

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

OL. XII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

[No. 8.]

THE MORNING HYMN.

HERE is no better way of beginning a day with a hymn of praise. In many schools this is the custom. In Germany, most of the schools sing the grand old German verse of Luther's and then in work with the words and the melody still ringing in their heads. In the state schools of England this is the case, only the German hymns are changed to those of some of our beautiful old English hymns. In our cut we see seven or eight girls singing the Morning Hymn of praise and thanksgiving. They seem to enter into it, all going away with their heads in different positions as the music rolls off of their young lips. Look at the tiny little one listlessly standing with her little head on one hand and finger between her lips, listening to the sweet strains of her school companions. What a pretty group it makes up altogether, with the bright, pleasing faces and picturesque caps and aprons.

which roots and herbs were their only food. When Mr. Vinton had given out his last bushel of rice, there were thousands of starving Karens who looked to him for their next meal.

Going to the rice merchants, he said, "Will you trust me for a ship-load of rice? I cannot pay you

The missionary filled his granaries and out-buildings with rice. He fed native Christians and heathen. He tried to keep an account with each applicant. But they came by thousands, and the account book was thrown aside.

"You are ruining yourself," remonstrated his friends. "You don't know the names of half the people to whom you are giving this rice. How do you expect to get your pay?"

"God will see to that," replied the man who had learned to do his duty and trust God.

"Every cent of the money expended was refunded," writes his daughter, Mrs. Luther.

After the famine was over Mr. Vinton went out among the Karens in their jungles. Even the heathen gathered round him, bringing their wives and children to see the man who had saved them from starving.

"This is the man who saved our lives!" cried crowds of heathen Karens. "We want his religion," and down on their knees they dropped and would have worshipped him, had he not sternly restrained them.

To-day, though he has been dead more than twenty years, "the name of Justus Hatch Vinton is a talisman through the jungles in all that country. The Karens speak it with moistened eyes and bated breath. They still say in hushed tones, 'He saved our lives.'"

THAT BOY.

BY ARTHUR SPRING.

His name is not Solon. There are many things he does not know. Remember that he is only a boy. You were one once. Call to mind what you thought and how you felt. Give that boy a chance! Keep near to him in sympathy. Be his chum. Do not make too many cast-iron laws. Rule with a velvet hand. Help him have a "good time." Answer his foolish questions. Be patient with his pranks. Laugh at his jokes. Sweat over his conundrums. Limber up your dignity with a game of ball, or a half day's fishing. You can win his heart utterly. And hold him steady in the path which leads higher up. That boy has a soul, and a destiny reaching high above the mountain peak. He is worth a million times his weight in gold.—Selected.

THE MORNING HYMN.

the Karen missionary, the Rev. Vinton, lived at Rangoon. He began giving the little store of rice which he had laid in for his mission-school. The news spread—"There is rice at Teacher Vinton's." The Karens flocked to his house. Stalwart men, hundreds of miles, carrying a basket or bag, came to receive rice for their families. Some fell at the missionary's door, others died in the forest, exhausted by their long journey, during

now, and I do not know when I can pay you. But I will pay you as soon as I am able." Their answer showed that these native merchants, shrewd, calculating heathen, who could see their countrymen die and yet raise the price of rice day by day, considered the missionary's words the best sort of security.

"Mr. Vinton," they said, "take all the rice you want. Your word is all the security we want. You can have a dozen cargoes if you wish."



So Blessed to Give.

Is thy cruse of comfort wanting?
 Use, and share it with another;
 And through all the years of famine,
 It shall serve thee and thy brother.
 Love thyne will fill thy store-house,
 Or thy handful still renew;
 Scanty fare for two will often
 Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving,
 All its wealth is living gain:
 Seeds, which milder in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Is thy burden hard and heavy?
 Do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden—
 God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
 Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.
 Art thou stricken in life's battle?
 Many, wounded, round thee moan;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
 And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?
 None but God its void can fill;
 Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
 Can its ceaseless longing fill.
 Is the heart a living power?
 Self-entwined, its strength runs low;
 It can only live in loving,
 And by serving, love will grow.

OUR PERIODICALS:

FOR YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	3 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	4 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp. 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp. 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 24
Over 20 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Heaven Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00
Quarterly Review Service. In the year, 24 a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c a doz.; 50c per 100	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 30 to 32 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COLTSA,

S. F. HICSTIS,

3 Henry Street,
 Montreal.

Wesleyan Book Room,
 Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

A FRIEND IN JESUS.

A DEAR girl of eighteen, when told what a true, real, and ever-present friend Jesus is, said: "I have wanted a friend like that for so long!"

Alice had lost her mother when quite a little girl, and she was now an orphan, her father having died a fortnight before this. She had no brothers, and her one little sister lived with friends a long way off. She did not know the Lord Jesus, and was therefore lonely indeed.

But oh! what a change took place in her whole life when she received Christ for her own Saviour and proved the truth of God's word, that "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble" (Nahum 1.7). When she was told how Jesus would never leave her nor forsake her, she believed his word; and he has made himself so precious a friend to her, that she told me, only a week after her conversion, that it had been the happiest week of her life.

Dear reader, have you also "wanted a friend like this for so long?" If so, thank how very much Jesus loves you. He left his Father's home in glory that we might share it with him. He died

that we might live. He bore the awful load of our sins that we might not bear them. He suffered on the cross that we might escape the wrath to come, as a beautiful hymn expresses it:

"I gave my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou mightst be ransomed,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave my life for thee:
 What hast thou given for me?"

There is one thing God asks you for, only one thing; he says, "Give me thy heart." What will you answer?

I do beseech you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to come to him now; for he says, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1).

A LIVING ROPE.

Quick thought and prompt action in time of danger have averted many an otherwise fatal accident, as is well illustrated in what came near being a case of drowning last winter. A dozen boys were skating on a pond, when one of them broke through the ice, and the next moment was struggling in the water.

The accident occurred near the middle of the pond. There was no house near to which the boys could run for help; no rope which they could throw to their unfortunate companion, nor yet a pole or stick of any kind. For a minute they stood aghast, huddled together, watching the poor boy's struggles in the icy water, and his futile efforts to hold himself up by grasping the treacherous ice.

Suddenly David Small threw himself, face down, upon the ice, and cried: "Quick! Shove me up to the edge. John, you lie down and get hold of my feet, and Si, you get hold of his. I'll catch hold of Rob; and when I give the signal, the rest of you fellows grab Si, and haul us out of this."

The brave boy took the post of danger himself, the others followed his directions, and when he had securely grasped Rob, the signal was given. All hands pulled with a will, and the drowning boy was saved.

FILLING A BASKET WITH WATER.

AN Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighbouring well, saying he would come in the evening, and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said,

"What is the good of doing this useless work! As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered, "But we have our day's wages, haven't we! The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such a fool's work," replied the other, and, throwing down his bucket went away.

The other man continued his work till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labour was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test the capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bid the man keep the ring, he said,

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing, now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."—The *Sunday Hour*.

"THE WEED."

BY J. B. COUGH.

It takes more mind, more strength of mind, more firmness of purpose, more decision of character, to break off a bad habit than it does to acquire one. Some of you, perhaps, have acquired a habit—a little trifle, a small affair, hardly worth mentioning. See that young lady's fingers, marred and unsightly, stubbed, and unpleasant to look at. What is the matter with them? She bites her nails. It is a trifling habit; let her undertake to break it. I know a lady who atone for more than three months before she could break through such a habit. She would say, "When you see me put my fingers to my mouth, cry, 'Fingers!'" and when her friends cried out, down went her hand. A moment after, and she would begin thinking, and set to biting away at her nails again.

A simple habit is hard to break. I knew a man who had acquired a habit of leaning with his hand upon a desk or table, and twisting his hair round his fingers, while he was reading. I said to him, "You will pull your hair out." "Oh," said he, "I have acquired the habit of reading in this way, and I cannot read with comfort unless I am twisting my hair as you see."

I knew a man who undertook to give up the use of tobacco. He chewed it—the best cavendish tobacco. He put his hand in his pocket, took out his plug of tobacco, and threw it away, saying as he did so,

"That's the end of it."

But it was the beginning of it. Oh, how he did want it! He would lick his lips, he would chew camomile, he would chew gentian, he would chew tooth-picks, quills, anything to keep the jaws going; no use, he suffered intensely.

After enduring the craving for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, he made up his mind:

"Now, it is no use suffering for a bit of tobacco; I will go and get some."

"Now," he said, "when I want it awfully, I'll take some."

Well, he did want it awfully; and he said he believed that it was God's good Spirit that was striving with him as he held the tobacco in his hand. Looking at it, he said,

"I love you. But are you my master, or am I yours? You are a weed, and I am a man. You are a thing, and I am a man. Your black devil, I'll master you if I die for it. It never shall be said of me again, 'There is a man mastered by a thing!'"

Every time he wanted it he would take it out and talk to it. It was six or eight weeks before he could throw it away, and feel easy; but he said the glory of the victory repaid him for all his struggle.

Now, some people say that it is harder to give up tobacco than it is to give up drink. It may be in certain cases. Here is a young man, for instance,— "Charley, have a glass of ale!" "No! I don't care for it; I'll take a cigar." And if a man drinks his glass of ale once or twice a week, but takes cigars three or four times in a day—it will be harder for that man to give up the cigars than the tobacco than the drink. The love of tobacco is a mighty strong love—many know that. Ay, and so do I. A physician in Halifax told me a year ago,

"Tobacco is killing you," he said to him. It made no difference; he smoked his pipe still. At last a tobacco cancer came upon his lip. "Now," said the physician, "you are feeding that by your tobacco." No use! He would smoke. An operation was performed, and a painful one; and said the physician, "I told him I would call in next morning; and twenty-four hours after that operation I found him propped up in bed, with his face bound up on one side, and a pipe in the other side of his mouth."

Now, it is "mighty hard," as we say, to break off a habit of smoking or of using tobacco; but when the appetite for drink lays hold of a man—what then? Do you know what it is? Toomuchly do. The crying, burning, itching sense—as a child said to me, using a homely expression, "I felt as if I had an irritating itch in my stomach, and could not get at it"—day and night crying like the leech—for the stimulant: "Give! Give!"

Going to School.

BY MRS. SANGSTER.

There's an army that musters its legions,
And marches to roll-call each day;
And happy and blest are the regions
Which lie in that army's bright way.
They troop over hillock and hollow,
They spring across brooklet and pool,
And gaily and cheerily follow
The summons which bids them to school.

By thousands the army is numbered,
Its soldiers are fresh as the morn;
Not one is by sorrow encumbered,
Not one is by care overborne.
At decimals sometimes they stumble,
And sometimes by verbs are perplexed,
And the proudest goes saddened and humble
When a question is passed to the next.

But forgot at the briefest vacation
Are problems and puzzles and prose;
The grief of the stern conjugation,
That late was a fountain of woes:
And the army goes back to its duty
The hour that play time is done,
Resplendent in love and in beauty,
Unmatched 'neath the light of the sun.

They gather, this wonderful army,
In field, and in grove, and in street;
Their voices are music to charm me,
So ringing and eager and sweet.
Their cheeks are as red as a cherry,
Their eyes are as pure as the day;
And the sound of their marching is merry,
Wherever they pass on their way.

NELLY'S DARK DAYS.

By the Author of "Lost in London."

CHAPTER I.

A STREET CORNER.

It was nearly twelve o'clock at night on the first Sunday of the New Year. The churches and chapels had all been closed for some hours; and none of the better class of shops had been open during the day. Business had been set on one side, even by those workmen and labourers who lived from hand to mouth, and scarcely knew beforehand where the day's meals were to come from. There had been, as usual, a prevailing feeling that the day was not a day for work or traffic of any kind; and what had been done had been, more or less, away from the public scrutiny. But though midnight was close at hand, the streets in the lower parts of Liverpool were neither quiet nor dark. Up higher, farther away from the long line of docks, and the troubled stream of the mighty river, there was silence in the deserted streets where the wealthier classes had their comfortable homes; but where the poor dwelt, and wherever there was a corner of a street which afforded a good situation for traffic, or wherever it was supposed there was an immense drinking neighborhood, there stood a gin palace still open, with its bright gas-lights sparkling down each dark row of dingy houses with a show of cheery welcome not easy to resist.

At one spot where four roads met, each corner house was thus brilliantly lit up; and the doors, which swung to and fro readily and noiselessly, were constantly moving, and giving a passing glimpse, but no more, of what was going on within. The streets were so light here that a pin lying on the flagged pavement was plainly seen. So were the rags of a child who stood in the full glare of the most popular of the gin-palaces, leaning against a lamp-post, with her face turned towards the often opening door. It was a small, negre face, yet pretty, with a mingled and wistful expression of anxiety and happiness. The anxiety was visible whenever the door stood ajar; when it was closed, the happiness came uppermost. The secret of her brief, new-born happiness was very simple, but very deep to the child. She clasped tenderly, but carefully, in her thin, bare arms a gaily dressed doll, whose finery contrasted strongly with her own rags. When the door remained closed for a few minutes she passed the time in timid, half-fearful caresses of her shining doll; as soon as it opened she peered, with

heedful and searching eyes, to the farthest corner of the interior.

"Nelly!" said a clear, shrill voice, which startled the child from an anxious gaze, "you here at this time! How a poor mother to-night!"

"Very bad," said the child sadly.

"And father's in there, I reckon?"

"Yes," said Nelly, "and oh! I want him to come home so, because mother says she'd go to sleep maybe if father was home."

The girl who had spoken to her—a bright, brisk-looking girl—pushed open the door a little way, and glancing in turned back with a decisive shake of her head.

"No use, Nelly," she said; "he won't come as long as he can stay. Well, I'll nurse you a bit to keep you warm; it's very bitter to-night. I don't much wonder at father drinking to-night, I don't."

All day long the wind had been blowing keenly from the north east, bringing a fine, piercing sleet with it, and at nightfall the bitter cold had increased. The girl sat down on a door step, and drew the shivering child into her lap, covering her as well as she could with her own scanty clothing.

"Father didn't use to get drunk once, did he, Bessie?" asked the child plaintively.

"Oh dear, no!" answered Bessie, in a cheery voice.

"Tell me all about that time," said Nelly, nestling closer to Bessie. It was an old story, often told, but neither the girl nor the child ever grew weary of it.

"It's ever so many years ago, before you was born," said Bessie; "and he lived in a beautiful house, with a parlour in front, and a kitchen behind, and two rooms upstairs, all full of beautiful furniture. Everybody that I knew called him Mister Rodney then; but I was nothing but a poor, ragged little girl, raggeder than you, Nelly, selling matches in the streets. And this was how I came to know him. I was hanging about the basket-women, down by the stages, running errands for 'em, and one day, almost as cold as this, my foot slipped, and down I fell into the water. Oh! it was so cold; and I seemed to be sinking down, down, down."

"And father jumped in after you and fetched you out," interrupted Nelly, eagerly.

"Ay! he did, though he knew nothing of me, and I was nothing to him, only a little dirty match-girl. And then he carried me all the way to his own house in his arms."

"He never, never carried me in his arms," cried the child, "they aren't strong enough now."

"No; but he was as strong as strong then," continued Bessie, "and he clipped me so fast I wasn't a bit afraid. That's how I'm never afraid of him now, Nelly. He's a good man, and kind, and clever, when he's himself; and I love him, and you love him; don't we?"

"Yes," said Nelly, drawing a long breath, "mother says she's going to heaven soon, where the other children are, and there'll be nobody left but me to take care of father. I don't much mind, though I'd rather go with mother. Will he go on drinking always and always?"

"If he could only see the gentleman I saw," exclaimed Bessie. "It's six years ago, and I was a big, grown girl, ready to push in anywhere, and I see a lot of boys and girls crowding into a great hall, and I pushed in with them, nobody stopping me. And then they sang a lot of songs, oh! beautiful songs, and some gentlemen spoke to 'em about drink, and how they'd grow up good, decent men and women if they'd keep from it. And I was one of the very last to come away, the place was so nice, and a gentleman came up to me, and he said, 'My girl, what is your name?' And I said, 'Bessie Dingle, sir.' And he said, 'Can you read?' And I said, 'No, sir.' And he said, 'That's a pity. Do you ever drink what will make you drunk?' And I was ashamed to say yes, so I answered him nothing. And he said, looking me full in the face with eyes as kind as kind could be, 'I wish you'd promise me never to taste it till you see me again.' And I said, 'Yes, I will promise, sir.'"

"And when did you see him again?" asked Nelly.

"Never!" she answered. "He wrote down on a bit of paper where he lived, and said any of the piece would show me where it was; and that

very night I fell sick with fever, and they took me to the workhouse, and the slip of paper got lost. Anyhow, I never could find it or the place, and I've never seen him again. He's sure to think I broke my promise, and did not care for him, he's almost sure to think that, but I never did. She raised her head and looked down the long street, where the gloom seemed to press darkly against the glare of the gas-lights; it was very cheerless beyond the light, and the girl's face grew darker for a minute or two.

"It's no wonder they drink as long as the place is open," she said; "I'd like to be inside there, where it's light and warm. I wonder why the shops are all shut, and those places open. That gentleman, he said to me, 'My girl, you've got sharp eyes of your own; you just look around and see what makes the most mischief among the people about you, and tell me when I see you again.' I know what I'd say if he stood here this minute."

"Did you ever tell father about him?" asked Nelly.

"Scores and scores of times," she answered, emphatically; "and sometimes he cries and wishes he knew him, and could make him a promise like me; and sometimes he curses and calls me an idiot. If he could only see him, Nelly!"

They sat silent for a minute or two, Bessie nursing the child as tenderly as she nursed her doll. At last the girl touched the doll with the tip of her finger, and said cheerfully,

"Why, whorver did you get this grand plaything from?"

"It's a lady doll, and it's my very own," answered Nelly, opening her rags to display it fully; "there was a Christmas tree at our school, and this was the very best thing there, and teacher gave it me because she said I was the best child. Isn't it a beauty, Bessie?"

"It's wonderful!" said Bessie, in a voice of admiration.

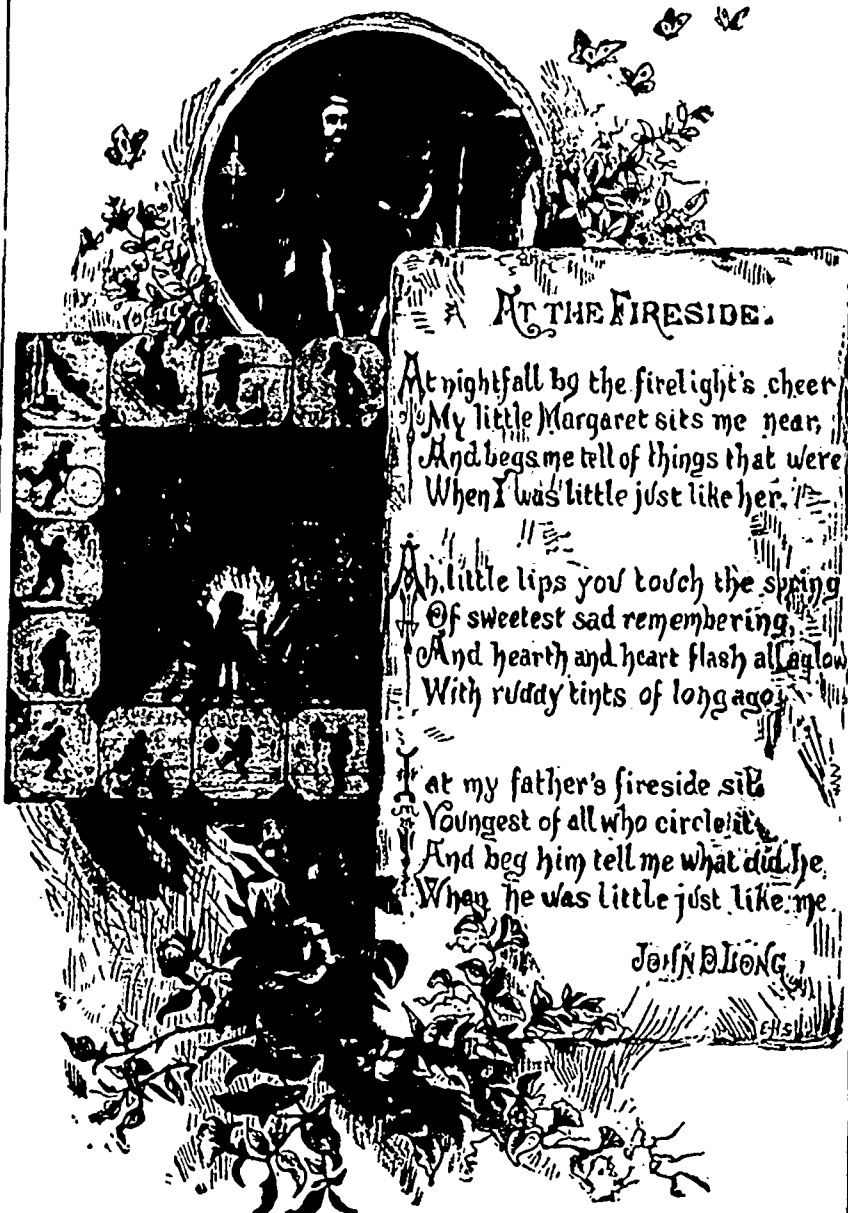
"I take such care of it," continued Nelly, eagerly, "only I'm afraid of nursing it when there are children about, for fear they should snatch it from me, you know."

As the child spoke, the clocks in the town struck twelve, and a trail of lingerers crept reluctantly out of each brilliant gin palace. Bessie kept Nelly back from springing forward to meet her father, and then seeing him take his way homewards, she followed at a little distance, clasping the child's hand warmly in her own.

(To be continued.)

TINY TED.

TEDDY, a boy about eight years old, was taken to the Children's Hospital, Toronto, in an advanced stage of consumption, and his naked state showed how neglected the boy had been. The doctor fought against hope, and every care was bestowed upon the little sufferer. He was an intelligent but restless child and often sat up in bed to ease his sufferings. The melancholy expression of his large, lustrous black eyes touched the hearts of the nurses, and he became a great favourite. Some times the night nurse would take him in her arms, and sitting by the fireside would converse with the dying child. On one of these occasions he said to her, "I ken I'll no' get better, but I'm no' feerd tae dee." It was not permitted that he should die amongst his kind friends. His mother, a dissolute creature, appeared in a drunken state at the hospital, provided with a piece of old blanket and a bit of carpet and demanded her child. She was told that if taken out he would die in a few days, and her demand was refused. In a few days she returned, with the same rags, but now accompanied by her husband. The nurse dressed Teddy in some old clothes and they took him away. One redeeming point in the character of this dissolute couple was their affection for their child, and he was pleased to "gang home" with them. The nurse sought it out—a little room without an article of furniture, and on the floor, in a corner, covered by a few filthy rags, on a bed of straw and shavings, lay the poor dying Teddy. In six days after his removal from the hospital he ceased from troubling and was at rest.



AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little just like her.

Oh, little lips you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering,
And hearth and heart flash all a glow
With ruddy tints of long ago.

At my father's fireside sit
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little just like me.

JOHN B. LONG

The Wind Over the Chimney.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SEE, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June,
From a school-boy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather,
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!
How above there, in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great name,
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
But the night-wind answers, "Hollow
Are the visions that you follow,
Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting, and exclaim:
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;
In the horoscope of nations;
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming year."

But the night-wind cries: "Despair!
Those who walk with feet on air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forge incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumours of renown;
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,
"Tis the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone here!"

And I answer: "Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavour is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 588.] LESSON IX. [Feb. 28.

JEREMIAH PERSECUTED.

Jer. 37. 11-21. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.—Jer. 1. 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

They that suffer with Christ shall also reign with him.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Chaldeans—A general name for the people of Babylon. Broken up—Broke up the siege. The land of Benjamin—To his home at Anathoth, in Benjamin. Separate himself—Either to go secretly among the crowds, but better, to secure his

share of the food at his residence, or to take possession of his inheritance. He would need the food in the famine when the Chaldeans returned. In the midst of the people—Great numbers would rush out of the city for various reasons. Thou fallest away—Desertest; art a traitor. The princes—Not the friendly ones in the last lesson. Those were taken captive. But the new ones. Cabins—Vaulted cells belonging to the underground dungeon. Many days—Till after Nebuchadnezzar returned to the siege (see 19), having defeated the Egyptians. Court of the prison—Or guard; above ground, where the guard dwelt. A much more comfortable place than the cell of the dungeon.

Find in this lesson—

1. Several things to avoid.
2. Some things to imitate.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. How many times did Nebuchadnezzar besiege Jerusalem? "Three times—several years apart." 2. How could the Israelites have escaped? "By turning from their sins and serving the Lord." 3. What did they do to the faithful Jeremiah? "They beat him and put him in a dungeon." 4. Did this make him change? "No; he kept repeating the same warning to the end."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. What have we then to do in repentance?

We must think on our transgressions, confess both our sins and our sinfulness to God, and strive to amend our life by the help of the Holy Spirit.

I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.—Psalm 119. 59.

"LITTLE THINGS."

HERE is a little confession taken from the lips of a little school girl, and set down in her own words:

"I've begun to find such little mean streaks in myself that I'm quite frightened. Guess what I was tempted to do the other day? I was washing the dishes for mamma, and when I got to the tins and kettles I was discouraged, they looked so greasy and black, and I've always been a little vain of my hands.

"I am going to Kitty Merrill's party to-night, and I want to keep my hands nice for that. I'll leave this for mamma; it won't make any difference with her hands, because she can't keep them nice, anyway.

"Then something seemed to say to me: 'Oh, you coward! Oh, you sneak! To be willing to have whiter hands than your mother! Aren't you ashamed?'

"I was ashamed, and I washed the kettles pretty humbly, I can tell you. I felt as if they weren't half as black as I. Since then I've watched all my thoughts, for fear I should grow so wicked mamma won't know me. I've learned pretty thoroughly what the minister means when he talks about the 'little foxes that spoil the grapes of a fine character.'

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND.

LUCY LARCOM says: There came to me in a letter the other day the sentence: "Mother is so unsympathetic," and I wish that I could reach out to the girl who wrote it and tell her what a mistake she had made. And then I suddenly remembered that it was not one girl, but many who had written this, and that there seemed to be a general misunderstanding about it. Don't you think that some of the fault is with you? Don't you think, that as the days of your life go by, you tell your mother less and less of what happens, until she, of all others, is ignorant of your desires, your com-

panions, your hopes, your disappointments? What shall you do?

Remember that the best friend, the best confidante, is your mother. Have no friend with whom she is not acquainted. Make her interested in what you are doing, and if the trials of her life are many, just remember that to gain sympathy you must give it. Make yourself your mother's companion and friend, then she will be yours. Do nothing that you conceal from her, and never believe for a minute that when you have really made her understand, she will not care for what interests you. Mother is not so much older than you after all. It hasn't been such a long time since she enjoyed just what you do, since life seemed as full of brightness as does yours, since she made as many enquiries and tried to think out as many problems as you do, and once you two can meet on this common ground, be sure that you will have nobody who will as thoroughly sympathize with you as does your mother.

Never, my dear girl, permit yourself to say or write this again; try first to find if the fault is not with you, and take as much care to cultivate the friendship of your mother as that of a stranger, and be very sure that it is a thousand times much better worth the having. That it is a friendship upon which you may always rely, and that it will be that most marvelous of all friendships, one where the thought of you will be first and always.

BOUND ANNUALS
1891.

The great demand of the Christmas trade has reduced our stock of Annuals to small compass. Of some we have no remaining copies. Of the following we have yet a few copies left which go to the first applicants:

Adviser	\$0 35
Band of Hope	0 35
British Workwoman	0 50
Chatterbox	1 00
Children's Friend	0 50
" (Cloth)	0 70
Children's Treasury	0 35
Child's Own	0 35
" (Cloth)	0 50
Family Friend	0 50
Girls' Own Paper	2 00
Good Words	2 25
Infants' Magazine	0 50
" (Cloth)	0 70
Leisure Hour	2 00
Little Folks	1 15
Little Wide Awake (Cloth Gilt)	1 25
Our Darlings	1 00
Sunday	1 00
Sunday at Home	2 00
Sunday Magazine	2 25
Worthington's Annual (Boards)	
" (Cloth)	

Our friends will remember that we PREPAY THE POSTAGE on all these books, and in the case of the larger books, the postage is considerable.

Sunday-School Libraries. Our space will not allow us to give a full list of Sunday-school Books, but we wish our friends to remember that our stock is complete of well-selected books, and at popular prices.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND TERMS.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.
S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.