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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

[No. 8.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

Those who say that our winter climate in Canada is bleak and cheerless do not know what they are talking about. Ask those boys in our upper cut if there is not lots of fun in a friendly snowfall all night at the village school-house with some other neighbouring teamsters, or ask those boys in the lower cut, who are having a torchlight snow shoe tramp over the mountain in Montreal, if there is anything more healthful and invigorating than the winter sports of our beloved Canada, and they would tell you they would not exchange their winter sports for any other kind the world over. If not carried to excess, our sports are certainly both pleasurable and health giving.

MONKEYS.

The following story will show that even monkeys can behave well when they try:

Two missionaries, Dr. Chamberlain and Mr. Scudder, were once on a tour of a certain portion of India, preaching in the small villages through which they passed. They would attract the attention of the natives by singing a hymn, and then would talk to them, generally using some simple theme from the Scriptures. One day, when they

had stopped in a large village, they had collected the people about them. In the rear was a sacred grove, the branches of trees hanging down over the huts that stood in the background. The Scripture lesson had been finished, the hymn sung, and Mr. Scudder was devoutly praying. Then suddenly the boughs of the grove began to rustle, and a troop of monkeys appeared. No one saw them except Dr. Chamberlain. Old monkeys and young, gray whiskered and bald-headed mothers, with their baby monkeys, all descended and seated themselves in a semi-circle. They paid the strictest attention to the prayer. Should any mischievous youngster begin his monkeyshines, one of the dignified old men monkeys would twist his ear until the little one ceased his pranks, and if one of the babies began to snivel, a few maternal pats quieted him.

Dr. Chamberlain could scarcely restrain himself at the comical sight, and it was a great relief to him



when the assembly broke up. As the people arose to go so did the monkeys, and they silently disappeared in the branches, evidently much impressed with the service.

Certainly, boys and girls ought to behave as well as these monkeys when attending public worship. Perhaps some of them would do better if they could see themselves in a glass while misbehaving. They would be ashamed of the ridiculous figure they cut.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts there were a great many parents who reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work, distributing candies to the youngsters and writing down their names and addresses. They found out

that over sixty parents kept their children home from school; and the monkeys and brass band brought about two hundred little boys and girls to school, which was pretty well done for two monkeys.

THE CROOKED TREE.

"Such a cross old woman as Mrs. Barnes is! I never would send her jelly or anything else again," said Molly Clapp, setting her basket down hard on the table. "She never even said 'thank you!' but 'set the cup on the table, child, and don't knock over the bottles. Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she'll wish she had been a little more neighbourly.' I never want to go there again, and I shouldn't think you would."

"Molly! Molly! come quick and see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry tree!" called Tom through the window, and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew out over the green to the next yard.

Her mother watched with a good deal of interest the efforts of two stout men as, with strong ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that. But it was of no use. "Tis as crooked as the letter S, and has been for twenty years. You're just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws," said Joe, as he dropped the rope and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you sure you haven't begun twenty years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.

"That's a true word, master, and it's as hard to break off with them as to make this old tree straight. But I signed the pledge, and with God's help I mean to keep it."

"With God's help you may hope to keep it, Joe," responded his master. "Our religion gives every man a chance to reform. No one need despair so long as we have such promises to help us."

"That's my comfort, sir," said the man humbly, "but I shall tell the boys to try and not grow crooked at the beginning."

"Mother," said Molly, as she stood by the window again at her mother's side, "I know now what is the matter with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't try to be pleasant and kind now; for she's like the old tree - it's twenty years too late."

"It's never too late, with God's help, to try to do better; but my little girl must begin now to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts. Then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'It is twenty years too late.'"



The Skylark.

The skylark, when the dews of morn
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,
And violets round his nest exhale
Their fragrance on the early gale,
To the first sunbeam spreads his wings,
Buoyant with joy, and soars and sings.

He rests not on the leafy spray
To warble his exulting lay;
But high above the morning cloud
Mounts in triumphant freedom proud,
And swells when nearest to the sky
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

Thus, my Creator! thus the more
My spirit's wing to thee can soar,
The more she triumphs to behold
Thy love in all thy works unfold,
And bids her hymn of rapture be
Most glad when rising most to thee!

OUR PERIODICALS:

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Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO READ.

WHAT books should our boys read? That is a wide question. There are quantities of charming books nowadays which are published on purpose for young people, many of which are both delightful and instructive.

come so absorbed in the fierce competition which now characterizes all sorts of business that by the time they are twenty-five they will care for nothing else, and by the time they are fifty they will be in the condition of a poor man whom I once knew, who, broken in health, but with more money than he could use, still dragged himself daily to business and went on making more, because, as he pitifully remarked, he did not know what else to do.

OBEY HIM TO-DAY.

BY A. A. P.

"Now uncle and auntie have gone for their sleigh ride, we can sit down here by the dining-room fire and make New Year's resolutions," said Myrtie Knapp, who, with several of her cousins, was spending the holidays at the Knapp homestead in the country.

"If we make fewer promises, and trust more in the promises God has made, we shall find more of blessing and less of disappointment and failure," said a voice from the depths of an easy chair.

"Dear me, what a nice little preaching," said Ralph, teasingly. "Oh, I am not preaching," replied Alice. "I am reading from my new Hastings' birthday book. I do like a birthday book so much, and this is full of practical, spiritual ideas."

"I wish it was as easy to keep resolutions as to make them," said Ed. "I would promise to do everything that I know I ought to do, without waiting to be told."

"The Lord does not ask us to promise, resolve, covenant, and agree to obey him for months to come; but he asks us to obey him to-day, and to trust him who is able to keep us from falling, for strength for the future."

"That in your new book, too?" "It is; and it applies to us at this moment, for that invitation to the party at the village hotel this evening must be answered."

"If we had already resolved to obey God to-day, we should have to give up that party," said Myrtie.

"Would it not be best to do so?" "There will be stacks of fun," said Ed. "And we might have our frolic there to-night, and begin to-morrow to be good," added Ralph.

"Of what will the frolic consist?" "Oh, dancing and card-playing, no doubt; and eating and drinking."

"To-day is not your best time to turn to God; that time has forever past. It is not the best time you ever have seen, but it is the best time you ever will see, for to-day is God's time."

"Hastings' again?" "Yes; but you know what the Bible says?"

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation," said Susie.

"Yes; and 'To-day harden not your hearts.' Supposing we each go away by ourselves for a half-hour and think over the matter of the party, and each write our decision on a bit of paper and drop it into this basket. We will gather here again at ten o'clock, and read and count the votes." And taking a crumb pan and brush, Myrtie proceeded to set the neglected breakfast table in order; and each of the girls quickly set herself to work about the house, while one of the boys replenished the fires, and others went to shovelling snow in the yards.

One by one the slips were written and dropped in the basket, but no word was spoken, until with the house in order and the out-door chores finished, they all came

together again around the cheerful open fireplace as the clock struck.

"To go, or not to go, that is the question?" said Ralph, emptying the contents of the tiny basket in Myrtie's lap.

"And we are all in accord, as I supposed we should be, for the nays have it."

"Good! Now, Sue, please write the most elegant note possible, declining with thanks—the thanks for courtesy."

"Why, there is papa and mamma! What can be the matter?" and they all rushed out upon the porch.

"Oh, nothing serious!" laughed mamma. "Only we found the sleighing so much finer than we expected that we drove around, inviting a party to join us, and came back for you all."

"How fortunate the work is all done up, outdoors and in!"

"And how fortunate that we declined the invitation to that party!"

"I am glad it was done before something better offered," said Ralph. And his father replied:

"It is always safe to do what you know to be right, my boy; and that is a good lesson for you and your cousins to take to yourselves this New Year's Day."

"We put it in this form, uncle," said Alice, but it amounts to the same thing: 'Obey him to-day.'"

A PERSIAN FABLE.—A gourd wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old mayest thou be?" asked the newcomer. "About a hundred years," was the answer. "A hundred years, and no taller! Only look: I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years." "I know that well," replied the palm. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."

THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

THERE is, perhaps, no passage of Scripture more difficult of comprehension to the young mind, under the present idea of a needle, than the one, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." When a Sabbath-school scholar, it was, to our mind, impossible for a rich man to enter heaven, and inexplicable why the mere fact that a man is rich should debar him from heaven; especially when the Lord gave Solomon riches and honour, so that in these he exceeded all other kings of the earth, and after Job's afflictions, doubled his possessions, so that he was twice as rich as before, though before he had great riches and possessions, and was the greatest of all the men of the East. The thrift and economy of the industrious and saving servants were approved, while the one who received the one talent was reprovved and punished for his slothfulness and neglect, and the one talent was taken from him, and given to the one who had the ten talents, thus increasing his riches, and making it more difficult for him to enter the kingdom of God. These, to the young and active mind seeking for knowledge and a right understanding of the Scriptures, appear to be inconsistent and irreconcilable with the idea that a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of God; for it is certainly impossible for a camel to go through the eye of any needle of which the ordinary mind of the present age has any conception. But the students of Oriental literature find that there were in the cities of the East, especially in Jerusalem, large gates, in which were small and very low apertures, called, metaphorically, "needle's eyes," just as we talk of windows on ship-board as "bull's eyes." These entrances were too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel had to pass through one of these entrances it knelt down, its load was removed, and then it shuffled through on its knees.

The Wreckers of Sable Island

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER IV.—"ALONE AMONG STRANGERS"

BEN started as though he had been caught at some crime, and there was a sulky tone in his voice that showed very plainly that he resented the appearance of the questioner, he replied,—

"Only a boy and a dog." The other man drew near and inspected Eric closely. Prince at once sprang to his feet, and taking up his position between the new-comer and his young master, fixed his big eyes upon the former, while his teeth showed threateningly, and a deep growl issued from between them.

It was no wonder that the sagacious man's suspicions were aroused, for surely before had his eyes fallen upon so sinister a specimen of humanity. The man was of frame more than medium height; but his features showed great strength, combined with unusual activity, and one glance was sufficient to mark him out as a man with whom few could cope. His countenance, naturally ugly, had been the playground of the strongest and coarsest passions that degrade humanity, and was rendered still more hideous by the loss of his left eye, which had been gouged out by a drunken méele, and by a frightful scar that ran clear from temple to chin on the right side of his face. Through the remaining eye all the vile nature of the man found expression, and its baleful glare, when fixed full upon one, was simply appalling.

To it, perhaps more than to any other quality, Evil-Eye—for so his comrades appropriately nick-named him—owed his influence among them; for he was, in some sort, regarded as a leader of the band of wreckers which both he and Ben belonged.

Evil-Eye held in his right hand a cutlass whose sheen was already dimmed with numerous stains.

"Well," he growled, pointing at Eric, who was staring at him spell-bound with horror and dread, "that seems to be the last of them. Let's finish him off. We want no tell-tales.—Out of the way, you brute." And he lifted his cutlass as though to strike Prince first.

"Hold!" cried Ben, springing forward and grasping Evil-Eye's arm. "Let the boy alone."

"Let him alone," roared Evil-Eye, with a horrible oath. "That I won't. Let go of me, will you?" And wrenching himself free by a tremendous effort, he swung the cutlass high over his head and rushed upon the defenceless boy, who was too terror-stricken to move or cry out.

But quick as Evil-Eye's movements had been, there was another present whose movements were quicker still. With a short, deep growl like a distant roll of thunder, Prince launched himself full at the ruffian's throat. His aim was unerring, and utterly unprepared for so sudden an onset, the man rolled over upon the sand, the cutlass falling harmlessly from his hand.

Content with having brought him to the ground, Prince did not pursue his advantage further, but stood over the prostrate scoundrel, who made no attempt to move, while he implored Ben to drag the dog off him.

But this Ben seemed in no hurry to do. He evidently enjoyed his associate's sudden defeat, and felt little sympathy for him in his present predicament. Then as he looked from the growling mastiff to his young master, who had almost forgotten his own fear in his admiration for his faithful dog, a happy thought flashed into his mind. His face brightened, and there was a half-smile upon it as, turning to Evil-Eye, who scarce dared to breathe lest those great black jaws, so close to his throat, would close tight upon it, he said:

"Look here, Evil-Eye. I'll take the dog off on one condition. Will you agree?"

"What is that?" groaned Evil-Eye.

"Why, I've taken a fancy to this lad and his dog, and want to keep them for a while anyway. Now, if you'll promise me that you'll let them alone so long as I want them, I'll get the dog off; but if you won't I'll just let you have it out with him."

Evil-Eye did not answer at once. Twisting his head, he looked around to see if any other of his companions were near; but there was not a soul in sight, and the storm was still raging.

"All right, Ben, I'll promise," he said sulkily; and then a crafty gleam came into his baleful eye as he added, "And say, Ben, will you give me half your share of this baby?"

if I stand by you for the boy? They'll be wanting him finished off, maybe."

Ben was about to say something bitter in reply, but checked himself as though second thoughts were best. Yet he could not entirely conceal his contempt in his tone as he replied:

"As you like. These two are what I want most this time. But, mind you, Evil-Eye, if any harm comes to either of them through your doing, your own blood shall pay for it, so sure as my name's Ben Harden." Then, turning to Eric, he said:

"Here, boy, you can call off your dog now."

Eric obeyed the directions at once. "Come here, Prince!" he commanded. "Come to me, sir!"

Prince wagged his tail to indicate that he heard the order, but was evidently in some doubt as to the wisdom of obeying it. According to his way of thinking, the best place for Evil-Eye was just where he had him, and he would like to keep him there a while longer, anyway.

But Eric insisted, and at length the dog obeyed, and came over to him, turning, however, to glance back at Evil-Eye, as though he was just itching to tumble him over again.

Looking very much out of humour, Evil-Eye pulled himself together, and put his hand to his throat in order to make sure that Prince's teeth had done him no injury. Fortunately for him, the high collar of the great-coat he wore had been turned up all around to keep out the rain, and it had done him still better service by keeping out the mastiff's teeth. So he was really none the worse for the encounter beyond feeling sulky at his discomfiture.

He now for the first time took a good look at Eric, who had also risen to his feet, the excitement of the encounter having made him forget his pain and weakness.

"Humph! rather a likely lad," he grunted. "But he may give us trouble some time. Have you thought of that, Ben?"

"No; but it doesn't matter," answered Ben. "I'll warrant for his not getting us into trouble. We can manage that all right when the time comes."

"Humph! maybe. But it's a risk, all the same," returned Evil-Eye. "But come, we must be off. We've lost too much time already."

The all-prevailing gloom of the day was already deepening into the early dark of late autumn as the three set off across the sands. The spray that the storm tore from the crests of the billows dashed in their faces as they advanced. Eric could not have gone far had not Ben thrown his brawny arm around him, and almost carried him along. Prince trotted quietly at his heels, having quite regained his composure, and resigned himself to the situation.

In this fashion they had gone some distance, and Evil-Eye, who had kept a little ahead, was about to turn off to the right toward the interior of the island, when Prince suddenly sniffed the air eagerly, threw up his head with a curious cry, half whine, half bark, and then bounded away in the direction of the direction of the water. Eric stopped to watch him, and following him closely with his eyes, saw that he ran up to a dark object that lay stretched out upon the sand, about fifty yards away. The dog touched it with his nose, and then, lifting his head, gave a long, weird howl, that so startled Eric as to make him forget his weariness. Breaking away from Ben, who, indeed, made no effort to detain him, he hastened over to see what Prince had found.

Darkness was coming on, but before he had got half-way to the object he could make out that it was a human body, and a few steps nearer made it plain that the body was that of Major Maunsell.

Horror-stricken, yet hoping that the major might still be living, Eric rushed forward, and throwing himself down beside the motionless form, cried passionately:

"Major Maunsell! What's the matter? Can't you look up? Oh, surely you're not dead!"

But the major made no response. Beyond all doubt his body was cold in death, and as Eric looked upon the white, set face he saw that his cries were useless, and that his dear, kind friend had gone from him forever. He felt as though his heart would break, and glancing around through his tears at the two strange, rough-looking men upon whose mercy the storm had cast him, his own fate seemed so dark and doubtful that he almost wished that, like the major, he too was lying upon the sands in the same quiet sleep.

The discovery of the major's death was a greater shock than the boy, in his exhausted condition, could stand, and when, at the approach of the men, he attempted to rise, faintness overcame him once more, and he fell back unconscious.

When his senses returned, he found himself in a sort of bunk in one corner of a large room containing a number of men, whose forms and faces were made visible by the light from an immense wood-fire that roared and crackled at the farther end of the room. There were at least a score of these men, and, so far as he could make out, they were all rough, shaggy, wild-looking fellows, like Ben and Evil-Eye. The latter he could see plainly, sitting beside a table with a bottle before him, from which he had just taken a deep draught.

The liquor apparently loosened his tongue, for glancing about him with his single eye, whose fitful glare was frightful as the firelight flashed upon it, he began talk vigorously to those who were sitting near him. At first Eric paid no attention to what he was saying, but when Evil-Eye held up something for the others to admire, he leaned forward curiously to see what it was. There was not sufficient light for him to do this, but Evil-Eye came to his assistance by saying, in an exultant tone:

as the odds against him in the matter of the ring might be, he vowed with all the vigour of his brave young heart that he would do his utmost to regain his dead friend's precious jewel.

For the present, however, nothing could be done. He was a captive no less than the ring, and, for aught he knew, equally in the power of that brute in human form, who was evidently a leading spirit in the group of ruffians that occupied the room. Clearly enough, his one hope lay in attracting as little attention as possible.

He looked anxiously about the room in search of Ben, but could see nothing of him. His good Prince, however, was stretched out upon the floor beside the bunk, sleeping as soundly as though he were in his own cosy quarters at Oakdene. The sight of him comforted Eric not a little. So lonely did he feel that he could not resist the temptation to awake his faithful companion, so he called softly:

"Prince, Prince, come here!"



"THERE'S A RING FOR YOU, MY HEARTIES!"

"There's a ring for you, my hearties. It'll bring a pot of money, I wager you. And it ought to. I had trouble enough getting it."

"How was that?" inquired a man at his side.

"The thing wouldn't come off--stuck on tight. Had to chop off the finger before I could get it," replied the ruffian, turning the ring over so that the diamond which formed its centre might sparkle to the best advantage for the benefit of his companions, not one of whom but envied him his good luck in getting such a prize.

Eric now saw clearly enough what Evil-Eye was displaying. It was the costly ring which Major Maunsell always wore upon the third finger of his left hand, and whose beauty Eric had many a time admired, for it held a diamond of unusual size and of the purest water, which the major told him had been a sort of heirloom in the Maunsell family for many generations. Eric's blood boiled at the thought of this ring being in such a scoundrel's hands, and of the cruel way in which he had obtained it, and only his utter weakness prevented him from springing at Evil-Eye and snatching the ring out of his hands.

Happy he had not the strength to carry out so rash an impulse, and was forced to content himself with making a solemn resolve to get possession of that ring in some manner, that it might be returned to the major's family. Determination was one of the boy's most marked characteristics. Nothing short of the conviction that it was certainly unattainable could deter him from anything upon which he had once set his heart; and immense

At first the mastiff did not hear him, but Eric repeating the call, he awoke, looked up inquiringly, and then, rising slowly to his feet--for he was very tired after the terrible passage through the surf--went over and laid his huge head upon his master's breast.

"Dear old dog!" murmured Eric, fondling him lovingly. "O Prince! what is to become of us? If we were only back in Oakdene again!" And then, as the awful thought rushed in upon his mind that perhaps neither he nor Prince would ever see Oakdene again, or find their way to Dr. Copeland at Halifax, the tears he had been bravely keeping back could no longer be restrained. Sobbing as though his heart would break, he clasped Prince's head tightly in his arms and gave himself up to his grief.

While poor Eric was thus giving way to his feelings, a number of men entered the room, one of them being Ben Harden. He went up to the weeping boy, and sitting down on the edge of the bunk, said in quite a kindly tone:

"What's the matter, my lad? Feeling homesick, eh? Well, I can't blame you. It's a poor place you've come to. But cheer up, and make the best of it. You'll feel better when you get rested."

With a great effort Eric gulped down his sobs and wiped away his fast-falling tears. He felt much relieved at seeing Ben again, and did his best to give him a smile of welcome as he said:

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come. Everything seems so strange here." A grim smile broke the habitual sternness of the big man's face.

"Strange! Yes; no doubt. It is a strange place. Perhaps you'll think it stranger before you leave it," said he--adding in an undertone to himself, so that Eric hardly caught the words, "that is, if you ever do leave it."

A large pot hung on a kind of wooden crane before the fire, and pointing to it Ben asked Eric if he wouldn't like something to eat. Then, without waiting for a reply, he went over to the table, and picking up a plate, proceeded to fill it from the pot, and having added a spoon, brought it back to Eric.

Now, trouble may take away the appetite of older people, but with a hearty, healthy boy hunger may always be trusted to insist upon being attended to. Eric had not tasted food since early morning, and it was now approaching midnight. Could anyone who knew anything about boys find it in his heart to criticise him if the plateful of savoury stew vanished rapidly before his dexterous wielding of the spoon?

Ben was highly pleased at his protégé's vigorous appetite.

"Well done, my hearty!" he exclaimed. "That's the best kind of physic for you. You'll soon be yourself again. Now, then, just you lie down and take a good snooze, and that'll finish the cure."

Eric was just about to throw himself back upon the pillow when he caught sight of Prince, who had been watching him with eager eyes while he satisfied his hunger.

"My poor Prince!" he cried. "I was forgetting all about you.--Please, can't he have some dinner too?"

"Sartin!" said Ben. "The brute must be hungry. I'll give him a good square meal." And filling a tin dish from the pot, he set it before the mastiff, who attacked it ravenously.

Eric felt decidedly better for his hearty meal. A luxurious sense of warmth and languor stole over him. He stretched himself out upon his comfortable couch, and in a few moments sank into a deep, dreamless sleep. Prince having licked the dish until it shone again, resumed his position beside the bunk, and fell asleep also.

(To be continued.)

Small boy (to grocer): If you please, Mr. Welby, my mother wants to know if you will give her an almanack? Grocer (leaning over the counter): But, my little man, your mother does not get her groceries here. Small boy: No, Mr. Welby; but we often borrow your wheelbarrow.

A Boy's Promise.

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy throng came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous decision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other,
But I shall keep my word, boys, still,
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who can doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still
Because he promised mother.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 30.] LESSON IX. [March 3.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 30-45 Memory verses, 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the resurrection and the life.—John 11. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Mary, v. 30-32.
2. Jesus, v. 33-43.
3. Lazarus, v. 44-45.

TIME.—Latter part of February or early part of March, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—Bethany.

RULERS.—Herod in Galilee and Perea; Pilate in Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus was in Perea when a sudden summons brought him to the bedside, or rather the grave, of his friend Lazarus.

HOME READINGS.

- M.* The raising of Lazarus.—John 11. 30-37.
Tu. The raising of Lazarus.—John 11. 38-45.
W. The sickness.—John 11. 1-10.
Th. Death of Lazarus.—John 11. 11-19.
F. Hope and tears.—John 11. 20-29.
S. A child restored.—Matt. 9. 18-26.
Sa. Triumph over death.—1 Cor. 15. 19-26.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Mary*, v. 30-32.
What service had Mary done for Jesus?
Verse 2.
Why had Jesus delayed his coming to Bethany? Verse 15.
Who first met Jesus near Bethany? Verse 20.
What assurance did Jesus give Martha? Verses 25, 26.
Where was Jesus when Mary sought him?
Where did the people think that Mary was going?
What did Mary do when she saw Jesus?
What did she say to him?
Who had said the same words before? Verse 21.
Why had Jesus delayed his coming? Verse 4.
2. *Jesus*, v. 33-43.
How was Jesus affected by Mary's grief?
What did he ask?
What reply was made?
How did Jesus show his love for Lazarus?
What did the Jews say of him?
What question did they ask about his power?
Where was the body of Lazarus laid?
What command did Jesus give?
Who objected, and why?
What did Jesus say to Martha?
For what did Jesus give thanks?
For whose sake did he give thanks?
What command did he then give?

3. *Lazarus*, v. 44, 45.

What result followed Jesus's command?
What further order did Jesus give?
What effect had the miracle on the people?
What great truth does this miracle illustrate? (Golden Text.)
Who plotted against Jesus, and why? Verses 47-55.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The sympathy of Jesus?
2. The love of Jesus?
3. The power of Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long had Lazarus been buried when Jesus came to Bethany? Four days. 2. What did Jesus say to Martha, the sister of Lazarus, in the Golden Text? "I am the resurrection," etc. 3. How did Jesus show his sympathy at the grave of Lazarus? "Jesus wept." 4. What command did Jesus give? "Lazarus, come forth!" 5. What followed the words of Jesus? The dead man came forth living.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The human sympathy of Jesus.



JESUS AT THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA.

OUR WILLIE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARBETT.

SOME time ago, on a specially festive occasion, I was invited to dine at a beautiful home, which I had often visited before. There was a large gathering of friends, for the family had long been famous for its hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, and I was therefore surprised, on sitting down to dinner, to notice the entire absence of wine-glasses. I wondered, for a moment, whether this was done out of compliment to myself, and I therefore asked the lady of the house if they had become abstainers since I last visited there. I saw, by the change in her face, that my question had given her pain; and, bending toward me, she said, in a whisper: "I will explain it after dinner."

As soon as the dinner was ended she took me into the ante-room, and, with great emotion, said: "You asked me about the absence of wine-glasses at the table."

"Yes," I replied. "I noticed their absence, and I was puzzled at the reason."

With a quivering voice she said: "I want to tell you the reason; but it is a sad story for me to tell and for you to hear. You remember my son Willie?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I remember him well."

"Wasn't he a bonnie lad?" she asked, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes," I said; "Willie was one of the finest lads I have ever seen."

"Yes," she continued, "he was my pride; and, perhaps, I loved him too well. You know that we always used wine freely, and never imagined that any harm would come of it. You are aware, also, that our

house is known as the 'Ministers' Home,' and that they are nowhere more welcome than here. On Sunday I have always let the children stay up to supper, so that they might have the benefit of conversation; and as my husband and the ministers took wine, I always gave the children half a glass—on Sunday nights only. By-and-bye, Willie went to business, and I was as happy as a mother could be. I thought I had everything to make me so. After a time, however, I began to feel uncomfortable. I noticed, when I gave Willie his good-night kiss, that his breath smelt of drink, and I spoke to him about it. He laughed at my fears, saying he had only had a glass with his friends, and I thought that, perhaps, my strong love for him had made me foolishly suspicious. I tried to dismiss my fears; but it was in vain, for I saw things were getting worse. There was a look in his eyes, and a huskiness in his voice, which told me he was at least in terrible danger. I didn't know what to do about it. I feared to speak to his father. If it should turn out that I was mistaken, I knew he would be vexed with me for suspecting such a thing; and if I was

I said, 'No, my boy; I'll soon nurse you up, and you'll be yourself again.'

"Mother," he said, 'I wish you would make me a basin of bread and milk, as you used to do when I was a little boy. I think I could eat that.'

"I said, 'I'll make you anything you want; but don't look so sad. Come up stairs and go to bed, and I will soon get you right.'

"He tried to walk, but fell back into the chair. I called his father, and he came back. Not an angry word was spoken. They only said, 'Willie,'—'Father.'

"Seeing his condition, his father took him in his arms as he would a child, and carried him up into his own bed.

"After a moment's pause, he said, 'Father, I am dying—and the drink has killed me.'

"His father said, 'No, no, my boy. Cheer up! You'll be better soon. Your mother will bring you round.'

"No, never, father. God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

"His head fell back, and my bonnie boy was gone.

"His father stood gazing at him, with a look of agony, for some minutes, and then turned to me, and said, 'Mother, I see it all now. The drink has killed poor Willie. But it shall do no more harm in our house. There shall never be another drop of drink in this house while I live.'

"All the liquor in the house was destroyed, and we parted with the very wine-glasses; and that's the reason of what you noticed to-day."

Archdeacon Blank and his wife were the principal guests of the evening at a country house. The servant had been previously warned that, when the eminent divine arrived, he was to be announced as "The Venerable the Archdeacon Blank." The drawing-room was full; the guests of the evening arrived. The servant looked at the archdeacon and then at the lady, and he got a bit mixed. At last he got it right—he saw how it stood. Great was the consternation when he announced, "Archdeacon Blank and the venerable, Mrs. Blank."

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