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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

OL. XII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

[No. 7.

CHINESE LADIES.

As girls of China, you know, have their feet dragged up when they are little, the toes bent over their foot, and thrust into a small shoe that prevents them walking with any comfort when they grow up. They, therefore, seldom go beyond the gardens, and are rarely seen in the street.

The ladies in the picture are of high rank. You see how richly dressed they are, and what rich silk mantles they have. The poor women of China are more fortunate than the rich ones, in that they have the use of their feet when they can walk about. But all of them, rich and poor, except a few Christian converts, are heathens, without a knowledge of the true God, and full of fear and terror of the unknown here. Let us try to send them the Gospel to enlighten their darkness and bring them to Christ.

POOR TIM.

POOR TIM was a patient in the Children's Hospital, Toronto, so unlike the "Tim" of the famous "Christmas Eve"; a child, but five years old, he was brought in drunk by his drunken mother, who had to be assisted to stand upright while she committed the child to our care. "Tim" had been burnt by falling into the fire while under the influence of liquor, and his parents were too drunk to take care of him. Tim was "a Turk" and roared lustily for his mother, while we cropped his hair and stripped him of his ragged shirt, and his still more ragged pants, held up by a bit of string over one shoulder, and he was bathed, his sores were dressed, and Tim was put to bed to sleep off the effects of the vile stuff given to him under the plea that it was to keep him warm, as they had no fire. His first request on waking was, "give us some law"; this was unintelligible to us, so we made it plainer, "I want some bacca." On being told that he did not have tobacco, oath after oath came from his baby lips like foul

down with sheets; but he slipped through his bonds like an eel and set to work to reduce the blankets to a like condition as he had left the sheets. His father came to see him the following Sunday (the mother being in jail) and when he left, lo! Tim was in possession of his coveted "chaw of bacca," but which was of course taken, though not without

in anywise not to be allowed to return to those parents. He, good man, with sorrow informed us he was powerless as we were, because he had committed no crime. We appealed to several of our city ministers, many of whom had seen Tim at our annual meeting, but while they were able to send missionaries out to far countries to the heathen, this poor little worse than pagan orphan could not be helped; and so Tim, when recovered, was returned to his parents, not to his home, for home they had none; and as they changed their name, as well as the place of their abode, he was soon lost sight of amid the multitude in our city.

Yet Tim was not all badness. During the six weeks he remained in the hospital he never hit a child nor hurt one in any way, though he would call them to his bedside, and, after filling his mouth full of water, would send the contents in their faces and thoroughly enjoy their discomfort. When taken out of the ward and placed in an empty room, he climbed to the top shelf of the cupboard, and securing a parcel of linseed meal scattered it on the floor as a sower scatters seed in a field. Yet when he begged not to be locked in and gave his word that he would not try to get out if the key were not turned, he kept his word like a man of honour! Poor Tim! May he who feeds the ravens and takes note of the sparrow's fall, look after thy young life, bought as it has been by the Blood of the Lamb!



CHINESE LADIES.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE still form of a little boy lay in the coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face.

"You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little

boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked, frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' And before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know you were not afraid - you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

er from a well. To say "he swore" would give a faint idea of Tim's language; he bubbled up the vilest oaths and the rudest expressions; he tore every bandage from his burnt arms and hands; tore his night shirt to ribbons, strip by strip, commencing at the bottom; finishing that, he beat on the sheets and treated them in a like manner. He was reasoned with, coaxed, and threatened, and finally at the doctor's orders tied

a scene, from the mouth of this five-year-old. When asked if he knew who Jesus was, he promptly answered. "That's what father says when he licks mother." Think of that answer from a child of such tender years in the City of Churches! Tim's burns rapidly healed in spite of the bandages being systematically torn off again and again. We applied to the Mayor to have him taken care of, somewhere, somehow, but

In the Printing Office.

"I cannot read it, father—father, see!
I cannot read it, spell it out for me.
It is right that surely I my letters know,
But this, I find, I really cannot do."

Thus spake the child who, at his father's side,
Waited through a printing room and vainly tried
To read the type. The printer, smiling, laid
Upon the press a sheet, and kindly said,
"Come, little one, and try to read once more
These letters; for they were reversed before,
But now they're plain. The clouds from that fair brow
Have passed away; for he can read it now."

So with our Father's dealings. Day by day
We try to read, and puzzled, turn away.
We do not understand; we cannot see
Why this was done or that allowed to be.
But in the world to come, through his clear light,
We, too, shall read the mystery aright.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

GOOD BUSINESS IN THE WRONG PLACE.

BY N. M. WILLIAMS.

A YOUNG Jew is travelling in company, or perhaps alone, over the public road from Galilee to Judea. He is going to the great centre of social aristocracy, ecclesiastical power, and Rabbinical learning. He is going for the purpose of attending a great annual festival. He has never been admitted to the society of the wealthy, cultivated metropolitans. He goes with literally no hold upon the ruling classes of the city; and, coming from the rougher, coarser society of Galilee, it seems improbable that it will soon be otherwise. On his arrival in the city he enters into the temple. He passes through the gate of the outer court, when he beholds a disgraceful sight. Here are oxen, sheep, and doves, with buyers and sellers, here are tables, with piles of Jewish and foreign coins, and there, behind the tables, are the brokers. Doves are cooing, sheep are bleating, oxen are lowing, coins are rattling, buyers and sellers are jibbering.

Some kinds of business are essentially bad. The business which these men are driving is not in itself bad. These animals are needed for sacrifices, and even this money changing—how convenient for those who have come from distant parts of the Roman Empire, with Roman coin, to be able to exchange it at once for the Jewish half-shekel, with which to pay the temple due! The business is both lawful and honourable. What is it, then, which so awakens the holy indignation of Jesus?

These men are driving their business in the wrong place. This building was not erected for brokerage and cattle selling. "My Father's house," says Jesus. How criminal are the men who are desecrating and polluting this consecrated spot! "But are not my oxen," says one, "needed for the divinely appointed

sacrifices!" "My doves," says another, "are they not needed for those who are too poor to make the more costly offering?" What satisfaction sits upon this broker's face! How confident that he is a very necessary agent in helping God's people, who have come from foreign countries and want to get their money changed!

Oh, ye brokers and dealers in cattle, why do ye not speak the truth, and honestly own that ye are in the court of the temple, with your oxen and your tables, not from pious regard to the wants of others, but from shameful love of gain! You are doing a good business in the wrong place. Let the reader make his own application.—*Forward.*

WHAT AN AMERICAN EDITOR SAYS OF "ONWARD."

We take special delight in noting the success that has attended that excellent Canadian illustrated weekly publication called *Onward*, a paper for young people, which is just rounding out the first year of its existence, with a circulation of 27,000. We congratulate the editor on his ability to get up a paper for young people that is unsurpassed by any other publication in the world. Each number is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and its eight pages are brimful of the most interesting reading matter. It is recognized as the exponent of Canadian Methodism among the young people, devoting considerable space to Epworth League work; but our young folks, regardless of church relation, will find it exceedingly attractive and helpful. At the price (only 60 cents per year) the paper ought to have a circulation of over 100,000 in the United States alone.—*Phillipsburg Journal.*

CANADIAN LEAGUES.

HAPPY conversions in the league at Lyn.

The Georgetown league is holding special revival services. Bright outlook.

Onward, the good Epworth paper, promises to be better this year than ever.

Active league at Hampton. Sixty members. League rooms nicely carpeted, decorated and furnished.

Conversions in the Galt league every little while. Members are looking after strangers and visiting the sick.

The league at New Westminster, British Columbia, gives special attention to mercy and help work. Splendid practical results reported.

Lively league at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. One hundred persons have been led into inquiry room. They have a "welcome committee" which sends invitations to guests at hotels, visits ships in port, and invites all to the church services. They show strangers to seats in the church, and supply them with hymn-books. They call on sick and absent members, and try to induce non-attendants to come to church. Cottage services are held three times weekly. Poorhouse visited weekly; hospital occasionally. Tracts are distributed—11,000 tract calls and visits being made last year. A night-school for men is conducted weekly. Good report.—*Epworth Herald.*

A FRENCHMAN'S TWO SAVIOURS.

At one of Mr. McAll's meetings in Paris a rough-looking working-man, who had been converted at the mission and is now a devoted and active Christian, told a most pointed story of his own life. "I have had two Saviours," he said; "the first was after the commune. I was taken and accused as a communist, and, without any form of trial, was marched to instant death. In my own eyes I was a dead man. Marching across the Champ de Mars, we met an officer, who touched me and said to the soldiers, 'What are you doing with that man there? I answer for him; he is an honest man; let him go.' They let me go. This man was my saviour. I did not then know that I was in danger of another death, that my sin had condemned me before God. Years after I found it out, and I was in despair. I could see no way to be saved. Then Jesus Christ came along and said: 'This man—I answer for him.' And a second time I was saved.

YOUR RECORD.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

A MAN in Hartford, Connecticut, came home drunk. His little boy, from three and a-half to four years of age, ran to meet his father. Had that father been sober, the boy would have been nestling in his bosom; but he was drunk, and seizing the little fellow by the shoulder, he lifted him right over his head, and dashed him out of the second storey window, through sash, glass, and all; and on the pavement below they picked up the poor boy, with both thighs broken.

Here is one case that I knew; and many of my friends were at the wedding—a gorgeous wedding, a grand wedding. Fifteen hundred dollars was the price paid for the flowers, sent expressly from New York. The house had been enlarged for the dancing. A fast young man and a beautiful young girl were united. It was a gorgeous wedding, very merry and jolly, plenty of wine; but the bridegroom got drunk, and with his clenched fist, two hours after they had been married, he struck his bride in the mouth. "Hush! hush! don't say anything about it, don't let it get abroad. Hush! hush! it is only known to those here. He was drunk and did not know what he was doing; cover it up." So they did. He went on his wedding excursion. Six weeks afterwards he got drunk again, and drew a pistol on the wife that loved him. She felt her life was not safe, and went back to her father's house. He went directly to Toronto, in Canada. He got drunk again, killed a policeman, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, in less than ninety days after his wedding. Some friends of mine interceded with the Government, and he is now in Kingston penitentiary for life. Three drunks! Three times intoxicated! Oh, young men, if God has spared you, and you have ever been drunk in your lives, down on your knees, and in the gratitude of your souls, declare that you will never again touch that which dethrones reason!

There are those of us who have come out of the fire, those of us who are scarred and bruised, those who will never be what we might have been because of the accursed drink. As year after year rolls on, and brings us nearer and nearer to the end, who would we not give, brethren, could we wipe out our record! Oh, that awful record, young man! You are writing your record now, every day. You begin in the morning with a clean page, perfectly clean, and at night it is smeared and smudged, and blotted, when you hastily turn it over and think it is gone. No! You never can wipe out a word of your record. You never can blot out a stain nor erase one. No, sir! You are making your record.

What a grand thing it is to be a young man, sent out with life all before you, to make of it what you choose, just as you choose—to mould it as you will—to make your life just what you please to make it!

How many of you, young men, are going wrong! And you know you are going wrong. I never knew a man going wrong who was not aware of it. Going wrong! You do not hear them defend it, never—but excuse it. "Oh, it will all come right in the end." What will? "Oh, young men must sow their wild oats." Yes, they must reap, too. "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." What will? Two diverging lines go on widening to all eternity. There is no cross-cut. If you begin wrong, young man, you never can get right till you come back with bleeding feet, and torn flesh, and streaming tears, and broken heart. And many a man has died in the effort to get back. Oh, the beginning!

You are like a switchman, as we call him on the railway. Here come the locomotive and the train of cars freighted with human life, hopes, and happiness; and your hand is on that switch. You can turn that train on to the main track; you can turn it on to the siding; you can turn it down the bank; but, when it has passed by, your control over it is gone for ever. Never will you have another such opportunity; and opportunities are passing you day by day—day by day. By-and-bye some will say, as poor Churchill did on his death-bed, "All gone! every opportunity lost! What a fool I have been!"

Young man, is that to be the end of your life, with all its prospects and all its bright hopes?

After All.

BY SUSAN COOLIBOR.

Grief is strong, but joy is stronger;
Night is long, but day is longer.
When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our cars
Whisper the sweet answer low
(Answer full of love and blessing),
How our wonderment will grow
At the blindness of our guessing;
All the hard things we recall
Made so easy—after all!

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter;
Love complete, but faith completer.
Close beside our wandering ways,
Through dark nights and weary days,
Stand the angels with bright eyes;
And the shadow of the cross
Falls upon and sanctifies.
All our pain and all our loss,
Though we stumble, though we fall,
God is helping—after all.

Sigh, then, soul, but sing in sighing,
To the happier things replying;
Dry the tears that dim thy seeing,
Give glad thoughts for life and being;
Time is but the little entry
To eternity's large dwelling,
And the heavenly guards keep sentry,
Urging, guiding, half-compelling,
Till the puzzling way, quite past,
Thou shalt enter in—at last!

LOST IN A MINE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER VII.

SIMEON fled through the sunny woods like one in error pursued by some enemy; and it was not many minutes before he rushed, breathless and speechless, into the midst of the departing guests, who were still lingering about Judith Hazeldine's beautiful house. There had been a keen and universal disappointment among them when he had fled away from his chance of winning the Hazel-dine Bible, and left it to be borne away to foreign parts. But now they all gathered about him, excited and aroused by his sudden appearance. Levi led in his task of wrapping up the precious volume, which had been passing from hand to hand of the regretful family. Simeon, with his face falling over his face, and uttering half-sobbed syllables which no one could understand, stood in the midst of them, gesticulating and beckoning wildly, like one gone out of his mind. "Poor-lad!" whispered two or three of the women, shrinking back into safe corners behind the door. "It's crazed his brain!" "Reuben!" he gasped, "in the Spinnny! There!" He threw back his arm in the direction of the door. "Come! Reuben! Mother! Abby, come!" "The lad was not mad, he must have met with some ghost. Yet it was still broad day, when he had roams abroad. What could the lad mean? In a minute or two Simeon regained his breath, and could speak plainly, though he spoke with sobs and tears. Reuben's at the bottom of the old pit, in the Spinnny," he cried. "Come quickly, and bring me down things. Abby! come and run to the old woman where thee and me and Reuben used to play!" The boy did not wait another instant, but darted again to hang over the low stone wall which lined the mouth of the old shaft, and gaze down into the dark depths below, where he could not see his brother. He was half afraid he might have been deceived by his own fancy, but when he called to Reuben quickly answered him. "Simeon, lad!" he said, "art thee saved? and mother and old Lijah! Are all of you saved?" "Aye, all of us, Reuben!" shouted Simeon; "and mother's comin', and Abby. I hear them all through the spinnny." His tears rushed to Reuben's eyes, though he had not wept before. He knelt down at the bottom of the pit to thank God. Every love and joy seemed to have gathered new strength; even his eyes and ears looked brighter than they had

ever done. How sweet the sunlight was! And how glad some the singing of the birds! His little attic at home was like a palace to him. And Abby, and his mother, and all his friends, how dear to him they were! God had given them back to him, a hundredfold more precious for the short, sharp trial of his faith that he had passed through. There was no question now of God slaying him; he was bringing him out of his living grave, and setting him to walk again on the earth, a better and a stronger man; more like Christ, who had also laid down his life, and who had come back from the grave for a little while to comfort and bless those whom he had loved.

But who could tell the joy of every heart there when he was drawn up out of the dark depths of the pit, and stood among them a living man? They pressed round him, and whose hand was the first to grasp his it would be impossible to say. It was like a dream of great joy to most of them. All whom he loved was there. They marched home ward with him, in a glad procession through the sunny woods. The old home had never looked so beautiful, nor had the flowers in the garden ever been so sweet.

"Friends," said Reuben, with a choking sensation in his throat, "before I take sup or morsel in my mouth, let's kneel down, and let Lijah thank God for us."

They knelt down about the men that had been saved—even Levi bending his knee for the first time for many years; and old Lijah laid his trembling hands on the back of a chair, and swayed to and fro, with heavy sobs of joy and thankfulness breaking from him. But, for these sobs, there was a deep silence in the little crowd.

"Dear Lord! Thank thee! Thank thee!" was all that old Lijah could say, though he was a prayer-leader at the meetings held in his own cottage. Levi Hazeldine caught himself saying, "Thank thee!" though he had said there was no one to thank, and that it all had happened by chance; yet he almost wished that what these simple, ignorant folks believed was really true. When the short thanksgiving was over, old Lijah stood up again at the end of the long oak table, and asked Judith to place the Hazeldine Bible once more upon it.

"Levi," he said, persuasively, "though thee and me don't agree in most things, maybe thee'll agree that Simeon hasn't had a fair chance of winnin' the old Bible. The lad hadn't a heart for readin' while his brother was lost and given up for dead. But now the Lord's brought back Reuben from the jaws of the grave, give him another try for it. The sun's not gous down yet; let him have his eyes blindfolded, and open the book again. And the Lord will bless thee, Levi! Aye, though thou knows him not, he will be with thee in yon far country where thou art goin' to spend thy substance!"

"I am willing," answered Levi shortly. "Come, then, Simeon," said Lijah, laying his hand on the boy's head, "and the Lord give thee seein' eyes and an understandin' heart, and good success in this matter! The Lord has done great things for us; may he give thee this blessing also!"

Faint and hungry as Reuben was, it was he who bound the handkerchief over the boy's eyes, and placed his hand on the closed Bible, whispering: "God bless thee, lad!" Judith and Abby stood behind them, their faces still pale with the past sorrow, though there was gladness in their eyes. There was no dread of failure in Simeon's heart now. He stood for a minute looking at the black-letter page before him, and then he read out the chapter and verse of the book which he had opened. The Hazeldines about the table found the place in their Bibles, and followed his voice carefully. But Reuben's face flushed, and his heart beat, as the latter verses fell upon his ear. They were these:

"I went down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God.

"When my soul franted within me, I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee, in thine holy temple.

"They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy.

"But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving. I will pay what I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord."

Simeon's voice ceased, for the page was ended. No word had been missed, nor even stammered over. He could hardly believe that it was true that he had won the Hazeldine Bible, until Levi gave it a little push towards him.

"There, lad," he said, "it's thine fairly. I didn't do better when I was thy age."

"Levi," said Reuben earnestly, "would to God it spoke to thee as it speaks to me! Thou'rt going far away from thy kith and kin, and thou'rt with-out God in the world, and there's no Saviour for thee as thou thinkest, and thee don't know how glad some it is to praise the Lord, nor how good it is to pray to him and call upon him, like young children calling to their fathers and mothers; but, cousin Levi, wilt thee take a gift from all thy kins-folk here, if we buy another bible for thee to take away to thy far country? Maybe a day will come that thou'lt read it for our sakes, if not thine own."

"Aye! aye! Take a Bible from us, Levi!" cried out all the Hazeldines present.

"As a sign and token that we wish thee well," added Reuben.

"Aye! Aye! God bless thee, Levi!" they cried out again.

"I take it, and thank you kindly," said Levi, in a faltering voice.

"Come again to-morrow, all of you!" exclaimed Judith, speaking in a shrill, high-pitched tone of excitement. "It shall be bought by to-morrow, and Reuben shall be married, and we'll have another feast-day, now my son's found again."

The sun was setting by this time, and the guests departed, leaving the little household to feel in quietness their great joy.

Old Lijah and his wife were the last to say good bye, and the moon was rising over the green coppice behind the cottage when they shook hands for the last time with Reuben at the garden gate.

"It's been such a night and a day as I've never worn through before!" said old Lijah's wife. "Last night it was all weepin' and mournin', and everything goin' wrong, and to-night it's all joy and gladness and singin' praises, and everything goin' right!"

"Aye, lass!" answered old Lijah, "there's no true hurt or loss to them that trust in God. I believe it, and Reuben believes it. Things are always goin' all right, not wrong. Isn't it written, 'All things work together for good to them that love God'? And again: 'Neither death nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

THE END.

HELPING HIM ON.

THE Rev. Charles Garrett, a Wesleyan minister, tells us this story.

"We have lately been doing a blessed work amongst the cabmen in Manchester, many of whom have signed the pledge. I heard the other night that one of them had broken his pledge, and I went to the cab-rooms to look after him. I saw him there, but he tried to avoid me. He was ashamed to face me. I followed him up, and at last he presented himself before me, wearing a most dejected look. I said to him:

"When you are driving your cab, and your horse falls down, what do you do?"

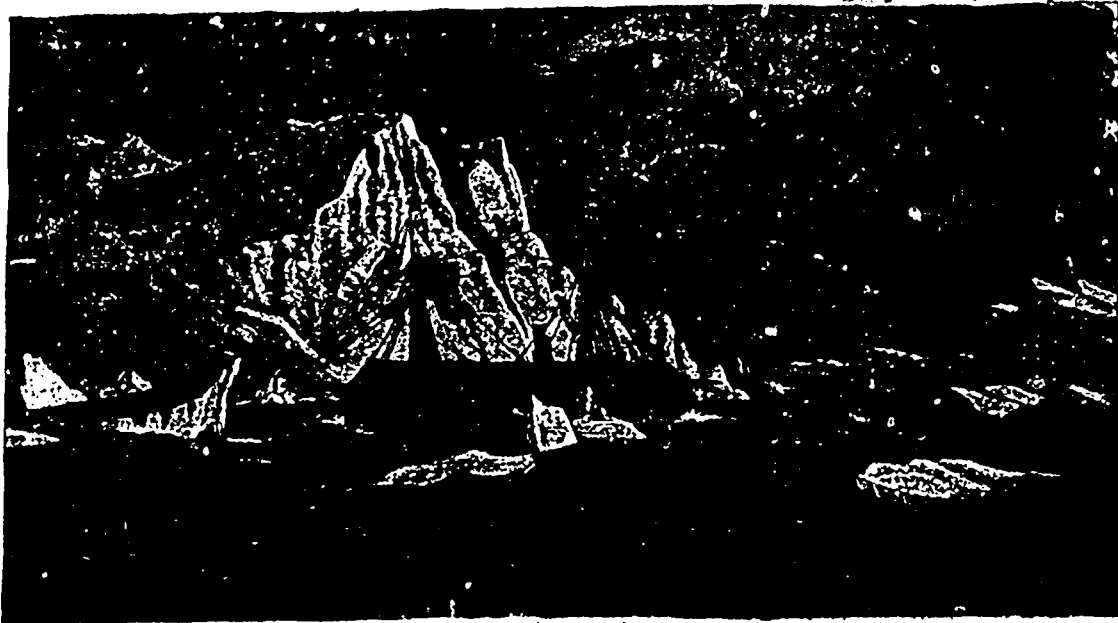
"I jumps off the box, and tries to help him up again."

"That is it, my friend," I replied. "I heard that you had fallen, and so I got off the box to help you up. Will you get up! There is my hand."

"He caught hold of it with a grip like a vise, and said:

"I will, sir! Before God, and under his own blue heavens, I promise you that I will not touch a drop of strong drink again, and you will never have to regret the trouble you have taken with me."

"Oh, Christian friends! there are many poor drunkards who have fallen down. Will you not get off the box and help them up?"



ADRIFT IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

ADRIFT IN ARCTIC SEAS.

The above is the picture of an unfortunate steamship cut adrift in the Arctic Ocean. She was called the *Polaris* and was specially fitted up in the United States for conducting an expedition under Charles F. Hall, in the year 1871. Merrily she sailed from New London on July 3rd, of that year, with about thirty persons on board, and by the 29th of August managed to reach higher latitude than had ever been reached before. But here she encountered so much ice that she could proceed no further. Indeed, if she had not been very strong she would have been crushed to pieces by the enormous blocks of ice that surrounded her. For months, many weary, anxious months, she lay helpless under the shelter of an enormous iceberg, and completely hemmed in by huge jams of ice which pressed in upon her from all sides. The commander of the expedition, Mr. Hall, left the ship here and took a short journey in the direction of the Pole. He found high lands and a bay and a country that seemed much warmer than he expected, for there were places without snow. He also saw many wild animals such as geese, ducks, wolves, rabbits, foxes, bears and musk-cattle. He returned after an absence of fourteen days full of hopes and said that he meant to make another trip of the same kind, but he was suddenly taken ill and died on the *Polaris* on the 28th of November. These unfortunate people, after the death of their leader, made several attempts to reach the Pole, but in every case they failed, and in the midst of their trouble the *Polaris* sprang a leak, and the pumps had to be kept going twelve hours out of the twenty-four. They then, in despair, turned homewards, but they got into an ice-pack and the *Polaris* drifted about hopelessly in a field of ice, as seen in the picture. Some of the unfortunate people left her and made themselves as comfortable as they could on a piece of floating ice for their home for a whole winter. In the spring of the year they were rescued by a ship from Newfoundland. Strange to say not one of them had perished. Even a little baby that had been born among them was saved. The people on the *Polaris* were also rescued afterwards by a Scotch vessel.

Mr. Hall had with him an Eskimo hunter named Eberbing and his wife Too-koo-lo-too, otherwise called Joe and Hannah. These, in their way, were a very worthy couple, and gave great assistance to Hall in his expedition. They had been in England and had been presented to the Queen and could both speak English fairly well. When poor Hall was being buried nothing was heard but the burial service, the earth falling upon the coffin, and the sobs of Hannah. And it was Joe who saved the people during that terrible winter when they were living on the large ice-float. With his spear and his gun he provided food for all. He could have left them had he chosen to do so, for, knowing the country, he could easily have escaped; but he remained faithful to them to the last.

Hannah afterwards lived in Croton, Connecticut, and there, on December 31st, 1876, she died, aged only thirty-eight. She had become a Christian, and having lived the Christian life died in the Christian's faith, her last words being, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy poor creature home." This shows what good there is in the Eskimo, and how they might be improved if they were taught by missionaries the ways of Christ and his holy religion.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 605.] **LESSON VIII.** [Feb. 21.

JEROLAKIM'S WICKEDNESS.

Jer. 38. 19-31. Memory verses, 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. — Heb. 3. 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The word of our God abides forever, against every effort to destroy it or prevent its fulfilment.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Jeremiah was commanded to write out the sum of his prophecies during the twenty-three years of his prophesying. The roll, or book, was read to the people at a fast-day service in the temple. Then it was read to the princes and leading men of the nation. These were so impressed with the warnings of

the prophet that they determined to report to the king, in hopes that he would repent and the nation be saved. *Baruch*—Jeremiah's scribe. *Hide thee*—If the king did not heed them, he would try to kill the prophet and his helper. *The court*—The inner court, where the king received. *Laid up the roll*—Books were often then in the form of a roll. They were afraid that the king would destroy it. *Winter house*—Or, apartments. The lower and warmer ones. *A fire on the hearth*—Not in a fireplace like ours. They had no chimneys then. The fire was in a pot of charcoal in a place hollowed out in the pavement of the court. *Three or four leaves*—Or columns, written across the roll. *He*—The king, or Jehudi at his orders. (Ver. 29.) He read only a little, but burned the whole. *Were not afraid*—The writer is astonished at the dullness of their minds and hardness of their hearts. *Nor... his servants*—His attendants, not the princes. *None to sit upon the throne*—So as to reign as his successor. His son, Jehoiachin, tried to, but his city was besieged all the time, and in three months he was carried away captive.

Find in this lesson—

1. What to do with God's Word.
2. God's warnings against sin.
3. A foolish way of trying to escape them.
4. The true way of escape.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What did Jeremiah write down? "His prophecies for twenty-three years."
2. Where were they read? "To the people in the temple court, on a fast day."
3. To whom else? "To the princes, in their council chamber."
4. What did the king do? "He heard a part, and then cut up the book with his penknife and burned it in the fire."
5. What did Jeremiah do? "He wrote it out again."
6. What did the king lose? "He failed to repent and he perished, and his kingdom was destroyed."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. Can we repent of ourselves? No; it is the grace of the Holy Spirit which gives the sinner to know and feel that he is a sinner.

— Him did God exalt with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins.— Acts 5. 31.

"WHAT'S THE HARM?"

"Just this once! What hurt will it do! You can study quite as well to-night, and if you have a ride at all you must go now."

Thus persuaded, Dick threw down his book and joined his companions. They had a delightful ride, and then in the evening he settled down to study. He did not feel much like it, partly because he was tired, partly because he frequently found his thoughts wandering from the lesson to something

he had seen in the afternoon. So being pretty persevering, he finally learned it, and had a perfect recitation the next day.

"There!" said his companions "what did we tell you? You needn't have made such a fuss about going. It didn't do a bit of harm."

Dick agreed with them then, but was inclined to change his mind late in the day when he found how ineffectual were his efforts to fix his attention on his books.

"I've learned the harm!" he exclaimed. "It is just like sliding down a hill: the first time, before the snow is broken, we only go a little ways; the second time we go further; and pretty soon we can't stop short of the bottom if we want to. There are two sides to it, though: if I stick to these tough old lessons to-day, it will be easier to do it to-morrow."

Stick to them he did, and thus learned a lesson that was as valuable as any in his books.—*Selected.*

God's ear is not heavy that cannot hear. The tremulous whisper of the little child brings an answer quite as quickly as the longest prayer.

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