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MONEY AND SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

[No. 25.

Palace of Dom Pedro I.

Few things in history are more remarkable than the sudden and almost bloodless revolution which hurled from the throne of the vast Empire of Brazil, Dom Pedro, one of the most beneficent and liberty-loving monarchs the world has ever known. In his case the often quoted saying was abundantly verified, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Doubtless when his unquiet dignity was laid aside, he enjoyed more real comfort and repose than when bearing the burdens of an empire.

with its beautiful parks and palaces—its wealth and rank—its pride—its lavish expenditure; and the London of the "East End," with its ugliness and bad odours—its poverty and wretchedness—its vice and irreligion. The "East End" has been called "the largest heathen city in the world," and among its one and a half millions of poor we find the refuse of many nations. Its principal streets maintain a show of respectability, in spite of a large number of ginshops; but it is said that in few cities are the poor so degraded in their

in the complete demoralization of many whom it has changed from "chance paupers into professionals."

London is reported to have 110,000 paupers. Begging is prohibited; but there are many ingenious ways of evading the law. In 1887, England and Wales raised a tax of \$75,000,000 for the relief of the poor; and 767,933 persons were receiving relief January 1, 1887. In addition to this public tax, an enormous amount is yearly given in private charity.



PALACE OF DOM PEDRO I.—(By R. PUTTNER.)

The Largest City.

LONDON, the great capital of the British Empire, is declared to be the most wonderful city in the world. We are early taught that it is the largest city in the universe, but when we are told that it would take six of our largest cities to make a London, we find it difficult to grasp the remarkable fact of magnitude. The population of London is about five million, and it is said to increase at the rate of one hundred thousand a year.

Disraeli described the English people as made up of "two nations," and, socially, there are two distinct Londons: the London of the "West End,"

poverty. This sad state of affairs is not chargeable to the indifference of the better class of the community. Almost superhuman efforts are being constantly made to meet and destroy the forces of evil; and all classes of society engage in mission-work, from the rich aristocrat to the humble mechanic.

The English people give freely in charity; indeed, they are charged with an excess of benevolence, or, rather, with being unwise in their benefactions. Large numbers of poor are being systematically helped, and this method has sapped the energies of the people, and has, unhappily, resulted

The Charity Organization Society of London was established in 1869, "not to form a fresh relief fund, but to attack the causes of want and pauperism in a systematic manner," and has among its supporters some of the great philanthropists of the city. A most earnest effort is being made for judicious work among the poor, for it is evident that the poor of London have been made poorer by indiscriminate giving—a seeming paradox, but a true statement, nevertheless.

Miss Octavia Hill and others have for years most strenuously urged the adoption of more enlightened methods, and some progress has been

made in a reform of charity itself, for people are beginning to comprehend that charitable work among the poor requires experience and wise thought as well as sympathetic feeling. As Miss Hill indicates, it is better to teach the poor self-control and foresight than to keep them on the brink of pauperism by the continued distribution of petty doles.

London Christians feel the stimulus of numbers, and the greatest zeal is displayed in all the forms of mission-work. The evangelization of "the largest heathen city in the world" is no mean problem; but, as Dr. Cuyler says, "God's people are wrestling with it bravely." Several churches are doing noble work, employing as aids orphanages, mission-schools, ragged-schools, Bands of Hope, etc. Numerous societies and individuals attend to special departments of mission effort.

The London City Mission, organized in 1835, exerts an immense influence through its nearly five hundred missionaries. The total receipts of this society for the last year were \$515,010.

These missionaries refer all cases of temporal distress to the care of friends, as it is a positive rule of the society that the missionary shall be known only as a religious teacher. Nearly four hundred of the missionaries have special districts assigned them, preaching in the open air, establishing Sunday-schools, and seeking in every way the spiritual benefit of those committed to their care.

One hundred and one of the missionaries, instead of having districts assigned them, are appointed to some particular work. Some devote their whole time to visiting liquor-saloons and coffee-houses; others minister to the needs of various foreigners, whom they are able to address in seventeen languages. And so the good work goes on in all the nooks and alleys of this great city, an effort being made to give every class an opportunity to hear the gospel message.

The work of these missionaries has been greatly blessed, and it is a pleasure to know that, through their ministrations, "whole districts have been changed in their character, and whole classes of persons have been influenced for good."

A Cross with a Crown.

A STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

BY MARION.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

"He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me."

THE above was the text selected for the sermon preached in the R— Street Church, in the town of D—, one fine Sunday morning in October, 18—. The sermon was impressive. The preacher showed clearly in the context the important duty of the Christian in this respect.

Among the hearers was Phyllis Gresham, a member of the Church, and an earnest, active worker in the Sabbath-school. She was a bright, intelligent girl, amiably disposed—consequently a favourite among her numerous acquaintances. Being the daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents, and possessing a happy home, rendered more cheerful by the companionship of brothers and sisters, the twenty-four years of her life had been comparatively cloudless. Some months previous to the Sunday previously mentioned, she publicly professed conversion, and was now trying to fulfil her duties as a Christian.

"Mother," said she, when they were alone together the following Monday afternoon, "I am thinking a good deal of Mr. Benton's sermon in

regard to cross-bearing. Since becoming a Christian, I find I have in many instances to resist much which I now clearly see to be sinful, but which—before my conversion—secretly appeared in that light; and when I am so weak as to yield, the act causes me grief. These are crosses, to be sure; but on the whole my life, as you know, is a happy one, and my troubles nothing when compared with those which many have to endure. I sometimes wonder if I could endure great trial for Christ's sake. Do you think it right that I should be so cheerful and happy as I am?"

"Certainly it is right," answered her mother. "When God gives you sunshine, he desires you to enjoy it. He will discipline you just as he sees necessary; and if you ever have a heavy cross to bear, be ready to take it up cheerfully, remembering that 'his grace will be sufficient to help you.'"

The golden autumn, with its various tints and shadows, had passed. December, too, was rapidly wearing to a close. The snow had fallen plentifully; and there were indications of preparations going on in anticipation of the festive day which brings friendly greetings and happy meetings.

Our friend Phyllis was looking forward to this Christmas with special interest, for "Some one was coming from over the sea." In other words, Horace Hartely, her affianced, had lately returned to Ontario from an extended trip to Germany, and had written to her of his purpose to spend the coming Christmas at her home.

He was a clever young doctor, had graduated high in his profession, and had visited Europe for the purpose of further advancement in his studies. He expected to be settled in his own country soon, and hoped ere long to take his bride to a pleasant home. The young couple had been acquainted since they were children; and as he was a young man of excellent qualities, the match was considered a very suitable one.

Christmas-day broke as bright and clear as Scrooge's famous Christmas. The sleigh-bells were soon jingling merrily, and during the day the streets were thronged with well-dressed people on their way to the different churches in which Christmas services were being celebrated.

In the refined and comfortable home of Dr. Gresham the scene was a pleasant one. Frank, the eldest son—who had been attending college—was now at home for his vacation. Alice, the second daughter, had lately finished her college course, and was now to remain at home. There were also other friends present; and that gentlemanly young stranger we will introduce to our readers as Dr. Horace Hartely. Of course he is handsome and of intelligent appearance, and Phyllis is justly proud of him. He seems to be worthy of the lovely girl he is wooing.

During the course of the day, which passes so speedily—as all happy days do pass—Horace and Phyllis happened to be alone for a few moments at the piano. Phyllis had played several pieces, the last of which was a Christmas hymn. When she had finished, she looked up at him, saying: "You are aware, Horace, that I have become a Christian since we last met!" "Yes," replied he, smilingly. Neither spoke for a minute. The Phyllis, in a low voice, asked: "And are you only on the threshold, Horace?"

His face assumed a more serious expression, and he was about to answer, when some of the others came up, requesting Phyllis to play, so the subject for that time was dropped.

A few days after this, Phyllis attended a party at which Dr. Hartely was also a guest. Sometime during the evening, Phyllis happened to pass near two gentlemen engaged in quiet conversation. Not

noticing her presence, one of them remarked: "Yes, Hartely is a splendid fellow, but it is a pity his ideas in regard to Christianity are what they are."

"What are they?" asked the other.

"Skeptical," was the reply.

Phyllis waited to hear no more. "It cannot be true," she said to herself; "I will not believe it until I have proof from his own lips." Nevertheless, there was a vague uneasiness in her mind, which took away the pleasure of the evening and she retired as soon as it was possible to do so without attracting notice.

She did not speak of the matter to any one—even to her parents—until after she had conversed with Horace on the subject. She soon had an opportunity of doing so; and, though feeling strangely nervous and reluctant, she considered it her duty to be brave, knowing it was a matter which would be likely to affect her life, both for time and eternity.

"Horace," said she, "I united with the Church some time since."

"Well," said he, smiling, "I will not object if it pleases you."

"But, Horace, have you no thoughts of becoming a Christian?"

"I suppose," replied he, "you may be surprised when I tell you that our views on this subject differ very widely; but I cannot see that it should make any difference between us, as you will be at perfect liberty to exercise your own will in this respect."

"What are your religious views?" asked Phyllis.

"I believe," replied he, after a moment's hesitation, "in a principle which teaches one person to act honourably and unselfishly towards another."

"And that is just what our Christian religion teaches, Horace."

"How many of your Christians follow its teachings, then? I have watched them, Phyllis; and I have discovered but very little of that spirit exercised among them."

"Those who do not exhibit it are not Christians, Horace. Besides, there will ever be the 'tares with the wheat.'"

"I have no doubt, Phyllis, many are sincere; but I think they are mistaken. And I do not believe in a future existence."

"Are you decided in these opinions, Horace?"

"Yes, Phyllis," said he, quietly.

"Then, Horace, our engagement is at an end," said Phyllis, whose face was very pale.

He tried in vain to persuade Phyllis that their different views in this matter would be of no importance. She was decided, however, and they parted. He left the town shortly after.

While conversing with her mother on the subject, she said: "He would not seem to believe that I cared for him when I would allow this matter to interfere with our purposes." Her voice trembled as she spoke, and in another moment she was weeping freely—her head resting on her mother's shoulder.

Mrs. Gresham, putting her arm around her, and kissing her tenderly, whispered: "You have acted wisely, my daughter. God will strengthen you. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' To them that choose the light instead of the darkness. You have made that choice. Then, remember, it is 'ALL things,' not one stray event, here and there; and the end is—good."

Years glided by. Dr. Hartely settled in a distant city, where he rose high in his profession, and was becoming wealthy. Strangely enough—owing to certain circumstances—he went to board at the home of the Rev. John Beale, who, with his excellent wife and agreeable son and daughter, made Hartely's stay a pleasant one.

After a time, the minister learned that his guest was a skeptic; he therefore used every effort to promote his conversion, but soon abandoned the task as hopeless.

As time passed, Dr. Hartely became impressed with the happy and peaceful life of the minister, his unselfishness, his calmness in trouble, and forbearance in provocation. He saw that these were not the results of an apathetic nature, for his friend was a man of high spirit and active mind, but Hartely was conscious that he possessed a hidden power, which manifested itself in his happy and unselfish life. Then Hartely found himself longing for this same peace which his friend possessed.

"Will you let me see some of your religious works?" he asked one day of Mr. Beale.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Go into my library and select any you would like."

He perused several, without any satisfaction, when his attention was directed to "The Life of Christ." This work interested him deeply. The character of Christ aroused his highest admiration. He got the Bible, and read and re-read the Gospels in the New Testament. A new light seemed to be thrown over his mind. "Surely," thought he, "this man was divine; if so, then his word must be true; and, if true, what am I losing? What have I lost?"

Then the gloomy views which had previously presented themselves to his mind, returned with double force, which startled him. Probably they came in the form of a temptation, and savoured of the "principalities and powers of darkness," which muster in unseen array about the steps of those seeking the True Light. He sought his friend, who joyfully extended his sympathy and help. All that night they talked and prayed together; and as the morning sun arose in its splendour, pervading the earth with its light, so the light of the Sun of Righteousness shed his glory over the soul of Horace Hartely.

Twelve years have passed since we introduced Phyllis Gresham to our readers. It is Christmas-day, and once more we find ourselves in the town of D—. The people are thronging the sidewalks on their way to the various churches. We are told that services especially interesting will take place in the R— Street Church, namely, a wedding! We are delighted to hear that the contracting parties are none other than our old friends Horace Hartely and Phyllis Gresham. Of course, we will attend, and have not long been seated in the crowded church when the bridal party enter. The white-robed bride—not so girlish as when we last saw her, but as lovely as ever—with countenance radiant—takes her place at the altar, beside the handsome and stately bridegroom. Together they kneel in prayer, conscious that their love is strengthened and ennobled by the grand principle which guides their lives. The last words are said, and, amid strains of music and the blessings of many friends, they depart.

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead, nor doth he sleep.
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to man."

LET school boys and girls read, write, and do all their lessons thoroughly—not attempting too much. Remember, that which is worth doing at all, should be done well.

LITTLE DOT: "Our minister prays ever so much louder than yours does." LITTLE BUB: "I don't care if he does. Our minister jumps the highest when he preaches. So there, now!"

A Christmas Carol.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL STOSSON.

WHERE are you going, my little children,
Soft-eyed Zillah and brown-faced Seth,
Little David with cheek so ruddy,
Dark-haired, slender Elizabeth?

What are the burdens you carry with you,
Poised on the head and swung in the hand?
What is the song from your red lips ringing,
What is your errand, you little band?

"Sirs, as you know, we are Hebrew children,
I am Zillah and this is Seth;
Here is David, our little brother,
And this our sister, Elizabeth."

"Our father's sheep are on yonder hill-side,
He cares for us and he watches them;
We left our home in the early morning,
And go our way into Bethlehem."

"Surely you know that the blessed baby,
Greeted by angels with songs of joy,
Is lying there with his gentle mother,
And we are going to see the boy."

"Here in our baskets are gifts we bring him,
All to lay at his little feet;
Amber honey our bees have gathered,
Milk from our goats so white and sweet;

"Cakes of our figs, and grapes that are purple,
Olives plucked from our own old trees;
Savory herbs, and fragrant spices,
All we bring him on bended knees."

"See, this is wool so soft and so fleecy,
Purple dyes that a king might wear;
Skins of the goat, and the ram, and the badger,
All for the baby that's sleeping there."

"Here are shells from the Red Sea brought us,
Here are feathers all bright and gay;
Tell us, good sirs, had ever a baby
Fairer gifts than we bring to-day?"

"Seth gives his dove, though he loves it dearly;
David these shells for the holy boy;
Elizabeth wove him this pretty basket,
But I have only this little toy,—

"Two sticks of olive wood, carved by my father,
One standing up and one crossing it—so;
We have little to offer, we poor little children,
But we give all we can, and we sing as we go."

Singing they went with their simple treasures,
Sweet rang their voices o'er valley and hill;
"Glory, oh, glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, and to men good-will."

Still they went singing, these Hebrew children,
Soft-eyed Zillah and brown-faced Seth,
Little David with cheek so ruddy,
Dark-haired, slender Elizabeth.

Tom's Offering.

THERE was a loud knock heard upon the door; and it was the very door, too, upon which a piece of black crape fluttered.

The ladies within the house were a little startled, for it was an unusual occurrence for any one to knock upon the front door. There was a bell in plain sight, and it was customary for people to ring it very softly when the sign of death was placed so very near it. Indeed, it seemed almost irreverent for any one to knock in that way upon the door, while little Annie, the household idol, was lying still and cold in the room close to the door.

"Some tramp, I guess," one of the ladies said. "I will tell him to go to the back door," she added, going toward the place where the knock was heard. To her surprise she found a little, ragged boy standing there, with a few wild flowers in his hand.

"Are you Annie's mother?" he asked, in an eager voice.

"No," the lady answered; and then she asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Tom Brady, and I want to see her," he answered quickly.

The lady hesitated, and was about to say to him that Annie's mother was in deep affliction and could not see him, when the lady in question came to the door herself.

"What do you want, little boy?" she asked, kindly.

"Are you her?" asked the little fellow, with tears in his eyes. "I mean, be you Annie's mother?" he explained.

"Yes," was the lower answer.

"Well, I heard that she died, and I brought these flowers to put upon her coffin," he said, while the tears came larger and brighter into his eyes.

"What made you bring them, little boy?" the mother asked, while the tears came into her own eyes.

"Cause she always said 'Good mornin'' to me when she passed our house upon her way to school, and she never called me 'Ragged Tom,' like other girls. She gave me this cap and coat, and they were good and whole when she gave them to me; and then, when our little Jean died, she brought us a bunch of flowers to put on his coffin, and some to hold in his hands. It was winter then, and I don't know where she got the flowers. They looked very pretty in Jean's hand, and he did not look dead after that. He was dead, though, and we buried him down among the apple-trees. I could not get such pretty flowers as she brought to us, but I went all over the big mountain yonder, and only found these few. You see it is too early for them, but I found two or three upon a high rock, where it was warm and sunny. Will you put them upon her coffin?"

And the little fellow reached out the half-blown wild flowers that had cost him such a long, weary tramp.

"Yes, and we will place some of them in her hand, too," the mother answered, in a broken voice.

"Could I see Annie, just a moment?" the boy asked, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, come in, little boy," the mother again answered, as she led the way to the little dead girl.

The boy looked at the sweet face very earnestly, and then he took from his torn coat pocket another half-blown flower, and placed it in the shiny golden hair of little Annie.

"Will you let it be there?" he asked, in a sobbing voice.

"Yes," was the only answer.

He went out softly, and the sweet, spring violet remained just where his trembling hand had left it. The others were placed in the little white hand and upon the coffin. Surely the ragged Irish boy could not have expressed his gratitude to his little friend in any better way.—*Zion's Herald.*

What is the Tongue for?

"SINCE God made the tongue—and he never makes anything in vain—we may be sure he made it for some good purpose. What is it, then?" asked a teacher one day of her class.

"He made it that we may pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a third.

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what he did not make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with, to lie with, or to swear with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now, boys, think every time you use your tongues if you are using them in the way God means you to. Do good with your tongues, and not evil. It is one of the most useful members in the whole body although it is so small. Please God with it every day."

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

Our New Paper, "Onward."

WITH the beginning of a new Quadrennium, a great stride forward is made in the development, enlargement and improvement of our periodicals designed especially for young people and for Sunday-schools. To meet the pressing demand for a bright, "live," racy, readable paper for teachers, senior classes, Epworth Leagues, and young people generally, an entirely new paper has been established. Its progressive spirit and energy of purpose are well indicated by its name, *Onward*.

Onward will be well illustrated with high-grade cuts suitable for advanced classes, and will be edited by W. H. Withrow, D.D., who will give his best energies to making it as successful as the other periodicals under his charge have been. No effort or expense shall be spared by the publishers to make *Onward* in every way worthy of the important constituency for which it is prepared. We are determined to make this paper deserve the support of our schools, and we hope, through it, to reach the class which has been always found the most difficult to retain in the schools, the *grown-up scholars*. No school doing its full work can neglect these, and we look for sympathetic aid and support from every school in our endeavour to make the Sunday-school interesting and instructive to this particular class, as well as to adults no longer attending Sunday-school. Specimens sent free to any address.

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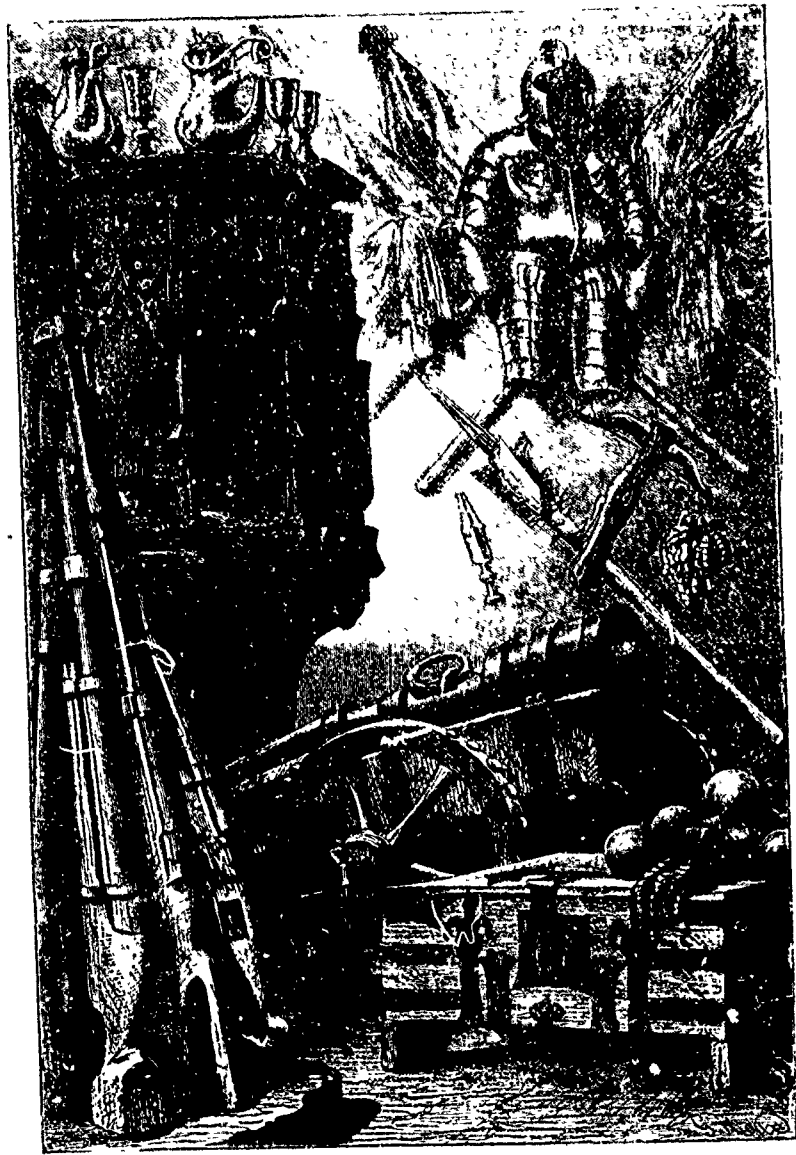
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Five copies or over to one address, 50 cents.

HOME AND SCHOOL, which has been so popular and successful, is merged into the new paper, *Onward*, which will include all the attractive features of HOME AND SCHOOL, with many others which could not be included in a fortnightly paper of the limited size of the paper which now is absorbed in the larger one. We hope to retain for *Onward* all the old readers of HOME AND SCHOOL (which will cease to be published on December 27th, the date of its last issue), and to reach many new ones.

We are expecting a very large subscription list to our new paper, *Onward*. Please send your orders at once, that we may know how many to print. The first regular number will be issued so as to reach schools before the first Sunday in the New Year, and every week thereafter.

A cursory glance at the prices attached to these



IN THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM IN EUROPE.

papers, as given in our price list above, might leave the impression that schools will have to pay more for their papers than before. This is not the case, as the following example will show. At the present time a school requiring twenty-five copies of the larger Sunday-school papers weekly would have to subscribe for both *Pleasant Hours* and HOME AND SCHOOL. The cost of twenty-five copies of each of these papers for one year is \$11.00. Under the new arrangement, a school can get twenty-one copies of *Pleasant Hours* and twelve copies of *Onward* for the same money, or *thirty-three papers a week instead of twenty-five*, and, in addition, graded to suit the various classes and ages of the school, as the former papers were not.

Methodist Magazine for 1890.

THE pictures in this number, it will be observed, are of unusual fineness and beauty of execution. They are of a more expensive character than the low price of this paper would warrant us in publishing regularly. We borrow these specimens from the *Methodist Magazine* as illustrations of the style of engraving which will regularly appear in that periodical—about three hundred of them in the year. No Canadian magazine has ever given so many and such high-class engravings. It is just closing its most successful year, and is to be enlarged from 96 to 104 pages—an addition of 100 pages with no increase of price.

We beg to call attention to the partial announcement for the year on our last page. The articles on popular science, on Methodist topics, on the unfamiliar countries of Eastern Europe, and on Bible lands, will be of special interest. The latter, especially, appeal to every Bible reader, and the

articles by the Rev. Geo. Bond on those lands will alone be worth the price of the Magazine. Many schools have taken from two to ten copies of the Magazine to circulate instead of libraries, as being newer, fresher, more interesting and cheaper than library books. For this purpose the Magazine will be sent to schools in any number from two upward for \$1.60 per copy, per year—instead of \$2.00, the regular price. We make this offer to introduce the Magazine and thus make it known; confident that where it once finds entrance it will find permanent patronage. Orders may be given for six months if desired.

In the Historical Museum in Europe.

ONE of the most remarkable things which a traveller in Europe notices is the strange collection of memorials of the past which he meets in all the great cities and in many smaller places. One of these of special interest I visited in Geneva.

In the old gothic Hotel de Ville is a singular inclined plane leading to the upper floor, up which the councillors used to ride. Here sat the international commission which conducted the Geneva arbitration between Great Britain and America. The arsenal hard by contains the ladders by which, in 1602, the Spaniards tried to scale the walls, their flags, and the armour of hundreds who fell into the fosse; weapons from Sempach; the lance of Winkelried, the martyr-patriot; captured Austrian trophies, clumsy old match-locks, ancient cannon, cross bones and pikes, steel gauntlets, chain and plate armour, and many other objects of intense interest. A garrulous old pensioner took infinite pains to explain everything. He asked me to try on one helmet, and I attempted to do so, but could hardly lift it from the floor.

This cut is a specimen of numerous illustrations of Switzerland which will appear in forthcoming numbers of the *Methodist Magazine*.



THE WILD SUN,

The Child.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, . . .
behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.—
MATT. ii. 1.

FROM the far East they came,
Toil-stained and footsore, yet with stately mien.
"Tell us," they asked, "the name
Of him whose beacon star our eyes have seen?
Long have we followed it across the wild,
Seeking a monarch. Lo! we find a Child."

Versed in all Orient lore,
Adepts in horoscopes and reading dreams,
Ever demanding more,
That star has led them by its lambent beams
To find a sager sage serene and mild,
Skilled to decipher mysteries. Lo! a Child.

Thus groped in ages past
Spirits that yearning trod the dim unseen,
Along the deserts vast
Of mysteries where no guiding star has been,
Searching in vain in ponderous folios piled
For sage and monarch; knowing not the Child.

O Bethlehem! Whom the star
Has led true-hearted men whose patient feet
Have crossed the desert far
To find, instead of sage, an infant sweet;
Thrice-favored manger, where in weakness smiled
Priest, prophet, king in one—a little Child!

To thee all seeking hearts
Reaching forever out to higher things,
Bring wearily the smarts
Of baffled soaring with imperfect wings,
To hush their crashing discords fierce and wild
In the soft, gurgling laughter of thy Child.

So in the days to come,
On to the world's millennium yet to be,
Shall aspiration dumb
To human words find utterance in Thee;
The struggling West, the dreaming Orient mild,
Find their one point of union in that Child.

Star of the East! We pray,
By thine epiphany guide thou our race
From East or West, the way
That leadeth to that cradle-home of grace,
Until, quite satisfied, across the wild
It kneels before and clasps that Holy Child.

Child of all time! We bring
Our gold and incense, all else flung away,
Tribute to Sage and King
Made manifest in every land to-day
Rejoicing that on yearning souls hath smiled
God's answer to all questionings—the Child!

"The Wild Sun."

THERE are some remarkable atmospheric effects produced by the mists among the mountains of Europe. One of these is the phenomenon known as the Spectre of the Brocken. At sunrise, or shortly after, there is sometimes seen a strange, gigantic figure surrounded by a huge halo, which gesticulates and follows every gesture of the beholder as if mocking his movements. It is, in fact, his shadow thrown upon a curtain of cloud, the halo being a reflection of the sun itself.

Christmas Trees.

EVERY well-regulated family should have a Christmas-tree. Children take delight in it, young people are to be pitied who do not enjoy it, and old people always love to watch the happy company about it. Next to the satisfaction of sitting under your own "vine and fig-tree" is the pleasure of gathering around the brightly lighted, wonderfully laden Christmas-tree. Long may this famous tree, with its marvellous fruits, flourish in our homes, the centre of a merry throng, and of happy recollections!

Christmas-trees cause some trouble, to be sure. They usually insist on shedding the foliage, and then weep candle-grease in penitence, but "with all their faults we love them still," and would not banish them for these little frailties. The tree once admitted, how shall we deck it for the festive rites of Christmas-tide? A very pretty, and at the same time inexpensive, tree is what we may call the "arctic tree." A well-shaped hemlock shrub is best suited for this purpose. Fix it firmly in a broad low box. The idea is to give the shrub the appearance of a tree heavily loaded down with snow and ice. The snow effect is produced by tearing (not cutting) cotton batting into long narrow strips, and fastening them with thread or fine wire along the top of each branch. When this has been done, the tree will begin to look quite wintry. Now for the ice. Almost all large toy stores in cities have glass icicles in stock. Suspend these icicles along the snow-covered branches. The weight of the glass will cause them to droop quite naturally. Then over the whole tree sprinkle "diamond dust," a preparation of mica, to be had at almost any drug

store, which will make the snow glisten and give the green of the tree a frosty look. Tinsel shreds may also be used to advantage. About the base of the tree an arctic scene may be introduced. Cover the box with cotton to represent the snow-clad earth. Snow-houses may be made of the same material, and skilful fingers will find little difficulty in fashioning a few Esquimaux. A sledge and a half-dozen toy dogs will complete the scene. Over all sprinkle the magic powder. Pure white candles should be used to light the tree, which with its contrasts of dark green and snow white, will make a fairy-like picture. If the glass icicles cannot be obtained a substitute may easily be found in small cylindrical glass beads, which are to be bought almost anywhere. Make strings of these on white thread four or five inches long, and hang them on the branches. Instead of the diamond dust, isinglass may be powdered very fine in a mortar, but it is better if possible to obtain it already prepared. Tinsel may be bought in sheets and cut up into very narrow strips, but this, too, is better when made for the purpose. Give the "arctic tree" a trial. We are sure you will like it. Remember that it will appear to the best advantage only when the room is darkened and the candles lighted.

"Let Light Be: and Light Was."

LONGINUS, the immortal prime minister of an almost forgotten queen (Zenobia), declares the above to be the most sublime passage in all literature. The Bible, however, is where we go when we want sublimity, loftiness, or majesty of thought.

The object of the present writer is not to dwell on the character of the passage, but upon the subject of it—light. The great discoverer of ether declares that "There is a light independent of the light of the sun, which washes the uttermost bounds of space." Who shall contradict if we say that this is the original created light, which is gathered up by the myriad suns of God's great universe, and, for our benefit, cast off again in many-coloured and gorgeously resplendent rays?

It is certainly very probable; and if you and I like to believe it so, a difficult point will be made clear, and no harm done to any one, while God's Word and work will appear just what it is—a blessed unity. J. M.

North Wiltshire, P.E.I.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of the *Living Age* for October 18th and 25th contain The Progress of Weather Study, *National Review*; Carthage, *Contemporary Review*; In a Sunny Land, *All the Year Round*; My Desert Island, *Macmillan's Magazine*; A Medieval Popular Preacher, *Nineteenth Century*; On the Fighting Instinct, *Longman's Magazine*; Goethe's Last Days, *Fortnightly Review*; A Tragical Tertulia, *Murray's Magazine*; Mahomedans at the Docks, *Public Opinion*; A Princess of Condé, *National Review*; John Bull Abroad, *Temple Bar*; The Defensive Position of Holland, *Time*; Discovery of an Early Christian House at Rome, *Chambers' Journal*; Parallel Passages from European and Asiatic Writers, *Asiatic Quarterly Review*; Ober-Ammergau: Behind the Scenes, *Spectator*; and the usual amount of choice poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Christmas.

Down the ages eyes were watching,
Watching for the coming dawn,
Sires of old, and kings, and prophets,
Praying for the blessed morn.

Lyres attuned by music's master
Breathed out harmonies sublime,
Voicing from the heart of minstrel
Yearnings for the glorious time.

Nearer comes the welcome dawning,
How near is not theirs to tell,
While from mountain, vale and rampart,
Answering faith on night air fell.

Watching, waiting, never doubting,
Through the long and changeful night
Gleams at last the Star at morning,
Harbinger of clearer light.

Shepherds catch from heaven's hilltops
Paean sweet from angel tongue,
Sweeping nearer with its burden,
"Peace on earth her sons among."

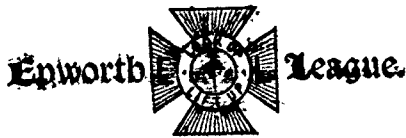
Blessed dawning! Well might seraph
Flood this earth's night air with praise,
For the precious world's Redeemer
Ushers in the day of days.

Broader, higher stretch the sunbeams,
Gilding hilltops, mount and vale,
Piercing palace, tent and temple,
Telling shore and sea-the tale.

Wondrous day with glad beginning,
Wondrous power its coming brings,
Blind eyes see and dull ears quicken,
Dead ones live and sealed lips sing;

Tears are stayed, and prayer gains answer,
Spirit anguish healing finds.
Captive souls rejoice in freedom,
Bearing forth their pardon signed.

Echo back, ye hills of heaven,
Earth's refrain ascending now,
"Our Immanuel hath redeemed us,
Unto him we joyful bow."



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

That Badge.

It multiplies. We see it in the League meeting, in the church, the school, the shop, the cars—everywhere. We are sure it would be still more numerous if all Epworth Leaguers would conspicuously display their colours. Many have not yet supplied themselves with a badge. Others wear it only on their Sunday clothes. They neglect to change it when they array themselves in "every-day garb." This was our trouble. We actually found ourselves facing a large state convention without a badge. We conquered the difficulty by investing in a second one, and supplying both our coats.

To some this may seem a small matter. But it is not. Every badge is a voice. It speaks with no uncertain sound. It tells that the wearer is pledged to look up and lift up; that his life is consecrated to Christ; and that in the broadest sense he is humanity's friend. It is a finger-board pointing to to-morrow's growth and larger success. It is often serviceable. We never wait long for an introduction to young persons wearing Epworth colours. We recognize them instantly as friends and co-laborers. If you have not already done so, buy a badge. Ten cents will pay the bill. Then wear it. Wear it so it can be seen. Wear it constantly. Wear it, and be proud of what it represents. Let our badge-wearing brigade at once be 200,000 strong.—*Epworth Herald*.

Epworth League Notes.

(From the *Epworth Herald*.)

—"We will not need the help of an evangelist this year. The young Leaguers propose to stand beside me as my revival assistants." So writes the pastor of a large church. It has the right ring. We rejoice. That will soon be the order all over.

—*Zion's Herald* says that "the Epworth League is the most important and encouraging phase of our denominational life." This conviction is spreading with remarkable rapidity all over the denomination. The next year will witness a wonderful development of the Epworth idea.

—The League can do much for the Sunday-school, and through it for the world. Think of it, you who want work to do. Considerably less than one-half of the children of the land are receiving Bible instruction. In our larger cities the percentage is much smaller. Of course these youth are just the ones who most need help, since they belong to homes where no religious instruction is given. Once we had the Bible read in the public schools and prayer offered, but now prayer is interdicted and the Bible cast out as an obnoxious thing. The only way these children can learn about God's Word is to gather them into the Sabbath-schools. And usually this can be done. Parents who would not permit a copy of the Bible to lie on their centre-table will often let their children do as they please about attending the Sunday-school. These children can be gathered in. The League ought to do it. Its committees should go up and down through the streets. Clothes should be provided for those in rags. Inducements, as necessary, should be offered. If all were done in this direction that could be done, our Sunday-school rolls would lengthen out gloriously. You say you want work. Here is a field for you. Oh, the wonderful possibilities open to the department of mercy and help! Crowd the workers into it, and send them out on this Sabbath-school work.—*Epworth Herald*.

Christmas Day.

In the busy rush of life, with its cares, its struggles and anxieties, there is to-day a grateful pause. The throbbing commerce of the world is not at an absolute stand-still. It never is. Thousands of ships are afloat on all the seas. Railways are traversed by trains bearing burdens of freight and thousands of passengers, but the mass of civilized mankind the world over are bent on the enjoyment peculiar to the unique day of the Christian year. Travellers by sea and land, however, are not unmindful of the day and its cherished associations. On shipboard and in railway carriage there are jovial groups, whose members think kindly of the friends from whom they are temporarily parted, and settle themselves to have as merry a Christmas as circumstances will permit. Passengers in the cabin and sailor in the fore-castle will each in their own way have a merry time.

Amid the pressure of these modern days there is no danger of people generally making too much of home, with its pure and simple joys; and considering its importance as a prime factor in family, social and national well-being, whatever is calculated to bring it into prominence is deserving of commendation. Without saying a disparaging word of those who devote the first part of the day to religious observance, it may be safely said that home is the very centre of Christmas joys. With what eagerness the youthful people have been counting the days till the seemingly tedious hours would pass and the joyous morning be ushered in! How their wishes have been formed, their plans laid, and their thoughts dominated by the coming of

the long-anticipated day! The families whose members, in accordance with providential orderings, have been far scattered have looked forward to and prepared for the happy reunion when father and mother, brothers and sisters meet once more under the paternal roof-tree and give free scope to the affection that binds them together.

While the great nations of Europe are like vast armed camps; while statesmen and diplomats are laying their plans and forming or preventing combinations that may eventuate in cruel warfare; while different classes are perplexed by fears of social conflict, and while party strifes rage and unscrupulous ambitions distract; high over all apprehensions, over all contentings, let men only listen to the notes of the heavenly anthem as it re-echoes once more around the world, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men."

—*Canada Presbyterian*.

That Full Stop.

Did you ever notice it? To me it is as interesting as a Persian tale. It is at the end of the second verse in the Bible, where we have just had a description of chaos and its depths profound. I often revel in the mysteries and possibilities of that "confusion worse confounded." Unutterable confusion of all the elements, while over and above this boundless abyss of confusion broods the Spirit of God.

Look at the beautiful earth, at the glorious sun, at the firmament bedecked with its systems of worlds, and we see the result of this brooding of the Spirit.

And he, too, who is our life, was there then. Yes! Before the morning stars sang together. Yes! When the material from which these stars were constructed was brought into existence, he was there. There, at the creation of matter—for it was created. God created the essence of things, and with it the forces which were to bring the various constituents of matter together, so that order could come from all this confusion.

Fancy earth, air, fire, water, all mixed up in heterogeneous confusion, till, after countless eons, solid globes of matter are whirling through space, probably in total darkness, till God gives expression to his first-recorded utterance, "Let light be!" And light was.

But of that immeasurable period existing between the beginning and the creation of light, we can know but little till our eyes are opened, and we see the King in his beauty. J. M.

North Wilshire, P.E.I.

A Christmas Ship.

Among the various methods of observing Christmas of late years, that of a "Christmas ship" has been very popular, and is, perhaps, so well known as hardly to need description.

It is briefly as follows: A row-boat is placed on a platform extending from one side of the church to the pulpit. On a fine wire a curtain is stretched high enough to conceal the boat after it has been full rigged with masts, spars, and cordage. A track is built under the boat, on which rollers or wheels are placed, so that when all is ready the ship can be drawn from the side of the church, where it is concealed, in front of the pulpit.

The track and rollers can be concealed by blue paper cambric, festooned about the gunwale of the boat, in imitation of waves.

When the presents are hung upon the rigging, and stowed away in the boat, and the spars and cords lighted with wax tapers, the lights in the church may be turned low, and while some one sings, "When my ship comes in," or some other appropriate song, the ship may be drawn to the centre of the platform before the congregation, and the presents distributed.

Where Shines the Star?

BY ALICE E. IVES.

"Oh, where did the beautiful star go—
The beautiful star in the East?
Did it set forever that Christmas morn
When its wonderful mission ceased?

"Or was it a planet like the rest,
Wish earth and water and sky,
Which the dear Christ in his downward flight
Smiled on as he passed it by?

"Quick when it caught the wonderful gleam,
So bright when it pierced all space,
It could not choose but light the whole world
And point to the glorified face."

My little girl's eyes were full of thought
As she asked me this question grave;
And I, like one in the presence of kings,
Was an awed and silenced slave.

She weighed my wisdom and found it void,
Ah! yes; it was very plain
From that day forth I must abdicate,
— And be oracle no'er again.

So I said, "My darling, I cannot tell;
Perhaps it was as you say,
The beautiful star caught its wondrous light
As the Christ sped on his way.

"But if it is so or not, I think
It has never sunk quite out of sight."
And she cried out quick in her joyous way,
"Oh, let us go find it to-night!"

Ah! little one, we are not shepherds, or wise,
But may we not see as they did?
Not with our eyes, but down in our souls,
The star not quite veiled or hid,

But shining clear, with a living light,
With a light that'll never dim,
Till it pierces e'en through the outer night,
And leads us straight to him.

Christmas in Foreign Lands.

In Burgundy, carols are exceedingly popular—indeed not more cherished is the German's Christmas-tree, with its glittering ornaments, and the Christ child; or the Englishman's red holly-berries, mystic mistletoe, blazing hearth fire, and smoking plum pudding, than are the ditties sung all through Advent until Christmas eve, by the good folk of that province.

Fireside gossip mingles with the quaintly-worded praises of the "little Jesus." Bagpipers drone in the village streets. The strolling minstrel is always accounted a welcome addition to the neighbourly hearth-side gatherings; and when Christmas-eve is passed, the piper makes the round of the houses, whence he fails not to issue with many compliments, as well as some small coin, by way of reward for the playing of his uncouth and shrill-sounding tunes.

Wine and chestnuts provide refreshments up to Christmas-eve; then a big supper is furnished forth to as many as can assemble under one roof. Burning brands support the huge *Suche*, or Yule-log, which is believed by the small-fry of Burgundian humanity to fetch in its wake a delectable shower of sugar-plums. Therefore are these little people as quiet as their superabundance of vitality will permit, for they know that, if good, something nice will be found to reward them—in their slippers or wooden shoes—on the morrow.

On the score of noise and hilarity, the grown-up folk atone for all deficiencies of the youngsters. "No-ll Noel!" echoes and re-echoes everywhere until the midnight mass is said, to attend which the pious carry diminutive, parti-coloured tapers, amidst the jubilation of the chiming church-bells.

In Sweden, when at their brightest, the aurora boreales make scintillate their crimson falchions, which read the golden sky-curtains to let one see

the purple fleets of cloudland pass in an enchanting position before the silver blink of the stars, then do the peasants dance on the straw in honour of Yule-tide, and rustic damsels throw straws at the roof-timbers, to ascertain, by the number of straws sticking thereon, how many groomsman will stand beside their brides at the altar during the ensuing year.

Songs and tales, brandy and nut-brown ale, and a great Yule cake, cheese-crowned, apple-wreathed, and set as the base for the three branched candlestick, are all objects of importance at Swedish Yule-tide festivities.

In a country not far from where "the two spirits of the globe, the magnetic and the electric"—according to Michelet—do nightly hold carnival in the polar circle, the poor Icelanders are allowed, as a rare treat, to have bread to eat with their Christmas mutton and milk porridge.

In Southern Lapland, should the householder neglect to provide an ample store of fuel for the season's needs, in popular belief the disgusted Yule-swains, or Christmas goblins, will so befoul the wood-pile that there shall be no getting at its contents. There also it is that the girl who wishes, nuptially speaking, to learn her fate, places a table in the centre of a vacant chamber, and on it two glasses—the one of water, the other of brandy; then, taking a broom, she must sweep the room three times carefully, against the sun, and if she is to enter the married state, her future husband will appear before she completes the third round, and drink from the water glass, if a sober man, or from the brandy glass if he be a drunkard.

Again, if a Laplander at Christmas, before retiring, pulls off his boots and flings them over his left shoulder, he shall know, from the shoes point-toward the door, whether a long journey or death will be his portion during the new year; but if, on the other hand, the boots' toes turn inward, he can feel assured of another twelvemonth's lease of his present existence.—*December Table Talk.*

Christmas Memories.

BY BISHOP J. H. NEWMAN.

Why did the Lord delay his incarnation? From the first prediction of his coming to his advent, four thousand years elapsed. He might have come in the reign of Solomon, whose vast empire extended from the Mediterranean to the borders of Persia, from the Nile to the Black Sea, whose renown was world-wide, greater than that of Augustus under whose reign Jesus was born. What a reception Solomon would have given the King of Glory! But the great West was not then born. All beyond the eastern shores of the Mediterranean were barbarians. Greece was not, Rome was not, Carthage was not. But when he came, the West was in the glory of a high civilization, to be thrilled with his new life. Had his birth been in the time of Solomon, he would not have been the suffering Saviour, but the Messiah of triumph.

When he came, the East was old and the West was young. Both needed his Divine torch, one to be revived, the other to be inspired. It was altogether the happiest period of Roman history from Augustus to Titus. Peace had given rest to the warrior and statesman; the scholar had time for reflection. It was the age of universities, an age of thinkers and philosophers; and his people, the Hebrews, were everywhere, in China and India, in Persia and Mesopotamia, wherever the Roman legions marched and the Greek language was spoken. From all parts of the world they came annually to Jerusalem—their spiritual capital—and on their return they bore the glad tidings, "He's come! He's come!" At that time the venerable saying

was true: "I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations." Palestine was the "High Bridge" for all who went East to conquer, whether Romans, Macedonians, or Egyptians; and for all who came West to plunder, whether from Ecbatana, or Babylon, or Nineveh. It was the ancient pathway of trade along which the merchants of all lands passed to buy and to sell. When he came, Jerusalem was the best-known city in the world. It was a cosmopolitan metropolis. The three-fold inscription on the cross proclaimed it the Babel of mankind. In St. Luke's report of Pentecost he names the many lands whence the Jews had come: from Parthia, Media, Persia, the whole valley of the Euphrates, from the interior of Africa and all Egypt, and from all the vast Roman empire. So it was strangely true, what the Master said of himself: "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." And from that place and hour went forth the news that "The Messiah has come!"

Christmas Evergreens.

GATHER the box, the fir, and the pine,
And brightest of berries red,
To welcome the day the Child divine
First lay in His cradle bed.

Cover with wreaths the walls at home,
And hang them up everywhere,
Let them swing down from the temple dome,
And wherever there's space to spare.

For Christmas day is, of all the year,
The brightest and cheeriest day,
With its glorious tidings of great good cheer
That opens a new, glad way.

A way of escape from doubts and fears
That stirred in our hearts such strife;
A way, though it's through a vale of tears,
Yet ends in eternal life.

Gather the brightest your hands can find,
And twine them with songs of joy;
For only thoughts that are sweet and kind
Should come to such blest employ.

Once the dear head was crowned with thorns
That hatred and malice wove,
But our wreaths to welcome the Christmas morn
Are the fruitage of faith and love.

Bits of Fun.

—City Boarder (with numerous progeny): "Are there any snakes here?" Jersey Farmer: "All around the fruit trees, ma'am."

—Mamma: "I hope my little boy while dining with friends remembered what I told him about not taking cake the second time?" Little boy: "Yes, mamma, I remembered, and took two pieces the first time."

—Little Dot: "Mamma, didn't papa say Gen. Greely said there'd be high winds to day?" Mamma: "Yes, my dear, he read it in the paper." Little Dot: "Well, they isn't high at all. They is so low down they 'most blowed me over."

—Prison Warden (to new prisoner): "We always like to assign the prisoners to the trades with which they are most familiar and shall be happy to do so in your case. What is your trade?" Prisoner: "I am a commercial traveller."

—Professor (to class in surgery): "The right leg of this patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, Mr. Sarter, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Sarter: "I'd limp, too."

—Old as the hills—the valleys.
—Take your puzzle to the druggist—he's always ready with a solution.

—Jones: "The woman of the present day can't make such pies as our mothers did." Brawa: "No, it's a lost tart."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 30] LESSON XII. [Dec. 21 JESUS' PARTING WORDS. Luke 24. 44-53. Memory verses, 45-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself. - John 14. 3.

TIME—Forty days after the resurrection. PLACE.—In and about Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Forty days after the resurrection. A cursory reading of this passage might leave the impression on one's mind that the ascension took place on the same day with the resurrection; but Luke only refers here incidentally to the ascension, a fuller account of which he gives in the first chapter of his next book—the Acts of the Apostles.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Scriptures Opened, vers. 44-46. What did Jesus say about the fulfilment of prophecy? How did he enlighten the disciples? What two things did he say about the Christ? What is a good prayer for every student of God's Word? Psa. 119. 18. 2. The Commission Given, vers. 47-49. What was to be preached in Jesus' name? Where was this Gospel to be preached? Of what were the disciples witnesses? What did Jesus say he would send to them? What promise is here meant? See Joel 2. 28. How long were they to stay in Jerusalem? When was this gift of power received? See Acts 2. 1-4. 3. The Ascension, vers. 50-53. Where did the disciples go with Jesus? What did he there do? Where did he then go? What did the disciples do? How were they engaged after their return? What promise had they as to Jesus' return? (Golden Text.)

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What three collections of sacred writings did Jesus say his life and death and resurrection had fulfilled? "Moses, the prophets, and the psalms." 2. What did Christ say of his followers? "Ye are witnesses." 3. Near to what town did he lead them? "Bethany." 4. What there occurred? "He blessed them, and was carried up to heaven." 5. How did the disciples act? "They worshipped him." 6. How did they feel? "They were filled with joy."

EXPLANATIONS.

These are the words—The events of my death and resurrection agree with what I foretold. Law . . . prophets . . . psalms—The ordinary threefold division of the Scriptures made by the Jews. Opened he their understanding—Gave them enlarged spiritual apprehension. Said unto them—Here follows a synopsis of a later conversation, pursuing the same general subject. Behoved—Was appropriate. All nations—The Gospel was to be preached to the ends of the earth. Beginning at Jerusalem—With the pentecostal blessing. Ye are witnesses—Precisely for this purpose these eleven men had been called. I send the promise—The Comforter was to come. Tarry ye—Sit still till God comes your way. Endued—Wrapped around as with a garment. And he led—Luke here takes no note of time. From Acts we learn that this event occurred the fortieth day after the resurrection, and ten days before the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. As far as is—Up to the margin of. Parted—Stood apart, and was gradually borne upward. Great joy—All their doubts and fears vanished.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Gospel for the world.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. What does the Spirit perform for the Church? He calls and qualifies men, from time to time, to preach the Word and administer the

sacraments; makes their preaching effectual to the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers; and is present as the representative of the Lord Jesus in all ordinations of public worship.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW. December 28.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I.—Recall the Titles and the Golden Texts of the lessons of the quarter by the aid of the following hints:—

- 1. P. of the V. . . . He is despised— 2. The L. S. As often as ye eat— 3. The S. of T. S. . . . Let this mind— 4. J. in G. A man of sorrows— 5. J. A. He was wounded— 6. J. bef. P. and H. Then said Pilate— 7. J. C. For the transgression— 8. J. C. The Lord hath laid— 9. J. R. Now is Christ risen— 10. The W. to E. . . . Ought not Christ— 11. J. M. K. And their eyes— 12. J. P. W. If I go and prepare—

II. Recall the main facts in each lesson:

- 1. The servants—the Son—the sure punishment. 2. An old feast observed—a new feast ordained. 3. Strife—rebuke—instruction—warning. 4. Prayer—suffering—betrayal—mercy. 5. Denial—mockery—condemnation. 6. False witness—just judgment—cruel mockery. 7. "No fault"—"crucify"—sentenced. 8. Crucified—nailed at—dead—"the Son of God." 9. An empty tomb—"a vision of angels"—"the Lord is risen." 10. A sorrowful journey—the Scriptures opened. 11. A glad surprise—warm hearts—good news. 12. Witnesses appointed—power promised—heaven opened.

III. Recall some teaching from each lesson:

- 1. How to treat God's messengers. 2. Why we should observe the Lord's Supper. 3. How we can best serve Christ. 4. Why we should pray. 5. The sin of denying Christ. 6. The power of prejudice. 7. The wickedness of lying. 8. As to who alone can save sinners. 9. How much we may trust God's promises. 10. About the study of God's Word. 11. About the reality of the resurrection. 12. About the duty of witnessing for Christ.

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