

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Général (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

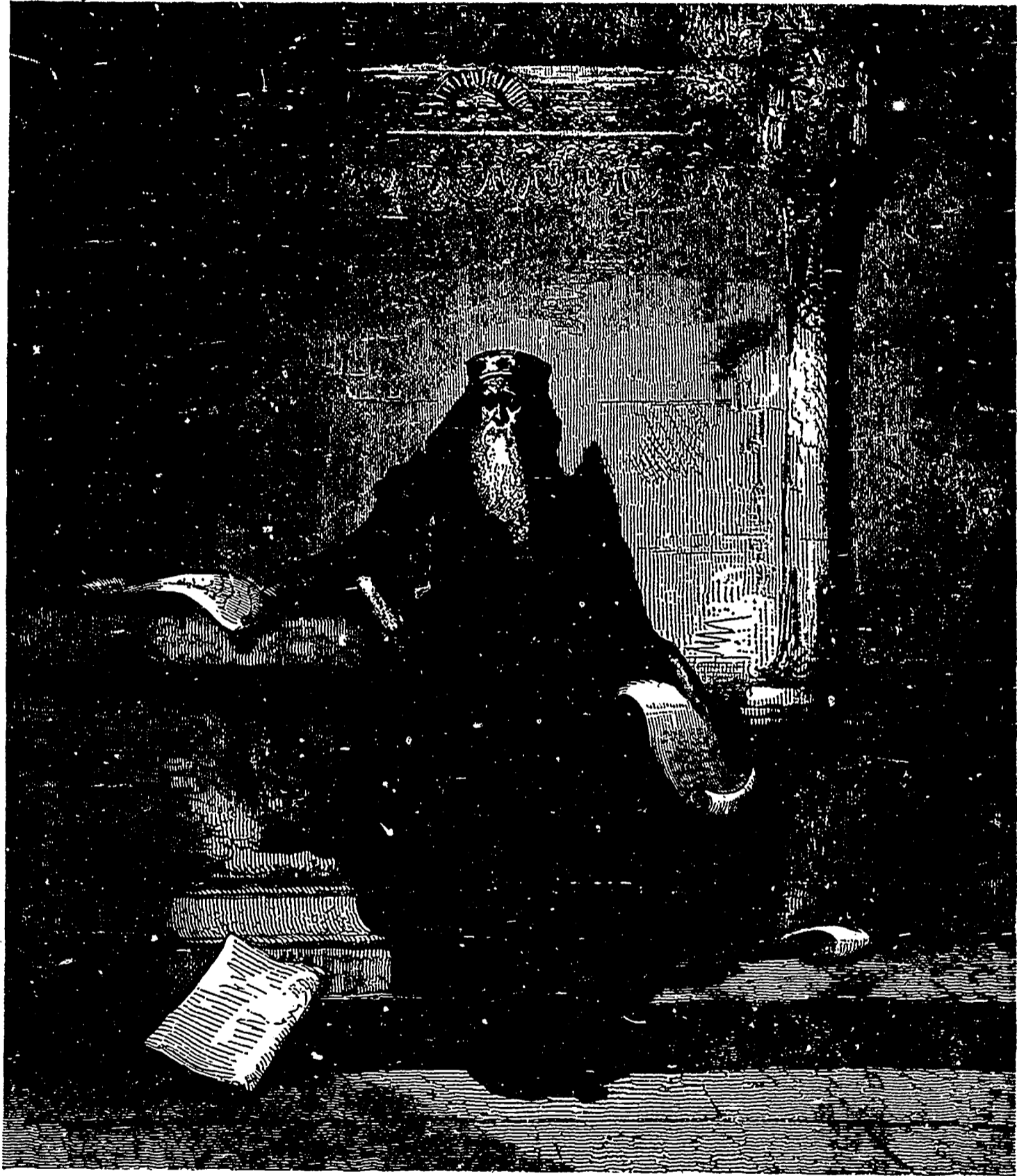
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1897.

No. 3.



SOLOMON. (After Dore's Picture.)

SOLOMON.

We have just completed a study of the character of Solomon. The picture on this page gives us Dore's conception of the wisest of men, seated on the throne of his stately palace, writing some of his proverbs, or wise sayings. We think the artist has made him too old—he was only about sixty when he died. It is, however, a majestic figure, and the drawing of the head and drapery is very fine.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

"The sun is about ninety-three millions of miles distant from the earth," writes Alden W. Quimby, in June Ladies' Home Journal. "It varies through the year because the earth's orbit is elliptical, and the sun is at one focus of the ellipse. The earth is more than three

millions of miles nearer the sun in December than in June, at which time the latitudes south of the equator receive his direct rays and experience the great heat of their summer.

"Let us try to comprehend the figures stated. The other day two racers of the sea proudly lowered the record of trans-Atlantic passage. Could they turn their prows to the sun, and drive their great engines day and night in the crossing of the ether main, it would be five hundred years before they could reach harbour.

"Most persons have noticed the appreciable interval of time between the stroke of an axe at a distance and the resultant sound; could we hear the sound of a solar explosion we would know that the explosion had occurred fourteen years before. Perhaps the most striking illustration is that which imagines a little child to have an arm long enough to reach the sun. The

child might thrust its fingers into the seething fires but it would grow up to maturity, and calmly descend into the valley of extreme old age, blissfully unconscious of any pain from the burning; in fact, it would require another such a lifetime to bring the news to the brain."

GOG AND MAGOG.

Who were Gog and Magog? English tradition says that they were the last of a race of giants who infested England until they were destroyed by some of the Trojans who went to the British Isles after the destruction of Troy. Gog and Magog, it is said, were taken captive to London, where they were chained at the door of the palace of the king. When they died, wooden images of the two giants were put in their places. In the course of time a great fire destroyed these, but now, if you go to London, you

will see in the Great Hall of one of the famous buildings—the Guildhall—two immense wooden emblems of men, called Gog and Magog.

But there are other traditions of the two giants. One is to the effect that when Alexander the Great overran Asia, he chased into the mountains of the North an impure, wicked, and man-eating people who were twenty-two nations in number, and who were shut up with a rampart in which were gates of brass. One of these nations was Goth and another Magoth, from which we readily get the names of the mythical giants. It is supposed, however, that the Turks were meant by Gog, and the Mongols were the children of Magog. We shall find mention made of Gog and Magog in many books, including the Bible; but there is the Great Wall and the Rampart of Gog and Magog, whatever may have been the fact that gave the names of the two giants to that portion of the structure.

In Heaven for Sunday-School.

BY M. B.

There lay on a bed of sickness
A beautiful little girl,
Who was very soon to enter
The heavenly gates of pearl

She was very patiently waiting
Her Father's loving call,
"Come unto me, my little one,
I'll give you rest from it all"

For, oh, 'twas a weary waiting,
For the tired child so fair,
But she must obey the Master,
And he would answer her prayer.

For I know our darling often prayed
To him whose name we love,
That he would bring her quickly
To his mansion up above.

At last a day of sorrow came
To her loving friends below,
As she very earnestly questioned,
If 'twere long 'ere she could go.

For the next day would be Sunday,
And her wish to us was known,
That she then should join the Sunday-
school

Of redeemed ones round the throne.

On that afternoon her prayer was heard,
And she went to join the blest,
Forever with her Saviour,
Safe at home and safe at rest.

But we should not mourn our darling,
Though with us short was her stay,
Her work had been accomplished
Ere Jesus called her away.

And we know she is waiting to welcome
us
To the palace of the King,
Where she is forever sheltered
'Neath the shadow of his wing.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.....	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 00
5 copies and over.....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.....	0 12
10 copies and upwards.....	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly, per year.....	0 07
Per quarter.....	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

O. W. COATES, 217 St. Catherine St., Montreal.
S. F. HURDIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1897.

SMALL SAVINGS.

A large number of the public schools in France have savings-banks in connection with them, which are said to be very popular among the pupils. Some may wonder whether school children really care to save their pennies; but a little incident will prove that the children really do make use of these banks.

A few years ago there were heavy floods in the south of France, which caused great damage and consequent disaster among the poor people. The school children of Bordeaux gave for the relief of the poor, out of their own savings in these school-banks, the sum of two thousand dollars. Think what a joy it must have been to these kind-hearted little people to have a fund upon which to draw in such a time of need?

In the new boys' lodging-houses in our large cities there are savings-banks, which grow in favour with the boys as they come to be acquainted with their workings. There is a great temptation among these boys to spend their earnings on fruits and candies and theatre tickets. But some who have ventured, and found it good to have a growing capital, have not been slow to tell the tale, and their example has been productive of great good.

There is a sorrowful story of a news-boy who put his savings away in the bank until he had accumulated three

hundred dollars. But, alas! the love of money took possession of his young heart and he yielded to temptation. He was led to invest some of his hard-earned money in chances. At first he won a few dollars. This excited him, and when losses came he would not give up the hope of getting back all he had lost and more. And so the gambling went on until his small savings were all gone and he was left penniless, to begin life over again. Let us hope he learned the lesson that only honest gains can be of real use.

There is to-day on one of the streets of New York city a flourishing little news and stationery store. The proprietor is a young man with a good face and a general air of thrift. Only a few years ago he was a newsboy. He saved his small earnings, and by-and-by set up a news-stand. This has grown steadily until now he has a fine little business. It would have been very easy for this boy to spend his nickels and dimes in soda-water and tickets to the "show." But he did not, and already he enjoys some of the fruits of his self-denial.

Without small savings there would be no large savings. The boy who says, "It is no use for me to try to save, I have so little money," will not be likely to save when he has more; for wants are sure to increase in proportion to the amount we have to spend.

If any classmate has not begun to lay aside something, ever so little though it may be, the wisest thing he can do is to begin now.

THE TURNPIKE BOY AND THE BANKER.

It was during a panic in England, some years since, that a banker named Thompson was seated with a melancholy look in his private room, watching through the open door his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. He was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co., but at a moment such as I speak of no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his bankers to withdraw his heard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, and forgetting that this step, of all others, was the most likely to insure the end they sought to avoid.

The banker sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listened to the clamorous demands on his clerks; for although he felt perfectly secure as to the ultimate result, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw man after man rush in, and even his friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently a stranger was ushered into the room, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair and abruptly addressed him: "You will pardon me, sir, for asking rather a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come to the point."

"Well, sir," impatiently interrupted the other.

"I hear that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you," and the banker rose as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask you what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because if it would, I would gladly pay in a small deposit."

The banker started.

"You seem surprised; you don't know my person, or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily. My father kept that gate, and was very often honoured with a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir, few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, only a few minutes, and I have done. Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and, as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas.

"Thank you, my lad," replied you; "thank you, and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so; and you throw me a five-shilling piece. It was the first money that I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gaining on you. Your present brought good fortune with it. I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe much. So, this morning, having accidentally heard that there was a run on your bank, I drew my deposits from my banker and have brought them to lodge with you, in case they may be of any use; so here they are," and he handed a bundle of notes to the agitated banker. "In a few days I'll call again," and snatching up his hat, he laid down his card, and walked out of the room.

Mr. Thompson opened the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop, but the motive was so noble that even a millionaire was affected. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London.—Parish and Home.

SEEDS BORNE FAR BY WATER.

It is good for plants to keep as much apart as possible. If the seed fell straight to the ground, and the young plants all grew up together around the parent one, they would starve each other out. For plants are like people, and when crowded too closely together, fall to fighting among themselves. Their struggles are very bitter ones, though we do not see or hear them. The plants that are strongest in these silent battles end by getting the light and air, and water and food they need from the soil, while the poor weaklings are left to starve and die. To prevent too much of this wasteful crowding and struggling, old Dame Nature has invented many a clever little scheme.

When trees or smaller plants grow on river banks, their fruits often fall into the water, and are carried down stream. The current, sometimes finding landing-places on the banks, and so growing up into new plants. Who has not seen sycamore-balls and buck-eyes travelling along in this easy fashion? These are the fruits of the trees they grow on. Fruit is the part of the plant that incloses the seed, with the seed itself. So the dry pods that hold the black morning-glory seeds are as truly fruits as are apples or strawberries, though we commonly use the word only for those that are good to eat.

It often happens that, on small islands in rivers, trees and flowers are found that do not grow on the neighbouring banks. These have come down the river, sometimes from the mountains where it rises, in the shape of fruits, and have found lodging on the island, during high water. Sometimes fruits are thus borne quite out to sea, and then they may be caught up by ocean currents and carried long distances. It has been said that Columbus first formed the notion that there might be land beyond the western ocean, on seeing some strange nuts that had been washed to the shores of the Azores from far away America.—"How Plants Spread," in St. Nicholas.

A MISSIONARY SCRAP ALBUM.

BY JENNIE HARBOTTLE.

Many a young Christian no doubt often asks: "How can I help in missionary work?" While two young Christians were thus asking, they were invited to visit a friend. This friend showed them her scrap album, with cards neatly arranged, and with pressed ferns pasted here and there.

This gave them a new idea. "Why not make a scrap album of pressed flowers, leaves, etc., for each of our missionaries, who have left all behind to win the heathen for Jesus?" they asked one another.

Accordingly, as spring and summer came, they pressed flowers, leaves, etc., pasted them in a scrap album, and then sent it to India. They intend carrying on the work, and, if possible, send one to each of the lady missionaries. Will not others do likewise, and thus brighten the lives of our dear sisters in far-away lands?

Those who cannot take up this work perhaps can work for Jesus by buying English Testaments, marking verses on Jesus' love, calls to come to Jesus, etc., with red ink, and send them to any of our American missionaries. They are much needed, and will be gladly welcomed.

THE UNOPENED LETTER.

Mr. Scroggie relates: "I heard recently of a poor lad who, getting among fast companions, began to go to the theatre. Having once begun, he felt he must keep it up. He could not afford it, but in order to pander to his evil desires, he took some money from his master's till; then, fearing he would be found out, he ran off and joined the army, and soon, to the distress of his widowed mother, was ordered to India. His mother wrote to him regularly, filling her letters with good advice and motherly love. This so annoyed the son that at length he wrote, telling her that as there was nothing but religion in her letters, he would not open them again; and when the next letter came it was tossed unopened into his box. Sometimes afterwards he was attacked by fever, and brought very low. A Christian comrade sat down by the sick man's bed, and opening his Bible began to read. His sick comrade interrupted him, saying, 'Oh, if you are going to read, just get my mother's letter out of my box.' He got it, and the first words it contained were to the effect that now she had saved enough money to buy his discharge, and enclosed was an order for the money. When he heard this the poor soldier exclaimed, 'Is it true? Is the money there?' Being told that it was, he exclaimed, 'If I had only known, I might have been in Scotland now instead of lying here dying of the fever. Oh! if I had but known.' Like that mother's letter, the Bible is lying neglected in many a house, and those who might learn from it that Christ has purchased their discharge from sin and Satan, remain in bondage, unconscious of the blessing within their reach."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JANUARY 24, 1897.

The nobleman's son who was healed.—John 4. 46-53.

Galilee was a province, or one of the divisions of the Holy Land. In Galilee Jesus performed his first miracle, which produced great excitement among the people, and now when he went thither again, they were to receive him, no doubt expecting to see other wonders performed by him. He soon had an opportunity of giving evidence of his supernatural ability.

WHO CAME TO JESUS?

A nobleman, one who would be regarded as a person of importance. We are very apt to consider persons who have been elevated to positions of influence and authority as far more favoured than common people. They may perhaps have more wealth, and means of personal comfort, but it is an indisputable fact that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." All such persons are subjected to the common ills of life.

A SICK SON.

The nobleman felt as only a father can feel. His son, perhaps the father was hoping that he who was now sick would be the comfort of his declining years, but if such had been his anticipations, appearances now indicated that there was no likelihood of his hopes being realized, for his son "was at the point of death." Young people die as well as those who are aged. We should be ready always for death, and then we could not be taken away unawares. Are the members of the Junior League remembering this?

WEAKNESS OF FAITH.

The nobleman did not doubt Christ's ability, but he thought that it was indispensably necessary that he should go to the place where the sick young man lay, why could he not believe that Jesus could heal the young man even though he did not see him. This is what we may learn from what the Saviour says. Read the latter part of the 48th verse, "Except ye see signs," etc.

CHRIST HEALED THE SON.

Verse 50. The father was feeling alarmed, hence he exclaimed with the greatest earnestness, "Sir, come down," etc., verse 49. "Go thy way," said Christ. Observe the nobleman did not question what the Saviour now said. His faith was in lively exercise. You know faith means taking God at his word. And as Christ commanded so he acted. While he was journeying, he was gratified with the news, "Thy son liveth," and the servants told him when he manifested symptoms of health, and he then knew that it was the hour when Christ said, "Thy son liveth." Learn from this incident the importance of faith. Be not faithless but believing. We walk by faith.

His First Love.

His first love? Yes, I knew her very well—
 Yes, she was young and beautiful, like you;
 With cheeks rose-flushed, and lovely eyes that fell
 If people praised her over much, but true
 And fearless, flashing out as blue eyes can
 At any cruelty to beast or man.
 Her voice? 'Twas very gentle, sweet and low,
 With tones to hush a tired child to sleep:
 In every cadence clear, its silvery flow
 Beside a sick bed has a charm so deep
 Its spell could banish creeping waves of pain,
 Bring easeful quiet to the fevered brain.
 Her hands? Well, dear, they were not quite so small
 As those that trifle with your dainty laces;
 A little browned, perhaps, they had such call
 To carry sunshine into shady places;
 Less delicate than yours, and yet I doubt
 If one who loved her ever found it out.
 Her feet? Sure never steps so swift and steady
 Went straight as arrow flying to a goal;
 If duty summoned her, the ever ready
 To minister to any ailing soul.
 Dear feet that followed where the Master led,
 And set their prints where first he'd left his tread!

His first love? Oh, you do begin to see
 That he might love her dearly, and that yet
 His manhood's love to you might guerdon be,
 Upon your woman's brow, its coronet.
 Dear girl, accept the gift. There is no other
 First love so holy as she gained—his mother.

J. Cole, the Boy Hero

BY
 EMMA GELLIBRAND.

Honored Madam,
 "Which I have seen in the paper a page boy wanted, and begs to say J. Cole is over there, and I can clean plate, which my brutther is under a butler and lerd me, and I can wate, and no how to clean winders and boots. J. Cole opens you will let me cum. I asks 8 and all found. if you do my washin I will take seven. J. Cole will serve you well and opes to giv satisfaxshun. I can cum to-morrer. "J. Cole.
 "P.S.—He is not verry torl but growin. My brutther is a verry good hite. I am sharp and can rede and rite and can hadd figgers, if you like."

CHAPTER I.

I had advertised for a page-boy, and having puzzled through some dozens of answers, more or less illegible and impossible to understand, had come to the last one of the packet, of which the above is an exact copy.
 The epistle was enclosed in a clumsy envelope, evidently home-made, with the aid of scissors and gum, and was written on a half sheet of letter-paper, in a large hand, with many blots and smears, on pencilled lines.
 There was something quaint and straightforward in the letter, in spite of the utter ignorance of grammar and spelling, and while I smiled at the evident pride in the "brutther" who was a "verry good hite," and the offer to take less wages if "I would do his washin," I found myself wondering what sort of wait upon the sea of life was this not very tall person, over thirteen, who "would serve me well."
 I had many letters to answer and several appointments to make, and had scarcely made up my mind whether or not to trouble to write to my accomplished correspondent, who was "sharp, and could rede and rite, and hadd figgers," when a shadow falling on the ground by me as I sat by the open window, I looked up, and saw, standing opposite my chair, a boy. The very smallest boy, with the very largest blue eyes I ever saw. The clothes on his little limbs were evidently meant for somebody almost double his size, but they were clean and tidy.
 In one hand he held a bundle, tied in a red handkerchief, and in the other a

bunch of wild flowers that bore signs of having travelled far in the heat of the sun, their blossoms hanging down, dusty and fading, and their petals dropping one by one on the ground.
 "Who are you, my child?" I asked, "and what do you want?"
 At my question the boy placed his flowers on my table, and, pulling off his cap, made a queer movement with his feet, as though he were trying to step backwards with both at once, and said, in a voice so deep that it quite startled me, so strangely did it seem to belong to the size of the clothes, and not the wearer—
 "Please 'm, it's J. Cole: and I've come to live with yer. I've brought all my clothes, and everythink."
 For a moment I felt a little bewildered, so impossible did it seem that the small specimen of humanity before me was actually intending to enter anybody's service; he looked so childish and wistful, and yet with a certain honesty of purpose shining out of those big, wide-open eyes that interested me in him, and made me want to know more of him.
 "You are very small to go into service," I said, "and I am afraid you could not do the work I should require; besides, you should have waited to hear from me, and then have come to see me, if I wanted you to do so."
 "Yes, I know I'm not very big," said the boy, nervously fidgeting with his bundle; "leastways not in hite, but my arms is that long, they'll reach ever so 'igh above my 'ed, and as for bein' strong, you should jest see me lift my father's big market basket when it's loaded with 'taters, or wotever is for market, and I hope you'll not be angry because I come to-day; but Dick—that's my brutther Dick—he says, 'You foller my advice, Joe,' he says, 'and go arter this 'ere place, and don't let no grass grow under your feet; I knows what it is goin arter places, there's such lots a fitin' after 'em that if you lets so much as a hour go afore yer looks 'em up, there's them as slips in fust gets it, and wen yer goes to the door they opens it and sez, 'It ain't no use, boy, we're sooted,' and then where are yer, I'd like to know? So,' sez he, 'Joe, you look sharp and go, and maybe you'll get it.' So I come, mum, and please, that's all."
 "But about your character, my boy," I said. "You must have somebody to speak for you, and say you are honest, and what you are able to do. I always want a good character with my servants—the last page-boy I had brought three years' good character from his former situation."
 "Lor!" said Joe, with a serious look, "did he stay three years in a place afore he came to you? Wotever did he leave them people for, where he was so comfortable? If I stay with you three years, you won't catch me a 'gavin' yer, and goin' somewheres else. Wot a muff that chap was!"
 I explained that it did not always depend on whether a servant wanted to stay or not, but whether it suited the employers to keep him.
 "Praps he did somethin', and they gi' 'im the sack," murmured Joe; "he was a flat!"
 "But about this character of yours," I said; "if I decide to give you a trial, although I am almost sure you are too small, and won't do, where am I to go for your character? Will the people where your brother lives speak for you?"
 "Oh, yes!" cried the little fellow, his cheeks flushing; "I know Dick'll ask 'em to give me a carcter. Miss Edith, I often cleaned 'er boots. Once she came 'ome in the mud, and was agoin' out agin directly; and they was lace-ups, and a orful bother to do up even; and she come into the stable-ard with 'er dog, and sez: 'Dick, will you chain Tiger up, and this little boy may clean my boots if he likes, on my feet?' So I cleaned 'em, and she giv' me sixpence; and after that, when the boots come down in the mornin', I got Dick always to let me clean them little boots, and I kep 'em clean in the insides, like the lady's maid she told me not to put my 'ands inside 'em if they was black. Miss Edith, she'll giv' me a carcter, if Dick asks 'er."
 Just then the visitor's bell rang, and I sent my would-be page into the kitchen to wait until I could speak to him again, and told him to ask the cook to give him something to eat.
 "Here are your flowers," I said, "take them with you."
 He looked at me, and then, as if ashamed of having offered them, gathered them up in his hands, and with the corner of the red handkerchief wiped some few leaves and dust-marks off my table, then saying in a low voice—"I didn't know you 'ad beauties of yer own, like them in the glass pots, but I'll giv' 'em to the cook." So saying, he went away into the kitchen, and my visitors

came in, and by-and-bye some more friends arrived.
 The weather was very warm, and we sat chattering and enjoying the shade of the trees by the open French window. Presently, somebody being thirsty, I suggested lemonade and ice, and I offered strawberries and (if possible) cream, though my mind misgave me as to the latter delicacy, for we had several times been obliged to do without some of our luxuries if they entailed "fetching," as we had no boy to run errands quickly on an emergency and be useful. However, I rang the bell, and when the house-maid, whose temper, since she had been what is curiously termed in servants'-hall language, "single-handed," was most trying, entered, I said, "Make some lemonade, Mary, and ask cook to gather some strawberries quickly, and bring them, with some cream."
 Mary looked at me as who should say, "Well, I'm sure I and who's to do it all? You'll have to wait a bit." And I knew we should have to wait, and therefore resigned myself to do so patiently, keeping up the ball of gossip, and wondering if a little music later on would, perhaps, while away the time.
 Much to my amazement, in less than a quarter of an hour Mary entered with the tray, all being prepared, and directly I looked at the strawberry bowl I detected a novel feature in the table-decoration. A practised hand had evidently been at work; but whose? Mary was far too matter-of-fact a person. Food, plates, knives, and forks, glasses, and a cruet-stand were all she over thought necessary; and even for a centre vase of flowers I had to ask, and often to insist, during the time she was single-handed.
 But here was my strawberry-bowl, a pretty one, even when unadorned, with its pure white porcelain stem, entwined with a wreath of blue convolvulus, and then a spray of white, the petals just peeping over the edge of the bowl, and resting near the luscious red fruit; the cream-jug, also white, had twining flowers of blue, and round the lemonade-jug, of glass, was a wreath of yellow blossoms.
 "How exquisite!" exclaimed we all. "What fairy could have bestowed such a treat to our eyes and delight to our sense of the beautiful?"
 I supposed some friend of the cook's or Mary's had been taking lessons in the art of decoration, and had given us a specimen.
 Soon after, my friends having gone, I thought of J. Cole waiting to be dismissed, and sent for him.
 Cook came in, and with a proliminary "Ahem!" which I knew of old meant, "I have an idea of my own, and I mean to get it carried out," said, "Oh, if you please 'm, if I might be so bold, did you think serious of engagin' the boy that's waitin' in the kitchen?"
 "Why do you ask, cook?" I said.
 "Well, ma'am," she replied, trying to hide a laugh, "of course it's not for me to presume,—but if I might say a word for him, I think he's the verry handiest and the sharpest one we've ever had in the house, and we've had a many, as you know. Why, if you'd only have seen him when Mary came in in her tantrums at 'avin' to get the tray single-handed, and begun a-grumblin' and a-bangin' things about, as is her way, being of a quick temper, though, as I tells her, too slow a-movin' of herself. As I were a-sayin', you should have seen that boy. If he didn't up and leave his break-and-butter and mug of milk, as he was a-erjoyin' of as 'arty as you like, and, 'Look 'ere,' says he, 'giv' me the jug. I'll make some fine drink with lemons. I see Dick do it often up at his place. Giv' me the squeezer. Wait till I washes my 'ands. I won't be a minnit.' Then in he rushes into the scullery, washes his hands, runs back again in a jiffy. 'Got any snow-sugar? I mean all done fine like snow.' I gave it to him; and sure enough, his little hands moved that quick, he had made the lemonade afore Mary would have squeezed a lemon. 'Where do yer buy the cream?' he says next. 'I'll run and get it while you picks the strawberries.' Perhaps it wasn't right, me a-trustin' him, being a stranger, but he was that quick I couldn't say no. Up he takes the jug, and was off; and when I come in from the garden with the strawberries, if he hadn't been and put all them flowers on the things. He begs my pardon for interfering like, and says, 'I 'ope you'll excuse me a-doin' of it, but the woman at the milk-shop said I might 'av 'em; and I see the butler where Dick lives wind the flowers about like that, and 'av' 'elped 'im often; and, please, I paid for the cream, because I got two bob of my own, Dick giv' me on my birthday. Oh, I do 'ope, Mrs. Cook,' he says, 'that the lady'll take me; I'll serve 'er well, I will, indeed'—and then he begins to cry and tremble, poor little chap, for he'd been

running about a lot, and never eaten or drank what I gave him, because he wanted to help, and it was hot in the kitchen, I suppose, and he felt faint like, but there he is, crying; and just now, when the bell rung, which was too great big boys after the place, he says, 'Oh, please, say 'We're sooted,' and ask the lady if I may stay,' so I've taken the liberty, madam," said Cook, "for somehow I like that little chap, and there's a deal in him, I do believe."
 So saying, Cook retired, and, in a moment, J. Cole was standing in her place, the blue eyes beaming over with tears, and an eager anxiety as to what his fate would be making his poor little hands clutch at his coat sleeves, and his feet shuffle about so nervously that I had not the courage to grieve him by refusal.
 "Well, Joseph," I said, "I have decided to give you a month's trial. I shall write to the gentleman who employs your brother, and if he speaks well of you, you may stay."
 "And may I stay now, please?" he said. "May I stay before you gets any answer to your letter to say I'm all right? I think you'd better let me; there ain't no boy; and Mrs. Cook and Mary 'll 'av a lot to do. I can stay in the stable, if you don't like to let me be in the house, afore you writes the letter."
 "No, Joe," I replied, "you may not be a good, honest boy, but I think you are, and you shall stay here. Now, go back to Mrs. Wilson, and finish your milk, and eat something more, if you can, then have a good rest and a wash; they will show you where you are to sleep, and at dinner, this evening, I shall see if you can wait at table."
 "Thank you very kindly," said the boy, his whole face beaming with delight, "and I'll be sure and do everythink I can for you." Then he went quickly out of the room, for I could see he was quite overcome, now that the uncertainty was over.
 Alone once more, I reasoned with myself, and felt I was doing an unwise thing. Just at that time my husband was away on business for some months, and I had no one to advise me, and no one to say me nay either. My conscience told me my husband would say, "We cannot tell who this boy is, where he has lived, or who are his associates; he may be connected with a gang of thieves for what we know to the contrary. Wait, and have proper references before trusting him in the house."
 And he would be right to say so to me, but not every one listens to conscience when it points the opposite way to inclination. Well, J. Cole remained, and when I entered the dining-room, to my solitary dinner, he was there, with a face shining from soap and water, his curls evidently soaped, too, to make them go tidily on his forehead. The former page having left his livery jacket and trousers, Mary had let Joe dress in them, at his earnest request.
 She told me afterwards that he had sewn up the clothes in the neatest manner wherever they could be made smaller, and the effect of the jacket, which he had stuffed out in the chest with hay, as we discovered by the perfume, was very droll. He had a great love of bright colours, and the trousers being large, showed bright red socks; the jacket sleeves being much too short for the long arms, of which he was so proud, allowed the wristbands of a vivid blue flannel shirt to be seen.
 I was alone, so could put up with this droll figure at my elbow, but the seriousness of his face was such a contrast to the comicality of the rest of him, that I found myself beginning to smile every now and then, but directly I saw the serious eyes on me, I felt obliged to become grave at once.
 (To be continued.)

THE JEWEL-WEED A MINIATURE CANNON.

The most curious of all the ways of spreading the seeds is that adopted by the jewel-weed. This is a handsome plant, often seen in shady places along brooks. It owes its name to the dew that in early morning hangs in glistening drops, like small round diamonds, along the scalloped edges of the leaves. Late in summer—in August and September—the jewel-weed is covered with pretty flowers, something like snapdragon blossoms, orange-red spotted with brown. Later on, when the seeds are ripe, the lightest touch will make the pods that hold them burst open suddenly, and scatter them far and wide, like shot from a tiny cannon. For this reason the European jewel-weed is known as Nollme-tangere, which is Latin for "Touch-me-not." The garden balsam, or lady's-slipper, a relative of the jewel-weed, has the same sort of elastically-opening pods.

What We May Bring.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem
The wise men came from far,
They came with gifts and offerings—
Led onward by a star
Their gifts were quite besting.
Such great men as they were—
The gold that all men treasure,
The frankincense and myrrh.

So now may men bring learning,
And others bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to our King,
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please him,
At home, at school, at play;
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to our King,
And these the gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

When I was a young lad my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute hand and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was quite perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. "Stop, William," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as father did. "William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me; so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure.

"When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life.

"In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what time you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think I have ever looked into the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob. "No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a good deal of sport.

After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Archie. "Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob. "Yes. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground."

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat."

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me."

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. It was Roy. He saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil. "What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob. "He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil—"the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be."

Place.—The court of the temple, Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

M The lame man healed.—Acts 3. 1-11.
Tu The lame man healed.—Ac's 3. 12-21.
W Christ healing.—John 5. 1-9.
Th The power of Christ.—Luke 5. 18-26.
F In Christ's name.—John 14. 1-14.
S Signs following.—Mark 16. 14-20.
Su Power of faith.—Matt. 17. 14-21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Miracle, v. 1-11.
What disciples were going to the temple?
At what time in the day?
Whom did they find at the temple gate?
For what purpose was he there?
What appeal did he make to Peter and John?
Who replied to him?
What did the lame man expect?
What did Peter say to him?
What did he do for him?
What at once occurred?
What did the healed man do?
Where did he go?
Who saw and recognized him?
How were the people affected?
To whom did the man cling?
Where did a crowd assemble?
- The Sermon, v. 12-16.
What question did Peter ask?
Whose glory was shown in this cure?
What had the people done to Jesus?
Whom had they chosen in his stead?
What had God done for Jesus?
Who were witnesses of this fact?
What made the lame man strong?
Golden Text.
How fully was the man cured?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

- That Jesus has all power?
- That faith brings blessing to the believer?
- That we should praise God for his mercies?

A LITTLE BOY'S LIBERALITY.

BY W. A. ROBINSON.

Recently, during a meeting of a Bible Society, while a young member was eloquently setting forth the needs of financial aid and the great good being accomplished by the efforts of the society, a little boy about thirteen years old picked up one of the subscription blanks on the seat, and quietly said: "Father, have you a pencil?" Without comment the father handed the pencil and watched. The boy read and read over the blank, and then carefully filled in "50c." and laid it aside for the collector. Presently the speaker warmed up more to his subject, becoming very earnest. The boy leaned over: "Father, have you a rubber?" The pencil with a rubber was handed silently, the "50c." was erased, and "\$1" filled in instead. This little boy had carefully accumulated a small amount in the bank, and his father, except for instilling lessons of economy and general instruction, never interfered with the disposition of his son's money. So this act sprang from his own thought, and do you not think that the father has a right to be proud of his generous boy? And I will tell you who is even prouder than the father, if possible; the boy's uncle, whose full name he bears, a name that is foremost in all efforts for spreading Christ's kingdom, especially through work in the Sunday-school.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 24.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong.—Acts 3. 16.

OUTLINE.

- The Miracle, v. 1-11.
- The Sermon, v. 12-16.

Time.—June, A.D. 30. Afternoon.

A WILL AND A WAY.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply.
"Do you spell?"
"Oh, yes, sir," was again the answer.
"Do you read?"
"Oh, yes, sir."
"And what book did you learn from?"
"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"
"Oh, I never was at school."
Here was a singular case: a boy could read and spell without a book or master! But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the signboards on the houses. What may not be done by trying? "Where there is a will there is a way."—Christian Observer.

THE TUMBLE-WEED.

Tumble-weeds spread themselves in a wholesale fashion. Instead of sending the separate seeds out into the world with wings or hairs to carry them, the whole plant breaks off near the root, when these are ripe, and goes rolling along the ground before the wind. The bare sun-scorched deserts of the Great West produce several tumble-weeds, and there are some in the prairie region. It is natural that they should be most abundant where there are no hills nor trees to stop them in their course. But we have one tumble-weed in the East—the old-witch grass, so-called, maybe, because it rides the wind like an old bel-dame. In September this grass spreads its head, or panicle, with hairlike, purple branches, in every sandy field. When the seeds are ripe the plants are blown across the field, often piling up in masses along fences and hedgerows. As might be expected, the hair-grass, which has so effective a way of spreading itself, is found throughout the United States, from ocean to ocean.—"How Plants Spread," in November St. Nicholas.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher as school opened, "you may recite your geography lesson. Where is Afghanistan?"

Willie hesitated a moment.
"Don't you know?" asked the teacher.
"Yes, I've got it in my head somewhere, but I can't lay my brain on it just this minute," Willie replied.

International S. S. Lesson Helps

FOR 1897

Illustrative Notes

A Guide to the Study of the Sunday-school Lessons, with Original and Selected Comments, Methods of Teaching, Illustrative Stories, etc., etc. By JAMES LYMAN HULLBERT and ROBERT RAMINGTON DOWNERT. Price \$1.25.

Peloubet's Select Notes

Inductive, Suggestive, Explanatory, Illustrative, Doctrinal and Practical. With Illustrations, Maps, Pictures, etc., etc. Price \$1.25.

Monday Club Sermons

A Series of Sermons on the Sunday-school Lessons for 1897, by eminent preachers. Price \$1.25.

Berean Lesson Books

No. 1.—The Beginner's. No. 2.—The Intermediate. No. 3.—The Senior. Price 20c. each.

Golden Text Booklets

Sunday-school Lessons and Daily Bible Readings, with Golden Texts and Bible Facts. Price, postpaid, each 3c., per doz. 35c.

Berean Leaf Cluster

Large Pictures, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches in size, in eight colours, illustrating the Lessons. Golden Texts printed in large letters. Per quarter, \$1.25, per year, \$5.00.

Picture Lesson Roll

Large Coloured Pictures illustrating the International Sunday-school Lessons. Similar to Leaf Cluster, but with only four colours. Price, postpaid, per quarter, \$1.00, per year, \$3.50.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

O. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUERTIS, HALIFAX.