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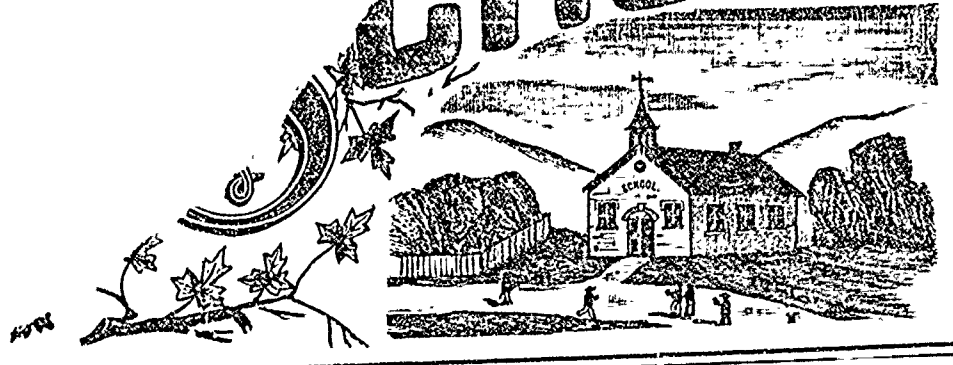
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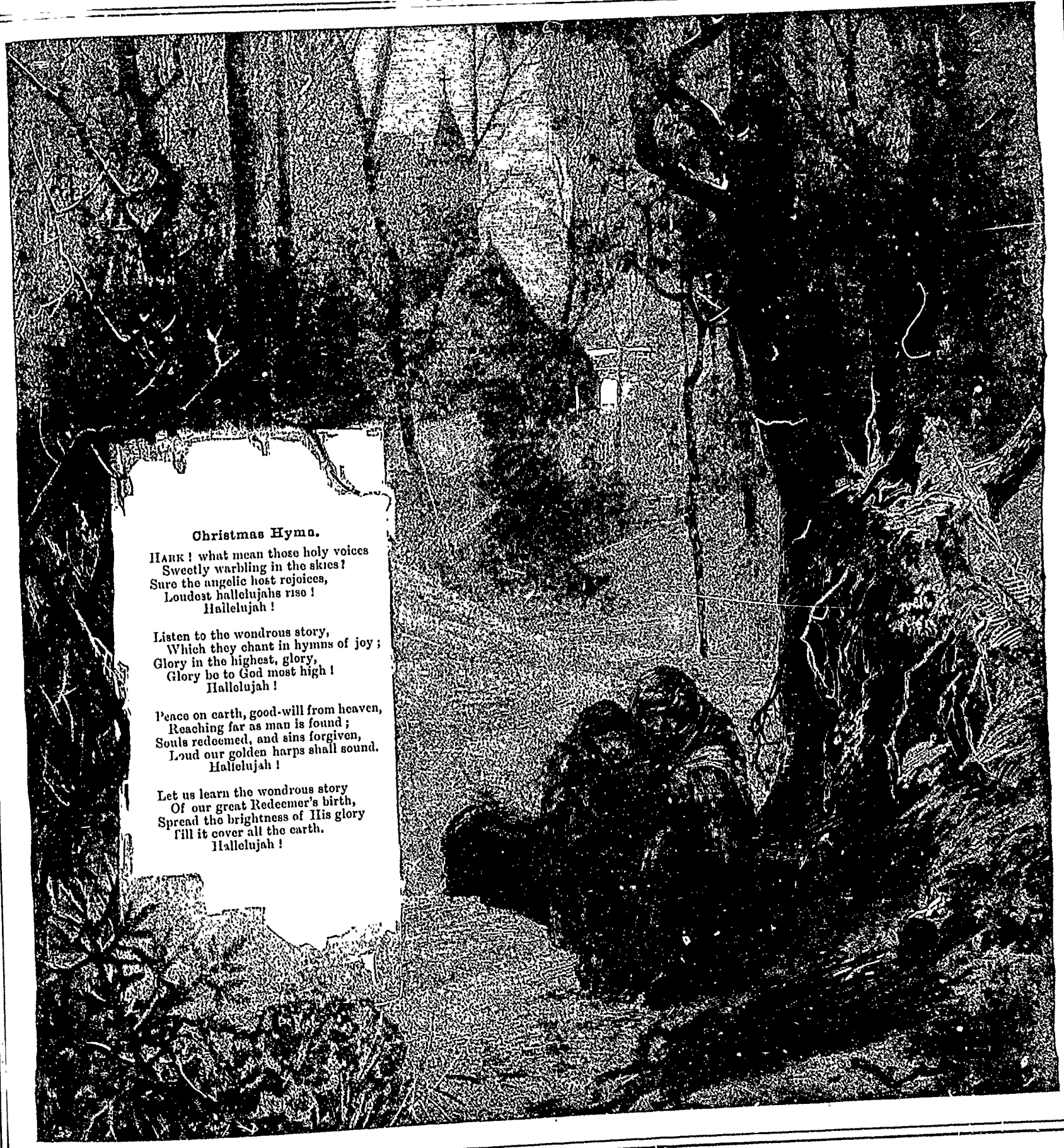
SCHOOL.



Vol. III.]

TORONTO DECEMBER 19, 1885.

[No. 26.]



Christmas Hymn.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly warbling in the skies !
Sure the angelic host rejoices,
Loudest hallelujahs rise !
Hallelujah !

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy ;
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high !
Hallelujah !

Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah !

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah !

Christmas Hymn.

GERMAN CHORAL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BESIDE a manger lowly,
A mother, pale and mild,
With eyes, serene and holy,
Is watching o'er her child.
I, too, would gaze and ponder,
Bowed down in homage low,
For sight more full of wonder
This earth did never show.

Across the mists of ages,
That Infant's form divine,
Unchanging still, engages
The heart before His shrine.
For though in God's anointed
The world no charm espies,
Faith reads the sign appointed,
"To Christ my Lord," she cries.

Behold the "Branch" of David,
The "Shiloh," famed of old,
The Son of Virgin Mother,
By prophet's lips foretold,
Behold the seed of woman,
Repairer of the Fall,
The Child Divine, yet human,
Emanuel, Lord of all!

Oh, tender plant upspringing
Amid the desert dry!
Oh, dawn of promise flinging
Thy rays o'er earth and sky!
Oh, glad and gushing river,
From love's own fountain poured,
Spring up—flow on forever,
Till all men know the Lord.

One of the Least.

CHRISTMAS EVE—and how the wind did blow, to be sure! Bob Armstrong said to himself, as he bent his head and plunged along through the deep drifts, that he never knew it to blow so hard. Not that Bob could remember very long—only fourteen years; but it seemed to him as if he had been living in this beautiful world of flowers and snow-storms a great while; and, as I said, he was sure he never knew the north-east wind to whirl him about so furiously, nor the sleet to sting so sharply, as on this particular evening. And Bob knew something about frost and snow; for, like every other healthy boy, the skate and the sled were his chief winter enjoyments. He tried to whistle, but the wind fairly blew the tune back between the red lips, puckered up into a round O, and he could only pull his cap down farther over his ears and plunge on into the storm. Now Bob was on his way to a Sunday-school Christmas festival, and it would have taken a pretty fierce storm to have kept him at home, or to have driven the shine out of his eyes, or the cheerfulness from his boyish heart. They didn't often have festivals at this little Methodist chapel, where his father and mother sat in a straight-backed pew each Sunday morning, and he took his place afterward in the row of sturdy little fellows who were his classmates. The older members of the church had talked the matter over, the brethren rather opposing the plan, and the sisters favouring it, until at last it had all been settled in the cheeriest manner possible, and it was announced that on the evening before Christmas the chapel would be lighted and trimmed, there would be a tree, and a small present for everyone who came. The tickets of admission were accordingly given out a week beforehand; and how many times Bob Armstrong had taken out that piece of pink pasteboard and read the print upon it during those seven days I wouldn't attempt to say.

The chapel with its tiny belfry was in sight, and Bob's eyes grew still brighter under their wet lashes, as he saw the twinkle of lights through the

arche.
he was
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he caught
beneath one
looked, it mov
that it was a girl,
thrown over her head
wrists clinging to the
She was standing on tiptoe.
ing with wide-open eyes
scone within. Bob, like the
knight he was, felt a surge o
come over him at the sight of the po
creature left outside, while he was
going in to all that warmth and com-
fort—he a boy, and she a girl! He
jumped down into the snow again and
approached her; but either the storm
roared so loud or she was so intent on
the view through the window, that she
did not see him until he was close at
her side. He put out a red mitten
and touched her shoulder. The girl,
whom he guessed to be of about his
own age, shrank back like a frightened
cat under his touch, and looked up at
him without moving farther, watching
to see what he would do. "Holloa!"
said Bob, "what you 'fraid of? P'rhaps
you took me for a policeman!" and
he straightened up as he spoke.

The girl shivered, clutched the handle
of a basket, which Bob now saw for the
first time, and drew the shawl tightly
over her chest. "I'm goin'," she said,
hoarsely. "I ain't doin' nothin'."
What d'yer want o' me?" "Why—I
—you see—" stammered Bob, really
confused by the odd sound of her voice,
it was so unlike that of the nice girls
he knew on his street—the ones he
caught sight of, at that very moment,
through the window. "Well, I'm
goin'," she muttered again, turning
away. "Hold on—I say!" cried Bob,
putting out the red mitten impulsively.
The girl stopped. Bob glanced toward
the window. He could see the festoons
of evergreen as they hung gracefully
across the pane inside, and beyond
them the topmost twigs of the tree.
At the same instant a chorus of child
voices arose, accompanied by the sweet
notes of the little organ, such as Bob
had always thought the angels must
have in heaven nowadays, instead of
harps. It was a Christmas carol they
were singing, the first of the exercises
on the programme. Then would come
the bags of candy.

The girl turned slowly away once
more, in such a humble, enduring sort
of way that Bob's heart smote him,
and, even if he had wavered a little
bit a moment before, he was a knight
again. "You must have a ticket to
get in," he said with hasty heroism.
"Here's mine; you go ahead. I guess
I'll go home." The girl took the
ticket with a dazed look, not believing
her good fortune. She did not under-
stand, and Bob still had time to with-
draw his offer and go in himself. But
she was a girl, you know, and he was
a great strong boy. And then, what
was Christmas for? Half pushing,
half leading, he brought the girl to
the steps, whisked the snow from her
shawl with his cap opened the door,
had her inside before she fairly knew
what he was about, and—shut himself
out into the storm.

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

in a
a forest liv-
gained a scanty living by cutting wood.
He had a wife and two children, who
helped him in his work. The boy's
name was Valentine, and the girl was
called Mary. They were good obedient
children, and a great comfort to their
parents.

One winter evening this happy little
family were sitting quietly round the
hearth, the snow and the wind raging
outside, while they ate their supper of
dry bread, when a gentle tap was heard
on the window, and a childish voice
called from without, "O, let me in,
pray; I am a poor little child with
nothing to eat and no home to go to,
and I shall die of cold and hunger
unless you let me in!"

Valentine and Mary jumped up from
the table and ran to open the door,
saying, "Come in, poor little child; we
have not much to give you, but what-
ever we have we will share with you."

The stranger-child came in, and
warmed his frozen hands and feet at
the fire; and the children gave him the
best they had to eat, saying, "You
must be tired, too, poor child; lie down
in our bed, we can sleep on the bench
for one night."

Then said the little stranger-child,
"Thank God for all your kindness to
me!"

So they took their little guest into
their sleeping-room, laid him on the
bed, covered him over, and said to each
other, "How thankful we ought to be,
we have warm rooms and a cozy bed,
while this poor child has only the sky
for his roof and the cold earth for his
sleeping-place."

When their father and mother went
to bed, Mary and Valentine lay quite
contentedly on the bench near the fire,
saying, before they fell asleep, "The
stranger-child will be so happy to-night
in his warm bed."

These kind children had not slept
many hours before Mary awoke, and
softly whispered to her brother, "Valen-
tine, dear, wake! and listen to the
music under the window."

Then Valentine rubbed his eyes and
listened. It was sweet music indeed,
and sounded like beautiful voices sing-
ing to the tones of a harp:

"O, Holy Child, we greet Thee! bringing
Sweet strains of harp to aid our singing.

"Thou, Holy Child, in peace art sleeping,
While we our watch without are keeping.

"Blest be the house wherein Thou liest,
Happiest on earth—to heaven the highest."

The children listened, while a solemn
joy filled their hearts; then they stopped
softly to the window to see who might
be without.

In the East was a streak of rosy
dawn, and in its light they saw a group
of children standing before the house,
clothed in silver garments, holding
golden harps in their hands. Amazed

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and happiness to
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night when you
a poor child, and
my blessing for
one."

ow near the house; from
to a twig which he planted
ground, saying, "This twig
shall become a tree, and shall bring
forth fruit year by year for you."

No sooner had he done this than he
vanished, and with him the little choir
of angels. But the fir-branch grew
and became a Christmas tree, and on
its branches hung golden apples and
silver nuts every Christmas-tide.

Such is the story told to German
children concerning the beautiful
Christmas trees; and though we know
that the real little Christ-child can
never be wandering, cold and homeless,
again in our world, inasmuch as He is
safe in heaven by His Father's side,
yet we may gather from this story the
same truth which the Bible plainly
tells us, that if any one in the right
spirit, helps a Christian child in distress,
it will be counted to him as if he had
indeed done it to Christ himself. "In-
asmuch as ye have done it unto one of
the least of these My brethren, ye have
done it unto Me."—From the German.

Christmas for the Aged.

MAKE the Christmas a glad time for
the aged. Let each child, even the
baby, have its little tribute to bring.
Let the dear old heart know that its
own gift, however simple, is prized and
expected by every one of the household
band. Held the trembling hands that
may have grown slow to fashion the
dainty miracles of needlework. Keep
all the secrets of what she is going to
give to this, that, or the other friend.
Go patiently on the shopping jaunts,
even if the feet are slow, and the eyes
take a great deal of time in searching
for "just the right thing." Alas for
the day when grandmother is no longer
here to "do" for us or to be "done"
for! Let us remember how surely
that day is coming nearer; and that,
to make her thoroughly happy and con-
scious of how dear and necessary she
is, is our only way of beguiling the
aged to linger in the home. As the
truest joy comes always from the con-
sciousness of power to bless, so the
more fully we can convince the aged of
the blessing they are to us, through
their experience and their presence,
and through their angelhood, that has
so often been born in their sorrows,
the more we shall really minister to
them. They are often afraid of be-
coming useless, conscious of failing
powers, fearful of being in the way, or
casting a shadow on the household
mirth. See to it, dear young friends,
that on this of all days of the year they
be made to know how much we love
and need the light of the faded faces,
and assure them by every gentle atten-
tion that Christmas would not be
Christmas without the "angel in the
house."—Mary Lowe Dickinson

"GLORY to God in the highest, and
on earth peace, good will toward men."

Remember the Poor at Christmas.

MRS. F. T. WALL.

On many in life's hard struggle for bread
Tolling from day to day,
With never an hour that is free from care,
Or with scarcely a moment's time for prayer,
Or to think of the better way.

It is work, work, work, from the dawn of day
Until weary, sad hours of night,
To keep from starving—it is little more;
And to keep the grim, gaunt wolf from the
door,
It is often a bitter fight.

It may be a father, toiling for bread;
Or it may be a drunkard's wife;
It may be a widow with children small,
Who patiently labours to feed them all—
A continual battle for life.

Weary of toiling, with never a rest,
Often hungry and poorly clad,
Do you wonder that some commit dread deeds,
Of h labour, want, and pain were the
causes?
Do you wonder that some go mad?

The poor have much to contend with at best;
Their inmost thoughts nobody knows;
But the rich are gay, with plenty of friends,
While the poor have nothing but what God
sends.
And only the Lord counts their woes.

But I believe that in everyone's heart
Is something that is good and true,
And a kindly word or a Christian deed,
Given to a heart in time of need,
Does good like the heavenly dew.

So give to the poor with a willing hand,
All you who are blessed with gold,
And for every Christian act which you do,
Sure as the promises of God are true,
Will repay you an hundredfold.

For the Christmas-tide is a blessed time
To lend to the Lord of your store,
So open your hearts and your purses wide,
And lend to the Lord and this Christmas-
tide
By giving good gifts to His poor.

Christmas.

WHEN Irving was reproached for describing an English Christmas which he had never seen he replied that, although everything he had described might not be seen at any single house, yet all of it could be seen somewhere in England at Christmas. He might have answered, also, that the spirit of what he had described was visible everywhere in Christendom on Christmas-day.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season
comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawn singeth all day long;
And then they say, no spirit dares stir
abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to
charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

This is the Christmas sentiment of to-day, as it was of Shakespeare's time. It is the most human and kindly of seasons, as fully penetrated and irradiated with the feeling of human brotherhood, which is the essential spirit of Christianity, as the month of June with sunshine and the balmy breath of roses. Santa Claus coming down the chimney loaded with gifts is but the symbol of the gracious influence which at this time descends from heaven into every heart. The day dawns with a benediction; it passes in holiday happiness; and ends in soft and pensive regret. It could not be the most beautiful of festivals if it were doctrinal, or dogmatic, or theological, or local. It is a universal holiday because it is the jubilee of a universal sentiment, moulded only by a new epoch, and subtly adapted to newer forms of the old faith.

Christmas looks out at us from the dim shadow of the groves of the Druids who know not Christ, and it is dear to

those who now renounce the name of Oh satian. The Christmas log, which Herriock exhorts his merrie, merrie boys to bring with a noise to the firing, is but the Saxon Yule-log burning on the English hearth, and the blazing holiday temples of Saturn shine again in the illuminated Christian Churches. It is the pagan mistletoe under which the Christian youth kisses the Christian maid. It is the holly of the old Roman Saturnalia which decorates Lacebridge Hall on Christmas-eve. The hugo smoking baron of beef, the flowing oceans of ale, are but the survivals of the tremendous eating and drinking of the Scandinavian Walhalla.

The Christian and anti-Christian feeling blend in the happy season, and the Christian observance mingles at every point with the pagan rite. It is not easy to say where the paganism ends and the Christianity begins. The carols and the wassail, the prayers and the games, the generous hospitality, Hobby-Horse, and the Lord of Misrule, Maid Marian and Santa Claus, are a curious medley of the old and the new. As the religious thought of all ages and countries, when it reaches a certain elevation flows into an expression which makes the Scriptures of the most divergent nations harmonious, the history of this happy festival is evidence of the common humanity of the earlier and later races; and the stranger in Bracebridge Hall musing by the glowing hearth on Christmas-eve, as he watches the romping revelry beneath the glistening berries, and listens to the waits caroling outside in the moonlight, or as he is awakened on Christmas morning by the hushed patter of children's feet in the passage, and the shy music of children's voices at his door, may well seem to hear a more celestial strain, and to catch a deeper meaning in the words, "Before Abraham was, I am."

But it is no longer a superstition of any scarlet woman, no longer a festival whose observance implies perilous adherence to papal or prelatical errors. The purifying spiritual fire, historically known as Puritanism, has purged the theological and ecclesiastical dross away, and has left the pure gold of religious faith and human sympathy. When the neophyte asked his confessor what was the central truth of Christianity, the old man answered, "Charity." Then he explained that charity meant love, and that love meant the spirit of universal fraternity. The almsgiving which is the technical interpretation of the word is but a symbol of that giving of the heart and soul and life to help others of which the supreme sacrifice of Christ is the accepted type. The day that commemorates His birth is the festival of humanity, as the inspiring sentiment of actual life. The lovely legends of the day, the stories and the songs, and the half fairy-tale that gathers around it, the ancient traditions of dusk woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of Christian observance, from the Pope in his triple tiara, borne upon his portative throne in gorgeous state to celebrate pontifical high mass at the great altar of St. Peter's, to George Herbert humbly kneeling in his rustic church at Bemerton, or to the bare service in some missionary chapel upon the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings, the protuse giving, the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance—they are all the natural signs and symbols, the

flower and fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good-will to man.—Geo. Wm. Curtis in Harper's Magazine.

Christmas.

WHAT shall I give to Thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Lay softly on Thy cradle rude
Their myrrh, and gems, and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their heart's warm blood;
Their ashes strowed Thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust
To speed Thy coming day.

We offer Thee nor life nor death;
Our gifts to man we give;
Dear Lord, on this Thy day of birth,
Oh, what dost Thou receive?

Show me Thyself in flesh once more;
Thy feast I long to spread!
To bring the water for Thy feet,
The ointment for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights
"Unclose thine eyes and see;
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto Me."

—Rose Terry Cooke.

Christmastide.

DOUBTLESS there may be Sunday-schools, the generality of whose members are not able to give, but must always receive, because they are poor and deprived, and scarce ever have such joy and brightness as Christmas brings.

But there is a large number of what are usually termed church schools, to which our remarks above do not apply. Their children and young people come from well-to-do families, and the older portion of the school have abundance. In such schools it seems to us as undesirable, if not indeed a waste, to expend large sums of money in presents which are seldom appreciated because they are of but little intrinsic value, though often given at a burdensome cost to teachers and officers. A small present to members of the Primary Department is not objectionable; but to go through the whole school in that way is to put all upon a level which is not accepted; and the practice has a belittling tendency.

There is a better way. Let there be free giving; give as a blessing to those in need. The joy of giving is not to be denied, even to children. If a school is so rich and full that it knows no want, and has not any within its membership that are poor and needy, its gifts may go out to the almost numberless cases of need beyond itself. But generally there are sick and poor, and even destitute ones in your midst, and close by your doors, to whom a little aid would be of the greatest help. Give your school a chance to aid such as these, not in an ostentatious manner, but quietly and delicately. Then there are children who would be made comfortable by the half worn garments which some others have outgrown; and other children, who would be delighted with toys which to present owners may have lost their charm, and so have been laid aside; and yet others, to whom a small portion of the "goodies" that abound at Christmastide would seem a wealth of possession.

It may be supposed that such a plan would be unpopular. Try it and see. Try it in faith, and with prayer for a blessing upon the plan. Enter heartily into it, as a thing that is worthy of being done. Let the school

share in the disposition of the gifts. Send the young people out on errands of mercy made possible by their contributions. Let them have the joy of learning the value of a sack of flour to some half starved family. Let them see the comfort bestowed on the shivering poor by a load of fuel. Let them, in short, be their own almoners, and note the result. You will not then find it wanting in popularity; and you will find that, while blessings have gone out from your midst, greater ones have come in.—Baptist Superintendent.

Better than Wine on New Years.

WE trust that there are very few of our readers who need special caution in reference to the perils that attend our New Year customs. New Year's day is often a sad one to many a fond mother's heart, and the now-happily-waning custom of offering wine to callers on that day has led to the downfall of many a promising young man. With all the earnestness in our power we would urge every one of our lady readers to do all she can among her associates and friends to persuade them to entirely discard the fearfully dangerous practice of offering wine upon this occasion.

In many homes there has been instituted the highly commendable custom of making the visits of gentlemen friends opportunities for inducements to good instead of temptation to evil, and we expect that in not a few cases on Friday next, gentle hands and voices may administer total abstinence pledges to visitors, who may thus be immeasurably benefited. And what could be more appropriate for the commencement of a new career such as that to which a loving word of encouragement on New Year's day might lead.—Citizen.

Christmas Memories.

It was mother's rule every Christmas morning to read to her boys the prophecies concerning the coming of Christ and the accounts of His birth found in the Gospels. She then led in prayer and thanked God, over and over, for the gift of his Son to die for her and her children, and for all mankind.

These things—this Bible reading, and Christmas prayers—are now the sweetest recollections of the Christmases we had when I was a boy. They have grown into the "warp and filling" of my being. No matter what the discouragements were mother kept on hammering religious truth into us. Hardly a day passes now that I do not recall some pretext or example of my good old mother in the earlier years of my life. What a blessed thing memory is! How blessed it is that early impressions are most lasting; and how "awfully" important that none but good impressions be made upon small children!—Sel.

THOMAS FULLER, one of the most quaint and graphic of the old English writers, strikingly defined "policy" consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend the devil. It was he who said, "Let him who expects one class in society to prosper to the highest degree while others are in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile when the other is pinched."

Song of Christmas.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good will 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 the heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly 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 angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear 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
Come 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.

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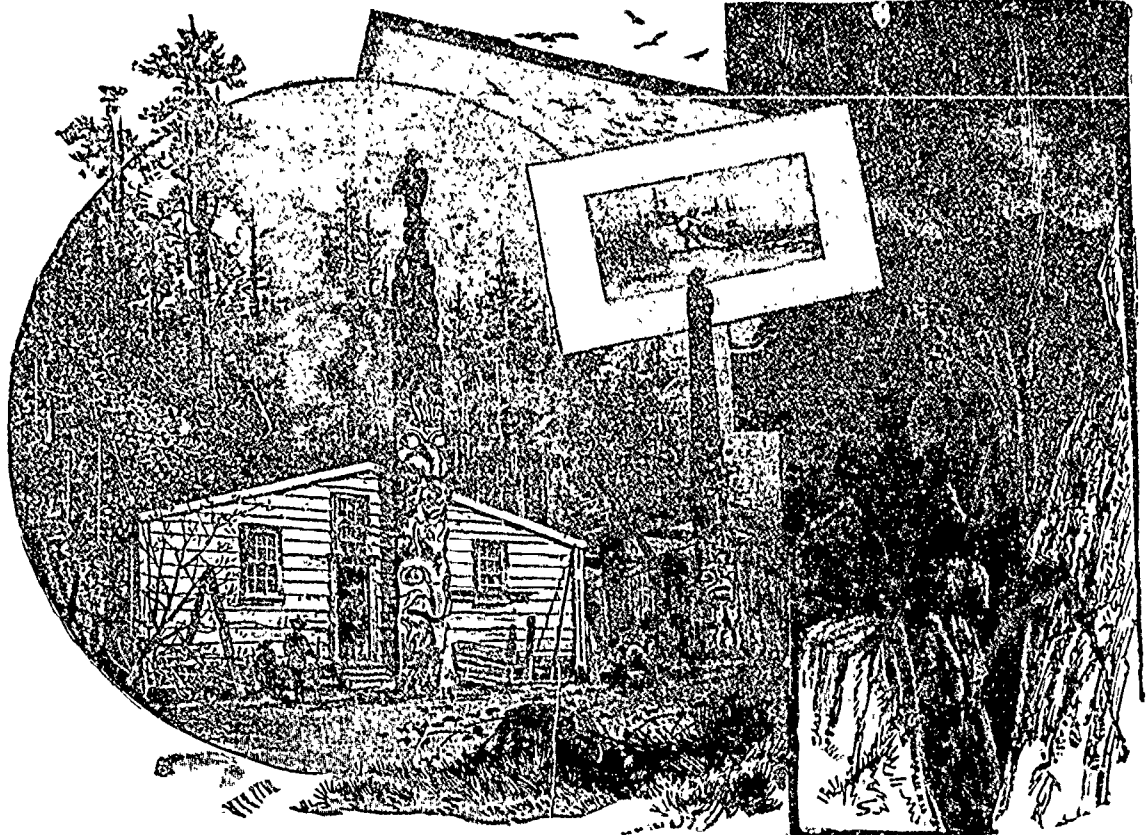
Home & School:

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 19, 1885.

Christmas Greeting.

My dear young friends, I wish you all a happy Christmas and a merry New Year. There is something very gladdening and cheerful about the annual return of this holiday season. It reminds us of God's great Christmas gift to the world. 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. Now, the only way to have a happy Christmas, or a happy New Year, is to accept God's great gift. There are some people who think that religion makes people dull and melancholy. There never was a greater mistake in the world. It is only those who know their sins are forgiven, and who enjoy the favour of



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

God, who have a right to be happy. So, first of all, give God your young hearts. It is the best and richest offering you can give Him; better far than the offering of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, which the wise men brought to the blessed Babe of Bethlehem nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

Then, do not let Christmas pass without trying to make some one else happy. First of all, your parents and brothers and sisters and friends. Your gifts to them may not in themselves be worth much; but the wealth of love which they may reveal will make them more precious than gold. Then, there are many poor, who have few to give them presents; perhaps orphan children, whose parents God has taken—remember them in the day of your joy, and by sharing your toys or picture-papers try to make them, too, feel something of the Christmas joy. To those who are forgotten and neglected, no season seems so sad as that when all others are rejoicing. If you want to know the greatest gladness Christmas can give, try, both at home and abroad, to make others happy, too.

An Indian Village.

Our picture shows one of the very remarkable Indian villages of British Columbia—that far-off province of Canada. The house in the foreground is the house of a chief, and the extraordinary-looking carved posts are the totem poles of the chiefs. The picture to the right shows one of the deep canyons or gorges in the mountains of that wonderful country. We don't exactly understand what all these carved faces on totem poles mean, but ex-Alderman Moore, of Toronto, who was the companion in travel of the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, on his missionary journey across the continent to British Columbia and Alaska, will tell all about it in the account he is writing of that remarkable journey of 10,000 miles. This account, illustrated with nearly fifty beautiful pictures, of which the one we present is only an average specimen,

will be published in early numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* for 1886. It will give much missionary information, and will be furnished at special rates to schools—some schools have taken the copies for circulation instead of libraries, as being cheaper and much more attractive. Send to the Rev. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, for these special rates.

Our Sunday-School Periodicals for 1886.

We are thankful for the greatly increased patronage of our Sunday-school periodicals during the past year. We hope for the continuance in still increased measure. We believe that our several periodicals will be more helpful and more interesting than ever before. Neither money nor labour shall be spared in making them the best, the most attractive, and the cheapest lesson helps and Sunday-school papers in the world.

OUR NEW PAPER—HAPPY DAYS.

We are glad to announce that we will issue with the new year, regularly, our new Sunday-school paper, HAPPY DAYS. It will be of the same grade and same size and price as the SUNBEAM, and will be issued on alternate weeks, so that, with our four papers, schools will have one for every Sunday, both for senior and primary classes. This will meet a long felt want which has been frequently expressed by many schools. We hope that all our schools will rally to the support of this new paper. It will be the handsomest juvenile paper ever issued in Canada. No school should order any other or foreign periodical for advanced or primary classes without seeing the specimens of those of our own Church, which are sent to every Sunday-school superintendent in the Connection. Any who do not soon receive them will confer a favour by writing for samples, which will be sent free.

HAPPY DAYS is issued every fortnight; single copies, post free, only 15 cents a year; twenty copies and over, 12 cents.

THE SUNBEAM,

the companion paper to HAPPY DAYS,

will be brighter, better, and more beautiful than ever, with a superior grade of pictures, and will be issued every fortnight. It is just what the little folk of the primary classes need—full of pretty pictures, short stories, poems, and easy lesson notes.

SUNBEAM, every fortnight, when less than twenty copies, 15 cents, twenty copies and upwards, 12 cents.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

will continue to adopt every improvement that can be desired for increasing its efficiency as a teacher's help. A series of attractive frontispieces to each number, giving full page engravings of some striking scenes in Bible lands, will be presented, and also, as opportunity offers, smaller engravings on the text. In order that every teacher in every school of the Methodist Church may have the aid of this unsurpassed teacher's monthly, its price will be uniformly sixty cents a copy, whether taken singly or in any quantity. This gives the individual teacher an equal advantage with the school which can take a large number. Thus

FIVE CENTS A MONTH

will place in the hands of a teacher twelve times thirty-two pages—384 pages a year—of rich, full, concise, practical lesson notes and teacher's hints, adapted for the several grades of the Sabbath-school, and well printed in clear type on good paper.

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This is one of the cheapest and most attractive lesson helps we publish. Each number contains sixteen pages—sixty-four pages a year—with lesson notes, lesson hymns, catechism questions, opening and closing exercises, a descriptive index of names and places, with the pronunciation marked, and a piece of choice music. In quantities of five and over, post free, 6 cents each per year.

THE BEREAN LEAF

will contain all the lesson notes of the quarter, but it has not space for the opening and closing exercises, nor the descriptive index. Price \$5.50 per 100, post free.



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

PLEASANT HOURS

was never so popular as during the past year. We are determined that next year it shall be better still. While retaining the same general features, it will introduce marked improvements of illustration and context. It will, as heretofore, give special prominence to Christian missions—especially those of our own Church—to temperance, and Canadian and patriotic topics. It is a quarto eight-page paper, issued every fortnight, at the following low prices:—

PLEASANT HOURS, 8pp. 4to., every fortnight, single copies, 30 cents; less than twenty copies, 25 cents; over twenty copies, 22 cents.

HOME AND SCHOOL.

will be of the same general character as PLEASANT HOURS, but of a somewhat superior grade, with more copious lesson notes and more varied home reading. These papers are, for size, and price, and excellence, the *cheapest in the world*. We challenge comparison. They are even ordered from the United States and Australia, as superior to anything that can be produced for the price in those countries. Issued on alternate Saturdays, they furnish a paper for every Sunday in the year. They both abound

in choice pictures, poems, stories, and sketches, in temperance and missionary sentiment, in loyalty to Queen and country; and both have copious lesson notes. Many schools circulate these papers instead of library books—finding them fresher, brighter, more attractive, and much cheaper.

HOME AND SCHOOL, 8pp. 4to., every fortnight, single copies, 30 cents; less than twenty copies, 25 cents; over twenty copies, 22 cents.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW SERVICE

gives review questions, responsive readings, hymns, etc. Very popular. By the year 24 cents per dozen; \$2.00 per 100; per quarter, six cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.

Specimens will be sent free to any address. Send orders early, that we may promptly meet the increased demand. *Schools sending new orders for the year now will receive the numbers for the rest of the year gratis* including the special Christmas and New Year's numbers.

GRADED LESSONS.

Schools desiring graded lessons will find them in these papers; the simplest of all, for the primary classes, in the SUNBEAM.

For the great intermediate mass of scholars, the lessons in PLEASANT HOURS will be best suited.

For the advanced classes, the very full lesson notes in the HOME AND SCHOOL will be found in every way adapted.

The above rates are all post paid. Address, Rev. William Briggs, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto; O. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal; Rev. S. F. Huestis, Halifax, N. S.

The Birds' Christmas Tree.

Do you know what people do in Norway? Why, at harvest time they put aside one sheaf, just as it is, in a corner of the barn, and there it stays till Christmas comes, and on Christmas Eve they bring it out, and they get their ladders and hang their sheaf of corn right over the barn door. Sometimes the sheaf is put on the top of a tall pole, and great is the rejoicing amongst the children when they see the expectant birds begin their meal. And they take all this trouble on purpose for the birds, for they think they ought to have a merry Christmas as well as we.

Christmas Treasures.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy that baby knew—
A little sock of faded hue—
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time,
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Toll me, my little golden head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasures for my boy!" I said.

And then he named the little toy,
While in his honest, mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening pray'r,
He asked the boon with childish grace;
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night as length'ning shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With heavenly music in our home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby pray'r,
For in the morn, with smiling face,
He toddled to the chimney-place
And found the little treasure there.

There came again on Christmas-tide—
That angel host, so fair and white—
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock—a little toy—
A little lock of golden hair—
The Christmas music on the air—
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden head come back for me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

Popular Science.

At this time of the year many persons are arranging for their supply of winter reading. After the moral and religious instruction of the family is secured, we know of nothing more interesting and instructive than a record of the progress of modern science, and its marvellous achievements. And we know no medium which presents such a record in so full and readable a manner as that well known weekly, *The Scientific American*. It is an admirably illustrated paper of sixteen pages, \$3.20 a year, established over forty years. It will promote industry, progress, thrift and intelligence, wherever it is read. It is of special value to every machinist, mechanic, or engineer; but is also of use to the farming and mercantile community, on account of its illustrated notes on farming, fencing, farm buildings, implements, etc.

The Scientific American's Supplement is the same size and of a somewhat higher and more technical grade. Price \$5, or the two together for \$7. Munn & Co., 361 Broadway, New York, are the publishers.

For Young People.

The oldest and every way the best young people's paper in the country is the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston,—a weekly paper, published in quarto form, and finely illustrated. It has been published for fifty-eight years, and grows fresher as its years increase.

It has perpetuated itself and swelled its subscription list to 350,000 by the generosity of its publishers and the ability with which it has been conducted. The publishers will send you sample copies, or will send you the paper every week till January, 1887, if you send the subscription price, \$1.75, now.

The Old Time Story.

IN Russia, when the Christmas snow
Against the frosty window-pane
Hits sharp and fierce, and strong winds blow,
The nurse with voice both rough and low
Tells children o'er and o'er again
This old-time story which I tell
You little children here as well.

THE LEGEND OF THE BAROUSKA.

The shepherds over the meadows went
With a strange and calm content,
To seek the Christ-child far away
Who in a manger lay;
As they stopped at the door of a woman pale
Who had lost her child, and they said,—
"Oh, wail
And mourn no longer. We go to seek
The Son of God, who is small and weak,
And the star shall guide us. Come forth,
we pray,
And search for the Christ-child far away."

But the woman she only bent her head:—
"Nay, I cannot go!" she said,
"But when my house-work here is done
At rising of the sun,
Then I will follow you."

And so
She stood at the door and watched them go,
Then turned again to her waiting bread
And kneaded it over, and made her bed,
And when all was finished she followed on
In the way the men had gone.

But she never found the child. And now—
With tender hands and patient brow—
She gathers all children far and near
Who have no parents or loved ones here.
And washes each face and dries each eye,
With the one strong hope that by-and-by
The Christ-child pale may come to her
In the shape of a child-like sufferer.

And so she lives and cannot die
Because of the hope that shall find
Some day the child whom by staying behind
She failed to see when the shepherds went
To seek the Christ in their calm content.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Book Notices.

Our Young Folks' History of the Roman Empire. By William Shepherd. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 478. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

Most Roman Histories tell only the story of the Republic, or at most include only the first twelve Cæsars. Yet it is the story of the decline and fall of that mighty empire—the subject of Gibbon's grand prose epic—that is the most instructive; and most intimately affects our modern life. But much of that story is too dark and terrible to be fully told. The author of this book, with a judicious reticence and a clear and interesting style, brings the narrative down to the fall of the Empire, and to what may be called the formation of modern Europe, in 476. In a preliminary chapter he recounts the causes that led to the formation of the Empire. Then follows the stirring story of the events coincident with the Christian era, the establishment of Christianity and its triumph over the paganism of the old Roman world, till Constantine became the first Christian Emperor. This is a period which is often neglected. We heartily commend this volume to our young readers. They will find it far more instructive and satisfying and interesting than the shallow stories on which so many waste their time. There is a fine map of the Empire, and there are also numerous full-page engravings.

Art for Young Folks. Fully illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs. 4to, pp. 184, full gilt, illuminated cover. Price \$2. We think the title of this book a misnomer. We would call it art notes for old and young. Certainly we have found art hints, suggestions and criti-

cisms of a most valuable character. The book describes visits to exhibitions and studios of a couple of New York boys brought up in the very atmosphere of art; together with brief biographies of twenty-four prominent American artists, with illustrations of their work. Many persons are passionately fond of pictures, yet they cannot point their merits or defects, or say when or why they are good or bad. The book is a sort of grammar of art criticism. It is very copiously illustrated, and what is better, the merits and good points of the pictures are pointed out in the text, and in a light sketchy way the principles of art criticism are taught. We read recently Sir Jo-hua Reynolds's lectures at the Royal Academy, and we declare that for tyros in art this elegant holiday book is the more useful guide.

Year Book of Sermon and Golden Texts, for 1886. Published by Cassell & Company, New York. Price, single copy, 15 cents. \$10.00 per hundred. Toronto: William Briggs.

This little book embraces several valuable and helpful features. It provides for a neat record of the text and a brief outline of the morning sermon, so stimulating regular attendance. It gives place for noting the weekly offering at both the church and Sabbath-school service. It incites thus to systematic giving. The golden text, to be committed to memory, is given in full, with the topic, section, and memory verses of each lesson. The true relation of the preaching and the teaching departments of the church is kept before the eye. Short selections of Scripture, for every day in the year, are indicated as Bible readings. These are suited for private use or for the morning home devotions. Daily reading of the Word—manna gathered every morning—is thus encouraged. A capital gift it would be from teacher or parent or pastor to the young people of their thought. It would be a personal remembrancer and a perpetual helper all the year through. There is an edition with the shorter catechism and one without.

A CURIOUS volume is *The World's Lumber Room*, by Selina Gaye, in the press of Cassell & Co. The writer gives, in popular form, an account of some of the many ways in which refuse is made and disposed of by nature and by man, and turned to good account. The author's style is simple and quite within the comprehension of children. The book abounds with illustrations.

Two Scenes.

IN the little town in the north of England where I was born, we often heard of a great city merchant who had once been an apprentice in the place, and had risen to be one of the merchant princes of England. He sometimes came to see the spot where he had passed those humble years, and showed his good-will to young and old by many wise and kind deeds. Two scenes in his life may interest and help the young men into whose hands this tract falls.

The little town was busy with preparations for Christmas sixty years ago. In one of the public-houses sat a lad who had fallen into bad habits, and sometimes gambled all the night through. It was little wonder that he had gone astray. His home was in the country, and he was left alone when only thirteen to fight his way in the world.

His master was a drinker, and set a bad example to the boy. His friends arranged that he should get all his meals at the public-house; and business habits were so bad in these days that he was required, when managing his master's business, to treat the customers to a glass of spirits and water, even when they only bought a five-shilling parcel. Things were going very badly with him. He kept his pack of cards ready at all hours, and sometimes lost all he had, sometimes won heavy stakes.

At five o'clock in the morning he left the public-house and turned home to his master's house. Some reports of the lad's wild doings had reached his master, and the lower window which he used to leave unfastened was firmly nailed down. No way was left but one. He went up the street, climbed to the top of the lowest house, then along the ridges of the houses between that and his master's. When he reached it, he slid down the slates, hung suspended over the street clinging to the waterspout, and succeeded in opening his bedroom window with his foot.

When he was safely in bed his master came into the room and stood by the apprentice, who was apparently fast asleep, murmuring and threatening that the moment he got up he would turn him out of the place. The lad's heart only grew harder as he listened. Soon after the waits came round singing their Christmas carols. His heart grew tender as he heard those singers. Thoughts of his father's grief, and the trouble to his home, made him resolve that if he could get his master's forgiveness he would live a new life. Twenty-four hours, without food or drink, he lay in bed, then as the Christmas morning dawned he rose and having secured a new trial from his master, he began to lead a better life.

He never looked back. His master trusted him, and left all his concerns in his hand. The apprentice was reformed; but the master went from bad to worse, and everything would have been ruined but for the youth's efforts. All the little town knew and loved the bright, active daring lad. He had been exposed to great temptation, and had yielded sorely. But God's mercy had been shown to him, and he had begun to live a true life.

* * * * *

Half a century later all Europe was in suspense about the fate of Paris. London raised vast sums for the relief of the suffering thousands. For four months there had been no milk in Paris, and a little bit of black bread, made of hay and straw and twenty-five per cent. of the coarsest flour, with a piece of horse-flesh, the size of a walnut, was doled out to the starving people.

Help came at last. Starving people thronged to a great warehouse belonging to a famous English firm of merchants. Ten or fifteen thousand waited all through an awful night of sleet and wind that they might be ready for distribution of food in the morning. That great warehouse belonged to the apprentice of that little country town, who slid down the roof of his attic bedroom fifty years before. He and his colleague were straining themselves to the utmost to help the poor people who were often scarce able to walk away with their parcels of food, and broke down into sobs of gladness at their deliverance. It was an awful time. For half a mile

stretched the long line of applicants, four or five deep, waiting for provisions. One lady had been thirty-nine hours in the street.

Day by day our friend was working with all his might, and winning the love of those poor, starving Parisians, and the honour of his own countrymen. "I have little time," he said, "to read the Bible! but I read the ninety-first Psalm every morning, which is a great support to me."

The lad whose life had been so nearly wrecked by temptation had become one of the greatest merchants and philanthropists of his time. From the hour when the Christmas carols had aroused feelings of penitence and now resolve, he had never looked behind him. Life had been a hard struggle; but he had faced all its troubles with courage, and had won himself a commanding position. No honour that London could grant would have been withheld from him. But his heart was set on better things. He was a humble, earnest Christian, and devoted his time and wealth to the work of charity. He was the constant friend of young men, the helper of all who were in trouble, and when he died all England felt that one of our truest and finest men was gone from us.

This is a true story. Every word of it has its lesson. We used to watch George Moore walking the streets of our little town, and used to hear of his deeds with a feeling of pride and thankfulness that remains to this day. His example had great influence on young men, and roused many of them to do their duty faithfully.—*Methodist Tract.*

What the Day Signifies.

TO THOUSANDS the holy Christmas-day has but a low significance. To many it is simply a cessation from their usual business. To many it means the giving or receiving of gifts. To others it means visiting or receiving visits, and enjoying great dinners. To many others still the day means a time of carousal, of drinking and drunkenness, of noise and tumult, often of bloody fights and even of murder. Alas! how the blessed day has been degraded from its high and wonderful meaning.

It is the day which the angels once celebrated when in joyful troops they came down the starlit pavements of heaven, when the night became bright as the day by the fluttering of innumerable wings of light, and when such songs as men had never heard before thrilled the air with music whose echoes have sounded down through all the ages since. It is the day on which the holy Son of God took upon Himself the form of a humble babe, when He condescended to our human estate and became one of us that He might link our humanity to God. This is the event and that the day which our Christmas-anniversary celebrates. Let the day, then, be kept with gladness and sincerest joy, in memory of God's wonderful love in giving to the world

THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.

—*Children's Friend.*

A VERY rich man said: I worked like a slave till I was forty years old to make my fortune, and have been watching it like a detective ever since for my lodging, food, and clothes.

The Star in the West.

QUEBEC—1635.

In the Fortress of St. Louis,
The Church of Recovery,
And hang o'er the crystal crosses
The silver lilies of France.
In the fortress a knight lies dying,
In the church are priests at prayer,
And the bell of the Angelus sweetly
Throbs out on the crimsoned air.

The noblest knight is dying
That ever served a king;
And he looks from the fortress window
As the bells of the Angelus ring.
Old scenes come back to his vision;
Again his ship's canvases swell
In the harbour of gay St. Malo,
In the haven of fair Rochelle.

He sees the emparadised ocean,
That he dar'd when his years were young;
The lagoons where his lateen-sail drifted
As the Southern Cross over it hung:
Acadie; the Richelieu's waters;
The lakes through the midlands that rolled,
And the cross that he planted wherever
He lifted the lilies of gold,
He lists to the Angelus ringing,
He folds his white hands on his breast,
And far o'er the pine-coloured forests
A Star verges low in the West!

"Star on the bosom of the West—
Chime on, O bell, chime on, O bell.—
To-night with visions I am blest,
And filled with light ineffable!
No angels sing in crystal air,
No clouds'neath seraphs' footsteps glow,
No feet of scoria, o'er mountains fair,
A portent follows far, but lo!
A Star is glowing in the West,
The world shall follow it from far,
Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on!
Shine on, shine on, O Western Star!

"In yonder church that storms have iced—
I founded it upon the rock—
I've daily kissed the feet of Christ,
In worship with my little flock,
But I am dying—I depart,
Like Simeon old my glad feet go,
A star is shining in my heart,
Such as the Magi saw, and lo,
A Star is shining in the West,
The world shall hail it from afar,
Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on!
Shine on, shine on, O Western Star!

"Beside the Fleur de Lis of France,
The faith I've planted in the North;
Ye messengers of Heaven, advance,
Ye mysteries of the Cross, shine forth!
I know the value of the earth;
I've learned its lessons; it is done;
One soul alone outweighs in worth
The fairest kingdom of the sun.
Star on the bosom of the West,
My dim eyes follow thee afar,
Chime on, chime on, O Christmas bells,
Shine on, shine on, O Golden Star!

"What rapture! hear the sweet choirs sing,
While death's cold shadows o'er me fall,
Beneath the Lilies of my King.
Go, light the lamps in yonder hall,
Mine eyes have seen the Christ-Star glow
Above the New World's temple gates.
Go forth, celestial heralds, go,
Earth's fairest empire thee awaits!
Star on the bosom of the West,
What feet shall follow thee from far!
Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on,
Shine on, forever, Golden Star!"

'Twas Christmas morn: the sun arose
Mid clouds o'er the St. Lawrence broad,
And fell a sprinkling of the snows!
As from the uplifted hand of God.
Dead in the fortress lay the knight,
His white hands crossed upon his breast.
Dead, he whose clear prophetic sight
Beheld the Christ-Star in the West.
That morning 'mid the turrets white,
The low flags told the empire's loss.
They hung the Lilies o'er the knight,
And by the Lilies set the cross

Long, on Quebec's immortal heights,
Has Champlain slept, the knight of God,
The Western Star shines on, and lights
The growing empires, fair and broad.
And though are gone the knights of France,
Still lives the Spirit of the North.
The heralds of the Star advance,
And Truth's eternal light shines forth.
—Hesekiah Butterworth, in the Companion.

Two Christmas-Eves.

THE flames glowed and sparkled in
the wide-mouthed fire-place, leaping and
dancing in joyous glee o'er the rugged
sides of the great yule log, which had
been seasoning for months in anticipa-
tion of the "merry Christmas-time."
How cheerful and cosy the best room
at the "farm-house" looked on that
Christmas eve, with muslin curtains
fresh from the laundry, looped back
from the low windows, and tied with
scarlet ribbons. Farmer McLane be-
lieved in letting the light of his pleasant
home shine out into the night to cheer
the passers-by.

What a jolly time the children were
having in the great room, playing
"blind-man's buff" and "pussy wants
a corner," sending forth shouts of glee
at the awkward attempts of the elder
portion of the family, who were vainly
endeavoring to learn (!) the games.
Brother Tom was driving a row of nails
on either side of the fire-place, and by-
and-bye each nail was to hold a pair of
little stockings, and the fire was to be
smothered out, so that Santa Claus
would not burn his feet when he made
his yearly visit. Ah me! the "Christ-
mas-trees" and the small round stove-
pipes have fairly crowded the dear old
yellow off from the stage of action these
latter years.

They were all too intent watching
the noisy games to notice the wee,
pinched face at the window; but the
fire-light saw it, and flashed little waves
and ripples of glory over it. The flames
leaped higher and higher, extending a
warm invitation to the homeless child
without, whose solemn gray eyes were
watching, with such a hungry light in
them, the frolicsome children within.

"Well, well," said Farmer McLane,
wiping the perspiration from his heated
brow, "you little folks can tire me all
out, and no mistake."

He turned toward the window as he
spoke, and at that instant every curve
and outline of the wee, pinched face,
lit up by dancing fire light, was distinct
against the dark background of the
night without. Without a moment's
hesitation he opened the outer door,
and drew the frightened child into the
room. How they crowded about her,
and questioned her, those happy
children, who had never been cold or
hungry!

There was a great pity shining in
Mr. McLane's kindly blue eyes, as he
led her up to the fire which had first
attracted her attention, and had drawn
her to the window.

"Who are you, little girl?" he asked,
as he warmed her blue, chilled hands in
his.

"I'm only Maggie, and—" catching
her breath with a sob—"I'm so cold
and hungry!"

"Where are your father and mother,
dear?"

"Both dead, an' I don't want to go
back to Meg. Say, can't I stay here?"

"Who is Meg?" asked Mrs. McLane,
who came in from another room to
question the little stranger.

"She's the woman I live with. Mar-
died, owin' her lots o' rent; so she
keeps me to beg for her; but to day I
didn't get anything, and she whipped
me just awful. See here!"

Sue threw back the loose sleeve of
her dress, which hung in tatters about
her, and held up her little arm, show-
ing where the whip had left its cruel
marks.

"An' so I runned away," she added,
"an' I'd rather die than go back again."

"Mother," said Farmer McLane,
looking up with misty eyes, "isn't there
room in Aggie's bed for her?"

"Ay, Jamie; but we're far from
bein' rich, you know, an' our own must
be cared for."

"Such a wee mite of a thing
couldn't eat much," spreading the thin
little hand out on his broad palm.

"I'll eat just as little as ever I can,"
said Maggie, looking up appealingly.

"Well, well," said Mrs. McLane
turning away and wiping her eyes with
the corner of her apron, "we can try
it, Jamie."

"Drive up another nail, Tom; drive
up another nail," shouted the children.

"O! mother, what shall we do?"
asked little Agnes. "Her stockings
are so full of holes they'll let the Christ-
mas things right through."

"You'll have to lend her some, I
guess," said her mother.

After the children had all been put
to bed, and the little stranger, in one of
Aggie's clean, white nightgowns, lay
sleeping beside her, Mr. and Mrs.
McLane sat in front of the yule log,
which was now a bed of glowing coals,
and talked and planned for the future.

"I'm afraid that it's an unwise thing,"
said she, shaking her head dolefully.
"You have hard work filling the mouths
of your own, Jamie, dear, and this one
will be a great expense to us."

"God won't see us suffer because we
do a deed of kindness to one of His
homeless little ones," he answered; and
then began the task of filling five pairs
of stockings with the toys and sweet-
meats which had been purchased for
four.

Little Maggie remained at the farm-
house for several months; but one day
a wealthy, childless lady, stopping in
the neighbourhood, heard the child's
story, and being attracted by Maggie's
pretty face, she asked permission of the
McLanes to adopt the little waif as her
own. During the months Maggie had
been an inmate of their home they had
grown to love her dearly, and were
reluctant to part with her; but they
felt that it would not only be for her
own good, but for theirs as well, to let
her go; for their circumstances were
such that they could not afford to keep
her.

* * * * *

Again it is Christmas-eve, and once
more the wintry winds are making
drifts and mounds of the newly-fallen
snow. The city is decked in its holiday
dress, and the streets are thronged with
gay pedestrians, bearing mysterious
bundles and packages to their respective
homes. In the handsome parlor of a
brown-stone residence, on one of the
aristocratic avenues, a young merchant
sits in the brilliant light of a chandelier,
enjoying the society of his wife and
child.

"Helen has forgotten to close the
shutters," he said, rising and going to
the window.

"Please, Ralph," said his wife, en-
treatingly, "let them remain open this
one evening."

"I can't understand your motive in
leaving them open on this especial
evening," he said. "For my part, I
prefer to have my home to myself, and
do not care to have the rude eyes of
the world at large gazing in."

She laid one white hand on his arm,
and lifting her fair face, told him the
story of a Christmas-eve, when she, a
homeless little child, had found a home
and kind friends, because one man had

let the outside world have the benefit
of his Christmas-light.

After they had resumed their seats
Mr. Denton called his little daughter
to his side, and asked what she would
like for Christmas.

"I'd like a grandpa best of all," she
said, innocently. "Mamie Wells has
two grandpas and a grandma, and I
haven't any, not any at all."

"Ah me!" said Ralph Denton,
almost sadly, "there are things, my
little daughter, that money will not
purchase."

"But God will send me a grandpa
for a Christmas present if I ask Him
to," said the child, innocently. "I've
got dollies and cradles and dishes, and
everything but grandpas and grandmas;
and I guess that God can spare just one
for me, when He gives other little girls
three and four apiece."

"But yours are all dead, my little
Amy," said her mother, gently strok-
ing her sunny hair.

"Then God will make a new one for
me," persisted the child, confidently.

"O, for the faith of childhood," said
Mr. Denton, as his eyes followed the
graceful form of his little daughter, who
had gone over to the window, and stood
looking down into the street. Suddenly
she came back to her mother's side
with a wondering light in her eyes.

"Mamma," she whispered, in an
awed voice, "does Santa Claus ever
leave the presents on the doorstep?"

"Sometimes, dear," said her mother,
smiling. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, I guess he's left a grandpa
there for me. O, papa, do go quick and
see."

Mr. Denton, to satisfy the child,
went out into the hall and opened the
massive front door. As he did so, he
beheld a feeble old man leaning against
the house for support.

"Forgive me," the old man began
apologetically; "but it looked so bright
and warm in there, and it seemed to
warm my old blood just to see it. I'll
go away now."

"Why, you're my grandpa, and
you're not going away," called out little
Amy, who had followed her father to
the door.

"Maggie, Maggie," cried the old man,
leaning forward and peering into the
child's face.

At the sound of his voice Mrs.
Denton, who was standing in the hall,
came hastily forward, exclaiming:

"Mr. McLane, is it possible that this
is you?"

The old man was taken into the
parlor, and an easy chair placed for him
in front of the glowing grate. After he
had recovered from his surprise at find-
ing the little girl he had once befriended;
he told his pitiful story. His loving
wife and little Agnes were sleeping in
the church-yard near the old farm-
house. Tom, many years before, had
gone to sea, and had never returned.
Mary had married a drunkard, and
there was scarcely food enough for her
miserable children, and none for the
aged father. Willie, the youngest, had
married an heiress, whose haughty
pride barred the doors of her elegant
home against her husband's father.
Old, feeble and homeless, he was seek-
ing alms in the street when the cheer-
ful light from the parlor-windows lured
him to the steps for a closer view.

Need I tell the rest? The aged
wanderer found a home; little Amy
has found a grandpa; and the blessing
of a kind act will follow the old man
to his grave.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS AND PROPHETS.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 27.]

REVIEW AND CHRISTMAS LESSON.

ISAIAH'S PROPHECIES OF THE REDEEMER.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.—Luke 1. 78, 79.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Hope in dark times.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. 2 Kings 7. 1-17. Th. John 1. 1-17. 3. 1-10. T. 2 Kings 12. 1-15. F. 2 Kings 18. 1-12; 20. 1-17. W. 2 Kings 13. 14-25. Sa. Isa. 53. 1-12. Su. Isa. 55. 1-11.

REVIEW.

I. GENERAL VIEW. This Quarter embraces about two centuries of the history of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, B.C. 892-698.—what was the general tendency and state of the kingdom of Israel during this time? Name some of the kings under which there were strong impulses toward the bad. What kings did something to withstand the downward tendency? What prophets helped them? How and when did this kingdom come to an end?

In what respects was the kingdom of Judah better than that of Israel? Under what kings were their great revivals of religion? What great prophet aided the good? What great religious institution also helped the people to obey God? How much longer did the kingdom of Judah last than the kingdom of Israel?

II. PERSONS.—Name the leading persons about whom we have studied during the past quarter. Which of them were kings? Which were prophets? Name one who was a high priest. Which was the best king? Which was the greatest prophet? Which one wrote a book? Which one wrought the most miracles?

III. PLACES.—Name the principal places noted in these lessons? Which three were capitals of nations? What city suffered a great famine? Which one was destroyed? Which one repented? Which one contained the Temple?

IV. NATIONS.—What four great nations have a prominent part in this history? Locate them on the map.

V. EVENTS (picture in a few words).—(1) An army made blind and led by a single man for many miles. Name the army, places, and person. (2) A city besieged, suffering from a terrible famine, suddenly relieved. (3) A man of great but imperfect zeal working a reform. (4) A young king repairing the house of God. (5) A death-bed scene. (6) A man trying to run away from God. (7) A great city in mourning through the preaching of one man. (8) A great revival of religion led by a good king. (9) A sick man's prayer and the answer. (10) A prophet's vision of the future. (11) A gracious invitation to all.

VI. Let each scholar name some great practical lesson they can learn from the studies of this quarter,—the one which seems to them to be most important.

CHRISTMAS LESSON.

SUBJECT: ISAIAH'S VISIONS OF THE COMING REDEEMER.

I. THE PROPHET.—Who was Isaiah? How long before Christ did he live? Did he have many visions of Christ? Who only could have revealed these things to him?

II. VISION OF THE FORERUNNER (Isa. 40. 3-5).—What was heard in the wilderness? What did the voice say? Who was the fulfilment of this prophecy? (Matt. 3. 1-3.) How did he prepare the way of the Lord? What is meant by "every valley shall be exalted?" etc.

III. VISION OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST (Isa. 9. 6; 11. 1, 2).—Whose son was Jesus? How was he a rod (or shoot) out of the stem of Jesse? Where was he born? How long ago? What song did the angels sing at his birth? Who came from afar to see the child? How was he in his human nature prepared to be the Saviour of the world? (Isa. 11. 2; Luke 2. 40, 52.

IV. VISION OF THE DIVINE REDEEMER (Isa. 9. 6, 7).—What names did the prophet apply to Christ? What is said of him in John 1. 1-3? Why is Jesus called the Wonderful? Why the Counsellor? Is he The Mighty God? Why is he called the Prince of Peace? Do we need all these qualities in our Redeemer? Why? What is said of his kingdom? Has that kingdom been continually increasing?

V. VISION OF THE WORK JESUS WAS TO DO FOR MEN (Isa. 11. 4, 9; 49. 13; 60. 1-3; 61. 1-3).—What was the Saviour to do for the poor and oppressed? Has he done it? What kind of a world was he to make this to be? What would he do for the heathen nations? Has the light and glory of Christianity attracted them? What has Jesus done for the broken-hearted? for mourners? for captives? Is Jesus still doing these things? What reasons have you to rejoice on Christmas day? How should you manifest your joy?

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 640.] LESSON I. [Jan. 3.]

JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

2 Kings 22. 1-13. Commit to mem. v. 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.—2 Kings 22. 2.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 22. 1-13. Tu. 2 Chron. 24. 1-7. W. Deut. 31. 24-30. Th. Deut. 29. 14-29. F. 2 Kings 22. 14-20. Sa. Isa. 57. 13-21. Su. Matt. 5. 13-26.

TIME.—B.C. 640.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, capital of Judah.

INTRODUCTION.—Josiah began to reign when a child; chose the service of God when sixteen years old; was Judah's last good king, and fulfilled prophecies spoken of him long before. His evil successors prepared the way for the keen denunciations of the prophet who was Josiah's contemporary, Jeremiah, one of whose prophecies makes our next lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—The way of David his father—"Father" is often used, meaning "ancestor." The way means the example. He followed the example of his ancestor, King David. Shaphan the scribe—Shaphan the writer or secretary. He was the king's private secretary. Book of the law—Some portion of what now forms our Old Testament. It was a roll or parchment which had been covered up and lost in the decay of the temple. Rent his clothes—The approved and formal way of expressing grief, anger, or sorrow. The act is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

I. THE RIGHTEOUS KING (v. 1, 2).—Over what kingdom did Josiah reign? At what age was he made king? How long did he reign? What is said of his conduct? What is the advice of the wise man in Prov. 4. 27?

II. THE HOUSE OF THE LORD (v. 3-7).—To whom did the king send a message? Of what did he ask an account? Where was this money kept? 2 Kings 12. 9. To whom was the money to be given? For what purpose? How did the king recognize the honesty of the workmen?

III. THE BOOK OF THE LAW (v. 8-13).—What report did Shaphan bring to the king? What discovery did he announce? Where was the book found? 2 Chron. 34. 14? What did the scribe read? What did Josiah do on hearing the law? What did he mean by this act? Whom did the king summon in council? What did he desire to know? What had the neglect of the law brought upon the people?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

- 1. To be careful of God's house? 2. To be faithful in his service? 3. To be careful of his word?

THE LESSON CATECHISM. (For the entire school.)

1. Who was Josiah? The best of all the kings of Judah. 2. What is said of Josiah in the Golden Text? He did, etc. 3. What good work did he do? He destroyed the idols in Judah. 4. What lost book was found during his reign? The book of God's law. 5. What did Josiah do with the law? He read and obeyed it.

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