

Christmas Everywhere.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight!
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For [the Christ-child] who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great and no cottage too small.
The angels who welcome Him sing from the height.
In the "City of David" a king in his might;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round,
Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight!"
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Phillips Brooks.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

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Good Tidings.

FOR A CHRISTMAS MEETING.

Each recurring Christmas season should direct our attention to the incarnation of Christ, and from that, by an easy transition, we can consider the glad tidings which have come to us with His advent. It is difficult to think of the first coming of Christ without thinking at the same time of the good tidings of great joy which were proclaimed by the angels on that night when Jesus assumed our nature, and was cradled in a manger in Bethlehem. But if these glorious tidings were not proclaimed in their full beauty and attractiveness until the angels proclaimed them, yet the prophet Isaiah, in the words of the text, made very distinct and definite reference to them. Many of the best writers are of the opinion that while these verses contain an allusion to the return of the Jews from their captivity in Babylon, they also make a very clear and unmistakable reference to the deliverance of the sinner from the power and dominion of sin "through the redemption that is in Christ." This appears to have been the view taken by Paul, for he makes the return from Babylonian bondage a type of the granting of life and liberty to the one who accepts Christ as his friend and substitute.

Why was the promise of the Saviour's coming glad tidings?

(1). It was surely good news that Christ, the Lord of all, was willing to assume our nature. He was in the form of God and thought it not robbery to be equal with God. He was rich—rich in the praises of angels, rich in the resources at His command; rich in His power to create and to provide for what He had formed. But He became poor; He made himself of no reputation; He took upon Him the form of a servant. Many a man by unforeseen reverses, has been thrust from a position of ease and affluence into one of poverty and wretchedness; but no example can be found which would, except in the faintest degree, set forth the greatness of the change through which Christ passed when He left heaven and came down to earth. David, hurled from the throne, and persecuted by those who

once had been his trusted counselors, might be taken as a type of Christ; but even then the type is but a faint foreshadowing of the ante type. It is certainly good news to us that Christ shrank not back from the ordeal, and that He was willing to assume our nature with all its humiliation, so that salvation might be offered us.

(2). It was good news that peace was proclaimed at His coming. There is no peace to the wicked; they are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest. But when the Prince of Peace came the proclamation was made of peace on earth, good will to men. Christ came to reconcile both Jew and Gentile. "He is our peace who hath made both one." Being justified by faith in Him we have peace (Rom. v. 1).

(3). It was good news that all nations were to share in the benefits of Christ's redemptive work. The good tidings of great joy were for all people (Luke ii. 10). It was prophesied that Christ should sprinkle many nations (Isa. lii. 15). All the ends of the earth were to see the salvation of God (Luke iii. 6). How glad we should be that this salvation was not confined to the Jews, and that Christ had other sheep which were not of that fold (John x. 16). How thankful we should be that the glad tidings have come to us, and that instead of celebrating this Christmas season with heathen orgies, we are celebrating it under Christian auspices and under purifying, ennobling influences.

May this Christmas anniversary be a time of joy and gladness to us all; may all its pleasures be hallowed by kindness to our brother man and by thoughts of gratitude to God for His greatest and most precious gift—the Saviour of the world.

Secretarial Notes.

The year is getting well advanced, four months have passed. Thus far I have noticed but little report of work being done by the societies. There is an unhappy custom of leaving the heavy end of the work until the last half of the year. Then there must, of necessity, be very much hurry and rush. This could be avoided if the first half of the year were one of greater activity.

I was asked recently if I did not think the consecration meeting was failing of the purpose for which it was given a place in the work of the society. The question started me thinking. I am forced to the conclusion that in very many societies there is great eagerness of this being so, and instead of this monthly meeting being a help and stimulus it may become a stumbling block. It was further suggested that it would be wise to do away with this meeting, or, at least, to have it less frequently. I cannot agree with this proposition. Instead of doing away with the meeting I would urge that we should refresh the note of consecration. To the officers especially, I would speak to the prayer meeting committee I would respectfully urge that you redouble your efforts, and make the consecration meeting what it was intended to be, and may be, a time of heart searching, and of waiting before the Lord for the revelation of His will to us of individual needs and responsibilities. Keep up the tone of your consecration meetings, brethren; look after it; make it the meeting of the society.

COR. SEC.

A Plea for Further Consecration.

Millions! Can it be that millions have not heard the gospel preached? Ah yes! But what an astounding truth to be written to-day, in view of the fact that, nineteen hundred years ago, our Saviour commanded his disciples to "Preach the gospel to every creature." And the command comes to us just as clearly and emphatically to-day, "Go ye and teach all nations." Yet we sit at home, unmoved, scarcely heeding the urgent need of our brethren, and yet plead that we are doing our share! Doing our share!

While our brothers and sisters yonder are perishing by millions, we are sending them only one missionary for every 300,000 persons, while for ourselves, (where one person in every five is a Christian), we have a minister for every 740 persons. Are we doing our share? Are we keeping in touch with the great missionary movements of the day? Have we a general knowledge of religious affairs in foreign lands? Then we must, to some extent, realize the need. And as we look out upon the harvest so great, the laborers so few, and the Lord of the harvest so able and ready to send them forth, we see that we have not had fervent love and compassion for this perishing harvest; we have not the faith in God's promises that should rouse us to definite, unceasing, prevailing prayer that He will send forth laborers into the vineyard. Then as to sacrifice. God so loved the world that He gave His

only begotten Son to save it. What are we giving? We set apart one-tenth of our income for the Lord. Then there are many places where we give up some worldly pleasure or some selfish gratification in order to make a free-will offering. Good. But we must go further. Father, mother, are you willing to give your child? Young man, young woman have you realized that the world is your country and all mankind your countrymen? Are you willing to give up home, loved ones, and cherished ambitions to walk with Jesus if he calls you to a foreign land? Are you willing to give your life, to bow humbly at the feet of the cross and cry "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?"

Dear Lord, help us, as Christian Endeavorers, to have our wills so in accord with Thine, our lives so filled with and guided by Thy Holy Spirit, that we may, in fullness of heart, say,—

"I'll go where you want me to go, Lord, Over mountain, or valley or sea; I'll do what you want me to do, Lord, I'll be what you want me to be."

The Orphanage.

Not very much has been said in our columns of late about the Orphanage work. Lest some should think we have abandoned the scheme, I wish to say that it is still a live issue with some of us. Since sister Sunder retired from active work in the field, and the control of the Orphanage passed into other hands we have not been kept in as close touch with that department of the work as when she was our leader. We miss the stimulus which her leadership gave us. But the Orphanage is not being forgotten.

In the not far distant future, we are trusting, there shall be some one who shall go out from us, and who shall come in touch with the foreign mission work. When that time comes I am satisfied our people will be found ready to go forward with the work which we have to do in India.

It, certainly, is too bad that we only have one missionary in India. I have thought many times that sister Sunder must think that we have little interest in the work, when year after year goes by and we send no reinforcements to the foreign field. I am sure a New Brunswicker would be welcome to our sister and all the workers there.

Just this one more thought: While we are waiting for missionaries, the opportunities are going by. The boys are getting older, and there will be less opportunity of helping them. The tide of need is daily getting higher and stronger. Can we afford to wait and wait? In these days the funds should be coming into the Lord's treasury continually. Let us bring our offerings unto the Lord, and see if He will not give us missionaries and opportunities abundant in which to use that which we render unto Him.

AN OFFICER.

The Border Line.

A party of five gentlemen had been in the habit of meeting once a week to play poker. They were each of them ordinarily successful in his profession, and were respected in their business and personal relations. The incident given below, that took place at their last meeting for the purpose of an evening's enjoyment of their favorite game, dramatic as it may seem, is strictly true.

It is not easy to give the reasons for the fascination of the excitement of poker-playing. Suffice it to say that on the night we speak of, overwrought by stimulating circumstances, each of the players, because of what seemed to be the strength of his own hand, increased the amount of his bet over that which had previously been made.

One of the five men was a lawyer who had many important clients depending upon him. He was the most imperturbable of the players, greatly addicted to the game, and, as it happened in this instance, held the highest cards in his hands. He knew that he was a sure winner, for no other combination could possibly beat him.

The excitement became extreme, and the betting had risen from hundreds of dollars to one thousand. The lawyer for one moment changed color, then put his hand into his pocket and took out a roll of bills, and counting from it a thousand dollars, laid them in the middle of the table, thus covering the last bet. He then said:

"I call you," which is the technical way of bringing the betting to an end. As he did so he turned pale, and his hand shook as he showed his winning cards. The doctor of the party thought he was going to faint from the excitement of winning such an unusual amount, and sprang to assist him, but the lawyer waved him back and bent his head trying to control himself. His friends felt that his emotion was due to some unusual cause. In silence they

looked on while he did a strange thing. First he took ten one hundred-dollar bills from the heap of money that he had won, and folding them together, he put them with the roll he had taken from his pocket.

When this was done he drew a long breath—almost a gasp of relief. Then he carefully separated his own original money from the remainder and pushed the rest away, looking at it steadily for a second or two without speaking. At length he said, raising his hand and registering a solemn oath—we quote his words exactly:

"I am done with poker. Loving the game as much as I do, I give it up from this moment forever. I have stepped across the border-line of dishonor to-night. The money I have just put back into my pocket was given to me by a client to be paid out this morning, and if I had lost it I could not immediately have replaced it. I had it in my possession simply because I had not had the opportunity to deposit it in the bank, and in the excitement of the game I forgot that it was not my own. The fascination that would make me do a thing like that is one that I dare not risk again. I cannot touch the money that I won with it, for it was not my own."

His friends took up their money and bowed in silence. Their astonishment and respect were too great for words. The lawyer soon rose and left the room, never to return to it.

He had unconsciously given a striking illustration of the fact that the essence of character which we call soul, may be lost or saved at the moment when one comes to the border line between an honest and a dishonest act.—Youth's Companion.

"Dressin'."

A member of the Westburn family tells in The Atlantic a story of a seacoast town in Maine, inhabited by men of a cross between farmers and skippers, therefore not fully proficient in either calling. Their land, naturally of thin soil, was neglected. The minister of a neighboring town, coming to exchange with the pastor, was joined by one of the deacons on his walk to the meeting-house, and, as there was something of a drought, was asked by the deacon to pray for rain. At a fitting place in the service the minister uttered himself thus: "O Lord, Thy servant is asked by the people to pray for rain, and he does so. But Thou knowest, O Lord, that what this soil needs is dressin'."

There are many places where dressin' would come in very appropriately before rain would be of much use. Said the plain-spoken brother to the young preacher who had prayed loud and long for power. "Brother, you don't seem to need power so much as you seem to need ideas."

What power there is in the mighty words and thoughts and ideas of the living God! And they are to be found in the neglected Bibles of people who are praying and crying for power and more faith. The Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" and "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." A good liberal "dressin'" of God's Word would work a wonderful revolution in individuals and churches, and we should learn that the "Word of God is living and powerful, sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart!"—Armory.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Restorer has restored gray hair to its original color and prevented baldness in thousands of cases. It will do so to you.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Distress From Earache.

"I was troubled with earache for a long time," says Miss J. Johnson, Innisfail, N. W. T., "and after trying different remedies without success, used Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a last resort and I can really say that it cured me so completely that I have never had earache since."

A Pleasant Item.

MRS. W. W. HAMBLY, Belleville, Ont., says: "My husband was troubled with kidney complaint, rheumatism, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, etc., and could not get relief until I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills for him. He has now used four boxes in all and is perfectly cured."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the ones that cure. Remember the name, Doan's.

THERE ARE some who excuse themselves from laboring in the Sunday school on the plea that Sunday is a day of rest. Lolling all day on Sunday gives the body a rest, but tires the mind. The most unrefreshed men on Monday are those who spend the Sabbath in eating, reclining in a hammock, and sleeping. The Sunday school furnishes an admirable opportunity to quicken and refresh the mind without exhausting the body. There is no case we have heard of where one has died from this kind of Sunday labor. If there has been, we should say with the negro preacher, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Pilgrim Teacher.

What men call a failure is often but what angels call a success.—The Evangelist.

Strength alone knows conflict. Weakness is below even defeat, and is born vanquished.

THE WEDDING RING.

Death lurks in every place in this "vale of tears." There is no happiness, no joy, no gaiety, no success, no sorrow, and no failure that may not secrete him.

A favorite hiding-place for death, where women are concerned, is in the very happiness and rapture of widowhood and the sacred joy of motherhood. But too frequently there is death in the embrace of love, and the first touch of baby-fingers is succeeded by the chilly grasp of the grim destroyer.

If wives and mothers would only resort to the right remedy when they suffer from weakness and disease of the delicate and important feminine organs that are baby's threshold to life, there would be fewer husbands bereft, and fewer homes saddened by an infant's loss. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes the feminine organs strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for widowhood and motherhood. It banishes the maladies of the period of suspense, and makes baby's entry to the world easy and comparatively painless. An honest druggist will not try to induce a customer to take an inferior substitute for this great remedy, for the sake of extra profit.

"Mrs. Seagle was a great sufferer from a combination of female diseases, a few years ago, from which she has been entirely cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Geo. A. Seagle, Esq., of Box 1, Wytheville, Va. "She is thoroughly convinced that there is no medicine on earth equal to the 'Favorite Prescription,' and she doesn't hesitate to say so. She has recommended it to her lady friends, and in all cases, where it has been given a fair trial, it has given entire satisfaction."

In cases of constipation and torpid liver, no remedy is equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. They never fail. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. An honest dealer will not urge a substitute upon you.

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