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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROLPH SMITH & CO.

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

[No. 51.]

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

[In Norway it is a very pretty custom to erect on a pole a well filled sheaf of grain at Christmas time, that the birds may have their Christmas feast as well as the boys and girls. Our picture shows the queer store-house in which the grain is kept, and to the left the odd snow-shoes or skees on which the boys slide down-hill with great skill. In the following poem Miss Phoebe Cary describes the birds' Christmas and the prodigal's home coming.—Ed.]

"Now, good-wife, bring your precious hoard,"
The Norland farmer cried,
"And heap the hearth, and heap the board,
For the blessed Christmastide.

"And bid the children fetch," he said
"The last ripe sheaf of wheat,
And set it on the roof o'erhead
That the birds may come and eat.

"And this we do for His dear sake,
The Master kind and good,
Who of the loaves he blest and brake
Fed all the multitude."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
When they heard their father's words,
Put up the sheaf, and one and all
Seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed,
The boys were hushed in fear,
As, covering all her face, she cried,
"If Hansel were but here!"

And when at dark, about the hearth
They gathered still and slow,
You heard no more the childish mirth
So loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears
Shone in the flickering light;
For they were four in other years
Who are but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone;
As she speaks she trembles too:
"Come, children, come, the supper's done,
And your father waits for you."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
Stood each beside his chair;
The boys were comely lads and tall,
The girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave
A grace before the meat,
When the daughter spake—her words
were brave,
But her voice was low and sweet:

"Dear father, should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
Such choice and dainty fare?"

"For if to-morrow from our store
We drive them not away,
The good little birds will get no more
Than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child, he gravely said,
"You have spoken to your shame,
For the good, good Father overhead,
Feeds all the birds the same.

"He hears the ravens when they cry,
He keeps the fowls of the air;
And a single sparrow cannot lie
On the ground without his care."

"Yea, father, yea; and tell me this"—
Her words came fast and wild—
"Are not a thousand sparrows less
To him than a single child?"

"Even though it sinned and strayed from
home?"
The father groaned in pain
As she cried, "Oh, let our Hansel come
And live with us again!"

"I know he did what was not right."
Sadly he shook his head.

She stops; the portal open flies;
Her fear is turned to joy.
"Hansel!" the startled father cries;
And the mother sobs, "My boy!"

'Tis a bowed and humbled man they greet.
With loving lips and eyes,
Who fain would kneel at his father's
feet,
But he softly bids him rise;

And he says, "I bless thee, O mine own;

Of the Child that was born at Christmas-
tide
In Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away
With loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at the break of
day
Is alive with happy birds!

GOD LOVES YOU.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is beyond comprehension how God can love us when we do so much that is displeasing to him, but we are told in his Word that he does love us.

There is not one of his creatures in this wide world that he does not love, no, not one. No matter how far gone in sin one may be, he loves him and yearns after him, that he may return to him, and that his sins may be washed away in the blood of Jesus. But God does not love sin; he hates it; it is the only thing in this world he hates. He says it is an abomination to him. Still, while he hates sin, God loves the sinner; he pities him and longs for him to come and be forgiven. He is "not willing any should perish," and if he sees one coming even a great way off, who has turned to him for forgiveness, he will haste to meet him and embrace him as a father his penitent son.

And now, will you not come and accept God's mercy in Jesus Christ? When you think how long you have kept your heart from yielding to his wonderful love, do you not feel sorry that you have grieved his heart of love by rejecting his offers of mercy and forgiveness?

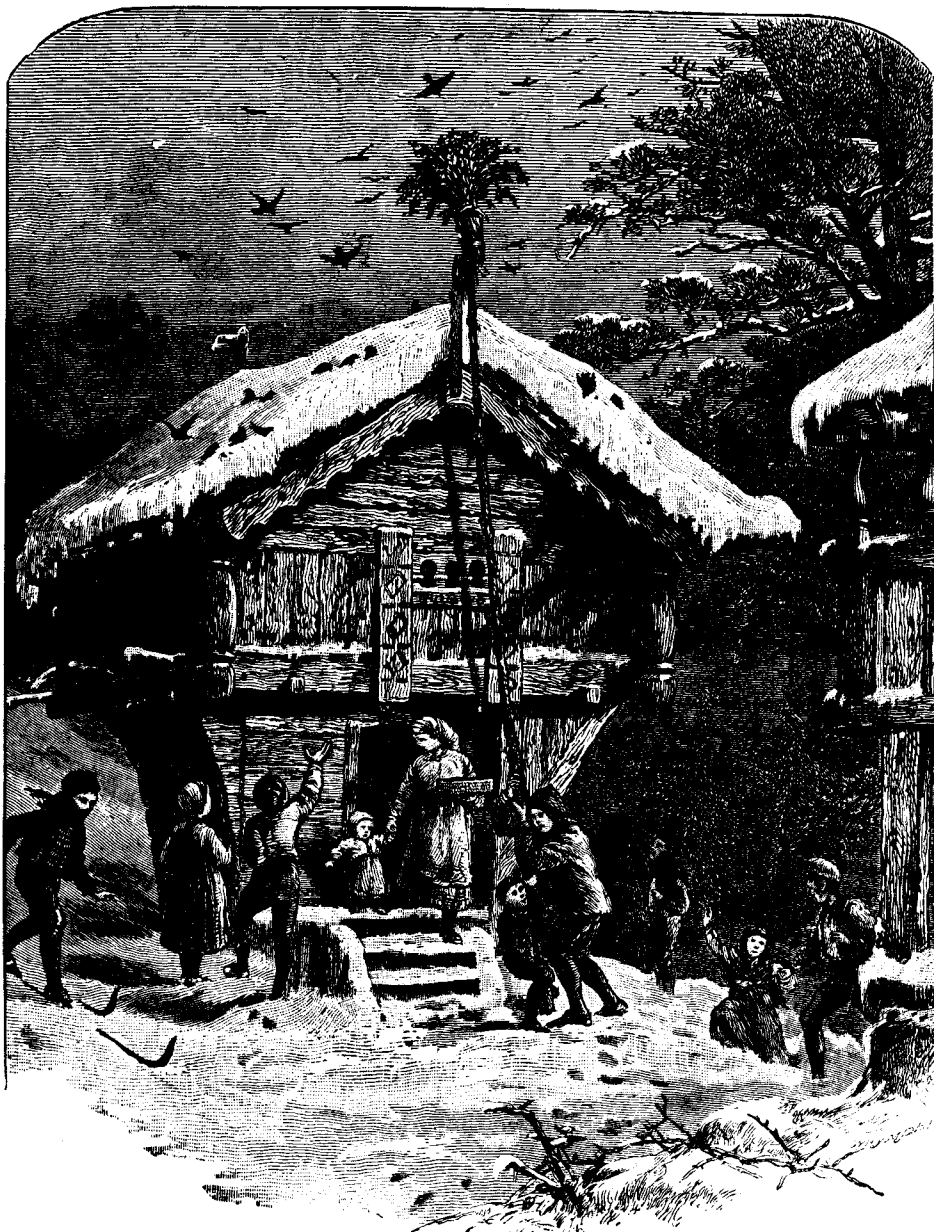
Why does God so much desire your happiness? It is because he loves you and wants to save you from the results of your chosen sins and neglect, which he does at a great price, even with the precious blood of Jesus. He has provided a free salvation. He offers it to you freely; you cannot buy it; it is beyond price, but it may be yours by simply accepting it. Can greater love be imagined than this, by which he gives forgiveness to you, when you have so long neglected him and his offers of mercy and blessings?

Neglect! Neglect! What a word! How much in it! Think! You need not commit open sins to have the wages of sin. Neglect to comply with God's command to walk in his way, and the result is, the sure judgment upon sin will follow.

Oh, do not neglect the tender invitation of your loving Heavenly Father, but come to him and be saved, for Jesus says, "Him that cometh to me I will no wise cast out."

Do not put it off, but come now. If you wait until some other time, you may never come at all. Ask him to receive you just as you are, and you have his word for it, that your "sins and your iniquities will I remember no more." What a gracious promise! How wonderful! But give yourself entirely to him and he will forgive, receive and love you as his own child forever and ever.
Come! Come! Come!

LEARN to explain thy doctrine by thy life



THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

"If he knew I longed for him to-night,
He would not come," he said,

"He went from me in wrath and pride;
God! shield him tenderly!
For I hear the wild wind cry outside
Like a soul in agony!"

"Nay, it is a soul!" oh, eagerly,
The maiden answered then;
"And father, what if it should be he,
Come back to us again!"

Yea, and thou shalt be blest!"
While the happy mother holds her son
Like a baby on her breast.

Their house and love again to share
The Prodigal has come;
And now there will be no empty chair,
Nor empty heart in their home.

And they think, as they see their joy and
pride
Safe back in the sheltering fold,

Merry Christmas!

BY LOUISE M. ALCOTT.

In the hush of early morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day—
Then we hear a fitful rustling
Just without upon the stair;
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of golden hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good will?
What sweet spell are those elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That those lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view;
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary,
Of this innocent surprise,
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes;
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome,
"Merry Christmas, every one!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The silvery greeting heard on every hand this day we wish to repeat as our own glad word to all our readers. Let us be merry and glad to-day. Let every heart beat lightly. Let joy and brightness fill every home and every place.

But let us this day think of the real meaning of this holy anniversary, and be careful lest amid the hilarity and glad effervescence we forget how profound and far-reaching were the thoughts of God which gave us this joyous day. The Babe of Bethlehem whose birth we celebrate was "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." And so long ago did the gift and coming of Jesus enter into the thought of God that he is called "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The birth of Jesus means the supreme love of God for the fallen and lost world of mankind. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Let us, then, with glad hearts and cheerful songs celebrate the day, but especially with gratitude and love for the unspeakable riches of mercy and grace which had come to us with the gift of Jesus.

TWO CHRISTMAS STORIES.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY.

"When Jesus was born."—Matt. ii. 1.

"THE YEAR OF OUR LORD."

If you read books of history you notice that dates are often given with letters attached to them. The letters are B.C. and A.D. I need not tell you what these letters mean; but tell me why events are recorded as happening "before Christ," or, "in the year of our Lord"? It is because the birth of Jesus makes such a difference to all mankind that time began to be reckoned in a fresh way—it was a new chapter in the history of the world that opened "when Jesus was born."

THE SHEPHERDS AND THE ANGELS' SONG.

On the night that Jesus was born some shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night. They were good men and were often sad because they lived in wicked times when God did not seem to be so near to their nation as in the days of their fathers, and perhaps on that Christmas night the shepherds were talking of these things, when suddenly there came a soft, golden light, as if a door of heaven had suddenly opened there in that dark field, and an angel told them that God had sent a Saviour of the world. Then a multitude of angels sang in chorus of God's love and goodwill to men.

THE WISE MEN AND THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Somewhere about that time some wise men who, like our astronomers, watched the stars, saw a wonderful light in the heavens. These men lived in Persia, India or some eastern land far away from Bethlehem. They, too, were good men, who wanted to find God and to see better days among their fellows, and they knew that God had promised to send a Messenger from Heaven. Now, as they watched this strange star God led them to think that it was a sign that his Messenger had come. The wise men loaded their camels with food and with presents, and started on a long journey till they came to Bethlehem to where Jesus was born.

JESUS IS EVERYBODY'S SAVIOUR.

The shepherds and the wise men were of different nations and different religions, of different occupations and different education—as different, perhaps, as a Chinese astronomer and a Yorkshire shepherd are from each other. I cannot imagine a greater contrast than that between these two kinds of men who came to the cradle of the infant Jesus.

It was as if God wanted to show Jesus is to be the Saviour of everybody. You know that in many things people are very much alike. They are all tempted to sin against God. They all have sorrow and sadness.

JESUS MAKES ALL MEN BROTHERS.

Before Jesus was born, and in lands where men have not learned the love of Jesus, how different it has always been! It is Christians who have set the slaves free. It is Christians who have tried to make wretched men who steal and commit crime, better men. It is Christians who have built hospitals for sick people. It is Christians who have put up orphanages to shelter those who have no father or mother to care for them. It is Christians who have sent missionaries to dark lands to give them light and help. It is Christians who have tried to put an end to war and cause nations to live in peace.

Now, if we love Jesus that love will make us not only careful to do right, but kind to all about us. We shall speak gently, as he did, and help others as he did. It is that which makes us do out-of-the-way kindnesses at Christmas time. Families meet together. Christmas gifts are sent to the poor. All sorts of good wishes and good gifts are scattered freely in honour of Christ's birthday, in order that we may learn that kindness is the duty of all who love Christ. Christmas comes to remind us that we are all brothers, and must help one another always in all the ways we are able to help. It ought to be always Christmas in this, that we are always acting as if it were more blessed to give than to receive.

THE HOMAGE OF THE SHEPHERDS AND THE WISE MEN.

But let us call to mind out of the two old Christmas stories what the shepherds and the wise men did when they came to Jesus. The shepherds were poor men and had nothing to give. They looked on the little babe lying in the manger and spoke good words of God's love. Then they went out to tell their friends what great things God had promised and done. The wise men (who came to Bethlehem a little later, when Mary had removed to a house in that little town) opened the packs on their camels and gave beautiful things—gold and frankincense and myrrh—as if they were before the throne of a great king. They, too, spoke good words of God, and went back to tell out his praises among their people.

LOVE GIFTS TO JESUS.

Now, all who love Jesus must do the best they can to show their love. During Christmas time people send love messages all over the world. The poor postmen groan along under heavy bags, and come with the letters two hours late. It is hard work, but they know that every house will give them a Christmas-box, except, perhaps, the house where "Mr. Scrooge" lives. Everybody sends love messages to friends. Emigrants afar off, who brush the tears away when they think about old home gatherings; soldier lads under the palm trees of India; sailors tossing on the deep blue sea; children who jump to know that it is Christmas morning; grandfathers and grandmothers who used to jump, but who sit still now and think of Christmas many years ago, all of them help to load the postman until he is like the camel who can't carry one straw more. But, as I said, he is sure to have his Christmas-box.

What is it that makes people glad to receive the gifts which are sent flying? Is it because the gifts are costly and beautiful? No! It is because they mean "love." Plenty of Christmas cards that only cost a farthing, and are coloured no better than panoramas of the Lord Mayor's show, are as welcome as if they were made of silk and satin, and drew out into long avenues full of angels, and had golden letters printed on them, simply from this fact that they mean "I think of you and I love you." People do not say, "How much did this card cost?" but, "How much love does it carry?"

In the same way God regards all good things that we do. Jesus once said that a poor widow, who gave ever so little, had really given more than the rich men of Jerusalem, in this that she gave all that she could spare. And you know how he said of a woman, "She hath done what she could." Never think that nothing but great things will please Jesus. All he wants is love and the best that love can do. If we are good and try to do right in little things, and are as kind as we can be to everybody, we are bestowing on Jesus more than gold and frankincense and myrrh.

A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS STORY.

Let me tell you a Russian Christmas story.

There was a poor shoemaker named Martin, who lived in a Russian city. He lived in sorrow and loneliness until a good man so taught him of the love of Jesus, that Martin began to trust in and to love God. He read beautiful stories in the New Testament about the love of Jesus to everybody, and one day he read about that Pharisee named Simon, who once had Jesus for his guest, but who was not kind to Jesus. Martin thought of how he would have liked Jesus to come to his house, and while he sat thinking he fell asleep. He dreamed that the voice of Jesus spoke, and said, "Martin, look to-morrow in the street, for I am coming." In the morning the man said his prayers and sat to his work. At length he thought of the voice, and looked out into the street. A poor old man, who was shovelling snow from the doors, had to rest on his shovel, he was so feeble and so cold. So Martin put on the kettle, and made some tea, and, calling the snow-clearer in, said, "Here, warm yourself and drink this hot tea." After the old labourer had refreshed himself, Martin went on with his work, but looking into the street again he saw a poor woman leaning against the wall, trying to warmly wrap up a little crying child. Martin called her

in, gave her some soup, made her sit by his stove, and then found her an old coat to wrap the baby in. He saved her child from being frost-bitten, and as she went away she said, "May Christ bless you!" Martin had been working some time when he again looked into the street and saw an old woman with a basket of apples. A little ragged boy was trying to steal her apples, and the poor apple seller was struggling with and scolding the little ragamuffin. Martin rushed out and talked to them until the boy begged the old woman's pardon, and she forgave him for his naughtiness. What is more, the boy was so touched by Martin's kind words that he went off helping the apple-seller to carry her basket.

During the day, Martin often thought of the voice that said, "Look for me in the street, for I am coming!" He was sad to think that Christ never came along the street now as he used to do in Capernaum and Bethany. He lit his lamp, read his New Testament, and dozed off, when it seemed as if the same voice said, "Martin, you did not recognize me!" "Who?" said Martin. "I," said the voice; "That was I," and then like a cloud he saw the face of the snow-clearer appear for a moment and vanish. "And this is I," said the voice, and for a moment the faces of the woman and the child appeared and vanished. "And this is I," said the voice, and the faces of the old apple-woman and the boy smiled at him and vanished. Martin woke and wondered, and opening his New Testament he read, "I was an hungred and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in. Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto me."

Then Martin understood that Christ had really come to him along the street that day, and that he had received Christ into his house.

JUST WHAT THE BEER-DRINKER PAYS FOR.

A BARREL of beer contains about five hundred glasses. The seller gives about eight dollars for it, and sells it for five cents per glass, or twenty-five dollars. His profit is two hundred and fifteen per cent. The drinker drops in ten times per day and takes his glass of beer; in fifty days he has consumed the five hundred glasses and paid twenty-five dollars therefor. What has he swallowed? Scientific men say that in the five hundred glasses of beer there were four hundred and sixty glasses of mere water, twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, fifteen glasses of extracts and gums. So the beer-drinker has paid twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of water, and impure at that, which he could have had from the nearest spring for nothing, and pure as nature made it. He has had, in addition, twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, which is a poison,—at enmity with every function of the system—no food nor heat producer. And besides all this, he has taken fifteen glasses of extract of malt, sugary matter, indigestible gums, etc.

Surely, there is no absurdity so absurd: To pay twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of impure water, when he could have it pure for nothing, and two dollars for forty glasses of poison and mostly indigestible drugs! But it pays the brewer and saloon-keeper to sell water, at two hundred and fifteen per cent. advance on all their trouble for barreling and bottling.

In view of the fact that a crisis of the greatest moment is upon our country, we repeat Mr. Wooley's impressive sermon with Mr. Bengough's equally impressive cuts, showing where the responsibility of the liquor traffic lies. We hope all our readers will seriously ponder this question; will, if they have any doubt about it, make their duty the subject of earnest prayer, and then, in the name of God, do their duty for their country and their kind on the first of January, by voting for the abolition of the liquor traffic—the "smashing," as Mr. Bengough calls it, "of the bottle which has for so long been put to our neighbour's lips."

The Angels' Song.

BY E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled,
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels' sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

TILLY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

THE Maynard girls—three sisters—were having a delightful time at the mountains. Just now as I introduce them to you they have returned from a long tramp with their hands and baskets filled with treasures.

"These delicate little ferns ought to be put in a pan and sprinkled. Wonder if one of the servants in the kitchen would lend us an old one?" questioned Susie.

"The servants are so cross, I wouldn't want to ask them," remarked Katie.

"Perhaps the cook isn't cross; we have not seen her; let's creep around softly and ask her."

"Creeping around softly," they found the cook peeling potatoes in a little out-building. She was a tired-looking German woman, and just now tears were rolling down her cheeks. She wiped them away, however, as she saw the young ladies approaching her.

"Could we take an old pan, please?" asked Susie, with a pleasant smile which somehow warmed the cook's sad heart.

"Yes, miss, here's two of 'em if you wish; they ain't fit for nothin' else," the woman replied, bringing forth from the shed-corner some old, rusty pans.

"We're going to put our ferns in them," explained Edith, the youngest of the three sisters. "Did you ever see such beautiful ones?"

"Yes, miss," replied the honest woman, "I've gathered just such beautiful ones in the old happy days. Ah! me."

She said no more, but walked back to her potatoes with a heavy sigh. The girls, arranging their ferns, talked about the cook in a pitying way.

"She has some trouble, poor soul," Susie said; "I wish we could comfort her a bit."

Susie's wish was followed by the deed, and the kind-hearted Christian girls succeeded in comforting the weary woman. The cook's story was both sad and interesting; she told it to the young girls after her day's work was done. When the girls were in their room for the night Susie said: "I cannot get that poor cook out of my mind. How pretty she looked when the glow came into her eyes while she talked of her old German home on the bank of the river! She spoke of the dwarf-oaks and the willows which fringed the banks as if they were loved friends, never to be forgotten."

"Yes, and they never will be forgotten," Katie added. "Did you see the tears and

smiles on her poor face as she described her flower-beds—gilliflowers, wallflowers, daffodils, and violets?"

"Of course we saw the tears and the brave smiles too," remarked Edith—"the smiles because of the happiness which had been hers, and the tears because her Fritz would drink. And now to think he has broken his leg in a drunken brawl, and he has to go back to the hot city to take care of him! What will become of her with all those little children?"

"You've forgotten what she said about Tilly."

"Sure enough, Tilly will help her mother. What a brave little thing Tilly must be to take care of three little sisters and her wretched father! I say, girls, let us send a remembrance to the blessed child."

And so, when morning came, and the cook took the train for home, she was handed a large package "for Tilly."

"And about the holidays we will be in the city and we'll look you up," Susie said cheerily.

"God bless you!" were the cook's last words. In her heart there were others added, namely these: "And I'm afraid we'll need lookin' up. We'll have some hard months to pass through, I'm fearing."

It lacked only a day until Christmas. The Maynard girls with their father were in the city making holiday purchases. Among other things each was to have a new velvet dress. They were not out this morning, however, to make this purchase. Remembering their promise to call on the old German cook whom they had met at the Mountain House, they were driving along a wretched thoroughfare in search of her home. Calling at "Number 90 Gellet Court," which she had said was her home, they found it occupied by a coloured woman who had once served them. They gave her, or rather their father did, a substantial Christmas gift, and then Dilsey told them a pitiful tale. Their eyes were heavy with weeping as they heard of the cook's trials and sufferings.

"Tilly an de blesseddest chile dese eyes eber see. Her drunken fader an dead now, she can't do nothin' more for him; but she's a comfort to her poor mother, who can't work any more. She takes care ob de oder little ones, an' tries to cheer up de dark cellar whar dey lib," Dilsey spoke feelingly.

Christmas morning dawned. No velvet dresses were purchased for the Maynard girls; they had been given up willingly for the sake of Him who has said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Dilsey stood within the damp, cold cellar where Tilly's mother sat helpless and despairing. Tilly was coaxing some kindling into a blaze so as to make her mother a cup of tea; the other little ones hung about her.

"I heard ye a-prayin' las' night, honey," Dilsey said, addressing Tilly. "Ye was a-prayin' for a speck ob a Christmas, an' yer a-goin' to hab it; de blessed Fader heard you, an' he's goin' to answer shuah."

An hour later the dark cellar was deserted. In a pleasant room next to Dilsey's the German family were at home. There was a bird in the window and a budded rose on the window-bench. There was a cushioned rocker for the invalid, there were warm clothes for all of them, and upon a little round table an appetizing meal was spread. In one corner of the room stood a tiny tree. "For dear Tilly," it was labelled.

"What does it all mean?" gasped the amazed woman.

"It means," said Dilsey, showing her white teeth, "that you're to do nothin' but take yer comfort till ye get well, an' I'm to wait on ye; ye'll be well mos' fore ye know it, ye'll get such nussin', honey; an' Tilly's goin' to have a Chris'mas wuth havin'. There's a basket of things a-comin' for her. They'se goin' to bring 'em."

"For me, Dilsey?" asked the child joyfully.

"Yes, for you, honey; you deserve 'em ef anybody in the world does."

"Who is going to bring 'em?"

"Missy Katie, Missy Susie, an' Missy Edith Maynard," Dilsey answered proudly.

A joy too great for words surged into Tilly's mother's heart as it again breathed the prayer, "God bless them; God forever bless them!"

A NOBLE GIRL.

THE Prince of Wales once heard an unexpected sermon from a little girl; and it came about in this way: A nobleman, a widower, had a little daughter under ten years of age. He was very fond of his daughter, though his engagements prevented him from seeing much of her. The child was therefore mostly in the society of her governess or in the nursery.

Now, her nurse was an earnest Christian woman, she felt for her motherless little charge, and early stored the child's mind with scriptural truths. The father used sometimes to amuse his little daughter by asking riddles; and one night, when she came in after dinner for desert, she said to her father, who was not a Christian, "Father, do you know what is whiter than snow?" "No," said he, somewhat puzzled, "I do not."

"Well," replied the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus is whiter than snow." The nobleman was surprised, and asked, "Who told you that?" "Nurse," was the reply. The father did not discuss this point, and the conversation changed to other topics; but afterwards he privately requested the nurse, whose opinions he respected, not to mention these matters to his daughter, as at her tender age he feared she might take too "gloomy" a view of life. The incident was entirely forgotten; but not long after the Prince of Wales was visiting the house, and the little girl was allowed to be present. The Prince with his usual affability, noticed the child, and, thus encouraged, she said, "Sir, do you know what is whiter than snow?" The Prince, not seeing the drift of the question, smiled as he answered, "No." "Well," she said, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow." The remark was overheard by the father; his little girl's words were used to carry conviction to his heart; he became an earnest and devoted Christian, and thousands will hereafter rise up and call him blessed. Now, perhaps, you may be tempted to think, that little girl was forward or precocious; but she was not. She had learned a truth which is better than rank, or wealth, or titles, or estates; and, child-like, the truth slipped out in her conversation. The truth she had learned was this: The soul needs cleansing, and the blood of Jesus Christ can effectively cleanse from every stain.—*The Quiver.*

shown in these pictures, and will soon love these impure things. You, yourselves, will become bad.

4. Many a boy or girl has been led into a bad life by associating with grown people who told vulgar stories or boasted of doing dishonest things.

Do you want to have a clean heart and life? Then take care, my dear Junior League. Never listen to a story which you would not tell your mother. Why? Because you would think about these things. The first time you may hate them, but after thinking about them a good many times, you will love them and learn to do these same things. If you want to be truthful, honest, just, pure, lovely, and have a good reputation, think about the things St. Paul speaks of in Phil. 4. 8, when he says: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report . . . think on these things."

If we "think on these things" we will please God. We will grow more and more like Jesus. Let us, when tempted to think evil thoughts, pray to our heavenly father to drive them away. Junior Leaguers, let us be pure in deed, in word, in thought.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.—Amen. (Rev. 22. 21.)

1. Make out a list of the Titles of the Lessons of the Quarter in a column, with the chapter and verse of the Golden Text written after each title. In a parallel column write the following topics, presented in order by each lesson, with illustrative texts: The Believer Saved, Rom. 1. 16; The Believer Redeemed, Rom. 3. 24, 25; The Believer Reconciled, Rom. 5. 1; The Believer Transformed, Rom. 12. 2; The Self-denying Believer, 1 Cor. 8. 13; The Victorious Believer, 1 Cor. 15. 20, 22; The Generous Believer, 2 Cor. 8. 4, 5; The Gentle Believer, Eph. 4. 31, 32; The Studious Believer, Col. 3. 16; The Righteous Believer, James 1. 25; The Rejoicing Believer, 1 Pet. 1. 8; The Spiritual-minded Believer, Rev. 1. 10. These topics together form one connected theme—The Believer in Christ. Be ready to give promptly the name of each lesson, the words of the Golden Text, and the name of each of these topics, if the teacher calls for them, and the words of the verse in which they are specially presented.

2. The Quarter's Lessons are selected from seven epistles and one prophecy. Name these books, and the lessons which are taken from each. Give the author, date, circumstances, and object of the writing of each epistle.

3. Give in as few words as possible your idea of the sort of man Paul was: James—Peter—John.

4. What beautiful figure is presented in Lesson XII. which, for other purposes, was presented by one of the prophets, and studied in an earlier lesson this year.

5. Name the seven churches. Who founded each of them?

6. What sort of people composed the church at Rome? Had Paul ever met them when he wrote the Epistle to the Romans?

7. Did Peter address his Epistle directly to the dispersed Christian Jews in Palestine? or in Africa? or in Europe? What does he say prophets and angels eagerly desire to understand?

8. What is the meaning of "law," as Paul uses the phrase? Why cannot a man be justified by keeping the law?

9. Give James's definition of pure and undefiled religion. Give Paul's. Can these two statements be harmonized?

10. What is Paul's rule for daily Christian living?

11. How are we related to each other? How does this relationship affect our ordinary habits, such as those of eating and drinking! How does it affect our duty concerning the partaking of intoxicants?

12. What is the gist of practical Christianity, as Paul understood it?

13. Re-read Lesson VI. and tell what you believe to be Paul's opinion of the practical value of Christ's resurrection in our salvation.

14. How is Jesus our example?

JUNIOR



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

DECEMBER 31, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.—2 Cor. 8. 9; 12. 9; 1 Cor. 15. 10; 1 Peter 1. 2; 2 Peter 1. 2; 2 Cor. 9. 8; Rom. 5. 20; 1 Tim. 1. 14; Eph. 1. 7.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

WHAT HAS GOD GIVEN YOU THIS YEAR?—Ps. 92. 1-4.

WHAT TO THINK ABOUT.

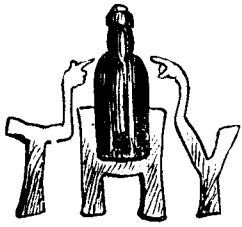
BY REV. PAGE MILBURN.

WHAT do you think about? In school, at your play, on the street or road, in the horse-car, or on horseback, walking with a friend, or sitting down in your home, what do you think about? Let me see if I can tell you:

1. If you read good books you will think about the things these books teach you, but if you read about wicked, nasty things, you will think about these things. Many men and women have become bad by reading bad books. They learn to love the wicked things they read about.

2. If you associate with bad boys and girls, listen to their vulgar, wicked talk, and learn naughty things from them, you will think about these things when you go home, and will soon do them yourselves.

3. Many of the pictures in cigarette packages, circus, or theatre advertisements, and others given away or sold to children are not fit for a Junior Leaguer to look at. Why? Because, if you look at them you will think about the vulgar or other wicked things



THY BOTTLE!

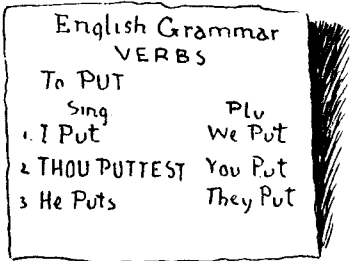
FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN WOOLLEY.

With cuts by J. W. Bengough.

"WOE unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also."—Hab. 2. 15.

This text is a double star in a constellation of curses. It is a royal text for Christian citizenship, touching "the drink." The first clause reads, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink!" to that we all say amen! But wait—read on! "that putteth thy bottle to him."

What about "thy bottle?" That is what it says—not "a" bottle, nor "his" bottle,



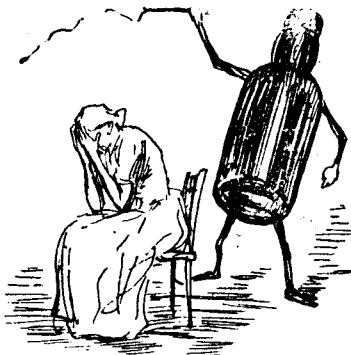
but "thy." You say, "Certainly, any bottle, no matter whose—the woe is in the putting." But wait, I think you will see it makes a frightful difference. Whose bottle?

Notice the verb "putteth." Verbs must agree with their substantives in person and number. If the woe were only to "him"

—the other man, the dramseller,—the verb would be "putteth." On the other hand, if the woe were only for the owner—the "thy" of the text—"him" would not have been put for the subject of the sentence. Yet it is; but "putteth" agrees with thou "thou." The curse is joint and several, to cover him who puts the bottle to his neighbour's lips, and his silent partner who has a right of property or authority in the bottle. Have you a bottle? Is there a bottle on your sideboard? No!

you thunder—your house is not a drinking place. Amen! but wait.

Here is a saloon, gilded, glazed, embossed, polished and fairly phosphorescent,



in your eye and mine, with hell-light. Let us enter and inquire. You hesitate? Come in. "Let the drink alone and it will not hurt you," they say. It did not work so with my mother. She let it alone, but it whipped the last years of her life into one great wave of pain. My wife was an exception, too. She never touched it, but in the very flush and pride of her young womanhood, it crushed her to the very dust with everlasting heartaches.

Whose is this saloon? we asked a bartender. He looks us over shrewdly—fine judges of human nature, these men—knows at a glance that we mean mischief, and his eyes wander without a word to the framed certificate on the wall. It is a diploma from the Government showing John Smith to have been graduated from the college of restriction, and expressly authorizing him, for that reason, to put the bottle to his neighbour's lips.

So it seems John Smith conducts the place. He actually, or by his agents, puts



the bottle. But why is this license so carefully provided? Why, do you not see? It is the theory of our government that the only right to put the bottle to a citizen's lips inheres in the sovereignty, and the Province has delegated its alcoholic sovereignty to the city, and it in turn to John Smith, for without leave of the city to do this thing, John Smith would be plain John Smith, and of no more consequence than a clergyman or a merchant of honest wares. He is knighted, as it were—Sir John Smith, dramseller to their sovereign majesties, the People. Are you in that?

I want you to remember that a saloon is as national and as lawful as a public school. I seem to see upon the face or the rags of



every drunken man, a legend like you sometimes see on packages of whiskey or tobacco: "Take notice, the manufacture of this article has complied with all the requirements of the law, according to the statute in such case made and provided."

Now, in this gross sum that men call "sovereignty," what are you? A digit or a dot? You'll say: "A digit, by the grace of God, and a Christian man." Amen! But wait.

Suppose you are remotely interested in this thing! What of it? Listen: If by your consent—express or tacit—your taxes are diminished by the shame-gold of license laws, I say that in the sight of God there's blood on every dollar you own.

I am talking to men who acknowledge the binding authority of the Bible, and



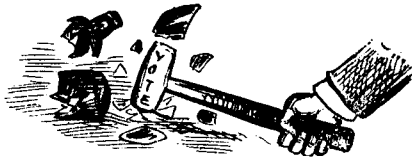
especially such as feel constrained to do temperance work. If you have a bottle anywhere, don't try to help intemperate men. The hand that holds a bottle cannot lift helpfully on fallen men. The heart

that consents to a bottle cannot feel helpfully for fallen men.

Men say to me: "What we need is a great revival of religion;" but I tell you there will never be a great revival in this country till Christian men repent in sackcloth and ashes for their part in the liquor traffic under license-laws.

Break the public bottle? You can't? You've never tried. You have tried to keep it corked on Sunday and election-day. You have tried to keep it from drunkards, from boys, and from Indians; but the drunkard was drunk yesterday, is drunk to-day, and will be drunk to-morrow; and for every drunkard that drops down, a boy starts in to fill the gap.

How do you break the people's bottle? You vote to break it. The ballot is the freeman's little blast, set in the rock of error, honeycombing it by slow and often imperceptible degrees. But, if it seems hopeless, what is your duty? Simply to wash your hands of the saloon. Four words answer all arguments. "We must be politic." Says one: "Not with my bottle!" "They will have it!" "Not from my bottle." "It will always be drunk!" "Not from my bottle!" "It will be sold on the sly!" "Not from my bottle."



I am not bound to abolish the saloon, but only my interest in it. I'll vote my fraction of the Plebiscite right, and I'll carry my share of it for Prohibition. I am not bound to be successful; but I am bound to be true. A square man is never wrong side up! "My vote won't count." Listen! "Abraham believed God, and it was counted." The drink curse may go on piling up woe in this country, but

"NOT FROM MY BOTTLE!"

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