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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

[No. 9.

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

Many pleasing pictures have been drawn for us, by travellers, of the Alpine shepherd and his flock. The grassy slopes of the Alps afford fine pasturage for the herds of cows, goats, and sheep owned by the mountaineers. Both men and women tend these flocks, often along the precipitous sides of the mountains, where it would be death to any foot less sure to tread. The short skirts of the women and the bobtailed jackets of the men, give them the appearance of boys and girls, until their faces are seen.

These Swiss mountaineers are sturdy, hardy people, generally honest and polite, though always on the sharp lookout to make whatever fee they can by guiding travellers over the precipitous slopes of the mountains. Their flocks consist chiefly of goats. These goats are usually belled, and each bell is said to possess a different tone. When they are all clanging together, travellers declare that it is really like listening to music to hear them.

Each shepherd carries, in addition to his alpenstock—a stick for climbing—a great horn, known as the "Alpine horn." This horn is truly a huge affair, and it is often the source of wonder to travellers how the shepherd can bear to be burdened with it. Sometimes it is as much as eight feet long, and nearly always from four to six. It is made either of wood or metal, and often a most musical combination of sounds can be produced upon it by a skillful player. Sometimes an entire air is played, the principal one being the Swiss "Ranz des Vaches," or the cattle call. When they hear it the flocks always quit their browsing, and find their way to the shepherd in answer to the summons. In this way they are gathered together for their homeward journey.

The shepherd in the picture does not seem to have a horn anything like so long as the Alpine horns are said to be. Doubtless he is too sensible to provide himself with one so cumbersome.

BASEBALL.

The American people seem to have gone almost crazy about baseball. In every large city there are baseball clubs which have a national reputation. Even the smallest towns do not feel themselves up to the times without baseball grounds

and frequent contests with their neighbours. That would be an old foggy sort of school which did not have its "nine." From May to November our daily papers are full of baseball news. Large salaries are paid to famous players, and millions of dollars are expended to witness important games. We have no means of making an accurate comparison, but we should not be surprised if as much money is spent

the game. If men, for the sake of the salary and the reputation they earn in baseball grounds, are willing to endure the heat of summer and the danger of being maimed for life, how much more ought professing Christians be ready to toil, that they may win a heavenly crown? If people are willing to spend so much money to see their favourite champions win

the hotly-contested field, how much more should we be willing to spend as much, and more, to bring the world back to God? Is it not a shame that a nation professing to be Christian should be more interested in baseball than in the awful conflict between good and evil raging everywhere, and involving the salvation or ruin of immortal souls? Let all Christian people show the same zeal which is shown for baseball, and the world will soon be won to God.—*Forward.*

THE FIRE THAT "OLD NICK" BUILT.

AN imitation of the "House that Jack built."

"Intemperance."—This is the fire that Old Nick built.

"Moderate drinking."—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

"Rum-selling."—This is the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

"Legislation."—This is the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

"Public Opinion."—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

"A Temperance Meeting."—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

"A Temperance Pledge."—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we

quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

"Eternal Truth."—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows which we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.



AN ALPINE SHEPHERD.

during the season for baseball as for all our churches combined.

We say these things not specially to find fault, for we believe baseball to be a noble game; and, apart from the betting that has grown to be connected with it, one of the best athletic sports. If people will spend money for amusements, it is probably better that they do it for an outdoor game like this rather than at the theatre or circus. But we want, like the apostle of old, to draw a lesson from

What Would Jesus Do?

A young and earnest pilgrim
Travelling the King's highway,
Counting over the lessons
From the guide-book every day,
Said, as each hindrance met him,
With purpose firm and true,
"If on earth he walked to-day,
What would Jesus do?"

It grew to be his watchword
In service or in light;
Helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsoiled, pure, and white
For when temptation lured him,
It nerved him through and through
To ask this simple question:
"What would Jesus do?"

Now, if it be our purpose
To walk where Christ has led,
To follow in his footsteps
With ever careful tread:
Oh, let this be our watchword,
A watchword pure and true,
To ask, in each temptation:
"What would Jesus do?"
—The Silver Cross

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE.

THE use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage results in a habit which binds its victim with an iron power. The whole physical system cries out for the accustomed stimulant. The capacity of resistance is constantly diminished, and the rush and clamour of the appetite and passions is like a thunder-storm in motion. It is seldom that a tippler is thoroughly reformed who does not also become a reformed man. Salvation from sin—from all sin—through the blood of Jesus Christ, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, is his only hope, as well of sobriety and decency as of eternal life. The reformation will not suffice except there be also a transformation.

It is a satisfaction to know that this moral miracle is sometimes wrought, but it must never be forgotten that these reformed men have suffered irreparable losses. They were deformed before they were reformed, and, as a consequence, they lost time, strength, money, influence, reputation, and moral power. They dishonoured their manhood, destroyed their self respect, and dragged their reclaimed souls through the mire of sensual indulgence. The lost opportunities can never be recovered, the impaired powers can never be fully restored, and the bitter memories can never be wholly washed away. The wounds of the soul are healed, but the scars remain.

The lesson, therefore, in the lives of these men is

one of admonition. Their return to virtue and to God is to be heartily commended; but they are, nevertheless, beacons to warn rather than examples for imitation.

Prevention, holding men back from becoming drunkards, is the supremely important work. Let every one beware of entering on this downward way, and let ministers, parents, teachers, and all Christian labourers remember always that their best work for God and man is not recovery, but prevention.

A PULL ALL TOGETHER.

FOR remember the old saying, "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!" That is what accomplishes results. Oftentimes two brave hearts working together will do ten times the work that one would.

The other day I saw two ragged children on the Boston Public Garden gleefully clasping hands, and raising another child between them. Neither of the little bearers could alone have lifted the weight, but together they trudged off easily with their laughing burden, and made great fun of the whole matter, too.

That is what Young People's Christian Endeavour Societies are for, and Chautauqua Circles, and Temperance Bands, and all sorts of gatherings and associations of young people in the Church and Sunday-school. You help one another to help other people. Clasp hands with somebody, and then set to work bearing burdens for others.

Then, as you help some little child over a hard place, you will find, like St. Christopher, that you have been bearing Christ, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, his children.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

WAITING FOR THE MASTER.

THE wind was roaring, the waves were rising; proud, angry breakers were defiantly splashing their white heads in the distance.

"A jolly good dance old Neptune is going to lead us to-night," said a careless-looking sailor leaning against the cabin. "If I were the captain I would order some grog all round to give some Dutch courage, for we shall have squalling of both kinds before night falls."

A small cabin-boy was passing by; it was his first voyage. "Is there any danger?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Danger! Oh, heaps!" cried the man, thinking it fair sport to frighten the lad. "Before the morning we shall all be food for the fishes."

"Leave the boy alone and have done with your nonsense," said the captain, sternly, coming up, but his voice sounded anxious. "Look here, Walter; when the storm rises you keep below, and don't come up unless I call you myself, remember."

"Yes, sir," said the lad, and down the stairs he went.

"A milkop!" cried Smith, shrugging his shoulders.

"A milkop!" echoed the captain; "there is more real stuff in that lad than in any of you."

Presently above the roaring of the waves, and the fierce wailing of the wind, came a sudden fearful and a long roar, and then a quick flashing light which seemed to fall right upon that one frail ship, and lit up in a wondrous way the great angry sea above and below her. Then another crash of thunder and another broke upon the storm till the men's hearts failed them, and some of them sobbed like little children.

Walter was, true to his orders, down in the cabin, and kneeling on his knees, he was praying his prayer, "Deliver us from evil," when Smith appeared with a scared face. "Where's the whiskey?" he cried hoarsely. "It can't matter now the captain is washed overboard, and we shall all be dead men before an hour. I must get a glass first." He was so terrified he hardly knew what he was saying.

The boy's sweet voice, "Deliver us from evil," rose like an angel above the storm, and Smith's hand was stayed.

"For thine is the kingdom," went on that brave,

silvery tone, and then—came another shiver; the vessel was struck.

Down went the life-boats, up rushed the crew. It was a hopeless chance, but still it was a chance. Another flash of lightning came; it revealed all hands but one. Where was the cabin-boy? Smith flew down the stairs again; there was the boy still kneeling, his hands were still clasped. He was waiting for his master's call, was he? Well—the Captain had called him, and little Walter's half finished prayer here was ended in that land where there is no more sea.

But his prayer, "Deliver us from evil," was not ended even here, as you may imagine, for Smith, who with only two others, were saved that fearful night, never forgot that boy's firm faith or his brave obedience.

"Waiting so patiently for the Captain," he used to say so reverently that at last it became his motto too; and Smith, in waiting for his Captain, became such a brave, God-fearing, sober man, that he was an example to all around him, and a devoted follower of the Great Captain of heaven and earth.

TOBACCO.

DEAR Boys,—

"Tobacco is a filthy weed,
And from the Devil it doth proceed.
It spends your money, and burns your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose."

How do you like this poetry? It was composed by a man over fifty years ago, who was smoking when he repeated it. Did you ever see a tobacco user, who was glad he learned to use it? I think nearly all of them will say they are sorry they learned to use it. Here is a short story for you.

Over fifty years ago, an old man came into a store, leading a little boy, and said to the merchant,

"Weigh out a pound of tobacco for this boy; he was born with an appetite for it." The boy was only six years old, and the old man was his grandfather. Do you think that was kindness? That boy's mother smoked when she was a young woman, and now her boy must suffer because he has a natural taste for it. His grandfather might have helped him to overcome it. It is a strong habit and a vile one. Children ought not to do bad things, even if they see their parents do them, so I hope none of you will use tobacco, not even if your fathers and uncles do. But here is more about that tobacco-using boy. He grew to be a man and still he puffs and chews. He becomes a greater slave each day. Lately there was a revival meeting where he was, and he came to the altar for prayer but didn't get saved. That habit of tobacco was in his way. How much money do you suppose he has chewed and smoked up, in over fifty years? I think more than enough to buy a good farm. I once saw tobacco growing in one of the southern States, and great, green worms, as large as my finger, called tobacco worms, crawling over it. I don't want to chew such stuff; do you? Let the farmers have it to kill the lice on their calves, if they want it. It is a poison even for insects.

A FABLE.

"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way." But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.

NELLY'S DARK DAYS.

By the Author of "Lost in London."

CHAPTER II.

LOCKED OUT.

THE figure which staggered on before them had once been that of a tall, well built man, strong and upright, with a firm tread and a steady hand. Bessie had known him in his better days, but such as he was now—feeble and bent, with reddened eyes and shaking hands—Nelly had never known him otherwise. Rodney loved Nelly with all that was left to him of a heart. It was perhaps the last link which bound him in nature to God and his fellow-men. She was his latest-born, and the only child remaining to him; and though he had lost the sense of all other affections, this one still glimmered and lived within him. Such as he was now he was sure of her love for him, for she could not compare him with any better self in happier times. The state to which he had reduced himself was the only one she knew; and the drunkard felt that there was no reproach mingled with the little child's kisses upon his parched lips.

Rodney floundered on through the narrow streets leading homewards, unconscious that he was followed by the silent and noiseless girls, whose ill-shod feet made no sound upon the slushy pavement. His progress was slow and uncertain; but at length he turned down a short passage, and paused, with labouring breath, at the foot of a flight of stone steps leading to the upper flat of the building in which he lived. It was to see him safe up this perilous staircase that Bessie had come so far out of her own way. A false-step here, or a giddy lurch, might be death to him. They ventured nearer to him between the dark and narrow walls as he climbed up before them; and as soon as he reached the landing, upon which several doors opened, their hearts were at rest, now all danger was over. He groped his way on from door to door until he gained his own, and then with an unexpected quickness and steadiness of hand, he lifted the latch and passed in, slamming the door behind him, and turning the key noisily in the lock. Nelly sprang forward with a sudden cry.

"Oh! Bessie," she cried, wringing her small hands in distress, "whatever are I to do? When father's like that I durstn't let him see me nor hear me, for mother says maybe he'd kill me. And mother durstn't stir to open the door or he'd nearly kill her. And it's so cold out here, and all the neighbours gone to bed, and it 'ud kill me to stay out of doors all night, wouldn't it, Bessie? What-
ever are I to do?"

It was too dark for Bessie to see the terror upon the child's wan face, but she could hear it in her voice, and she could feel the little creature trembling and shivering beside her.

"Never mind," she said, soothingly, "I'm not afraid of him. He's a kind man, and he'll open the door for me, I know; or else you shall come home with me, Nelly, and I'll carry you all the way. Hegg! Mr. Rodney, sir, please to open the door again."

She knocked sharply and decisively at the door, and called out in a shrill voice, which made itself heard through all the din he was making inside. He was silent for a moment, listening, and Bessie went on in the same clear tones,

"You've locked Nelly out, Mr. Rodney, as has been waiting and watching ever so long for you; and it's bitter cold to-night, and she's tired to death. Please unfasten the door and I'll bring her in."

There was no sound for a minute or so except the hollow and suppressed cough of the mother, who was struggling to hush the noise she made, lest it should arouse the drunken fury of her husband. Then Rodney shouted with an oath that he would not open the door again that night for any one.

"It's me, father!" sobbed the child, "little Nelly, and it's snowing out here. You didn't use to be so bad to me. Please to let me in."

She was beating now with both hands on the

door, and crying aloud with cold and terror, while her mother's low cough sounded faintly within; but she dare not rise from her bed and open the door for her little girl.

"I'll teach you to come waiting and watching for me," cried Rodney, savagely; "get off from there, and be quiet, or I'll break every bone in your body. Now, I've said it!"

Nelly's hands dropped down, and she crouched upon the door-sill in silent agony; but Bessie knocked again bravely.

"Never you mind, Mrs. Rodney," she said, "I'll take Nelly home with me, and carry her every inch of the road. And, Mr. Rodney, sir, you'll be sorry as sorry can be as soon as you come to yourself. Good night, now; and don't you fret. Nelly's here, up in my arms, safe and sound; and I'll take care of her."

Bessie had lifted the child into her arms, but still lingered in the hope that the door would open. But it did not; and turning away with a sorrowful and heavy heart, and with Nelly sobbing herself to sleep on her bosom, she made her way toilsomely along, under her burden, and through the thickening snow, to her own poor lodging.

MORNING FEARS.

When Rodney awoke in the morning, he had a vague remembrance of the night before, which made him raise his aching head, and look with a sharp prick of anxiety to see if his little child was in bed beside her mother. His wife, who had been lying awake all night, had now fallen into a profound slumber, and her hollow face, with the skin drawn tightly across it, and with a hectic flush upon her cheeks, was turned toward him; but Nelly was not there. What was it he had done the night before? In his dull and clouded mind there was a dawning recollection of having heard little hands beat against the door, and a piteous voice call to him to open it. It was quite impossible that the child could be concealed in the room, for it was very bare of furniture, and there was no corner in its narrow space where she could hide.

Through the broken panes of the uncurtained window he could see the snow lying thickly upon the roofs; and he was himself benumbed by the biting breath of the frost, which found its way, in rime and fog, through the crazy casement. Could it by any possibility have happened that he had driven out his little daughter, Nelly, who did not shrink from kissing and fondling him yet, drunkard as he was, into the deadly cold of such a winter's night? He crept quietly across the room, and unlocked the door, letting in a keener draft of the bitter wind as he opened it. His wife moved restlessly in her sleep, and began to cough a little. He drew the door behind him, and stood looking down over the railings which protected the gallery upon which the houses opened, into the street below. The snow that had fallen during the darkness was already trodden and sullied by many footsteps; but wherever the northern wind had blown it had drifted into every cranny and crevice, in pure white streaks. A few boys were snow-balling one another along the street; but all the house doors, which usually stood open, were closed, and the neighbours were keeping within. If any of them had been open he could have asked carelessly if they knew where his Nelly could be; but he did not like to knock formally at any one of them. In which of the houses at hand could he enquire for her, without exposing himself to the anger and contempt of the inhabitants?

He could not make up his mind to enquire anywhere. He was afraid of almost any answer he could get. More than once he had beaten his little girl; but they had made it up again, he and Nelly, with many tears and kisses, and he knew she had borne no malice in her heart against him. But he had never driven her out of her home before—a little creature, not eight years old, in the wild, wintery night; at midnight too, when every other shelter would be closed. Where could she be at this moment? What if she had been frozen to death in some corner where she had tried to shield herself from the snow-storm? He wandered along the street, casting fearful glances down each

flight of cellar steps, where a child might creep for refuge, until he reached the wider thoroughfares, and the numerous gin-palaces in them.

But just now Rodney's heart was too full of his missing child to feel the temptation strongly. He fumbled mechanically in his pocket for any odd pence that might be there; but he was thinking too much of Nelly to have more than a faint, instinctive desire for the stimulus. He was cold, miserable, and downcast; but he had not as yet sunk so low that anything except the assurance that his little daughter was alive and well, could revive him. With bowed head he went on in a blind search for her, along the snowy streets, looking under archways, and up covered passages, wherever she might have found a shelter for the little face and form, which were dearer than all the world to him, cruel as he had been to them.

He turned home again at length, worn out and despondent, wishing himself dead and forgotten by all those whom he had made miserable, and more than half tempted to make an end of it altogether in the great, strong river, whose tide would sweep him out to sea. Swept away from the face of the earth—that would be the best thing for them and for him! If he only had courage to do it; but his courage was all gone, had oozed away from him, and left him only the husk of a man, fearful of his own shadow, except when he was drunk. He scarcely knew whether he trembled from cold or dread as he loitered homewards; and he could hardly climb the worn steps which he must ascend to reach his house, for the throbbing of his heart and the tremor in his limbs. He was afraid of facing his dying wife and telling her that he could not find their last little child, the only one that she would have had to leave behind her.

But as he came within sight of the door, he saw that it stood open an inch or two, and his eye caught the gleam of a handful of fire kindled in the grate. Before his hand could touch it, the door was quickly but quietly opened, and Nelly herself stood within, her hand raised to warn him not to make any noise.

"Hush!" she whispered, "mother's asleep still, and you're yourself again. Bessie said you'd be yourself again, and I needn't be afraid. Come in and let me warm you, daddy."

She drew him gently to the broken chair on the hearth, and began to rub his numbed fingers between her own little hands; while Rodney sank helplessly into the seat, and leaned his head upon her small shoulder.

"Never mind, father," said Nelly, "you didn't mean to do it. Bessie says you'd never have done it of your own self. It's only the drink that does it; and I wasn't hurt, daddy; not hurt a bit. Bessie carried me all the way to her home, like you carried her once, she says. Did you ever carry Bessie, when you were a strong man, in your own arms, a long, long way?"

"Ay! I did," said Rodney, with a heavy sigh, "and now I can scarcely lift you upon my knee. Do you love your poor, old father, Nelly?"

"To be sure I do," said the child earnestly, "why, when mother's dead, there'll be nobody left but me to take care of you, you know. You mustn't ever turn me out of doors then, or you might hurt yourself, and there'd be nobody to see when you're drunk."

"I'll never get drunk again," cried Rodney, "and I'll never be cruel to you again, Nelly. Give me a kiss, and let it be a bargain."

Nelly covered his fevered face with kisses, in all a child's hopefulness and gladness; and told her mother the good news the moment she awoke. But neither the wife, nor Rodney himself, dared to believe he would have strength to keep the promise he made.

(To be continued.)

AN Irishman who had a pig in his possession was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied, "Och, sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon weth a strake o' fat and a strake o' laue aqually, one after t'other."



A STREET SHOWMAN.

A STREET SHOWMAN.

A GREAT deal of the business and pleasure of the Chinese has for its scene the public streets. Their houses are small, the shops and bazaars are diminutive and crowded, so itinerant restaurants, barber shops and other crafts are to be seen in the streets. In our cut is shown a characteristic scene, where for a very small coin the itinerant showman will exhibit his pictures which slide up and down in a light framework which he can carry on his back.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 586.] **LESSON X.** [March 6.

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH.

Jer. 39. 1-10. Mem. verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.—Matt. 23. 38.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of transgressors is hard.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

In the ninth year—B.C. 599. The tenth month—Tebeth, which extends from about the middle of December to the middle of January. Eleventh year . . . fourth month, the ninth day—About July 1, 586, a year and a half after the siege began. The city was broken up—The walls were broken through, and the city surrendered. In the middle gate—Between the upper and lower city. Rab-saris—A high Assyrian title belonging to the previous name; Sarsechim the Rab-saris. So Rab-mag, high priest, or chief of the sorcerers, belongs to Nergal-sharezzer, who was the Rab-mag. Gate between the two walls—Of the valley of the Tyropean, between Zion and the temple hill.

The Assyrians came in from the north; the king fled to the south. The way of the plain—Over Olivet to Jericho, to the plain Jordan. Rabbah—Where, as a centre, Nebuchadnezzar was conducting the siege of Tyre as well as Jerusalem. Sleve sons—As the last sight he should ever behold. Put out Zelekiah's eyes—Thus were fulfilled two remarkable prophecies: one by Ezekiel (12. 10-13), that King Zedekiah should be led into Babylon a captive, should there live and there die, and yet he should never see the city; the other by Jeremiah (32. 3-5), that Zedekiah should speak with Nebuchadnezzar mouth to mouth, and see his eyes. Fell away—Deserted from the city to the Chaldeans.

Find in this lesson—

1. That the way of transgressors is hard.
2. That God's word of warning and of promise is sure to come to pass.
3. That God sends trouble in order to make us better.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What great event had Jeremiah foretold to the Jews? "Seventy years' captivity on account of their sins." 2. When did this captivity begin? "B.C. 605." 3. Who made them captive? "Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon." 4. What did he do with them? "He utterly destroyed their city and the temple, took their treasures, and sent the people to Babylon."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

10. What is conversion?
The turning to God in repentance and in faith.
11. What is faith, in general?
Faith, in general, is a conviction of the truth and reality of those things which God has revealed in the Bible.

HAVING found his true place in the great commonwealth of industry, let the young man cling to it, and not allow himself to be tempted by plausible stories and dreams of sudden wealth into speculations for which he is not fitted.

Temperance—Say "No!"

WHENEVER you are asked to drink, Pause a moment, my boy, and think; Think of the wrecks on life's ocean tossed, Who answered "Yes!" without counting the cost.

Think of the mother, who bore you in pain; Think of her tears, that will fall like the rain; Think of the heart, how cruel the blow; Think of her love, and then answer "No!"

Think of dear hopes that are drowned in the bowl; Think of the danger of body and soul; Think of the sad lives, once pure as the snow; Look at them now, and then answer, "No!"

Think of a manhood's rum-tainted breath; Think that the glass leads to sorrow and death; Think of the homes that are shadowed with woe, That might have been heavens had some one said "No!"

Think of lone graves, unwep and unknown, Hiding life's hopes, once fair as our own; Think of loved forms forever laid low, Who still would be here had they learned to say "No!"

Think of the demon who lurks in the bowl, Whose touch is ruin to body and soul; Think of all this as on life's journey you go, And when the foul tempter assails you, say "No!"

THAT CALVARY SCENE.

STEP into that church. A high scaffolding rises near its eastern wall. You trace the form of a painter at work upon the vacant surface. You see his lifted arm. You can catch the outlines of the great scene he sketches. It is the awful rejection of Christ by the people he came to save, and now gathered to see him die on the cross they have helped to raise. Upon the delineation of that sorrowful scene bear all the details before you in that church; the lofty scaffolding, the artist, his brush, his colours, the very light streaming through a near window upon his work. All things tell in the direction of that grand effort.

You, as a teacher, are to bring before your scholars the impressive thought of Christ's rejection and crucifixion by those he came to save. As in that scene of the painter, so you are to make every thing bear on this supreme thought. To bring it out in its fulness and impressiveness, you must teach that it is not simply a rejection by the Jew and a crucifixion by the Roman. It is a rejection to which they—your scholars—consent. It is a sacrifice for them by the Saviour, and yet they are willing it should be—in vain. Are they—let them think—are they indeed willing to accept the responsibility for this sad rejection? Do they realize in what a position they are placed by their rejection of Christ and their willingness that he should have died in vain? Urge upon them repentance, submission, consecration. May you appreciate your opportunity! You hoped in January to see your scholars at the cross, and may have failed. Spring, you thought, might bestow this coveted blessing. It may be that June, in spiritual things as in the world of nature, is to be a month of blessing. Undervalue none of your helps. To bring out the great scene at Golgotha, how many things there are to aid you, the painter of to-day! You have the lesson itself, the notes, the accompanying exercises of the school,

the reading through the week. They make scaffolding and colours and—light. Your hand must sketch and shade. Forget not your highest ally, even that Holy Spirit who works through you. Yours may be the outstretched hand to make an impression of Calvary upon the soul, but it is God working in and through you. If we submit ourselves fully to God for this work, who can doubt that he will give himself to us in blessing?

WHAT AM I FIT FOR?

There is only one method by which a young man can discover what position in life he is best fitted to occupy. He must try. He may be qualified to plan, to lead, to control, or his talent may be simply executive, and of the kind that assists in carrying out the ideas of other men. In either case his aid is needed in the vast and diversified field of labour presented by a great and growing country. The head and the hand are equally requisite in every branch of science and business, in all the pursuits of actual life. If a man who is merely expert of hand stands or seems to stand on a lower level than he who plans largely and wisely, let him not repine at that; for on the plane where his capacities have placed him, there is less of responsibility and anxious care than in the higher positions assigned to more powerful and comprehensive intellects.

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