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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

No. 51.

## Bethlehem Town. BY EUGENE FIELD.

As I was going to Bethlehem town,  
Upon the earth I cast me down  
All underneath a little tree,  
That whispered in this wise to me.  
"Oh, I shall stand on Calvary,  
And bear what burthen saveth thee!"

As up I fared to Bethlehem town,  
I met a shepherd coming  
down,  
And thus he quoth. "A  
wondrous sight  
Hath spread before mine eyes  
this night—  
An angel host most fair to  
see  
That sung full sweetly of a  
tree  
That shall uplift on Calvary  
What burthen saveth you  
and me!"

And as I got to Bethlehem  
town,  
Lo! wise men came that  
bore a crown—  
"Is there," cried I, "in  
Bethlehem,  
A King shall wear this dia-  
dem?"  
"Good sooth," they quoth,  
"and it is he  
That shall be lifted on the  
tree,  
And freely shed on Calvary  
What blood redeemeth us  
and thee!"

Unto a child in Bethlehem  
town,  
The wise men came and  
brought the crown;  
And while the infant smiling  
slept,  
Upon their knees they fell  
and wept;  
But, with her babe upon her  
knee,  
Naught recked that mother  
of the tree  
That should uplift on Calvary  
What burthen saveth all and  
me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem  
town,  
And think on him that wears  
the crown—  
I may not kiss his feet  
again,  
Nor worship him as I did  
then;  
My King hath died upon the  
tree,  
And hath outpoured on Cal-  
vary  
What blood redeemeth you  
and me.

## "IN THE CITY OF DAVID—A SAVIOUR."

Bethlehem is still a little  
city, and it does not take  
many people to crowd it;  
but, besides being the birth-  
place of Israel's great war-  
rior-king, David, it is the  
birthplace of Jesus. There-  
fore we all love it and with  
Phillips Brooks we often  
think:

"Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
When the star of the Lord shone  
bright!  
To have sheltered the holy wanderers  
On that blessed Christmas night!  
To have kissed the tender, way-worn  
feet  
Of the mother undefiled,  
And with reverent wonder and deep  
delight,  
To have tended the Holy Child!

Mr. Edwin S. Wallace gives the follow-  
ing description of the City of David.  
Bethlehem to-day has barely eight  
thousand inhabitants, and in appearance  
is not attractive. The streets are too  
narrow for vehicles; in fact, there is but  
one street in the town wide enough for

carriages, and it is so very narrow that  
they cannot pass each other in it. The  
streets were made for foot travellers,  
donkeys, and camels.

Bethlehem is about five miles south of  
Jerusalem. Leaving the larger city by  
the Jaffa gate, we take a carriage and  
ride rapidly over the fine road built but  
a few years ago. The carriage we are  
in and those we meet are wretched  
affairs. The horses are to be pitted,

it is larger, and better built. Now, as  
then, the houses are of stone, and, as  
cities and customs change but little in  
the East, we may safely infer that  
modern Bethlehem houses are much like  
those of nineteen hundred years ago.  
Perhaps some of the old buildings that  
were in existence so long ago may still  
be standing. Of course the great Church  
of the Nativity was not then erected, nor  
were any of the large religious buildings

a different purpose. Augustus Caesar,  
the master of the then known world, had  
issued an imperial decree ordering a  
general registration of all his subjects.  
This was for the purpose of revising or  
completing the tax lists. According to  
Roman law, people were to register in  
their own cities—that is, the city in which  
they lived, or to which their village or  
town was attached. According to Jew-  
ish methods, they would register by  
tribes, families, and the  
houses of their fathers.  
Joseph and Mary were Jews,  
and conformed to the Jewish  
custom. It was well known  
that he and Mary were of  
the tribe of Judah and family  
of David, and that Bethle-  
hem was their ancestral  
home. Accordingly, they  
left the Nazareth home, in  
the territory of Zebulun,  
and came to David's "own  
city," in the territory of  
Judah.

They came down the east  
bank of the Jordan, crossed  
the river at Jericho, and  
came up among the Judean  
hills and valleys till they  
reached Bethlehem. It was  
a long journey, and a wear-  
some one; and, on arriving,  
a place of rest was the first  
thing sought. Evidently  
they had no friends living in  
the place; or, if they had,  
their houses were already  
filled. In the khan, or inn,  
there was no room; so there  
was nothing to do but to oc-  
cupy a part of the space pro-  
vided for cattle. It was not  
an unusual thing to do, and  
in fact they were about as  
comfortable there as in any  
khan. At a khan one may  
procure a cup of coffee and  
a place to lie down on the  
floor; but each guest provides  
his own bed and covering.  
This was all Joseph and  
Mary could have obtained in  
the inn, had there been room  
for them. And here in  
Bethlehem, in a stable, or a  
cave used for stabling ani-  
mals, Jesus was born, and  
Mary "wrapped him in swad-  
dling clothes and laid him in  
a manger."

## WHERE TEN DINE ON ONE EGG.

"One, two, three, four,  
five, six, seven, eight, nine,  
ten," said the farmer, count-  
ing the guests he had invited  
to spend the day at the farm  
with him. "I guess that one  
egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to  
this expression, he went to  
the paddock and soon brought  
to the house an ostrich's  
egg.

For a whole hour it was  
boiled, and though there were  
then some misgivings as to  
its being cooked, the shell  
was broken for curiosity  
could no longer be restrained,  
and a three-pound hard-  
boiled egg was laid upon the plate. But,  
apart from its size, there was nothing  
peculiar about it. The white had the  
bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and  
the yoke was one of the usual colour. It  
tasted as it looked—like a duck's egg,  
and had no flavour peculiar to itself.

As it takes twenty-eight hens' eggs to  
equal in weight the ostrich's egg which  
was cooked, it was evident that the host  
knew what he was about in cooking only  
one.

"Unpleasantness at the Window—Pay  
in, Teller—"Excuse me, madam, but I  
don't know you."

Lady with Cheque—"Know me?"  
Well, I should think not. There are no  
bank cashiers in our set."

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."

first, because they are not well  
cared for, and second, because their  
drivers are regular Jehus who drive them  
furiously up hill and down. In less  
than an hour we are in the market-  
place of Bethlehem, in front of the  
Church of the Nativity.

Of course it has changed in appearance  
since the time of the birth of Christ.

Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.  
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings

we see. These are the memorials of a  
later date, built in honour of Him whose  
earthly life began here. One would have  
to be unmindful of his surroundings and  
very unimaginative not to wonder what  
the place was like on that night, the an-  
niversary of which we are celebrating.

We know that then it was filled with  
people. But those people had come for



## When Christmas Comes.

When Christmas comes,  
The baby girl who scarce can speak,  
The youth with bronzed and bearded cheek,  
The aged, bent with weight of years,  
The sorrow-stricken spent with tears,  
The poor, the rich, the grave, the gay,  
We fare along life's rugged way,  
We grieve and heart, when in the sky  
The wondrous seraph wings sweep by,  
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes,  
In field and stool, in mart and farm,  
The world takes on a lovelier charm,  
Sweet scented boughs of pine and fir,  
Are brought, like frankincense and myrrh,  
To make our hallowed places meet  
For hands that clasp and tones that greet,  
White hearts, worth more than gold or gem,  
To bring to find their Bethlehem  
When Christmas comes

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

## YULETIDE IN THE NORTHLAND.

Jul, or Yule, is a name brought down from pagan times. It was the greatest of three Scandinavian holidays, and was celebrated December 22 of each year. When Christianity was introduced into the country, the monks, not wishing to prejudice the people by too many changes, suggested a compromise by combining the twenty-two of December instead of the twenty-first, and in return, retaining the old name Jul, or Yule. Thus was a Christian holiday grafted to the name of a pagan feast. Along with the name, second-day Christmas customs in the celebration of Christmas. The "Yule-gis," or Yule pig, is one. This magical hog was so swift of foot that he could run faster than any horse on land or sea, his golden bristles illuminated the greatest darkness.

With the advent of Christianity, however, the people soon began to associate Christian ideas and meaning with the day which had before the day of December in the year; so that it has been truthfully said: "All Sweden give itself up to the enjoyment of Yule-tide. First comes Christmas Eve, next comes Christmas Day, then the second day of Christmas, then third-day Christmas, and on all four days are the Christmas festivities celebrated. The merry-making then slackens a little, but does not cease. It bursts forth again in family parties and on the evening before the day of celebration, with nearly the same brilliancy as Christmas Eve and Christmas Days themselves, and will till January 13, or twentieth-day Yule, do good, old-fashioned fun for the Sweden people during the celebration of Christmas as fairly over."

A festive season of such moment to the people requires an early and careful preparation. While the grain is yet growing, the best is selected for the Christ-

mas baking. As early as the month of September the village youths bus themselves gathering the Christmas nuts and Christmas apples. November has hardly set in before all work is shaping itself into a special preparation for this glorious holiday. The grain is carefully selected and laid by for the Christmas feast for the cattle in the barn fuel is cut and stored for the spacious fire-place, and what would Christmas be without the Yule log? The grist is brought early to the mill; the grain is threshed; the sleigh is repaired and painted and the horse is shod, ready for the brisk drive to church, which is early on the Christmas morning. While all this outdoor work is being done away with, the good housewife keeps the shuttles flying in the loom, for the children must have their homespun dresses by Christmas. The village shoemaker, who goes from house to house, is as busy as he can be getting the little feet shod, and the tailor is fitting father for a new sheepskin coat. The early mutton has been made, the Yule-gis is butchered, and all sorts of meat edibles, such as sausage, head-cheese, etc., are in making. The Christmas baking is in process.

"Good will must not be extended to fellowmen only, but to the domestic animals also. The horses, cows, sheep, and chickens must be fed, and the birds, even the sparrows must have their banquet, even they must be given an occasion for rejoicing, so that "all the world may praise the Lord." A large stable is erected in the middle of the dooryard, where hundreds of the feathery guests assemble, and, by their lively concert, manifest their appreciation of this uncommon day.

## WHEN DOROTHY DRESSED UP.

Mr. and Mrs. Prouty were sitting at their dinner table in the large and sunny parlour, when their little girl came always at ten in the kitchen when they were alone, although they had a large and pleasant dining-room.

"It saves me a good many steps," Mrs. Prouty sometimes said, "any time there isn't a room in the house so pleasant and homelike as our kitchen. It has so many windows, and if there is a ray of sunshine it gets in here somewhere. We see and see the passing birds, and get better from the kitchen than from the dining-room windows."

Mr. and Mrs. Prouty were middle-aged people, with honest, wholesome faces that were the envy of their much younger, grave and careworn than usual. A great trouble had come to them, and although they were trying hard to bear it cheerfully, they did not succeed very well. While they sat at the dining table, the hour rode up, and seeing Mrs. Prouty, called out cheerfully.

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

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

"It's from Niece Harriet over in Dover."

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

"Yes, it is just as I thought. She says that she will be here named girl is going to Astinville day after to-morrow, and that she has agreed to take charge of Dorothy and see that the child arrives all right at our station on the three o'clock Tuesday. I suppose we must plan to drive over to the station and be there when the train gets in. Dear little Dorothy! I shall be glad to have her come and bring some sunshine into our lives. It may be the last time that she will ever visit us in our old home."

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

"Well, Martha, if the worst comes to the worst, we will have to just be brave and bear it. I suppose that I ought not to say anything, but I notice that John Hawkins, but I did it because he was an old neighbour, and now I have it to pay. Then I bought a good many things and made a good many improvements on the farm that I would not have made but for the fact that the poor old man I hired was very declared that she had a good deal of money, and that it should be ours for giving her a home and taking care of her for so many years before she died a year ago."

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

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

"The home that had sheltered the Proutys all the thirty years of their married life, and that had been the life-long home of their children, was to be taken away from them because Mr. Prouty had had to pay a note he had endorsed for a neighbour, and because he had become involved in debt in other ways. But we must try to give Dorothy a happy time just the same," said Mrs. Prouty. "I want her to have happy memories of her last visit to our old home."

Who would not have thought that Mr. Prouty had ever had a care had they heard him on his homeward way with Dorothy Butler by his side the following Wednesday afternoon. Dorothy was a girl of ten years. No sooner was she seated beside her Uncle Prouty in the farm wagon with the horses' heads turned toward home than she said:

"No, no, I don't sing some of your funny songs, Uncle Prouty." Uncle Prouty had been a good singer in his younger days, and his voice was still so good that he sang in the church choir, and he knew a great many queer old ballads, and long before his wife could see him and Dorothy she heard him singing:

"Oh, this little girl had a little rag doll,  
And a little rag doll had she,  
And a little rag doll had little blue eyes,  
And so did the little girls."

The blue eyes of the little girl by Mr. Prouty's side were twinkling when Mrs. Prouty cast her eyes toward the child.

"Why, Dorothy, dear, what a fine big girl you are getting to be!" said her aunt, as she heaped her out of the wagon. "Seems to me that you are six inches taller than you were a year ago, were here last year. Give me another kiss."

Within an hour the little feet of Dorothy had carried her all over the house barn. She loved every animal on the place, and she hugged the colts, and fed the chickens, and had a gay frolic with the dog. She had gathered the eggs, and had gone into ecstasies over baby kittens she had found snuggled up to their mother in the barn. When night came she had gone to her room a very tired but happy little girl.

"It was raining when Dorothy came downstairs, but she had a good deal of rain water on her face, and as it rained harder and harder as the day wore on, Dorothy finally said:

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

"Yes, you may care to, dear. I will let you go with my aprons around you so that you will not get all covered with dirt."

Dorothy ran lightly into the attic. She had been gone more than an hour, and Mrs. Prouty was sure that she had not gone to the kitchen door opened and a queer-looking little woman walked in. The little woman had on a very old-fashioned green and black plaid silk dress, with wide flounces on the skirt. A red crape shawl with fringe half a yard long and a border of embroidered flowers was draped around the little figure. She wore a huge elk-scarp hat, with a border of red and red and yellow roses. A black embroidered veil was slung over the bonnet. Black lace mitts much too large for her were on her hands.

"My child!" exclaimed Aunt Prouty. "I do not know what Aunt Margaret would say if she could see you in her old clothes that she guarded so carefully while she lived. Be careful not to do that. I will give you a new dress."

"Look at my petticoat," said Dorothy, with a laugh, as she lifted her spreading silk skirt and revealed a clumsy-looking skirt quilted in strange and irregular designs. "I will give you a new dress, I'm getting it out of the trunk." It caught on a nail. See!"

She came near with a breadth of the skirt held out in her hands. "I don't think," she said, "there is paper in this skirt."

"I guess not," said Mrs. Prouty, as she took the torn width in her hands. "I think that—why, child! Mercy on us! Slip that skirt right off! Don't you see that? Will I give you a new dress?"

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

"O Hiram! What do you think that my little Dorothy was by doing up for us? You never could guess! Aunt Margaret's money!"

"No!"

"This old petticoat of Aunt Margaret's!"

is full of money! The poor old lady must have slyly quilted it in after her mind began to waver. So here!"

She had a queer, puffy-looking design on the skirt, and in nearly all of them were bills crumpled up and used instead of cotton or other filling. Mr. Prouty took his knife and they carefully ripped the skirt apart. Nearly two thousand dollars were found carefully quilted into the skirt.

Two hundred dollars more were found in the little Dorcy carried when she "dressed up." Mrs. Prouty said, as she kissed the little girl over and over again: "You dear little girl! You do not know what this means to us. It saves our dear old home to us, and lifts such a burden of care and sorrow from us. You shall take one of these twenty-dollar bills home with you for all your own."

"Schooldays and Holidays." By Adelaide M. Cameron. Author of "Among the Heather," "Love Conquers All," "Molly," etc. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 303. Price, 75c.

This well-printed volume, handsomely bound, and full-gilt, makes a very attractive holiday present. It is a well-written story of school and home life in the Old Land. Its young people are not dolls or mannikins, but live flesh and blood creatures. The rivalry between the Eves Kirk and the Auld Kirk are set forth with a good deal of humour. The book is handsomely illustrated, and has a most wholesome moral.

"If it not true that each earthly existence is but as a 'story without an end,' whose pages are ever opening and unfolding, like after line, chapter after chapter, on through the mist of eternity, up to the great home of the All Father himself?"

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

Nearer and nearer every year,  
To the visions and hopes most true  
And dew,  
Children still of a Father's love,  
Children still of a home above.

Without a sign on the lengthening track!"

No Room in the Inn.  
By E. E. H.

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

"All the world should be taxed," from the great to the least.  
Then gathered the people to 'seek his decrees,  
Everywhere to his city, wherever it might be.

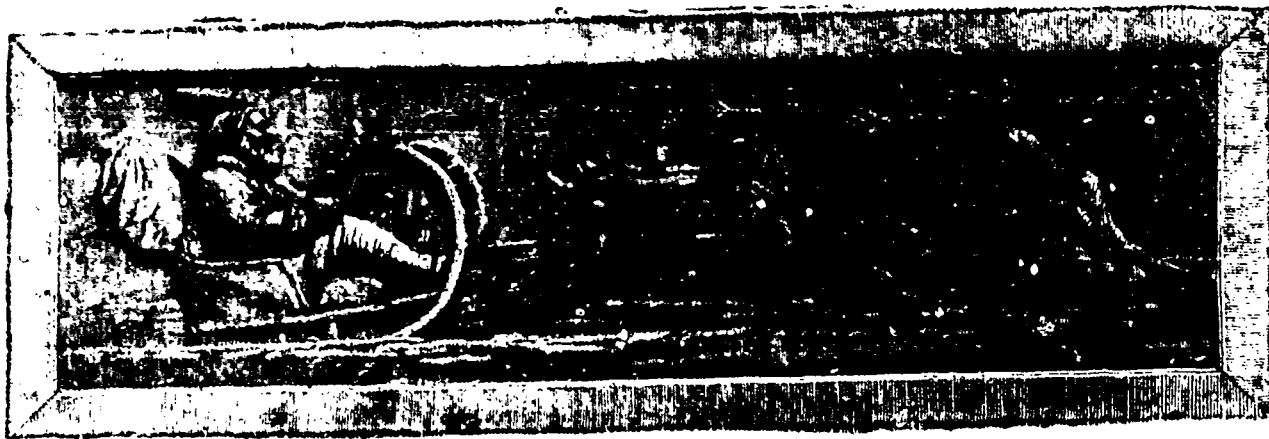
From Galilee's hillsides, some pilgrims went down  
To the hills of Judea, unto Bethlehem's town—  
Joseph the carpenter, with Mary his wife,  
Though humble his calling, unnoticed his life,  
Yet to was a member of King David's line,  
And to the house royal his name they assign.

They came to the city; the hour had grown late,  
And hundreds before them had passed through the gate,  
Oh, was there no room in the small, crowded inn,  
For little had come as the Saviour from afar?

No corner to shelter the mother so mild?  
No room for the lovely and wonderful child?  
No! I'll a place where the cattle were fed,  
And the straw of the manger must furnish a bed,  
For the beautiful Stranger who left heaven's throne,  
And his own kingdom, him not, though "he came to his own."

Oh, let us make room for the Saviour to-day!  
The best room we'll offer, and lovingly say,  
"Come, blessed Lord Jesus, and with us abide;  
Come, live in our hearts as the years on our hills;  
In our thoughts, in our lives, we will make room for thee,  
And the joy of thy presence our blessing shall be."





Christmas Carol.

BY HOPE ALTON.

Low, low in a manger a baby is lying,  
Bright over the mountains there shineth a star,  
A mother is hushing her baby's low crying,  
A chorus of angels is wafted from far.  
"Peace, peace to the weary to hearts sad and lonely,"  
Oh, hark! How the melody swells on the air;  
"To God in the highest, glory to him only,"  
Is the message so joyous the holy band bear.

To herald the Christ-child, the bright ones are singing,  
The Monarch of heaven lies cradled on earth;  
The kings of the Orient their tributes are bringing,  
Swift coming from far lands to welcome his birth.  
Down, down through the ages the chorus is ringing,  
Swung out by the joy-bells on fair Christmas days,  
Caught up by the children, so merrily singing  
In palace and cottage their sweet Christmas lays.

THE BURNING TREE.

There has lately been added to the collection of plants at the botanic garden at Madras, India, a specimen of a strange tree. It is in size scarcely more than a bush, but other individuals of its species are known to have attained, in their habitat in the Himalayas, Burma, and the Malacca Peninsula, the dimensions of a large tree, from fifty to seventy-five feet in height. The Madras specimen is surrounded by a strong railing, which bears the sign, "Dangerous—all persons are forbidden to touch the leaves or branches of this tree."

It is, therefore, says an exchange, a forbidden tree in the midst of the garden; but no one is tempted to touch it, for it is known to be a "burning tree." This name is a misnomer, for the tree stings rather than burns. Beneath the leaves there are stings comparable to those of nettles, which, when touched, pierce the skin and secrete a fluid that certainly has a burning effect.

The sting leaves no outward sign, but the sensation of pain persists sometimes for months, and is especially keen on damp days, or when the part which has been wounded is plunged in water. The natives in the part of Burma where this tree grows are in such terror of it that they fly in haste when they perceive the peculiar odour which it exhales.

A horse which had come in contact

with a "burning tree" ran about like a mad thing. A missionary at Mandalay, who investigated a leaf of the plant with his forefinger, suffered agony for several weeks, and for ten months suffered occasional darting pains in his finger.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 30.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.—Psa. 65. 11.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The lost sheep and lost coin.—Luke 15. 1-10.
Tu. Christmas lesson.—Matt. 2. 1-11.
W. The Prodigal Son.—Luke 15. 11-24.
Th. The ten lepers cleansed.—Luke 17. 11-19.
F. The rich young ruler.—Matt. 19. 16-26.
S. Bartimeus healed.—Mark 10. 46-52.
Su. Zaccheus the publican.—Luke 19. 1-10.

HELPS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Recite the Titles of the lessons and the Golden Texts.
2. Note the dates of the lessons; all of them except Lessons VIII. and XII. in

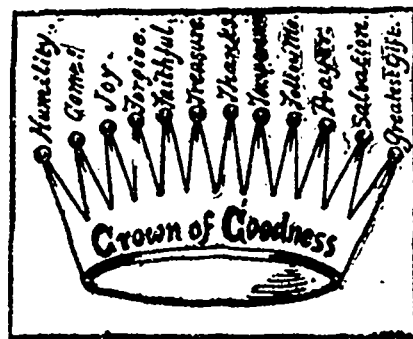
performed on his way to Perea and on his way out of it, when he had to pass through Jericho.

4. Note that Lesson XII, the Christmas story, and Lesson VIII, on Temperance, are detached from the historical course of the lessons.

5. How many parables are told in this Quarter's lessons? Name each, and give in a brief sentence the lesson of each.

6. How many miracles are recorded? Describe each, and give in a brief sentence its spiritual meaning.

7. How many lessons have to do especially with young people? How many with lost people? How many with the folly of drink and riotous living?



God crowns our years and he crowns us with goodness because he loves us. Look up, little princes and princesses. Are you not happy because our Lord has crowned you with love and goodness? He has given you these beautiful lessons. Are you thankful? Do you love him, will you trust him, will you please him every day because he loves you so? Those who wear crowns should live for the One who crowns them.

"Because the year is crowned with love This Christmas Day, Accept the crown of praise we bring; Dear Lord, we pray."

JACK'S SCAR.

Almost every boy has some kind of a scar. Theodore has a scar upon his cheek, made by falling against the stove; Albert a scar on his foot, cut with a hatchet; Franklin a scar on his shoulder, where a horse, named Lucy Lolly, bit him; but Jack's scar is not like these.

I heard about Jack's scar at the prayer-meeting last night, and a voice in my heart whispered, "Tell that story to all the boys you know."

Though, to be sure, Jack is not a little boy. He is a young man—a conductor on a railroad train.

A great railroad has its headquarters in our town, so almost every man is at work for the railroad company.

Last week a conductor was killed—somebody is killed nearly every week. While Jack with a group of his comrades stood sadly talking about the conductor's death, one of their number, a Christian gentleman, remarked, "There is hardly a man in the railroad service but has been in some way hurt—carries some scar." Whereupon Jack proudly replied that he had been in the employ of the railroad company for years, and he had never been hurt—he carried no scar; and to make his statement stronger, he used some very wicked words; for, alas, alas, Jack had learned to swear!

The gentleman looked sorrowfully at the young man. He knew his history; knew that Jack had not been brought up to swear, but that he had kept company with profane boys and men until he had fallen into the habit almost unconsciously, scarcely knowing when he did swear. "The comrade thought of all this, then said earnestly, "Jack, you do carry a scar." But Jack again asserted with an oath that he did not; he was very positive there was no scar upon him. "Ah, Jack, Jack!" answered the Christian friend, "you have a bad scar—in your mouth!"



ST. NICHOLAS MAKING HIS ROUNDS.

the winter of A.D. 29 and the spring of A.D. 30. Recall that Christ was crucified in the spring of 30. The shadow of the cross was over him through all these lessons.

3. Note the places. Most of the parables perhaps were told on our Lord's last journey to Jerusalem, as he passed through Perea, and the miracles were

And girls, too, sometimes have ugly scars. I know a lady who says she has a scar on her heart, made by listening to some bad stories one day, when she was a girl at school.

Dear boys and girls, you may not be able to prevent the scars of accidents upon hands and faces; but I implore you to strive earnestly all the time, fervently seeking the help of the Saviour, to keep your mouths and hearts free from the scars of sin.

What the Pine-trees Said.

I heard the swaying pine-trees speak As I went down the glen; "Next year," said one, "the wind shall seek, But find me not again."

"I shall go forth upon the seas, A mast, or steering-beam; On me shall breathe the tropic breeze, Above, strange stars shall gleam."

"And I—the axe shall cleave my grain, And many times divide; From my dear brood I'll shed the rain And roof their ingleside."

Then up and spake a slender shaft, That like an arrow grew: "No breeze my leafless stem shall waft, No axe my trunk shall hew—"

"But though a single hour is mine, How happy shall I be! Young hearts shall leap, young eyes shall shine, To greet their Christmas tree!" —The Independent.

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