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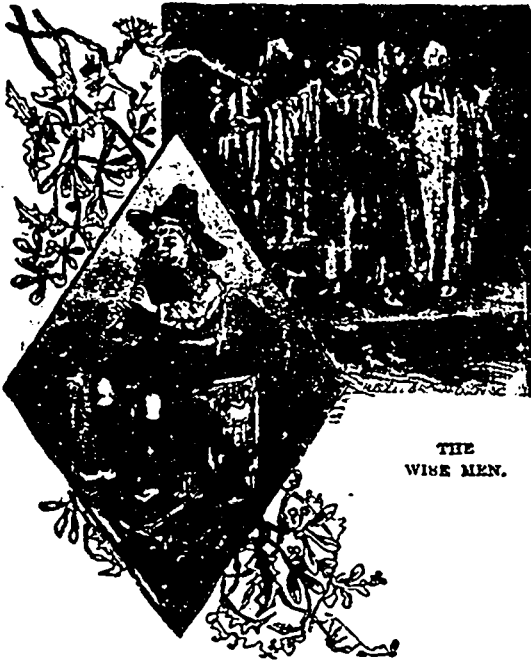
PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

[No. 51.]



THE WISE MEN.

ITALIAN HERD-BOY PLAYING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

The Nativity.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When Life Eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.

All nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the newborn Light.

Light to the shepherds I and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold;
Light to the wise men from afar
Bearing their gifts of gold.

Light to a realm of sin and grief;
Light to a world in all its needs;
The light of life, a new belief
Rising o'er fallen creeds.

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
The leading to a martyr's throne;
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to his own.

There still it shines, while far abroad,
The Christmas choirs sing now, as then,
"Glory, glory unto our God!
Peace and good will to men!"

WINTER SPORTS.

BY UNCLE MINOR.

Boys and girls who live in warm countries, where they seldom if ever see snow deep enough to rake up a snowball or go coasting, cannot appreciate this picture.

In the centre of this picture we see the father and uncle joining with the children in the old play of "blind man's buff." It may be too cold outside, so they are enjoying themselves in the house. You see the boys playing snowball. They are divided into companies, and are having a coal battle. This is exciting sport. If the snow is very dry, it is difficult to make hard balls, but if it is a little wet or damp, hard balls can be made, and I have known of a few instances where boys have been very badly hurt by throwing them very hard. My brothers, sisters and myself use to have a big time rolling and tumbling each other in the snow.

Another fine sport is that of coasting—that is, we would have sleds or long planks,

pull them up steep hills and ride down. I do not like this sport, for it is too much work to get the sled to the top of the hill; besides, it is rather dangerous riding, dashing down a steep hill, with no brakes, over the frozen ice and snow, you are liable to be thrown against trees, stumps, or rocks.

Another fine sport for young people in very cold countries is that of skating. This is not attended with much danger if the ice is sufficiently strong and thick, but I have gotten many a hard fall by trying to keep up with the boys and girls. But those who live in cold countries, where they have ice and snow, must not think they have all the fun or have any advantage of young people who live in warmer countries. It makes but little difference where we live—the joyous, happy nature of a young life will find its outburst of fun and pleasure sometimes. And this is one of the things that most old people do not understand. I always say to the old people, Let the children alone; let them laugh, halloo, romp, and have fun as much as they please. Now is their time. Just so they are not rude, impolite, wicked, or cruel, it is all right.

But there are certain rules that young people should be governed by in all their games, no matter where they are, or what they are playing. Never take advantage of your playmates. Always be truthful and honest. In short, act the part of a Christian in all your deportment. Remember the *Golden Rule*, and you will be sure to enjoy life, and grow up to be good and useful Christian men and women.



Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

MOTHER NOT TO BLAME.

PROBABLY there are none of our readers, or, at any rate, very few, who would willfully lay the blame for their own misdeeds on the shoulders of others. There are many who are doing it unconsciously, however. You ask in what way? Let this story answer.

Tom had been an idle, careless, mischievous boy in school. He did not mean to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about as he liked, without seeming to care how much he troubled others by it. He had a seatmate who was quite unlike him, in that he was careful to try to please his teachers.

One day Tom heard his teachers talking about some of their pupils, he heard his own name mentioned, and then that of his seatmate.

"Jamie must have a lovely mother, I think," said one, "for he is always so polite and agreeable, and tries very hard to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother is a good woman," said another, "but I don't see how it is that she has such an unpleasant boy. I think he has a generous nature, and when he likes can show fine manners. It is my opinion that his mother tries to teach him just what is right, but he will not listen to her teaching. You know there is many a boy that will go on to destruction in spite of his mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him miserable for the rest of the day, and he had not put conscience away so far but that he could hear a whisper. "You've been a mean boy, and they've laid it all to your mother."

Now he did really love his mother, and could not bear the thought that he had brought discredit upon her. After school that night he lingered until the others had passed out, and, going up to his teacher, he said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how to say it:



WINTER SPORTS.

"I want to tell you—that—that mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it to my mother— all my bad ways, I mean."

Tom did not think at all of what a brave thing he was doing; he thought of nothing but the wish to defend his mother. But the teacher took his hand, and said:

"Your mother must be a brave lady, Tom, for her boy has shown himself brave to night, and I shall expect good things from him in the future."

Tom thought: "I wonder if the other boys know that all they do, good or bad, is laid to their mothers?"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"If God so loved us we ought also to love one another."—1 JOHN IV. 11.

SOMEONE selected these words as the motto of a Christmas card. I do not think there could be a better motto for such Christmas messages.

BETHLEHEM.

Think of this picture. It is a night scene. Stars are shining over silent fields, where shepherds are watching their flocks. But a light floods the sky, and makes all stars seem dim. It is "the glory of the Lord," and a band of shining angels singing their great carol: "Peace on earth, and glory in the highest." The shepherds listen with wonder, and learn that there is a baby not far away sleeping in a strange cradle. He is lying in a manger, where some travellers are spending the night at an inn. The "inn" (or caravanserai as it is more properly called) is so full of people that no other bed can be found for the little saviour than a manger. That baby has been sent from heaven to grow up and be the Saviour of the world. This is the glad tidings of great joy which the angels have come to tell those shepherds in the fields.

Such is the picture, and beneath it are these words: "God so loved us."

CALVARY.

A second picture is that of a place outside the walls of a town—a place where criminals are executed. A great crowd of people is assembled. Three crosses stand up above the people's heads, and three men are fixed on them to die. Soldiers stand armed near the crosses. On the middle cross hangs a man whom they are putting to death, not for any wrong he has done, but because people have mistaken him and hated him. But he who hangs on the cross has no hatred in his heart. He does not think of his own suffering, but has his face turned to the robber crucified by his side, and is praying to lead him away to God's paradise of joy. The face

that looks with such pity on the dying robber is the same face that looked up out of that manger-cradle. It is the Saviour sent from God, and he is dying to save the world.

The same words are under this picture, the words,— "God so loved us."

Christmas is kept in order that Christ's love may be brought to our minds. We celebrate Christ's birthday at Christmas, and we try to think of what his birth means. It means "God so loved us."

ST. JOHN, THE APOSTLE OF LOVE.

"If God so loved us we ought also to love one another." We all believe that. We know who it was that said these words; it was the Apostle St. John. When he said or wrote the words of my text he was a very old man—about a hundred years old. During his boyhood, John lived by the sea, for his father was a fisherman, and as soon as he was old enough John went out in his father's boat to fish. God stirred this young fisher-boy's heart, and made him wish to be a good man. While still in his teens John went to hear a preacher in the open air, on the banks of the river Jordan, and there for the first time he saw Jesus. John went home with Jesus, and stayed with him all that day. He felt so much what Jesus had said to him, and loved Jesus so deeply, that he became his disciple. Whenever he could do so John spent his time with Jesus. He went almost everywhere with Jesus, and stood near the cross on that day when Jesus was crucified. Afterwards, when Jesus had gone to heaven, John gave his life to working for Jesus, and telling people of the love of God, and of how people ought to love one another.

ST. JOHN AND THE ROBBER.

As life went on John fell in with a young man who led a very wicked life, and prevailed upon him to be a Christian. But the young man's wicked companions tempted him into sin again, and led him from bad to worse. He became so bad and desperate that he joined a band of robbers—outlawed men who lived in lonely places among the hills, and plundered travellers who fell into their hands. St. John for some time lost sight of this young scapegrace, but one day he discovered what sort of life he was living, and went to try and find him. It was like the good shepherd who went to save the lost sheep. The robbers met with St. John, and were going to take him prisoner, and demand ransom for his life. But the young man was with them, and as soon as he saw who their prisoner was he trembled and wept, and begged St. John to lead him out of that way of life, back again to Jesus the Saviour. In this way the good old man carried out his own saying into practice, "we ought to love one another."

ST. JOHN'S LITTLE SERMON.

At a time later than this, St. John was so feeble with age that he could not walk far or stand long or preach as he did in earlier days. But he used to go on Sunday mornings to where the Christians met together, and being very weak and old, he just stood up and said: "Little children, love one another." Sometimes that was all he said, and he said it often. At last the Christians said to him: "You are always telling us that!" "Yes," he replied, "that is the best thing to tell you. If you love one another your own hearts will teach you the rest. Love will lead you to do all that you ought to do."

It was because of things like these in St. John's life that they called him the Apostle of love. God's love as he had seen it in Jesus Christ so filled his heart that he was always thinking of how much men ought to love one another.

WAYS OF LOVING.

We can be unselfish, and let other people enjoy themselves. We can be thoughtful, and do kind things to those who are younger than we are. We can be gentle with old people, and talk to them, and read to them, and serve them in many ways. We can give things to people who are not so well off as we are. We can be patient, and keep our temper, and say cheerful and kind words. We can forgive those who have done us wrong. We can pray for people, and ask God to bless them and make them good. We can be sweet

and helpful to those about us, as Jesus was and as John was. This is how we ought to love one another. Christmas is a time of kind wishes and pleasant words—a time of giving and forgiving, and generosity has come to be associated with Christmas, because Christmas is the festival of God's love—the time when we celebrate God's gift for our salvation, and God's willingness to forgive us. My text explains Christmas generosity: "If God so loved us we ought also to love one another."

THE JOY OF LOVING.

St. John says we "ought." We do some things because we "ought," though the things are not pleasant to us. We don't do them for joy's sake, but for right's sake. But love gives us joy. It is more blessed to give than to receive. Good, kind hearts have more pleasure in doing kind things than in receiving kindness. It is, because, somehow, when our hearts open to do what is kind, God comes into our hearts and makes a heaven there. God dwells in every one who loves and helps his fellows; for God is love.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

"We ought to love one another!" We do love one another. And we shall love one another more than ever, if we love the Son of God, who came into this world one Christmas morning long ago. Sometimes we do not think much about what Christmas bells and Christmas carols mean. They have a pleasant sound, and tell us of a pleasant time. But their meaning goes back to the song of those angels in the fields of Bethlehem. The music of Christmas is the music of thankfulness that God so loved us, and if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

CHRISTMAS is coming again. What is it bringing the boys and girls, and what is its message to all little hearts? Such toys it brings, such holly-wreaths, such picture-books, such pretty cards and tempting cakes! The shops are bright and beautiful, 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 present for our loved ones, and the pudding and the mince-meat must be made—"Christmas is coming!" the children cry. "Oh, welcome, Christmas, happy, joyous Christmas! you bring us holidays, and, oh, so many lovely things."

Little children, what will you bring to Jesus at this joyful time? Give him your young hearts brimful of love. Be gentle and kind at home, and try to bring some joy to boys and girls who may be ill, or poor, or sad. Then your Christmas will be happy indeed.

ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

THE Christmas festival seems to have been devoted first to the children in Germany and the north of Europe. Here Saint Nicholas, a real personage, lived, a bishop in the time of Constantine, who died December 8th, 343. For a time Christmas was here celebrated on the sixth of December, but later it was transferred to December 25th, to correspond with the practice in other countries. The patron saint of the children known as Saint Nicholas in Germany, is called Santa Claus in Holland, and Samiklaus in Switzerland. In Austria he is known as Niklo, or Niglo, and is followed by a masked servant called Krampus; while in the Tyrol he goes by the name of Holy Man, and is accompanied by Saint Lucy, who is the girls' saint, and also sometimes by a little girl representing the Christ-child. At times Saint Nicholas is accompanied by a masked bugbear who carries rods for the naughty children, instead of presents.

The Christmas-tree in its present relation to this festival originated with the Germans, but a similar ceremony was much earlier connected with pagan rites of a different kind. In the Protestant district of Germany, Christmas is celebrated with the Christmas-trees very much as with us, by the giving of presents between parents and children, and brothers and sisters, and a

more sober scene often follows the Christmas tree, when the mother takes occasion to tell the daughters, while the father tells the sons, what has been the most praiseworthy in their conduct, and also those things of the opposite nature.

A Christmas Carol.

The night was calm and still
Beneath the starry sky,
Where on the grassy hill
The watchful shepherds lie;
When suddenly a-voice
Angelic hosts appear,
And voices sweet resound;
O'er all the region round:
"Glory to God on high,
On earth good-will to men."

In wonder and amazement
Before the vision bright,
The shepherds, a-stare, gaze
Upon the glorious sight,
As hovering a-voice
The angel hosts appear,
And voices sweet resound
O'er all the region round:
"Glory to God on high,
On earth good-will to men."

And still what time the year
The holy season brings,
The same glad notes we hear
The same sweet message rings
As when o'er Bethlehem
The angels came to them,
And still the words resound
The whole wide world around.
"Glory to God on high,
On earth good-will to men."



JUNIOR LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

December 29, 1895.

COMING AND GOING.—Matthew 28, 34, 41, 46.

The first verse in this lesson refers to Peter and is a prediction as to how he would act in the near future. Poor Peter! with all his boldness, he was very unstable at this time and did not seem to be conscious of his own weakness. The next verse is an important admonition which is applicable to every period of life. The Saviour knew what was soon to occur and he cautioned them as to the proper course of action to pursue, and though he was in circumstances of the greatest possible perplexity, behold how kindly he speaks to them, "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." Just like the blessed Saviour, he never "breaks the bruised reed nor does he quench the smoking flax." No matter how small may be the portion of good he will not despise it. He knoweth our frame, he remembers that we are dust.

The caution which this passage contains are equally applicable to Christians in all ages. Too many are like Peter, lacking stability. Let it, however, for his honour be stated, that he repented and returned to Christ, and never denied him again. If like Peter we have denied the Master, have we like him been ashamed of our conduct, and repented of the error of our ways?

In the world we will have tribulation, there will be seasons which will try us, just as metals are tried in the fire, hence we have need to watch and pray. Watch against the least approach to evil, and pray for grace to sustain us in the day of adversity. The faithful sentinel never ceases to watch. So Christians must ever watch against evil thoughts, evil suggestions and the approaches to evil. Daily must they keep on the watch-tower, lest they fall into temptation and a snare. They must live daily in the habit of prayer. Thus they will gain strength until they arrive at their Father's house in heaven.

Christmas Gifts.

Long, long ago, in manger low,
Was cradled from above
A little child in whom God smiled,
A Christmas gift of love.
When hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong,
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
And peace began her song.

Carolous Santa Claus.

From north to south speeds Santa Claus his Christmas-crowded sleigh;
He does a wonderful amount of labour in a day;
And so, although a pity, yet perhaps it is not queer
That in his haste he chanced to make some sad mistake last year.

It happened in a town that lies not distant from our sight—
The name I will not mention here, but if I would I might—
He passed expectant, loving friends by tens and may be scores,
And left the pre-ents meant for them at other people's doors.

The gloves he brought for Ella Green he gave to Emma Gray,
Who had a dozen pairs from Paris just received that day;
The doll that nickerly Lulu Lane had hoped for half a year
He gave, with seven finer ones, to small Estella Greer.

The drawing tools requested by ambitious Tommy West
He sent to idle Philip Jay, who let them rust in rest;
The mull intended Hester's needle-roughened hands to hold
He gave the banker's daughter—and the sewing-girl caught cold.

None needed more than Mrs. Brown a china dinner set;
And Santa brought it for her, but it went to Mrs. Brett;
And Mrs. Brett, who boarded, crowded it upon a shelf,
Where no one else could see, and where she seldom looked herself.

Penialar Vane, the bachelor, society's delight,
Had three fine silk umbrellas, with handles gleaming bright;
And only one was meant for him, one for the Willow Moore,
And one for Jones, the coughing clerk at Irwin's trimming store.

Now you may think the riddle was not very hard to read,
That those who had too much would soon discover who had need;
But though indeed remarkable, 'tis true which here I say:
Not one of them has dreamed of the mistake until to-day.

It is too late to mend it; dolls broken, gloves out-worn,
A pretty muff moth-eaten, umbrellas lost and torn;
But don't you think that all of us had better watch this year,
Lest Santa Claus should err again, and make the blunder here?

—Youth's Companion.

GLADYS' NEW YEAR.

GLADYS had had such a delightful Christmas. Her cousins, Sadie and Bessie Cook and Roy and Ralph Dunkirk, had spent a whole week at her house. And what fun they had had! Such a Christmas tree! Such games! Such romping and coasting and sleigh-riding! But it was all over. The cousins were gone, and here it was actually New Year's Day, and "so stupid!" so Gladys said fretfully.

Her father was absent from town, and her mother had gone to "receive" with Mrs. Hastings.

"I think it's mean to be left here alone on New Year's Day," thought Gladys, complainingly. But she was not alone. Biddy, the good-natured cook, was in the kitchen, and Katie, the second girl, was dusting the parlour. Beside a there was Aunt Hattie, who was Gladys' papa's aunt, whom he dearly loved. Just now Aunt Hattie was busily sewing in the bay window. She had come to spend a month.

"Aunt Hattie," asked Gladys, as from loneliness she sought the gentle old lady, "isn't this a stupid day?"

Aunt Hattie looked up and smiled. "I don't find it so, my dear," she said gently.

"I do," emphatically, "I think it is just as stupid as it can be. I don't know what to do with myself."

"Don't you ever work for any one, my dear?"

"I! Work for any one?" Gladys exclaimed in surprise. "What do you mean, Aunt Hattie?"

"I mean, my dear girl, do you ever do any

kindly service to the sick and the poor and the suffering?"

"Mamma does; she gives my out-grown clothes away."

"But what do you do for the least of these?"

Gladys' face flushed.

"I haven't done anything," she said, "do you think I ought to?"

"Certainly, I do. Supposing you begin now, my dear?"

"What can I do, Aunt Hattie?"

Aunt Hattie laid aside her work. "Come, Gladys," said she cheerily, "let us take a walk, it will do us good this clear, bright morning, and perhaps you will think of something you can do before we return."

So they put on their wraps and went out. "Where are you going, Aunt Hattie?" asked Gladys, as her aunt soon turned aside from the beautiful street into a side one that led into a narrow alley, where some old houses stood packed closely together.

"I am going to see an old acquaintance," was the reply, "she is the daughter of an old neighbour of mine."

"She don't live in a very nice place, does she? I shouldn't think you'd like to go and see her in such a looking street."

"But I do," Aunt Hattie said quickly, "I like to go very much, because my visits seem to do her good. This will be my third visit."

There was a long, narrow old house, three stories high, that Aunt Hattie and Gladys were approaching. The front door stood wide open, and to Gladys' surprise Aunt Hattie walked right in and started up the stairs.

"Come, my dear," she said, "we must climb three flights."

After a weary climb they stopped at the door of a room in the low third story.

A little girl opened the door. A smile broke over her sweet face as she saw Aunt Hattie.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed, "and so'll mamma be."

She invited them politely to come in, and gave them chairs. Then she went into a small inner room and Gladys heard her talk in a low voice to some one. Presently she came back and took Aunt Hattie into the inner room, returning a moment later and sitting down beside Gladys.

"Is your mamma sick?" questioned the latter.

"Oh, yes, mamma's been sick for a good while; but she's getting better, and I'm so glad."

"So am I," said Gladys, her sympathy flowing out toward the little girl, with tears in her blue eyes.

"I was afraid once that mamma would die," she said in a low voice, "and I prayed and prayed to God to leave her here with me, her own little girl who loves her so. And now she is better and I'll take such good care of her that pretty soon she'll be well."

"I hope so, too," said Gladys warmly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "But how can you take care of her?"

"Oh, I can take care of her. Mamma says I'm a born nurse."

"Well, you are a dear, good little girl, anyway," said Gladys, brushing away the tears that fell down her cheeks. Then suddenly changing the subject, she asked:

"What did you get for Christmas?" The little face clouded for a moment.

"I didn't get anything," she replied. "I prayed for a doll; I want'd one so much, but I guess God thought I wouldn't have time to play with dolls with dear mamma sick, and it's all right. Susie Turner got one. Susie lives on the first floor, and she's going to let me hold hers sometimes. Isn't Susie good?"

"Very good," answered Gladys, but her voice sounded strange.

After the call was over and Aunt Hattie and Gladys were out in the street, the latter said:

"Let's go right home, Aunt Hattie, I have so much to do."

"So much to do?" Aunt Hattie said with a smile.

"Oh, yes," and Gladys smiled too. "I didn't know there was so much to do."

"Thank God that you have found out, dear Gladys!"

You can infer that the hours flew by for the rest of the day. How busy and happy Gladys was! How many places she searched. What a goodly pile of things she was heaping up for the "least of these!"

At six o'clock her mother returned and raised her hands in amazement at finding Gladys sewing away busily beside Aunt Hattie.

"Oh, I'm mending this dress— Aunt Hattie showed me how. And, oh, mamma dear, you don't care, do you? if I give away the lovely new doll I got at Christmas? There's

the dearest little girl over there where Aunt Hattie and I went, and she did not have any Christmas."

Before the happy New Year's Day closed a great basket full of things went out of Gladys' home to the "least of these."

That night when Gladys knelt to say her evening prayer, her heart was in her voice.

"Oh, I thank thee, dear Lord," she said "for this happy New Year's Day, and help me to remember every day of my life that I've got two hands to work for thee."—*Lutheran Era gelist.*

DELL'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

ONE afternoon, about six weeks before Christmas, Dell Robins, aged eight, after long and patient work at her mamma's desk, finished a piece of writing which she viewed with great satisfaction. Here it is:

- a fu Things I Want for Crismus.
- a Trysickel
- Doll's
- Dolls kerrige
- Lo'ts of Kandy
- Gold Bracelet
- Musick Box
- Plush rocking Chair
- Many Books
- a nuslede
- not any Thimbel
- WasH Tubs
- Gwas fan
- a nu lady Jane
- Tin Horne like Boys Have
- allorTer KatTykisem

Yours Truly,
ADeline SHelmire RoBBins.

She took this down to the dining-room and got Pauline to fasten it with pins to the wall. She wondered a little why the girl laughed so much while doing it, but then Pauline was always giggling.

"There, now," said Dell, with a sigh of satisfaction, "they'll all see that when they come to dinner."

They all did see it, and there was a general roar of laughter. The boys teased Dell unmercifully.

"Is the plush rocking-chair for you or your doll?" inquired Harry. "Might make a diff'rence in the price, you know."

"What is 'a nuslede,' anyway?" demanded Rob, and was immensely surprised, or pretended to be, when he discovered it meant a new sled.

"Better ask for a spelling-book," he said. "Lady Jane, I presume, belongs to the doll family," said Morris; "but why a 'nu' one? What's the matter with the old Lady Jane?"

"Why, don't you remember," demanded Dell, indignant at such forgetfulness, "that last summer, at the farm, Lady Jane fell in the creek and the moully cow stopped on her?"

The tears came to Dell's eyes as she thus recalled the sad fate of her favourite, and out of respect to her feelings the others tried to subdue their laughter.

"Why did you put 'not any thimble'?" asked her mamma.

"Because I'm always afraid somebody will give me one."

"What is your objection to a thimble?" her papa inquired.

"Why, as long as I have no thimble I can't learn to sew, and I don't wish to learn."

"Then your list is not perfectly correct," said Morris; "you've got something down that you do not desire. But tell me, are you really and truly longing for a Shorter Catechism?"

"No," replied the candid child, "that's another thing I don't want, but papa wishes me to study it, and I thought it would please him to have me ask for it, and make him feel more like giving me other things."

Papa shook his head gravely, but his eyes twinkled.

They got a great deal of amusement out of Dell's list. At each meal time the fun and laughter would break forth again. Dell was a good-humoured little thing and laughed with the others.

"I don't care how much you laugh, so that I got the things," she declared.

But it came to pass in a few days, the list began to be altered. Dell heard so much about hard times, and the sufferings of poor people who could not get work, and consequently could not buy food and coal, nor pay house rent.

It seemed to her that everybody who called had something to say about these "unemployed."

Mr. Clinton, a friend of her father, was chairman of a ward relief committee, and he had many stories to tell of destitution, and how necessary it was to collect money to help these poor people. Some of the stories of crying children, and sick women, and desolate men, were very pitiful.

They made Dell feel very badly. She pondered over the matter deeply, and one day she asked,—

"Mamma, if you and papa didn't give me so many and such expensive things for Christmas, would you have more money to give to these people who are out of work?"

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Robbins, smilingly. "I suppose if we all saved our luxuries, we should have more to give to people who need necessities."

"That settles it," said Dell. She marched to the dining-room, stood up on a chair, and drew a pencil mark—a very crooked one—through the gold bracelet and the gauze fan.

"That's to save money for the unemployed," she remarked.

"But I don't believe you would have gotten these things anyhow," teased Harry.

"They're not suitable for a child like you." Upon reflection Dell agreed with him, so, with a sigh or two, she scratched out the music-box and rocking-chair.

Then one day Miss Stevens came, full of a concert which she was helping to arrange to make money for the poor, and she had many thrilling stories to relate. When she departed, Dell went down and marked out "dolls kerrige," and wrote "a fu" instead of "many" before books.

Then she heard some things at school that caused her, after a great struggle, to mark off the "trysickel."

"There'll soon be nothing left but the Shorter 'Kattykisem,'" chuckled Harry.

Another pathetic story moved Dell to write "sum" instead of "lots of" before "Kandy," and for a "fu" books, to substitute, "Allies in WunDorland."

She thought that was the last alteration she should have to make in her list, but when a man came into Sunday-school one day and told about a woman who had been arrested for stealing a loaf of bread for her starving children, Dell came rushing home, half crying, and was about to strike out "a nuslede," but Rob shouted, "Let that stand, that's all right!" and Morris said, "I'll just mention in time that I'm good for a 'nu Lady Jane.'"

Smiling through her tears, Dell turned around, exclaiming,—

"Oh! shall I have them, and the poor people have bread too?"

"Yes, yes," said her father, lifting her from the chair; "you shall have some of the gifts you have asked for, though not 'trysickels' and gold bracelets, I think; I trust you will have a very happy Christmas, all the happier because you have been thinking of the needs of others, and are willing to give up for their benefit what you so much desire yourself. I think you have set an example of self-denial to the rest of us."

"I move we have a plainer Christmas than usual all around," cried Harry.

"plainer dinner and everything."

This was a good deal for Harry to propose, for he dearly loved good things to eat.—*Presbyterian.*

THE NEWSBOYS' PRAYER.

ONE evening a large number of "seekers" were kneeling at the altar. I came to a little newsboy. He was deeply convicted, and cried as though his heart would break. I said, "Well, my boy, have you asked God to save you?"

"No, sir!"

"Do you not wish to be saved?"

"O yes, sir!"

"Then why don't you pray?"

"I never prayed; I don't know how." I hesitated a moment, and then said, "Toll God just what you want him to do for you."

The little fellow was silent for a few moments, and then he burst out with intense earnestness, "O Lord, help a fellow, won't you?"

The answer came quick and clear. In a few moments the tear-stained face was wreathed in smiles.



"ON EARTH PEACE!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy kingdom come.—Matt. 6. 10.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Triumph of Gideon.—Judg. 7. 13-23.
- Th. Ruth's choice.—Ruth 1. 14-22.
- W. The birth of Christ.—Luke 2. 8-20.
- Th. The child Samuel.—1 Sam. 3. 1-13.
- *. Saul chosen king.—1 Sam. 10. 17-27.
- 7. David anointed king.—1 Sam. 16. 1-13.
- St. David and Goliath.—1 Sam. 17. 38-51.

L. TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

[Commit these Titles and Golden Texts to memory. Review them frequently. Associate each with the number of the lesson so thoroughly that the mention of either at once call to mind the others. Be thorough in all this work.]

- 1. The T. of the J. The Lord raised up—
- 2. The T. of G. Though a host
- 3. R. C. Thy people shall be—
- 4. The C. S. Speak, Lord; for—
- 5. S. the J. Hitherto hath the—
- 6. S. C. K. The Lord reigneth:—
- 7. S. R. To obey is better—
- 8. The W. of L. Woe unto them that—
- 9. D. A. K. Man looketh on—
- 10. D. and G. The battle is the—
- 11. D. and J. There is a friend—
- 12. The B. of C. Behold, I bring you—

II. LESSON PICTURES.

[Recall the main facts of each lesson from the suggestions heregiven— from memory, if possible, without referring to the lesson text; then confirm and correct memory by carefully reading the lesson.]

1. Rebuke and penitence; a dead leader; "served Baalim;" "Raised up judges"
2. A dream; lamps; pitchers, and trumpets; confusion and victory.
3. Three women; two women; all the city moved.
4. A sleeping child; a blind old man; a voice in the night.
5. A penitent people; a praying leader; a defeated host; a stone of remembrance.
6. A divine choice; a stalwart king; a popular greeting; "no presents."
7. Disobedience; mourning; rebuke; rejection.
8. A drunken feast; a dishonoured people; a divine woe.
9. A sacrifice; seven sons rejected; a ruddy youth chosen; an anointing.
10. A shepherd's staff and sling; a

boastful giant; a quick assault; defeat and death.

11. A javelin; a bow and arrows; a covenant renewed.
12. Affrighted shepherds; a singing host; a sleeping babe; "good tidings."

III. TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Let each pupil write a list containing one duty taught or illustrated by each lesson. This should be done independently. Read, think, write; then do the duty which is taught by each lesson.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

A SIXPENNY NAIL.

The slightest deflection from duty, or God's truth, is extremely dangerous. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass.

The ship's officer, deceived by the distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals.

A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder.—*Sunday Afternoon.*



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