

us begin. She's different from me: she almost always finishes what she begins."

"Well, we'll see, to-morrow, what can be done," said Mrs. Lyneton, rising.

As she left the room, Ross entered it, Nettie was alone, sitting on the rug before the fire and leaning on the chair her mother had left.

"Where's mother, Nettie?" asked Ross.

"Went out of one door, as you came in another."

"Is she coming back soon?"

"Don't know."

There was silence for a moment, then Ross began again. "I say, Ner!"

"Say on, sir Ross!"

"You know May Anderson?"

"I do, my dear."

"Well, do you know that she looks awfully cold this winter? and how sad her eyes look—as if she had never had a good time in her life?"

"She had a good time yesterday, when you coasted with her, I guess."

"Maybe. Her eyes looked brighter but then, she must have been awfully cold—almost frozen. I don't believe she's got warm yet. Well, I was going to say, couldn't we get something for her, for Christmas? I've got five dollars."

"Your five dollars that you're saving towards a microscope?"

"Yes, I might as well use it. It would be ages before I could save enough for that."

"Well, I've spent all my money, so I shall have to give in work. I was talking with mother about it, before you came in. Maggie proposed that we should give May something. She was sorry she didn't speak to her yesterday afternoon, and she wants to make it up to her."

"She's a little brick! What are you going to make? Are you sure you'll finish what you begin? If mother takes it up, though, you'll do something."

"You needn't worry about that, Ross Lyneton! It isn't any concern of yours whether I finish what I begin, or not."

"I thought it concerned me last winter, when I thought I was going to have a pretty scarf, till it got so warm I didn't need it," said Ross, in an injured tone.

Nettie laughed. She never could keep angry long. "Well, I've really finished it for my Christmas present? Good girl!"

"Now Ross, it's real mean in you, to find that out. You're the worst boy to find things out, that I ever saw!"

"How could I help finding it out? You told me of it. You're the worst girl to let the cat out of the bag, that I ever saw!"

"I don't care, you're just as mean as you can be! There I've staid in, and worked just as hard as I could, when you've been out having a good time; and yesterday I finished it while you were having such a splendid time coasting. You've almost found it out two or three times before. I think it's too bad!"

"I didn't mean to find it out, Nettie. I'm sorry, won't you forgive me, boo-hoo-hoo!"

"You ridiculous boy! Put up your handkerchief this minute. There! I know I'm a pepper box—and you're the best boy in the world—now I hope you won't try to find out any more secrets."

"There are more then, are there? Hum? Why don't you answer?"

"I'm not going to say another word about Christmas to-night. You needn't try to make me, for it won't be of any use."

Nettie shut her lips with such a decided air, that Ross let the subject drop then, but after their mother and father came in, and Christmas was the subject of conversation, Nettie forgot her resolution, and talked as eagerly as Ross, about what they should do for May.

When Mr. Lyneton heard the plan for making May Anderson's Christmas merry, he said:

"I'm glad you have thought of that, children. Your Christmas will be all the merrier for making somebody else happy; and you certainly will make the little girl happy if you stick to your purpose all the week."

"Oh, you bad father!" said Nettie, "you're talking at me, now; I did hope you wouldn't intimate that my interest wouldn't last through the week. But you'll see!" Nettie looked very determined. "I'd go to work this minute if it weren't Sunday."

"I wouldn't be in quite such a hurry as that, my dear," said her father, with a kiss that healed Nettie's wounded feelings immediately. "But you mustn't leave me out of your plans altogether. I will contribute ten dollars, which, perhaps, had better be expended in groceries, and some comforts for Mrs. Anderson."

"I think it had," said Mrs. Lyneton.

"Yes," said Nettie.

"By kicky!" said Ross. "I never thought of her."

"Ross! you mustn't use such words on Sunday. I'm surprised at you!"

"And, my dear grandmother, you mustn't lose your temper so many times on Sunday. Don't you know it's very wrong?"

Nettie was about to reply, but her mother's gentle "Hush, hush, children!" prevented her, and in a minute she was glad she had not said what she meant to.

In the morning, when Maggie called for Nettie on her way to school, her first question was, "What does your mother say, Nettie?"

"Oh, she's lovely about it, as she always is about everything. She's going to cut two dresses out of some of mine, and fix up a cloak of mine for her, and a hat, and some other things I guess. You come over this afternoon after school, and she'll have things all ready for us to begin on; and she'll help us too."

"Won't it be jolly! I guess May'll be glad to have something warm to wear."

"Ross is going to give his five dollars he's been saving so long. I guess that'll buy the boots and some other things too; and father's going to give ten dollars for May's mother."

"Oh dear! I wish I had some money to give, but I've spent all mine for presents for father and aunt Sarah, and the children."

"I've spent all mine, too," said Nettie. "We shall have to give in work. And say! mother asked if we didn't want to ask Jenny and Lou Bentley to work with us. She thinks they'd like to and we shall get along faster."

"That's so! Isn't your mother just lovely! I should as soon think of telling the cat about such a thing as this, as aunt Sarah! You can tell your mother everything."

Nettie pressed her hand sympathetically. Poor Maggie's mother was in Heaven.—Aunt Sarah was housekeeper, and did the best she could for the children, but of course could not take their mother's place.

At night Mrs. Lyneton had everything ready for the four girls to begin on, as Nettie had promised, and they met every day after school in the afternoon, and again after tea for an hour's work. Friday night Mrs. Lyneton invited them to stay to tea, and afterward pack the things into the basket which Ross was to leave at the Anderson's door in the morning.

Christmas morning, Mrs. Anderson arose as early as usual, which was sometime before daylight.

"Stay a little longer this morning," coaxed May, "for it's Christmas, you know."

"Yes, dear, but I shall have to sew just the same."

She built a little bit of a fire, just as small a one as she could get along with, for the wood was almost gone, and she must be saving of it. When May got up several hours afterward, and looked out of the window, she said: "Why mother, you've got a whole lot of wood out there! Why don't you have a bigger fire?"

"A whole lot of wood? There are only a few sticks, child."

"But look there, mother!" pointing out of the window; "There's a whole pile of it."

And sure enough there was a pile of wood, and a slip of paper which May soon discovered with "Merry Christmas!" on it. May and her mother didn't know that Mr. Winthrop had the wood hauled there after dark the night before, but he did.

"Who did send it, mother?"

"But Mrs. Anderson couldn't answer; she was crying; but when May asked, 'Are you sorry, Motherdie?' she laughed.

"Not sorry, but glad, darling. Our Father in Heaven must have told some one to send us the wood; for I don't know how I could have bought any for a week."

"Now we can have a big, big fire all day, can't we mother?"

"We mustn't use up all the wood to-day, for we shall have to get our Christmas wood sawed before we can use it, you know."

She didn't know, as Maggie did, that by the next evening Mike Conlin would have it all ready for them to use.

After breakfast—if it could be called breakfast—there was a knock at the door. May started to answer it, but from the window caught a glimpse of a boy running round the corner, and came back to her mother. "It was a boy that knocked; he was playing a joke on us—and mother, I'm almost sure it was Ross Lyneton. I didn't think he'd do such things."

"Well, never mind dear, if you don't open the door you will spoil the joke."

But in a minute the knock was repeated.

"You must have been mistaken, May, there is somebody at the door."

May opened the door—There was nobody to be seen; but what was that on the step? A big bundle, and on top of it a big basket. "Come and see, mother," she called.

Mrs. Anderson came. "It's a market-basket," she said. "It has been left here by mistake."

"Can't we just peep in and see what there is?" asked May, lifting the cover as she spoke.

The topmost thing was a card.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

read May. "Oh motherdie! it is for us. 'We've got another merry Christmas!'"

She dropped the card and tagged at the handle, but it was too heavy.

"You take it in, mother."

"But perhaps it don't belong to us, May; there may be a mistake."

"No, no, there isn't; I know it's for us! Wasn't the wood for us?"

The basket and bundle were taken in, and Ross, who was peeping round the corner, ran off.

In the basket they found two warm dresses, one of them brown, made simply, but prettily; a brown cloak, and a felt hat, trimmed with brown.

"Very pretty," Ross had commented the night before, "but they ought to be a little lighter, if you want them to match her eyes."

"Wouldn't have them match for anything said Maggie. "Two shades of brown are just in style."

Lou Bentley had crocheted a pair of white mittens, and Jenny dropped into the basket a pretty white worsted tie.

"I made it for mother," she said, "but I'm going to make her another. I guess May needs this, as we haven't any fur to give her."

There were warm stockings and a pair of boots, bought with Ross's five dollars, and some candy. He had insisted on that, "Christmas won't be Christmas without candy, and there ought to be enough to last two or three days," he said.

All these May took out of the basket, and then jumped up and down for joy. "They are just the right size for me, so they must be meant for me. Isn't it beautiful, mother!"

Then they found in the bottom of the basket tea, coffee and sugar, and some of Mrs. Lyneton's nice jellies and preserves—but they didn't know they came from Mrs. Lyneton. In the bundle were a pair of blankets and a warm shawl. "That's to keep you warm, mother," said May, unrolling it. Inside she found an envelope which contained a ten dollar bill. (Mr and Mrs. Bentley sent that.)

By the time they had looked at all these things there was another knock at the door, and there was a man with a bag of flour and a plump turkey.

May Anderson never had such a merry Christmas in her life, and the most joyful part of it was just before dark—that is, it began then. There was another knock at the door. May liked going to the door by this time; but she didn't get so far, for the knocker had not waited; he opened the door and walked right in; a tall man, with his face almost covered up with whiskers, and shaded by his hat, but for all that Mrs. Anderson knew him, and in a moment was in the arms of her sea-captain—and so was May after she found out who he was.—

Work & Play

DESIGNATION AT REGENT'S-PARK BAPTIST CHAPEL.

A SON OF THE PASTOR TO BE A MISSIONARY TO ITALY.

On Thursday the 12th ult., a designation service was held at Regent's Park Chapel to set apart Mr. William K. Landels to mission work in Italy. There was a large attendance, the area of the chapel being well filled. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Landels. Rev. Edward White in his supplications thanked God for the service rendered by Italy in sending the gospel to this country through Augustin, and prayed that in return England might send forth missionaries in that land.

Dr. Landels, in opening the meeting, made an interesting preliminary statement, in the course of which he remarked that he, for his own part, was so well satisfied with his position as a Baptist minister that he would be well content if the whole of his four sons were likewise to become Baptist ministers. He explained that his second son, who was about to be designated for the work in Italy, had last year gone to Sicily for the purpose of settling there in a secular employment; which gave promise of being an exceedingly lucrative one. This, he confessed was very much against his own grain; and he had done his utmost to dissuade his son from going. Dur-

ing a visit of three weeks to Sicily when he had the opportunity of seeing the kind of life by which his son would be surrounded, he pleaded with him to give up his purpose, but he did so in vain. His son said the Lord had sent him, and that he thought he could be quite as useful even in the matter of preaching the Gospel were he to adhere to his plan of pursuing a secular occupation. After five months, however, his son had returned from Sicily, and he came back with the resolution firmly fixed on his mind to give himself exclusively to the work of an evangelist. He (Dr. Landels) was greatly gladdened by this, and he could not help contrasting the feelings with which he regarded his first going away and those which now moved him. He could now say to his son with all his heart, "Go, and the Lord go with you."

Mr. William K. Landels followed with a brief but exceedingly effective statement in which he made known the experience which had led him to his present resolution. First of all he took occasion to thank the friends at Regent's Park for the great kindness which they had shown to him. He said that when he witnessed the way in which faith was superseded by superstition in Italy, and beheld with his own eyes the most appalling proofs of the hollow hypocrisy of the priests, he was driven to the resolution to give himself entirely to the work of helping in the deliverance of that down-trodden people. He asked the friends to extend to him their sympathy and their prayers that he might be upheld in the midst of temptation and strengthened for the work of carrying the gospel to Italy.

Dr. Underhill then delivered a short address and offered a very solemn dedicatory prayer. In the former he expressed his own joy at the decision to which young Mr. Landels had come. He rejoiced in it both for the father's and, now he had come to know him, for the son's sake also. The committee of the Missionary Society were greatly delighted when they received this application from a son of Dr. Landels, and there had been at the board a remarkable exhibition of kindly feeling and joy. He called attention to the instructive fact that in the providence of God what the father had so earnestly desired was more thoroughly secured by the apparent disappointment of his wish than it could have been if that wish had been at the first instance gratified.

Sir Robert Lush, after congratulating Dr. Landels on the occasion that brought the friends together, said they could not allow their young friend to leave them without giving him some memento of their friendship, and it was with great pleasure that he complied with the request to be their spokesman in handing to him a gold watch and a selection of thirty-four volumes chosen by those who were best qualified to judge as to the works that would be most useful in his future career.

The Rev. J. Wall, who was received with loud applause, then addressed the meeting, giving in an exceedingly able and lucid manner the story of his mission work in Rome. He said he was not surprised when he was told that their young friend, Mr. William Landels, was coming to Italy.

The Rev. E. Clarke, of La Spina, also gave an address in which he detailed several instances of good done through the preaching of the gospel in the field of labour under his care. The collection was a good one, and at the close of the meeting a cheque for £100 was presented to the mission by Mr. Dunning, of Workingham, for the outfit and passage of Mr. Landels to Rome.

presents as may be convenient, but see that all be well spiced with the story of Jesus, who though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich. And if you wish to enhance your happiness on Christmas Day, you can glance along the Saviour's life up to the time of His crucifixion, and still on, to His resurrection, and remember, that, it is His resurrection that is the great cause of joy after all. It was this, that above every thing else, procured the eternal triumph of Jesus over all His foes. It was this that filled all hell with consternation, and eternal disappointment. By His resurrection, "He brought life and immortality to light," and proved Himself able to raise His followers, too. Jesus, and the resurrection, was the theme of the Apostles' preaching. Let it be our theme too, and let us see that we have, dwelling in us, the spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead, "for if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." And it is only when we are assured of Christ being formed in us the hope of glory, that we can be really happy. But, if Christ be in us, the body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life, because of righteousness. It is by Christ dwelling in us that we are able to overcome the world and sin, and having done this and finished our warfare here we shall, by and bye, (by virtue of Christ's resurrection) arise from the grave, and ascend to those blessed mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare for all who believe in, and obey Him. And, O, dreadful thought, the ungodly too, must rise from the dead. But how great the contrast between the believer and unbeliever at that day. The latter must be driven into everlasting misery, while the former shall be received into eternal bliss. What cause then have we, who have hope in Christ, to rejoice, even while on our pilgrimage. What though the way be rough, and at times dark; still our Saviour will lead us safely on to our eternal home. Let us then be joyful in God, for the joy of the Lord is our strength. And may all who read these lines be enabled to join with the whole heart in the sentiment of the following lines; singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord,

Now let us sweetly join,
To praise the Lamb Divine,
Our Saviour God,
Who once on Calvary,
Suffered for you and me,
And died in agony.
Beneath the Rod.

There on the Cross He bled,
And bowed His sacred head.
Crying forgive
Father my murderers bring,
Let them in glory sing.
Save them from hell and sin,
In heaven to live.

Blest Lamb, now on thy throne
Still plead'st thy dying groan,
And pray'st for us,
But soon again thou'lt come,
To take thy followers home,
And then thy foes thou'lt doom
Beneath thy curse.

A Lamb of God! may we
Thy face with rapture see,
When thou shalt come,
May we in glory meet,
And bow before thy feet,
Our joy and bliss complete,
Around thy throne.

THOU LAMB, shall lead us there
To pastures large and fair,
Where waters spring.
And there we'll sing thy praise,
In more exalted lays
And through eternal days
Thy love we'll sing.

And now dear Editor, wishing you, and each of the readers of the *Christian Messenger*, a truly merry Christmas, and a glorious meeting at the marriage supper of the Lamb in hope of eternal life.

I remain yours,
R. S. MORTON.

P. S.—My health continues much the same, my family are in usual health at present. The Lord still provides for us, things look dark at times, but I trust in Him who feeds the ravens, and clothes the lilies. I believe he will still provide for us.
R. S. M.

For the Christian Messenger.

NEW BRUNSWICK CORRESPONDENCE.

ST JOHN, 13th Dec., 1875.

Dear Brother,—

It is some time since you seem to have published any correspondence from our city and vicinity.

The truth is, there has been nothing very startling nor interesting to communicate. We move along very quietly so far as denominational affairs are concerned with no very marked changes.

The churches are dwelling together at

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE 25TH OF DECEMBER

is again just at hand, and many persons old, and young, rich and poor, Professors of religion, and non-professors, both in town and country no doubt, are already talking of, and preparing for the celebration of the day which has for centuries been observed in memory of the birth of Jesus. Although, it is probable that He was born on that day, the time seems to agree better with the record of His crucifixion. Well, no matter. Christ was born, and the fact should be remembered with joy and gratitude by each intelligent soul throughout Christendom. Angels rejoiced when He was born, and surely it cannot be wrong for redeemed sinners to express their joy at the anniversary of their Redeemer's birth. Let there be joy then the coming Christmas Day. But remember, it must be holy joy, otherwise it must end in sorrow. Alas! how few persons among those who pretend to regard the day, do indeed, regard it to the Lord. It is not sinful to send gifts, or to visit friends on that day, but it is sinful to do so, and at the same time neglect to say a word about the precious Christ." "Who gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity," and save our souls from hell. If the ungodly can spend the day in riotous feasting, drinking, and gambling, with no thought of Christ, surely Christians should, if they regard the day at all, regard it to the Lord. I do not know that we are commanded to observe or regard it above any other day. But if professors of religion will keep it, let them see that it is not to their condemnation. Let there be then, as many meetings, greetings, and