

The King.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer!
And a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy,
Is the Lord of the earth,
Ay, the star rains its fire, and the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages imperiled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world;
Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nation, that Jesus is King!

—J. G. Holland.

Christmas Giving in a New Light.

This Christmas present business is a perfect nuisance, Miss Holbrook said wearily to herself, for she was tired after a long day of unsatisfactory shopping in town. And what does it all amount to? she went on. I declare, I believe I'll put a stop to it now and forever; I'll just announce that I will not give a single present this year, nor receive one. It has all degenerated into such a miserable and senseless custom.

But I don't think so, said a pleasant voice behind her, and Miss Holbrook started and glanced in surprise over her shoulder. A pretty little woman in the seat behind was talking to a friend, and by chance her words had fitted into an answer to Miss Holbrook's thought.

You see, said the pretty little woman, when I had outgrown the Santa Claus myth, the world seemed a blank to me, just as when I found that my dolly was stuffed with sawdust, I thought nothing would ever be the same again. Well, it wasn't for everything proved infinitely better and more beautiful than it had ever seemed before. In place of Santa Claus I found the Christ child, and in place of stuffed dollies, I discovered how dear and precious real flesh and blood babies were. And of all the changing seasons of the year, I have found Christmas-tide to be the most beautiful and the best. But I find it a hard season, too. And the pretty woman sighed.

Hard, in what way? inquired her friend.

Because I just want to make everyone happy and I can't. And I want to give something to everyone and I can't. It's the only time in all the year when I wish for larger means than I possess. I long then to be a multi-millionaire. And the pretty woman laughed.

But whom do you mean by everybody? her friend asked curiously.

Way the milkman, the butcher's boy, the dressmaker's girl, in fact, everyone who comes to the house on any sort of an errand during that blessed holiday season. And the ragged urchins in the street, and the poor hollowed women in the Consumptives' Home, and every miserable, forlorn-looking man, woman and child I see; to every one of these I'd like to give some little pretty or appropriate gift and say: This is the gladdest day of all the year, it is the birthday of our dear Lord Christ; and because He loves us all so much, we should love Him more and try to be better and happier for His sake; and this little gift is for you, to commemorate the day because He loves you.

But wouldn't such a system of giving simply pauperize them more?

The pretty woman shook her head. Indiscriminate giving, wholesale largess, most undoubtedly would. But a hand-to-hand contact with a poor starved soul, with a smile, a pleasant word and a little gift given for love of Christ, surely none could be dragged down by that, and it might uplift and strengthen more than you or I could guess.

The train now started on its way and Miss Holbrook heard no more. But she sat very still, and was thinking earnestly, thinking how little she had ever thought before of the true meaning of Christmas, or of the reason why presents should pass to and fro at this season, and for how great and beautiful a thing the symbol of a Christmas present stood. And then she thought that if she cared to do it, she certainly possessed means large enough to give to everybody in a modified way, as the pretty little woman said that she had always wished to do. And suddenly Miss Holbrook decided to do it. She would quietly try the experiment for this one year, and see, for if she should give some little gifts and kindly words to others who were less fortunate than herself, because it was Christ's birthday, and because He gave

Himself, the one supreme gift, for love of every one in the world, both rich and poor might it not make some of these poor souls happier and bring the idea of Christ's love nearer to them, as the pretty woman's unstudied words had suddenly brought it home to her?

The train was slowing up, and Miss Holbrook arose, for this was her station. And as she passed out of the car, she cast a backward glance of grateful recognition at the pretty little woman, who was still chatting with her friend, and was all unconscious of the fruit which her words might bear.

He Dwelt Among Us.

BY REV. GERARD B. F. HALLOCK.

This, in its deepest sense, is what Christmas Day means to us all. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. It means that Christ identified himself with us in order that he might save us. He shared our humble life that he might lift us to his higher life.

A representative of one of the university settlements which have been established recently in one of our Eastern cities: I have learned that you can get access to the people of the slums only by living among them. They will not come to you but Jew and Gentile will make you welcome if you come to them. Our meetings for their benefit are a failure. Our personal intercourse with them has been promising of great good. But it is of no use to come once and again to see them. You must live in touch with them if you are going to do anything for them.

There is a suggestive though feeble parallel giving emphasis to this thought to be found in the annals of Christian missions. In the history of evangelical efforts for the salvation of souls there is a story of a missionary—a Moravian—who was sent to the West India islands to preach the gospel to the slaves. But he found that they were driven so hard, that they went forth so early and came back so late, and were so spent they could not hear. At night they came from their toil to gnaw their crust and roll in upon their straw for heavy slumbers through their brief hours of repose. The bell and the whip brought them out at dawn in the morning to go to the fields; so he saw that he could not reach them. He was a white man; they were black. It was the white man that oppressed them. There was no way he could preach to them unless he could accompany them in their labor. So he went and sold himself to their master, who put him in the gang with them. For the privilege of going out with these slaves, and of making them feel that he loved them and would benefit them, he worked with them and suffered with them. While they worked he taught and as they came back from work he taught, and so he won their ear, and the love of God sprang up in many of these darkened hearts. He bowed himself to their condition and took upon him their bondage in order that he might show his sympathy and love for them.

Let us pause a little in our Christmas joys and think only to deepen the very joys we have. Have we not in this incident an epitome of what Christ did, who in order that he might reach the poor and needy and bring the power of truth to bear upon their understandings, that he might mitigate their sufferings and rescue them from sin, its guilt, its power, its penalty, took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross?

Surely if there is any one truth that more than another the Christmas bells ought to ring out to the world and ring into our hearts, it is this: Salvation to men! He stooped to save. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Let Us Now Go Even Unto Bethlehem.

It was a little company of shepherds, plain men, neither nobles nor scholars, who spoke those words out of full hearts glowing with glad tidings from heaven. They left their flocks asleep on the hillside and climbed the steep hill and passed through the gate by the needle's eye, cautiously opened to admit them. They found in the open court of the inn, among the camels and the oxen, a baby nestled in its mother's arms. They knelt around the baby and called him their King. Perhaps on that same night, certainly soon afterward, another little company of men were travelling over that ancient road to Bethlehem. These were scholars, in strange dress and bearing thoughtful faces, who had come from the distant East to find one born King of the Jews, who was destined to become King of all the nations. On that night when Jesus

was born less than twenty people had their faces turned toward Bethlehem and its baby. In all the round world there was only a handful of people who knew or cared anything about the little child lying in the manger.

Nineteen hundred years have come and gone since that night, and now the whole civilized world stands with its face toward Bethlehem, and every one in thought visits that little town, looking for the lowly mother and the little child. Thousands of pilgrims from distant lands every year climb that hill and offer prayers in the ancient church which lifts its gray walls over the place where they say once the manger stood. And millions more visit that place in their thoughts as they worship the Holy Child. The most famous painting in all the world is one that represents the maiden mother and her baby; every art store in Christendom at this season displays pictures of that scene; every window has its wreath of holly to remind us of that winter night; in a million homes happy groups of children stand around the Christmas tree laden with gifts, recalling the treasures of the wise men laid at Jesus' feet; in a hundred thousand churches are hanging the decorations showing this the gladdest Sunday of the year, when we bring to mind God's great gift to man, while a wave of Christmas carols rolls around the world. Once a little company, now untold millions, are saying, Let us go to Bethlehem.

No doubt in those days when Mary and Joseph were staying in Bethlehem there were many people who went thither, and came away without finding the King. There may be such in our time, who sing carols and weave wreaths and hang Christmas greens and give Christmas presents, but forget to make that best gift of all, themselves, to the Lord Jesus. In this season will be held everywhere special services for winning souls. May we not hope that all our readers who have not yet made an open confession of Christ will this winter bow before him who was once the Child in the manger, and will own his as King and Lord?

An Effective Lesson.

A drunkard in New Orleans was recently saved from continuing his career of dissipation in a peculiar manner. The young man in question was of a fine family, and had splendid gifts, but was going down as fast as it was possible for a man to go, through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warning as an insult. One day one of them, who was a court stenographer, determined to try a new tack with him. He was sitting at a restaurant one evening, when the young man in question came in with a companion, and took the table next to him, sitting down with his back to him, and not seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment the stenographer pulled out his notebook and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual man's folly of a young man with his brain muddled by drink, and included a number of highly candid details of his daily life—things that when he was sober he would as soon have thought of putting his hand in the fire as of speaking about to a casual acquaintance. The next morning the stenographer copied the whole thing neatly and sent it around to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in with What is this, anyhow? It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening, his friend replied, and gave him a brief explanation. Did I really talk like that? he asked faintly. I assure you it is an absolute verbatim report, was the reply. He turned pale and walked out. He never drank another drop. There are many men who would cease not only the sin of drunkenness, but other sins as well, if they could see themselves as others see them.

Importance of a Wise Choice.

It is said of Thomas Marshall, the eminent statesman of Kentucky of a generation or more ago, that he was, in early life, greatly moved by the power of God to become a Christian. He debated the matter. It seemed to him that if he should become a Christian he must become a minister of the gospel, and this he was determined he would not do, as he was determined upon the law and political success.

One night he was in a prayer-meeting. An earnest prayer was being made, and he felt that if he remained until its conclusion he must yield. Determined that he would not yield, he seized his hat and rushed out of the room. Never after that did he have an impulse to become a Christian, but he went on in a life in which he had some worldly success, but in which he

destroyed himself in a course of dissipation.

Almost the same thing is said of Aaron Burr, one of the brightest and worst men who have ever lived. He tells us that when he was about nineteen years of age he saw that a decision must be made between the world and God. He went into the country for a week to consider the matter. He then made a resolution never again to trouble himself about his soul's salvation. From this time he threw himself recklessly into sin, sinking lower and lower in depravity and unrighteousness.

We are to choose Christ and life, and then we are to go in the right way, pressing toward God in the way of faith and obedience and holy service.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Lend a Hand.

We take the liberty of republishing a card that has come to hand without a clue as to its source, because its thoughts should be "passed along."

Lend a hand to the fearful.
Lend a hand to the tempted.
Lend a hand to the doubting.
Lend a hand to souls in the shadow.

Lend a hand to the student at school.
Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.

Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.

Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.

Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.

Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.

Lend a hand to the warrior who is fighting his battles alone.

Lend a hand to those upon whose lives the sun seldom shines.

Lend a hand to young people whose homes are cold and repelling.

Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.

Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation or rest.

Lend a hand to the prodigal sister—her love is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.

Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifted hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.

Praise God in Trials.

Count it all joy when ye fall into manifold trials.—Jas. 1. 2. (Rev. Ver. margin).

Trials are permitted by divine love.—Rev. 3. 19.

Trials are part of all "things."—Rom. 8. 28.

Trials are lightened by promises. 1 Pet. 1. 7; 4. 12, 13.

Trials are sure to bless others.—5 Cor. 1. 4.

Trials purify.—Job 23. 10; Heb. 12. 11.

Trials teach valuable lessons.—Rom. 5. 3; 12. 12; 1 Cor. 13. 4. (f. c. Rev. Ver.)

Trials give an opportunity to be an overcomer.—Rev. 2. 7, 11. 1. c., 17. 26; 3. 5, 12, 21.

Trials need not be unbearable.—Cor. 10. 13.

Trials bring fellowship with Christ.—Heb. 5. 8; Rom. 8. 17.

Trials give reward worth the suffering.—Jas. 1. 12; Acts 14. 22.

"Still polish and sharpen me, Master!"

Though painful the process may be, And make me an instrument fitted To be used any moment by Thee."

Jesus seeks the lost, that he may transform them.

We should, with Christ, seek the lost and wandering ones. The Christian individual and the church are to gather in the lost, the lowest, the outcast. This was Jesus' work in the world, and it is the business of his church.

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are "all run down." Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

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In cases of Catarrh Hood's Sarsaparilla heals the tissues, builds up the system, expels impurities from the blood and cures.

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and has proved itself successful.

No girl can afford, either for her own surest happiness or for the comfort of mind of him who she marries, to wed a young man during the formative period of his life, which is between twenty and twenty-five. And she who withholds from a young man her consent to marriage until he has reached the first year of the beginning of wisdom is a mighty sensible little body, and acts in a manner which she will never have cause to regret as long as God gives her and her husband life.—Edward Box, in the May Ladies' Home Journal.

The fact that we are lost, and feel unworthy, is no reason why we should stay away from Christ, but rather proves that the invitation is to us.

—Never waste anything, but, above all, never waste time. Time is one of heaven's richest gifts, and, once lost, is irrecoverable.—Lubbock.

—The love of duty is a strength of heroes; and there is no way of life in which we may not set ourselves to learn that love.—Errancis Paget.

—If you wish to be borne with yourself, bear with others.

The chief business of the Christian Church is not to nurse itself but to evangelize the world.

Commencing May 31st, the steamer this company will leave St. John for Portland, Lubec, Portland and Boston on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard time). Returning, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. Connection made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Glais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.



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Five years ago my body broke out in white watery pimples which grew so bad that the suffering was almost unbearable. I took doctors' medicine and various remedies for two years but they were of little benefit whenever I got warmed up sweat the pimples would come out again.

A neighbor advised Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am glad followed his advice, for four bottles completely cured me.

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