When Obristmas Comes.

When Christmas comes,
The baby giri who scarce can speak,
The youth with bronzed and bearded cheek.

cheek.

ine aged, bent with weight of years, ihe sorrow-stricken spent with tears, the poor, the rich, the grave, the gay, who fare along lifes rugged way, we gaid of heart, when in the sky line wondrous setsph wings aweep by.

When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, in field and street, in mart and farm, Ihe world takes on a loveller charm, Sweet scented boughs of pine and fir, Are brought, like frankinceuse and myrth.

To make our hallowed places meet for hands that clasp and tones that

greet, While hearts, worth more than gold or gem.

Go forth to find their Bethlehem When Christmas comes

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

YULETIDE IN THE NORTHLAND.

YULETIDE IN THE NORTHLAND.
Jul, or Vule, is a name brought down from pagan times. It was the greatest of three Scandinavian holidays, and was celebrated December 21 of each year. When Christianity was introduced into the country, the monks, not wishing to prejudice the people by too many changes, suggested a compromise by celebrating the twenty-firth day of December instead of the twenty-first, and na return, rotatining the old name Jul, or Yule. Thus was a Christian holiday grafted to the name of a pagan feast Along with the name came various pagan feast. The "Yule-Fig." or Yule pig, is one. This magical hog was so swift of foot hat he could run faster than any horse on land or sea, his golden bristies illuminated the greatest darkness.
With the advent of Christianity, how ever, the people soon began to associate Christian ideas and meaning with the day which has become the day of all days of the year, so that it has been truthfully said: "All Sweden giver it self up to the onlyment of Tule-tides Christians then third-day Christmans, and on all four days are the Christman feesilvities celebrated. The merry-making then lackens a little, but does not cesse. It bursts forth again in family parties and times on the last day of the old year Jul, or Yule, is a name brought down

slackens a little, but does not cesse. It bursts forth again in family parties and dinners on the last day of the old year and on the first day of the new, and still again on the sixth of January a legal holiday, called by the Swedes 'tretton dag Jul,' thirteenth-day Yule This day and the ovening before are celebrated, with nearly the same brilliancy as Christmas Eve and Christmas Days themselves, and not till January 13, or twentleth-day Yule, day ogood, old-tashloned familles in Sweden consider the celebration of Christmas as fairly over." A festive season of such moment to the people requires an early and careful pre-

people requires an early and careful pro-paration. While the grain is yet grow-ing, the best is selected for the Christ-

mas baking. As early as the month of September the village youths busy them-solves gathering the Christmas nuts and Christmas apples November has hardly set in before all work is shaping itself. selves gathering the Christmas nuts and Christmas apples. November has hardly set in before all work is shaping itself with a special reference to this glorious holiday. Podder is carefully selected the state of the carefully selected the state of the carefully selected the state of the state of the carefully selected with the carefully selected the state of the stat

an pole erected in the middle of the door-yard, where hundreds of the feathery guests assemble, and, by their lively con-cert, manifest their appreciation of this uncommon day.

WHEN DOROTHY DRESSED UP.

Mr. and Mrs. Prouty were sitting at their dinner table in the large and sunny kitchen of their old farmhouse. They niways ate in the kitchen when they were alone, although they had a large and pleasant dining-room

"It saves me a good many steps," Mrs. Prouty sometimes said; "and then there isn't a room in the house so pleasant and isn't a room in the house so pleasant and homelike as our kitchen. It has so many windows, and if there is a ray of sunshine it gets in here somewhere. We can see all the passin' by there is better from the kitchen than from the dinin'room windows."

Mr. and Mrs. Prouty were middle-aged

people, with honest, wholesome faces that were on this particular day much more grave and caroworn than usual. A great trouble had come to them, and although troute nat come to them, and although they were trying hard to bear it cheerfully, they did not succeed very well. While they sat at the window, a neighbour rode up, and seeing Mr. Frouty, called out cheerlly.

Hey, neighbour! Here's a letter for your wife."

Mr. Prouty went out and returned presently with the letter, saying as he handed it to his wife.

It's from Nieco Harriet over in Dover."

"I suppose that she has written to tell us when she is going to send Dor-othy over to visit us, said Mrs. Prouty, She glanced at the few lines the letter contained, and then said:

contained, and then said:
Yes, it is as I thought. She says
that a neighbour of hers named Hill is
going to Aastinville day after to-morrow,
and that she has agreed to take charge
of Dorothy and see that the child arrives all right at our station on the
three of clock train Wednesday. You
must plan to drive over to the station
and be there when the train gets in
and be there when the train gets in
have her come and bring some sunshine
have her come and bring some sunshine
into the house. It may be the last time
that she will over visit us in our old
home,"

home."
Mrs. Prouty's eyes filed with tears as
she spoke, and her husband looked very
solemn. He coughed once or twice, and
then said:

then said:
"Well, Martha, if the worst comes to
the worst, we will have to just be brave
and bear it. I suppose that I ought not
to have endorsed that note for John
Hawkins, but I did it because he was an
old neighbour, and now I have it to pay.
Then I bought a good many thigs and
made a good many improvements on the
farm that I would not have made but for
the fact that poor old Aunt Margaret always declared that she had a good deal
of monoy, and it it is should be ours for
giving her a home and taking care of her
for so many years before she died a year
ago."

ago."
"I still think that she did have
money," said Mrs. Prouty. "You know
that she was very queer for a long time
before her death. I think that she hid

that money away, and that she herself could not tell just where it was. You know how hard she tried to tell us something after she had that shock. I feel sure that it was something about the money that she wanted to tell us."

The home that had sheltered the Proutry all the thirty years of their married life, and that had been the life-long home of Mr. Prouty, was prought of the day of the prouty, was the country of the day of the long home of Mr. Prouty, was the country of the day of the long had been been the life-long home, and because he had become unvolved in debt in other ways.

neignour, and because in had become involved in debt in other ways.

"But we must try to give Dorothy a happy time just the same," said Mrs. Prouty. "I want her to have happy memories of her last visit to our old

memories of her last visit to our out nome."

One would not have thought that Mr. Prouty had over had a care had they heard him on his homoward way with Dorothy Buller by his side the following Wednesday afternoon. Dorothy was a very pretty and merry 'earted little girl of ten years. No sooner was she scated bested he licely Prouty to the form water very pretty and interry cartes into sur-of ten years. No sooner was she scated beside her Uncle Prouty in the farm wag gon with the horses' heads turned toward home than she said

home than she said
"Now you must sing some of your
funny songs, Uncle Prouty."
Uncle Prouty had been a good singer
in his younger days, and his volce was
still so good that he sung in the church
choir. Ho knew a great many queer old
ballads, and long before his wife could
see him and Dorothy she heard him sing-

Oh, this little girl had a little rag doll, And a little rag doll had she, And the little rag doll had little blue

And so did the little girlee."

The blue eyes of the little girl by Mr. Prouty's side were twinkling when Mrs. Prouty came out to meet her.

rrouty came out to meet her.
"Why, Dorothy, dear, what a fine big
girl you are getting to be!" said her
annt, as she heiped her out of the waggon. "Seems to me that you are six
inches taller than you were when you
were here last year. Give me another
kiss." kiss

Within an hour the little feet of Dorshy had carried her all over the house and barn. She loved every animal on the place, and she hugged the colts, and fed the chickens, and had a gay frolie with the dog. She had a gay frolie with the dog. She had a gay frolie with the dog. She had a gathered the eggs, and had gone into ecatasics over five baby kittens she had gone an. When night came she had gone to her room a very tired but happy little girl.

It was railing when Dorothy came down-stairs the next morning, and as it rained harder and harder as the day wore on, Dorothy finally said:

"Can I go up into the attic and play to-day, auntle?"

"Yes, if you care to, dear. I will the

to-day, auntie?"
"Yes, if you care to, dear. I will the one of my big aprons around you so that you will not get all covered with dirt."
Dorothy ran lightly into the attic. She had been gone more than an hour, and

had been gone more than an hour, and Mrs. Prouty-was about to call her down to ask if she did not want a hot cooky, when the kitchen door opened and a queer-looking little woman walked in. The little woman walked in. The little woman had no a very old-fashloned green and black plaid slik dress with wide founces on the skir. A red crape shawl with fringe half a yard long and a border of embroidered flowers was draped around the little gure. She wore a huge 'sky-scraper' bonnet of drab satin and fadder red and yellow roses. A black embroidered vell was flung over the bonnet. Black lace mitts much too large for her were on her mitts much too large for her were on her

Why, child !" exclaimed Aunt Prouty.

"Why, child?" exclaimed Aunt Prouty'I do not know what Aunt Margaret
would say if she could see you in her
old ciothes that she guarded so carefully
while she lived. Be careful not to do
them any harm."

"Look at my petitionat," said Dorothy,
with a laugh, as she lifted her spreading
silk skirt and revealed a clumsy-looking
skirt quilted in strange and irregular designa. "But, O auntie, I tore it a little
getting it out of the trunk." It caught
on a nail. See!"
She same near with a breadth of the

getting it out of the on a nail. See !"
She came near with a breadth of the skirt held out in her hands,
"Just think," she said, "there is paper

in this skirt."
"I guess not," said Mrs. Prouty, as she took the torn width in her hands. "I think that—why, child! Mercy on us! Slip that skirt right off! Did any one ever! Why, I—I—HIRM! O HIRM!"
Her husband was in the woodshed had of the kitchen. When he appeared his

Her husband was in the woodshed back of the kitchen. When he appeared his wife said, excitedly:

O Hiram! What do you think that our little Dorothy found by dressing up for us? You never could guess! Aunt Margaret a money!"

"This old petticoat of Aunt Margaret's

is full of money! The poor old lady must have slyly quilted it in after he mind began to waver. See here!" She had hastlly ripped open some of the queer, puty-looking designs in the skirt, and in nearly all of them were bills crumpled up and used instead of cotton or other filling. Mr Prout took his knife and they careful to the skirt spart. Nearly we other housand delict were found carefully quilted into the left. skirt

skirt.
Two hundred dollars more were found in the old muff Dorothy carried when she dressed up." Mrs. Prout said, as she kissed the little girl over and over again: "You dear little girl! You do not know what this means to us. It saves our dear old home to us, and litts such

our dear old nome on us, and ince such a burden of care and sorrow from us. You shall take one of these twenty-dellar bills home with you for all your

"Schooldays and Holldays." By Adelaide M. Cameron. Author of "Among the Heather," "Love Conquers All," "Molly," etc. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.
Toronto: William Briggs. Fy. 303
Price, \$1.25.
This well-printed volume, handsomely bound, and full-gitt, makes a very attractive holiday present. It is a well-writen story of school end home life in the Old Land. Its young people are not 2010. ten story of school and home life in the Mold Land. It by young people are not dolls or mannikins, but live flesh and blood creatures. The rivairy between the Free Kirk and the Auld Kirk are set forth with a good deal of humour. The book is handsomely illustrated, and has a most wholesome moral:

"Is it not true that each earthly existence is but as a *story without an end, whose pages are ever opening and underlying the most of the All Father himself?

"Ere in better things we yet may grow."

For in better things we yet may grow, Onward and upward still our way, With the joy of progress from day to

With the joy of progress from day to day;
Nearer and nearer every year,
To the visions and hopes most true
and dees,
Children still of a Father's love,
Children still of a home above i
Without a sigh on the lengthening
track?"

No Room in the Inn. BY E. R. H.

From Caesar Augustus an edict went forth, Throughout his great empire, the south and the north, And sounded again in the west and the

All the world should be taxed," from

the great to the least.

Then gathered the people to 'leed his decree, Every one to his city, where'er it might be.

From Galileo's hillsides, some pilgrims went down
To the land of Judea, unto Bethlehem's

townJoseph the carpenter, with Mary his wife.
Though humble his calling, unnoticed Though humble his calling, unnoticed his life,
Yet he was a member of King David's

line,
And to the house royal his name they
assign.

They came to the city; the hour had grown late, And hundreds before them had passed through the gate.

Oh, was there no room in the small, crowded im, for him who had come as the Saviour

from sin? No corner to shelter the mother so mild? No room for the lovely and wonderful Child?

No! Only a place where the cattle were

And the straw of the manger must furnish a bed, For the beautiful Stranger who left hea-

von's throno,
And his own knew him not, though "he
came to his own."

Oh, let us make room for the Saviour today! The best room we'll offer, and lovingly

say, ne. blessed Lord Jesus, and with us "Come, blessed Lord Jesus, and abile; Come, live in our hearts as the years onward gildo; in our thoughts, in our lives, we will make room for thee, And the for of the years our blessing shall be."