gold medals and first awards.

**John Catto & Son**  
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DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS, (Woods and Forests Branch) Toronto, Nov. 1st, 1899

Notice is hereby given that under authority of Order in Council, Timber Berths as hereunder mentioned in the ALGOMA, NIPISSING and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz.—The Townships of Bowell, Foy, Harty, Lumsden, Ryan and part of Moncrieff, in the District of Algoma; the Township of Norman, part of Capreol, Berth No. 4 Davis and the north part of the Township of Widdifield, all in the District of Nipissing, and certain small areas in the District of Rainy River, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock p.m., on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of DECEMBER next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of Sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa and Rat Portage.

**E. J. DAVIS,**  
 Commissioner of Crown Lands.

December 14, 1899.

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Council, Timber Berths

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RAINY RIVER DIS-

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of DECEMBER next.

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Department of Crown

an Timber Offices at

DAVIS,  
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# Canadian Churchman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC 14, 1899

Subscription, - - - - - Two Dollars per Year.

(If paid strictly in Advance, \$1.00.)

ADVERTISING RATES PER NONPARIEL LINE - 10 CENTS.  
Liberal discounts on continued insertions.

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CHECKS.—On country banks are received at a discount of fifteen cents.

CORRESPONDENTS.—All matter for publication of any number of the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, should be in the office not later than Friday morning for the following week's issue.

AGENT.—The Rev. J. Dagg Scott is the only gentleman travelling authorized to collect subscriptions for the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

Address all communications,

FRANK WOOTTEN

Box 2640, TORONTO.

Offices—Cor. Church and Court Streets  
Entrance on Court Street.

NOTICE.—Subscription price to subscribers in the City of Toronto, owing to the cost of delivery, is \$2.50 per year: if paid strictly in advance \$1.50.

## LESSONS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

### SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Morning—Isaiah 5; S. John 3, 1-16.  
Evening—Isaiah 11, 1-11, or 24; S. John 18 1-28.

### THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion: 51, 178, 313, 318.  
Processional: 47, 48, 355, 352.  
Offertory: 186, 272, 293, 352.  
Children's Hymns: 180, 188, 335, 500.  
General Hymns: 101, 193, 353, 587.

### FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

(Christmas Eve).

Holy Communion: 307, 315, 321, 322.  
Processional: 268, 306, 58, 60.  
Offertory: 180, 181, 52, 53.  
Children's Hymns: 47, 333, 337, 340.  
General Hymns: 49, 50, 482, 484.

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

Holy Communion: 60, 316, 520, 523.  
Processional: 56, 59, 304, 545.  
Offertory: 58, 62, 483, 484.  
General: 57, 61, 63, 180.

### ON EARTH, PEACE.

"It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old."

It was the voice of the heavenly host; it was the utterance of the thought of the Most High concerning Him Who was on that night born in the city of David, as a gift and a blessing to mankind. "On earth peace." Was it not needed? Throughout the whole extent of the human family the prevailing element was discord, strife, war. And wherever in human hearts there sprang up the spirit of brotherhood, men mourned and

wept and longed for the happy time of which they had dreamt from age to age, the return of the golden age, when the temple of war should be shut, and men should live together as brethren. So they longed and dreamt and hoped. And at last it is declared that the Prince of Peace is born. And the Spirit of peace is in His heart, and on His lips. The weary and the heavy-laden are invited to come to Him, with the assurance that He will give them rest; and His words were with power. The raging waves of the sea were silent at His command; and there was a great calm. The demons left the bodies which they had possessed and tormented. When He parted from His disciples, He left with them the blessing of peace: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled." And the promise was fulfilled; the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, fell upon the souls of men and kept their hearts and minds, and the messenger of Christ spoke words of peace on the dwellings of men, and the Son of Peace came and dwelt there. And so through the ages that have intervened the spirit of peace has come and dwelt with men upon the earth. And now at this blessed Christmas season we can take up the angelic song, and proclaim: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace." And yet, and yet alas! Are we not conscious of discordant notes? At the very moment, while we are writing, the sounds of warfare are resounding on the field of battle. Wars are proceeding and rumours of wars are being heard in every quarter of the Globe. And we are reminded of another aspect of the work of the Prince of Peace, that a solid peace may be obtainable only by the way of warfare; for has not He also said: "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." Yes, these are the words of the Prince of Peace, and we shall understand them and acquiesce in them, when we understand the peace which He came on earth to procure and bestow. What is the peace that men too often desire? A peace which is superficial and immediate—a peace which is consistent with injustice and wrong. Let there be peace in our time, men are wont to cry. Not such a peace does Christ approve, promise, bestow. His is a peace which comes from righteousness and truth and love. If these cannot be had, then war is better, until the battle of justice is won. Not peace without righteousness can He ever approve, but peace as the fruit of righteousness. And therefore we can raise our hearts in thankfulness to God on the very Festival of Peace, and confess that He is bringing peace in His own true and gracious and effectual manner. For He is teaching us by what means He will bring peace upon the earth. Nay, even in the midst of wars and tumults, He is giving us peace of heart. He is teaching us what is true peace—peace with God through

our Lord Jesus Christ—the ground of all other peace, of all peace that can endure.

### A MERRIE CHRISTMAS.

There are few things more instructive than the changes undergone in language. And there are few things sadder to contemplate than the evidences of deterioration presented by such changes. Words, at one time full of noble meaning, are often found degraded through the uses to which they have been put. Take, for example, the word "simple," one of the most beautiful words in its original meaning—single one fold; and yet it has come to mean, in ordinary language, something hardly better than foolish. So it is with the old English word "merrie," which simply meant joyful, but gradually has assumed a meaning, which we do not easily associate with sober and rational joy. Thus we hesitate to wish one another a Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year, fearing lest we should be introducing a thought at variance with the solemn season which we commemorate. There was a time when our forefathers spoke of praising God with "awful mirth," but we now hesitate to speak in the hundredth Psalm of serving "with mirth," and all our recent editions make us say serve Him "with fear," which destroys the whole meaning of the line: "Serve the Lord with joyfulness." Shall we not make an effort to bring back these beautiful sacred words? Surely if there is a moment in the year in which we should be merrie, and serve the Lord with gladness, it is at Christmas, when we hear again, the Angel proclaiming: "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people?" If ever there is a moment in the life of man in which our joy would be pure and sacred, it must be when we kneel at the Manger Throne of the Son of God, and there learn lessons of love to all mankind. In no mere thoughtless repetition of well-worn words, therefore, but as entering into all the depth and fullness of their meaning, we wish to our friends, to the Church, to the world, "A Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year."

### THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. JAMES'.

It is with general satisfaction that the public have heard of the acceptance of the rectorship of St. James' Cathedral by the Rev. Dr. Welch, the Provost of Trinity College. Dr. Welch has been a resident in this city for more than four years, and it is universally acknowledged that few men have in a shorter space of time gained a firmer hold on the respect and confidence of the public. The following particulars, with regard to Dr. Welch's past history, will be of interest, not only to his new parishioners, but to the public at large, and as we have taken pains to verify them, they may be depended upon:

Mr. Welch was born in 1827, at King's College, London, England. He was educated at King's College School, London, where he gained the Forest and the King's scholarships, and the gold medal, and was head of the school when he left in 1850. The same year he proceeded to Cambridge, and gained the Price Exhibition, at King's College. A few months later he won an open classical scholarship and the Bell University scholarship. In 1882 he took his B.A. degree (1st class Classical Tripos), and two years later was placed in the second-class of the Theological Tripos. He spent some months in the Leeds Clergy School, and in 1884 was ordained deacon by Bishop Jackson. Mr. Welch was curate of St. Paul's, Haggerston, from 1884 to 1886, and in the latter year obtained his M.A. degree, when he received the appointment of domestic chaplain to Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. Here he had charge of students preparing for holy orders under the Bishop. Upon the demise of Bishop Lightfoot, Mr. Welch was appointed by the Crown to the living of the Venerable Bede's Church at Gateshead, where he remained until his appointment in April, 1895, as Provost and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Trinity College, Toronto. On November 13th, 1895, Mr. Welch was duly installed as Vice-Chancellor of Trinity University, receiving at the same time from the University the honorary degree of D.C.L. In 1890 he married Miss Edith Marion Graat Mackintosh, of Edinburgh, Scotland. It will be seen that the new rector brings to his office, not only a ripe scholarship, but a large and varied experience in Church work, whilst his unanimous election by the highly educated congregation of St. James' may be accepted as a conclusive testimony to his ability as a preacher. It is not too much to say that in Mrs. Welch, who is the grand-niece of the celebrated Professor Blackie, the rector will find one ready to second him in all his undertakings for the good of the Church and the parish.

#### THE JUBILEE OF TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

Trinity men are looking forward to celebrating the Jubilee of their Alma Mater in the summer of 1901. That an institution has lived and done its work for fifty years is in itself no slight justification of its existence. That work has been two-fold. In the first place Trinity has offered to Churchmen, and we may now add, Churchwomen, the advantages of a liberal education in Arts, based upon a definitely religious foundation, and secured by all the incalculable advantages of a liberal education, and shared by all the students of the University. In the second place, Trinity has offered to the Church at large, the advantages of a residence system for Arts' students, based upon a definitely religious foundation, and secured by all the incalculable advantages of a residence system, and shared by all the students of the University.

Trinity has done a great deal of work for the Church, and her work has been well done. She has not been content to do the work of a theological college, and give up the work of educating laymen for general life; the answer has always been that religious instruction and the residence system are factors so important in education as to be indispensable if the highest educational results are to be reached. Nor have we any doubt that the maintenance by Trinity of these two principles of education has had beneficial results which defy calculation. People know that Trinity is not numerically great, but they do not on that account despise her. She has a distinct individuality, which Trinity men carry abroad, and the public recognizes this. The graduates of other and larger institutions cordially acknowledge it. "Trinity may not be large," as one of them recently remarked, "but she produces a good article." If this testimony is true, and we believe it is, and the Church University has lived for fifty years, during the days of small things, it would seem to be a matter of supreme importance that it should be placed permanently and once for all on a footing which will enable it to carry on its work in all its acknowledged efficiency from this time onward. Canada is just beginning to grow prosperous enough to support any institution which is of real educational value in the development of this country. And it is this point upon which we wish to insist—that Trinity has, and is recognized as having, a real educational value among the forces moulding Canadian life. This being the case, Churchmen ought to bestir themselves to strengthen their University so that this force may be still further developed. The approaching commemoration of the Jubilee will afford an excellent opportunity. Churchmen should realize everywhere that, with the rarest exceptions, they should consider it the right and natural thing to send to Trinity those of their sons and daughters who are to have a university education. Trinity is their own University, and these are the students for whose benefit it was founded. No announcement has yet been made as to the exact form which the financial side of the commemoration will take; but we desire to impress upon Churchmen, of Ontario (primarily, though not exclusively), the great necessity on their part of active sympathy and even some self-sacrifice, and also the great opportunity afforded by the concurrence of "better times," with the Trinity Jubilee. We feel that we can hardly bring our remarks to an end without referring to a subject which of late, as several times before, has been ventilated to some extent in the columns of the daily press. The question recurs periodically whether it would not be for the advantage of educational interests generally, and for Trinity's special work in particular, that Trinity should enter into federation with the Provincial University. No doubt there is much to be said on both sides; and it is a matter which can ultimately be decided only by the public opinion of the Church at large; and it will be some time before people can be put in possession of the

information necessary to enable them to arrive at a well grounded conclusion. But in any case, whatever the Church ultimately decides, whether Trinity remains independent or enters the federation, Religious Instruction and the Residence System for Arts' students must remain the distinguishing characteristics of the Church University; these are privileges which in or out of federation cost money. Will the Church respond so that in the future Trinity may continue to produce those results which have given her her unique value as an educational factor in the life of this country? We are convinced that she will.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY—A SERMON.

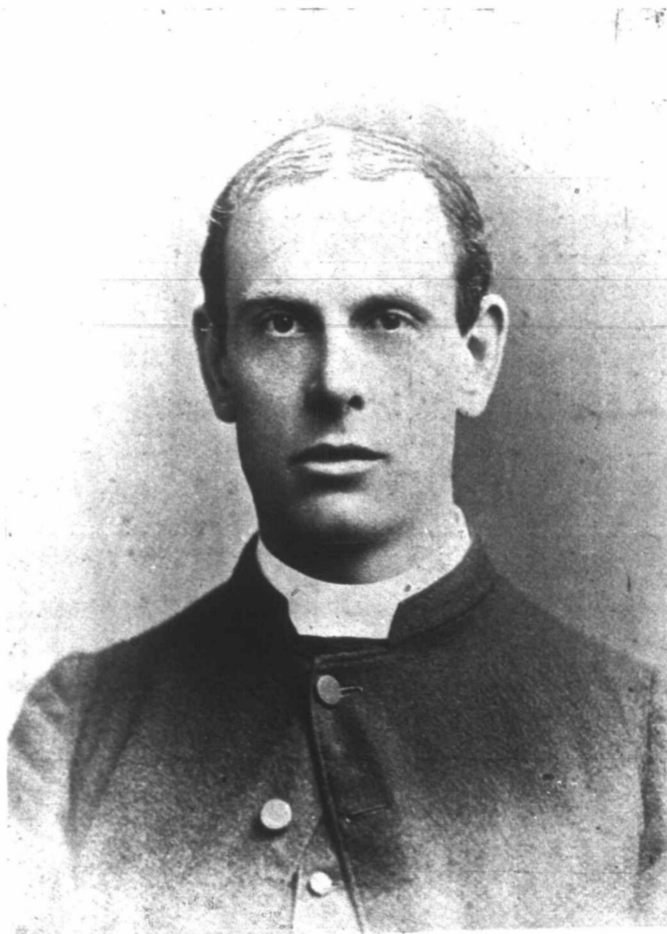
By the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael, D.D.

And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. St. Luke, ii, 9.

Outside of the world of nature all our consciousness predicates something as existing, and the consciousness of man for all time has, as far as we know, done the same. Given a universe filled with heavenly bodies of glowing splendour for man to gaze on and speculate about, all such gazing and speculation have resulted in imagining a state of life outside our own that we call "the supernatural," because it seems to be above our natural life; like it in some ways, though distinct from it in many, and possessed of the power of entering into our lives, or touching them, not only by guiding influences, whether for good or evil, but by appearances; voices, visions and so on. Thus man has worked out for himself two distinct worlds—the visible and the invisible, the latter as real as the former, if only our eyes were gifted with that piercing power which could look through whatever it is that divides one world from the other. And this reasoning of man, corrected and guided into proper channels, is in every way endorsed by the Word of God, as in accordance with the truth of things as they really exist. Out in this world, invisible to us, is God—Father, Son and Holy Ghost—is the paradise of blessed souls, is the waiting-place of all departed spirits, is the home of angel and archangel, is the fortress of all the evil that besets, and the greater stronghold of all the good that sweetens our lives and makes eternal happiness possible. How marvellous to think of it! How the brightest and most beautiful object that earth could fill our sense of sight with would pale and grow dim, if only our eyes could be opened for a moment to the glory and splendour that, as Scripture teaches us, is all about us and around us, as truly as the sunlight itself, when piercing the clouds, it reigns as king. The great eternal things, and the splendour of all divine things—oh! if for one moment we could see them, what a sense of God we should have, how real countless things would become that now are swathed in mystery! Now, one of the charms of Christmas is that for a moment it draws aside the veil, pulls back the curtain, and we catch glimpses of things that at other times are to us invisible. Everything about

Christmas comes from beyond; the springs of it burst forth in the invisible world; mother and earthly father each are touched with its mysterious power; even the rough shepherds seem to glow in a light that shines from above, and the mystic star that guides the travellers from the distant East gleams and glistens with a light divine. As one reads the whole story in quietness, the conviction seems forced in on one that, after all, the most real world of power, majesty, beauty, glory, is not that which is visible, but that which lies out beyond, and of which Christmas gives us a passing glimpse. These Christmas angels, how beautiful they are, as Heaven seems to open and they pour forth on rushing wing and fill the midnight sky with humanlike forms, bright and beautiful, whilst the whole air thrills and reverberates with the sound of human words uttered by thousands of angelic lips, and borne aloft on harmonies of voice that rise and swell and fade away in the beauties of celestial music. Oh! what a world that must be, where such as these are the common messengers of God to do His bidding! Then linked with Christmas, though strictly not a part of it, how magnificent is Gabriel, standing at the right side of the altar of incense, a form of unearthly splendour and beauty, yet using human language, as he says, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God!" Apart from all doubt, well might the eyes of Zacharias have been blinded as he looked on him whose place was in the very centre of all the glories that are divine. Then the infant Child itself—true Child, yet heralded as never was child before: "Thou shalt call his name Emmanuel—God with us," and "Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," and "the Son of the Highest," and "the Son of God." That wondrous Child, whose own mother called it "God, my Saviour," and whom the aged Simeon, as he looked on it, called "My Salvation." Wonderful are the hosts of angels that fill the heavens with their glory; wonderful, Gabriel, the messenger of the Highest; but mere motes in sunbeams these, as compared with the wonder of all wonders, the mystery of mysteries—a feeble child, and that child "God with us." "They shall call His name Emmanuel—God with us." As the shepherds look they see more than an infant. Out from the glory of the Heaven that shone all about them they still hear the single voice of the angel teacher: "Seek out the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger; for that child is born for you today—your Saviour, Christ the Lord." As Mary looks upon her child she sees more than an infant. "If angels' word be true (and who dare doubt it?) "that Holy thing born of me is the Son of God." As wise men from the distant East look, they see more than an infant, they see a God, for they fall down and worship Him. How wonderful, and yet how real! There is reality in the cool, clear midnight air, the solemn silence of night, the

brilliant stars, the sleeping sheep, the watching shepherds, the earthly city close at hand, hushed and silent. But not less real are the gates of Heaven, flung open wide, whilst hosts of angels, whose brilliancy dims the stars themselves, sweep down on earth, like marshalled armies, filling the midnight air with the melody of Heaven, and the words of earth combined. Each angel is as real as each shepherd; He Who in solitary grandeur spoke the words that awoke the heavenly anthem, as real as that shepherd who first said: "Let us go into Bethlehem, and the outburst of heavenly music as real as that with which in centuries long after man sought to lift up the words. It is all real—angels and shepherds, mother and sleeping child—the two worlds, visible and invisible, meeting together on that Christmas morning and blending into one. And so Christmas calls us through Jesus Christ, Who lived and died to save our



REV. E. A. WELCH, M.A., D.C.L., RECTOR ST. JAMES', TORONTO.

souls, to look out beyond Bethlehem, beyond the calm of earthly resting, beyond the stars themselves, to that real world of teeming life, where God is, and whence Christ Jesus came. To one He said, when death drew near: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." Paradise—let the Christmas Child teach us to lift up our eyes there. To others He will say, when all things earthly are ended: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" let the Christmas Child teach us to lift up our eyes there. To others He has promised, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I shall be his God, and he shall be My son;" let the Christmas Child lead us to lift up our eyes to that inheritance, for these are the real, yet invisible, things which lie out beyond us—the "blessed country," the "Heavenly Jerusalem," the "city of God." As real yet for us, if only we are faithful, as the stairway of our life fast wearing be-

neath our feet, or the bright ringing laughter of many a child this morning, as it starts on the lower steps of the stairway, weighed down with Christmas gifts. The visible and the invisible, this country stretching on and on till it meets "the blessed country," out of which the angels came to break the silence of Christmas morning.

#### A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

One of the most beautiful aspects of the first Christmas was its fusion of the human and divine with a completeness which the imagination of man would never have dared to picture. The shining of the star and the song of the angels, with its heavenly benediction, were purely celestial; but the manger in which the child was born and the shepherds who came to visit him were not only of the earth, but illustrated the most obscure and lowly forms of life and social condition. It is an old story that men rejected the Christ because he came in a form so unobtrusive and a garb so humble. Faith was not large enough to accept a messenger thus clothed; imagination was not quick enough to discern beneath the human the divine; and the world has stumbled ever since over this great truth. In its searchings for the coming of the Christ in modern life, it has often turned away discouraged and baffled because the signs were not more obvious and intrusive. It has come to speak of Christmas Day as the remembrance of a beautiful dream of the past, and of the song of the angels as the psalm of a great hope rather than a sublime prophecy of that which was to come. Amid the struggles, contentions, and tumults of society, peace and good-will seem further off than before; and in the revelations of unrighteousness, selfishness, tyranny, and greed, the spirit of the Christ seems more remote than ever. Anyone, who knows a little section of life in any social condition, knows those whose whole career is one long, unselfish service; anyone who knows life in any section of the tenement-house districts in a great city knows a multitude of beautiful illustrations of self-surrender and self-denial; patient women, untraced, and unconscious of their own usefulness, who are quietly and cheerfully, day by day, living the Christ life; brave men, under all kinds of disabilities, who are uncomplainingly doing their work, bearing their burdens, and sharing whatever strength and joy come to them with those who are in need of these things. The world was never so full of humble, unostentatious, Christian service as to-day. Beneath the uproar of contending principles and the clash of opposing forces, which seem sometimes to fill the whole world with the tumult of their antagonisms, there is another world, full of pain and sorrow and heavy with care, but full also of the sweetness of sacrifice, the joy of surrender, and the peace of unselfishness.

THE COLLECTS ON THE EVE OF ADVENT.

The Collects on the Eve of Advent are of a very early date, and are found in the period of the Reformation, and are placed at the end of the Collects of the Early Christmas Masses, the first and second Sundays being inserted in the Epistles, and that for the third Sunday being introduced at the last revision. The fourth Collect is therefore the only ancient one, and has no direct reference to the season of Advent. The Collect consists of three parts:

- I. A prayer for Divine aid and strength; we cast ourselves upon the strength of God.
- II. A prayer for Divine assistance, setting forth our insufficiency.
- III. The blessing which follows, and the special source—the intercession of the Eternal Son.

Christmas Day.

We are not sure of the period at which Christmas Day was first observed in the Church. Although it is probable that such a festival was kept at a very early period. In the Roman church there were three celebrations, and in the Prayer Book of 1549 there were two. The Gospel at one of the celebrations becoming the second lesson in our service. The Church desired to surround the festival of the Nativity with all due honour, the commemoration of the Nativity being accompanied by the festivals of St. Stephen, St. John and the Holy Innocents. The Collect was taken from an ancient Collect much beautified:

- I. It begins with a recognition of the assumption of our nature by the only begotten Son, and His birth of a pure virgin.

by J. W. Darton; price, 1s. 6d. "Sunday Reading for the Young," (illustrated), price, 3s.

by J. W. Darton; price, 1s. 6d. "Sunday Reading for the Young," (illustrated), price, 3s.

Home & Foreign Church News

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Frederick Courtney, D.D., Bishop, Halifax, N.S. New Glasgow—St. George's. The Rev. A. S. J. Woodroffe will preach his farewell sermon in this church on the 31st inst., and will then leave for Sydney.

FREDERICTON.

Hollingsworth Tully Kingdon, D.D., Bishop, Fredericton, N.B. St. John—St. John's. A very pleasant congregational reception was held in the school room of this parish on the evening of the 21st ult. It was held under the auspices of the Young People's Association and the parish. Addresses were made by leading members of the congregation. The mission under the leadership of Rev. Arthur Murphy, is proving very successful. Mid-day services at the Church of England Institute are attracting a good number of men.

Hampton.—The new rector-elect of Hampton, the Rev. Charles de Veber Schofield, was inducted on Sunday, the 10th inst. The new rector has lately returned from England, where he spent some years in post-graduate study, and lately in work as curate. The morning service was held in St. Paul's church, and the evening service at St. Mary's, Hampton village.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following books have just been received from the publishers, Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co., Paternoster Buildings, London, England. They are in the office of The Canadian Churchman for inspection. "Chamberbox Christmasbox," by A. "Nobody," J. Ley, Perthbridge, V. G. Walker & Co.; price, 1s. "Stories from Froissart," by Henry Newbolt; price, 6s. "Saunterings in Bookland with Gleanings by the Way," by Joseph Shaylor; price, 3s. 6d. "Chickabiddy Stories," by Edmund Mitchell; price, 2s. 6d. "Tahtha Cumi," by James Adderley; price, 1s. "The Power of Womanhood," by Ellice Hopkins; price, 3s. 6d. "Resources and Responsibilities," by Watkin W. Williams; price, 6s. "Lord I Believe," by M. C. Collingwood; price, 2s. 6d. "Margaret at the Manse," by Ethel T. Heddle; price, 6s. "I Lived as I Listed," by Alfred I. Matland; price, 6s. "Cyril, the Foundling," illustrated by W. H. C. Groome; price, 1s. "Courage," by Ismay Thorne; price, 2s. "Rags and Tatters," by Stella Austin; price, 2s. 6d. "Great Grandmother's Shoes," by Stella Austin; price, 2s. "Tom, the Hero," by Stella Austin; price, 2s. 6d. "The Hoard of the Sea Wasps," by F. Scarlett-Potter; price, 1s. "Hsa the Wind-child," by Dora Jellett; price, 1s. 6d. "The Boys of Barminster," by A. B. Simcoe; price, 1s.—"Mothers in Council," by Charlotte M. Yonge; price, 3s.—"Friendly Leaves," by Christabel Coleridge; price, 2s.—"The Young Standard-Bearer," price, 1s. 6d.—"Leading Strings,"



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OTTAWA

Charles Hamilton, D.D., Bishop, Ottawa, Ont. The Rev. W. H. Thomas, who was member of this parish for a comparatively short time, has left for Winnipeg, where he has been appointed by the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, rector of St. Luke's church. The Bishop of Ottawa has

Ottawa, St. John's. During the week of Friday evening, the Rev. Frank Allen, M.A., of Chateaufort, Que., is delivering a course of lectures on Parish Church History, continued by an address by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew observed the patronal festival this year in St. John's church. At 7 a.m., there was a corporate communion at which the Rev. Canon Pollard was the celebrant. At 8 p.m., there

Montreal, preach of a most stirring sermon and an offertory was made on behalf of Foreign Missions.

Eganville, St. Paul's. It is hoped that this church will be opened for Divine service on Xmas Day. The completion will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,700, of which by far the greater part has been obtained. To strengthen the church the bu-

Sunday Read-  
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MADONNA AND CHILD.

appointed as his successor the Rev. Wm. Netton, late of the diocese of Newfoundland. It may be of interest to note that Mr. Netton's father and grandfather were clergy, who worked long and faithfully in Newfoundland. With the consent of the Bishop the Rev. Rural Dean Bliss of Eganville, and Robert N. Jones of Pakenham have exchanged parishes; also the Revs. A. H. Coleman of Arnprior, and Thomas Stiles of Iroquois.

was evensong with sermon by the Rev. J. Ker, D.D., rector of Grace Church Montreal.

Christ Church Cathedral.—On Friday, Dec. 1st, a joint service of Intercession for Missions was held in this Cathedral church at 8 p.m. The special intercessions offered were those authorized for use in the Diocese of Ottawa, and drawn up by the Bishop of Fredericton. The Rev. Dr. Ker, of

tresses have been built up with hard brick and cement. Eaves have also been built for the water to fall clear of these on the sides of the building. The inside of the church will present a very chaste and beautiful appearance. At each of the pairs of principals beautifully wrought arches have been erected, surmounted by a massive rounded cross. The church is of brick, the roof is slate, and the outside woodwork is finished in chocolate color.



ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS.

Advent calls us to awake and watch. Souls are awaking, but who amongst us is fully awake? If any fancy they are "wide awake" about "the things that belong to their peace," let them think seriously once again. For

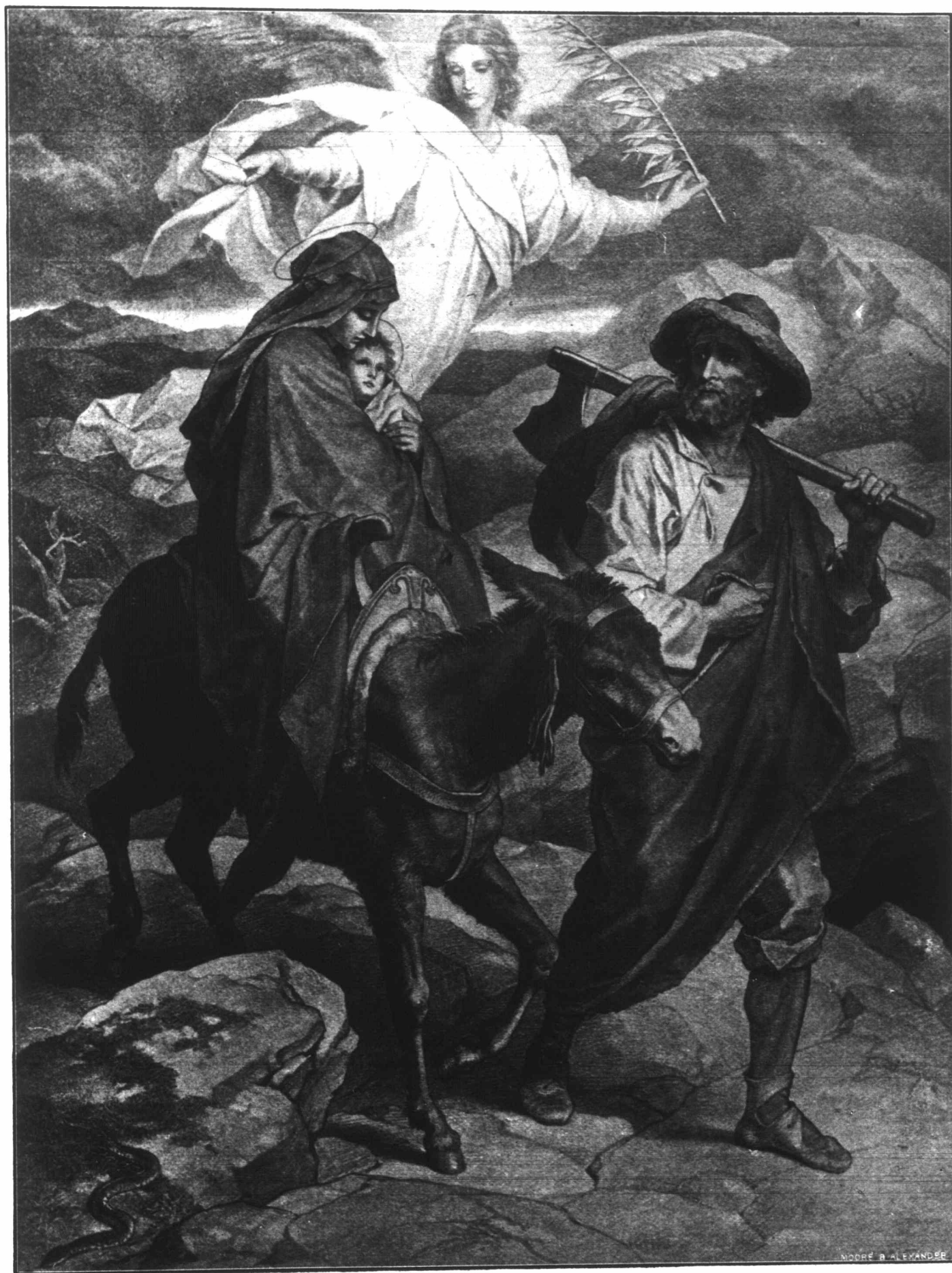
advent is not a time of fancy and idle dreaming or pleasure. It is a time to be wide awake, to be fully awake, to know no alarm or uneasiness. And dulcet voices calm our fears when they are aroused. Yet Christ comes again to us, and bids us arise and call on the Lord.

To all those who are praying and looking

charge of St. Paul: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice!"

"Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart and soul and voice."

We should be very hard indeed to move, and still more unworthy than we need be of "the kindness of God our Saviour," if we did not rejoice in the Lord at Christmas time.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

He Who has come, and will come again, stands now at the entrance to our hearts. He knocks upon every one of us; for He says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." If His knocking at our hearts' door will not awaken us, what will? We sleep because of the opiates of sin. Our spirits are dulled by carelessness, by unbelief, by ex-

up, the Advent of Christ brings the precious gifts He brought at His Incarnation.

Christmas teaches us first of all to rejoice. The angelic message at Christ's birth was "good tidings of great joy," because of the birth of "a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." The Epistle for the Sunday before Christmas Day (Philippians iv., 4), contains this stirring

and also "at all times and in all places." Do not be afraid of rejoicing.

Christmas teaches us the meaning of "peace." There will be no joy if there is not peace first—a peaceful mind—a heart garrisoned by peace—a spirit purified and ruled by the peace that has come in the Incarnation. If it says anything plainly, it is this:

...the very God of peace." "Glorify to God in the highest." Peace to men of good will on the earth. Be thankful, faithful servants of the Lord, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Christmas teaches men to love one another: home love, and a wider love still—universal charity: man the friend of man; compassion for the sufferer, deliverance for the oppressed, light for those in darkness. Love is the lesson of the Incarnation. Let Christians believe the lesson, and they will have found peace. Let us all be determined to live under the law of love, and we shall live indeed. If all who profess themselves Christians would live by the law of love, the world would soon feel the power of compassion everywhere. God loves the world and gives His Son. Christ loves the world and gives Himself. The Holy Spirit loves the world and brings the power of love into our hearts. Let us not refuse it. Let us always understand that religion is love, the Incarnation is the Incarnation of love. God is love. And for us "love is the law's completeness."

Love, remember, is practical. One of the most practical pieces of writing is St. John's First Epistle, and it makes love of God and our brother the real test of our religion.

"Compassion on the multitude!" What a

...the words have! Christ looks upon the sad faces of the people are restless and dissatisfied—they are seeking rest. They require a Shepherd. The Shepherd is that One whose heart was moved with compassion.

Christmas time brings round again the custom of making presents to our friends as far as we are able. Suppose this year we begin to send some timely offering to our enemies also?

"Heap coals of fire on their heads." Certainly do so, if you happen to have any who are at enmity, and are also badly off. Try to bring pleasure and love to the hearts of the old men and women who are not well-to-do.

Do not forget those people, who, during the year have fallen under misfortune, and are not so well off as they used to be. Persons in what are called "reduced circumstances," feel the loss of food and other comforts far more deeply than those who were never well-to-do. The children will not be forgotten; love will always make their Christmas bright. Find out some poor children, who are thinly clad, and without boots or shoes, and "clothe the naked."

Last, not least, invalids and sick people must be made to feel that the Birthday of Him, Who delighted to heal the sick, brings many a healing balm to them in the shape of kindly attention, suitable gifts, tender sympathy, words of hope and cheer, and fervent prayer that avail much.

JIMMIE BOY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, if you could bring  
A patent doll to dance and sing,  
A five pound box of caramels,  
A set of reins with silver bells;

An elephant that roars and walks,  
A Brownie doll that laughs and talks,  
A humming top that I can spin,  
A desk to keep my treasures in,

A boat or two that I can sail,  
A dog to bark and wag his tail,  
A pair of little bantam chicks,  
A chest of tools, a box of tricks;

A scarlet suit of soldier togs,  
A spear and net for catching frogs,  
A bicycle and silver watch;  
A pound or two of butterscotch;

A small toy farm with lots of trees,  
A gun to load with beans and peas,  
An organ and a music box,  
A double set of building blocks—

If you will bring me these, I say,  
Before the coming Christmas Day,  
I sort of think, perhaps, that I'd  
Be pretty nearly satisfied.

—Harper's Young People.

—Temptations come to us, which are as hard to overcome as were the giants with which the old-time knights had to fight. And we are as much entitled to glory as were they, if we battle bravely.

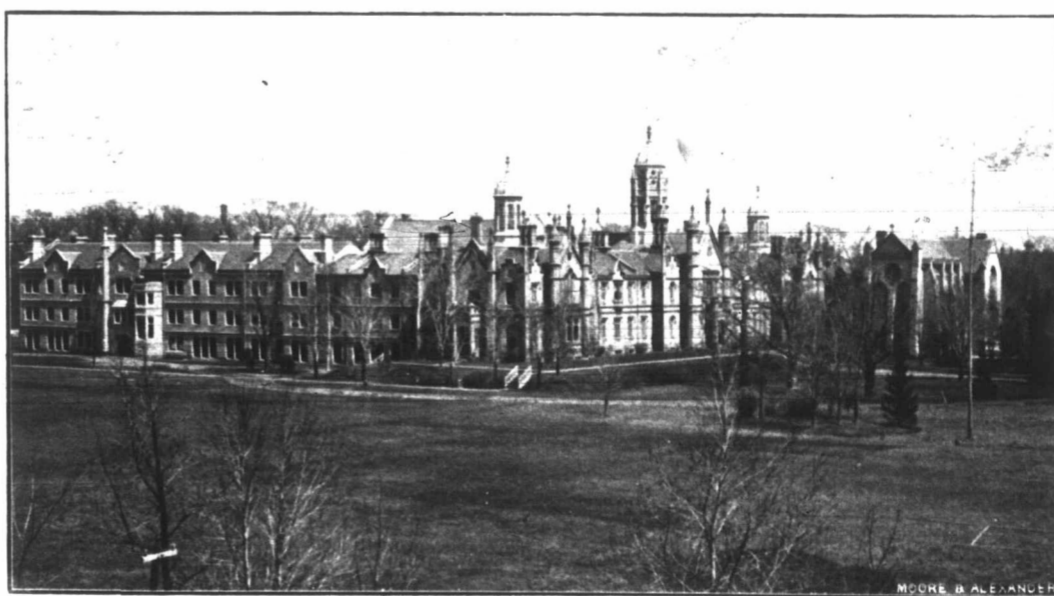
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A CHRISTMAS DAY.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

Wouldn't it be beautiful if we could have one real Christmas Day? Just one. The world might like it so well that it would want another. Think a moment what it would be like. It would have no war in it. There would not be millions of soldiers, drilling and disciplining themselves to kill other soldiers, or to prevent other soldiers from killing them. There would be no armies to keep what land we have, or to get land from others, which they are unwilling to give up. There would be no big war-ships built for the purpose of destroying other big war-ships, and putting to death the skilled mechanics who operate them. There would be no arsenals, no camps with thousands of men segregated from productive pursuits, no navy yards, no foundries and factories for the manufacture of big guns, and rifles and pistols, and swords, and bayonets, and knives, and cartridges, and different kinds of deadly powders and explosives. But wouldn't this be a great loss? Yes. For these are industries upon which thousands depend. But as all these industries are for the express purpose of destroying lives and property—and unless they do destroy lives and property they seem luxuries—would not the world be richer, in a generation, if all our industries were devoted to creating property and saving lives? Then, on that Christmas Day, there would be no poverty. But there has always been poverty! Yes. That is no reason why it is desirable, or a good thing in the world. There would be no poverty, because everybody would be industrious and thrifty and not envious, and as for the sick and the unfortunate, everybody would feel as much sympathy for the pain of others as for his own pain. We might not have a Christmas Day without suffering and pain, but nothing of what we call poverty in a world pervaded by economic Christian principles. There would be no drunkenness,

because everybody would be temperate, using moderation both in eating and drinking. No one would any more stimulate himself into a beastly condition of drunkenness than he would burn off his hand in the fire when he felt the need of warming himself. There would be no more prisons, lock-ups, jails, not even county jails, the worst of all for manufacturing criminals, because there would be no more criminals at large in the com-

Christmas night we should not need to lock a door or a window, or put our silver in a safe. Rather we should be rejoicing that all the sick men were cared for, and that all the criminals were in a position where they might become as fit as we to celebrate Christmas Day. No war, poverty, drunkenness, crime (alas! sin is dealt with elsewhere), on Christmas Day? But this cannot be, on account of human nature being what it is. Human nature? If this is so, then we have a poor prospect in the world. Let us rather say the beastly nature in man, which is as yet unsubdued, and unresponsive to the simple teaching of the Master of Christmas. Is this a sermon? No, an idle dream. And is not to want the best to be pessimistic? Let us roll in the Yule log, and hang the mistletoe, and see! the host is rising to propose the health of all the world, and "God bless us all!"

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

To-day is Life's Birthday, the Birthday of that life which for us creatures takes away the sting of death, and brings the bright promise of eternal gladness hereafter. Rejoice, you who are faithful, for you draw nearer to the Crown. Rejoice you that are sinful, for your Saviour offers you pardon. Rejoice all, for all have an equal share in the great cause of joy. God calls all to life. Rejoice all, for on this day a Son was born to the sweet and willing Virgin, a Child of Man—and the eternal Word, God of God, Light of Light, shines forth in that blessed Child, the Hope of the sorrowful, the Saviour of sinners, the Life of men. Let us beseech God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, that Jesus Christ, born in the winter, may

be born within every heart where winter reigns, and that the new birth in each soul may make this a truly happy Christmastide.

—Make use of time, if thou valuest eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled; to-morrow cannot be assured; to-day only is thine, which, if thou procrastinatest, thou lovest, which loss is lost forever.—Jeremy Taylor.



"MORNING AT NAZARETH."

munity. No bad men? Well, not so many as now, if we could get Christianity (which we celebrate this day), well started in the world. But there would be sick and diseased persons, and hospitals. No doubt. So, there might be bad men and women, degenerates, perhaps even incorrigibles, but they would be in reformatories, old and young, remaining there till they were cured. On

Christmas again! Christmas again!  
 What does it mean, and what does it bring?  
 And what does it miss that should remain?  
 O Christmas time is a wonderful thing!  
 Christmas again! Christmas again!  
 There are bright green leaves on the holly tree,  
 But withered leaves fly over the plain.  
 And the forests are brown and bare to see  
 Christmas again! Christmas again!  
 The snow lies light and the wind is cold,  
 But the wind it reacheth some hearts of pain.  
 And the snow it falleth on heads grown old  
 Christmas again! Christmas again!  
 What kindling fires flash through the hall?  
 The flames may flash but the shadows remain,  
 And where do the shadows this night fall?  
 Christmas again! Christmas again!  
 It looks through windows - it treads the floor,  
 Seeking for what earth could not retain -  
 Watching for those who will come no more.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS.

"Hail Mary! That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." That is what we mean when we say, in the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, dead, and buried."

We mean that the divine holiness or com-

... God  
 ... His own world as He  
 ... the divine wealth  
 ... was contained in the  
 ... the humble Jewish  
 ...

Divine power was in Christ as the creative power of nature is hidden in the secret, silent forces of springtime. God was conceived in Christ as the apple blossom of June is conceived in the root of the leafless tree in March; as the perfume of the violet in the mossy bank is conceived in the green plant which awakens to life at the touch of the April shower; as painting was conceived in the infant Raphael, as music was conceived in the sleeping Mozart or the boy Beethoven. This divine power of God was given to the world in the birth of Jesus; His divine character reached its human culmination in the tragedy of the Crucifixion; His superhuman life showed itself at the triumph of the Resurrection and the Ascension; His divineness was manifested in the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost, as the verdict of God to the meaning of His life. And thus every step in the Christian year makes emphatic that central fact of Christianity which shines forth resplendent at Christmas-time—Emmanuel, God with us.

But the mystery of Christmas is in human life only the mystery of God's incarnation in material life. God is conceived in nature every springtime; God is conceived in humanity again every Christmas time!

A HUGUENOT CHRISTMAS EVE.

An Historical Tale.

It was towards the close of the seventeenth century. The sun was sinking on a retired little valley in the south of France, filling the western sky with a flood of rosy light. Leaning on his staff, fascinated with the glorious spectacle, stood a solitary figure, a man well on the downward path of life. His long white hair shone in the evening glow like a halo round his face. Motionless he stood, eagerly drinking in each detail of the picture, until the sun, sending one last stream of light across the sky, disappeared behind the distant mountains. Then, with a sigh, he turned, and resumed his way towards the little cluster of buildings at the upper end of the valley. But not alone had he watched the departure of the day. Behind a near-by thicket was a man dressed as a peasant, who seemed to take more interest in the traveller than in the beauties of the brilliant sunset. Long and earnestly he gazed at him, and as the old man moved away a smile of triumph rested for a moment on his grim features. "Yea, 'tis he," he muttered. "But yet how changed! I scarce had known him." And springing to his feet he set rapidly off in the direction of the nearest city. The old man proceeded straight on to one of the largest of the cottages. He rapped at the door with his staff, and a child appeared before him. A look of bewilderment, a joyous cry of recognition, and the child was

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CHRISTMAS EVE.

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in his arms. The family crowded quickly around him heartily, and welcomed him as Pastor Lefarge. When refreshed and rested from his journey, he spoke to them of his visit. He was growing old, he said, and while he was yet able he wished once more to meet with the little flock that had once been his ere the Edict of Nantes had been revoked. Well did they know what would be the result if his intention became known to the dragoons, quartered but a few leagues

away and within one. Such an occasion had not been possible for years, and their hearts were filled with gratitude that this privilege had been granted them once more. After the administering of the sacrament, the congregation joined softly with hushed and trembling voices in a hymn. Then the gray-haired old minister rose to give his last words of blessing to his flock. But ere he could begin a cry of alarm rose from one of the outposts: "The dragoons! the dragoons!"

note of fear; but soon and joyfully swelled the triumph song. For a while the dragoons paused, awe-stricken for a moment—bitten only for a moment; then, being furious at their own show of feeling, they dashed upon them.

Never dawned a more beautiful Christmas morn. The sun rose in a sky of clearest blue; the song of the little birds filled the air; and all nature seemed to lift the glad paean of praise to the new-born King. Down in



MARY AND ELIZABETH.

away over the hills. But not for an instant did they hesitate. Such an opportunity was too precious to be missed. Far into the night they sat and planned the meeting, and in the morning the glad news of the service to be held that night was cautiously spread among the faithful in the valley. It was Christmas Eve, and with joy not unmixed with sadness, the little band of Huguenots gathered under the shining stars, in a narrow cleft in the mountains. The service was a

Quickly they fled to the mouth of the ravine, but alas! they were too late. The dragoons, led by the spy of the previous night, had cut off all retreat. Walled in by the towering mountains, and realizing that all was lost, they gathered round their leader, resolved to meet their fate like men and Christians. Suddenly a hymn was started, and in an instant the mountains rang with the melody. No whispering voices now; no terror could now daunt them; not a single

that little niche in the mountains peace and quiet reigned. There they lay as they had fought—around their well-loved pastor. They had been no match for the well-armed cavalry of Louis XIV., and ruthlessly had the ruffians done their work. They, too, now followed "in His train," and who can say what songs of joy and gladness and what words of praise greeted the end of that battle on that beautiful Christmas dawn, so many years ago?

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MAN, MANAGER





A NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS.

Although it was Christmas Eve and Louise was leaving school for the holidays, she was not in a very happy frame of mind. In the first place, mamma and papa were in Europe for mamma's health; and then Louise was to visit Aunt Hettie Morris, in Massachusetts, and Aunt Hettie had no children and lived at a hotel, which seemed to Louise very uninteresting, especially at Christmas time. She watched the telegraph poles fly past in a listless way for some time, and was just falling into a doze when the train stopped suddenly and the passengers rushed outside to see what the trouble was. "Big wreck ahead," said the brakeman, coming through the car, "no telling when we can get on." Louise felt more forlorn than ever now, and wished the conductor, in whose charge she had been placed, would not leave her all alone. A lady near soon found out the little girl's story. When the conductor came in a few moments after, the lady asked him if she might take Louise home for the night. The man was very much relieved, as he knew who the lady was and that she lived in a neighbouring town. As Louise and her kind friend left the train, the conductor said, "I will telegraph your uncle so they won't be worried about you." First there was a long, cold walk through the snow to H—, then a ride on the trolley to the next town. Here they were met by a burly farmer and big box-sled, which soon deposited them before a homelike farm-house. In a moment more Louise was being introduced by Mrs. Drake to all the big family: aunts, cousins, brothers and sisters, uncles, with dear old Grandpa and Grandma. As soon as "Aunt Mary," as the children called her, and Louise arrived, supper was served in the long dining-room, hung with green and trimmed with holly. After a jolly meal of everything good to eat came "Blind-man's-Buff," "Hunt-the-thimble," and "Drop-the-Handkerchief," among the children, while the elders told stories around the fire. The grand romp came to an end about nine o'clock, as everybody hung his or her stocking, long or short, about the great log fire. Louise was tucked in a big bed with a little girl of her own age, and they whispered and laughed till Grandma had to come in and tell them to go to sleep or Christmas would never come. Early in the cold, gray morning, Louise awoke to see her bed-fellow, with chattering teeth, scrambling into her clothes. "Merry Christmas!" she cried. "Hurry and get dressed." In a few moments the children were all down-stairs. Bulging stockings

hung each side of a wanda, fire. In the middle of the room stood a giant tree glistening with snow and ice, and loaded with gifts for young and old. After the stockings were emptied, the men came in from milking and feeding the cattle, and all adjourned to the dining-room for breakfast. After this, Uncle Harry distributed the gifts, and Louise was not forgotten. After the merriest hour that the little girl had ever spent, the aunts and mothers marshalled the children off to get ready for church. Three jolly loads finally were left at the meeting-house. How new it all was to the little city girl—the big, bare building, pews with doors, and choir tuning up to the music of violin, bass-viol and cornet. After church, while the elders stood

and description, vegetables without number, and all so good! Everybody waited on everybody else, and great fun it was. Louise's only trouble was to find room for all the good things. A procession of pies and puddings, with nuts and raisins, closed the feast. After a good game of snow-ball, in which all the children and some of the uncles joined, Louise and her uncle and aunt said good-bye to their kind entertainers, not before they had thanked them repeatedly for taking such good care of Louise. All promised to come and see Louise when her father and mother came home, while Nellie Drake was to visit her at Easter. Then, after a good hug all round, Louise followed Aunt Hettie into the sleigh, the bells jingled, and away they went over the glistening snow. And after Louise had seen her parents' gifts from Paris, and the "Jacob's Ladder," auntie had prepared, she told her uncle that her "New England Christmas" had been one of the loveliest she had ever spent.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is a happy, holy day to the Christian—happy and holy because of the Christmas Communion. On Christmas Eve the Christian hails the coming of the Day with joyous carols, and catches the spirit of the holy Feast, and tunes his heart for the coming of the Christ Child in the Eucharistic Feast. On Christmas, ere the day has dawned, the Christian hastens to the church, where the altar reminds him of the Manger Throne, and where the Christ Child awaits the faithful souls who love Him; and there, in Holy Communion, the Christian receives the great and wondrous Christmas gift—Jesus Himself. It is a happy feast to the Christian, and it is with more than earthly joy that he welcomes the Christ Child to his heart, and by his tender love and free-will offerings, the Christian seeks to make up for the coldness and poverty which welcomed Jesus on His first coming to earth on the first Christmas. Then, as the Day wears on, the Christians gather again about the altar and with songs of triumphant gladness they render the Eucharistic worship which is the glory of the Church upon earth, and the chief occupation of the Church in Heaven, and which gladdens the heart of God. Then, with the spirit of the Christ Child in their hearts, the Christians go forth to do the deeds of the Christ Child—those deeds of love and tenderness which the Christ Child teaches, and thus the Christian keeps "Merrie Christmas," because he keeps the feast with holy joy and gladness.



"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT PREACH THE GOSPEL OF PEACE, AND BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS."

talking, and sleigh after sleigh drew up before the steps, a strange lady and gentleman entered the church. It was Louise's Aunt Hettie and Uncle Charlie! The conductor's telegram had reached them, and they had come to take her home for Christmas dinner. This produced a great commotion, and Grandma said it was not to be thought of. Uncle and auntie must come home to dinner, too; and so it was settled. "It will be much pleasanter than our hotel dinner, I am sure of that," said Aunt Hettie. And Louise thought so, too. She felt, as she sat down at the children's table, that she had never seen such a dinner before. Such big, brown turkeys, such jellies of every colour

But you are a tiny butterfly,  
So you have no fear of a misty sky  
And so you can flutter over the snow  
Where the little feet of the children go.

I would send the dog, but he's rather rough,  
Or puss, but she's hardly steady enough  
If they met on the way a rat or a bird  
They would quite forget every word they'd heard.

But you will remember, and you will say,  
In butterfly speech, in your own bright way,  
"A happy Christmas! A good New Year!"  
Say that for me, Butterfly dear!

GIVE THE CHILDREN GOOD TIMES.

Remember the happiness of your own childhood, and ask yourself what earth contains that could purchase from you the blessed memory of those golden days. That never-to-be-forgotten excursion to the beach, those glorious mountain rides, the picnics, the birthday parties, Christmas surprises, the romps and merry games, the gleeful rides on papa's back, the quiet talks and delightful stories of mamma, the prayers at her knee, and the good-night kisses, how all those memories can cling and how you bless the father and mother who made your earliest years one dream of bliss. It takes but little

ness with all the stern realities of the new year before us. But we shall carry something over from this great holiday that will not fade if we are to keep it green, a new impulse of faith and love that will keep the world still growing brighter and better because of Christmas Day.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,  
With the Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;  
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!  
When He wept, the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then go dwell for ever near Him,  
See His face and sing His praise.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

Cold must be the heart that has no response to the great Christmas sentiment, barren indeed the home into which no recognition of the Christ-child enters, no thought of the inestimable gift that has made all mankind brethren. To the poorest and humblest of us this Christmas message speaks. The wise men required the guidance of a star, but to the watching shepherds the angel spoke face to face; and there is a Christmas sentiment in all these gay streets and jostling crowds that the wise men of our own day are not always the first to understand. In a few days more the evergreens will have faded, and we shall be going about our busi-

A CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from Heaven He descended,  
And became a Child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;  
When His birthplace was a stable,  
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,  
With the Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;  
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!  
When He wept, the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then go dwell for ever near Him,  
See His face and sing His praise.

—Watts.

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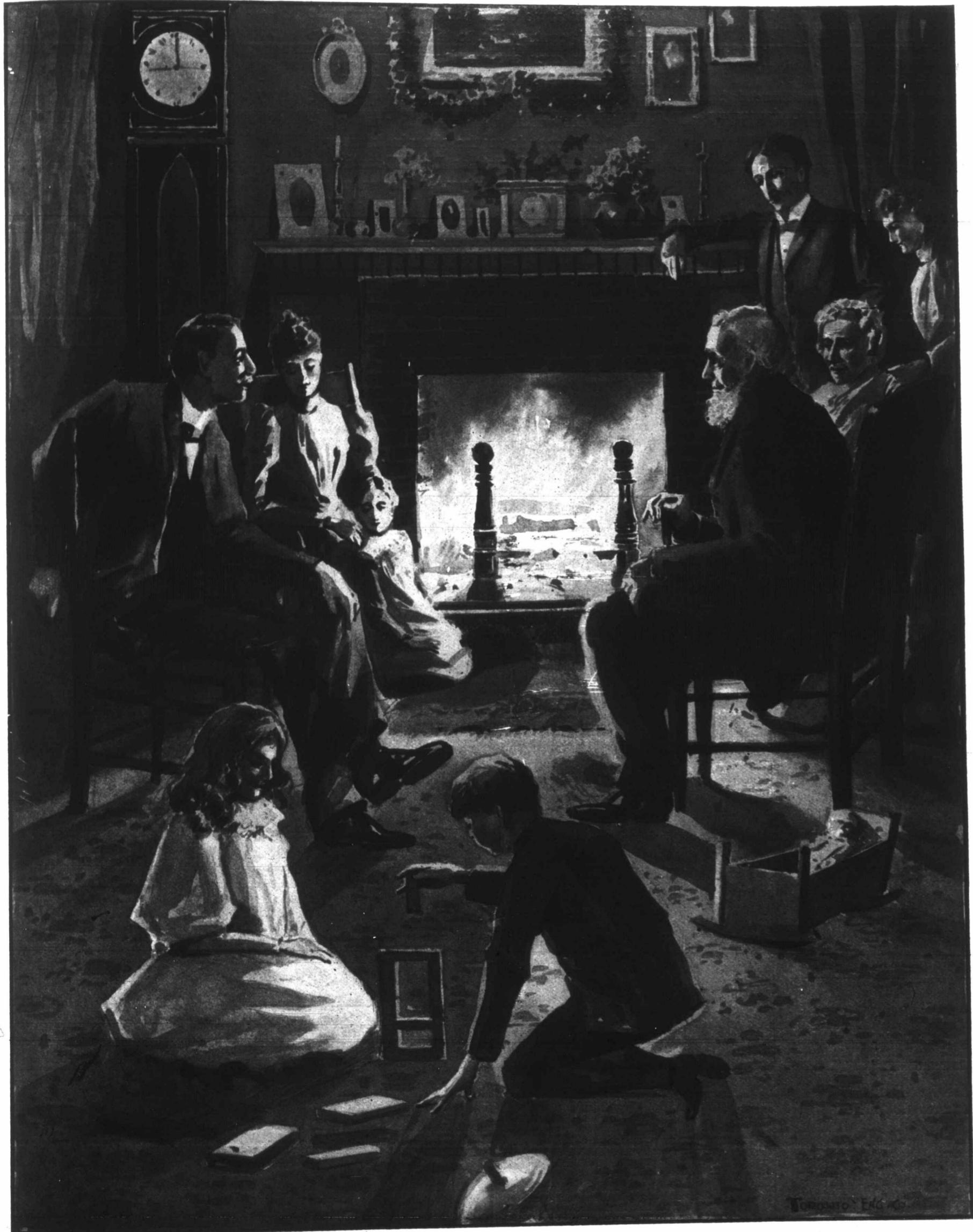
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THE REALM OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It is the realm of the Christmas tree,  
 Where the angels sit and wait,  
 To kiss or scatter them as they will,  
 In the tassled pines of the breezy hill,  
 Till we bring our tree when the Yule logs glow,  
 Clad in the soft ermine of the snow.

It is a realm of sunshine and silver mist,  
 Where the grays are woven with amethyst,  
 And the after calm of the storm is sweet,  
 With sunshine falling on frozen sleet,  
 'Till no queen ever shone in more diamonds bright  
 Than the tree we have chosen for Christmas night.

No sweeter bliss can to June belong,  
 With her flush of roses and throbs of song,  
 Than the bliss of twining in mystery  
 Each sweet surprise for our Christmas tree,  
 And kissing, when doubts into certainties grow,  
 Under the tryst-wreaths of mistletoe.

A realm of roses and destiny—  
 This is the realm of the Christmas tree,  
 Taking your gait, a circle of gold,  
 The years into rose-wreaths of love unfold,  
 Till we gather the berries of holly bright  
 From the rounded lie of the sunniest height.

Ah, beautiful realm of the Christmas tree,  
 You have chosen two sweet, sweet gifts for me—  
 Sweetest of all in earth and heaven,  
 Heart of my heart to you is given,  
 Star of Bethlehem, star of love,  
 Lead me from earth to my home above.

—The one who is ever on the lookout for special work to do, is the one who invariably fails to see the work at hand awaiting his doing.

AROUND THE YULE LOG.

It is the waiting of the year. As the twilight, often hastened by the soft blur of falling snow, encroaches more and more upon the 17th day, we gather closely about our firesides, and there, heart to heart, are wont to listen as at no other period of this prosaic nineteenth century life, to tales of olden time. More than ever are we drawn together at the season of our Saviour's birth, when the yule log glows amain and the spirit of Christmas kindles within us a warmth and gladness that responds to the cheerful blaze upon the hearth. Christmas Day! Does it not grow dearer to us every year? The summers come and go; we rush to and fro on our little errands of business and pleasure; great joys dawn in our lives, dark shadows of bitter disappointment creep over them; we are glad, sorrowful, eager, weary, ill; life's heart beats strongly, and death is busy in its midst; we strive for the beautiful, the true, and the good; we hide our faces in helpless agony of shame and remorse; yet again comes the dear day of days, with its blessed associations, memories, hopes. Christmas! Do you remember what that word meant to you when you were a child? What a mysterious halo of light surrounded the day? How the very sound of its name suggested the fragrance of the fir-tree and the wax-candles and marvellous toys, and the far-off tinkle of sleigh bells, or beat of tiny reindeer hoofs upon the snowy roof! Has the approach of

Christmas but an indifferent charm in this grown-up work-a-day world of ours? If so, let us strive and pray for those delicate sensibilities of childhood that caught and reveled in the fragrant atmosphere of the day; that could hear, knowing naught beyond the bliss it brought, the voice of the Founder of Christmas, blessing little children as it blessed them in distant Palestine eighteen centuries ago. Let us forgive our debtors this day as we would be forgiven; let no child's cry fall unheeded on our ears; let our hearts be open to the tenderest, purest, most sacred thoughts, and to every ennobling influence; let us be alert and watchful, on this bright morning-day of the year; let the sun shine into and through us, shedding its warmth and brightness upon all about us; let us be once more as little children, and put out our hands trustingly, to be led. Hope—Joy—Bethlehem—Christmas—Christ! How softly the words chime together, like Christmas bells! With their sweet music comforting and gladdening our hearts, may we gather by the fireside to-night, to listen to these simple tales.

—People crammed with self-consciousness and self-conceit are often praised as humble, while shy and reserved people are judged to be proud. Some, whose whole life is one subtle studied selfishness, get the name of self-sacrifice, and other silent, heroic souls are condemned for want of humanity.

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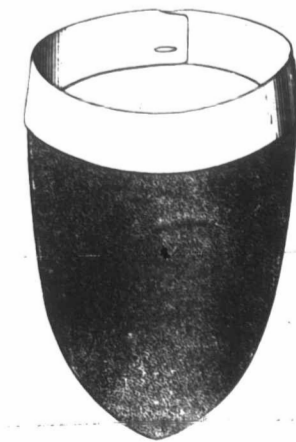
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THE NATIVITY.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated:  
This bird of dawn singeth all night long;  
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.  
—Shakespeare.

BARBY.

"Oh dear!" sighed Barby, fidgeting about while she waited after school. "It's almost Christmas!" Barby lived in a big, stone house, called the Orphanage, with a hundred other little girls. They wore blue dresses and white pinafores, and if you had seen them coming out of the school-room you would have said they were all just exactly alike. But they were not. They were all different from each other, and funny little Barby was different from all the rest. Barby was waiting for Miss Brown, the teacher. She and Miss Brown were the best of friends. "Well, what is the matter now?" asked Miss Brown, smiling down at the little clouded face. "It's almost Christmas," began Barby. "And that is nice, isn't it?" said Miss Brown. "No, ma'am!" said Barby, shaking her head like a pendulum. "Not here. I want to keep Christmas like other folks." "So you shall," said Miss Brown, kindly. "The church ladies are going to give the children a dinner and a Christmas tree." "But that isn't keeping it like other people do," persisted Barby. "They give presents. I'm tired of getting and getting presents all the time, and not giving any. Oh dear! And I wanted to give something to Annie that's lame—but I ain't—got—no—money!" "You mean you haven't any—," Miss Brown began, but she stopped. She saw two round tears on Barby's round cheeks, and two more in her eyes; and how could a little girl be expected to speak grammatically with such a big lump in her throat? So Miss Brown only stroked Barby's stiff, short hair, and told her that to-morrow after school she would show her how to make a present all herself without spending a penny. "And bring any other little girls who want to learn how to make presents with you," said Miss Brown. The next day a whole flock of children, dressed in blue and white, gathered around the teacher. Each little girl had brought her own treasures to be turned into a present. One had a tattered doll, which was made into a nice new one, and another cut up a torn

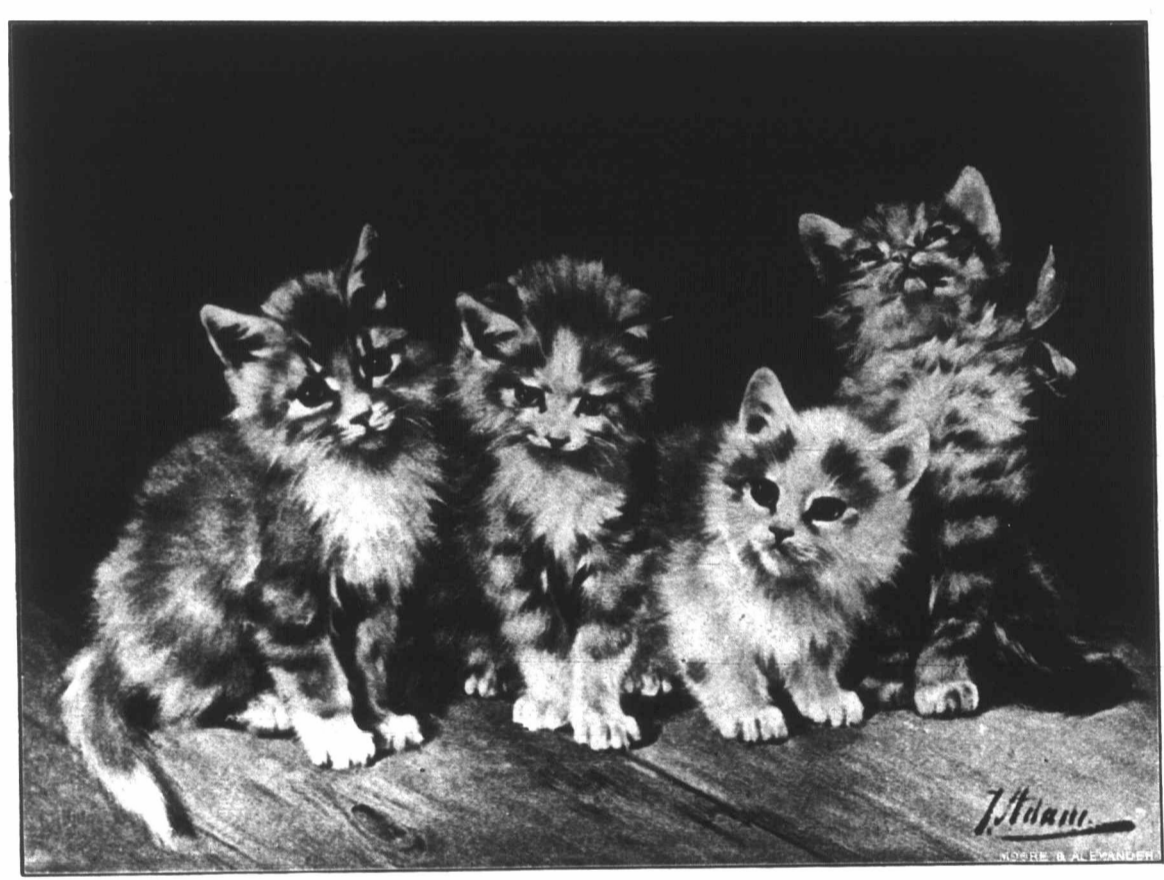
picture book and pasted the pictures on stiff brown paper, and got a pretty rag book. Barby had nothing, but a great tangle of ribbon, and bits of cloth, but Miss Brown said they would make a lovely rag baby. She showed Barby how to cut out the baby herself, and how to stuff it with cotton. It was almost as good as the dolls in the toy-shop, and a great deal softer and nicer to hug. Barby provided dolly with a full set of baby-clothes and "grown-up" dresses besides, for what good is a doll if it cannot be any age that you please? Last of all, Barby took pen and ink and drew a face on dolly's white cloth head. Such black eyes and such curly black bangs were never seen before, and her mouth was so smiling that she made everyone else smile, too. "Praps she isn't very pretty," said Barby, "but anyway she's cheerful. I'm going to name her after me and you—I'm going to call her Cheerful Miss Brown Barby." Some of the girls gave their presents to the babies in the nursery, and some to the little

THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

On Christmas Day we celebrate God's great gift to the world—the gift to us of Jesus Christ to be our Saviour and Redeemer. On that day, therefore, along with our worship and our joyous carols, we should give gifts to God—thank-offerings for His Gift to us and for all the grace which we enjoy through the coming of Jesus Christ to our world. In this season of giving, let us give generously to God, Who gave Himself so generously to us.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Yes, I've finished my list of Christmas purchases. The carved chess are for John. How pretty they are; and I hope Annie will like her musical box, and for dear husband, I could not resist getting that lovely edition of Browning. It was costly, but one likes to see a fitting attention paid to such things as binding, paper and printing, after all. Oh! and there was a pause, I forgot mother, dear mother, she will like something useful, a pair of warm slippers, a wrap, or shawl, said my friend, turning to me. Now, this idea of useful presents for the aged, is what puzzles me. Why should the dear hands, grown old in your service, mayhap, hardened in it, not wear a pretty ring; or the locks now white and thin, not suit a jewelled comb? How a good picture would brighten mother's room, or the pretty book, with large print and good stories while away a lonely hour; or a year's subscription



"WE WANT OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER."

patients in the infirmary. Barby carried her doll straight to lame Annie's little bed, and laid it in her wee, thin arms. And to tell the truth, Annie liked it a great deal better than the beautiful great doll which the "church ladies" had just sent her. Cheerful Miss Brown Barby became a great favorite in the sick room. When nurse was too busy to carry her from one little invalid to another, this patient dolly could be thrown from cot to cot, all round the ward, without any risk of breaking her nose. All the sick children hugged her and jumped her to their heart's content, and they laughed and forgot their troubles at the very sight of her queer, smiling face. And Barby was very happy. "Told you so, Miss Brown!" she cried, nodding her head triumphantly. "It's nicer to give presents than to get 'em. Oh, a lot nicer!"

—"Mellow nuts have hardest rind."

tion to a good Church paper (The Canadian Churchman), which she can carry to her room, and lose a dozen times a day there, if she likes, without feeling someone else is being deprived of their paper. I do protest against this eternal reminder of past days and present feebleness. There are shadows enough closing round the lonely old man or woman, without this addition to it. Our hearts are young if our faces seem old. Give us of your youth and love, oh grandchildren of ours.—F.E.S.S.

—Let the heavenly Jerusalem come into your mind when your heart fails and your hope flags. This life is but the vestibule to the eternal temple. And every shyest and largest and utmost hope shall be brimmed with fulfillment there. Sang the ancient Psalmist: "But I hope continually." Amid even the blackest night make that your song.

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The new altar screen at St. Alban's, dedicated on All Saints' Day, is the colossal statue of the crucified Christ (a figure measuring 8½ feet high from the crown of the head to the heels). This is the largest sculptured representation of Christ crucified in England, and is strikingly effective.

An Oxford Bible, weighing under four ounces, printed on Oxford India paper, with red edges, and bound in khaki, is being prepared for immediate publication by Mr. Henry Frowde. This will be known as the Knapsack Bible, and is specially designed for use by soldiers and sailors.

The most striking feature of the new altar screen at St. Alban's, dedicated on All Saints' Day, is the colossal statue of the crucified Christ (a figure measuring 8½ feet high from the crown of the head to the heels). This is the largest sculptured representation of Christ crucified in England, and is strikingly effective.

In commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the death of King Charles I. it is proposed to refit for public worship the now disused parish church within the Castle of Carisbrooke, where the king was imprisoned while expecting death. The work has the approval of Princess Henry of Battenberg, Governor of the Isle of Wight. The sum of £1,000 will be needed for the purpose.

The Bishop of North Queensland reports that he has secured £10,000 for endowment of the new See of Carpentaria, which country, little as it is known by the outside public, contains several considerable towns. This will make the fourth diocese in Queensland, and with a fifth (New Guinea), intimately connected with it an Archbishop or Metropolitan of Queensland will soon be an object of legitimate politics.

The S.P.C.K. has placed at its disposal a large sum of money. The society's general income for the year ending August last are very large, having risen within the last five years, and will exceed £200,000, the income for the same period of the year.

The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have just accepted from a lady whose name is not made public, a gift consisting of an exact copy of the robes worn by Thomas a Becket, now deposited at the Cathedral of Sens. They are of scarlet, interwoven with gold and silver, and decorated with pearls and other precious stones. They comprise cope, chasuble, stole, etc., and make a magnificent and interesting collection.

The S.P.C.K. has made a grant of 5,000 Prayer Books and 130 Bibles to the Missions to Seamen, to make up 130 "Service Boxes" for the crews of as many transports who assemble for divine worship on board their ships regularly when at sea. The owners of the transports have been asked by the Missions to Seamen to encourage their captains and officers to promote divine worship in their ships by making use of these "Service Boxes."

A site has been purchased for an English church at Marseilles. The Bishop of Gibraltar, in commending the scheme, says that "Chaplaincy at Marseilles is one of the few in the South of France which provides divine service continuously through the year, and the only one so doing that is not supplied with a suitable building." The trustees have in hand about £750 towards the cost of the building, but much more is needed.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which is now being erected by the Protestant Episcopalians, on Morningside Heights, N. Y., when completed, will be one of the finest religious structures on the Continent. The ground cost \$850,000, the foundation for the choir, \$250,000 more, and the choir \$1,000,000. The choir, when completed, will seat

2,500 worshippers, and will be the largest religious gathering place in New York. The Cathedral complete will cost \$10,000,000, and will be supplemented by a Bishop's palace.

A most interesting and impressive service was recently held in Moviddy church, when the Lord Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross solemnly dedicated a very handsome and exquisitely carved memorial pulpit and prayer desk to the honour of God and in memory of the late Right Hon. Judge Warren, whose loss is deeply felt, not only in the united diocese, but also throughout the whole Church of Ireland, which by his wisdom and experience he largely helped to guide through many dangers and difficulties consequent upon Disestablishment. The pulpit and prayer desk are the gifts of his widow, Mrs. Warren, and his children have also placed a tablet to his memory in the church, which already contains several handsome memorial tablets to his ancestors.

Miss Spedding, of Mire House, in the parish of Hensall cum Heck, has just unveiled a wayside crucifix, says The Westminster Gazette, elevated upon a stone base, and on either of the four panels are the following inscriptions: "This cross is erected in pious homage to our Divine Redeemer, and to mark the opening of the 20th century." "In pious memory of those benefactors of this parish who have fallen asleep in Christ, on whose souls sweet Jesus have mercy." "In thanksgiving for 14 years' Church progress in this parish, amidst exceptional difficulties and many severe trials." "In the hour of death and in the Day of Judgment, good Lord deliver us. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us." The unveiling was preceded by a celebration of the Communion in the parish church at a very early hour, attended by many men in their working clothes. Incense, "as sanctioned for a requiem Eucharist," is said by the "Guardian" to have been used. A procession was formed to the site of the crucifix. For the afternoon service the farmers allowed work to be stopped for an hour and a half.

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THE CHRISTMAS BELLS:

They were a chime of bells. They hung in the steeple of an ancient church in the heart of a big city, and as the clock below them rang out eleven, the good folk, who happened to be awake in the houses packed closely around the edifice, turned over in their beds and murmured: "Christmas Day in another hour." It was Christmas Eve! The bells knew that it was Christmas Eve. They always do, because the Spirit of Christmas, floating through the belfry on its way to the chancel to take part in the morning praise service, never fails to whisper a greeting to the chimes in passing. It could

now there is no doubt that the big bell is speaking. "Is it possible that you can keep up your quarrel, even on Christmas Eve? you, my children, upon whom I have always depended for harmony. Do you actually mean that you will not join in the carol at sunrise? There was a buzz among the rest of the bells, such as you may hear in a school-room when the teacher has uttered a reproof. "What is the trouble between you two?" went on the big bell. There was an instant's pause, and then a cadence, almost silvery, set all the bells tingling, as the smallest of the group, that hung near the outside grating, where the Christmas moon could see it, piped out: "I know what I know." "Oh, you are too

"He is always putting me out when we practice, by bellowing out fortissimo and drowning me altogether." "I cannot help it," replied the other, angrily. "Blame the sexton. He pulls the rope on me." "You are not the first one to be ruined by getting too much rope." "Children! children!" interposed the big bell. "Ring off on those silly jests. The sexton is not born that can spoil a Christmas carol by a chime of bells, no matter how much rope he may use." The ocean breeze swept a cloud in front of the moon at this instant, and enabled it to laugh at the pretty dispute without being seen by the inhabitants of the earth. Which was a fortunate thing, because it saved a lot of tiresome, scientific



A JOLLY CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIMES.

not have been the Spirit that caused that subdued vibration in the belfry; and yet the sound was so slight that it might almost have been the effect of an angel's wing brushing against the eight bells that hung voiceless up there in the night. Listen! The vibration is increasing, and now there is a reverberation, as if an angry blow had been struck upon the edge of the biggest bell with the thunderous bass. Surely a voice—an articulate voice! The big bell moves slightly. It may be wind that is rushing through the grated sides of the belfry, bringing the fragrance of the ocean with it. Listen! The reverberation becomes much stronger, and

sharp," interrupted the bell next to him, in a somewhat deeper tone. "I would rather be too sharp than too flat, as you are. Why, you almost spoiled our madrigal last Easter, and you have never been in decent voice since. I believe you are cracked." The smallest bell said this with so much acerbity that the big bell broke in, sternly: "That is enough. If you say such a thing as that again, I'll hit you with my clapper. This continual jangling between you two puts my entire system out of tone, while as for yourselves, you could not behave in a more undignified way if you were cow-bells." "It isn't my fault," responded the small bell.

discussion among astronomers. When the cloud had passed, the moon saw that the two quarreling bells were swaying angrily, evidently trying to give each other a jar in the side, and it heard the big bell continue its admonition: "Let me hear your E. If it really is flat we shall have to get you shaved." "I'd like to have the job of shaving him," piped the small bell, pianissimo. The wind from the ocean was so much interested in the trial of the E bell's voice that he came bouncing into the belfry with a gusty haste that caused quite a commotion among the chimes. In the midst of it the bell gave tongue to itself a good strong "E," that he woke a police-

The Spirit of Christmas lay in the belfry at this moment, as the clock struck twelve, and the peon peered further into the heart of the gables to light the way. "Christmas Day," said the policeman to himself, as he looked up to the tower. "Why don't the sexton ring the chimes, I wonder?" The two disputing bells were not quite satisfied with each other yet, and although they both felt a tug, they resisted it, and would not ring. "Never knew sich a thing ez this in all me borred days," commented the sexton in the room below, as he pulled at the bell ropes. "Two of these bloomin' bells won't ring. Somethin' must be stuck up there. The other bells is all right, too." The sexton's assistants pulled away at their bells, and six of the eight responded, but what could they do without the E and the upper G—which last was the note of the little bell with the quick temper? The Spirit of Christmas, hovering in the belfry, sighed to find that there could be anything but good-will at such a time, and it whispered something to that effect in the ears of both the disagreeing bells. There was a slight hesitation, and then the warm breath of the Spirit of Christmas seemed to melt them, and as the sexton gave a tremendous tug at their ropes, they pealed forth together, with the other six, and such a carol crashed over the sleeping city

that the policeman lay straightway to sleep. "I wonder when it the better," said the policeman to the sexton, "I thought I heard the bells ringing among themselves a while ago," observed the policeman. "But, of course, it was only fancy." "No. It was the wind. There has been almost a hurricane during the night, and the gale from the ocean has a clean sweep at the bells up there. The wind often sets them ringing when it blows real hard." "That so? Well, I must get over my beat," said the policeman. "Good morning. Merry Christmas to you." "Same to you. Merry Christmas." The sexton and his men resumed their work at the ropes, and the chimes cried to the world with one accord: "Happy Christmas! Happy Christmas!"

—How many lay up riches which they never enjoy, to provide for exigencies that never happen, to prevent troubles that never come, sacrificing present comfort and enjoyment in guarding against the wants of a period they may never live to see.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night  
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ child who comes is the Master of all;  
No palace too great and no cottage too small,  
The angels who welcome Him sing from the height,  
In the "City of David" a king in his might;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,  
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,  
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,  
Christ's hate of the darkest, Christ's love of the light;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round,  
Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound,  
And cry "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,  
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight!"  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Phillips Brookes.

—Harsh reproof is like a violent storm, soon washed down the channel; but friendly admonitions, like a small shower, pierce deep, and bring forth better reformation.

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CHRISTMAS SUNSHINE.

A True Story.

It was Christmas morning, and four ragged, happy little children were clustered about a big basket that had travelled a long way and was full of presents for them. The eldest boy, Jimmy S—, had opened the basket in his mother's back kitchen, and was holding up the first article, an overcoat, labelled "For Jimmie." Such a splendid present! It would keep him warm all winter and cover up his rags. His mother could no longer patch his well worn clothes; poor, hard working, lonely widow! The basket had a big label, for four names were on the address. It had come by express, prepaid, to Jimmie S—, John C—, Mary Ann G—, and Janie W—. How could it go to four do you ask? Well, they all lived on the same floor of a tenement-house. Little Janie lived with her blind father in one room; Johnnie C— and a big brother lived in another; Mary Ann G— was a little orphan girl whom Jimmie's mother took care of, though she was so poor that she often had nothing to eat herself. Now I am sure you want to know where the basket came from. It was a Christmas surprise from four unknown friends of the children, who lived in the country. They were sisters, and their names were Bertha, Helen, Mabel and Hattie S—. They heard about the children from a Sister of Charity, who had often visited the miserable tenement house, and they determined to

bring a little Christmas cheer into these poor homes. With eager, happy faces they packed the big basket. Each had contributed four articles. Helen had knit a Tam-o-Shanter for each child, and pinned the name on with a Christmas card. Hattie had made four big boxes of toffy, Bertha four Christmas cakes with the names in icing. Mabel had made four scrap-books out of linen, had bound them with ribbon and pasted in Christmas cards and pictures. Then Mrs. S— gave them their brother's old overcoat for Jimmie, a suit of clothes for Johnnie, and two warm dresses, that the girls had outgrown, for Mary Ann and Janie. When it was almost packed, Hattie popped in her old beloved doll the "Princess Beatrice" for Janie. Then went in four letters, some crackers, oranges, nuts and candy. "Will it fasten?" cried Helen; "or is it too full?" "It's managed, Nell," cried Bertha. "How pleased they will be when they open it!" And indeed

they were, though a little shy and overwhelmed just at first, for they were alone in the house. Mrs. S— was out working, so was Johnnie's big brother, and Janie's blind father had been invited to a Christmas breakfast by a kind gentleman. The children examined their gifts in rapturous, but quiet surprise, and each watched the back door, half afraid the expressman would call and take the basket away again. "It must have been Santa Claus!" said Jim, wistfully, as he tried on the coat. "It was only a man; I seed him," muttered practical barefoot little John. "It was the Lord Jesus sent him," murmured fragile Janie. "The clergyman said in church that all good things come from Him." Then they found the letters, and Jim read them all aloud, for he was a big, clever boy, compared with the tiny three who listened. "Then it's from them ladies," cried Mary Ann. "It's the Lord Jesus all the same, though," said wee Janie in her happy little



IS IT REALLY A CHRISTMAS BOX?

heart. Then the bright-faced children put on their new clothes, nibbled the toffy, and fastened up the holly, and ate a slice out of each cake, and shouted, "Merry Christmas!" to each other, until they were hoarse. And the Christmas Angel, who heard, wondered why more boys and girls did not try to make others happy in the same way. He had seen many homes that day joyless and comfortless. "All cannot send Christmas baskets," he said; but he recalled the last house he had visited, and the sick child in its attic room, nestling in her tiny bed, with a thin blanket for a covering, reading a Christmas story. "My pet looks as bright as a button!" the Christmas Angel heard a rough man say. And he heard the childish answer, "Yes, Daddy, I feel bright, too. See, it's a book again from my Christmas lady!"

—If you really want to work for God, you will never be out of employment.

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

The Christmas stars glow overhead,  
The Yule-log on the hearth flares bright—  
"Good-will and peace to all the world,"  
She saith, "this holy night."  
Her hands the curtains wide have drawn,  
"Oh, Yule-tide fire, shine bright," quoth she;  
"The wanderer led here by thy beams—  
Thrice welcome shall he be!"  
"On Christmas night," the good wife saith—  
The children listen in their play—  
"Let no wayfarer pass our doors,  
Lest Christ should come this way."  
Her fancy, is it? Well, who knows?  
Her woman's eyes are quick to see  
Christ's meaning through a beggar's rags—  
"Ye did it—unto me."

FORGIVENESS OF OTHERS.

Injustice is hard to be borne. This explains why forgiveness often, not to say usually, is so difficult. Whatever injury may have been done to us, we feel that we have been treated unjustly. Often we are mistaken. But so it seems. And injustice seems to concern not only ourselves but the whole universe. Not to resent it seems like disregarding the public good, like being untrue to the great principles of righteousness on which the welfare of the race is based. Thus we exaggerate our own importance and that of the injury which we have suffered. Indignation distorts the whole situation. We are bound to forgive. God has commanded us to do so. The duty may be hard, but not the less is a duty, and he who means to do his duty

at all hazards will accept the fact. But he who takes a higher view sees in forgiveness a privilege. The element of considerateness, and even affection, comes into the matter. He loves others too much to cherish hardness towards them. He tries to look at matters from their point of view and usually finds enlightenment. He thinks also of his own frequent need of forgiveness and seeks to do as he would be done by. The gentler, more gracious spirit finds forgiveness easier.

—Worry is blind; but God sees into the future, and often sees the coming relief just ahead. Worry is impatient; but the patient God bids us wait and see. Worry complains of the weight of the loads; but God's offer is to lighten them by putting Himself, as it were, into our souls and under the loads. He then becomes our strength—a strength equal to the day.



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half pound each  
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LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

They were all looking for a sign,  
 To say that the angels were in the night,  
 To say that a little baby came,  
 That made a woman cry.  
 O Santa Man, to right me,  
 No light but thy presence, I pray,  
 Yet in the road thy wheels are met,  
 Not on the sea thy sail.  
 My how or when Thou wilt not heed,  
 But come down Thy own secret stair,  
 That Thou may'st answer all my need,  
 Yea, every bygone prayer.  
 —George MacDonald

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was the funniest thing you ever heard of, how he and his wife went down town on Christmas Eve, leaving the children at home in bed, with their stockings hung up ready for Santa Claus to fill, and how he and his wife made their way through the crowds, their arms full of parcels, and always thinking of something else to buy and really more important than the last. He wanted to buy both, and then passed on to another store.

Here they enter a crowded elevator. It stops at the second floor, and the fat lady with fifteen parcels, at the other end of the car, is the only customer for this floor, and oh! the commotion, when she and her fifteen parcels try to work their way out into the fresher air of the big room!

But he and his wife got out on the fifth floor, and we leave them there busy, buying, of course, and you and I hurry up-town to a pretty two-story brick house that stands back a little distance from the street. And we enter the house quietly, and go upstairs, and peck into a little room, and see two little heads on two little pillows, and four large eyes wide open, and hear two little sighs, and two little whispers.

In the fireplace we see no fire, for it would never do for Santa Claus to drop down the chimney into the fire. But hanging from

the mantel-piece we see two stockings, and hanging from a pair of we see two little legs, and hanging from a pair of we see two little legs, and hanging from a pair of we see two little legs.

They can't have to wait long, dear friend, before you see two of those eyes open again, and a little body sitting upright in bed, and those two eyes looking at the stockings just dimly seen in the turned down gaslight. And two little legs now quietly climb out of bed and tiptoe over to the stockings and feel them to see if Santa Claus has filled them yet.

It is snowing outdoors, and just now we hear the stamping of feet on the front doorsteps, for snow will cling to feet, you know. And now we hear a key working in a lock, and at the same time we see those two little legs wiggling back into bed again, for papa and mamma have returned. They mustn't see their boy out of bed at that hour. But, oh, how slowly times does pass, anyhow, just when you want to pass quickly!

We will now go downstairs. In the parlor we see a Christmas tree, decorated, ready to light up, and in the sitting-room we see a tired mother sitting in a chair, holding her bonnet and cloak, and we hear a great sigh, and then:

"At last we are home, and have bought everything I could think of. Well, I am tired, and now to fill the stockings!" And he, standing with his back to the fire, and his hands in his pockets, and a smile on his face, and a tiredness on his brow, contentedly jingles two ten-cent pieces in his pocket, and chuckles.

Was there ever a Christmas, dear friend, when you didn't forget something, if not very important, yet very annoying to forget?

"Oh! George! The turkey!" And she rose, in dismay, her hands dropped. She had forgotten all about the next day's dinner. Al-

ready it was past midnight, and all the stores were closed. But he took a lamp and she followed him out into the pantry. They looked everywhere (except upwards), making an inventory of their stock, but all the meat they found was bacon and sausages. What a substitute for turkey!

She sat down and began to cry, while he walked the floor and looked wise. He also now looked upwards, and saw a turkey hanging from the ceiling to keep it from the rats, you know, and tied to the turkey was a card, "Merry Christmas to John and his family, from Harry."

Yes, the cook had received the turkey from somebody, and hung it there. It was that somebody's fault if he delivered the turkey to the wrong house. No John lived here, George lived here. George was not responsible if the turkey was delivered to the wrong house. And George tore the card from the turkey, and crushed it, and put it into his pocket. Then he tiptoed over to his wife, and lifted her head, and turned her weeping face toward the turkey, and the storm ceased, and there was a great calm.

Let us now sleep until morning, and then let us go out upon the street, around the corner from the pretty brick house. And in front of a shabby little house we see some children playing. And two of them are well dressed. They own the two little heads we saw in bed last night. All are happy, but here is one who comes out of the house with a tear in each eye. Yes—he got some presents—an orange, a ball with an elastic attached to it, and the rest of his stocking filled with gumdrops and popcorn, and he also got a pair of skates with the blades painted black. "Our turkey didn't come!" he sobbingly said to the others. "Uncle Harry said he'd send us one, but it didn't come!"

And while the poor little boy was saying this, and his little com-

rades were trying in their way to comfort him, each promising to smuggle him either a neck, or a drum-stick, or a wing, or some other part from their several turkeys, George and his wife passed by on their way to church, and their little sons go with them. But if you'll look closely at him, you'll see that he has heard the boys, for there is a large red spot on each cheek, and he also has a tear in each eye. And at the crowded door of the church he leaves his wife and children, and goes over to talk with his friend, Mr. Smith, a vestryman of the church and wholesale grocer. And we see Mr. Smith nod, and hand him a key, and he goes away up the street, very fast.

About an hour later there was a knock at the side door of the shabby house, and the mother of the poor little boy opened the door, and on the steps was a huge basket full of good things, and a huge turkey, and tied to the turkey was a card, badly crumpled, "Merry Christmas to John and his family, from Harry."

CONQUERING BY GENTLENESS.

Children, beware of judging any but yourselves, as ye love God, and your souls and everlasting happiness. A man should judge nothing that is not a plain mortal sin. I would rather bite my tongue that it bleed than judge any man. One should leave this to the eternal judgment of God; for from man's judgment upon his neighbors there grows a complacency in one's self, an evil arrogance, and a contempt for one's neighbors.

—We should always wish to preserve the dignity of virtue by adorning her with graces which wickedness cannot assume.

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DIVIDEND No. 81.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum upon the capital stock of the company has been declared for the half-year ending December 31, 1899, payable on and after the 2nd day of January, 1900, at the office of the company, corner of Adelaide and Victoria streets, Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,  
 S. C. WOOD,  
 Managing Director.  
 Toronto, December 4, 1899.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hark! the strains of angels  
Ring across the skies!  
Leave your flocks, ye shepherds,  
Wandering shepherds rise!  
On this happy Christmas morn  
Rejoice! rejoice! a Babe is born!

See, a star is guiding  
Like a beckoning hand,  
Three wise men who travel  
Through Judea's land.  
On this happy Christmas morn  
Rejoice! rejoice! a Babe is born!

Oh the joyful tidings!  
Old, yet ever new;  
For this little Infapt  
Is our Jesus, too.  
On this happy Christmas morn  
Rejoice! our Saviour, Christ, is born.

THE PULLMAN STOCKING.

There came into the Pullman sleeper, just as Christmas Eve was closing in, a woman and one small boy. The woman was dressed in widow's clothes, freshly made, but of rather rough material, such as—the lady in the opposite section decided, after one glance of her practiced eye—would very soon hang limp, turn brown, and look "seasy." The boy's suit was a trifle outgrown, and not in the latest style.

But no lack in the matter of clothes could extinguish the beam in the bright eyes which gazed about in childish delight on the fineness of the surroundings, and which met with frank friendliness the gaze of his fellow-travellers as he stood up to pass his hand over a panel above his head.

A man in the seat close behind leaned over and spoke to him. It took but a few words, joined with a glance at the kindly face, to loosen the floodgates of childish talk.

"Yes, we've come, oh, ever'n ever so far. We was on a train that something happened to it, on another road, and so we didn't get here to get on this road this mornin' as we thought we would. So we have to keep on tonight, and that's how 'tis we come into this nice car. We was just in a seat all last night, but mamma said we'd have to have a place to sleep to-night. Handsome here, ain't it?" patting the velvet cushion. "And they make up cunning little beds, just like you has at home, mamma says; only it costs a lot."

The clear treble rang out for the full benefit of the half dozen nearest neighbors, and just here mamma whispered a few words which checked the flow of information. The round face grew sober with grave speculation, and presently a hand touched the shoulder of the man in the seat behind.

"Say, mister, Santa Claus doesn't travel on this train?"

"Oh, I really don't know," was the reply. "Well, I suppose not."

"That's what mamma said she s'posed," with a little sigh. "But course he couldn't," with a half laugh.

"Santa Claus has too much to do Christmas Eve to be taking trips."

"And he doesn't travel by rail," some one suggested.

"Course he doesn't," with enthusiasm. "He goes 'twin' along with his reindeer, scootin' over the roofs and down the chimneys, my! But," with another sigh, "I don't know how he'll find me!"

"Where did you expect him?"

"Oh, to grandpa's; we're goin' there. And I s'pected to hang up my stockin' there. And I wonder what Santa'll think when he goes down the chimley and doesn't find my stockin'?" Do you s'pose," with a little anxiety, "he'd go back to our old house where we lived 'fore papa died, 'spectin' to find us there?"

"No! I think not. Santa Claus keeps track of his children, you know."

"I guess so," brightening up; "and he knows me. He's brought

me to another seat. For awhile the clear eyes watched with a pleased admiration all the arrangements of the "cunning little beds." Then mamma drew him into her arms, and, as the quiet of approaching sleep fell on him, talked softly of the Christmas Eve eighteen hundred years ago, when quiet shepherds watched their flocks, with the clear heavens above and the star leading to the cradle of the Child for whose sake we love to make Christmas a time of rejoicing for children. Inside the curtains of the berth the pillows for mother and child were laid at opposite ends, in order to give more room, so that the expression of pleasure in the "pretty curtain," "nice little pillows," "warm blankets," with a mixture of



"I DOT MY CHRISTMAS BOX."

me things, oh, dozens of Christmas-mases.

"Then I guess he'll be likely to find you somewhere."

A delighted expression grew on the small face as a keen investigation of the face of the person offering such comforting opinions seemed to reach results satisfactorily.

"If you're sure he wouldn't forget, though he's got millions and millions of places to go to. He'll think it strange I ain't there at grandpa's with my stockin'. Well," with another sigh, "I hope he'll get to understand some way; and I hope he'll know I was good, and didn't bother mamma when she said we couldn't get there, for all I wanted to awful bad." There was a choke in the high-pitched voice.

The porter now came to make up the berths, and mamma led the

delighted giggles, was still easily audible.

The next man behind, coming to his berth a short time later, stopped with a stare of surprise, and then met with a smile the smile of the lady across the aisle as she nodded toward the curtains which closed outside the boy who had missed a visit from Santa Claus. Upon the button of the drapery hung a small stocking.

Others paused in passing, and others came on hearing of it, so that before long every one in that sleeper had seen the little stocking. In the subdued light there may have been tears mingled with the smiles with which it was regarded by those who, by force of circumstances, were not gathering by some stocking decked 'fireside; from those whose life had lost the music made by little feet; perhaps



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in their way to promising to r a neck, or a wing, or some their several tur- his wife passed to church, and with them. But ly at him, you'll rd the boys, for d spot on each o has a tear in t the crowded h he leaves his and goes over and, Mr. Smith, e church and e And we see nd hand him a away up the

fter there was a door of the the mother of pened the door, s a huge basket gs, and a huge the turkey was upled. "Merry and his family,

BY GENTLE-

REACHED THE EYE

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SOOR SALT

that a dividend at r annum upon the ny has been declar- t December 31, 1899, nd day of January, mpany, corner of sts, Toronto. I be closed from the r, both days inclu-

OD, aging Director. 399.

...those who had wandered  
...home joys and home  
...Penny.

"A poor place for that sort of  
thing, I'm afraid," said the next  
behind to the lady across.

"Perhaps not so bad as one  
might think," was her answer.  
She had opened a lunch basket,  
and just as the man, after fumbling  
in his pocket, dropped a silver  
dollar into the toe of the stocking,  
drew out a box of candy, which  
followed the dollar.

"Look there!" Four school  
girls on their way home for the  
holidays caught sight of what was  
going on. "Well, it isn't often  
you see a Christmas stocking on  
its travels. We must scrape up  
something for it."

A doll was hastily made up of  
two or three silk handkerchiefs  
and crowded in, accompanied by  
nuts and candies from lunch  
baskets. A boy further down  
made some lemons into pigs,  
which nearly filled the stocking.

But the gifts did not stop, for  
the spirit of the season was fully  
awakened. Small coins were pass-  
ed along from one hand to another,  
and shaken well down into the toe  
by the next man behind. A woman,  
with a bag of Christmas gifts for  
a family of expectant small friends  
made a selection from them, and  
brought her offering.

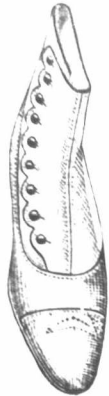
"Why, the stocking's full!" said  
the man next behind. But here—  
this'll do."

He pulled out a large silk  
handkerchief, and, when she laid  
her gifts inside, tied it up by the  
four corners, and pinned it to the  
stocking. The word was passed  
along, and travellers in the next  
car came through to take a peep  
at the travelling stocking. Small  
trinkets were edged in beside the  
doll. Scarfs were tied around the  
stocking, and handkerchiefs, filled  
out with nobody knew what, were  
fastened on. In short, if Santa  
Claus was not travelling on that  
train, some of his near relations  
must have been. The child and  
his mother were hurried out of the  
car early in the morning.

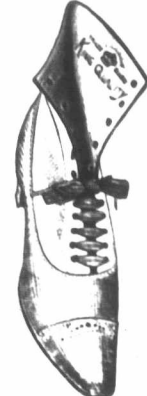
"Hush—sh-sh-sh-h-h!" The  
mother was fairly out of breath  
with her efforts to keep that boy  
from arousing the whole car. But  
the car was ready to arouse, and  
shouts of laughter mingled with  
the squeals and giggles and ex-  
clamations of delight and amaze-  
ment.

"Merry Christmas! Merry  
Christmas!" Heartfelt greetings  
followed the two, as at length they  
hurried out.

## A WOMAN'S SHOE



should be like her—dainty and delicate  
—yet strong to endure. This is the King  
Quality all over. It's as pretty as a shoe  
can be made and as strong also, and yet it  
doesn't look as though it was made for a  
man. People who don't know it, guess  
the price somewhere around \$5, and yet  
it is only \$3. Ask to see King Quality.



KING QUALITY

"He shouldn't have done it—I  
didn't know," said the mother,  
looking about in shy gratitude.  
And with the puff of the engine  
came the last words of the boy:

"But mamma, if I hadn't done it,  
how would Santa have known  
where to find me?—Harper's  
Young People.

### WHAT THE CHRISTMAS VOICES TOLD A CHRIST- MAS CHILD.

Peace and good will! rang out  
the bells on the keen, frosty air;  
good will among men was  
whispered through the silent night,  
while the hearts of earth swelling  
with Christmas joy sent forth a  
great throb of adoring love which  
rose higher and higher till it  
flooded into the very courts of  
heaven, adding to the angels' joy  
and to the great glory that ever  
shines about that throne where  
perfect love is crowned.

Through a certain tiny, neat  
garden inside the large square  
house to which it led, this joy, this  
great Christmas love, had provided  
a greater blessing even than the  
toys which were sticking, with  
mysterious corners and angles,  
out of two enormous striped stock-  
ings which hung one on either side  
of the library fire place, waiting  
for the first streak of dawn to  
awaken Norman and Arthur.

In the room above the library  
which was hung with pale violet  
curtains and draperies, mamma  
and papa had just received their  
first Christmas gift, and as it had  
come straight from God, had made  
them very, very happy. Papa was  
holding it in his arms tenderly, for  
it was so tiny and white and soft,  
that it must surely have slipped  
through his fingers, but for the  
amount of finely-tucked cambric  
which formed a robe and gave  
him something to hold on to, for  
their gift was just the nicest thing  
in the world—a dear little Christ-  
mas baby. Its blue eyes were  
winking and blinking in the most  
curious way up at papa, as if they  
wanted to know his dear, kind face  
better, and its odd little three-corn-  
ered mouth seemed trying hard  
to say something, perhaps to bring  
them a Christmas message from  
the unknown land which she had  
just left.

"The boys will have a sister to  
help them grow more gentle and  
unselfish, and we have a little  
daughter to be a blessing and com-  
fort to us. She must always, I  
think, keep something of the holy  
joy of her birth-night about her,"  
mamma said, gently, as she smiled  
up in papa's face, and as he look-  
ed down at her over the baby's  
face, he replied:

"It seems as if the world was  
more full of joy this year. I sup-  
pose it is because we, dear, never  
had a Christmas like this before;  
we never had one that brought us  
such a blessing—a little Christmas  
girl of our own."

Just then some Christmas bells  
far away chiming the joy of the  
holy night, sounded through the



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have done it—I  
of the mother,  
shy gratitude  
of the engine  
of the boy:  
I hadn't done it,  
I have known  
me?—Harper's

CHRISTMAS  
A CHRIST-  
MID.

will! rang out  
een, frosty air;  
ing men was  
the silent night,  
f earth swelling  
y sent forth a  
ring love which  
higher till it  
very courts of  
the angels' joy  
glory that ever  
throne where  
wined.

tain tiny, neat  
large square  
ed, this joy, this  
e, had provided  
even than the  
sticking, with  
s and angles,  
is striped stock-  
ie on either side  
place, waiting  
of dawn to  
nd Arthur.

ave a sister to  
ore gentle and  
have a little  
ssing and com-  
must always, I  
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ght about her,"  
; as she smiled  
nd as he look-  
er, the baby's

the world was  
s year. I sup-  
ve, dear, never  
ke this before;  
hat brought us  
little Christmas

Christmas bells  
he joy of the  
d through the

frosty air, and a chorister—who  
was also an errand boy in one of  
the large toy shops, and had been  
kept till long after midnight at his  
work—was just now passing on  
his way home, and hearing the  
bells echoing the peace and good-  
will that was in his heart, sent  
forth his clear young voice to  
swell the joy as he sang:

"When in the stillness of midnight,

From heaven through unmeasured  
space,

Good angels sped on a message bright,

A Child came down with heavenly  
Grace."

Mamma and papa listened till  
the last note had died away, then  
looked at each other and then at  
the tiny baby, who had puckered  
her wee mouth into an odd little  
three-cornered smile, as if she  
liked her first Christmas carol and  
quite understood it. Mamma re-  
peated the last line over softly to  
herself:

"A Child came down with heavenly  
Grace."

and papa, looking down, under-  
stood what was in her mind, as he  
always did, and he said, as he laid  
baby on mamma's arms:

"Yes, dear, you're right; we  
will call our little one Grace, and  
her text shall be—

"The grace of God that bring-  
eth salvation hath appeared to all  
men."

LITTLE SISTER'S EXAMPLE.

Ally! Ally Grove! Come over to  
my house! I want to show you  
my present. Oh, it's just lovely!  
Uncle Jack brought it for my  
birthday. Hurry up, Ally! Masie  
may come, too."

But Masie did not stir from her  
seat, though sister Ally had jump-  
ed up at the first call, and scatter-  
ed the pretty bits of silk all over  
the floor. Ally glanced at Masie,  
and there was a look in the little  
sister's eyes which made her hesi-  
tate.

"Come on, May!" she said, care-  
lessly, throwing some of the  
pieces back into her work-box.

"Why, Ally Grove! don't you  
know we promised Aunty we  
would sit here and sew till she  
came home?"

"Well, it won't take us a minute  
just to run over and look at Jean's  
present. I don't think it's very  
polite not to go when she asks us  
to."

"Ally, come!" called the little  
friend from the porch outside.  
"Please, hurry."

Ally's hand was on the door-  
knob. She looked cross when she  
saw Masie sitting so quiet and re-  
solute, trying to thread her needle.

"Well, I am going, anyhow.  
You may stay and poke over the  
old patches, if you like!" And she  
ran out, shutting the door with a  
bang.

It was very still in the room,  
then, and pretty soon a soft voice  
could be heard saying, "We have  
left undone those things which we  
ought to have done, and we have  
done those things which we ought  
not to have done."

And—what was this?—and  
Masie had her hood on; and yet  
she was not going.

"No! I will stay and try to get  
the thread in, my own self," she  
said.

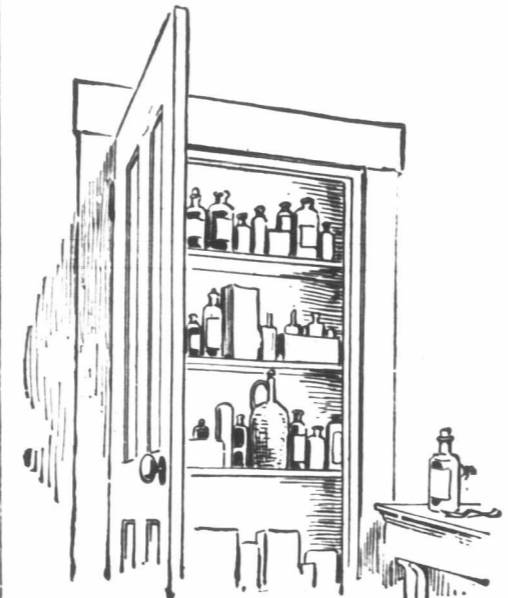
Then she stood by the window,  
trying patiently to put the thread  
through the tiny hole in her needle.

"She's coming! I see her with  
her hood on!" said the little friend  
from over the street.

"Oh, no! she won't come!" said  
Ally. "She's the bravest little  
thing! She never does anything  
when she has promised not to.  
And I was cross to her, too. I  
guess I'll go back. Maybe it will  
be time enough for me to come  
over when Aunty gets back. You  
are not angry, are you, Jean?"

"Of course not, Ally! I wish I

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could be as true as little Masie is.  
Dear little thing! Tell her to  
come over whenever she can.  
Good-bye!"

And so, you see, one brave, true,  
little girl made two others want to  
do right.

"There! I did get the thread in,  
after all!" cried little Masie, as her  
sister came back.

They were making a Christmas  
present for mamma, each of these  
little girls. Aunty had shown them  
how to go on while she was away.  
Masie's had to be done with a  
large needle and thread; but the  
little fingers worked very carefully,  
and Aunty knew well how mamma  
would prize the baby-gift.

Pretty soon Aunty came up to  
her room, and smiled to find the  
sisters so busy and happy there.  
She looked at what they had done,  
and said:

"That is very nice! Now you  
must run out to play a little  
while, and then I will tell you a  
twilight story. But why has my  
little Masie put on her bonnet?"

"That's 'cause I began to be  
naughty, Aunty. But I stopped,  
and then I forgot to take it off."

She could not understand, and  
Ally knew that her little sister  
would never tell about anyone but  
herself.

"It was all my fault, Aunty,"  
said Ally. "Jean Barrows called  
to us to go and see a present her  
Uncle Jack gave her. I wanted to  
go, but Masie said we promised to  
stay here while you were gone. I  
was cross with her, and I ran  
downstairs. But I was ashamed to  
disobey when Masie didn't. So I  
just told her I would come over  
some other time. I guess Masie  
had a hard time getting her needle  
threaded while I was downstairs."

"Yes, and I made believe to my-  
self I'd have to go to Jean's, so I  
could get Ally to thread it for me,"  
said the little sister, turning her  
truthful eyes up to Aunty's face.  
"So I put on my bonnet to go.  
Then I remembered about what  
we say in church every Sunday—

the things we ought to have done,  
and the things we ought not to  
have done.' It most seemed as if  
I heard somebody saying the  
words. And so I just began to  
try to thread my needle. The  
thread went right into the hole  
while Ally was opening the door."  
(Continued in next issue).

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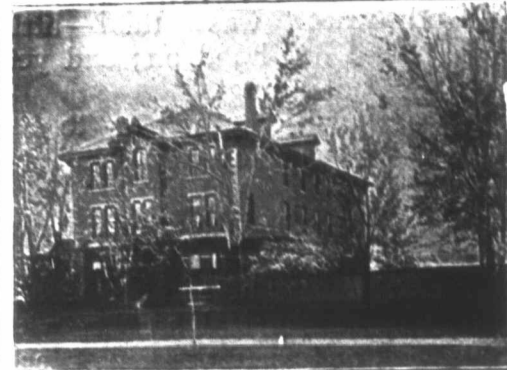
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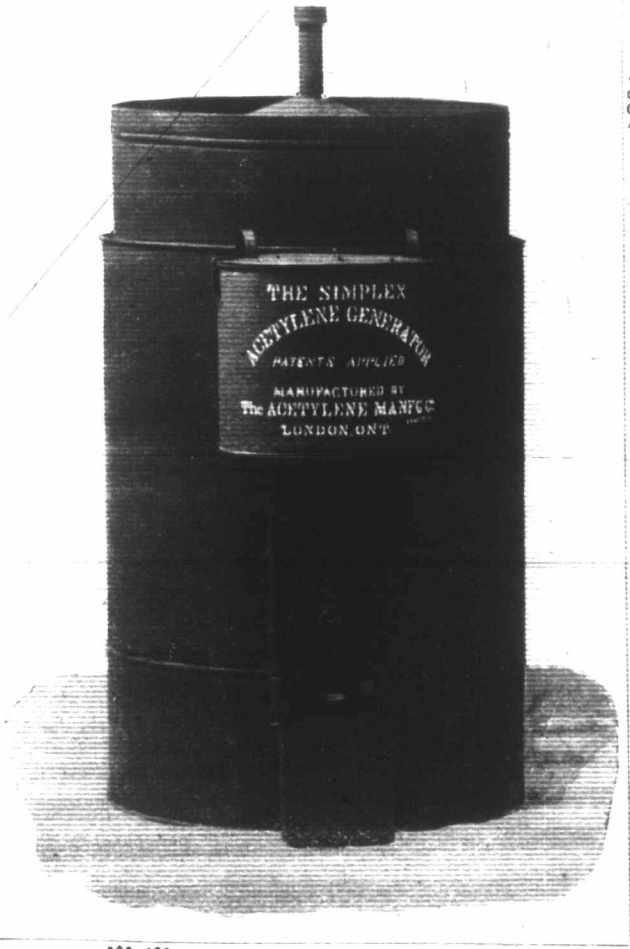


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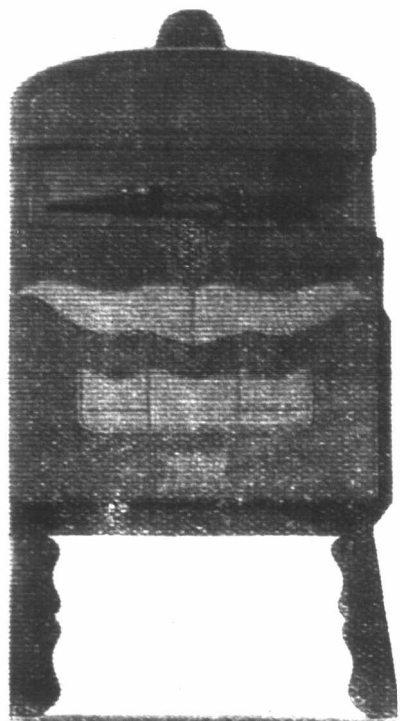
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