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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1895.

[No. 1

Compensation.

It is true that drinking does a great deal of harm to a man, but how seldom we mention the compensating advantages that come to him. For instance:

He drank when he was stupid
For to quicken his insight,
His eyes grew still more bleary,
But his nose grew bright.

He drank when he was weary,
His strength for to prolong,
His legs grew still more shaky,
But his breath grew strong.

He drank when he was downcast
For to chase away the night,
His debt grew still more heavy,
But his purse grew light.

apprentice, and, for want of paper, was obliged to work his algebraic problems upon leather with an awl. Robert Burns, a ploughman of Ayrshire, Scotland, was afterwards the greatest of Scotch poets. James Cook for a long time was a common sailor, but afterwards, on voyages of discovery, sailed three times round the world. Jeremy Taylor was a barber's boy, and afterwards a D.D. Thomas Tedford, the great civil engineer, was once a shepherd's boy. Inigo Jones was first a journeyman carpenter, and afterwards the chief architect of his age. Halley, the astronomer, was the son of a poor soap boiler. Haydn, the composer, was the son of a poor wheelwright. Henry, the chemist, was the son of a weaver. Smeaton and Rennie, eminent engineers, were both of them, at one

strange. You may find "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods, there is society where none intrudes," or you may shudder and feel you are in the very House of Death, in the home of the prowling wolf and the cruel raven.

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

There are many poor boys and girls too, who are robbed of what would rightfully be theirs by "the greedy bottle." There would be happiness and rejoicing in many poor homes if the bottle could be broken, as in this story from the *Children's Record*:

A poor undersized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle, and looking in, said, "I

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it!" And Tim sat down again and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

"I'm sorry I broke the bottle, father."



THE WOODS IN WINTER.

PERSEVERANCE

DEMOSTHENES, the poor stuttering son of a butler, became the most famous orator of ancient times. Virgil, the son of a baker, was the most celebrated of Latin poets. Esop, the son of a slave, and almost a slave himself, managed to acquire imperishable fame. Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher, became cardinal of the Church of Rome, the next to the king, in his day the most powerful person in the English Dominion. William Shakespeare, also the son of a butcher, was yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Oliver Cromwell rose from a comparatively humble station to be protector of the English Commonwealth. Benjamin Franklin was a printer in his early days; he afterwards became one of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen. William Guildford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was in youth a humble shoemaker

time, merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you have read the lives of all these, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making these men great, as any other quality which they possessed.

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

If you are fond of a tramp through the snow, walking where you will have to make your own path, and where no one will disturb you, choose the woods, the really wild woods, in winter for your walk. There is scarcely any place on earth so lonely. But among the great trunks of the forest trees, and under their bare branches, you will find many interesting forms of nature. Your feelings as you stand surrounded by these silent giants, alone with the silence, will be now and

wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." He wanted to go to a Sunday-school picnic, but he had no shoes. His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him, until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had to at over the broken bottle.

"Yes, I guess you are," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted.

"Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."

Tim saloon burdens the state by the waste of untold millions. Stamp it out.
Tax saloon cripples politics and debases our public servants. Stamp it out.

Stretch it a Little.

Stretch it a little stretch,
Two childlike fures, with a long feet,
And hands benumbed by the biting-cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old
Hurry homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks, and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold;
"Take very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me if it only will
To stretch it a little. 'No now, don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain

"Stretch it a little!" O girls and boys
In homes cowering with comforts and joys,
See how far you can make them reach,
Your helpful deeds and kind loving speech,
Your gifts of love and gifts of good will;
Let them stretch, so homeloids manifold.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1886.

WHAT TO BE.

If a boy knows what trade, business, or profession he wishes to have when he is a man, it is a very good thing. There is no doubt that he should follow his bent, and his education should be such as will help him best to develop those faculties which he will use in his work. But many a boy of good abilities, honest and sincere, does not know what he wants to be. It is for such boys that this article is written.

I feel sure that there is some particular work given to every one who is born into this world. And I think that if a boy will patiently and seriously study his own nature, in time he can find out what his work is. It is a good plan, in fact, to try to find out what one cannot do. Many of the arts, for instance, require a genius—and that means more than a taste, or even a talent—for their successful pursuit. And there are at least two professions which should not be attempted unless one is sure of an unmistakable call towards them. A boy should never dare attempt to be a physician unless he has not only the strongest taste for the twin sciences of surgery and medicine, but also a love for humanity so broad and deep and unselfish that he cannot be satisfied with anything less than spending his lifetime in alleviating its miseries. And before he enters the Christian ministry he should be entirely sure that he can be satisfied with no other life-work, and that he is willing to make the same self-sacrificing for the souls that a doctor does for the bodies of men. Regarding what are called "the professions," never choose one because of the honour or distinction which it may bring you. No profession ever distinguished a man; on the contrary, if a man does not ennobled and dignify his profession he disgraces it.

Many pursuits are in those days barred out because they are not considered suitable for a gentleman. This is a mistake. All labour is honourable, and any man is a gentleman who behaves like one, and I know men to-day who have faced in life because they were put into a profession or a business, when if they had been allowed to learn their favourite trade or handicraft, they would have been successful and happy. So if you have a strong taste for anything of that sort, be sure it is a bent of your nature and not a fancy; then make your choice, stick to it, and be happy.

I know a gentleman, now living in a New England college town, whose plain living and high thinking are yet of the fashion, and he made such a choice and became a blacksmith, and he is the most wonderful blacksmith I ever heard of. He has a power of subduing curious animals which is phenomenal, and which two hundred years ago would have given him a reputation for sorcery. He shies the most untamable horses entirely unaided; the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, and the steady gaze of his bright dark eyes, in a short time after they are brought to him, quiet and subdue them and render them obedient to his will. This gentleman is a well-educated man, a reader and a thinker, and he is considered the social equal of anyone in the place; and I did not know whether to admire him more as he stood before his anvil, with his leather apron buckled on, and his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, displaying the magnificent muscles of his arms, while with his great hammer he smote with mighty blows the iron he was fashioning, making showers of sparks fly all about the place, or when, on the evening of the same day, he came forward to speak to me at the President's levee with the same easy and gentle manners with which he had welcomed me to his shop.

And I imagine that if that man had attempted to be anything else than a blacksmith he would have disobeyed a divine call.

And when you have made your choice, remember that fitness for your business is not the only thing. Long years of steady work may be necessary before you gain success. Without industry genius itself is nothing; but patient continuance in well doing will surely win its reward.

WHAT CURED SUSIE.

Sraiz Prazz's mother had been very sick, and the doctor said she must go away for a long journey; so Susie had come to stay with Uncle Will and Aunt Hatty. At first, she was very happy, but after she had been there two or three weeks, they noticed a change in her; she lost her appetite, and grew thin, and pale, and nervous.

At first, Aunt Hatty doted her herself, thinking she would soon be all right; but as she kept growing sorer rather than better, she began to be quite a worry, and finally, one morning when Susie was still to get up, she sent Uncle Will for the doctor.

Now Susie was very fond of Dr. Parsons, and usually delighted to see him; but this morning it seemed to make her feel worse than ever to think of his coming.

"Don't send for him, auntie," she pleaded. "I think I'm better now."

But, as Aunt Hatty did not see any particular change, she thought it best for him to come.

"I should not like to wate to your mamma that I had let you get really sick," she said to Susie. "She would blame me very much for not having the doctor, I fear."

"Well, well," said the doctor, cheerfully. "What's the matter with Susie? I never thought of leaving her for a patient. Have you drunk too much milk, or haven't you drunk enough? Let me see if I can tell from the looks of your tongue?" But he could not find out much either from her tongue or the questions he asked.

The most she would say was that she was unwell, and did not need any medicine. "Poor little girl!" said the good doctor, as he put up some medicine. "I expect it's a severe attack of home sickness. I cannot see that there is really anything the matter with her." But when he went back in the room, he found her sitting up in bed.

"Oh, Uncle Will and Aunt Hatty!" she cried; "don't give me any medicine; it would choke me, I know. I'm going to tell you now I'm not sick, only I did something dreadful that day you went to the city. I was in the library looking at one of those lovely big books of pictures. I knew I ought not to take them without permission, something kept telling me so, but I would not listen, and then somehow I got the mistake, and it went all over a whole page. I didn't dare tell you before, and I was so afraid every minute that you'd find it out. Oh, it has been dreadful! I have been perfectly miserable ever since. I am so sorry, and if you will only show me how, I'll work hard all summer, and try to earn enough to buy you another book."

By this time Susie was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"You poor little chicken," said Aunt Hatty, tenderly; "so that is what has ailed you. If you only had come and told me, it would have been much better."

"I kept trying to, but the words would not come. Oh, Aunt Hatty, I never shall forget how I felt; when I'm tempted to do wrong, I'll remember this!"

"That's right, Susie," said the doctor; "no matter how pleasant a wrong-doing looks, remember that the pleasure, if there is any, is soon gone, and then comes only sorrow and unhappiness. And now I think you're better, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, I'm well, I think," replied Susie.

HERO JACK.

Bedford school bore a bad name. A new teacher, one of the real kind, came, and the tone of the school improved. Jack Peterson had just come from Excelsior school, where the code of honour was high. The bully of Bedford was Joe Bandy, who nagged every new boy into a fight, if possible.

Jack was a puzzle to the Bedford boys. He was different, some way; perfect in lessons, walked with head up in manly fashion, honorable and faithful. Yet he was best baseball and a capital fellow on the playground. Joe tried to pick a quarrel in vain. Jack paid no attention, until one day Joe struck him across the face, saying: "Now, take that; fight it out, or be a coward."

Jack's face flushed; then, with folded arms and head erect, he walked away without a word.

"Coward! coward!" shouted Joe. And the boys echoed "Coward!" "We'll show him," said the leader, "that no boy that bears that name can play on our ground."

One day a terrible thing happened. A mad dog dashed into the playground, and was almost upon Joe Bandy before the boys saw him. Quick as a flash Jack snatched up a base ball bat, and springing in front of the racing beast, with its open jaws and frothing mouth, dealt it a stinging blow, giving a policeman in hot pursuit a chance to shoot.

"I declare, boy, that was a plucky thing to do!" said the officer.

With a shout, "Three cheers for Hero Jack!" the boys lifted him to their shoulders and bore him around the playground in triumph.

But, little readers, when did he most truly earn the name of "Hero Jack"?

Father: "Who was that young lady sitting by you at the base ball game?" Boy: "That was my school-teacher." "Oh! I noticed that you and several other boys were continually talking to her." "Yes; we were trying to make her understand how the game is played, but she couldn't. I don't see how she ever got to be a school-teacher."

A GREAT RIVER FROM A LITTLE RIVER.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer; she only wept. He examined the girl; she had no Bible in which to look for the text. And this led him to inquire whether her parents and neighbours had a Bible; and this led to that meeting in London, in 1844, of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the Bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society—a Society which has already distributed many millions of copies of the Bible, its issue now reaching nearly 1,600,000 annually. And this, in turn, led to the formation of the American Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world, which are, so many trees of life, scattering the golden fruits of immortality among all nations of the earth. This mighty river, so deep, so broad, so far reaching in its many branches, we may trace back to the tears of that little girl. Behold, how great a matter a little Rio kindleth.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A boy to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness, and clarity, and business; but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolished by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird, and tree, and rill, and human voice; but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true; God's finger-prints in the flower, and field, and snowflake; but not to fast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember, and reason, and decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others; but not to be turned into a chip-block, or rubbish heap for the chaff, and the rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good, and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

His True as Truth

My boys, come listen while I teach,
A lesson true as truth,
A lesson that you all should learn
By heart in early youth.
'Tis this, there's naught upon the earth
That hapless home can cheer,
Where but five cents is spent for bread
To fifty cents for beer.

The wife and mother, though she be
As patient as the best,
Wears on her face a look that tells
Of nights unknown to rest.
The children shiver off with cold,
And tremble on the floor,
Where but five cents is spent for bread
To fifty cents for beer.

The holidays bring but fresh grief,
Fresh want, and aided care,
And while, around it, happy songs
And laughter fill the air,
The sound of curses, sighs and sobs
Is all that mortals hear,
Where but five cents is spent for bread
To fifty cents for beer.

And boys, I beg you, let my words
On fruitful soil be sown,
So when you veer, let your boyhood's days
And age to manifold growth,
No one can see of losses you've made,
As pleasure-poor and grown,
Where but five cents is spent for bread
To fifty cents for beer.

The Wonderful Bamboo Tree.

BY MARY M'NEIL SCOTT.

ONE night when the hills were drenched with dew,
And moonbeams lay about,
The comical cone of a young bamboo
Came cautiously creeping out.

It tossed its cup upon the ground,
Amazed at the sudden light;
And so pleased it was with the world it found
That it grew six feet that night.

It grew and it grew in the summer breeze;
It grew and it grew, until
It looked right over the camphor trees
To the further side of the hill.

A Japanese phrase the wood-cutter used
("Fine tree!" is what we should say);
He chopped it all round, till it fell to the
ground;
His ox then hauled it away.

It made a fine tub from the lowermost round,
A pail from the following one,
A caddy for rice from the very next slice,
And his work was no more than begun.

The next were tall vases and medicine cases,
With dippers and cups galore;
There were platters and bowls, and pickets
and poles,
And matting to spread on the floor.

A parasol frame and an intricate game
And the ribs to a paper fan;
A sole to his shoe and a tooth-pick or two
He made next,—this wonderful man.

A pencil, I think, and a bottle for ink,
And a stem for his miniature pipe;
A ring for his hand and a luncheon-stand,
And a tray for the oranges ripe.

A rake then he made, and a small garden
spade,
And a trellis to loop up his vine;
A flute which he blew, a tea-strainer, too,
And a fiddle to squeak shrill and fine.

It would take me all day if I were to say
All that wonderful man brought to view;
But a traveller I met says he's sitting there
yet,
At work on that single bamboo.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER XI.—ALONE IN THE WORLD.

LITTLE Christie was the only mourner who followed old Treffy to the grave. It was a poor parish funeral. Treffy's body was put into a parish coffin, and carried to the grave in a parish hearse. But, oh! it did not matter, for Treffy was at home in "Home, sweet home," all his sorrows and troubles were over, his poverty was at an end, and in "the Father's house" he was being well cared for.

But the man who drove the hearse was not inclined to lose time upon the road, and Christie had to walk very quickly, and sometimes almost to run, to keep up with him; and on their way they passed another and a very different funeral. It was going very slowly indeed. There was a large hearse in front, and six funeral carriages filled with people, followed. And as Christie passed close by them in the middle of the road he could see that the mourners within looked very sorrowful, and as if they had been crying very much. But in one carriage he saw something which he never forgot. With her head resting on her papa's shoulder, and her little white, sorrowful face pressed close to the window, was his little friend Mabel.

"So her mother is dead!" said Christie to himself, "and this is her funeral! Oh, dear! what a very sad world this is!"

He was not sure whether Mabel had seen him, but the little girl's sorrow had sunk very deep into Christie's soul, and it was with a heavier heart than before that he hastened forward to overtake the hearse which was carrying his old master's body to the grave.

So the two funeral processions—that of the poor old man, and that of the fair young mother—passed on to the cemetery, and over both bodies were pronounced the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." But all this time their happy souls were in "Home, sweet home," far, far away from the

scene of sorrow. For, a few days before, just at the same hour, two souls had left this world of woe, and had met together before the gates of pearl. And as they were both clean and white, both washed in the blood of the Lamb, the gates had been opened wide, and old Treffy and little Mabel's mother had entered the city together. And now they had both seen Jesus, the dear Lord whom they loved well, and in his presence they were even now enjoying fulness of joy.

Christie was obliged to give up the little attic after Treffy's death, for the landlady wished to let it for a higher rent. However, she gave the boy leave to sleep in the great lodging-room below, whilst she took possession of all old Treffy's small stock of furniture, in payment of the rent which he owed her.

But the organ was Christie's property; his old master had given it to him most solemnly about a week before he died. He had called Christie to his side, and told him to bring the organ with him. Then he had committed it to Christie's care.

"You'll take care of her, Christie," he had said, "and you'll never part with her, for my sake. And when you play 'Home, sweet home,' Christie, boy, you must think of me and your mother, and how we've both got there."

It was hard work for Christie, the first day that he took out the organ after old Treffy's funeral; he did not so much mind playing "Rule Britannia," or the "Old Hundredth," or "Poor Mary Ann," but when he came for the first time to "Home, sweet home," such a rush of feeling came over him that he stopped short in the middle and moved on without finishing it. The passers-by were surprised at the sudden pause in the tune, and still more so at the tears which were running down Christie's cheeks. They little thought that the last time he had played that tune had been in the room of death, and that whilst he was playing it his dearest friend on earth had passed away into the true "Home, sweet home." But Christie knew, and the notes of the tune brought back the recollection of that midnight hour. And he could not make up his mind to go on playing till he had looked up into the blue sky and asked for help, to rejoice in old Treffy's joy. And then the chorus came very sweetly to him, "Home, sweet home; there's no place like home, there's no place like home." "And old Treffy's there at last," said Christie to himself as he finished playing.

One day, about a week after Treffy's funeral, Christie went up the suburban road, in the hopes of seeing poor little Miss Mabel once more. He had never forgotten her sorrowful little face at the window of the funeral coach. And when we are in sorrow ourselves, it does us good to see and sympathize with those who are in sorrow also. Christie felt it would be a great comfort to him to see the little girl. He wanted to hear all about her mother, and when it was that she had gone to "Home, sweet home."

But when Christie reached the house he stood still in astonishment. The pretty garden was there just as usual, a bed of heart-seases was blooming in the sunshine, and the stocks and forget-me-nots were in full flower. But the house looked very deserted and strange; the shutters of the lower rooms were up and the bedrooms had no blinds in the windows, and looked empty and forlorn. And in the nursery windows, instead of little Mabel's and Charlie's merry faces, there was a cross-looking old woman with her head bent down over her knitting.

What could be the matter? Where were the children gone? Surely no one else was lying dead in the house. Christie felt that he could not go home without finding out; he must ask the old woman. So he stood at the garden-gate, and turned the handle of the organ, hoping that she would look out and speak to him. But, beyond a passing glance, she gave no sign that she even heard it, but went on diligently with her work.

At length Christie could wait no longer; so stopping suddenly in the middle of "Poor Mary Ann," he walked up the gravel path and rang the bell. Then the old woman put her head out of the window, and asked what he wanted. Christie did not quite know what to say, so he came out at once with the great fear which was haunting him.

"Please, ma'am, is anyone dead?" he asked.

"Dead? No!" said the woman, quickly. "What do you want to know for?"

"Please, could I speak to little Miss Mabel?" said Christie, timidly.

"No, bless you," said the old woman, "not unless you'd like a walk across the sea; she's in France by now."

"In France!" repeated Christie, with a bewildered air.

"Yes," said the old woman, "they've all

gone abroad for the summer;" and then she shut the window in a decided manner, as much as to say, "And that's all I shall tell you about it."

Christie stood for a few minutes in the pretty garden before he moved away. He was very disappointed; he had so hoped to have seen his little friends, and now they were gone. They were far away in France. That was a long way off, Christie felt sure, and perhaps he would never see them again.

He walked slowly down the dusty road. He felt very lonely this afternoon, very lonely and forsaken. His mother was gone; old Treffy was gone; the lady was gone; and now the children were gone also! He had no one to cheer him or to comfort him; so he dragged the old organ wearily down the hot streets. He had not heart enough to play, he was very tired and worn out; yet he knew not where to go to rest. He had not even the old attic to call his home. But the pavement was so hot to his feet, and the sun was so scorching, that Christie determined to return to the dismal court, and to try to find a quiet corner in the great lodging-room.

But when he opened the door he was greeted by a cloud of dust; and the landlady called out to him to take himself off, she could not do with him loitering about at that time of day. So Christie turned out again, very heart-sore and disconsolate; and going into a quiet street, he sheltered for some time from the hot sun, under a high wall which made a little shadow across the pavement.

Christie was almost too hot and tired even to be unhappy, and yet every now and then he shivered, and crept into the sunshine to be warmed again. He had a strange, sharp pain in his head, which made him feel very bewildered and uncomfortable. He did not know what was the matter with him; and sometimes he got up and tried to play for a little time, but he was so sick and dizzy that he was obliged to give it up, and to lie quite still under the wall, with the organ beside him, till the sun began to set. Then he dragged himself and his organ back to the lodging-room. The landlady had finished her cleaning, and was preparing the supper for her lodgers. She threw Christie a crust of bread as he came in, but he was not able to eat it. He crawled to a bench in the far corner of the room, and putting his old organ against the wall beside him, he fell asleep.

When he awoke, the room was full of men; they were eating their supper, and talking and laughing noisily. They took little notice of Christie, as he lay very still in the corner of the room. He could not sleep again, for the noise in the place was so great, and now and again he shuddered at the wicked words and coarse jests which fell on his ear almost every minute.

Christie's head was aching terribly, and he felt very, very ill; he had never been so ill in his life before. What would he not have given for a quiet little corner, in which he might have lain, out of the reach of the oaths and wickedness of the men in the great lodging-room! And then his thoughts wandered to old Treffy in "Home, sweet home." What a different place his dear old master was in! "There's no place like home, no place like home," said Christie to himself. "Oh, what a long way I am from 'Home, sweet home!'"

(To be continued.)

TWO STUPID BOYS.

DEAN STANLEY once said to a boy, "If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?" The name of the hero of Waterloo was then on all men's lips.

When nine years of age Arthur was sent to a preparatory school. He was bright and clever, but he could not learn arithmetic.

Dr. Boyd writes in *Loungmans' Magazine* that the master of the school, Mr. Rawson, declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication.

Stanley remained unchanged to the end. At Rugby he rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence, except that of doing "sums." In due time he took a first-class at Oxford, where the classics and Aristotle's Ethics were the books in which a student for honours must be efficient. He would not have done as well at Cambridge, whose senior wrangler must be an accomplished mathematician.

On the contrary, that other stupid boy,

"more hopeless" than Stanley, developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length, and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting till midnight.

The story has two morals. One is that a boy may be stupid in one study, and bright in all the remaining studies. The other moral is, and it is most important, that a boy may overcome by hard study his natural repugnance to a certain study, and even become an eminent master of it. — *Youth's Companion*.

HOW THE CHINESE DO THINGS.

EVERYTHING relating to the Orient, where a terrible war is being waged now between China and Japan, is of interest. We would all like to see these people follow the example of the civilized nations in later years and settle their difficulties without murder and bloodshed. But these heathen nations are just the opposite, even in their ways of doing common things:

The Chinese do everything backward. They exactly reverse the usual order of civilization.

Note first that the Chinese compass points to the south instead of the north.

The men wear skirts and the women trousers.

The men wear their hair long and the women wear it short.

The men carry on dressmaking and the women carry burdens.

The spoken language of China is not written, and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backward, and what we call footnotes are inserted at the top of the page.

The Chinese surname comes first instead of last.

The Chinese shake their own hands instead of the hands of those they greet.

The Chinese dress in white at funerals and in mourning at weddings, while old women always serve as bridesmaids.

The Chinese launch their vessels sideways and mount their horses from the off side.

The Chinese begin their dinner with dessert and end with soup and fish.

The Point of View.

SAID the Gray Horse to the Brown Horse:
"Hi, but life's a pull!
Half at least every day
My cart is full.
Half of every year—
Talk about the lark—
I must leave my warm bed
While it is dark.

"Half the food I live on,
Every day,
Is—I give my word for it—
Only hay,
Half my time, yes, fully;
Cold days and hot,
I must still keep going
Whether I can or not."

Said the Brown Horse to the Gray Horse:
"My work is half play,
For my cart's empty
Half of every day;
Half of every year, too,
I go to bed at night
Knowing I can stay there
Till it is light.

"Master likes his horses
With glossy coats,
So half my food is always
The best of oats.
What with nights and standing
While they unload,
Half my time I'm resting,
Not on the road."

Two little sparrows perched upon a beam,
Broke into laughter with a peef et scream.
Mr. Sparrow chuckled, "Who'd believe it,
dear?

Their food and work are both alike all the
live-long year!"

LESSON NOTES.

THE FISHER LAD.

BY LOUISA MARY HODGINS.

The Master walked the evening shadows fell
By path and bay;
He saw beads of his pulsing ebb and swell
Another sea,—

A sea of upturned faces that he scanned
In loving quest.
If haply one among that chosen band
His power confessed.

"A lad is here," cried one, "with fish and
bread,
A scanty store,"
"Bring them to me," was all the Master said,
Nor wished for more.

Nor wished for more, yet needing only this,
A work unthought;
And weary tanned souls forever miss
A child unsought.

You who behold and fain would satisfy
The untaught,
Remember — to I beneath the sunset sky
Walketh the Christ.

Not yours to bless and break the living bread
In that surplice clad,
But yours to find amid the throngs unled
The little lad.

FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 23.] LESSON II. [Jan. 13.

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

Mark 6. 30-44. Memory verses, 41, 42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He hath filled the hungry with good things.
Luke 1. 53.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Mark's story of the death of John, which we studied last week, is told parenthetically; this narrative connects directly with the account of Herod's belief that Jesus was John.

QUESTIONS FOR INTERMEDIATE SCHOLARS.

1. *Need*, v. 30-36.
What company came to Jesus?
What report did the disciples make?
What did Jesus tell them to do?
Why did they need to seek retirement?
By what means did they depart?
Who saw them going away?
What did the people do?
How can you account for the great multitude? (John 6. 4.)
How did the sight of the people affect Jesus?
What did he do for them?
What did the disciples say about the people's need?
What did they advise him to do?
What question did Jesus ask Phillip, and why? (John 6. 5, 6.)
2. *Abundance*, v. 17-24.
What did Jesus bid his disciples to do?
What was their answer?
What supply had they on hand?
What were the people commanded to do?
How were they grouped when seated?
What did Jesus do with the loaves and fishes?
How many of the people ate of the food?
What was Jesus's command about the fragments? (John 6. 12.)
How much was left over?
How many men were thus fed?
Who were there besides these men? (Matt. 14. 21.)
What did the men say? (John 6. 14.)
What Scripture was thus fulfilled? (Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where are we taught a lesson of—
1. Sympathy with human need?
 2. Helpfulness to those in need?
 3. Thankfulness for divine supply?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did King Herod believe Jesus to be? John the Baptist.
2. What had Herod done to John? He had put him in prison.
3. How long did he keep John in prison? About a year.
4. What did he then do? He put him to death.
5. Why did Herod intend Herod to kill John? The latter had refused Herod's offer.
6. What is the golden text? "Fear not," etc.



FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

IT PAYS TO BE MANLY.

This is what Alfred Stanley said to a boy standing idly in front of a store, who jeered at his manly appearance. Alfred spoke and would have passed quietly on, but the boy said, "It does, eh? How much a week?"

Something in the tone made Alfred stop. "I am paid every day, and every hour, and really every minute," he replied.

"Come now, no fooling."
"I am truly paid," said Alfred seriously; "and I invest capital in a place where it is safe. I can never lose it."

The boy's attempt at raillery fell before Alfred's earnest face and manner, and he listened with something more of respect than he had shown in a long time, as Alfred continued, "I am not paid in dollars and cents; they won't last forever, you know. My pay is the trust of my friends, the knowledge that no honest deed ever dies, and the promise that the pure in heart shall see God."

It was only a seed by the wayside; but who shall say that it was lost?

The Sparrow in the Snow.

He hopped down cheerily into the snow,
Brave little barefoot Brownie—
As if snow were the warmest thing below,
And as cozy as it is downy!



THE SPARROW IN THE SNOW.

Will It Be You?

A JENKINSHIP is vacant, the empire awaits.
The shoulders of youth, brave, honest and true,
Some one will be standing by fame's open gate,
I wonder, my boys,— Will it be one of you?

The president's chair of a great railroad move,
Is empty to-day, for death claimed his due,
The directors are choosing a man for his place,
I wonder, my boys,— Will it be one of you?

A pulpit is waiting for some one to fill,
Of eloquent men, there are only a few,
The man who can fill it, must have power to thrill;
The best will be chosen,— Will it be one of you?

The great men about us, will pass to their rest,
Their places be filled by the boys who pursue
The search for the highest, the noblest, the best,
I wonder who'll fill them; I hope 'twill be you.

Hints.

Don't complain about the weather,
For easier 'tis, you'll find,
To make your mind to weather
Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain about the sermon,
And show your lack of wit,
For like a boot, a sermon hurts
The closer it doth fit.

Don't complain about your neighbour,
For in your neighbour's view
His neighbour is not faultless—
That neighbour being you.

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