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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 29, 1898.

No. 6.

The River of Drooping Eyes.

Over the river of Drooping Eyes,
Is the wonderful Land of Dreams,
Where lilies grow as white as the snow,
And fields of green, and warm winds
blow,

And the tall reeds quiver, all in a row—
And no one ever cries;
For it's a beautiful place for girls and
boys,
And there's no scolding, and lots of
noise,

And no lost balls or broken toys—
Over the river of Drooping Eyes,
In the beautiful Land of Dreams.

Over the river of Drooping Eyes,
In the wonderful Land of Dreams,
There are horns to blow and drums to
beat,

And plenty of candy and cakes to eat,
And no one ever cleans his feet,
And no one ever tires!
There are plenty of grassy places for
play;

And birds and bees, they throng all the
day.

Oh, wouldn't you like to go and stay
Over the river of Drooping Eyes,
In the beautiful Land of Dreams?

THE LITTLE BROTHER—A CHILD'S TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY ELLA B. WITHROW.

One lovely May morning little Emilie went for a walk, to take her baby brother to her grandfather's farm, just outside the village. The little brother was not very well, indeed, through the whole long winter he had not been strong. The sun shone so beautifully, the grasses waved in the wind, and the daisies were beginning to blossom—yes, surely spring was here.

How pleasant it was at the old farm-house! There stood the old barn, with the cow-stables under it, and the gay weathercock on the roof, and there on the other side was the poultry house and all the hens,

ducks and geese! Here they come, cackling and gabbling, each with an air of great importance. And there stands Liese, the great brown cow, Emilie's own cow which her grandfather gave her. And, oh! see Carlo, see how he wags his tail, as if he would laugh because Emilie is come again. She was at grandfather's a year ago, but now she has a baby-brother with her. But the dear little fellow has grown tired; see how his little eyes wink, and then again he sleeps, and dreams of angels, and smiles so sweetly. There is a lovely spot between the flowering elder-berry bushes, that is usually grandmother's favourite seat in the summer time. Emilie sits down upon the wide bench, she is tired, too, she has carried her little brother such a long way. She takes the hay-fork and makes a bed of hay, and lays him on it and seats herself beside him. She looks up at the bright sky above, then she looks at the brown Liese; what is she thinking about? And here comes a sheep through the door with its little lamb. Then Emilie leans her head against the wall, and softly sings—

"What will you give,
What will you give
For my little brother fair?
Nothing is bright as his loving blue
eyes,
Or soft as his curly hair.

"What will you bring,
What will you bring
To trade for my treasure here?
No one can show me a thing
so sweet,
Anywhere far or near."

"What will you give for little brother?"

The brown Liese looks at little Emilie out of her great, soft eyes, and says, "Dost thou really think so much of thy baby-brother there? Can he run and jump and play yet?"

"Oh! no," says Emilie, "he cannot walk yet."

"S-o-o! How old is he then?"

"Eleven months."

"Eleven months! My baby could run before it was two days old! I do not wish that baby." And the brown Liese blinks disdainfully.

"M-a-a! m-a-a!" says the old sheep coming through the door, and the wee lamby by its side cries out too, "M-a-a! m-a-a!" "Let me too see the little brother thou wouldst sell! Hum! He pleases me, but he has only two legs!"

"Yes," says Emilie, "that is all."

"Then my baby is worth twice as much as thine, for mine has four legs. And it seems to me thy baby has no wool."

"Oh! but see his beautiful golden curls."

"It is too thin, too thin," says the sheep, shaking its head, "I think I shall not exchange with thee." And away goes the old sheep, and the little white lamb kicks his heels in the air, and follows his mother out.

"Gluck! gluck!" comes the hen picking up seeds on the ground—a clucking hen with twelve chickens. "Gluck! gluck!" she calls, and shows them a grain of corn in the grass, or a little beetle on the ground.

"Well, and how art thou, Nellie?" says the hen, passing by; "art thou here again? Listen, dost thou want to sell thy little brother? What can he do, then? Can he find worms and eat them?"

"What?" says Emilie, offended, "eat worms? he eats soup and drinks milk!"

"Oh! indeed," says Mrs. Hen, angry too, "and he has no yellow feet, and I fear he has no feathers." And off she goes with all her brood, and does not look again at the little boy.

"Purr! purr!" comes from the corner under the hay, and Emilie wonders what can it be, till she sees the old gray

minzie who has made a little bed there for her kittens.

Emilie calls the cat and the little purring kittens to her.

"Thou art very proud," says Minzie, looking at the hen. "What need of that? Twelve chicks! That is frightful! Who will find food for them all? I think three or four children are enough. Dost thou not think so too, Emilie?"

"One is enough," answers the child, "when he is sick and teething."

"What is that! My kittens have no trouble with their teeth, I am sure. Do not be angry, but I think I shall not take thy little brother, because I fancy he will hardly be able to catch mice. If thou wish—for old friendship's sake—I will let thee have one of my little pets to play with for a while. That will comfort thee perhaps, because thy wee brother is of so little use."

"No," said Emilie, "I would rather have my own little brother than anything in the world."



"What wilt thou do with little brother?" anxiously answered Emilie.

"I will bring him to God, so he will become well again and happy."

Emilie gazed pleadingly into the angel's mild, kind face, her lips quivered and her little heart beat faster, and at last she said brokenly, "If thou wilt bring brother to God in heaven, take him with thee!" She could say no more, but burst into sobs, and two great tears rolled down her cheeks. Then the angel bent over her and laid his hand in blessing on her head and on the little brother's, and softly breathed, "Be better, little brother; be happy, Emilie, the Lord give you always a pure, unselfish heart. Some day I will come to take you both to heaven."

But what has happened to Emilie? Has she then really been sleeping and dreaming all this time? She rubbed her eyes. There stood the old brown Liese, as if she had not stirred. And there was the old sheep and her young lamb by her side; and the old hen was strutting to and fro in the yard so proudly; she had forgotten the little dreamer. But the sunbeam was there yet, on the face of the sleeping baby, lighting up and warming his face with the glow of returning health. With thoughtful eyes Emilie looked on the dreaming form of the wee laddie, and then she softly hummed the rest of her little song.

"Nothing will do, nothing will do. You may travel the world around, But never on earth, or sea, or air, Will a brother like him be found!"

UNSPOKEN SYMPATHY.

He was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round faced, rosy-cheeked boys, and three sunny-haired, pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian, got in with them; and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of a deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kind-hearted himself, it pleased him to see his trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home, and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels, and wore a festive, "go-away" air; and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled in his mind that they belonged to some asylum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them, and nodding to them as he passed

through the car; they returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all round, and got off the train. They leaned out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on, then the biggest "little girl" took a brown-paper bag from her satchel, and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said. He started back in sheer amazement.

"What?" he exclaimed; "you can talk, then—all of you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus. The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb!" he gasped.

"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was

Uncle Jack, poor fellow. He was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us, it might hurt his feelings, you know. Hello! here's our station. Come on girls!" and the five trooped noisily out, and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 29, 1898

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

FEBRUARY 6, 1898.

Listening to Jesus on the mountain.—Matt. 5, 1-12.

LISTENING TO JESUS.

This was a grand scene. Jesus Christ, the God-man, who "spoke as never man spake," was surrounded not only by his disciples, but also a great multitude, who were glad to hear him. We should always be ready to do good, whether it may be by the spoken word, or the benevolent act. In this way we exhibit the Christ-life.

THE THEME.

The word "blessed" means "happy," and in this memorable sermon it would be an improvement to adopt it, as it is a word far better understood than the word "blessed." Happiness is what everybody wishes to possess, but only a few would regard themselves as being "happy" if they were such as Christ here mentions, and yet none else are "happy," no matter how vast their possessions, or dignified their stations. Consider whom the Saviour describes as being "happy."

THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

The meaning of this is to be "humble," not proud and haughty. Humility is the first step in religion. Proud persons are sure to fall. Solomon, the wisest of men, says, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." We have a fine illustration of humility or poverty of spirit in the case of the Publican, who smote upon his breast in token of the anguish he felt in his heart, while he stood afar off, that is, far off from "the holy place" in the sanctuary as though he was not fit to come near the place of sanctity, and prayed, "God be merciful to me," not "a sinner" but "the sinner." Such is the language of every penitent soul who sees himself as he is seen by God.

Verse 4. The mourners. To mourn means to be sorry or feel grief or sadness for something wrong either with ourselves or others. "I beheld the transgressors," said David, "and was grieved." If we hear men blaspheme, or do any kind of wickedness, and yet not feel as David did we are not as we should be. As we think about our past life, do we not mourn our want of love to God?

Verse 5. The meek. They who are not easily provoked, but in the midst of persecution and temptation can keep themselves calm and patient are the persons here named. Moses excelled in this respect.

Verse 6. Those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness." That is, those that

are all the while labouring to the utmost of their ability to become better and better, as the Chinese boy said, until there is no bad left, and they feel so desirous to become more righteous, that they feel like those who are hungry and thirsty.

Verse 7. "The merciful," that is, kind, loving, disposed to help as far as they have ability.

Verse 8. "Pure in heart," that is, those who love God above every creature, and the love to others is subordinate to their love to God.

Verse 9. Peacemakers. Those who by their life seek to promote peace, not peace breakers, such as indulge in evil speaking and slandering.

Verse 10. "Persecuted for righteousness sake." Good persons are often persecuted. Woe unto you when all men speak well of you

THE PROMISES.

The humble are entitled to the kingdom of heaven, the mourners will be comforted, the meek will inherit the earth, satisfaction will be given to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the pure in heart shall see God, and the persecuted shall enjoy the kingdom of heaven. How precious are these promises made by him who cannot lie; they are yea and amen to them who believe.

JAMIE'S POST.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"Oh! he's tip-top at starting things, but you can't tell how long he will hold out," said Ralph, doubtfully.

"He seems interested enough now," answered Rob.

"Yes; but by the time he gets the rest of us into it he may have lost his interest and have forgotten all his fine promises. He means all right, I suppose, but he doesn't do to tie to."

Both boys laughed, and little Jamie, sitting on the gate, looked soberly from one to the other. He waited until Ralph walked away, and then slowly questioned his brother.

"Wobert, what does a to-tie-to mean?"

"A—what?" asked Rob, suddenly becoming aware of the small presence.

"That boy," declared Jamie, pointing one plump finger after the retreating Ralph, "said another boy didn't be a 'o-tie-to.'"

"Oh! Jimsey, what a wretched 'little pitcher' you are!" groaned Rob. "No; he said the other boy wouldn't do to tie to—to tie to, you understand? It isn't all one word."

"What kind of a boy does it mean, Wobby?"

"Mean? Why, when you say a fellow won't do to tie to you mean that you can't exactly trust him. He isn't"—Rob hesitated, realizing that some common phrases that seem to convey to one a very clear meaning, are, after all, not easy to explain. "It's this way, Jimsey. If you were going to tie a horse somewhere, would you find a good strong post that would hold him where you wanted him to stand, or would you tie him to any loose piece of brush lying on the ground?"

"No; I wouldn't tie him to some brush," said Jamie, scornfully. "He'd run away and drag it off."

"That's it," answered Rob, delighted with his own clearness of exposition. "And if you were going out into the water, and wanted a rope to pull yourself in by and hold you so you couldn't be swept away, you would fasten the end of it to something strong and solid that wouldn't pull loose and let you sink. Well, the folks that do to tie to are the ones that stand fast to what they say—the ones you can always trust to do the right thing, no matter how much pulling there may be in other directions."

"Yes. I tie to you, Wobert," said Jamie, admiringly. "You're that kind of a boy to tie to, ain't you?"

Was he? Rob wondered a trifle uneasily as he walked away. He had never thought of asking himself such a question before, but his attempt to explain the subject to Jamie had made it stand out very clearly. He knew the two kinds of boys he had been describing, and he could count the few who always stood where they ought, for everything good and right, and who could be depended upon to hold others fast instead of being moved themselves. But the many "who went with the crowd," and yielded to every influence that touched them—he could not be sure that he was wholly unlike them. He knew that he was carrying the definition farther than Ralph had thought of doing when he used the words, but the thought would not be put away, though he impatiently tried to do it. He found himself watching his companions, and noting contrasts, watching himself and making deductions

not altogether comfortable; but, after all, the strange study taught him more than many of the professor's wise lectures had done.

At dinner Jamie suddenly looked up from his plate and remarked: "Papa, Wob is going to be a hitching post."

"Indeed? Well, that a new profession for a young man, but if he is really going into it I hope he will make as good a one as those I had put in front of the house last week—sound through and through, good tough fibre, rooted deep enough to be firm, standing upright, strong, reliable and useful."

Everybody laughed at the pretended gravity with which Jamie's funny speech was answered, but into Rob's face came a look of earnest purpose. He liked the description.

"That's the kind of man I want to be," he thought. "It's the kind I will be, God helping me."

STANLEY AND THE CAT.

According to a writer in The Ladies' Kennel Journal, there is a cat story connected with the name of Mr. Henry M. Stanley. When the African traveller was writing his book entitled, "Through the Dark Continent," he was living in Sackville Street, and used often, from want of a flat surface, to spread his maps and charts upon the floor. One day the cat of the house, which had taken an extraordinary liking for the great explorer and passed most of her time in his rooms, went to sleep on the chart that was spread out on the hearth rug.

By-and-bye the chart was wanted, and one of Stanley's assistants was going to turn puss off it, when the man who found Livingstone stopped him. "Don't disturb the cat," he said; "we can get on without the chart until she wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that English cat, cosily curled up in front of a fire, is to me, you would never let her move from where she is."

The great traveller had just come back from a weary and trying time among uncivilized tribes, and among wild and rough surroundings, the very opposite of refined and cultivated England, and the sleeping cat, resting so comfortably before the hearth, was to him the symbol of comfortable security, of peace, and of home. So puss slept on and finished her nap, all unconscious of the pleasure the sight of her comfortable figure afforded to the travel-wearied explorer on whose property she was so unceremoniously trespassing.

A MIDNIGHT CALL.

In 1866 a ragged street urchin strayed into a ragged school. The school was held in a disused donkey stable in London, and the teacher was a poor young medical student with but few friends.

It was a raw winter night, and when the rest of the scholars had gone, Jim remained behind and looked longingly at the fire. He pleaded earnestly to be allowed to stay in the room in the stable in which they were. "I won't do no 'arm," he begged. But the idea seemed impracticable to Doctor Barnardo, the teacher.

"What will your mother think?" he asked, "or your father? Or friends?"

"I ain't got none," was the comprehensive answer.

"Where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere."

The teacher, who was sceptical as to the truthfulness of a street arab, questioned the boy sharply, but he insisted on the truthfulness of the sad story. He had absolutely nowhere to go, and begged piteously to be allowed to sleep by the fascinating fire. The medical student finally concluded that possibly he spoke the truth, and that in the great city there might be others who were homeless and destitute. "Tel' me," he said, "do you know of other boys in London like you, without home and friends?"

"Oh! 'eaps on 'em; more'n I could count," said Jim.

To tell the story in a word, that same midnight the boy led his new friend to the gruesome places where the "Don't-Live-Nowheres" sleep. The young man saw piteous sights such as he had never before seen. By the hand of this puny messenger God had pulled aside the curtain which had hitherto concealed the miseries of child-life in a great city from Christian observation.

What was the outcome of Jim's appeal? Doctor Barnardo, supremely affected, prayed that it might be given to him to provide shelter for these destitute children.

A little later the answer to his prayer came. It was at a dinner, where he introduced the subject and told the guests about little Jim.

"Do you mean to tell us," some of them asked, incredulously, "that, raw

and cold as it is, there are children sleeping absolutely in the open air in London?"

"I do," said Barnardo.
"Can you show them to us?"
"I can," was the stout reply.

Cabs were called, and the guests in evening dress drove to the lowest slums near Billingsgate Market, where the young doctor had learned that outcasts slept; but not a boy was to be seen, and his heart fell.

"They'll come out if you'll offer them a copper," said a policeman, near by.

"A ha'penny apiece, boys, if you'll come out!" shouted one of the gentlemen. Then there was a rustling and a moving. Out of boxes and crates, from under tarpaulins and out of holes, like poor abandoned puppies, as if by magic, many children appeared, clad in utter destitution and abandonment. A more sorrowful sight was never seen, and Lord Shaftesbury, for he was one of the party, said, with other philanthropists, that such misery must come to an end.

Since then, after years of struggle, discouragement and effort, Doctor Barnardo has rescued over twenty-eight thousand children from homelessness. There are now established eighty-five homes for destitute boys and girls and babies, distributed all over the United Kingdom. At present, Doctor Barnardo's family numbers five thousand. It is the largest in the world. Homes and houses, brigades and agencies multiply so rapidly that it takes an expert to keep track of the growth of this marvellous philanthropy.

But the best part of the story is that the State has learned a lesson from this huge private charity. Doctor Barnardo has taught not only Great Britain, but all the governments of the world, the right way to treat the children of the State. He has been a creator of method in a great social movement, which it is not too much to hope will spread intelligently to every city in this country.

Little Jim was in his way a messenger like St. John, crying in as dreary a wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" God does not always send his messages to us by the ordinary avenues of spiritual communication. The Christ-like heart recognizes God's call for service, from whatsoever quarter it may come; and a little child may lead us.

The Tyrant of the House.

BY EVA LOVELL.

While Baby sleeps—
We cannot jump, or dance, or sing,
Play jolly games, or do a thing
To make a noise. The floor might creak,
If we should walk! We scarcely speak,
Or breathe, while Baby takes a nap,
Lest we should wake the little chap!
A strict watch Nurse always keeps,
While Baby sleeps!

When Baby wakes,
But little gratitude he shows,
When other people want to doze!
At night, when folks have gone to bed,
He rouses them all up instead,
To wait on him. Ma lights the lamp,
And warms milk for the little scamp!
Pa walks him up and down the floor,
Sometimes two hours and sometimes more.

And Nurse comes running, in a stew,
To see what she, for him, can do!
And Will and Harry, at the row,
Call: "Wha's the matter with him now?"
And I'm waked up at all the clatter,
To wonder what on earth's the matter!
Such uproar in the house he makes,
When Baby wakes!

So if asleep, or if awake,
The house exists but for his sake,
And such a tiny fellow—he,
To be boss of this family!

BETTY AND HER KINSMAN.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story:

Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collection plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sabbaths in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost patience, and blurted out, "We end dae wi' less o' yer manners, an' mair o' yer siller, ma leddy."

Dining, on one occasion, at the house of a nobleman, he happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not over-well pleased tone, said:

"Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?"

"I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor, "but, with your permission, I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."

The Used-To-Be.

BY JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees,
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of Memory,
There lies a land, long lost to me,—
The land of Used-to-be!

A land enchanted—such as awung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue,
That dazed men with its melody—
Oh, such a land, with such a sea,
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music over girls
The air with bolts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet
words,
That even in the low of herds,
A meaning lives so sweet to me,
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed over with the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,
That rounded, through long afternoons,
To serenading plenilunes—
When starlight fell so mistily,
That, peering up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery,
Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields, and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots!—
And all ye blooms that longingly
Lift your fair faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in ye,
The lips of Used-to-be.

On Schedule Time

BY

JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A CRIPPLE.

Many times during the previous day had Aunt Lois predicted that "something would happen," and now, when something had happened, it was as if the disaster overwhelmed her with astonishment.

She remained with her eyes fixed upon the huge tree which completely blocked the roadway, her hands clasped as if in entreaty and her lips moving, but yet no sound escaped them.

"Don't look so frightened, Aunt Lois," Gladys said, alarmed by the expression on the little woman's face. "If the boys can't clear the tree away we will go back. It isn't such a terribly serious matter that you need to be distressed."

"You don't realize how disastrous it may be for your father, my child, if we fall in our mission."

"If we do the best we can, Aunt Lois," Alice said gently, "and then fall, we have no reason to reproach ourselves."

"And we shall do the best we can," Phil cried cheerily, as he and Dick overhauled the load on the baggage-waggon in search of the axe. "Even if this job requires the entire day, it isn't certain our mission has failed."

"How many axes have you here?" Aunt Lois asked.

"Only one."

"And even if there were two, inexperienced as you boys are in such work, the task would be both long and difficult."

"You are right, Aunt Lois; but giving up entirely and insisting that the thing can't be done won't mend matters, while one axe, even in the hands of amateurs like Dick and me, will effect something if it is worked with a will. Suppose you girls get out the blankets and cover the horses."

Gladys leaped from the surrey in obedience to this suggestion, asking as she did so:

"Isn't there anything else we can do toward helping?"

"There will be later, perhaps, but just now you can attend to Aunt Lois, and try to make her appear more human-like."

Then Phil began the task before him, realizing fully of what magnitude it was, but determined his companions should not know how seriously he regarded it. "We'll hew through the trunk here," he said to Dick, striking the tree near the

butt, "and then perhaps all of us may be able to pull it around. If not, we must then tackle the other end, and that won't be so difficult a job."

He began to work as he ceased speaking, striking vigorous blows which sent the chips flying in every direction, while Dick perforce stood by, waiting until it should be his turn to play the part of chopper.

Not long after the task was begun Aunt Lois "found her tongue," as Dick whispered to Phil, and during nearly all the time the boys worked they were forced to listen to her forebodings of evil, until Gladys finally said with a quiet smile:

"If you really believe it is impossible for us to find Mr. Benner in time, and that the dangers to be encountered will be so very terrible, why not turn back now? The boys can go on without us, although I should be sorry if they did so."

"I shall remain with them, Gladys, because I have said I would; but something tells me we will have a truly awful journey, however short it may promise to be."

"Well, 'something tells me' that we'll finish this job considerably sooner than

when we can no longer see the pitfalls!"

"What is the matter?" Dick cried from his perch on the baggage-waggon. "Has Aunt Lois broken loose again?"

"Not exactly; but she threatens to unless everything goes smoothly," Phil replied with a merry laugh, and the girls joined in it so heartily that the timid little woman's face flushed crimson with vexation.

"It is all very well for you young folks to laugh and be merry, now that our troubles are over for the time being; but it will be different when we meet with a truly terrible disaster. Something tells me—"

"Keep it a secret, Aunt Lois!" Alice cried, in mock dismay. "We must not lose courage; and if you reveal all that 'something' tells you, we shall be overwhelmed with horror."

During the next hour Phil expected each instant to see evidences of the mischief-makers at every turn in the road; but as the time wore on, and nothing occurred to cause another halt, he grew less disturbed in mind, and began to fancy the day's task might be concluded without further interruption.

Then Dick called out to him to give

likely we shall see them, and will only know of their having been in advance when some fresh mischief appears."

"Surely you don't count on pushing meekly along, taking without a murmur whatever they may choose to inflict upon us?"

"Look here, Dick, if you have any plan which will aid in preventing mischief, tell it straight out!"

"But I haven't," Dick replied dejectedly. "I asked you to ride with me, in the hope that we might hit upon something."

"Then you'll be disappointed. While the men or men keep in advance, I don't see how we can do anything save take what comes with the best possible grace. I am going through to Bonner within the six days, though, even if I am forced to walk."

"And I shall stay by your side; but it seems as if we might contrive some scheme to outwit the fellows."

"It is certain I can't; but if you succeed in conjuring up anything which promises the slightest show of success let me know, and I'll play my part. It isn't well for us to ride together any longer. I can tell by the way Aunt Lois twists her head she fancies we are talking secrets, and if she once mistrusts that we really expect to find more obstacles, she'll insist on our turning back at once."

"Would you do that if she urged it?" "Not if she should demand it! The agreement with father was that she and the girls were to be left behind in case we found it was not possible to go on as fast with them, and Aunt Lois would soon find herself in possession of the outfit, if she became obstinate."

Then, slipping down from the heavily-loaded waggon, Phil ran ahead to the surrey, and was as soon talking as gaily with Alice and Gladys as if he had no fear regarding the future; but his brief conversation with Dick rendered him more apprehensive of evil than he had been, even when the first knowledge of a concerted interference with his movements was forced upon him.

During the remainder of the forenoon nothing was seen to cause alarm or excite suspicion.

The roadway was rough, and since the tree was removed from the path the horses had made only about two miles an hour; but it had been at the expense of considerable exertion, and they gave more evidence of weariness than at the end of the first day's journey.

(To be continued.)

LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW.

BY R. W. RAYMOND.

Ahasuerus, a shoemaker of Jerusalem as he opened his shop one morning, saw the story runs, saw a crowd passing.

There were Roman soldiers escorting a prisoner to execution, and followed by a noisy mob. The prisoner was Jesus Christ, whom Ahasuerus had seen in the temple but the day before, and whom he knew to be a lover of God and man and innocent of crime. But, beholding him now, borne down by the weight of the cross on which he was to die, and being anxious to win the favour of the mob, Ahasuerus stole his heart against the Saviour; and when Jesus, fainting under the cross, paused for a moment to rest at his door, the shoemaker struck him in the face and bade him harshly "Move on!" Then it was, according to the story, that the Lord turned upon him those eyes whose look none ever bore unmoved, and said, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on until I come."

The tale goes on to say that, through all the years and centuries thereafter, Ahasuerus wandered restlessly through the world, and wanders yet, full of unavailing remorse, and burdened with intolerable memories of innumerable disappointments. For he cannot die, like other men, and escape to a region in which the mistakes and losses of this world may be repaired. That joy will be his only when Christ has come again and the world has been won to God.

Yet he does not grow older and older without interruption. On the contrary, starting with thirty years, the age at which he smote the Lord, he continues until he is one hundred years old. Then he falls into a brief swoon, and awakes to find himself once more a man of thirty. For it is part of his fearful punishment that he cannot be born again as a child, and so live his life anew.

Moreover, though he periodically gets rid of old age, he cannot escape from memory, and through every successive life he carries all the sorrow of all the lives before it. And so, they say, he wanders through all lands, looking and waiting for Christ to come again that he may be released from his doom.



WORKING AT THE FALLEN TREE.

I expected," Phil cried cheerily, yielding the axe to Dick, who in turn attacked the barrier energetically.

"It is labour in vain, my dear boy," Aunt Lois said, with a long-drawn sigh. "Those terrible men are in advance of us, and this is not the only obstruction we shall find on the way."

"Unfortunately you are right, my dear aunt, and that is troubling me not a little. However, all we can do is to fight our way through as long as possible, and never say 'die' until we are obliged to admit ourselves beaten."

After two hours of most fatiguing work the fallen tree was so far cleared from the roadway that it was possible for the teams to pass, and Phil led the way once more, saying, as he wiped the big drops of perspiration from his face:

"We're no longer ahead of schedule time, but I fancy we are not much behind."

"Do you expect to reach the second camping-place father spoke of, before sunset?" Gladys asked.

"If not, we must keep on until we get there. The horses can stand the work, and it won't be very dark this evening."

"But surely, Phillip, you are not thinking of riding in the night?" and once more Aunt Lois looked alarmed.

"If we must, there is no use in discussing the matter. I shall keep to the route and time laid down by father as long as possible."

"But I will never consent to anything of the kind! This road is dangerous enough in the daytime, without our tempting Providence by continuing on it

the reins to one of the girls and join him on the baggage-waggon for a while.

Gladys could safely be trusted with Bessie, and cautioning her to keep a sharp lookout on the road because of the holes and quagmires which threatened destruction to the vehicles, he did as his cousin suggested.

When Dick had reined Jack in until there was such a distance between the waggons that their conversation could not be overheard, he said in a cautious whisper:

"Do you know, Phil, we haven't seen the last of those fellows."

"You mean the ones who felled the tree?"

"Certainly. Who else should I mean?"

"And you think they will do more mischief?"

"Of course I do! If, in order to delay us, they have followed from Milo to first steal our traces and then block the road, do you think they will be content to see us pushing ahead with comparatively little delay?"

"I had begun to fancy that perhaps the mischief was not done by those who wished to prevent us from seeing Benner."

"No one else would have taken so much trouble to steal a pair of traces, when there were articles of more value ready at hand."

"You are right, of course."

"And we shall hear from them again."

Phil nodded sorrowfully.

"Then it is necessary we should decide upon some course of action."

"I don't understand what we can do," Phil replied thoughtfully. "It isn't

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 6.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

Matt. 6 24-31. Memory verses, 25, 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He careth for you.—1 Peter 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Our Cares, v. 24-29.
- 2. God's Care, v. 30-34

Time and Place.—This lesson is a further selection from the Sermon on the Mount, which was delivered probably in the early summer of A.D. 28, on the "Horns of Hattin."

HOME READINGS.

- M. Our Father's care.—Matt. 6. 24-34.
- Tu. Confidence in God.—Psalm 23.
- W. Testimony of experience.—Psalm 34. 1-11.
- Th. The Lord delivereth.—Psalm 34. 12-22.
- F. A sure refuge.—Psalm 91. 1-8.
- S. A safe keeper.—Psalm 91. 9-16.
- Su. God's care for sparrows.—Luke 12. 1-7.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Our Cares, v. 24-29
 - What sort of service does Jesus say is impossible?
 - What masters are specially irreconcilable?
 - About what are we forbidden to be care-burdened?
 - What comparison does Jesus make between eating and living?
 - What example shows the folly of anxiety about food?
 - Who feeds the birds?
 - Are we much better than they?
 - How much can one increase his stature by care-taking?
 - Why do you think so many people are worried about food and raiment?
 - In what do the "lilies of the field" resemble the "fowls of the air"?
 - What beauty of dress surpasses that of Solomon?
- 2. God's Care, v. 30-34.
 - Where do the lilies get their beauty?
 - Of what is God's care of flowers a pledge?
 - What sort of questions should we cease at once to ask?
 - Who are chiefly concerned about food and clothing?
 - Why should children of God be free from anxious care-taking?
 - What reason does Peter give to cast our care upon God? Golden Text.
 - What should be the principal object of pursuit in life?
 - In what does this kingdom consist? Rom. 14. 17.
 - What blessing will come with this search?

THROUGH THE EARTH.

A new serial—a fairy-tale of science—begins in the January number of St. Nicholas. It is by Clement Fezandie.



and is called "Through 'he Earth." It tells of the achievement of a scientist who bored a hole through the earth, and sent through this tunnel a cigar-shaped car containing a boy. This is how the author outlines the scheme in the January number:

"What do I think of it? Why, doctor, the whole scheme is impossible from beginning to end, and I am surprised that a scientist like yourself should entertain it a single moment."

"But, James, you surely cannot understand my plan fully, or you would see that, so far from being impossible, it is most feasible, if I can only secure the necessary capital."

"Either you must be dreaming, doctor, or else I do not altogether understand you. From what you tell me, I gather that your idea is to open a rapid-transit line between Australia and the United States. You propose to bore a hole through the earth, and then drop into it baggage, people and what not, and let them fall to the other side."

"Yes," said Dr. Giles, tranquilly; "that is my plan. What objections do you find to it?"

"What objections? Only one—namely, that it is impossible," said I.

"My young friend," said the doctor, "do you know what the word 'impossible' means? It means simply something that has not yet been done. Everything is impossible until some one does it, and then it becomes, on the contrary, astonishingly easy. If we take any other definition for this word, we must admit that there is only one impossibility."

"And that is?"

"And that is, to know that anything is impossible. But, tell me, James, what is it you find difficult in the scheme?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. In the first place, how will you bore through the earth?"

"Just as I should dig a well," replied the doctor. "But, to expedite matters, I shall be obliged to devise special machinery."

"And how, pray, will you prevent the walls from caving in?"

"Simply enough. As fast as I dig, I shall have a stout metal tube cast, of the size of my well, and let it down to support the walls."

"Well, admitting that you can dig your well down through the solid portion, how will you manage as you approach the centre, where the materials are one mass of liquid fire, eh?"

"How do you know the earth is a mass of liquid fire at the centre?" inquired the doctor.

"How do I know it? Why, all the great authorities concede the fact."

"Indeed! I was not aware of it. On the contrary, I thought that our most

"I HARDLY THINK THAT HE WILL BE ABLE TO CATCH NICK."



profound thinkers all rejected this theory."

"But in mines, the deeper you go, the warmer the temperature becomes."

"True; but the increase varies considerably in different parts of the earth. Moreover, it is also true that the temperature becomes colder as we go higher in the air; but this by no means proves that the cold becomes more intense if we ascend to an infinite height."

"But does not the existence of volcanoes prove that there is a central fire?"

"It proves that there are certain incandescent masses in the interior of the earth, but not that the whole interior is incandescent. In fact, if the earth were liquid at the centre, the incandescent matter, or sea of fire, would have tides just as our oceans of water have. Consequently every active volcano would have each day two high and two low tides, whereas nothing of the sort happens. Indeed, all the manifestations accord more closely with a belief in a solid earth, than one containing a sea of molten matter."

"Well, doctor, granting that you could bore through the centre of the earth, even then your scheme seems impossible. For anything dropped into the hole, would merely fall to the centre of the earth, and stop there."

"Not a bit of it," retorted the doctor. "You forget that the speed of a falling body constantly increases. The first second of its fall it goes sixteen feet, the next second forty-eight feet, and the third second eighty feet, there being an increase of about thirty-two feet per second at the start. You will therefore see that by the time the body reached the centre of the earth, it would be going at such a frightful velocity that it could not stop, but would be carried right on past the centre, and almost up to the surface on the other side. In fact, if there were no air in the tube, the laws of physics teach us that the body dropped into the hole here in Australia, would go completely through to the United States."

"Yes," that's true enough, but when the body reached the United States, it would simply fall back again, and keep on falling backward and forward in the tube until it finally came to a complete rest at the centre of the earth."

"So it would, if we allowed it to fall back; but you must remember that before it can fall back it must come to a complete stop; and what prevents us from having suitable catches in the tube to hold it fast, and prevent its return? If it stopped short of its destination, as it probably would, it could be hauled up the last part of the tube by some electric device."

"Can he eat worms?"

Vanity is eating dirt with a silver spoon and calling it plum pudding.

The Lord's Prayer For Children.

BY GEORGE G. SMITH.

Thy blessed name, oh, Father dear,
Be honoured everywhere,
As angels do thy will above,
So may we do it here.

Feed us to-day, with needful bread,
Our sins, O Lord, forgive,
For we forgive as thou hast bidden,
And while on earth we live,

From all temptation shield us safe,
And while we wake and sleep,
From all the wiles of wicked ones,
Good Lord, thy children keep.

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