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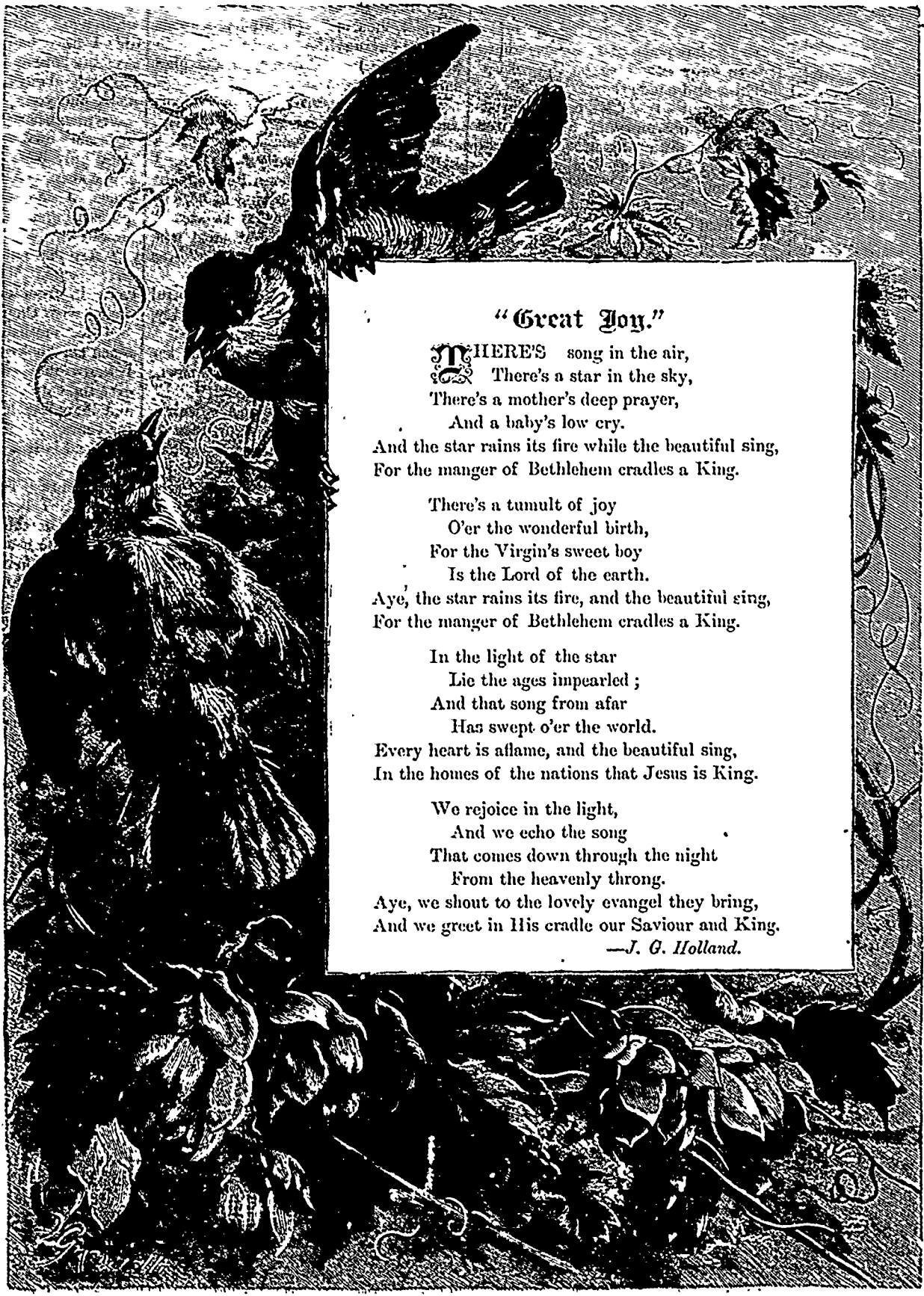
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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.] TORONTO, DECEMBER 20, 1884. [No. 26.

"Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings of Great Joy."



"Great Joy."

THERE'S song in the air,
 There's a star in the sky,
 There's a mother's deep prayer,
 And a baby's low cry.
 And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

 There's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the Virgin's sweet boy
 Is the Lord of the earth.
 Aye, the star rains its fire, and the beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

 In the light of the star
 Lie the ages impearled ;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept o'er the world.
 Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing,
 In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

 We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.
 Aye, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
 And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.
 —J. G. Holland.

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

Christmas Guests.

THE quiet day in Winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crim-
son dye,
As if the blushes of our faded roses
Came back to tint this sombre Christmas
sky.

A lonely crow floats o'er the upland ranges,
A robin carols from the chestnut tree.
The voice that changes not amid our chan-
ges
Sounds faintly from the melancholy sea.

We sit and watch the twilight darken
slowly,
Die the last gleam upon the lone hill-
side,
And in the stillness, growing deep and
holy,
Our Christmas guests come in this even-
tide.

They enter softly, some with baby faces,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely
looked on life;
We bid them welcome to their vacant
places;
They won the peace, and never knew the
strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us
gravely,
Their hands point backward to the paths
they trod:
Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled
bravely,
And died upon the battle-field of God!

And some are here whose patient souls were
riven
By our hard words, and looks of cold dis-
dain;
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong for-
given,
Ye come to visit our dark world again!

But One there is, more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with
light,
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder
Brother,
Come to His birthday feast with us to-
night.

Thou who was born and cradled in a man-
ger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope
and rest;
O best beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christ-
mas guest.

Jessie's Christmas Guest.

"MOTHER, I should like to make this Christmas different from all the others I have spent," said Jessie Winton, as after a day of pleasant holiday shopping, the mother and daughter rested in the bright, warm parlor.

"Different in what way, my dear?" and Mrs. Winton looked fondly at the fair face opposite, just now wearing a sweet thoughtfulness which enhanced its beauty.

"Why, mother," answered Jessie flushing a little, "I've been thinking a good deal about Christmas lately—my holidays in particular, and I don't feel at all satisfied at the review of them. We are supposed to rejoice over the birth of Christ; but it seems to me, that in most of our preparations and rejoicing we almost lose sight of the first Christmas, and now, just as it was then, there's no room in the inn for Jesus."

"Yes, dear, I am afraid that is often too true. But, Jessie, child, I have noticed when we are specially desirous to honour our Lord, He sets some open door before us. As in the beautiful incident in the life of Falk, of Weimar, if He comes not Himself, He sends some one in His place, sometimes, 'the least of these.'"

"I wonder where the door will be in my case," said Jessie. "I have tried to remember our poorer neighbours

and friends in my purchases and home-made articles."

"And that was kind," said her mother. "Be very sure, Jessie, what-
ever is done 'for Jesus' sake' fails not to be owned of Him, whether at this time or any other. And now, here is father, and we will have tea."

The days sped on towards Christmas, and Jessie was busy with all the pleasant stir and preparation incident to the festal season. There were the last graceful touches to put on the daintily embroidered banner for mother; the tasteful arrangement of home decorations, the wreathing of ivy sprays here, the bright holly-berries amidst their shining leaves to be delicately caught up there, all the various pretty duties which fall to the deft fingers and light feet of an only and willing-hearted daughter. Ah, young girls, make much of your place and life at home! It is in your power to be the veriest sunshine and music there.

It was but a few days before Christmas, when, one morning, Mrs. Winton entered the dining-room, where Jessie was busy taking out and wiping the best china.

"Jessie," said her mother, "here's a letter from Charlotte Moore. She is on her way to her brother's, and will spend Christmas with us."

"Cousin Charlotte?" exclaimed Jessie, with a look of dismay. "Oh, dear, I never know how to entertain her. She's too old for my set, and rather youngish for yours. If it had only been Belle Rivers, now, what fun we could have had!"

"Charlotte is not the most enjoyable of guests, I must own," said Mrs. Winton. "Still, Jessie, we must make her welcome, and try to enjoy her visit, too."

"She is so tiresome," said Jessie. "No matter what one does for her, she always wears such a martyr-like air. I had rather be found fault with, than never to have one respond to any advances."

But Jessie and her mother aired and warmed the guest chamber; and Jessie brought up some evergreens to give holiday token, and a few pretty things from her own room to beautify the bureau and mantel. When a bright fire glowed in the grate, and a low easy-chair was drawn invitingly before it, the room was cosy enough to win a smile even from Cousin Charlotte. On the expected day she came—a slight, pale person, who spoke but little, and, as Jessie said, rather difficult to entertain, as she was one of those unfortunate persons who seem to have but little tact or ability to show pleasure. But her eyes brightened when she entered the room prepared for her.

"What a pretty room!" she said. "I am afraid you have taken a great deal of trouble for me."

"Oh, no!" said Jessie, heartily. "We hope you will be comfortable in it."

"I shall be, I know," said Charlotte, "but I am used to a very plain room at brother's."

As Jessie left her cousin and went down stairs, Charlotte's last words echoed in her mind, and along with them came the memory of her own inhospitable thoughts when first hearing of the proposed visit.

"I shall be very kind to her. I think she has what I call a colorless life. I just take pretty rooms for granted, but she really looked surprised to see the fire and the evergreens."

"What shall I give Cousin Charlotte for Christmas, mother?" asked Jessie, when alone with Mrs. Winton.

"That is my own query, dear. She is a peculiar person, and so sensitive, the present we might choose would perhaps be something she did not desire."

"One is safe to give a book or a lady's companion, or even a fan," said Jessie.

"Yes, I think so. I will give her a book and, you can select something else."

But as the time went by, and Jessie was thrown more with the retiring cousin, the younger girl's warm heart and quick perception began to note many things which led her to believe, "Cousin Charlotte had led rather a hard life. Perhaps that has made her so quiet, mother." (Jessie had a sweet way of having little confidences with her mother.) "Anyway I am glad she came."

"This visit may be your open door, daughter," said Mrs. Winton, quietly.

"Oh, mother!" said Jessie, with a little start, "I had nearly forgotten. I should feel ever so solemn if I thought Cousin Charlotte had been sent here as the one to serve in the Lord's stead."

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me" was all her mother's answer.

Mrs. Winton looked a little doubtful as she saw Jessie's purchase of a pretty, tasteful lace fichu for Charlotte.

"I've changed my mind about the lady's-companion," she said in answer to her mother's inquiring look.

And when, on Christmas morning, Mrs. Winton saw the expression of mingled surprise and pleasure on Charlotte's face, as she opened Jessie's present, the mother was assured that her daughter had made no mistake in her selection. There were other and tasteful gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Winton, but Charlotte regarded the laces with almost childish admiration. The first time she was alone with Jessie, she said in her timid way:—

"It was so kind of you to get me this. It is something I have really coveted, when I saw you wear one. I have presents, of course, at Christmas and New Year, but almost always some one gives me a lady's companion (Jessie's heart beat a little faster), or a darning bag, as if they wanted to remind me I am an old maid and must be content to take a useful, not an ornamental, part in life."

"Well, you shall be ornamental here," said Jessie, laughing, but her eyes had gathered moisture at Charlotte's words. "You are to wear that lace to-night, and when I have put some garnet ribbon about your gray silk, you will hardly know yourself."

The parlors at Mr. Winton's were bright and beautiful that night, and Jessie herself a perfect picture as she fitted hither and thither. A lovely bouquet, delicate and costly, had just been sent her, and her face glowed as she bent over the sweet, fragrant gift. Then a sudden thought sprang into her heart, and she ran up to Charlotte's room.

"Would you like a flower for your neck, or hair, Cousin Charlotte?"

"Oh, I love flowers," said Charlotte; "but don't spoil the bouquet by taking any out."

"Yes, I will," said Jessie, "and," hesitatingly, "would you like me to fix your hair? Mother thinks I am a great hair-dresser."

"Thank you, I would like it ever so much. I never could arrange my hair to look any way."

So Jessie, armed with the comb and brush, hair-pins, etc., deftly brushed and braided Charlotte's really handsome hair.

"I think I'll call you Lottie," she said. "It sounds more affectionate than your whole name. Now look in the mirror and see how you like those puffs."

But Charlotte did not look up, and Jessie discovered to her concern that her cousin was crying softly.

"Why," she stammered, "I did not mean to hurt your feelings. I am very sorry"—

"No, no," sobbed Charlotte, "but you are so kind; and—and somebody used to call me Lottie once; its a good while ago. Since father and mother died I have had such a lonely life—teaching here and there, and, oh, Jessie, I didn't always expect to be an old maid, and your calling me that made me remember so much."

Jessie's own eyes were wet, and she could only bend over and gently kiss her cousin. After this bit of confidence, Jessie seemed never weary of ministering to Charlotte's comfort or pleasure.

"Are you not tired of so much going out?" asked Mrs. Winton, as Jessie came in from a long round of sight-seeing with Charlotte.

"No, mother. She enjoyed it so much she spoke scarcely a word; but I know now, when those great gray eyes light up. She says this is the best and happiest holiday she has known for years."

"And is it a different Christmas to you?"

"I think it is," said Jessie softly. "Since I began to think of her as one sent in the Lord Jesus' place, it seem to me it is almost a holy thing to entertain her. Yes, He must have sent her. And, oh, I am so glad she came!"—*Wide Awake.*

Cheer up the Sorrowing.

"GLOBE to God!" the song rang out:
"Peace on the earth below;
Good-will to men!" with joyous shout,
Let the blessings ever flow.

The old, old story is new again,
At the merry Christmastide;
For the Christ-child, born at Bethlehem,
Is Prince of Peace beside.

To make our Christmas the merriest day
Of the swiftly passing year,
Bring some sad heart a joyous ray
Of light for Christmas cheer.

A FALLING off of \$129,000 in the revenue of Montreal for the month of October is attributed by some to the shrinkage of business in spirits and beer occasioned by the Scott Temperance Act. If so, our neighbors may rejoice in the shrinkage. If temperance laws diminish tax receipts from this source, they also diminish, in far greater ratio, the burdens of taxation for which the liquor traffic is directly responsible. In this country the national receipts from liquor may be stated, in round numbers, at \$100,000,000; but the cost to the nation of the liquor traffic cannot be less than \$1,000,000,000. We can well afford to dispense with the receipts if we can only get rid of the iniquitous traffic. This "question of the age" cannot be put off. It demands, and will secure, attention—*Advocate.*

Christmas Bells.

BY J. E. U. NEALIS.

RING, happy Christmas bells! your silver chime
With far-off angel voices keepeth time!

Ring "Peace on Earth"—Rejoice, O hearts that mourn,
Lift up your heads—the Prince of Peace is born!

It is the Children's Feast, who have a right
To have their own sweet way on Christmas night;

And we, the older, must give place to them,
For Christ was once a child in Bethlehem!
Remember, too, the sick—whose weariness
Needeth a kindly hand to soothe and bless;
Ah, who can tell what wistful longing dwells
For them, in the sweet sound of Christmas bells!

And you at whose fireside the "Vacant chair"
Stands, sadly waiting one who once sat there;

The well beloved—without whose dear face
The world is but an empty barren place!

Be comforted—God took them—that is best;
Make some one in their stead a welcome guest—
And God shall bless you with a double share
Of love and joy to fill that vacant chair.

And you whose children gather round your knee
This Christmas-tide—your joy and pride—
Ah! me,

Think of the little ones as fair as they
Who share no tender mother's love to-day!

Know what you give to them to God is given—
And orphans' prayers are always heard in Heaven!

And, perhaps, some "boon" you've asked
For long in vain,
Thro' their sweet guileless prayers you may obtain!

With generous hearts give noble charity
That knows not race, or creed; but royalty
With lavish hands brings warmth and food
and light

To all who need them on this blessed night!

The Youth's Companion.

WE have made arrangements whereby we can furnish this high-class young people's paper to any reader of HOME AND SCHOOL or of the *Methodist Magazine* at the reduced clubbing rate of \$1.50, instead of \$1.75, the full price of the *Youth's Companion*. The cash \$1.50 must in all cases accompany the order. Address the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

This year the *Companion* had articles from Tennyson, Victor Hugo, and other foremost writers in the world. The following is its announcement for 1885:—

The *Companion*, now in its fifty-eighth year of publication, has attained a weekly circulation of 340,000 copies, —a larger circulation than that of any other literary paper in the world. Its steadily increasing success imposes an additional responsibility upon its conductors, to deserve the appreciation and encouragement of American parents.

The purpose of the *Companion* is unchanged. It aims to present each week a newspaper filled with reading of the best quality; pure in tone; instructive, entertaining, correct and elegant in style; furnished by the best and most noted writers and specialists in the world. No expense has been or will be spared to procure the services of any writer who can supply interesting, useful, and helpful matter for its columns.

Above all, it is the aim of the *Companion*, to exclude, both from its reading and its advertising pages, whatever may be of harmful, or even of doubtful influence,—whether it be weakly sentimental on the one hand,

or harmfully sensational on the other. It will use all its abilities, and all of its resources, to make young people manly men, and womanly women.

SERIAL STORIES FOR 1885.

A Serial Story, for Boys, by J. T. Trowbridge; Serial Story, for the Household, by Mrs. Oliphant; Serial Story, for Boys and Girls, by Alphonse Daudet; Mère Suzanne, by Katharine S. Macquoid; A Country Cousin, a Story for Girls, by Edgar Fawcett; Adam Junior, A Serial Story, by George Manville Fenn; Suspected, A Serial Story, by Frank R. Stockton; Serial Story, for Bad Boys, by C. A. Stephens.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

During the year, a remarkable series of articles by eminent writers will be given on the following subjects.—The Study of History, by James Anthony Froude; Popular Science for Young People, by Prof. Tyndall; The Cultivation of the memory, by Prof. Max Müller; The Study of English Literature, by Cannon Farrar; The Chemistry of Sea and Land, by Prof. T. Sterry Hunt; Star Clouds, and other Articles, by Richard A. Proctor; Whirlwinds, Cyclones and Hurricanes, by Prof. W. M. Davis; Precocious Boys in History, by E. P. Whipple; Children a Thousand Years Ago, by E. A. Freeman; School Life in the English Lake Country, by James Payn; Episodes in American Politics, by Edward Stanwood.

PRIZE SHORT STORIES, FOR 1885.

Prizes to the amount of \$3,000 were offered in 1884 by the *Companion*, for eight short Stories. Nearly seven thousand manuscripts were sent in competition, many of them by noted and eminent writers in both Europe and America. They were Stories for Boys and Girls: Humorous Stories; and Stories of Adventure. For eight of these, the prizes have been awarded by eight competent judges. They will be published in the *Companion* during the year 1885. Of the nearly seven thousand Stories that failed to secure prizes, the best—that were adapted to the *Companion*—have been purchased, and many of them will be published during the year.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL AND BIOGRAPHY.

Letters from Spain, by Louise Chandler Moulton; Letters from Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin; Bush Life in Australia, by Archibald Forbes; Recollections of Faraday, by Prof. T. Sterry Hunt; Famous Ambassadors and their triumphs, by James Parton; Romance of a Dukedom, by Mrs. John Lillie; Young Generals in the War—some reminiscences of Gen. Grant, by E. V. Smalley; In the Heart of the Sahara—incidents and adventures, during a tour in the great African desert, by H. H. Weber; Companion Authors at Home—chatty descriptions of the homes of Wm. Black, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Oliphant, and other English contributors to the *Companion*, by Wm. H. Rideing.

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING.

An Exile's Escape from Siberia, by Col. Thos. W. Knox; Among the "Crackers," by Elliott Berd; Stories of Mill Girls, by an old "Operative;" Cranberry Bean Hall, or How we Paid for a Year at the High School, by C. A. Stephens; Those Terrible Parisians, or the Dangerous Classes of Paris, by

Junius H. Browne; Oddities of Japanese Life, from a Japanese point of view, by S. Arakawa.

POETRY.

The poetical writers of the *Companion* will embrace the best talent we can secure, both at home and from abroad. Among the many names of regular contributors, we may mention: Miss Louise Chandler Moulton, Dr. Charles Mackay, J. T. Trowbridge, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, The Earl of Lytton, Paul H. Hayne.

HUMOROUS AND OTHER SKETCHES.

Amusing Tales of Old Kentucky, by Geo. H. Bull't; Under the Kettle—an Amusing Escapade of Gen. Sherman's school days, by James McNally; Clever Things Done by Journalists; or the Strategies of News-gatherers, by Julius Chambers; A Thief in Prison, and descriptions of Explorations in the "Wilds of London," by the celebrated "Amateur Casual," James Greenwood; The Genuine Plantation Negro—a series of Humorous Sketches, with original negro Songs, by Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus;" Three Sharp Fellows—the career of three boys who thought themselves "smart," and who made three "sharp" ventures, and are now living with other "sharp fellows" in three large stone buildings, by Wm. M. Acton.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Some of the most stirring, yet unobjectionable Tales of Adventure that the *Companion* has ever published, will be given during the year 1885, selected from the Stories sent in competition for the \$3,000 Prizes.

The Lighthouse Keeper's Stories, by Justin Carrick; A Famous Coasting Exploit, by Olney Wing; Among the Labrador Eggers, by E. W. Wiswall; Hunters' Tales of the Red River Country, by F. W. Calkins, Tales of Frontier Life, by Men who have been Pioneers; Adventures of Two Young Naturalists, in the forests of Venezuela, by W. T. Hornaday; My Encounter with the Black Flags—an incident of the French Conquest of Tonkin, by Henri Meunier; Adventures Among the Savages of Patagonia, during an Expedition to the great native apple orchards of the Southern Andes, by C. A. Stephens; A Young Immigrant's Journey to Colorado—the pitiable experience of a Scandinavian lad, condensed from his own touching narrative by D. L. Chambers; Up the Trail—an account of stirring scenes and incidents connected with the Cattle Drive from a ranch on "the breaks" of the Llano Estacado, to Hunnewell, Kansas, by Amos M. Nevin; Grandfather's Stories, while Picking over Beans—stories of the first settlement of a "down-east" county; "The Haunted Saw-mill;" "A husking Frolic," and many others, "by one of the Bean-Pickers."

NATURAL HISTORY.

The River Wolf, and Other Papers, by Felix L. Oswald; Tame Cockroaches, and Other Papers, by Rev. J. G. Wood; Fishing on Dry Land, and Other Curiosities of Natural History, by Prof. C. F. Holder; The Wild Horse and His Wanderings—a fascinating Series of Papers, by Arabella B. Buckley; A Bee's Brain; The Songs of Insects; Insects Useful to the Farm; and Other Papers, by Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr.

ETIQUETTE AND HEALTH.

The Misuse of Medicine, by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond; Delusions Concerning Health, by Dr. M. Granville; Etiquette and Health—a series of Papers, by the editor of "Don't," by O. B. Bunce; Picked up by an Ambulance—a graphic account of the treatment of Street Accidents in the New York Hospitals, by Alex. Wainwright.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Children's Page, filled with charming pictures, poems and stories, adapted to very young readers, has always been an attractive feature of the *Companion*. Among the new features will be full-page pictures.

The Editorials will continue to give, without any bias, clear views of current events at home and abroad. Among the constant contributors to this department, are James Parton, Rebecca Harding Davis, George Makepeace Towle, Edward Stanwood, and Louise Chandler Moulton.

The price of the *Companion* is \$1.75 a Year. Clubbed with HOME AND SCHOOL or *Methodist Magazine* it will be given for \$1.50.

PERRY MASON & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Mistletoe Memories.

WHAT the poets say about Christmas: Comprising a collection of poems selected from the writings of H. W. Longfellow, J. G. Whittier, Thomas Hood, Alfred Domett, Chas. Mackay, Sir Walter Scott, Jennie Joy, and others. The whole bound in *Banner* shape, with silk fringe and tassels. The cover of this novelty is printed in nearly eighteen colours, and ranks exceedingly high as an art production. The original designs were awarded a prize of fifty pounds sterling, in a competitive exhibit of 6,000 entries. For presentation, this art souvenir combines the advantages of both art and literature. Size, 4 by 6½ inches. Price, with envelope and protector, only 35 cents. Sold by all stationers.

A TORONTONIAN writes thanking the Rev. W. Crafts and *The Independent* for the laudatory article about the observance of the Sabbath in Canadian cities. He submits, however, that Mr. Crafts' article does not possess its proper force, inasmuch as the writer fails to bring out the fact that proper observance of the Sabbath can exist along with a state of commercial activity and growth, such as only a few of the most progressive American cities can equal. Mr. Crafts gave the population of Toronto as 56,000. That was the population of the city in 1871. At the present time it is a little over 120,000—showing a rate of growth exceeded only by that of Denver and Minneapolis during the same period. That a city can make this phenomenal growth, and still absolutely drop business one day out of every seven is, perhaps, as solid an argument in behalf of Sabbath-keeping as could easily be brought forward.

Is it too much to ask the fathers of America to at least set enough value on their boys to yearly drop into the ballot-box a slip of paper that shall voice the sentiment of this journal—"We demand the prohibition of the liquor traffic."

The Incarnation.

Lo! while earth in silence lies,
Ope the portals of the skies!
Down the dusk of midnight glooms
Sounds the sweep of myriad plumes!
Shining cohorts, mailed in gold,
Round that cave their vigil hold.

Rank on rank, the squadrons bright
Wheel and form in squares of light.
Grandest names on Heaven's old guard
Here to-night keep watch and ward.
Lean o'er diamond blades, on wings;
Reverent wait the King of kings.

Tenderest hands that heaven can lend
By yon glimmering lamp attend;
Watch the anxious hours away
Round that couch of fragrant hay;
Swift with ministries divine,
Sister spirits wait the sign.

Hark! a new-born infant's cry
Thrills through hell and earth, and sky!
Hark, the clash of shield and sword!
Hark, the shout that hails him Lord!
Lord of earth, and hell and heaven!
God in man, to mortals given!

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Under 6 copies, 65c.; over 6 copies	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	0 96
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 5c. a dozen; 50c. per hundred.	
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to, semi-monthly, single copies	0 80
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 80
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Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month.	5 68
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 20, 1884.

Christmas in Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS! What a season of rejoicing for all Christians! How our hearts beat with gladness as this festival approaches! Children's eyes sparkle with delight and their cheeks are all aglow at the very mention of the name. Older people, if not so buoyant, feel happier, and their hearts, if saddened and hardened by the world's trials, soften toward each other, and a feeling of love toward all humanity is kindled in their bosoms, when they think of the Saviour, who eighteen hundred years ago so humbled Himself for the love He bore toward mankind as to be born in a stable at Bethlehem, which place is second only in interest to Jerusalem and the site of the wondrous event which has given a name to our era. Neither history nor tradition loses sight of so memorable a village; therefore, we will in imagination go to Bethlehem, and see how Christmas is commemorated there.

Bethlehem is an almost entirely Christian city, of five thousand inhabitants; the Christians belonging to the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Armenian churches, there being only about one hundred Protestants, who are converts from these churches.

As we near the town on Christmas Eve, we see the road from Jerusalem covered with hundreds of pedestrians and equestrians, in almost every im-

aginable costume. They are all bound for Bethlehem, as it is customary for great numbers of the residents of Jerusalem to spend Christmas there, where the Roman Catholic Church celebrates it with great ceremony. The Catholics go there as worshippers, while hundreds of others go as spectators of the ceremonies. There being no vehicles of any kind between these two places, people have to get there on horses, donkeys, mules, and camels. Numbers of people walk to Bethlehem, as it is only a distance of five miles. The road has a gay appearance on this December afternoon. The sun is shining brightly and the fields are covered with white and pink crocuses. There go a party of European ladies and gentlemen, mounted on horseback, a company of desert Arabs, with large yellow silk handkerchiefs on their heads, tied on with black rope, made of camel's hair; some Russian pilgrims, wearing sheepskin dresses, with the wool inside, then a large party of native men and women, astride donkeys without stirrups, the saddles having a large cushion in front, to keep the rider from flying over his head when the donkey stumbles, which is often, and some stubborn ones insist on trotting near the edge of a deep ravine, down a hill, or on slippery rocks. Every donkey has bells round his neck, and a boy to run behind and poke him with a sharp stick or long needle.

Our notice is attracted to a long line of horsemen. It is the Catholic Patriarch of Jerusalem, going to Bethlehem. This procession is very grand, large, and variegated. A squad of mounted policemen, gaily attired, head the procession; cavalry; Bedouins, on their Arabian steeds. The Patriarch is clothed in his purple cloak and cardinal hat. A great company of bishops, priests, and deacons, are in his suite. Then follow a company of Jews, Turks, and infidels, and heretics, dressed in fantastical Oriental garments, mounted on any beast they could get hold of.



CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY—BETHLEHEM.

Hundreds of Bethlehemites, of both sexes, all in gay holiday attire, now meet this procession, and salute them with songs, firing of guns, and drumming on drums, kettles, tin pans, and some bearing cymbals. They head the procession, dancing, singing, clapping their hands, till they enter Bethlehem; and as they pass through the streets they are greeted with cheers and with songs from the windows and house-tops by the women and children.

The Catholic, Greek, and Armenian buildings, and the great complex Church of the Nativity, are all under one roof, which covers the supposed stable-cave where Christ was cradled. They all form a great fortress-like edifice, in front of which is a large open square, which is now crowded with people, almost of every description—Turkish soldiers, ranged in lines; and a procession of monks and priests, gorgeously attired—who meet the Jerusalem Patriarch with a great deal of ceremony. Then all the guests enter the convent, where they are hospitably received.

The Church of the Nativity was built by the Empress Helena in the

fourth century. In the fifth it was destroyed; then it was restored in A.D. 630 by the Emperor Justinian. It is a magnificent building, of very fine architecture. The grand service begins about midnight, the church being brilliantly lighted up. Flowers and evergreens adorn the altar, pillars, and chandeliers. The crowd is so great that there is barely standing room, and most of the people are holding lighted wax tapers, some of which are adorned with sprays of flowers. It is a marvel that they don't set fire to each other. The service is conducted by the Patriarch, during which several monks appear, dressed in furs, representing the shepherds. A song of glorious harmony suddenly bursts out from the hundreds of priests assembled, singing the "Gloria in Excelsis." It is caught up by the worshippers, and the scene for a few moments is thrilling. The service continues till about three o'clock, when it is ended by a procession, in which the Patriarch carries a waven image, representing Christ, in a golden crib. It is taken down into the grotto or manger, which is hewn in the natural rock, and supposed to be the manger in



SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

(See Article by Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., on page 207.)



CHRISTMAS CAROLS—(See next Page).

which Jesus was laid. Gold and silver lamps are suspended all over the place, which are kept burning night and day. Another ceremony is performed in the grotto, laying the image into the manger, and the Patriarch wraps it up in swaddling clothes, after which a hymn of praise is sung, and the bells burst out in merry chimes, announcing the glad tidings. The monks and priests embrace each other, saying: "Peace, peace." The crowd of worshippers do the same, and amid songs of rejoicings, the chimes of bells, and the rich psalms of the organ, the people disperse, wishing each other a Merry Christmas.

The Protestant community also have a service in their chapel, which is decorated with evergreens; and it is delightful to attend divine worship there on Christmas Day, and join with the congregation of natives in commemorating the birth of Christ in the very town He was born in, and sing with them the anthem, "Hark! the herald angels sing," which is sung in Arabic. A great many people spend part of the morning at the Fields of the Shepherds, and the "Glory to God in

the Highest" is sung by the assembled worshippers. It is a charming picture, being a very tranquil and grassy spot, which aids the imagination to see the scene told in Luke ii.

But it is not only one Christmas that is commemorated in Bethlehem. For twelve days later the Greek Church commemorates it, with perhaps even more pomp than the Catholic; then two weeks later the Armenians observe theirs; so that Bethlehem is crowded with thousands of spectators and worshippers for about four weeks.—*L. M. Finkelstein.*

Christmas Books.

Zigzag Journeys in Acadia and New France. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illuminated cover, fully illustrated. Boston, Estes & Laureat; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.75.

This book is of especial interest to Canadian boys and girls. It describes the holiday trip of a club of young folk through Nova Scotia and Acadia—"the Land of Evangeline"—New Bruns-

wick, Quebec, and part of Ontario. In this narrative is recounted, in a very interesting and instructive manner, the chief events of the romantic history of Canada as a colony of France, and the long struggle of the French and English for the possession of half a continent. The book is copiously illustrated, and records the stirring stories and romantic legends of the Indian wars, the exile of the Acadians, the fall of Louisburg, the siege and conquest of Quebec, etc. The quaint old castle of Champlain at Quebec graces the cover, and that city, as well as Montreal, is well illustrated with pen and pencil. Toronto is described as "one of the surprises of the century—a city that has leaped into life and is outstripping the older cities in enterprise, progress, and industrial skill." The province of Ontario is described as *Canada Felix*—Happy Canada—larger than Great Britain, France or Italy; and only 12,000 square miles less than the whole German Empire. We heartily commend the looks of the "Zigzag" series as combining in a remarkable degree both amusement and instruction. They

are much to be preferred to the silly stories with which many young folk fill their silly heads.

Three Vassar Girls in South America. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illuminated boards, \$1.50. Boston: Estes & Laureat, Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

This is another book of similar character to the last, but the "club" consists of three Vassar students of artistic and literary tastes. It gives a deal of information of the land of the Amazon and the Andes, its strange plants and animals and people, the manufacture of india rubber etc., together with sundry adventures by field and flood and mountain pass. An ingenious story runs like a silver thread through what we may call the beads of solid fact of the book. The numerous illustrations are exceedingly good—better on the whole than those of the *Zigzags* in Canada.

Stories in Rhyme, for Holiday Time. By E. J. Wheeler. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a clever and attractive volume of stories in verse, fitly illustrated by Walter Saterlee. The stories are lively and full of fun and amusement, and may afford entertainment to children of larger growth. Edgar Fawcett, the American poet and novelist, says: "What specially strikes me about the 'Stories in Rhyme' is their quaint originality of fancy and the spontaneous, easy way in which this has been treated. I find much admirable versification in the volume, and particularly in the dramatic stanzas of *Eglantine*."

The Star of Bethlehem.

BRIGHTLY beams the Christmas star,
Though so near, 'tis yet so far.
Fairest in the diadem
Of the Babe of Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS brings Jesus before the imagination, not as the miracle worker and unequalled teacher, but as the Babe of Bethlehem. To those who have buried the loved innocents whose brief presence made a sweet music in their hearts, Christ the infant is a conception very full of comfort. It assures them that their departed little ones find not protection only, but a tender sympathy also, from Him who was once a babe like them. Under His care they share love sweeter than ever swelled even a mother's bosom. "He," says Clement, "is the King of speechless children, the once 'mighty Child' who there feeds redeemed infants on 'heavenly milk,' or guides them into 'heavenly meadows,' where,

"Like spotless lambs they feed."

OBJECTS worthy the regard of Sunday-schools at this holiday season are never wanting. We commend the practice of one school, which for years has been a blessing to the community in which it is located. Every Christmas the poor and needy are quietly and appropriately remembered. Occasionally poor crippled children are cared for; a load of wood to one family; a basket of potatoes to another; a barrel of flower to still another. This makes Christmas a time of delight not less to those who receive than to those who give. We suggest whether the example is not worth following everywhere.

Round the Christmas Tree.

THE Christmas bells in many a clime
Their joyous peals are ringing,
And sweet in cot and palace chime
The children's voices singing.
While here we see the Christmas tree
Its gay fruit bending o'er us,
We, glad of heart, will bear our part,
And swell the Christmas chorus.

We bless His birth, who came to earth,
And in His cradle lowly
Received the earliest Christmas gifts—
The Christ child pure and holy.
To Him we raise our thanks and praise
For all the love He bore us;
For His dear sake our hymn we make,
And swell the Christmas chorus.

And while we strip these laden boughs
Of all their shining treasure,
He from above will look with love
Upon our harmless pleasure.
He gave our friends, our joys He sends,
He ever watches o'er us;
And bends His ear our song to hear,
And loves our Christmas chorus.

Still, "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
The heavenly choirs are singing;
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Through earth to-night is ringing.
We catch the strain with sweet refrain
That angels sung before us,
And join the song with heart and tongue,
The holy Christmas chorus.

Christmas Carols.

BY THE EDITOR.

MANY of the simple carols which from time immemorial have been sung by waits or minstrels upon Christmas Eve are of remarkable beauty, and often have a quaint and infantile expression that gives them a wonderful charm. The practice of carol-singing appears to be as ancient as the celebration of Christmas itself; and in the early ages of the Church the bishops were accustomed to celebrate the nativity of Christ by singing appropriate hymns and carols among their clergy. In course of time these Christmas hymns became very much secularized, and at length were nothing more than festal chants, sung during the revelries of the Christmas season. Some that for centuries have floated out upon the air of night, mingling with the sweet jangling of the Christmas bells, still linger in quiet villages in England, France, and Germany. One of the most common is the following, the air of which is very sweet and simple.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's thrall
When we were gone astray.
O tidings! glad tidings!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day.

In Bethlehem in Jewry
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this happy morn?
And this disguise the mother wise
Did nothing take in scorn.
O tidings! glad tidings, etc.

Still more ancient was this, whose tender pathos made it a universal favourite. The archaic forms of some of the words will be noticed:

As Joseph was a-walking he heard an angel sing.
"This night shall be born our Heavenly King;
He neither shall in housen be born, nor yet in hall:
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen that usen babies all;

He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger that rocks upon the mold."

Then be ye glad, good people, this night of all the year;
And light ye up your candles, His star it draweth near.
And all in earth and Heaven our Christmas carol sing,
"Good-will and peace and glory," and all the bells shall ring!

The following has a quaint ballad refrain that lingers pleasantly upon the ear like the ringing of Christmas chimes. The tender mystical element which it contains heightens its charm:

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three?
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Our Saviour Christ and his Ladie,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven 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.

The ecclesiastical origin of many of these carols is seen in the Latin refrain or Latin title which many of them possess. In the *Adeste Fideles*, indeed, we may have an example of the ancient hymns which for hundreds of years were chanted by the procession of serge-clad monks in vaulted minster or cloistered abbey:

Cantit nunc, Io, chorus angelorum,
Cantit nunc aula celestium;
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

The following, which bears the title, "*Christo Paremus Canticam*," is still a popular favourite:

When Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlem in that fair citie,
Angels sang their with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria.

One of the oldest carols is that familiar one entitled, *Christus Natus Est*. It ran something in this manner:

The cock croweth, *Christus Natus est!*
Christ is born!
The raven asked, *Quando?* (When?)
The crow replied, *Hoc nocte.* (This night!)
The ox cryeth out, *Ubi? Ubi?* (Where? Where?)
The sheep bleateth forth, Bethlehem!
Bethlehem!
A voice from Heaven sounded, saying,
Gloria in excelsis. (Glory be on high!)

One of the most beautiful and musical of all is the following monkish rhyme, whose Latin refrain rings like the clash of the Christmas chimes:

Christ was born on Christmas day;
Wreath the holly, twine the bay:
Christus natus hodie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be.
Ex Maria Virgine:
The God, the Lord, by all adored forever,
Drawing to this holy morn,
Very early, very early, Christ was born.

Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hodie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Christian men rejoice and sing,
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine:
The God, the Lord, by all adored forever,
Drawing to this holy morn,
Very early, very early, Christ was born.

In the following we catch an echo of the hilarious college mirth of Oxford's cloistered halls. The sturdy servitor bears on a huge silver charger the gallant boar's head with a gleaming lemon in its mouth, and lustily chants this stirring stave, while the company, from youngest gownsman to oldest don, joins in the chorus:

The Boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merrie.
Quot estes in convivio
CHORUS: *Caput apri defero,*
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is,
In regimen si atris.
CHO.—*Caput apri, etc.*

But the sweetest of all were the carols that were sung by the clear, glad voices of children from door to door in village streets, or at the hospitable hall or mansion:

Here we come a-wassailing,
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you,
And to your wassail, too;
And God bless you and send you
A happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door;
But we are neighbours' children,
Whom you have seen before.
God bless the master of this house,
God bless the mistress, too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

As rude and simple as a nursery rhyme, the old song has still power to stir a thousand tender recollections in our hearts. There is a light and tripping movement in the following that sets itself to music like a lark's song:

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity:
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good, Christian men;
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas comes again.
Carol, carol.

Carol, carol, Christians;
Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets
With a grateful vow:
Ye must have sweet incense,
Myrrh and finest gold,
At our Christmas altar
Humbly to unfold.
Carol, carol.

The allusions to the visit of the Magi, or the three Gipsy kings, as they are generally called, are very frequent in these ancient carols. They have traditionally received the names of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. Sometimes as fortune-tellers they predict in mysterious wise the strange blending of shame and glory in the life of our Lord. In Longfellow's beautiful version of the "*Legenda Aurea*," Gaspar is made to say:

Hail to Thee, Jesus of Nazareth!
Though in a manger Thou drawest Thy breath,
Thou art greater than Life or Death,
Greater than Joy or Woe!
This cross upon the line of life
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
And through a region with dangers rife
In darkness Thou shalt go!

MELCHIOR.

Hail to Thee, King of Jerusalem!
Though humbly born in Bethlehem,
A sceptre and a diadem
Await Thy brow and hand!
The sceptre is a simple reed,

The crown will make Thy temples bleed,
And in Thy hour of greatest need
Abashed Thy subjects stand.

BALTHASAR.

Hail to Thee, Christ of Christendom!
O'er the earth Thy kingdom come!
From distant Trebizond to Rome
Thy name shall men adore.
Peace and goodwill among all men!
The Virgin has returned again—
Returned the old Saturnian reign,
The Golden Age once more!

The reference in the last four lines is to the pagan prophecies of the Orphic Singers, and to the mysterious oracles of the Sibyls, which foretold the divine birth of the Healer of the world's woes and of the restored reign of Saturn, father of the gods.

The gifts of the Wise Men are often represented as emblematic of the divinity, the regal office, and the humanity of Christ. *Aurum, thus, myrrham, regique, Deo, hominique, dona ferunt*, says Juvenecus: "They offered Him incense as their God, gold as their King, and myrrh as a man subject to suffering and death." This idea is beautifully expressed in the following musical carol:

O'er the hill and o'er the vale
Come three kings together,
Caring naught for snow and hail,
Cold and wind and weather;
Now on Persia's sandy plains,
Now where Tigris swells with rains,
They their camels tether.
Now through Syrian lands they go,
Now through Moab faint and slow,
Now e'er Edom's heather.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale
Each king bears a present;
Wise men go a child to hail,
Monarchs seek a peasant;
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines and beams incessant:
Therefore onward, onward still,
Ford the stream and climb the hill—
Love makes all things pleasant.

He is God ye go to meet,
Therefore incense proffer;
He is King ye go to greet,
Gold is in your coffer.
Also Man: He comes to share
Every woe that man can bear—
Tempter, railer, scoffer—
Therefore now against the day
In the grave where Him they lay,
Myrrh ye also offer.

Through the ages this ministry of song has not been unavailing. In an era of violence and rapine and blood, rude hearts would be touched to tenderness, and the exercise of gentle charities be cultivated by its hallowed influence. His nature must be callous indeed who does not feel some generous impulses, or is not touched to gentleness and ruth, at the anniversary which commemorates God's great gift to all mankind. The echo of the angels' song upon the plains of Bethlehem is now more clearly heard than at any other time. Even the poorest realize something of the common brotherhood of man, and let us hope, something also of the common fatherhood of God.

A FRIEND, visiting in a minister's family where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath department, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that she would like to be a minister. "Why," inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply, "So I could holler on Sunday."

Christmas in Heaven.

BY MRS. LATTINORE.

Waiting in your shadow'd chamber,
Weak with weeping, pale with pain,
Longing for the dainty footsteps,
Ne'er to cross your floor again,—
Let your poor heart take some comfort,
Friend of mine, so sad, and sweet,
In the thought that earthly aching
Ne'er can reach those little feet.

How the winter winds are busy,
Pillag snow-drifts high, and higher;
Entering through the broken windows,
Hovels where there is no fire!
Little children, cold and hungry,
Vainly seek some sheltering arm;
But the one you love so dearly,
Evermore is safe from harm.

You had thought to make her Christmas
Glad, with innocent surprise,
But your gift its charms unfolded
To the glance of other eyes;
For the Saviour far more loving,
From His white throne bending down,
Lifted up your spotless darling
To her bright, immortal crown.

Now she roams the flowery meadow,
Wanders by the living stream,
Revels in eternal beauties,
Far beyond a mortal's dream;
Storms of winter cannot chill her
In that sunny summer clime,
And with Christ, the Christmas-maker,
She has Christmas all the time.

—From "Christmas Chimes."

A Visit to Bethlehem.

BY V. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

We reached Bethlehem in a pelting rain, and rode through its steep and slippery and narrow streets to the Khan. Here we had ample time for rest and thought; and as the Bethlehemites gathered around us, how there came rushing upon us the sacred associations of the place. The handsome faces of the women, who are remarkable for personal beauty, reminded us of Ruth, the beautiful Moabitess, and the well-developed forms and noble bearing of the young men called to mind her illustrious great-grandson, whose ancestral home was here. Above all, it was here that the Redeemer of men displayed His amazing condescension, when He stooped to become a little child. What a household word is this little Judean village, perched upon its limestone hills! Wherever the name of Jesus is loved and revered, Bethlehem is known. At every Christmas-tide, over the mountains and valleys of Europe, along the shores of Asia and Africa, over America, with its cities and its prairies, and amid the isles of the sea, the hearts of the old men and matrons, young men and maidens, and little lisping children, turn to Bethlehem and to the manger cradle. Here the King of Glory is found as a babe, born amid the lowing of herds and the radiant minstrelsy of angels. In this little "City of David" a Light shone and a King was born whom we call Lord and Christ. We descend at once a flight of marble steps, and traversing a subterranean corridor enter the rock-hewn Chapel of the Nativity. The sacred grotto is thirty-eight feet long, eleven wide, and two deep. Near the eastern end is a white marble slab, with a little silver star in the centre, encircled with a Latin inscription, which no one can read without emotion, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*" "Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born." Do we, then, actually stand on the very spot where the Virgin "brought forth her first-born son, and called His name Jesus?" There is scarcely a doubt about it. The grotto has all the appearance of

having been the cellar of a house or khan, which, according to a custom still prevalent in the East, serves as a stable. In the very beginning of the second century Justin Martyr, who was born in Nablus, describes our Lord's birthplace as "a cave at Bethlehem." And Jerome, a native of Syria, took up his abode in a cave adjacent, that he might be near his Lord's birthplace. Here occurred the most stupendous event that ever took place in the universe. How near one is brought to the Child Jesus while standing on the spot revered as His birthplace! And at this very cradle of the Christian faith, I pledged my heart and life anew to Him who passed by the thrones and palaces of kings and descended to the lowest level of humanity, that He might lift me and all the race to the radiant glory which He had with the Father before the world was. This spot, like the place of the Holy Sepulchre, is disfigured by trumpery lamps, golden censers, gorgeous embroidery, and tawdry ornaments. And yet one has to confess that amid the changes and revolutions of time the only way to have preserved these sacred rites was to have marked them as they have been marked by the convent and basilica and other cherished tokens in accord with the sentiments of the age. To preserve them just as they were from age to age, amid war and tumult and fierce fanaticism would have been impossible, so let us be thankful for the traditions and the mementoes, while we regret the superstitious and artificial distractions that surround the actual scenes.

We traversed the long, winding subterranean gallery until we reached a rough-hewn rocky chamber, about twenty feet square, and nine feet high, where the great theologian and preacher, St. Jerome, for thirty years fasted, and prayed, and studied, and made his famous translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Latin Vulgate, and then, from that rocky cell, the "Father of the Church,"—as the Latins denominate him,—passed to his reward.

Reascending the marble staircase, we entered the Church of the Nativity proper, the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. It is built in the form of the cross, is of imposing size, but the nave is desolate and cheerless, with its forty-four pillars, in seven rows, taken, according to tradition, from the porches of the Temple at Jerusalem. Originally, the roof and rafters were of cedar, from the forests of Libanus; but at present they are of oak, the gift of Edward IV., of England, and they look dreary enough. This noble edifice, one of the grandest of basilicas, is sadly in need of repair, as well as the old and half-decayed convent which crowns the hill, and looks, in its extent and buttressed strength, like a mediæval castle.

Toward the south and east is the fertile plain where Ruth gleaned, and where the glory of the Lord shone around the shepherds, as they watched their flocks on that night when the Redeemer of the world was born.

A ride of fifteen minutes brought us to the Shepherd's Field. It is a kind of plain, and we thought of that night, surpassing all other nights in wonders, when, as the peaceful shepherds watched their flocks, that lie on the hill-sides, like snow drifts in the late spring, suddenly the whole heavens are filled with splendour; a supernatural glory burst upon them; the light grows

brighter, until it takes the form of a shining angel, and there is wafted to them the celestial strain:—"Fear not, for, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Then as if the heavens must burst to disclose their joyous minstrelsy, a mighty orchestra—"a multitude of the heavenly host"—pour forth the *Gloria in Excelsis*, until through all the balconies of light, and the galleries of the skies, from rock to rock, from throne to throne, from the hills of earth to the galaxies of pearl, from cherubim to seraphim, is heard the rapturous refrain, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

REVIEW AND CHRISTMAS LESSON.

LESSON XIII.

Luke 2. 8-14; Luke 1. 32, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

If ye continue in my Word, then are ye my disciples indeed.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 3. 5-15. Th. Prov. 1. 1-16.
T. 1 Kings 8. 22-36. F. Prov. 8. 1-17.
W. 1 Kings 10. 1-13. Sa. Eccles. 2. 1-13.
Su. Eccles. 12. 1-14.

REVIEW.

I. SOLOMON'S LIFE.—When and where was Solomon born? The names of his father and mother? How old was he when he became king? How long did he reign? In what year did he die? At what age?

II. SOLOMON'S KINGDOM.—Trace out on the map the extent of Solomon's kingdom. (1 Kings 4. 20, 21; 2 Chron. 9. 26.) What promise was fulfilled in this? (Gen. 15. 18-21.) What do you know of its riches? its commerce? its power? its organization?

III. CHIEF EVENTS.—What was the great event of his reign? Give some description of the Temple. For what did Solomon pray in reference to it? Describe the visit of the Queen of Sheba. Give some account of his buildings and other works. What was the general character of Solomon's reign?

IV. CHARACTER OF SOLOMON.—What vision appeared to Solomon? On what occasion? What great choice did he make? What promise was made to him? Did he perform his part? What led to his fall? In what ways was Solomon's wisdom shown? What traits of character do you see in him?

V. HIS WRITINGS.—What books of the Bible did Solomon write? What else did he write? What is the character of the Proverbs? What can you tell about the Book of Ecclesiastes?

VI. LESSONS FROM HIS LIFE.—What lesson do you learn from his early life? What from his later life? What does he give as the result of his experience? Did Solomon become all he might have become? How might he have been greater than he was?

CHRISTMAS LESSON.

(See Scripture Lesson.)

I. THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR.—At what time was Jesus born? In what place? Who and what was he before this? (John 1. 1, 2; Heb. 1. 2-10.) Why did he come to this world? How is he a more perfect Saviour for being born as we are?

II. HIS BIRTH ANNOUNCED (vs. 8-11).—To whom was Christ's birth first announced? Where were they? Why first to shepherds? Why did the appearance of angels make them afraid? (Ps. 139. 1-4.) Why is Christ's coming "good tidings"? How is it for "all people"? What three names are given to Christ here? (v. 11.) Can he be our Saviour unless he is our Lord?

III. HEAVEN REJOICING IN HIS BIRTH (vs. 13, 14).—Who announced Christ's birth? Why do the angels rejoice in it? At what

fruit of it do they also rejoice? (Luke 15. 10.) What does this teach us of the danger of sin and the value of salvation? How does Christ's coming show forth God's highest glory?

IV. WHAT CHRIST'S BIRTH BRINGS TO MAN (v. 14).—What does Christ bring to earth? How peace with God? How peace among men? How peace in the soul? Is this salvation? How does he prove God's good-will to men? (John 3. 16.) Can God's love be proved beyond a doubt without Christ? How does it bring faith and comfort in affliction? (Rom. 8. 32.)

V. THE REIGN OF CHRIST (vs. 32, 33).—What was Jesus called? Over what kingdom should he reign? How may he be said to sit on the throne of his father David? Who are meant by "the house of Jacob"? (Gal. 3. 14, 29.) How long will his kingdom last? Is it still increasing?

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A.D. 57.] LESSON I. [Jan. 4.

PAUL AT TROAS.

Acts 20. 2-16. Commit to mem. vs. 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.—Acts 20. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Christian Sabbath should be a day of rest, of worship, and of instruction in righteousness.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 19. 1-22. Th. 1 Cor. 16. 1-14.
T. Acts 19. 23-41. F. Rom. 15. 23-33.
W. Acts 20. 1-16. Sa. 1 Kings 17. 1-24.
Su. Luke 8. 41-56.

THE ACTS.—(1) The author was Luke; (2) it was written at Rome; (3) somewhere between A.D. 63 and 66.

TIME.—This lesson extends over nearly a year, from May 28, A.D. 57 to April 23, A.D. 58.

PAUL.—Aged 55, 56, was on his third great missionary journey. Three years of that journey were already past.

PAUL'S JOURNEYS IN THIS LESSON:—
May 28, A.D. 57, Pentecost (or just before), Paul leaves Ephesus for Troas, and thence to Macedonia.

April to November in Macedonia.
Nov. 27, Paul arrives in Corinth, Greece.
Nov. 27, A.D. 57 to Feb 27, A.D. 58, at Corinth.

Feb. 27 to March 27, journey from Corinth to Philippi.

March 28 or 27, arrives at Philippi.
Sunday, March 28, to Monday April 3, the feast of the Passover.

Tuesday, April 4, Paul leaves Philippi for Troas.

Saturday, April 8, arrives at Troas.
Sunday, April 9, to Monday, April 17, remains at Troas.

Sunday, April 16, preaches at Troas.
Monday, April 17, leaves Troas and reaches Mitylene.

Tuesday, April 18, to Chios.

Wednesday, April 19, to Samos.

Thursday, April 20, to Miletus.

Sunday, April 23, Paul preaches at Miletus.

RULERS.—Nero, emperor of Rome. Felix, governor of Judea. Agrippa II., king of Trachonitis, etc., east of the Sea of Galilee. Josephus at Jerusalem, 19 years old.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—We now return to the history of the early church as recorded in the Acts, where we left in Less. 7 of the Second Quarter of 1884. Paul had been three years on his third great missionary journey. He had left Ephesus on account of the mob, and went northward to Troas, whence he sails across the gulf to Philippi, and spends several months in Macedonia, where we find him at the beginning of this lesson.

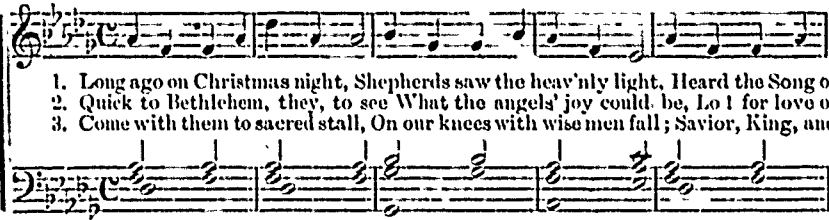
HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—2. *Those parts*—Macedonia. Greece.—In Corinth; its chief city. 3. *Three months*—Nov., A.D. 57 to Feb., A.D. 58. *To Syria*—To Jerusalem (1 Cor. 16. 3). *To return through Macedonia*—i.e., He would go to Jerusalem by land instead of water. 4. *There accompanied him*—As delegates from the churches, (1 Cor. 16. 1-3) to aid Paul to carry the money collected for the poor. They would act as a guard of the funds, and relieve Paul of both suspicion and care. 5. *These going before*—From Philippi. *Us*—This

CHRISTMAS CAROL

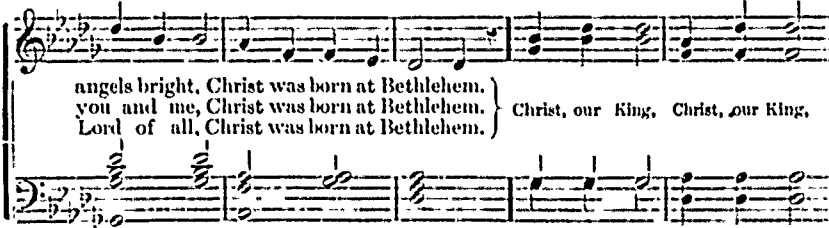
CHRIST AT BETHLEHEM.

W. S. B. M. SOLO.

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CHORUS.



shows that Luke, the author of the Acts, had joined Paul. 6. Sailed away from Philippi—They had all gone as far as Philippi in Macedonia, by land; now they sailed over the gulf of Troas, while Paul made a longer stay at Philippi. *Unleavened bread*—The Passover. *The first day of the week*—Our Sunday. This shows the beginning of the change of the sacred day from Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, to the Christian Sabbath. *To break bread*—To eat the Lord's supper: 9. *Eutychus . . . in a deep sleep*—(1) He was young; (2) it was late; (3) some of the subjects may have been beyond his comprehension; (4) he may have been weary; (5) the room was doubtless warm and close. *Loft*—Story. *His life is in him*—Paul then knew his prayer was answered, and that he would live. 16. *Sail by Ephesus*—Sail past without stopping. *Day of Pentecost*—The great feast 50 days after the Passover. This year it was on May 16. He had three weeks for his journey.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Acts.—Paul's journeys in this lesson.—Paul's companions.—The first day of the week.—Sabbath worship.—Eutychus.—Excuses for his fall.—Have we the same?

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote the Acts? When and where? How do you know where, in this lesson, the author joined Paul? On which of his great missionary journeys was Paul at this time? How long since he began it? Give the date of this lesson. How old a man was Paul? Trace on the map the travels of Paul, so far as recorded in this lesson. In what city had he spent three years? Why did he leave?

SUBJECT: A SUNDAY WITH AN APOSTLE.

I. ON THE WAY (vs. 2-6).—To what country did Paul go on leaving Ephesus? How long did he remain in Macedonia? What two things did he do there? (v. 2; Rom. 15; 25, 26.) Why did the people need his exhortation? To what did he exhort them? How should the exhortations of others be received by us?

Where did he go next? How long was his abode there? What was one of his labours in these countries? (Rom. 15, 25, 26; 1 Cor. 16, 1-5.) Why did he leave Greece? What change was made in his plans? Where is Syria?

Who were Paul's companions? What part of the journey did they go alone? Why was this? What change do you notice in v. 5, in the use of the personal pronouns? What is the signification of this change? Through what feast did Paul remain at Philippi?

II. A SUNDAY AT TROAS (vs. 7, 8, 11).—To what place did Paul go from Philippi? How long was he at Troas? What day did Paul keep as the Sabbath? How did he keep the Sabbath? What ways of keeping the Sabbath do you find in these verses? Meaning of "to break bread?" How long was Paul preaching? Was this service like our preaching, or more conversational? How ought we to keep the Sabbath? What things should we do in worshipping God?

III. A SLEEPY HEARER (vs. 9, 10, 12).—Where was the service held? Who sat in one of the windows? How came he to be so sleepy? Was he wholly to blame? Are we excusable for sleeping in church? What befell Eutychus? Was he really dead? What did Paul mean by "his life is in him?" How was he brought to life? How was this comforting to the disciples? What lesson may we learn from Eutychus.

IV. THE DEPARTURE (vs. 13-16).—Trace out Paul's journey from Assos to Miletus. Why was Paul in haste? How far did he go "afoot" and alone? Why? Do we all need seasons of solitary meditation?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We should help each other by kindly exhortations.
2. It is blessed to be the companions of the great and good.
3. The Sabbath should be kept faithfully, by attending church, by worship, by religious instruction, and by communion of saints.
4. Do not sleep in church.
5. Do not harshly condemn those who do.
6. Spiritual death is often the result of inattention to religious instruction.
7. The Gospel is to bring the spiritually dead to life.
8. All need seasons of retirement and meditation.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

1. Where do we find Paul as we begin the lessons of this year? **ANS.** In the last year of his third great missionary journey. 2! In what countries? **ANS.** In Greece, Macedonia, and Asia Minor. 3. What did he do at Troas? **ANS.** He preached to the disciples on the Sabbath. 4. What occurred during the service? **ANS.** A sleepy hearer fell from the thimble, and was killed. 5. What followed? **ANS.** He was restored to life through Paul. 9. Then where did Paul go? **ANS.** He sailed southward to Miletus.

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