

The Snowstorm.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
 Seems somewhere to alight; the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the house mates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
 Come, see the north wind's masonry,
 Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake or tree or door;
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly
 On coop or kennel he hangs Persian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Bills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Mingle the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work,
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
 Leaves when the sun appears, astonished art,
 To mimic in low structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

**LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 18.
 THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.**

Jer. 52. 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.—Jer. 29. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. King Zedekiah's Folly, v. 1-3.
 2. The Fall of Jerusalem, v. 4-7.
 3. King Zedekiah's Fate, v. 8-11.
- Time.—About July 1, B.C. 588 or 586.
 Places.—Jerusalem, the capital of the little kingdom of Judah; Riblah, a city in the northern part of Syria.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Captivity of Judah.—Jer. 52. 1-11.
- Tu. Complete destruction.—2 Kings 25. 8-21.
- W. Sin and its punishment.—2 Chron. 36. 11-21.
- Th. Refusing to be warned.—Jer. 32. 1-5.
- F. Prophecy of captivity.—Jer. 32. 26-35.
- S. Cry of the captive.—Lam. 1. 1-11.
- Su. Christ's warning.—Luke 20. 9-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. King Zedekiah's Folly, v. 1-3.
 Who was the last king of Judah?
 What had been his name, and how did he become king? 2 Kings 24. 17.
 How long did he reign?
 What was the character of his rule?
 Whose example did he follow?
 How was his folly especially shown?
 How did the Lord regard Zedekiah and his people?
 How does God regard the wicked? Psalm 7. 11.
 What is the Golden Text?
2. The Fall of Jerusalem, v. 4-7.
 Who besieged Jerusalem?
 How long did the siege last?
 What were the sufferings of the people?
 How are these stated in Lam. 4. 4?
 What was the result of the siege?
 What was done to the city? 2 Kings 25. 9.
 What became of the people? Psalm 137. 1.
3. King Zedekiah's Fate, v. 8-11.
 What did King Zedekiah undertake to do? Jer. 39. 4.
 Was he successful?
 Where was he taken prisoner?
 What was done to Zedekiah's children?
 What was done to Zedekiah?
 What was done to his princes?
 Would all this have happened if he had obeyed the Lord?
 Against what, then, are we warned by his history?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That sin unrepented brings sure destruction?
 2. That God has instruments to accomplish his purpose?
 3. That people suffer for their rulers' sins?

THE DIAMOND CHARACTER.

The beauty of character is to reflect God; and just so far as we colour this reflection of God with anything of self, so far do we fall of that clarification of inward thought and outward life which makes us like him.
 The diamond is like the perfect type of character. Every other precious stone reflects the light coloured by its own texture. Only the diamond reflects light in its essential purity. This is the secret of its superiority among gems. Other gems may be beautiful, but the diamond is transcendently beautiful.
 Young Christians, be diamond characters! Catch the divine light, and give it forth again uncoloured by selfishness of any sort. Be so simple and so sincere that all the beauty and all the truth coming to you out of the God-life and the Christ-life shall shine through you into the lives of others, and help to make them also transmitters of light.
 It is self-consciousness that spoils the beauty of character. The secret of true living is to lose the intermediate sense of self, and think only of that wider relationship of God and neighbour. "Keep thou thy soul translucent, that thou mayest never see its shadow."—Zion's Herald.

LIFTING HIS HAT TO HIS HORSE.

BY ANNIE WESTON WHITNEY.

Beth flew out of the house, her cheeks red and her eyes very bright. It was evident she was very much excited as she went across the street to a man with an ash cart who was beating his horse. The horse had stopped suddenly, and the man was sneezing at it as well as beating it.
 "Stop! stop!" cried Beth, "you frighten your horse, and he does not know what you want him to do. Why do you do it?"
 The man looked at her a moment curiously, and then lifting his hat said: "Beg pardon for swearing in the presence of a lady, but I've stood it ever since I had him. Sure as I get to this house he stops as still as a door nail. It's pure devilment, for he never stops anywhere else without command. I was trying to get the devil out of him, miss, and I was that worked up."
 "How long have you had him?" asked Beth.
 "Two weeks, miss; but if there's one thing I can't stand, it's a stubborn, balky horse."
 "Perhaps he's been taught to stop here," said Beth; "have you tried to find out?"
 "Tain't that, miss," said the man, "for I bought him from the car company when they put on the 'lectrics, and they never had cars on this street. I bought him cheap, but I'll sell him cheaper."
 "Why did you ring that little bell?" asked Beth.
 "There's a boy in the next house who's sick all the time, and he likes to see me

ing those of the great King and knowing better all the time. And the little bell, miss, it'll mean duty to him, but it'll remind me how a young girl taught me not to judge others hastily."

The Question.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

However the battle is ended,
 Though proudly the victor comes
 With fluttering flags and prancing nags
 And echoing roll of drums,
 Still truth proclaims this motto,
 In letters of living light—
 "No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right."
 Though the heel of the strong oppressor
 May grind the weak in the dust,
 And the voices of fame with one acclaim
 May call him great and just,
 Let those who applaud take warning,
 And keep this motto in sight—
 "No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right."
 Let those who have failed take courage;
 Though the enemy seems to have won,
 Though his ranks are strong, if he be in
 The wrong,
 The battle is not yet done;
 For sure as the morning follows
 The darkest hour of the night,
 "No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right."
 O man bowed down with labour!
 O woman young, yet old!
 O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast,
 And crushed by the powers of gold!
 Keep on with your weary battle
 Against triumphant night;
 "No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right."



SUNDAY MORNING IN NORTH HOLLAND.

PEASANT LIFE IN HOLLAND.

The attention of the world has recently been very conspicuously called by the coronation of the young Queen of Holland to the sturdy little Dutch republic. It has a most heroic and romantic history. The great ancestors of the young queen, William the Silent and William of Orange, bear a very prominent part in the history of civilization, of the Reformation, and of liberty. The people are exceedingly picturesque in their dress, and their houses and home life are remarkably quaint. The engraving shows the odd headgear worn by the women in North Holland, the clumsy wooden shoes of the children, and the odd garb of the men, which makes them look like grown-up little boys, if it is not a Hibernicism to say so. The Dutch housewives are the neatest people in the world, almost painfully neat, as many a good "house-father," as they call them, finds when he has to take off his shoes before he enters the house. Indeed, in some streets horses are not allowed to pass. The women scrub the stones and pick out the grass in the crevices. This interesting people will be treated more fully than there is room in this paper, in *The Methodist Magazine and Review*, with many fine illustrations, during the coming year.

Of the annual output of about 4,000,000 Bibles, it is estimated that from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 are in English.

pass, so I ring that bell, and if he's able to come to the window, he does. He's not there to-day."
 "I'm glad he didn't see you beating the horse," said Beth. "Is this the only place you ring that bell?"
 "To be sure," said the man.
 "Then I wonder if he doesn't think it's the car bell and you want him to stop. Won't you take him up the street and ring it and see?"
 The man looked at Beth in astonishment, then at the horse, and then started him forward, murmuring to himself, "Ef I don't believe the horse has more sense than his master."
 Beth smiled as she saw the horse stop when the bell rang again. The man tried it two or three times, and then turned and came back, and as he did not ring the bell at the usual place the horse went on until told to stop.
 "Blamed if I don't begin to wonder if I've any sense at all, miss," he said to Beth. "You and the horse having so much between you, and he attending so strict-like to orders, and me disobeying mine that tells me to be merciful to the dumb beast. Ef you'll excuse me, miss, this time, I reckon there won't be no occasion again."
 Then turning to the horse, he said: "I can't ask you to shake, old fellow, but," lifting his hat, "there ain't no money can part us now. I reckon you've taught your master a lesson he won't soon forget—you obeying orders and not knowing the meaning, and me disobey-

Fathers and Mothers

Have you watched the faces of the children at Christmas, as you handed them a bright new book? If so, why not see that face brightened oftener by an occasional presentation of one of the many beautiful volumes that are now being issued. Do not wait until the child has a liking for pernicious literature; commence with good picture-books, read them the stories, and as they grow up they will appreciate and thank you for your efforts. Peruse carefully the subjoined list.

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