

Christmas.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song.

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1895.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK

BY DAVENPORT ADAMS.

A fine burst of eloquence, the American statesman, Daniel Webster, once referred to Great Britain as "a power which is dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth in one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." This noble image supplies us with no unworthy illustration of the extent of our empire; but perhaps even more striking was the remark of a distinguished foreigner that wherever he went, whatever shore or sea he visited, he found the Union Jack flying there as a sign of English power.

On the coast of Spain it waves from the heights of Gibraltar; in the Mediterranean it floats on the waves of Malta, and at Cyprus and at Suez. It guards the mouth of the Red Sea at Perim and Aden, it shines conspicuously at the Cape of Good Hope; it is hoisted throughout the length and breadth of India; it guards the Malayan Straits; it is witness to our colonization of Australia, of Tasmania, of New Zealand; cross the rolling breadths of the Pacific, and you see its shadow falling on many an isle; the Bermudas and the West Indies own its sway; and you find it at Quebec on one side of the great American continent, and at Vancouver on the other. What an empire for its children to be proud of, to defend and preserve!

WEF THIS POWER?

But we are outgrowing the idea that power

in itself is a reason for pride. Is our rule, on the whole, for good or for ill? It is worth while to listen to the words of a distinguished American on this point.

"Wherever the English have once raised their flag, they have come to stay. They brought good laws and good roads, and vigorous enterprise. They have brought the Bible, and the church, and the school, and medical science, and the press, and the electric wire. I do not condone the sins which you, in common with ourselves, have committed, and are committing, against feeble races, nevertheless I bless God for the ubiquity of the Briton. He is the true colonist. It is his instinct on the whole to bless, and not to curse. He is among the pluckiest in the work of missions as well as in war. A preceding speaker has alluded to somebody's slur against the 'black coated and long-faced missionaries.' I should like to ask such critics what they think of a missionary like the first Bishop Selwyn, donning his pea jacket and diving into the sea to examine the keel of a disabled ship, because there was no marine and no citizen of the port who dared attempt it. We say, give us more and more of your 'stroke oars' for missionary service, till such sneers as this shall be silenced. And give us also manly and courageous Englishmen, who will not be ashamed or afraid to 'do the right' in every part of their domain!"

How this vast imperial fabric has been built up, how it was gradually enlarged and consolidated, it must always be interesting to consider; and we propose, therefore, to pass over it in rapid review, following the Union Jack all round the world, and inquiring how it came to make so extended a circuit.

This noble theme, which Mr. Adams expands into a volume, will be treated by several writers in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1896. Several splendidly illustrated papers will describe under the heading, "Britain's Keys of Empire," and "Round the World with the Union Jack," the important positions which, by the providence of God, Great Britain holds for the mastery of two-thirds of the world's surface and three-fourths of its population. Other papers will describe the Greater Britain of the Southern Seas, and still others, the brightest gem in England's crown, the Dominion of Canada, which embraces two-fifths of the entire Empire. The *Methodist Magazine* is only \$1.60 to schools.

A Swarm of Bees Worth Hiving.

B patient, B prayerful, B modest, B mild, B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child, B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind, B sure to make matter subservient to mind. B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true, B courteous to all men, B friendly with few, B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine, B careful of conduct, of money, of time, B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm, B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn, B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just, B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust. B patient, B circum-spect, sound in the faith, B active, devoted, B faithful till death, B honest, B holy, transparent and pure, B dependent, B Christlike and you'll be secure.

SUNDAY PEOPLE.

THERE is a certain old lady who lives in a little old house, with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf, and she cannot see very well, either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape, and full of pain because of her rheumatism. But in spite of all this, you would find her full of shine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it would do you good to see her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful.

"When I was a child," she said, "my mother taught me every morning, before I got out of bed, to thank God for every good thing that I could think of that he had given me—for a comfortable bed; for each article of clothing; for my breakfast; for a pleasant home; for my friends; and for all my blessings, calling each by name; and so I begin every day with a heart full of praise to God for all he has done and is doing for me."

Here is the secret, then, of a happy life: this having one's heart full of praise; and when you do as this dear little old lady does—that is, count our blessings every day, in a spirit of thanksgiving for them—we shall find many a reason why we should praise God.

A LITTLE TRAVELLER.

THE New York Tribune tells this little story:

A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have little left, and I am not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said, gently, "and you have lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car, and they would be kind to me; but I haven't shown it to any one yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes, and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."

DOUBLE-QUICK TIME.

A CINCINNATI man describes a novel sight he recently witnessed at a mill devoted to making paper of pine-tree pulp.

"I was invited to select a tree, which I did, and it was cut down for me in the morning. I watched it during the day undergoing the various processes of paper-making, and at six o'clock that evening the tree was paper. At midnight a portion of it was sufficiently dry to be taken to a printing-office, and a few of the copies of the next morning's paper were printed on this product. From a tree to a printed newspaper in twenty-four hours is probably the best time on record."

DO LITTLE THINGS.

Don't try to do a great thing. You may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity that will never come. Do the little things. To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as mere bore the pillory and stake; to find the one noble trait in people who worry and molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep, and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life for man, woman, or child.

THE GREAT BEAR.

WINTER is the star season. Perhaps one reason is that the twilight falls early, and another is that they sparkle more brilliantly in the frosty air. Quite another reason why we talk more about stars this month is that this is Christmastide. It was a star—the "Star of Bethlehem"—that guided the three wise men from the East who visited our infant Saviour.

You probably know that wise men have counted all the stars in sight, and have made maps of them, just as other learned men have made maps of the earth and sea, and you have heard that just as the maps in your geographies are divided into continents and islands, so the maps of the heavens are divided up into many constellations or star groups. One of the best known of these star groups is the Great Bear, and the part of it which is easiest to find is the "big dipper." In Canada the dipper may be seen every night in the northern sky. The two stars farthest from the handle or the dipper are called the "pointers." Does any reader know what they point to?

A Christmas Carol.

BY JOHN G. K. SIMSON.

A STAR was seen!

A song was heard!

The angels gleam!

The shepherds feared!

While heavenly music, sweet and rare,
Thrilled all the pulsing, trembling air!

"Fear not," they sing;

"Glad tidings now

Behold we bring,

Of greatest joy."

And then they sang the sweet refrain
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And now they say:

"For unto you

Is born this day

A Saviour, who

Is Christ the Lord, of virgin maid,
And now in lonely manger laid!"

The shepherds heard

The story told!

Their hearts were stirred;

They left the fold,

And straightway went to see the sight
That thrilled the angels with delight.

And as they go

The angel choir

Brake forth in song

That filled the air,

And vibrate yet, in praise of him
Who gave us Christ, the newborn King!

Epworth League.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

December 22, 1895.

NO NEED TO FEAR.—2 Corinthians 5. 1.

The tabernacle was only for temporary use. It was the place of worship while the Israelites were in the wilderness. It could be taken to pieces and moved at pleasure, but when the people reached the Holy Land and the temple was built, the tabernacle was superseded.

Our bodies are tabernacles, because they are only intended for this life, which is temporary, and will sooner or later be dissolved. The body is the present habitation for the soul, but by-and-by it will be taken to pieces and dissolved in the grave. At the resurrection, our bodies will be again reorganized, just as the tabernacle was put together after having been taken to pieces for removal to another encampment.

The dissolution of the body, though not a pleasant subject for contemplation, need not excite any fear to those who love God and keep his commandments, for, says the apostle, "we know that . . . we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." This is the believer's future home, and he feels a degree of certainty respecting it, hence he says, "we know;" there is nothing of doubt, or hesitancy, or fear, in this language. He could not have expressed himself with so much certainty, if he had not felt assured as to whom he had believed or trusted. It was the well-grounded hope, the meekness for the inheritance of the saints which he felt he had attained unto. Thus should every Christian feel. He has no need to fear. Strong faith will enable him to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Jesus Christ is preparing a place in heaven for all his people, and he is preparing them for their heavenly home, and they may adopt these words as their own.