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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

[No. 3

WINTER IN SWITZERLAND.

SWITZERLAND is a most delightful country to visit in summer time—the valleys are so green, the mountains are so sublime, and the sky, as seen

against the snow-crowned peaks, is so intensely blue. Then the sunrise and sunset light on the mountains produces an effect of unearthly loveliness. But in the winter it must be rather dreary. The snow falls to a great depth, and the paths from village to village are often completely blocked up.

But Swiss boys and girls are, I suppose, like boys and girls the world over, and get great fun out of snowballing and other winter sports. The picture shows us a characteristic Swiss scene. The suspicious-looking boy standing by the steps is trying to hide the snow-balls in his hands till the young "madchen," or school-girl, and her brother get past, when he and the urchin behind them intend to give them the benefit of a snow-ball salute.

The queer overhanging roofs of the houses will be noticed, and outside stairways and galleries. Sometimes the houses are covered all over with shingles, nicely rounded at the end, which look like the scales of huge fish, and frequently the timber fronts are carved and painted with texts of Scripture. Very often the lower story of the house is used as a stable for cows or goats, and the people live in the second story.

The Swiss are a very kind-hearted and hospitable people, and in the Protestant cantons, notwithstanding the general poverty of the country, they are very thrifty and comfortable.

mother to leave her kitchen-work and come up and find his shoes and hat, which he has not looked for himself. He never does look for a thing (you never knew a whinner who did try

down to his breakfast, which she has kept warm for him, he whines because it is too hot. If she ever asks him to do anything, he twists the corners of his mouth and whines. If he cannot

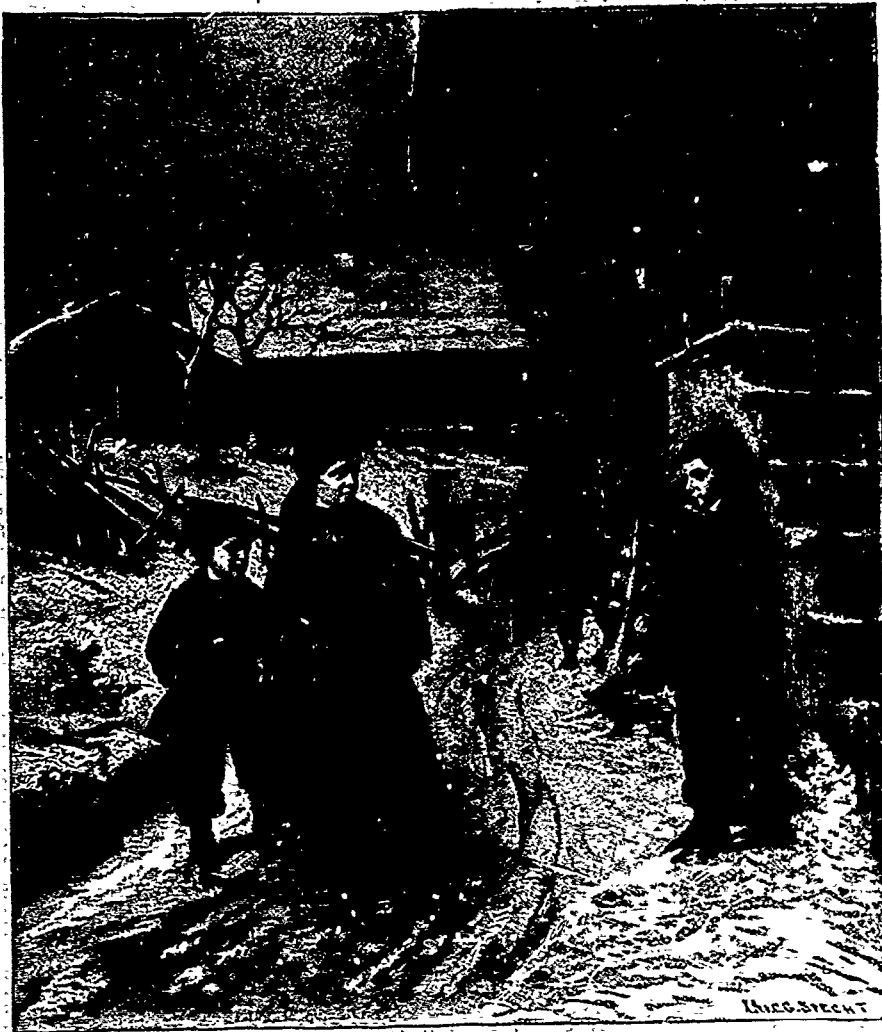
have just what he wants in play, he whines. Do you know anything that calls "Ma-a!" when it wants its mother? Yes—a calf, and that is just what Will is—a great calf. We hear that Sammy Shiftless has promised to try and keep his *Quarterly*, and Tommy Teaser is going to let his sister and the girls alone. Suppose Will Whinner agrees to try a week without whining!

RUN AWAY FROM SIN.

A LITTLE girl had a great desire to join the Church, consequently she went to the minister, asking to be received into the Church, at which he inquired if she had experienced a change of heart, and she answered affirmatively. The minister inquired further: "Were you a sinner before?" "Yes." "Are you a sinner now?" Again she answered, "Yes." "Where, then, is the difference between your former and your present condition?" After some moments' meditation she said, "Before I was converted to Christ I was a sinner that runs away

sin; now I am a sinner that runs away from sin."—*Mission Friend*.

Never exhibit anger, impatience, or excitement when an accident happens.



WINTER IN SWITZERLAND.

WILL WHINNER.

WILL WHINNER stands at the top of the stairs and calls, "Ma-a! ma-a!" at the top of his voice. Is he sick or afraid? No; he only wants his

to help himself), and of course it is not much trouble for his tired mother to leave her work and the baby and run around after him to hunt up his jacket and books. When he sits

down I am a sinner that runs away from sin."—*Mission Friend*.

Labour.

BY FRANCIS OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
o'er us;

Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-waves falter in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps
glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labour is worship!" the wild bee is
ringing;

Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's
heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving
shower.

From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing
flower;

From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from
his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water falleth;
Illness ever despaireth, bewailoth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust
assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of
noon.

Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and
brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep
them in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet
us;

Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sun-promptings that ever entreat
us;

Rest from the world-sirens that lead us to
ill.

Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy
pillow;

Work! thou shalt ride o'er care's coming
billow;

Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping
willow;

Work with a stout heart and resolute
will.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish
are round thee;

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
bound thee;

Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond
thee;

Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labour!—all labour is noble and holy;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God.

BEGINNING RIGHT AND EARLY.

I SHALL never forget a lesson I received when at school at A—. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good-nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day, "I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them, that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighbouring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote:

"Not long since some boys were flying a kite in the street just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I will drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for awhile.' 'O, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots clumsily as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots, in particular, were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the

widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

"And now ladies and gentlemen, I ask you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—*The Children's Own.*

A WORD TO GIRLS.

PUTTING aside all the sad showing of low ideals to be found in the manner of dressing to be seen everywhere around us, we may perhaps help ourselves and others to find a better plane of thought on the subject by taking note of what some girls have said who hold the matter under consideration. I find it possible to divide these girls into three classes:

First, the girls who have nearly all their money they want, and who believe that their first duty in life is to dress themselves with it.

Second, the girls who have very little money, and who use what time they have, as well as all their money, in appearing as well dressed as possible.

Third, the girls who have very little of either time or of money at their own disposal, and whose interests are in something quite different from their clothes, yet who have taste and sentiment and who suffer if they ever find themselves dressed inappropriately.

We have all known girls belonging to each of these classes.

We know the girl who is given nearly all the money she wants and is told to get the prettiest things she can find to wear. What is the result? Sometimes, like the girls in confectionery shops, who get so tired of sweet things that they never want to touch them, the taste palls. It is like any other earthly possession—once ours, we care very little for it. I heard a young dressmaker with a large custom say the other day: "Why, if it were not my business, I would wear the plainest things I could find, and never think of dress again as long as I live." Famous actresses, too, whose profession requires constant attention to dress, are known to despise fine dressing when they are in private. Charlotte Cushman, who saw more of society, and that of the best kind, through a long series of years, than almost anybody of her time, used to limit herself to three dresses—a comfortable gray woollen dress for

every day, a good black dress, and a light silk for "occasions." This left her a margin of money for doing many noble things.

It is wonderful what a moth of money fine dressing is! and of all unsatisfactory results, perhaps, to be finely dressed is one of the least. I am speaking, of course, of fine dressing, not forgetting that witty saying of one of our excellent New England women—that "there is a consolation in being well dressed which even religion cannot bestow."

Religion does not work in that way. If we neglect our duties she is not coming to help us until we take pains to help ourselves; and one of our first duties to ourselves and to others is to be *fitly* dressed. There never was a carelessly dressed or an unclean person known who was not also careless about appointments, careless at figures, unclean in processes of thought, and in some way untrustworthy. Alas! It is a fact—that clothes illustrate the man.—*Wide Awake.*

A BABY IN JAIL.

It was a queer little tot of a girl who put in an appearance at a Philadelphia police-station, and, looking from one officer to another, said, "Did you put my mother in jail?"

The officer stared at the little midget, so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps of the station-house, and wondered what she meant. They had arrested a tangle-haired woman, who had fought like a fury and stormed at them in three languages; but they did not dream that this little innocent thing was her child. But she was, and the mother heard her voice and called for her.

So they swung open the door of the corridor and let the baby in. She trotted up to the cell door, and looking in said, "Why, mother, are you in jail?"

The mother shrank back, ashamed. The child dropped upon her knees upon the stone floor and, clinging to the cold bars, began to pray:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

There was a strange moisture about the strong policeman's eyes as they led the little thing away. When the case came into court, the Judge whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as another should.

It was the drink that made the mischief, and drink is always making mischief. It begins with a little for medicine, and it ends with wretchedness, madness, misery, and death. Many a fair, bright young girl has tasted of this poisoned cup, and has never stopped until she reached the depths of sorrow and despair.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Good Temp'ar.*

Lost.

BY MRS. M. ELLA CORNELL.

The incident related in the following lines occurred in the Auditorium, Ocean Grove, N. J., on the afternoon of August 28th, 1887, just after a very impressive sermon had been preached to an assembly of about five thousand people by Rev. Matthew Newkirk, D.D., of the Bethesda Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, on the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The "preacher" referred to in the fourth stanza was Dr. Stokes, president of the meeting.

The man of God had told the story well,
The dear old story of the precious blood
That, spilled on Calvary to wash man's
sins,

Is free to all, a blessed, cleansing flood.
He told them of the Father's yearning heart
That for their sins gave his dear Son to
die,

Whose hand is ready and his ear intent
To catch a murmured penitential cry.

The vast assemblage hung upon his words,
And faithful hearts to God were raised in
prayer,

When suddenly a little stir was seen,
And childish weeping rose upon the air.
A little one, among the crowd that stood,
Had wandered from his father's side

away,
And failing in the crowd to see his face
Had wandered far, and farther still away.

A kindly hand led to the pulpit high
The little child that this might help afford
To bring the wanderer to his father's view,
That to his arms the child might be
restored.

'Twas all that needed was; the father's
eyes
Were seeking for the lost one far and
near;

One glance then open arms received his
boy,
And joy and gladness took the place of
fear.

Then rose the preacher's voice, and told of
One—
The Heavenly Father—who so long has
sought

To find his lost ones who have wandered far
In ways that are with unseen dangers
fraught.

He urged them to but raise their hearts in
prayer,
And ask the loving God to take them
home,

To give them shelter in his heart of love
That from his favour they might never
roam.

And there were eyes, that day, that filled
with tears
Of penitence o'er sad neglect of God;
And hearts that turned with loathing from
the paths

Of sin that they had sought and thought-
less trod.

The Father seeketh still the lost that roam!
Some wanderer, who reads these lines
to-day,

May find e'en now in that dear love of God
A resting place forever and for aye.

THE world is full of suffering; but
my deepest pity is reserved for woman-
hood realizing the dreadful fate of the
victim of the Tuscan tyrant—a loving,
sensitive, and delicate life fastened to
the rolling death of drunkenness.—
John G. Whittier.

A HOUSEKEEPER asks: "What is
the simplest way to keep jelly from
moulding on the top?" Shut a small
boy up in the pantry for a few minutes.

ACCEPTED.

I HAD been sitting alone in the
little chapel for some time, busy at
the organ in preparation for a meet-
ing, and was about to leave the room,
when an old man who had been in
the reading-room adjoining came slowly
toward me, and lifting his face toward
mine, said:

"I like music. Won't you go back
and play a little more for me?"

He was eighty-four years old, as he
told me afterward. His body was
bent under the burden of the years,
and as I seated myself again at the
organ he came and stood beside me,
fully ripe, as it seemed, for heaven.
He was alive to only one great thought
—Jesus, the Saviour and Master!

He had been turning the leaves of
the "Gospel hymns" while my fingers
ran over the key-board, and presently
he laid the book before me, saying:

"Play that slowly, and I'll try and
sing it for you."

Softly and very slowly I followed
him, as with a broken voice, often
scarcely audible, he tried to sing:

"Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go."

It was little more than a whisper-
song; but as he took up the words of
the chorus a glad smile spread over
his face, and his voice seemed to
gather strength from his heart as he
looked rather than sang:

"Precious name! O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven."

It was true worship; the simple,
glad expression of a loving, loyal heart.
Verily, I sat alone with a saint that
day, for as the other verses of the
hymn were sung their wondrous mean-
ing was interpreted by the face of the
singer, and the veil seemed almost to
fall away, revealing to me the things
unseen.

I had never seen the old man
before; it is not probable I shall ever
see him again in the flesh; but his life
touched mine with blessing that day,
for he had unconsciously brought the
Master very near. God's work in the
world calls loudly for consecrated
talent, vigorous minds, songful voices,
physical strength, business tact and
enterprise, money, time. We realize
this, and perhaps, finding that we
have none of these things, think that
we have nothing that would be "ac-
ceptable in God's sight." He wants
the best we have, it is true; but if
the best is very, very poor, it is accept-
able to the Father, who cares more for
the love which prompts our service
than for the service itself. There was
no music in the old man's voice; in-
deed, it could truthfully be said that
he almost had no voice; but he drew
a soul a little nearer to its Saviour
with what he had. God owned and
blessed his weakness. "If there be
first a willing mind it is accepted ac-
cording to that a man hath, and not
according to that he hath not."

THE EXACT TRUTH.

Two young masons were building a
brick wall—the front wall of a high
house. One of them, in placing a
brick, discovered that it was a little
thicker on one side than on the other.

His companion advised him to throw
it out. "It will make your wall
untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben; "what
difference will such a trifle as that
make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied he, "taught
me that 'truth is truth,' and ever so
little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is
no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "that's all very
well; but I am not lying, and have
no intention of doing so."

"Very true, but you make your
wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere
read that a lie in one's work is like a
lie in his character, it will show itself
sooner or later, and bring harm, if not
ruin."

"I'll risk it, in this case," answered
Ben; and he worked away, laying
more bricks, and carrying the wall up
higher, till the close of the day, when
they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went
to resume their work, when, behold, the
lie had wrought out the result of all
lies! The wall getting a little slant
from the untrue brick, had got more
and more untrue as it got higher, and
at last, in the night, had toppled over,
obliging the masons to do all their
work over again.

Just so with ever so little an un-
truth in your character; it grows more
and more untrue if you permit it to
remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.
Tell, act, and live the exact truth
always.

"PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT"

LONG, long ago, there lived in a Ger-
man town an old man whose trade it
was to make violins.

He was tall and thin, with a long
white beard, and a grave, reserved face,
which, however, was often lighted up
by a singularly beautiful smile.

He was, indeed, much respected by
the townsfolk, who were proud, too,
of the fame he had acquired, for there
were no violins like Gaspard's through-
out the whole world.

There seemed, in truth, to be
something about the construction of
them which no one—not even his
own apprentices—could succeed in im-
itating. Often one of the latter
would finish a violin exactly after Gas-
pard's own model; nothing seemed
wanting, to the eye; and hoping, yet
fearing, the youth would carry it to
his master.

Then the old man would take the
instrument with a kindly smile, and
draw the bow lightly across the
strings.

Alas! the sound was always thin,
sharp, and grating, and Gaspard, pick-
ing up one of his own violins, would
bid the lad note the difference between
the two. Full, clear, and melodious,

now with a triumphant swell, now
with a tender, long-drawn note, like
a sigh of the wind, the music would
float out into the old street, and the
passers-by would stop to listen, say-
ing, "Hush! there is Gaspard tuning
another violin!"

"What is the secret, master?" cried
one of his cleverest workmen in des-
pair.

The old man's answer was always
the same: "Put your heart into it,
my lad; that is all."

Time passed, and at length there
was mourning in the old German town,
for Gaspard was dead! And then the
secret was revealed, for immediately
all his violins lost that extraordinary
sweetness and depth of tone which had
so distinguished them. They were
good violins still, but a change had
passed over them, and they would never
recover their lost power.

Gaspard had put a little piece of his
own heart into each instrument, and
when he died the heart of the violin
died also.—From Little Folks.

Unto Me.

A rook, way-faring man of grief
Had often passed me on my way,
Who sighed so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread.

I gave him all. He blessed, and brake,
And ate; but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For, while I ate with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes.

He spoke; and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not; thou didst't them unto me."
MONTGOMERY.

A BEAUTIFUL ACT.

THE teacher of a girls' school, away
in Africa, wished her scholars to learn
to give. She paid them, therefore, for
doing some work for her, so that each
girl might have something of her own
to give away for Jesus' sake. Among
them was a new scholar, such a wild
and ignorant little heathen that the
teacher did not try to explain to her
what the other little girls were doing.
The day came when the gifts were
handed in. Each pupil brought her
piece of money and laid it down, and
the teacher thought all the offerings
were given. But there stood the new
scholar hugging tightly in her arms
a pitcher, the only thing she had in
the world. She went to the table and
put it among the other gifts, but
before she turned away she kissed it!
There is One who watched and still
watches people casting gifts into his
treasury. Would he not say of this
African girl, She hath cast in more
than they all!—Mission Record.

Be diligent in reading your Bible,
and try to learn as many verses by
heart as you can.

NO! NEVER.

TAKE a drink? No, not I!
Reason taught me better
Than to bind my very soul
With a galling fetter.
Water, sweet, and cool and free,
Has no cruel chains for me.

Take a drink? No, not I!
I have seen too many
Taking drinks like that of yours,
Stripped of every penny
Water, sweet, and cool and clear,
Costs me nothing all the year.

Take a drink? No, never I!
By God's blessing, never
Will I touch, or taste, or smell,
Henceforth and forever!
Water, sweet, and clear and cool,
Makes no man a slave or fool.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

FAITH.

ONE day father and son were walking in a narrow path among the Alps of Switzerland. They were gathering the beautiful Alpine flowers that grew all about them. On one side of the narrow path rose lofty mountain heights; on the other side were deep, dark precipices.

More than once the father warned his boy not to go near the edge of the precipices. But the child ventured a little too far in his eager desire to gather some especially beautiful flowers, lost his footing, and fell. He rolled to the very brink of a frightful precipice, and there lay, clinging to a bush that grew on the edge.

The father had in his hand a long pole with a strong iron hook at the end. He saw at once that the one hope of saving his dear boy lay in the chance of seizing with this hook the leathern girdle which the boy wore. The boy could not see his father, but he heard his voice. It said, "Let go the bush, my son, and I will save you." The hook caught firm hold of the belt, and now came the trying moment. The boy had to let go his hold upon

the bush, which seemed his only chance of life! Would he do it quickly? The father's heart stood still for a second. But his son trusted him, and in a moment more his obedience was rewarded, and he was safe in his kind father's arms.

If he had waited to ask, how, or why, he would have been lost, for no sooner had he let go the shrub, than it gave way and fell to the bottom of the abyss.

Do you wonder sometimes how to have the faith in Jesus that saves the soul? Do as the Swiss boy did; believe what your heavenly Father says, let go your hold upon the poor, weak shrub of your own goodness, and just obey. That is the way of faith.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

AMONG other prominent citizens who witnessed the pleasing entertainment at the close of the Palace street Public school was Ald. Frankland. He was called upon to speak to the children, and he delivered a notable address. He told them that until recently his eyes had been closed to the evils of intemperance. Notwithstanding the fact that a very dear member of his own family had lost his life at the age of eighteen through drink, he had not been able to see how bad intemperance was and how good Temperance would be. His eyes, he said, were opened by the kindly words of Mayor Howland in a letter asking him to fill His Worship's place during his absence in New York. He had been always opposed to Mayor Howland, and that letter written to one who had been at all times at enmity with him broke him all up. He now saw intemperance in its true light, and he had made up his mind that as long as he lived he would always come out straight on this question, solid in favor of Temperance, and he spoke to the children earnestly to avoid intoxicating drinks and live sober lives. He stated that at a dinner a few days ago at a hotel in the vicinity of the market, where on similar occasions previously wines and other liquors had flowed freely, water was the only beverage served, and the change was made at his request. Ald. Frankland's remarks were made in a tone that indicated intense feeling, and his change of front on this great question was received with encouraging demonstrations of approval.—*Globe*.

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A LARGER number of schools than ever before are ordering a considerable number of the *Methodist Magazine* to circulate instead of libraries. They find them cheaper, better, and more attractive than books. Some schools have taken 10 or 12 copies for this purpose; and this year one school orders 18 copies per month. Special rates will be given to schools. For terms apply to William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.



Blind Men by the Wayside Begging.

BLIND BEGGARS.

BLINDNESS is a sad affliction. Persons who are blind, and have no friends to take care of them, or means of their own to fall back upon, are compelled to depend upon the charity of others. Sometimes such persons have friends to lead them about to gather alms or do a little business. But frequently they stand or sit in some conspicuous place, all alone, day after day, to appeal to the sympathies of passers-by. A person sitting or standing in such a condition, even without uttering a word, is a strong appeal to Christian benevolence. A blind person is one of the most deserving objects of charity. The custom of the blind sitting by the wayside to ask alms is very ancient. The custom has obtained in all nations, from the earliest ages, and is still continued; and let our young readers consider that a copper given to a blind person is better invested than when spent in candy or some other ways, which are not only useless, but positively injurious. A trifle given to the blind is a thank-offering to God for the blessing of sight.

When Jesus was going from Jericho to Jerusalem, he found two blind men by the wayside begging, and he did not pass them by without doing something for them. His loving heart was moved by their appeal to exercise his infinite compassion. He did the best that he could for them. If they had been allowed to choose, it was the blessing which they would likely have desired. Jesus gave them their sight. It is not said that they were born blind, but it is very likely they were. The blessing that Christ bestowed opened before them an entirely new life. That is what the blessing of Christ will do for us, if we come to him earnestly, believingly, and be-

seechingly, as did the blind men by the wayside. It is stated that not less than one in every thousand of the world's population is blind. We frequently meet blind persons, and while we cannot do for them what Jesus did, we can so far imitate him, by allowing our benevolence to do for them the best possible thing.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

SOME men move through life as a band of music move down street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honey-suckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day. How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long for, enjoy, and appreciate.

THREE things to cherish—virtue, goodness, and wisdom; three things to delight in—frankness, beauty, and freedom; three things to govern—your temper, tongue, and conduct.



VICTOR THE CRIPPLE.

Old England.

The very earth is beautiful
 In this dear island home;
 The green grass nestle lovingly
 Round feet that o'er it roam,
 The blue sky stretches tenderly
 Above its changing woods,
 And happy thoughts of quietness
 Fill its deep solitudes.

For loveliness of hills and dales,
 For fresh and bracing airs,
 For music of the merry birds,
 And little children's prayers;
 For freedom and for hopefulness,
 For safety and content,
 Well may their songs rise gratefully
 Whose lives with these are spent.

Yet greater still the heritage
 Of England in the men
 Whose nobleness has made her great,
 And raised her yet again:
 Who, hating wrong, have fought for right,
 Who tender were, and strong,
 And whose brave deeds of chivalry
 Proud hearts preserve in song.

They were for liberty and love;
 Not theirs the inglorious rest
 Which cared not how the people fared
 So that themselves were blest,
 Their hearts were true, their wills were
 firm,
 And they have left to us
 The duty and the privilege
 So high, yet o'erous.

O be the sons of England
 True-hearted as their sires,
 Still loyal to right impulses,
 And moved by pure desires;
 Better not worse, greater not less,
 The future than the past;
 God give to us, through love of him,
 The glory that shall last.

—London Christian World.

VICTOR THE CRIPPLE.

Just outside of the huge moss-grown
 gate of the city of S—, in France,
 there dwelt in the midst of the last
 war a dyer's family named Nonen.

This family was poor, and the house
 it occupied was small. The only child
 under the tiled roof was a pale little
 cripple named Victor, who, in spite
 of his bodily pain, was bright and
 wise.

He nearly always sat in a little
 arbour beneath some vines, with his
 crutches by his side, and watched the
 people passing by.

Victor had heard that there was a
 war going on away off to the north of
 them, and he knew that Pierre Dumas,
 the waggoner, and Jacques Plance,
 the wine-merchant, and Armand
 Dubec, the charcoal-dealer, had all
 marched off with guns in their hands,
 and blue caps on their heads, and that
 there were terrible stories from the
 cities where they were.

Now, Victor's parents tried to keep
 their child in ignorance of the awful
 battles, because they thought him too
 sensitive and too delicate to hear such
 tales.

But Victor, pale and fragile as he
 was, had the soul of a lion, and this
 is how it showed itself:

One afternoon, while he was sitting
 in his usual place, with his crooked
 legs bent up under him, looking forth
 on the hot little square in front of the

house, he suddenly heard a great noise
 of drums that called the long-roll. He
 raised his head.

He saw the people who were going
 by stop and stare at each other.
 Presently a lancer on horseback came
 galloping down the paved street. He
 was covered with dust, and his horse's
 sides and neck were flecked with foam.
 Scarcely had he gone by when Victor's
 father came running in from his work
 with his hands all red, just as he had
 taken them from the dye-pot, and
 crying:

"The Germans are coming! the
 Germans are coming!"

His wife said:

"What, then! they will not kill
 us; we are safe enough."

"Indeed, we are not, mother," cried
 the dyer. "They will seize us as
 prisoners, steal all our food and furni-
 ture, and perhaps burn our house over
 our heads. We are ordered by the
 mayor to go instantly within the city
 gates, and I am commanded to join
 the soldiers."

Without Victor beheld the people
 hastening with all speed through the
 city gate, carrying in their arms their
 most valuable things, such as trunks,
 vases, clocks, and old chairs, and he
 could not help laughing at their haste
 and fright.

"Come, Victor," said his mother,
 you had better climb upon your father's
 back, and he will take you to Aunt
 Therese's house, where you will be
 entirely safe."

"No, no," cried Victor; "I can
 walk with my crutches. Each of you
 take something that you would not
 like to lose, and I will follow behind."

The dyer and his wife were accus-
 tomed to obey the cool-headed child,
 and they accordingly did as he
 directed.

In ten minutes more they were in
 the street and the little cottage-door
 was locked, and the shutters closed.

Victor bade adieu to his blooming
 roses, and hobbled away between his
 father and mother toward the city
 gate. But all this tumult was useless;
 there were very few soldiers in the
 place, and defence was out of the
 question.

The mayor had been advised that a
 regiment of Germans were within
 three hours' ride of the town, and at
 first he thought of resisting them, but
 now he determined to surrender the
 city if he were asked to do so.

Meanwhile he sent despatches by
 messenger and telegraph to the nearest
 portions of the French army, begging
 them to come to his assistance.

In a little while Victor was safely
 placed in his aunt's house, and he took
 a position where he could see all that
 went on.

Everything and everybody was in a
 bustle. Men and women ran hither
 and thither. The shutters of the shops
 were being put up, drums were beat-
 ing, bells were ringing, and soldiers
 were marching to and fro.

But great things took place in an-
 other hour.

Victor beheld, to his intense aston-
 ishment, half-a-dozen men in blue coats,
 and with blue cloth caps on their
 heads, ride at a rapid gallop down the
 street with their lances glistening in
 the sun. They had brown faces,
 yellow beards, and they looked strong
 and vigorous.

These were the advance of the much
 dreaded Germans.

People fled shrieking before them,
 and the Germans broke out into
 shouts of laughter to see them run to
 their houses like rabbits.

But by-and-by there was heard the
 roll of drums, and the ground trembled
 under a heavy tread, and Victor soon
 beheld a regiment of foot-soldiers come
 down the street. They were not very
 neat-looking men. They all had
 blankets slung over their shoulders,
 and they were all spattered with mud.

The regiment halted a little way off,
 and the men stacked their arms, mak-
 ing them rattle on the pavement.
 Then they began to build camp fires
 in the street, and to light their long
 pipes.

Pretty soon they began to set guards
 all about the streets, and in a little
 while three tall officers came around,
 and knocked at all the doors, and for-
 bade the using of lights in the house
 at night, and ordered that no one go
 abroad after eight o'clock. If lights
 were found in a house everybody
 would be arrested and severely pun-
 ished.

"What does that mean, mother?"
 asked Victor, with burning cheeks.
 "Why can't we have lights?"

"Because they will suspect us of
 making signals to our army in the dis-
 tance," said the mother; while Victor's
 little fist shut up tight with rage.

Everything was so strange when it
 became dark! Not a shadow showed
 a candle. In the streets a few embers
 were burning, and by their light Victor
 could see the soldiers, with their long
 coats down to their heels, and their
 shining helmets, walking to and fro,
 and hear their strange talk, and loud,
 hoarse laughter.

There seemed to be soldiers every-
 where. Drums were heard on all
 hands, and the rattle of wheels came
 from all quarters.

People began to ask: "Where are
 our soldiers? Why don't they come
 and fight these invaders? Are they
 afraid of them?"

In a little while some more soldiers
 knocked at the door, and said that they
 wanted two mattresses, a quart of
 milk, and an armful of fire-wood. They
 had a cart at the door, and they had
 made collections from every house.

The dyer protested, but it was no
 good. Besides taking the bedding
 and the wood and the milk, they made
 the dyer go with them.

Victor cried out from his dark
 corner:

"How dare you take my father

away, you cowards! If I were strong I'd shoot you!"

At this the soldiers raised their lanterns above their heads, and beheld Victor sitting upright in his chair, looking very furious. They saw that he was a cripple, and therefore they went on with their work as if he were not there, and had said nothing.

This made him more enraged than ever, and he resolved to do what he could to hurt them.

He beheld them take away the goods, and he heard his mother weeping in the silent room after they were gone.

Now, the mayor was not a dull man. He had had his power taken out of his hands; his town had been overrun, and he had devised a plan to capture these intruders.

A short time after the soldiers had gone, a soft knock came to the door, and it was cautiously opened by Aunt Therese.

In walked two gentlemen. Said one of them:

"I am the mayor. I want to speak to this gentleman in private; and we cannot talk in the street in safety, and I should like to sit in your room for a moment, if there is no one here."

"No," said Aunt Therese, forgetting Victor for the moment, "there is no one here but me, and you are welcome. I will go away."

"Thank you," said the mayor.

The two gentlemen immediately began to discuss something.

It appeared that there had approached on the south side of the town two regiments of French soldiers, and they were hidden in the woods about two miles off. On the north side of the town were two more regiments, about the same distance off. Now, when all was ready for both parties to advance, it had been agreed that some signal should be given.

Therefore it was arranged that a single light should be displayed in two windows, one on the other side of the city, and one on the south side. It had been arranged how to show the light on the north side; but the question was, how was it to be shown on the south side?

This was the puzzle.

"I'll do it," said Victor in a whisper.

The two gentlemen uttered exclamations of surprise, and asked Victor if he had heard all.

"Yes," said Victor, "I have, and I know just what to do. My father's house is just outside of the south gate, and it has a dormer-window in the garret that is very high. I can go there and make the signal, and no one will be the wiser."

"But the guards?" said the mayor.

"Oh! I can get past them," said Victor. "I can be sly when I choose."

"And it will be dangerous."

"I don't mind that. All that I want to know is, when is the light to be shown?"

"Directly," responded the mayor;

"as soon as possible. The light on the northern side is already shining. I suppose the soldiers are marching now."

Then he began to whisper to his friend.

They quickly agreed that it would be wrong to trust such an errand to a child, and they both arose, and went to the next room to find if there was any one present who was fit to undertake the task. They closed the door.

"They won't let me go," said Victor. "They think I am too small. We'll see about that."

He crept out of his chair, and noiselessly took his crutches and his cap, and crossed the room.

He got to the entry. He opened the front door, and peered out. It was very dark. He saw no one. He emerged carefully upon the step, closed the door, and hobbled cautiously away.

Victor made his way very cautiously. He knew if he was caught he would be detained as a prisoner at once. Now he hid behind a slight flight of steps, now behind a statue, now behind a cart, and there, always with his eyes open.

He came to the gate. There were three sentinels here. There was one on each side, and one in the very centre. The gate was open. Here was a perplexity. How could he pass these guards? He reflected. If he could only get them all on one side, then he might succeed in escaping. How was he to do this?

He suddenly hit upon an idea. He felt around on the ground for a stone. He found one. He then silently stood up, and threw it up with all his force against a window in a grocer's shop on the other side of the street.

There was a great crash. Instantly the three soldiers cocked their muskets, and ran thither.

The coast was clear. Victor sprang along with his crutches, passed the critical spot, and in another moment he was before his own house.

He had been given the key by his father when they had left the place in the afternoon, and he now drew it from his pocket and entered the little door.

He stopped a moment to smell the sweet air, and then went in and locked the door behind him. Then he breathed freely.

He felt his way to the cupboards, and took from them four candlesticks.

Then he went up the first flight of stairs. These stairs had a door at the top, and Victor, with great difficulty, pushed several pieces of furniture against it, so that it could not be opened. Then he proceeded to the garret. He barricaded this door also.

He was now alone in the top of the house. Far, far above him was the roof, which came to a point forty feet overhead. Seventy feet over his head was the dormer-window he had told the mayor of. Any one could reach this window by going up a ladder. Victor laid his crutches down, and be-

gan to work himself up this awkward pair of steps.

He had to toil, for his weak limbs could scarcely support him; but he finally succeeded, and rested on the platform beside the window.

Then he produced his tallow candles and the candlesticks and a box of lucifer matches. He arranged the candles in a row. Then he thought he would look out of the window before he lit them. He cautiously raised the sash. The air was cool. In the daytime one could see from here a most beautiful valley filled with villages, and watered with beautiful streams, but now Victor could see nothing. He heard, however, many things. First, the sound of voices in the street, then the sound of rattling waggons, then the trampling of horses and the calls of the drivers. Now and then there would come a drum beat, and now and then the ring of some musket butt, as it came down upon the pavement.

"Ah," said Victor, "these Germans are away out there, are they? I shouldn't wonder if they fired at me." He looked around. No, not a light was to be seen. It was a critical moment. Victor well might have quailed. When he lighted his candles the soldiers would rush into the house (if they could) and he would be terribly treated. Perhaps they would shoot him.

Still, he trembled. He felt a cold perspiration come out of his skin. He shut down the window. Then he took a match in his shaking hand, and tried to strike it. It broke. Then he tried another, but it went out. He tried a third. It burned well.

He lit the first candle, then the second, then the third. He could not light the fourth because the wick was cut off close. There was now a bright glare of light streaming out of the window. Victor heard his heart go thump! thump! He drew back as far as he could. He was waiting. All was silent.

A few seconds passed. Then the light was discovered. A crash of the glass in the window took place, and this was followed by the report of a musket.

"They have fired at me," said Victor; and he calmly proceeded to light one of the three candles that had been blown out. Then the fierce shouts arose from the street; but Victor did not understand them. Then there was another shot and another.

"They don't like it," said Victor.

One shot struck a rafter, another broke a second pane. All at once a roar filled the air, and the next instant a cannon-ball from a field-piece struck the roof and knocked over a part of the chimney. At the same moment Victor heard loud blows upon the doors below him, and a multitude of voices full of anger and fury.

The shots flew thick and fast. The cannon boomed for the second time,

and another ball penetrated the garret. One of the candles was knocked over.

"I suppose my turn will come pretty soon," said Victor.

And it did.

From some musket there travelled a swift bullet that burst through the thin boarding and struck the boy's shoulder. He cried out, but he did not fall. He saw one of the candles totter; he seized it, lighted it by the next, and set it up again, and then sank down with his white face upon the rough boards, and knew no more.

An hour after, there was a fierce battle in the very streets, for the French came up from the north and south, and the Germans found themselves surrounded, and they surrendered after a desperate struggle.

They discovered Victor after it was all over. The mayor took him to his own house, and every day, until he was able to go out again, a crowd of people waited in front of the mansion to see the pale and wasted child when he was wheeled up to the window at noon.

"Long live Victor!" they cried, and he would smile and raise his hand gently, and then they would wheel him away again.

But it was when he got back among his roses and marigolds that he was happiest, and never did boy have more friends than he.

The story of his bravery went all over the country, and people came in carriages to visit him, until the war surged around the town again, when Victor's father and mother fled and came to America.

When Victor speaks of that night in the garret, his cheeks grow red, and he shows you laughingly a flattened piece of lead that makes you shudder.

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

HESTER loved to do errands for her mother, and have her call her a faithful servant when she did them well. One day she had been talking with her mother about God, when she quickly raised her head, with a bright look in her eyes, and said:

"Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! I am his little errand-girl, too."

"Yes, dear; he has given us errands to do, and plenty of time to do them, and a book written full to show us how. Every day we can tell him how we try to do them, and ask him to help us, so when he calls us we will run to meet him, and give him our account."

"I like that," the child said, nestling back to her comfortable seat. "I like to be God's little errand-girl."

"One of my errands is to take care of you," said her mother.

"And one of mine is to honour and obey you," said Hester quickly. "I think he gives us very pleasant errands to do."

The First Snowfall.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robes the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the loaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing lack, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

THE EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER

"The gift of God! the gift of God!
Who will buy the gift of God?"

SUCH is the cry of the picturesque-looking water-carrier as he goes about the streets of Egypt, with his water-skin thrown over his shoulder, during the season of drought, when the water, from its preciousness, may well be called, as it is, the gift of God; for, in their language, the two terms are used interchangeably to express the one thing—the gift of God meaning water, and water being the gift of God. During the heat, and before the Nile has overflowed its banks, the poor especially would realize how valuable a thing it was when given in abundance, and recognize it emphatically as the "good gift" which "cometh down from above."

As the water-carrier goes along his way—now coming into a wealthy part of the town—a rich man, thinking of the need of the poor, and wishing to bestow a kindness on them, steps out of his mansion, and pays the man for all the water he has, desiring him to go into the poorest quarter and give it away.

The man gladly hastens off, and reaches a lane where the poorest have their dwellings, and now alters his cry, and, instead of saying, "Who will buy the gift of God?" he cries out,

"The gift of God! the gift of God!
Who will take the gift of God?"

We can imagine how eagerly and gladly the poor thirsty ones gather around him, and that there would not be much delay before the empty vessels were brought out of their houses to be filled. "Give me a drop!" "Remember me!" "Fill up my pitcher!" "Let me have a draught!" and such like eager appeals, in beseeching tones, would make the water-carrier think how best he could dispose of the precious liquid; and, while gladdening him to be the bearer of so free and prized a gift, it would go to his very heart that he had not enough for all.

What a grand picture we have here of "the water of life," which is offered "without money and without price" to every one that thirsteth! "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. Jesus, our "rich man," has paid for the water for which our souls were dying for thirst; and as we have "no money," it would be a hopeless case, indeed, for us, if Jesus, in his love and in his pity, had not thought of our need, and stepped out of his glorious mansion above not only to purchase it for us, but actually to bring it with his own hands to our parched lips.

But with our Jesus there is enough and to spare. The fountain of his grace never fails—the stream of his grace is never dried up—no one need be afraid of being sent empty away, for "every one" is invited; and it will never be exhausted till the last poor thirsty sinner, who has felt his need, has come for an unending supply of the gift of God. "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." John iv. 10. "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Ver. 14.

THE RIGHT STOCK.

SHE was small and frail, and richly dressed; but sitting a few seats behind her I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody. At once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when she moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and handbag, and seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five-mile ride which I took in the same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need for comfort; and once he put his arm round her in such a

lover-like way that I decided they were a newly-married pair enjoying the honeymoon, and fancied I could detect many "spoony" acts attributed to young people under these circumstances. Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled and almost toothless. But when I heard him say, "Come, mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the cars and gently help her to the platform, banishing her lightest anxiety and bearing her many pack-ages, I knew there was not money nor romance behind the exhibition, and that this was a true love match.—*Hope.*

THE AUDACITY OF FAITH.

ONE morning in the winter of 187—, a Christian lady who had often distributed to the necessity of saints, sat alone in the room where advanced age and the beginning of what proved to be her last illness confined her.

Roused from her meditation by the entrance of her daughter, she said: "My dear, old Mr. and Mrs. W— have been on my mind all night. I hear that they were not at church on Sunday. I know that they are poor; they may be sick and in want. I wish you would take a basket, call a cab, drive to the market, buy a goodly supply of provisions, and take it to them." Here she gave the address, and as her daughter was leaving the room, she added, handing her a thick flannel skirt, "Perhaps you would do well to take this, too; the weather is cold, and Mrs. W— may need it."

The young lady went. The provisions were bought, and at the head of the third flight of stairs in the tenement house to which she had been directed, she stopped short. Through the thin door she could hear Mr. W—'s voice asking a blessing upon the food before him.

At the conclusion of the grace, and smiling at what she now believed to be her mother's unnecessary anxiety, she knocked and entered. Sure enough, there they were at dinner, the wife at foot of the table waiting to be helped, the husband at head carving—one large apple all the food they had!

With tears in her eyes, the lady drew forth her kindly store, and while a comfortable meal was being prepared she listened to their grateful thanks and heard, from uncomplaining lips, their pitiful story. How they earned a precarious living as clear-starchers; how the husband had been attacked by rheumatism and the wife by a felon; how, though utterly destitute, they had poured out before their God all their troubles, and how they surely believed that he would send some one to help them.

When dinner was ready and the visitor about to leave, Mrs. W— accompanied her to the door, and with an expectant look, said: "My dear, did you bring the flannel petticoat?" In the excitement of the entrance

the lady had quite forgotten the skirt which still lay in the bottom of the basket. Astonished at the question, she answered: "Yes, I brought you a skirt, but why did you think so!"

"Because, dear," said the old saint, "when I told the Lord there was only an apple left, I told him I needed a warm flannel petticoat, and I was only wondering whether you had it, or would he send it by some one else.—*Words and Weapons.*

Alone With Jesus.

I HAVE been alone with Jesus,
My head upon his breast,
For I was so very weary,
I wanted there to rest.
I have been alone with Jesus,
He bid me stay awhile,
And I felt it very precious:
The sunshine of his smile.

For I was weary, weary, and longed to be at rest,
And Oh! it was so peaceful there, while leaning on his breast.

Shall I tell you what I told him
While I was waiting there?
I told him all my trouble,
I told him all my care.
I told him Satan's whisperings
Oft called me into sin;
And asked him if I might not
Forever stay with him?

For I was weary, weary, and longed to be at rest,
And Oh! it was so peaceful there, while leaning on his breast.

Shall I tell you what he told me
While I was waiting there?
For it took away my trouble,
It took away my care.—
He told me how he loved me,
His wayward, erring child,
And I felt so very happy,
For still on me he smiled.

For I was weary, weary, and longed to be at rest,
And Oh! it was so peaceful there, while leaning on his breast.

Then he told me I was welcome
To stay with him for aye;
And he said that he would never
Cast his loving child away.
"Hark!" he said, "I am your Saviour,
Firm as a rock I stand,
Come and rest beneath my shadow
When weary in the land."

Oh! 'tis precious, very precious, to lean on Jesus' breast,
For when the heart is weary, 'tis the only place of rest.

SINCE drunkenness comes first and hardest upon woman, since it is to her what a swine is to a garden, rooting up every sweet blossom, and destroying every fruit, and making a wilderness of the garden of the Lord, I have a right to say to every young woman. By your look, by your work, and by your act, bear testimony and exert your influence against intemperance. Let not your fair hand, that yet one day shall go out in pledge, convey to another the cup which shall desolate and destroy the household. If there be one thing that woman should stand for, it is temperance.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE highest form of Christian life is self-denial, for the good of others.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 29.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 12. JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES.

Matt. 18. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven Matt 19. 14.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Children's Friend. 2. The Sinner's Saviour.

TIME.—29 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum

EXPLANATIONS.—Kingdom of heaven—Here used by the disciples concerning the expected earthly kingdom... Turned directly about, become in all things exactly opposite to what you see.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, are we taught— 1. That little children are members of the kingdom of God 2. That humility is one of the greatest of Christian graces 3. That the saving of a soul causes great joy in heaven

THE LESSON CATECHISM

1. What does the disciples' question show that they expected? An earthly kingdom of heaven. 2. What does Christ's answer teach concerning human ambition? That it cannot enter heaven 3. What must every citizen of this kingdom be like? Like a simple, artless child 4. Who does Christ declare will be the greatest in his kingdom? He who is most childlike 5. What reason did Jesus give for desiring the children of the people to follow and to hear him? "Jesus said, Suffer little children," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Humility

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. Have believers an internal evidence that Christ came from God? They have, according to their faith, the witness and the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. John xiv. 20, i John iv 13, Gal. v 22, 23.

A.D. 29.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 19. A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

Matt. 18 21-5. Commit to mem. vs. 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Matt. 6. 12.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Forgiving. 2. Unforgiving.

TIME.—29 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—Till seven times—Peter thought there must be some limit to forgiveness, and yet would be magnanimous. The number seven, as a symbolic number, might mean once for every day in the week. Seventy times seven—A limitless number of times; not four hundred and ninety times simply, but, as that is a very large number compared with seven, it means a vast number of times; that is, always. Take account of his servants—Not number his servants, but make a reckoning with them. Ten thousand talents—An expression intended to indicate the infinite debt incurred, which could never be discharged. Commanded him to be sold—That is as a slave, according to the law of Moses. Loosed him—Set him free. A hundred pence—About fifteen dollars; a very small comparative sum. The tormentors—The torturers, of those who would subject him to rack and punishment till he should pay; an awful picture of punishment, since he could not pay.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, may we learn— 1. Why we ought to forgive? 2. How we may be forgiven? 3. Who will be unforgiving?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was Peter's question to Jesus? How often shall I forgive? 2. How many times did Jesus tell him he must forgive? Until seventy times seven. 3. What does verse 15 show that this means? That there is no limit to forgiveness. 4. What does this verse say we must do? From our hearts forgive all trespasses. 5. How had Jesus already taught men to pray? "Forgive us our debts," etc. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgiveness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What does our Lord say of those who reject him? He declares that they ought to believe in him; and that they would believe in him if they humbly and patiently listened to his words. John viii 46, 47. If I say truth, why do ye not believe me? He that is of God heareth the words of God, for this cause ye hear them not, because ye are not of God

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