

Bringing Gifts.

Across the months a radiance shines afar,—
It is the mellow light of Bethlehem's star:
Undimmed it lingers, heralding the dawn-
ing,
To lose itself at last in Christmas morning.

And as we hasten toward the blessed day,
Yearning to see again how low Christ lay,
How near He came, how really He is
sharing
Our human life, our human nature wear-
ing,—

Just as the Magi did, our gifts we bring,
Though this late century's anthems round
us ring;
Just as theirs were, our hands are over-
flowing
With treasures gathered for this day's
bestowing

Just as they did? Ah, in that morning dim,
They knelt and gave their royal gifts to
Him;
Their offering was Messiah's earliest crown
ing
Are all four gifts, like theirs, Kingship
owning?

The glad day hastens, and the joy-bells
chime,
While the world listens; but there still is
time
To give as they gave, who knelt there be-
side Him
In the low khan whose dimness could not
hide Him.

Let there be gold,—Ruler of all is He!—
Spent all in love and for humanity;
Become like us, our Neighbor, Friend, and
Brother,
He smiles upon our joy in one another.

Yet, in the light of His sad, tender eyes,
Let there not lack the mystic of sacrifice
And let the increase of true worship burn,
Blent with our love,—for we our God
discern.

The Star

Holy Work for Christmas.

[A SERMON, DELIVERED ON SUNDAY
MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1895, BY
C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE METRO-
POLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWING-
TON, TEXT, LUKE 2: 17-20.]

I selected this text this morning be-
cause it seemed to indicate to me four
ways of serving God, four methods of
executing holy work and exercising
Christian thought. Each of the verses
sets before us a different way of sacred
service. Some, it appears, published
abroad the news, told to others what
they had seen and heard; some won-
dered with a holy marveling and aston-
ishment; one, at least, according to the
third of the verses, pondered, medi-
tated, thought upon these things; and
others, in the fourth place, glorified
God and gave him praise. I know
not which of these four did God best
service, but I think, if we could com-
bine all these mental emotions and
outward exercises, we should be sure
to praise God after a most godly and
acceptable fashion.

1. To begin then, in the first place,
we find that some celebrated the
Saviour's birth by publishing abroad
what they had heard and seen; and
truly we may say of them that they
had something to rehearse in men's
ears well worth the telling. . . . That
something had in it the inimitable
blending which is the secret sign and
royal mark of divine authorship; a
peerless marrying of sublimity and
simplicity; angels singing!—singing to
shepherds! Heaven bright with glory!
bright at midnight! G-d! A Babe!
The Infinite! An Infant of a span
long! The Ancient of Days! Born of
a woman! What more simple than
the inn, the manger, a carpenter, a
carpenter's wife, a child? What more
sublime than a "multitude of the
heavenly host" making the midnight
with their joyous chorales, and God
himself in human flesh made manifest?
A child is but an ordinary sight; but
what a marvel to see that Word, which
was "in the beginning with God
tabernacled among us, that we might
behold his glory, the glory as of the
only begotten of the Father full of
grace and truth!" Brethren, we have
a tale to tell, as simple as sublime.
What simpler? "Believe and live."
What more sublime? "God was in
Christ reconciling the world unto
himself." A system of salvation so
wonderful that angelic minds cannot
but adore as they meditate upon it;
and yet so simple that the children in
the temple may fitly hymn its virtues
as they sing, "Hosanna! Blessed is
he that cometh in the name of the
Lord." . . .

The shepherds need no excuse for
making everywhere the announcement
of the Saviour's birth, for what they
told they first received from heaven.
When heaven entrusts a man with a
merciful revelation, he is bound to de-
liver the good tidings to others. What,
keep that a secret whose utterance
eternal mercy makes to charm the
midnight air? To what purpose were
angels sent, if the message were not
to be spread abroad? According to
the teaching of our own beloved Lord
we must not be silent, for he bids us,
"K. D. C. Pills cure chronic
constipation."

"What ye hear in secret, that reveal
ye in public; and what I tell you in
the ear in closets, that proclaim ye
upon the house tops." Beloved, you
have heard a voice from heaven; you
twice-born men, begotten again unto
a lively hope, you have heard the
Spirit of God bearing witness of God's
truth with you, and teaching you of
heavenly things. You then must keep
this Christmas by telling to your
fellow-men what God's own holy
Spirit has seen fit to reveal to you.

But though the shepherds told what
they heard from heaven, remember
that they spoke of what they had seen
below. They had, by observation,
made those truths most surely their
own which had first been spoken to
them by revelation. No man can
speak of the things of God with any
success until the doctrine which he
finds in the book he finds also in his
heart. We must bring down the mys-
tery, and make it plain, by knowing,
by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, its
practical power on the heart and con-
science. My brethren, the gospel
which we preach is most surely re-
vealed to us by the Lord; but, more-
over, our hearts have tried and proved,
have grasped, have felt, have realized,
its truth and power. . . .

These were shepherds, unlettered
men. . . . It is true an uneducated
brother is not fitted for all work—he
has his own sphere—but he is quite
able to tell of what he has seen and
heard, and so, it strikes me, is every
man in a measure. If you have seen
Jesus, and heard his saving voice; if
you have received truth as from the
Lord, felt its tremendous power as
coming from God to you; and if you
have experienced its might upon your
own spirit,—why you can surely tell
out what God has written within. . . .
If you cannot speak in the pulpit, if
as yet your cheek would mantle with
a blush, and your tongue would refuse
to do her office in the presence of
many, there are your children, you are
not ashamed to speak before them;
there is the little cluster round the
hearth on Christmas night, there is
the little congregation in the workshop,
there is a little audience somewhere
to whom you might tell out of Jesus'
love to lost ones. . . .

2. We set before you, now, another
mode of keeping Christmas,—by holy
wonder, admiration, and adoration.
"And all they that heard it wondered
at those things which were told them
by the shepherds." We shall have
little to say of those persons who
merely wondered, and did nothing
more. Many are set a wondering by
the gospels. . . . But, after holding
up their hands and opening their
mouths for about nine days, the
wonder subsides, and they go their
way, and think no more about it. . . .

Oh the other hand, there is another
mode of wondering, which is akin to
adoration, if it be not adoration. I
think it would be very difficult to draw
a line between holy wonder and real
worship; for, when the soul is over-
whelmed with the majesty of God's
glory, though it may not express itself
in song, or even utter its voice with
bowed head in humble prayer, yet it
silently adores. I am inclined to think
that the astonishment which sometimes
seizes upon the human intellect at the
remembrance of God's greatness and
goodness, is, perhaps, the purest form
of adoration which ever rises from
mortal man to the throne of the Most
High. This kind of wonder I recom-
mend to those of you who, from the
quietness and solitariness of your lives,
are scarcely able to imitate the shep-
herds in telling out the tale to others;
you can at least fill up the circle of
the worshippers before the throne by
wondering at what God has done. . . .

3. A third manner of holy work,
namely, her sacred heart pondering
and preserving, you will find in the
next verse.
One at least, and let us hope there
were others, or, at any rate let us
ourselves, be others, one kept all these
things, and pondered them in her
heart. She wondered; she did more,
she pondered. You will observe there
was an exercise on the part of this
blest woman of the three great parts
of her being: her memory,—she kept
all these things; her affections,—she
kept them in her heart; her intellect,—
she pondered them, considered them,
weighed them, turned them
over, so that memory, affection, and
understanding were all exercised about
these things. . . .

You can love him, bless him, praise
him, study him, ponder him, compre-
hend his character, study the types
that set him forth, and imitate his
life; and, in this way, though your
worship will not blaze forth among
the sons of men, and scarcely benefit
them as some other forms of work, yet
it will both benefit you and be accept-
able to your Lord. Beloved, re-
member what you have heard of Christ,
and what he has done for you; make
"K. D. C. Pills weakens diges-
tion use K. D. C."

your heart the golden cup to hold the
rich recollections of his past loving-
kindness; make it a pot of manna to
preserve the heavenly bread whereon
saints have fed in days gone by. Let
your memory treasure up everything
about Christ which you have either
heard, or felt, or known, and then let
your fond affections hold him fast
evermore. Love him! Pour out that
alabaster box of your heart, and let
all the precious ointment of your
affection come streaming on his feet.
If you cannot do it with joy, do it
sorrowfully; wash his feet with tears,
wipe them with the hairs of your head;
but do love him, love the blessed Son
of God, your ever tender Friend. Let
your intellect be exercised concerning
the Lord Jesus. Turn over and over
by meditation what you read. . . .

4. The last piece of holy Christmas
work is done. "The shepherds re-
turned," we read in the twentieth
verse, "glorifying and praising God
for all the things that they had heard
and seen, as it was told unto them." Returned to what? Returned to busi-
ness, to look after the lambs and sheep
again. Then, if we desire to glorify
God, we need not give up our business.

Some people get the notion into
their heads that the only way in which
they can live for God is by becoming
ministers, missionaries, or Bible
women. Alas! how many of us would
be shut out from any opportunity of
magnifying the Most High if this were
the case. The shepherds went back
to the sheep-pens glorifying and praising
God. Beloved, it is not office, it is
earnestness; it is not position, it is
grace, which will enable us to glorify
God. God is most surely glorified in
that cobbler's stall where the godly
worker, as he plies the awl, sings of the
Saviour's love, ay, glorified far more
than in many a prebendal stall where
official religionism performs its scanty
duties. The name of Jesus is glorified
by yonder carter as he drives his horse
and blesses his God, or speaks to his
fellow-laborer by the roadside, as much
as by yonder divine, who, throughout
the country, like Boanerges, is thun-
dering out the gospel. God is glorified
by our abiding in our vocation. Take
care you do not fall out of the path of
duty by leaving your calling, and take
care you do not dishonor your profes-
sion while in it; think not much of
yourselves, but do not think too little
of your callings. There is no trade
which is not sanctified by the gospel.
If you turn to the Bible, you will find
the most menial forms of labor have
been, in some way or other, connected
either with the most daring deeds of
faith, or else with persons whose lives
have been otherwise illustrious; keep
to your calling, brother, keep to your
calling! Whatever God has made thee,
when he calls thee abide in that, unless
thou art quite sure, mind that, unless
thou art quite sure that he calls thee
to something else. The shepherds
glorified God though they went to
their trade. . . .

The way in which these shepherds
honored God is worth noticing. They
did it by praising him. Let us think
more of sacred song than we sometimes
do. When the song is bursting in full
chorus from the thousands in this
house, it is but a noise in the ear of
some men; but, inasmuch as many
true hearts, touched with the love of
Jesus, are keeping pace with their
tongues, it is not a mere noise in God's
esteem; there is a sweet music in it
that makes glad his ear. What is the
great ultimatum of all Christian effort?
When I stood here, the other morning,
preaching the gospel, my mind was
fully exercised with the winning of
souls; but I seemed, while preaching,
to get beyond that. I thought, Well,
that is not the chief end, after all; the
chief end is to glorify God, and even
the saving of sinners is sought by the
right-minded as the means to that end.
Then it struck me all of a sudden, "If,
in psalm-singing and hymn-singing, we
do really glorify God, we are doing
more than in the preaching; because
we are not then in the means, we are
close upon the great end itself." If we
praise God with heart and tongue, we
glorify him in the surest possible man-
ner, we are really glorifying him then.
"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me,"
saith the Lord. Sing then, my brethren!
Sing not only when you are to-
gether, but sing alone. Cheer your
labor with psalms and hymns and
spiritual songs. Make glad the family
with sacred music.

A Shepherd's Advice.

Rev. G. W. Arnold, of Springfield,
Ohio, in an annual letter to the mem-
bers of his church, recently published,
among other things says:

"As one who greatly desires your
highest present and eternal welfare,
let me suggest a few of the most
essential things in a happy and useful
Christian life.

1. Make sure that you are in Christ.
K. D. C. Pills tone and regu-
late the liver.

saved by his cleansing blood and by
the renewing power of the Holy Spirit.
2. Give yourself wholly to Christ,
and put your life unreservedly under
the guidance of the Word and Spirit
of God.

3. "Whatever you do, do all to the
glory of God." Think naught a trifle.
Consecrated and concentrated trifles
make an illustrious Christian life.
Therefore, attend all the services of
God's house when at all possible for
you to do so, and invite others to at-
tend.

4. "Redeem the time" by a systema-
tic use of the present, and by giving
due space to things essential. "The
time is short." "Our King's business
requires haste." There are scores of
sleepless and listless church members
to be quickened, aroused, and put to
work, and scores of lost and ship-
wrecked souls to be rescued and saved.
Time flies, death urges, eternity
pleads. Last year cannot be recalled;
but the incoming year may, like the
milky way, be studded with priceless
gems, and all the rolling year be full
of glory and of God."—Telescope.

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly
blessing.

Make marriage a matter of moral
judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and
temperament than your own.

Never talk at one another, either
alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another,
unless the house is on fire.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest
to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim
and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to
domestic felicity on earth is in the
mutual cultivation of an absolute un-
selfishness.

Never find fault unless it is perfect-
ly certain that a fault has been com-
mitted, and then prelude it with a
kiss, and lovingly.

Neglect the whole world beside
rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeat-
ed. "I forgot" is never an acceptable
excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense
of the other; it is meanness.

Never part for a day without loving
words to think of during absence; be-
sides, it may be that you will not
meet again in life.—The Bop Art.

Learn in Order to do.

The sweetest and deepest lessons of
life are not all learned "on the
heights." Truly it is in the "wilder-
ness" and upon the "mountain-top"
that the soul fights and overcomes
temptation, and finally attains security
and serenity. But having obtained
these, it is sent into the world to
practice and promulgate the lessons it
has been taught. Then it is among
men and in the common joys and sor-
rows of every-day life that the finer
essence of living is added to the funda-
mental principles of life already
learned.

They make a mistake who isolate
themselves from their fellows, and
think thereby to "possess their souls
in peace." Purity and love are not
perfected in solitude. The shadow of
sin may stain the soul, but the soul is
not contaminated by the touch of the
sinner. By such contact it is rather
strengthened—to heal and to help.
"He ate with them," was an example
as well as a lesson. And those who
are made teachers of men find no
surer leading than the fact that nature
does not take the trouble to instruct
pupils for no purpose. Her finished
scholars are intended to practice, as
well as to preach. When she has
finished instructing a man, she says to
him, "Now go and do it!"—Ex.

The Broken Buckle.

We have read in history of that hero
who, when an overwhelming force was
in full pursuit, and all his followers
were urging him to more rapid flight,
coolly dismounted, in order to repair a
flaw in the horse's harness. Whilst
busied with the broken buckle the
distant cloud swept down in nearer
thunder; but just as the prancing
hoofs and eager spears were ready to
dash down upon him the flaw was
mended, the clasp was fastened, the
steed was mounted, and like a swoop-
ing falcon he had vanished from their
view. The broken buckle would have
left him on the field a dismounted and
inglorious prisoner; the timely delay
sent him in safety back to his bustling
comrades. There is in daily life the
same luckless precipitancy and the
same profitable delay. The man who,
from his prayerless awakening, bounces
into the business of the day, however
good his talents and great his dili-
gence, is only galloping on a steed
harnessed with a broken buckle, and
must not marvel if, in his hottest
haste or more hazardous leap, he be
left inglorious in the dust; and though
it may occasion some little delay be-
fore hand, his neighbour is wiser who
sets all in order before the march be-
gins.—Rev. James Hamilton.

Progress in Purity.

Progress in purity is marked by the
increasing quickness with which we
detect impurity and by the increasing
hatred which we feel towards it. He
who in his unrenewed state thought
nothing sin except vice and crime,
comes first to see that a multitude of
overt acts once deemed right are really
wrong, has his eyes opened to the
sinfulness of manifold omissions, and
afterwards his "well-instructed soul"
discerns that he is somewhat to blame
for living in any degree below his
highest privileges or losing any avail-
able opportunity of doing kindly deeds,
and filling his life with usefulness.
Thus that which to the novice seems
overstrained punctiliousness and need-
less care, to the advanced believer is a
matter of much importance, neglect of
which will bring a cloud on his spiritual
sky and pain to the face of his Saviour.
He who is not putting an ever finer,
closer meaning on the word "sin" has
reason to doubt his genuine growth in
grace.—Z. Herald.

The Personal Touch.

In a great meeting a young man was
leaning forward on the back of a seat,
with his face covered by his hands.
There were many like him, and the
workers were all too few. "Go speak
to that young man," was the loving
command of the leader to another
young man who had happened to be in
the forefront of young people's work
in that church. Fear took possession
of him, he trembled as a leaf, and said,
"Oh, I cannot go, I never did such a
thing before; I am not able to do it." The
leader was firm in his loving de-
mand. "You must go," he said. Go-
ing down the aisle, he dropped into
the seat by the young man, put his arm
over his shoulder, and in a half-sobbing
tone, said, "I have been sent to talk
to you, but I do not know what to say.
But Jesus loves you, and I know he is
ready to save you." They both drop-
ped on their knees, and it was only a
moment or two before a soul was born
into the kingdom.

If we must have heroes and wars
wherein to make them, there is no war
so brilliant as a war with wrong; no
hero so fit to be sung to as he who has
gained the bloodless victory of truth
and mercy.

Suffered With Rheumatism.

"I was suffering with rheumatism
and could not rest day or night. A
neighbor advised me to try Hood's
Sarsaparilla and I did so and it did me
a great deal of good. I am very thank-
ful for the benefit received." Lizzie
Childs, Kingston, N. B.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to buy, easy
to take, easy to operate.

Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Nell, New
Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly
six months I was troubled with burn-
ing aches and pains in my feet so such
an extent that I could not sleep at
night, and as my feet were badly
swollen I could not wear my boots for
weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to
try it and to my astonishment I got
almost instant relief, and the one
bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

FOR BRONCHITIS.
GENTLEMEN.—We have used Yellow
Oil as a family remedy for bronchitis
with every success. My husband also
used it for a stiff finger that he thought
he would never be able to use again,
but it is now as well as ever through
using Hagyard's Yellow Oil.
MRS. D. G. SEYMOUR,
Whitehall P. O., Ont.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vander-
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"We have been using Parmelee's Pills,
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ever used." For Delicate and Debili-
tated Constitutions these Pills act like
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effect is both a tonic and a stimulant,
mildly exciting the secretions of the
body, giving tone and vigor.

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color to the hair,
and also prevents
it falling out. Mrs.
H. W. Fenwick, of
Digby, N. S., says:
"A little more
than two years ago
my hair began
to turn gray and
fall out. After
the use of
one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my
hair was restored to its original
color and ceased falling out. An
occasional application has since kept
the hair in good condition."—Mrs.
H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

Growth
of Hair.

"Eight years ago, I had the vario-
lous, and lost my hair, which pre-
viously was quite abundant. I tried
a variety of preparations, but with-
out beneficial result, till I began to
fear I should be permanently bald.
About six months ago, my husband
brought home a bottle of Ayer's
Hair Vigor, and I began at once to
use it. In a short time, new hair
began to appear, and there is now
every prospect of as thick a growth
of hair as before my illness."—
Mrs. A. WEBER, Polymnia St., New
Orleans, La.

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the Lungs.
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