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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, thus he quoth. "A wondrous sight Hath spread before mine eyes

this night-An angel host most fair to

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, wise men came that bore a crown—there," cried I, "in

Bethlehem, A King shall wear this diadem ?"

"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, 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

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-

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 birthplace of Israel's great war-rior-king, David, it is the Therebirthplace of Jesus. 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 Christmes night! To have kissed the tender, way-worn

Of the mother undefiled, And with reverent wonder and deep Gelight,

To have tended the Holy Child!

Mr. Edwin S. Wallace gives the following description of the City of David .

Bethlehem to-day has barely eight

thousand inhabitants, and in appearance is not attractive. The streets are too Church of the Nativity.

Of course it has changed in appearance was nike on that night, the an don't know you niversary of which we are celebrating.

We know that then it was filled with Well, I should think not people street in the town wide enough for since the time of the birth of Christ.

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 Leaving the larger city by Jerusalem. the Jalla 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

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, Perhaps some of the old buildings that

we may safely infer that modern Bethienem nouses are much like those of nineteen hundred years ago. were in existence so long ago may still be sunding. Of course the great Church

those we meet are wretched of the Nativity was not then erected, nor town was attached. According to JewThe horses are to be pilled, were any of the large religious buildings, ish methods, they would register by
tribes, families, and the
houses of their fathers.

J. sepb and Mary were Jews.

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

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, Hall, the Sun of Righteousness Light and life to all he brings. Risen with healing in his wings

because they are not well cared for, and second, because their drivers are regular Jehus -ho 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.

These are the memorials of a We sec. 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-

Augustus Cassar. a different purpose. 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

and conformed to the Jawish ustom It was we'l 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 Nazaroth home, in the territory of Zebulun, and came to David's "own 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 wearisome 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 occupy a part of the space provided for cattle. 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 'le down on the floor; but cach 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 animals, Jesus was born, and Mary "wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger."

WHERE TEN DINE ON ONE EGG.

"One, two, three, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said the farmer, counting 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. apart from its size, there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the peculiar about it. bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the roke 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-"Exc don't know you" Teller-"Excuse me, madam, but I

Cheque "Know me" There are no

When Obristmas Comes.

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

cheek.

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

When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes.

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

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

greet, While hearts, worth more than gold or gem. Go forth to find their Bethlehem When Christmas comes

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

YULETIDE IN THE NORTHLAND.

YULETIDE IN THE NORTHLAND.
Jul, or Vule, is a name brought down from pagan times. It was the greatest of three Scandinavian holidays, and was celebrated December 21 of each year. When Christianity was introduced into the country, the monks, not wishing to prejudice the people by too many changes, suggested a compromise by celebrating the twenty-firth day of December instead of the twenty-first, and na return, rotatining the old name Jul, or Yule. Thus was a Christian holiday grafted to the name of a pagan feast Along with the name came various pagan for the pagan feast and the pa Jul, or Yule, is a name brought down

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

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

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

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

WHEN DOROTHY DRESSED UP.

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

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

Mr. and Mrs. Prouty were middle-aged

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

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

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

It's from Nieco Harriet over in Dover."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

memories of her last visit to our out nome."

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

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

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

And so did the little girlee."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why, child !" exclaimed Aunt Prouty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"This old petticoat of Aunt Margaret's

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

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

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

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

Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.
Toronto: William Briggs. Fy. 303
Price, \$1.25.
This well-printed volume, handsomely bound, and full-gitt, makes a very attractive holiday present. It is a well-writen story of school end home life in the Old Land. Its young people are not 2019. ten story of school and home life in the Mold Land. It by young people are not dolls or mannikins, but live flesh and blood creatures. The rivairy between the Free Kirk and the Auld Kirk are set forth with a good deal of humour. The book is handsomely illustrated, and has a most wholesome moral:

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

"Ere in better things we yet may grow."

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

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

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

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

All the world should be taxed," from

the great to the least.

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

From Galileo's hillsides, some pilgrims

went down
To the land of Judea, unto Bethlehem's

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

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

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

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

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

No! Only a place where the cattle were

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

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

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

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

The Christ Child's Birthday. BY BUILY A. BRADDOCK.

No manger holds the blessed Child, o manger nous the clessed child, As in the long ago. 1 vain, to seek him, wise men's feet To Bethiehom would go.

Yet still to him, in his far home, His childhood is so dear, He comes, a child, to keep with us His birthday every year.

When a bright star gleams in the East, In the dim solitude His little feet come down the hills And wander through the wood.

Oh! glad are all the trees for him, With joy they bend and lean, Laurel and cedar, pine and fir, Have kept for him their green.

Some little bird a welcome sings, Winds pipe it, high or low, Its voice is in the trembling dawn And the hushed wastes of snow.

All in the star-wake's white, bright path, if in the star-wake's white, origin pa He glides across the sea, he waves, that know his olden step, Sing in glad symphony.

To every home of the wide earth He comes, he enters in; No poorest hovel bars him out, Nor even woe, nor sin.

He brings the little children gifts, They laugh and shout in giee, And know not that the Holy Child They have for company.

If e nestles close to saddest hearts, He wipes away each tear. For the sweet Mother-Mary's sake He holds all mothers dear.

Oh! blessed Christ-child, come to us. Bring us some gift, we pray—
Thy loving smile, thy tender touch,
To bless our Christmas Day.

And we-shall gold, frankincense, myrrh And we—shall go:q, translitense, myr.
Our birthday offering bo?
Nay, love for love thou cravest most—
This will we give to thee

THE DRUMMER-BOY'S LETTER.

BY COUSIN WILL.

Evening had come at length, bringing to our wearied soldlers a brief respite from the toils and dangers that had beer crowded into the earlier hours of the day. The enemy, after fierce and repeated attacks upon the British position had retired to some distance, awatting reinforcements before venturing to resume the few.

reinforcements before venturing to re-sume the fight, shall be left undisturbed and the first way to be a superior of the control of the Sergeant Bell to one of his comrades. 'That drummer-boy yonder is a plucify little fellow. The sharp tussie we had with the Beers early this morning was with the Beers early this morning was the state of the state of the state of the 'amelt powder,' and the cod was he marched along with us in the teeth of their heavy firing was semething I shar't soon forket.' soon forget"

soon forget."
"Ob, you mean Charlie," replied his comrade, pointing to a lad who was just then coming towards them. "There's no mistake about his being plucky. He's a Band of Hople youngstor, and the other day I heard some of our fellows chaming day I heard some of our fellows chaffing im unmericifully on that account. Charlle only laughed, and said, 'Well, I mean to be true to my colours, as a good soldier ought to be.' That's what I call real grid, you know.' A few minutes later Sergeant Bell saidown at the door of his tent, and began reading a newspaper It was not long, however, before his thoughts wandered



er MELLING GRUES DISE, COLLIES.

far away. Home, wife, children—should he ever see them again?
Meanwhile, Charile had contrived to get hold of a sheet of writing-paper. It was a bit crumpled, but would aerve his purpose. Using his drum for a table, the youngster began a letter to his mother. You and I would doubties have felt it to be a case of "writing under difficulties," but Charile was learning the happy and very useful art of making the best of things. Taking from his pocket the stump of a lead penell, he wrote a few chery sentences, tolling his mother to keep up her spirits. "I am quits well," he said, "and though we were in a bis sight this morning, I was not wounded at all. But whatever happens, mother. I want you to feel sure that I have tried to do my duty."

at all. But whatever happens, mother, i want you to feel sure that I have tried to do my duty."

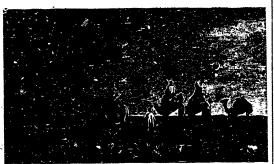
Just then, however, Charlle's letter met with a sudden interruption. The alarm was sounded, and every one product of the strength of the stre

brother in some distant home prompted the act. He turned, and taking the rope, said, "Jump on," and away went red safeigh down the street wind a pair to distant with delight, and one little to the safe and the safe will be safe to the safe and a pair with delight, and one little to safe the safe happy, and the young man went on. Only one little act of kindness, yet surely it was recorded in heaven. It was only little anowfakes which went to compose the whole, and so will our record be in heaven. It will be the many little acts of kindness. A kind word or act costs little, yet they go far in making others happy.

Stratford, Ont.

Christmas speaks loudly of God and of his thought for us. Christ was God's great love-letter to the human race; a word of ineffable tenderness and diviness word of ineffable tenderness and divinest compassion. The message of Christmas is that "God is love." In Christ, God's invisible love, his mere, his forgiveness, become visible. Thus is God manifested in the flesh. What a wonderful revelation it is! Learn this. To love is to be like God. The great heart, tender, pitful, patient, benevolent, refoleng with those who rejoice, and weights with those who rejoice, and weights with those who report, the new patient of the control of the c of human Character. The hobiest man in God's eyes is the man whose love is largest and deepest. The eloquence that reaches up to the ear of God is love. Manhood finds its divine fulness in the

The saloon must go, or the boys must go to the saloon.



THE WISE MEN PROM THE BAST.

enemy's bullets. They carried him bleeding and sonseless to the rear, with but faint hope that anything could be done to save him.

Cnce again the attack was repulsed, and as soon as he could Sergeant Bell hastened to inquire after poor Charlie. To his great relief the surgeon spoke very favourably of the case. "The litte chap will pull through all right," he said, "but it was a narrow equeak. An inch or so higher, and it would have been all up with him!" Charlie recognized his friend, and begged him to send off the letter which he had commenced a few hours before. Please tell my mother," he said, "that, but be sure and some he will again."
"Yea, my laf, "exclaimed the sorgeant, as he eyes filled with tears, "and I shall tell her also how nobly you dd your duty." He kept his promise, and in he midst of her angulas the mother's heart was greatly comforted by knowing that she had so bay and true a son.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MES. O. T. COOKE.

BY MES. O. T. COOKE.

The beautiful snowflakes came tumbling and tossing down in their graceful, fluttering way, each one seemingly bent on having as good a time as possible. Up in the sweet, pure air, before coming in contact with the muddy street, and each little flake seemed to whisper to its companions. "Hustle up, and give me room. Don't you see I am 'n important business." Little Harold, comfortably clad in red cap and mittens, and with the rope of his litt's sled held tightly in one hand, looked . Jith longing at the "Altha some covered walk. At that momient a young student stopped quickly out of his boarding-house, hurring off to the colleges mad head and the standard of the boarding-house, hurring the standard of the colleges mad head and the standard of the colleges

The Wise Men from the East.

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the

desert's sandy road,
They have tracked the Red Sea shore,
and have swum the torrents broad,
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the long and starry night—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

wanquanea or a ngar r
Who are these that ride so fast? They
are eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and
renounced their high degree,
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize,
the well-known voices kind.
Their people's tents, their native plains,
they're left them all behind.

The very heart of faith's dim rays beamed

In very heart of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar, And that same hour they rose from of their thrones to track the star; They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who called them mad; Messlah's star was shining, and their royal hearts were glad.

And they have knelt at Bethlehem! The

And they have knet at Bethelem! 126
Everlasting Child
They saw upon his mother's lap, earth's
Monarch meek and mild;
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they
pressed with laving sits,
Oh, what are thrones! Oh, what are
crowns, to such a Joy as this!

An, me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive, How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe;

easy to beneve;
"Tis the noonday of his sunshine, of his sun that setteth never;
Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom is for ever.

Oh, glory be to God on high, for these Arabian kings-

These miracles of royal faith with east-ern offerings,

For Gaspar and for Melebior and Bai-thazar, who from far

Found Mary out and Jesus, by the abining of a star.

—Faber.

THE PRISONER'S PET.

THE PRISONER'S PET.

A French convict, under sentence for life, was a troublesome prisoner. At times he was very violent, and in the interrals of his violence he became so sullen that the warders were always on the lookout for trouble.

One day, so The Youth's Companion tells the story, they saw a change in the man's face. It as sullenness had disappeared. The prisoner looked almost happy. The ghost of a smile hovered about his lips. His eye now and again turned downward, and it became evident that ometing was hidden in his breast. The warders were uneasy. Had he some weapon concealed beneath his clothing with which he would seek to surprise them and regain his liberty. They must find out.

They watched their opportunity, and two of them suddenly fell upon him from behind, each selling an arm. Then they began to search him. They found that for which they sought, but it was not a knife nor other dangerous weapon. It was nothing more harmful than a fine large rat.

When it was discovered, the distress

was nothing more harmful than a fine large rat.

When it was discovered, the distress of the prirener was intense. He broke down utterly, fell upon his knees, and in an agony of fear and desperation cried, "Don't kill him! Beat and it you like, chain me; but if I may not keep him, let my poor rat go free.

The stern guards ere moved to pity. They had never seen this man subdued before. Every deep fereness was gone. Insiese of herciness was gone. Insiese of herciness was gone. Insiese of herciness was gone. Insiese of hercines was gone. Insiese of hercines was the him of the him of hi

induct him out and come creeping up to builded.
With eager hands he put it in his breast as before, and turning to the head gaoler, said: "Sir, if you will only tet me keep this rat, I solemily promise to submit to you in every way, and naver to disobey you again."

The permission was given, and the man, with a giad smile, returned to his work. From that day the dreaded convict was a now being. He became the best-conducted man in the prison, and his great strength and energy were used to help the governor.

The rat was soldom away from him, it shared his meals and stept in his bed, and the man's spare time was spear in making little toys of bone which he sold in order to buy dainles, such as sugar and gingerbread, for his pet.

A BOY'S RELIGION

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he cant lead a prayer-meeting or be a church officer or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy a piace. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, Jump, climb, and yell like a real boy But in tall he ought to be for from vulgarity and profamity. He ought to eschew to bacco in every lorm, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous He ought to take the part of small boys against larger ones. He ought to cline to a party to mischief, to persecution, or deceit. And, above all things, he ought, now and then, to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears tood If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but should meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

Troubled soul, where'er ye be, That this sacred morning see, Christ is come for thee, for thea

Thine the song the angels sing,
And no sceptred Eastern king
Hath such gifts as thou mayst bring.
—Selected.

"I think it would be a good plan to send Willie up into the country for a month," suggested Willies I ather. "He arere been on a farm, and it would be rather a novel experience for him. No, you don't, interrupted Willie. "Tre heard all about the country, and I'm not going anywhere where they have cirrashing machines. It's bad enough when it's done by hand."



Christmas Carol.

BY HOPE ALTON.

Low, low in a uanger 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 "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 wel-

come 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

palace and cottage their sweet Christmus lays.

THE BURNING TREE.

There has lately been added to the 2. Note the dates of the lessons; all of collection of plants at the botanic garden them except Lessons VIII, and XII, in

nt Madras, India, a specimen of a strange tree. It is in size scarcely more than a bush, but other indivi-duals of its species known 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 railing, bears the strong sign, " Dangerouspersons are forbidden to touch leaves the branches of this tree."

It is, therefore, says an exchange, forbidden trce 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 ex-

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 oc-casional darting pains in his finger.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE LIPE 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

Tu. Christmas lesson.—Matt. 2. 1-11. W. The Prodigal Son.—Luke 15. 11-24.

Th. The ten lepers cleansed.-Luke 17. 11-19.

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.



BT. NICHOLAS MAKING HIS BOUNDS.

and the second second

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

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

4. Note that Lesson XII., the Christ-mas story, and Lesson VIII., on Temperdetached 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 mirecles are recorded? Describe each, and give in a brief senterce its spiritual meaning.

7. How many lessons have to do especially with young people? How many with lost people? How many with the with lost people? 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 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

toy. 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 hahit almost unconsciously, scarcely knowing when he did swear. he comrade thought of all this, then said earnestly, "Jack, you do carry a scar." But Jack again asserted with there this tree grows are in such terror it that they fly in haste when they creeive the peculiar odour which it exacts.

A horse which had come in contact through Perea, and the miracles were your mouth?

LESSONS.

3. Note the places. Most of the paragraph 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?"

And girls, too, sometimes have ugly ars. I know a lady who says she ecars. has a scar on her beart, made by listen ing 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 Savlour, to keep your mouths and hearts free from the scars of sin.

What the Pine-trees Said.

I heard the awaying 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, strango stars shall gleam.'

And I-the are shall cleave my grain, And many times divide; From my dear broad 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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