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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

[No. 50.]

Vol. XIV.]

A Poor Rule.

SAID Mary to Johnny, "Oh, dear!
This play is too poky and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here—
Oh, Johnny, please, I want to blow!"
"No, I'll blow them for you," said he;
"Just watch, and you'll see every one.
That leaves all the labour to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "Oh my!
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try;
Oh, Mary, please, I want a bite!"
"No, I'll eat it for you," said she,
"And show you just how it is done;
I'll take all the labour, you see,
And you will have only the fun!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS SISTER'S HELP.

BY RUTH HAYS.

"No school for me!" piped Joe shrilly, jumping about the kitchen as if to keep time with the whirling snowflakes.

"Me neither!" echoed Bob, joining madly in the dance of triumphal glee.

It was the heaviest snow of the season, and there had been bad storms before. The air was full of a white smother, snow was piled up against the stone walls, and the road before the old farmhouse was one unbroken, trackless way.

But Susan stood by the window very gravely for some minutes. Then she turned and went on setting the table for breakfast. "I'm going," she said briefly, after a few seconds.

"Well, Tommy ain't," answered Joe gleefully. "Say, Tom, you ain't aching to see old Barrett to-day, are you? We'll pop corn an' make cornballs, an' have larks—can't we, mother?" as Mrs. Potter came in from the pantry with a pan of milk.

"Can't you what? Make cornballs? I guess so, if you don't make a muss," smiling good-naturedly on the eager boys.

"Hooray for mother! she gets there every time!" shouted Bob, rushing to bestow upon her an appreciated embrace, while Joe's antics grew wilder than ever.

Tommy looked at Susan doubtfully. She was moving deftly about, putting the finishing touches to the table, but she stopped long enough to give him an encouraging little touch on the shoulder. "Tommy's going with me," she said quietly, smiling at him.

"Ain't it 'most too bad for Tommy, Susan!" said good-natured Aunt Potter mildly. "I don't believe there's a mite of a path between here an' the schoolhouse, an' like as not there won't be any school after you've got there."

"Yes, there will," Susan answered cheerfully. "Mr. Barrett boards next house. He'll be there."

"Well, nobody else will," chuckled Joe. "My, don't I pity Tommy! Have old Barrett all to yourselves, you will. An' he'll cipher you straight through the 'rithmetic, Tommy, I shouldn't wonder!"

Susan laughed. "Wish he would!" she said merrily. "We ain't got any time to spare, Tommy and me. Tommy's going to college."

Tommy winked away a tear furtively as he took his seat at the table and began to eat his buckwheat cakes. Susan was the dearest sister in the world, but he sometimes wished she wasn't so "strenuous,"



GOING TO SCHOOL.

as Uncle Potter said, about getting an education.

They were orphans, he and Susan, and had lived at Uncle Potter's ever since their mother died, four years ago. Tommy was only three then, and Susan had been mother and sister and everything else to him. She was seven years older, a big strong girl of fourteen now, very capable and handy about the house, and a great help to kindly, easy-going Aunt Potter. The Potter boys had an easy time of it, for as long as they kept the peace indoors, and didn't shirk too much outside, they were allowed to do very much as they listed. But Tommy was Susan's care and was allowed much less latitude, in the matter of school-going at least. The small Potters were apt to find themselves afflicted with mysterious headaches and sprained ankles, or toothaches that were somewhat alleviated after nine o'clock in the morning, but never disappeared entirely until about half-past two. Tommy never had any. It was a matter of course

that he should go to school every day, rain or shine, just as Susan did, and he never thought of rebelling.

He was very fond indeed of Susan, and used to listen to all her plans for the future and her ambitious dreams for him with faith unbounded. He meant to be all she hoped and make her proud of him some day. So he muffled himself up and Susan pinned her little woollen shawl over her head and shoulders, and they set bravely forth into the snow.

"You'll get swamped in the snowdrifts, Tom," shouted Joe, watching them from the doorway.

"An' me an' Joe 'll have to come to dig you out!" chimed in Bob gleefully.

"I'll get Tommy along," Susan called back cheerily, while kind Aunt Potter promised to save some cornballs for them; and then on they went, plodding their way slowly through the deep snow, rather silently at first, for Sue was thinking, and Tommy's mind was dwelling longingly with Bob and Joe in the warm, cozy kitchen.

"You see," began Sue presently, going on with her thoughts aloud, as she often did for Tommy's benefit. "you see, Bob and Joe 'll have the farm by-and-bye, and they can get along without much schooling; but you and me, Tommy, we haven't got anything, so we'll have to learn all we can. I don't suppose," she added regretfully, "I can go to school much longer. I'm getting so big and old, but I mean you to keep right along, Tommy, an' I think you ought to be thinking about it, and making up your mind what you're going to be."

"J'm athinkin'," returned Tommy, "an' I guess," confidently, "I guess I'd like keepin' a candy store as well as anything."

"O Tommy!" cried Susan in deep dismay, "anybody can keep a candy store."

"College men don't do such things as that!" she added.

"I know—Bob says they don't," Tommy was rather crestfallen. "He says they go out West an' be cowboys. But I don't want to be a cowboy, Susan," he added deprecatingly.

"A cowboy!" echoed Susan in disgust. "Well, I should hope not! 'Lob doesn't know anything about it. You're going to be in a profession, Tommy. Of course you are."

"A minister?" Tommy looked up apprehensively. "O Susan, I don't believe I want to be a minister much. They have to write such awful long sermons, an' go to meetin' every Sunday, an' have Sunday-school classes an' all that. An' their boys are awful naughty, Susan," earnestly. "Don't you know Charley Hartley is the worst boy in school? Mr. Barrett says so."

Susan didn't argue the point. "Oh, well, of course you shan't be a minister if you don't want to," she said seriously. "You have to have 'a call,' you know, and I don't think you've had one yet. But I'll tell you, Tommy! how would you like to be a doctor, think? Seems to me I'd rather be that than anything, if I were a man. There's old Dr. Bradley, you know; how much everybody thinks of him! It's so good," she went on enthusiastically, "to go round helping folks all the time and making sick ones well. And once," her voice grew low and soft, "once while mother was sick, Tommy, and Dr. Bradley had just been in, she told me she hoped you'd be a doctor too, some day. She'd like to think her baby was growing up to do so much good in the world."

The children walked on in silence for some minutes. At last Tommy said with a little sigh of regret for the vanishing candy store: "Well, then, I s'pose I better be a doctor, Susan. I'd like to ride round in a buggy an' help folks, an' I s'pose they don't have to take their own stuff" anxiously, "do they?"

"No," answered Susan absently, her thoughts still with that dear dead mother. "No; I suppose they don't. And by-and-bye when you get to practising, Tommy," she added presently, "I could go round with you and be a nurse, maybe. I'd like that."

"Praps we could keep a hospital," suggested Tommy cheerfully. "Oo-o-oh! I say, Susan, see how it's drifted! 'Most went up to my knees then."

He struggled along valiantly like a brave boy as he was, but the snow lay deep here, drifted across the road, and as they went on, his childish strength began to flag, and he went more and more slowly.

"Goin' to be late, I'm afraid, Sus," said bravely. "You go on quick as you can, an' toll him I'm comin'. Don't you be late, too."

"Well, I guess!" laughed Susan cheerily. "I ain't going to leave you on the way, Tommy, here nor anywhere else. Come now, I'll get you along," and she lifted him pick-a-back to her strong young shoulders as he used to ride in his baby days, and so they plodded on over the snowy fields where the drifts were less, across lots, to the little old schoolhouse at the Corners. And at last they were within its walls, and so struggling as bravely through difficulties of another sort, in the old well-thumbed arithmetics and grammar.

It was like many a day in their future lives, that morning struggle through the snow; Tommy doing his best manfully, and Sue helping him onward constantly, encouraging him with brave words, and spending her own strength prodigally to aid him. She studied earnestly that she might be fitted to help him; she took up Latin when he did, and spurred him forward continually with her own enthusiasm. Even after she left school, being quite too big a girl to be spared to study any longer, according to rural ideas, she spent her scant earnings for books, and worked busily in the long winter evenings with Tommy, at algebra, geometry, and history, with the beloved Latin, until at last the boy was ready for college.

There was a little money, only a few hundreds indeed, that had been their father's, and Susan had religiously saved for this end. When she was eighteen, she went out to service on a neighbouring farm, Aunt Potter being still strong and at the fore at home, and all her earnings were added to the little hoard. And after awhile Tommy too began to "hire out" summers, and earn a little; so when he was seventeen and ready for college, the money for a beginning was ready too. The Potter boys called Tom a donkey to grub away at his books so, and said Susan was a great goose for putting him up to it and saving all she earned for him. Why couldn't she do like other girls and have a bit of fun once in a while? But Uncle Potter said it was their own lookout, and good-natured Aunt Potter told the boys likely as not Tom would "turn out smart," and they'd be proud of him some day. So nobody interfered.

It was a hard pull through. Sue knew it when she coveted pretty things and good times, as all girls do, and was called "mean" besides. And Tom knew it when he spent his vacations in farmwork, and later in teaching, and did anything he could find to do in term-time, wearing shabby clothes and going in for none of the larks the other boys did. He was no muff though. Nobody in his class was stronger, jollier, or more manly than he. He was something of a champion at all athletic sports and enjoyed them keenly, but he was a reading man too, and before long - was it his own plodding perseverance, or Sue's enthusiastic faith, or both? - before long Tom began to be spoken of as a possible honour-man, and was graduated at last, well up on the list of his class.

But the battle was only begun. There was the expensive medical course to follow; but his own courage and Susan's faith were stronger than ever. He taught again for two winters in the same little schoolhouse to which they had plodded through the snow that far-away winter morning. Meantime Susan a dream of being a nurse seemed likely to be realized. Tom's own ambitions, the best medical training, of course, and she longed to go to the city and enter a training school, as Dr. Ellsworth, the successor of old Dr. Bradley, with his modern ideas, often urged her to do. But that was out of the question until Tom should be established in practice, and then, Sue thought with a little pang, her youth would all be gone.

But nobody in that country neighbourhood, who had ever known her care, once thought of her needing training. Her skill was in great repute, and she was often sent for even before the doctor. People said she had a "gift."

At last Tom graduated, and a proud sister was Susan when she addressed her first letter to Thomas Thorton, M.D., for

Tom had started in practice in a large manufacturing town in the western part of the State. By and-by, when he was sufficiently prosperous, Sue was to be his housekeeper, and they were full of plans for a happy, busy future. But before that time, happiness of another sort came to Susan, and she went to be housekeeper in a pleasant home of her own, and to find there still brighter days than she had ever known.

And Tom is now the physician par excellence of the great town of L—, and beginning to grow a trifle gray-headed, as a good doctor should. His boys are very fond of their Aunt Susan, and love to be told of that far-off winter morning when she carried him over the snow, and persuaded him to be a doctor—the same Aunt Susan to whose help, he tells them, he owes more than he or they can ever hope to repay.

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Pleasant Hours

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

BY REV. W. J. CRAFTS.

There was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE 2. 7.

WHEN Christ was born, God put a star over his cradle; angels proclaimed his birth in song; Jewish shepherds and Gentile magi hurried to the wondrous Babe, and worshipped him; but "there was no room for him in the inn"—the rude hotel at Bethlehem—and so Mary laid him in a stable manger. The stable was a cave where cattle were kept, and the manger was a little trough of stone from which the cattle were fed. Jesus was so humble, so poor, so insignificant to the eyes of the people, that they would not crowd the poorest guest to give him room, and so his friends were obliged to make his baby bed in the hay of the stable. There was no room for him a few days after in all the land of Judea, and he was carried into Egypt, because Herod sought to kill him. There was no room for him as a man even in Jerusalem, where he was going about doing good; for they took up stones to stone him, and he hurried away to the little cottage at Bethany. The world had no room for Jesus, except in the manger, in the wilderness, in the terrible shadow of Gethsemane, in the shameful hall of Pilate, on the painful cross of Calvary, and in the gloomy tomb in Joseph's garden.

But he made room for himself when he shook the world with the earthquake of Calvary.

When the Swiss army once marched toward the host of their Austrian invaders, they found them drawn up in a circle with their spears pointed forward in every

direction, so that the first who attacked them would be sure to perish. There was no way for the Swiss patriots to attack their enemies until this should be broken. You all know the familiar story how Arnold Winkelried rushed forward and gripped eight of the spears in his arms, crying,

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!"

And while the spears were piercing his heart, his companions rushed through the breach he had made, and won the victory. The world's hatred and jealousy and pride and selfishness were pointed toward Jesus from every side, and there seemed no room for his precious truth; but on Calvary he grasped these spears of malice and selfishness and pride, and while they pierced his heart, he made way for his truth. The cross made room for Jesus, and his kingdom is spreading every day. First, it shook Jerusalem on Pentecost, when three thousand were converted; then the Gospel spread through Judea and Samaria, and now every nation has heard of Jesus, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, and we have two Pentecosts a day—six thousand converted every twenty-four hours on the average—and at last "His dominion shall be from sea to sea." As Jesus came to the world, so he comes every day to our hearts. The Holy Spirit comes before him to cry, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates of the heart, and the King of Glory shall come in;" and Jesus himself says with his sweet voice, "Behold, I stand at the door of your soul and knock; if you will open unto me, I will come in and sup with you." Kind friends tell you in angel words, "Unto you there is a Saviour, even Christ the Lord." He does not wait for you to come to him, like the wise men and the shepherds, with gifts and worship, but he comes to you. Have you opened the door of your hearts and let your Saviour come in? or do you say, "There is no room for Jesus in my heart"? In your studies, in your work, in your play, in your time, is there no room for Jesus?

Many years ago a young man was SAVED FROM A BURNING HOUSE by a relative. As time rolled on, that man became rich and influential, while his promoter, by the force of circumstances, gradually sank from comparative wealth to extreme poverty. At last, driven to despair, he presented himself at the dwelling of his wealthy relative, succeeded in obtaining an interview and begged for relief. "What do you think that man did? He spurned him from his door in disdain and contempt. That was very ungrateful, but it would be just as much so if we should shut out of our hearts that Jesus who has saved us by his own death. My Christmas does not come on the 25th of December. Whenever you make room for Jesus in your hearts,

THAT DAY IS YOUR CHRISTMAS.

My Christmas is on the 8th of August. On that day Jesus came into my heart and made it his manger cradle, when I was only twelve years old. Having heard my father, the Sunday before, preach a sermon on being ashamed of Jesus, and having just heard a sermon on the text, "At evening time it shall be light," I came to Christ, and he was born in me. That meeting was my Bethlehem, for there I found Jesus, and gave him the gold and frankincense of my repentance and my love.

My heart is made a manger for the coming of the Lord; He's sweetly born within me, whom heavenly hosts adore. The morning star above me now bids the darkness cease: The angel choirs are hailing my glorious Prince of Peace.

THE Bible is like a lighthouse. It took fifteen hundred years to build it stone upon stone. The lantern, the New Testament, is put in its place; and the cap, the Epistles. There are four plate-glass sides in it, the Gospels; and inside there is one intense glow of light, and from that light there is a radiancy flashing all over the world. That one light is He who said, "I am the light of the world."

Mother Earth's House-Cleaning.

"Oh, dear!" murmured old Mother Earth, "how annoying! The winter has ended and spring has begun. There's all my spring house-cleaning waiting before me, And not a thing done."

"There'll be sweeping and scouring in every old corner, I must lift my brown carpets, and put down the green; Clear my ceilings of cobwebs, and wash all my woodwork. Till everything's clean."

"My servants are willing enough, but so plodding; My daughters are idle, and I have but one son, And he looks as if he considered my trouble Just nothing but fun."

"There are garments to make; yes, there's the spring sewing, Great heaps upon heaps, and I almost despair; With the spinning and weaving, and no one to help me Or lighten my care."

"Then think of the guests I'm hourly expecting, What bexies! And everyone's room to prepare; Whole families of birds, flocking in all together; No trouble will spare."

"I must worry and work in the kitchen, preparing A separate dish for each separate guest; For their tastes always differ; what one fails to relish The other likes best."

But the south wind brought water, and all the winds helped her, Even her sun kindly proffered his aid; Till, at last, every parlour and chamber made ready, She proudly displayed.

Then the bluebirds, the blackbirds, the robins, and thrushes, Came hurrying past in a chattering throng. They greeted her warmly, and uttered her praises In cheeriest song.

The crickets, the frogs, and the ants, and the lizards, The bees, and the butterflies, every gray moth, Found his place ready waiting; his dinner to suit him, Whether bread, meat, or broth.

A MINER'S CRITICISM.

DURING one of Henry Moorehouse's preaching tours he spent several weeks in a mining-district. A hardened sinner who worked in the mines was persuaded to go to hear him. He was a man peculiarly hard to reach, because, although at the time one of the most profane and vicious men in the neighbourhood, he had once been a member of the Methodist Church and had himself often given religious addresses. When he lapsed into sin he surpassed all his companions in his blasphemy and obscenity. Having heard Moorehouse, he was asked what he thought of his preaching. "No good," was the reply. "That sort won't turn miners. You've got to preach hell-fire to them, scare 'em, and threaten 'em. Preaching love of God is no use here. He won't get a convert, you'll see." But the man who thus criticised the preacher went again to hear him the next night. Moorehouse had the same subject—God's infinite love to lost sinners, his yearning over backsliders, his pleadings and promises to the returning prodigal. The miners expected to see the man who had stigmatized such preaching as useless, get up and leave the place in disgust. But instead of doing so they saw him deeply moved. His great shoulders shook with emotion, and at the close of the service, they saw him on his knees, tears running down his cheeks, begging God to receive him, even him. It was the turning point in his life. From that time forward, like Peter, he was humbled by his fall and sought by every means in his power to show the love and zeal which his restoration had awakened.

The Twenty-Third Psalm.

BY JOHN GARDINER.

(In Scotch verse.)

My ain guid shepherd is the Lord,
Wha leaves abune the sky;
Aye kin an' carefu' been o' me,
In a' the years gane by.

Hoo can I ever be ill aff,
Since he gangs at my side?
For baith my soul an' body's weal,
He shairly will provide.

He gies me a quate hame tae rest,
Wi' dearest anes, at night,
An' when the mornin' light blinks in
I'm up, an' oot, see bricht.

For me, he walketh ilka step,
My hale day's wark he sees;
What richt tae ither folk I dae,
My bonnie Chief tae please.

In trouble sair, his lips drap doon
Gran' gracious words o' cheer;
Jist whan I get himsel' in sluch,
My hert noo kens nae fear.

Wi' lovin' hands he spreeds my board,
An' tak's me tae his brest;
In spite o' a' my faes aroon'—
I hae a denty feast.

The glesome oil runs owre my heid,
It mak's my face tae shine;
Sweet cov'nant cup wi' blessings blest,
He tells me a' are mine.

Twa faithfu' freens are aye wi' me,
Gudeness an' mercy fair;
Until I stey in heavenly fauld,
Wi' Jesus ever there.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER VIII.—MADE MEET FOR HOME.

How different everything seemed to Treffy after his doubts and fears had been removed. The very attic seemed full of sunshine, and old Treffy's heart was full of brightness. He was forgiven and he knew it. And, as a forgiven child, he could look up into his Father's face with a smile.

A great load was taken off little Christie's heart, his old master was so happy and contented now; never impatient at his long absence when he was out with the organ, or fretful and anxious about their daily support. Old Treffy had laid upon Jesus his load of sin, and it was not hard to lay upon him also this load of care. The Lord who had borne the greater burden would surely bear the less. Treffy could not have put this feeling of trust into words, but he acted upon it. There were no murmurings from old Treffy now, no forebodings. He had always a bright smile and a cheerful word for Christie when the boy returned tired at night. And whilst Christie was out he would lie very still and peaceful, talking softly to himself or thanking the dear Lord for his great gift to him.

And old Treffy's trust was not disappointed. "None that trust in him shall be desolate."

The clergyman's gift was not the only one they received that week. Christie had come home in the middle of the day, to see how his old master was, and was just preparing to start again on his rounds, when they heard a gentle rustling of silk on the stairs, and a low knock at the door. Christie opened it quickly, and in walked little Mabel, and little Mabel's mamma. They had brought with them many little comforts for old Treffy, which Mabel had great pleasure in opening out. But they brought with them also what money cannot buy—sweet, gentle words, and bright smiles, which cheered old Treffy's heart.

The lady sat down beside Treffy, and they talked together of Jesus. The old man loved to talk of Jesus now, for he was able to say, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

And the lady took a little blue Testament from her pocket, and read a chapter to Treffy. She had a sweet, clear voice, and she read so distinctly that he could understand every word.

Little Mabel sat quite still whilst her mamma was reading, then she got up and ran across the attic.

"Here are my snowdrops," she said with a cry of joy, as she caught sight of them on the window-sill. "Do you like them, Master Treffy?"

"Ay! little missie," said the old man, "I do, indeed, and me and Christie always think of the little prayer when we look at them."

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," repeated Mabel reverently. "Has he washed you, Master Treffy?"

"Yes, missie," said Treffy, "I believe he has."

"I'm so glad," said little Mabel, "then you will go to 'Home, sweet home;' won't he, mamma?"

"Yes," said her mother, "Treffy and Christie have found the only road which leads home. And, oh!" she said, the colour coming into her sweet face, "what a happy day it will be when we will all meet at home! Wouldn't you like to see Jesus, Treffy?" asked the lady.

"Ay," said old Treffy, "it would be a good sight to see his blessed face. I could almost skip for joy when I think of it, and I haven't very long to wait."

"No," said the lady, with a wistful expression in her eyes, "I could almost change places with you, Treffy; I could wish I were as near to 'Home, sweet home.' But that would be selfish," she said brightly, as she rose to go.

But little Mabel had discovered the old organ, and was in no haste to depart. She must turn it "just a little bit." In former days, old Treffy would have been seriously agitated and distressed at the idea of the handle of his dear old organ being turned by a little girl of six years old. Even now he felt a small amount of anxiety when she proposed it. But his fears vanished when he saw the careful, deliberate way in which Mabel went to work. The old organ was perfectly safe in her hands. And, to Mabel's joy, the first tune which came was "Home, sweet home." Very sweetly it sounded in old Treffy's ears. He was thinking of no earthly home, but of the city bright, where he hoped soon to be. And the lady was thinking of it too.

When the tune was finished they took their leave, and Christie looked out of the window, and watched them crossing the dirty court, and entering the carriage which was waiting for them in the street.

It had been a very bright week for Christie and for old Treffy.

And then Sunday came, and another service in the little mission-room. Christie was there in good time, and the clergyman gave him a pleasant smile as he came into the room.

It was the third verse of the hymn on which the clergyman was to preach to-night. They sang the whole hymn through before the sermon, and then they sang the third verse again, that all of them might remember it whilst he was preaching.

"Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by thy power,
Kept by thy power,
From all that grieveth thee."

And the clergyman's text was in Colossians 1, 12, "Meet to be partakers of the inheritance." He repeated it very slowly, and Christie whispered it softly to himself, that he might be able to teach it to old Treffy.

"Meet to be partakers of the inheritance." What is the inheritance?" asked the clergyman. "My dear friends, our inheritance is that city bright of which we have been speaking so much. 'Home, sweet home,' our Father's home. We are not there yet, but for all Christ's washed ones there is a bright home above. Jesus is preparing it for us; it is our inheritance." Oh," said the clergyman, very earnestly, "I wonder how many in this room have a home up there. You may have a wretched, uncomfortable home on earth; is it your only home? Is there no home for you in the bright city; no home in heaven?"

"You might all have a home there," said the clergyman, "if you would only come to the fountain, if you would only say from the bottom of your heart, 'Lord, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

And Christie smiled when the clergyman said his little prayer, for he thought of the snowdrops. And the clergyman thought of them, too.

Then Mr. Wilton went on to say that he wished to-night to speak to those who had come to Jesus; who had taken their sin to him, and had been washed in his blood.

"That's me and old Treffy," said Christie to himself.

"My dear friends," said the clergyman, "all of you have an inheritance; you are the sons of a King; there is a place in the kingdom waiting for you. Jesus is getting that place ready for you, and I want to show you to-night that you must be made ready for it,

meet or fit for the inheritance. One day, the Prince of Wales will be the King of England. This kingdom is his inheritance. As soon as he was born he had a right to it. But he has been educated and trained with great care, that he may be meet for the inheritance, that he may be fit to enjoy it, and able to use it. If he had had no education, if he had been brought up in one of these dismal black courts, though he might have a perfect right to be king, still he would not be able to enjoy it, he would feel strange, uncomfortable, out of place.

"Just so," said the clergyman, "is it with our inheritance. As soon as we are born again we have a right to it, we become sons and daughters of the King of kings. But we need to be prepared and made meet for the inheritance. We must be made holy within; we must be trained and taught to hate sin and to love all that is pure and holy. And this is the work of God's Holy Spirit.

"Oh! my friends, will you not ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit to renew your heart? It will not be done all in a day. You came to Jesus to be washed from the stain of sin. He did that at once; he gave you at once the right to the inheritance. But you will not be made holy at once. Little by little, hour by hour, day by day, the Holy Spirit will make you more and more ready for the inheritance. You will become more and more like Jesus. You will hate sin more; you will love Jesus more; you will become more holy. But, oh! let no one think," said the clergyman, "that being good will ever give you a right to the inheritance. If I were ever so well educated, if I were to be taught a hundred times better than the Prince of Wales has been, it would never give me a right to be King of England. No, my friends, the only way into 'Home, sweet home,' the only way to obtain a right to the inheritance, is by the blood of Jesus. There is no other way, no other right."

"But, after the dear Lord has given us the right to the kingdom, he always prepares us for it. A forgiven soul will always lead a holy life. A soul that has been washed white will always long to keep clear of sin. Is it not so with you? Just think of what Jesus has done for you. He has washed you in his blood; he has taken your sins away at the cost of his life. Will you do the very things that grieve him? Will you be so ungrateful as to do that? Will you?"

"Oh! surely not; surely you will say, in the words of the third verse of our hymn—

"Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by thy power,
Kept by thy power,
From all that grieveth thee."

And surely you will ask him very, very earnestly, to give you that Holy Spirit who alone can make you holy. And when the work is done," said the clergyman, "when you are made meet, fit for the inheritance, the Lord will take you there. He will not keep you waiting. Some are made ready very quickly. Others have to wait long, weary hours of discipline. But all the King's sons shall be ready at last, all shall be taken home, and shall enter upon the inheritance. Will you be there?"

And with that question the clergyman ended his sermon, and the little congregation broke up very quietly, and went home with thoughtful faces.

Christie lingered near the door till the clergyman came out. He asked very kindly of old Treffy, and then put a few questions to Christie about the sermon; for he had been afraid whilst he had been preaching that he had not made it so clear that a child might understand. But he was cheered to find that the leading truth of the sermon was impressed on little Christie's mind, and that he would be able to carry old Treffy something, at least, of what he had heard.

For Christ was taught of God, and into hearts prepared by the Holy Spirit the seed is sure to sink. The Lord has prepared them for the Word, and prepared the Word for them, and the sower has only to put his hand into his basket and scatter the seed prayerfully over the softened soil. It will sink in, spring up, and bring forth fruit.

The clergyman felt the truth of this as he walked home. And he remembered where it was written, "The preparation of the heart is from the Lord." "That is a word for me, as well as for my hearers," he said to himself. "Lord, ever let thy preparation go before my preaching."

(To be continued.)

DEAD TO SELF.

A young monk came one day to his father superior and asked: "Father, what is it to be dead to self?" The father re-

plied: "I cannot explain it now; but I have a duty for you to perform. Brother Martin died last week, and is buried in the churchyard of our order. Go to his grave, and, standing close beside it, repeat in a loud, clear voice all the good things you ever heard about him. After this, say all the flattering things you can invent, and attribute to him every saintly grace and virtue, without regard to truth, and report the result to me."

The young monk went away to do his bidding, wondering what all this could mean. Soon he returned and the father asked him what had transpired. "Why, nothing," replied the young man. "I did as you told me, that was all." "Did Brother Martin make no reply?" asked the superior. "Of course he did not, for he was dead," said the monk. The elder shook his head thoughtfully, saying, "That is very strange. Go again tomorrow at the same hour and repeat at the graveside all the evil you ever heard concerning Brother Martin. Add to that the worst slander and calumny your mind can imagine, and report the result to me."

Again the young man obeyed, and brought back the same report. He had heaped unlimited abuse on the head of Brother Martin, and yet had received no reply. "From Brother Martin you may learn," said the father, "what it is to be dead to self. Neither flattery nor abuse has moved him, for he is dead. So the disciple who is dead to self will be insensible to these things. Neither voice nor hand will ever be lifted in self-defence or retaliation; but all personal feeling will be lost in the service of Christ."

The lesson of Brother Martin should be learned by every young Christian. "Dead to self" is the true Christian ideal. We are often exhorted to consecrate our time, our talents, our money, to the service of Christ. We must add one thing more, if the work is to be complete: We must consecrate our feelings to Christ.—Ker. G. H. Hubbard.

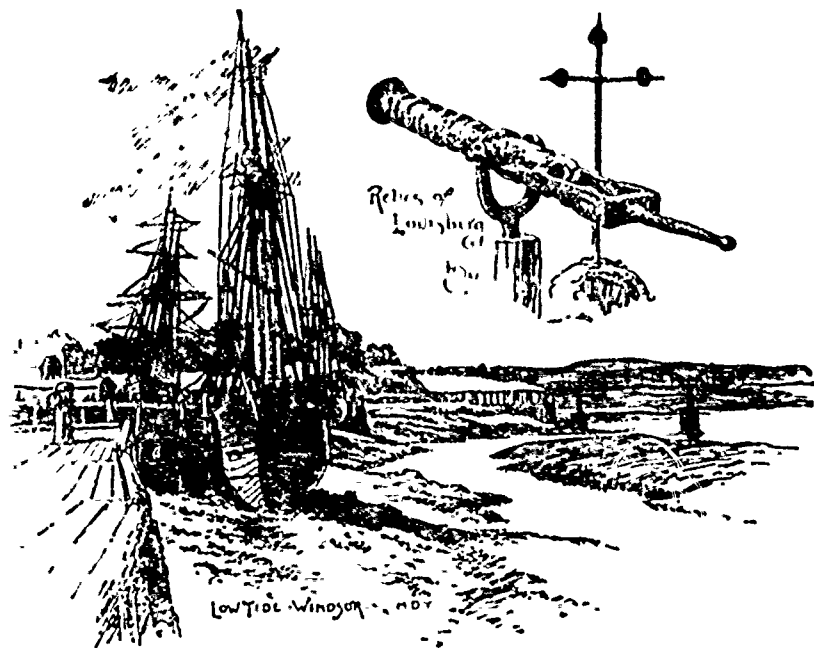
Evening Prayer.

When the shadows o' the e'enin' mingle wi'
The simmer gloamin',
An' the bairnies tired and wearied frae their
Play come hirpin' hame;
Auld grannie, ere she haps them in their
Cuddie ba' sae cosy,
Kind an' couthie draws them near her as she
Tells them still the same
Auld story o' the land o' bliss, heaven's happy
Hame abune,
Where the bairnies dwell wi' Jesus, freed frae
Ilka taint o' sin;
Syne roon her lap a' kneelin' doon, wi' voice
And posture meek,
They commit their souls to Jesus ere their
Weared een they steek—
"This night I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take
To heaven,
For Jesus' sake,
Amen."

When the shadows o' death's comin' mingle
Wi' life's wauin' gloamin',
An' the weary feet o' eldhood, tired an' sair,
Come totterin' in,
May the simple faith o' childhood, happy
Confidence inspirin',
Be ours to guide us safely to the happy hame
Abune;
May the loving arms o' Jesus draw us near
Him as he whispers
A hope o' life forever free frae warldly care
An' strife;
May we fa' asleep committin' our souls into
His keepin',
Till we wauken i' the mornin', born to
Everlastin' life.

THE KING'S AMUSEMENT.

The king of Belgium has a country seat with a large orchard, a few miles from Namur, and in spite of all vigilance the larger half of the fruit crop finds its way into the pockets of foraging youngsters. The good-natured owner does not like to spoil their little game, but on dark summer nights frequently amuses his family by suddenly flooding the garden with a blaze of electric lights, and watching the multitude of urchins that scamper off in all directions.



OUR OWN COUNTRY ILLUSTRATED. specimens of numerous cuts of "Picturesque Canada" in "Methodist Magazine" for 1895.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.

The first requisite to an intelligent patriotism is some knowledge of the noble country which is ours. The Editor of the Methodist Magazine will therefore present a series of articles which every patriotic Canadian ought if possible to read. In addition to the other attractive features of the Magazine for 1895 will be splendidly illustrated series of papers on "Our Own Country," describing its picturesque scenery, its stirring memories and historic associations, and its magnificent resources. The principal part of the picture given above shows the strange look of the tide rivers of Nova Scotia at low-water. It will be observed that the full-rigged three master is left high and dry by the receding tide. In some of the tide rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the water rises and falls as much as sixty and even seventy feet. The upper part of the picture shows one of the queer old cannons used by the French for the defence of Louisburg one hundred and fifty years ago.

EXPLANATIONS.

6. "Unto us"—The prophet is speaking in the name of the whole people "Child is born"—He speaks in the present form, referring to a future event. "The government"—Rule or authority. "Upon his shoulder"—An expression meaning that all power belong to him. "Wonderful"—Theonly being to whom this description applies is Jesus Christ. "Counsellor"—That is, one entitled to give counsel. "Mighty God"—Strange that a child should be spoken of as "the mighty God," a sentence showing that Christ is divine. "Everlasting Father"—Properly translated, "the Father of eternity," meaning that Christ was before all things (Col. 1. 17). "Prince of Peace"—A prince bringing peace into the world, to the hearts of men. 7. "No end"—Christ is an ever-growing kingdom. "The throne of David"—As David's great successor. "Judgment"—That is, with just rule. "Zeal of the Lord"—The warrant for the prophecy is the fixedness of the divine purpose.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The Prince of Peace (Christmas Lesson)—Isaiah 9. 2-7. Tu. Message of the angels.—Luke 2. 8-20. W. The glory of Israel.—Luke 2. 25-32. Th. Life and light.—John 1. 1-14. F. In the light.—John 1. 1-7. S. Born a king.—Matt. 2. 1-11. Su. Reign of peace.—Micah 4. 1-7.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown— 1. That Jesus is the light of the world? 2. That Jesus is the Son of God? 3. That Jesus is the Prince of Peace?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How is Christ promised in this lesson? As a king. 2. By what name is he called? By the name Wonderful. 3. What is said concerning the length and character of his reign? Golden Text: "Of the increase," etc. 4. With what shall Christ rule? With justice and judgment.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ's eternal kingdom.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What new commandment did our Lord give to his disciples? That they should love one another as he had loved them. John 13. 34.—A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

Child Jesus Comes.

CHILD Jesus comes, from heavenly height, To save us from sin's keeping; On manger straw, in darkness night, The Blessed One lies sleeping. The star smiles down, the angels greet, The oxen kiss the baby's feet, Hallelujah! Child Jesus. Take courage, soul, in grief cast down, Forget the bitter feeling; A Child is born in David's town, To touch all souls with healing! Then let us go and seek the Child, Children like him, meek, undefiled. Hallelujah! Child Jesus.

Methodist Magazine FOR 1895

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LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 23.]

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Isaiah 9. 2-7. Memory verses, 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.— Isa. 9. 7.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Light of the World, v. 2-5. 2. The Son of God, v. 6. 3. The Kingdom of Peace, v. 7.

CONNECTING LINKS.

These words were spoken by the greatest of the prophets of Judah at a time when the outlook of his people was growing steadily darker and less hopeful.