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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1894.

[No. 2.]

FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"HOLIDAY! bully for Mr. Spence! Let's give the school yell!" and instantly from twenty-two lusty throats went up the hoop—"Rickety, rickety, ray-ray-ray! Hurrah for the boys of the S. B. A.!" Well might they shout, for holiday was dealt out sparingly to the pupils of Seaside Boys' Academy, and nothing but a sudden and imperative turn of affairs could have taken Mr. Spence away in the middle of the week.

Perhaps if our boys had known the painful errand on which his absent feet were bent, the merry yell would not have rent the air; but it was better so: soon enough the burdens and cares of life would fall upon those young shoulders. Meantime God gives them this unlettered time; let them enjoy it.

"Rickety, rickety, ray-ray-ray! Hurrah for the boys of the S. B. A.!" But a holiday burns a hole in a boy's pocket until it is invested, and these gay bondholders began at once to take stock of one another's plans. "I say, Bert, let's go fishing," cried one. But Bert Logan declined with the promptness of a fellow whose mind is made up.

"Bert, what do you say to throwing in and hiring a sailboat for the day?" proposed another.

"I don't care to sail to-day," said Bert positively.

But he was still in demand. "I'll tell you what, Bert: there's a circus tent about six miles up shore; I say, let's light out for her." No; he would not go to the circus, either.

"Well, what in creation are you going to be up to?" his comrades asked, out of patience at last.

Bert was not anxious to be communicative; but he need not have feared interference; his answer was received with derision.

"That old piece of chipped beef? Well, you must be hard up for company! Why, if we've heard old Hiram's sea-yarns once, we've heard 'em a thousand times. Don't be such a softy, Bert."

But they might as well have whistled down the wind: Bert was one of those people for whom the sea's salt breath has a spell. Old Hiram's smoky little hut, roughly shaped from a stranded ship's cabin, was his "glory hole"; the old sealer's tales made the chills creep down his backbone delightfully; and what if he had heard them before?

To-day, however, Bert was to hear a new story, and one that he never forgot.

"Ahoy there now, mate!" cried the sailor; "have you cut the ropes to-day?"

"We've got holiday," answered Bert; "Mr. Spence has gone off somewhere."

"Gone, has he?" Hiram laid his hands, one holding a sailor's dirk-like knife, the other a half-shaped little brig, upon his two broad knees, and looked keenly at the boy. "Gone? ah, poor lad!"

"Do you know where he has gone, uncle Hiram?" asked Bert in surprise. "I didn't think anybody knew; but a certain gentlemanly instinct kept back the question that was on his lips."

"Most likely I know, most likely," said the sailor with a heavy sigh. "I'm well acquainted with the teacher: him and me has many long talks, an' though he's got a sight more book-learnin' than me, there's one book 'at I knows the best, havin'

thumbed it a sight longer. We call it the book of 'Xperience, my boy." Hiram sighed again.

Bert was entirely taken by surprise, and his respectful silence drew the old man on to talk, more than any questioning could have done.

"I let fall that I know of a lad cured of drink once, and that set him to talkin' to me of his trouble—his younger brother, you know. 'I've done everything,' says he,

The sailor gave an unmistakable start. "Never you mind," he said gruffly; "you steer off."

Bert's face flushed at the words, still more at the tone, and he was about to leave the cabin door, when the old man of the sea called out to him:

"There now, comrade, don't take me uncivilly. I might as well spin ye that yarn; it may set up a lighthouse for ye on the worst rocks that lie in any man's way."

Scott. He was an old friend of the *Nelly Bly's* captain; him and him had knocked knees together on the same bench, at the little old field school, away back in the hills. More n that, there was some'at atween them 'at wasn't just open to sight, some grave, I always heard, that hold a young thing 'at was sister to this stranger and sweetheart to the captain.

"Anyways, they was close friends, and the countryman had come long dusty miles to see Captain Scott. Not for fun neither; he was in sore trouble, was this man, his oldest son, a well-up fellow of nineteen, had taken to drink early, and was—ah"—the sailor drew a long hard breath, as if moved by his own story—"he was nothing more or less, lad, than a hog—a hog in the mire."

"He wanted to get out of that hog-mire; oh, yes, he wanted it the worst kind, but what good did that do him? Maybe yo've seen a poor dog chained to a stake, tryin' to get away; the chain's well forged, mind you, and the stake's deep set. Well, that's the game; this young one gathered himself up, time and time again, and jumped away from his hard master appetite. What was the use? He couldn't break one single link of that cruel chain; it held him tight. He lost hope; he quit trying, he gave himself up for lost."

The spring air blew fair and fresh over the wide water, lifting the sailor's thin locks from his ears; yet the sweat stood in beads on his forehead, and the lines of his rugged face looked drawn. He drew out his gay bannanna and wiped his forehead silently. Bert began to fear that he had lost the thread of his story.

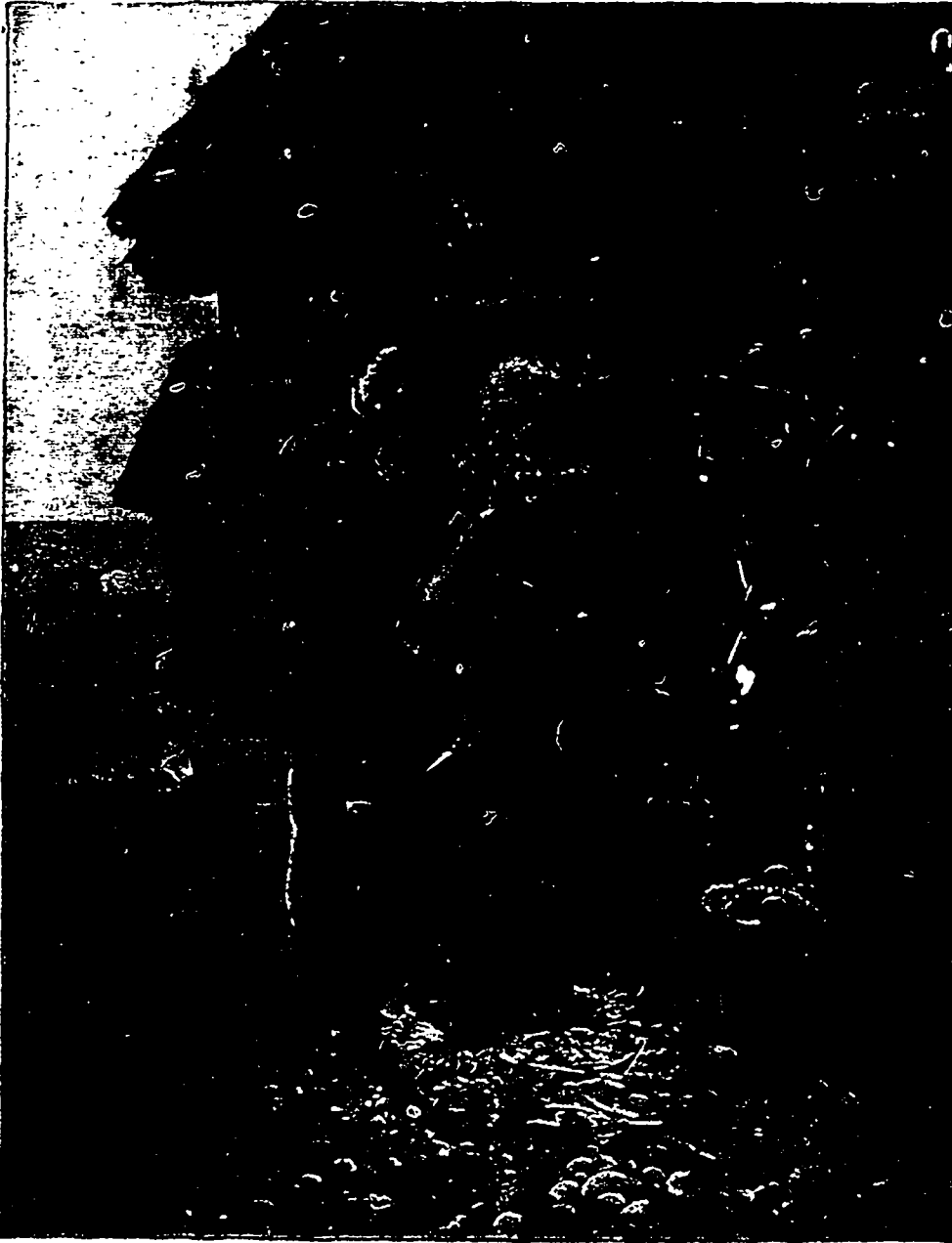
"And what did the man want to see Captain Scott for?" he ventured.

"He wanted him to take this poor slave out to sea; to keep him away from the sight and smell and taste of the fire-water, and give him a chance to shake off his bitter shackles. Captain Scott was slow to agree; he knew what he was takin' on his hands—a soft, useless land-lubber at best; a lunatic, presently; and mayhap a corpse before he was through."

"But the father made his point. I guess that grave in the hills won the day, and the young man shipped in the *Nelly Bly*. Not for the Arctic at once, you see, lad, but cruising about a bit till spring was on the way again."

"And contrary to Captain Scott's lookin', the fellow (we'll call Tom) held up his head wonderful while the ship was waitin' for spring orders: it seemed like he had taken on some fresh hope himself and plucked up a little pride. But it was bound to come: captain wa'n't fooled, he was 'spectin' it. About the time the *Nelly Bly* hove in sight of the ice-packs the fit was on the poor devil."

"You don't know what I mean? No, laddie; thank God every night, by your bedside, that you don't; and pray him every morning when the sun lights up your world, that he'll never, never let ye know what it is to be tormented by a ragin' thirst and longin' that tears at your vitals, till you don't care what hell you sink into, jes' so you can get out of that one; that makes you a coward, a sneak, a driveler, a thief, and likely enough a murderer. Mind you now, I ain't talkin' poetry; no more I ain't paintin' fancy pictures; I'm jes' showin' you a sort o'



THE ANCIENT MARINER.

"and sometimes I think I've got him cured, and then it breaks out again." "You've got to keep on till seventy times seven, Mr. Jim," says I, "and then begin the count over from the first, sometimes. You've got into the biggest fight on God Almighty's battlefield, but it ain't fer you to give up, while you got him to back you."

Hiram sighed again, and went back to making delicate shavings from the side of his little craft. Bert's horizon was suddenly widened, taking in for the first time the cruel vision of the drink-devil. He wanted to hear more, but launched his question at a courteous distance from Mr. Spence's private affairs.

"How was that fellow cured that you know of, Uncle Hiram?"

The sailor was evidently clearing his throat for the story, and Bert was at his side again with a bound.

"Somewhere round forty year ago," began the narrator with an artistic sense of perspective, "the *Nelly Bly* lay in port, discharging cargo, sealskins and blubber. She was a heavy-built thing, as a Greenland's got to be, and by the cuts and scars on her water-edge, you'd 'a' told she'd many a fight with icypacks. Her crew, from captain to cook, looked as brown and shaggy as bears, yet a kindly set o' fellows too."

"Well, about the time she was a clean ship, emptied, ye understand, lad, and ready to spread her wings again, there came to the quay a man to see captain

flashlight of what it is to get under drap.

Well, this Tom roared and swore and threatened and cried and begged and prayed for just one drink. He wasn't pleased...

Suddenly the fellow got quiet, deadly quiet, he went about with a face as white as the mist over the snow-hills, and eyes glowing like evil fires.

"Captain Scott," says he, "I'd like to speak with you in your cabin."

"Don't shut yourself up with that tigor, captain," growled the mate, and like; but the old captain never looked his way; he just nodded to Tom, walked on before him, and shut the cabin door.

"Now, Captain Scott," says he, "you've got to give me some brandy out of that locker, or I'll shoot you like a dog. Oh, yes; I know they would tear me to pieces if I did, but that wouldn't be any worse than the tar that's going on inside of me now; and I'd 'a had one more drink anyway. I been workin' all night for what 'pears like eternity, to tie open the lock of the pistol-rack, last night I gave way, and now you've got to give way. Quick, man! If you raise your hand to me, I'll let go."

But captain want raisin' no finger, much less hand, he was leanin' careless-like 'gainst his locker with arms folded.

"You might as well save yourself that dustier, Tom," says he, "you know well enough there are a dozen men standin' outside that door this minute, and at the first shot they would bust open and throw you to the sharks, you fool, get on you got your drink. And if it wasn't for Tom, he went on, growl awful solemn-like, "if I knew I was to bleed for it this minute, I'd do like a man, keep my word to your poor father."

"This here dodge had failed then. Tom broke down and coud now like a man, not like a baby. God bless 'em! but whined like a whipped cur. He turned the black muzzle round. "It's come to this, then," says he, "I can't stand any longer, I'm going to shoot myself and end this hell."

"Now, maybe if you had been lookin' Jess, you would have seen out captain with white under his brown skin, but he never stirred. Very well, Tom, says he: "good-bye, my lad. I've done my best for you; I'd go on down to the end, if you'd let me, but you won't. It'll come hard on your poor father, to tell him we heaved you over to the sharks, but not so hard, I'm thinkin' as to watch you die by inches. Good bye, Tom. Would you shake hands and forgive me for all my hard treatment? I meant it for the best."

The old sailor had dropped his knife and the unfinished brig, and the tears were running down his seamed face, at his own story. Bert was crying outright. But old Hiram reached out and drew the boy within the curve of his long arm.

"Clark up, mate," he said. "There's land ahead in the story now. That poor fellow couldn't stand out 'gainst such love and kindness as that, he fought on his own side after that, with God and his captain. It was an awful fight, no tongue can tell what agonies he bore up under; but he came through; and when the Nilly Bly was crushed to splinters in an ice-pack, and her crew had to crawl over the ice to safety, all this practice in fightin' himself and the devil came handy; so at when they all was took in by the Queen, poor starved critter, they said if it hadn't a' been for Hiram's cheerin' and helpin', they would never 'a' got to the end of such a journey."

"Hiram!" exclaimed the startled boy. "There now!" said the old man, looking

sheepish. "I done told on myself. Never mind, too; keep the story till you see some good it can do; then you may tell it with a loud voice to that dear old daddy livin' to praise God for that story, and did you a harm, and I mean to do it in person from this minute, up you go. Well, the goal won't be finished to-day, I say I cannot do much, so you needn't wait."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1894.

A THRILLING SCENE.

WHILE the temperance crusade was sweeping through the State of Ohio, the Woman's Christian Temperance League in the town of Styker held weekly meetings for prayer and address on the subject of temperance. The first of these meetings was rendered memorable by a scene which those present will not soon forget.

"Here is the cause of my sorrow! Here are the tears—yes, the very life-blood of a drunkard. Look at it, rumseller! Here is the poison dealt out by you to the once-loved husband of my youth; but now behold the remains of what was once a noble and honored man. Love, truth, even manhood itself has fled. Now behold him! And here is the cause."

She stopped for a moment, her wretched husband cowering before her, and no thing being heard but the sobs of the audience; then turning her pale anguish-stricken face toward heaven, she exclaimed with tearful emphasis:

"How long, O Lord, shall intemperance reign, blighting our dearest earthly hopes and draining our very life's blood!" Then turning her face to the audience she continued, "Can you wonder that I raise my voice against this terrible evil? Sisters, will you help me?" Cries of "Yes, Yes!" came from almost every lady in the house. She sat down pale and exhausted. The meeting concluded, but impressions were made that will not soon fade from the

minds of those present, who went away more determined than ever to fight against strong drink, the foe of human peace.—The P.

PREACHING TO THE YOUNG

The pastor who fails to feed the lambs fails to fulfil a very important part of his commission from the Great Shepherd, and has little occasion to complain that the lambs are not eager to come for the fodder that is intended and adapted only for the sheep.

With thorough preparation, earnestness and freedom in delivery, copious illustrations without falling into "anecdoteage," it will be found that the adults are quite as much interested in and profited by this as by any part of the service, while the children will need little persuasion to attend church, if it is understood that the pastor never fails to have a little sermon for them. This method is found to be far better than an occasional discourse for the children, for that brings them to the house of God only occasionally.

On this subject we offer the following suggestions:

- 1. Carefully avoid baby talk.
2. Use few if any endearing phrases, such as "dear children."
3. It is important to avoid excess of story telling.
4. Do not let the illustrations drown the theme.
5. It is important to preach to the young people every Sunday, that the children may be encouraged to come regularly.
6. It is well to follow up this work by inviting one or two classes at a time to an evening meeting with the pastor.
7. If, together with the foregoing suggestions, the pastor will visit the home of each child in the congregation at least once a year, he will find his own heart kept young, and he will be able to draw the children into the church.

FRIENDS

WIREY Abdallah had reached a good old age he called his ten sons to his side and told them that he had acquired a fortune by industry and economy, and would give them a hundred gold pieces each before his death so that they might begin business for themselves. It happened, however, that soon after he lost a portion of his property and had only 900 gold pieces left. So he gave 100 to each of his nine sons. When his youngest son, whom he loved most of all, asked what was to be his share, he replied:

"My son, I promised to give each of thy brothers 100 gold pieces. I have fifty left. Thirty I will reserve for my funeral expenses, and twenty will be thy portion. I possess in addition, ten friends, whom I give to thee as companions for the loss of the eighty gold pieces; and they are worth more than all the gold and silver."

The man died in a few days, and the nine sons took their money, and without a thought of their youngest brother, followed each his own fancy. But the youngest son, although his portion was the least, resolved to heed his father's words, and held fast to the ten friends of his father, and said to them:

"My father asked me to keep you, his friends, in honour. Before I leave this place to seek my fortunes elsewhere, will you share with me a farewell meal?"

The ten friends accepted his invitation with pleasure, and enjoyed the repast; and when the moment of parting arrived one of them rose and spoke:

"My friends, it seems to me, of all the sons of our dear friend that has gone, the youngest alone is mindful of his father's friendship for us. Let us, then, be true friends to him, and provide for him a generous sum that he may begin business here."

The proposal was received with applause. The youth was proud of their gifts of friendship, and soon became a prosperous merchant, who never forgot that faithful friends were more valuable than gold or silver, and who left an honoured name to his descendants.

Impromptu Verse by Phillips Brooks.

The following bit of impromptu verse is a part of one of Bishop Brooks' "Letters from India," printed in the September Century.

Oh! this beautiful island of Ceylon, With the coconut trees on the shore, It is shaped like a pear with the peel on, And Kandy lies at the core.

And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!) Even when it is spelt with a k. And the people are cheerful and dirty, And dress in a comical way.

Here comes a particular dandy, With two ear rings and full of a stout. He's considered the swell of all Kandy, And the rest of him's covered with dirt.

And here comes the belle of the city, With rings on her delicate toes, And eyes that are painted and pretty, And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

And the dear little girls and their brothers, And the babies so jolly and fat, Astride on the hips of their mothers, And as black as a gentleman's hat.

And the queer little heaps of old women, And the shaven Buddhistical priests, And the lads which the wags callers go in on, And the waggons with six jow beasts.

The tongue they mostly talk is Tamil, Which sounds you can hardly tell how; It is half like the scream of a camel, And half like the grunt of a sow.

NOT QUITE RIGHT.

BY GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

In our children's meetings at Ocean Grove, N. J., one day I asked a boy if he had given his heart to God, and he replied, "Not quite, I don't feel quite right." He came forward, and after praying for some time said with brightened face and joyful tone of voice, "Now I feel right."

To me he was a type of so many I meet of all ages over this land; they want to be Christians, and are trying to be, but are "not quite right." The Lord can make all such quite right if they will let him. Shall I tell you how? I will, by telling you another story of Ocean Grove.

As many of you know, we had a great storm there this summer, which did considerable damage, blowing tents down, tearing up the board walk, and washing away portions of different bathing pavilions and the Ocean Grove Fishing Pier. At Mr. Lillagore's pavilion many of the waiters slept in a portion that was swept away. They, of course, were aroused as soon as their slumber was disturbed, and removed their trunks and effects to a place of safety. While they were talking and waiting to see what next would take place, and feeling very nervous over their escape, their attention was directed to a little girl, four years of age, the daughter of one of them. She sat perched on a high table about 3 a. m., swinging her feet to keep time to the music, and was singing:

"A little talk with Jesus Makes it right, all right; A little talk with Jesus Makes it right, all right. In trials of every kind, Praise God, I always find A little talk with Jesus Makes it right, all right."

They listened and were comforted. Let me say to the little and big people, that therein lies the secret of getting right, all right; and then to keep all right the other part of the secret may be found in the verse, changed a little, as we sing at:

"A constant talk with Jesus Keeps us all right, all right. A constant talk with Jesus Keeps us right, all right. In trials of every kind, Praise God, I always find A constant talk with Jesus Keeps us right, all right."

May we all be made quite right and kept all right!

Dr. GRYLLE says of some ships going to Africa that "heaven goes in the cabin and hell in the ship's hold." How true will it take us to convert the heathen in this way!

Turn It Down, Boys.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

If urged to lift the glass that tempts,
In city grand or humble town,
Be he that tempts the king or czar,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If those that ask you vex and tease,
Perhaps condemn you with a frown,
Be firm, mind not the laugh and sneer,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If health you crave and strength of arm,
Would keep your hairy brows of brow,
Nor have the scarlet flush of sin,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If in your trouble others say,
"In sea of drink your sorrows drown,"
Look out lest drown the drinker be!
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

Cold water, boys! hurrah, hurrah,
Will help to health, wealth and renown;
If urged to give their treasures up,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

few persons took the trouble to find him work to do. It was much easier to take a penny out of the purse, drop it into his hand, and pass on, with a feeling of satisfaction of at once getting rid of a painful object, and of appeasing the conscience, which seemed about to demand that some remedy be found for wretched poverty who has probably it did not occur to any of these well-meaning and charitable persons that they were aiding and encouraging the poor lad to break out of the laws of the country.

Whilst it was still day, though the sun was sinking in the sky, David sat down under a hedge to count over his heavy load of pennies, which threatened to be too weighty for his ragged pockets. He had now five shillings' worth of copper, and he did not know where to exchange them for silver. He placed his old cap between his feet, and dropped in the coins one after another, handling them with an almost wild delight. How rich he would be to go home to his mother, if he had equal luck on his way back! Five shillings for two days' begging! Now that he had found out how easy and profitable it was, and how little risk attended it if you only kept out of sight of the police, his mother and sister should never know what again. He felt very joyous, and his joy found vent in clear, shrill whistling of the times he had learned from street-organs. He was whistling through the merriest of his life, when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and, looking up, he saw the familiar uniform of a policeman.

"You're in fine spirits, my lad," he said. "What's this you're crowing over, eh? Where did you get all those coppers in your cap? How did you come by them, eh?"

David could not speak, though he tried to seize and hide away his gains; but in vain. The policeman picked up his cap, and weighed it in his hand.

"You've been begging on the roads," he said, in a matter-of-course manner, "and you must come along with me. We'll give you a night's lodging for nothing, I promise you. We must put a stop to this sort of thing."

Still David neither moved nor spoke. This an idea reversal of all his gladness and prospects paralyzed him. He had known all the while that any policeman had the power to take him up for begging, and lock him for the night in a police-cell; and charge him with his offence before a magistrate. Not a few of his acquaintances had been in jail, and they mostly said it was for begging. The thought of his mother fretting and longing for him at home, and the grief and terror she would feel if he did not get back on Saturday night, as he had promised, flashed across him. The policeman was busy counting over the heap of coppers, and David saw his chance, and seized it. He sprang to his feet, and fled away with his fast steps as if he had been fleeing for his life.

But it was of no avail to try to escape from the strong and swift policeman, who instantly pursued him. David was weak and tired, and could not have run far if he had been for his life. He felt himself caught firmly by the collar, and shaken, whilst two or three passers-by stood still, witnessing his capture.

"You young rascal!" said the policeman, "you're only making it all the worse for yourself. Here's five shillings and more in his cap," he went on, addressing the bystanders; "and I'll be bound he's been begging along the roads as if he hadn't a farthing. That's how the public is imposed on. Five shillings! and I don't earn more than four shillings a day. There's a shame for you!"

"Ay, it is a shame!" echoed one of the spectators, "a big lad of his age, that ought to be at honest work, earning his own bread!"

"Nobody's ever taught me how to work!" sobbed David, standing bewildered and ashamed, the centre of the gathering crowd.

"We'll teach you that in jail, my fine fellow," said the policeman, marching him off, followed by a train of rough lads, which grew larger and noisier until they reached the police-station, and David was led in out of their sight.

It was a dreary night for David. There was no bed in the cell, and no food was given to him. In his anxiety to save all he could to carry home with him, he had not tasted a morsel since morning; and his meal then had been nothing but a pennyworth of bread, which he had taken reluctantly from his treasure. He had been thinking of buying his supper, and what it would cost him, when his gains had been seized from him, and handed over to the custody of the police-superintendent. He was weary too, topt sore, and worn out with his long tramp.

But neither his hunger nor fatigue pressed upon him with most bitterness. He crouched down in a corner of the cell, and thought of his mother and sister looking out for him all Saturday, and waiting, and watching, and listening for him to open the door, and never seeing him at all! His mother had said who would be hungrier for a sight of him than for bread! Would they send him to jail for

begging? Boys had been sent there for three days or a week, and his mother would be fretting all that time. He would lose his money too, and go home as penniless as he left it. He hid his face in his hands, and wept bitterly till his tears were exhausted, and a raging headache followed. At times he slumbered a little, sobbing heavily in his short and troubled sleep. When he woke he felt the pang of hunger sharper than usual; for he had been nearly a night and a day without eating food, and his hunger made him think again of his mother. Hungry, weary, and bewildered, with an aching head and a heart full of care and bitterness, David passed through the long and weary hours of the night.

It was after mid day before food was provided for him, and then he could not eat it. He felt sick with dread of the moment when he should be taken before the magistrate. He had seen other prisoners summoned and led away to receive their doom; but his turn seemed long in coming. At last it came. He obeyed the call of his name, and found himself, dizzy-headed and sick at heart, standing in a large room, with a policeman beside him. There was a singing in his ears, through which he listened to the charge made against him, and to the policeman in the witness-box giving his evidence.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" asked a voice in front of him; and David raised his dim eyes to the face of the magistrate, but did not answer, though his lips moved a little.

"Were you begging?" asked the magistrate. "Yes," answered David with a slight effort; "but I am not a thief, sir: I never stole a farthing."

"Is there any previous charge against this boy?" inquired the magistrate.

A second policeman stepped into the witness-box, and David turned his dazed eyes upon him. He had never seen him before.

"I have a previous charge of stealing iron against the prisoner."

"It's not true!" cried out David in a voice shrill with terror. "I never was a thief. Somebody ask my mother."

"Silence!" cried the officer who had him in charge, with a sharp grip of his arm. "You must not interrupt the court."

"He was convicted of theft before your worship six months ago," pursued the policeman in the box, taking no notice of David's interruption. "He went then by the name of John Kenyon, and was sentenced to twenty-one days."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked the magistrate, looking again at David.

"It wasn't me!" he answered vehemently. "He's mistook me for some other boy. I never stole nothing, and I never begged afore. You ask my mother. Oh, what will become of my mother and little ones?"

"You should have thought of your mother before you broke the laws of your country," said the magistrate. "This neighbourhood is infested with beggars, and we must put a stop to the nuisance. I shall send you to jail for three calendar months, when you will be taught a trade by which you may earn an honest livelihood."

David was hustled away, and another case called. His had occupied scarcely four minutes. The day was a busy one, as there had been a large fair held in the district; and there was no more time to be spent upon a boy clearly guilty of begging, and who had been convicted of theft. No one doubted for a moment this latter statement, or thought it in the least necessary to inquire if the boy's vehement denial had any truth in it. Another prisoner stood at the bar, and David fell was at once forgotten.

It seemed to David as if he had been and dently struck dead. No other sound reached his brain after he heard the words, "To jail for three months." Three months in jail! Not to see his mother for three months! Perhaps never to see her again; for who could tell that she would live for three months? I was only a few minutes since he heard his name called out before he was hurried into court; but it might have been many years. He felt as if his mother might have been dead long ago; as if it was very long ago since he left home, with her voice sounding in his ears. He seemed to hear her saying, "God bless you, David!" and the magistrate's voice directly following it, "I shall send you to jail for three months." His bewildered brain kept repeating, "God bless you, Davy! I shall send you to jail for three months." It was as if some one was mocking him with these words.

(To be continued.)

"And you say Bill is no longer here?" said the visitor to a small Western town. "That's what I said." But I understood that he was one of your leading citizens. "So he was. That's how we come to lose him. One night we found him leading the wrong horse."

WANTED—A STRONG BOY.

So read a sign in a store window as we passed by the other morning. At noon it was gone, presumably because the boy had come. The placard, however, had done more than accomplish its direct object. It set us thinking. "Wanted—a strong boy." In how many places that legend might be truthfully displayed! The world wants boys that are strong, first of all, in body. A stomach fed chiefly on cakes and pasties, and a nervous system undermined by the deadly cigarette, make a poor basis for stout, fleet limbs and sturdy arms. Other things being equal, a merchant or lawyer wants a boy who can pull a strong oar, or make his horse run on the ball field, and keep his wind in a half mile run. Other things being equal—what other things? Certain ones that are the real measures of strength, whether in boys or men. Has he grit? Can he stick to a thing? Is he quick to take in a situation, ready in an emergency. Bright-witted where others blunder? Is he equal to responsibility? Can he be left with a given task with a certainty that he can do literally left with it, and his employer find it fully done in due season, without a second of intervening anxiety or oversight? These are some of the elements of strength that make up the model "strong boy" who is universally wanted to-day.

But is this all? We think not. If we were gauging the real power of a boy for such a position as has been described, we should wish to know something more than the size of his biceps and the tenacity of his grip on a given bit of work. We should want to know about the strength of his love for that father and mother who have sacrificed so much for his advancement. We should look for some indication of a tie binding him to the house of God as a regular, thoughtful attendant. We should inquire as to the connecting links in his life between his daily conduct and the Word of God. Has he come into an earnest, loyal relation to Jesus Christ, as his Saviour and Master? Is he "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might?"

Yes, there is a great demand for strong boys. Satan wants them that he may rob them of their present and prospective vigor. Christ wants them, that through their youthful robustness the weak places in his army may be reinforced. The Church of to-day, as well as commercial corporations, may well hang out the sign in unmistakable characters, and keep it displayed, "Wanted—strong boys!"

THE POWER OF HABIT.

YOUR is the forming time of habits and these, unless carefully watched, will grow until they bind like ropes and handcuffs. There are few young men who are awakened to the evils of a bad habit in time to conquer, as did a certain young man who had thoughtlessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast.

An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong. "Oh, there's no danger, it's a mere notion. I can quit at any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well" observed the latter, "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear it will be long before I have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how madly the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square wood and never touch another drop. The square wood has pulled me down so low that I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper and after this, strong drink will never catch me in his net again."



A WINTER'S WALK.

Stand for the Right.

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
And "dare to stand alone;"
Strive for the right whatever you do,
Though helpers there be none.

Strive for the right! Humanity
Implores, with groans and tears,
Thine aid to break the festering links
That bind her toiling years.

Stand for the right! Though falsehood
reign,
And proud lips coldly sneer,
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.

Stand for the right!—and with clean hands,
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by.

Men who have seen and thought and felt,
Yet could not boldly dare
The battle's brunt, but by thy side
Will ever danger share.

Stand for the right! Proclaim it loud!
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and thou no more
Be doomed to stand alone!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.C. 3875.] LESSON III. [Jan. 21.

CAIN AND ABEL.

Gen. 4. 3-13. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain.—Heb. 11. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. Cain and Abel, v. 3-8.
2. The Lord and Cain, v. 9-13.

PLACE.—Outside of Eden (Gen. 3. 23).

CONNECTING LINKS.

1. The expulsion from Eden (Gen. 3. 16-24).
2. The birth of Cain (Gen. 4. 1).
3. The birth of Abel (Gen. 4. 2).

EXPLANATIONS.

"In process of time"—As the time went by.
"Fruit of the ground"—Grain, vegetables, or fruit. Such an offering came to be regarded as rather a "thank-offering" than a sacrifice for sin. "Firstlings of his flock"—Firstborn lambs and firstborn kids. A sacrifice of life which was an effort at atonement for sin. "The Lord had respect"—Was pleased with the sacrifice, and showed this in some way that both brothers understood. Abel understood and declared by his method of worship that some sacrifice was required before he could be reconciled to God. Cain by his offering declared the reverse. "Countenance fell"—He showed his anger by his sullen looks. "Sin lieth at the door"—Commentators differ. This may mean, "When thou dost not well thou art committing sin against me." It may mean, "Sin is just outside the door waiting for thee." "Unto thee shall be his desire and thou shalt rule over him"—This means, "Sin, though it desire you, shall yet be under your control if you will." "Cursed from the earth"—Banished from the land in which he had dwelt.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. Adam was made pure; Satan made him sin. Cain was born a sinner; Satan plunged him into deeper sin.
2. The first child of history is the first murderer; the first liar, the first outcast. Sin did it.
3. Abel's character has received a blessed memorial throughout the ages.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Cain and Abel bring to the Lord? "Offerings in worship." 2. Which offering was accepted by the Lord? "The offering of Abel." 3. What was the feeling of Cain? "He was very angry." 4. To what did his anger lead? "To the murder of his brother." 5. What did he receive in punishment for his deed? "The curse of God." 6. What does an apostle teach us? Golden Text: "By faith Abel," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's wrath against sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Does the death of Christ then prove both the justice and the mercy of God?

Yes: in a most wonderful way the cross shows us God's hatred of sin and love towards the sinner.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A boy ten years old or thereabouts pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths taken from some demolished structure, is an every-day sight in one of our large cities. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade-tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes in rags, his face pinched and looking years older than it should. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled on the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A labouring man—a queer old man, with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest a moment under the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away; but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat, the dinner he was to eat if he found work, and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carelessly away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women, and children had seen it all; and what a leveller it was! The human soul is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps, and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman came along, and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched face suddenly awoke and sprang up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down and covered his face with his hands and sobbed.—*Live Oak.*

THE WILY CHINEE.

A GERMAN Jew who keeps a pawnbroker's shop in Sidney is blessed with one daughter, who now and then keeps shop while her father attends sales on the look-out for bargains. During the temporary absence of old Moses recently, a meek-looking Chinaman walked into the shop and asked Rachel to show him some "welly good watches."

Rachel handed down four from the shelf at the end of the counter marked respectively, "\$50 watch," "\$40 watch," "\$30 watch," and "\$10 watch," and arranged them in a line on the counter in the order of their value.

John inspected them, and taking advantage of Rachel's momentary inattention slipped the \$10 watch into the place occupied by the \$40 watch and handed over a \$10 note saying—

"I take cheapes watches."

Shortly afterwards Rachel detected swindle and sought refuge in tears. The return of old Moses, who related the misadventure with many protestations of concern.

"Never mind, my dear," said the father with a dry chuckle, "does vatches was de same brice—\$3—but vat a scoundrel a Shinaman must pe, don'd he?"

THE MASTER'S FOOTPRINTS.

THE Sunday-school Lessons for half the year 1894 will be occupied with the life of our Lord. To a comprehension of the wonderful life—a knowledge of its physical environment—its "setting" is necessary. An opportunity to acquire this knowledge such as has never before been given in Canada, if, indeed, anywhere else, will be presented in the splendidly illustrated articles in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1894, on "Tent Life in Palestine."

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