

"Goin' to be late, I'm afraid, Sus," said bravely. "You go on quick as you can, an' toll him I'm comin'. Don't you be late, too."

"Well, I guess!" laughed Susan cheerily. "I ain't going to leave you on the way, Tommy, here nor anywhere else. Come now, I'll get you along," and she lifted him pick-a-back to her strong young shoulders as he used to ride in his baby days, and so they plodded on over the snowy fields where the drifts were less, across lots, to the little old schoolhouse at the Corners. And at last they were within its walls, and so struggling as bravely through difficulties of another sort, in the old well-thumbed arithmetics and grammar.

It was like many a day in their future lives, that morning struggle through the snow; Tommy doing his best manfully, and Sue helping him onward constantly, encouraging him with brave words, and spending her own strength prodigally to aid him. She studied earnestly that she might be fitted to help him; she took up Latin when he did, and spurred him forward continually with her own enthusiasm. Even after she left school, being quite too big a girl to be spared to study any longer, according to rural ideas, she spent her scant earnings for books, and worked busily in the long winter evenings with Tommy, at algebra, geometry, and history, with the beloved Latin, until at last the boy was ready for college.

There was a little money, only a few hundreds indeed, that had been their father's, and Susan had religiously saved for this end. When she was eighteen, she went out to service on a neighbouring farm, Aunt Potter being still strong and at the fore at home, and all her earnings were added to the little hoard. And after awhile Tommy too began to "hire out" summers, and earn a little; so when he was seventeen and ready for college, the money for a beginning was ready too. The Potter boys called Tom a donkey to grub away at his books so, and said Susan was a great goose for putting him up to it and saving all she earned for him. Why couldn't she do like other girls and have a bit of fun once in a while? But Uncle Potter said it was their own lookout, and good-natured Aunt Potter told the boys likely as not Tom would "turn out smart," and they'd be proud of him some day. So nobody interfered.

It was a hard pull through. Sue knew it when she coveted pretty things and good times, as all girls do, and was called "mean" besides. And Tom knew it when he spent his vacations in farmwork, and later in teaching, and did anything he could find to do in term-time, wearing shabby clothes and going in for none of the larks the other boys did. He was no muff though. Nobody in his class was stronger, jollier, or more manly than he. He was something of a champion at all athletic sports and enjoyed them keenly, but he was a reading man too, and before long - was it his own plodding perseverance, or Sue's enthusiastic faith, or both? - before long Tom began to be spoken of as a possible honour-man, and was graduated at last, well up on the list of his class.

But the battle was only begun. There was the expensive medical course to follow; but his own courage and Susan's faith were stronger than ever. He taught again for two winters in the same little schoolhouse to which they had plodded through the snow that far-away winter morning. Meantime Susan a dream of being a nurse seemed likely to be realized. Tom's own ambitions, she had a liberal medical training, of course, and she longed to go to the city and enter a training school, as Dr. Ellsworth, the successor of old Dr. Bradley, with his modern ideas, often urged her to do. But that was out of the question until Tom should be established in practice, and then, Sue thought with a little pang, her youth would all be gone.

But nobody in that country neighbourhood, who had ever known her care, once thought of her needing training. Her skill was in great repute, and she was often sent for even before the doctor. People said she had a "gift."

At last Tom graduated, and a proud sister was Susan when she addressed her first letter to Thomas Thorton, M.D., for

Tom had started in practice in a large manufacturing town in the western part of the State. By and-by, when he was sufficiently prosperous, Sue was to be his housekeeper, and they were full of plans for a happy, busy future. But before that time, happiness of another sort came to Susan, and she went to be housekeeper in a pleasant home of her own, and to find there still brighter days than she had ever known.

And Tom is now the physician par excellence of the great town of L—, and beginning to grow a trifle gray-headed, as a good doctor should. His boys are very fond of their Aunt Susan, and love to be told of that far-off winter morning when she carried him over the snow, and persuaded him to be a doctor—the same Aunt Susan to whose help, he tells them, he owes more than he or they can ever hope to repay.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 101 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 60
Magazine, Guardian and Guardian together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 62 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Hereas Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; by the quarter, 75c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

O. W. COATES, S. F. HENNING, 2170 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room, Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

BY REV. W. J. CRAFTS.

There was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE 2. 7.

WHEN Christ was born, God put a star over his cradle; angels proclaimed his birth in song; Jewish shepherds and Gentile magi hurried to the wondrous Babe, and worshipped him; but "there was no room for him in the inn"—the rude hotel at Bethlehem—and so Mary laid him in a stable manger. The stable was a cave where cattle were kept, and the manger was a little trough of stone from which the cattle were fed. Jesus was so humble, so poor, so insignificant to the eyes of the people, that they would not crowd the poorest guest to give him room, and so his friends were obliged to make his baby bed in the hay of the stable. There was no room for him a few days after in all the land of Judea, and he was carried into Egypt, because Herod sought to kill him. There was no room for him as a man even in Jerusalem, where he was going about doing good; for they took up stones to stave him, and he hurried away to the little cottage at Bethany. The world had no room for Jesus, except in the manger, in the wilderness, in the terrible shadow of Gethsemane, in the shameful hall of Pilate, on the painful cross of Calvary, and in the gloomy tomb in Joseph's garden.

But he made room for himself when he shook the world with the earthquake of Calvary.

When the Swiss army once marched toward the host of their Austrian invaders, they found them drawn up in a circle with their spears pointed forward in every

direction, so that the first who attacked them would be sure to perish. There was no way for the Swiss patriots to attack their enemies until this should be broken. You all know the familiar story how Arnold Winkelried rushed forward and gripped eight of the spears in his arms, crying,

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!"

And while the spears were piercing his heart, his companions rushed through the breach he had made, and won the victory. The world's hatred and jealousy and pride and selfishness were pointed toward Jesus from every side, and there seemed no room for his precious truth; but on Calvary he grasped these spears of malice and selfishness and pride, and while they pierced his heart, he made way for his truth. The cross made room for Jesus, and his kingdom is spreading every day. First, it shook Jerusalem on Pentecost, when three thousand were converted; then the Gospel spread through Judea and Samaria, and now every nation has heard of Jesus, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, and we have two Pentecosts a day—six thousand converted every twenty-four hours on the average—and at last "His dominion shall be from sea to sea." As Jesus came to the world, so he comes every day to our hearts. The Holy Spirit comes before him to cry, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates of the heart, and the King of Glory shall come in;" and Jesus himself says with his sweet voice, "Behold, I stand at the door of your soul and knock; if you will open unto me, I will come in and sup with you." Kind friends tell you in angel words, "Unto you there is a Saviour, even Christ the Lord." He does not wait for you to come to him, like the wise men and the shepherds, with gifts and worship, but he comes to you. Have you opened the door of your hearts and let your Saviour come in? or do you say, "There is no room for Jesus in my heart"? In your studies, in your work, in your play, in your time, is there no room for Jesus?

Many years ago a young man was SAVED FROM A BURNING HOUSE by a relative. As time rolled on, that man became rich and influential, while his promoter, by the force of circumstances, gradually sank from comparative wealth to extreme poverty. At last, driven to despair, he presented himself at the dwelling of his wealthy relative, succeeded in obtaining an interview and begged for relief. "What do you think that man did? He spurned him from his door in disdain and contempt. That was very ungrateful, but it would be just as much so if we should shut out of our hearts that Jesus who has saved us by his own death. My Christmas does not come on the 25th of December. Whenever you make room for Jesus in your hearts,

THAT DAY IS YOUR CHRISTMAS.

My Christmas is on the 8th of August. On that day Jesus came into my heart and made it his manger cradle, when I was only twelve years old. Having heard my father, the Sunday before, preach a sermon on being ashamed of Jesus, and having just heard a sermon on the text, "At evening time it shall be light," I came to Christ, and he was born in me. That meeting was my Bethlehem, for there I found Jesus, and gave him the gold and frankincense of my repentance and my love.

My heart is made a manger for the coming of the Lord; He's sweetly born within me, whom heavenly hosts adore. The morning star above me now bids the darkness cease: The angel choirs are hailing my glorious Prince of Peace.

THE Bible is like a lighthouse. It took fifteen hundred years to build it stone upon stone. The lantern, the New Testament, is put in its place; and the cap, the Epistles. There are four plate-glass sides in it, the Gospels; and inside there is one intense glow of light, and from that light there is a radiancy flashing all over the world. That one light is He who said, "I am the light of the world."

Mother Earth's House-Cleaning.

"Oh, dear!" murmured old Mother Earth, "how annoying! The winter has ended and spring has begun. There's all my spring house-cleaning waiting before me, And not a thing done."

"There'll be sweeping and scouring in every old corner, I must lift my brown carpets, and put down the green; Clear my ceilings of cobwebs, and wash all my woodwork. Till everything's clean."

"My servants are willing enough, but so plodding; My daughters are idle, and I have but one son, And he looks as if he considered my trouble Just nothing but fun."

"There are garments to make; yes, there's the spring sewing, Great heaps upon heaps, and I almost despair; With the spinning and weaving, and no one to help me Or lighten my care."

"Then think of the guests I'm hourly expecting, What bexies! And everyone's room to prepare; Whole families of birds, flocking in all together; No trouble will spare."

"I must worry and work in the kitchen, preparing A separate dish for each separate guest; For their tastes always differ; what one fails to relish The other likes best."

But the south wind brought water, and all the winds helped her, Even her sun kindly proffered his aid; Till, at last, every parlour and chamber made ready, She proudly displayed.

Then the bluebirds, the blackbirds, the robins, and thrushes, Came hurrying past in a chattering throng. They greeted her warmly, and uttered her praises In cheeriest song.

The crickets, the frogs, and the ants, and the lizards, The bees, and the butterflies, every gray moth, Found his place ready waiting; his dinner to suit him, Whether bread, meat, or broth.

A MINER'S CRITICISM.

DURING one of Henry Moorehouse's preaching tours he spent several weeks in a mining-district. A hardened sinner who worked in the mines was persuaded to go to hear him. He was a man peculiarly hard to reach, because, although at the time one of the most profane and vicious men in the neighbourhood, he had once been a member of the Methodist Church and had himself often given religious addresses. When he lapsed into sin he surpassed all his companions in his blasphemy and obscenity. Having heard Moorehouse, he was asked what he thought of his preaching. "No good," was the reply. "That sort won't turn miners. You've got to preach hell-fire to them, scare 'em, and threaten 'em. Preaching love of God is no use here. He won't get a convert, you'll see." But the man who thus criticised the preacher went again to hear him the next night. Moorehouse had the same subject—God's infinite love to lost sinners, his yearning over backsliders, his pleadings and promises to the returning prodigal. The miners expected to see the man who had stigmatized such preaching as useless, get up and leave the place in disgust. But instead of doing so they saw him deeply moved. His great shoulders shook with emotion, and at the close of the service, they saw him on his knees, tears running down his cheeks, begging God to receive him, even him. It was the turning point in his life. From that time forward, like Peter, he was humbled by his fall and sought by every means in his power to show the love and zeal which his restoration had awakened.