



# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 6, 1894.

[No. 1.

## FAITHFUL CAPTAIN.

MARY BRUCE was a Scotch lassie who lived with her Uncle Robert, in a little cottage almost hidden by the rugged hills that surrounded it. For years he had been gardener for the gentleman at the castle, and, though his wages were not large, he was thrifty and industrious, and earned a very fair living for himself and wife.

In his way he was kind enough to Mary, but he was not fond of children, and the poor orphan sadly missed the love and tenderness that had been lavished upon her in the little shepherd's tent, where she and her father had spent so many happy days together.

But his lack of affection for herself did not wound her half so much as his unkindness to her faithful Captain, who for years had tended her father's flock on the far-away mountain side.

Though her aunt was not very fond of dogs herself, she sympathized with Mary, and once when her uncle kicked Captain out of the door, she remonstrated with him and reminded him that it was not good policy to make an enemy, even of a dog.

People called Robert Bruce a moderate drinker, and usually he did manage to keep a level head; but there had been times when he had taken a drop too much, and disgraced himself and wife by coming home from the inn with an unsteady step.

The day before Christmas was cold and stormy, and after dinner Mr. Bruce started to the village for the weekly mail, taking with him the little brown jug that had been his companion on so many trips before. He lingered longer at the "Red Cloud" than he intended, and the "good cheer" in which he had indulged so freely was beginning to tell on him, even before he took the homeward road.

The storm increased with the evening, and before he was half-way home, one of those fierce blizzards peculiar to mountainous regions was full upon him. Had his brain been clear, he might have managed to keep in the bridle-path along the mountain ridge; but with his head swimming round and round, as it was, it was a very easy matter for his staggering steps to fall out of the beaten way. For an hour or more, blinded by the sharp pricks of the fast-falling snow, he wandered back and forth in sight of the old castle on the hill, and then, not knowing that the numbness creeping into his veins meant death, he lay down in the snow-drifts right across the path, and here half an hour later faithful Captain found him fast asleep.

Mary had her sleeves rolled up, washing the supper-dishes, when the dog bounded into the kitchen, and catching her by her dress, tried to pull her towards the door. She knew from his manner that something was wrong, and without waiting even to snatch up her hood, she followed her favourite out into the snow. Soon the dog stopped by the side of a prostrate figure, and Mary was horrified to find in the half-frozen man her Uncle Robert.

Captain seemed to think that his duty was finished now, and slunk away with a look which seemed to say "Get him home

the best way you can. He is no friend of mine."

Mary tried to coax him to assist her in arousing the sleeper, but the dog was obdurate, and it was not until her aunt arrived that they succeeded in getting the man on his feet.

After Mr. Bruce was himself again, and had listened to his wife's story about the dog's reluctant kindness, he said with much feeling, "You were right, Susan;

mouth went all the bits that had formerly found their way into the inn-keeper's pocket.

## HUMOUR IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

J. L. HUGHES, Public School Inspector, Toronto, tells a number of stories of Canadian school life:

"Who were the foolish virgins?" brought

wrote: "Titus was a Roman Emperor—supposed to have written the epistle to the Hebrews; his other name was Oates."

Here are a few answers culled at random:

"A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle." "Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else." "In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrian feathers." "The two most famous volcanoes in Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah." "Climate lasts all the time, weather only a few days." "Mrs. Browning wrote poetry to the pottery gesse." This was not complimentary the Portuguese nor to the teacher's method of teaching literature. "The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

A poor boy was asked, "What is a gentleman?" "A fellow that has a watch and chain," he replied. "A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other liquids,—not far astray. "Tom, use a sentence with responsibility in it." Tom said: "When one suspender button is gone there is a great deal of responsibility on the other one." "Give me the future of drink." "Present, he drinks; future, he will be drunk." "The plural for pillow?" "Bolster." "Compare ill." "Ill, worse, dead." This recalls the answer of the boy who said: "Masculine, man; feminine, woman; neuter, corpse."

"Who was the first man?" asked a Chicago teacher. "Washington," promptly answered the young American. "No," said the teacher, "Adam was the first man." "Oh, well, I suppose you are right," replied the undaunted patriot, "if you refer to furiners." "How did that blot come on your copy-book, Sam?" "I think it is a tear, Miss Wallace. It must have been a coloured boy who dropped it," suggested the reflective Samuel. "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" "The famine in the land." "Now, children," said the teacher, "we have gone through the history of England. Tell me in whose reign would you live if you could choose for yourself." "In the reign of King James," said philosophic Alec, "because I read that education was very much neglected in his time." "If you wish to be good looking when you grow up you should go to bed early," was the advice of a lady teacher to her class in hygiene. Isabel rather rudely ventured to say in reply: "I 'spect you sat up late when you was a girl."

Mr. Hughes concludes his paper by the following suggestion:

The humour of the schoolroom is too valuable to be lost. Every teacher should record the humorous answers and amusing incidents in connection with her class.

Teachers' Associations should appoint recorders of humour, to whom all teachers should send the merry sketches of their schoolrooms.

A JUDGE, in crossing the Irish Channel one stormy night, knocked against a well-known witty lawyer, who was suffering from sea-sickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the judge. "Yes," gasped the sea-sick lawyer. "I wish your lordship would over-rule this motion."



A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

it is not good policy to make an enemy, even of a dog."

After that day, both Mary and the Captain found a true friend in Robert Bruce, and nothing that he could do for the comfort of either was ever forgotten or left undone. He learned another lesson, too, from that night's experience, and that was, that a man cannot be a moderate drinker always, and satisfied with the failure he had made, the little brown jug was thoroughly cleansed and labelled "Missionary Jug," and into its small round

the answer from a wise little girl—"Them as didn't get married."

"Boys," said a teacher, "can any of you quote a verse of scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said solemnly: "No man can serve two masters." The questioning ended there.

History and scripture were never more thoroughly mixed than by the boy who

The Old Year.

April's year has gone,
With swift and noiseless tread,
Winter and spring have glided on,

I mourn its wasted time;
If I could live it o'er,
Its and mistakes I'd try to shun,

This only can I do:
Be sorry for the past,
And at my loving Saviour's feet

Add as a bright new year
Comes with its hope and joy,
I'll seek to live aright, and all

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Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours, with their respective prices.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 6 1894.

NEW SERIES OF PLEASANT HOURS.

It will be remembered that the capacity of PLEASANT HOURS during the past year has been considerably enlarged, so that it printed much more than previously.

NEW BOOK ON CHINESE MISSIONS.

For nearly a year the Editor of this paper has employed most of his limited leisure in compiling a book of popular interest on China and its people, with special reference to Chinese Missions.

Under this latter head are given. Journey from Shanghai, The "City of Delights," A Sad Bereavement, Missionary Progress, The Chen tu Mission, Letters from Our Missionaries, Other Missions in China, Progress of Christianity in China, Problem of Methodism in China, The Missionary Outlook, Dr. Hart's Travels in China, The Great Wall, etc.

The book contains also an illustrated account of the chief Chinese cities and objects of interest in China. It contains 304 pages, with nearly one hundred engravings. It gives special prominence to the missions of our own Church in China. It should, we think be in every Sunday school and League library. It exhibits the condensed essence of many books of travel and the latest information derived from best authorities up to the year 1893.

Ministers and others will find this book full of information on China and its missions, especially the missions of our Church, to which very special prominence is given. On account of the expensive nature of this book the Editor has assumed the cost of having plates made, and cannot therefore furnish the book through the regular trade channels.

WINE OF THE BIBLE.

"BILL, yo may argify all day, and yo can't git them words out o' the Bible where it says 'wine that maketh glad the heart of man,' and 'give strong drink to the heavy-hearted,' and 'use a little wine fer yer stomach's sake, and 'give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and more of the same kind, which I'd find fer yo if I wasn't in such a hurry to git that hay in from the south medder."

That evening the weekly paper arrived, and Bill otherwise William H. Newberry, aged twenty-two, graduate of the State Normal school, son of Farmer Newberry, studying to fit himself for teaching, came upon a notice of a lecture by a woman, entitled, "The Bible on Wine," to be given at the village, four miles distant, a few evenings later.

The lecture was just what such lectures are almost sure to be since the women came to the front with their sharp wits and mountains of argument. That is, it was quiet and graceful in delivery, intensely earnest and unanswerable in the positions taken. William was entranced. He learned in one hour more than he could have collected for himself in a week.

The next day proved to be rainy, and as the "south medder" was cleared of hay and the other work well in hand, Farmer Newberry was very willing to hear William's account of the lecture. After breakfast and a drop of gin he seated himself in a broad-armed rocker on the verandah and said: "Now, Bill, sail in and tell us what she said. Lem me hear how she got over the 'wine fer yer stomach's sake' and about the wine at the wedding."

"The word used in the Bible is katon, and it is the same word that Jesus used when speaking of the tree that brought forth good fruit, said William. "And he never said wine, but always fruit of the vine. But even if we admit that the words—well, admitting that the words used leave the case evenly balanced as to fresh grape juice and intoxicating liquor, the scale is easily turned by asking whether Jesus would be likely to furnish a liquor to make the people drunk instead of a delicious and health-giving beverage, such as he is making in all the grapes as they grow; and I do not think any use would be long in"

"Bill, that's enough! After this, when I hear of Bible wine, I'll first find out what kind is meant before I think of a lot of drunken, sprawling patriarchs. But how about the other kind of wine, the kind that makes folks drunk—if they take too much, which I don't."

"There's plenty of condemnation for that, As we all know; seventy-one texts against it in the Hebrew Scriptures, five of them requiring total abstinence, terrible denunciations everywhere, and was pronounced upon those who make others drunk, but there was not time to consider both sides in one lecture.

And then, the principal reason these women have for looking up this question is to show that the word wine, when used with bread for communion, does not necessarily mean intoxicating liquor."

"Look a-here, Bill, do they use regular liquor in churches?"

"Nearly all churches did use fermented wine until the last few years. Now that the women have taken up the matter, many have abolished it, and the prospect is that very soon nearly all will follow."

"I declare! I never thought before of liquor in the church! Why, they'd be wanting a drink up in heaven! I ain't no church member, but if I wanted to be one I wouldn't go where they'd hold liquor under my nose. Why, if a man should swear off and get a fast in church it might knock his new-year resolutions higher'n a kite."

"Yes, that is precisely what has occurred in many cases, and is what the women are trying to prevent."

"Let 'em do it? And I'd help 'em if I could."

And then he dropped his voice and asked in a hesitating manner, "Bill, d'ye s'pose my takin' a drop now and then, when I don't feel well, or want it for some other reason—d'ye s'pose anybody, that is, d'ye think any one else would be led to—to take more'n he ought to?"

"Well, father, I did not intend to mention the matter, but I did overhear a remark last evening that made me wish your example was on the side of total abstinence. Neighbour Smith whispered to the man at his side that he guessed he could take a little if-ol Newberry could."

"Did Smith say that? Why, he's half drunk every few days. If he follows my example in drinking, I wonder if he'd follow me if I'd stop. Maybe I could help him, and save his wife and children from a lot of trouble." And with a resounding whack on the arm of his chair, while his voice melted into reverent determination, he exclaimed: "Bill, write out the strongest kind of a pledge and hand it to me. I'll sign it and keep it, and try to save Smith!" —Union Signal.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

THANK God some of us have an old-fashioned mother! Not a woman of the period, whose white, jewelled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose depths the love-light shone, the brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smoothly upon her faded cheeks; those dear-hands, worn with toil, gently guiding out tottering steps in childhood, and soothing out pillow in sickness, ever reaching out to us in yearning tenderness!

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother! It flows to us like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossom. The music of other voices may be lost, but the clicheing memory will echo in our souls forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on. When in the beautiful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-known threshold stand once more in the room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childhood innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the radiant sunshine streaming through the open window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father!" How many times, when the tempter lured us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the abyss of sin! Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure unselfish love.

"ADVICE" TO A BOY.

In one of the large railroad offices in this country is a comparatively young man who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the service of the company, five years ago, he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest paid work in the department. The very first day of his employment by the company, a man who had been at work in the same room for six years approached him and gave him a little advice: "Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. This company is a soulless corporation, that regards its employees as so many machines. It makes no difference how hard you work, or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. That's my advice. This is a slave pen, and the man who works overtime or does any specially fine work wastes his strength. Don't you do it."

The young man thought over the "advice," and after a quiet little struggle with himself he decided to do the best and the most he knew how; whether he received any more pay from the company or not. At the end of the year the company raised his wages, and advanced him to a more responsible position. In three years he was getting a third more salary than when he began, and in five years he was head clerk in the department; and the man who had condescended to give the greenhorn "advice" was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before.

This is not a story of a goodly-body little boy who died early, but of a five young man who exists to-day and is ready to give "advice" to other young men just beginning to work their way into business. And here it is: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." —Youth's Companion.

SILENCED BY A PRAYER.

We were a round dozen of the gloomiest passengers that ever got together in a Pullman car one warm June night, coming up from Atlanta over the Piedmont Line. There were several reasons for the early dullness, which deepened as the evening wore on. The weather was clammy and uncomfortable, while to open the windows was to invite a coat of soot and showers of pinners. Moreover, the supper at Charlotte had been undeniably bad.

With such conditions it was not to be wondered at that an air of gloomy moroseness pervaded the car. The only party who did not openly avince any evidence of discontent was a group of a sad-faced man, a woman with a subdued countenance, and a tiny tot of five, apparently the daughter of the man and niece of the lady. We all knew well enough why they were so quiet. In the baggage-car was a rough box, and the little girl clutched tightly a bouquet of the same tuberosas we had seen carried in with the coffin.

By-and-by there were sounds of a slight disturbance from the back part of the car, which caused every one to turn his eyes thither. In the middle of the aisle stood a little fairy form, clad in a snowy night-dress her golden curls shaking over her shoulders by the rocking of the car, while her blue eyes were troubled and half-shut in tears. She was saying in a baby voice, which of passion had caused to rise to its highest pitch, distinguishable above the rattle of the train: "Papa and auntie, I must, mamma told me to before she went to sleep." Securing the attention of the other passengers drawn upon them, the father flushed and made no further remonstrance, and the lady also drew back. The little tot got down reverently upon her knees by the side of the berth, clasped her tiny hands and began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
and so on until the final "Amen," adding: "God bless papa and auntie and poor little Annie, whose mamma has gone away." Then, unresisting, they tucked her into the berth. There was no more story telling, no more gabbling, no more giggling that night. The train pulled on with the sleeping mother in the baggage-car and the sleeping orphan.

New Year's Hymn.

O Year that lies before us,
What shall thy record be,
As thy short months roll o'er us,
And swift thy moments flee?

Thou bring'st new hope to cheer us,
New visions fair and bright,
Of higher aims and conquests,
And purer, clearer light;

So, year by year, in mercy,
To us it hath been given,
To climb from our past failures
Up one step nearer heaven;

Lord, grant us grace to serve thee
In spirit, truth and all;
Our hearts keep warm and trustful;
Protect us lest we fall;

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trip."

CHAPTER I.—TO BEG I AM OBLIGED.

The small back room, which was the home of a family, was not much larger than a prison-cell, and in point of cleanliness and light and ventilation was far inferior to it.

This small, dark, back room had been intended for a kitchen. Close against the window stood the dust-bin, into which was emptied all the waste of the house, when it was not cast out into the street.

Even this poor, hard-working woman, who had been struggling for years to pay the rent of this dark, unwholesome den as a home for herself and her children, hardly gave a thought to the tainted air they breathed, whether the window was open or shut.

Her husband had been dead for ten years, and she had had two little children to hamper all her efforts to lift herself and them out of their poverty.

But there was one enemy she had not thought of. The wasting caused by her malady produced a craving hunger, worse to endure, if possible, than the malady itself.

In the mother's mind there were still lingering dim memories of a very different childhood, and of better times than her marriage. Sometimes there came to her, as there comes to all of us, sudden flashes of light out of the misty past; and she saw again her cottage-home down in the country, and the village school she went to, and her first place as a young servant in the vicarage, where the clergyman's wife had taken care she should keep up her acquaintance with the Collects and the Catechism.

The poor mother was ignorant; but her ignorance was light and knowledge compared with that of her children. They know nothing, and thought of nothing, beyond what they saw and heard about them. David could read a little, but Bess not at all. The thick knot of streets was swarming with children; and it was not difficult to escape the notice of the school-inspector on his occasional visits, especially as Bess was thirteen and David nearly fourteen years of age.

For a long time neither of them knew that she was suffering from the fatal and painful disease of cancer, which had thrust its deep roots into her very life. When he did know it, David's heart burned within him to see her standing bravely at her washing-tub, enduring her agony as patiently as she could.

Mrs. Fell was more than satisfied. Separation from her children would have been more bitter than death itself; but now she would have Bess and David with her as long as she could keep death at bay. The four shillings and eightpence would pay her rent, and leave almost fourpence a day for other expenses.

It was no longer possible to cheat herself, as she had been used to do in former years, with putting off her hunger until she changed into a dull listlessness. The gnawing pain showed itself too plainly in the desperate clinching of her teeth, and the wistful craving in her sunken eyes.

"It's just as if a wolf was gnawin' me," she said to David one evening, when he came in with a loaf of bread and a slice of smoked fish from a stall in the street; "hot as ever I see a wolf, save once when father was alive, and you was a baby, and we all went to the Zoological Gardens for a holiday. It feels as if all the hunger I ever had had hid itself away somewhere, and heaped itself up, and is

all let loose on me now. You children take your share first, for I'd eat it all and not leave enough for you."

"It's all for you and Bess, mother," he answered. "I ate my supper at the stall." He did not say that he had made his supper of a crust of mouldy bread he had found lying in the street, and was still as hungry as a growing lad generally is. Like his mother, he was quite used to dirt and the urgent claims of his appetite. But he sat down at the end of her ironing-board, and watched her by the feeble light of the candle as she greedily devoured the food he had brought.

"Mother," he said, "I only took fourpence all day for running two errands, for all I've been on the lookout sharp. Mother, I must take to begging."

"No, no!" she answered, looking up for a moment from the food she was so eagerly eating. "I must," he went on: "there's lots o' money to be got that way. They all says so. I couldn't make myself look hungrier than I am; and I'll tell the truth, as you're dyin' of a cancer, eye! and dyin' of hunger. I know there'd be folks as would help us. I hate the thought of it as much as you; but it's better me than Bess. Little Bess 'ud be frightened," he added, looking at his ragged sister for whose sake he had fought many a battle, and borne many a beating in the streets.

"I never thought it 'ud come to beggin'," said his mother in a sorrowful, lalling voice. "Nor me," continued David; "but there's hardly no work for such as me as don't know nothink. I'd have chose to be a carpenter like father; but there's no chance of that. Don't you cry now, or you've done your best for us, and it's my turn to do my best for you; and beggin's the best as I can do."

David felt it a bitter pass to come to. Un- taught and ignorant as he was, he had his own dream of ambition to be a carpenter, and earn wages like his father. He had gone now and then to a night-school, and learned, after a fashion, to read and write a little; but there was no school where a ragged boy like him could learn any kind of handicraft by which he could earn a livelihood. If there had been such a place, how gladly would he have gone to it, and how heartily would he have set himself to work! There was no one to blame, perhaps; but still he felt it to be a hard and latter lot to turn out as a beggar.

"I'll do it," he said, after a long silence. "not just round here, you know, mother; but out in the country, where folks ain't all in such a hurry. I'll take care of the police, and I'll be back again afore Sunday; and you've got Bess with you, so you won't be lonesome. If I've luck, I'll try again next week. There's kind rich folk as 'ud do some- think for you, if they only knew; and I'll go and find em out. Don't you take on and fret, mother. It ain't tervus, you know."

"I'll think about it in the night, Davy," she answered sadly.

The painful, wakeful hours of the night, the poor mother thought of her boy tramping the roads in his ragged clothing and with his almost bare feet, and stopping the passers by to ask for alms. It had been the aim of her long, laborious life to save herself and her children from beggary. Oh, if this cruel malady had only spared her another two or three years, until David had been more of a man, and Bess a grown-up girl! She could have laid down to die tranquilly then, though now she had a terrible dread of dying. But, as far as she could see, there was nothing else to be done than to let David try his luck. There were good rich folks, as he said, if he could only find them. She must let him go and search for them.

"You may go," she said in the morning, after they had eaten together the few morsels her little store afforded for the night before; "and don't think I've forgot. Don't you never do nothink save beg. That's had enough; but remember, both of yer, what I always said, 'Keep thy hands from pickin' and stealin'.' Them's good words to go by. And, Davy, come back as soon as you can; for I'll be hungrier for a sight of you than I am for victuals. Always be a good boy, and quick and true, as your mother's a daisy of a girl, and faithful with hunger, and if they answer 'No,' or shake their heads, turn away at once and try some body else. Don't stop folks as are in a hurry. Kiss me afore you go, Davy."

It seemed a solemn thing to do. He felt half-choked and could not speak a word as he bent down to kiss her tenderly. He put his arm around his sister's neck, and kissed her

too, and then, catching up his three shillings, he went to the door trying to whistle a cheerful tune. He paused in the doorway, and looked back on them.

"Good-bye, mother," he cried; "don't you fret after me."

(To be continued.)

GEMS.

While the use of tobacco—a virulent poison—at first produces the usual effect of all similar poisons, disgust, nausea, deathly sickness, and using the powers of nature in opposition to it, it is a matter of surprise, a humiliating fact, indicative of the depravity of our nature, that the young will persist in intense suffering that they may so reverse nature as to compel it to tolerate such an abominable poison weed. It is as unnatural as it would be for the lamb to eat pork, the lion to eat grass, snow to fall in mid-summer, or water to run uphill. One of the most alarming features of the fact that it naturally leads to the use of intoxicants, the two vices being twin brothers.

I would prefer that my son should be safely locked up in prison, adopting a simple diet, forming correct habits and labouring for the good of the state and the welfare of society, disconnected with all crime, than to have him lounging around the liquor and gambling saloons and places where the "vile weed" is sold, for, to the extent he should patronize them, his course will lead to corruption, immorality and ruin, encouraging the worst vices of our fallen human nature.

In the boy who despises education, Sabbath schools and religious meetings, spending his Sabbaths in roaming in the forests and fields, robbing birds' nests, killing the young and all within his reach, visiting fruit trees and gardens for pillage, I think I see the germ of the future man—or substitute—drunken, profligate, indolent, useless to the world and a disgrace to humanity, destined to spend the last of life in prison, or expiate his crimes on the gallows.

If vain young ladies would preserve the natural clearness and beauty of their complexion, let them beware of drinking much tea, particularly when strong, since its nature is to darken and injure the colour of the skin. Tea contains tannin, highly astringent, very nearly resembling the properties of the bark used by the tanner, by which he gives solidity and dark colour to leather. If a lady uses much of this, particularly if strong, with luxurious foods, saturated with grease and the spices, she need not be surprised if her skin becomes dark and dingy, her face pimply, with abundant blackheads, the pimples becoming a constant source of annoyance and chagrin.

THE SUPREME CURSE.

This saloon is the supreme curse of the nineteenth century, because its influence extends in an direct, and what it is felt, human misery, degradation and moral profligacy. It is the worst of all our great evils, and where every tentacle crushes to death. It pollutes the soul, degrades manhood, it makes a possible murderer of every nation, it fills the streets with want and wretchedness, it crowds to overflowing our jails, and is a leading factor in populating insane asylums, almshouses, and pauper's beds. It becomes the monster, it pollutes the mind, it makes a possible murderer of every nation, it fills the streets with want and wretchedness, it crowds to overflowing our jails, and is a leading factor in populating insane asylums, almshouses, and pauper's beds. It becomes the monster, it pollutes the mind, it makes a possible murderer of every nation, it fills the streets with want and wretchedness, it crowds to overflowing our jails, and is a leading factor in populating insane asylums, almshouses, and pauper's beds.

The supremacy of the saloon affords a most impressive illustration of the power of the whole nation becoming morally unethereal, and its people constantly before its vision, and when it is so widely used to quell all opposition which would deal it mortal blows. Avenge.



**January.**

The Old, Old Year is dead,  
The snow lies on his bed;  
The New Year has come merrily in with a  
cheerful sound of bells;  
The wind blows sharp and keen  
The naked boughs between;  
There are no song-birds in the woods, no  
flowerets in the dells,  
Sing hey! sing ho!  
As down the slide we go,  
With laugh and shout that ringeth out upon  
the frosty air.  
Sing up! sing down!  
Oh, leave the sloppy town,  
The sports, the pastimes, and the joys of  
country boys to share.  
The air is full of snow,  
The cattle stand and low,  
Knee deep in straw beside the barns and ricks  
all roofed with white;  
The huddled birds cry "cheep!"  
Beside the folded sheep,  
Whose fleeces brown and dingy look where all  
is fair and bright;  
Sing hey! sing ho!  
As down the slide we go.

**Fa-rewell, Year!**

GOOD-BYE to thee, Year! Thou hast been to  
me  
A river of grace and goodness and love,  
All from the heart of the Father above;  
If the next be like, it will welcome be.

GOOD-BYE to thee, Year! I think of the sin  
That has marked thy days as they floated  
by:  
I pray that the year which is now so nigh  
A holier, happier life begin

THOU, Lord, art all love and goodness and  
grace;  
I am all weakness and failure, I know;  
Dear Lord, in thy love, O wilt thou not  
show  
How better the lines of my life to trace?

I think of thee, Lord, and the year is bright:  
I think of myself, and the clouds arise;  
Then I turn from self unto thee mine eyes,  
And my sin is gone, and my heart is light.

I will only think of the days now past,  
That less on myself I may learn to rely;  
That more to my Lord for help I may fly,  
For his grace, I know, to the end will last.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

B.C. 4004.] **LESSON II.** [Jan 14.

**ADAM'S SIN AND GOD'S GRACE.**

Gen. 3. 1-15. Memory verses, 13-15.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ  
all shall be made alive.—1 Cor. 15. 22

**OUTLINE.**

1. Sin, v. 1-6.
2. Guilt, v. 7-14.
3. Grace, v. 15

**PLACE.—The garden of Eden.**

**CONNECTING LINKS.**  
The second chapter of Genesis repeats the  
story of the creation of man, and gives many  
additional incidents.

**EXPLANATIONS.**

"The serpent"—The story implies that the  
Evil Spirit took possession of a serpentine  
body. "Almost throughout the whole oriental  
world the serpent is an emblem of the evil  
principle." "Subtle"—Acute. "The woman"  
—Her influence was incalculable; for she was  
the only woman in the whole world. "Yea,  
hath God said"—The phrase implies a doubt:  
Is it true that God so said? "Tree which is  
in the midst"—called in chapter 2. 17, "The  
tree of the knowledge of good and evil."  
"Your eyes shall be opened"—An appeal to  
the curiosity of human nature. A suggestion  
that God had not given or shown them all  
there was to be given or seen. "Be as gods"  
—Better, be like God: know as much as he  
knows. "Knowing good and evil"—It was  
an awful truth that Satan spoke. Doing the  
evil brought the knowledge. "They knew"  
—Now that the serpent's promise is kept, it  
is the knowledge of sin and shame that they  
receive. "Sowed"—Rather plaited or fast-  
ened. "Aprons"—Perhaps wreaths or girdles.  
"The voice . . . walking"—at this time  
humanity was in universal babyhood. Through  
most of the Bible history the race was in its  
childhood, but steadily, as man became able  
to receive larger conceptions of the Godhead,  
God revealed himself. He is here represented  
as taking the form and voice of a man. "The  
woman whom thou gavest"—He blames the  
woman directly, and implies that God is at  
fault. "Beguiled"—Led astray. "Above  
all cattle"—All animals. "Dust . . . shalt  
thou eat"—Thou shalt be compelled to lie on  
the ground. "Enmity"—Hatred. "Bruise  
thy heel"—A promise of a coming Saviour.  
"Bruise his heel"—The Serpent-bruiser must  
himself suffer.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

1. Adam was made in God's image, but

when God was not present he could  
not stand against Satan

2. There were three steps in Eve's  
sin: (a) she listened; (b) she looked;  
(c) she took.

3. Sin is infectious. A sin-  
stricken snake whispered to Eve  
She sinned and spoke to Adam; he  
sinned and passed it on to the rest  
of the world. Cholera and smallpox  
are more easily controlled than sin.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. How was the first woman  
tempted? "By the serpent." 2. To  
what crime was she tempted? "To  
disobedience of God." 3. Wherein  
did the disobedience consist? "In  
eating the forbidden fruit." 4.  
What result came to man from this  
act? "A state of sin and death."  
Through whom was a final triumph  
over the serpent promised? "Through  
the seed of the woman." 6. What  
is the Golden Text? "For as in  
Adam all die," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Man's  
sinful condition.**

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

Is that the only lesson?  
No; we learn the blessed truth  
that God is love, for it was His  
love that provided the Saviour for  
men.

**LITTLE SINS.**

SATAN seldom comes to Chris-  
tians with great temptations or  
with temptations to commit a  
great sin. You bring a green log  
and a candle together, and they  
are very safe neighbours; but  
bring a few shavings and set them  
alight, then bring a few small  
sticks and let them take fire, and  
let the log be in the midst of  
them, and you will soon get rid  
of your log. And so it is with  
little sins. You would be startled  
at the idea of committing a great  
sin, and so the devil brings you  
a little temptation and leaves you  
to indulge yourself. "There is  
no harm in this, no great good  
in that;" and so by these little  
chips we are first easily lighted  
up, and at last the green log is  
burned. "Watch and pray, that ye enter  
not into temptation."—John Newton.

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