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The Happy Home.

The night was cold and the street was damp,
And Bobby's jacket was old and thin,
The room was brilliant with fire and lamp,
He plucked 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 sigh.

He heard them speak of a loving friend,
Who seeks the poor and the weak and sad,
Their pain to soothe and their grief 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, lost the steps of the heedless stray,
The friend was waiting to set them right.

He thought of the daily dirt and noise,
The pangs 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 beside the door,
And stretching his arm in his ragged 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. H. WETHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. P. CRAFTS.

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, hers 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. We 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 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 Jew 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 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 news—that she was to have the blessing that all Jewish women longed for, to be the mother of the promised Messiah, the mother of Jesus. She would be his mother, and he would have his human father. God 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 Bethlehem, 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 find shelter in the stable, which was a cave. During the night Jesus was born, and Mary laid him in a little stone trough or manger, where the hay was kept for one of the cattle. Mary saw a beautiful star flash out in the sky, to show people far away that Jesus was born, and where he could be found. She heard the shepherds, when they came from the hills a little way off, tell about the wonderful chorus of angels that had told them that the Saviour, Christ the Lord, was born in Bethlehem. A few days afterward, she saw the wise men from far away, coming to see the wonderful Child, and making gifts to him of beautiful caskets of gold and frankincense and myrrh; 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.

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, I think, was to show that he was the Saviour of children as well as the older people, and even of the 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. 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, 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 teach and heal the people, she was with him 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 disciples at Pentecost, Mary was there with the rest.

Jesus 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 may have as warm a place in the love of the Saviour as Mary did. Whosoever 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 caused it, would give no answer, but looked ready 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 he seized her by the back of the neck, took her before the idol, and, having 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 whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said she did not much mind, adding: "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save."—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

A HOMEY WOMAN'S CHARM.

Girls who think that it is necessary to be beautiful in order to be attractive, should get bravely over that notion. A young lady's plainness—which, by the way, saves her from a great many annoyances and dangers—need detract nothing from her loveliness if only her disposition is amiable, 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 for any one to ever fall in love with you."

From this time, Madame de 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 she happened to be unable to render service.

This good will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes 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-cheiving 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 excused, 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 Boy, 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.

The world is before you. 'Tis not a land
world
For some. They go smoothly, with sails all
unfurled
Adown their life's voyage. Whatever thy
do,
Just mind what I say: To your parents
Be true.

Your life will be sometimes uphill and then
down;
You may live in the country or live in the
town—
No matter just where, what troubles go
through,
This one thing will pay: To your neighbour
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 mind what I tell you, 'mid all this ado,
Forget not your God; to your Saviour
Be true.

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
you—
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 finest of humming-birds dart into a shade-tree which stands before my door. I stopped to watch him. What could the little ruby-throat want in an acacia-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 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 approved fashion of birds in bathing. After one or 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 he 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, 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).

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" (Luke 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.

One of God's Little Heroes.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The patter of feet was on the stair As the editor turned in his sanctum 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 door, And a child sobbed out: "Sir, mother said I should come and tell you that Dan is dead."

"And pray who is Dan?" The streaming eyes 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 newsboys say they could not tell The reason his stock 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 his 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 so?"

And mother, she thought you might like to know.

In the paper next morning, as "leader," ran A paragraph thus: "The newsboy, Dan, 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 toil—'s dead!"

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER IV.—MABEL'S FIRST LESSON IN ORGAN GRINDING.

THE next day Christie had to go out as usual. Old Treffy seemed no worse than before—he was able to sit up, and Christie opened the small window before he went out to let a breath of fresh air into the close attic. But there was very little fresh air anywhere that day. The atmosphere was heavy and stifling, and poor Christie's heart felt 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 cheer him; he felt so very dull to-day.

Christie was not disappointed this time. He had hardly turned the handle of the organ twice before Mabel and Charlie appeared at the nursery 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 he turn it nicely?" whispered Charlie to his sister.

"Yes," said little Mabel; "I wish I had an organ, don't you, Charlie?"

"Shall I ask papa to buy us one?" asked her brother.

"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'm sure," said Charlie regretfully.

"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 tiny hand. Very slowly and carefully she turned it, so slowly that her mamma came to the window to see if the organ-boy had been taken ill.

It was a pretty sight which that young mother looked upon. The little, fair, delicate child, in her light summer dress, turning the handle of the old, faded barrel-organ, and the organ-boy standing by, watching her with admiring eyes. Then little Mabel looked up, and saw her mother's face at the window, and smiled and nodded to her, delighted to find that she was watching. And then Mabel went on playing with the happy consciousness that mother was listening. For there was no one in the world that little Mabel loved so much as her mother.

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

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

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

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

"I like 'Home, sweet home,'" she said; "it's such a pretty tune."

"Yes," said Christie, "it's my favourite, missie. Where is 'Home, sweet home'?" He asked suddenly, as he remembered his promise to old Treffy.

"That's my home," said little Mabel, nodding 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 Treffy '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 organ-boy—poor Christie!" said little Mabel, in a pitying voice.

Charlie had taken the handle of the organ now, and was rejoicing in "Poor Mary Ann;" 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.

"There's another home somewhere," said Christie, "isn't there, missie? Isn't heaven some 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 used to think they were the angels' eyes, but nurse says it's silly to think that.

"I like the stars," said Christie.

"Yes," said Mabel, "so 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.

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

"I don't know," said Christie, 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 eyes. "Oh! organ-boy, don't you love Jesus?"

"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 do?" and the tears ran down little Mabel's cheeks.

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

Christie walked on very thoughtfully. He was thinking of little Mabel's words, and of little Mabel's tears. "You can't go to heaven 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 Christie, and a very sad 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 month to live. Did he love Jesus? He had never heard old Treffy mention his name; and what if Treffy should die, and never go to heaven at all, but go to the other place? Christie had heard of hell; he did not know 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. Christie hoped very much that he did. He longed for evening to come, that he might go home and see him.

That afternoon was still more close and sultry than the morning had been, and little Christie was very weary. 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 doorstep in one of the back streets, about half a mile from the court where old Treffy lived. As he was sitting there, with his organ resting against the wall, two women met each other just in front of the door-step, and after asking most affectionately after each other's health, they began to talk, and Christie could not help hearing every word they said.

"What's that place?" said one of them, looking across the road at a long, low building with a board in front of it.

"Oh! that's our new mission room, Mrs. West, and the other; it belongs to the church at the corner of Mainville Street. A young man comes and preaches there every Sunday night; I like to hear him, I do," she went on, "he puts it so plain."

"Put's what plain, Mrs. Smith?" said her friend.

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

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

"It begins at seven o'clock every Sunday," said Mrs. Smith; "and you needn't 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 parted.

And little Christie had heard all they said, and had firmly made up his mind to be at the mission-room the next evening at seven o'clock. He must lose no time in making out what Treffy wanted to know. One day of the month was gone already.

"Master Treffy," said Christie that night, "do you love Jesus?"

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

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

"Ay, ay, 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 them then, and I've forgotten all I ever heard. I've been thinking a deal lately since I was took so bad; and some of it seems to come back to me. But I can't rightly mind what I was told. It's a bad job, Christie, a bad job."

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL TRUMPETER.

(See next page.)

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

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 27; LESSON VIII [Nov. 25]

OPPOSITION TO CHRIST.

Mark 3: 22-35. Memory verses, 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own and his own received him not.—John 1: 11.

OUTLINE.

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

TIME.—A. D. 27, while Jesus was on his second circuit of Galilee.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

RULERS.—Pilate, in Judea; Herod, in Galilee.

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 evil spirit.

24. "Kingdom be divided against its king"—The miracles of Jesus showed that he was stronger than Satan, and not that he was joined to Satan.

27. "The strong man"—Satan, the evil spirit in the heart of men.

28. "Blasphemies"—Words of contempt against God, or profane language, swearing, etc.

29. "Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost"—That is, by saying that the good works of Jesus were wrought by the power of the devil. "Never forgiveness"—Such a sin can find no pardon from God.

30. "Brethren"—The younger sons of Mary and Joseph. Some of them afterward believed in Christ, and became apostles.

31. "Calling him"—Intending to catch him away from the crowd, and take him home.

32. "Them which sat about him"—His twelve disciples.

34. "My brethren"—The true brothers of Christ are they who possess his spirit and follow his teachings.

HOME READINGS.

M. Opposition to Christ.—Mark 3: 22-35

Ta. The mercies of Matt. 12: 22-30.

W. Christ the enemy of Satan.—1 John 3: 1-8

Ta. Satan cast out.—Rev. 12: 7-11.

R. Resistance to Satan.—Eph. 6: 10-20

S. Sin of apostasy.—Heb. 10: 21-31.

Sa. The Son rejected.—Matt. 21: 33-42

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. By what power did Christ's enemies say that he cast out evil spirits? By the power of Satan. 2. What did Jesus say in answer to them? "How can Satan cast out Satan?" 3. What did Christ's miracles show? That he was stronger than Satan. 4. What did Christ say about the forgiveness of sins? That sins can be forgiven. 5. What one sin did he say cannot be forgiven? Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. 6. Whom did Jesus say is dearer to him than even his mother and his brethren? Whoever does God's will. 7. What is the Golden Text? He came, etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTIONS.—The deity of the Holy Spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

In what form did our Lord give us this summary?

In answer to the question of a scribe, he signed out two commandments given to Israel, and united them, saying: "On these two commandments hangeth the whole law, and the prophets," and, "There is none other commandment greater than these."—Matt. 22: 40; Mark 12: 31.

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