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Vor. XIV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

No. 46.

AN AUTUMN SCENE.

No doubt many of our readers in their Jaunts to the country this fall looked upon a scene like that we give on this page. Indeed we have not known a fall for many years when the forests put on such a gorgeous hue as this one. Some trees looked almost like huge bonfires, so bright was their colour, and yet as you looked they were not consumed. It makes one feel sad at times while rambling through the way feeling and to the woods to see the leaves falling and to hear the autumn winds sighing through the trees. It will not be long until the trees will be bare of their bright leaves, and then the snow will remind us that we have passed from autumn to winter.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY ROSE CLARKE.

"A LITTLE boy," so a Junior said on the subject of "Evil Habits," "had a habit of holding his thumb in his mouth. Who he grew older he was ashamed of this practice, and tried to break himself of it, but he could not, so he had his thumb cut off." This story filled our little

Juniors with consternation, but it had its effect on their young minds.

If one can cling so tenaciously to early formed habits, why not encourage the youth to form "churchly" habits—habits of considering religious things? So the of considering religious things? So the pastor and the senior young people thought as they set about forming a junior society.

The junior society has committees as the seniors do. They are: Look-out, Prayer-meeting, Sunday-school, music, Sunships, and social committees. Sunshine committee member seemed deaple in each arms something that seemed as the sunshine committee work done by each. At one of these meetings a Sunshine committee member seemed deaple in each arm something that she deeply grieved over something that she wanted to tell. When asked to speak she said: "Why, Miss Clark, no one has been sick this month." Her duty was to take flowers or fruit to the sick.

The inner society may be a wonderful

The junior society may be a wonderful Christian character builder. But we would beware of starting a society without fully understanding the work to be done. Disrespect for God's house; careless handling of sacred books, or jesting uses of divina respect for God's house; careless handling of sacred books, or jesting uses of divine words, are readily learned by the young. Habits may be formed that serve to harden the heart and to set the will against sacred things. Better never, never, NEVER have a child attempt a sacred ordinance than to let him carelessly perform it.

There are some boys and girls that, if not led to respect sacred things while young.

led to respect sacred things while young. can never be won for Christ after; like "the wild olive tree in Palestine, if grafted when young it is a good tree; but if left to the fruiting time, it is good for nothing but fuel"

To interest the boys most effectually in this work, we believe in making them responsible for an organization of their own—and, in junior work only, not have boys and girls in the same meetings, for, quoting Rev. Fatheringham's words "Boys like to have their own meetings. They are at the age when they despise girls for what they have not, and haven't come to appreciate them for the charms they have. They are sheepish and boisterous (I don't speak of well-bred, gentlemanly boys, but of the average unregenerate embryo man) when girls are present, and will not act or speak freely, except in purely masculine company. To interest the boys most effectually in freely, except in purely masculine company. The leader, too, must talk to them in a different fashion from what he would employ in a class of girls of the same age.

It is wonderful how susceptible these young minds are to religious truths. Impressions are made when they are mat to-



gether that are carried home with them and gether that are carried home with them and affect their future thought and action. At one meeting the superintendent was reviewing the pledge. She talked to them of the necessity of keeping a promise made to anyone, especially one made to God. Several days after she learned of several ways the juniors had taken to remember ways the juniors had taken to remember and keep the pledge. One had tacked her pledge-card on the footboard of her bed, that when she should awake she could fulfil

The father of one of the juniors (who was The tather of one of the jumors (who was not a church member) had been very sick all day. On the following morning his daughter received an affirmative reply to augnter received an attirmative reply to her questions as to his health—he felt much better—at which she responded quietly, "I knew you would, papa, for I prayed for you last night." Is not this an example of perfect faith?

One little member said that she does not ask God for the same thing in the same way every night; if she does, she does not feel what she says

It is one of the rules of the superintendent of this society to say nothing to a junior about joining the church. If, in her judgment, she is convinced that a member is prepared for such a relationship, she speaks to the pastor of that one. The society has been organized about ten months. time two have been baptized and taken into the Church.

After our short experience in this work, we are more deeply impressed than ever before that this junior work is the solid foundation upon which to build a Church whose influence will circle the globe.

A German baron had a don were

A German baron had a deep ravine near his castle which he changed into a huge Eolian harp. He stretched wires across his castle which he changed his castle which he changed his Alolian harp. He stretched wires across it. In the gentle breeze it was silent; but when great storms blew down the ravine the air was filled with sweetest music. So with those who begin in childhood to cultivate Christian graces. As fierce adversity touches the strings of their life experience, their Christian characteristics will fill the air with Raptice Union

HAVE YOU DECIDED?

Who can help admiring the noble character of Joshua? He had such a courageous spirit; he made up his mind as to what was true and right, and then he stuck to it, and no one could turn him. See him, to it, and no one could turn him. See him, the old grey-headed warrior, gathering together the elders of Israel at Shechem, and calling on them all, princes, judges and rulers, to hesitate no longer, between the strange gods of Canaan and the one true God—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." But, whatever their choice, it will make no difference to Joshua—"As for me and my house, we will serve the for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Josh. 24. 15.

Sometimes you see a lad in a school or a workshop following this noble example, and letting his companions know and see that he has decided for Christ. I wish there were more such. But I find so many who want to wait a little longer—they can't

make up their minds just yet.
"There is plenty of time for me," says a young girl as she comes away from the Bible-class on Sunday afternoon. "Teacher wants us to decide at once, but surely there is no such hurry—I must think about it some day, I know, but not now—I can't decide."

decide."

Take care, young people! Take care, boys and girls! Your life is just like that falling raindrop—just like that rushing stream. You can't decide which way

ing stream. You can't decide which way your life shall go, but all the time it is going on. Is it going towards heaven or towards hell? Do you not know? Haven't you decided yet which way it shall go? If you don't choose now, suppose the time should come when you can't choose! He would be a foolish captain who should start on a voyage without making up his mind where to go to. Suppose another vessel meets him, "What ho? "brain, whither bound?" "Don't know." "Well, but do you know where you are steering for!" "Don't care." "Why, if you don't look out, you will be among the icebergs presently." "Oh, never mind, perhaps I shall change my course." Absurd as this seems, isn't it a true picture? picture?

Out on an ocean, all boundless, we ride, Borne on the waves of a rough, restless Borne o

but, whether we are going east or west, or north or south, or going to the bottom, we cannot tell. We have not decided.

decided.

I can't think what you young people are waiting for. Do you expect your hearts to get softer? I fear you will find the world a hard place, and the longer you are in it the harder your hearts will get. Do you expect it to be easier, by-and-bye, to become a Christian than it is now? It is become a Christian than it is now? It is easier to bend the sapling or the oak tree? Just ask any of your friends who were converted late in life and see what they say. You won't find so very many, for comparatively few are brought to Christ in old age. Or do you only mean to wait a little longer? But what right have you to think that God will wait any longer at all?—T. B. Bishop.

HUSHED be the storms of strife, The waves of discord still: Once more these words of life
"Peace upon earth, good will."
Oh, may this Christmas be A time to draw us nigh By Faith to sing and see "Glory to God on high."

-W. Blake Atkinson.

THE Lord's best blessings are often things

The Happy Home.

THE night was cold and the street was damp, And Bobby's poket was old and thin, The room was brilliant with fire and lamp, He placked up courage and ventured in.

He heard them tell of a happy home Where tears are wiped from every eye,
Where pain and sorrow can never come,
Where stilled all longing and hushed each

He heard them speak of a loving Friend,
Who seeks the poor and the weak and sad,
I he ir pain to soothe and their griefs to end,
To give them comfort and make them glad.

He heard, as well, of a narrow way, That led straight up to the home so bright, Where, lest the steps of the heedless stray, The Friend was waiting to set them right.

He thought of the daily dirt and noise,
The pange of hunger, the frequent blow
That fell to his lot with the other boys,
And low to himself he said: "I'll go."

So, when the people stood up to leave,
He stayed in his place healds the door,
And stretching his arm in his fagged sleeve,
Said: "I'll go now, if there's room for more.'

Poor Bobby! 'twas hard to make him know The home was distant, though real and true.

The way was rough that his feet must go, And the Friend unseen who would guide him through.

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·Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. B. WITHROW, B.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. P. CRAPTS.

MARY, the mother of Jesus, was born and brought up in a little village called Nazareth, in the country of Palestine. The houses were many of them caves and dug-outs in the sides of the hills, and others were built like common stone walls of rough rocks, with mud for mortar and dirt for carpets, with no windows, and only one low door, so that the houses looked like very large dog-kennels. The people were most of them so ignorant and wicked that men in other parts of the country used to say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Mary was one of the poorest of these Nazarenes. We know this because there was a law in that country that the people who were too poor to bring a lamb to the Temple as an offering could bring two pigeons. Mary brought two pigeons; and so we know that she was

very poor.
When I was in Nazareth, they showed me a cave in the rock, with three rooms in it, which they said was the house where Mary lived. If that is not the one, here was doubtless no better. In the centre of the village there is a very old fountain, where the people get their water for drinking and washing. The women in that country do all the carrying of water saw a great many of them, young and old, coming to the fountain with jars as big as water-buckets, which they filled with water and carried back on their heads to their homes. This is called the Virgin's Fountain, because many years ago, just in the

homes This is called the Virgin's Fountain, because many years ago, just in this way, the Virgin Mary used to come with the other barefooted girls to carry home water for the family.

When Mary grew up to be a young woman, she was engaged to be married to a young carpenter named Joseph, who came to Nazareth from Bethlehem. Strangely enough, there is only one Jow in Nazareth to-day, and his name is Joseph, and he is a carpenter.

This Joseph, who was engaged to be married to Mary, was not an old man, as you often see him represented in pictures

married to Mary, was not an old man, as you often see him represented in pictures that are made by people who worship Mary instead of God, and who want to make people think that Joseph was not afterward Mary's husband, but some old uncle. Before Joseph and Mary were married, however, an angel came to the cave or cot where Mary lived, and told her wonderful nowe that the lives to have the wonderful nows—that she was to have the blessing that all Jowish woinen longed for, to be the mother of the promised blessin, the mother of Jesus. She would be his

to be the mother of the promised blessiah, the mother of Jesus. She would be his mother, and he would have his financial father. God would be his father, and he would be his father, and he would be his father, and he would be as mighty as God in the world. Some time after that, she had her donkey saddled, and rode bravely two or three days through the country to a little village in the hills of Judea, where her cousin Elizabeth lived, to tell her the wonderful tidings. When she had told the news to her cousin, God made a wonderful song to come from her lips, just as a fountain bubbles up on the side of a hill.

Some time after that, she went with Joseph to visit his old home at Bethlehein, where he had to go to pay his tax. But there were so many people there from the country to pay their taxes; that there was no room for Joseph and Mary in the hotel; and so they had to hild shelter in the stable, which was a cave. During the night Jesus was born, and Mary laid him in a little stone trough of manager, where the hay was kept for one of the cathle. Mary saw a beautiful star flash out in this sky, to show people far away that Jesus was born, and where he could be found. She heard the shepherds, when they cainly from the hills a little way oil; tell about the wonderful chorus of angols that hid told them that the Saviour, Christ ling Lord, was born in Bethlehein. A few days afterward, she saw the wise men from her life a star flash out, that they are a way, coming to see the wonderful chorus of angols that hid Lord, was born in Bethlehem. A few days afterward, she saw the wise ment from hir, far away, coming to see the wonderful Child, and making gifts to him of beautiful caskets of gold and frankjocenes and myrh; and she knew by all these signs and the promise of the angel, that Jesus was indeed the Son of God; the Saviour for the world.

for the world.

I think the reason Jesus was born of a poor woman of wicked Nazareth was to show that he could save the most wicked people, and that he loved the poor as well as the rich. The reason why he came as a little babe in Bethlehem, F think, was to show that he was the Saviour of children as well as the older people, and even of the poorest children.

poorest children.
When Mary's babe was eight days old she carried him to the Temple to be circumcised and named Jesus, just as babes in these days are christened and named in the church. the church. After this, to escape from the church. After this, to escape from Herod the king, who was trying to kill Jesus, Mary took him down into Egypt. After Herod died, they came back and lived at Nazareth. After Jesus was born, health had because the backward of Mary and the state of t Joseph had become the husband of Mary,

and they had other children in Nazareth.

When Jesus was twelve years old, his
mother took him to the beautiful Temple at Jerusalem. When Jesus grew to be a man and began to trach and heal the people, she was with h.m at Cana, when he did his first miracle. When he was crucified.

Mary stood the cross beside.

When the Holy Spirit came down upon the a sciples at Pentecost, Mary was there with the rest.

Josus loves every man or boy who tries to be a Christian, just as much as he loved his brothers and his disciples. The Saviour loves your mother, if she is a Christian, just as much as he loved his own mother. Every girl inay have as warm a place in the love of the Saviour as Mary did. Whoseover shall do the will of the Father which is in heaven, the same is the brother and sister and mother of Jesus.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following incident, related of a little heathen Bengal girl, shows what children in those far off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion:

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it, would give no answer, but looked feady to burst out crying. But another little child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said that her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she had so neglected her devotions, to which she replied: "Father, I have not neglected my devotions—I have prayed every day to Jesus; I do not pray to idols because I do not believe in them." This so enraged the father that his seized her by the back of the neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himselt, first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the who while himself. the whole time. But she smiled happily shough when this was related in school, and said she did not much mind, adding: "I cannot bollieve that trees and wood and stone will save."—Heathen Wondn's Friend.

A HOMELY WOMAN'S CHARM.

Gints who think that it is necessary to be Gints who think that it is necessary to be beautiful in order to be attractive, should get brayely over that notion. A young leady's plainness—which, by the way, saves her from a great many annoyances and dangers—need detract nothing from her loveliness it only her disposition is amable, her mind cultured, and her heart kind and

pure.
The story is told of a famous lady who once reigned in Paris society, that she was so homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly tor any one to ever fall in love with you."

one to ever fail in love with you."

From this time, Madame do Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, to the servants of the household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if the happened to be unable to thinds a survive. ronder scrvice.

rönder scrytes.

This good will toward everybody made her the fider of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sinken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men, of her time. Her miselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible, Her life thrifishes a valuable lesson.—National Farmer.

If we were to venture a prophecy, it would be, in spite of its seeming boldness, that the time is not far distant when the smoking-habit will be on the decline, and that the generation is near at hand which will be free from the tobacco scourge. In the Northern States women no longer smoke; snuff has passed almost out of use, though within the memory of many now living its use was quite common; the habit of tobacco-chewing has rapidly declined within twenty years; and even among men the tide of enlightened public sentiment is setting in strongly against the habit of smoking. Already the respectability of the cigar is discredited in the minds of the boys of our best communities by the example of Christian ministers generally, and by the instructions given to the young. Its use even by fathers is in thousands of instances considered a mark of weakness to be ex-cused, rather than of manliness to be copied. The Bands of Hope in our Sunday-schools have sown good seed which is already yielding fruit, and the movement for temperance instruction in our public schools promises far greater results. The temperance reform will sweep away tobacco before it destroys the saloon, and when tobacco is out of the way, the overthrow of the saloon will be comparatively easy.

My Roy, Be True!

Come near, my boy, sit down by my side; Let us talk a few moments—of my life you re

the pride.
Your face is so hopeful, your eye is so blue
So heed what I say: To your conscience
Be true Be true

The world is before you. Tis not a l d world
For some. They go smoothly, with sails .!!
unfurled Adown their life's voyage. Whatever th y

do,
Just mind what I say; To your parents

Your life will be sometimes uphill and then

down;
You may live in the country or live in the

town—
town—
No matter just where, what troubles go
through,
This one thing will pay: To your neighbours
Be true.

Perchance you may prosper—accumulate pelf,
Get married, grow famous, and roll in your wealth;

But despite earthly riches, this one thing I know:

To be happy you must to your own wife Be true.

You may turn your attention to affairs of the state,
Receive the applause of the good and the

great;
But milid what I tell you, 'mid all this ado,
Forget not your God; to your Saviour

For the time is fast coming to all of us, when The judgment will sit, and I'm very sure then

This one thing most comfort will be unto

To know that to God you have ever Been true.

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S BATH.

One morning recently, as I stepped out of my house after a light shower, I saw one of the timest of humming-birds dart into a shade-tree which stands before my door. I stands-tree when stands before hy door. Is stopped to watcht him. What could the little ruby-throat wait in an acacin-tree at this season of the year? I soon found that the little fellow proposed to have a bath without the trouble and danger of a visit to come for off species.

visit to some far-off spring.
Alighting upon a twig from which one of the moisture-laden leaves could be reached, and loosening his feathers, he placed his head under the leaf, and gave a dexterous toss that sent a perfect shower of spray all over his back.

Then he shook himself after the most Then he shook himself after the most approved fashion of birds in bathing. After one of two shakes, the water on the first leaf was exhausted. He then went to a second, and then to a third and even to a fourth, until ne had completed his bath to his seeming satisfaction. Then with a final shake of his glistening feathers, he darted away to procure a breakfast at the nearest cluster of flowers.

A LOVING SAVIOUR FOR YOU.

CHILD, if you are not yet saved, even now you are a condemned sinner, hurrying to an eternity of darkness and despair, with the wrath of the Almighty resting upon you. "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3. 18).

It matters not what you are—high or low, rich or poor, educated or illiterate, ediction or invested to the condense of the

religious or immoral, young or old—unless you are "born again," unless you become a new creature in Christ Jesus, you cannot see the kingdom of God: "Ye must be born again!" (John 3. 7).

see the kingdom of God: "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7).

If, however, you have been led to see your guilt and danger, and are asking the question, "Is there a salvation for me!" I can assure you, on the authority of Him who cannot lie, that you may be saved as you read these lines; for he has said: "Come, for all things are now ready" (Luko 14. 17); "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2); "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth" (Isa. 45. 22). The safe and right way is to come to Jesus, just as you are, without waiting an hour. an hour.

One of God's Little Heroes

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE patter of feet was on the stair
As the editor turned in his sanct im chair,
And said—for weary the day had been:
"Don't let another intruder in!"

But scarce had he uttered the words before A face peeped in at the half-closed floor, And a child sobbed out: 'I Sir, mother said I should come and tell you that Dan is dead."

"And proy who is Dan?" The streaming

cyes
Looked questioning up with a strange surprise:
"Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, though wet and cold.

"The newshovs say they could not tell The reason his stuck went off so well.

I knew! With his voice so sweet and low,
Could anyone bear to say him 'No'?

"And the money he made, whatever it be, He carried right home to mother and me. No matter about ble rags, he said, If only he kept us clothed and fed.

"And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and cold.

Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold.

But he's dead-he's dead; and we miss him

And mother, she thought you might like to

In the paper next morning, as "leader," ran A paragraph thus: "The newsboy, Ban, One of God's little heroes, who Did nobly the duty he had to do—For mother and sister earning bread, By patient endurance and toll—is dead!"

THE OLD ORGAN

"HOME, SWEET HOME." By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER IV. - MAREL'S PIRST LESSON IN ORGAN GRINDING

ORGAN GRINDING.

THE next day Christie had to go out as usual. Old Treffy second no worse than before—he was able to sit up, and Christie opened the small window before he west out to let a breath of fresh air into the close attic. But there was very little fresh air infyllifier that day. The atmosphere was heavy and stifling, and poor Christie's freat left depressed and weary. He turned, he hardly knew why, to the suburban road, and stopped before the house with the pretty garden. He wanted to see those merry-little faces again—perhaps they would cheef him; he felt so very dull to-day.

they would cheer him; he rere very day.

Christie was not disappointed this time. He had hardly turned the handle of the organ twice before Mabel and Charlie appeared at the hursery window; and after satisfying themselves that it really was Christie, their own organ-boy, they ran into the garden, and stood beside him as he played.

"Doesn't be turn it nicely?" whispered Charlie to his sister.

"Yes," said little Mabel: "I wish I hall an organ, don't you, Charlie!"

"Shall lask papa to buy us one?" saked her brother.

her brobler.
"I don't know, Charlie, if mamma would like it always, 'said Mabel. "She has such bad headaches, you know."

"Well, but up in the nursery she would hardly hear it, I'msure," said Charlie regret-

fully.

"I should so like to turn it," said Mabel, shyly looking up into Christie's face.

"All right, missie; come here," said Christie.

And standing on tip-toe at his side, little Mabel took hold of the handle of the organ with her tipy hand. Very slowly and carefully she turned it, to slowly that her maining ame to the window to see if the organ-boy had been taken ill.

had been taken ill.

It was a pretty sight which that young mother looked upon. The little, fair, delicate inld, in her light summer dress, turning the naudle of the old, faded barrel-organ, and the gran-boy standing by, watching her with admiring eyes. Then little Mabel looked upont as wher mother's faceur the window, and smiled and nodded to her, delighted a find that she was watching. And then Mabel work on laving with the hour consistence. that she was watching. And then Mabel went on playing with the happy consciousness that mother was lis ening. For there was no one in the world that little Mabel loved so

But Mabel turned so slowly that she grew tired of the melancholy wails of "Poor Mary

Ann " Change et, please, organ-boy," she said ; mother

"Change it, please, organ-boy," she said; "make it play 'Home, sweet home, mother does like to at so,"

But Christie knew that "Rule Britanna" lay between that and "Home, sweet home;" But Christice knew that "Rule Britanna" lay between that and "Home, sweet home:" so he took the handle from Mabel, and saying brightly, "All right, missie, I'il make it come as quickly as I can," he turned it round so fast, that if old Treffy had been within he arilig, he would certainly have died from fright about his dear old organ, long b fore the inoith was over. Several people in the opposite houses came to their windows to look bit; they thought the organ must be possessed with some evil spirit, so slowly did it go one inhinute, so quickly the next.

But they understood how it was a minute afterwards, when little Mabel again began to turn, and very slowly and deliberately the first notes of "Home, sweet home" were sounded forth. She turned the bandle of the organ nutil "Home, sweet home" was quite fillished, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction, she gave it up to Christie.

"I like 'Home, sweet home,' she said; "I's such a pretty time,"
"Yes," said Christie, "it's my favourire, missie. Where is 'Home, sweet home?" he taked raiddenly, as he remembered his promise to old Treily.

"That's my home," said little Mabel, modding her head in the direction of the pretty house. "I don't know where yours is, Christie."

"I'haven't much of a place to call home, missie," said Christie; "me and old Treily.

Christi..."
"I haven't much of a place to call home, missi-," said Christie; "me and old Trelfy we live together in an old attic, and that won't be for long—only another month, Miss Mabel, and I shall have no home then."
"Poor orgin-boy—poor Christie!" said little Mabel, in a pitying voice
Charlie and taken the handle of the organ now, and was rejoicing in "Poor Mary Ahn;" but Mabel hardly listened to him; she was thinking of the poor boy who had no home but an attic, and who soon would have no home at all. no home at all.

"There's another home somewhere," said Christie, "isn't there, missie? Isn't heaven bone sort of a home?"

notice sort of a home?"

"Oh, yes, there's heaven," said little Mabel, brightly: "you'll have a home there, won't you, organ boy?"

"Where is heaven?" said Christie.

"It's up there," said little Mabel, pointing up to the sky; up so high, Christie. The little stars live in heaven; I utsed to think they were the angels' eyes, but hurse says it's silly to think that.

"I like the stars," said Christie.

"Yes," Said Mabel, "to do'I; and you'll see them all when you go to heaven, Christie, I'm sure you will."

"What is heaven like, Miss Mabel?" asked Christie.

Christic.

Christic.

"Oh, it's so nice," said little Mubel;
"they have white dresses on, and the streets are all gold, Christic, all gold and shining.
And Jesus is there, Christic; wouldn't you like to see Josus?" she added in a whisper.

"I don't know," said Christic, in a bewildered tone; "I don't know much about

him."
"Don't you love Jesus, Christie?" said Mabel, with a very grave, sorrowful face, and with tears in her large, brown ayes. "Oh! organ-boy, don't you love Jekus?"
"No," said Christie; "I know so little about him, Miss Mabel."
"But you can't go to heaven if you don't love Jesus, Christie. Oh! I'm so sorry—you won't have a home at all; what will you dof!" all the tears ran flown little Mabel's cheeks.

do?" And the tears ran flown little Mabel's cheeks.

But just then the bell rang for dinner, and improe's voice called the children in.

Christic walked on very thoughtfully. He was thinking of little Mabel's words, and of little Mabel's tears. "You can't go to hearen if you don't love Jesus," she had said; "and then you won't have a home at all. It was a new thought for Christic, and a very can't thought. What if he should never, never know anything of "Home, sweet home"? And then came the remembrance of poor old Treffy, his dear old master, who had only another inouth to live. Did he low Jesus? He had he ver heard old Treffy mention his name; and what if Treffy should the, and never go to heaven at all, but go to the other place! Christic had heard of hell; he did not know much about it, and he had always fancied it much about it, and he had always fancied it was for very bad people. He must tell Treffy about Mabel's words. Perhaps, after all, his old master did love Jesus. Caristic hoped very much that he did. He longed for evening to come, that he might go home and ask

That afternoon was still more close Christic was very wear. The organ was heavy for him at all times, and it seemed heavier than usual to day. He was obliged to sit down to rest for a few minutes on a deor-step in one of the back streets, about half a and from the court store out Irefly lived As he was sitting there, with his organ rest ing against the wait, two women met each mer in fight of the door step, and after asking most affectionately after each other a health, they began to talk, and Christic could

not be p hearing every word they said. "What's that place?" said one of them, looking across the read at a long, low building with a board in front of it.

"On that's our new mission room, Mrs. West, said the other; "it belongs to the church at the corner of Marynie Street. A young man comes and preaches there is Sunday night; I like to hear him, I do,

ent on, " he puts it so plain." Puts what plain, Mrs. Smith?" said her

Oh, all about heaven, and how we're to "Oh, all about heaven, and how we're to get there, and about Jess, and what he's done for as. He's a kind man, is Mr. Widon, he came to see our Toniny when he was badly. Do you know him, Mr. West?"

"No," said Mrs. West; "maybe I'll come to-morrow; what tim- is it?"

"It begins at seven o'clock every Sunday," said Mrs. Smith; "and you needn' bother about your clothes, there's no one there but poor folks like ourselves.

"Well, I'll come, Mrs. Smith. Good-day;" and the two part-d.

and the two partid.

And little Christic had neard all they said, until had firmly made up his mind to be at the inision-roon the next evening at seven o'clock. He must lose no time 1, making out what Treffy wanted to know. One day of the south way come alread.

of the month was gone alread.

"Master Trelly," said Christie that night,
"do you love Jusus?"

"Jesus! 'said the old man; "no, Christie,

"Jeans! said the old man; "no, Christie, I can't say I do. I suppose I ought to good folks do, don't they?"

"Master Frelly," said Christie, solemnly, "if you don't love Jesus you can't go to heaven, and you'll never have a home any more."

heaven, and you'll never have a home any more—never any more."

"My, my, Christie, that's true. I'm afraid. When I was a little chap no bigger than you, I used to hear tell about these things. But I gave no heed to then the thinking a deal altely since I was took so lad; and some of it seems to come back to me. But I can't rightly mind what I was told. It saybad job, Christie, a bad job.

(To be emtimied)

THE ROYAL TRUMPETER.

(See next page.)

We see in our picture a royal trumpeter of the army in his rich regain of red and gold. He is sounding the bugle call with his long brass trumpet. Notice his banner with its handsome trappings and motio embroidered in gold, Dieu et mon droit—"God and my country." His cost, too, is handsomely braided with gold, while he weatra the plain military helmet on his head. What a splendid procession a contiputy of these royal trumpeters would make! But it seems small work for such fine-looking, stalwart men, to simply march round keep-WE see in our picture a royal trumpeter stalwart men, to simply march round keep-ing step through the drill, blow their trumpets, and display their handsome uniforms.

LESSON NOTES.

FÓURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D 27.3 LESSON VIII fNov. 25. orposition to cubist.

Memory verses, 23-26. --k 3, 22.35. GOLDEN TEXT.

He was note his own and his own received him we solved 11.

OCTLINE.

1. Christ's Foes, v. 22-30. 2. Christ's Friends, v. 31-35.

Tine -A.D. 27, while Jeans was on his second circuit of Galilea.

PLACE .- Capernaum.

RULERS -- Pilate, in Judes : Herod, in Galiler.

EXPLANATIONS.

22. "Scribes which came down" - Leaders of the people, who had come to see whether Jesus was a prophet or not.

23. "Beelzebub.... Satan" - They meant

that Jesus himself was possessed by an avil

spirit.
24. "Kingdom be divided against itsef -The mi reles of Jemis should that he was stringer than Satan, and not that he was join of to Satan.

7. The strong man "Satan, the evil-ret in the heart of men."
9. Blasphemies Worls of contempt.

28 Blasphemies Worls of contempt og anotton i, 22 profour inguage, awed in the 29 Blaspheme against the Holy thost "That is, by saying that the goal works of deans were wrought by the jower of the dayit. Never forgiveness"—Such a sine cut find no perdon from God.

30. If ethren — The younger sons of Mars and Joseph. Some of them afterward believed in Christ, and became apostles.

31. "Calling him"—Intending to can him away from the canwd, and take him home.

32. "Them which sat about him"—His twelfording this.

32. Them which sat atoms one standard twelve disc ples.
34. "My birthren"—The true brothers of Christ are then who pussess his spirit and them his standards. follow his teachings.

HOUR READINGS.

M. Opposition to Christ. — Mark 3, 22-35
To. The operation of Matt. 12, 22, 30.
W. Christ the meany of Safan. — 1 John 3, 1, 8
Th. Safan end unit. — Rev. 12, 7-11.
F. Resistance to Safan. — Eph. 6, 10-20
S. Sin of appetacy. — Hole, 10, 21-31.
So. The Son rejected. — Matt. 21, 33-42

THE LESSON CATEGORIES.

The Lesson Catterism.

1. The what power did Christ's enemies say that hie dast out evil spirits? By the power of Salan. 2. What did Josus say in answer to fhigh? "How can 8 dan cast out Salan?" 3. What did Christ's miracles show? That he was stronger than Salan. 4. What did Christ say about the lorgiven. 5. What one sin did he say cannot be lorgiven. 5. What one sin did he say cannot be lorgiven. Hasphening against the Holy Ghost. 4. Who did Jesus say is dearer to him than even his mother and his highless? Where does God's will. 7. What is the Golden Text? He came, etc.

Poerminal Sugarances.—The delay of the Holy Spirit.

CATECHISM QUASTION.

In what form this our Lord give us this

submitty?
In thewer to the question of a scribe, he in maswer to the question of a scribe, he singled but two communithments given to Is fael, and timber them, saying. On mose two communithments image in the whole law, sind the problets," and, "There is none other bommanifing in greater than these."—Matt. 22. 46: Mark 12. 31.

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