

The Bird With a Broken Wing.

I WALKED through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And found on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion,
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
By Sin's seductive art;
And touched with a Christlike pity
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

—Woman's Journal, Boston.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.*

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

CHRISTMAS time, of all times, is calculated to make young people happy, because of the great event celebrated at this glad season, when the infant Saviour was born that he might make all people happy, and especially the little ones, whom he so much loves. But to be happy, my dear young friends, you must try to make others happy—your parents, and those who have charge over you—by seeking to do what is right and good. I was noticing, in the hymn you sang, the words—

“Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angels' feet have trod?”

which seemed to carry one on to the future, instead of thinking of the present. Not only have angels trod this earth in old times, but they do tread it now; for they are often about us, helping us in many ways—present at our tables, and present at our beds—and we ought to think of this, and rejoice that we have such heavenly companionship.

I was much interested this morning in reading the account of the angels visiting

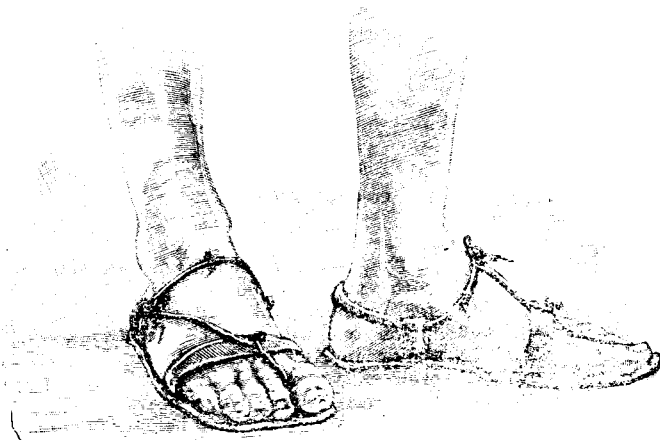
* Mr. John Ruskin, the great writer, gave a dinner to the children of Coniston and neighbourhood, making quite a new era in the season's festivities. About two hundred and sixty young persons were present. The proceedings opened with the singing of one or two hymns, after which Mr. Ruskin addressed the children.

the shepherds of Bethlehem, and telling them about the infant Saviour born there. It is a strange thing that shepherds were more honored than the wise men of the East; for these were simply guided by a star and directed to make inquiry where Christ was to be born, but the shepherds were told by an angel the precise place where they were to find him. And he was born in Bethlehem. You perhaps know that means “the House of Bread.” Singular thing, that he who is “the Bread of Life” should have “the House of Bread” for his birthplace. He wishes us to be happy here as well as hereafter. See how he looked after the wants of those around him. He fed five thousand men with bread. He gave to his disciples bread and fish, already cooked, on the margin of the lake of Galilee. You have your lake here, and fish swimming in the lake. You can imagine the disciples feeding upon what he had supplied, and how thankful they must have been.

Then, again, I see in that beautiful hymn we are taught to pray—

“Jesus here from sin deliver.”

This is what we want: to be delivered from our sins. You know Jesus came as “the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.” This was what John the Baptist said; and so we must look to the Saviour to deliver us from sin. It is right we should be punished for our sins



ARAB SANDALS.

From “Everyday Life in Bible Lands,” in *Methodist Magazine* for 1895.

which we have done; but God loves us, and wishes to be kind to us, that we may not wilfully sin. So try, my dear children, to be good and kind to those about you and over you. Remember our Saviour said, “I stand at the door and knock; if any man [or child] open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.” That is, he will make us happy, if we but receive him in our hearts, and will minister to our present as well as our future wants.

FILLING A POSITION.

ONE of the most successful men of this decade is Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. In a pamphlet recently published, entitled, “The Young Man in Business,” we find these true and striking sentences: “When a young man fails to keep abreast of his position, he recedes constantly, if unconsciously, perhaps. The young man who progresses is he who enters into the spirit of the business of his employer, and who points out new methods to him, advances new ideas, suggests new channels and outputs. There is no more direct road to the confidence of an employer than for him to see that any one of his clerks understands his business even better than he himself. That young man commands the attention of his chief at once; and, when a vacancy occurs, he is apt to step into it, if he does not forge over the shoulders of others. It is no special art, and it reflects but little credit upon any man, simply to fill a position. That is expected of him. He is engaged to do that, and it is only a fair return for a certain payment made. The art lies in doing more than was bargained

for, in proving greater than was expected, in making more of a position than has ever been made before.” There is a whole volume here for any ambitious youth. The men that work for money get little of it. The men that will not work harder except for more money constantly get less. The men that are too lazy or timid to overstep the bounds of humdrum toil will soon be out of a job altogether. The men that “wait to be told” will never be told to move up higher. The only way to “fill a position” with any permanent success is to fill more than the position, to reach out in all directions beyond the position. It is to give the kind of measure Christ advocated, “pressed down, shaken together, and running over.”—*Golden Rule*.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

ONE of the monarchs of Russia was very much annoyed one morning at ringing his bell several times without receiving an answer. Opening the door of his cabinet, he was astonished to find his page fast asleep in a chair. His first impulse was to waken him roughly and threaten to discharge him. On approaching the sleeper, however, a playful thought seized his Majesty, and he determined—monarch though he was—to have a little fun at the expense of the page. His curiosity being excited by the sight of a paper ready to

fall out of the unconscious lad's pocket, he quietly abstracted it and retreated into the royal apartment. Taking a seat, he commenced to read, with a gleam of amusement lurking in his eye. Instead of the jolly composition he had expected to find, he soon discovered that it was a letter from the boy's mother, and read thus:

“My dear son,
—I return you many thanks for the money you saved from your salary and sent to me. It has proven a great help to me. God will certainly reward you, my dear boy, for it, and if you continue to serve your God and your king faithfully and conscientiously, you will not fail of success and prosperity in this world.

“From your loving mother,
“MARY——.”

By the time the Czar had finished the letter, his amused look had been exchanged to an expression of admiration and benevolence.

“Worthy boy, and equally worthy mother!” he exclaimed, wiping a tear from his eye. “This commendable act shall be rewarded. A boy who cares for his mother after such a fashion deserves to be promoted, and he shall be.”

Stepping softly into his closet, he took from a chest fifty ducats—worth two dollars each—and rolling them in the paper, replaced the letter in the page's pocket. After this he went back into his own apartment and rang the bell violently. The peremptory summons brought the page hastily into his presence.

“You have been asleep, sir, I suppose,” said the Czar, with a frown. “I rang several times without receiving an answer. What account can you give of yourself, young man?”

“I am afraid that I have been sleeping,” stammered the boy, in great confusion.

While he was speaking he put his hand in his pocket and felt the money. With a frightened face and eyes full of tears he looked imploringly at the Czar.

“What is the matter with you?” demanded the monarch, sternly.

“Somebody has been plotting my ruin, sir. There is money in my pocket, and I know nothing of how it came there. What

shall I do? What will become of my poor, sick mother?”

“Do not trouble yourself, my boy,” said the monarch. “What God bestows, he bestows in sleep. Send the money to your good mother, and give her my regards. You may tell her, too, that hereafter I will take care of her, and that I wish you to go to school. Such filial respect as that shown in your conduct deserves to be rewarded. I read the letter in your pocket, and it was my hands that placed the money where you found it. Always, as long as you live, remember your mother. The commandment to honour parents is accompanied by a promise of long life and prosperity, and God is abundantly able to fulfil every promise he has made.”

Clear the Way.

Men of thought, be up and stirring,
Night and day!
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way.
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As you may.
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to gleam
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unmingled glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way.

Lo, a cloud's about to vanish
From the day,
Lo, a right's about to conquer—
Clear the way—
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
With what light shall many more,
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

THE *Thorold Post* says: One of the most creditable productions of the Canadian religious press, and of Canadian enterprise, is the *Methodist Sabbath-school paper, Onward*, now nearing the end of its fourth volume. It is edited by Rev. Dr. Withrow, is profusely illustrated, and, being devoted much to travel in Bible lands, will in time prove a valuable compendium of knowledge. It is a publication of which the denomination may well be proud, and it is little wonder that it bounded at once to success, and is found in every wide-awake Methodist school.

EVERYTHING that God does is beautifully done. His stars are jewels set in velvet; his flowers are sapphires set in emerald. Everything of his creation, in shape and colour, as it lies bathed in the sunlight, has upon it the touch of the beautiful. And this teaches us to do beautifully everything that we do. Especially in our conduct toward each other ought there to gleam the beauty of the star and breathe the fragrance of the flower. Christian courtesy outflowing from a sincere heart is the highest form of gentleness, and so of beauty:

New occasions teach new duties:
Time makes ancient good un-outh,
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.