

## The Christmas Name.

HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED JESUS  
It enters into everything.  
Like music played in undertones  
While choir or chorus voices sing,  
So this dear name of Jesus, owns  
And holds the listeners' heart, always,  
Through all the festive Christmas days.

And if we do not speak it out  
(So busy we with many friends)  
It is His name that quiets doubt,  
And moves the heart to make amends  
For words, or acts of pain or wrong,  
Until we lose the sigh in song,

The merry bells with rhythmic chime  
Tell out his name that all may hear,  
The carollers of Christmas-time  
Sing Him whose coming brings good cheer;  
The name on which the people call  
Is His, who makes the festival.

For love of Him, and for his sake,  
Close to kind hearts on Christmas Day,  
His servants little children take,  
And make them glad in love's bright ray.  
And every one in some joy shares,  
Because we knew that Jesus cares.

And gentle grows the sternest voice,  
And warmer grows the coldest heart;  
And saddest, dreariest ones rejoice  
When in his grace they have a part.  
For he so loves and comforts men,  
They can but love Him back again.

O Jesus of the Christmas-tide,  
The Child, the Saviour, and the King,  
In all our hearts and homes abide,  
And bid once more the angels sing  
The old glad anthem of Thy birth—  
Glory to God, and peace on Earth.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

## Jonas' Christmas Present.

BY ISABEL HOLMES MASON.

The lights of the little church on the hill-side shining invitingly in the gloom, made the semi-circular grove behind it look dark and shadowy on that crisp Christmas Eve. The pines whispered, and the spruce and fir trees nodded confidently towards the lighted windows, for a chosen member of their family stood inside the church, the "observed of all observers," ready to shower its Christmas fruitage presently upon the expectant hearts and hands of the gathering.

All Millville was out, even to blind Joe, who could feel the Christmas gladness even if he could not see it, and who was sure, also, of a goodly number of presents. There were the youth and "small fry" of both sexes, the blacksmith, miller, grocer and doctor, and, not the least, the minister and his bride of three months, a pretty little brown-eyed creature sitting in a front pew beside her husband, her radiant countenance crossed now and then by a shade of anxiety as she glanced down the aisle at the stern face of Jonas Hideaway. There he sat in the midst of the buzz and hum of half a dozen beehives, silent and unsmiling, with his fur coat folded across his knees, caring for nobody, and nobody caring for him, seemingly.

"He's like a death's head at a feast," the doctor remarked to his wife.

"Yes. I wonder what brought him out?"

"He wants to save himself from petrification, I suppose," returned the doctor, dryly.

"It's a shame he is so hard towards Prissy," said the lady warmly. "He might afford to forgive her before doomsday, I think. Of course she was foolish to go off and marry the son of her father's worst enemy, but the poor thing was starving for affection, I suppose. She's in actual want now since her husband has been sick, and there's her father alone in that big comfortable house, and with money in the bank. But she'd starve before she'd ask him for anything."

"Ain't Jonas Hideaway cross?" queried Nat, the miller's boy of Tom Wilcox. "Jyp is scared to death when she meet him. You ought to have heard her wince when she went with me up there on an errand."

"He don't do nothin' but read books," returned Tim. "He's got a room full of them. Books must be poor company all the time."

"He needs to be shook up a spell in a grist mill."

"Mill! He don't care for grists. He feeds on books."

"Yes; he's a bookworm. The minister said so," assented Nat, solemnly.

"The minister's wife is lookin' at him. Hain't she a daisy. I'm goin' to her class in Sunday School," said Tim.

"Mother says she won't teach no class. She's too much of a baby."

"Baby! I guess she ain't no baby."

Other comments were being made upon the lady in question.

"There's no denying she has a pretty face," Mrs. Talbot, the blacksmith's sister, assented, "but she'll never make a minister's helpmate. Her night as well have married Josie's doll there."

"I'm not so sure of that," returned the blacksmith. "See her face. She'll smile folks straight to heaven while the parson is hammering away

on the gospel anvil in his slow way. "Her voice is sweet as a bobolink's blind Joe whispered on the other side of Mrs. Talbot."

"Yes she's trained herself to speak soft, assented the lady, who was of the masculine order of woman. "Men always see such women cross-eyed. Seth, here, was an idiot about a pretty face."

A long wicker basket which hung low on the tall Christmas tree was the subject of much comment and conjecture. Very few were aware of the treasure with which it was freighted, nor that it was watched stealthily through the half open door near the desk by a pair of soft, dark, anxious eyes.

A jolly-faced Santa Claus commenced to unload the tree. The din waxed louder as name after name was called. Blind Joe was heaped with presents. The minister's wife had a lap full, but a good share of her attention was bestowed upon that wicker basket, she being opposite to it.

"Mr. Jonas Hideaway!" Everybody stared and wondered as Santa Claus drew the mysterious basket from the bough gingerly.

"Why, it's for Jonas!" was breathed in concert all over the church.

"It looks heavy. I'll bet it's full of bricks," Nat hazarded.

"Bricks is all he deserves," assented Tim, oracularly.

"Mr. Jonas Hideaway!" Santa Claus called again with special emphasis.

The owner of the name did not budge, whereupon Santa Claus marched down the aisle with the basket and set it upon the coat folded across Jonas' knees. With something between a growl and an exclamation he lifted the wicker cover.

Was it the face of a lovely doll half hidden in lace and lawn and pink ribbons that he looked down upon? The light was not the brightest in that corner, and there was a strange film over his eyes, but surely it seemed to breathe, and its weight upon his knees was like flesh and blood! Jonas sat helpless under the burden, dimly conscious that the hubbub around him was stilled suddenly.

In the midst of his bewilderment, a pair of large dark eyes opened slowly. Jonas felt an unusual stir in the region of his heart. The eyes were regarding him steadily, with a curious little pucker of the brows. After a few moment's inspection, two little hands were reached up to him, and three fingers closed tightly around the thumb of the hand that straddled the basket.

"If she don't look sweet enough to eat!" said Susie Baker leaning over his left arm.

"She's the dead image of Prissy when she was a baby," declared motherly Mrs. Nesbit above his shoulder.

"She's got your nose, Squire, sure as the world!" supplemented Mr. Hobbs, the grocer.

Jonas' face took on a multitude of uncertain expressions that might mean the verge of either tears or laughter. His stolidity was all broken up. The baby was a centre of attraction. She smiled and crowded and bubbled over with good-nature. There was so much Christmas gladness in the atmosphere, bless you, that no one, large or small, could escape its influence.

The baby face brought a rush of memories from the past to Jonas, of the child he had held in his arms long ago, when the tenderness of fatherhood had first dawned upon his heart, and of the sweet young wife and mother, whom, a month later, he had laid away forever. He recalled his bitterness and rebellion against his lot, his hardness toward the child for whose sake he had been bereaved, and the increasing coldness of the years, with no wisely touch to soften the strong, stern, uncompromising qualities which predominated in his nature.

The fountains of the great deep were broken up, now. Tears forced themselves slowly from his eyes and fell upon the baby's cheek. Its smile died, and it looked up into his face with the mysterious searching eyes of babyhood. He lifted it from its warm nest and held it soft cheek against his.

"He has a heart, after all," said the doctor's wife, with a movement of her handkerchief across her eyes. "Heart!" echoed the doctor. "He buried it with his young wife, long ago, but it looks now like a resurrection."

Jonas looked up to meet the moist shining eyes of the minister's wife. Some instinct taught him her share in this matter.

"Where is the child's mother?" he asked brokenly.

The little lady turned and drew Prissy, pale and trembling from her covert behind the brawny, big-hearted blacksmith, where she had stood watching her darling crowd its way into her father's heart and arms.

"Prissy, my child!"

"Oh, father, father!"

"Don't you want to take charge of my Christmas present?" he asked

with a mighty effort at self-control. "The whole house up there is at your disposal—and here, I will send for—your husband."

The baby's face had a baptism of tears this time, as the mother carried it into the ante-room where she had watched the experiment. She was followed by the minister's wife and others.

"I owe this all to you," she said gratefully to the doll wife.

"I knew he was as good as gold away down," returned the little lady softly.

How the glad Christmas bells rang in the air around Jonas' old homestead that night! How peacefully the angels of good-will brooded over the slumber of the inmates.—*The Cottage Hearth.*

## SKODA'S LITTLE TABLET Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

He Saved Me.

A leading business man in one of our large cities from tipping and moderator drinking became at last a common drunkard. From financial prosperity and success he fell into trouble and was forsaken by friends who in bright days enjoyed the good cheer of his charming home. At last, in desperation, with ruin facing him, he came to an old friend, a prominent banker in the city, and begged of him aid. "Trust me," cried he, "trust me but once more, and I will break the chain. I will begin a new life."

In the rear of the banking room was the directors' parlor. Into this the two went, and falling on his knees, the banker pleaded for his old friend, that he might be saved and come off a victor in the bitter struggle to overcome the terrible habit which had brought ruin to himself and the dear ones of his home.

Again and again, contrary to the wishes of his friends, the financier aided the merchant over hard places ever accompanying each loan with prayer to God for help for the poor slave.

The prayer was answered, strength was given and victory achieved. He became a Christian and again a successful and prominent business man. After a few years of manly living, useful in church, home and society, the life-work ended, and he was called to the reward of "him who overcometh."

Again and again he repeated, "I owe so much to my beloved friend who stood by me in the storm, who bore me up on the wings of prayer, whose patience never failed, who trusted me when all others turned coldly away; he saved me."

What a lesson comes to the workers of to-day to patiently toil on and to have faith in the divine spark which is not extinguished even when to the human eye it has faded away. "He saved me!" What a noble testimony to the banker and the fulfillment of the promise, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."—*Zion Herald.*

## USE SKODAS DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

A True Christmas.

Amid the innocent merriment of the Christmas time we must not forget nor allow the children to forget the true spirit of its celebration. The beautiful custom of exchanging gifts expressing family love and friendly regard, has an added charm when we associate it with the thought of God's love and Christ's great gift of Himself to us. Even the little ones will enjoy their good things more if this thought is made fresh and familiar to them.

How sweet is their simple faith which believes He sends them the beautiful gifts they receive, that He loves them, has them particularly under His care, watches them, knows all they do, and rewards them according as they try to please Him. If ever the spirit of selfishness should shrink away in shame from every hearthstone, surely it should be so at Christmas time! To love broadly; to be kind to the unthankful; to give not hoping for return; to comfort the sorrowful; to cheer the disheartened; to make the lonely souls feel that some one cares for them—this is to celebrate in the true spirit the birth of Him whose mission on earth was and is still, "peace and good-will."

## Love's Tardy Blossoms.

There is a great host of weary men and women, toiling on through life toward the grave, who most sorely need, just now, the cheering words and helpful ministrations which we can give. The incense is gathering to scatter about their coffins; but why should it not be scattered in the hard paths on which their feet to-day are treading? The kind words are lying in men's hearts unexpressed, trembling on their tongues unvoiced, which will be spoken by and-by, when these weary ones are sleeping; but why should they not be spoken now, when they are needed so much, and when their accents

would give such cheer and hope? The flowers are growing to strew on their graves; but why not cut them now to brighten dreary lives and dark paths?

Many a good man goes through life, plain, plodding, living obscurely, yet living a true Christian life, doing many a quiet kindness to his neighbors and friends, yet seldom hearing a word of commendation or praise. The vases, filled with the incense of affection, are kept sealed. The flowers are not cut from the stems. One day you stand by his coffin, and there are enough kind things said to have brightened every hour of his life, if only they have been said at the right time. There are enough flowers piled upon his casket to have kept his chamber filled with fragrance all through his years, if only they had been sent day by day. How his heavy heart would have thanked God if, in the midst of his toils, burdens and struggles he could have heard a few of the words of affection and approval that are now wasted on ears that hear them not! How much happier he would have been in his weary days if he had known how many generous friends he had! But, poor man! he had to die before the appreciation could express itself. Then the gentle words spoken over his cold form he could not hear. The love blossomed out too late.—*J. J. Miller, D. D.*

## USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Our Mother's Mistake.

"It seems to me," said a woman lately,—one whose sons and daughters are grown and out in the world,—"that if I had my children to bring up over again, I would give up everything, and devote myself to each till he was five years old."

"What I did was to employ nurses—what a travesty of the tenderly significant word!—from infancy to about that time, when I looked after them myself."

"One of my children—he is a married man now—cherishes still a most unreasoning fear of the dark, even of passing the open door of an unlighted apartment, because, forsooth, years ago in his baby-hood, a nurse, urged him to sleep, lest a wolf should come out of the dark and get him."

A second son will carry to his grave a nervous dread of laughing, born of a practice by another nurse of showing her large, white, glittering teeth in a mirthless grin when, as an infant, he fretted. I caught her at it one day, and instantly sent her away; but the mischief was done, and I have been helpless to combat it. And my nurses were no worse than my neighbors."

"A child's care-taker should be a child-lover; and who loves a child like his mother? I long to say to every young mother I know: 'Stay with your babies, if you possibly can, until they are big enough to know what is going on about them.'"

## SKODAS LITTLE TABLETS Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

Let the Infidel Answer.

Dr. Herrick Johnson, on the question, "Is the Bible adapted to the young men of to-day, and if so, how?" says: "Is the sun adapted to the flowers of to-day? Did God make a mistake about the sunbeams when by his potent word, 'Let there be light,' he flung them into space at creation's dawn? Did he create a sun that would need to be changed every few centuries to adjust it to the changing flora? Or did he make a sun so adapted to the inner and essential structure of the floral world that down time's long path all the foliage and flowers, whatever their form or texture, could joyously bathe in its light and heat?"

## Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

## CONSTIPATION CURED.

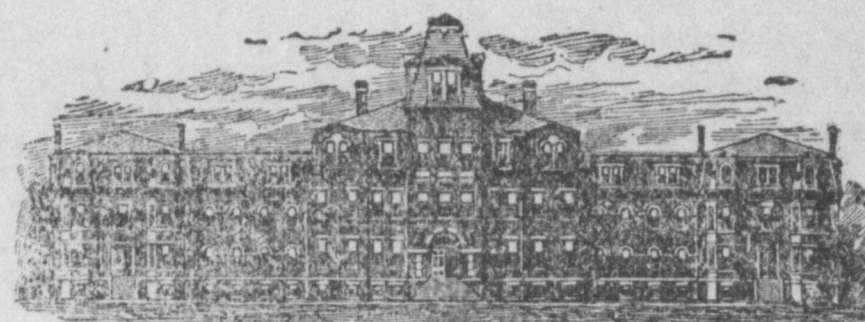
The following extract from a letter from Mr. James M. Carson, Banff N. W. T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B. B. B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

## THE BEST COUGH CURE.

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AT ALL GROCERS.  
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**THE BETTER WAY**  
Will be for you to call and see for yourself  
**OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF SEASONABLE DRY GOODS**  
And the prices we quote them at "Seeing is Believing." MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.  
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IN its healthful situation, its invigorating atmosphere, and its beautiful surroundings, this school cannot be surpassed. All the courses of instruction are BROAD AND LIBERAL.

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**GATES' LIFE OF MAN BITTERS**  
PURIFIES THE BLOOD  
ONLY 50 CTS

Acadie Mines, N. S., May 6, 1893.

Messrs C. Gates &amp; Son

GENTLEMEN:—For a number of years I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. Medical doctors treated me with no success whatever. In fact I grew worse. Various remedies were tried, among them the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, of which I drank the contents of sixty bottles. I seemed to be getting better while I kept taking it, but as soon as I gave up taking it I was as bad as ever. For eight months I was confined to the house. Hearing your remedies highly recommended I procured a few bottles from your agent. I took the Bitters and Syrup as directed and after a few bottles had been taken I began to feel like another person. Now I can attend to my work every day without annoyance from my old disease. I have also used your Liniment and Ointment with the greatest satisfaction and cannot speak too highly of them. Neuralgia loses its pain under the use of your valuable remedies, and as a family medicine it cannot be too highly recommended.  
Believe me, sirs, yours very sincerely  
**GEORGE FARNAN.**

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Silverware, Breakfast, Dinner, Tea Services in Blue ware and China Hanging, Table and side Lamps for Churches, Bedroom and many styles, Carvers and Forks, Knives and Forks. All kinds Kitchen ware.  
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For sale low by  
**JAMES S. NEIL**

DECEMBER 20, 1893  
Baby's  
Hang up the baby  
Be sure you don't  
The dear little child  
She never saw  
But I've told her  
And she opened  
And I'm sure she  
She looked as fu  
Dear! what a time  
It doesn't take  
Such little pink  
Away from the  
But then for baby  
It would never  
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