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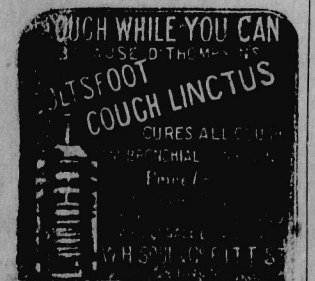
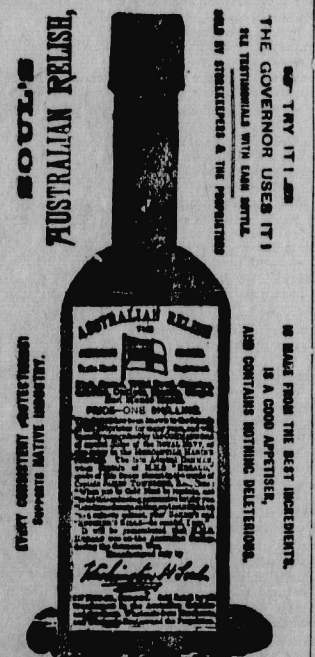
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New Series, No. 443.]

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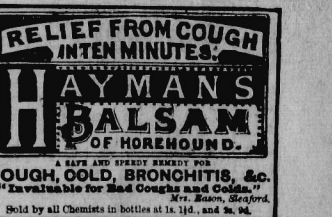
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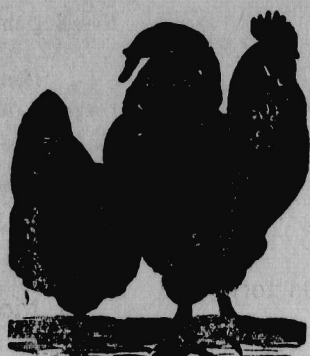
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## Christmas Number.

# The Australian Record.

SYDNEY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

## PARSON'S FLAKED OATMEAL, ROLLED OATS, PASHA COFFEE, COCOA, D.S.F. MUSTARD.

BEAR not; for behold I bring you 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—ST. LUKE ii. 10-11.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**Christmas.** Very bright and joyous are the memories of Christmas. The world each year as it celebrates the Nativity of the Saviour, renews its youth. He is the beginning and the end of its supremest joys. 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." How 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. That the Holy Child Jesus is the Son of God, is the central fact of our Christian faith, and thus every Christmas Day, the world's heart is touched as it thinks of the child at Bethlehem.

**The Greatest Event.** The event we celebrate on Christmas Day is one which has no parallel, for in it the whole human family is interested. It is the most wonderful fact in all the history of our race. "God manifest in the flesh." No wonder that such a fact inspired the songs of angels on the day when CHRIST was born. No wonder that it should now be the theme of thanksgiving by those whom the SON of GOD thus came in great humility to redeem. Even those to whom the CHRIST is but a dim tradition of the past feel something in common with Christians who know and love the LORD who was born of woman. As the late CANON LIDDON said:—"wrapped in His swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger, JESUS CHRIST takes us all captive, at least for the moment, by the beauty, the largeness of His generosity, if not by the sense of our utter need of Him, and of the mighty strength of His salvation."

**What it Tells.** The Life began 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, and purity. Although nearly nineteen hundred years have passed away since angels sang the song of Bethlehem yet CHRIST comes down the pathway of the ages, clothed in the radiant garments woven for Him by a faith stronger than time, and by a love mightier than death.

**Bethlehem.** Every Christmas Day the world's heart is touched as it thinks of the Child at Bethlehem. Man everywhere asks for GOD and 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 to be worshipped and who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. He finds no answer in the schools of reason which have coined substantive terms. The only answer that wins the heart is the holy child Jesus. By that pure birth, that sweet and gentle life man is drawn into fellowship with God and they think of Him as the source of all good, the fountain of love, full of grace and truth.

**Christmas Joy.** 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 and 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 and empty, or at least a grim procession of births and deaths; they are filled with a living loving God. Truly there ought to be joy at Christmas tide.

**Joy Associated with a Joyful Event.** Christmas should be something more than merely a season of festivity and gladness. Christians should associate their joy at Christmas-tide with the joyful event it commemorates. What joy should betheirs when they remember that CHRIST came to make an atonement for the world's guilt and sin. He who accepts the grace of God in JESUS CHRIST and who is conscious of the Divine love is led to say with adoring gratitude, "This is life eternal to know Thee the only true God and JESUS CHRIST whom Thou hast sent."

**The Joy of Expectation.** He is not only our Saviour but our Friend—a friend in whose presence there is fulness of joy. His presence is joy giving and our Christmas home and our Christmas joy cannot be complete unless He comes to us; then our joy is full. And then for the future His promises fill us with expectation of the time, 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."

One 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!

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

### WHAT THE POETS SAY.

Rise, happy morn! Rise, holy morn!  
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;  
O Father, touch the east and light  
The light that shone when Hope was born!  
—Tennyson.

As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still—  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will!  
—Thackeray.

With gentle deeds and kindly thoughts,  
And loving words withal,  
Welcome the merry Christmas in,  
And hear a brother's call.  
—T. Lawrence.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands  
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;  
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!  
—Whittier.

Who taught mankind on that first Christmas day  
What 'twas to be a man—to give, not take;  
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;  
To help, not crush; if need to die, not live?  
—Charles Kingsley.

This happy day, whose risen sun  
Shall set not through eternity;  
This holy day, when Christ the Lord  
Took on Him our humanity.  
—Phoebe Cary.

I heard the bells on Christmas day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!  
—Longfellow.

Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is echoed on forever:  
Glory to God on High, on earth be peace,  
And love towards men of love—salvation and release.  
—Keble.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.  
—Milton.

I have a life with Christ to live,  
But, ere I live it, must I wait  
Till learning can clear answer give  
Of this and that book's date?

I have a life in Christ to live,  
I have a death in Christ to die;  
And must I wait, till science give  
All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt  
Is raging wildly round about,  
Questioning of life and death and sin;  
Let me but creep within  
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet  
Take but the lowest seat,

And hear Thine awful voice repeat  
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,  
Come unto Me, and rest:  
Believe Me, and be blest.

COME unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.—ST. MATTHEW xi. 28-30.



## PERSONALIA.

Miss SNOWDON SMITH opened a well-attended Sale of Work at All Saint's School Hall, Petersham, on Saturday last, in aid of the Australian Board of Missions.—Mr. and Mrs. H. F. BURNELL, of the Australian Joint Stock Bank at Pymble, were presented by some of the residents and well-wishers of the bank with a service of plate on Saturday evening, as a mark of esteem and respect, on their departure from the district.—The BISHOP of SALISBURY is expected to arrive at Albany (W.A.) by the steamer Ormuz (Orient line) on Christmas Eve, and Melbourne on the last day of the year. From Melbourne, the BISHOP proposes to go to Tasmania, the Bluff (for Invercargill) Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and back to Sydney. Thence he will go to Vancouver, via Fiji and Honolulu, cross Canada, visiting the principal towns, and be at home again, either at the end of March or the end of April. The BISHOP will preach the Sermon at the Consecration of the Bishop of Wellington on St. Paul's Day, and may attend the Conference of Bishops at Nelson on January 31.—His Honor, Mr. JUSTICE FOSTER has been compelled through failing health to tender his resignation.—The question of granting women the right to vote at parish meetings was brought before the Synod of the Diocese of Nelson (N.Z.) and received a large measure of support. The General Synod is to settle the question next February, and its decision will be awaited with expectation by Churchmen, through the length and breadth of New Zealand. In the meanwhile the daily press seems to be interesting itself largely in the matter. The *Otago Daily Times* recently published an article dealing with the decision arrived at by the Nelson Synod upon this question.—The Synod of the Diocese of Nelson has also changed the designation of the Clergy of the Diocese. The titles of "Incumbent" and "Curate-in-charge" are to be no more heard. Their place is to be taken by the titles "Rector" and "Vicar" respectively. So that the Clergy of the outlying districts who hold their cures under the Bishop are Vicars (the Bishop's Vicars), and those who bear rule in parishes and therein administer the Rites of the Church are to be called Rectors. In the United States and in Scotland all Incumbents of parishes are called Rectors.—Mr. W. T. SHARP, Organist of St. John's Ashfield, has resigned having been appointed Organist of the Cathedral Napier, New Zealand.—Mr. FISHER, Organist of St. Andrew's, Summer Hill, has been appointed successor to Mr. SHARP, at Ashfield.—The number of ARCHBISHOPS in the Church is increasing. Last year, two Canadian Metropolitans adopted at the desire of the Canadian General Synod the title of ARCHBISHOP, which is more in accordance with the ancient customs of the Church than the more modern title of METROPOLITAN. Now, the Church of the Province of South Africa has decided to follow the example, and the METROPOLITAN BISHOP of CAPE TOWN is ARCHBISHOP of that Diocese, though the title is agreed will not be used until the meeting of next Lambeth Conference.—The REV. ROBERT MONLAWS TURNBULL of Goulburn has been registered for the celebration of marriages.—The BISHOP of BRISBANE has left England. To save time, he proceeds overland to Naples and there joins the Orient Mail Boat. The BISHOP is expected to arrive in Sydney en route for Brisbane in the course of next week.—The REV. W. J. KILLICK PIDDINGTON was yesterday installed by the BISHOP of GRAFTON and ARMIDALE as ARCHDEACON OF TANKWORTH.

**Lay-Readers' Association.** The Annual Meeting of the Church of Australia Lay-Reader's Association for the Diocese of Sydney will be held at the Chapter House, Bathurst-street, on Tuesday, 8th January, at half-past four o'clock p.m., when the MOST REVEREND THE PRIMATE will preside.

## REVIEW.

**THE LAND OF IDOLS.**—This is a volume intended to throw light on the Missionary work in India—a country which is just now attracting considerable attention. The writer, the Rev. J. J. Pool who resided for a time at Calcutta, is well qualified for the work he has undertaken and has displayed very considerable ability in his task. He has dealt with a variety of topics—racial, political, social, and religious, and other things which would tend to throw light on life in India. The subjects treated upon are:—The Blackhole of Calcutta, Idols, Holy Tanks and Wells, The Worship of Juggernaut, Sacred Monkeys, Snakes and Snake Worship, Manners and Customs, Saints, Sacred Cows and Bulls, Buddhist Prayer Machines, Eastern Proverbs, Stories of Caste, Sacred Trees and Plants, Tales of the Mutiny, Sacred Birds, Girl Life, Fire Worshippers, Household and other Pests, Sacred Footprints, Water Carriers, and Brave Young Converts. The book is illustrated and well got up, is very suitable for a Sunday School library or a scholar's prize. The book is published by Ward, Lock and Co., and is obtainable at the Church Book Depot, 176 Pitt-street, Sydney.

## NEXT WEEK.

## SUNDAY.

## THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Lessons: Morning—Isaiah 30 v. 27; Revelation 11. Evening—Isaiah 32 or 33 v. 2 to v. 23; Revelation 12.

## THE CATHEDRAL.—11 a.m., Ordination of Priests.

Preacher, THE PRIMATE.

8.15 p.m., Rev. R. Noake (for Canon Taylor).

7 p.m., The Dean.

Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and 11 a.m.

ALL SAINTS', WOOLLAHRA.—7 p.m., THE PRIMATE.

## MONDAY.

Lessons: Morning—Isaiah 59; Revelation 14. Evening—Isaiah 60; Revelation 15.

Distribution of Prizes, Cathedral Choir School, 4 p.m. THE PRIMATE.

## TUESDAY.

## Christmas Eve.

(Proper Psalms, M. 19, 45, 85; E. 89, 110, 132; Athan. Creed, Proper Preface in Com. Service, and for seven days after. Col. for Nativity to be used each day until New Year's Eve).

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

## CATHEDRAL.—11 a.m., THE DEAN.

7.30 p.m., The Precentor.

Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and 11 a.m.

## WEDNESDAY.

## St. Stephen, 3.

Lessons: Morning—Genesis 4 v. 11; Acts 6. Evening—2 Chronicles 24 v. 15 to v. 23; Acts 8 v. 9.

## CATHEDRAL.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.

## THURSDAY.

## St. John, 8.

Lessons: Morning—Exodus 33 v. 9; John 13 v. 23 to v. 36. Evening—Isaiah 6; Revelation 1.

## CATHEDRAL.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.

## FRIDAY.

## Epiphany, 3.

Lessons: Morning—Jeremiah 31 v. 18; Revelation 16. Evening—Baruch 4 v. 21 to v. 31; Revelation 18.

## CATHEDRAL.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.

St. AUGUSTINE'S, NEUTRAL BAY.—Confirmation, 7.30 p.m. THE PRIMATE.

## SATURDAY.

Lessons: Morning—Isaiah 61; Revelation 19 v. 11. Evening—Isaiah 62; Revelation 19 v. 11.

## OPEN COLUMN.

## SYNOD ASSESSMENT.

A question of morals confronts us. The aspect of the Synod Assessment question is large and looming. The Standing Committee of the Synod has been forced to arrange for its banking account to be overdrawn some £1000—and if the arrears of assessment were paid the overdraft would be cleared off. In other words the Representative Assembly of the Church in the Diocese of Sydney, has, of necessity, this large debt to the bank, because responsible office bearers—Clergymen and Laymen—have withheld lawful supply. The matter is growing to be a serious reproach and shame, and already some loyal sons of the Church amongst the Laity, who know all about the question of Assessment for Synod and Registry expenses have become grieved and hurt, and the effects are far reaching. It is evident that there is not a proper feeling with regard to the subject in some of the parishes which have allowed their payments to lapse, although the Clergy may be supposed to be well enough informed about the equity and nature of the assessment, yet probably many Lay Members of Synod do not take any helpful action in the parishes they represent to prevent or remove the shame, while possibly some Churchwardens in their want of information consider the assessment as an unreasonable and foreign thing.

It sometimes happens that individuals and bodies acting in official concert are away or biased either by prejudice or by the absence of correct information, and it is obvious that in many parishes there cannot be knowledge and judgment concerning the Synod and Registry expenses. We cannot do without the Synod unless we are prepared to do without Church property and its management, and into the question of management and control and security of Church property the Registry largely enters; the Synod and the Registry are both necessary institutions, and I will add that the legal and technical knowledge possessed and so courteously imparted by the Registrar is of immense benefit to parishes and Clergymen and to the Church.

Some have thought that too much money has been spent in printing, that is to say, that expense has been un-

necessarily incurred in allowing to be printed, reports which perhaps might well be left unprinted; but that after all is but a small matter of detail. The fact remains to us that after the Church's representative Clergymen and Laymen have taken great care and pains to assess the parishes equitably for Synod and Registry expenses, parishes refuse to pay, and allow a policy of drift, till the affections and services of some thoughtful Laymen are in danger of being withdrawn in sorrow and grief because unlike bookmakers, parishes refuse to pay "debts of honour." E.

## JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

"All in the Name of the Lord Jesus."

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all, my readers. May it be a time of outward gladness and recuperating rest to most of you, and to all may it be a time of inward rejoicing. May the New Year bring us more happiness in Christ, whatever other sadnesses it may bring us, and may each of us be enabled each year to do more good in the world. We most of us have had many mercies in the past year to be thankful for, and we are desirous of showing our gratitude by our lives as well as with our lips. While I am looking thus backward and forward let me add a few words of appeal and suggestion. I have been able during the past year to supply these Jottings with perhaps greater regularity than in any previous year, but no one is more conscious than I that the thoughts of a man who lives "on the other side of nowhere," at a distance of 250 miles from the capital, cannot have the freshness which active town life gives. Even if I was able to read many Church papers it would not make up for want of personal contact with varied types of workers. I do not propose to discontinue these paragraphs, but I cannot help wishing that someone else, someone who is in the thick of the work, someone who has plenty of opportunities of hearing and seeing how Church work is progressing, someone who is continually meeting with other workers and is frequently able to attend public meetings—would undertake a similar column every week. The pen is a mighty power for good, and although some may think that "it would be so much trouble," or "it would make me unpopular," or "I should not find subjects every week," yet experience would prove that all these ideas are false, while, as in my own case, one is often cheered by finding that one's words had done some good. Will not some reader look upon these lines as a call to him or (still better, for Woman's Work needs a woman writer in the RECORD) to her, to work in this way for the Master?

The choice of the new Bishop of Riverina seems to have given general satisfaction. The wisdom of choosing our Bishops from men already working in the Colonies is now so generally recognised that it seems strange to recollect that a few years ago I was considered quite singular in advocating such a course. And I believe that the still more recent plan of choosing young men for the more Missionary Dioceses will be justified by results. After all, it is results that will decide such a question; and I, for one, am quite ready to await with equanimity the comparison of the work of our recently appointed Bishops from Australia with the work of the men—good men and fine workers though they be—who will soon come from home to rule the Dioceses of Perth, Adelaide, and Wellington. Unquestionably both classes have certain advantages and certain disadvantages. But even if the Bishops from home proved far superior, it is worth much to the Church that every Clergyman should be able to know that—if he proves worthy of it—he carries a Bishop's mitre in his valise. I heartily wish success to the future Bishop of Riverina in his very uphill task; the fact that he has the good will and the good wishes of all who have met him will encourage him in the weary work that lies before him.

Christmas has many joys, but it brings a few documents which are far from being joys to the recipients—and these are Christmas bills. For a Clergyman not to pay his bills regularly is rightly looked upon as a grievous thing; and no one is more anxious than most persons to achieve the Christian duty of paying twenty shillings in the pound. But how is a man to do it when—as in one case I lately heard of—his stipend is many scores of pounds in arrears? I am not speaking of a place that cannot pay the money or of a Clergyman whose character or work can be in any way supposed to merit the final punishment of "starving out." What is needed is probably a regular organisation of energetic collectors, and this is what would probably be arranged at once if there were a few men personally responsible for the payments. As it is, being the business of everybody, it is allowed to be the business of nobody. Every such case does harm in many ways. Pressure of creditors may even impel a man to descend to the "lowest depth"—that of collecting his own stipend. At all events there is the constant temptation to "please the people" by "prophesying smooth things." While young men with the love of God in their hearts and with good brains in their heads may well pause and count the cost before entering an occupation where "no one is responsible for the stipend."

COLIN CLOUT.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL COLUMN.

Communications respecting this column should be addressed to the Rev. J. W. Debenham, Grammar School, Young. An honorary reporter is desired in every Sunday School. Information concerning the Diocesan courses of lessons and examinations will be given by Diocesan Hon. Secs.: SYDNEY: Rev. E. C. Beck, Mosman's Bay; NEWCASTLE, Rev. Canon Goddard, Morpeth.

I forget how many teachers entered last year for the Teachers' Examination in Sydney, but I am nearly certain that they were not as many as the 22 who have passed this year. Any increase is a cause for rejoicing; but out of our thousands of teachers, we ought to be able to show a still longer list. The Newcastle Diocese is thinking of starting a Teachers' Examination, but unless the matter is already arranged, I trust that this step may be delayed until the next Provincial Synod establishes the Provincial Sunday School Association which I have so often advocated.

The English Church Sunday School Magazine and Church Worker came out in new covers, and with other improvements, which show that they are prepared to "move with the times." Both papers are admirable ones for Sunday School Teachers who desire improvement in their work. The Institute is at the same time printing its monthly lessons in pamphlet form at one penny each—a reform which will speedily be appreciated. Unless my judgment is at fault, the lessons themselves also show signs of improvement in point of fulness and otherwise.

At Christmas-time most teachers will like to show their interest in their children by presenting each with a Christmas card or leaflet. I see no harm in this being done, provided that cheapness is a characteristic of the present. Some teachers are not able to afford presents as others are, and, above all things, jealousy should be avoided in our Sunday-school work. As a testimony of regard a Christmas card is an excellent thing; as a help in the Christian life a New Year's card, with a motto for the year, is still better: but these advantages can be obtained without the least suspicion of that "bribery," which is equally bad for scholar, teacher, and school.

Don't go away for your Christmas holidays, teachers, without arranging for substitutes to take your place. It is your business, not the business of the superintendent, to arrange this matter.

If you are at a loss for a subject to occupy the last ten minutes of any school session, you might do worse than examine your scholars about the use of the Prayer Book in Church. You will find that many show considerable ignorance on this matter.

J. W. D.

## 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.

## THE OMITTED COMMA.

(To the Editor of the Australian Record.)

SIR,—Doubt begins with a D, and is there not danger in a doubt for was not the world ruined by one? In the Open Column of last week, D's communication involves a dangerous doubt as to whether a Clergyman of the Church of England is a Minister or a Priest. The former conducts the worship of the congregation, but the latter presumes to convey the grace of God to the people by localising it in the Water of Baptism and the Bread and Wine of the Lord's Supper. No fact can be more certain but that the great achievement of the Reformation was to oust the grace-conveying sacrifice-offering priestly intermediary of Rome for the Presbyter of the Church of the Apostles. A comma is but a little thing, yet the omission of the one in question lends an opportunity to bring back the discarded pre-reformation Priest. No book has been more carefully revised than the sealed copy of the Book of Common Prayer and a glance at the splendid photographic fac simile, a copy of which is in Sydney, will certify the fact. The omitted comma is plainly therein. It is to be found in the reply to the question in the Catechism: "What meanest thou by this word Sacrament?" The answer is: "I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace" (the comma is here) "given unto us," etc. Any reader of the Prayer Book as sold prior to the publication of the correct edition of last year, would infer—even Bishop Barry in his *Teacher's Prayer Book* is very hazy in consequence of the omission, that spiritual grace was conveyed in the Sacrament, whereas the true meaning is that Christ gave the signs of water, bread and wine. If the meaning had been that grace was conveyed, then somebody must have been the channel whereby it was conveyed to water, bread and wine, and that channel of grace could only have been the Priest. This little comma is as fatal to the sacrifice offering priestly conveyor as a bullet would be through his heart. No copy of the Prayer Book is correct unless the comma in question is

inserted, and we owe additional gratitude to the Church Association, who has compelled attention to the matter, for yet another service rendered to the Church.

I am, etc.,  
CHURCH ASSOCIATION MEMBER.

## THE VALIDITY OF ORDERS.

SIR,—It is a matter for deep regret that in the controversy with the Roman Cardinals, those who represent the Church of England (so far as I have seen) meet them on their own ground, and endeavour to shew by historical evidence that our Orders are as valid as theirs, or that at the least, the Roman succession is as incapable of demonstration as the Anglican. I for one believe that our line of succession is unbroken, and value this for what I understand it to be worth, and that is not a little. This is not however the way to meet Rome's assumptions—it is only the case of a little Rome contending against a great Rome. The Church of Rome claims to ordain men to be priests to offer the sacrifice of the Mass, and repudiates Anglican Orders on the double plea of a break in the Episcopal line, and the absence of authority given to offer this sacrifice of the Mass. To this I would answer—no Bishop, Roma or Anglican, can ordain any man to the priesthood (sacrificial). All Christians become sacrificing priests by virtue of their union with the Great High Priest, and all Christians have a sacrifice to offer similar to that of Christ, (save in its atoning efficacy), as is expressed in the words "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." The Christian elder (=presbyter=priest) is ordained to be a ruler, teacher, evangelist, or pastor, according to his gifts. The Christian ministry is a ministry by priests, supposed to possess special gifts of the Spirit, to priests who are supposed to lack these. There is not such an order in the Christian Church as "mass-priests." We have no record in the New Testament of any elder, Apostle or otherwise, who was ordained to offer the sacrifice of the Eucharist. The administration of the Holy Communion by the ordained Minister is a matter of Church order, but there is nothing in the New Testament which ties its celebration to the Presbyter. Singularly enough, this is not disputed by any branch of the Church in the case of the Sacrament of Regeneration. I would yield to no man in regard to my conception of the wonderful greatness of our calling as ministering priests, and of the calling of all Christians to be "priests unto God," but I should *prima facie* be disposed to question the value of a claim upon which Rome lays urgent stress. It is quite possible that if we fight Rome with her own weapons, we may be worsted, but it is impossible that she should gain the victory if met with the Word of God. We may be sure that this simultaneous attack upon Anglican Orders in England and Australia, is not accidental. Rome seeing how many in our branch of the Church have approximated to her in doctrine and practice, may well have come to the conclusion that if the minds of such can only be unsettled on the point of their Orders, it will lead them to her validating ordination for rest from their doubts. I trust that the thoughtful consideration of this will lead those of us who do not believe the grace for the ministry to be dependent upon unbroken Apostolical succession, to let go once for all that crutch of ecclesiastical pride as the validation of our ministry.

I am yours,  
J. CHAFFERS-WELSH.

Kiama, Dec. 18th, 1894.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSION TO SEAMEN

SIR,—Adverse circumstances prevent our arranging for the Sailor's Tea, usual at Christmas tide; a matter of regret to all concerned. But I shall feel thankful if any in sympathy with our work will send me cake, fruit, lollies, gingerbeer or lemonade for the refreshments of our Sailors on the nights of Thursday, 27th inst., and Thursday, 3rd January. I do not feel at liberty to state anything about the affairs of the Mission at present, but may have an opportunity of doing so shortly. Yours, etc.,  
COURTENAY SMITH,  
Missionary.

## THE REV. J. D. LANGLEY'S SCHEME OF DIOCESAN ENDOWMENT BY LIFE INSURANCE.

In the letter of Mr. W. H. Rowsell, published last week, there are two printer's errors which we desire to correct. In line 32 the rate of interest to be received on Saving's Bank Deposits should be printed 5 per cent, not 3 per cent. In line 28, from end—The tabular rate of a Life Company at age of 25 years for £400 policy is £12 11s 4d, not £1 11s 4d.

## Notices to Correspondents.

All items of news, correspondence, etc., intended for publication in our next issue, must be in our hands on Monday morning next. Will our correspondents and friends note this in order to prevent disappointment.

Messrs. Parker and Laird, of Hillsdale, write:—"Our Mr. Laird, having occasion to visit Scotland, and knowing the excellent qualities of the Canadian Healing Oil, concluded to take some with him, and the result has been very astonishing. We may say that in several instances it has effected cures when ailments had been pronounced incurable by eminent practitioners."

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stockings,  
All over the land to-night,  
Hung in the choicest corners,  
In a glow of crimson light!  
The tiny scarlet stocking,  
With a hole in the heel and toe,  
Worn by wonderful journeys  
The darlings have had to go.

And heaven pity the children,  
Whoever their homes may be,  
Who wake at the first grey dawning  
An empty stocking to see!  
Left in the faith of childhood,  
Hanging against the wall,  
Just when the dawning glory  
Of Santa's light will fall!

Alas! for the lonely mother  
Whose home is empty and still,  
Who has no scarlet stocking  
With childish toys to fill!  
Who sits in the swarthy twilight  
With her face against the pane,  
And grieves for the little baby  
Whose grave lies out in the rain!

Oh, the empty shoes and stockings,  
Forever laid aside!  
Oh, the tangled broken shoe-strings  
That will never more be tied!  
Oh, the small graves at the mercy  
Of the bleak December rain!  
Oh, the feet in their snow-white sandals  
That never can trip again!

But happier they who slumber  
With marble at foot and head,  
Then the child who has no shelter,  
Nor raiment, nor food, nor bed;  
Yes, heaven help the living;  
Children of want and pain,  
Knowing no fold or pasture,  
Out to-night in the rain!

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Jesus Christ is, in the noblest and most perfect sense, the realised ideal of humanity.—*Herder.*

Jesus of Nazareth, our Divine symbol! Higher has the human thought not yet reached. A symbol of quite perennial, infinite character, whose significance will ever demand to be anew enquired into, and anew made manifest.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

The Life of Christ concerns Him who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted, with his pierced hand, empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

I esteem the Gospels to be thoroughly genuine, for there shines forth from them the reflected splendour of a sublimity, proceeding from the person of Jesus Christ, of so Divine a kind as only the Divine could ever have manifested upon earth.—*Goethe.*

No one ever thus loved, as Christ did, nor did anything so truly great and good as the Bible tell us of Him ever enter into the heart of man. It is a holy form, which rises before the poor pilgrim like a star in the night, and satisfies his innermost craving; his most secret yearnings and hopes.—*Matthias Claudius.*

To the individual Christian, Jesus is the Divine Saviour, to believe in whom is life everlasting; to know whom is to have peace with God. Love has no Diviner emblem than the Good Shepherd; beneficence no ideal so perfect as that "it is more blessed to give than to receive"; fidelity to duty no loftier standard than a life laid down at its command; self-sacrifice no dream so perfect as the record of His death upon the Cross.—*Cunningham Grieve, D.D.*

This only I know, that there is salvation in no other name than in the name of Jesus Christ, the Crucified, and that nothing loftier offers itself to humanity than the God-manhood realised in Him, and the Kingdom of God which He founded—an idea and problem not yet rightly understood and incorporated into the life, even of those who, in other respects, justly rank as the most zealous and warmest Christians! Were Christ indeed and in truth our Life, how could such a falling away from Him be possible? Those in whom He lived would witness so mightily for him, through their whole life, whether spoken, written, or acted, that unbelief would be forced to silence.—*De Wette.*

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A FAVOURITE ARTICLE, which gained the Gold Medal at Chicago, is the Famous Extract made from the Tree of Life by Coleman and Sons, Limited, of Coolamundra, N. S. W. Wherever this Company has 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), are a special 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 extract widely used, especially, as it is so highly recommended by the Medical Faculty, viz., Coleman and Sons.

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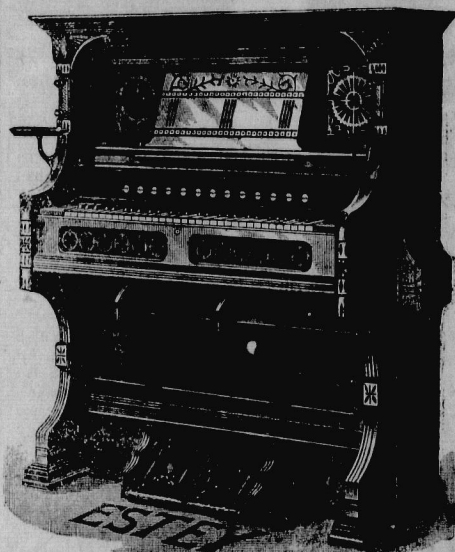
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THE CLERGY WIDOWS' and ORPHANS' FUND FOR THE DIOCESE OF SYDNEY.

ON TUESDAY NEXT (Christmas Day) the 25th inst., COLLECTIONS will be made in the Cathedral and in most of the Anglican Churches on behalf of the Fund.

The Fund is at present paying pensions to eleven widows and six orphans. The sum of £5360 13s. 8d. has, since its formation, been paid as pensions to widows and orphans of the Clergy. The capital exceeds £23,950. Subscriptions and donations are earnestly invited from the Laity.

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THE REVEREND EDMUND B. PROCTER is always available as Locum Tenens; for occasional services on the Lord's Day, or at any other times; for Religious Instruction in Public or other Schools; or for any other duties. Address—"STAFFA," Cavendish-street, Stanmore, Petersham.

## The Australian Record.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

## THE INCARNATION.

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God." "And the Word was made flesh and tabernacled amongst us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only-Begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." Such are the well-known words of St. JOHN in the opening chapter of his Gospel, words upon which thousands love to ponder at Christmastide. The doctrine of the Incarnation has been well called, "the great central sun of revelation" and the "beating heart and the inner soul of secular history," "the central fact in the scheme of moral providence," whose "unity and harmony" make it "a fountain of power;" the realisation of the highest purpose of God the unveiling of the depths of His wisdom, love and might." The Incarnation is thus the culmination of a supernatural order. Growth is the universal law of God. This is illustrated in the two great departments of God's work and providence; in creation and in history. "Revelation," says PRESIDENTY Row in his Bampton Lectures on Christian Evidences, viewed in relation to Modern Thought: "Revelation as it is recorded in the Bible, has not been imparted to us at the first complete and entire, as

a rigid code, irrespective of the ever-changing conditions of humanity, but it is a plant which has grown in a succession of gradual stages until its culmination in JEANUS CHRIST, just as the Creator has effected His work through a succession of developments, each one of which has been closely interwoven with that which preceded it until it has culminated in man." Thus it is that Christianity differs so widely from all other representative forms of religion: their developments are developments of retrogression; Christianity alone is a development of progress. CHRIST is the perfect man of history, the goal of development, and Christianity is built on CHRIST; without Him it would never have been, without Him it never could be. By His disciples who knew Him most intimately, and by His Church through these nineteen centuries, He is owned and adored as the Lord from heaven, is revered by the common consent of the pure in heart as the most perfect man. "In Him," says the disciple who knew Him best, "was light." The yearnings of all nations are answered in Him. We are not going to attempt to write the history of men which, though crudely expressed, helped to prepare the world for the Advent of CHRIST, but rather to lead our minds to see that the Incarnation of CHRIST was an appreciable manifestation of God. God can be seen in many ways, but His manifestation in nature is too vast and too distant to satisfy sinful, sorrowful man. The historical religions of MOHAMMED and BUDDHA yield no satisfactory answer to man's need. BUDDHA, as seen through the traditions of his people, was full of love and tenderness, willing at any moment to become a sacrifice that he might lift or lighten the world's misery, and whilst his religion has produced many virtues, yet it does not evoke or satisfy the ideal of man. It is a religion of absolute despair. The Incarnation of CHRIST gives man an attractive, perfect, and simple manifestation of God, for it shows the nature of that love which longed to establish a closer relationship between God and man, and whose aim was "nothing less than the strictest union, the glorification of God in man and of man in God." In CHRIST there is the illustration and gift of love,—the utmost gift which could be made, for it is the gift of "self." "God so loved the world that He gave His Only-Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." That statement written in the history of the Word made flesh, tells us that in that gift God gave His all. The Incarnation of CHRIST is a complete answer to all our spiritual needs. He encountered the trials and temptations, sorrows and afflictions, weaknesses and pains which befall us day by day. He was tested in all points like as we are, and He knew not sin. The world is challenged to find a flaw in His character. It asks, Did He embody His own doctrine? What said He? "Bless them that persecute you." Did He do it? Let one of His disciples answer, "When He was reviled He reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not." One of His historians says that in His last agony He prayed "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." His sinlessness convinces the world of its sinfulness. His example is set before us that we may follow in His steps. He is the perfect model. His words are so true and mighty, so tender and reasonable, that they are an inspiration and lead men to live peaceful, holy, gentle, happy lives. All those mental trials which perplex us, all that sense of sin which fills the soul with penitence, all that guilt which troubles the conscience; these and all other needs are met in Him who is the life and light of men. And when we look forward and ask shall we die for ever or live? All the dim hints and guesses from other sources are gathered together, answered, and emphasised. "CHRIST who hath brought life and immortality to light." There is one view of the Incarnation which at Christmastide we should think about more frequently, it is that the Incarnation illustrates the dignity and value of human nature. What honour was put upon that nature, frail and fallen though it was, when the Son of God made it His abode while He revealed His Father's will and performed His work. Does it not show how deeply God is interested in us. We are dearer to Him than any other of His works. When CHRIST took hold of our nature He united it with divinity. Abject as we are,

and in many respects so unholy and base, yet we can rise to pure and lofty heights. He made our nature an organ of manifestation; the link by which the Father would connect Himself with humanity. CHRIST calls us brethren, because He is a partaker of our common nature. Can we call Him LORD having accepted Him by faith as our SAVIOUR? Is the "Incarnation at Bethlehem" which we so joyfully celebrate, a type of the "Incarnation of CHRIST" within us? The hope and comfort which comes from CHRIST dwelling in our heart, can only make Christmas what we trust it may be to every reader:—happy, bright, joyful, and glad.

## OFFICIAL.

THE MOST REVEREND THE PRIMATE will not be in attendance at the Registry until January 3rd. He can only be seen in the interval by special appointment.

## ORDINATION.

BY THE MOST REVEREND THE PRIMATE, On December 21 (St. Thomas' Day), in the Cathedral. Preacher—Rev. A. Yarnold.

## DEACON.

Mr. Ernest Richard Bulmer Gribble.

## CLERGY DAUGHTERS' SCHOOL WAVERLEY.

In the list of successful pupils last week the name of FREDA NEWTH should have appeared after that of LEWIS HIRST (Form II), as having obtained a prize in English Subjects. Miss Newth also obtained the prize given by the Principal, for Holy Scripture and the Prayer Book (Form II).

## CHURCH NEWS.

## Diocese of Newcastle.

ST. MARY'S, W. MAITLAND.—There has just been placed in St. Mary's, West Maitland, a Memorial window to Mr. G. A. Smyth. The inscription at the foot of the window runs "In memory of George Australia Smyth, died April 16th, 1894, aged 66 years. Sunday-school Teacher 30 years." Sunday-school Teacher 30 years! This is very telling, and may remind us during this season of Advent of a passage in Ruskin—"The condemnation given from Judgment throne—most solemnly described—is all for the undone and not for the donees."

DIOCESE OF RIVERINA.—Some particulars relating to the above may interest your Newcastle Diocesan readers just now. They are taken from the '93 edition of the "Year Book of the Church of England." "The Clergy are 17 in number, one being Organist Secretary; they are separated by great distances, some being as much as 120 miles apart. The members of the Church number about 26,000. There is a Church Mission for the Aborigines at Varengea. The Bishop travelled during the year 6,537 miles. The third Session of the Second Synod was held in April, when a Church Management Bill was passed and other legislation effected. The Diocesan Council has worked well. A residence for the Bishop of the Diocese is now completed in the immediate vicinity of Hay. The purchase of 20 acres of land, and the erection of the house and fences amounts to £8,000, about one half of which is raised, the remainder being borrowed at 7 per cent. The house is called "Bishop's Lodge," and is peculiarly built on wooden blocks (owing to the difficulty of getting foundations for brick.) The walls are of corrugated iron without, and flat iron within, the space between being filled with sawdust. The iron cools with the temperature, and cool nights are secured, while by day the house resists the heat well, and is warm in winter. The climate is dry and healthy. The principal town in the Diocese is Broken Hill, with a population of 20,000. A band of Sisters at present three in number, is of great advantage."

WISEMAN'S FERRY.—The Bishop of the Diocese arrived here on the 8th inst. and went on by coach to St. Alban's, where a week before the Rev. F. A. Cadell had taken charge of the Parish. On Monday, the 10th, the Bishop passed through Wiseman's Ferry to Mangrove Creek, to hold a Confirmation Service on Tuesday. ST. MARY'S, W. MAITLAND.—(Tea and Moonlight Concert.)—A Tea and moonlight concert were held at Gosforth last week in aid of the funds of St. Clement's Church, a neat little building just erected. The tea was laid in the Church, and a large number of persons, including many from West Maitland, did ample justice to the dainty delicacies provided. After the tea, a moonlight concert was held in the grounds, a portion near the porch being enclosed to form a stage. Previous to commencing the concert, the Rev. W. H. H. Yarrington, in whose Parish the Church is situated, gave a short address. His Lordship the Rev. Dr. Stanton, Bishop of Newcastle, was present, and during an interval between the items delivered a short humorous address. In the course of his

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**UNDERTAKER**  
*Charles Rinsela.*



remarks, Dr. Stanton, speaking of the Church, said it was the last new baby: they would have to feed it with a golden spoon, and he would not mind giving it a spoonful in the shape of a donation of £10. The announcement was received with loud and prolonged applause.

**WALLSEND.**—(Mission).—The Eight Days' Mission in connection with St. Luke's, Wallsend, commenced on Sunday, 2nd inst., the Right Rev. the Bishop preaching at morning service. There was a Children's Service at 3 p.m., which was fairly attended. The Missioner, the Rev. Henry Martin, of Sydney, delivered an address at 3 o'clock, and preached in the evening to a large congregation. The Mission has been continued each evening, the subject on Monday being, "The Woman of Samaria;" Tuesday, "Christ knocking at the door;" Wednesday, "The Demoniac Boy;" Thursday, "Death." The addresses were earnestly given, and deep interest was manifested. Talks for and with children have been held each afternoon at 4 p.m. in the schoolroom, which have also been well attended. The Services on Sunday, 9th, were well attended, although the weather was unpropitious, and the deep and earnest interest taken in the services will, we are sure, produce lasting fruit. A meeting for men only at 3 p.m. on Sunday, was largely attended and the Mission was brought to a close by the administration of the Holy Communion, at which a large number attended.

#### Diocese of Grafton and Armidale.

**ARMIDALE.**—On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 12th inst., the Bishop administered the Rite of Confirmation in the Cathedral to some 60 or 70 young people. His Lordship's addresses before and after Confirmation, contained important thoughts well expressed. He exhorted the Candidates to come forward for the imposition of hands with expectancy and with resolve, expecting God's Spirit to be given them, and resolving by God's grace to keep the solemn vow they were about to make. After the imposition of hands, the Bishop exhorted the Candidates to watchfulness, to prayerfulness, and to worship.

**TENTERFIELD.**—The Self-Denial appeal for Missions was well responded to in this Parish. Over £12 was received, which, considering the depression is very satisfactory. At Drake a Juvenile Industrial and Floral Exhibition in connection with the Sunday School proved a great success. Efforts are being made to procure a suitable organ for the Mission Hall at the latter centre.

**THE NEW ARCHDEACONRY.**—The Bishop will install the Rev. W. J. Piddington as the first Archdeacon of Tamworth in St. John's Church, Tamworth, on Friday December 21st. The new Archdeaconry is the largest in extent of the three into which the Diocese is now divided.

**GRAFTON.**—The Parishioners have decided to present Archdeacon Greenaway, whose resignation takes effect at the end of the year, with a valedictory address and a purse of sovereigns.

**TWEED RIVER.**—A good work is proceeding in this district among the Kanakas engaged in the sugar plantations. On a recent Sunday, some forty converts received the Sacrament of Holy Baptism.

**PRESSENTATION TO THE BISHOP.**—Several of the Parishes in this Diocese are combining effort to provide His Lordship with a suitable travelling equipment. One Parish provides a pair of horses, another the vehicle, another the harness, another the whip, and so, many hands make light work.

#### A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

By THE REV. CANON BELL, D.D.,

Raise your voices, Choirs of Angels,  
Praise Him in the Highest Hail,  
Sing of all His matchless graces,  
Ye, the first-born sons of light.

Morning Stars, once your Hosannas  
Rang through all the vaulted night,  
And the glory of your faces  
Turn'd the darkness into light.

Then ye brought to man good tidings  
Heaven and Earth were hushed forth one,  
Bound again in blessed union,  
And the reign of peace begun.

Sing again your song triumphant,  
As on that first Christmas morn,  
When to us a Son was given,  
When to us a Child was born.

And let those He came to ransom,  
Join their voices to your Choir,  
Let His matchless grace and goodness  
Touch their lips with hallow'd fire.

Holy Saviour now exalted,  
Giv'n a name all names above,  
In our hearts we will enthroned Thee,  
Bound to Thee by cords of love.

Give Thee we our choicest treasures,  
As the wise men gave of old,  
Bringing all they deem'd most costly,  
Frankincense, and myrrh, and gold.

Nay, not gifts alone we render,  
As at Thy dear feet we fall,  
But ourselves to Thee we offer,  
Heart and soul, and life and all.

#### CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

By THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

There are at this season two thoughts present to the mind of most, and they are thoughts which mutually help one another. The first is that of the great season of Christmas, when for our redemption the Son of God deigned to become the Son of man; the second is that of the new year, reminding us of opportunities lost, perhaps, in the past, or but half-used; and urging us to better service in the year to come.

The first speaks to us of God's boundless love. But how great must be the value of man in His sight, when God Himself deigned to become our representative, and bear the burden of our sins, and earn for us eternal life. But this very manner of our salvation also shows us that man was redeemed for a purpose. Had God so determined He might have saved us by an act of volition merely. He might have willed, too, that sin should not be forgiven only, but that it should cease. He might have willed, too, that man should not be clothed only with Christ's merits, and admitted to bliss for Christ's sake, but that he should be made perfect and enriched with merits of his own. God has willed that man should be saved by the labour and pain of one who was God as well as man.

And when the Apostle has reminded us that our Saviour endured the Cross, and despised shame, not merely because of His love to us, but because even He had respect to "the joy set before Him." He bids us also "consider Him who endured such galling of sinners that we wax not weary nor faint in ourselves." We have here fit subject for New Year's self-communings. The pathway of godliness is not an easy path strewn with flowers and garnished with delights. It is a path like that trodden by our Lord, made easier indeed by reason of God's mercy and our Saviour's example, and the ever present help of the Holy Spirit. But still a difficult, upward struggle, and when we would repine at this we are to consider, think over, and compare with all that distresses us, the hard and grievous pathway of our Master, that so encouraged by His example, we may "lift up our heads that hang down, and stiffen our palsied knees"; then, with hearts encouraged and sense of duty fortified, we shall boldly and painfully press forward towards the prize of our high calling.

We may feel assured that Christ would not have chosen this path of pain and labour had it not been the best path. Even if our salvation could have been elsewhere obtained, yet doubtless His example was needful for us, and while it teaches us the lesson of personal exertion, it also gives us Divine encouragement and consolation. The promise to us is that we shall sit side by side with Christ on His throne, but there is a limit to the promise. This high session on the Divine throne is for him only "that overcometh," and he sits at Christ's side because He has become like Him. For Christ Himself has that throne, because "He also overcame, and therefore sat down with the Father on His throne" (Rev. iii. 21). Heaven is not the meed of Christians with "palsied knees," who fear exertion, shrink from duty, and shrink their baptismal obligation, "to fight manfully under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil."

The New Year's thought, then, is that Christ bids us follow His pathway of effort and exertion. Let us bear our burden earnestly and cheerfully, knowing that the struggle is for our good, and that if there was "joy set before our Master, so shall we also attain to it if we tread in His steps. But the Christmas thought tells us of the purpose of this enduring, and why life has in it so much of hardness. Christ came to inaugurate a nobler state of things. Twice does the Evangelical prophet set before us the lineaments of Christ's Kingdom (Isaiah xi. and lxxv.) The picture is drawn in metaphors taken from material objects, but these all set before us a kingdom of righteousness, of love, and of peace. Since Christ came there is a higher standard of justice and equity, and many a brave effort is being made for the lessening of human ills. But we are miserable laggards in the pathway of peace. Nation still forges weapon against nation, and the highest efforts of man's inventive faculty are exerted in the endeavour to produce engines of murderous power for killing. And Christians, with full liberty to serve God in their own way, hurry one another in law courts. The Kingdom of God consists not in these things, but "in righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost." The command of old was, "Stand still and see the salvation of God." It is a hard saying, and makes a very hard call upon our faith. It is so much easier to think that the ark of God needs our propping up, and it is so gratifying to our self-love to imagine that we prop it up so cleverly. But "the Sword of the Spirit is the Word of God," and the Christian's duty is to be patient in well-doing, and to teach the truth as taught to him in God's Word, and to be in his life an example of purity and holiness. Add to these prayer, and the Christian has all he needs for his conflict with the evil of every kind there is upon earth. And if he uses these aright, the Holy Spirit will be with him, and will strengthen him for the one real conflict, even the conflict with sin, chiefly in his own heart, but also in the world around him; and that same Divine Spirit will give him the only true victory, even that of faith (1 John, v. 4).

If we each of us interrogate our own experience, I do not think that we shall say that the adoption of critical views has led to any real loosening of the hold upon doctrine, but rather the contrary.

#### A CHRISTMAS ADDRESS.

By THE VEN. ARCHDEACON RICHARDSON.

"The mystery of Godliness" is a great thing—"good tidings of great joy"—strains of "a great multitude of the heavenly host praising God"—first fact in a great series of marvels, "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." And "without controversy" is a great suggestion; lifting us out of collision, and criticism, and conflict with the mind and revelation of God; and bidding us believe, and accept, and appropriate the great announcement of the Father's love. The fact of the Incarnation is a great honour to our humanity. It is a great feature in our Christianity. It is the great subject for thought and feeling in our Christmas season. And when we think, we thank; as we worship, we praise; as we enjoy, we impart; as we receive, we reflect the light of love and faith and hope, which hallowed our world so happy and our hearts so bright. There is a home feeling at Christmas when we remember "the household of faith" and "the family of God." And when we look round on the gathered home groups, we think of those who have gone before, or of others who are far away, and the flush of our happiness cannot weaken the deep-seated sympathies of our human hearts; and death and distance cannot make our number less; for

"'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, 'Nay, we are seven.'"

So Christmas time may bid us look to the Christmas temper; for if the Incarnation opened, and the glorification closes the system of our salvation, then sanctification was set out as the aim, and privilege, and possibility in the life of faith and labour of love amongst those whom Jesus has saved and the Holy Ghost is training for the better home in heaven.

And two considerations may be useful—one to warn, and the other to encourage. "Let every man take heed."

The Christmas of the unforgiving; what a caricature! Family jars, heart burnings, secret bitternesses, unholiness, unkind suspicions, unhealed sorenesses, unsoftened hearts, unsubdued passions, should have no place, for they can do no credit, in the gathering together of people who have obtained pardon and found peace with God. In the Gospel crucible all such earthly substances should be fused, and evaporated, and cast clean away. "Shouldst thou not have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?" "He brought me into the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love."

The Christmas of the unsympathetic; what a plain contradiction is there. Jesus said, "I have compassion."

"Having compassion one of another" is the Apostolic rule. "Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way," was, and is, the ministerial qualification; and "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous," is the Christian's marked distinction in the world. The season brings out sympathy, and from this feast of fat things may and will unselfish love send portions to those for whom nothing is prepared. The hunger of the body must appeal, and not in vain. But what of the hunger of the soul? In the gratitude for saving grace and knowledge, surely, if Christ be with us at the feast, we should remember the strangers who have never understood that He has love for them.

The Christmas of the unbelieving; what a mockery that must be! Christ is of the very essence of the festival; and such men have no faith in Him. They who loathe the food and refuse the wedding garment will not remain among the marriage guests. And if there be no appetite the bread will sustain no healthy life. "Without faith it is impossible to please God"; and the Lord Jesus Himself has laid down this law, "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." Let our search at this Christmastide be about these things; whatever we do, forgive, and sympathise, and believe. Then, other considerations may encourage us all.

The Christmas of the uncomplaining; what a testimony that will be concerning grace! The Lord Jesus condescended and accomplished glorious things; and His servants catch His spirit and look for help when they work for Him. The Holy Ghost blesses the Word, and the Gospel proves to be the power of God unto salvation. The depths of Satan work out the high purposes of Heaven. "All things work together for good to them that love God." And so the Lord's people who rest in His love grow more and more convinced of His wisdom, and rejoice even in tribulation.

The Christmas of the unselfish; what an outworking of an inward grace is there! The world's eye is on the Church's life and destiny. Men feel that out of our faith there has come a character. The green places of charity tell where the stream of God is flowing; and the careless look with interest at what to them may be something new, that there are no jostlings amongst men who look at the sun from a thousand points of view, or travel in different sections on the way to heaven.

The Christmas of the undaunted; what an influence that has had through the ages of contention and debate! To suffer for conscience sake belongs to the Gospel scheme. To die for the faith once delivered to the saints is a saintly distinction which weak-hearted defenders of errors will respect. Christian courage is an ornament; just as Christian patience is a surprise. And so, the hope of a believer

is a bright thing which throws a strong light far and wide. And the great plan of a full salvation will be traced as it spreads out on the chart which God has given; and the husbandry goes on in all its freshness and freshness as the seasons follow from the early seed-sowing up to the final ingathering of the harvest when the field is ripe.

"God was manifest in the flesh" when the Incarnate Word appeared. He will be seen in His glory when He shall come again, and all His saints with Him, and the mystery of godliness will be made clear, in the manifested presence of eternal Godhead without a cloud between us and Him.

#### CHRISTMAS IN THE HOLY LAND.

THE REV. W. PRESTON, D.D., VICAR OF RUNCORN.

In whatever part of the world a community of the English race is stationed there old customs are maintained, and Christmas with its friendly interchanges is not forgotten. It is observed in much the same manner as at home. The Anglican portion of the inhabitants of Jerusalem are no exception in their observance of the ancient festival. To the Jew, the 25th of the month Chisleu, or December, commemorated the re-opening of the Temple by Judas Maccabeus after its profanation by the Syrians. On the same day the Christian commemorates the birth of the Lord of the Temple who became "manifest in the flesh," and tabernacled therein in order that He might redeem a lost and guilty world. The Christians of all denominations in the Holy City keep up in joyous manner and with religious fervour the memory of that great event. The English Church on Mount Zion puts on its best appearance. As at home, fair hands and willing hearts undertake its due ornamentation and decoration. Olive branches and even mistletoe, which grows abundantly on the old olive trees, are called in requisition. Foliage of other different kinds can be obtained to add to variety, such as crimson tinted terebinth, feathery pine, and oak, which in the locality is evergreen, and has glossy leaves like the holly. Arbutus with its scarlet berries can also be had. But what would Christmas be without its orthodox plum pudding? The different bazaars in the city furnish the needful ingredients for the mysterious and savoury compound. The spice bazaar produces the flavouring nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, and all-spice. Jaffa sends up its citron and lemons. From the wheat of Samaria the needful flour is obtained. Raisins come from beyond the Jordan. Currants are obtained from somewhere; and the fat tails of sheep pastured on Judean hills give another important element. From these varied quarters the whole is produced for the delectation of the partakers. The Church service is identical with that at home. The same old and well-known hymn is heard, "Hark! the herald angels sing," and when the service is over, friends meet outside the sacred building and interchange cordial greetings, wishing each other "A Happy Christmas," and fervent wishes for the like are uttered in behalf of friends far away. Thus a peaceful and happy day is spent.

But, like the shepherds of old, "Let us go even now unto Bethlehem," and contemplate what there came to pass. Here it was the Heavenly Babe came into this sin-stained world. Here the Prince of Peace was born. In this region the angelic choir sang in lofty strains their "Glory to God in the highest." In the valleys there, and on the surrounding hills, the shepherd-king, David of old, kept his father's sheep, and courageously protected them from the prowling wild animals. And here it was the honest Boaz used to view his reapers as their sickles cut down the golden grain, and here he made the acquaintance of the tender Ruth, who became the ancestress of "great David's greater son." The town or city of Bethlehem is situated on a lofty hill and holds a commanding position. Its streets are narrow, and their pavement is such that the pedestrian needs to keep his eyes well open to avoid an awkward fall. When driving through them in a vehicle the motion is not the smoothest possible, but you are subjected to a series of bumpings which somewhat upset the equilibrium. The houses are low and flat-roofed. The inhabitants are for the most part Christians. It is strange how the Jews have an aversion to the place. None reside here. There is a sprinkling of Mohammedans. The people are industrious, and give themselves up to agriculture, and to the production of articles of various kinds which are made from olive wood and other materials, and find their way into European markets.

It cannot be said that the dwellers fully exhibit the picture of the Psalmist, "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." They have the name and character of being a decidedly quarrelsome people who have a fancy for an occasional row. Quite recently there was unseemly altercation and disturbance, which resulted in the death of two or three persons. Well, we make our way through the uneven and narrow streets and arrive at an open large piazza. At one end and overlooking the valley down deep below stands the Church of the Nativity. It is an intensely interesting structure. It stands on sacred ground. It is the oldest Christian edifice in existence. It owes its erection to the goodwill of the Empress Helena, who built it somewhere about the year 327. It consists of a lengthened nave with side aisles and horizontal roof, supported by costly marble pillars, on which carvings are visible, which were made by the Crusaders. A flight of steps conduct us from this nave to a vault

below. Valuable marbles line the walls, over which drapery is hung. Many lamps illumine the gloom. There is a small recess located to the left near the entrance. Here lamps of silver are kept constantly burning. We notice an altar. Upneath it we see a slab of white marble, and in its centre a silver star. There is an inscription which tells that in this small chamber the Saviour of the World was born. This cave would seem to have belonged to the "Khan" to which Joseph and Mary were compelled to come and to take up their lodging, because there was no room for them in the inn. They were late arrivals. The various quarters where accommodation was to be had were already full. The Roman Emperor had issued his decree "that all the world should be taxed." He thought he was but carrying out his own plans, whilst in reality he was fulfilling the purposes of God. The census which was officially enjoined compelled the Virgin with her espoused husband to leave their mountain home in secluded Nazareth in order to be enrolled, and it was that whilst they were there "the days were fulfilled," and He whose day Abraham "saw afar off," of whom the sweet Psalmist of Israel sung, and about whom ancient prophets had prophesied, was born, a "Saviour Christ the Lord," Emmanuel, "God with us." In that chamber beneath the venerable Church was His infant cry heard. Here the shepherds who hasted up from the valley below after the "angels had departed" beheld Him "wrapped in swaddling clothes." They spread abroad the joyful intelligence with hearts full of grateful adoration. The "Day-spring from on high" had at length appeared and dawned in a few humble and faithful hearts. He was manifested not to the great and noble. What the shepherds beheld was a lowly peasant from Galilee and a young mother with an infant child, but the eye of faith in them pierced beneath the common-place and humble appearance, and recognised what bystanders realised not. A light not physical but spiritual, illumined the darkness, and by its aid they beheld in the ordinary-looking new-born babe the King of the Jews and the Lord of the Universe, the Deliverer who was destined to "bruise the serpent's head."

All of the associations of our Lord's birth were of the most humble description. Bethlehem was the "least amongst the thousands of Judah." The scenery of this His birthplace were connected with memories, toil, poverty; and He came not to assume regal pomp, not to dwell in lordly palace, not to fare sumptuously, but to endure privations, encounter hardships, and lead a life of dependence and of want. Love, unatomable love, moved him, "the mighty God, the everlasting Father," to face it all. For us was He born in this City of David, that they who trust their souls to Him and build upon His full and perfect sacrifice, who are sanctified by the indwelling of His Holy Spirit, and who whilst here on earth live a life of holy obedience, may be partakers of His eternal joys in that City which hath "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it," and blend their voices with those of angels in praise to Him whose wonderful birth in Bethlehem all Christians celebrate on Christmas Day.

#### FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHRISTMAS JINGLE.

A happy little pine tree lived far off in a wood,  
A tasselled, glossy pine tree that sighed just all it could,  
Not from any three of passion.

But because it was the fashion  
Of its father and its mother,  
And its sister and its brother,  
And some good friends in the wood.

A happy little maiden lived far off in a town,  
A merry little maiden who never wore a frown  
Except when in a passion:  
For to scowl was not a fashion  
Of her father or her mother,  
Of her sister or her brother,  
Of any friends in town.

This happy little pine tree was carried off one day  
To the happy little maiden who lived quite far away;  
And such gifts were hung upon it  
And with laughter taken from it  
By the father and the mother,  
And the sister and the brother,  
And some friends, that holiday—

That the happy little pine tree twinkled all its candles bright,  
And the happy little maiden hopped on one foot from delight,  
Pelted all the time with kisses  
And with Merry Christmas wishes  
From the father and the mother,  
And the sister and the brother,  
And the friends that Christmas night.

ALICE L. SIMPSON.

#### ROB'S CHRISTMAS.

"I am just as sorry as I can be," said mother, as she tucked Nell and Sue up for the night, "but we cannot have any Christmas this year. Father has been sick so long that our money is almost gone, and mother will have to do all she can to get enough to pay the rent and buy food. But we will not complain at anything, will we, if we can only have father well again?"

Nell and Sue put up their tear-stained faces for kisses, and tried to say good-night cheerfully, but to have no

Christmas—was dreadful, wasn't it? Mother knew it was, and a tear dropped on Rob's face as she bent to kiss him.

"You deserve the merriest Christmas, laddie," she said, tenderly, "and mother would give it to you if she only could. Still, we will be happy, because father is spared to us, and my brave little man will help me to make it as pleasant as we can for the children, won't he?"

Sturdy little Rob choked back a sob, and put his arms around his mother's neck.

"Course I will," he whispered, as he gave the good-night kiss.

"Won't it be dreadful, Robbie," said Nell, when they were alone—"no tree, no presents, and no nice dinner! I'm hungry all the time now, it seems to me."

"So am I," piped Sue, mournfully. "I don't get full up at all now."

"Neither do I," said Rob, "but I guess mother is the emptiest, 'cause she don't eat hardly anything; she saves it for father and us, and she cries lots."

"Father looked as if he had been crying, too, this afternoon," said Nell.

"Praps he's sorry 'cause we can't have any Christmas," sighed Sue.

Rob lay awake a long time after his sisters went to sleep. "It's dreadful to all feel so bad," he thought. "I wish I could do something, and I'm just going to see if I can't. I'm 'most a big boy, and I'm mother's little man—she says I am. I'm going—to help her—somehow."

And that was the last Rob knew until daylight.

After breakfast he took the pail and went up to Mr. Green's for the milk.

"Is Mr. Green at home?" he asked. "I should like to see him, please, on business."

Mrs. Green laughed.

"Business, you little midget, you don't know what the word means, but you will find him out in the barn."

Rob trudged out there valiantly, though his heart was thumping furiously.

"Well, my little man what is it?" asked Mr. Green kindly.

"I—should like, I wanted to know"—stammered Rob, forgetting every word of the speech he had so carefully planned. "I'm mother's little man, you know, and I must help her all I can now father's sick, and the children feel so bad 'cause we can't have any Christmas. Don't you believe I could earn something? I could do lots of things, and praps father and mother would feel better if they could have enough to eat once. We're hungry, and I guess they are."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Green blowing his nose vigorously. "I shouldn't wonder a bit, and I should really like a boy about your size to help me a few days. So you just come on, and I'll pay you with fixings for the best Christmas dinner you ever had."

Well, truly, it seemed to Rob that he was a foot taller going home.

"We're going to have Christmas," he cried, rushing in.

"I'm going to work this very day."

Mother sat down and cried, then she went in and told father, and the tears rolled down his thin, white cheeks.

"The dear little fellow," he said, tenderly; and he seemed to grow better from that very minute.

It was surprising how many errands Mr. Green had to be done, and when he hadn't any, Mrs. Green had.

"I don't see how we could have managed to get along without this youngster, do you, mother?" said Mr. Green every little while. "We shall have to load his basket pretty heavy to pay for all the steps he has taken."

"I think," said Rob to his mother, "that we can have a little bit of a tree. Mrs. Green is going to give me some pop-corn and oranges. We can give those to father and the children, and I've got something for you. I guess I'm 'most too big a boy for presents."

You should have seen the children trudging home in the snow the night before Christmas. Rob's basket was so heavy he could hardly carry it.

"Are you sure I've earned all that?" he asked.

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Green; "it's worth a great deal to old folks to have some one take steps."

Then Sue had a bundle, and Nell the cutest tree; "Just right for us," Rob said.

But, brave as Rob was, he could not keep back the tears after he was in bed that night.

"I'm gladder than anything that I could—truly—be mother's little man," he sobbed, "but I just can't help wishing that I was a little boy, too, and—could have a sled like Harry Grey's."

But what do you think? When Rob, Nell and Sue went into the sitting room to see the tree Christmas morning, there was just such a sled there! Wasn't that splendid? Rob thought so, and it was such a nice Christmas! Father said he gained ten pounds at least, and mother declared it was the happiest day of her life.

"I'm so happy it seems as if I couldn't stand it," said Rob; "but I do believe I'm happiest 'cause I helped."

About one-third of the importations of oranges into England are unloaded at London Bridge; and of that quantity it is said that quite one-fourth reaches the public from the costermongers' wheelbarrows. The costermonger is often able to sell choice fruit at one-third the price that is charged in the shops. When there is a glut in the market he takes the fullest advantage of it, and he will often obtain a chest or two at a price which will enable him to realise cent. per cent. upon his investment.

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#### A CRADLE SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

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

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

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

See the kindly shepherds round Him,  
Telling whither he should go;  
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,  
With His Virgin-Mother by.

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

Lo! He slumbers in His manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed;  
Peace! my darling! here's no danger!  
Here's no ox or ass near thy bed!

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

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire:  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

#### A DULL CHRISTMAS.

By THE REV. HENRY SUTTON, M.A., Vicar of Bordesley.

We were both of us too far from home to return for Christmas, so we made up our minds to take lodgings together, and do our best to spend that festive season as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances. "We," I ought to say, were masters at a very select school for young gentlemen. He was older than I, and had much more experience of life and its ways. He was head mathematical master, I head classical master. I fancied I knew him thoroughly, but, as a matter of fact, at that time I only knew the outside of his mind and almost nothing of his circumstances. His name does not matter, but I will call him Knox. I don't mind saying that when I first knew Knox I was rather inclined to regard him as an inferior. He was a little man with a big head, had rather a Cockney accent, and a somewhat self-assertive manner.

Our principal was very well connected. You could not be long in his company without learning that. His noble friends, however, did not do much for him. He was but a boy when he had to face the world with a mother and sisters and a younger brother dependent on him. As he was more ignorant than the ordinary run of young men of his age, had no degree, and was never likely to get one, he naturally set up a school. Not a common kind of school. No! as the *Pall Mall Gazette* was to be in later years a paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," so was this school to be under the guidance "of a gentleman of good family for the sons of gentlemen only." But just now I need say nothing further about our principal, or the very gentlemanly parents who sent their gentlemanly sons to this very select school, except that my friend and I thought it would have been nice manners had the principal or one of the parents asked us to dinner on Christmas Day. But no one thought of it, at any rate, no one did it. So we had to do the best we could for ourselves. It was a south-western town in which we were living. Even had the season been severe we should not, in all probability, have seen much frost or snow. But that season was very mild, and we were able to take long walks into the prettily surrounding country. Generally we had a frugal dinner at a cheap restaurant, but as it would be closed on Christmas Day we determined to dine at our lodgings.

"I'll buy a goose," said Knox. "Think I don't know how? Oh, I'm—"

Here he stopped. It was not the first time that he had pulled himself up short in the middle of a sentence, but I took no particular notice. When we got back to our lodgings we asked Norah O'Callaghan, our slatternly domestic, if she could cook a goose.

"Sure, thin, do you want to insult me? Why, wouldn't I be able to cook one as well as the best? But where's

the goose? It's Christmas Eve, and too late to be going to market."

Then Knox produced his purchase, for he had proved his power as a caterer, and bought what he called "a beauty" cheap. It had amused me to notice how knowing he seemed about housekeeping affairs, of which I was profoundly ignorant.

Christmas morning came, and we went to a Church where we were almost sure to hear a good sermon. Nor were we disappointed. With great power the preacher dwelt on the blessedness of a forgiving spirit. "Heaven is begun on earth when we have learned the lesson of love—love that can forget self, forgive injuries; can humble the proud heart, help sinful man to be like Him who, as on this day, showed His love for us by taking our nature upon Him."

"Capital sermon," I said. "Oh! not bad," replied Knox, "but I wonder whether old Saunders ever had cause to put into practice his fine theories about forgiving injuries?" Knox looked straight before him as he spoke, there was a ring of passion in his voice, his face looked hard and stern. "Better sermons," he went on, "let's have a good long walk and get back in time to eat that wonderful goose. Are you good for ten miles?"

I had never seen Knox so lively. He talked "nineteen to the dozen," told me more about himself than I had ever heard before, and yet, somehow, I got the impression that he was not very happy, and that he wanted to tell me something more, but could not bring himself to the point.

What a Christmas dinner that was! Knox was carver. "Botheration to this old brute," he exclaimed. "I can't tear it to bits. It must be one of the geese that came out of the ark."

"And you such a good judge of a bird!" I said. "Well, so I am, but I defy anyone to cut up this—and no wonder; it's half raw!" He rushed to the bell, pulled it violently, and we could hear the tinkle of the bell far away in the lower regions, but it was some time before Norah appeared, holding a dirty apron to her grimy face.

"Look here: what's the use of bringing us a thing like this!" thundered Knox. "And there is no gravy and no apple sauce, and the potatoes are as hard as nails." "Sure, your honour, it's no blame to me! If folks hasn't got things, folks can't do things."

Nor could we get a word more out of Norah. What things "folks hadn't got," and why she could not have cooked the dinner decently, we never knew.

"There, get out of that, or I'll chuck this goose at your stupid head!" bawled Knox.

We heard her muttering as she went, "If folks hasn't got things, folks can't do things."

"Necessity is the mother of invention"—a bright idea struck me.

"Let's toast bits at the fire," said I. "You can get something out of it, I suppose."

"Right you are, that's what we'll do. Here, stick that wing on a fork and hold it close to the fire."

For a couple of minutes we were both solemnly watching our Christmas dinner as it sputtered gaily under the influence of a splendid fire. Then we burst out laughing, and I don't believe that two merrier fellows were to be found anywhere in her Majesty's dominions than we.

When the pangs of hunger had been fairly well appeased, Knox suddenly turned to me, and said—

"Do you know with whom I ate my Christmas dinner last year? You'd never guess. I'm going to tell you a secret. That fellow's sermon this morning set me thinking. I'm a married man. Oh! you may well say 'never,' but it's true, and last Christmas I and my wife were as happy as any couple in Christendom, bar none. Dear, dear! who could have thought that before Easter we should have quarrelled, separated, and then never for more than eight months spoken or written to each other? What did we quarrel about? Oh, just the stupidest, most ridiculous trifle. That was why I wouldn't confess myself in the wrong. I daresay you know that I have a horrid temper. I can keep it under control as a rule, but when it masters me I say the bitterest things, and I'm an unforgiving brute. That man was right this morning. Love is heaven, and hate is hell. 'Hate her!' Well no; never. I've tried, but couldn't succeed. Neither she nor any of my friends know where I am. She has lots of money, and I believe that's one of the reasons why I wouldn't humble myself enough to ask her to forgive my outrageous language."

We talked long into the night, and before we retired to rest Knox had declared that he would write to his wife.

"Better go and see her," was my advice. He took it, too. Funds were pretty low with us both, and I don't believe he could have gone all the way from that south-western town to Hastings had I not lent him more than I could very well spare.

"If she should be ill or dead, or if she is alive but looks as cold and proud as when I left her, what will become of me?" were almost his last words to me.

"I've a feeling that she is thinking of you this very minute, and that you are going to be happier than ever you were in your life," said I.

And so it was. How lonely it was in my lodgings! It seemed rather hard, too, that Knox did not write or send me back my money. I was wondering how I should be able to pay my way till school began again, when in rushed Knox, radiant with happiness.

"It's all right, old man; you must come back with me for the rest of the holidays. Clara insists on it. She says our quarrel was all her fault, and she'll quarrel with me again if I dare to say it was mine. I think we have both learned a lesson which we shall never forget. Catch me quarrelling for a trifle again! Pack up your traps. I'll pay all that is owing here. Oh, and I must tell Norah that I shall never forget that goose. Well, old man, our Christmas holidays were dull enough at first, but it won't be my fault or Clara's if you have a really dull Christmas."

#### THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Christmas morning, bright and clear,  
Happiest day in all the year!  
Little Christ-child from Thy Home  
In the deep, sweet blue,  
On Thine earthly birthday morn  
Come to us anew!  
Come and join our carol-singing,  
Come and hear our church-bells ringing,  
Bring Thy heaven music down—  
Angel chorus, earthward down—  
Little Christ-child!

Christmas morning, bright and clear,  
Merriest day in all the year!  
Little Christ-child, shining One,  
Come with us to play!  
With Thy loving presence make  
Child-hearts glad to-day.  
See! our hands are full of treasures  
Found this morning. Sweetest pleasures  
Could not wholly perfect be  
If they were not shared by Thee.  
Little Christ-child!

Christmas morning, bright and clear,  
Gladdest day in all the year!  
Little Christ-child, with Thine eyes  
Full of tender love,  
Lips whose softest whispers draw  
Blessings from above,  
As the angel heralds, bringing  
Joyful news are earthward winging,  
To our hearts and homes be given  
Peace on earth as peace in heaven—  
Little Christ-child!

#### CHRISTMAS IN THE HOME.

Who does not love Christmas Day? To speak not now of its higher and sublimer meaning, what divine calm in the spirit breathes, what elevating power in the practical lessons which it inculcates in the Christian home! Someone has spoken of it as the season of regenerated feeling. How many families separated during a large portion of the year are gathered together once more in the old home! The patriarchs of that home are greeted with a renewed warmth of tender affection. How it cheers them to see their children and their children's children gathered around them with beaming eyes and warmly outstretched hands and loving gifts! Precious scenes that had grown dim in memory through the waste of years are recalled with refreshing greenness. Wrongs, fancied or real, are forgiven or forgotten; coldness or estrangement pass away; the wish and the prayer for every blessing on every head passes round; and the genial flame of family affection burns in every heart. Let everyone do his best to make Christmas in the home a bright, memorable, happy day. Jesus the Christ-child welcomed into the home, all this will follow. To every home into which this paragraph enters may we say, "A Merry Christmas to all who enter here."

#### THE NIGHT LIES DARK.

The night lies dark upon the earth, and we have light; So many have to grope their way, and we have sight; One path is theirs and ours of sin-born care, But we are borne along, and they their burden bear. Footsore, heart-weary, faint, they on their way Mute in their sorrow, while we kneel and pray; Glad are they of a stone on which to rest, While we lie pillowed on the Father's breast.

Brothers, why is it that these children roam, And we with God so glad at rest at home? Is it enough to keep the door ajar, In hope that some may see the gleam afar, And guess that that is Home, and urge their way To reach it haply somehow and some day? May not we go, and lend them of our light? Ought not our eyes to be to them for night? May not the brother-love God's love portray, And news of Home make Home less far away?

Yes, Christ hath said that as from heaven He came To seek and save, so hath He in His name Sent us to these, and brothers, I would go. Glad that the Father's love hath willed it so That we should be partakers of the joy Which e'en on earth knows nought of earth's alloy; The joy that grows as others' griefs grow less, And could not live but for its power to bless.

#### THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

##### CHILDREN OF THE KING.

##### A STORY ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

By THE HON. M. C. E. LEIGH.

A merry party met in Lighthome Manor one Christmas Eve. The children's favourite aunt had just arrived from London, the cleverest in the game of story-telling in which the party indulged at Christmas time; and her tales were always true ones.

"Now Aunt Nellie, tell us your Jubilee story!" "Why, surely you must be tired of it by this time," said the good-natured aunt, laughing.

"O, no, Aunt Nellie!" shouted little Percy. "Tell us about the funny chapman, who pretended he was the Queen on Jubilee Day, and drove along standing up and bowing to the crowd."

"And about the kind ambulance men who went about looking for accidents," said Tom, who took a serious view of things, and meant to be a doctor.

"And about the queer old Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who took all the cheering to herself, and bowed as if all London belonged to her," added Harry, generally known as the "Cheshire Cat," owing to his smiling countenance.

"Yes, and the best bit of all—how Uncle Charles managed to get you a place in the Abbey, and you saw all the Queen's children and grandchildren go up to her, and she kissed them all one by one, and everybody cried!" said Mary, a quiet child, with a thoughtful expression in her large, dark eyes.

"It must be a grand thing to be a Queen's son," remarked Tom, half to himself, but one of the party caught what he had said, and answered in low deep tones—

"Well, you know, Someone became a Carpenter's Son at Christmas time that He might make us all children of a King."

Everyone started. They had forgotten Cousin Rupert, the grave-looking Clergyman sitting near the fire. No one was more popular with the boys than Cousin Rupert; grave as he looked, they would have told you that he was a "real good chap, without a bit of humbug in him, always up to speed, but he had a way of saying things sometimes to make a fellow think, though he never threw his religion at one's head."

As it sometimes happens, his words that Christmas Eve made the deepest impression on one of his audience of whom at the moment he happened to be thinking the least, namely, on little dark-eyed Mary.

The happy day dawned. After morning service the children were all busy making preparations for acting charades in the evening, and Mary was despatched to the kitchen for a broom which was to play a prominent part in the proceedings. On her way she heard someone sobbing, and pushing open the door of a side pantry, found Peggy, the little maid of all work, crying bitterly.

Peggy spent the greater part of her life in making mistakes and being scolded. She had come to the house first as a raw, ignorant, village girl, and no one seemed to have time or patience to teach her anything systematically. Dan, the boy who cleaned the knives and the boots, declared that "Peggy had run away with cook's temper when she first came, and cook had never found it again," for cook's temper had never been of the best, and Peggy had a genius for always choosing the wrong way of doing things, while an habitual expression of surprise on her round, ugly face seemed to add to the irritation which she aroused in those who had to do with her.

"What's the matter, Peggy?" asked Mary.

"N—nothing, on—only cook's so cross, and I—I'm so m—m—miserable."

"Don't cry, Peggy; it's Christmas Day," and seeing that this produced no effect, Mary looked puzzled for a minute, and then, running upstairs to her room, fetched a box of sugar-plums which had been given her that morning, and returning, pushed it into Peggy's hand.

"What's this for?" asked Peggy looking more surprised than ever.

"Why, to eat!" said Mary somewhat taken aback by this unusual way of receiving a Christmas present. "Don't you like sugar-plums?"

"Is it for me then, Miss? Why ever do you give me a present?"

Mary found it a little difficult to explain; but Cousin Rupert's words were ringing in her head, and at last she answered, "Well, you see Peggy, I'm sorry for you, and you are a King's daughter."

"Lor, Miss, don't you go making game of me. Me a King's daughter! Fine sort of kings and queens I have to do with, to be sure, with father drinking himself to death and mother in the workhouse!"

"I'm not making game of you, Peggy. I was thinking of something that Cousin Rupert said last night, that the Saviour made Himself a carpenter's son at Christmas time that He might make us children of a King—children of God, you know."

"I heard tell of them things once upon time; but I've forgotten 'em all now," said Peggy with fresh tears.

"Well, mother could tell you about it better than I can," answered Mary. "I'll ask her," which she did with the result that in future this poor little neglected "daughter of

a King" was taught every Sunday evening about her Royal Father in heaven.

"I went to see Raphe Pearson this morning," said Mary's father at the merry Christmas dinner that day. "It's lonely work for him, poor little chap, lying in bed all the time, with only his deaf old grandmother for company. Some of you might pay him a visit to-morrow, chicks, and take him a book to amuse him."

There was a chorus of "Yes, father!" Mary was the only one who made no answer, but bent her head in silence over her plum pudding.

Dinner over, she stole quietly to her mother's side, and asked her, "Mother may I go and spend the afternoon with Raphe Pearson, and show him the picture-book you gave me?"

"What! to-day, child! and miss all the fun! I thought you were all going to be so busy rehearsing for your acting this evening!"

"There are enough without me, mother; I can be one of the audience."

"Oh, Polly, you're not going to be audience this evening!" cried one of her sisters, who had overheard the conversation. "Don't you know you were to be the 'old woman who lived in a shoe,' and dress up in the grand red cloak, and Aunt Nellie was to tell you this afternoon what to say!"

"Esther can act the old woman quiet well, Annie," said Mary; but there was a little tremble in her voice, and nobody, except perhaps Cousin Rupert, knew what it had cost the brave little woman to give up her share in the rehearsal and the charades, which she looked forward to from one Christmas to another, that she might sit in the little cottage and amuse the sick boy. As for Raphe, he told his grandmother afterwards, that "looking at Miss Mary that afternoon made him think somehow of the angels who brought the Christmas news to the shepherds."

"What made you go and sit with Raphe this afternoon, Polly?" asked Cousin Rupert in the evening, the first time that he had a chance of speaking to her privately.

"Well, Cousin Rupert," she answered shyly, "I've kept thinking of what you said last night, and I thought it didn't seem quite fair that one of the 'King's children' should be sad and lonely on Christmas Day, if one could do anything to amuse him."

At this moment there was a shout of dismay from the other end of the room. "Oh, mother! you don't mean that you have asked Frank Daly to come this evening!"

"He'll spoil all the fun!"

"He was so tiresome last Christmas."

"He doesn't mind how much he cheats at games."

"He bullied my gunnie-pigs the other day."

"Well, at any rate I shan't play with him to-night."

"Nor I." "Nor I."

"Hush, Children," said their mother; "poor Frank is very much to be pitied. You know he has no father or mother, or anyone to teach him any better, and it is a kindness to give him a chance of playing with other boys and girls."

The children received this speech in silence, but when Frank arrived there was evidently a disposition to "boycott" him. The mother was to much occupied with her grown-up guests to notice how the boy was being treated; and only Mary was kind to him. She was glad now that she was to be one of the audience, for the other children would not allow Frank to act, and Mary persuaded him to come and sit by her side and help her to "guess the word." Then a game of "Clumps" was proposed, and Harry called out, "Come, Polly, come and play."

The child pushed Frank forward as a hint to Harry, but he only said, rudely, "We can't have two more; there is only room for one."

Frank blushed crimson, and Mary, shocked and troubled, said hastily, "Oh, well, Frank and I can play Halma. Do you like Halma, Frank?"

"Don't bother about me," answered Frank, gruffly; "you go and play with them."

"No, no!" said Mary, drawing Frank away to look for the Halma board. "You mustn't mind Harry; he didn't mean any harm."

"I'm used to it," replied Frank, in the same sullen tone; "you needn't bother about me; no one cares for me."

Mary was quite startled; she had not known that anyone in the world could be in such a sad state as to be cared for by nobody. After a short pause she said simply, "Poor Frank! but don't say no one cares for you; God cares."

"Does He? How do you know?"

"Because He has made you a King's son!" answered Mary, and as Frank stared at her in bewilderment she continued, again quoting her cousin, "He made Himself the Son of a Carpenter that He might make us His own children—children of a King."

"Well," said Frank, arranging the pieces on the Halma board, "Do you think He will mind if I run away!"

"Run away!" repeated Mary.

"Yes, I didn't mean to tell anybody, but you have got it out of me somehow. I intend to run away from my uncle's to-morrow night; I can't stand it any longer."

"Oh, don't!" said Mary in great distress; "it can't be right. Promise me you won't."

Frank looked up at her kind little face in astonishment.

"Why should you care?" he said gloomily, and then, after a pause, a softened look came into his eyes as he continued, "Well, you have been so awfully good to me to-night that I think I'll change my mind as you don't like the idea, only

you must promise to come over and see me every now and then, and have some more games with me."

"That I will," returned Mary joyfully; but, listen, there's somebody singing." And there was a sudden hush, as the beautiful voice of Aunt Nellie rose strong and clear above the noise of the merry players in the middle of the room:—

"The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod;  
This is the marvel to mortals revealed;  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,  
That mankind are the children of God."

#### Something about Two Boys.

"The most pathetic incident of my childhood is this: My mother had been very ill for several weeks, and the doctor solemnly announced that she could not live more than two or three days longer at most. That night my father roused me from sleep and took me out of my little bed to bid her a last good-bye. I shall never forget the scene, which was new and awful to me. People were weeping all round the room, the air of which was heavy with the odour of candles and lamps, and reeking with the fumes of drugs. My mother knew and kissed me, and then they took me back to my bed. But ere I was led away someone opened the window a few inches from the top, and I noticed the grey dawn resting on the glass, and heard the 'cheep, cheep' of a newly awakened bird. Since then I have associated that hour and sound with that unhappy episode."

"But (and say what now follows I have written the foregoing paragraph)—we were all rapped and tortured for nothing. My mother proceeded to get well hand over board, and died quietly thirty years afterwards. She survived every person who stood at her bedside that night except me."

Speaking of the illness of her son, a boy of nine, a lady says: "We had to sit with him night and day, giving him brandy, wine, beef-tea, &c., to keep him alive, and expected every day would be his last. The physician plainly told us that nothing more could be done to save him."

Yet in spite of the disease, and—we almost said—in spite of the doctors, the lad is well to-day. And this is how it all came about. There is a moral in it, too, but suppose we serve that up at the end of the story. All right, you say. Very well, then.

It seems that this boy, George Westmoreland, had previously been a strong, healthy little chap, as all boys ought to be. But about the middle of last November—1891, that is—he was taken down. The family couldn't make out what ailed him. He complained of a bad pain in the stomach, and vomited a quantity of yellowish-green stuff. Presently the pain was so sharp he couldn't lie in bed, and they had to hold him up, to apply fresh hot poultices one after another. The whites of his eyes turned yellow and his skin too. He was hot and feverish and had to fight for his breath.

Of course his mother sent for a doctor, and the doctor said his young patient was suffering from inflammation of the bowels. He gave medicines, which, however, did no good, so far as the boy's friends could see. On the contrary, he grew worse, and a second doctor was to be fetched. This medical gentleman differed from his predecessor, and gave out that George had an attack of rheumatic fever—in other words, acute rheumatism—a disease which no boy has any business with whatever.

The treatment on this theory availed nothing; George was worse. He now had a hacking cough, and his expectation was so offensive that the people had to use disinfectants. He broke out into sweats, so heavy as to saturate the pillows. He could take no nourishment save a little milk and lime water. He wore away to a skeleton, did the poor boy. He was nothing but skin and bone, and they had to lift him in and out of bed. Then he fell so ill he would not notice any one in the room, and lay for hours never opening his eyes. Then came the time when a third doctor said he couldn't possibly live.

What happened after that the boy's mother tells. We give you her exact words: "In February last," she says, "my husband, as a last resource, determined to try Mother-Seigel's Curative Syrup. After a few doses the boy's breathing was easier, and he took food. In three days he was able to sit up, and in a week's time he was up and dressed. He gained flesh and strength every day, and is now able to go about. Sometimes I look at him and can hardly believe he is the same boy who was so recently at death's door. Seigel's Syrup saved his life. Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Mary Westmoreland, 5 High-street, Plumstead, London, April 27, 1892."

Now, a half a dozen words. Little George had no bowel inflammation, nor a single touch of rheumatism. That was the doctors' professional guesswork. He had a sharp attack of biliousness and indigestion, of which Mother-Seigel would have cured him long before had her medicine been applied to. Here is the moral to conclude with: Learn what the true remedy for illness is, and use it first instead of last.

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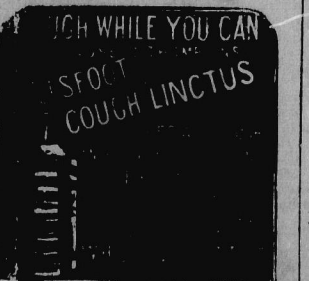
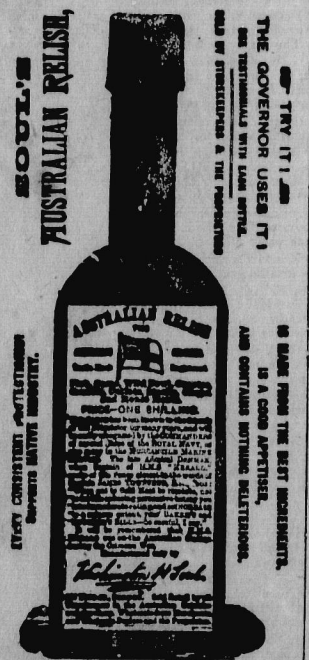
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