

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
											<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 13, 1884

No. 25.

## CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS E. S.

IN this glad morn the  
earth cloth ring  
With praises due to Jesu's  
birth;  
"Glory to God," the angels  
sing,  
"Peace and good-will to  
men on earth."

In Beth'hem's lowly manger  
laid—  
The God of Love stooped  
down so low,  
We see Him in our flesh  
arrayed,  
As we before His cradle bow.

We heard how Jesus left his  
throne,  
But still our seeking hearts  
were sad,  
Untill the star of Bethlehem  
shone  
And th' we were exulting,  
glad

Bright messenger of hope it  
shone,  
Around our path lit up the  
way;  
Our tears were past, our doubts  
were gone  
It led us where the Saviour  
lay.

When we beheld the God of  
Love,  
We laid our offerings at his  
feet;  
Then joined our hearts to those  
above,  
In songs of joy and praises  
meet.

Then as the years roll on, and  
bring  
Their memories of the  
Saviour's birth,  
Let us rejoice while angels  
sing  
"Glory to God and peace  
on earth."

"Good will to men," let every  
heart  
From sinful strife and anger  
cease,  
And form of that great band  
apart,  
To usher in the year with  
peace.

I AM sure I have always  
thought of Christmas time  
when it has come round,  
apart from the veneration  
due to its sacred name  
and origin, if anything  
belonging to it can be  
apart from that—as a good time; a  
kind, forgiving, charitable time; the  
only time I know of in the long cal-  
endar of the year, when men and  
women seem by one consent to open  
their shut-up hearts freely, and to  
think of people below them as if they  
really were fellow-passengers to the  
grave, and not another race of creatures  
bound on other journeys.—*Dickens.*



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

### CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.\*

THE churches all are decked with green,  
To hail the blessed morn,  
On which, in ages long ago,  
The Saviour Christ was born.

These words of Professor Aytoun's

\* We are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Suther-  
land for the use of this beautiful cut from  
that beautiful missionary paper, *The Outlook.*

describe a custom which is more com-  
mon in England than in this country.  
The young folk in the picture—they  
must be sisters, they look so much  
alike—are decorating with holly the  
venerable old church. I doubt not  
that in many of the Sunday-school  
rooms of Canada, our fragrant Cana-  
dian evergreens will be turned by deft  
and willing fingers into wreaths and

her nothing, there were the most  
tender expressions of gratitude. The  
advice of Longfellow is worth remem-  
bering: "Give what you have. To  
some one it may be better than you  
dare to think." But whatever tokens  
of love you offer your friends upon  
Christmas day do not forget the great  
gift which the day commemorates, and  
give yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ.

garlands for Christmas  
decorations. May this  
be the happiest, merriest  
Christmas that ever you  
have known.

### GIFTS.

NOW that the season  
is near when gifts  
are exchanged,  
many are hurried and  
others are worried in pre-  
parations for the great  
holiday of the year. Do  
we ever forget, in the  
midst of the bustle and  
excitement, the gifts  
which money cannot buy,  
nor hands busily prepare.  
Are there any who read  
this paper who have no  
money with which to pur-  
chase Christmas gifts, and  
are, therefore sad? Let  
me remind you that love,  
sympathy, cheerfulness,  
obedience, kind words,  
generous thoughts, char-  
itable judgment, and your  
earnest prayer, can and  
will make your friends far  
happier than the costliest  
gift you could buy were  
you rich as an Astor.  
And the little, simple,  
trifling gift which love  
may prepare, and which  
costs nothing, may be  
better appreciated than a  
more expensive offering.  
Last Thanksgiving day a  
lady took to an aged  
friend of hers, who is  
poor, and keeps a little  
fancy store, a package of  
grapes, an illustrated mag-  
azine, and some brown  
wrapping-paper which she  
had from time to time  
carefully folded and laid  
away, knowing that her  
friend was too poor to  
purchase nice wrapping-  
paper. For the fruit,  
which cost the lady both  
time and money, there  
was very meagre thanks;  
but for the magazine and  
the paper, which cost

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

**H.** I have been reading a story,  
Set to a musical rhyme,  
A story that never wearies,  
And never grows old with time.

The grandest, sweetest story  
That ever was told on earth,  
How the angels came from glory  
And sang at our Saviour's birth.

To you I bring glad tidings  
On earth good-will and peace;  
He is born the King Messiah,  
Whose reign shall never cease.

As that sweet Christmas carol  
Was sung by the shouting throng,  
Mountain, hill and valley  
Sent back the glad, sweet song.

I read how the wondering shepherds  
Who heard that anthem sweet,  
Hastened at once to seek Him,  
And worship at His feet.

How the wise men gazed in rapture  
When they saw in the east afar  
The promised light to guide them,  
Bethlehem's radiant star.

They long had looked for His coming,  
For prophets had told of His birth,  
Of the star that should rise as a token  
To herald His coming on earth.

But not in a princely palace  
Did they find the Heavenly Guest,  
No soft and silken curtains  
Shadowed His place of rest.

But cradled in a manger,  
On a pillow made of hay,  
Beside his gentle mother,  
The fair, sweet Christ-child lay.

No earthly pomp or grandeur  
Attended at His birth—  
The greatest king and conqueror  
That ever came on earth.

But many a mighty angel  
And shining seraph fair,  
Sent from the courts of heaven,  
Stood guard around Him there.

Then I read the tragic ending  
Of a life that was sublime;  
The story that never wearies,  
And never grows old with time.

And I thought how many thousands  
In the ages yet unborn,  
Would read the same sweet story  
Of that first Christmas morn.

Who would gladly hear the message  
Of that Christmas carol sweet,  
Till every tribe and nation  
Shall worship at His feet.

Of the many, many ransomed  
Beyond the realms of time,  
Who would tell the same sweet story  
In a grander, sweeter rhyme.

## ONE OF THE LEAST.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.



**C**H RISTMAS EVE—  
and how the wind  
did blow, to be sure!  
Bob Armstrong said  
to himself, as he  
bent his head and  
plunged along  
through the deep  
drifts, that he never  
knew it to blow so  
hard. Not that Bob  
could remember very long,—only four-  
teen years, but it seemed to him as if  
he had been living in this beautiful  
world of flowers and snow-storms a  
great while, and, as I said, he was  
sure he never knew the North-east  
wind to whirl him about so furiously,  
nor the sleet to sting so sharply, as on  
this particular evening. And Bob  
knew something about frost and snow,  
for like every other healthy boy, the

skate and the "sled" were his chief  
winter enjoyments.

He tried to whistle, but the wind  
fairly blow the tune back between the  
red lips, and he could only pull his cap  
down farther over his ears, and plunge  
on, into the storm.

Now Bob was on his way to a  
Sunday school Christmas festival, and  
it would have taken a pretty fierce  
storm to have kept him at home, or to  
have driven the shine out of his eyes,  
or the cheerfulness from his boyish  
heart. They didn't often have festivals  
at this little Methodist chapel, where  
his father and mother sat in a straight-  
backed pew each Sunday morning, and  
he took his place afterward in the row  
of sturdy little fellows who were his  
classmates. The older members of the  
church had talked the matter over, the  
brothers rather opposing the plan, and  
the sisters favouring it, until at last it  
had all been settled in the cheeriest  
manner possible, and it was announced,  
that, on the evening before Christmas,  
the chapel would be lighted and trim-  
med, there would be a tree, and a  
small present for every one who came.  
The tickets of admission were accord-  
ingly given out a week beforehand;  
how many times Bob Armstrong had  
taken out that piece of pink pasteboard  
and read the print upon it, during  
those seven days, I wouldn't attempt  
to say.

The chapel with its tiny belfry was  
in sight, and Bob's eyes grew still  
brighter, under their wet lashes, as he  
saw the twinkle of lights through the  
arched windows. In a moment more  
he was standing on the doorstep and  
kicking the snow from his boots, when  
he caught sight of a small figure be-  
neath one of the windows. As he  
looked, it moved slightly, and he saw  
that it was a girl, with a faded shawl  
thrown over her head, and long, gaunt  
wrists clinging to the window-sill. She  
was standing on tiptoes, and looking  
with wide-open eyes at the gay scene  
within.

Bob, like the true little knight he  
was, felt a surge of pity come over him  
at the sight of the poor creature left  
outside, while he was going in to all  
that warmth and comfort,—he a boy,  
and she a girl! He jumped down into  
the snow again, and approached her,  
but either the storm roared so loud, or  
she was so intent on the view through  
the window, that she did not see him  
until he was close at her side. He  
put out a red mitten and touched her  
shoulder.

The girl, whom he guessed to be of  
about his own age, shrank back like a  
frightened cat under his touch, and  
looked up at him without moving  
further, watching to see what he would  
do.

"Hollo!" said Bob, "what you  
'fraid of? Perhaps you took me for a  
policeman!" and he straightened up as  
he spoke.

The girl shivered, clutched the  
handle of a basket, which Bob now saw  
for the first time, and drew the shawl  
tightly over her chest.

"I'm goin'," she said hoarsely. "I  
ain't doin' nothin'. What d'yer want  
o'me?"

"Why—I—you see—" stammered  
Bob, really confused by the odd sound  
of her voice, it was so unlike that of  
the nice girls he knew on his street—  
the ones he caught sight of, at that  
very moment, through the window.

"Well, I'm goin'," she muttered  
again, turning away.

"Hold on—I say!" cried Bob, put-  
ting out the red mitten impulsively.  
The girl stopped. Bob glanced toward  
the window. He could see the festoons  
of evergreen as they hung gracefully  
across the pane inside, and beyond  
them the topmost twigs of the tree.  
At the same instant a chorus of child  
voices arose, accompanied by the sweet  
notes of the little organ, such as Bob  
had always thought the angels must  
have in heaven now-a-days, instead of  
harps. It was a Christmas carol they  
were singing, the first of the exercise  
on the programme. Then would come  
the bags of candy.

The girl turned slowly away once  
more, in such a humble, enduring sort  
of way that Bob's heart smote him,  
and, even if he had wavered a little bit  
a moment before, he was a knight  
again.

"You must have a ticket to get in,"  
he said with hasty heroism. "Here's  
mine. you go ahead. I guess I'll go  
home."

The girl took the ticket with a  
dazed look, not believing her good for  
tune. She did not understand, and  
Bob still had time to withdraw his  
offer and go in himself. But she was  
a girl, you know, and he a great strong  
boy. And then, what was Christmas  
for?

Half pushing, half leading, he  
brought the girl to the steps, whisked  
the snow from her shawl with his cap,  
opened the door, had her inside before  
she fairly knew what he was about,  
and—shut himself out into the storm.

No, the superintendent did not rush  
after him, and draw him in among the  
merry-makers. Nothing extraordinary  
happened at all, and Bob lost his  
festival. But do you think he  
mourned over it, or suffered from the  
cold, on the way home? As soon think  
of the shepherds suffering, on their  
way back to their sheep from Beth-  
lehem!

At any rate, Bob told me privately  
that when he got back, and heard his  
mother say how glad she was, after all,  
to have him with her that stormy  
night; and he sat on the floor, playing  
with his bit of a brother who wasn't  
big enough to be out; and he saw his  
father's eyes glisten, and felt his kiss  
upon his forehead as he told them this  
story,—why, it was, perhaps, the best  
Christmas eve he ever had!

A CHRISTMAS TREE IN  
LABRADOR.

BY REV. R. W. BROWN.

**I**N the autumn of the first year  
which I spent in Labrador, the  
many kind friends of the mis-  
sion sent down to the coast,  
toys, books, children's clothing, etc.,  
with no sparing hand, and, in conse-  
quence, I determined to distribute  
them through the medium of a Christ-  
mas tree. During my summer visit  
of the mission I took occasion to ask  
the people of Mutton Bay and adjacent  
fishing stations to bring their children  
to enjoy it. At the appointed time—  
nay, I may say three days before, they  
responded heartily. In fact, the peo-  
ple of the coast "arose as one man"  
and besieged the Mission House.  
Some came on snowshoes, some walked,  
some came with dogs and conntigue,  
some came without dogs. I was kept  
very busy entertaining my numerous  
guests, and anticipated some difficulty  
in being able to stow them away for

the night, but my anxiety was ground-  
less, for the native of Labrador is a  
most accommodating guest, for where the  
limited number of beds did not nearly  
suffice to accommodate the arrivals (the  
wives and the children taking them),  
the men wrapped themselves in their  
blankets, stretched themselves on the  
floor, and no fitful dreams disturbed  
their rest. The appointed lay arrived  
and two Christmas trees were exposed  
to view, bonding beneath the weight  
of things delightful to the eyes of  
children, and in an instant the grand-  
father, the father, and the mother, all—  
all became children—and amid shouts  
of joy these children whose ages varied  
from 2 to 90 years received their  
Christmas presents. The distribution  
being over 95 people sat down to  
dinner inside the walls of the Mission  
House. Dinner being over, I institu-  
ted a race on the ice for raisins and  
sweatmeats, and was especially pleased  
with the agility displayed by an infant  
of about 80 years, who claimed his  
prize with as much avidity as a child  
of more tender years would have done.  
The games being over, I made an  
attempt still further to amuse them by  
reading a very humorous article, which  
would have made even a stoic smile;  
but had I read a passage from Black-  
stone it would have been the same,  
for not a smile rippled over the impas-  
sive countenances of my guests. Their  
sense of humour is of another kind.  
The next day the distant howls of dogs,  
and howls of men and boys, announced  
that my guests of the three preceding  
days were on their way home.

A Christmas tree on the coast of  
Labrador is an event of great enjoy-  
ment, and is always eagerly looked  
forward to. It is pleasing to mark the  
earnestness and simple-heartedness of  
these honest and pious fishermen.  
Their faith is simple but whole, and  
their love for the Mother Church is  
very encouraging, and both young and  
old welcome with joy the arrival of the  
looked-for missionary. The life of the  
missionary on the coast is fraught with  
difficulty and some hardship, but one  
cannot leave it and its kind-hearted  
people without a feeling of regret.  
May God's blessing rest on them and  
theirs.

## HELPS TO NEEDY SCHOOLS.

**A** SUPERINTENDENT in  
Newfoundland writes: Dear  
Dr. Withrow,—Accept my  
earnest thanks for grant of papers for  
Sabbath school on my circuit. We  
find them to be of immense service in  
our Sabbath-school work; the people  
are glad to have them, and they are  
read with great interest.

On Sunday last (Oct. 19) we held  
our Sabbath-school anniversary in  
Britannia Cove. In the morning and  
evening the children recited pieces of  
poetry (nearly all taken from *Home  
and School* and *PLEASANT HOURS*),  
portions of Scripture, and Dialogues,  
interspersed with a choice selection of  
Sankey's Hymns. In the afternoon a  
service of song, taken from the  
"Pilgrim's Progress," was rendered by  
the scholars. The services were well  
attended, and the collections for papers  
and Bibles were also good.

Next Sabbath (D. V.) we propose  
holding similar services at Foster's  
Point, where we anticipate similar re-  
sults.  
MARK FENWICK

THE EMPTY STOCKING.

PLAYING and rollicking out in the street, Laughing so heartily, smiling so sweet, Was wee little Jimmy, with other small boys, Who joyously spoke of the candies and toys With which Santa Claus their stockings should fill, While they in their beds should be sleeping and still

So happy was he when at night he undressed And went to his bed, that he scarcely would rest,

But tho't of how happy his mother should be In the morn, when his toys and playthings, she'd see;

He thought she would wonder—and stare too—because He ne'er heard her tell of old Santa Claus

Again and again he awoke from his sleep, And fancied he heard old Santa Claus creep Adown thro' the chimney, and slip up to where

His stocking was hung on the back of the chair; Nor tho't for one moment that when he believed

The Santa Claus story, he was sadly deceived.

Long and dark seemed the night and scarce had it fled,

When wee little Jimmy jumped out of his bed, With his heart full of joy he slid up to the chair,

To see what good things were awaiting him there;

But what did he see, to crush his delight? The same empty stocking he hung up last night.

His joyful young eye with a tear became dim, While he wondered why Santa Claus thus slighted him;

And little he knew how his dear mother sighed

That she was too poor some small gifts to provide;

But when he grows up he'll be able to say Why his stocking was empty at dawning to-day.

A. H. S.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

BY CONTENT GREENLEAF.

VERY early on Christmas morning, before the sun was up, the church bells through the city rang right merrily.

Jim crept from his bed in the corner of the garret, slipped on his clothes and got nearer to the little window to listen. What could the bells be saying? His grandmother had told him only the evening before of the song the angels sang to the shepherds on the first Christmas morning: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," and now to Jim the bells seemed to echo the same words, saying over and over again, "Good-will, good-will."

He knelt on the floor and leaned on the low bench which served for a seat and a table, and listened to the sweet chimes. Soon the ringing seemed to grow fainter and fainter until there was only a low murmuring of tones. Then as he listened more attentively he thought he could distinguish words, and the bells seemed to be talking among themselves.

"What a happy errand we have to-day," said one which had a sweet and silvery voice, "to ring out the message that Christmas day is here, and to remind the world once more that a Saviour was born to them on this day."

"And strange that so many forget it all through the year," said another in a deep mellow tone. "I really believe if Christmas day did not come once in twelve months, that the world would soon forget the gift of Jesus to men."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed another bell

"some never forget it, I'm sure; it is so happy and joyful a season that surely the good-will felt towards each other then, stretches out through the whole year."

"But how strange it is," said the deep-toned bell, speaking again, "that so many will put away the Christmas peace from their own hearts by cherishing hard feelings towards others."

Here Jim felt very uncomfortable and could not help thinking of Tom Norris, who had once cheated him in trading him a worthless knife for two good marbles. He almost wished the hard-hearted bell would stop talking and let some of the sweeter ones say something; but no, it continued:

"The blessed Christmas peace can never come to a heart which has any hard feelings towards another, and if one loses peace of mind at this happy time there is little hope that he can get it back during the year."

Here Jim stirred uneasily and the bells seemed to chime again, "Peace and good-will, good-will," but above the sound of their ringing he heard his grandmother's voice near him: "Jim, wake up! and a happy Christmas."

He started up and there was grandmother with bonnet and shawl on, for she had just returned from market.

"Oh! then it was only a dream!" he exclaimed rubbing his eyes, "and the bells are only ringing."

"Only ringing," said his grandmother, "but come, you have been catching cold as well as dreaming; and breakfast is nearly ready, but it is not much for Christmas morning," and she sighed, remembering the days when they had more comforts.

Jim followed her down the ladder which served for stairs to his room in the garret, and there was the table set for three in the warm kitchen. His little sister was already in her place, and clapped her hands on seeing Jim.

"Happy Christmas, Jim! And what do you think grandmother has got for us? batter cakes with both sugar and syrup, 'cause it's to-day—and a big apple and orange for you and me."

Sure enough, a bright yellow orange and a red-cheeked apple were beside each plate. Jim had not tasted an orange for nearly a year, and he could not remember that he had ever had so nice an apple, for such luxuries were almost unknown in his poor home.

There was a struggle in Jim's mind, for here was a chance to "make up" with Tom, and such an opportunity might not come again for a long time. "For," thought Jim bitterly to himself, "he won't believe I want to make up if I only say so; but I guess he would understand what an orange meant."

So seizing it from the table he explained: "I'll be back in just a minute, grandma. I want to have a little of the peace and good-will all the year—you know what I dreamed the bells said," and with this explanation he hurried out.

Grandmother turned toward the stove to bake some cakes, saying thoughtfully, "Well, well! there's no accounting for what boys will do. I only hope it is all right."

Jim's smiling face through breakfast time and all day was a pleasant assurance that he was satisfied that it was all right, and every time he hears a church bell ring he listens for some message, for he is quite sure they have something to say if he can only understand.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

WHO has not felt his heart stirred to its inmost depths by the sound of the Christmas carol? What song so truly full of peace, of love and of joy as that? And what would merry old Christmas be, with all its old-time festivities, without its glad carols ringing out upon the frosty air, to the accompanying music of the sweet Christmas chimes?

"And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas day, on Christmas day."

It is natural for us to sing when we are glad, and carol-singing once formed a principal feature at all great feasts and banquets. But in later times the carol seems to have been devoted to Christmas alone, and when the yule log was blazing brightly upon the wide hearth, and the green mistletoe boughs hung from the walls and decorated windows and doors, the wassail bowl was filled to overflowing, and true friends pledged each other with a joyful Christmas song.

Carol-singing continued in all its vigour until the close of the last century. Since then it has gradually declined, except in the schools and churches of to-day, and around the home fireside, where sweet young voices still join in chanting the Christmas carols.

In Shakespeare's time carols were sung in the streets at night during Christmas by the waits, or watches, who expected to receive gifts for their singing. Many a writer of old times and customs refers to the "wakeful ketches of Christmas eve." It was after the Reformation that they ceased to sing Latin hymns in the churches, and substituted the sweet Christmas carols. For there were two kinds of carols in vogue—those of a devotional nature, which were sung not only in the churches, but also through the streets from house to house upon Christmas eve, and even after that, morning and evening, until Twelfth Day.

A famous carol thus represents the Virgin contemplating the birth of the Divine infant:—

"He neither shall be clothed In purple nor in pall, But all in fair linen, As were babies all;

He neither shall be rocked, In silver nor in gold, But in a wooden cradle, That rocks on the mould."

In the northern part of England they still sing carols, and even in the great metropolis, London, some solitary veteran who has not forgotten the merry customs of his earlier years, may sometimes be heard upon Christmas eve singing in a plaintive voice, "God rest you, merry gentlemen!"

In Ireland the singing of carols continues to the present day, while in Scotland, where no church feasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, carol singing is unknown.

The famous Christmas carol of Oxford, which is sung when the boar's head, gay with garlands and green herbs, is brought to the table with the greatest pomp, runs thus:—

*Caput apri deſtro  
Reddens laudes Domino*  
The boar's head in bands bring,  
With garlands gay and rosemary,  
I pray for all sing merrily,  
*Qui eſtis in convivio.*

The boar's head, I understande,  
Is the cheſe ſervice in this lande,  
Look, wherever it be ſande,  
*Servite cum Cantico.*

Bands of music as well as the singing of the wassail song, were also heard from early dawn until midnight, and the bellman, ceasing a little while from ringing out the merry Christmas chimes, went his rounds with copies of verses which he distributed at the different houses, with the good wishes of the season—just as the newsboys and letter-carriers do now. But, as each year glides swiftly and silently into the past, some quaint, familiar custom drops away into oblivion and is lost forever.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

HERE came a little child to earth,  
Long ago;  
And the angels of God proclaimed his birth  
High and low.

Out in the night, so calm and still,  
Their song was heard:  
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill  
Was Christ the Lord.

Far away in a goodly land,  
Fair and bright,  
Children with crowns of glory stand,  
Robed in white.  
They sing, the Lord of heaven so fair  
A child was born:  
And that they might his crown of glory share,  
Wore crown of thorn.

In mortal weakness, want, and pain,  
He came to die,  
That the children of earth might in glory reign  
With him on high.

And evermore in robes so fair,  
And undefiled,  
Those ransomed children his praise declare  
Who was a child.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

HERE is something very beautiful and touching in this gift season of the year, and its association with the birth of Christ, God's greatest gift to the world. It is of no consequence whether the old Pope who hit on the 25th of December for Christmas was right or wrong in his calculation. The venerating, grateful love and worship of millions do not draw their inspirations from the almanac. To fitly celebrate such an event as the birth of Jesus of Nazareth is enough to lift any day to the highest point of distinction. It is easy to see how the early Christians, out of their abounding love and gratitude for the birth of the Saviour, came to make the Christmas festival beautiful as their gift day, and how the celebration gained in human interest and regard from the association of human kindness and tenderness and affection with God's infinite compassion. And slowly and steadily this beautiful custom has grown until the gift season overlaps the day and fills a whole week with its fragrance and cheer. It is not strange that Christmas is the most popular festival in the year; for it is associated with all the joys of childhood, the pleasures of youth, the friendship and affection of maturity and the recollections of age. It has been completely humanized, and all that is sweetest and tenderest in human nature blooms then into beautiful dispositions and acts. And it is well to continue the custom which appeals to all that is divinest in the human heart, and lifts humanity heavenward.



AN ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CAROL.

**G**OD rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.  
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,  
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,  
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night.  
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,  
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye 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 sins he takes away,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.

To bow before the Newly-Born,  
Came from their home afar.

Their gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,  
In lowly love they brought;  
Each gift with precious meaning stored  
Beyond the giver's thought.

In tribute to the kings of earth,  
Their gold the nations bring;  
Therefore they offered gold to Him,  
Our own anointed King.

We'll run and do His kingly will,  
Whene'er that will is told  
By parents, teachers, brethren, friends:  
*Obedience* is our gold.

Three times a day we'll meekly kneel,  
To thank His loving care,  
And ask Him to protect us still—  
Our *frankincense* is prayer.

Let disappointments in our hearts  
No evil tempers stir;  
We'll bear them as He bore His cross,  
For *patience* is our myrrh.

Before the mercy-seat of God,  
Rich frankincense was poured;  
And so they brought Him frankincense,  
To own him God and Lord.

In myrrh embalmed, in olden time,  
The dead were wont to lie,  
Then myrrh was taken meet for Him  
Who came on earth to die.

And little children as we are,  
We, too, would come and lay  
Our gold, and frankincense, and myrrh  
Before His feet to-day.

A merry Christmas? Certainly.  
Have we not all our pretty love gifts  
and our nice feasts to be merry about?  
God gave his Son on the first Christmas  
day to feast our souls. Our little  
gifts to each other, and our festive  
tables, are only types of that greatest  
of gifts, that richest of all feasts. Let  
us be glad, then, over our love tokens,  
and our nice dishes, because they all  
tell of love—our own friends' love and  
of God's love. May this Christmas  
be both a loving and a merry one to  
us all!

CHRISTMAS MISSIONARY OFFERING.

**W**E wish every teacher and scholar in our Sunday-schools the happiest Christmas and New Year that they have ever known. We know that our faithful, hard-working teachers have all the past year through been sowing the seeds of happiness in their own souls and the souls of others, from which we trust they shall reap a rich harvest of reward. We wish at present, however, to tell our younger friends how they may make the Christmas and New Year season doubly happy to themselves by the consciousness of doing something for the cause of God, and at the same time gladden the hearts of many a missionary's family sorely straitened on account of their narrow income, and also help to send the privileges of the Sunday-school and the preaching of the gospel to many who have them not.

God is opening doors of usefulness in different parts of our country, among new settlers in the backwoods, the fishermen in Newfoundland, the French in Quebec, the Indians in the great North-west, and the natives of Japan, faster than the Church is prepared to enter them. Everywhere the cry is heard, "Come over and help us." The fields are waving white unto the harvest on every side, and the Church of God is bidden to thrust in her sickle and reap this harvest of immortal souls,



CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

and it may not without guilt neglect this solemn command.

Now all this requires money. These people to whom our missionaries minister are many of them very poor and can do little for themselves. But what little they can do they do cheerfully. At one mission, at French River, nearly a hundred miles from the nearest white missionary, and only receiving his visits about once a year, a single family contributed one year \$26. Now we want every girl and boy in our schools to feel interested in these Home, Indian, and Japan Missions. Have your missionary box, and always put in it some of your pocket-money, especially at Christmas time. Every school, every class should have one of the boxes. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland, at Toronto, or your minister will be glad to give them if applied to.

In England the Juvenile Offerings in the Wesleyan Church amounted to \$107,000 in a single year, or one-third of the entire income raised in Great Britain. So much for thorough missionary organization. "We hope that all our Sunday schools will put forth a vigorous and systematic effort to make the Juvenile Christmas offering this year larger than it has ever been before. In recognition of God's great Christmas gift to all mankind, let them lay upon his altar an offering that shall declare their zeal, their diligence, and their desire for the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

Now for a general and a generous effort for the largest Christmas offering ever presented by the schools of our Church to the cause of Christian missions.

MISTRESS: "Well, Bridget, is there a fire in my room?"  
BRIDGET (a new importation): "Sure, mim, yis, there's a fire—but it's out."

**A**ND who is this, looking out from amid the holly-bushes, this cold winter day? Whose sweet, merry, roguish face is this? She is wrapped up warm, she has gloves on her hands, and a nice thick hood on her head.

It is my niece, Clara. She has been out with her brothers and the men to gather holly and evergreen for Christmas. First they cut down a little pine for the Christmas tree. It was not so very little either; for it was twenty feet high.

There was snow on the ground, and they had a sledge on which to pile the hemlock-boughs, the evergreens, and the holly. Clara saw a squirrel run up a tree, and called to her brothers to look; but they were not quick enough to see it.

Then she spied a hollow place by the side of a hill, and going to look at it, she found it was a little pond of ice. It was smooth as glass, and she and her brothers had a nice time sliding on it.

Clara was sorry when it got to be twelve o'clock, and it was time to go home. The sledge was piled up with boughs, and the oxen wanted their dinner. Yes, they must go.

But when Clara was nestled in her little bed that night, and had said her prayers, this was her thought, "Oh, I never shall forget this happy, happy day; the bright, bracing air, so sweet and clear; the mild, soft sunshine, the smell of the pines; the frolic on the pond; the ride on the sledge; the little snowbirds that came in a flock when I began to feed them. Oh, I never shall forget it, no, never, never-r-r, nev—;" And with this last word half uttered, my little niece fell asleep.

OUR PERIODICALS,

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo.	1 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Bonbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15
25 copies and upwards	0 12

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
75 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

O. W. Coates, 5 Bligny Street, Montreal.  
S. F. Huettig, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 13 1884.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

**A**MERRY Christmas to the hundred thousand of readers of PLEASANT HOURS! That's what I hear the Christmas bells saying as their merry voices ring out, strong and clear, through the frosty air. I hope you all hear happy voices in their far-sounding and rejoicing notes.

A merry Christmas? Why not? Is it not the anniversary of the world's greatest joy-day? It speaks to us of the Bethlehem stable, the manger, the Virgin's babe; of the wondering shepherds, the glad angels, the curious wise men from the East; of the birth of Jesus our Saviour, who laid down his heavenly crown and sceptre, and joined himself to a soul and body like yours and mine, that he might redeem us, make us good, and, therefore, happy for ever and ever. Who can help being happy on so glad a day as this? Yes, Christmas is—must be—the gladdest, merriest, happiest day in all the gladsome year to those who know it to be the birthday of Jesus. Let us therefore all join in singing this Christmas carol:

This is the day when holy men,  
Led onward by a star,



SNOW-SHOEING AT MONTREAL.

THE CHRISTMAS KISS.

LOSE to the hearth hung two little socks  
Of two chubby boys, with curly brown  
locks,  
Who had just crept into their beds.

They rolled, and tossed, and prattled, like  
boys,  
Of tops, and sleds, and childish toys,  
And then they covered their heads.

One hastened on to the City of Nod,  
Where Father Time, with his magical rod,  
Sits on his kingly throne.

The other one waited with wide-open eyes,  
Then slipped out of bed with glad surprise,  
To find he was all alone.

Two little bare feet marched over the floor,  
And their owner glanced at the open door,  
And a tiny sock pinned to the wall.

"This one's for mamma"—the clock struck  
eleven—  
"And give her this kiss; you'll find her in  
Heaven,  
No matter how late you call."

If old St. Peter would tell all he knew,  
He would say that an angel his gates passed  
through,  
And left a heaven of bliss

To go to that room, to that chubby-faced  
child,  
And look in his eyes, so tender and mild,  
As she took for herself that kiss!

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

ONE of the most attractive of these, combining in a high degree both interest and instruction, is "The Viking Bodley," by Horace E. Scudder. It describes in a graphic style the travels of the Bodley family through Denmark, Norway and Sweden. The numerous engravings of the strange Norse scenery, people, villages, etc., are very instructive. This is the continuation of the series of seven previous Bodley books which have been so popular.

Mr Scudder deserves the thanks of all parents for the amount of valuable information imparted therein. We have only one thing against these books—that is, their somewhat babyish name. They are not by any means babyish books. Price \$1.50 per volume. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

MR. CROSBY'S MISSION SHIP.

NEAR young readers of the PLEASANT HOURS,—Many of you are wondering what about the Mission Ship. "Glad Tidings" is her name; she is just about complete, and she is looking well, so our people say who have come to see her. She is seventy feet long and fourteen feet wide. She has two good masts and sails, so we hope to sail as well as steam. We have room for eight people in the cabin, and as many in the forward part, and can take a few tons of freight to the different posts. Also, we can take some lumber to help build up their new villages. This will be a great help to us in getting round this great district, and we hope soon to be able to reach all the tribes with the glad tidings of salvation. God has raised up a man to build her, and he is going with me; so with two Indian boys, one at the wheel, and one as sailor, cook, etc., we hope to run the boat as cheap as possible. Well, but you will say, What has she cost, and is she paid for? Well, she is costing a little over \$7,000, and I am told I have a

boat worth \$8,000, and I trust you will all come up to our help in this work. I have been stirring up the people and children in this Province. New Westminster school raised \$50 for the rudder, and I think they will raise more towards the sails, and Nanaimo school is doing well; and I hope Chilliwack and Victoria will come in, and I do hope that all the schools in Ontario and Quebec, and as far east as possible, will all do a little to help pay the last bill, which comes due on the 1st of March next; and if you can give us two or three hundred dollars to get an outfit, all the better. I am getting all I can just now, for the Mission Ship must not have a cent of debt on her. If I can get a photo of her, I will try and send one to Dr. Withrow, and I trust to be able to give you an account of our first trip shortly. Now, friends, hurry up with the last good lift on the Gospel Ship. And, above all, dear young friends, "Pray for us."

(Contributions may be sent to the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS, or to Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Toronto, or direct to Rev. T. Crosby, Port Simpson, B.C.)

A CANADIAN CARNIVAL.

BY A BOSTON BOY.

SNOW-shoeing at Montreal is quite a Canadian national sport. We stopped at McGill College gate and saw the snow-shoers start men to run to the top of the mountain and back, a distance of about three miles cross country. They think nothing of running to the Back River, eight miles; and they go to Lachine and back, or some other place, every Saturday, about twenty miles, just for the sport of the thing. It was great fun to see some of the most eager fellows going head-long into the deep snow when they tried to pass those ahead. Snow-shoes are of Indian origin, made of light ash, bent to an oval, and the ends fastened together by cat-gut. The interior is then crossed with two pieces of flat wood to strengthen the frame, and the whole is woven with cat-gut, like a lawn tennis bat. An opening is left for the motion of the toes in raising the heel in stepping out. The netting sustains the weight of the body, and the shoe sinks only an inch or two,

and when one foot is bearing the weight the other is lifted up, and over, and onwards. The shoes are fastened to the occasional feet by thongs of deer-skin.

The skating and games on the river took my fancy most of all. First came a snow-shoe race of two hundred yards, followed by a skating race of a mile; then a quarter-mile barrel race. You can hardly imagine the dash and excitement. I never supposed boys could jump the hurdles with skates on, but they went over them like deer, and you'd have laughed a pain into your side, had you seen the odd positions some of the skaters took when going over. Fancy flying at full speed on the glare ice, and jumping at the right instant, and then clearing the hurdles, and coming down safe and square to recover your balance and shoot off again. One fellow with a handkerchief around his head seemed as if he had wings. One in jumping looked like some of your specimens of bats, or butterflies, as he sprawled his legs. Another looked like a jumping-jack with the string pulled full length.

The barrel race kept everybody looking on, as well as the skaters, in roars of laughter. Several common barrels, with their ends out, were placed at some distances apart to the extent of a quarter of a mile, and a lot of boys entered for the competition. At signal to start, off they dashed, and at the first barrel, two boys struggled to get in first, as the barrel would only hold one at a time and everybody had to go through every barrel. The first boy who got in could hardly get through, as the barrel wriggled round on the ice, and when he came out he found his head facing where his heels had been, and he began to run back where he came from until he turned around and saw the other barrels, and then he bolted back again. The way those barrels turned around when the boys were in them was very funny. They seemed to turn the boys' heads too, as they had to look around where they were when they got out.

The January number of the *Methodist Magazine* will have a full account of the Ice Palace at Montreal, with numerous fine engravings after sketches by Mr. Sandham, the celebrated Montreal artist, of the palace within and without, snow-shoeing and tobogganing on the mountain, etc.



BOYS ON ICE AT MONTREAL.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY "MARAH."

MARK 'the merry, merry bells  
Christmas chimes are ringing,  
Each the same glad story tells  
Angel hosts were singing,  
When on far Judean plain,  
Shepherds heard their sweet refrain  
From the welkin ringing.

"Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
Tidings glad they're telling,  
"Blessed Christmas come again"  
On the air is swelling,  
Now let notes of praise ascend,  
Voices all together blend,  
Joy till every dwelling.

"Christ is born, the Prince of Peace,"  
His are now repeating,  
Let all strife and discord cease,  
Give all kindly greeting,  
Let this day of Jesus' birth  
Bind together hearts on earth,  
Time is all too fleeting.

Still the bells, with silver tone,  
Merrily are pealing,  
Our sad hearts that grieve alone,  
Lo! this thought comes stealing—  
"Jesus, born that one and all  
Thou mightst ransom from the fall."  
This glad thought brings healing.

Ring, ye bells, your merry chimes,  
Tell the wondrous story,  
Story told in ancient times—  
Priests and prophets hoary,  
Long before His birth proclaimed  
He should come, Messiah named,  
Messenger of glory.

Down the ages, clothed in light,  
Still the tale is ringing;  
Still the children, fresh and bright,  
Carols sweet are singing,  
Yes, with spirits glad and gay,  
Hail we now this blessed day,  
Heavenly message bringing.

## CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

THE ideal Christmas is in Germany. All classes, the old and young, emperor and peasant alike, enjoy the festival. Yet it is distinctively the day of the children, and as such has been celebrated by Germany's greatest bards, from Klopstock to Otto Rognette; and Goethe, Schiller, and even such a grim cynic as Heine have enshrined the day in undying verse. The German idea of the day, too, is one of sacred sentiment. The lesson taught to the young is, that the offerings of the Christmas tree are from the Saviour, testifying his love for little children. The *Weihnachts mann* (Christmas man) is supposed to distribute his favours to the good children; but so impartial is he in apportioning his gifts that all children are good. Thus the religious instinct is cultivated in a most beautiful and telling way, and the anniversary is, indeed, a happy one for the children of Germany, where the Christmas tree had its birth, and where all the delightful festivities of Christmas, as known in England and the United States, first took root.

As it is a boast of the Jews that they founded the family, so it may be a proud one, too, of the Germans, that they have given to the children a day in the year, the approach of which they always eagerly await. Many tender and touching stories of this Saxon outgrowth are told in many forms of German and Norse literature, to the delight of the young; but, perhaps, Hans Anderson has done more to hit the child's fancy in this regard than any author of our time. There is also a beautiful poem of Hebel, "Christ-Baum," which celebrates the ceremonies on Christmas eve, and which

gives an adequate idea of that sentimental side of the German nature, which shines so resplendently in the poetry, painting and music of the Fatherland. The manner, too, in which the Christmas eve festivities are conducted, reflects the sober side of the German mind in a very striking way. A large yew bough is erected in one of the parlours, lighted with tapers, and hung with numerous gifts, sweetmeats, candies and ornaments, the whole producing a very decorative effect calculated to strike the juvenile eye. Every object is marked with the name of the intended recipient, and when the distribution takes place, the scene is one of great happiness, not alone to the children, but to the adults as well. The mother takes her daughters aside, and the father his sons, and the parents then tell their children what has been most praiseworthy or otherwise, in their conduct during the preceding year.

There still exists in Germany the vertebal Santa Claus, known there as "Knecht Rupert," who, dressed in high buckskins, a flowing white robe, with a mask and enormous flaxen wig, goes from house to house, being received with great reverence by the parents; and, after inquiring carefully about the behaviour of the children, distributes the presents with apparent justice. It will thus be seen that Christmas in Germany is almost entirely a children's festival; that the effort has been to make it a high moral institution by giving rewards to the most deserving, and kindling in the mind of a child an aspiration to deserve recompense for obedience to the parental authority. As such, the natal day of Christianity is certainly more poetically understood in Germany than in any other civilized nation.

Aside from the mere juvenile aspect of Christmas, the Germans, indeed, make this a feasting day. All the members of the family who can reach the homestead gather about the great fire which is sure to be burning on every German hearth. It makes little difference the distance. Every German will be at his ancestral seat if it be within the range of possibility; and in this is the maternal triumph. The mother is sure to see her children once a year, and thus the anniversary is to her a moment of supreme satisfaction. Even the students at the universities travel hundreds of miles to go to their homes on this day, and no expense is spared to be present at the family reunion. No good German ever fails in this duty, which to him is sacred. From the throne to the hovel the same spirit pervades. Indeed, it is the national feeling that

"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
A poor man's heart through half the year."

The Germans in the United States, as a rule, keep up their reverence for the day, and Christmas, as Americans observe it, is largely the result of German contact. While our Christmas notions come from England in the first instance, it should not be forgotten that England got hers from Germany.

RECEIVED with thanks boxes of books for poor schools from W. W. Dalglish, Huntingdon; H. F. Bickmore, Alport; G. H. Williams, Flinton, and others. There are still pressing demands for others. Send them along to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

## HOW A CHRISTMAS CLUB WAS FORMED.

[We reprint from the Christmas *St. Nicholas* the following account of the formation at Portland, Me., of a Children's Christmas Club, which gave last year a Christmas tree and dinner to six hundred poor children of that city.]

A NUMBER of notes were written, asking two or more girls and boys from every Sunday-school in the city to meet at a certain house at five o'clock on the following Thursday afternoon. Did they come?

Come? They did not know what the call was for, save for a whisper about Christmas work; but they came: came in pairs, in trios, in quartets, and quintets—a whole squad from the Butler school; big boys with big hearts, wee tots only four years old from the kinder-garten—one hundred children, ready for anything.

O, I wish you could have been there at the forming of that club!

A lady came forward to speak to them, and their voices were hushed in expectation. I can't tell you just what she said, but her words were beautiful. She spoke of their Christmas festivities every year, of their presents, and their friends; then of unfortunate children who had fewer, some none, of these joys.

When she asked, "Does any one here want to do anything for these others?" the thought that they could do anything was new to almost all—to many even the wish was new; but like one great heart-throb came their answer:

"Yes! I! I! I! I want to do something!"

"Children what can you do?"

A pause, and then a little voice cried: "Dive 'em a cent!"

That was the first offer, but it was followed by many another: "Give 'em candy!" "Give 'em a turkey!" "Give 'em a coat!"—each beginning with that grand word, "Give."

The result of that meeting was this:

To form a club which should last "forever;" to call it "The Children's Christmas Club;" to have for its motto: "Freely ye have received, freely give;" to place the membership fee at ten cents, so that no child should be prevented from joining because he was not "rich;" to make no distinction in regard to sect or nationality; to permit to join the club any girl or boy under 18 years of age who accepted its principles, which were: To be ready at all times with kind words to assist children less fortunate than themselves, to make every year, in Christmas week, a festival of some kind for them; to save through the year toys, books, and games, instead of carelessly destroying them; to save and, whenever practicable, put in good repair all outgrown clothing; to beg nothing from any source, but to keep as the keytone of the club the word "Give;" to pay every year a tax of ten cents; and to make their first festival in the City Hall on Thursday, December 28, 1882.

MR. ANSON P. WEBER, whose address was thought to be Greenbush, Ont., will confer a favour by sending his correct address to the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto. A grant of books and S. S. requisites was sent to him by express to Greenbush, which he will receive by making application at the office of the Canadian Express Co.

## OLD HANNAH AND CHRISTMAS.

"HANNAH says the cattle fall upon their knees at twelve o'clock Christmas eve," said Minnie Grant to her aunt, as she sat waiting for the child's bedtime.

"Hannah is a superstitious old Scotch woman," returned the aunt; "she believes all that she has ever heard, without reason or questioning; but that is happier than to doubt every thing, as many people do. I suppose that idea about the cattle came from an old Latin poet, who speaks of them as cherishing the new-born child with their warm breath, and falling down before the majesty of his glory. There are many human beings who never show this reverence that is attributed to the beasts; they might learn a lesson from old Hannah's superstition."

"Hannah will put her new 'besom' behind the door to-morrow morning, and a chair in the doorway with bread and cheese upon it," said the little girl; "she thinks it will bring prosperity to the family."

"If we try to make clean our hearts, and to sweep out all evil things from them, as we sweep the house with a new broom; and if we use hospitality and charity to all the poor and needy who come to us, it will indeed bring prosperity, and God's richest blessing," replied Aunt Ellen. "There is a good deal of significance in many of these old customs. It would be pleasant to use them if we always thought of their meaning."

"And Hannah has made me a 'Yule baby' from some of the bread dough," said the child.

"That is to remind you of the blessed babe, who is to us the bread of everlasting life. If we do not feed upon his love and his word and his Holy Spirit, we can no more live the Christian life than these bodies could live without our daily bread. I like Hannah's customs when rightly understood."

## NEVER SWEAR.

IT is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.

It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."

It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears one of them sticks out his head.

It is contemptible—forgetting the respect of all the wise and good.

It is wicked—violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of him who will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.—*Exchange*.



CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHAT'S this hurry, what's this flurry,  
All throughout the house to-day!

Everywhere a merry scurry,  
Everywhere a sound of play.  
Something, too, 's the matter, matter.  
Out-of-doors as well as in,  
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,  
Every minute—such a din.

Everybody winking, blinking,  
In a queer, mysterious way;  
What on earth can they be thinking,  
What on earth can be to pay!  
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,  
Bursts into a little shout:  
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,  
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ling  
Every minute more and more,  
And swift feet go springing, springing,  
Through the hallway to the door,  
Where a glimpse of box and packet,  
And a little rattle, rattle,  
Makes such sight and sound and racket,  
Such a jolly bustle—bustle—  
That the youngsters in their places,  
Hiding slyly out of sight,  
All at once show shining faces,  
All at once scream with delight

Go and ask them what's the matter,  
What the fun outside and in—  
What the meaning of the chatter,  
What the bustle and the din.  
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout then,  
All together hear them say,  
"Why, what have you been about, then,  
Not to know it's Christmas Day!"

CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. D. MACH., D.D.

CHRISTMAS sends us back, by its customs of festivity and song and charity to centuries long antecedent to his birth who has made the day and period specially his own. The Magi came to welcome the babe in Bethlehem; and, ever since, Paganism in all its forms has laid its best at the feet, and left its worthiest in the train of Jesus. With a strange medley of Christian and Pagan rites,—relics of the Roman Saturnalia, when the very slaves enjoyed one day in the year of unlimited license,—relics of German revelry and Druidical superstitions,—we celebrate the birthday anniversary of the world's Redeemer. What matter that the antiquarians have not yet succeeded in assuring themselves that the 25th of December is verily the day? Let them crack their nuts. We shall crack ours with none the less enjoyment and fearlessness of dyspepsia.

Let me give the children a reason for loving our Queen in connection with the festivities of Christmas. The good St. Nicholas is perhaps the most widely popular in connection with festive-mirth of all the saints in the calendar. A native of Asia-Minor, the adopted patron of Russia, the most honoured of all the saints in southern Italy, in England, some four hundred churches are named after him; and now, in America, on one evening in the year, Santa Klaus is more devoutly thought of by at least one-half of the population—the juveniles—than is their Christmas pudding. Come away with me to yonder almshouse, usually so prosaically grim. On this—on Christmas eve—there is mirth in the almshouse. St. Nicholas has planted a mysterious tree in a corner, which, all are assured, bears fruits unknown to earthly gardens. Oh, the delight of the little children! Aye, and of the greybeards also, hoary sinners, some of them; but for one-half hour or so they feel good. The introduc-

tion of the Christmas tree with its lamps and toys and fruits and flowers and gifts that make young eyes glisten, and young voices shriek with delight, is due, among the English-speaking people of the globe, mainly, I believe, to the example and influence of our Queen, God bless her! Before her marriage, at any rate, the custom was unknown in England; and now it is well nigh universal. Perhaps, when grand political events with which her name is associated shall be forgotten, the establishment of the Christmas tree in every household will perpetuate her memory.

Christmas is a medley. Its games, its carols, its religious observances in the morning, followed by its rare good cheer in the afternoon, and its sports in the evening, blend piety and pastime in proportions somewhat bewildering to youthful minds. But one set of customs is connected with it which, above all others, does it true honour—its charities. On the eve before, according to old belief, the powers of darkness are prostrated, so that no evil influence can be exerted by them on mankind.

"Some say that over 'gainst the season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawn singeth all night long;  
And then they say no spirit can walk abroad;  
The nights are wholesome, then no planets  
strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

The cattle, it is in some places believed, fall on their knees in their stalls at midnight, in adoration of the Saviour; bees buzz in their hives, and bread baked on Christmas eve never becomes mouldy. Assuredly, the bread cast abroad as charity never moulds. In England, birds, beasts and beggars all receive unwonted regard. "A guid New Year, I wish thee, Maggie!" quoth Burns to his auld more; "Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie"—an extra feed of corn, to wit. And some keep up the old custom to this day at Christmas and New Year's. And as for the birds and beggars take these lines by a well-known English writer:

"Amidst the freezing sleet and snow, the  
timid robin comes;  
In pity drive him not away, but scatter out  
your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch for who-  
soever comes;  
The poorer they, more welcome give, and  
scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare none are too poor, when  
want with winter comes,  
The loaf is never all your own, then scatter  
out the crumbs."

FOR GOD AND HOME AND COUNTRY.

NORFOLK, MAJORITY OVER 1,000.

GAIN with thankful hearts we record the encouraging fact of triumphant success. Norfolk is added to the glorious honour-roll of counties that have emancipated themselves from the thralldom of the degrading drink traffic. This is the fifty-fifth Scott Act fight and the forty-sixth victory that we have won. The wave is rolling on, and rising as it rolls. Our aggregate majority is now about 32,000, and the prospects for prohibition are brightening every day. We "thank God, and take courage."  
—Canada Citizen.

TIM AND THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY MRS. LUCY MARIAN BLINN.

THE bells of Old Trinity merrily rung,  
Swung and rung in the belfry high;  
In the choir below the choristers sung,  
"The Christ is come; let your tears be dry."

Outside in the darkness, all alone,  
Rubbing his poor little shivering feet,  
Making a bed of the pitiless stone,  
The beggar-boy Tim heard the message sweet.

The clamoring bells, with their noisy joy,  
The voice of the singers, clear and loud,  
Fell on the ears of the drowsy boy;  
He rose and followed the moving crowd.

He stopped in the door of the beautiful aisle,  
And whispered low with a frightened air,  
His blue eyes wandering the while,  
"Is Christ, the lover of children, there?"

"If He is, will you tell him that poor little  
Tim  
Is waiting outside in the cold and storm,  
And would like to come in, if he may, to Him?  
It's so lovely in there, so light and warm."

The sweet bells clanged with melodious din,  
And the singers caught up the music wild;  
"Open your hearts and take Him in;  
The Lord of Glory comes—a child!"

The melody ceased; the bells' glad sound  
Melted and died in the starlight dim;  
But the dear Christ-child had sought and found  
A home in a heart for poor little Tim!

MISTLETOE MEMORIES.

WHAT the poets say about Christmas: Comprising a collection of poems selected from the writings of H. W. Longfellow, J. G. Whittier, Thomas Hood, Alfred Domett, Chas. Mackay, Sir Walter Scott, Jennie Joy, and others. The whole bound in *Banner* shape, with rich silk fringe and tassels. The cover of this novelty is printed in nearly eighteen colours, and ranks exceedingly high as an imported art production of the premier class. The original designs were drawn by H. Maurice Page, and were awarded a prize of fifty pounds sterling at the Suffolk street London galleries in a competitive exhibit of 6,000 entries. For presentation, this art souvenir combines the advantages of both art and literature. Size, 4 by 6½ inches. Price, with envelope and protector, only 35 cents. Sold by all stationers.

SMILES.

THE cook is the only man one will take sauce from.

"HERR MEYERS, I suppose you understood that every one was to bring along something to the picnic. What have you brought?" Herr Meyers: "My leetle twins, Hans and Jacob."

A PARENT once remarked that he had eight arguments in favour of a prohibitory amendment, and when asked what they were replied, "My eight children."

"WHY did you put that nickel with a hole in it in the contribution box?" asked one man of another. "Because I could not put the hole in without the nickel, and I had to put in something."

"I BEG your pardon, madam," said a gentleman, lifting his hat politely to a richly-dressed woman on the street, "but your face is strangely familiar to me. I am sure that I have met you before." "Yis, Mистер Jones," replied the richly-dressed woman, "it's meself that knows ye. O'm your cook."

"GEORGE," asked the teacher of a Sunday-school class, "who, above all others, shall you wish to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation the little fellow shouted, "Gerliah!"

"MAMMA, the weather is red hot," said a bright little boy. "It's pretty warm, sonny, but I don't think it is red hot." "Yes, it is. It says in the paper that the thermometer is at blood heat, and you know blood is red."

"PAT, you shot both barrels into a regular jam of ducks, but I don't believe you killed many," said the hunter's companion. "O! didn't, didn't O!" exclaimed Pat. "Jus' look in the wather there, will yez? It's fairly alive wid dead wans?"

"HALLOO!" shouted one boy to another whom he saw running wildly down the street, "Halloo! Are you training for a rac?" "No," called back the flying boy, "I'm racing for a train."

LESSON NOTES.

B.C. 980.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 21.

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.

Ecl. 12. 1-14. Commit to memory vs 13-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Ecl. 12. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Youth, v. 1.
2. Age, v. 2-7.
3. Life, v. 8-13.
4. Judgment, v. 14.

TIME.—B.C. 980.

EXPLANATIONS.—Remember—Think of God, and keep him in mind. Evil days—After a life of sin old age is an evil time. No pleasure—A godless life is always unhappy. Be not darkened—The brightness of youth is compared with the darkness of age. Clouds return—When troubles come in quick succession. In the day—Verses 3-6 are a partial description of old age as a ruined house or mill. Keepers of the house—The hands trembling in old age. Strong men—The bowing knees. Grinders—The teeth. Those that look—The eyes. Doors shall be shut—On account of sorrow. Rise up—The old are apt to awake at the slightest sound. Silver cord—This verse is a picture of death. Spirit shall return—The spirit is with God to await the judgment. Vanity—All earthly things are vain, and soon pass away. The Preacher—Here meaning King Solomon. As goads—Penetrating and sharp. Nails fastened—Truth being sent to the heart by masters of thought. Many books—Solomon had written many books, and wrote of his own experience. Fear God—After all his seeking after pleasure the king comes to this conclusion. Into judgment—At the day when Christ shall come.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson is shown—
1. That early service for God is true service!
  2. That old age is a poor time to seek wisdom!
  3. That after death comes the judgment!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When are we admonished to remember our Creator? In the days of our youth.
2. When the body has ceased action where will the spirit go? "Unto God who gave it."
3. What are the words of the wise? They are as goads.
4. What is the whole duty of man? To fear God and keep his commandments.
5. What shall be brought into judgment? Every work, whether good or evil.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The final judgment.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

- 134 How are the children of God described?
- As being adopted into God's family or called children, and as being regenerated and made children. John 1. 12, 13, 1 John 1. 1.
- [Galatians iv. 5, 6; 1 Peter i. 3.]
135. What is Christian adoption?



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Wm. F. SHERWIN.

Musical notation for the first part of the Christmas Bells hymn, including treble and bass clefs and notes.

1. Hark, hark the merry Christmas bells, Are chiming sweet and clear; 2. Let every living creature wake, And hail the glorious birth; 3. The waying palm, the cry of joy, Shall deck our voices there; 4. All glory be to God on high, Let every soul proclaim

Musical notation for the second part of the Christmas Bells hymn, including treble and bass clefs and notes.

O welcome, welcome, festive day, The brightest of the year, Who bring from heaven, the Prince of peace, To bring glad news to earth, And with the music of the bells, We'll blend our voices there, Goodwill and peace to man below, Hail Christ our Saviour's name.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the chorus of the Christmas Bells hymn, including treble and bass clefs and notes.

Come on, for Christ the Lord has come, Ring out o'er hill and dell;

Musical notation for the final part of the Christmas Bells hymn, including treble and bass clefs and notes.

Come on a glad and grateful peal, Thou merry Christmas bell.

It is the act of grace which bestows on believers the name and the privileges of sons of God [Romans viii 15 Galatians iv 5] 136. What are the privileges of sonship? They are—the liberty to call God Father, the inward witness of being His children, and the title to the Christian inheritance. Galatians iv. 6 7. Romans viii. 17. [Romans viii. 16. Galatians iv. 5; Titus iii. 7, 1 Peter i. 4. John iii 2]

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

December 25.

REVIEW SCHEME.

Lesson I. Solomon Succeeding David. 1 Kings 22-31.—Who asked David to name his successor? On what promise did he remind the king? What prophet helped him to a decision? With what oath did David renew his promise? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? Lesson II. David's Charge to Solomon. 1 Chron. 22 6-19.—What charge did David give to his son? What purpose had been in his own mind? Why had he not carried it out? What promise had God given him? What preparations had he made? On what conditions was prosperity promised? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT Lesson III. Solomon's Choice. 1 Kings 3. 5-15.—Who gave Solomon his choice? Where, and in what manner? What confession did the young king make? What choice did he make? What advice did he give to others, in the GOLDEN TEXT? How did the Lord show his approval of his choice? Lesson IV. The Temple Built. 1 Kings 6. 1-14.—How long after the Exodus before Solomon's temple was built? In what year of Solomon's reign? What were its dimensions? On what condition did the Lord promise to dwell in it? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT. Lesson V. The Temple Dedicated. 1 Kings 8. 22-36.—Who dedicated the temple?

Where did he stand? With what was the service of dedication commenced? What did Solomon ask of God? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT. How many men secure God's presence now? Lesson VI. The Wisdom of Solomon. 1 Kings 10. 1-13.—What was the Queen of Sheba's errand? What had induced her to come? What presents did she bring? What did Solomon show her? What was her testimony? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT. How may we learn about this "greater than Solomon"? Lesson VII. Solomon's Sin. 1 Kings 11. 4-13.—Who enticed Solomon to sin? Why did he consent? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT. Whose example did he forsake? What was his punishment? Upon whom was this punishment to fall? Lesson VIII. Proverbs of Solomon. Prov. 1. 1-16.—What is the design of the Proverbs of Solomon? Who will be profited by them? Repeat GOLDEN TEXT. How may we secure the fear of the Lord? Whose instruction should be always heeded? Whose enticements must be refused? Lesson IX. True Wisdom. Prov. 8. 1-17.—To whom is the call of Wisdom made? To whom are his words plain? What is declared to be better than rubies? What is the GOLDEN TEXT. Where shall we seek true wisdom? Lesson X. Drunkenness. Prov. 23. 29-35.—What results of drunkenness are given in this lesson? Upon whom do they fall? What advice is given in the GOLDEN TEXT? What warning against wine is given by the wise man? What is the fate of those who look upon the wine? Lesson XI. Vanity of Worldly Pleasures. Eccl. 1. 1-14.—Where did Solomon seek pleasure? What success had he in the search? What profit did he receive? What is his verdict, in the GOLDEN TEXT? What does Jesus say should be sought first? Lesson XII. The Creator Remembered. Eccl. 12 1-14.—Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT. Why should we begin early? What hinders attention to religion in old age? What is the whole duty of man? What reason is urged for the performance of this duty?

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1885.

XXIst and XXIInd Volumes; 1,152 Pages, with over 200 Fine Engravings. \$2.00 a Year; \$1.00 for Six Months. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C., - - - EDITOR.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

OUR ILLUSTRATED SERIAL

WILL BE

"The Cruise of H.M.S. 'Challenger'; Voyages over many Seas. Scenes in many Lands."

This cruise, the most important that ever sailed from any country, covered a period of three years and a half, and a distance of 69,000 miles.

In the January number will appear Part I. of above, together with "CANADIAN PICTURES," by the Marquis of LORNA.

MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME,

with four fine engravings of Hawarden Castle and its surroundings. "THE ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL," with numerous engravings of the Palace, Snowshoeing, Tobogganing, etc. "THE MIRACLE AT NAIN," by the late Dr. PUSKOS, beautifully illustrated.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

Among these will be the following: "HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE." "WANDERINGS IN SPAIN." "SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND." "SCENES IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND." "ON THE RHINE." "ALPINE PICTURES." "VENICE FROM A GONDOLA." "WALKS ABOUT ROME." "WALKS ABOUT LONDON." "IN CLASSIC LANDS." "MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS." "STUDIES IN THE SOUTH." "THROUGH THE VIRGINIAS." "JAMAICA AND ITS PEOPLE." "HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE BRITISH POETS" (Several Papers). "MEMORIALS OF THE PRINCESS ALICE." "STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY." (With Portraits and other Illustrations.) "A MISSIONARY BISHOP," etc.

The above will all be handsomely, and some of them very copiously, illustrated.

Several other Illustrated Articles will also appear.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among these will be:—"OUTPOST METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND" A series of narrative sketches by the Rev. George Bond. "CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM." A series of studies of Wesley's Hymns, by the Rev. S. P. Dunn, of Annapolis, N. S. "CHRISTIANITY" and "SCRIPTURE." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. "WHAT TO READ." By the Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., Boston, Mass. "HALF HOURS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM." By Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum. Also a paper on "WORRY." By Dr. Clark. "IN A LEPER HOSPITAL." By Dr J. E. Graham. "AMONG THE ROCKIES." By Prof. Coleman, Ph.D. "ON MUSIC." By F. H. Torrington, Esq. "ST. ANSELM." By Rev. Prof. Badgley. "MEMORIALS OF REV. DR. RICHEY." By the Rev. Dr. Lathern. "REV. DR. DALLINGER'S FAMOUS LECTURE," etc., etc. Principal Nelles will contribute a Paper on "PREACHING;" and the Rev. Dr. Sexton, the distinguished Scientist, one on "SCIENCE AND RELIGION." The graphic "SKETCHES OF MISSION WORK AMONG THE LOWLY," by Helen Campbell and by the Riverside Visitor, have been very popular. Similar sketches will from time to time appear. CONTRIBUTIONS MAY ALSO BE EXPECTED FROM:—Revs. Dr. Rice, Dr. Carman, Dr. Williams, Dr. Jeffers, President Nelles, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Potts, E. A. Stafford, Dr. Burwash, Prof. Shaw, Dr. Jacques, Dr. Buns, Principal Austin, Hugh Johnston, B.D., Dr. Laing, James Awde, Percy H. Munson, C. H. Paisley, and others.

LAY CONTRIBUTORS:—John Macdonald, Esq., the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Professor Haanel, F.R.S.C., Prof. Coleman Ph.D., Prof. T. Nelson Dale, His Honour Judge Deau, Prof. Robins, LL.D., J. J. McLaren, Q.C., D. Allison, Esq., LL.D., John Cameron, Esq., of the Toronto Globe; John Reade, Esq., F.R.S.C., of the Montreal Gazette; and numerous other writers.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

Arrangements for this are not quite complete. It will probably be a stirring tale of the early times in New England, when an English Colony, entitled "WITCHCRAFT DAYS," describing the strange and thrilling events connected with the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts Colony.

Such a varied and comprehensive announcement has never before been made in Canada.

Some schools take from two to ten copies. Send for special rates to schools to Rev William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

List No. 2.

- The Beer Question. By A. M. Powell, Esq. 10cts. Between the Living and the Dead, and Reasons for Being an Ab-stainer. By Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. 10cts. Buoying the Channel; or, True and False Lights on Temperance. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. 5cts. Christian Expediency, or the Law of Liberty. By L. D. Bevan, LL.B. 10cts. Church and Temperance. By Hon. Wm. E. Dodge. An Essay read before the Pan-Pre-byterian Council, Philadelphia, 1880 10cts. Constitutionality of Prohibition. By Hon. G. P. Mason. 10cts. Drink and the Christian Church. By Rev. William T. Sabine. 10cts. The Duty of the Church. By Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. 10cts. The Evil and the Remedy. By Canon Wilbertote. 5cts. Example and Effort. By Hon. Schuyler Colfax. 5cts. Fallacies about Total Abstinence. An Address by Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. 10cts. Gospel Temperance. Paper covers, 25cts. Hand-Book for Women's Work, including plans, history, constitution, methods, and practical suggestions. By Mrs. Anne Wittmyer. 10cts. Hints and Helps for Woman's Christian Temperance Work. By Mrs. Frances E. Willard. Revised and enlarged. 25cts. How to Suppress Intemperance. By George Brooks, Esq. 10cts. Methods of Church Temperance Work. By Albert G. Lawson, D.D. 10cts. On Alcohol. By Benjamin W. Richardson, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., of London. With an introduction by Dr. Willard Parker, of New York. Paper covers, 25cts. Philosophy of Prohibition. By John Bascom, D.D. 10cts. The Physiology of Alcoholics. By Wm. B. Carpenter, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. 10cts. Prohibition Does Prohibit; or, Prohibition not a Failure. By J. N. Sears. 10cts. Readings on Beer. Compiled and arranged by Miss Julia Colman 5cts. The Red Dragon. By T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. 5cts. Rescue the Children. By Canon Farrar, D.D. F.R.S. 5cts. Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins' Review of Dr. Crosby's "Calm View of Temperance." 10cts. The Rum Fiend, and other Poems. By William H. Burleigh. 20cts. Scriptural Claims of Total Abstinence. By Rev. Newman Hall. 10cts.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King St. East,

TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS, Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.