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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

[No. 8



TOBoggANING AT RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.

## TOBoggANING AT RIDEAU HALL.

LORD DUFFERIN, late Governor-General of Canada, was very fond of tobogganing, and built at Rideau Hall the slide shown in our picture, for the amusement of himself and guests. He often gave tobogganing parties, such as that here represented. The central figure in the cut—the one on the toboggan with the lady and child—is Lord Dufferin himself. The other figures on the toboggan are Lady Dufferin and child. The present editor has never gone down a toboggan slide, but it is said to be very exhilarating by those who have tried it. The long climb up the many flights of steps seems, however, a pretty good price to pay for the two minutes slide down, to say nothing of the risk of broken bones through accident.

## THE STORY OF A MITE-BOX.

WHEN I burst my bonds, a beautiful blossom, in the far away sunny South, I first saw the light. In this form I existed but a day. Again, after days of confinement and solitude, I found my way into the sunlight, a mass of snowy cotton.

With many others of my family I was pressed into a bale, carried in a ship-hold to the North, carded and spun, woven and sold, cut into clothing, made up on a sewing-machine, worn and thrown aside as worthless rags.

In a dingy mill I was picked over by weary hands, and cast into a terrible pool, where, writhing and foaming, I was cut with knives, pushed over sieves, bleached, and torn to pulp. Then iron rollers, some cold, some hot, were passed over me, and I came forth at last a sheet of thin, pink pasteboard, smooth and clean.

My trials were not yet over. A sharp instrument divided me from my family, and another printed words upon me. On my four sides were: "In His name;" "Speak to the children that they bring me an offering;" "Our gifts for Jesus;" and "Offered willingly to the Lord." Upon my face was a picture of two children, one of them holding a lighted torch.

Behold! I was a mission mite-box. At last, purified from all uncleanness, I had found my special duty. Foolish creature and blind had I been to murmur and repine at all these trials. I might have known that these pains and sorrows were

intended to prepare me for some new service. I remained for some time un-called for, and began to grow weary of this life of idleness, feeling that inactivity would be harder to endure than suffering. At last I was taken on a journey, brought out and folded up for use. How well I remember that cozy parlour! Through the open windows came the summer breeze stealing softly in. Sweet birds twittered in the branches of an old pear-tree just outside, and beyond, as far as the eye could reach, green fields and grand old mountains were spread out before my eyes. Every one seemed happy. A young father and mother were there, and a sweet, bright baby, with laughing eyes and dimpled chin, was in the mother's arms. I was placed in the baby's hands and a penny was given her. It was beautiful to see her earnest look as she was taught to find her narrow opening in my side, and with her soft fingers to slip the penny in. How glad I was that it had fallen to my lot to be the companion of this lovely child, for just then I heard some one say: "Every Sabbath morning give her a penny to put in the mite-box. Heathen children are taught from infancy to bring offerings to

their dreadful idol gods. Why should not Christian parents put gifts into baby hands to help bring the world to Jesus?"

And so it came to pass that I had a place on the parlour table, and baby and I were friends. She soon learned, though she was only a year old, what was to be done with me, and would turn me around, till she found the place in my side to put the penny in. Three happy months passed. Summer was ended. Bright leaves began to fall. Song-birds took flight and insect voices ceased as the nights grew chill. One day they folded the dimpled hands, and placed pale rose-buds in the little fingers that had clasped me so lovingly, and carried her away. I saw her no more, but I heard them say: "The Master came and called her. She has gone to be with him in the heavenly city. He has given her a crown and a harp, and she always beholds his face—that glorious face which we of earth see only 'as in a glass darkly.'" And one, smiling through tears, opened me gently, as though I were some precious thing of gold and diamonds rare, and counted from my heart its treasure, seven-and-seventeen pennies, the dear baby's life-work for Foreign Missions.—Children's Work.

What Was It?

BY SIDNEY DAYNE.

Guess what he had in his pocket,  
Marbles and tops and sundry toys  
Such as always belong to boys,  
A bitter apple, a leather ball—  
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?  
A little pipe and a rusty screw,  
A brass watch key, broken in two,  
A fishhook in a tangle of string!—  
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?  
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made,  
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,  
A ball or two and a rubber gun!—  
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?  
Before he knew it aly creep  
Under the treasure carefully kept,  
And away they flew like quicksilver—  
'Twas a hole!

While I should be the last to reproach those witty and forcible expressions which boys have a genius for coming, and which, as the professor remarked, are of genuine value, I cannot but think that there is a great deal of slang which is both vulgar and meaningless and which it is a great pity for any boy to make use of.

Many people, if they should see the words they use written as they speak them, would be shocked indeed, and it is only because we are more used to hearing incorrect English spoken than we are to seeing it written, that we do not notice our mistakes. It is only after hearing it spoken by a master that we realize what a noble and beautiful tongue our English is. It is generally conceded that there is no language which is at once so copious, so flexible, and so suited for the expression of ideas; and yet there are many people whose mother tongue it is, and who speak it all their days, who never realize its worth and who go through life poverty-stricken for want of words with which to express their thoughts, their feelings, and their desires.

less on Mackin' boots 'cept when a cut-mer won's pay or beats me down to five cents instead of ten. I make about fifty cents a day, 'cept when it rains. A box o' blackin' lasts a hull week, and this ere kit only cost thirty cents. I has a hard time though, mister. The big boys sets on me 'cause I'm humped and can't help myself. So I goes off by myself. Where do I live? At the Newboys' Home. I'm just a goin' there. Guess I'll have ter hurry, so we have to be in by nine o'clock. Oh, we lives high there. Got a bed and breakfast for ten cents and a dinner for ten cents, too. We boys that goes to St. James' Sunday-school gets a big dinner on Sunday—oh, we gets frid taters and beef and cabbage and lots of good things. When I don't make much I goes without any dinner. Save money! I put \$5 in the Savings Bank last month, and just bought a suit of Sunday clothes with it. I was in the Sick Children's Hospital for a year, but they said they couldn't do anything more for me. You remember those little tin soldiers I had last Christmas when you were at the hospital. Well, I gave 'em away to another little feller when I left. But my! ain't them nurses nice to a chap? Guess I must go now, or I'll be too late to get in. Good night, sir!" and the little wad disappeared towards the street-car stables. Sick, crippled, abused by his mates, exposed to all kinds of weather in all kinds of unsuitable clothing, yet making a living and saving money at fifteen! Seems to me there's a lesson to learn from the little humped-backed boot-black merchant.—Advance.

ATONING FOR SIN IN CHINA.

We have heard of a Chinaman who went to a medical missionary at a hospital at Shanghai, and begged to have his finger cut off. There was nothing whatever the matter with it, so he was asked what he meant. He replied: "I must lose this finger. If I burn it off with a candle, it will be far more painful than if you cut it off skillfully with your knife." "But why do you want it cut off?" "Oh, I have been a great sinner, and I must atone for my sins in this way."

He explained that, along with a foreigner at Ningpo, in making a road he had removed a grave—an awful desecration in Chinese eyes. He had been troubled ever since by the sense of his sin and the fear punishment. He said the foreigner had been punished severely; for, some time after, he was riding over a small bridge which gave way, so that he and his horse were pitched below, and he was killed. As for himself, trouble had followed him ever since; and he was now old, and dreaded worse evil after death. He was anxious to become a Buddhist priest, but his work of his sin by gaining merit; but this was a necessary condition—that he must first part with his finger.

Another Chinaman who was in trouble because of his sin, went to a missionary with a stick, and asked the missionary to take the stick and beat him, believing that if this were done he would be relieved of the burden of sin.

Both of these men were told of a Saviour who could take away sin, and we hope they found peace in believing in Jesus.

THE LIFE OF A TORONTO STREET ARAB.

TALK OF A SHOE-POLISHING MERCENARY.

HANDICAPPED at fifteen with an injured spine, a humped back and an abcess. Father, mother, sisters and brothers dead! Not a friend in the world, but many a youthful persecutor. I met him late one night when walking hurriedly along Front Street, and thought I was alone until a shrill, childish voice drew my attention to the little overbent figure trudging eastward with an old fiddle protruding from beneath an arm and a boot-black's kit slung over the other shoulder.

"Black yer boots, sur!" My name? Higgins. Aleck Higgins. Been a workin' the wharfs to-day. Hard work? Yo' bet it is, 'cause my back hurts mo when I gets tired, and I've got a sore on my side too. No, I hain't got no father or mother. They both died in Muskoka, where we used ter live. Yes, I've got a broken back. Tumbled off some steps when I was a little feller about ten years ago. I came to Toronto three or four years ago and made some money by singing in the saloons. Can I fiddle? Yes, sir, and I sings too. Like to hear mo sing "The British Cavalier"? I used to sell papers too, but a feller gets stuck on 'em sometimes and loses money, but a chap can't

ERNEST.

BY M. JEANIE MALLARY.

THE ten years of little Ernest Benson's life had been years of suffering. He knew nothing of the joys of playful, healthy childhood, as his chief pleasure was derived from books, and his mind was fast outgrowing his body. Late one summer, he was seized with pneumonia, and for a time there was a terrible fight for life, but at length it ended, and he began slowly to grow better. Then the physician said he must spend the fall and winter South. And Major Benson went at once to a pleasant Southern village and engaged board for his wife, two children, and servant. Determined to leave nothing undone that would promote their comfort and hasten little Ernest's recovery, immediately upon his return home he sent the carriage, horses, and their trusty driver, Williams, for their use during their stay in the South. New life seemed to be infused into the sick child as soon as he began to drink in the invigorating air of the glorious Indian summer, and a rosy hue began to creep into his cheeks. It was his delight to roam over the green fields and gather buds, wild flowers, and fill his bag with nuts, under the leafy trees. His mother gave him full liberty, and no child ever enjoyed it more. Ernest kept up these excursions until Christmas, but when the new year began, a cold wave swept over the country, and even the sunny South was locked in its icy embrace.

"Silver Creek is frozen over" was the startling announcement one morning at the breakfast table.

Now the one great desire of Ernest's heart had always been to learn to skate, and when his mother told him he could pack a box of his toys, to be put in the bottom of his trunk, what did he do but slip in a pair of his father's old skates, that had been lying in the garret for long years. Now that he was strong and rosy, now that Silver Creek was frozen over, without a word to any one, he gathered up the old skates and ran for the frozen water. When moon dinner hour arrived he was not to be found, and this was strange, for in these days of returning health, Ernest was always eager for his dinner. Mrs. Benson sent the driver out to call him, but he returned with the skates in his hand, saying, "I found these, Mrs. Benson, by the side of Silver Creek. Have you ever seen them before?"

"Seen them?" Hadn't she seen them hundreds of times in her home garret? Almost fainting from fear, she called out: "Oh, run, run! It may not be too late!"

Everybody started for Silver Creek, but when they reached it, there it lay, a beautiful sheet of silver, its thin film of ice unbroken. Ernest was certainly not drowned, but where was he? Seeing a log cabin among the trees, Mrs. Benson went to it, thinking perhaps some one might have seen her missing boy. But as she drew near, she heard his voice reading; and, peeping in, there sat Ernest, with a Bible on his knee, reading to an old coloured woman; and after every verse he would stop to explain its meaning. So intent was the child upon his "Father's business," that he had actually forgotten his dinner.

My Kingdom.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOCK.

A LITTLE kingdom I possess,  
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,  
And every day the task I find  
Of governing it well.  
For passion tempts and troubles me,  
A wayward will misleads,  
And selfishness its shadow casts  
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,  
To be the child I should—  
Honest and brave, and never true  
Of trying to be good?  
How can I keep a sunny soul,  
To shine along life's way?  
How can I tune my little heart  
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love  
That casteth out my fear;  
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel  
That thou art very near;  
That no temptation is unseen,  
No childish grief too small,  
Since thou, with patience infinite,  
Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown  
But that which all may win,  
Nor try to conquer any world  
Except the one within.  
Be thou my guide until I find,  
Led by a tender hand,  
Thy happy kingdom in myself  
And dare to take command.

SCHOOL-BOY HEROISM.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bennie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again, "Why didn't you deny it?" asked the delinquent. "Because there were only we two, and one of us must have told a falsehood," said Bennie.

"Then why did you not say that I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would share the falsehood." The boy's heart melted; Bennie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When the school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk, and said, "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if the two were gaid in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud:

"Bennie, Bennie, lad, he and I both beg your pardon—we are both to blame!" The school was hushed and still, as older scholars are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still, they might have heard Bennie's big boy tears drop proudly on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself, as well as filled all the rest; and then, for want of something else to say, he gently cried:

"Master, forgive!" The glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

ON PLAIN ENGLISH.

Nor very long since one of my boy friends dropped in, as he is apt to do in vacation, to spend an hour or so with me. I have known him ever since he was a little fellow, but since he has been away at school I have not seen so much of him. On the afternoon of which I speak he began to talk to me about his school life, and I should have been very glad to listen if I had been able to understand him; but two years of school, while it may have improved his Latin and Greek, seemed to have quite bereft him of the power of using plain English. His father and mother are people of cultivation and refinement, and during his childhood he had been used to hearing the English language spoken with great purity, but his conversation on this occasion was so corrupted with slang that I was obliged to interrupt him frequently to ask him what certain expressions meant, and I noticed that he had some difficulty in telling me. The only synonyms which occurred to his mind were other slang words or phrases which were quite as intelligible to me as the first. He seemed rather embarrassed by his difficulties and said he "never could talk, anyhow, unless he was with a lot of fellows. He didn't know how to talk to other people."

When a lad "enriches" his mother tongue to such an extent that middle-aged people cannot understand him, when he uses slang without knowing it and makes slang words and phrases the chief part of his vocabulary, he makes a mistake, for he defiles the wells of pure English from which he might draw to suit his needs, and which are a rich inheritance to him from the great storehouse of the past; and

**The Coming King.**

BY R. A. GERVIN.

Oh, what a mighty miracle of Jesus it will be,  
When the rapture of the righteous shall set  
God's children free,  
When at the trumpet's sounding, in the  
twinkling of an eye,  
The followers of Jesus shall gather in the sky;  
And with a joy ecstatic, far, far beyond  
compare,  
The Bride shall meet the Bridegroom, in the  
angel-guarded air.

Then from their sleep of centuries, the buried  
just shall awake,  
And toward the upper atmosphere their joyous  
journey take,  
Exulting in the consciousness that Death has  
lost his sting,  
That now they bear the image of the resur-  
rected King;  
That thro' eternal ages with Messiah they shall  
reign,  
Ne'er more to feel the power of sorrow, sin  
and pain.

In an instant all that's evil on the saints shall  
lose its hold,  
And their bodies gloriously changed, shall  
nevermore grow old;  
Immortal, incorruptible, in the likeness of  
their King,  
Not a vestige of the earthly shall to their  
beings cling;  
But crowned with holy beauty, they evermore  
shall shine,  
Like stars of fadeless glory in the firmament  
divine.

My brothers, are we watching for the great,  
impending hour,  
When our Lord shall suddenly appear in  
majesty and power?  
In robes of spotless whiteness are we con-  
stantly arrayed,  
Lest the coming of the Bridegroom should no  
longer be delayed?  
God grant that when the midnight cry shall  
by the saints be heard,  
Our vessels and our lamps may hold the oil of  
God's great Word.

**The Wreckers of Sable Island.**

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

**CHAPTER I.—THE SETTING FORTH.**

A VOYAGE across the Atlantic Ocean in the  
year 1799 was not the every-day affair that it  
has come to be in 1889. There were no  
"ocean greyhounds" then. The passage was  
a long and trying one in the clumsy craft of  
those days, and people looked upon it as a  
more serious affair than they do now on a  
tour around the world.

In the year 1799 few thought of travel-  
ing for mere pleasure. North, South, East and  
West, the men went on missions of discovery,  
of conquest, or of commerce; but the women  
or children abode at home, save, of course,  
when they ventured out to seek new homes in  
that new world which was drawing so many  
to its shores.

It was, therefore, not to be wondered at  
that the notion of Eric Copeland going out to  
his father in far-away Nova Scotia should  
form the subject of more than one family  
council at Oakdene Manor, the beautiful  
country-seat of the Copeland family, situated  
in one of the prettiest parts of Warwickshire,  
England.

Eric was the only son of Dr. Copeland,  
surgeon-in-chief of the Seventh Fusiliers, the  
favourite regiment of the Duke of Kent, the  
father of the present Queen of England. This  
regiment formed part of the garrison at Hal-  
ifax, then under the command of the Royal  
Duke himself, and the Doctor had written to  
say that if the squire, Eric's grandfather,  
approved, he would like Eric to come  
out to him, as his term of service had been  
extended three years beyond what he had ex-  
pected, and he wanted to have his boy with  
him. At the same time, he left the matter  
entirely in the squire's hands for him to  
decide.

So far as the old gentleman was concerned,  
he decided at once.  
"Send the boy out there to that wild  
place, and have him scaped by an Indian, or  
gobbled by a bear before he's there a month!  
Not a bit of it. I won't hear of it. He's a  
hundred times better off here."

The squire, be it observed, held very vague  
notions about Nova Scotia, and indeed the  
American continent generally, in spite of his  
son's endeavours to enlighten him. He  
still firmly believed that there were as many

wigwags as houses in New York, and that  
Indians in full war-paint and plumes were  
every day seen on the streets of Philadelphia;  
while as for poor little Nova Scotia, it was more  
than his mind could take in how the Duke of  
Kent could ever bring himself to spend a week  
in such an outlandish place, not to speak of a  
number of years.

So soon as Eric learned of his father's re-  
quest he was not less quick in coming to a  
conclusion, but it was of a precisely opposite  
kind to the squire's. He was what the Irish  
would call "a broth of a boy." Fifteen last  
birthday, five feet six inches in height, broad  
of shoulder and stout of limb, yet perfectly  
proportioned, as nimble on his feet as a squir-  
rel, and as quick of eye as a king-bird, en-  
tirely free from any trace of nervousness or  
timidity, good-looking in that sense of the  
word which means more than merely hand-  
some, courteous in his manners, and quite up  
to the mark in his books, Eric represented  
the best type of British boy as he looked  
about him with his brave brown eyes, and  
longed to be something more than simply a  
school-boy, and to see a little of that great  
world, up and down which his father had  
been travelling ever since he could remember.

"Of course I want to go to father," said

phasants were in plenty, or went on delight-  
ful excursions to lovely places round about  
the neighbourhood.

Dr. Copeland enjoyed his release from the  
routine of military duty quite as much as Eric  
did his freedom from school, and it would not  
have been easy to say which of the two went  
in more heartily for a good time.

It was just a year since the doctor had last  
been home on leave, and a year seems a very long  
time to a boy of fifteen, so that when a letter  
came proposing that Eric should go out to his  
father (it should have been told before that  
his mother was dead, having been taken away  
from him when he was a very little fellow),  
and spend three long years with him without  
a break, if the doctor had been in Kamchatka  
or Terra del Fuego instead of simply in Nova  
Scotia, Eric would not have hesitated a mo-  
ment, but have jumped at the offer.

The old squire was very loth to part with  
his grandson, and it was because he knew it  
would be so that the doctor had not positively  
asked for Eric to be sent out, but had left the  
question to be decided by the squire.

Perhaps Eric might have failed to carry his  
point but for the help given him by Major  
Maunsell, a brother-officer of Doctor Cope-  
land's, who had been home on leave, and in

no time to be lost in getting Eric ready for  
distant colony. Many were the trunks of  
clothing, books, and other things that had to  
be packed with greatest care, and their num-  
ber would have been doubled if the major had  
not protested against taking the jams, jellies,  
pickles, medicines and other domestic com-  
forts that the loving old couple wanted Eric  
to take with him, because they felt sure he  
could get nothing so good out in Halifax.

All too quickly for them the day came  
when they were to say "good-bye" to their  
grandson, and the parting was a very tearful  
and trying one. Full of joy as Eric felt, he  
could not keep back the tears when his white-  
haired grandmother hugged him again and  
again to her heart, exclaiming fervently:

"God bless and keep my boy! May his  
Almighty arms be underneath and round  
about you, my darling! Put your trust in  
him, Eric, no matter what may happen."

And the bluff old squire himself was sus-  
piciously moist about the eyes as the carriage  
drove away, and Eric was really off to Chatham  
in charge of Major Maunsell, with whom  
he had by this time got to be on the best of  
terms.

At Chatham they found their ship in the  
final stage of preparation for the voyage.

They were to sail in the *Francis*,—  
a fine, fast gun-brig of about three  
hundred tons,—which had in her hold  
a very valuable cargo, consisting of  
the Duke of Kent's library, together  
with a quantity of very costly furni-  
ture, precious wines and other lux-  
uries intended to make as comfortable  
as possible the lot of his royal high-  
ness in the garrison at Halifax. The  
major and Eric were assigned a roomy  
cabin to themselves, in which they at  
once proceeded to make themselves at  
home.

During the few days that intervened  
before sailing of the *Francis*, Eric's en-  
joyment of the novel scenes around  
him could hardly be put in to words.  
All he knew about the sea was what  
he had learned from a summer now and  
then at a watering-place and the great  
gathering of big ships at Chatham; the  
unceasing bustle as some came in from  
long voyages, and others went forth  
to take their places upon the distant  
stations; the countless sailors and  
dock hands swarming like ants hither  
and thither; the important-looking  
officers strutting about in gold-laced  
coats, and calling out their commands  
in such hoarse tones that Eric felt  
tempted to ask if they all had very  
bad colds; the shrill sounds of the  
boatswains' whistles that seemed to  
have no particular meaning; the mar-  
tial music of bands playing, apparently  
for no other reason than just be-  
cause they wanted to—all this made up a  
wonderful world for Eric, in which he found  
a great deal of delight.

(To be continued.)

**THE HAPPIEST BOY.**

Who is the happiest boy you know?  
Who has "the best time?" Is it the one  
who last winter had the biggest toboggan,  
or who now has the most marbles, or who  
wears the best clothes? Let us see.

Once there was a king who had a little  
boy whom he loved.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in,  
and pictures, and toys, and books. He  
gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat  
on a lake, and servants. He provided  
teachers who were to give him knowledge  
that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not  
happy.

At length, one day, a magician came to  
court. He saw the boy, and said to the  
king, "I can make your son happy. But  
you must pay me my own price for telling  
the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask  
I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a  
private room. He wrote something with a  
white substance on a piece of paper. Next  
he gave the boy a candle, and told him to  
light it and hold it under the paper, and  
then see what he could read. Then he  
went away, and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and  
the white letters on the paper turned into  
a beautiful blue. They formed these  
words: "Do a kindness to some one every  
day!"

The prince made use of the secret, and  
became the happiest boy in the kingdom.



"NOW, GRANDFATHER," HE SAID, "PLEASE LISTEN TO ME."

he, promptly and decidedly. "I don't be-  
lieve there are any bears or Indians at Hal-  
ifax; and even if there should be, I don't care.  
I'm not afraid of them."

He had not the look of a boy that could be  
easily frightened, or turned aside from anything  
upon which he had set his heart, and the old  
squire felt as though he were seeing a youth-  
ful reflection of himself in the sturdy spirit of  
resolution shown by his grandson.

"But, Eric, lad," he began to argue,  
"whether the Indians and bears are plentiful  
or not, I don't see why you want to leave  
Oakdene, and go away out to a wild place  
that is only fit for soldiers. You're quite  
happy with us here, aren't you?" And the  
old gentleman's face took on rather a  
reproachful expression as he put the ques-  
tion.

Eric's face flushed crimson, and crossing  
over to where the squire sat, he bent down  
and kissed his wrinkled forehead tenderly.

"I am quite happy, grandpa. You and  
grandma do so much for me that it would be  
strange if I wasn't; but you know I have  
been more with you than I have with my own  
father, and now when he wants me to go out  
to him, I want to go too. You can't blame  
me, can you?"

What Eric said was true enough. The  
doctor's regiment had somehow come on for  
more than its share of foreign service. It had  
carried its colours with credit over the burn-  
ing plains of India, upon the battle-fields of  
the Continent, and then, crossing to America  
had taken its part, however ineffectually, in  
the struggle which ended so happily in the  
birth of a new nation. During all of his years  
Eric had remained at Oakdene, seeing nothing  
of his father, save when he came to them on  
leave for a few months at a time.

These home-comings of the doctor were the  
great events of Eric's life. Nothing was  
allowed to interfere with his enjoyment of his  
father's society. All studies were laid aside,  
and one day of happiness followed another,  
as together they rode to hounds, whipped the  
trout-streams, shot over the covert where

whose charge Eric was to be placed if it was  
decided to let him go.

The major had come to spend a day or two  
at Oakdene a little while before taking his  
leave of England, and of course the question  
of Eric's returning to Nova Scotia with him  
came up for discussion. Eric pleaded his  
case very earnestly:

"Now please listen to me a moment," said  
he, taking advantage of a pause in the con-  
versation. "I love you, grandpa and grand-  
ma, very dearly, and am very happy with you  
here, but I love my father too, and I never  
see him, except just for a little when he  
comes home on leave, and it would be lovely  
to be with him all the time for three whole  
years. Besides that, I do want to see  
America, and this is such a good chance! I  
am nearly sixteen, now, and by the time  
father gets back I'll have to be going to col-  
lege, and then, you know, he says he's going  
to leave the army and settle down here, so  
that dear knows when I can ever get the  
chance to go again. Oh! please let me go,  
grandpa, won't you?"

Major Maunsell's eyes glistened as he  
looked at Eric and listened to him. He was  
an old bachelor himself, and he could not help  
envying Doctor Copeland for his handsome,  
manly son. At once he entered into full sym-  
pathy with him in his great desire, and de-  
termined to use all his influence in supporting  
him.

"There's a great deal of sense in what the  
boy says," he remarked. "It is such a  
chance as he may not get again in a hurry.  
There's nothing to harm him out in Halifax,  
and his father is longing to have him, for he's  
always talking to me about him, and reading  
me bits out of his letters."

So the end of it was that the major and  
Eric between them won the day, and after  
taking the night to think over it, the good old  
squire announced next morning at breakfast  
that he would make no further objections,  
and that Eric might go.

The troop-ship, on which Major Maunsell  
was going, would sail in a week, so there was

To Our Dear Ones with God.

We do not grieve your eyes the blessed light Which gladdens them upon life's farther shore, Although our eyes ache hourly for the sight Of your dear faces, lost for evermore...

We would not wish you in our midst again, For all the comfort that your love could give, We would not cause you an instant's pain, Whatever pleasures we might thus receive...

Ah, dear ones! If God's love on you bestows A delegation of his gracious powers, If, as we doubt not, he each trial shows, Do not your hearts beat still in tune with ours?

Are you not striving for us in the light, Whilst we stand painfully through darkness home? Are you not watching with love quickened sight How you can best unto our succour come?

Will you not welcome us with outstretched arms When we at last obtain the victor's crown? Will not God's very throne have added charms When we can join our worship to your own?...

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 10.

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

Matt 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.—Matt. 18. 14.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Children's Friend, v. 1-6.
2. The Sinner's Saviour, v. 7-14.

TEXT.—The summer of A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Capernaum; in a house, possibly Peter's.

RULERS.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in Judea.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Christ and the children.—Matt. 18. 1-14.
T. In his arms.—Mark 9. 33-37.
W. Blessing the children.—Mark 10. 13-16.
TA. Taught of the Lord.—Isa. 54. 11-17.
F. How to be great.—Matt. 20. 20-28.
S. The humble spirit.—1 Peter 5. 1-7.
Su. Christ's humility.—Phil. 2. 1. 11.

QUESTIONS FOR INTERMEDIATE SCHOLARS.

- 1. The Children's Friend, v. 1-6.
What did the disciples ask of Jesus?
Whom did Jesus call to him?
What did he say about entering the kingdom of heaven?
Who will be the greatest in that kingdom?
Who is honoured when a child is saved?
What is said about children and millstones?
2. The Sinner's Saviour, v. 7-14.
What was Jesus' answer?
What did he say about cutting off a hand or foot?
What would be worse than losing a hand?
What did he say about an offending eye?
Why did he give this advice?
When was it the loss of an eye better?
Against what does Jesus utter a warning?
What does he say about angels?
For what purpose did the Son of man come?
What question is asked about a sheep?
What says Isaiah about lost sheep? Isa. 53. 6.
What is said here of the shepherd's joy?
What is the will of our Father about the little ones? (Golden Text.)
What says Paul about the mission of Jesus? 1 Thim. 1:11.

What said Jesus about forgiving men? Verses 21, 22.

What parable did he utter? Verses 23-35.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

- 1. Who are members of the kingdom of God?
2. How to become members of the kingdom of God?
3. How to be great in the kingdom of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does the disciples' question show that they expected? An earthly kingdom.
2. What does Christ's answer teach concerning human ambition? That it cannot enter heaven.
3. What must every citizen of this kingdom be like? Like a simple, artless child.
4. Who does Christ declare will be the greatest in his kingdom? He who is most childlike.
5. What does Christ say is most the will of God? Golden Text: "It is not," etc.

"I LOVE TO PINT HIM OUT"

A GENTLEMAN, while travelling, came to a river, which he must needs cross before he could reach his destination. Joe Brown, a coloured boatman, was accustomed to ferry passengers over the river, and the boat being ready, the gentleman seated himself in the bow. Joe stepped

"How did he save you, Joe?"

"He strip off his coat and jumped into de ribber and cutch hole of dis chile wid his strong arm, just as he was sinking into de great depths, wid de ropes around his feet. Dat de way he sated me," said Joe, growing eloquent with emotion.

"You have not forgotten to be grateful, I see."

"Grateful! Joe Brown could breathe every breff he draw for him ef he could. I told him I would work de rest of my days widout no pay. It would be enough and more, and I pay him just to be allowed to sarve him. But," he added rather sadly, "so I stay as close by him as I ken He runs by hero once a month. I watches fur him allers, and I love to pint him out. It's all dis poor nigger can do."

The traveller, who was a Christian, was deeply moved by the earnestness of the poor negro, and at the depth and tenderness of his gratitude.

In a moment there flashed across him a humiliating sense of his own ingratitude toward the One whose strong arm had snatched him from the jaws of an eternal death. Why should he ever forget the high privilege of pointing out "Him, whose name is above every name," the man Christ Jesus?

Has not this little incident a voice for



CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

into his place, and taking up his oars, the two glided swiftly along. There were sloops going up and down the river, as they did every day, when the winds would carry them on their way. Suddenly Joe drew in his oars, and springing to his feet pulled off his ragged old straw hat, and with his hand shaded his eyes while he strained his sight to some object on a sloop in the distance.

"As I'm a libbing man," he exclaimed, "dat am de Captin'!"

The gentleman started out of his musings, followed the eyes of Joe, but could distinguish nothing but the forams of three or four men on a sloop in the distance.

"See him, Mister?" exclaimed Joe. "Don't you see that strong, kind-looking man agin the mast?" urged Joe. "Perhaps I shall see him when the vessel gets nearer."

"I wish you could see the Captain," said Joe, in a tone which seemed to imply that he might if he would but look.

"Who is the Captain?" he asked. "Do Captin'?" said Joe, turning upon him a look of surprise, as if he should have known. "Ho an do man dat sated me." But quickly turning his eyes again to the sloop, he said, "I can't miss seeing him while he am in sight," and gazed with an intense earnestness.

The sloop did not come very near, and passed by with no apparent signal to Joe, who stood as steady as a mast in a ship, with his hat in his hand and his eyes still shaded. As the sloop sailed on, the figures of the men became hidden, and Joe sat down again to his oars.

"I telt you, sar," said he, "dat he am de man whos sated me."

us too? What power there would be if it were practically true of us that we loved to "point Him out." And this is the only thing that will keep us in this age of unbelief. Truth may be known and in a certain way enjoyed, but our sole desire is not our object, "our sole desire" Satan will get power over us. Oh, that there might be wrought in us by the Holy Spirit an ever-increasing desire after himself, that so we might in our every-day walk "point him out."

DOUBTFUL THINGS THE MOST DANGEROUS.

Young people get unnumbered warnings against doing that which is evil; unnumbered appeals to do justly and live righteous lives. Ever since Solomon's day wise people have understood that the hope of the world lay in guiding young people into paths of virtue and holiness; and all along the centuries danger signals have been set up against this and that form of wickedness.

Yet, after all, if you consult your own experience, it is not to wickedness that you are greatly tempted, certainly not you children of the Church; certainly not many of you. But it is the doubtful things that ensnare you; the things which you may do and keep your respectability; which you may do and be eminently stylish; for which you can find no "Thou shalt not" laid down in the word, and yet which make against your holiness.

John Newton's illustration is a perfect picture of what we are calling your thoughts

to; he says it is perfectly safe to bring a green log and a lighted candle together, but get a few chips and shavings under your green log and then apply your candle, and in the blaze made by your chips and the shavings, presently your log will begin to burn.

The green log is the great wickedness the lighted candle is Satan's temptation, and the quickly caught chips and shavings are those doubtful things which you are daily tempted to do.

A TASTE FOR READING.

TIME should be devoted by every young man and young woman entering life, were it only half-an-hour a day, to the development of their mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the culture of some ennobling taste. A taste for reading is worth more than any sum we can name. A rich man, without this or some similar taste, does not know and is not to enjoy his money. His only resource is to keep on making and hoarding money, unless he prefers to spend it; and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend wisely.

A well-known millionaire used to say, that he would gladly give all his money if he could only have himself the education which his lazy, stupid boy refused to acquire.

Be advised, make it a rule never to be broken, to devote at least half-an-hour a day to the reading of some useful and instructive book. Every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects; and if only half-an-hour a day is given to reading, he will find the advantage of it.

Be hungry and thirsty after knowledge of all kinds, and you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men and women. Beware of novels, they are ensnaring and pernicious.

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