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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1895.

[No. 2.]

## BURDETTE'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth, with a little "A."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. Oh, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old task-master Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in gangs with their equals.

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say, "God knows it." That's right; but he is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man or boy who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wonder who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't," just once, that settles it. We don't have to

cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells at once, and that is enough. We don't have to say "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths, of the time, but all the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings

## "I'VE DONE IT! I'VE DONE IT!"

A few miles from Newark, New Jersey, in a church where many children were seeking Jesus—some of them weeping bitterly to think they had never loved him—was a girl with tears in her eyes, asking what she must do to be saved. While ministers and Sabbath-school teachers were moving about the church and speaking with these anxious ones, I came across this dear child, about twelve

and make her his happy child. But something kept her back, and she went home with a sorrowful heart.

The next day she pressed her way through a crowd of children, and seizing me by the hand, with a face beaming with joy, she said, "I've done it! I've done it!"

"What have you done?" I asked.

"Oh, I've done it! I've done it!"

"Done what?" I asked again.

"Why," said she, "I just gave myself right up to Jesus, an' he took away my stubborn heart, and now I love him."

That day she joined with many others, who had just given themselves up to the Saviour, in singing:

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
He lov'd me, and I lov'd on,  
(Chorus) to confess the voice divine."

## TO BOYS.

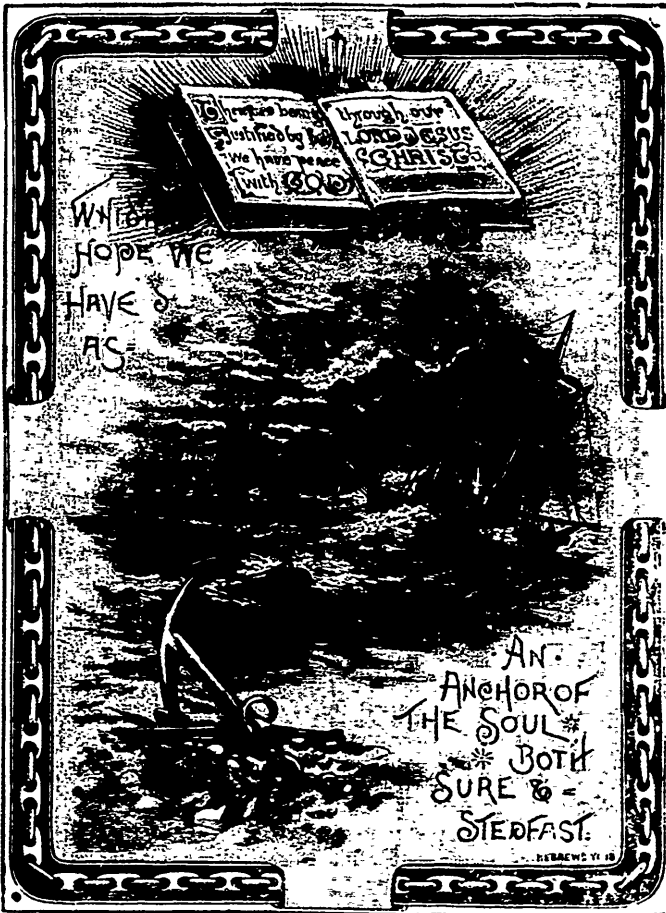
The following good advice to boys is taken from *Our Paper*: "When a boy patient and persevering, and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will make his mark in the world. If he worries, and frets, and stew, it is a sign he is likely to die prematurely, or live to little purpose. If he is in a hurry to spend each coin as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift. If he hoards up his pennies, and will not part with one for any cause, he is likely to be a miser. If he is careful and economical and generous he may or may not be rich, but he will have the blessing of God, and if he is a Christian who attends to his religious duties, he will never want. If he is obedient to his parents he has the promise that his "days shall be long in the land." If he is lazy, and indifferent, and neglects his duties, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him. If he reads dime novels, or low, trashy, five-cent papers, instead of bright, helpful literature, he will likely end his days in prison, or upon the gallows. If he loves his religion, and his church, and his Sabbath-school, he will be good and useful, and occupy an honourable position among men. Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, contented, careful, generous and good? Are you trying to be?"

## A MISSIONARY DOLL.

A story is told how Christianity was introduced into a Hindu village by means of a doll.

The children saw a missionary's wife dressing and undressing a doll as she sat on her veranda, and they thought the big most wonderful; for it was one they had never seen before. They promised to come to school, with the view of obtaining such prizes; and a school was opened with thirty scholars in a village where Christ had never been preached before. And all through a doll.

MAMA—"Now, Bobby, say your prayers." Bobby (after the usual "Now I lay me")—"And please, God, make me a good boy; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."



you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Hazel had been to missionary-meeting. Her prayers were apt to mirror the impressions of the day, and this is what her mother heard at bedtime: "O Lord, I n'pose you know 'bout those missionaries; and, O Lord, please don't let 'em learn any bad habits from the heathen."

years of age, and tried to soothe her by telling her what Jesus had done for her; how he died on the cross for her; how he suffered there for her sins. And I told her that all she had to do now was to come to him, and give herself right up to him. I told her that if she would confess her sins and believe in him, he would at once give her a new heart, and make her a happy little Christian.

Her only answer was: "I can't, I can't; it's so hard."

I talked to her a long time, but it seemed to do no good. It made me feel sad, for I knew how willing Jesus was to take her

Without Money.

It doesn't cost money as many suppose,  
To have a good time on the earth,  
The best of its pleasures are free unto those  
Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,  
The loveliest flowers grow wild,  
The finest of drink gushes out of the spring  
All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint  
Such pictures as nature supplies  
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint  
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks, smiles cheery and  
brave  
Cost nothing—no, nothing at all,  
And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could  
save  
Can make no such pleasure befall.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time,  
And that is the reason, alas!  
Why many who might have enjoyment sub-  
lime  
Their lives in such misery pass.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time;  
The world's best enjoyments are free;  
But those who find pleasure in folly and  
crime  
Will not with these true words agree.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1895.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.

THE first year of a boy's business life is a critical one. He comes, perhaps, from a country home, certainly from a school-life, well hedged about and protected by careful parents and teachers. He has lived heretofore under conditions in which it was easier to go right than wrong, and it is indeed a change when he takes life into his own hands and plunges into a great city's business current whose ramifications encircle the world, and becomes one little atom in its vast force. Then it is he gets his first practical experience of life and gains his first real knowledge of men and things. Then, too, he begins to find out what metal he himself is made of, and to shape his life's course; and as he gives it an upward or a downward curve, so it is apt to continue.

A boy's first position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder; his duties are plain, his place is insignificant, and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place. His first duty, then, is to his work. He must cultivate day by day habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness, and despatch, and these qualities will tell in his favour as surely as the

world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed, as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, bookkeepers, and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers, and truckmen; and this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless he did his duty; every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been with the firm a year he had occasion to ask them for the favour of a week's leave of absence during the busy season.

"That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant; but to show you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had indeed watched him, and had selected him for advancement; for shortly after he was promoted to a position of trust with an appropriate increase of salary.

It must be so, sooner or later, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who means to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear his best efforts both of body and of mind; but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.

There is no position in life more honourable than that of a successful business man, and there are few more influential. It is the judgment and advice of business men that guide affairs of national importance. The most wonderful inventions of the age are but servants to do their bidding. It is no wonder that they are called "Railroad Kings" and "Merchant Princes," when we see the power they possess. How necessary, then, that the boys who are growing up to take the places of those men who now direct our commerce and manufactures, should be noble-hearted, honourable, and intelligent men, not amassing wealth for its own sake or for the selfish pleasures which it brings, but to bestow it in a wise philanthropy for the comfort, welfare, and advancement of their fellow-men.

"THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF."

BY PANSY.

It was midsummer, but a wild, dark night; the fiercest storm of the season was raging, and it was the season of 1881, which some of us remember as a very stormy one. Kate Shelley, who lived not far away from the Honey Creek railroad bridge, was looking out of her window at the storm. It had come up suddenly, but was so severe that the creek had overflowed its banks and carried away lumber, and carts, and everything within its reach. Moreover, the Des Moines River was rising rapidly. What water could not do, wind was accomplishing. The house rocked as if it might be blown away, as a barn had already gone.

Kate, watching from her window, and wondering fearfully what would happen next, saw the headlight of an engine making its rapid way across Honey Creek bridge. She thought what a fearful night it was to be journeying, and felt glad that none dear to her were on the train. Suddenly the light disappeared. The roar of the wind was so great that she heard no sound, but there was only one way to account for the disappearance of that headlight: the bridge must be gone! Then the entire train of cars must have dropped into the chasm!

Surely the people must all have been killed; yet perhaps they were not; there might be some battling with wind and water, trying to escape. Who would help them? No neighbours were near, save

their own family; and mother and little brother and sister were alone downstairs; there was no one but herself. What could she do in the night and the wind and rain?

Then at the moment came another terrible thought; she glanced at the clock; the night express was nearly due; if the trainmen were not warned, they, too, would try to cross the bridge. What if her father were on the train? Kate knew as well as if anybody had told her, that if any dear to her were travelling homeward that night, she would warn them of the danger, even though she gave her life in doing it. She knew, also, certain old words that had power over her—"Thy neighbour as thyself." The voice that spoke these words was the voice of her Leader.

Thought works rapidly. In much less time than I have taken to tell about her, Kate Shelley was in the outer kitchen, filling an old lantern. Then, with a waterproof wrapped about her, she made her way with all speed to the water's edge. I mean that she tried to do so; but the water seemed to have no edge; it had flowed over all paths and roads. There was no way but to try to scramble up the slippery bluff to the track. The sides were lined with underbrush, which tore not only her clothes, but her flesh; never mind, she must get to the top.

And she did. Yes, it was as she had surmised; part of the bridge was gone. On the broken fragments of it that remained she crawled out, to the very last tie, and swung her lantern, and shouted above the wind. It was inky dark below, but a voice answered her from the depths. She learned that it was a freight train that had dropped into the chasm, and the engineer was the only one who had escaped with his life. He had crawled on some of the broken timbers of the bridge, and said he could hold on if help came soon; but how could they save the express?

"I will save it," said Kate; and, turning, she crawled back over the broken bridge, reached the track, and fought her way through the gale towards the station a mile distant. Very soon she came to the high trestle bridge over the Des Moines River. Five hundred feet of this must be crossed before she could hope to warn the train. What if she were too late, and the train should come thundering down upon her when she was in the middle of the trestle? No, she must not think such thoughts. "Thy neighbour as thyself,"—those were her marching orders.

She stepped bravely on the structure, and at that moment came a gale of wind that nearly took her off her feet. She struggled with it, and saved herself; but the feeble light in the old lantern could not stand its force, and went out, leaving her in utter darkness. Matches, if she had had any, would have been worse than useless in the wind. There was nothing for it but to go forward, lighted only by the blinding flashes that showed her glimpses of the boiling water beneath. She tossed her useless lantern into the water, and, dropping on her knees, began her terrible crawl over the five hundred feet of trestlework.

Was that the roar of the train? No, it was the roar of the wind; it swayed her from side to side as she crept on. Now she had reached the middle; the lightning's flash revealed it to her. Hurry! She must save the train. No, she could not hurry; she must move carefully, and hold herself from the clutching wind. Was the train coming? She could not tell; she must not think of it; her duty was simply to crawl on.

At last! at last she felt the ground! Springing to her feet, she flew, rather than ran, the few rods more. Yonder were the station lamps, she must reach there in time. Just in time, no more. She had strength only to shout out the peril, and eyes only to see that a messenger with a red lantern ran in hot-haste down the road; then she fell blind and senseless at the feet of the dazed men that had not yet realized the peril through which she had come.

She did but do her duty, you think? Do you remember that that is all there is for

any of us to do in life? Yes, her reward was great. A hundred happy homes blessed her the next morning. The telegraph wires sounded her praises from one end of the country to the other. The Iowa legislative committee voted her a gold medal in memory of her heroism. But I think that perhaps the sweetest thought that brave Kate Shelley had that night, and afterward, was of One that would be able to say to her, "Well done, good and faithful servant." What can we do to hear such words as those from His lips?

TOBACCO AND LIQUOR ARITHMETIC.

"Boy at head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?"

"\$900,000,000 annually."

"Step to the blackboard, my boy. First, take a rule and measure this silver dollar. How thick is it?"

"Nearly an eighth of an inch."

"Well, sir, how many of them can you pile in an inch?"

"Between eight and nine."

"Give it the benefit of the doubt and call it nine. How many inches would it require to pile up these \$900,000,000?"

"100,000,000 inches."

"How many feet would that be?"

"8,333,333."

"How many rods is that?"

"505,050 rods."

"How many miles is that?"

"1,578 miles."

"Miles of what?"

"1,578 miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make."

Now add the \$600,000,000 we are paying for tobacco annually, to the liquor miles of silver dollars, which is two-thirds as much, or 1,052, and we have 2,632 miles of silver dollars packed closely together, for our nation's one year's grog and tobacco bill. Let these same silver dollars be laid flat touching edge to edge and they would make a continuous ring round the earth.

Reader, if you need facts about this question, mail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take a small army of men with scoop shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog and tobacco.—Am. Ex.

The Lesson of the Birds.

WHAT do the birds when the winter neareth,  
And dead leaves drop downward, and every  
bough is bare,  
And the pools are ice-crusted, and he who  
listens heareth  
The rustle of the snow-wings in the upper  
air?

Oh! the birds they are brave; their fine per-  
vasive senses  
Discern the distant warmth and balm be-  
yond the frost and sting;  
The old ones tell the young ones in secret con-  
ferences,  
And the young ones learn the lesson, and  
trust in the spring.

In the close-pine coverts they crowd for pro-  
tection—  
The left behind who cling to home and will  
not southward go,  
They know the hardy berry-beds, and need  
no direction  
To seek out drinking-basins in the half-  
melted snow.

When the sunshine warms the world, the  
birds rehearse their singing;  
Low trills and twitters break the quiet of  
the woods,  
And while spring is yet a long way off, they  
see her, and come winging,  
Blue-bird and thrush and robin, in joyous  
brotherhoods.

Teach us your lesson, dear birds, of bright en-  
durance  
To face the cold, and face the gloom, and  
bravely wait and sing,  
And trust the Love that never fails, in confi-  
dent assurance  
That out of winter's deepest drifts shall  
bloom the spring!

THE saloon paralyzes law and holds with an iron grip its administrators. Stamp it out.

My Ships.

I stood and watched my ships go out
Each one by an unmooring fire.
What time the quiet harbour filled
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed—her name was Joy—
She spread a smooth, white, shimmering sail,
And went away with bounding spars
Before the sighing gale.

Another sailed—her name was Hope;
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find in western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed her name was Love—
She showed a red flag at the mast;
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped south right fast.

The last that sailed—her name was Faith—
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay to—at last she steered
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships they sailed away
Over the shimmering summer sea;
I stood and watched for many a day—
But none came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain;
Hope stranded on a hidden reef;
And Love to kill and fundered fast
In whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn—
She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
A Crown linked to a Cross.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Wallon.

CHAPTER XII.—CHRISTIE WELL-CARED FOR.

"WHAT'S the matter with that little lad?"
said one of the men to the landlady, as she
was preparing their breakfast the next morning.
" He's got a fever or something of the sort. He's been talking about one thing or another all last night. I've had toothache, and scarcely closed my eyes, and he's never ceased chattering the night through."

"What did he talk about?" asked another man.
" Oh! all sorts of rubbish," said the man with the toothache, " bright cities, and minerals, and snow-drops; and once he got up, and began to sing; I wonder you didn't hear him."

"It would have taken a great deal to make me hear him," said the other, " tired out as I was last night; what did he sing, though?"
" Oh! one of the tunes or, he said so that I expect he gets them in his head so that he can't get them out. I think it was 'Home, sweet home' he was trying at last night; and the man went to his work."

"Well, Mrs. White," said another man, " if the boy's in a fever, the sooner you get him out of this the better; we don't want all of us to take it."

When the men were gone the landlady went up to Christie to see if he were really ill. She tried to wake him, but he looked wildly in her face, and did not seem to know her. So she lifted him by main force into a little dark room under the stairs, which was filled with boxes and rubbish. She was not at all unkind woman; she would not turn the poor child into the street in his present condition; so she made him up a little bed on the floor, and giving him a drink of water, she left him, to continue her work. That evening she fetched the parish doctor to see him, and he told her that Christie was in a fever.

For many days little Christie hung between life and death. He was quite unconscious of all that went in; he never heard the landlady come into the room; he never saw her go out. She was the only person who came near him, and she could give him very little attention, for she had so much to do. But she used to wonder why Christie talked so often of "Home, sweet home," through all his wandering of mind his eyes often seemed to run. Even in his delirium, little Christie was longing for the city bright.

But, after a time, Christie began to recover; he regained his consciousness, and slowly, very slowly, the fever left him. But he was weak that he could not even turn in bed; and he could scarcely speak above a whisper. Oh, how long and dreary the days were to him! He had begun to grow tired

of waiting on him, and so Christie was for many a long hour without seeing anyone to whom he could appeal.

It was a very dark little chamber, only lighted from the passage, and Christie could not even see a bit of the sky. He felt very much alone in the world. All day long there was no sound but the distant shouts of the children in the court; and in the evening he would hear the noise of the men in the great lodging-room. Often he was awake the greater part of the night, and lay listening to the ticking of the clock on the stairs, and counting the strokes hour after hour. And then he would watch the faint gray light creeping into the dark room, and listen to the footsteps of the men going out to their daily work.

No one came to see Christie. He wondered that Mr. Wilton did not look after him, when he missed him from the mission-room. Oh, how glad Christie would have been to see him! But the days passed slowly by, and he never came, and Christie wondered more and more. Once he asked Mrs. White to fetch him to see him, but she said she could not trouble to go so far.

If little Christie had not had a friend in Jesus, his little life would almost have been broken, in the loneliness and desolation of those days of weakness. But though his faith was sometimes feeble, and he was then very downcast in spirit, yet at other times little Christie would talk with Jesus, as with a dear friend; in this way he was comforted. And the words which the evangelist had read to his old manhood were ringing in his ears, " Let not your heart be troubled." Still, those weeks did seem very long and tedious. At last, he was able to sit up in bed, but he felt faint and dizzy whenever he moved. For he had had a very severe attack of fever, and he needed all manner of nourishing things to bring back his strength. But there was no one to attend to the wants of the poor-motherly boy. No one, except the dear Lord; he had not forgotten him.

It was a close, stifling afternoon. Christie was lying upon his bed, patting with the heat, and longing for a breath of air. He was faint and weary, and felt very cast down and dispirited. " Please, dear Lord," he said aloud, " send someone to see me."

And even as he spoke the door opened, and the clergyman came in. It was too much for Christie! He held out his arms to him in joy, and then burst into tears.

" Why, Christie," said the clergyman, " are you not glad to see me?"
" Oh," said little Christie, " I thought you were never coming, and I felt sure a long way from home! Oh, I am so glad to see you."

Then Mr. Wilton told Christie that he had been away from home, and that another clergyman had been taking his duty. But the night before he had preached for the first time since his return in the little mission-room, and he had missed Christie from the room; but he had asked the woman who cleaned the room about him, but she had told him that Christie had never been there since he went away. The clergyman had wondered what was the matter, and had come as soon as he could to hear.

" And now, Christie," he said, " tell me all about these long weary weeks."
But Christie was so glad and so happy now, that the past seemed like a long, troubled dream. He had waked up now, and had forgotten his sorrow and loneliness.

The clergyman and Christie had much pleasant talk together, and then Mr. Wilton said,

" Christie, I have had a letter about you, which I will read to you."

The letter was from little Mabel's papa, who was a friend of the clergyman.

" MY DEAR MR. WILTON.—There is a poor boy of the name of Christie in his surname I do not know) living in a lodging-house in Ivy Court, Percy Street. He lived formerly with an old organ-grinder, but I believe the man was thought to be dying some weeks ago. My dear wife took a great fancy to the boy, and my little Mabel frequently talks of him. I imagine he must be left in a very bad condition, and I should be much obliged if you could find him some respectable person who will act as a mother to him."

" I enclose a cheque which will pay his expenses for the present. I should like him to go to school for a year or two, and then I intend, if you will consent to serve Christ, to bring him up to work as a street-singer amongst the lowest class of the people in your neighbourhood."

" I think I could not perpetrate my dear wife's memory in any letter way than by carrying out what I know were her wishes with regard to little Christie. No money or

pains will I spare to do for him what she herself would have done, had her life been spared."

" Kindly excuse me for troubling you with this matter; but I do not wish to defer the final at-tie where Christie and his old master lived was the last place my dear wife visited before her illness; and I feel that the charge of this boy is a sacred duty which I must perform for her dear sake, and also for the sake of Him who has said, ' Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

" Believe me, dear Mr. Wilton, ' Yours very sincerely, ' GERALD LINDSAY."

" Christie," said the clergyman, " the dear Lord has been very good to you."

" Yes," said little Christie, " old Treffy was right; wasn't he, sir?"

" What did old Treffy say?" asked the clergyman.

" He said the Lord had some work for me to do for him," said Christie, " and I didn't think there was anything I could do; but he's going to let me after all."

" Yes," said the clergyman, smiling; " shall we thank him, Christie?"
" He kept on by Christie's bed, and little Christie clasped his thin hands and added his words of praise:

" O Jesus, I thank thee so much for letting me have some work to do for thee; and, please, I will stay outside the gates a little longer, to do something to show thee how I love thee. Amen."

" Yes, Christie," said the clergyman, as he rose to go, " you must work with a very loving heart. And when the work is over will come the rest. After the long waiting will come ' Home, sweet home.'"

" Yes," said Christie, brightly, " there's no place like home, no place like home."

(To be continued.)

AN EXPERIMENT.

" How can I see the bottom of the river or lake?" is a question that often arises in youthful minds. Now it isn't so hard a problem after all. The young people will be pleased to know that the object can be attained by the use of a water telescope such as the Norwegian fishermen use to ascertain the position of the herring shoals.

It is made quite simply. Procure a tube made of tin, and funnel-shaped, about three and a half feet long, and nine inches in diameter at the broad end. It should be wide enough at the top to take in the observer's eyes, and the inside should be painted black. At the bottom, or wide end, a clear thick piece of glass must be inserted, with a little lead in the form of a ring to weight the tube. When the instrument is immersed in clear water, it is astonishing how many fathoms down the observer can see. A great deal of genuine instruction and amusement can be gathered out of such an instrument for young folks.

"TELL THE OTHER BOYS"

WARNINGS against the cigarette habit multiply. Some of them are terrible. Every little while physicians furnish testimony of how utterly cigarettes poison and destroy the system. One of the most pathetic warnings against the vile habit was given not long ago by a choir boy in one of the Brooklyn churches, who died in great agony at St. John's Hospital. This is the story as given in the Lives of Life:

" Almost his last words were: ' Let a boy who smokes cigarettes look at me now and know how much I have suffered, and he will never put another cigarette in his mouth. He was a bright boy, an exquisite singer, and had many friends. He lived with his grandmother and worked in a chandelier factory.'

" Here is his story as he told it to his sister, Sister Cornelia: ' To me he confessed that this trouble had originated from cigarette smoking. Some days he said he smoked twenty cigarettes. At first he kept his grandmother in ignorance of his indulgence. As he continued to smoke the appetite grew upon him with such force that he could not break it off, and it began to affect his constitution.'

" Why," I asked him, " did you not stop when you saw what it was bringing you to?"

" Oh, I could not," he replied. ' If I could not get to smoke I almost went wild. I could think of nothing else. That my grandmother might not suspect me, I would work extra hours instead of spending my regular wages for cigarettes. For months I kept up this system, although I knew it was killing me. Then I seemed to fall to pieces all of a sudden.' His disease took the form of dropsy in the legs, and was very painful.

" Sister Cornelia continues the story: ' During all his sufferings he never forgot what had brought him to this terrible condition. He kept asking me to warn all boys against their me. A few days before he died he called me to his bedside and said that he thought he had not lived in vain if only those boys who are still alive would profit by his sufferings and death.'

There is no other form of tobacco so dangerous as cigarettes, because the nicotine in the smoke is not absorbed in the loose tobacco, and smoked clear up to the end, but is taken, unfiltered and undiluted, into the lungs. It was not the poison in the paper, but the poison in the tobacco which killed Samuel Kimball, and is ruining the health of thousands of other pale-faced boys.—Epworth Herald.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

MARRIAGE in China is attended by many ceremonies and by many strange customs. Very few bridegrooms see their brides until the wedding night, it being considered a great breach of etiquette for young ladies and young gentlemen to associate or even to see each other before marriage. All the arrangements are made through the parents. During these ceremonies many presents are exchanged between the two families, among them, sweetmeats, paper toys, a live pig, and a goose and quander; the latter thought to be emblematic of the future happiness of the wedded pair.

The bridegroom prepares two cards announcing his engagement. On the outside of the one he keeps is pasted a paper dragon; on the outside of the other, which is sent to the bride, is the picture of a phoenix. The bride is conducted to her future home by the groom's best men. She is accompanied by a band of musicians. At the door of the house the bride alights and is lifted over a pan of burning charcoal into the house.

Seated on a platform near the centre of the reception-room, the bridegroom awaits his bride. Reaching the foot of the platform, she humbly prostrates herself. He then descends, and lifting her up, raises her veil, and looks upon her face for the first time.

Slipping Away.

Fair and slipping away—there's sweet, swift life, like a leaf on the current oar; With never a break in their rapid flow, We watch them as they go by one they go into the beautiful bow.

As silent and swift as the weaver's thread, Or an arrow's flying gleam; As soft as the larkspur's broadened bud, That fits the willow's golden gleam; And tripe the many minutes.

As light as the breath of the cherub's down; As fast as a lark's flight; As pale as the blush in the beauty's cheek; As sweet as the wood lily's wooing note, So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass Down the dim lighted stair; We hear the sound of their steady tread, In the steps of centuries long since dead, As beautiful and as fair!

There are only a few years left to love; Shall we waste them in idle strife? Shall we trample them under our selfish feet? Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet, By the daisy ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah! too few— No evasions (avoids he heard); Make life a rare pattern of rare design; And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine, Not wear an empty word!

KINDNESS AND  
CRUELTY.

THE boy who is kind to dumb animals has something noble about him, no matter what a mischief, or how fond of boyish pranks he may be. But the boy who is cruel in his fun is in danger of becoming a bad man. In our picture we see a boy who has been amusing himself in tormenting a poor little dog. He has pelted it with stones till it has run in terror to the water's edge. Here it has found a kind-hearted lad to protect it. See how quickly the dog knows it can trust its new friend, as he takes it up in his arms. The heartless boy would throw another stone, but a third lad runs up and touches his arm, remonstrating with him. We hope he will feel what a small, mean, and cowardly thing cruelty to God's little, helpless creatures is.

"He prayeth best who loveth best,  
All things, both great and small,  
For the dear Lord who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

A. D. 29.] LESSON III. (Jan. 20.)  
CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.

John 6. 25-35. Memory verses, 33-35.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

He gave them bread from heaven to eat.—  
John 6. 31.

## OUTLINE.

1. Earthly Bread, v. 25-31.
2. Heavenly Bread, v. 32-35.

TIME.—Probably about April, A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Capernaum, where Tell Hum now is.

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

## HOME READING.

- M. Christ the bread of life.—John 6. 25-35.  
Tu. Misunderstood.—John 6. 36-46.  
W. Bread from heaven.—John 6. 47-55.  
Th. Spiritual teaching.—John 6. 56-63.  
F. Christ, the water of life.—John 4. 7-14.  
S. The manna.—Exod. 16. 11-18.  
Su. Eternal life by faith.—1 John 5. 9-13.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Earthly Bread*, v. 25-31.  
Why did Jesus escape from the people? Verse 15.  
How did he and the disciples reach Capernaum? Verses 16-21.  
What question did the people ask Jesus?  
What reason did he give for their seeking him?  
For what did he tell them to labour?  
Who would give them enduring good?  
What question did the people then ask?  
What is the work of God?  
What did they ask about a sign?  
What did they say about their fathers?  
How did God provide for their need? (Golden Text.)
2. *Heavenly Bread*, v. 32-35.  
Who had given the people bread from heaven?  
Who is the true bread of God?  
What did the people ask?  
What did Jesus in reply say of himself?  
Who should never hunger?  
Who should never thirst?  
Who murmured over Jesus' saying? Verses 41-51.  
How did he explain the true bread? Verses 52-56.  
What effect had this teaching on the disciples? Verse 66.  
What says Isaiah about those who hunger and thirst? Isa. 55. 1.



What invitation does Jesus give? John 7. 37.

Who gain in this gracious invitation? Rev. 22. 17.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. What we should seek for first?
2. Who only can give us the bread of life?
3. How we nevermore hunger?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who sought Jesus? The multitude that he had fed. 2. For what did Jesus reprove them? For not hungering and thirsting after righteousness. 3. What did Jesus say would enable them to "work the works of God?" Belief in Christ. 4. Who is the "Bread of God?" The Lord Jesus Christ. 5. What is the Golden Text? "He gave them bread from heaven to eat."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine authority of Jesus.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

How does Jesus explain the Ten Commandments?

By teaching us that they forbid sin, not only in outward actions, but also in the thoughts and purposes of the mind. Matthew 5. 21, 22.

TRUE sensitiveness does not speak of itself.

## KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.

LITTLE Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking-chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at the window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say: "Thank you, little master."

Drop his paper, he said: "I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master?'"

"The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said: 'I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa.'"

"Well you have just laughed, and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you; but, perhaps, I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple and wanted to eat the green one too. Just then I remembered something I learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master;' but I know I said it myself."

"What is it Miss McLaren has been teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad blood, that will run into our veins and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and, perhaps, give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do they will give us pure, lively blood that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself and doesn't eat too much it seems as if it were thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words but it's just what it meant. At this papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face."

"When in a minute it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said: 'Weren't these the words, 'I keep my body under?'"

"Oh, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

## The Sacred Birthday.

Those dimpled hands that Mary's lips  
So often and so fondly pressed;  
Ah, how their rosy finger-tips  
Woke rapture in her virgin breast!  
Can mother hearts forget  
His birthday liveth yet?

Those boyish hands—obedient, swift,  
To learn the master-workman's skill—  
To every youth they bring a gift  
Of industry and duty still,  
Can workmen forget  
His birthday cometh yet?

Those healing hands, that banished pain,  
Restored the dead again to life,  
That broke the mourning captive's chain  
And stilled the raging tempest's strife!  
Can mourning hearts forget  
His birthday bleaseth yet?

Those bleeding hands that on the cross  
Were stretched and pierced to save our  
race,  
That paid the debt, that bore the loss,  
And opened wide the gates of grace!  
Can ransomed souls forget  
His birthday beameth yet?

Those radiant hands that from the tomb  
Rose up to God and led the way,  
With promise to prepare us room  
And guide us gently day by day!  
Can trusting ones forget  
His birthday dawneth yet?

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## A LITTLE TOO SOON.



Fond Father (to friend).—I want you to see my twin boys, old fellow. They're asleep now; they look like a couple of angels when their asleep; step right into the bedroom!

The boys were not exactly asleep, however; in fact they were right in middle of their usual nine o'clock pillow fight.