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Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, JANUARY 11, 1896.

[No. 2.

#### The Junior's Friend.

JESUS was once despised and low A stranger and distressed, Without a home to which to go, A pillow where to rest.

Now on a high, majestic seat. He reigns above the sky,
And angels worship at his feet,
Or at his bidding fly.

Once he was crowned with prickly thorns, And scoffed at in his pain; Now glorious love his head adorns, And he will ever reign.

But what a condescending King, Who, though he reigns on high,
Is pleased when little children sing,
And listens to their cry!

He views them from his heavenly home, He watches all their ways, And stoops to notice for his own The youngest child that prays.

## THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Every year many thousands of Russian pilgrims visit the river Jordan that they may bathe in its sacred waters at the spot where it was supposed that our Lord was

baptized.

The road all the way from Jerusalem is thronged with Russian pilgrims of the Greek Church on their way to the Jordan. They are a very picturesque, but shabby and dishevelled-looking crowd, in all degrees of raggedness. Most of them trudge along. raggedness. Most or their trudge along, sweltering beneath sheepskin cloaks, like Bryan O'Flynn's, "with the woolly side in." They wear long, unkempt, squarecut hair and shaggy beards, and carry bamboo staves from the Jordan or palm branches in their hands. branches in their hands.

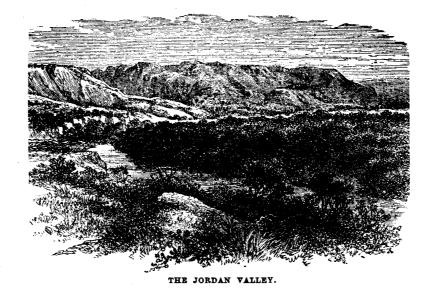
The women are generally mounted on the backs of much-enduring donkeys, crouched on their bedding with, it may be, one or two children. They often wear a fur-lined cloak and top-boots, and ride with short circumstance. short stirrups, bringing their knees almost to their chins. In the sweltering heat they ineffectually try to ward off the sun's rays by a palm branch or the corner of a

bamboo cane. The village priest trudges along with his parishioners, dressed in black gown and all black hat, whose rim is at the top instead of at the bottom. Some of these footworn and weary pilgrims carry heavy bags on their shoulders. They all wear sad and weary faces, and cere-inoniously salute the how-adgi with humble obeisance. This pilgrimage is

# THE EVENT OF A LIFETIME.

The rustic inhabitants of Caucasus or Greek Islands, save their money for years and, with the village priest, make the pilgrimage to the sacred places, carrying with them the long, white shroud in which they bathe in the Jordan, and which they carry to their distant homes to be their final winding-sheet.

While the Russian pil-griffs are said to number nine-tenths of the whole, yet there are many others, Cypriotes, Levantines,



Abyssinians, Copst, Syrians Armenians—adherents of the ancient Christian sects of the East. We saw at the Jordan a tall, handsome Abyssinian woman, weary and wayworn, who had got separated from her com-panions and was anxiously inquiring the way to the convent. It made us think of Mary returning from Jerusalem, and missing the young Christ amid the great multitude of pilgrims.

## A VISIT TO THE JORDAN.

After a bath in the Dead Sea we remounted our horses for the ride to the Jordan. We passed a couple of ruined monasteries, in a grotto beneath one of which John the Baptist is said to have dwelt; and another, with dilapidated vaults and ruined arcades, still bears the name, "Castle of the Jews." We were soon riding through the dense thickets of willows and canes which bordered the sacred stream. Its swift, turbid flow rushed past, steadily wasting away the steep clay banks which rise like cliffs. Its many windings Its many windings ength. The distance which rise like chus. Its many managereatly increase its length. The distance from its source to its mouth, in a straight line, is about 136 miles. From Tiberias to the Dead Sea is only about 64 miles, but

the windings of the river make the distance nearly 200 miles. From its rapid fall it derives its name "the Descender," its mouth being 3,000 feet below its source. It is exceedingly turbid, and we understood better after seeing it the contempt of Naaman for its muddy stream.

# THE JORDAN VALLEY

Jericho is about eight miles wide. Within this valley is a narrower one, less than a mile in width, and depressed about fifty feet below the level of the plain, with a dense thicket bordering the stream, once infested with lions (Jer. 49, 19). It has generally been crossed by fording, although David and Barzillai were conveyed across it in a ferry best (2 Sam. 10, 10, 21). it in a ferry-boat (2 Sam. 19. 19-31). The legend of St. Christopher and the child Jesus is attached to the Jordan. The large cut on this page shows the traditional site where it is believed that our Lord was hartized.

baptized.

For many centuries pilgrims have come by the thousands to the sacred stream for bathing and baptism. Royal baptisms in Europe have generally been in Jordan water. Each of us brought home some of it boiled down and sealed in glass vessels

bearing Russian religious reliefs. My friend, Mr. Read, I hear, has baptized about half a hundred babies with his quantum. We sat by the river and sang, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and Mr. Read recited "On Nebo's Lonely Mountain." While Judge Carman, that persistent "Canaanite," went into the thicket with his jack-knife looking for souvenirs, I slowly walked with Madame along the dry and solid-seeming surface of the bank, but soon found myself sinking to my ankles in the soft mud.

soon found myself sinking to my ankles in the soft mud.

At the base of the hill of Jericho is the "Fountain of Elisha," by which Jericho was formerly supplied with water. It flows into an ancient basin of hewn stone, still in pretty good repair, thirteen yards long by eleven wide, from which ran a well-built aqueduct. The temperature of the water is 84° Fahr. This, it is claimed, is the water which Elisha healed with salt, and where he made the axe-head to swim (2 Kings 2. 19-22).

#### Wishing.

One day a handsome hickory-nut
At the top of a waving tree,
Remarked, "I'd like to live in a shell, Like a clam beneath the sea.

And just at that time a clam observed. 'Way down in the tossing sea,
"I'd love to dwell in a hickory-nut At the top of a lofty tree.'

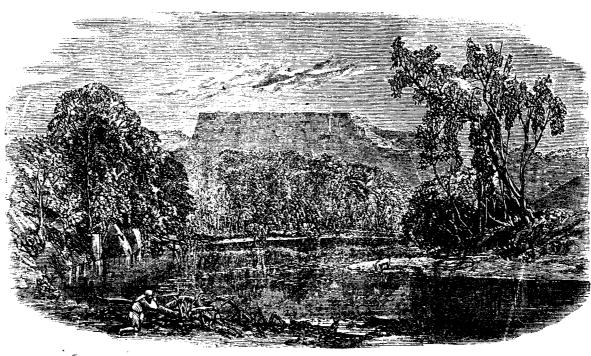
Thus both of them wished and wished Till they turned green, yellow, and blue, And that, in truth, is just about what Mere wishing is likely to do.

## LOVE FOR MOTHER.

WHEN gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and, 1 believe, the best woman in the world. thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all I have done ill, and of all I have omitted to do well." John

and of all I nave omitted to do well." John Quincey Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly, or quite, as old as this; yet his cry even then was:

"O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer!.. Without her the world seems to me like." world se,ems to me like a solitude. When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's ten-derness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and the singing to him of the old-time lullabies, as if his mother were still sitting by his hodgide in leging by his bedside in loving ministry, as she had been well-nigh a hundred years before. The true son never before. The true son neve grows old to a true mother.



ON THE JORDAN. -- TRADITIONAL SCIENT OF THE RAPTIME OF JESUS.

THE Christian's hardest battles with the devil are often fought at the door of his closet

## Holiday Cheer.

Oil, welcome, welcome Christinas time! Right well we love to hear he in my bells so sweetly chime their music far and near.

We hang the holly on the wall. We make our homes so gay.
For litt o chi tren, one and all,
Rejoice on Christmas day.

We've peace and joy, though winds be wild, For presso we sing to day To Him who as a little cold Within the manger lay.

And for His sake we'll confort take And help unto the sad, And all sround us we will make This Christmas bright and glad.

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# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 15 6

# ROBERT AND HAROLD.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

Robert and Harold Leslie were genuine city boys. Their home was near the centre of a great and prosperous city. They knew nothing of life, except city life. Their father was a busy city man, their mother an active city woman

As a rule, the boys were quite content. Their school was excellent, their hour at Their school was excellent, their to as at tractive, and pervaled by a whole some moral atmosph re. They were required to be punctually in their place in church and Sunday-school, father and mother setting the example. Nevertheless, they longed for a change, especially in summer vaca-tions, when they heard their school-fellows tell of visits to the country where grand-father or Uncle John lived on a farm.

father or Uncle John lived on a farm.

One day toward the end of the spring term a surprise came. It was an mination from Aunt Hester Grey—mamma's Aunt Hester—to the boys to spend two months in her randling old house at Plymouth, on the Massachusetts cost. This was delightful. Robert and Harold were so pleased they could think or talk of little else. It was hundreds of nules from their home; a long distance to them. home; a long distance to them.

Paps decided they must go; mamma packed the trunk. Each wore a new suit complete, hat and shoes included. They started off in true city style, hurrying to catch the train, but pape found time to

"Make good use of your time, my sons, and remember you are to keep your eyes open and learn all you can."

Aunt Hoster was at the station to meet

Aunt Hoster was at the station to meet them, and they soon left the town behind as the strong farm horse bore them toward hor home, which was on the construe About the first thing the boys in sticed was -room Room everywhere. Their first letters home were full of this subject. Out of doors was so large and free. Young

calves were skipping in the meadows, while solute cours in includ clover and damies at will, unconcerned that the ground they occupied would bring thousan is of dollars in rent money if transferred cityward. Evidently occupants of the farm knew little of comming space; and the sky, the air, and the billowy sea, seen from a high and belond Aunt Hester's house, gave sense of natures greatness they never before known.

Anut Hester was the best of entertainer She knew where to take them both for pleasure and profit. The berry pastures, bly ponds, and fish ponds were often piersure and propt. The berry pastures, hly ponds, and fish ponds were often viaced, and daily, abuost hourly, they roamed about the farm with the men who managed it. Besides, Aunt Hester often drove them to Psymouth, of Psigrim fame. There is Psigrim Hals, it ed with relics of Pilgr m and Purtan, Burial Hall, the old Pilgrim burying-ground; and Plymouth Rock, canopied now, and revered in all English-speaking countries as the spot where the feet of the exiled Pilgrims

pressed in landing.
So the days passed till vacation was almost over. One overing Aunt Hester

said:
"To-morrow, boys, is your last day with me. I shall take you to look into the

Just what this meant they did not know, but set out the following morning. How delightful was that ride! The road ran by the se shore. The blue waters of Plymouth day sparkled and daupled in the morn og sunlight, while its breezes fanned then orews

'Many illustrious people have walked the a paths and gazed at the sea," said Aunt Hester. "Miles Standish and his company, John Alden, the "cho'ar, Governor Bradford, with his councillors, and a later time the great statesman, Daniel

After riding a long distance, they drew up before a very old house. In one of its rooms between two windows hing an ancient looking glass. It was said to have been brought to this country in the Maydowr, and long ago it was the custom to gather in the children once each yearabout Thanksgiving time-to look into the about Thanksgiving time—to look into the glass, telling them the story of the May-flower Pilgross, and Aunt Hester was flower Pilgross, and Horoid should look into the old glass before they returned, as they had been studying the Pilgrim story. As they looke a they seemed to see those brive heroes and soldiers for truth who have home and soldiers for truth who left their home and crossed the occar for the cause of liberty and right; and Aunt Hester felt that the could see two other pilgr ms. brave and young, yet none the less strong and true, barnishing their armour, polishing their shields and helarmour, polishing their shields and nei-mets, ready likewise to do battle for truth and right.
When the young pilgrims started city-

ward next day, they believed they were not the boys who came, for they had loosed into the glass, and received the lesson of heroic couries and self-sacrificing love for truth and liberty.

# THE EPWORTH HOME.

The name of John Wesley is intimately THE name of John Wesley is intimately associated with Epworth, the place of his birth and early education. By him the spot was warmly cherished. Epworth was the great school which give shape and impulse to his life. In his mother, Susanna Wesley, he found his most helpful teacher. Other great teachers were given him in the course of his education; but no one of them equalled his mother, who was at once intelligent, sympathetic and inspiring, and inteligent, sympathetic and inspiring, and who knew well how to draw to the surface what was best in the heart and purposes of her favourite son, and to guide him into these great life plans which have made his name familiar to the ends of the earth. The domestic training in the old En-

The domestic training in the old En-worth rectory has been the frequent theme of admiration and eulogy. Without enter-ing into detail, we can here notice only the main features of it. She began early. The moulding influence was to be felt in the cra'le. At a year old the child must begin the lesson of self-restraint, in the control of feeing. He must not cry. In a word, to break the will was a first point in har mathed; and the second was order

The household moved with and erstom. the regularity of the heavenly bodies. From rising to rest, each hour had its duties. Each member of the household was a sort of living machine, capable of running on to the end of life without

variation.

The book education of the Wesleys was begun in the household. The knew no other primary school, they needed no other. The mother was a born teacher. She knew how to awaken currosity and hold attention. In quality, the Charter House and Oxford had no better teaching.

But the religious channet was a main stare. To know God was the chief end education. The thought of God and of education. The thought of God and duty was early brought before the mind of the child. The attention was drawn from material objects to the invisible world; and, as an aid, due attention was paid to the forms of religion. As soon as they could speak, the children were taught to repeat the Lord's prayer at morning and ovening, and later to add some of the collects of the Prayer Book and other forms. At table they joined in the blessing, as also in the prayers at the family altar. The Bible reading was a daily and delightful task, and made lasting impressions on the minds and hearts of the children.

# LOVE FOR MOTHER.

WHEN gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all I have done ill, and of all I have omitted to do well." John Quincey Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly, or quite, as old as this; yet his cry even then was: "O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer!.. Without her the world seems to me like a solitude." When President Nott, of Union College, was more than piper. of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for half a century s college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle pating on the shoulder, and the inging to him of the old-time halfalnes, as if his mother were still sitting by his healside in loving ministry, as she had been well-nigh a hundred years before. The true son never grows old to a true

# EARTHQUAKE INCIDENTS.

A CONSTANTINOPLE correspondent of the New York Tribune says that it will probably never be known how many persons were killed in that city by the carthquake of last summer. The Turkish Government has a chrome hatred of facts, and the newspapers were forhidden to publish statistics of the earthquake. What are believed to be moderate estimates place the number of deaths at about one hundred and fifty, and the number of the wounded at about six hundred.

The correspondent cannot help praising the correspondent cannot neep praising the counage of the firemen stationed on watch at the top of a tower more than two hundred feet high. They stuck to their post, although the tower swayed like a diagstaff, and when the fires broke out, after the overthrow of dwellings, they gave the signals as usual.

Another case of a similar sort was that of a minaret builder, who had gone up to the top of a minaret to remove a conical cap which the first shocks had thrown asken. While he was there another rapic in occurred, and there was another panic in the streets. His assistants, who were in one of the galleries of the minaret, began to run downstairs, and the mosque servants below shouted to him to come down, but he stayed where he was. "If this is going he stayed where he was. "If this is going to fall," he said, "it will fall before I can get out of it;" and he proceeded with his

rork.
Many wonderful escapes occurred. men were walking together. A lurk met them, and as is not unusual when a Turk mosts foreigners, he pushed in between them, instead of turning to one side. At

that instant a atone fell from the building above them and hit the Turk, who fell dead between the two horrified foreigners.

But the most marvellous escape was that of a boy three years old. He was running along the street at the base of the city wall just as one of the ancient towers was overthrewn. When the dust cleared away he was discovered primed to the ground by great stones lying on his skirts on each side of him, but himself quite unhurt .- Youth's Companion.

#### HAVE YOU A BOY TO SPARE?

The saloon must have boys, or it must shut up its shop. Can't you find one? It is a great factory, and unless it can have two million from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close material, some of these factories must close up, and the operatives be thrown upon the cold world and the public revenue dwindle. "Wanted, two million boys!" is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy in order to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys shall it be?

boys shall it be?
These statements are as true as they are bound a peradventure starting. It is beyond a peradventure that if no boys were tempted and rumed during the next generation, in three and thirty years every saloon in America would have to put up in its window the placard, "For Sale," or "To Let." The old drunkards would be dead, and there would be no young ones to take their places. Here, then, is an indisputable fact: if they are not closed within the next thirty

years, two million boys, who are now in-nocent and pure, will be rumed.

If it was believed that within forty years two million boys would die of hydrophobia, or a tenth part of two millions, every dog in America would be destroyed, and a law of absolute prohibition would be passed on dog-kennels and their occupants.



JUNIOR LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

January 20, 1896.

KNOWLEDGE AND POWER.-Job 36. 5.

A great man once said, "Knowledge is power." No doubt, other things being equal, a person who possesses knowledge will be influential among his fellows. God is allwise. He is omniscient—that is, he knows all things." He is the source of knowledge. All knowledge proceedeth from him. Evidences of his knowledge appear all around us. "The heavens declare his glory and the firmament showeth his handlwork." When men acquire knowledge, their attainments atimulate others to pursue the same path, and i due time they may even surpass their competitors, but however much knowledge men may acquire they will never become equal to God. By searching men cannot find out God. By searching men cannot find out God. He sees the end from the beginning. Men often use their knowledge for personal aggrandisement, it gardless of the consequences to others, hence, if men acquire knowledge, they should also possess wisdom which will enable them to use their knowledge to the injury of mankind. He visits them with affliction a. I chast-sement, but in so doing he always act. wisely, though we may not understand how what may befall A great man once said, "Knowledge is

visits them with affliction a 1 chast-sement, but in so doing he always act. wisely, though we may not understand how what may befall us can possibly be our profit. What we know not now we shall know hereafter. If we could understand the design of Gol's providential dealings, we would act exactly as he does.

What is our duty? To get knowledge. Search for it, as men search for hidden treasure. Use every means in our power to become wiser and more intelligent as our years increase. In all our acquisitions of knowledge aim at usefulness. Be not selfish with your gifts, as though their only purpose is to increase your own enjayment. Let wisdom direct you in all the affairs of life. Seek to know God. Every individual stands related to the human family, as the various members of the body are related to each other. We are members one of another. Our knowmemoers of the body are related to each other. We are members one of another. Our knowledge should never be used to gain an advantage of our fellows. Let love be without dissimulation. Abbor that which is avil, cleave to that which is good. To do good and communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

#### Remember the Poor.

I've been watching from my window And peeping from my door At the throngs of little children The children of the poor, I see their hungry faces,
Their rough and tangled hyr,
And I wonder if they ever know A loving mother's care.

I see their looks of sailness, As the Christmas days come in And the merry bells are ringing For the pleasure to begin; I know for them no table With dainty food is spread, nd over them no Christinas tres Its kappy light will shed.

Poor little ones, how pitiful,
How sad their lot must be!
How good that ours is different—
Glad, happy you and me!
We have our homes, our parents,
Our gifts and blessings rare;
And all these gathered round us
Without our thought or care.

I wonder if to morrow From out our crowded store,
We cannot choose some treasure, To scatter to the poor! Some toy, or simple garment,
Our eyes might nover miss,
Would yield them hours of comfort,
And fill their hearts with bliss.

Then hie away, dear children, Search closet, bux and bag;
Who starts the first will be the bestAnd surely none will lag!
See who will find the largest store—
Not one thing will be last—
Our blessed Lord said, long ago,
Who gives reserves the most Our blessed Lord sam, was - Who gives receives the most

# OLD MARTIN'S CHILDREN:

The House on the Hill.

Bu Florence Yarwood.

# CHAPTER III.

Ir was no wonder that Ernest dreaded to go to work at the house on the hill, for the liamptons, though wealthy, were stingy and cold-hearted. Mr. and Mrs. Hampton seemed to be bent on seeing how much they could acquire of this world's goods. They worked early and late, and took great care that all their hired help should do likewise.

that all their bired help should do likewise.

Roy Hampton, their only child, was about fourteen years of age, and a spotled by the was, in every sense of the word. They could see plenty of faults in other children but none in him; he was a model of perfection in their eyes, and this young gentleman estermed himself quito as much.

He had fine clothes and plenty of money—two things which are almost sure to rum any boy—the clothes perhaps would not be so dangerous, only it would be much better to let him work and even them, then they are appreciated and taken care of.

The money he spent where he pleased, and

The money he spent where he pleased, and alss! a good deal he left down town at the

alas! a good deal he left down town at the liquor stores, young as he was.

But his parents knew nothing of this, and it would take them some time to believe it if any one told them. He felt himself above all the rest of the scholars at school, especially Ernest Martyn, and it cut Ernest to think that he must go there and work for them and be ordered about by him, as he felt sure he be ordered about by him, as he felt sure he

But he knew there was no escape, so he set

off the next morning just at day break.

Mr. Hampton was out in the barn-yard distributing hay to the cattle, and scolding

"What do you want?" he shouted, seeing Ernest climbing over the tence.
"I heard you wanted to hire a boy; have you say work I can do?" said Ernest respect-

Mr. Hampton did want to hire a boy very Mr. Hampton did want to hire a boy very much, and had wanted to for some time; but the boys all knew that it was a hard place to work, so he had some difficulty in finding one. This was the first applicant, and he eyed him somewhat severely as he asked:

"What can you do? Not much besides eat, I'll het you! I'll warrant you're a professions! at that, most boys are."

"I think I could do chores," said Ernest, timidly.

timidly.
"Well, I'll try you for a week and see what you can do: you ain't worth more than

three shillings a week and your board, and

three shillings a week and your board, and you if he dear on ugh at that. I ome along to the mome with me and get the milk pail.

"Well, I've bred a new boy, give him the milk pail, Sananthy, and set him to work," said Mr. Hampton to his wife, as he entered the house followed by Ernest.

"Pear me!" exclaimed his wife, eying Ernest disdenfully, "what good do you suppose he li he! He won't own his ealt."

"That's just what I think. About all he'll be good for will be to keep bread from moul inc., but I've got to have some one to help at the choices, the other hired in n are kept on the jouep from morning until night new, and

the chores, the other hired in a sra kept on the jump from morning until night new, and I in pretty near used up my self.

This poor, over-weaked man had a strong, healthy boy upstairs alceping away at that very moment, but to be sure, he had been out the night before until after midnight—in fact almost every night he was out late- so or course he did not feel like doing choics in the morning the required a morning than and the morning; he required a morning map, and seldom got downstairs until the rest had

breakfasted.

Ernest took the milk pail and hirried to the barn, determined to make himself useful if possible. He had milked a f w times the summer before while working at farmer Johnston's during the holidays, but that was summer before while working at Farmer
Johnston's during the holidays, but that was
quite awhile ago, and he felt himself sadly
out of practice. It made his arms ache
dreadfully; and then he was so slow at it
that he was in constant fear every moment
that Mr. Hampton would put his head out of
the barn door and shout at him.

the barn door and shout at him.

But he worked patiently away, and after swhile he had the satis action of seeing his pail nearly full of milk. He was just finishing up when the sorrel colt, which had been frisking around among the cattle, suddenly took a sail around old Brindle, and frightened her so that she gave a leap, and put her big, clunsy for tright in the pull of milk, and then sent it sprawhing all over the barn-yard, while she unded off around the stree-lare. while she mished off around the atraw-stack with the tail well up in the air, the colt still teasingly pursuing her.

Self preservation is strong in any one, and

Self preservation is strong in any one, and the first thing Friest thought of was himself, for the colt came very near stepping on him. Then he thought of the pail of milk, but it was ten late to save it, for the milk was streaming all over the birn-yard, while the pail was several feet away with a big jam in the side of it, the mark of old Brindle's foot. Of course Mr. Hampton appeared on the scene at that moment, and his voice sounded very much like A heavy clap of thunder as he

very much like a heavy clap of thunder as he shouted:
"What on earth did you want to spill all

that milk for, you young rascal, you! Now you can work this week for nothing, for that milk was worth more than three shillings."

milk was worth more than three shillings."

Ernest was very sorry and a trifle sogry, so he replied: "Well, if I were a farmer I don't think I'd have colts in the same yard with cattle when a boy is milking."

"Don't you give me any of your sass!" shouted Mr. Hampton. "You needn't tell what you'd do; you'll never be a farmer or anything clae; all you'll do will be to hang around the bar-room like your father loes."

When he went to the house and Mrs. Hampton found out what he had do she felt it her duty to give him another a liding.

riampion found out what he had does he she felt it her duty to give him another adding.

Didn't I say," shouted the angry coman, "that you wouldn't earn your di? I would send him away if I were you. We have no use for such awkward creature."

"If I knew of another boy I could get you'd march pretty quick," said N. Hampton, "but buys are scarce just now, so you've got to stay, and I'll see if I can take some of the awkwardness out of you."

#### CHAPTER IV.

When Roy Hampton came gauntering downstairs he was surprised and very well pleased to find Ernest Marryn established there as boy of-all-work, and he at once made up his mind to make use of him. He entered the kirchen where Ernest sat just finishing his breakfast, consisting of a bowl of break and milk, while the rest of the family breakand milk, while the rest of the family hreakfasted on toast and hot muffins, and tossing a
pair of shoes toward Ernest, imperiously said;
"You're lired here and I'll help you to carn
your wages; get to work and shine there
shoes up for me, you'll find the brush and
blacking out in the woodshed. I'm invited out to a party this evening, so put a
good shine on them while you are about it."

The hot colour came to Ernest's face, and
for a moment he felt half inclined to refuse,
and tell him plainly that he was not hired to

for a moment he felt half inclined to refuse, and tell him plainly that he was not hired to wait on him; but the next moment he reflected that his work had not been specified; besides much harder work might be given him than blackening shoes, so he went at it without complaint. Indeed, he felt that he would much rather blacken shoes all day than milk that old brindle cow, especially if that milk that old brindle cow, especially if

Ernest soon saw that they had no lift only in finding plenty of work for home, he must go down to the pend and chop the recoper for the cattle to drink; he must fill the wood box full of wood; he must churn; he must throw down hay for the horses; and when night came he must milk that old brindle cowagain; but he had bester lick this time, the surred out stood; solling away at the street.

again; but he had better luck this time the surred cult stood culting away at the straw stack, and never once looked that way, greatly to bruests substaction.

It was a tired boy with an aching look that crept into the little back kitchen that night and sat down behind the stove, and yet he had been told half a dozen times that day that he didn't earn his salt. Ernest pendered over it, and came to the conclusion that they must put a los of salt in a bowl of bread end milk, or else it must be a very expensive article. Had he been at home, though, he would probably have received far worse treatment whenever his father came home drunk, and the remembrance of this kept him from complaining. He could not kept him from complaining. He could not think of his treasured book which his father

think of his treasured book which his father had thrust in the fire, without a pung.

His school days over at the age of thirteen. And he had hoped that he might be very highly educated and be a great man some day. Certainly the outlook was a gloomy one! But he remembered the saying, "All things come to him who waits," so he determined not to give up entirely. He would study evenings, and try and improve his time in that way.

Mr. Roy Hampton came downstairs dressed with great care for the party, and Ernest summoned up courage to ask him for the loan of his school books, if he did not wish to use them. Boy was not at all foud

wish to use them. Itoy was not at all fond of study, so he threw his book sack roughly towards him.

"Where are you going, my son?" asked Mr. Hampton, as Hoy enterest.
"Out," was the short reply.
"Yes, I suppose so, but where?" questioned the father kindly. He had no cross words for his own boy, although he frequently deserved them. deserved them.

"The to see how far it is," was the rule

"This to see how far it is," was the rude reply, and Roy went out, closing the door after him with a bang.

"I don't feel just safe about that boy going out nights so much, and we not knowing where he is," remarked Mr. Hampton to his wife, as he looked at her over the top of his newspaper.

apaper. Noncense," exclaimed Mrs. Hampton, "Nonscribe," exclaimed Mrs. Hampton, "Boys wil. be boys," and he likes to get out once in a while and have a good time with the rest."

"Once in a while! Why, he has been out

erery night this winter, just about, and I feel afraid he is not always where he should be. He spends so much money, too, and

what does he get with it? Nothing at all that we can see."

But the mother persistently refused to believe anything ill of her spoiled boy, so with a eigh Mr. Hampton returned to his

Quite late in the evening he chanced to remember that a letter of some importance ought to be posted in time to catch the early mail train in the morning.

"I suppose that young scamp of a Martyn could run down to the office and slip it in the law even if it is late! He hasn't gone to

the box even if it is late! He hasn't gone to bed yet, has he?"

"Dear ine, no? I forgot all about the young one, and he gits out there in the kitchen waiting for some one to tell him where he's to sleep."

Ernest willingly agreed to go down with the letter; it was a cold, stormy night out, but he was used to both storm and cold.

The kind-hearted hired girl threw a shawl around his shoulders as she said, "Here, you just hold that around you, and it will keep a heap of cold and snow out.

She telt sorry for the poor boy with his

she telt sorry for the poor boy with his thin clothes so fail of hiles, and she made up her mind that she would mend toen for him the first chance she got. Little I my had often tried to mend them, but she had so few pieces that she could not make a success of

Coming back from the office, just as he got half-way up the hill he suddenly tumbled against a dark object—the prostrate figure of a boy or a man—iying in the middle of the mad. It was key Hampton on his way home from the party very drunk.

(To be continued.

# WHERE THE SHINE COMES FROM.

"WELL, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's armchar, "what have you been doing here at tun window all day by yourself?"

All I could," answered dost grandma, "I Have read a little and prayed a great

deal, and then looked out at the people. There is a little gul that I have learned to watch for. Bhe has a wealth of sunny brown hair, her over have the same sunny look in them, and I wender every day what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now.

she comes now."

"Who, that gul with the brown apren on?" creel the lov. "Why, I know that gurl; that's Susie Moore, and she has an antid hard time, grandins."

"Has she, indeed?" said grandins.
"Then wouldn't you like to know where she gets all that brightness from?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and to grandina's surprise he raised the window and called: "Susie, Susie, come up here a minute: granding wants to see

up here a minute ; grandma wants to see

The little girl seemed surprised, but she

"Suste, grandma would like to know what makes you so bright all the time."
"Why, I have to be," said Susie; "you see, papa's been sick a long time, and

manina is fired out with nursing, and haby a cross with her teeth; and if I didn't be bright, she would be I"

And granding put her arm around the little girl, and said: "You could not have a better reason for shining. Keep on shining, dear little sunbeam!"

#### SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY.

A Scorrish clergyman who died coreral years ago, used to tell us that he once lived seven years rethout a birthday, says a Pattaburg paper.

The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that if he had been born on the 20th of February he would have no birthday except in a leap year. But leap year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only. Their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who, in fact, was foud of a harmless jest, was somehow jest-

ing about the sevent. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion.

At the present time there can be but very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been been been as the 20th of February at least ninety-eight years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return: and, indeed, there are no doubt some readers who will have only one birthday to calciumts for nearly ten years to come

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap year, and 1900 will not be. The ry of 1892 had twenty-ninedays; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three years between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight days.

## KEEP WAX AWAY FROM THE SÜN.

"I LOST my temper again to-day," said

Madgo dolefully.

"How did it come about?" asked the mother. "Every time that happens it is easier again.

"Oh! I just went home with Sara and Belle, and they tessed me, as they always do. They municked my voice and made fun of the way I held my hands in giving my recitation. They know I can't bear to be minicked. I get furious in a min-

to be minimized uto."

"It seems to me," said Aust Robocca, looking up from her work, "that the safest thing for you would be to keep away from those girls. They always atir you up, and you know it. There's an old saying that "He that hath a head of wax may not well in the sun."

Madge laughed at the quaint words, but

her mother said seriously:
"Daughter, your temper grows het at a

tensing word as quickly as wax melts in the sun, and aince you know your weakness, one way to help it is to keep away from temptation. "To the only safe and sensible way, and you will do well to follow it."

#### A Swedish Legend.

THEY tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the

How when the King of Glory lay on his

mother's knee.

Before the prophet-princes came, bringing sifts in hand.

The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand

not understand I
The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that
trod the corn
Knelt down beside the manger and knew that

Christ was born.

And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night,

The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care.
They give them Christmas greeting, and dainty Christmas fare:
The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the rooftree for the birds on Christmas mater 1

Christmas mors !

We do not live in Sweden, but we can feed

the birds, And make dumb creatures happy by kindly deeds and words

No animal so humble, no creeping worm se small.
But that the God who made us has made and leves them all !

If we to them are cruel, like Christ we can-

not be ! And this shall be our lesson from our dear Christmas tree 1 —Our Dumb Animals.

# LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

A.D. 27-28.] LESSON III. [Jan. 19.

THE MINISTRY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST. Luke 3. 15. 22 Memory verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the six of the world.—John 1. 29.

TIME.-A.D. 27 and 28.

PLACE.—The spot where it is thought Jesus was baptized is known as "the fords of the Jordan," five miles from Jericho.

RCLERS.—Tiberius Casar, emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee.

# HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 3 1-14.
Tu. Luke 3 15-22.
W. John 1. 6-18.
Th. John 3. 22-30.
F. Matt. 3. 7-17.
S. Mark 6. 14-20.
Su. Mark 1. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Baptist, v. 15-20. What were the crowds who heard John expecting?
What did John answer them?
Why did he make Christ so great and him self-sense!

amalL

When people were baptized by John what did they mean by that act?
What were latchets?
Whose work was it to loose them?
How would Jesus baptize people?
When did the Holy Spirit come?
What does he do for us?
What was an Eastern fan?
Tell what John meant by the wheat, the garner, and the chaff?
How are wicked people like chaff?
What Her old did John offend?
Why was John cast into prison?
Where was this prison?

Where was this prison?
In what ways was this a great sin?
Is it wise to be angry with those we us the truth wheat ourselves?

2. The Beloved Son, v. 21, 22, Name some reseons why Jesus was hap-

at was Jesus delag before the Spirit Bocraded? How many times does Luke tell us about

Jeens praying ?
What testimeny was beene to Jerza at his

IN PERU.

What is the dove an emblem of? What voice was heard at Christ's baptism?
On how many other occasions was this voice heard? Name them.

May we know when we please God?

#### IN PERU.

VERY luxuriant is the vegetation of eru. Trees and flowers abound in won-Poru. Trees and flowers abound in won-derful variety. The strange caoutchouc, used in cleaning woollens, beautiful fern trees, the vegetable silk tree, the copal— the ream of which is used as a medicine for consumptives—the breadfruit tree, the mulberry, the date and many other useful trees and plants abound. One of the most important of the trees of Peru is the most important of the trees of Peru is the coca. The natives chew its leaves to overcome the sense of hunger, and it was long supposed to contain some nourishing elements. It is now known, however, that these leaves contain what merely deadens the irritability of the nerves that produces the sense of hunger. The juice of these leaves is called cocaine and is a valuable aid to the physician in relieving patients from acute pain. It should never be used except on the prescription of a trustworthy doctor as it is extremely dangerous. The cocaine habit is more readily formed than either the morphine or liquor gerous. The excaine habit is more readily formed than either the morphine or liquor habit and is even more pernicious. If used improperly it is terribly rapid in its work of destruction.

# GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

THERE are many different ways of getting on in the world; it does not always mean making a great deal of money, or being a great man, whom people look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one is getting on in the world; to be clean and tidy, instead of dirty and disorderly, is getting on; to be careful and saving, instead of thoughtless and wasteful, is getting on; to be active and industrious, instead of idle and lazy, is getting on; to be kind and forbearing, instead of ill-natured and quarrelsome, is getting on; in short, when we see any one properly attentive to his duties we may be sure that he is getting on in the world.

#### BACING WITH ANTELOPES.

Some months ago the passengers on the Santa Fe train from Topeka to Pueblo wit-nessed a rare sight. At a bond of the road they met a band of eight antelopes, which immediately began to race the train. For twelve miles the railroad and the Arkansas twelve miles the railroad and the Arkansas River ran side by nide, and along this course the antelopes flew as if running for life. The engineer put on full steam, but could make no loadway against the fleet deer. Many of the passengers came out on the platforms, attracted by the novel sight. The race kept up until a bend in the river was reached, when the train continued westward, while the antelopes followed the the course of the stream.



FREND.—Did you enjoy your sojourn in Europe?
Relic Hunter.—Enjoy it I—I should say so! I cut some gold fringe from the Emperor's throne in Berlin, hooked a door knob from the Vat can, broke an ear off an old statue in Italy, and chipped off a piece of Shakespeare's tomb. I wouldn't take one thousand dollars for 'em!

#### COMING PROM THE FOUNTAIN.

The women of the East are noted the world over for their erect and graceful carriage. They bear the pitcher to and from the fountain or the basket of fruit from the market-place poised on their heads like an elaborate crown. They are so erect and walk with such an easy motion that their burdens never come to grief. Some one, describing the way an



Eastern woman walked, said, "It was a perfect poem." Would not all our Canadian girls like to acquire as beautiful a carriage as their sisters of the Orient? Well, then a botter plan than calling in a dancing master will be to practise walking every day with a basket or a tin pan on your heads. When it comes crashing down you will know that there is something wrong in your movements or the position of your head. When you are able to walk easily without ever losing your load you may be sure you ever losing your load you may be sure you are maintaining the proper poise.

Miss Denton—" Bridget, what is wrong with the sponge cake? It is very tough." Bridget (just over); "Shure, Miss, perhaps the sponge I used was pretty owld."

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