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THE LITTLE ARTIST'S HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROLPH, SMITH & CO.

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1893.

[No. 2

COLUMBUS' FIRST SIGHT OF AMERICA.

We have given a very full account of the discovery of America in our special Columbus number of *Onward*. We hope that every scholar in our schools will procure and keep that number. It will be furnished at the cheap price of one cent apiece in quantities of ten or over. In this number we give some additional pictures of the great discoverer.

After the long years of indefatigable labour, patient waiting and sickening discouragement, what must the feelings of Columbus have been as, with the first dawn of day on the 12th of October, 1492, standing on the deck of his vessel, his eye eagerly trying to pierce the darkness, he, at last, caught sight of land ahead! What tumultuous thoughts must have rushed upon his mind, how his very soul must have been stirred within him! He had not been deceived. He had not suffered the many years of trial and privation in vain. These thoughts must have filled the devout heart of Columbus with gratitude to God. He may have thought that he had made for himself a name that would live forever, but he never realized one half the magnitude of his great discovery nor its effect upon the history of the world.

Columbus toiled and waited long,
But he secured his end.
Have you a purpose good a true?
Then persevere, my friend.

HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

In a simple home in Paris, some fifty years ago, lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons.

His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing all night. All this was to support the family, for they had four little mouths besides their own to feed. There were August and Isadore and Juliette, and lastly the one I am going to tell you about, Rosa.

Her mother tired with hard work, died when Rosa was about eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school; but Rosa didn't like to be shut up in a school-room, and spent most of the time playing in the woods, gathering daisies and marigolds.

So her father thought if she did not love school she must learn some thing useful, and tried to have her taught sewing; but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing-school that she had to be taken away.

Finally, she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio, copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly awoke to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing. At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the picture of a goat. She found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals and it pained her to see

house, Rosa made a little flower-garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on his back down six flights of stairs, and, after letting it graze on the grass outside, would bring it back to its garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two

daughter. He was at once made the director of the government school of design for girls.

Orders for work now poured in upon her, more than she could do. Four years later, after long months of study, she painted "The Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold first to an Englishman for \$8,000, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection. It is now on free exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

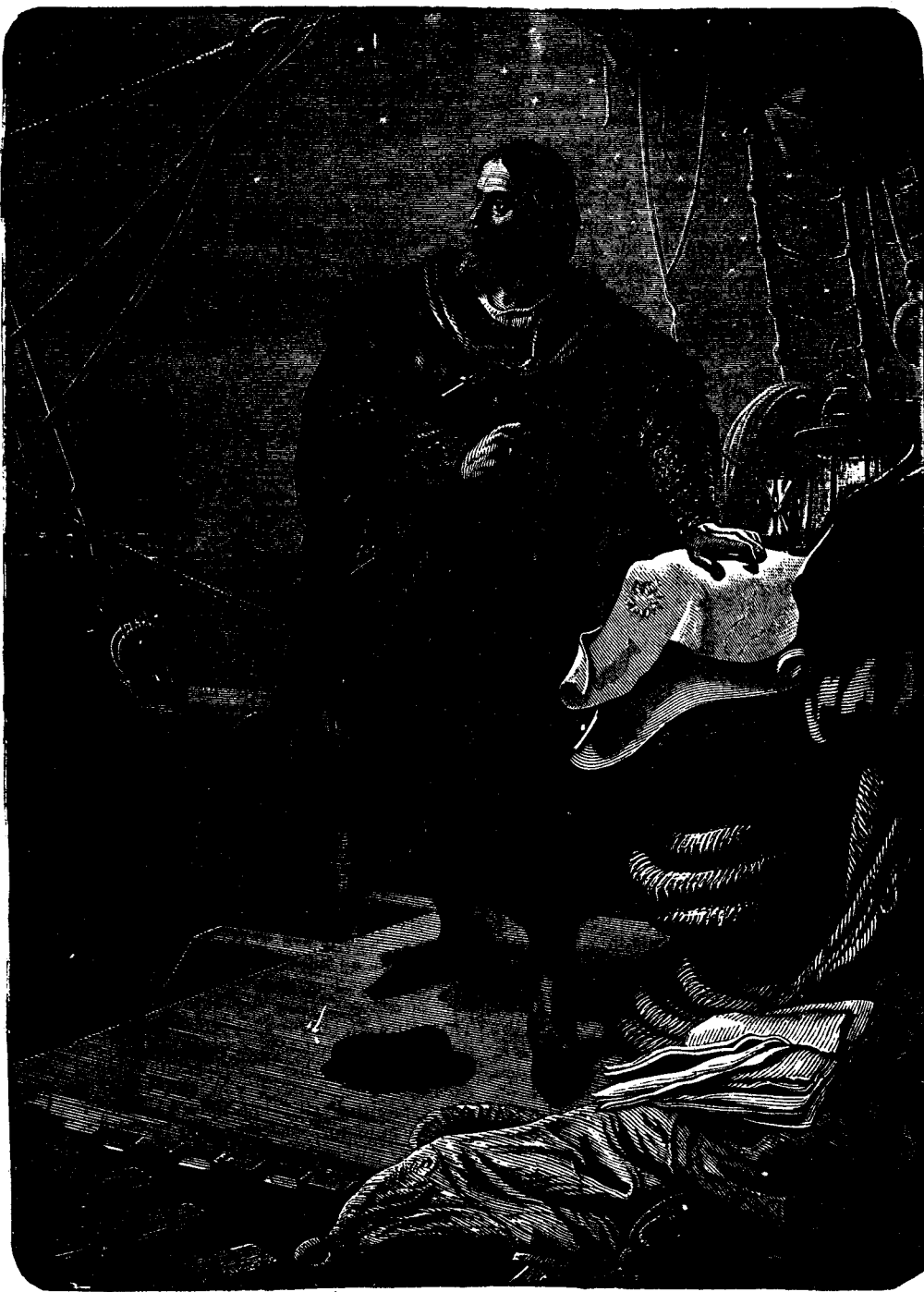
One day, after Rosa had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and, coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She arose to receive the empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her. After a short call the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that, as the empress had given her the kiss, she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the cross of the Legion of Honour. This was the highest honour that the empress could bestow.—*Home and School Visitor*.

THE OWL.

"As wise as an owl," as "solemn as an owl," and as "blind as an owl," are expressions not inaptly applied to full-grown owls, but would certainly be out of place to attribute such to an unfledged young owl. Their eyes seem bright enough to enable them to see; and although they have somewhat of a serious appearance, still they look as if they might be ready for a game of play when they get a little warmer clothing on. Owls, generally speaking, are not much sought after as pets, like many other birds. Their voices are not musical, and they do not seem to appreciate kindness bestowed on them, frequently snapping at the hand that proffers food, and sometimes inflicting an ugly wound. This may, perhaps, be their way of showing affection, but a very queer way if it is so. The birds sleep during the day, and travel around at night in search of their food—mice and other small living animals; small birds, also, if they find any indiscreet enough to be out in the dusk of the evening. Owls can scarcely see at all in the daylight, and thus Providence kindly enables them to use their eyes at night instead. Having performed their work at night, they pass the day in sleep or lazy stupor. One curious characteristic of the owl is his digestion. He eats his birds without taking off the feathers, and swallows his mice skin and all.

After a little time, his stomach having separated the good meat from the feathers and skin and bones, he throws up these rolled together as a ball.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a saber; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.



COLUMBUS' FIRST SIGHT OF AMERICA.

them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she went to the slaughter pens of Paris, and sat on a bundle of hay with her colours about her, drawing and painting while the butchers gathered around her to look at her pictures.

At home—where the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the

pictures to the fine art exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and encouraged her to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven her splendid picture "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English government. Her own government presented her with a silver vase.

Her father shared the success of his

Contentment.

THE trees are all bare and brown,
Chilly the wintry air;
Snowdrifts cover the ground,
Heaped up everywhere.

Food there is none to be seen,
Only the holly berries;
Gone are the leaves of green—
Gone all the grubs and cherries.

Tell me, little birds, why
You stay when the snow is here?
Have you no wings to fly
To a happier atmosphere?

"We love the wild dance of the snow,
And these berries frosty and red.
Why should we hasten to go?
For here is our daily bread.

"And if our notes are but few,
When you think of the thrush and jay,
What can little birds do
But sing, though storm as it may?"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1893.

THE FUTURE OF YOUR CHURCH.

Boys and girls it is in your hands; what will you make it? "What are you boys good for?" a teacher once asked the class. "For making men of, sir," a little fellow replied. Yes, and for making Churches and States too. In this high work the girls have at least as honourable a place as the boys. You should be thankful that you belong to a heroic Church, and that you are called to a heroic life. But to live on the past is to have a poverty-stricken future. Woe betide our Church if she anchors over the Disruption, or fancies that she can live on an income hoarded up in by-gone days. As the proverb runs, "The mill cannot grind with the water that has flowed past." Your forefathers hand down their banner to you across the centuries, and charge you to hand it down to children's children. The heirs and trustees of a great past, you are to be, I hope, the makers of a greater future. Some folk tell us that the former days were better than these: don't believe a word of it. Neither great Nature nor greater Grace is yet exhausted, and it is likely that you will see greater things done for God and man than any you have yet witnessed. The average Christian may grow more Christ-like than he yet has been. By heartily giving yourself to Christ you will give yourself to all great ideas and causes.

Where Christ is, there is the Church; and where Christ is not, the outward Church is one of the emptiest things in the world. The real history of the Church is not in its strifes, but in believing hearts and holy homes. Hear how Alexander Pedan, the martyr, once began a sermon in "the killing time;"—"Where is the Kirk of God in Scotland the day? It is

not among the great clergie folk. Sirs, I'll tell you where the Kirk of Scotland is—wherever there is a praying lad or lass at a dyke-side in Scotland." And Christ's flock is like the flocks on our hills: if it has no lambs it must soon pass away. The Church is therefore a failure unless it brings its children to the Saviour. Boys and girls in whose veins the blood of martyrs flow, and who have every religious advantage, may, when they grow older, sever every tie binding them to the Church of Christ. Even the sons of Eli may choose to be the sons of Belial. You may—for you have a will of your own—resolve that God shall not be your God, and that the Saviour of your mother shall never be your Saviour. You may find a way of breaking through the mystic net of holy influences that the hand of infinite mercy has woven around you. But you will surely never do that? As in many a sense you are Christ's own without your consent, make yourself his by your own glad choice. You are living in the Jubilee of the world's history; for Christ came to proclaim "the acceptable year of the Lord." That year of grace is still running its course, and the boon that turns slaves into freemen is yours for the taking.

AN ANGEL OF GOD.

BY MISS MATTIE FENWICK.

MRS. HALE walked along the busy street of San Francisco, vainly trying to gather some crumbs of comfort from the every day occurrences that are so common to all. Wealth, and all that wealth could buy, was hers, yet it was powerless to satisfy the starving heart that turned to—she knew not what, for comfort. To-day as many a day before, she traversed the same streets, saw the same sights and fashions, endeavouring to feed the yearning heart that found no peace or rest from the incessant gnawing, which appeared to be eating her life away. She barred her heart against that "peace that is not of this world;" falsely telling herself she could never love such a cruel Deity as God. A month before her only and idolized child had died. The mother was wild with grief and refused to be comforted, although many endeavoured to administer consolation. To all she blankly refused to listen to any word they might say in regard to her grief; telling them with ungrateful look and tone, they could talk since it was not their grief. So to-day finding the large mansion too irksome, she sought—although found not—comfort from the variety of pedestrians that came beneath her listless gaze. Since her child's death she ignored the sight of a child, and secretly begrudged the little things their breath.

"Why should other children live and mine die?" was the question she asked of her heavy heart, that found no answer, but that God enjoyed seeing her suffer.

As she walked along she was merely conscious of two children passing, although a chill ran through her heart, and a sigh escaped her lips. The little tot of four came running back with, "Please lady, will you take these?" handing her some sweet pea flowers, and holding her little rosebud mouth up for a kiss, as her due.

For a minute Mrs. Hale was mute, then impulsively she stooped and kissed the child with, "God bless you dear." Instantaneously, "except you become as a little child ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven," ran through her mind, even while she was bending over the child. To those that had seen the act it signified nothing but a pretty tableau of a loving lady and child. But to Mrs. Hale it meant more than words can tell. The act, so pure, innocent and unselfish, had done what many a friend had tried to do but failed. It brought vividly before her mind, the true and full meaning of the purity one must possess before being able to enter that blessed abode above. It showed her she must trust God as faithfully as the child had trusted her, sure of getting the kiss as her reward for the sacrifice in giving what she herself had prized so highly. She must trust him, believing he knows what was best, and it was entirely for good that she was deprived of her child.

The act was the means of banishing forever that cold stern look and tone Mrs. Hale found so easy to assume when the subject of religion was approached. She took a car to reach home as soon as possi-

ble. The tears that had been pent up for a month, trickled down her cheeks as she arrived at her door. The sweet child's act was the means of changing her whole ensuing life. When she reached her room, she hastily threw off her hat and wraps, and knelt by the little white cot that was covered with a profusion of ribbons and laces, where her child had formerly slept, wrapt in her rosy slumbers. Never did a human heart pray so fervently for rest and peace before, nor such sobs convulse a human form. All her sins, sorrows and grief were confided to the loving God above, who "maketh sore and bindeth up" the heart, and causes us to forget our former grief in our present joy.

The dinner hour was at six o'clock, and when the husband came home, he was perfectly surprised at the change in his wife. Figuratively speaking, "she was clothed and in her right mind." Tenderly he took her in his arms and listened to the occurrence that wrought the change. Together they wept over the child that was gone, and the living child that unconsciously was a messenger from God. None but God knew of the many thankful kisses that were pressed on those flowers, which were placed so carefully away in her Bible, nor the many patient tears that rained on them. Often she traversed the same street and spot, hoping to meet the sweet child again. She inquired and searched for some length of time, but to no avail. God sent the child to act as a sweet angel, to heal the heart that was almost broken; for he saith, "I will deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

Hunter, Ca.

A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania the question came up whether any person should have license to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon and the physician, strange as it may appear, all seemed to favour it. Only one man spoke against license and the evil it did. The question was about to be acted upon when there arose from one corner of the room a mysterious woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness. It was evident that her career was almost ended.

After a moment of silence, all eyes were fixed upon her. She stretched her body to its utmost height, and her long arms to their greatest length; and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her. "Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said, relating to temperate drinking as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares 'tis true. All drinking of alcoholic poisons, as beverages in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know that I was once the mistress of one of the best farms in the country. You all know that I had one of the most devoted husbands. You all know that I had fine, noble, healthy, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctors, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard—all—every one of them—filling drunkards' graves. They all were taught that temperate drinking was safe; that excess alone should be avoided. But they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shreds of finger at the minister, deacon, and physician "you, as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers.

"But I saw the gradual change coming over my family. With horror and dismay I felt that we were to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed, but the odds were against me. The minister said that the poison that was destroying my husband and sons was a gift from above. The deacon, who sits under the pulpit there, and who took our farm to pay his rum bill, and sold them the poison. The doctor said that a little was good, and excess should only be avoided.

"My poor husband and dear boys, all fell into the snare and could not escape. One after another they were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard.

"New look upon me again! You probably see me for the last time. My sands are almost run. I dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all—to warn you deacon, to warn you, false teachers of God's word." With her arms stretched upward, and her voice raised to the highest pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment-seat of God. I shall soon meet you all there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all." The mysterious woman disappeared. A dead silence pervaded the assembly.

The minister, the deacon, and physician hung their heads, and the president of the assembly put the question, "Shall any license be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?"

The unanimous response was, "No."

New Year—1893.

God give thee good cheer
This happy New Year;
God give thee a song,
So sweet and so strong,
That will last thee as long
Till the messenger come
To carry thee home,
And eternity's near.

Say, wilt thou be glad when eternity's here?

God give thee good rest
This happy New Year;
If peace be thy quest,
A calm in thy breast;
But which is best,
Labour or rest?
Eternity's near.

Say, wilt thou be glad when eternity's here?

God give thee pure love
This happy New Year;
The Heavenly Dove
That came down from above,
That casteth out fear,
That causeth no tear,
Till eternity's near.

Say, wilt thou be glad when eternity's here?

A GLASGOW FACTORY BOY.

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy, whom I will call David. At the age of ten he entered the cotton factory as "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education, and would become an intelligent and useful man. With his first week's wages he purchased "Rudiman's Rudiments of Latin." He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a "piecer" to the spinning jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lessons opened before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindle and the rudiments of knowledge. He now began to aspire to become a preacher and a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of mankind. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way, but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain knowledge. He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

It was said of Julius Cæsar that while writing a dispatch he could at the same time dictate four others to his secretaries, and if he did not write himself, could dictate seven letters at once. The same thing is asserted of the Emperor Napoleon, who had a wonderful capability of directing his whole mental energy to whatever came before him.



FRANKS HOME ON THE OTTAWA.

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHOICE OF AN OCCUPATION.

THE fact was that Mrs. Kingston felt a strong repugnance to her son's following in his father's footsteps, so far as his occupation was concerned. She dreaded the danger that was inseparable from it, and shrank from the idea of giving up the boy whose company was now the chief delight of her life, for all the long winter months that would be so dreary without him.

Frank had some inkling of his mother's feelings, but, boy like, thought of them as only the natural nervousness of womankind; and, his heart being set upon going to the woods, he was not very open to argument.

"Why don't you want me to go lumbering, mother?" he inquired in a tone that had a touch of petulance in it. "I've got to do something for myself, and I detest store-keeping. It's not in my line at all. Fellows like Tom Clemon and Jack Stoner may find it suits them, but I can't bear the idea of being shut up in a store or office all day. I want to be out of doors. That's the kind of life for me."

Mrs. Kingston gave a sigh that was a presage of defeat as she regarded her son, standing before her, his handsome face flushed with eagerness and his eyes flashing with determination.

"But, Frank dear," said she, gently, "have you thought how dreadfully lonely it will be for me living all alone here during the long winter—your father gone from me and you away off in the woods, where I can never get to you or you to me?"

The flush on Frank's face deepened and extended until it covered forehead and neck with its crimson glow. He had not taken this view of the case into consideration before, and his tender heart reproached him for so forgetting his mother while laying out his own plans. He sprang forward, and, kneeling down beside the lounge, threw his arms about his mother's neck and clasped her fondly, finding it hard to keep the tears back, as he said:

"You dear, darling mother! I have been selfish. I should have thought how lonely it would be for you in the winter time."

Mrs. Kingston returned the embrace with no less fervour, and as usually happens where the other side seems to be giving way, began to weaken somewhat herself and to feel a little doubtful as to whether, after all, it would be right to oppose her son's wishes when his inclinations toward the occupation he had chosen were evidently so very decided.

"Well, Frank dear," she said, after a

pause, while Frank looked at her expectantly, "I don't want to be selfish, either. If it were not for the way we lost your father, perhaps I should not have such a dread of the woods for you, and no doubt even then it is foolish for me to give way to it. We won't decide the matter now. If you do go to the woods, it won't be until the autumn, and perhaps during the summer something will turn up that will please us better. We will leave the matter in God's hands. He will bring it to pass in the way that will be best for us both, I am confident."

So with that understanding the matter rested, although of course it was continually being referred to as the weeks slipped by and the summer waxed and waned. Although Frank felt quite convinced in his own mind that he was not cut out for a position behind a desk or counter, he determined to make the experiment, and accordingly applied to Squire Eagleson, who kept the principal store and was the "big man" of the village, for a place in his establishment. Summer being the squire's busy season, and Frank being well known to him, he was glad enough to add to his small staff of clerks so promising a recruit, especially as, taking advantage of the boy's ignorance of business affairs, he was able to engage him at wages much below his actual worth to him. This the worthy squire regarded as quite a fine stroke of business, and told it to his wife with great gusto, rubbing his fat hands complacently together as he chuckled over his shrewdness.

"Bright boy, that Frank Kingston! Writes a good fist, and can run up a row of figures like smoke. Mighty civil, too, and sharp. And all for three dollars a week! Ha, ha, ha! Wish I could make as good a bargain as that every day." And the squire looked the picture of virtuous content as he leaned back in his big chair to enjoy the situation.

Mrs. Eagleson did not often venture to intermeddle in her husband's business affairs, although frequently she became aware of things which she could not reconcile with her conscience. But this time she was moved to speak by an impulse she could not control. She knew the Kingstons, and had always thought well of them. Mrs. Kingston seemed to her in many respects a model woman, who deserved well of everybody; and that her husband, who was so well-to-do, should take any advantage of these worthy people who had so little, touched her to the quick. There was a bright spot on the centre of her pale cheeks and an unaccustomed ring in her voice as she exclaimed, with a sharpness that made her husband give quite a start of surprise:

"Do you mean to tell me, Daniel, that you've been mean enough to take advantage of that boy who has to support his widowed mother, and to hire him for half the wages he's worth just because he didn't know any better? And then you come home here and boast of it. Have you no conscience?"

The squire was so taken aback by this

unexpected attack that at first he hardly knew how to meet it. Should he lecture his wife for her presumption in meddling in his affairs, which were quite beyond her comprehension as a woman, or should he make light of the matter and laugh it off? After a moment's reflection, he decided on the latter course.

"Hoity, toity! Mrs. Eagleson, but what's set you so suddenly on fire? Business is business, you know, and if Frank Kingston did not know enough to ask for more wages it wasn't my concern to enlighten him."

Mrs. Eagleson rose from her chair and came over and stood in front of her husband, pointing her long thin forefinger at him, as, with a trembling yet scornful voice, she addressed him thus:

"Daniel, how you can kneel down and ask the blessing of God upon such doings is beyond me, or how your head can lie easy on your pillow when you know that you are taking the bread out of that poor lone widow's mouth it is not for me to say. But this I will say, whether you like it or not: if you are not ashamed of yourself I am for you." And before the now much-disturbed squire had time to say another word in his defence, the speaker had swept indignantly out of his presence and hastened to her own room, there to throw herself down upon the bed and burst into a passion of tears, for she was at best but a weak-nerved woman.

Left to himself, the squire shifted about uneasily in his chair, and then rose and stumped angrily to the window.

"What does she know about business?" he muttered, "If she were to have her own way at the store she'd ruin me in a twelve-month."

Yet Mrs. Eagleson's brave outburst was not in vain. Somehow or other after it the squire never felt comfortable in his mind until, much to Frank's surprise and delight, he one day called him to him, and, with an air of great generosity and patronage, said:

"See here, my lad. You seem to be doing your work real well, so I am going to give you a dollar a week more just to encourage you, and then if a little extra work comes along"—for autumn was approaching—"ye won't mind tackling it with a will; eh?"

Frank thanked his employer very heartily, and this unexpected increase of earnings and his mother's joy over it for a time almost reconciled him to the work at the store, which he liked less and less the longer he was at it.

The fact of the matter was a place behind the counter was un congenial to him in many ways. There was too much indoors about it, to begin with. From early morning until late evening he had to be at his post, with brief intervals for meals, and the colour was leaving his cheeks and his muscles were growing slack and soft, owing to the constant confinement.

But this was the least of his troubles. A still more serious matter was that his conscience did not suffer him to take kindly to the "tricks of the trade," in which his employer was a "passed master" and his fellow-clerks very promising pupils. He could not find it in his heart to depreciate the quality of Widow Perkin's butter, or to cajole unwary Sam Struthers, from the backlands, into taking a shop-worn remnant for the new dress his wife had so carefully commissioned him to buy. His idea of trade was that you should deal with others as fairly as you would have them deal with you; and while, of course, according to the squire's philosophy, you could never make a full purse that way, still you could at least have a clear conscience, which surely was the more desirable, after all.

The squire had noticed Frank's "pernickety nonsense," as he was pleased to call it, and at first gave him several broad hints as to the better mode of doing business; but, finding that the lad was firm, and would no doubt give up his place rather than learn these "business ways," he had the good sense to let him alone, finding in his quickness, fidelity, and attention to his work sufficient compensation for this deficiency in bargaining acumen.

"You'll be content to stay at the store now, won't you, Frank?" said his mother as they talked over the welcome and much-needed raise of salary.

"It does seem to make it easier to stay,

mother," answered Frank. "But ——" And he gave a big sigh, and stopped.

"But what, dear?" asked Mrs. Kingston, tenderly.

Frank was slow in answering. He evidently felt reluctant to bring up the matter again, and yet his mind was full of it.

"But what, Frank?" repeated his mother, taking his hands in hers and looking earnestly into his face.

"Well, mother, it's no use pretending. I'm not cut out for keeping store, and I'll never be much good at it. I don't like being in doors all day. And then, if you want to get on, you've got to do all sorts of things that are nothing else but downright mean, and I don't like that, either." And then Frank went on to tell of some of the tricks and stratagems the squire or the other clerks would resort to in order to make a good bargain.

Mrs. Kingston listened with profound attention. More than once of late, as she noticed her son's growing pallor and loss of spirits, she had asked herself whether she were not doing wrong in seeking to turn him aside from the life for which he longed; and now that he was finding fresh and fatal objections to the occupation he had chosen in deference to her wishes, she began to relent of her insistence, and to feel more disposed to discuss the question again. But before doing so she wished to ask the advice of a friend in whom she placed much confidence, and so for the present she contented herself with applauding Frank for his conscientiousness, and assuring him that she would a thousand times rather have him always poor than grow rich after the same fashion as Squire Eagleson.

The friend whose advice Mrs. Kingston wished to take was her husband's successor as foreman at the depot for the lumber camps—a sensible, steady, reliable young man, who had risen to his present position by process of promotion from the bottom, and who was, therefore, well qualified to give her just the counsel she desired. At the first opportunity, therefore, she went over to Mr. Stewart's cottage, and, finding him at home, opened her heart fully to him. Mr. Stewart, or Alec Stewart, as he was generally called, listened with ready sympathy to what Mrs. Kingston had to say, and showed much interest in the matter, for he had held a high opinion of his former chief, and knew Frank well enough to admire his spirit and character.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Kingston, it's just this way," said he, when his visitor had stated the case upon which she wanted his opinion: "if Frank's got his heart set upon going into the woods, I don't know as there's any use trying to cross him. He won't take kindly to anything else while he's thinking of that, and he'd a big sight better be a good lumberman than a poor clerk, don't you think?"

Mrs. Kingston felt the force of this reasoning, yet could hardly make up her mind to yield to it at once.

"But, Mr. Stewart," she urged, "it may only be a boyish notion of Frank's. He thinks, perhaps, he'd like it because that's what his father was before him, and then he may find his mistake."

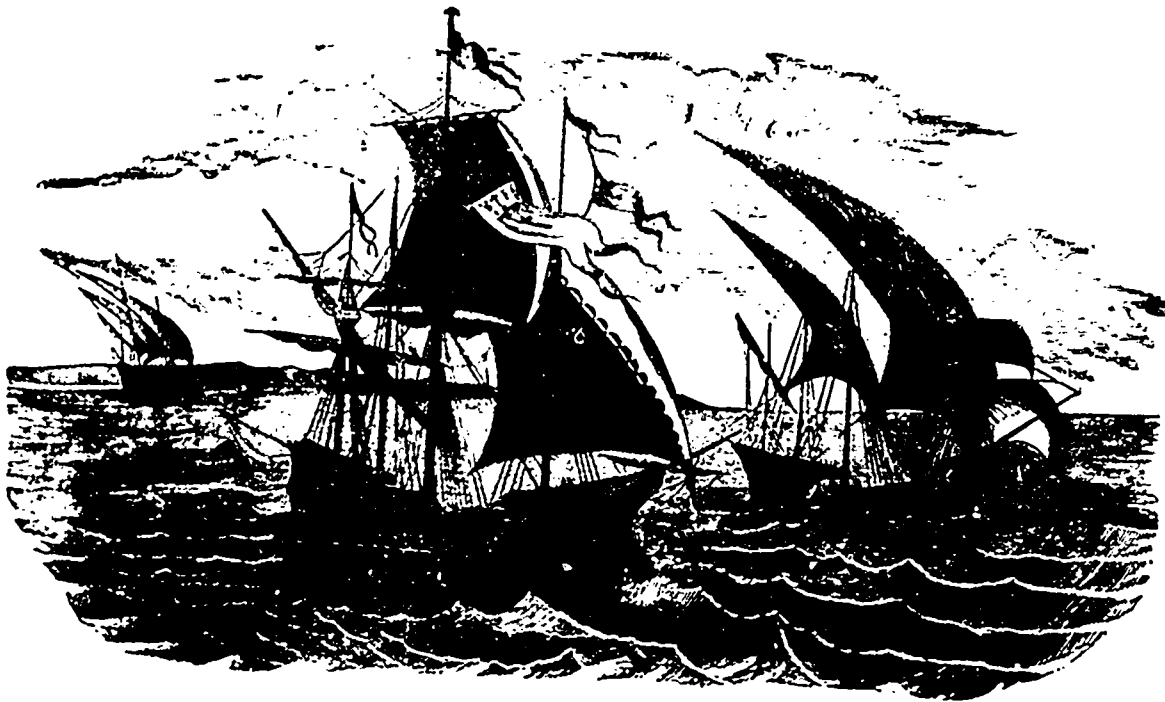
"Well, Mrs. Kingston," replied Mr. Stewart, "if you think there's any chance of that being the case we can settle the question right enough in this way: let Frank come to the woods with me this winter. I will give him a berth as chore-boy in one of the camps, and if that doesn't sicken him of the business then all I can say is you'd better let the lad have his will."

Mrs. Kingston sighed. "I suppose you're right. I don't quite like the idea of his being chore-boy; but if he's really in earnest, there's no better way of proving him."

When Frank heard that his desire for a winter in the woods was to be gratified after all, he felt too delighted to find any fault with the position, humble though it was, as he well knew, which Mr. Stewart offered him. The prospect of release from the un congenial routine of store-keeping filled him with happiness, and his mother almost felt reconciled to let him go from her, so marked was the change in his spirits.

(To be continued.)

Is everything now upon the altar?



COLUMBUS' FLEET.

COLUMBUS' FLEET.

Our picture shows the three vessels of Columbus leaving the harbour of Palos. Very small and inadequate for such an undertaking were these vessels, and unmanageable also. No one a whit less brave and determined than Columbus ever would have ventured on the great unknown waters in these light ships and with such a crew as he had been given. Fortunately, however, the weather was calm, and these caravels on which such mighty issues depended made their long voyage and returned in safety.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 22.

JOSHUA THE HIGH PRIEST.

Zech. 3. 1-10.] [Memory verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God.—Hab. 4. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ, our great high priest, brings to us the cleansing from sin necessary for dwelling in the city of God.

TIME.—Zechariah began to prophesy in November B.C. 520, the month following our last lesson. The lesson for to-day was one of a series of visions seen on the night of the twenty-fourth day of the eleventh month, that is, in March, 519.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

PROPHET.—Haggai prophesied at the same time and place and for the same object.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Ezra, chapters 5 and 6. The first prophecy between verses 9 and 10 of Hag. 2. The lesson just after the close of Haggai's prophecy.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

The returned exiles had, fifteen years before, begun to rebuild the temple; and then, on account of the great opposition, had ceased to build. Just before this time they had again entered upon the work, under the inspiration of Haggai. But there was much to discourage the feeble band; the building would be inferior to the former temple, and their enemies had written against them to the Persian government.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

The lesson to-day is one of a series of visions in one night, the object of which was to encourage the people. The first one showed that God knew and influenced all parts of the world. The second showed that God's spiritual forces were destroying the power of their great enemies. The third was a promise of such growth and prosperity that no walls could contain the people or were needed for their defence. The fourth showed them that their sins were forgiven. 1. "Joshua"—Representing the nation. "Satan"—Accusing them of sin. 2. "A brand plucked out of the fire"—Representing the Israelites consumed

by captivity, almost burned up as a nation by their enemies and by their sins, but saved from those fires by God, because there was something to be saved. It showed his care and love. 3. "Clothed with filthy garments"—A type of this sinful state of the nation which he represented. 4. "A change of raiment"—A festival dress, a beautiful garment, showing that God had forgiven and cleansed them from sin. 7. "I will give thee places," etc. Room among the angels. "Men wondered at"—A portent, a sign, a type. The priests were a type of Jesus, the great high priest, and their services types of spiritual things. "The Branch"—Christ. Isaiah 11. 1. 9. "Stone"—Foundation stone; head of the corner Christ. "Seven ages"—The seven spirits of God; that is, the complete Spirit of God in all his working.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Every great cause has its periods of discouragement.

God's cure for discouragement is through his prophets and promises and the assurance of success.

The great forces of God work silently but surely.

Only through cleansing from sin can we enter the kingdom of God.

We are not only cleansed from the past, but purified and crowned with holiness and joy.

Jesus is our great high priest. To each disciple is given a white stone, on which a new name is written.

REVIEW EXERCISE

1. Who was Zechariah? A prophet living in Jerusalem at the same time with Haggai.
2. What was his work? To encourage the people in rebuilding the temple and the city.
3. How did he accomplish it? By messages from God, illustrated by types and symbols.
4. What was the one in this lesson? The high priest standing before the judgment-seat in filthy garments, acquitted, and clothed in beautiful garments.
5. What did this teach? That God forgave the sins of his people, and would make them holy and blessed.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What does his new commandment mean? That we should show special love to all the disciples of Christ, by whatever name they are called.

Ephesians 6. 24; 1 John 4. 11; 1 John 3. 16; Romans 12. 10; Galatians 6. 10; Hebrews 13. 1; 2 Peter 1. 7.

MESSAGES.

A GERMAN fable tells that once upon a time Death promised a young man that he would not summon him until he had first sent several messengers to apprise him of his coming.

So the youth took his fill of pleasure and wasted health and strength in riotous living. Presently a fever laid him low; but as no messenger had appeared he had no apprehensions; and when he recovered he returned to his former sins. He then fell a prey to other maladies, but remembering his covenant with Death, made light of

them. "I am not going to die," he cried, "the first messenger has not yet come."

But one day some one tapped him on the shoulder. He turned and saw Death standing at his elbow. "Follow me," said the King of Terrors, "the hour of thy departure is come."

"How is this?" exclaimed the youth, "Thou art false to thy words! Thou didst promise to send me messengers, and I have seen none."

"Silence!" sternly answered the destroyer, "I have sent messenger after messenger. What was the fever? What was the apoplexy? What was each sickness that befell thee? Each was my herald; each was my messenger."

The Drunkard's Daughter.

Out in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's little daughter;
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She knew little—for no one taught her.

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled;
Hope promised her no bright morrow;
Or, if its light flashed on her night,
Then up came darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said: "We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire a-burning."
The child was ill, the winds were chill;
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side where no one cried
To them, for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day in beauty shining,
Set dome and spire and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,
Where no dear parent ever sought her;
In a winding-sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter.

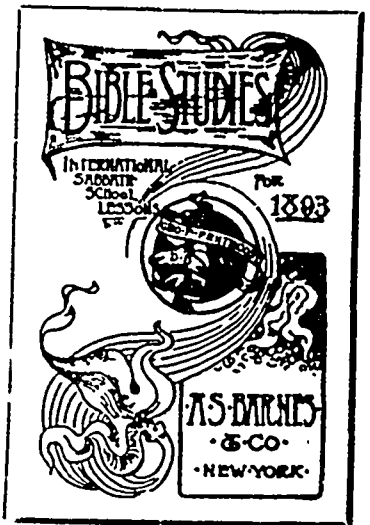
A BEGGAR-BOY IN CHINA.

SUMMER or winter, he is up early and out on the road, watching for the carts or litters carrying travellers to and from the great cities. He hails the rupant with the cry: "Lao yeh, lao yeh, kei wo i ko ch'ien pa"—that is, "Venerable sir, venerable sir, give me a cash." It does not matter whether the traveller is old or young, he calls him old, as any other address would not be respectful.

Perhaps the traveller does not give at once. Then the boy runs ahead, drops on his knees for an instant, knocks his head to the ground, and, scrambling to his feet runs after the cart with the same cry as before.

The greater part of the year the little beggar is clad only in a suit of brown which nature has provided. Relays of these little fellows are seen on all the great roads. What becomes of them when they get to large to bag, who knows?

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