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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1900

No. 48

The Four Funny Men.

Some funny men built them a castle so high,

Way up in the top of a tree.
That only the squirrels could pass their house by,
And only the wild birds could see!

No door did they have to their lofty abode,
No blinds and no windows there were!
The outside a sheeting of bayonets showed,
But the inside was padded with fur

These funny men slowly grew larger inside,

And the walls of their castle grew, too!
For, save to grow plump, and to slumber beside,
These fellows had nothing to do!

Now, what did they wait for, these four drowsy men,
In their castle so secret and high?
The squirrels they knocked and they knocked at their den,
But they never got word of reply.

One day came Jack Frost, who, in galloping by,
Saw those bayonets bristling about,
So he broke in their walls with his finger-tips sly,
And the drowsy men all tumbled out!

Oh, what then became of the four funny men?
And whom do you guess they were?
Have you thought of four chestnuts whose castle and den,
Is their own snug and warm chestnut burr?

OUT IN THE STORM, AND AT HOME BY THE FIRE.

When the wind is whistling round the house and the snow covers all the earth and comes blowing down in wild gusts from the skies, flying wickedly into the faces of the unfortunate people who have to face the storm, how cosy it is to get beside the bright fire and sit there dreaming and watching the sparkling coals and feeling the pleasant glow of the fire in our faces! The dreary moaning or loud howling of the wind only makes us feel all the more contented with our comfortable surroundings. How happy the children in our picture look sitting by the fireplace! The book is thrown aside for the far greater enjoyment of building castles in Spain and telling each other wonderful stories of the strange things to be seen in the coals.

But a glance at the picture above reminds us that there is a pitiful as well as a bright side to the bitter winter snowstorms. This is "hard times" for the little birds who cannot find the worms for food when the ground is buried in its white mantle, and they are often either frozen to death or starved.

Many boys and girls remember the poor little birds, and each morning gather a handful of crumbs and throw them on the snow for the birds' breakfast. These thoughtful boys and girls are soon known by the birds, who come flocking around, greedily picking up the crumbs as they are thrown out for them. It is a very pretty sight to watch them hopping on the snow picking up the crumbs, and to see how saucy the little things become. Sometimes they almost will hop over one's feet so very friendly do they become.

THE HERO OF THE "BAL TIC."

"I'll give you five minutes, you young rascal!" said the captain, taking out his watch.

Dead silence fell on the crowd, save for the sobbing of the women. The boy so roughly addressed was on his knees, with his manacled hands clasped, and

his eyes lifted to heaven. Perhaps he was praying, I do not know, but after a moment, he reiterated quite calmly what he had said before:

"I will not tell a lie. I promised my mother. I did not take the money. I cannot confess, because I know nothing about the crime."

There was rather an elderly man, one of the steerage passengers evidently, peering from behind the captain's broad back. Nobody noticed the strained, wild look in his eyes, nor the twitching of his muscles, as he caught the little lad's brave words. After a while, he pushed his way around until he could get a full view of the wretched little fellow's face. Then he stood still, gazing at him.

"Three minutes more!" said the cap-

tain, and the mate's cheeks paled as he watched the minutes tick away. A week had passed since the sailor missed his treasured coins. The key to his chest in which he had placed the money had never left his person, but when one night he thought to count it over, revealing in imaginings of what it would buy, it was gone! Nobody had been about the bunks save this poor child, whose duty it was to put them to rights, and they were all convinced that in some inexplicable way he had stolen it. I will not tell you what he had suffered meanwhile at their hands. Now it had come to the captain's ears.

"Let him go!" he said, returning his watch to his pocket. But a voice from behind cried:

tried and found guilty; but through the officers of the law look possession of the real criminal. After a few weeks he was captain's influence, which he was urged to exert in the man's favour by the lad he had so wronged, he was let off with a light sentence. Let us hope he may repent sincerely, and turn from his evil ways for ever. We are glad he had manliness enough to at last declare the innocence of the boy.

AN EXPERIENCE

BY DR. S. W. RICHARDSON.

I remember when I was a young man, having to walk several miles one very cold day when snow was deep on the ground, and a heavy cutting sleet blew in my face in the sharpest manner. I had a companion with me, and we trudged along bravely, forgetting even the cold in talking of the reception we should meet with when we arrived at our destination where we had good and hearty friends to receive us. We had arrived within four miles of the place towards which we were bound, when by an unlucky chance we came upon a neat little wayside inn, the landlord of which had prepared, and had quite ready for all passing travellers, as well as for his regular customers, a store of hot mulled ale. I did not really require anything of the kind, for I had breakfasted well, and had devoured a pasty on my journey; but the temptation was too great to be resisted so I went with my companion and treated him and myself to a pint of the perilous stuff, of the evil of which I had then had no suspicion. The warmth-giving drink, as we thought, disposed of, we resumed our journey, but we had not resumed it ten minutes before I felt the injury that had been inflicted on me, and saw the injury that had been inflicted on my friend. We both stood as if we were smitten, or as if we were spell-bound. The cold cutting breeze and sleet came across us as though it would bar our passage. I felt as if I trod on wool, and as if every step forward was two backward. Added to this was the sense of the oppressive chill or coldness, as if my very bones were cold. We were both active enough, happily, to fight out the struggle, and in half an hour or so, by keeping to our task, we began to feel better, and at last we got to our journey's end. It seemed to me as if I had passed almost through the peril of death from cold, and I have since learned that the symptoms I felt were the precise symptoms felt by those who go through Arctic service when they have proceeded "armed," as is so absurdly said, against cold by a ration of grog.

ONE AT A TIME

When I was a little boy, helpin' mother to store away the apples, I put my arm around so many o' them and tried to bring them all! I man aged for a step or two. Then one fell out, an' another, an' another, an' two or three more, till all were rolling over the floor. Mother laughed. "Now Daniel," says she, "I'm goin' to teach you a lesson." So she put my little hand quite tight around one. "There," she said, "bring that, an' then fetch another."

I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doing ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much all at once. Don't try to put your arms around a year, and don't go troublin' about next week.

One day at a time, one hour, one minute—yes, one second—is all the time we get at once. So our best course is to do the next thing next." Daniel Quorn.

The bitter experiences of life, like bitter draughts of medicine, are often a very fine tonic.



OUT IN THE STORM, AND AT HOME BY THE FIRE.

tain, "and you go down into the hold again. Come, boy: Once for all, tell us what became of Dick Johnson's money."

The boy swayed to and fro in his anguish. He had been in that awful cell in the vessel's hold for three days and nights already, with nothing but bread and water to eat. The foul odours seemed to have permeated his whole system. How could he be let down again by that cruel rope passed under his arms! How could he return to the rats and slimy things ready for their second horrid carnival! He could say he threw the money, Dick Johnson's bag of English gold, into the ocean, or that he burnt it in the engine fires. He could confess his mother's son a thief and a liar, but would he? Even the captain's breath

"Wait!" And the man from behind the captain came close up to this little hero. He threw down the gold before them.

"I took it," he said. "There it is!" Then he folded his arms.

They crowded around the child, and the women kissed him, and thanked God for his deliverance, and when the captain went to grasp his hand, it fell limp and lifeless from his grasp, and he sank an unconscious heap upon the floor. When he had quite recovered, the captain sent for him to come into the saloon, and there a little girl presented him with a purse in testimony of the passengers' regard for his brave conduct, and on the card attached were these words:

For the hero of the "Baltic." When the Baltic ran into port, the

They are Fad for Boys.

Little bits of paper
Old cigars chopped small,
Little puffs of smoke, by
Keeps from growing tall

Lids and slumps worked over
By dilated
Nasty smoke
Make a boy a rowdy,
Make a youth a bloke.

Very bad tobacco,
Very thin and poor.
Something cheap and flitty
No one need endure

Let us come out strongly
Anti-cigarette.
Fight it to a finish
Hard lest we regret.

-Chicago News.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Editor of the Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
216 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1900

GIVE GOD YOUR LIFE.

Dear Juniors, the revival season, so dear to us as a church, is approaching, and we trust that you will take a deep interest in it. To be sure of you as have given Christ your hearts God has a special message. For does he not say "They that seek me early shall find me"? Not that it is not always found of it. To be sure of the world has not that it is so much easier for the young to yield their hearts to God than it is for older persons. Then evil habits have not wrapped their coils so tightly around one, and the love of the world has not gained such a strong hold. The child's loving and trustful nature is quick to respond to the Father's call: "Son, daughter, give me thy heart."

We hope you will try to realize what blessedness it is to give your life to God. For he who gives his life to God is kept. Kept from sin, and the suffering and sorrow that sin brings. Kept to be good, and to go on to glory. Kept to be the most beautiful thing on earth—righteous men and women. Kept thus from evil. For no evil can befall the good man. Kept unto eternal life. For those who are born of the Spirit have obtained eternal life.

Dear young friends, give your lives to God, and let him keep you henceforth and for ever.—Epworth Herald.

OUR JUNIORS.

To you the revival should have special significance. You should first resolve that you have heard and obeyed the call of your beloved Master, and second, you should be filled with a burning zeal to bring others into his service. Consecrate yourselves completely, and then let your messages earnestly and wisely to others. Tell your young friends of the joy you find in the love and service of Christ, and beseech them to come near to him for salvation and life. Pray for and with them, and obey cheerfully the wise instructions of your superintendent.

You can aid greatly in singing, and in distributing invitations to the meetings. Then, too, you might stay with the small

children of busy and tired mothers, and let them sometimes attend the meetings. It would be a great and helpful work that you could bring forth.

THE BRAKLE OF THE KARROO BUSHES.

BY WALTER PALMER.

The brakle of South Africa is a little cur of an odd degree, a sneaking, skulking, peeping outcast from his own kind, a poor substitute for a dog only where no better may be had. Yet, the poor brakle sometimes rises so high as to be worthy of an honoured place among the St. Bernards and Newfoundlanders.

One day, during the dry season of the year, a party of traders were crossing the hot, dust-yeow plain, and the brakle barked at them. At noon they were near the summit of a small kopje, or hillock, and as this offered as much air as there was stirring, they dismounted and made preparations for a midday meal.

This kopje, like most of those they crossed, had a straggling clump of karroo bushes, many of them but a few inches high, and among the karroo was an occasional milk-briar, some long finger-like leaves, and here and there was a tuft of grass or a clump of prickly pears with uplifted, thorny arms.

Presently one of the party noticed a small animal, evidently toward them through the karroo bushes, and as it came nearer, he recognized the intruder as a brakle.

"Throw something at the cur, Dick," he called, "write to one of his companions." "We wouldn't mind feeding a decent dog, but we don't want any of these cowardly mongrels skulking about and maybe following us. Never mind if you do break a stick or two."

Dick caught up a stick and threw it with skilful aim; but, instead of slinking away, as they expected, the animal dodged the missile and came nearer. They called, and again the animal bounded adroitly aside, this time coming to within a few feet of where they were sitting, and beginning to whine piteously.

"Hush on, Dick," another man called, suddenly, "he believes in us, and is stating." "Hoss him a chunk of meat—a big one."

Dick obediently selected a piece of meat, almost half as large as the applicant, and sprang forward to offer it to meet his half way. But the offering was too large for the brakle to grasp in mid-air, and both dog and meat fell rolling upon the ground. Only for a moment, however, did the brakle stop upon his feet, and springing the prize with a firmer grip, he bounded away into the karroo bushes.

"Afraid to eat in sight of us," the first speaker said, indignantly; "that's the way with all these sneaking, skulking creatures. Somebody is trying to steal from them. This cur will sneak off into some solitary place and gorge himself. Well, if he eats all that meat, he will not be hungry again."

But apparently he was mistaken, for ten minutes later the brakle was again looking up into their faces and whining entreatingly. Several of the men whistled under their breath.

"Throw him a chunk of meat, Dick," one of them called, facetiously; "don't you see the brute is starving? Where I've heard that a Kafir could eat his own shadow, and I've heard that you've yours another piece of meat, I can do so. Give him a good, big chunk, Dick."

More meat was thrown to the dog, and, as before, he snatched it with a strong grip and bounded away into the karroo bushes. This they supposed would be the last of him, but, even in less than ten minutes before, he was back again, bounding from one to another, and looking up at them with big, entreating eyes that almost seemed to speak. What little fear and hesitation he had shown at first was now wholly gone. He seemed to have read their confidence.

other: "that is quite evident from the way he smelled the meat. There was a very ravenous longing in his every motion."

Apparently the dog understood that they were talking of him, for he gave a quick yell and bounded into the karroo bushes, then stopped and looked back at them.

"He wants us to follow him," cried the man who had tried to kick to drive the cur away. "Come on!"

He started after the brakle, and the others followed, and the dog, with a joyous, comprehending bark, rushed ahead. Up though the karroo bushes he hurried, and then the dog averted off to the right and bounded on for three or four rods, stopping at length near a clump of prickly pears.

When they came up to the dog, he found him licking the face of an emaciated Kafir, who was apparently dead. But a brief examination showed that the man was merely unconscious, evidently from loss of blood, and with wounds, already beginning to heal, and one of his legs had been fearfully lacerated and crushed. An effort at self-rescue had been attempted, for the fingers rudely found him licking the face of an emaciated Kafir, who was apparently dead.

But a brief examination showed that the man was merely unconscious, evidently from loss of blood, and with wounds, already beginning to heal, and one of his legs had been fearfully lacerated and crushed. An effort at self-rescue had been attempted, for the fingers rudely found him licking the face of an emaciated Kafir, who was apparently dead.

"I found the body of a lion down there," he said, gravely. "It must have been killed a week or ten days ago, for the flesh has been nearly removed by birds and ants. There were wild cats and a fox, and a hand-to-hand encounter, I should say, for I found a long knife in the head of the animal."

"You don't mean—beginning one of the listeners," he said, "I mean just that. I believe this man and the lion fought together, and this man conquered and dragged himself up here, in the condition you see him. Furthermore, he has had the lion's surgeon by licking the wounds, and as sole provider." He nodded toward the dog, which was still licking the Kafir's wounds. Near the animal, and within easy reach of his arm, were the two pieces of meat; and scattered about were the cleanly-picked bones of small animals and birds, and the broken shells of birds' eggs. The men looked at each other with a certain interest. The one who had asked Dick to drive the cur away looked round with a sudden tenderness in his face.

"Yes, I see it all now," he said slowly. "The little brakle has found the animal's blood in the same manner which he alone can explain, and brought them to his master. He licked the wounds, and kept off birds and other intruders which might have been harmful. And the man's unconsciousness is very likely due to thirst. Probably he did not lose his reason until some time this afternoon, and then the dog hurried off in quest of food, and he was left with no water. But when he brought the pieces of meat, and his master would not touch them, he must have realized that the remedy was beyond his power to provide; then he came and implored us to help him."

"Then, there is another thing," his voice becoming softer; "I believe the dog has been starving himself in order to provide for his master. See how bright he shall have no trouble to remember how he smelled that third piece of meat in camp. I suppose he felt that his moments were too precious just then to be wasted in eating. I doubt if he has ever eaten food since his master dragged himself up here."

They were all silent for a few minutes, looking at the Kafir and the dog; then some one asked, "What shall we do with them?"

"Take them along, of course," was the prompt response. "A man who has been cared for as this one has must be worthy of further looking after. His wounds are apparently doing well, and I think we shall have no trouble to remember how he smelled that third piece of meat in camp. I suppose he felt that his moments were too precious just then to be wasted in eating. I doubt if he has ever eaten food since his master dragged himself up here."

display of teeth. So the brakle became a fixture at the camp, and though, of course, his direct affection was always for the man who had saved him, the attention of the party, giving perhaps the second place to the one who had asked Dick to drive him away.

A GOVERNOR FOUND IN A HOGSHEAD.

BY GEO. W. BLUNTAH.

A good-natured philanthropist was walking along the docks one Sunday morning, when he found a boy asleep in a hogshead. He shook him awake, and then opened the following conversation:

"What are you doing here, boy?" "I slept here all night, sir, for I had no other place to sleep in."

"How is that? Have you no father or mother? Who takes care of you?" "My father drinks, sir, and I don't know where he is. I have to take care of myself, for my mother is dead; she did not long ago. And at the mention of her name the boy's eyes filled with tears."

"Well, come along with me. I'll give you a home, and look after you as well as I can." The child thus adopted on the wharf was taken to a happy home. He was sent to a common school, and afterwards employed as a clerk in the store of his benefactor. He became of age, his friend and benefactor said to him, "You have been a faithful and honest boy and man, and if you will make three promises, I will furnish you with letters from the West on your own account."

"What promises do you wish me to make?" inquired the young man.

"First, that you will not drink intoxicating liquors of any kind."

"I agree to that."

"Second, that you will not use profane speech."

"I agree to that."

"Third, that you will not become a politician."

"I agree to that." The young man started in business at the West, and, by mingling his own business in a few years he became a rich man. At the close of the war he came East, and called upon his friend and accepted father. In the course of a happy interview the philanthropist asked his adopted son if he had kept his total-abstinence pledge.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Have you abstained from the use of profane speech?"

"Yes, sir," said the man with emphasis.

"Have you had anything to do with politics?"

"The visitor—the adopted son perhaps I should have said—the child and said, "Without your consent I was nominated for governor of my State and elected. I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

"Ever a hogshead turn out so good a thing as a teetotal governor before? It had to be emptied of its wine before it could be a shelter for the little Arab who ran wild in that wild and lawless and lawless of the great city of New York. The streets and wharves of the great metropolis of commerce invite missionary effort, and the writer hopes that the little walls about on the wave of outward life will not be neglected."

LUCKY DAYS.

I heard some one say the other day: "Brighter is not going to begin that work Friday, are you? Why, Friday's an unlucky day!"

Not many people are so foolish as really to think so nowadays, and surely brighter is not on this side of the world on Friday, and reached Palos on his return on Friday. So, for this dear country of ours, Friday is surely a lucky day. I'll tell you what I think. Every day in which the world is made happier and brighter is a lucky day. And every day in which the saloon and other evil things are allowed to do their wicked work is an unlucky day. When the boys and girls of to-day are as good as the boys and girls of to-day, it is to that there are more "lucky" days than we have now.—Silver Creek.

A Queer Boy.

He doesn't like study, it weakens his eyes." But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise. Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears. And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs; By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear; Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound," Very weary of life, and of "tramping around." But if there's a band or a circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night. The showman will capture him some day, I fear, For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head "aches to split," And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit," But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon, And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon. Do you think he "plays possum"? He seems quite sincere, But— isn't he queer? —St. Nicholas.

RALPH WELDON'S RECRUIT.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

"O mother!" exclaimed Ralph Weldon, rushing into the room, and sitting down in one of the easy chairs with a bump that threatened to damage the springs, "I wish you could have seen Patsy Connors diving off the head of the lumber-wharf. He's a boss swimmer, and no mistake."

"And who may Patsy Connors be, Ralph?" asked Mrs. Weldon, smiling indulgently at her eldest son's reckless ways.

"Patsy Connors? Ah! he's a boy that's always about the lumber-wharf," answered Ralph. "But you know, Ralph, I don't want you to be having as a companion a boy that I know nothing about," said Mrs. Weldon. "He might be very bad company for you."

"Patsy Connors would never do anybody any harm, mother," replied Ralph. "He's a real nice boy."

"Admitting that Patsy is a nice boy, and won't do you harm, Ralph," said his mother, with a meaning smile, "will you do him any good?"

"Will I do him any good, mother?" echoed Ralph, a bewildered look coming over his countenance. "I never thought anything about that."

"Well, but don't you see, my boy, that if you and Patsy are much together, you must have either a good or bad influence upon each other?" Mrs. Weldon explained; "and so, if you are sure that he cannot do you any harm, I want to know if you are equally sure that you are doing him good."

Ralph had not his answer ready. His mother's question was to some extent a poser. The idea of his doing his playmates any particular good had never been put to him in just that way before.

"For instance, Ralph," his mother went on, "do you know if Patsy goes to Sunday-school?"

Ralph shook his head dubiously. "I never asked him, mother; but I feel pretty sure he doesn't. I guess he spends most of his time on Sundays down at the lumber-wharf," he answered.

"I suppose you never thought of inviting him to go to your Sunday-school?" inquired Mrs. Weldon.

Ralph blushed a little and fidgeted in his chair.

"No, mother," he replied; "I don't think he'd care to come, anyway."

"You don't know that until you've tried him. Suppose you give him the chance?"

"O mother! his clothes are so shabby, you know; and he's poor, and can't get any better ones!" protested Ralph.

"Surely my son does not judge people by their clothes!" said Mrs. Weldon, in a tone of reproach. "Didn't you say Patsy was a nice boy and a boss swimmer? If you're not ashamed to play with him, surely you would not be ashamed to go to Sunday-school with him."

Again Ralph had no answer to make; and after he and his mother had talked together for some time longer, the upshot of the matter was, that he promised to do his best to get Patsy to accompany him to school the very next Sunday.

This was on Friday, and the next morning, Ralph, true to his promise, gave Patsy the invitation in a very pleasant, cordial way. Patsy was

greatly surprised. It was all well enough for Ralph Weldon, the son of the rich merchant, to go in swimming with him at the lumber-wharf, where there was nobody to see, but to walk through the streets on Sunday with so shabby a companion seemed quite a different matter; and then, besides, if Ralph's friends at the Sunday-school were all as finely dressed as himself, they might object to having a poor boy brought in among them. For these reasons and others Patsy was not easy to persuade. But, having promised to get him if he could, Ralph was not to be put off, and in the end carried his point, for Patsy consented to go with him once, at all events.

Early in the afternoon of Sunday, so that they might be in their seats before the rest of the class arrived, Ralph called for Patsy, and they set out together. The poor little fellow had done his best to make a respectable appearance. His face and hands shone with soap, his clothes had been carefully brushed, and a paper collar, several sizes too large for him, adorned his neck. But his hat was fit only for a scarecrow, and his boots seemed all patches. He had no mother to look after him, and his father was a cooper who spent more money on drink than on his boy, whom he shamefully neglected. Not even the sense of satisfaction at the doing of a good deed prevented Ralph from feeling very conscious and ill at ease, as in his shiny broadcloth he walked through the streets, meeting so many he knew, with his strange companion. He was glad when they reached the handsome Calvary Church, and made their way to the corner where Mr. Tenderley's class sat.



PATSEY QUITE FORGOT HIS SHABBY CLOTHES IN THE WARMTH OF MR. TENDERLEY'S WELCOME.

The teacher was already in his place, and greeted Ralph with a winning smile. Then, on Patsy being introduced, he gave him the heartiest of handshakes, and a seat right beside himself.

"I'm very pleased to see you bringing in recruits," said he, beaming upon Ralph; and then, turning to Patsy, "I hope you'll like our school so much that you'll be as regular an attendant as Ralph."

Patsy fairly blushed with pleasure. He quite forgot his shabby clothes in the warmth of Mr. Tenderley's welcome, and did not feel at all so uncomfortable as he expected he would when the other members of the class came in, and stared curiously at the new addition to their ranks.

The lesson for the afternoon was about Zachaeus and his eagerness to see Jesus. Mr. Tenderley spared no pains to make it both intelligible and interesting to Ralph's recruit, without singling him out in any marked way, and Patsy listened with eager eyes and open mouth. He was sorry when the teaching ended, and shyly whispered to Ralph: "Will there be more about Jesus another day? I'd like to come again."

That was the beginning of better times for Patsy Connors. Ralph told his father about him, and Mr. Weldon authorized his wife to have the boy fitted out in a suit of clothes that would help him to be more at his ease in the Sunday-school. Lest his father should take them from him to pawn for liquor, Patsy was permitted to keep his new clothes in Mr. Weldon's coach-house, whither he came for them every Sunday, putting them back again before returning to his miserable home.

About six weeks later, Patsy in the interval having been faithful in his attendance upon the Sunday-school, Mr. Weldon, one morning at breakfast, looked up from his paper with the inquiry, "Ralph, what's the name of that boy you got to go to Sunday-school with you?"

"Patsy Connors, sir," answered Ralph, wondering why his father asked.

"Well, Ralph, I see he's been distinguishing himself. Here's half a column about him in the paper."

Mr. Weldon then went on to read a graphic description of a gallant rescue from drowning at the lumber-wharf the night before. A steamboat excursion had landed at the wharf, which was not properly lighted. A young girl, missing her way in the darkness, had stepped off the high wharf, and fallen with a scream into the dock. Immediately all was confusion. No one knew what to do; and the girl would undoubtedly have drowned but for the heroic action of a boy named Patsy Connors, who leaped into the dock, dived after the girl, brought her to the surface, and held her there, in spite of frantic struggles, until at last ladders and ropes were brought, and both were lifted up to safety, amid the cheers of the spectators. The account closed with the expression of a hope that so splendid a deed would not be suffered to pass without due recognition.

The moment his father finished, Ralph, with a whoop, snatched up his cap and dashed off for Miller's Alley, where Patsy lived in a tumble-down tenement. He found his recruit being interviewed by a reporter for an evening paper, and as soon as he could got him away hurried him back to his own home, and straight into the breakfast-room which his father had not yet left.

"There, father," said he, proudly, "that's Patsy Connors!"

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Weldon, looking kindly at the blushing, breathless boy. "Come here, and let me shake hands with you, Patsy. You've been a brave boy, and I must see if something cannot be done for you."

Very proud did Ralph feel of his recruit, and great pains did he take to introduce him to his companions as the hero of the gallant rescue at the lumber-wharf. Mr. Weldon, too, was as good as his word. He started a subscription list in his behalf, heading it with a generous amount, and raised a goodly sum for the purpose of sending Patsy to school, where he might learn to read and write. Not only so, but he presented his case to the Royal Humane Society, and obtained a beautiful bronze medal for the little life-saver.

Patsy's progress was surely and steadily upward. Under Mr. Tenderley's teaching he grew in knowledge of the Saviour, and at his school he learned so quickly that at the end of a year Mr. Weldon thought him fit for his employ, and gave him a place as office-boy, with a promise of promotion in due time. One day, after all this had taken place, Ralph was talking about him to his mother.

"Do you remember the question, Ralph," said she, "that I asked you when first you spoke of him to me?"

"No, mother. What was it?"

"I asked you if you thought you were doing Patsy any good. What would be your answer now?"

"Well, mother," answered Ralph, "I don't know whether I've done Patsy much good, but he certainly has done me good. And I'm very glad I asked him to come to Sunday-school, for Mr. Tenderley says he's one of the best boys in his class."

GRANDMOTHER'S WINDOWS.

BY MRS. EMMA HERRICK WOOD.

Grandfather and grandmother lived alone in a little brown house with holly-hocks up to the eaves in front and a dreamy old orchard of cherry and apple climbing the hillside behind the dwelling. They were very old, but they still "kept house" like two happy children. "Father" brought in the wood and water, and built the fire, and filled the teakettle, and put three or four nicely washed potatoes in the oven if it was the midday meal, he also made a daily journey to "tother house," leaning on his stout staff, where his son's family lived, for any little household want or necessity. Then "Mother" would put up the leaf to the little spinning-legged table, spread on the small white cloth—how white it was!—put on two (or three, if I was to stay to dinner) of those delicious old-fashioned blue plates, whose memory haunts me yet, like the violets in the brook hollows, cups, saucers, and cream pitcher of the same cerulean dye; and in the crystal holder the dearest, most fragile little spoons, that gave to the

thick golden maple syrup a taste that nothing else ever could.

"Mother" didn't bake many "knick-knacks"—"Father" didn't care for them—but she always had a round white loaf of "salt-rising" bread in the pantry, some scalloped cookies, and generally some "riz" cake. Did you ever eat any "riz" cake? If it was intrinsically as good as it used to taste to me in those days, they do not keep the ingredients for sale now, or if they are to be had, the formula for the melting morsel is hopelessly forgotten.

Grandfather's hair was almost as white as the abundant snows that drifted about the cottage in the long winter; but his eyes were full of a soft, mellow radiance, as if there were a lamp hidden away within, fed from some unfailing fount of illumination. And so there was; for grandfather was only waiting, in the eve of a well-spent day, the summons to come away to the "hill country," and with as little concern or apprehension as he would meditate a quiet walk to "tother house." How he loved his Bible! How he leaned on its promises in those days of weakness and infirmity, so that his feet never slipped! Fifty years they had walked together, hand in hand, he and "Mother," and "Mother" was just the same dear little woman to him as when the cherry blossoms whitened on her bridal morn. But as for "Mother" herself, her identity was well-nigh merged in his. She depended on him, groped for him, so to speak, in the indistinctness that was gradually creeping like an Indian summer haze over her life's landscape. Knowing him near, she was content. It was touching and inexpressibly beautiful to see them moving thus gently down the last declivity of time, her hand in his, and his in the strong one reached down out of the invisible, the upbuying of infinity in its raigly class.

But it was of grandmother's windows that I set out to speak. There were two of them in the sitting-room, of the small, many-paned kind, of course, overlooking a pleasant slope, down toward the "meeting house," and the cluster of dwellings at the corner. Well, grandma didn't clean house much nowadays. Others did it for her in its proper time, and the old eyes were dim that used to spy out the enemy, dust, in its every-day lurking places. How she used to make those windows shine, to be sure! One day she sat gazing off down the road, with her dear, mild old eyes, her knitting work dropped in her lap, and "Father" in his arm-chair opposite dozing in venerable content. At length she spoke, as the result of her long reverie:

"Don't you think we have a dreadful sight of kind o' smoky weather nowadays, father?" Father raised up and "looked at the weather."

"I dunno, mother, I dunno but we do. I hadn't thought much about it. Mebbe there's a fire on the plains, or som'ers."

But the young granddaughter, who was spending the day with the old people, divined the reason of the preternatural appearance of the atmosphere.

"It's your windows, grandma, dear," she cried. "They want wiping off a little; you see, in a room like this, where one sweeps a carpet every day, they will get dusty. Just wait and see if I don't clear up the weather a bit," which she proceeded to do with one of grandma's old bits of snowy linen and a basin of water.

How grandma "chirped up," watching the process like a delighted child; and when the transformation was complete, and the little panes shone like diamond squares, how grandma laughed! "And there wa't anything wrong with the weather after all; it was just because my windows were dirty!" And grandpa muttered something in his facetious way—he did like to tease grandma—about "pretty slack housekeeping for a young woman like her!" which made her put on a deprecatory smile, and say: "Now, father!" to the delight of his warm old heart.

That was years and years ago. The dear old couple have long since "moved away" from the brown house among the cherry trees; but I have never forgotten the incident. Sometimes, when everything seems blurred and befogged from my point of view, and things present and things to come take on strange and gloomy semblance in the murky atmosphere, I say to myself: "Maybe grandma's windows want wiping!" And sometimes, when I hear others grumbling and mourning over the dismal outlook, how everything is under a cloud and the church especially in a lamentable haze of error and misguidance thicker than the proverbial London fog, I say again this time under my breath: "It's just barely possible that grandma's windows want wiping!"—N. Y. Observer.

The Price of a Drink.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
 That that is really the price of a drink?
 "Five cents a glass," I heard you say;
 "Why, that isn't very much to pay."
 Ah, no indeed, 'tis a very small sum
 You are passing over 'twixt finger and
 thumb,
 And if that were all you gave away,
 It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of drink let that one tell
 Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
 And feels within him the fire of hell
 Honour and virtue, love and truth,
 All the pride and glory of youth,
 Hopes of manhood, wealth of fame,
 High endeavour and noble aim,
 These are the treasures thrown away
 For the price of a drink from day to day

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan
 laughed

As over the bar the young man quaffed
 The beaded liquor! for the demon knew
 The terrible work that drink would do.
 And before the morning the victim lay
 With his life-blood ebbing swiftly away.
 And that was the price he paid, alas,
 For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to
 know

What some are willing to pay for it go
 through that wretched tenement over
 there,
 With dingy window and broken chair,
 Where foul disease like a vampire crawls
 With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy
 walls.

There poverty dwells with her hungry
 brood,

Wild-eyed as demons, for lack of food,
 There shame, in a corner, crouches low;
 There violence deals its cruel blow,
 The innocent ones are thus accurst
 To pay the price of another's thirst.

Five cents a glass! Oh, if that were all,
 The sacrifice would indeed be small,
 But the money's worth is the least
 amount

We pay, and whoever will keep account
 Will learn the terrible waste and blight
 That follows the ruinous appetite,
 Five cents a glass! Does any one think
 That is really the price of a drink?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

**LESSON X DECEMBER 9
 BARTIMEUS HEALED**

Mark 10 46-52 Memory verses 50-52

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord, that I might receive my sight.
 Mark 10. 51.

OUTLINE.

1. Seeking a Saviour, v. 46-48.
2. Saved by Faith, v 49-52

Time.—Near the end of March, A.D. 30.
 Place.—Near to Jericho.

LESSON HELPS.

46. "They came to Jericho"—Jesus was now making his last journey to Jerusalem. "Blind Bartimeus"—Blindness is specially frequent in the East. While in northern Europe there is only one blind in a thousand, in Egypt there is one in every hundred; indeed, very few persons there have their eyes quite healthy.—Gelkile. "Timeous"—Of him nothing is known. Like many other fathers, he lives in the renown of his son. "Sat by the highway side begging"—A true picture of Syrian life at the present day. The traveller is beset



on every side by mendicants. The word "Bar" in his name signifies son. The mention of his name would indicate that he was a well-known beggar of Jericho.
 47. "When he heard it was Jesus of Nazareth"—According to Luke, the blind man himself heard the disturbance and asked the cause, in answer to which inquirers the multitude told him of the passing of Jesus. "He began to cry out"—Immediately. But what if he had remained silent? (1) What destinies turn on a cry! "Thou Son of David"—Though modern commentators have differed as to the genealogy of Jesus, this son of Timeous, with his companions, confessed the pedigree of Christ.—Whedon. The descendant of the son of Jesse stood before Bartimeus in the person of the Son of man. "Have mercy on me"—It would be a small thing for Jesus to put his fingers on his eyes and make him see. (2) He is greater than our uttermost requests.
 48. "Charged him that he should hold his peace"—It was an offence against de-



he did not bear the cross and suffer martyrdom for Christ? (5) Soul-sight is the world's greatest need. And Jesus of Nazareth still passes by.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Bartimeus healed.—Mark 10. 46-52.
- Tu. Son of David.—Matt. 21. 1-11.
- W. Earnest cry.—Luke 18. 35-43.



SNOW BIRDS.

"It is going to snow," we say as we look up and see a flock of snow-birds passing over our heads, like a white cloud against a background of grey; and, especially if they stay with us, we are very sure winter is not far distant. Snow-birds belong to a family called Fringillidae. They are migratory birds, leav-

ing us in summer, and coming back in winter. The old birds are distinguished by their white breasts, which are quite dark when they are young. The snow-birds in the picture are but young, and, being caught out in a snow and rain storm, are almost overpowered before they can reach the shelter of an old tree, which has fallen close to the hillside.

corum for a wayside beggar to salute the passing Rabbi. "He cried the more"—He cared more for eyesight than for decorum. (3) It is such opportunity as this that wins the blessing.

49. "Jesus stood still"—The world's Sacrifice on his way to the cross had time to stop and give sight to a ragged beggar. "Commanded him"—Nor could they disobey Christ's command. "Be of good comfort"—And he surely was. All the pulses of his soul leaped for joy.

50. "Casting away his garment"—His outer robe, that hindered his rapid movement. "Came to Jesus"—The literal suggests the figurative. (4) Have you so come for sight?

51. "What wilt thou"—Not that Christ was ignorant, but that he might test their faith. "Lord"—In reverence. "That I might receive my sight"—How many years since he had seen? Had he ever seen?

52. "Thy faith hath made thee whole"—It was an evangelical and earnest faith. "Immediately he received his sight"—Matthew says that Christ touched his eyes. Compare this cure with the healing of other blind men. "Followed Jesus"—"In affectionate disobedience" to Christ's command. His future history we do not know. Who can say that

Th. Invited to come.—Mark 10. 13-16.
 F. The will to heal.—Luke 5. 12-17.
 S. The healing touch.—Matt. 9. 27-31.
 Su. Matthew's narrative.—Matt. 20. 29-34.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Seeking a Saviour, v. 46-48.
 Between what two places was Christ journeying?
 Who accompanied him?
 Who sat by the roadside begging?
 What did he do when he heard that Jesus was passing by?
 Were beggars permitted to ask alms for alms?
 Were those about him sympathetic?
 Did this discourage him?
 Of what is blindness a type?
 Could the blind man heal himself?
2. Saved by Faith, v. 49-52.
 How did Jesus feel toward him?
 Compare the human and the divine sympathy?
 What joyful message was brought to Bartimeus?
 What is the joyful message for sinners to-day?
 How did Bartimeus respond?
 What spiritual lesson may be drawn from the "casting away of his garment"?

What did Jesus say to him?
 What did Bartimeus desire? Gold or Text.
 What triumphed?
 What wise example did Bartimeus set after he was healed?
 Could he have believed on Christ if he had never heard of him?
 What missionary lesson does this teach to us?
 What inheritance does God offer to us?

Jesus shines a light in the world, dispelling the darkness of sin and error. Wherever he is preached the shadows



are lifted and the true light shines. He is the light of salvation to all who call upon him and desire it of him. The one wish of poor blind Bartimeus was that he might receive his sight, for that was his chief need. What wilt thou?

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