

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Friday, December 15.

An original lantern entertainment given in the Town Hall, Ashfield, in aid of the Echo Farm Home for the Blind. A meeting of the parishioners of Christ Church, Kings, was held at which the PRIMATE was present and delivered an address—Divine Service at St. Philip's, Auburn, at 7.30, and afterwards a meeting of parishioners was held in aid of the Church Society. Deputation, Rev. J. Dixon.—Mr. Lingon asked in the Equity Court that the motion to restrain the defendant, the contractor for the building of the Newcastle Cathedral, from proceeding with an action at law against the Bishop and Dean of Newcastle, might stand over until after the vacation. The matter was ordered to stand over as asked.—Distribution of Prizes to the scholars of All Saints', Petersham, Parochial School, held in the Town Hall. The prizes were presented by Mr. S. Foster. The Rev. C. Baber presided.—St. Paul's (Cleveland-street). Young Men's Union gave its annual mock banquet. Large attendance of friends.—The Dean of Sydney presented the Prizes to the pupils of St. John's Parochial school, Darlinghurst. The Rev. A. W. Pain, B.A., presided. The reports showed the school to be in a prosperous condition.

Saturday, December 16.

Sale of Work, Christmas Tree, etc., continued in aid of St. Mark's, Islington, Newcastle.

Sunday, December 17.

The Preachers at the Cathedral were,—11 a.m., the PRIMATE, 3.15 p.m., the Precursor, 7 p.m., Rev. S. Fox.—The PRIMATE administered the Rite of Confirmation at St. Philip's, Church Hill, at 3 o'clock, and preached at the evening service.—The Dean preached at St. John's, Bishopthorpe, at the evening service.—Sermons were preached and offertories made in aid of the Church Society at,—Strathfield, Rev. D. Davies, M.A., and the Principal of Moore College; Gladesville, Revs. W. Lumsdaine and J. Elkin; Sherwood, Archdeacon Günther, M.A.; Derham Court, Rev. W. Hough; Appin, Rev. H. Dick; Ennis, Rev. H. Fryer.—The Bishop of Newcastle preached at St. John's, Newcastle, at the evening service. Offertory in aid of the Cathedral debt.—The Bishop of Bathurst administered the Rite of Confirmation at Neville in the morning, and at Blayney in the evening.—The Preachers at St. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn, were the Rev. A. T. Puddicombe in the morning, and the Bishop of Goulburn at the evening service. The Offertories were in aid of the Sunday-school.

Monday, December 18.

The Distribution of Prizes at the Clergy Daughters' School was made by the Hon. E. Knox, M.L.C. The PRIMATE presided.—The PRIMATE administered the Rite of Confirmation at St. John's, Bishopthorpe, at 7.30.—The Committee of the Diocesan Educational Book Society met at 4 o'clock.—A meeting of the Council of "Bethany" Deaconess Institution was held at the Registry at 5 p.m.—Divine Service held at St. Stephen's, Rookwood, at 7.45, and afterwards a meeting of the parishioners in aid of the Church Society. Deputation, Rev. J. Dixon.

Tuesday, December 19.

The PRIMATE administered the Rite of Confirmation at All Saints', Hunter's Hill.—A Communion's Union formed at All Saints', Petersham. An address was delivered by the Rev. C. Baber.

Wednesday, December 20.

The PRIMATE administered the Rite of Confirmation at St. Paul's, Burwood.—Service of Song rendered at St. Thomas', Balmain, entitled, "A Promoted; A Tale of the Zulu War."

Thursday, December 21.

The PRIMATE held an Ordination at the Cathedral at 11 a.m.—Distribution of Prizes by His Excellency the Admiral at the Church of England Grammar School, North Sydney at which the PRIMATE presided.—The PRIMATE administered the Rite of Confirmation at Christ Church, North Sydney, at 7.30.—Meeting of the parishioners at St. James', Smithfield, on behalf of the Church Society. Deputation, Rev. J. Dixon.—Musical evening in connection with the Sunday School of St. Peter's, Hamilton, Newcastle.—St. John's, Bishopthorpe, was consecrated in 1870.

Friday, December 22.

The PRIMATE administered the Rite of Confirmation at St. Thomas', Enfield, in the afternoon, and at Canterbury, in the evening.—A Sailor's Tea was held in connection with the Seamen's Mission at Holy Trinity Schoolroom, Argyle Place.

How to help the 'RECORD.'

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR.

By paying your account.
By renewing your subscription.
By getting your friends to become subscribers.
By advertising your business through its columns.
By sending us bright, crisp, short items of what is being done in your parish.
By seeking to extend its circulation far and wide, and getting it into every nook and corner of every Diocese in Australia.

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR NEURALGIA.
Mr. W. G. CAIRNS, of the Waverley Pharmacy, Bondi Junction, has produced a wonderful cure for that agonising ailment Neuralgia, which has a beneficial effect within two hours from its trial. The proprietor will shortly publish in the Press thoroughly reliable testimonials from residents in Sydney, as to its efficacy. As a brain and nerve food LARME'S Phosphorised Quinine Tonic is unequalled for strengthening and invigorating the stomach and digestive organs. Bottles—2/6 and 4/6. Neuralgia Powders, 2/-.

THE COMING WEEK.

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

Daily Choral Services at 8.15 p.m., except on Wednesdays, when it commences at 7.30 p.m., and is followed by a Sermon.

Sun., Dec. 24—11 a.m., The Dean.
8.15 p.m., Canon King.
7 p.m., Rev. G. North Ash.
8 and 11 a.m., Holy Communion.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Mon., Dec. 25—11 a.m., The PRIMATE.
7.30 p.m., The Precursor.
7, 8, and 11 a.m., Holy Communion.

DIOCESAN.

Fri., Dec. 22—Confirmation, St. Thomas', Enfield, 3.30 p.m., The PRIMATE.

" " Confirmation, Canterbury, The PRIMATE.

" " Mission to Seamen. Sailors' Tea, Holy Trinity Schoolroom, Argyle Place. The PRIMATE.

Fri., Dec. 22—Meeting of the Council "Bethany," Diocesan Registry, 4 p.m.

Sun., Dec. 24—H.M.S. "Orlando," 11 a.m., Preacher, the PRIMATE.

" " All Saints' Woollahra, 7 p.m., Preacher, the PRIMATE.

Mon., Dec. 25—Christmas Day—11 a.m., The Cathedral. The PRIMATE.

Mon., Dec. 25—Reunion of members will be held at Echo Farm Home.

Tues., Dec. 26—Confirmation, St. Mary's Balmain, 7.30 p.m., The PRIMATE.

Fri., Dec. 29—Confirmation, "The Oaks," (Pictou) the PRIMATE.

Sat., Dec. 30—Confirmation, Sargoon Flat, the PRIMATE.

Sun., Dec. 31—Visitation of the Parish of Pictou; the PRIMATE; Confirmation at 3 p.m., the PRIMATE; Midnight Service, Pictou, the PRIMATE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICE.—Letters to the Editor must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondence in which this rule is not observed cannot be inserted.

The Editor is not necessarily responsible for the opinions expressed in signed Articles or in Articles marked "Communicated" or "From a Correspondent."

Correspondence must be Brief.

C. E. T. S.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Will you allow me to appeal to the Presidents and Secretaries of the various Branches of the C.E.T.S. through your columns, to be good enough to send in, without delay, the statistical returns of their respective Branches by filling up the forms recently sent out? We are most anxious to get in all these returns so that we may know the present condition of the Society. We shall then be in a better position to render assistance where it is required, and to offer any advice that the Council may think necessary. We look for the co-operation of the Clergy generally in this great work of Temperance Reform.

When we all know so well the terrible ravages of strong drink in our parishes, is it not a marvel that there should be such apathy in connection with the work of our own Temperance Society? We are thankful that we are making some progress, but we earnestly desire to see all the Clergy take the drink question and do their utmost to promote the cause of Temperance in connection with our beloved Church.

Yours, &c.,

EDMUND A. COLVIN.

Hon. Clerical Secretary.

CHRISTMAS AT "ECHO."

SIR,—A Re-union of Old Members will take place at Echo Farm on Christmas Day and Boxing Day, which will, it is hoped, tend to strengthen and cement Christian resolves.

Contributions in money or kind towards the entertainment of our friends sent to Trafalgar House, 9 Princes-street, up to 9 a.m., or to the North Willoughby 'Bus Terminus, Milson's Point, up to 10 a.m., on Monday next will be gratefully received by—Yours &c.,

COURTENAY SMITH.

December 20th, 1893.

Notices to Correspondents.

ECCLÉSIA!—The PRIMATE will be able to answer your question and we beg to refer you to his Lordship.

A FAVOURITE ARTICLE, and which gained the Gold Medal at Chicago, is the famous Extract made from the Tree of Life by Coleman and Sons, Limited, of Cootamundra, N. S. W. Wherever this Company have come into competition with other makers, they have taken the highest award, viz., Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne, and Chicago. The Extract is for Coughs and Colds, and the Special Oil for external use only. Eucalyptus Lozenges (in bottles now), and a splendid aid to public men, and for the ladies the 6d Cakes of Soap make them fair and lovely, removing pimples and allaying irritation of the skin. The advent of Measles and Influenza is making this brand widely used, especially, as it is so highly recommended by the Medical Faculty, viz., Coleman and Sons.

THE VACANT SEE.

No appointment is as yet announced to the vacant See of Grafton and Armidale. A fortnight ago, a Sydney journal, professing to be behind the scenes, came out with what purported to be a true tale of the failure of the delegation to the Bishops, and the abandonment by them of their task. According to this authority, the Bishops had been on the point of electing a Mr. Evans, formerly Chaplain to the Bishop of Bathurst, when a cabal of Sydney Clergymen, who were hostile to that gentleman's candidature, blocked the road with a protest against his appointment, which had the effect of changing the minds of two of the three electors, who thereupon voted for Archdeacon Green, of Ballarat, the third Bishop still holding out for Mr. Evans. The nomination thus made, not being unanimous, counted for nothing, and the Bishops, as the only thing they could do, had reported to the Administrator of the Diocese their failure to elect, and returned their commission to the Synod. Now, it must be obvious that the paragraph giving these particulars bears on the face of it that it emanated from quarter favourable to Mr. Evans, since it assumes at once that a nomination by a majority is not a valid nomination, that the delegation therefore is a failure, and that the whole matter reverts to the Synod—a doctrine for which we know of neither law nor precedent, and which Archdeacon Green's friends would certainly contest. The same inference may be drawn from the care taken to represent the majority for Archdeacon Green as a jealousy of outside influences, such as might, if it came to a new election, prejudice the claims of the Clergyman in whose interest the interference objected to might be supposed to have been made. We were not surprised to learn that the Bishop of Newcastle had written to the journal in which the paragraph we have quoted appeared, exposing the grave misrepresentations which it contained, or that his version of the case differs from the other, not only as to the history of the proceedings, but as to the existing situation. The account given by Bishop Stanton, himself one of the delegation is this: that no protest had been received from our Sydney Clergymen, but that he and his coadjutors had decided by a majority (two Bishops to one) to nominate Archdeacon Green, and had reported their nomination to the Administrator.

So far, then, from having failed in their mission, the Bishops have done what they were asked to do—elected a Clergyman to the vacant See, and notified their election in due form to the Vicar-General of Grafton and Armidale. It is to this gentleman, therefore, that we look for an explanation of the delay in publishing the result of their labours. He has, of course, certain steps to take before the election can be ratified by the Synod, and even then it has to be approved by the PRIMATE and the Bishops of the Province. But the steps to be taken by the Diocese are purely formal, for in delegating the appointment to the Bishops, the Synod undoubtedly bound themselves to accept loyally whomsoever they might choose. The approval by the PRIMATE and Bishops is not formal, but there is no reason to apprehend that any objection to Archdeacon Green would come from them. Still the fact remains that more than a fortnight has elapsed since the nomination was reported, and yet the Administrator makes no sign. It almost looks as if there were truth in the rumour that the non-unanimity of the electors was being made an argument for rejecting their nomination. We need hardly point out that such a plea could not be sustained for a moment.

No instructions were given to the Bishops that only a unanimous nomination would be received, nor has such a condition been heard of in connection with any of the elections by delegation that have taken place in our Australian Dioceses. In the absence of any such condition laid down beforehand, the nomination by a majority, even though it be a majority of one, is perfectly valid and good. The Parish of All Saints', St. Kilda, might as fairly have refused to receive the nomination of the Board of Patronage because it was not unanimous, but made by a majority of one, as Administrator or Synod refuse to accept the nomination of Archdeacon Green because only two out of three Bishops voted for his appointment. To us, from the case disclosed by the paragraph from the Sydney Herald, and Bishop Stanton's rejoinder, it appears indisputable that Archdeacon Green, if right is done, should be at once declared Bishop-designate of Grafton and Armidale, and that all the necessary steps should be proceeded with without delay to obtain the legal sanction to his election. We have nothing to do with the comparative merits of the two Clergymen whose names appear to have been before the three Bishops. Of Mr. Evans, we, in Victoria, have heard nothing, which seems, indeed, somewhat remarkable if he is a man of ability and standing enough to bear comparison with the eloquent and energetic Archdeacon of Ballarat. But the decision between the two men was for the Bishops, not for us, to make, and our contention is that they have made it, and have left it with the Administrator of the Diocese, and that the Church has a right to demand of him that an end be forthwith put to a long and harassing suspense by the publication of the Bishops' nomination which he has had some time in his hands.—The Church of England Messenger.

Christmas is not necessarily synonymous with snow and winter, but means the great central heat and warmth, the advent of Him who came to lighten the whole earth.

THE CRADLED KING.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry,
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay, the star rains its fire and the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages imperled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world;
Every heart is aflame and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nation that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay, we shout to the lovely Evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King!

THE TRUE SECRET OF A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

O men in prosperous homes who live,
Having all blessings earthly wealth can give,
Remember their sad doom
For whom there is no room—

No room in any home, in any bed,
No soft white pillow waiting for the head,
And spare from treasures great
To help their low estate.

May all who have, at this blest season seek
His precious little ones, the poor and weak,
In joyful, sweet accord,
Thus leading to the Lord.

PHOEBE CAREY.

"Just a hundred dollars to spare for Christmas presents," said Kate Durant to herself, after having calculated her expenses, actual and probable, and compared them with the sum at her command, a month before Christmas. "Now I'm determined I won't do as I did last year—give handsome presents to people who've got already more than they can possibly need, and who feel obliged to give me handsome presents in return. And then perhaps they don't think mine handsome enough, like Carrie Day, who told Nellie Clarke, who told me, that she did think Kate Durant might have given her a necklace as well as a locket when she saw about it. It just seems a hollow, thankless barter! It's too much like what that stranger minister said we all did, when he preached from the text, 'And thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee.' Well, I'll do something different this year. And I'm going to tell the girls they needn't expect anything more costly than a paper of pins from me this year. And I'm going to find out the people who really need things, and then there will be some satisfaction in giving them."

Kate Durant was a young lady possessing a large income of her very own, quite independent of the uncle and aunt with whom she lived, who never interfered with her disposal of it. She was naturally open-handed, and liked to have the pretty and luxurious things to which she was accustomed; but she was generous, too—could never bear to see a case of distress without relieving it, even were it that of a starving dog or cat. Of course she was often imposed upon, but she never minded that, and was just as ready to help the next case that turned up. But of late a great change had come over her. She had learned to feel that she was not her own, but "bought with a price," and with the recognition of this truth had come that of the other—that what God had given her was a trust, to be used, not for her own mere pleasure, but for His work and glory. And now she became conscientious in her charities, and took trouble to inquire and discriminate, feeling that a blind, impulsive alms was far more likely to do harm than good. And her very work of investigation brought her into far closer relations with her poor friends, and gave far more interest and zest to her charity than when it was carelessly bestowed after her old easy-going, self-indulgent fashion.

"The girls"—cousins and friends—were accordingly informed of what Carrie Day called "Kate Durant's new whim," and were impressively warned not to think of giving her anything whatever, unless it were a photograph or a lock of her hair, "for I assure you," she added, "that there isn't a single thing that I want, so it would be only throwing your money away!" Her uncle and aunt were told of her determination, and approved, though towards them she had privately made a reservation in favour of surprising them with something entirely of her own making, which should be the more of a surprise inasmuch as she was by no means fond of work. So a fleecy breakfast-shawl was soon quietly in progress for her aunt, to be followed by the softest and warmest of

mufflers for her dear old uncle. Meantime she was not long in finding out some people with needs.

Bessie Lee, the little sewing girl who came in periodically to do Mrs. Durant's work, was sewing rapidly, with busy fingers, and a mind far away, when Kate came quietly into the room with a pattern for her. As Bessie did not notice her entrance, she remained for a minute or two watching the pose of the alight, graceful figure bending over her work—seen against the soft yellow light of the November afternoon. She was just saying to herself, what a pretty subject it would make for one of her artist friends, when the "subject" startled her by what looked extremely like wiping away a tear. Kate's interest and sympathy awoke at once. Coming forward, she quietly gave her the pattern and directions, and then, sitting down in a low chair near, said kindly, "Bessie, is anything the matter?" Poor Bessie tried to make her voice steady as she replied:

"Nothing very much, Miss Kate, only mother's been poorly, and I feel so uneasy about her. And I was counting on going to Jennie's for a week at Christmas to see her, but my sister here's been sick such a long time, and it's so hard for her to pay the doctor's bill, with her two little children to clothe, that I must give her every cent I can; so I shan't be able to afford the journey after all. And I know from what Jennie writes that mother's failed ever so much—and she'd have been so glad to see me."

Here Bessie fairly broke down, but soon checked herself with an apology.

"How much does the fare come to?" asked Kate.

"Oh, it's part railway and part stage, and I couldn't go and come back without spending ten dollars, I know."

"Well, never mind, Bessie; nobody can ever tell what may happen. Perhaps Santa Claus may come round for you in his coach and whisk you off there in a twinkling!"

Bessie smiled. She knew Miss Kate was given to strange fancies, and somehow a vague undefined hope stole into her mind that something might happen.

"There's one clear case of need," thought Kate. "How lovely it will be to send this poor little thing to her mother, and give her poor mother the pleasure, too! It will be cheap at ten dollars. Now for the next."

"The next" was not long in turning up. Kate was calling on Mrs. Lake, the wife of her minister, and one of her great friends. Mrs. Lake was out; but her daughter Janet was in, and Kate sat down to talk while Janet was diligently using the short afternoon in finishing a very spirited sketch she had been working at.

"Why, Janet, that really is very well done!" said Kate, after looking at it critically. "Have you been taking lessons?"

"No, indeed, only those few I got in H— last year. I do wish I could take lessons from Mr. Watson. They say he's splendid. But then he's so dear."

"How much?"

"Fifteen dollars a quarter," replied Janet, sorrowfully. "Mother says she couldn't possibly afford it this year. The children always need so many things. Mother won't even get a chamois jacket for herself, though the doctor told her she ought. But I do think if I could only get a quarter's lessons I could get on so that by-and-by I might sell something; so it would be a good investment, perhaps."

"If I only had the money now she added, laughing."

Kate said no more on the subject. She knew Janet was simply speaking out her own thoughts, without the slightest idea of giving a hint; but she had got two: "A receipt from Mr. Watson for a quarter's lessons, and a chamois jacket: that will be nearly twenty dollars altogether; but won't it be well spent? And then I must have something for Mr. Lake, too—oh, I know; I heard him say some time ago he did so want to take the *Reveries*. That's just the thing!"

So Kate continued to keep her eyes and ears open, and, before Christmas came, she had a list which considerably exceeded the original hundred dollars. But she had found that, by a little economising in superfluities, she could make it more, and it is a difficult question whether she or the recipients of her gifts were the happier on Christmas Day. Her uncle and aunt, of course, had their gifts—not costly, but expressive of thought and affection, and her own work from beginning to end. Each of "the girls" had some little remembrance—one, a sweet moss rose; another, a pretty photograph; another still, a birthday book. Each at least felt herself remembered, while Kate, in return, received various looks of hair, photographs, and papers of pins; and each, as it came out of its manifold papers, with some appropriate inscription, gave all the amusement and pleasure intended.

Bessie Lee had had a note the morning before Christmas Eve, enclosing a crisp ten-dollar bill, with an intimation that Mrs. Durant's little carriage would call for her to take her to the train. What a happy journey it was, and what a joyous meeting she and Jennie and the invalid mother had, when she reached her journey's end and surprised them at tea may be more easily imagined than described. And a parcel had come in the carriage addressed to "Mrs. Lee," which Bessie duly presented on Christmas morning, and which, when unfolded, was found to contain a beautiful illustrated volume, full of short, interesting articles, just suited to an invalid's perusal—a source of pleasure for many days to come. It need not be wondered at if Miss Durant and her thoughtful kindness were, over and over again, the subject of grateful eulogium from their full and happy hearts. The little sewing girl was the youngest of the family, and since she had gone to live

with her sister in the city, and earn her own living her feeble mother saw her darling seldom indeed. To her, her child's visit proved a tonic, the effect of which lasted for long after; and, to Bessie, a week spent with her mother and in her native village was a treat which only those who have been similarly circumstanced can appreciate.

Then the minister's breakfast-table, some of our readers can enter into the surprised delight with which Janet Lake opened an envelope addressed in Kate's hand-writing, and took out, folded around the expected Christmas card, Mr. Watson's receipt for a quarter's lessons to Miss Janet Lake. The kind thoughtfulness of her friend's gift made itself felt and understood; while Mrs. Lake, in the midst of her rejoicing over the advantage so unexpectedly afforded to her daughter, found that she and her husband also had been most thoughtfully and seasonably remembered. Nor had Kate's special pet—little Edwin—been overlooked, for he would have felt a little injured, in the circumstances, if she had sent him nothing by Santa Claus; so he, too, had reason to rejoice in a new sled, on which he could do his "coasting" to his heart's content.

There were other smaller and poorer homes, too, in which Kate Durant's gift helped to make that "a happy Christmas." One poor invalid was cheered and refreshed by a pretty pot of Chinese primroses in luxuriant bloom, which seemed to light up her humble room with its fragrance and beauty. Another, a sick and lame child, was delighted beyond measure by the sudden appearance of a joyous little canary gaily pouring out a Christmas carol of its own. Bright picture books and illustrated papers found their way into the poor washerwoman's dingy cellar, and made her children dance with delight. And a weakly old lady who had "seen better days" found beside her bed just the soft, warm shawl she had been wishing for to keep her from feeling chilly when she got into her armchair for the afternoon. If Kate Durant could have realised all the pleasure and heard all the grateful praises called forth by her gifts, she might have been unduly exalted, and felt herself a sort of beneficent fairy godmother. As it was, she only rejoiced with grateful thanks to God that He had put it into her heart to do those needed and true kindnesses to His people, which He tells us He regards as done to Himself, instead of spending the same sum in bestowing mere superfluous trinkets on those who already had luxuries enough, and who were able and willing to "recompense" her. And is not this the Christian manner of giving Himself to those who truly had need of Him? There are not many of our readers, perhaps, who have so large a sum to expend on Christmas gifts as had Kate Durant, but thought and kindness and ingenuity and industry can, to a great extent, supply the place of money, and make glad the hearts of those who have few pleasures and many needs, with a little superabundance of those whose needs are comparatively few, and whose comforts and pleasures are indeed overflowing.—*Agnes M. Machar.*

SELECTED DEFINITIONS.

AGNOSTICISM:—Half chaff and half chaffing.—*Joseph Cook.*

CHARACTER:—Consolidated habit.—*J. Baldwin Brown.*

CHARACTER:—The stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil we have made through life.—*Gorkie.*

CHURCH:—A society for making men like Christ and earth like heaven.—*Dr. Arnold.*

JESUS:—The human side of the mind of God.—*Robertson.*

MONEY:—That which can procure admission everywhere, except to heaven, and buy all things except happiness.

POLICY:—Seeing God in such a manner as not to offend the devil.—*Thomas Fuller.*

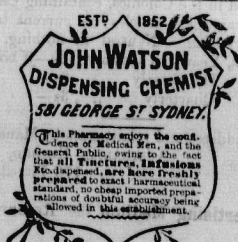
PROGRESS:—The stride of God.—*Victor Hugo.*

RELIGION:—The way back to the Father.—*George Macdonald.*

SELF-LOVE:—Keeping the private "I" too much in the public eye.—*Horace Smith.*

SUCCESS:—Doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without thought of fame.—*Longfellow.*

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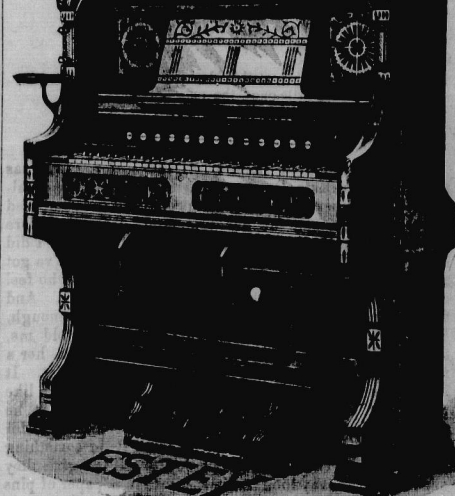
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The Australian Record.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS DAY returns to us every year with a deeper significance, and an ever-brightening interest, for Christianity is built on CHRIST. The world rejoices in the truth that that wonderful life born in Bethlehem, although it was crucified and buried, rose again and ascended into Heaven, and in ascending lifted with it the whole life of man. GOETHE says: "The Christian religion is a mighty lever, by the help of which degraded and suffering humanity has again and again been strengthened to lift itself out of the mire; and by allowing it the possession of this great moral efficiency, we place it on a platform higher than all philosophy, and where, indeed, for the manifestation of its highest virtue, no philosophy is required." And COLERIDGE says: "Christianity is not a theory or a speculation, but a life; not a philosophy of life, but a life and a living process." Why is Christianity a life? The answer is, Because the Incarnation of the Son of God is the manifestation of the invisible God to the world. The blessing is the great gift of His life. "Because I live," said He, "ye shall live also." The Life begun at Bethlehem tells men that their life is one of boundless hope, and reveals to them the Father whence they came, whither they go, and in Whom they live. Christ is the centre whose circumference is Christianity, and to that centre thousands of hearts have turned for peace, light, love, purity. Although nearly nineteen hundred years have passed away since Angels sang the song of Bethlehem and glory shone around, yet CHRIST comes down the pathway of ages, clothed in the radiant garments woven for Him by a faith stronger than time, and by a love mightier than death. Every Christmas Day the world's heart is touched as it thinks of the Child of Bethlehem. Man everywhere asks for God. As he thinks of God, he feels that he must have a God who loves; a God who is righteous and loveth righteousness; a God who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. He finds no answer in the schools of reason which have coined substitutive terms, such as "Substance," "Force," "The Unknown," "The

Unconscious." The only answer that wins the heart is in the holy Child, Jesus. By that pure, sweet, gentle life, men are drawn into fellowship with God and think of Him as the Source of all good, that He is not only righteousness but love; that He is truth, and grace as well. By CHRIST entering this world as a child, it discovers the great truth that no man is to God an isolated individual, but that he is loved as a person and may live an exalted, purified life—a life vastly different to that sketched out by materialism, which traces man's origin to the brute and his destiny to utter darkness. By the birth of CHRIST those eternities behind and before us are no longer dark, empty, or at best, a grim procession of births and deaths; they are filled with a loving, living God. Truly there ought to be joy at Christmastide. It should be something more than merely a season of festivity and gladness. Christians should associate their joy at Christmastide with the joyful event it commemorates. What joy should be theirs when they remember that Christ came to make an atonement for the world's guilt and sin. Herein is a glorious truth, that in the incarnation and death of their Lord there is provided an antidote for the uneasiness of a guilty conscience, and the disquiet of a guilty soul. A dead plant or animal is one out of living connection with nature, unable to receive from the forces that play around it, the nutrition they were designed to give, to drink of the vital streams which bountiful nature pours on and about every living thing. So a dead soul is out of sympathetic relation to God. No soul remains in a dead or paralyzed condition because of poverty in the Holy and blessed God. His Son was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty might be made rich. And he who accepts the grace of God in Christ Jesus and who has become conscious of the Divine love within as well as without, is led to say with adoring gratitude, "This is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou didst send. But the joy of deliverance from evil to be complete must be associated with the love of a personal friend. And in the goodness and wisdom of God in saving us from our wretchedness, He has given us in Christ, the love and joy of a Heavenly Friend. He is a Friend in whose presence is 'fulness of joy.' He was a 'Man of sorrows,' and acquainted with grief, yet He never made others sorrowful by a desponding tone, or a gloomy view of men and things. His presence now is joy-giving, and our Christmas home and Christmas joy cannot be complete unless the Lord comes to us, 'that His joy might remain in us, and that our joy might be full.' What a joyous Christmas it will be, if His atoning love gives us true peace with God; if His presence, His sympathy, His words, gives joy and gladness to our life; and if His promises fill us with the expectation of the fullness of joy when 'this same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven.'"

ORDINATION.

The Most Reverend the PRIMATE held an Ordination in his Cathedral on Thursday last (St. Thomas' Day), and admitted as

PRIEST,

REV. ALBERT GATLEY,

DEACON,

ERNEST HENRY BRALES CLAYDON.

DIOCESE OF GRAFTON AND ARMIDALE.

The Administrator of the Diocese having decided not to accept the recommendation of the majority of the Bishops to whom was delegated the power of electing a successor to the late Bishop Turner, he has asked the METROPOLITAN to issue the usual Mandate to enable him to summon another Session of Synod in connection with the election. It is probable that the METROPOLITAN will give the requisite permission for the early convening of another Special Synod.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The cradle that held the infant Jesus held not only the innocent loveliness of a helpless babe, but, far above, the incarnate love of God, nay, very God himself.

Australian Church News.

Diocese of Sydney.

Church of England Temperance Society.—The Monthly Meeting of the C.E.T.S. was held in the Chapter House on 14th inst. There were present,—Revs. T. B. Tress (in the chair), E. A. Colvin, F. B. Boyce, and J. H. Price, Messrs. E. Claydon, Dibley, W. E. Toose, J. Hedges, W. H. Crosbie Brownrigg and W. Crane. Mr. Brownrigg was congratulated upon his recovery from his recent serious illness. Apologies were received from the Dean of Sydney, and Archdeacon Gunther. Reports of successful meetings held during the month came from All Saints', Peterham; St. Luke's, Barwood; St. Paul's, Redfern; St. Peter's, Woolloomooloo, and St. Philip's, Auburn. The report from the Secretary of the Church Home stated that there were at present 33 inmates; that 7 were admitted during the month, and 10 had left. The resignation of the present Matron takes place at the end of the year, when Mrs. Cowper will take charge for six months. The Rev. C. H. Rich had withdrawn from the Committee. A sale of work recently held in aid of the funds of the Home had proved successful. Statistical returns were received from the following branches:—Christ Church, Springwood; St. Michael's, Surry Hills; St. James', Croydon; St. George's and St. Andrew's Cathedral. The hope was expressed that all the returns would be to hand before the next meeting of the Council. A letter was read from Mr. Kay (Choir-master, St. Paul's, Redfern Branch), informing the Council of the sad death of their late Secretary, Mr. W. L. Beavan. Great regret was felt at the loss of so energetic a temperance worker. The Secretary was asked to send a letter of condolence to the friends of the deceased. A report re Monthly Prayer Meeting was submitted by the Clerical Sec. (Rev. E. A. Colvin) and Mr. Courtenay Smith. Amongst other matters it recommended that the Prayer Meetings be held in the evening, that if possible the use of the Chapter House be obtained at the lower rental; that a Secretary be appointed every six months to organise the meetings; and that a chairman be appointed every three months, the Rev. T. B. Tress to be asked to act as first chairman. The report was adopted with or two slight amendments. The report re a Family Pledge Card for the C.E.T.S. was also submitted, but its consideration was postponed till next meeting. The Council dealt with the matter of a charter; and it was decided, that all affiliated branches which were without charters, should be provided at an early date. A discussion took place with regard to the aggressive work of the C.E.T.S. and it was resolved on the motion of the Revs. F. B. Boyce, and J. H. Price, that the officers be requested to interview all the Clergy of the Sydney Diocese, as far as possible, for the purpose of bringing before them the aims and objects of the Society.

Coogee.—On Thursday, last week, a Garden Fete in connection with St. Nicolas' Church, Coogee, was opened by Lady Duff at Bishopscourt, Randwick, before a large gathering of visitors. The buildings and grounds were gaily decorated with bunting, and dotted here and there with tents, which served as stalls for the sale of goods. A gipsy's tent has been erected in "Bishop's Gully," to which the Vice-regal and other visitors paid a visit, and there they were supplied with "billy"-made tea and "damper" in true bush fashion. An efficient band was in attendance, and played selections during the afternoon and evening. The Rev. Joseph Campbell having welcomed the Vice-regal party to the College on behalf of his parishioners and pupils, thanked the ladies for their services, and the visitors for attending in such large numbers; also Hon. John See for the valuable assistance he had rendered in furthering the arrangements, and Mr. George Wall, jun., who had had the management of the fete. Sir George Dibbs, who declared the fete open on behalf of Lady Duff, said he hoped the Church would soon get out of its financial difficulties. Mr. See also spoke. The Fete was open for three days. The damp afternoon on Friday interfered with the attendance, but in the evening it was fairly well attended, and good business was done. Saturday, however, was the day when the attendance was largest. The Naval Brigade Band kindly gave their services, and added much to the pleasure of the afternoon. The proceeds of the Fete were nearly £140.

Newtown.—(The Boys' Department of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.)—In connection with the Sunday-school at St. Stephen's, Newtown, the first branch of this department was started on Sunday afternoon last. With the exception of one who was ineligible because he had not been confirmed, the whole of the Bible Class composed of elder boys—joined the band of St. Andrew. Their pledge is similar to that of the men who form the Brotherhood. The Rule of Prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's Kingdom among boys—and the Rule of Service is to take some part in the work, worship, or study of the Church, and to try each week to bring other boys to do the same. This department of the Brotherhood is based upon the conviction that the aggressive work of men in the Church requires some previous training, and that boys are susceptible of such training. In the case before us the ten lads are bright, earnest, and intelligent, and promise to become efficient helpers in this part of our great Master's work.

Appin.—On Thursday, December 14th, a Service of Song entitled "Robinson Crusoe," was given in the Appin Assembly Hall in honour of Mr. Charles Welsh, and an

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inkstand was presented to him as a small acknowledgment of his gratuitous services as Organist of St. Mark's Church, and in many ways furthering the interests of the Parish of Appin-cum-Wilton. It was accompanied with an address expressing the thanks and regards of the Parishioners to Mr. and Mrs. Welsh, and wishing them every happiness and prosperity. The hall was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers. At the close of the evening a violent storm occurred, which prevented those attending from leaving the hall until far on towards midnight. Otherwise a very pleasant evening was spent.

Bethany's Children's Home, Ashfield.—A Sale of Gifts, conducted by children, was held on Saturday last in the Lyceum Hall, at the back of St. Andrew's Cathedral. The Sale was formally opened by Miss Saumarez Smith, (who was accompanied by Miss Snowdon Smith, and Miss Mabel Smith) at 3 o'clock, and was continued until 9 p.m. Immediately after the formal opening, Miss Saumarez Smith was presented with a basket of flowers by the little daughter of the Rev. Mervyn Aroldall, M.A. The children from the Bethany High School, Balmain, sang an opening hymn, and afterwards, at intervals, musical selections, under the able direction of the Principal, Miss Squire. They also showed considerable proficiency and skill in a floral march, musical drill, and club exercises. The stalls represented the Deanery, Petersham, Balmain, Croydon, Darlinghurst, Moorman's Bay, and Summer Hill, besides the attractive "Snowball." At five of these stalls useful and fancy articles, and toys, etc., were tastefully displayed, and at one end of the room, a flower-stall was a very pretty object, while at the other was a well-supplied refreshment stall. There was a good attendance, the expenses were small, and the net proceeds amounted to £26 2s 8d. It may be added that the work was so satisfactorily carried out as to reflect the greatest credit upon all concerned, and the thanks of the Committee are due to Miss Stack, and the many kind friends who so ably assisted this effort on behalf of a deserving charity.

Diocese of Newcastle.

Jerry's Plains.—The Rev. E. A. Anderson of St. Paul's, West Maitland, is holding a Mission this week at Jerry's Plains.

West Maitland.—An entertainment was given in St. Barnabas Church, Horseshoe Bend, on Tuesday evening, 12th December. Miss Stanton Lart took a leading part supported by amateurs of the town and district.

Exchange.—The Rev. J. Shaw of Petersham and the Rev. W. Tolls of Lochinvar, exchanged duties on the 3rd Sunday in Advent.

St. Peter's, East Maitland.—At the Service for the Clergy of the Lower Hunter Archdiocese, all the Incumbents were present except the Rev. E. A. Anderson, who is holding a Mission at Jerry's Plains, and the Incumbent of Gresford and Wollombi. The order of service as arranged by the Bishop proved appropriate and easy to follow. Holy Communion was administered, and the whole meeting proved very helpful. After service various matters were discussed; among them the position of the Sunday-school Teacher's Association for the Central Archdiocese (the Lower Hunter Archdiocese). The Rev. W. H. H. Yarrington offered the use of St. Mary's Hall, for a central meeting of the Association on the Thursday of Easter week. The offer was thankfully accepted, and it was decided that a model lesson should be given by some Layman if possible, and a conversational discussion takes place after it on Sunday-school Teaching and its Methods. The Rev. J. Vosper, of Dungog, brought forward a plan which he had now matured for an Archdiocesan Monthly Church Newspaper. It was decided that Mr. Vosper's proposals be accepted, and that he be asked to undertake the editorship for twelve months, and bring the paper into circulation as soon as possible. After this meeting in the vestry, the Archdiocese very hospitably entertained the Clergy at dinner. St. Peter's E. Maitland is now being rapidly enriched with many handsome gifts from Parishioners and friends, and will eventually be a very fine and well-appointed Church. The Clergy present were cordial and unanimous with each other, and it was felt that the Bishop of the Diocese had made a happy suggestion in proposing that they should meet half-yearly. But the times of meeting were altered to Lent and September-Ember weeks, the Christmas-Ember week being too busy.

St. Mark's, Islington.—The gross takings at the Bazaar held last week amounted to £35.

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Jottings from the Bush.

"All in the Name of our Lord Jesus."

The feeling seems to be gaining ground that our system of party government is proving a failure. It may be very doubtful whether the non-party government of Switzerland would prove suitable for larger communities, but both in Australia and in New Zealand there is a general condemnation of our present system, although it is not clear that it cannot be replaced by anything better. We see that not only are a large proportion of members of Parliament, and a considerable portion of the public who are interested in politics, turned into machines which mechanically approve of what is done and said by their own party, and oppose what is done and said by the opposite side; but we also find even the most conscientious people affected somewhat in the same way. With every intention to be fair and impartial they cannot help regarding the doings of their friends through rose-coloured spectacles, nor help viewing the proceedings of the other faction with a prejudice against them. How ever earnestly they may desire the welfare of their country they are compelled continually to think first of the effect of any legislation on the fortunes of their party.

Now, unless I am greatly mistaken, our own Church has experience of similar evils in some of its Colonial Dioceses—and probably, although to a less extent, in some English Dioceses also. In such Dioceses, you can trace distinctly, the lines of a Government and an Opposition. There are, no doubt, some "cross-bench" men who try to act irrespective of party ties. But as a general rule, most things are regarded through coloured spectacles, and if you ask a Clergyman or Layman concerning the welfare and progress, whether of the Diocese as a whole, or of some parish in particular—his answer is biased by his party views. And this distorting of the judgment inevitably leads to acts in accordance with it. This is surely capable of amendment. Personal predilections and antipathies there will always be, and the most earnest Christians cannot avoid them, but this party prejudice is so harmful to the progress and the unity of our Church that the arguments for its total abolition are even stronger than those for the abolition of political party Government. "For God and the Church," should be our motto, not, "For our section of the Church."

The Bishop of Auckland, in his address to the members of the lately held Synod, touched on a matter to which I have often alluded in this column—the common neglect among religious teachers generally to keep themselves "up to date" in matters bearing on the Bible. His reference to it arose naturally from his discussion of the advantages of Laymen and future Clergy being educated together at the University in both Theology and Natural Science:—"The prevailing ignorance of the modern discoveries of Biblical scholars, especially among the great and conservative section of Christendom, in all lands, is fraught with danger. Earnest men become acquainted unexpectedly with some well established fact that is not in harmony with their hereditary religious belief, and their faith in the teaching of the Bible is thereupon shaken; or they find that a teacher, who has been deemed an authority on theological subjects, has displayed ignorance on matters outside his special department of science, and they consequently lose confidence in his ordinary teaching. When the discovery of Copernicus was announced—that the sun, and not the earth, was the centre of our system, and that the earth was not stationary, but for ever in rapid motion, many Christian people felt that the very foundation of their belief in the Bible was giving way. Such persons did not recognise, as we do now, that the Bible was not a treatise in Natural Science, but a collection of writings of various dates and authorship, setting forth moral and spiritual truths in the vernacular language of their day. . . . Many good Christians at the present day, think that in the first chapter of the book of Genesis we have a scientific record of the Creation of the world; and they are at liberty to retain that opinion until they see reason to abandon it. To get rid of the difficulties in connection with the 'six days' of creation, they interpret those 'days' as vast ages of time; but such an interpretation does not commend itself to all men of modern learning on the subject. It has long been known by Hebrew scholars that the Book Genesis is a compilation; and that its contents are not all the composition of one writer. Whence came, and how, the two separate accounts that we have of the Creation in the first two chapters of Genesis, scholars do not venture to say. Much harm has been done in all ages of the Church by the enforcement of unauthorised theories of Inspiration. Men of devout mind have felt, and still often feel, that they are bound, by what is known as the mechanical theory, to put a literal interpretation on the statements of Genesis; and they are distressed to hear the narrative of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and that of Noah's Ark, spoken of as Allegories. Such lovers of the Old Testament overlook the fact that Allegory was the ordinary garb of moral teaching in Palestine in primitive times. . . . We cannot safely assume the acquaintance of all good Christian people

with facts concerning the Bible, that are familiar to those who have made the writings of the Old Testament a subject of scientific study.

Most of us who have lived long in the world have had friends whose lives have been ruined and greatly shortened by what is called "the Morphine habit" that is, the practice of taking morphia either by injection or in doses. I therefore quote from the *Auckland Church Gazette* the following paragraphs, for the habit so paralyses the will and weakens the moral sense that the matter is one which concerns every lover of mankind:—

"Many morphinomaniacs struggle against the evil, try to renounce their habit, and put themselves in a physician's hands. They are right, because morphinomania can be cured. For such patients the hospital is an almost absolute necessity, for no one addicted to the use of morphia will power enough to resist, and in spite of the best intentions in the world, the patients almost always yield, if they have the opportunity to the temptation of continuing the injections. The treatment consists in suppressing the use of the drug, sometimes summarily, sometimes gradually. The patient is given a tonic and nutritious diet, and certain medicines are administered to combat the dreadful feeling of depression caused by abstinence from the accustomed stimulant."

"The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that physicians ought to use the utmost caution in the use of the hypodermic injection, and that no patient ought on any account ever to use for himself this method of relief from pain, so easy is it to produce morphinomania, and so difficult to conquer it."

COLIN CLOUT.

'HE'S COMING TO-MORROW.'

A DREAM THAT MAY NOT BE ALL A DREAM.

(A READING FOR CHRISTMAS EVE).

"The night is far spent; the day is at hand."—Rom. xiii. 12.

My soul vibrated for a moment like a harp. Was it true? The night, the long night of the world's groping agony and blind desire, is it almost over? Is the day at hand?

Again: "They shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, look up and rejoice, for your redemption is nigh."

Coming! The Son of Man really coming—coming into this world again with power and great glory? Will this really ever happen? Will this solid commonplace earth see it? Will these skies brighten and flash, and will upturned faces in this city be watching to see Him coming?

So our Minister preached in a solemn sermon, and for moments at times I felt a thrill of reality in hearing. But as the well-dressed crowd passed down the aisle, my neighbour, Mr. Stockton, whispered to me not to forget the meeting of Bank Directors on Monday evening, and Mrs. Goldthwaite poured into my wife's ear a charge not to forget her party on Thursday; and my wife as she came out, asked me if I had observed the extravagant toilet of Mrs. Ponyman.

"So absurd," she said, "when her income, I know, cannot be half what ours is! and I never think of sending to Paris for my things; I should look on it as morally wrong."

I spoke of the sermon. "Yes," said my wife, "what a sermon! so solemn. I wonder that all are not drawn to hear our Rector. What could be more powerful than such discourses? My dear, by-the-by, don't forget to change Mary's opal ring for a diamond one. Dear me! the Christmas presents were also on my mind that I was thinking of them every now and then in Church; and that was so wrong of me!"

"My dear," said I, "sometimes it seems to me as if all our life were unreal. We go to Church, and things we hear are either true or false. If they are true, what things they are! For instance, these Advent sermons. If we are looking for that coming we ought to feel and live differently from what we do! Do we really believe what we hear in Church? or is it a dream?"

"I do believe," said my wife earnestly (she is a good woman, my wife), "yes, I do believe, but it's just as you say. Oh dear! I feel as if I am very worldly—I have so many things to think of!" and he sighed.

So did I; for I knew that I too, was very worldly. After a pause, I said, "Suppose Christ should really come this Christmas, and it should be authoritatively announced that He would be here to-morrow?"

"I think," said my wife, "there would be some embarrassment on the part of our great men, Legislators and Chief Councillors, in anticipation of a personal interview. Fancy a meeting of the City Council to arrange a reception for the Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Perhaps," said I, "He would refuse all offers of the rich and great. Perhaps our fashionable Churches would plead for His presence in vain. He would not be in palaces."

"Oh," said my wife, earnestly, "if I thought our money separates us from Him, I would give it all—yes, all—might I only see Him!"

She spoke from the bottom of her heart, and for a moment her face was glorified.

"You will see Him some day," said I, "and the money

that we are willing to give up at a word from Him will not keep Him from us."

That evening the thoughts of the waking hours mirrored themselves in a dream.

I seemed to be out walking in the streets, and to be conscious of a strange, vague sense of something just declared, of which all were speaking with a suppressed air of mysterious voices.

There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men stand at the corners of the street and discuss an impending something with suppressed voices.

I heard one say to another, "Really coming? What? to-morrow?" And the other said: "Yes, to-morrow; on Christmas Day He will be here."

It was night. The stars were glittering down with a keen and frosty light; the shops glistened in their Christmas array; but the same sense of hushed expectancy pervaded everything. There seemed to be nothing doing; and each person looked wistfully on his neighbour as if to say, Have you heard?

Suddenly, as I walked, an angel-form was with me, gliding softly by my side. The face was solemn, serene, and calm. Above the forehead was a pale, tremulous, phosphorous radiance of light, purer than any on earth—a light of a quality so different from that of the street lamps that my celestial attendant seemed to move in a sphere alone.

Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort of confiding love as I said, "Tell me, is it really true? Is Christ coming?" "He is," said the angel. "To-morrow He will be here!"

"What joy!" I cried. "Is it joy?" said the angel. "Alas, to many in this city it is only terror! Come with me!"

In a moment I seemed to be standing with him in a parlour of one of the chief palaces of the city. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On a sofa lay a sad-looking, delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was, in all its appointments, a witness of boundless wealth. Gold and silver, and gems and foreign furniture, and costly pictures and articles of vertu—everything that money could buy—were heaped together; and yet the man himself seemed to me to have been neither elevated nor refined by the confidence of all these treasures. He seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the sweat from his brow and spoke:

"I don't know, wife, how you feel, but I don't like this news. I don't understand it. It puts a stop to everything that I know anything about."

"Oh, John!" said the woman, turning towards him a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, "how can you say so?"

And as she spoke I could see breaking out over her head a tremulous light, like that above the brow of an angel.

"Well, Mary, it's the truth. I don't care if I say it. I don't want to meet—well, I wish He would put it off. What does He want of me? I'd be willing to make over—well, three millions, to found a hospital if He'd be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, I'd give three millions—to buy off from to-morrow."

"Is He not our best Friend?"

"Best Friend!" said the man, with a look of half-fright, half-anger. "Mary, you don't know what you're talking about! You know I always hated those things. There's no use in it; I can't see into them. In fact, I hate them."

She cast on him a look full of pity. "Cannot I make you see?" she said.

"No, indeed, you can't. Why, look here," he added, pointing to the papers, "here is what stands for millions: To-night it's mine; and to-morrow it will be all so much waste paper; and then what have I left? Do you think I can rejoice? I'd give half; I'd give—yes, the whole, not to have Him come these hundred years." She stretched out her thin hand towards him, but he pushed it back.

"Do you see" said the angel to me solemnly; "between him and her there is a great gulf fixed." They have lived in one house with that gulf between them for years! She cannot go to him; he cannot come to her. To-morrow she will rise to Christ as a dewdrop to the sun; and he will call to the mountains and rocks to fall on him—not because Christ hates him, but because he hates Christ."

Again the scene was changed! We stood together in a little, low attic, lighted by one small lamp—how poor it was!—a broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in the corner where the little ones were cuddling close to one another for warmth. Poor things! the air was so frosty that their breath congealed upon the bed-clothes as they talked in soft, baby voices. "What mother comes she will bring us some supper," said they. "But I'm so cold!" said the little outsider. "Get in the middle, then," said the other two, "and we'll warm you. Mother promised she'd make a fire when she came in if that man would pay her."

"What a bad man he is!" said the oldest boy; "he never pays mother if he can help it."

Just then the door opened and a pale, thin woman came in, laden with packages. She laid all down and came to her children's bed, clasping her hands in rapture.

"Joy! joy, children! Oh, joy, joy! Christ is coming! He will be here to-morrow."

Every little bird in the nest was up, and the little arms around the mother's neck; the children believed at once. They had heard of the good Jesus. He had been their

mothers only friend through many a cold and hungry day, and they doubted not He was coming.

"Oh, mother! will He take us? He will, won't He?"

"Yes, my little ones," she said softly, smiling to herself; "He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom."

Suddenly again, as by the slide of a magic lantern, another scene was present.

We stood in a lonely room, where a woman was sitting with her head bowed forward upon her hands. Alone, forsaken, slandered, she was in bitterness of spirit. Hard, cruel tongues had spoken her name with vile assertions, and a thoughtless world had believed. There had been a babble of accusations, a crowd to rejoice in iniquity, a few to pity. She thought herself alone, and she spoke: "Judge me, O Lord! for I have walked in my integrity. I am as a monster unto many, but Thou art my strong refuge!"

In a moment the angel touched her. "My sister," he said, "be of good cheer. Christ will be here to-morrow."

She started up, with her hands clasped, her eyes bright, her whole form dilated, as she seemed to look into the heavens, and said with rapture:

"Come, Lord, and judge: for Thou knowest me altogether. Come, Son of man, in These have I trusted: let me never be confounded. Oh! for the Judgment seat of Christ!"

Again I stood in a brilliant room full of luxuries. Three or four fair women were standing pensively talking with each other. Their apartment was bestrawed with jewellery, laces, silks, velvets, and every fanciful elegance of fashion; but they looked troubled.

"This seems to me really awful," said one with a suppressed sigh. "What troubles me, I know so little about it."

"Yes," said another, "and it puts a stop to everything! Of what use will all these be to-morrow?"

There was a poor seamstress in the corner of the room, who now spoke. "We shall be ever with the Lord," she said.

"I'm sure I don't know what that can mean," said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder; "it seems rather fearful."

"Well," said the other, "it seems so sudden—when one never dreamed of such a thing—to change all at once from this to that other life!"

"It is enough to be with Him," said the poor woman. "Oh, I have so longed for it!"

"The great gift," again said the angel.

Then again we stood on the steps of a Church. A band of Clergymen were together. Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Old School, and New School all stood hand in hand.

"It's no matter now about these old issues," they said. "He is coming; He will settle all. Ordinations and Ordinances, Sacraments, Creeds, are but the scaffolding of the edifice. They are the shadow; the substance is Christ." And hand in hand they turned their faces when the Christmas morning light began faintly glowing, and I heard them saying together, with one heart and voice:—

"Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly!"

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE GOSPEL FOR LITTLE ONES.

WHY JESUS CAME.

It was Sunday night, and a mother was showing her little boy the picture of the wise men coming from the East to see the infant, Jesus as He lay in the manger at Bethlehem.

"Oh, mother," said John, "what is that?" and, putting his finger on the picture, continued: "What are those men doing on the camels, and what are these men down on the ground looking at?"

"They are the wise men coming from the East, my boy, they have come to see the infant Jesus. They had heard that Jesus had come from heaven, and they wanted to see Him."

"Oh, yes, I know! I have heard you read about it; and where that star is, is where Jesus came from heaven. But, mother," continued John, "I do wonder why Jesus came. Will you please tell me?"

"Yes, my dear, if you wish me I will."

"I do wish you would, very much. I think it so very strange that anybody should have come from such a beautiful world. I would not have come if I'd been Jesus—and nobody else does, mother. Dear grandfather does not come back again, and he has been gone a long, long time, and dear grandmother has been gone a great many days, and she does not come back. I suppose they are so happy, and heaven is so beautiful. But why did Jesus come? I should so much like to know."

"Well, my dear boy, I will tell you one great reason why—the reason which makes your mother love Jesus very much; but first I will tell you a little story about a king who once lived in England, and of whom you will perhaps some day read when you get into your history class at school."

"Oh, I wish you would tell me about Jesus first, and not about the king. I don't care about the king, mother, and I do very much care about Jesus."

"Well, my boy, I am going to tell you about the king

only that you may understand better what you want to know about Jesus."

"There was once a king who wanted some lady to be his wife, and someone told him of a beautiful lady whom he could love; but this lady lived a long way off over the sea. Now the king could not go to see the lady, so he asked that he might have the lady's portrait sent to him that he might see what she was like. The portrait was sent to the king, and the king thought it was very beautiful, and he felt that he could love a lady who was like that picture."

"But, mother, what has the picture to do with Jesus?"

"I am glad that my dear boy is so eager to know what the picture has to do with Jesus, but he must have a little more patience and he will know it all. We cannot see God, can we, my boy?"

"No, mother, God is out of sight."

"Well, all the best people in the world have wondered what God is like, and they have sometimes longed very much to know what He is like—whether He is a very good and a very beautiful God, and whether, if they knew God very well, they could love Him very much."

"Oh, now I see!" interrupted John with his face all bright with joy. "Jesus was the picture of God, wasn't He? He was what people wanted to see, wasn't He?"

"Yes, my boy, you are right in thinking that. Because men wanted to know what God was like, God sent His Son into the world for men to see what He was like. God did not send us a painting to look at, but a person; a person who could talk, and act, and feel, and look, and do all these things like God. So you see the reason why Jesus, who lived in the beautiful and happy heaven, came into this less beautiful and less happy world. God had with Him in heaven many angels and many good people, like dear grandfather and grandmother, but they would not do to send."

"Why, mother? why wouldn't they do?"

"Mother does not know all the reasons why angels and good people would not do, for we only know what the Bible tells us; but mother does know one thing from the Bible. In heaven Jesus was more beautiful, and lovely, and glorious than any of the angels or good people, and it took the most beautiful, and lovely, and glorious Being in heaven to show us what God was like. So that is, perhaps, the reason why none of the angels or good people would do."

"Then, mother, is God just like what Jesus was, just like Him?"

"Yes, my darling, just like Him. You know that we sometimes read from the New Testament that Jesus was 'the express image' of God, and that means that Jesus was just like God. But I must go back again to my story about the king. The picture of the lady very much pleased the king, and he thought that he could love very happily with such a beautiful and kind-looking lady as that. So the lady was sent for; but unfortunately for the poor lady, when she came to the king, and the king saw her for himself, he did not think the same thoughts about her; for he found out that the picture was nicer than the lady."

"Oh, I see, mother!—I see why you have told me about that. Jesus isn't nicer than God; God is just as nice as Jesus. That's it, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes, you are quite right; that is what I was going to say. God is just as tender, and loving and beautiful as Jesus. So now you see that when we know Jesus, and what kind of a heart Jesus has, we know what God is like, and we can tell whether we should like to live with God for ever."

"Let us try to think why Jesus came into the world, and remember that He loved us so much that He was very glad to come. Suppose, now, that you were asked the reason, what would you say?"

"I should say it was to let us see just what God is like."

"And was that all; quite all?"

"Oh no, not all. He came to let us see what God is like, and to see if we would like to live with God."

"Yes, that is it, my boy; and mother hopes that through Jesus coming, mother, and father, and their dear boy will one day be all living with God in God's beautiful heaven."

To many ears Christmas bells are set to a minor key. Their tone is melancholy. They awaken painful memories. Since last year's happy reunion desolation has come. Death has claimed our treasures. Voices that rang with merry laughter are quite still now. The patter of little feet no longer sounds upon the floor. It is so quiet. Or it may be that that father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, has gone away. A hundred things just at this time remind us of our loss, and open again the wounds of our sorrow. These are Christmas shadows. But let us not dwell in bitterness upon our losses. Do not do as some families, keep vacant chair and unused plate for the absent ones. Your holiday feast would be but poor fare for them now. They are attending a better banquet in the skies. Would you call them from the palaces of the King to dwell again amid the gloom and suffering of this poor life? Be patient. Be trustful. Dry those weeping tears. Jesus has folded the lambs in His bosom. He has given the weary rest. Look up! Look up! Drive out the lengthening shadows. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. There is an earth side and there is a heaven side. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Make this Christmas time for ever memorable, because on that day you place thought, will, affection and life upon the heaven side.

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HOUSEHOLD PAPERS.

THE CHILD KING.

Unto us a child is born, and the Government shall be upon his shoulder.

THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS.

Chime soft and low, glad Christmas bells,
We, too, will sing,
Will bring our gifts more precious far
Than frankincense or costly myrrh
To Christ our King.
Our consecrated lives we'll give;
With trustful loving hearts we bend,
To plead for grace and strength to live,
And honour Him, our precious Friend.

Who is King to-day? A child rules! Look abroad!
That little one whose birth was lowly, whom Herod tried
to kill, whom men have tried to destroy since, is the Supreme
One. The whole world is singing a song about the Child
King. For months the intellects and geniuses of the age
have been thinking ready to help men worship and adore Him.
A holy day is drawing near—the day of the old man as well
as the child; the day of the wicked as well as the good; of
the loyal as well as the untrue; and on it there will be a
peculiar manifestation of adoration. What mean this rush,
this grand display, these crowded streets, the flash of jewels,
the clink of coins, the secrecy, the love, the heavenly good-
will among men? Who is King now? The Child King,
and the world is preparing its gifts to give to Him. The
wise men represent what man is now doing. The rich and
the poor are gathering gifts, and at one time they will be
laid at the feet of the Child King. The homes are alive with
the excitement; institutions of charity are being stored with
their shares. All for a Child, and because of a Child. His
proclamation is, "Peace!" His message, "Good-will
among men." It's the Christ in the man and woman and
the child that draws out the gifts. All things are cast at
the feet of the Child King. The good part of the heart is the
Jesus part; the good part of the man is the God part.
Your kindness and goodness, one's truthfulness and love is
the Child King that has come into him and made him after
the image of God. There is nothing in man that cites a
gift but is of the Child King. Your virtue and gentleness;
the affection that springs up in your heart and draws
another heart to you; your manliness and your
purity are only you in so far as the Child King is in you.
After all the world says about Jesus not being the power
and force of this world; after all the denial on the part
of man that He is King—still to-day the world is worshipping
Him. Each gift given is a gift to the Child King, be-
cause that which is given is for something in the heart that
is of Christ. The Child is King, Jesus is the one wor-
shipped and adored. The frankincense and gold are placed
at His feet.

The first great act when the Child King came upon the throne
was for the Child. Before He reigned a child was regarded
just as it was perfect in form. Female children were bar-
barously slaughtered by the Romans, and only males of
perfect limbs were spared. A child was property to the
father just as an ox or horse to-day. "He could chastise
it, put it in chains, exile it or sell it as a slave; he had
power of life or death over it." Quintilian says of his age:
"To kill a man is often held to be a crime, but to kill one's
own children is sometimes considered to be a beautiful
action among the Romans." Seneca tells us—he whom
some men quote so glibly—that "it is not anger, but reason
to kill the sickly." How things changed when the Christ
came and was King! The Child King worked in the hearts
of His people and protected the Child. It's life because
of value, for He told us that He was the child, and inasmuch
as we did it to the least, we did it unto Him. The Child
King is impersonated in every little one. Gradually this
truth is being established throughout the world, and we see
Foundling Homes for little ones, Houses of Industry and
Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; laws are
enacted which protect their lives and prevent cruelty. The
Child King is reigning; Jesus Christ in the form of the little
ones, is making men come to His feet and give Him rever-
ence. Childhood is honoured. "Leave manhood and old
age," he tells us, "and become as little children; be strong
in the child's heart and in the child's innocence and ways;
be a child in malice and a child in love; in confidence a
child, and trust a little one." The Child King is ruling!
Men are seeing Christ in man; they respect persons the person
of the Child King, and because the little one is He and the be-
liever is the child of God, the world reverences and protects
them. When the Child King came, painters began to
paint, and their subjects were the child and the child nature;
poets began to sing, and their songs were of childhood and
child's ways. Ever since, the child and the Child in man
have ruled the world. Another great act of the Child King
was the honouring of mothers and womanhood. Before He
came, they were the beasts of burden and the slaves of man.
When He came the Mary's of earth became as sacred as the
children. "So He made mothers," Lord Lindsay once said,
"If the world were put into one scale and my mother into
the other, the world would kick the beam." Blessed be
Jesus! He sanctified motherhood. The Child King took
the veil off the woman's face; raised her in society and the
nation; exalted her as the favoured one in His ministry;
made her man's equal, and gave her a force and power with-

held from man, in the gentleness and grace of a womanly
nature. She became a new race when the Christ came. His
laws protect her; His laws strengthen her. When she
loses His recognition she loses her power. When His Spirit
departs from her, and when His nature is no more seen in
her, she becomes an outcast, and falls back into the time
before the Child was King.

Contrast her to-day with what she was when man was
king, before the Child was born.
Know her power to-day in every department of learning, in
society and in State; see her as a queen on the throne of a
nation and a queen in the home; rob her of all this, unsex
her, take from her gentleness and purity and truth, make
unwomanly the woman and unmotherly the mother, and
you will know what a power the Child King has on the
hearts of men and over the world. In all this influence it
is the Child King reigning, for it is the Child King's life and
power.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selected Christmas Thoughts.

A CHRISTMAS LYRIC.

O HOLY, happy morning,
That saw the Saviour's birth!
The star, thy brow adorning,
Beams mercy on the earth.
For shepherds and for sages,
Thy cheer, impartial free,—
The travail of the ages
Finds recompense in Thee.

My soul, be thou believing,
No more thy past deplore;
In Christ all loss retrieving,
Rejoice forevermore.
By love unknown attended,
Thy weary watch and ward,—
Behold! The vision splendid!
The angel of the Lord!

Repeat it softly, slowly,
For still in but and hall,
Are lonely hearts, and lowly,
That hunger for it all.
Again—again, the story!
Till sin and sorrow cease,—
"To God, the Father, glory,
And to His children, peace!"

To all doubt and questioning Christmas bells, Christmas
songs, and the Christmas doctrines give triumphant an-
swer: The dead are not dead! Life is life. There is a
life everlasting! There is pardon for the guilty! There
is liberty for the bondmen! There is joy for the sorrow-
ing! There is hope for the despairing! There is eternal
life for the dying! Let us do as the Christ did: Give
ourselves for others; deny ourselves that those who need
may have a share in the good which has been given to us.
Thus by giving we shall first know the joy of having, and
we shall truly join in the chorus that sounded over Bethle-
hem on the first Christmas morning. Our deeds of help
will have more music in them than Cathedral chimes in the
tower, or Cathedral carols in the choir, and from humble
homes and happy hearts will sound the antiphon of the
angels' song. Bring holly and mistletoe, hemlock and
cedar; festoon the walls with vines of smilax, soft and
green and tender; scatter flowers; light tapers on Christ-
mas trees; put greens on Christmas graves; fill house and
street and earth and heaven with shouts of exultation!

Once there is, more kind than any other.
Whose presence fills the silent house with light!
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother,
Comes to His birthday feast with us to-night.
Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger,
Has gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest;
O best Beloved, come not as a stranger;
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas guest!

From that supernatural grouping in the cloud-banks over
Bethlehem, and from the special trains that ran down to
the scene, I find that our world is beautifully and glori-
ously surrounded. The heavens are with us, because at
the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of
the midnight sky. Oh, yes, I do not know but our world
may be better surrounded than we sometimes imagine;
and when a child is born, angels fetch it; and when it dies
angels take it; and when an old man bends under the weight
of years, angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks,
angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the
sick; angels in the cemetery to watch our dead; angels in
Church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentant
souls. Angels above the world; angels under the world;
angels all around the world. Rub the dust of human im-
perfection out of our eyes, and look into the heavens and
see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon,
angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The
world defended by angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by
angels, clouds of angels. Hear David cry out: "The
chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of
Angels." But the mightiest angel stood not that night in
the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel of that
night lay among the cattle, the Angel of the new coven-
ant.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Lord, for the lonely heart
I pray apart;
Now, for the son of sorrow
Whom this to-morrow
Rejoiceth not, O Lord,
Hear my weak word!

For lives too bitter to be borne,
For the tempted and the torn,
For the prisoner in the cell,
For the shame lip doth not tell,
For the haggard suicide,
Peace, peace this Christmastide!

Into the desert, trod
By the long sick, O God!
Into the patient gloom
Of that small room
Where lies the child of pain—
Of all neglected most—be fain
To enter, healing, and remain.

Now, at the fall of day,
I bow and pray;
For those who cannot sleep
A watch I keep;
Oh, let the starving brain
Be fed, and fed again;
At Thy behest
The tortured nerve find rest!

I see the vacant chair;
Father of souls, prepare
My poor thought's feeble power
To plead this hour.

For the empty, aching home
Where the silent footsteps come,
Where the unseen face looks on,
Where the handclasp is not felt,
Where the dearest eyes are gone,
Where the portrait on the wall
Stirs and struggles as to speak,
Where the light breath from the hall
Calls the colour to the cheek,
Where the voice breaks in the hymn
When the sunset burneth dim,
Where the late, large tear will start,
Frozen by the broken heart,
Where the lesson is to learn
How to live, to grieve, to yearn,
How to bear and how to bow;
Oh, the Christmas that is fled!
Lord of living and of dead,
Comfort Thou!

Still the world over the same Christmas carol, as on this
day, is heard from the rising of the sun until the going
down thereof. The bells of millions of Churches have
rung it out to the nations; the chimes of untold towers
have uttered it in their merriest peals; the grand and ma-
jestic organ in Cathedral, and Minister, and Cloister, and
humble House of Prayer has taken up and sounded it forth
in trumpet tones, and young men and maidens, old men
and children have everywhere caught and prolonged the
gladsome strain. Everywhere, on land, on sea, whitherso-
ever the Gospel message has yet penetrated, everywhere

Christ was born on Christmas Day,
Sons of men and angels say,
has been the thought of thoughts, the common theme of
joy and gladness, the comfort and consolation of believing
souls. The poor missionary, toiling amid the burning
sands of Africa, or where the Ganges rolls its turbid waters
to the ocean, has felt the inspiration of this anniversary of
redemption, and will enter upon another year of labour
and hardship with increased zeal and stronger faith. The
ill-requited and self-sacrificing messenger of the tidings of
great joy among the red men and the Mormon, and the
miner on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and the faith-
ful and devoted ambassadors of the Prince of Peace every-
where in city and town, and village and hamlet, will this
day more gladly count themselves poor for the sake of Him
who at this "gracious and hallowed time" came un-
hounded and unknown to the earth, and lived a life of hu-
miliation and poverty and suffering, that He might make
man rich in the good-will and favour of His Father in
heaven.

We are rejoicing that a child was born to the sweet and
willing Virgin, a child of man, and that the eternal Word,
God of God, Light of Light, shined forth in the blessed
child—the hope of the blessed sorrowful, the Saviour of
sinners, the life of men.

A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky;
The eastern sages leading on
As at a kindly throne,
To lay their odours sweet
Before Thy infant feet.

Thither my soul repair,
And earthly homage pay
To thy Redeemer fair;
I kiss thy feet;
And, Lord, would be a child like Thee
Whom thus I greet.

OPEN COLUMN "D," and SUNDAY SCHOOL COLUMN, Next
week.

STORIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM OF SANTA CLAUS.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Bible tells us that old men shall dream dreams. So
in the midst of Christmas festivities at home and in the
Churches, I dozed and dreamed. I thought that I saw a
half-clad and hungry-looking child pausing on her way
home, before the window of a toy store. She was poor and
miserable, but yet she could not resist the fascination of
that window. She saw rich people in the store buying
armfuls of dolls and other playthings for their children,
and she sighed because she had no money, and her mother
could only earn enough to keep herself and her children
from absolute want. Tearing herself away from that
window, she had to stop again before a candy store, and
again before Judge Allen's house, where she could see them
trimming an immense Christmas-tree in the lighted parlour.
When the little girl reached her home in the cheerless attic,
she said to her mother:

"Mother, who is Santa Claus?"
"Oh, he is the good old man who brings nice things to
good children on the night before Christmas."
"Mother, ain't I a good child?"
"Yes, my dear."
"Well, then, mother, why don't Santa Claus bring me
some nice things? I know Johnny and Bobby Allen.
They are the meanest boys in school. They laugh at me
because my clothes are patched. And yet I saw through
the window a lovely Christmas-tree that Santa Claus was
trimming for them. Oh! there were candles, and skates, and
toy pistols, and great bags of candy, and all sorts of things
on it. I tell you, mother, I don't believe in such a Santa
Claus. I know that he isn't a Christian, or he would do
as Christ did. He would care for the poor. He would
bring his nice things to the children in the alleys and
attics, instead of taking nearly all of them, and the best of
them to rich people's houses."

When I woke up, the words, "Santa Claus isn't a
Christian," rang in my ears. They suggested a sad truth.
We celebrate, on the Twenty-Fifth of December, the birth of
Christ. We ought to celebrate it in the Spirit of Christ.
Even our Sunday-school celebrations too often cultivate
the spirit of selfishness and greed on the part of the children
rather than that of benevolence. In one school in my
neighbourhood the children, instead of coming together to
receive presents, brought gifts for the poor. The amount
brought was estimated at worth £40. The presents were
distributed next day by a Committee. I commend this
example to other Sunday-schools. Let us try to train up
our boys and girls to care for the poor as Christ did. Let
us teach them that it is more blessed to give than receive.

THE TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS, AND WHAT
ST. NICK DID.

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireplace, broad and wide.
"Two?" said St. Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho! ho! said he, with a laugh of fun,
I'll have no cheating, my pretty one.
I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney-place.
And measured a sock with a sober face;
Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low, like a bird about.
"Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
As he pushed his speck up close to his eyes.
And read the address in a child's rough plan.
"Dear Santa Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, very good,
So I thought perhaps you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night."
And help to make her Christmas bright.

If you're not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's. I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh,
Then softly he blew through the chimney high,
A note, like a bird's as it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever was seen this side earth's portals.
"Hurry up!" said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All the little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh! what a scene there was in that room,
Away went the socks, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in
And fastened one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress;
"She will think it came from the sky, I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the laces to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air.
Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them too, on this night so wild."
The wind caught the words and bore them on high,
Till they died away in the midnight sky.
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and goodwill" with him everywhere.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie,
running to him.
"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his
right knee and Archie on his left.
"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.
"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.
"Once, when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I

asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the
river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.
"No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My
mother said 'yes,' so we went and had a good deal of
sport."

"After awhile I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it
along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water
where I couldn't reach it with a stick. I told Roy to go
and bring it to me."

"He almost always did what I told him, but this time
he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran towards
home."

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it
at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" said Archie.
"Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him right
over his eye."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry and
lay down on the ground."

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him,
but waded into the water for my boat."

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it
I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me
down stream; but no men were near to help me."

"But, as I went down under the deep waters, something
took hold of me and dragged me toward the shore. And
when I was safely landed on the bank I saw it was Roy.
He had saved my life."

"Good fellow! was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried
and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie in great
astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil—"the best dog I
ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or any other
animal since, and I hope you never will be."

HER NICEST WORD.

FOR THE CHILDREN TO STUDY.

"What are you studying, my little maid?"
"I'm learning to read in a book," she said.
"And what is your favourite word?" said I.
Then the little maiden made reply,
"Big A is the nicest word I know."
And when I asked why she thought it so,
She gravely answered (the shy little tot!)
"Because big A is as far as I've dot!"

A PARABLE.

FOR THE CHILDREN TO STUDY.

"I need oil," said an ancient monk. So he planted
him an olive sapling.

"Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain, that its roots may
drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord
sent a gentle shower.

"Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send
sun, I pray Thee." And the sun shone, gilding the
dripping clouds.

"Now, frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the
monk. And, behold, the little tree stood sparkling with
frost. But at evening it died. Then the monk sought
the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

"I, too, have planted a little tree," he said, "and see,
it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God.
He who made it knows better what it needs than a man
like me. I laid no condition. I fixed not ways nor means.
Lord, send it what it needs, I prayed—storm or sunshine,
wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it, and Thou dost
know."

Severe Etiquette. Everyone knows that the ideas of eti-
quette are unusually severe in the Dutch

Court, so that the dignity "that doth hedge the king" becomes
a close-set hedge. This is especially annoying to a joyous little
spirit like QUEEN WILHELMINA, who has but just reached 13
years of age, and of whom a journalist tells us a plaintive little
incident. Once when occupied with her doll the little princess
was heard scolding the little *princesse* for being naughty. She
said: "If you do not behave better I will turn you into a
queen, and then you will have no playmates, but you will be
forced to blow kisses with your hands to the public whenever
you go out in your carriage!"

Jack Knowles' Forty Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, says the
old saw. Quite so. Fair weather friends are
plentiful enough, goodness knows; the kind
that drop in on you, talk to you, bother you,
and borrow things from you, the kind that
never bring back that five shillings, but ask for
five more "just to make it ten;" that breed of
friends, I say, are as thick as flies over a sugar
bowl. But the sort who stick by you when you
are down on your hands, who put their
shoulders against your cart wheel at a nasty
spot in the road—why, you want to hunt for
them with spectacles and a lantern. Yet, after
all, such friends do exist, and forty of them
turned up, without any hunting, when Mr.
Knowles needed them badly. Here it happened
he tells us in the following statement:—

I, Jonathan Knowles, of Lotton Fen, near
Ramsay, Hunts, do solemnly and sincerely de-
clare as follows:—I was always a strong,
healthy man up to April, 1889, when I began
to feel ill. At first I felt dull, low-spirited,
and had no energy. I had a poor appetite and
for days could eat nothing. What I did eat
laid like lead on my chest. I had a gnawing,
winching feeling at the pit of the stomach, and
was constantly sick, vomiting up a green fluid.
At times the heaving and straining was so
great that blood came up. My hands and feet
were always cold, and clammy sweats used to

break out all over me. I never felt warm even
when I sat before the fire. Next a hacking dry
cough, with severe pains at my chest and lungs,
began to trouble me, and my breathing became
short and hurried. I soon got so weak that I
had to give up my work, for I could only walk
a few yards without stopping to take my breath.
The cough and shortness of breath got gradu-
ally worse and worse, and I began to lose
weight rapidly. At first a doctor from Ramsay
came to see me, he gave me medicine and cod-
liver oil, but held out no hope of my getting
better, and after attending me three months he
recommended me to go to the hospital. I got a
recommendation from my master, Mr. David
Conroy, Wellington House, St. Mary's, and
went to the Peterborough Infirmary. I had to
be taken in a trap to the railway station, such
was my weak state. The doctors at the In-
firmary had me stripped and sounded my lungs,
and said one of my lungs was almost gone, and
that I was in a consumption. They gave me
medicine, also cod liver oil, but nothing did
me any good. After being under their care
and treatment for three months I was dis-
charged as incurable. My wife and relations
now lost all hope of my ever getting well again,
and everyone who saw me looked upon me as
being in a decline. My cheeks had sunk and I
had wasted away until I was only a shadow of
my former self, you could even see the sinews
through my flesh. I was nothing but skin and
bone, having lost three stone in weight. I got
up every day, but had to sit in an arm chair all
day long. I could only move a few yards and
that with the aid of a stick. In this half-dead,
half-alive state I continued for nearly two
years, and was looked upon as doomed. Dur-
ing the latter part my wife did not think I
should live from one week to another, and
friends who came to see me used to say, "Poor
Jack will never come out alive again." In
December, 1890, when I was at my worst, a
neighbour of mine, Mrs. King, True Briton,
Inn, told me of a medicine called Mother Seig-
el's Curative Syrup and gave me half a bottle
of it. I had no faith in anything doing me
any good but I took it. Having been so long
out of work I could not get money for more of
the Syrup. So strongly were my friends con-
vinced that the medicine would do me good
that a subscription was started and over £40 per-
sonally subscribed to enable me to get a further
supply. Mrs. King got the Syrup from Mrs. J.
Froeman, Chemist, Ramsey, and kept me sup-
plied with it. After I had taken three bottles
of the Syrup I felt better. I kept on with the
medicine and gradually got stronger, and
stronger, and got back to my work. Of course
it took a long time before I properly got up my
strength. I can now do any kind of work
and feel so strong that I often walk 14 miles a
day, for which I thank God and Mother Seig-
el's Syrup. Everyone in the district is astonished
at my recovery. I tell them all that Seig-
el's Syrup has brought me back to life. I wish
others to know of what has done so much for
me, and I give permission to the Proprietors of
the medicine to make what use they think fit
of this statement; and I make this solemn de-
claration conscientiously believing the same to
be true. By virtue of the Statutory Declara-
tion Act, 1855 (Will. IV., c. 69).

Subscribed and declared at Peterborough, in the
County of Northampton, this 29th day of January
1892, before me.

(Signed) L. J. Deacon,
A Commissioner to ad-
minister Oaths in the Su-
preme Court of Judicature
in England.

You take notice of course that Mr. Knowles
makes a solemn legal declaration to the truth
of his remarkable story. It is so full of sug-
gestive facts that I could write a book about it.
But there is no time now, soon now, to do that.
The points to remember are these: If the doctors
thought "Poor Jack" had consumption they
were mistaken. The fact that he got well
shows he had no consumption. A man who
can now walk 14 miles a day has got two good
lungs. Doctors have no business to make such
blunders and scare patients out of all courage
and hope. But there! Ignorance is ignorance,
no matter where you run across it. What
sailed Mr. Knowles was indigestion and dys-
pepsia—nothing else. The cough and loss of
weight were symptoms of that, not of the destruc-
tion of lung substance. Next, keep bearing in
mind that all our common maladies signify that
our machinery for digesting food is out of order.
It is so when it doesn't look so, the same as
when it does.

That is the secret of the success of Mother
Seigel's Syrup. It cleanses the system and the
pipes, and then the water of life runs clear and
sweet. Those 40 sensible friends believed in
that.

Mr. J. Knowles is a very respectable hard-
working man. He is a farm labourer, and has
a small allotment of land which he cultivates.
The persons who subscribed to get him the
Syrup are principally farm labourers and farm-
ers residing in the district of Ramsey. The
case is well known to all the people round about
where Knowles lives. Mrs. Knowles, in speak-
ing of her husband's long illness, stated that
she never for one moment expected his recovery.
She could see him gradually dwindling away,
and herself and children could not take their
meals for tears when they saw the dreadful
condition Mr. Knowles was in, for they ex-
pected losing him every week.

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"NARRU" constitutes an important article of diet for City,
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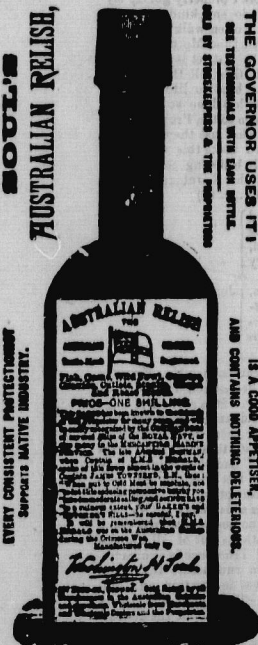
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