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WELCOME AND TO SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That they
Should
Do unto
you.

ROPH, SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

[No. 25.]

Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, friend, and brother,
In this fast-fading year,
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come, gather here!

And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with overburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come, gather here!

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow,
Hee'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces,
Under the Holly Bough.

—Charles Mackay.

Christmas Money.

How little it is, compared with
our wishes.

Not long before Christmas
last winter a lady of moderate
means, who had been absorbingly
occupied all the morning in try-
ing to make a little money go a
great way, observed two richly
dressed women talking in the
doorway of a Boston store. They
were speaking of lace handker-
chiefs.

"I wanted dreadfully to get
her the one marked fifteen dol-
lars," said one of them with a sigh,
"but I'd put her down for only ten dollars and I could not go
beyond my limit."

Ten dollars for one present and that only a
handkerchief! The lady who listened would have
thought it nothing extraordinary to make ten dol-



TWINING THE HOLLY BOUGH.

lars purchase a dozen presents, each one of which
would give more pleasure to the recipients than the
expensive lace trifle to the fine lady already over-
whelmed with elaborate nothing, for whom it was
no doubt deemed. Nevertheless she could sym-
pathize with the feelings of the speaker, for after

order that the day should not pass without some
remembrance. When they met Christmas night
one said to the other:

"Your present was just what I wanted, but you
broke your promise. I know it cost more than you
engaged to spend."

all it is the limit, whether it be
ten dollars or a hundred dollars,
ten cents or a treasured quarter,
that makes at once the difficulty
and the delight of Christmas
shopping.

Each of these ladies—she of
the full purse and she of the
light one—had doubtless experi-
enced at some time the delicious
anguish of finding something ex-
actly suited to the taste of a
fastidious friend and which
proved to cost just a little more
than she knew she ought to pay.
Both had probably hovered help-
lessly about the counter where
such a precious article was dis-
played—retiring, returning, gaz-
ing, calculating, rejecting and
again returning, and unwilling
to purchase and almost unable
to get away.

Let us hope also that each had
known the keen and lofty satis-
faction of finally escaping the
snare and finding later, after
patient and unwearied search,
something even more suitable and
of a price within their limit.
Such a satisfaction is worth toil-
ing for and not unfrequently
rewards the enterprise and reso-
lution of the courageous shopper.

Time, taste and the ardent
desire to please will accomplish
wonders within a very narrow
limit indeed. Not long ago two
young ladies, intimate friends,
who had always been accus-
tomed to exchange presents, and
both of whom were at the time
unusually short of money, made
a compact.

At first they intended to give
each other nothing, but as the
generous season approaches its
climax their feelings revolted and
they agreed instead to expend
for each other only an equal
stipulated sum, quite small, in

It had been a long time since I had seen the old lady. She had been in the hospital for some time, and I had not had time to go and see her. I had just had a party at home, and I had been so busy that I had not had time to go and see her. I had just had a party at home, and I had been so busy that I had not had time to go and see her.

Christmas Carol.

On this day, O sweet Bethlehem,
 As ages pass away;
 Sing on, O Bethlehem,
 Of Christ, the King of kings;
 Of Christ, the King of kings;
 Who came to save the world;
 Who came to save the world;
 On that first Christmas day,
 Repeat the song of gladness,
 Song at the Saviour's birth—
 Goodwill to men forever,
 And peace be on the earth!

The song goes on, O Bethlehem,
 As ages pass away;
 Our hearts be ever a-ponder,
 On every Christmas day;
 And in them, Christ our Saviour,
 Finds resting place, and we
 Before the King in homelike,
 Bow down and bend the knee.
 Repeat the song of gladness,
 Song at the Saviour's birth—
 Goodwill to men forever,
 And peace be on the earth!

Ring on, O grand old anthem,
 Sung on Jude's plain,
 Until the wide earth echoes
 With your celestial strain;
 Until in adoration,
 Before the Saviour's feet
 Mankind bows down to offer
 An homage deep and sweet.
 Repeat the song of gladness,
 Sung at the Saviour's birth—
 Goodwill to men forever,
 And peace be on the earth!

Leaves from Hazel's Journal.

BY BESSIE P. MACLAUGHLIN.

Dec. 18, 18—

CHRISTMAS is almost here, and I'm so glad. I love Christmas. It is so nice to get things, and have lots of fun. To day I finished the blue plush sofa-pillow for papa's present. The pink moss roses look lovely on it. It's for the olive *l'le-à l'le* in the parlour. Of course nobody can lie on the *l'le-à l'le*, but then the pillow is designed to put one's head on. I hope the Burkes will notice it next time they call. I got the money from papa—nearly eight dollars—but he had no idea what I was going to do for him. I hope I shall have a seal-skin jacket from papa and mamma. They didn't say "No," when I asked for it. I have decided to buy mamma a nice copy of "Rutledge." I've wanted to read it for such a long while. For sister Sue, I think a hand-mirror will be nice. She wants a shopping-bag, but a mirror will be useful to both of us, and help to decorate the bureau in our room. She ought not to be selfish. I do hope she will give me a purse, or something she can't be forever borrowing from me. I wish I knew what Cody Norris is going to do, for then I would be sure not to spend any more for her than she does for me. Last year she gave me a twenty-five cent box of note-paper, and I had just sent her a fifty cent bottle of Colgate's violet. I couldn't get over it for ever so long. I thought as the holidays came nearer that I could be very happy, but I don't enjoy myself very much after all.

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I told Mrs. Lawrence, our minister, about it last evening, in the lecture room, while we were tying pines. Mrs. L. is very pretty to look at, and not a bit frozen up. "I you keep Christmas in the right way," she said to me, "it must be a happy time—it you love the Lord Jesus, and are glad he came to save us, and then it is just the day to make somebody glad who would be very unhappy but for you." I don't like to talk about that, so I told her what things I had made for Christmas. Then she said, just as natural as could be, "Hazel, what are you going to give the Lord Jesus?" I hadn't thought of doing anything for him, so I kept still, and she went on, "Why, my dear child! what would you think if, on your birthday, your parents and sisters and brothers should all give each other presents because it was your birthday, and not give you a single thing?" "I would think they didn't love me," I replied. Then she asked me to do something for Jesus. I told her I had spent all my money but a quarter of a dollar. "Hazel," she said, "give him yourself." Somebody called her away, and I came home with Sue.

Dec. 23

I lay awake last night a good while. My heart felt heavy and cold. When I did get to sleep, I dreamed I was all alone in the woods, and it was dark. I could hear the bears howl, and I was afraid and tired and hungry and lost. Then some one, tall and strong like papa, came through the bushes with a light. He had a beautiful face; and when he lifted me in his strong arms I wasn't afraid any more. His hands were torn with briars, but he didn't seem to mind it. He said he came on purpose to save me and that he knew every step of the way home. When he put me down on papa's doorstep, I said, "Oh, I wish I could do something for you!" He answered, looking back as he went away, "Only love me, little one, and make somebody happy, for my sake." Then I woke up, and thought what I had learned about Jesus Christ. How he came to save me, and take me home to heaven, and has asked me to love him, and be kind to others, for his sake. I know I haven't loved him, and I haven't been good to anybody. I wonder how the words, "For Jesus' sake," would look pinned on to the pillow that poor papa can't put his tired head on, or on the book that mamma doesn't want, or on the hand-glass that Sue will wish was a reticule. "For Hazel Coleman's sake," might be tied on to everything I ever did in my life. I feel mean enough to crawl into the match-safe.

Dec. 21.

I couldn't stand it another minute. I went to mamma's room this morning, and told her I wanted to be a Christian; that I was tired of being selfish and cross and unhappy. Mamma cried and I cried, and then she prayed for me, and I prayed for myself. When we rose from our knees, I said, "I don't feel any different. How do I know that Jesus has taken me?" "Now, Hazel," said mamma,

"if I asked you to give me something that I really wanted, and you held it out to me, what would I do?" "Why take it," said I. "Well, Jesus has asked for your heart—has even died to get it, and you have given it to him, dear?" "Why, then, has he taken it?" I cried, and just then it seemed as if there was a great burst of sunlight in my heart, and a thousand robins began to sing. I can't describe it any.

Dec. 25.

To think that I expected a "stupid" Christmas! This has been the very loveliest day of my life. I see now it isn't what we've got, but what we give, that makes us happy. I got the outside, but the inside. Not what we have, but what we give. I had some nice presents. It isn't too late for me to make it all right yet. Mamma and Sue, Aunt Lewis sent me a very dollar gold piece for a gift too. I was glad then that I could buy a Christmas present for the Lord Jesus, and have something left for papa besides.

Some leaves are torn out just here, but there is another record kept by Hazel's guardian angel.

It tells how a ragged little girl, looking wistfully into a toy shop, had a doll, with real hair, suddenly laid in her arms.

It tells how a small boy, who stood gazing at the luscious display of a fruit store, was surprised with a couple of oranges and a box of candy.

There is a line about a basket of fresh flowers that found their way to a sick seamstress; and another about a poor washerwoman, who was taken to a royal Christmas dinner in Mrs. Coleman's kitchen.

That night Hazel's father came home unexpectedly. He had not lost so much as he feared, but he said to his daughters:

"I couldn't get you the jackets this year, girls. May be they will come next time."

"Oh, papa," said Hazel, "I've had something a million times better than a seal-skin jacket, to day!"

She did not tell what it was, but the angel knew it was the joy of the Lord.

A Good Thing for Boys.

MANUAL training is one of the few good things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work; it is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the thing he must handle for a living afterward; it is good for the bookish boy, to draw him away from books; but, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him that there is something he can do well. The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book-knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull, and moody. Let him go to the workroom for an hour, and find that he can make a box, or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar—may, very likely better than his brighter neighbour—and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and better boy for finding out something that he can do well. Mind you, it is not planing the board does him good; it is planing the board in the presence of other boys, who can no longer look down upon him when they see how well he can plane. He might go home after school and plane a board in the bosom of his family, or go to an evening school to learn to plane, without a quarter part—may, without any—of the invaluable effect upon his manhood that it will have to let him plane side by side with those who, in mental attainments, may be his superiors. —*American Magazine.*

Christmas.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

How shall I tell of the ages
When Christmas was never kept;
When the earth, in dark evolution,
Bided her time - and slept?
How speak of the tardy unfolding
Of morn in the crimson East -
When lo! for the heavenly infant
There waited the solemn feast?
The shepherds sang
In slow accord,
"Is born our King,
The blessed Lord."

A quiver - as if down the ages
Mortality's cry echoed still;
So long had it voiced every heart-beat,
It lingered the daybreak to fill;
Each bitter discordant, low earth-wail
Shocked heavenly air as it rang;
The Babe breathed; Divinity woke,
And the angels in rapture sang,
The shepherds say,
"We seek him, all,
Look at the star
O'er Bethlehem's stall."

The babe enwrapped in the manger,
His tiny hand folded soft;
That hand, to be put forth for others
In loving strength so oft;
To be even in willing submission
Extended from Calvary,
Now rests on the mother's bosom
In beautiful infaney.

The shepherds whisper,
On each knee,
"We bring our gifts,
O Lord, to thee."

That load on its pillow so tender,
Must wear a thorny crown,
Before, the earth life ended,
Its sacrifice lays down;
But now, oh! gracious promise
Of kingly power and might,
It sends out from the little brow
Rays of divinest light.
The shepherds vail
Their faces now;
"To thee, O Lord,
We humbly bow."

Oh! now the peans rolling,
The anthems meet and blend;
"Give praises, oh! give praises,
Forever without end,"
"The Christ-child ne'er shall leave us,"
The angels soft do sing;
"But always folded in our hearts,
The Christmas joy shall bring."
The shepherds then
Stole soft away,
"The night has flown,
Look! break of day."

What does it mean, this Christmas,
Down from the ages sent?
Out of the lips of a little child,
What is the message meant?
Into one word it is parcelled,
Struck into life and light:
Love is the Christmas-tide message
Of heavenly power and might.
The shepherds far
Upon the plain,
Adore the Lord
Of love again.

Sing it in heavenly chorus,
Sing it in earthly strain,
Wake the dark places with music,
To call down the Lord again:
Sing it 'mid Christmas jangle
Of bell and childish voice,
And sweet confusion, sing it:
"Our Lord is come! Rejoice!"
The Christmas bells,
O'er hill and plain,
Take up the shepherds'
Sweet refrain:
"The child is born
To bring us love
And light and peace
From God above."

The Wonderful Gift.

BY GEO. KLINGLE.

CLARICE took both grandma's hands, and looked up in her face.

It was such a sweet face - If I should tell you about grandma's character, you would know she had a sweet face, because the face is written upon and marked by the character, and through all the years of grandma's life her character had been writing such tender, beautiful lines on her face.

"Grandma, this is a very happy Christmas," exclaimed Clarice: "I have so many beautiful gifts."

"And which is the dearest gift of all?" inquired grandma, with one of her own bright smiles.

Clarice was a scrap disconcerted and looked down at the pretty Persian rug and up at grandma's soft, white cap; and then, a little bashfully, into grandma's eyes, for she did, in her heart, believe that grandma was inquiring because she wanted to hear that, of all the beautiful gifts of Christmas, grandma's own beautiful gift was the best, while, in truth, that given by papa pleased Clarice better than any other.

"I like them all very much," she replied.

"Certainly you do, dearest; but surely there is one better than all the rest."

"Oh, grandma, I am happy and pleased with them all. I wonder how everybody knew what I wished for."

"Love is a good guesser," said grandma. "But, dear child, tell me the dearest gift of this and of every Christmas-tide."

"Oh, grandma! I remember now; but that was given so long ago. I did not think at first what you could mean."

"In one sense it was long ago, but in another sense it is the gift of to-day, for the dear Father gives the pardon for sin, by Christ, as fully to-day as in the long ago."

"I did not think at first, grandma. Christmas is such a gay day, it almost makes us forget about sins."

"But not forget about the gift of the dear Christ."

"No, grandma; and yet I did not remember as I should have done. I wonder if I shall ever be quite good like you," exclaimed Clarice, with a troubled face.

"Every grandma in the world was once young, and thought more, sometimes, at Christmas-tide of the beautiful gifts from friends than of the wonderful gift of our Father. The coming of many Christmas-tides makes the grandmas remember better."

"Grandma, were you ever giddy and foolish at all?" sighed Clarice.

Grandma kissed her, but, for a moment, forgot to answer, as she looked back toward the vanished years.

"God is very patient, sweet one," she replied, at length. "He bears having us foolish and forgetful many times, and your grandma was once only a young girl trying to remember him and be grateful but often being dazzled and turned from him by the world's bright, pleasant things."

"Are my Christmas gifts 'the world's bright, pleasant things,' grandma?"

"Not unless you make them so, dear, by thinking entirely of them and forgetting this happy birthday, why we celebrate the day, and of the One who was born."

"Tell me about it all again, grandma; it all seems so strange."

"About the gift of the dear Christ?" inquired grandma. "You know that by sin of our first parents the world was estranged from God?"

"Yes, grandma."

"And you know, too, that however you may wish to be perfectly good-tempered, holy, and Christ-like, you are always finding your self imperfect?"

"Yes, grandma; I know that very well."

"Then, dear, a great debt is due God, the debt due him from the beginning of your life, and your own debt for personal shortcomings. God requires perfection. Nothing but perfection can enter heaven. You and I are not perfect, and never can be perfect in this world. God requires payment, or atonement, for the debt due from the beginning of our lives, and for the sins of each individual soul. Who could pay this debt? Man could not, for all men were themselves sinners, and all they own has been given by God. There is nothing to give to God to make atonement, and we would all have been forever exiled from God had he not devised a way. He gave his own Son, who was willing to come into this world to suffer and die, to pay our debt - to pay what we could not pay for our lives."

Grandma stopped speaking a moment - she was thinking glad, grateful thoughts; then she added: "Our Father gave Jesus; Jesus gave his life."

Grandma was speaking so earnestly, with so much of her heart in her words, that Clarice listened breathlessly, as though she had never heard the glad story before.

"This was wonderful giving," resumed grandma: "the costliest kind of giving. Well may we be unselfish at Christmas-tide, and forget about ourselves, while we try to grow more Christ-like, by giving unselfishly the best gifts we can for the pleasure of everybody."

"To give unselfishly at Christmas-tide is really and for sure doing something for his sake, is it not, grandma dear?"

"It certainly is, and it is the best way of remembering God's wonderful gift. To forget to give something away at Christmas-tide, simply for Jesus' sake, is forgetting or neglecting a happy privilege. It makes Christmas the more holy and beautiful, and so the more joyous, as we give all our gifts, remembering the great Gift of God; and as we look at the beautiful things, each given by the unselfish thought of some dear one, what added pleasure comes with the remembrance that each bears, in itself, a reminder of the dear Christ, and humbly points us back to the wonderful birthday, and the holy, wonderful gift."

Prove it by Mother.

WHILE driving along the street one day last winter, in my sleigh, says a friend, a little boy, six or seven years old, asked me the usual question, "Please, may I ride?"

I answered him, "Yes, if you are a good boy." He climbed into the sleigh. And when I again asked, "Are you a good boy?" he looked up pleasantly, and said, "Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"Why, by ma," said he, promptly.

I thought to myself, here is a lesson for boys and girls. When a child feels and knows that mother not only loves but has confidence in him or her, can prove their obedience, truthfulness and honesty by mother, they are pretty safe. That boy will be a joy to his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of her sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. I do not think that he will go to the saloon, the theatre, or the gambling-house. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children they can trust, are blessed indeed. Boys and girls, can you "prove by mother" that you are good? Try to deserve the confidence of your parents and of every one else.

Christ's Birthday.

SUSAN COLLIDGE.

How did they keep his birthday then
The little fair Christ so long ago?
Oh! many there were to be housed and fed,
And there was no place in the inn, they said,
So into the manger the Christ must go,
To lodge with the cattle and not with men.

The ox and the ass, they munched their hay,
They munched and they slumbered, wondering not,
And out in the moonlight, cold and blue,
The shepherd slept, and the sheep slept, too,
Till the angel song and the bright star ray,
Guided the wise men to the spot.

But only the wise men knelt and prayed,
And only the shepherds came to see,
And the rest of the world cared not at all
For the little Christ in the oxen's stall;
And we are angry and amazed,
That such a lull, hard thing should be.

How do we keep Christ's birthday now?
We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere,
And bid the tapes twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic; and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

Are we no better, then, than they,
Who failed the new-born Christ to see?
To them a helpless babe; to us
He shines a Saviour glorious.
Our Lord, our Friend, our All, yet we
Are half asleep this Christmas Day.

Order in Church.

Not many years ago it was considered a moral necessity to have a tithing man in every meeting house to keep the sleepers awake, and to see that the boys kept straight. Perhaps our young readers are saying in their minds that the Young American of to-day is materially different than the old-time Puritan's son. We presume he don't attend church as much as he did a century ago, and his pranks are now considered quite innocent. The tithing man may not have been the best institution to promote good order, but it might be a powerful agent for good in this enlightened age. Boys and girls should make it a point to attend church.

When you go to church it would be well to follow the advice of our minister and make yourself look just as neat and pretty as you can without getting proud. A person who lacks respect for himself will also lack respect for others.

The reaching of the church door should be the signal to banish all worldly thoughts from your mind. Never sit in the rear part of the church, and whisper, giggle or pass notes to your neighbours. In other words, don't sell out your respect for the Lord's house in this way for a cent.

Not long ago we heard of a worldly man entering a certain church, in a certain city, for the first time. He found the ladies flirting in the choir, and heard the boys cracking jokes in the gallery. His opinion of that church was this: "I believe this would be a pretty good association to tie to, as it seems to have nothing to do with politics or religion."

Never turn in your pew to look at any one, except the minister. It makes the minister feel as though his preaching was of no account to have the audience gazing at the finery the late-comers are always adorned with.

When you are not sure of the way to conduct yourself in church, never do the thing your Saviour would be ashamed of, were he to sit in your pew beside you.—*Chas. E. Holbein.*



ON THE HOUSE TOP.

present condition of Association work along other lines:—

There are 488 libraries, containing 350,193 volumes; 583 reading rooms; over 1,500 educational classes; 2,919 lectures and 3,000 sociables annually; 398 Bible classes; 367 Bible training classes; and 1,242 weekly prayer and gospel meetings for young men only; 237 gymnasiums, and 135 literary societies; 12,700 situations for young men were secured last year.

On the House Top.

In Eastern lands the people live largely upon the roofs of their houses. Indeed, in the cool of the day there are few places so pleasant. There are many allusions to this custom in Scripture. We borrow the beautiful engraving above from a series of over 100 which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1889, illustrating life, and travel, and the customs of Bible lands. This series will be of great interest to all Bible students, and that it may be brought within the reach of every Sunday-school in the country, the publisher will give a special reduced rate to any school ordering from 2 to 10 copies, as several schools have done for several years. For these special rates write to Rev. William Briggs, Toronto.

THE Christmas number of *PLEASANT HOURS* and *HOME AND SCHOOL*, full of Christmas pictures, Christmas stories, and Christmas poetry, will be sold at \$1.00 per 100. Let every scholar have one for Christmas. Address, Rev. William Briggs, Toronto; C. W. Coates, Montreal; or, S. F. Huestis, Halifax.

THE frontispiece for the November number of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching after a painting by F. A. Bridgeman, the favourite painter of Oriental scenes. It is called "A Hot Bargain," and represents two Arabs arguing over the price of a horse.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

Thinking in Right Order.

In the Old Testament prophecies, the threatenings are sure to end with a sweet promise. And the Holy Spirit, who thus taught the prophets, teaches us in the same way still. It is easy for us to say: "I am a great sinner; I shall surely perish!" Just as David mistakenly said: "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul." And when we read in the Word of a great Saviour it is still easy for us to say: "Yes, a great Saviour, but then I am a great sinner." The order of the facts in the Spirit's teaching is quite different. The Spirit reverses the order: "You are a great sinner, but you have a great Saviour."

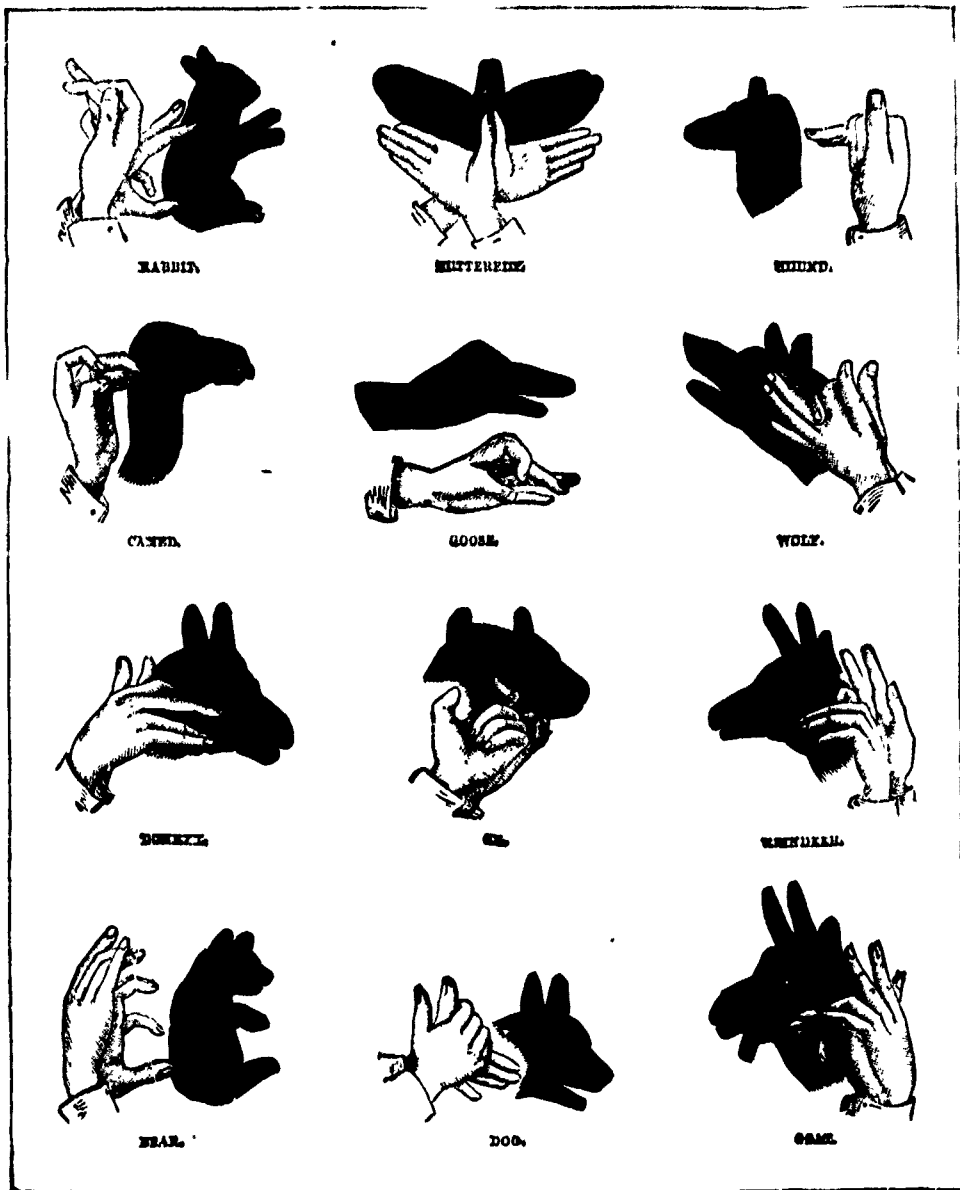
Where there is an element of hope and an element of despair, it makes a great difference which comes last. Don't let us look for the fading of the light and the coming of the darkness; but rather believe that "the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth" "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help."—*Selected.*

Progress of the Young Men's Christian Associations.

SINCE 1866, the Associations on this continent have made the following remarkable progress:

Number of Associations from 59 in 1866 to 1,240 in 1888. Membership from 15,000 to 175,000. Association buildings from 1, valued at \$11,000, to 132, worth \$5,600,000. Total net property from \$90,000 to \$7,260,000. Paid secretaries and assistants from less than a dozen to 795. State organizations from none to 37, twenty-three of which employ 42 travelling secretaries and assistants, and all of which hold annual conventions. Amount contributed annually for the local work: from less than \$50,000 to \$1,200,000. Amount contributed annually for the general work (state and international) from \$522 to \$105,000. During this period the work among special classes of young men has been started, and to-day there are 273 College Associations, 77 Railroad Associations, 10 German Associations, 29 Coloured Associations, and 15 Indian Associations.

The following additional statistics show the



CHRISTMAS GAMES.

All Hail! the Glorious Morn.

ALL hail! all hail! the glorious morn,
Swell high the notes of song;
Let each rejoice a Saviour born,
Let zante the strains prolong.

Swell high, swell high, your voices raise,
In praises loud proclaim
The advent of the King of kings;
Who came on earth to reign.

Ring out, ring out, from east to west,
The wondrous deed of love;
Now all the world may find a rest,
With heavenly hosts above.

Let trumpets sound, let organs swell,
Let anthems reach the skies;
Let harp and lute the story tell,
Of love that never dies.

'Tis Christmas Day, 'tis Christmas Day,
The heavenly arches ring;
'Tis Christmas Day, 'tis Christmas Day,
With happy hearts we sing.

—*Goodly Pearls.*

Five Years of Christmas-Days.

MORE than five solid years of Christmas-days since the Star of Bethlehem began to shine! What a radiant cluster of throned white gems in the circle of Christian ages they would make! But we want them just as they are strewn, one a year along the lines of our lives. Like the well and the palm in the desert, they are places where pilgrims call a halt and unburden, and lie down to pleasant dreams, and rise up with sweeter memories, truer hopes, fresher strength, nobler aspirations, and tenderer humanity.

Whoever does not feel angels in the air on Christmas-eve, though he may not see the shining of their wings, has too little imagination to obey the Golden Rule. To be younger and happier for the day, we must be like them of whom the Saviour said, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." Christmas is children's day. Little and big, let us all, for twenty-four hours a year, be children every one. The first Christmas-gifts brought to the babe in the far-away village, who was not born in a human dwelling, "were gold and frankincense and myrrh." They were the offerings of the wise men of the East. But there have been wiser men and richer gifts since then: faith in things unseen—hope that wakens through the night, impatient for the morning—love that casteth out fear.

It is not wrath, but love that makes us brave to dare, to do, to suffer; and fortitude is the sublimest courage. Miles Standish, belted and booted, striking forth with his stout heart and sword to the savage "front," was valiant; but the pilgrim women, shivering round their cabin fires, strong to suffer, and waiting sereno and patient for the Christmas, stood there, in that long-gone December, the New World's guardian angels of the virtues of mankind.—*Good Words.*

THE charming article by Mr. John R. Chapin, "A Drive Through the Connecticut Valley," begun in the October number of *The American Magazine*, is continued in the next number; and, both in text and illustrations, will exhibit delightful glimpses of the romantic scenery which helps to make poetical "the land of steady habits."

Christendom's Hymn to Christ.

MARTIN LUTHER sang his Christmas carols in the streets of Eisenach, and in the home of Conrad and Ursula Cotta. Milton has given us his matchless ode on "The Morning of Christ's Nativity." Mrs. Browning has enriched English literature with her song of the "Virgin Mother to the Child Jesus." The many holiday books at this season give us many rare and exquisite selections from the poets of Christendom on the birthday of Christ. The Latin hymn, the "Adeste Fideles," is a hymn of triumph. Dr. Sears's wonderful hymn, "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," is a revelation of the human heart's hope and bewilderment in the midst of life's burdens. But was anything ever written more full of childhood's spirit at this happy season than the "Child's Hymn to Christ" by Turner Palgrave?

"Thou that once on mother's knee
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay thy hands about my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

"Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true—
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

"Once wert thou in cradle laid—
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house
Now thou art above the sky;
Canst thou hear thy children cry?

"Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
Thou that once on mother's knee
Wert a little one like me!"

A Japanese Bible.

THE completion of the translation of the entire Bible into the Japanese language was duly celebrated not long since. The Rev. John C. Hepburn, for many years a Presbyterian missionary in Japan, has done the bulk of the work, concerning which the Japanese *Mail* gives this incident: "On the deck was lying a beautifully bound copy of the whole Bible in five volumes, presented to Dr. Hepburn, by the National Bible Society of Scotland, on the last day of last year, immediately after the completion of the translation. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Hepburn, suiting the action to the word, took the New Testament in one hand and the Old Testament in the other, and, reverently placing them together, laid the book down—a complete Bible. Knowing that he had spent the last sixteen years almost entirely on this work, and knowing the deep interest which he has in it, the audience was visibly moved at the simple but touching action which seemed to unite the work of the two committees into one."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending October 27th and November 3rd contain State Socialism, *Contemporary Review*; Under Canvas in a Proclaimed District, *Blackwood's Magazine*; Impressions of Petersburg, A Winter in Syria, *Contemporary Review*; The Great American Language, *Cornhill Magazine*; The Emperor Frederick's Diary, *Spectator*; An Autumn Evening in Whitechapel, *Daily News*; Savage versus Brute, *Times*; Mental Laziness, *Spectator*; Bishop Ken, by Archdeacon Farrar, *Good Words*; etc. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Edith's Soliloquy—Christmas Morning.

This really now is Christmas Day;
I am so glad—so glad!
I wonder if in all the world
There's anybody sad.
But oh, dear me! I must forget
That girl across the way
Her father drinks, they're awful poor,
And once I hear her say
That Christmas Day was like all days
I'm afraid—I'd like to know—
But what's the use? It's too late now—
If I had money, though,
I'd go and—but I've not a cent,
Now let me think; they say
If anybody has the will
They're sure to find the way—
What can I give to that poor girl?
I just have this sweet doll
That Santa Claus has brought for me,
Besides this popcorn ball,
And box of candy, nuts, and cakes,
And still "Where there's a will"—
But I'm real poor myself, I'm sure,
Yet she is poorer still,
And like enough has had no gift
This blessed Christmas morn.
I wonder if she's thought at all
That Christmas, Christ was born,
He did not think about himself,
But just of others thought.
I s'pose I could divide with her
These things that Santa brought—
I will! I'll give her half of them.
But then—here's this sweet doll,
I can't divide it, possibly;
I'll just give—give—it all.

—*Temperance.*

Yule Logs for the Christmas-Fire.

BY SARA LEE.

"Christmas, merry Christmas—
Sweet herald of goodwill!"

SOME writer has said, "The Christmas-tree, like liberty, loves lands where the snow flies;" and although it was on the plains of Bethlehem the angels proclaimed their message of peace on earth and goodwill to men, thereby making a world-Christmas possible, yet Christmas customs, under different names, had flourished for countless generations.

Our Norse ancestors, living in their ice-bound land, worshipped the sun as the source of all good; and when, as the winter drew near, and from the frozen regions of the north Ymir, the frost giant, crowded upon Jol, the sun, with fierce storms and spears of ice and armaments, came crashing down from the frozen seas, Jol, pressed hard, yielded and retreated southward, step by step, and farther and farther, from his accustomed place in the heavens.

Would he flee away and leave his children—the men, the birds, the flowers, and the trees—to the mercy of the relentless Ymir, and to be swallowed up in Niffleheim, the abode of cold and darkness?

But Jol paused, looked back in his flight, marked the terrible contest to which he was leaving his loved ones, his heart relented of his purpose of flight, and he turned. Could he be, was he coming back! They scarcely dare believe it. Little by little he begins to regain his lost domain. The old giant of the north fights furiously. But in vain he flings his icy javelins—in vain he whirls his blinding storms—in vain his mighty ice-batteries come crashing down. They fear naught, for is not Jol there to oppose him? Their hearts are light, and they make the air resound with shouts of victory. They fell the mightiest oak of the forest; and the blaze of the Jol log rises up high in the air to meet the rising god; and with glad acclamation, with feasting, dancing, gifts, and congratulations, they keep the Yule-feast.

Such, the Eddars tell us, is the origin of Christ-

mas, and thus it is the forerunner of the peace and goodwill. For, as the pagans, who, with their omenshadowing, saw through a glass darkly, commemorated the gift of renewed life and strength, do we, with the clear light of revelation, celebrate the Gift of gifts that came down from heaven to become the light of the world.

When the Norsemen sailed across the narrow sea, and took possession of Britain, they took their customs with them; and Cassin and his men were in time to join in the yule feast, before the simple-hearted islanders had discovered in the strangers the forerunners of the terrible Romans, who "worship only the god Boundary."

The yule log was of monstrous size. Whole trees were felled for the purpose. It was lighted on the 21th of December—our present Christmas Eve—and the blazing fire was kept burning till twelfth night, the 6th of January.

The yule candles—immense branches of wax—shed lustre on the scene. Among the dishes that decked the festal board, the most important was the boar's head. To the sound of music it was carried into the banqueting hall on a platter of gold, garnished with bay and rosemary, with an orange between his smooth tusks. He was king of the feast; the peacock, in all his glory of fuss and feathers, with gilded beak, being only second to the monarch.

The ancient Britons gathered the mistletoe and holly, and decked the heads of the white bulls, which were sacrificed to Thor, and then hung up the garlands in the halls. The hanging of the mistletoe bough in our homes to-day is but a perpetuation of the customs of the painted savages who rounded the woods of the forest primeval.

As the knowledge of the Gift that descended on the Judean plains spread even to the shores of far off Britain, on its message of universal brotherhood, what more natural than that upon the new religion should be grafted some of the manners and customs of the old? So the yule feast and the Christmas-tide have been welded into one.

The Church tried to combat and banish the barbarous ceremonies of the heathen, by substituting dramatic representations of the birth of Christ. Thence came the miracle and the mystery plays. Hence, too, came the Christ-child superstitious of the Germans, and the manger scenes that are still in vogue among our Moravian brethren. The little Bethlehems, where the holy child rests upon a bed of green moss, while over him leans a dressed-up doll, are repugnant to us; but to those who have been taught to look upon it as a type, it is holy.

Then, too, came the pretty custom of the Christmas carols, where, for centuries, the children went up and down the streets on Christmas Eve, singing:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay.
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day."

In merry England, up to the days of the Commonwealth, the festival was kept with joy and merry-making. When the great yule-log was drawn from its home in the forest to the huge fireplace in the baronial hall, there was great rejoicing, for its cheery blaze was believed to burn up ancient feuds and animosities, and to kindle the fires of affection and goodwill among all classes. The boys ushered it in with carols, the minstrels welcomed it with their sweetest strains, and the merry-making that accompanied it still lives in the joyous verses of the old poets.

The Christmas-tree belongs to all nations. Where we place the star of Bethlehem, a sun, in honour of Apollo, crowned the Roman tree. And

our figures of Santa Claus and flying angels, or our Christmas substitutions for the heathen Phœbus and his birds. The holly is called "Christ's thorn" in Scandinavia. The evergreen is typical of the Tree of Life. The gleaming tapers represent the feast of light. The cornucopias are plenty and good cheer. The banners, balls, and bells are remnants of the holiday pageants of the olden time. While our gifts are but mementoes of the great Gift to mankind.

Our Puritan forefathers, in their rage at the painted mummeries of the scarlet woman, tried to root out the remnants of popery, and abolished all emblems and days. They took from us the cross, and struck from the calendar Easter and Christmas as holy days, but in their iconoclastic zeal may they not have gone too far? Why may we not, amid the social festivities of the day, recognize publicly the divine element in the event we celebrate?

There is a minor in the carol, and a shadow in the light, and the spray of cypress twines in all our holy wreaths, as says one of our sweetest poets; but it is no season for repining, as we commemorate the birthday so dear us.

Let us not keep a place at our festal board for those who have gone before us. "Our holiday feast would be but poor fare for them; they are at a better banquet in the skies. Let the whole land be full of chimes and carols. Let bells, silver and brazen, take their sweetest voices, and all the towers of Christendom ring music."

And let us open our churches, and join in the strain that is echoing over land and sea—the glad tidings of great joy, that unto us a Son is born, unto us a child is given."

"God rest you all, good Christians,
Upon this blessed morn;
The Lord of all good Christians
Was of a woman born.

"Now all your sorrows he doth heal;
Your sin he takes away;
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day."

The Far-off Leaves.

WHEN the spring comes the oak tree, with its thousands upon thousands of leaves, blossoms all over. The great heart of the oak-tree remembers every remotest tip of every farthest branch, and sends to each the message and the power of new life. And yet we do not think of the heart of the oak tree as if it were burdened with such multitudinous remembrance, or as if it were any harder work for it to make a million leaves than it would be to make one. It is simply the thrill of the common life transmuted into these million forms. The great heart beats, and wherever the channels of a common life are standing open the rich blood flows, and out on every tip the green leaf springs. Somewhat in that way it seems to me that we may think of God's remembrance of his million children. In some hut to-day some poor, sick sufferer is wearing the hours out in agony, longing for the evening as last night he longed for the morning which seemed as if it would never come. Or in some obscure shop to-day some insignificant workman is doing some bit of faithful and useful but unnoticed work. They are the far-off leaves on the great tree of his life: far off, and yet as near to the beating of his heart as any leaf on all the tree. He remembers them.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THERE was a boy who, when sent to school, ran away to play instead; he grew up ignorant; can hardly read or write. We should begin early to improve our minds and to obey God.

Seeking the Christ-Child.

"One golden morn'g Aline's home they came
The angel-beards of a sweet babe
With loving care,
Adine, thy home prepare,
For Christ, the Lord, this day shall be thy guest.

"With awe, Aline the heavenly messenger heard,
A holy hush fell on her heart and face,
And going to and fro,
She whispered low,
'To-day his presence shall make glad this place.'

"Long hours she watched, and while she bent her ear,
And thro' the twilight strained her eager sight,
A shadow crossed the floor,
And at the door
A sad-eyed child begged shelter from the night.

"But Aline, waiting for her kingly guest,
With hope and fear at war within her heart,
No thought or care
The weary child could spare,
And with miraculous alms bade him depart.

"Then suddenly the childish form was changed,
And with a look that smote her like a sword—
All fair and bright,
In robes of silvery white—
He turned and said, 'Adine, behold thy Lord.'

"And while with trembling hands her face she hid,
The glory faded that through the place had shone;
The sheen of pinions fair
Swept thro' the silent air,
And in the twilight dim she stood alone.

"Still for the master's coming Aline waits,
But help from those who need no more withhold,
For, evermore
In all who seek her door,
Aline the image of her Lord beholds."

This quaint little legend, so sweetly told in the verses I have quoted, is repeated in many languages, and the tradition lingers, though in different forms, in all nations who have heard the story of the Christ-child.

The Russian peasants believe that an old woman—the Baboushka—was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the child.

"Come with us," they said; "we have seen his star in the East, and go to worship him."

"I will come, but not now," she answered. "I have my house to set in order; when that is done, I will follow and find him."

But when her work was done, the three kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for him still. For his sake she takes care of all little children. It is she who, in Russian and Italian houses, is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morning. The children are awakened by the call, "See, the Baboushka!" and spring up, hoping to catch a glimpse of her before she vanishes. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds she may find the Christ-child whom she neglected ages ago.

Very likely, as we read or listen to these simple fables, which, though different, are at heart the same old story of neglected happiness, because of the work and worry of our daily lives, or of ambition which cannot see our Lord in the simple vesture of a little child, we feel as if they were not for us; that the prose and hurry of our daily life make the world a very different place from what it was in the misty, wonderful "long ago," when Christ was a living presence among men.

The Baboushka, looking out, saw the light of a miraculous star streaming across the desert, and kings on their way to him bearing royal gifts. We fancy that if such mighty marvels had ever told us of him we would not have waited to finish our

day's work before setting out to find him. Yet it is all of us, as to the woman in the story, the king comes of her race upon our lips. "The Christ-child found! Come and worship him! Through the influence of one of our own little children, perhaps, from our mother's tender words, in many ways has the message come. And if we are indeed eager to find him, to have him our guest, we need not search the world to reach his presence. He is with us now, at our side, within our sight, and the quickest way to touch his hand at this especial season is to find the children—the hungry, cold, helpless babies, that wait for us in every alley.

Adine waiting for a kingly guest, could not see the child-Saviour. The Baboushka seeks the Christ-child in every little one, only to be disappointed. But we shall not be disappointed. He has told us that we shall find him in the least of these his brethren. And thus his presence, unseen but felt in every scene, will hallow our Christmas-tide, and bring home to every heart the hope that—

"He who was born and cradled in a manger,
And gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest;
O, best beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our friend and Christmas Guest."
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Peace, Goodwill to Men.

Lo, the shepherds watch were keeping
O'er their flocks by night;
Swift and silent came the angel,
Glorious with light.

Sing aloud the joyful chorus,
Peace, goodwill to men!
Glory, glory in the highest!
Shout it back again.

"Fear ye not," said he, "for tidings
Glorious I bring;
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Jesus Christ, your King."

Joyful, then, they bowed before him,
Cradled in the stall—
We would also bring our tribute;
Crown him King of all.

All the world must know the story,
Jesus came to save:
Tell it to the high and lowly,
Over land and wave.

Stamps.

WALTER'S grandpa lives in an old-fashioned farmhouse, with four great square rooms below, and four square chambers above, with a wide garret over the whole.

The upper hall has never been papered, and in the plastering, close to the big wall-post of the banisters, is the plainly stamped print of a little hand. Before the plaster had hardened, after being spread, some little boy or girl crept up-stairs, and reached on the wall to pat the smooth, damp surface, and left in the soft plastering a deep print of their hand.

Perhaps no one found the stamp till the wall had grown so hard it could not be smoothed, and in all the eighty years since grandpa's house was built the print of those little fat fingers has been on the hall wall.

One day grandma found Walter standing on tip-toe trying to press the print of his chubby little hand in the wall, close to the mark that that old little boy or girl had left so many years before; but he could not; the wall was as hard as a white rock.

In their good night talk that night, grandma told Walter that though it was too late for him to print a stamp of his hand in the hard walls of grandpa's old house, that he was leaving stamps of himself on people's minds and hearts every day,

stamps that would last even longer than the print of the little hand in the wall.

"How?" Walter asked with wondering wide-awake eyes.

"Can you tell him, dear little children?"

I want you to think of these points that you are making every day, and watch your lips and hearts close that the stamps you leave may be those of a kind, helpful, loving, honest little boy or girl.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1312]

LESSON XII.

[Dec. 23

RUTH'S CHOICE.

Ruth 1. 16-22.

Commit to memory verses, 16-18

GOLDEN LEAF.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Ruth 1. 16

OUTLINE

1. The Voice of Love.
2. The Voice of Woe.

TIME.—1312 B.C.

PLACES.—The land of Moab. Bethlehem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Our date has gone backward nearly two centuries. So there can be no connection between the lessons. This is a fragment out of the life of one of the families of Judah, and is valuable to the Bible story as it shows how the blood of Moab passed into the veins of Christ.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Lord do so to me.*—That is, if I leave you, may God do so to me. *Steadfastly minded*—Firmly resolved to go. *All the city was moved*—Filled with emotion, with grief, compassion, and sympathy. *Went out full*—That is, with husband and two sons. *Home again empty*—All her family had died in the foreign land. *Beginning of the barley harvest*—In the month of April.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Voice of Love.*
Who are the characters who appear in this lesson?
Where is the scene of the story laid?
To what period of Bible history does it belong?
Where was the country in which this Jewish family had been living?
What made Ruth use the language of ver. 16?
What kind of character is displayed by this language?
Why is Ruth of special interest to every Bible student?
Ruth 4. 17.
2. *The Voice of Woe.*
How were these two travellers received when they reached Bethlehem?
What was the meaning of the words *Naomi* and *Mara*? (See marginal notes.)
Was Naomi's speech true?
What great blessing had God in store for her?
Was she grateful to Ruth?
What was the attitude of Naomi toward God and the world?
Give an analysis of her character.
Was she not acting just as many of us act now?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

See this picture of true devotion. Ruth forsook country unasked. Ruth left her home and kindred. Ruth went a stranger into a strange land. Ruth went among those who hated a foreigner. And it was all for love of her earthly friend.

Compare Christ's devotion. He forsook heaven, his father, glory, and power, to go into poverty, to those who hated him, and all for love of his enemies. Read John 3. 16.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read the whole book of Ruth.
2. Study this particular chapter with care.
3. Commit to memory Ruth's words.
4. Trace the journey of these women.
5. Write Ruth's story as fully as you can without a Bible.
6. Find why this story is put into the Bible at all.
7. Study out the ancestry of the Moabites, and find how they were related to the Jews.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whose story is told by the book of Ruth? Of Ruth, of Naomi, and of Boaz. 2. Who was Ruth? A heathen girl of Moab. 3. What was her destiny in Jewish history? To be an ancestor of Christ. 4. What was the moving principle of her life? Fidelity to her loved ones. 5. In what words did she express her loving purpose? Thy people shall be my people, etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The love of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

14. What is the employment of the fallen angels? They tempt men to sin, and thus seek to bring them to their own place of misery. Matthew xxv. 41; Ephesians vi. 12; 1 Thessalonians iii. 5; 1 Timothy iii. 7.
15. Can they do what they please? No; God controls their power, and will save from their malice and subtily all who put their trust in him.

B.C. 1491.] [Dec. 30
TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Num. 6. 1-4. Memory verse 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink. Luke 1. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Separation from Sin.
2. Consecration to God.

TIME.—1491 B.C.

PLACE.—Mount Sinai.

This lesson has no connection with the lessons of the quarter.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Shall separate to vow a vow*—O, shall solemnly vow a vow. *A Nazarite*—One separated; such a one assumed voluntary obligations, sometimes for a month, sometimes for a life-time, not to use wine, not to touch a razor to his head, but allowing the hair to grow, and to have no contact with a dead body. *Liquor of grapes*—A drink made from grape skins. *The kernels*—A sour drink was made from the stones of grapes. *The husk*—Cakes were made from the husk.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Separation from Sin.*
 What was a Nazarite?
 From what things were Nazarites obliged to totally abstain?
 Could not a man be holy unto the Lord without such separation?
 What was the great principle which underlay this abstinence?
 What is the best and noblest part of man? To what does self-indulgence always lead? What is the effect of sin upon the soul? Of what is the Nazarite's separation typical?
 What was Christ's teaching concerning this law of self-denial? Matt. 16. 24.
 What is the great sin of modern society?
2. *Consecration to God.*
 What was the purpose of the Nazarite's separation of himself from the world?
 How would such self-denial promote the spirit of consecration?
 What place do you think consecration should occupy in a Christian's life?
 What did Christ do for us? Phil. 2. 5-8.
 What ought we to do in return for him?
 What are some of the ways in which we may show our consecration?
 Is it right for a man to gratify his appetite even if he can do it without danger to himself?
 What was the character of Christ's forerunner?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Notice the law for total abstinence was prescribed by God himself, ver. 1.
 There is no place in the Nazarite's diet for any liquor, or any thing like it, or any thing that could suggest it.
 Total abstinence—no moderate drinking.
 Total abstinence—no wine, or grape, or tendrils of a vine.
 Total abstinence, total abstinence, TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find who of the Bible characters were Nazarites.
2. Find all the places that speak of separation from sin.
3. Find if the Bible teaches that drunkenness is a sin.
4. Find what the destination of drunkards is declared to be.
5. Find five Bible characters who lived lives of consecration to God, and study them.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was a Nazarite? A man consecrated to God.
2. Who gave the law to govern the lives of Nazarites? The Lord gave it to Moses.
3. In what were they for examples to us? In their total abstinence from wine.
4. Who was the most shining example in history of absolute total abstinence? John, the Lord's herald.
5. What prophecy was made concerning him? "For he shall be great," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Temperance.

You never miss an opportunity of giving innocent pleasure, or helping another soul on the path to God, but you are taking away from yourselves forever what might have been a happy memory, and leaving in its place pain or remorse.

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