

**The Angels' Song.**

BY E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing;  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled,  
Two thousand years of wrong;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring:  
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels' sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow;  
Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

For, lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years,  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

**TILLY'S CHRISTMAS.**

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

THE Maynard girls—three sisters—were having a delightful time at the mountains. Just now as I introduce them to you they have returned from a long tramp with their hands and baskets filled with treasures.

"These delicate little ferns ought to be put in a pan and sprinkled. Wonder if one of the servants in the kitchen would lend us an old one?" questioned Susie.

"The servants are so cross, I wouldn't want to ask them," remarked Katie.

"Perhaps the cook isn't cross; we have not seen her; let's creep around softly and ask her."

"Creeping around softly," they found the cook peeling potatoes in a little out-building. She was a tired-looking German woman, and just now tears were rolling down her cheeks. She wiped them away, however, as she saw the young ladies approaching her.

"Could we take an old pan, please?" asked Susie, with a pleasant smile which somehow warmed the cook's sad heart.

"Yes, miss, here's two of 'em if you wish; they ain't fit for nothin' else," the woman replied, bringing forth from the shed-corner some old, rusty pans.

"We're going to put our ferns in them," explained Edith, the youngest of the three sisters. "Did you ever see such beautiful ones?"

"Yes, miss," replied the honest woman, "I've gathered just such beautiful ones in the old happy days. Ah! me."

She said no more, but walked back to her potatoes with a heavy sigh. The girls, arranging their ferns, talked about the cook in a pitying way.

"She has some trouble, poor soul," Susie said; "I wish we could comfort her a bit."

Susie's wish was followed by the deed, and the kind-hearted Christian girls succeeded in comforting the weary woman. The cook's story was both sad and interesting; she told it to the young girls after her day's work was done. When the girls were in their room for the night Susie said: "I cannot get that poor cook out of my mind. How pretty she looked when the glow came into her eyes while she talked of her old German home on the bank of the river! She spoke of the dwarf-oaks and the willows which fringed the banks as if they were loved friends, never to be forgotten."

"Yes, and they never will be forgotten," Katie added. "Did you see the tears and

smiles on her poor face as she described her flower-beds—gilliflowers, wallflowers, daffodils, and violets?"

"Of course we saw the tears and the brave smiles too," remarked Edith—"the smiles because of the happiness which had been hers, and the tears because her Fritz would drink. And now to think he has broken his leg in a drunken brawl, and he has to go back to the hot city to take care of him! What will become of her with all those little children?"

"You've forgotten what she said about Tilly."

"Sure enough, Tilly will help her mother. What a brave little thing Tilly must be to take care of three little sisters and her wretched father! I say, girls, let us send a remembrance to the blessed child."

And so, when morning came, and the cook took the train for home, she was handed a large package "for Tilly."

"And about the holidays we will be in the city and we'll look you up," Susie said cheerily.

"God bless you!" were the cook's last words. In her heart there were others added, namely these: "And I'm afraid we'll need lookin' up. We'll have some hard months to pass through, I'm fearing."

It lacked only a day until Christmas. The Maynard girls with their father were in the city making holiday purchases. Among other things each was to have a new velvet dress. They were not out this morning, however, to make this purchase. Remembering their promise to call on the old German cook whom they had met at the Mountain House, they were driving along a wretched thoroughfare in search of her home. Calling at "Number 90 Gellet Court," which she had said was her home, they found it occupied by a coloured woman who had once served them. They gave her, or rather their father did, a substantial Christmas gift, and then Dilsey told them a pitiful tale. Their eyes were heavy with weeping as they heard of the cook's trials and sufferings.

"Tilly an' de blesseddest chile dese eyes eber see. Her drunken fader an' dead now, she can't do nothin' more for him; but she's a comfort to her poor mother, who can't work any more. She takes care ob de oder little ones, an' tries to cheer up de dark cellar whar dey lib," Dilsey spoke feelingly.

Christmas morning dawned. No velvet dresses were purchased for the Maynard girls; they had been given up willingly for the sake of Him who has said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Dilsey stood within the damp, cold cellar where Tilly's mother sat helpless and despairing. Tilly was coaxing some kindling into a blaze so as to make her mother a cup of tea; the other little ones hung about her.

"I heard ye a-prayin' las' night, honey," Dilsey said, addressing Tilly. "Ye was a-prayin' for a speck ob a Christmas, an' yer a-goin' to hab it; de blessed Fader heard you, an' he's goin' to answer shuah."

An hour later the dark cellar was deserted. In a pleasant room next to Dilsey's the German family were at home. There was a bird in the window and a budded rose on the window-bench. There was a cushioned rocker for the invalid, there were warm clothes for all of them, and upon a little round table an appetizing meal was spread. In one corner of the room stood a tiny tree. "For dear Tilly," it was labelled.

"What does it all mean?" gasped the amazed woman.

"It means," said Dilsey, showing her white teeth, "that you're to do nothin' but take yer comfort till ye get well, an' I'm to wait on ye; ye'll be well mos' fore ye know it, ye'll get such nussin', honey; an' Tilly's goin' to have a Chris'mas wuth havin'. There's a basket of things a-comin' for her. They'se goin' to bring 'em."

"For me, Dilsey?" asked the child joyfully.

"Yes, for you, honey; you deserve 'em ef anybody in the world does."

"Who is going to bring 'em?"

"Missy Katie, Missy Susie, an' Missy Edith Maynard," Dilsey answered proudly.

A joy too great for words surged into Tilly's mother's heart as it again breathed the prayer, "God bless them; God forever bless them!"

**A NOBLE GIRL.**

THE Prince of Wales once heard an unexpected sermon from a little girl; and it came about in this way: A nobleman, a widower, had a little daughter under ten years of age. He was very fond of his daughter, though his engagements prevented him from seeing much of her. The child was therefore mostly in the society of her governess or in the nursery.

Now, her nurse was an earnest Christian woman, she felt for her motherless little charge, and early stored the child's mind with scriptural truths. The father used sometimes to amuse his little daughter by asking riddles; and one night, when she came in after dinner for desert, she said to her father, who was not a Christian, "Father, do you know what is whiter than snow?" "No," said he, somewhat puzzled, "I do not."

"Well," replied the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus is whiter than snow." The nobleman was surprised, and asked, "Who told you that?" "Nurse," was the reply. The father did not discuss this point, and the conversation changed to other topics; but afterwards he privately requested the nurse, whose opinions he respected, not to mention these matters to his daughter, as at her tender age he feared she might take too "gloomy" a view of life. The incident was entirely forgotten; but not long after the Prince of Wales was visiting the house, and the little girl was allowed to be present. The Prince with his usual affability, noticed the child, and, thus encouraged, she said, "Sir, do you know what is whiter than snow?" The Prince, not seeing the drift of the question, smiled as he answered, "No." "Well," she said, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow." The remark was overheard by the father; his little girl's words were used to carry conviction to his heart; he became an earnest and devoted Christian, and thousands will hereafter rise up and call him blessed. Now, perhaps, you may be tempted to think, that little girl was forward or precocious; but she was not. She had learned a truth which is better than rank, or wealth, or titles, or estates; and, child-like, the truth slipped out in her conversation. The truth she had learned was this: The soul needs cleansing, and the blood of Jesus Christ can effectively cleanse from every stain.—*The Quiver.*

shown in these pictures, and will soon love these impure things. You, yourselves, will become bad.

4. Many a boy or girl has been led into a bad life by associating with grown people who told vulgar stories or boasted of doing dishonest things.

Do you want to have a clean heart and life? Then take care, my dear Junior League. Never listen to a story which you would not tell your mother. Why? Because you would think about these things. The first time you may hate them, but after thinking about them a good many times, you will love them and learn to do these same things. If you want to be truthful, honest, just, pure, lovely, and have a good reputation, think about the things St. Paul speaks of in Phil. 4. 8, when he says: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report . . . think on these things."

If we "think on these things" we will please God. We will grow more and more like Jesus. Let us, when tempted to think evil thoughts, pray to our heavenly father to drive them away. Junior Leaguers, let us be pure in deed, in word, in thought.

**LESSON NOTES.**

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.—Amen. (Rev. 22. 21.)

1. Make out a list of the Titles of the Lessons of the Quarter in a column, with the chapter and verse of the Golden Text written after each title. In a parallel column write the following topics, presented in order by each lesson, with illustrative texts: The Believer Saved, Rom. 1. 16; The Believer Redeemed, Rom. 3. 24, 25; The Believer Reconciled, Rom. 5. 1; The Believer Transformed, Rom. 12. 2; The Self-denying Believer, 1 Cor. 8. 13; The Victorious Believer, 1 Cor. 15. 20, 22; The Generous Believer, 2 Cor. 8. 4, 5; The Gentle Believer, Eph. 4. 31, 32; The Studious Believer, Col. 3. 16; The Righteous Believer, James 1. 25; The Rejoicing Believer, 1 Pet. 1. 8; The Spiritual-minded Believer, Rev. 1. 10. These topics together form one connected theme—The Believer in Christ. Be ready to give promptly the name of each lesson, the words of the Golden Text, and the name of each of these topics, if the teacher calls for them, and the words of the verse in which they are specially presented.

2. The Quarter's Lessons are selected from seven epistles and one prophecy. Name these books, and the lessons which are taken from each. Give the author, date, circumstances, and object of the writing of each epistle.

3. Give in as few words as possible your idea of the sort of man Paul was: James—Peter—John.

4. What beautiful figure is presented in Lesson XII. which, for other purposes, was presented by one of the prophets, and studied in an earlier lesson this year.

5. Name the seven churches. Who founded each of them?

6. What sort of people composed the church at Rome? Had Paul ever met them when he wrote the Epistle to the Romans?

7. Did Peter address his Epistle directly to the dispersed Christian Jews in Palestine? or in Africa? or in Europe? What does he say prophets and angels eagerly desire to understand?

8. What is the meaning of "law," as Paul uses the phrase? Why cannot a man be justified by keeping the law?

9. Give James's definition of pure and undefiled religion. Give Paul's. Can these two statements be harmonized?

10. What is Paul's rule for daily Christian living?

11. How are we related to each other? How does this relationship affect our ordinary habits, such as those of eating and drinking! How does it affect our duty concerning the partaking of intoxicants?

12. What is the gist of practical Christianity, as Paul understood it?

13. Re-read Lesson VI. and tell what you believe to be Paul's opinion of the practical value of Christ's resurrection in our salvation.

14. How is Jesus our example?

**JUNIOR**



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

**PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.**

DECEMBER 31, 1893.

**Junior Epworth League.**

THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.—2 Cor. 8. 9; 12. 9; 1 Cor. 15. 10; 1 Peter 1. 2; 2 Peter 1. 2; 2 Cor. 9. 8; Rom. 5. 20; 1 Tim. 1. 14; Eph. 1. 7.

**Junior E. L. of C. E.**

WHAT HAS GOD GIVEN YOU THIS YEAR?—Ps. 92. 1-4.

**WHAT TO THINK ABOUT.**

BY REV. PAGE MILBURN.

WHAT do you think about? In school, at your play, on the street or road, in the horse-car, or on horseback, walking with a friend, or sitting down in your home, what do you think about? Let me see if I can tell you:

1. If you read good books you will think about the things these books teach you, but if you read about wicked, nasty things, you will think about these things. Many men and women have become bad by reading bad books. They learn to love the wicked things they read about.

2. If you associate with bad boys and girls, listen to their vulgar, wicked talk, and learn naughty things from them, you will think about these things when you go home, and will soon do them yourselves.

3. Many of the pictures in cigarette packages, circus, or theatre advertisements, and others given away or sold to children are not fit for a Junior Leaguer to look at. Why? Because, if you look at them you will think about the vulgar or other wicked things