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Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

[No. 51.

### HANGING THE HOLLY.

THE little Miss in our picture is just carrying out the old practice of hanging the old practice of hanging holly, not in the church but in the home. With this in England is associated the custom of hanging the mistletoe bough with its pure snowwhite berries. This custom is derived from very ancient times going back to the days of the Druids. If you do not know what to be caught under the mistletoe means, ask your elder brothers or sisters, or cousins and aunts, and they will tell you.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SOPHIE BRONSON TITTER-INGTON.

IT was a Christmas Eve in a large city. The Christmas spirit was in the air, bringing joy to most of the hearts in the busy town. Even the poor felt its brightness and warmth, and although gifts and comforts might be scarce, yet the joy of the birthday of the Christ-child was such that it reached most of these souls. If the true spirit of Christ was in actual posses-sion of all those he has favoured with plenty, the joy would go quite around, until sin and sorrow, want and hun-ger, should flee for at least one

glad day in the year.
On this particular Christmas Eve, a drizzling rain was fulling. In happy homes this was unheeded, as the inmates gathered around the bright fires to share the Christmas cheer. But alas for the poor, whom stern necessity drove forth into the pitiless storm!

Among these was Mrs. Lane.
She had been to take home

some sewing, and as she had no one with whom to leave her child, she wrapped her in a shawl, and carried her

in a shawl, and carried her all the weary way.

On her return she bought a little food, and a candy toy for the baby, the only Christmas gift she could afford.

Hastening homeward, an exclamation from Baby Bess caused her to pause. Bessie's arms were stretched toward a window from whence the bright light illumined the street. Within was a beautiful Christmas tree, covered

street. Within was a beautiful Christmas tree, covered with all the lovely things that delight the hearts of children.

In former days Mrs. Lane had lived in such a home; but a sorrowful fate had left her adrift among the struggling poor, a widow, with little Bess clinging to her for support. She held the child up to the window to see the pretty sight, the memory of the past almost breaking her heart.

Within was joy, plenty, and peace; without was storm, cold, hunger, and weariness.

weariness. The wistful child's face at the window was seen by the happy children; and soon mother and Bess had been taken in to share the Christmas festivities. Best of all the two found a home within, sheltering kindness and care; and were no longer without in the odd and honger of the past.



HANGING THE HOLLY

A pleasant humble home was found for Mrs. Lane, with plenty of work for which she was well paid. Bessie grew up with a tender heart for those still without, in the sad poverty of her own early life.

### THE PULLMAN STOCKING.

"SAY, mister, Santa Claus doesn't travel on this train?

"Oh, I really don't know," was the reply. "Well, I suppose not."
"That's what mamma said she s'posed," with a little sigh. "But of course he couldn't," with a half laugh. "Santa

"He goes kitin' along with his reindeer, scootin' over the roofs and down the chimneys—my! But," with another sigh, "I don't know how he'll find me!"

don't know how he'll find me!"

The porter now came to make up the berths, and mamma led the boy to another seat. The next man behind, coming to his berth a short time later, stopped with a stare of survivos and they are stare of surprise, and then met with a smile the smile of the lady across the aisle as she nodded towards the curtains which closed outside the boy who had missed a visit from Santa Claus. Up to the bottom of the drapery hung a small stocking.

"A poor place for that sort of thing, I'm afraid," said the next behind to the

lady across.

"Perhaps not so bad as one might think," was her answer. She had opened a lunch basket, and, just as the man, after fumbling in his peaket dround a silver. pocket, dropped a silver dollar in the toe of the stocking, drew out a box of candy, which followed the dollar.

But the gifts did not stop, for the spirit of the season was fully awakened. Small coins were passed from one hand to another, and shaken well down into the toe by the hand next behind. A woman, with a bag of Christmas gifts for a family of expectant small friends, made a selection from them and brought her offer-

said the man next behind.
"But here—this'll do"
"The world out a large silk

He pulled out a large silk handkerchief, and when she laid her gifts inside tied it by the four corners and pinned it to the stocking.

The word had passed along,

The word had passed along, and travellers in the next car came through to take a peep at the travelling stocking. Scarfs were tied around the stocking, and handkerchiefs, filled out with nobody knew what, fastened on. In short, if Santa Claus was not travelling on that train, some of ling on that train, some of his near relatives must have been.

## FATHER CHRISTMAS.

FATHER Christmas is coming again. What is he bringing the boys and girls, and what is his message to all little hearts? Such toys he brings, such picture books, such pretty cards and tempting cakes. He makes the shops bright and beautiful. When his steps draw near, the shops and beautiful. When his stops draw near, the shops are full of yellow oranges, rosy apples, "sugar and spice, and all things nice." And at home there is so much to do. We must make or buy a pre-

indeed.

THE proudest man we know of is always pluming himself on his humility.

WHEN God is satisfied with us we shall be satisfied with God.

What a man knows is worth more to him than what all other men may know.

### Christmas.

BY IL RAVELAM STRARNS.

HAVE you heard the wonderful story, dear, Which they tell on Christmas morn How into the weary world of sin, God's glorious Son was born.

How he left the beautiful home above, And his kingly diadem,
To be born on a humble manger-bed
In the town of Bethlehem.

All the sorrowful, tender story, dear, How he suffered, wept, and died That our souls might be washed as white as

In the blood from his wounded side

Then loud and glad let the church-bells ring
Upon every Christmas morn,
To carry the wonderful tidings far
How the Saviour Christ was born.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

#### NO ROOM IN THE INN.

"There's a song in the air, there's a star the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer and a baby

low cry.

And the star rains its fire, while the beautiful sing,

And the manger at Bethlehem gradies a King."

Only a manger, for there was no room for Him in the inn, and our nearts now swell with indignation and sorrow at the thought, and we think, "Oh, if only we had been there how differently we should have acted. We surely would have recognized the infant King to whom all the prophecies pointed, and in whom they all centred.

But stop a moment! What are we doing with him now? The manger after all may not have been such a poor bed as we imagine. The average farmer in Palestine, to-day as then, shelters his animals under the same roof and often in the same room with himself. The "mangers" or "cribs," built of stone and mortar in the shape of a box or kneading trough, are arranged along the two sides of the room which are devoted to the cattle; while the other sides, the floor of which is raised about two feet, are devoted to the use of the family. In the summer time when these mangers are cleaned out and whitewashed, as they often are, Dr. Thompson assures that they make not at all a bad place for a baby to sleep in, and that his own children have slept in them very often.

Jesus is with us now just as surely as he was with the people of Bethlehem then. He chooses now to have his dwelling-place in our hearts. How is it then? Are we ready giving him the first place? Think a moment. Which is really first with us in

ewn pleasure? Do we always consult his interests before our own? Always? When we are in doubt as to which of two things to do, do we take the one we like best, do we stop and ask him which he would have us do? When we are tempted to a hasty word, do we pause and say a kind word instead? Do we make his wishes our rule in every thought and word and deed? If we have not, shall we not begin anew at this blessed Christmas time, and consecrate curselves wholly to him? Shall we not from this time forth give not only the best place in our hearts, but our whole selves to him to be used wholly in his service? Let us do it and see if by next Christmas time we shall not have realized more fully than ever before the fulfilment of the angels' song, in its alternate rendering, "Peace on earth to men of good will."

#### A STRINGENT LAW.

THE Newbury law, the most radical anti-saloon measure ever enacted in Missouri, went into effect lately. In substance it prohibits dice, cards, chairs, or tables in saloons. Pianos, banjos, and musical instruments of all kinds are also disallowed. Singing in a saloon will be a misdemeanour.



OFFICE IN THE BAST.

Pool-tables, billiard-tables, and bowling alleys must go, and all games of chance for drinks or fun conducted in a saloon will be misdemeanours. Sparring and wrestling are prohibited, and a license can be reweked upon conviction for any violation.

### CHURNING IN THE EAST.

WE have repeatedly witnessed a scene like this in Palestine. The constant shaking to and fro of the skin containing the cream, at length brings the butter—a somewhat tedious process. This explains somewhat tedious process. This explains the allusion in the 30th chapter of Proverbs and the 33rd verse, "Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood."

This is only one of countless Bible customs which will be explained and illustrated in the articles on "Everyday Life in Bible Lands," in the Methodist Magazine for 1895. This should circulate in every school, and for this purpose is offered in numbers of two or more copies, at \$1.60 instead of \$2.00, the regular price.

## CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

THE joyful festival again draws near. Multitudes of young people and old people are looking forward to it with delightful anticipations. What cheer the day ful anticipations. What cheer the day always brings! This year's Christmas will be no exception to the rule: How eagerly the people are preparing for the

our every day lives! Is it his wish or our elebration. Store windows are gay with toys and dolls and confections and other gifts of greater worth. The baker and the butcher and the grocer are vying with each other to see which can arrange the most tempting exhibit. See that eager throng skipping merrily up the street and entering the open church door! Listen now to the cheery voices as they ring out in rehearsal of song and speech, almost ready for the glad jubilee. The anticipations of millions will soon be changed into happy participation.

How can we wait so long! But gifts of

skates and dolls and knives and sleighs and horns and drums and guns and books and gloves and hats and cloaks and candies and fruits are worth waiting for. Besides, there will be happy smiles and cheery words, and no end of good wishes and deeds which always come with Christmas! Be patient. Drive bitterness from heart, and envy from eye, and harshness from speech, and let your life reflect the true Christmas spirit. Christmas is coming! Christmas is coming !- Epworth Herald.

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

A MERRY Christmas to our jolly boys. A Merry Christmas to our radiant girls. A Merry Christmas to the young folks so full of hopes and young folks so run or nopes and ambitions and far-reaching plans. A Merry Christmas to father and mother struggling under many a burden and care of which the wide world has no knowledge. A Merry Christmas to grandfather and grandmother sitting in sweet expectancy hard by the gate of heaven. A Merry Christmas to thirteen thous-and devoted, eager pastors who are praying and toiling for the com-ing of the Kingdom A Merry A Merry Christmas to a host of bright-faced sweet-voiced parsonage queens. A Merry Christmas to our devoted chief shepherds at home and abroad A Merry Christmas to chief shepherds at home and abroad A Merry Christmas to battalions of Sunday-school workers, sultivating an ample field lying just beside the Epworth farm. A Merry Christmas to our missionaries in all lands, with earnest prayers for benedictions upon their labours. A Merry Christmas to avery member of our Enworth army every member of our Epworth army, marching now one million strong.

A Merry Christmas to our state and conference and district and local officers; may their plans for extension and usefulness be more than realized. A Merry Christmas to our department chiefs, with good wishes and blessings to rear and blessings too many to write. A

Merry Christmas to all kindred young people's organizations; may their numbers increase and their influence spread. A Merry Christmas to our brethren who push editorial quills; may readers be generous, subscription lists mount to the stars, and poets go out of business. A Merry Christmas to people who are having n hard, with the hope that the sun may soon burst through the clouds. A Merry Christmas to the shut-in saints; let restfulness come with the thoughts which cluster around the manger and the cross. A Merry Christ-mas to those who are sour and cold; may sweetness and warmth here sway at least for one day. A Merry Unristmas to all.— Epworth Herald.

## THE ORIGIN OF XMAS.

HAVE you ever wondered about the igin of the word Xmas ! It has been origin of thus explained:

Many people suppose that the X in the Xmas represents the cross, and wonder that it is not written tmas. The X, however, has nothing to do with the cross. It is the Greek letter Chi, corresponding to ch in our language, and is the unitial letter in the Greek name of Christ. The words Christ mass were written X mass long before Christmas became one word.

Dury (in horrified whisper): "Mamma, Willie is an infidel!" Mamma: "An infidel!" Dilly: "Yes the says he don't believe there's any Santa Class

### OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Though almost everyone is well acquainted with the Christmas customs of the olden times, it is pleasant to recall them frequently, and they may suggest ideas for Christmas entertainments in our modern homes. On Christmas Eye our ancestors had a custom that is well worth perpetuating. They were in the habit of forming companies which went around from hous to house singing Christmas carols in the streets. Sometimes this was done Christmas morning, but usually on Christmas Eve. of these old carols are extremely beautiful. For example, this:

And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; And all the angels in heaven shall sing, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas Day in the morning.

"Then let us all rejoice amain, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; Then let us all rejoice amain, On Christmas Day in the morning."

custom that should not be showed to fall into disuse is the cheery cry on Christmas morning, "I wish you a merry Christmas!" In old English times, even in the churches, at the end of the service on Christmas Day, it was customary for the clerk, in loud and emphatic tones, to wish all the congregation a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. There is little sense, though a good deal of merriment, in the common strife to see which shall be the first to give this salutation, but at any rate let it always be given, and given with heartiness.

The boar's heads were cordly affairs, borne to the table with great pomp and ceremony, the tusks piercing bright red apples, while between them an orange was

The Christmas peacocks also were gorgeous, the bird being flayed, roasted, and then sewed up again in all the splendour of its brilliant feathers, its beak gilded, a piece of cotton vaturated with spirits being pleaded therein. placed therein, to burn while the carver was at work. Still more curious was the was at work. Still more curious was an ancient peacock pie, the bird being covered by the crust, save that on one side appeared his plumed crest, while from the protruded the gorgeous spreading tail.

Among Christmas customs there are many that deserve continuance, especially the hale and jovial yule tog, that used to be cut by our Scandinavian ancient are the ged to the hall with high rejoicings, the spectators dotting their spectators dotting their hats, and then kindled with a fragment of last year's log-

> "Come, bring with a noise, My merry, merry boys, The Christmas log to the firing."

Another old time fashion we may copy if we wish is the great yule candle, made large enough to burn through the entire twelve nights of the Christmas festivities.

There is hardly need of mentioning the

mystic mistletoe, that strange reminiscence of Druidisin so jovially perverted from its ancient office.

It seems a pity that the old German Knecht Rupert should pass out of modern child lite. This personage, in white robe and mask, and great flax wig, went around on Christmas Eve to every house, saying that Christ, his Master, had sent him. He was received with great pomp and reverence, the little children being terribly frightened. As the parents told him that the children had been good or had, he gave the children the presents intended for them, or else gave the parents a real and hade or else gave the parents a rod, and bade them use it on the children. The younger children had absolute faith in the reality of all this, and when, grown older, they were initiated into the secret, preserved it faithfully in their turn from the younger enter.

" HARK! the glad sound! the Savieur comes! The Saviour promised long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throse,

#### Santa Claus on the Train

On a Christmas Eve an emigrant train Sped on through the blackness of night, id cleft the pitchy dark in twain With the gleam of its fierce head-light.

In a crowded car, a noisome ple Sat a mother and her child; The woman's face wore want's wan trace, But the little one only smiled,

And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress, And her voice had a merry ring, As she lisped, "Now, mamma, come and guess What Santa Claus'll bring."

But sadly the mother shook her head, As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she skid,
"The train is going too fast."

"Oh, mamma ! yes, he'll come, I say, So swift are his little deer hey run all over the world to day, I'll hang my stocking up here."

She pinned her stocking to the seat, And closed her tired eyes,

And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
In dreamland's paradise.

On a seat behind the little maid A rough man sat apart, ut a soft light o'er his features played, And stole into his heart.

As the cars drew up at a busy town The rough man left the train. But scarce had from the steps jumped down Ere he was back again.

And a great big bundle of Christmas joys Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.

At dawn the little one woke with a shout; "Twas sweet to hear her glee;
"I knowed that Santa would find me out, He caught the train you see.

Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right,
The good Saint Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.

For the saint is fond of masquerade And may fool the old and wise, And so he came to the little maid In an emigrant's diaguise.

And he dresses in many ways because He wishes no one to know him, For he never says "I am Santa Clans," But his good deeds always show him.

-Companion

## THE OLD ORGAN

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. 6. F. Walton.

## CHAPTER IX.—TREFFY ENTERS THE CITY.

"Christie, boy," said Treffy, that night, when Christie had told him all he could remember of the sermon, and had repeated to him the third verse of the hymn, "Christie, boy, the Lord will have te get me ready very fast, very fast indeed."

"Oh! maybe not, Master Treffy," said Christie, uneasily, "maybe not so fast as you think."

"The month's nearly up, Christie," said old Treffy; "and I think I'm getting very near the city, very near to 'Home, sweet home.' I can almost see the letters over the gate sometimes, Christie,"

sometimes, Christie."

But Christie could not answer. His face was buried in his hands, and his head sank lower and lower as he sat beside the fire. And, at length, though he tried to keep it in, there came a great sob, which reached old Treffy's heart. He put his hand lovingly on Christie's head, and for some time heither of them spoke. But when the heart is very sore silence often does more to coinfort than words can do, only it must be silence which comes from a full heart, not from an empty one. Treffy's old heart was very full of loving, yearning pity for poor little Christie.

"Christie, boy," he said, at length, "you wouldn't keep me outside the gate; would

wouldn't keep me outside the gate; would

has got sense work for you to do for him first. I'm a poor, useless eld man, Christie, very tottering and feeble, so he's going to take me home, but you have all your life before you, Christie, bey, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Christie, with a sigh, for he was thinking what a long, long time it would be before he was as old as Master Treffy, and before the golden gates would be opened to him.

him.
"Wouldn't you like to do something for him, Christie, boy," said old Treffy, "just to show you love him?"
"An Master Treffy, I should," said

him, On solve him to show you love him to "Ay, Master Treffy, I should, Christie, in a whisper.

"Christie, hoy," said old Treffy, suddenly raising himself in bed, "I would give all I have; yes, all, Christie, even my old organ, and you know how I've leved her, Christie, and you know how I've leved her, Christie, and give her up, her and everything else, and provided the said of the said with the and you know how I've leved her, Christie, but I'd give her up, her and everything else, to have one year of my life back again—one year—to show him that I love him. Just to think," he said, regretfully, "that he gave his life for me, and died such a dreadful death for me, and I've only got a poor little miserable week left to show that I love him. Oh, Christie, boy! oh, Christie, boy! it seems so ungrateful; I can't bear to think of it."

It was Christie's turn now to be the comforter.

"Master Treffy," he said, "just you tell the Lord that; I'm sure he'll understand." Treffy clasped his hands at once, and said,

"Lord Jesus, I do love thee; I wish I could do something for thee, but I've only another week to live—only another week; but, oh! I do thank thee, I would give anything to have some of my life back again, to show my love to thee; please understand show my love to thee; please understand what I mean. Amen."

Then old Treffy turified over and fell asleep.

Christic sat for some time longer, by the fire. He had tried to förget the last day or two how short a time he had with his old master, how short a time no back to him now. And but it had all come back to him now. And but it had all come back to him now. And his heart felt very sad and desolate. It is a very dreadful thing to lose the only friend you have in the world. And it is a very dreadful thing to see before you a thick, dark cloud, and to feel that it hangs over your pathway, and that you must pass through it. Poor Christie was very full of sorrow, for he feared as he entered into the cloud." But Treffy's words came back to his mind, and he Treffy's words came back to his mind, and he

maid, with a full heart,
"Lord Jesus, do help me to give my life to
thee. Oh! please help me to spare tild Treffy.
Ameh."

Ameh."

Then, rather comforted, he went to bed.

The next morning he looked anxiously at eld Treffy. He seemed weaker than usual, and Christie did not like to leave him. But they had very little money left, and Treffy seemed to wish him to go; so Christie went on his rounds with a heavy heart. He determined to go to the suburban road, that he might tell little Mabel and her mother how much worse his dear old master was. It is such a comfort to speak of our sorrow to those who will care to hear.

is such a conifort to speak of our sorrow to those who will care to hear.

Thus Christic stopped before the house with the pretty garden in front of it. The snowdrops were ever now, but the primroses had taken their place, and the garden looked very gay and cheerful. But Christie had no heart to look at it, he was gazing up anxiously at the nursery window for little Mabel's face. But she was not to be seen, so he turned the handle of his organ and played "Home, sweet home," her favourite tune, to attract her attention: A minute after he began to play he saw little Mabel coming quickly out of the house and running towards him. She did not smile at him as usual, and she looked as if she had been crying, Christie thought.

had been crying, Christie thought.
"Oh, organ-boy," she said, "don't play to-day. Mamma is ill in bed, and it makes to-day. Mamm

her head ache."

Christie stopped at once; he was just in the midst of the chorus of "Home, sweet home," and the organ gave a melancholy wail as he suddenly brought it to a conclusion.

"I am so sorry, missie," he said.

Mabel stood before him in silence for a minute or two, and Christie looked down upon her, very pitifully and tenderly.

"Is she very bad, missie!" he said.

"Yes," said little Mabel, "I think she must be, papa looks so grave, and nurse won't

"Yes," said little Mabel, "I think she must be, papa looks so grave, and nurse won't let us play; and I heard her tell cook mother would never be any better," she added, with a little sob, which came from the bottom of her tiny heart.

"Poor little missie!" said Christie, sorrow-

fully; "poor little missie, don't fret so; oh, don't fret so!"

And as Christie stood looking down on the little girl a great tear rolled down his cheek and fell on her little white arm.

Mabel looked up suddenly.

"Christie," she said, "I think mother must be going to 'Home, sweet home,' and I want to go too."

"So do I," said Christie, with a nigh, "has

the gates won't open to me for a long, long

Then the nurse called Mabel in, and Christie walked sorrowfully away. The world seemed very full of trouble to him. Even the sky was overcast, and a cutting east wind chilled Christie through and through. The spring flowers were nipped by it, and the budding branches were sent backwards and forwards by each fresh gust of the wind and Christia. branches were sent backwards and forwards by each fresh gust of the wind, and Christie felt almost glad that it was so cheerless. He was very sad and unhappy, very restless and miserable. He had begun to wonder if (iod had forgotten him; the world seemed to him so wide and desolate. His old master was dying, his little friend Mabel was in trouble, there seemed to be activous everywhere. These

dying, his little friend Mabel was in trouble, there seemed to be sorrow everywhere. There seemed to be no comfort for poor Christie.

Wearily and drearily no went homewards, and dragged himself up the steep staircase to the attic. He heard a voice within, a low, gentle voice, the sound of which soothed Christie's ruffled soul. It was the clergyman, and he was reading to old Treffy.

Treffy was sitting up in bed, with a sweet smile on his face, eagerly listening to every word. And, as Christie came in, the clergyman was reading this verse: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"That's a sweet verse for you, Treffy,"

"That's a sweet verse for you, Treffy," said the clergyman.
"Ay," said Treffy, brightening, "and for poor Christie too; he's very cast down, in Christie, sir."
"Christie," said the minister, having him hand on his shoulds, "why is your heart troubled?"
Ret. Christia mand description.

But Christie could not answer. He turned suddenly away from the minister, and throwing himself on old Treffy's bed, he subbed

bitterly.

The clergyman's heart was very full of sympathy for poor Christie. He knelt down beside him, and putting his arm round him, with almost a mother's tenderness, he said

with almost a motitier's tenderness, he said gently.

"Christie, shall we go together to the Lord Jesna, and tell him of your sorrow?"

And then, in very plain, simple words, which Christle's lieart could understand, this dergyman asked the dear Lord to look on the poor lönely child, to conifort him and to bless him, and to make him feel that he had one Friend who would never go away. And long after the clergyman had gone, when the attic was quite still and Treffy was asleep, (Inristie heard, as it were, a worde in his heart, saying to him, "Let not your heart be troubled." Then he fell asleep in peace,

He was wakened by his old master's voice: "Christie!" said Treffy; "Christie, boy!"

"Yes, Master Treffy," said Christie, jumping up hastily.

ing up hastily.
"Where's the old organ, Christie?" asked Treffv.

She's here, Master Treffy," said Christie,

"all right and safe.

"all right and safe."
"Turn her, Christie," said Treffy, "play 'Home, sweet home."
"It's the middle of the night, Master Treffy," said Christie; "folks will wonder what's the matter."
But Treffy made no answer, and Christie crept to his side with a light, and looked at his face. It was very altered and strange. Treffy's eyes were shut, and there was that in his face which Christie had never seen there his face which Christie had never seen there before. He did not know what to do. He walked to the window and looked out. The

walked to the window and looked out. The sky was quite dark, but one bright star was shining through it and looking in at the attic window. "Let not your heart be troubled," it seemed to say to him. And Christie answered aloud, "Lord, dear Lord, help me."

As he turned from the window Traffy and the window.

As he turned from the window Treffy spoke As he turned from the window Treffy spoke again, and Christie caught the words, Christie, boy, play."

He hesitated no longer. Taking the organ from its place he turned the handle, and slowly and sadly the notes of "Home, sweet home" were sounded forth in the dark attick. slowly and sadily the notes of "Home, sweet home," were sounded forth in the dark attic. The old man opened his eyes as Christie played, and, when the tune was over, he

whispered,
"Christie, boy, the gates are opening now.
I'm going in. Play again, Christie, boy."
It was hard work playing the three other tunes, they seemed so out of place in the room of death.

room of death.

But Treffy did not seem to hear them.

was murmuring softly to himself the words of the prayer, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow! whiter than snow, whiter than

And, as Christic was playing "Home, sweet home" for the second time, old Trefly's weary feet passed within the gates. He was at home at last, in "Home, sweet home."

And little Christic was left outside.

## LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER 30.

GOLDAS TEXT

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. — Heb. 13. 8.

#### Home Readings.

M. Jesus at Nazareth,—Luke 4. 10 av.
Tu. The Prince of Peace.—Isa. 9. 2-7.
W. The draught of fishes —Luke 5. 1-11.
Th. A Sabbath at Capernaum.—Mark 1. 21-34.
F. The twelve chosen.—Mark 3. 6-19.
The Sermon on the Mount.—Luke 6.

he Sermon on the Mount.—Luke 6. 21-31.

Teaching by parables. - Luke 8. 4-15.

J. at N. 2. The D. of F.

## I. TIPLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

See that ye refuse not— Come ye after me, and— He taught them as— 3. A. S. in C. 4. A. P. H. 5. J. L. of the S. The Son of man hath-The Son of man is The T. C.

The So on the M.

O. to C.
C. to J.
C. T. by P.
The T. S. F. 8. O. to C. 9. C. to J. 10. C. T. by P. 11. The T. S. F. 12. The P. of P. As ye go, preach—Of the increase—

#### II. REVIEW QUESTIONS.

What Service did Jesus attend on the

\*\*E. What Service did Jesus attend on the Sabbath? From what book did he read? From what text did he preach? What was the what text did he preach? What was the sermon on the people? What warning does the Golden Text utter?

\*\*E. In what lake was this fishing done? By what fishermen? At whose command? With what result? What was the effect on Sifinon? What call came to the fishermen? Golden Text.) (Golden Text.)

(Golden Text.)

B. In what two buildings was this Sabbath spent? What miracle was wrought in the synagogue? What one in Simon's house? What was the effect on the people? Why were they astonished at Christ's teaching? (Golden Text.)

4. Where was this miracle performed? How did the cripple get to Jesus? What was the

Where was this miracle performed? How did the cripple get to Jesus? What was the first thing that Jesus said to him? What command did he afterward give to the man? What did the man do? What was proved by this healing? (Golden Text.)

5. What act of the disciples did the Pharimore indicates? What did Jesus say about the Saibhith? What about its ruler? (Golden Text.) In what house did he work a miracle? Upon whom was the miracle wrought?

8. Who plotted together against Jesus? From what strange pulpit did he speak to the people? For what purpose did he select the twelve? What are the names of the twelve? What did Jesus say about their being chosen? (Golden Text.)

(Golden Text.)

(Golden 1ext.)
7. How many classes does Jesus promeunce blessed 9 Upon what class does he pronounce woe? What four things are to he done to one's energies? What answer was to be made to one smiting the cheek? According to what rule should we treat all men? (Golden Text.)

rule should we treat all men? (Golden Text.)

8. How did the scribes say that Jesus mat out devils? What did Jesus say about a divided kingdom? What sin has no promise of pardon? Whom did Jesus call his kindred? Who that ought to have received Jesus did not? (Golden Text.)

9. What three questions did Jesus ask about John? What did he say of John's greatness as a prophet? Who is greater than John? What did the Pharisees say of John and of Jesus? What did promisey say about John?

Jesus? What (Golden Text.) What did prophecy say about John ? 10. What four kinds of soil are named?

Which only produced a crop? To whom was the parable explained? What did the soil repre-sent? What did the seed represent? (Golden

Text.)

11. To what people were the twelve for-bidden to go? Whom were they to seek?

What miracles were they to perform? What were they not to provide? What were they to say? (Golden Text.)

12. Of what light does the prophet speak? What does he say about joy? What about a battle? By what names should the Son of God be called? What is said of his kingdom?

Do not forget that Christmas tells of the coming of Christ to this world to be our Saviour. The day ought not therefore to be one of festivity and amusement merely. We ought to think reverently and gratefully of the wonderful love of God and of God's unspeakable gift.

Tun higher the criticism the further #



DECORATING THE CHURCH FOR CHRISTMAS.

#### DECORATING THE CHURCH.

It is a beautiful Christmas custom in England to decorate the churches and houses with holly whose bright crimson berries show in beautiful contrast with the dark green glossy holly leaf. Our beautiful picture on this subject shows a couple of girls thus decorating the pulpit of the old parish church. The holly needs to be old parish church. The holly needs to be very daintily handled, for its sharp prickles will pierce the skin, but the young folk generally have plenty of help and consider it fine fun.

## A TIME FOR MERCY AND HELP.

You have doubtless read the articles in this paper telling how Christmas is observed around the world. You have noted that the people of whom our correspondents write have caught the true Christmas spirit that of going Christmas originated in a great gift. It was one which made heaven very poor. God gave his only Son But if the gift of Christ made heaven noor, it made earth rich. Through only Son But if the gift of Christ made heaven poor, it made earth rich. Through him we have redeint to and everlasting life. Blessings upon lessings have already come to humanity, and will come world without end. God so loved the world that he gave his Son And the Son so loved the world that he gladly gave himself. We are his followers. Have we his spirit of compassion and self-surrender? Christmas is a giving time. Naturally so. The custom is good, and should be encouraged. But gotter has ordained a kind of giving which is not read giving. In

it are the germs of self-interest. Gifts are bestowed upon those whom we expect to bestow gifts in return. That is not the Christ spirit. It is small. It is mean. It is of the earth earthy. The ideal Christmas giving is bestowing blessings upon those who sorely need, and who are un-able to bless us in return. What a time for mercy and help! Everybody should join that department just now. There are many needy people in your village or city this year. Poverty pinches. Half-fed bodies shiver in the biting cold. How many are standing on the verge of despair!
Oh, let us pity them, and carry them help!
—Epicorth Herald.

## The Pearls, Pure and Fair.

Eveny year is a pearl, dear,
Perfect, and pure, and fair,
That God lets grow within your life,
Trusting it to your care.

And death is the golden clasp, dear,
That fastens the pearly chain,
And it shines with a clearer lastro
If the pearls are white through pain.

Some of the chains are short, dear, And some are of many strands, But every one returns at last To the Master Workman's hands.

So watch your precious pearls, dear, And keep them over bright. That with the crown-jewels they may glow At last in the infinite light.

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