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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

OL. XII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1892.

[No. 1.

## A HINT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

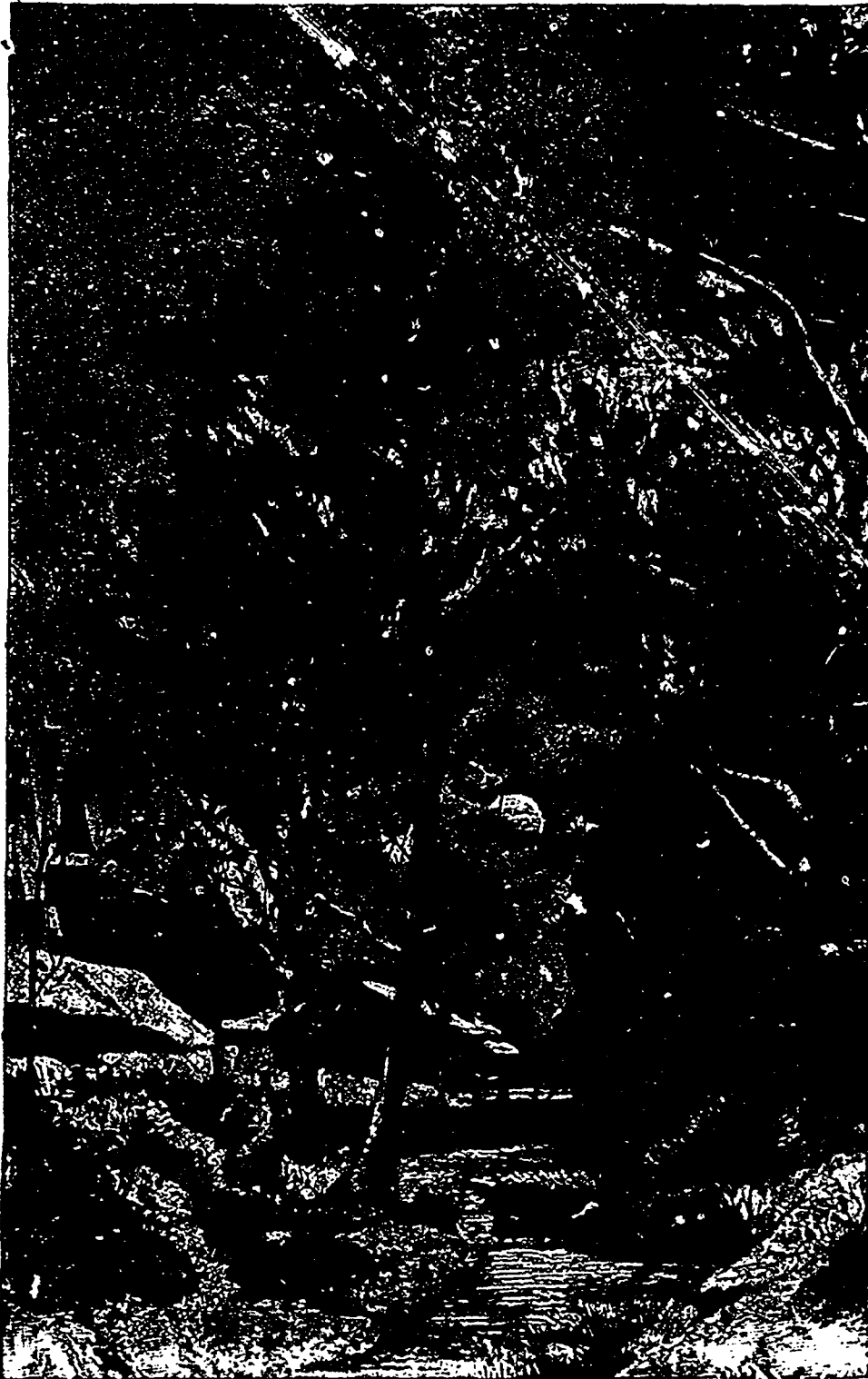
AMONG the good resolutions of the New Year, there is one we would commend to young men and young women to make and to keep—we mean a resolution to read something every day.

We do not refer to such as spend their evenings in dissipation or in frivolity, and scarcely know what it is to have a thoughtful moment in their lives; but to those who work at the shop, or in the store, or in laborious professional offices, and still would be ashamed to be thought wanting in intelligence—to all such we would say, devote an hour if you can; but give regularly some portion of time every day to thorough, systematic reading. If it be but half-an-hour, you will still be wonderfully surprised to see how much you can acquire by resolutely devoting even that short time to self-cultivation.

Reading in this way, you will be apt to read carefully and slowly; and one book read thoroughly is worth a dozen skimmed over or run through. Not the man of great reading leaves upon others the impress of what he acquires, but the one who reads carefully, and who digests what he reads.

Reading as acquired in this way—in intervals—is certain to last you longer than where the mind is stretched for hours, and the brain becomes weary. The minute you are tired, or have to work to fix attention, close your book and rest.

There is nothing, next to the neglect of religion, more deplorable than the profitless way in which young men pass their time. Young men in the banker's office, or the shop, or in professional life, what are you doing with your time? Are you acquiring nothing beyond a knowledge of business, or of dissipation? Are you laying up no treasury of knowledge from which you may draw when the swiftly flying years shall bring you to middle age, and even old age?



WINTER MOONLIGHT SCENE.

The wisdom of past ages, and the all-living present, can in these days be had in our libraries and taken to your homes. Are you drinking from these fountains, or are you running along in the ruts of your own narrow thought? Are you getting a firm hold on men? Are you knowing

shame for their inhumanity. They seized their baggage, hurried aboard, and soon after asked the captain to meet them in the cabin, and told him, with tears, that he had taught them a lesson they should never forget. Then they made up a generous purse for the sick man.

human nature any better? Are you losing your prejudices, or are you becoming more and more satisfied with yourself? Is your horizon widening or contracting? and are you growing, or are you shrinking? Wake up and rouse yourself! Distrust the adequacy of your own knowledge; put your opinions on the basis of an enlightened, intelligent judgment; leave off your introspection; get out of old ruts; get such truth as you want, and see it's every phase; and incorporating heaven's sunlight in your soul, you will have a heartier, happier nature—the world will be better for your living in it; and whether or not your bank account is what you would have it be, you will have the rich harvest of a cultivated mind, a cheerful heart, and a breezy nature, which will give as well as receive; and for you, when gray hairs have come, and the years have gathered over your head, you will possess that which no one can rob you of, and your autumn of life will be rich in a golden harvest.

## HELPING THE SICK.

THE passengers on a railway, years ago, coming to a canal-boat on which they were to take passage, told the captain they should none of them go with him if he took a sick man, who had come on with them, and was very disagreeable. For answer, he pushed through the crowd of them, saw the poor sufferer, and said bluntly, "He shall go if he is the only passenger." Then, tenderly taking him up, he carried him to a mattress spread in the cabin, and shouted, "Push off the boat!" The passengers were struck with shame for their inhumanity. They seized their baggage, hurried aboard, and soon after asked the captain to meet them in the cabin, and told him, with tears, that he had taught them a lesson they should never forget. Then they made up a generous purse for the sick man.

The Opening Year.

The Old Year, with its record,  
Is gone for evermore  
The New Year, full of promise,  
Stands waiting at the door.

Ah! could we live it over!  
So right we of the past,  
Live we the new, as wish we now  
That we had lived the last.

That past, its lessons teaching,  
With guiding light should shine,  
To warn from self-dependence,  
And lead to grace divine.

With high resolve, and holy,  
With purpose, firm and true,  
Let us go forth with meekness,  
God's will and work to do.

Then golden moments wasted,  
And days all dark with sin,  
Shall not so sadly colour  
The year we now begin.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1892.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

1891-1892.

The old year, with its anxieties and cares, its labours and sorrows, its hopes and fears, opportunities and responsibilities, has passed away. It has joined itself to the cycles of the past, and its record is on high. It was on the whole a good year to most of the people in the Dominion.

Lay the old book away.  
Its tale at last is done;  
It is soiled and scarred,  
It is dented and marred,  
Since first it was begun.

Gratefully lay it down.  
The lessons that it taught,  
And the joy and grief  
That marked each leaf  
Were all with blessings fraught.

Such testimonies as the following are the chief joy of an editor. A lady in a remote part of Canada writes: "I must tell you that, had it not been for your papers, I am afraid some would never have come to Sunday school at all. Your PLEASANT HOURS has been the means of bringing me to Christ, for in it I found just what I had been wanting to know. I hope you will have every success in sending them abroad."

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BY REV. D. B. BRUMMITT.

THE first Epworth league ever organized was a junior league. It was organized in a little Lincolnshire village rectory, away back in the early years of the eighteenth century. It had at least three departments—Christian work, mercy and help, and the literary department. Its membership formed a "look-up, lift-up" ten, and its first and only president was that model of mothers, Susannah Wesley.

It is the pride of our Christianity that of all faiths she is the foster mother of children. In all ages it has sought the religious elevation of the young. Luther "suffered the little children to go to Christ;" the noble work of Robert Raikes, scarce more than a century old since the "hot potato" days in Gloucester, would be unexplainable as an adjunct of any other creed, and the saying of John Wesley that the Sunday-school is the nursery of the Church is thoroughly Christian as well as Methodist. Our Church's policy on this point is simple and yet comprehensive. The children are to be trained in righteousness and in the doctrines of the Church, and they are to be trained both regularly and systematically. In so far as the junior league aids the pastor in the carrying out of this policy it has its rightful place. And even should it go no further, within this limit the field is neither narrow nor unpromising. From many causes—not at all sufficient causes, however—there has been neglect of the Church's plain duty in the furtherance of its policy, and the dangers which compass childhood have so far found freer course and richer harvest of victims. That it may be so nevermore is the sole and sufficient apology for the existence of the junior league. If I can have all the children between five and sixteen years of age in the junior league, and carry out its plans, at least its vital points, I will see to it that the Church shall never lack loyal and intelligent members, and we shall never know what it is to be without trained recruits for the Epworth League army. Take the children of Methodism, give them earnest, personal Christian work, give them abundant exercise of their sensitive instincts of mercy and help, put them in the way of the elementaries of good literature, train and develop their inborn love of entertainment and recreation, make their organization self-supporting, and find for them benevolent uses for the money they have earned, inculcate in them habits of orderly and systematic record-making, and you will have, by-and-bye, graduates from the junior league who shall be to you a tower of strength in every department of your young people's society.

The junior league, in its theory and in its only proper practice, is essentially a religious organization. It is disastrous to organize it on any other basis. We have no right to try to "sugar-coat the pill"—a phrase I have heard used in connection with this subject—mainly because the religious feature of the junior league is not a pill. It can be and should be attractive of itself, and there should be no possibility of any child, however young, joining the league under a mistaken impression as to its object.

It is an excellent thing to let the junior league be as nearly as possible self-governing. There should be a vital connection between the senior league, if I may so term it, and the juniors, the cabinet preferably appointing the junior league president, but as a rule the control should not be carried beyond that. Trust the juniors. Hands off! They'll not abuse your confidence. My ideal junior league president will give them all the guidance they need. I believe in helping them to habits of self-reliance in the administrative affairs. They delight to indulge in parliamentary practice, and I believe in giving them something tangible on which to work.

Should the junior leagues be self-supporting? Now, you Epworthians, whose *prolegé*, after all, the junior league must be, what shall I say? Ought you to bear the expenses of the juniors? and you, juniors who are directly interested in this matter, what must I answer? Do you think the Epworth League should pay your bills?

There is no clash of interests here. If the juniors are self-governing, they have a perfect right to be self-supporting. And I mean just that. Not a drawing on father or mother for the pennies and

nickels which represent so much hard work. I know that is satisfactory to the seniors, and my experience tells me that the juniors like it better, too.

And now, just a closing word on a much mooted topic. The Epworth League is a Methodist organization. Then how much of Methodist doctrine and discipline should it teach, especially in the junior league? And, being conservative, I answer, "All of it." Teach it all. Not all at once, of course, or all in a year, but don't set any limit short of the entire subject. There is nothing in the discipline that will hurt the juniors, and they ought to know it all some day. Now is the time to begin. —*Epworth Herald*.

THE GIDDY HEIGHT.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

I REMEMBER once seeing in New York City a very beautiful spire to a new church, and just about ten feet from "the ball" a plank was pushed out, with ropes over the ends of the plank. The plank was let down, and the ropes were fastened inside of the window. There was a platform, perhaps five or six feet from this little window, and one hundred and fifty feet from the roadway. I saw a man get out of that window and stand on that little platform. Could you do it? How many persons could do it? He spoke to a man on the side-walk; the man called up to him, and he leant with his hand upon the end and replied to the man upon the pavement. Now, I know that if I had undertaken to stand on that plank, the very moment my foot touched it, and I saw the awful depth beneath—ah! I should have gone down. There would have been no mind, no intellect, no genius, no will, no power on earth, that could have saved me; I must have fallen—to have stood firm would to me have been physically impossible. Now, you might perhaps stand there; but suppose that in so standing you tell me you set me a good example. I say to you, "Stand there, if you like; I have no objection; you may stand there from now till to-morrow morning, or, like Simon Stylites, for thirty years; but do not tell me you set a good example." Now, suppose you induced me to follow your example. You tell me it is safe—"Why, I stand here perfectly safe;" and you induce me to try and follow your example and I fall: what then? Are not your skirts full of my blood? Can you get away from that? "It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If you stand there safe yourself, and induce me to stand there and I fall, what then? Why, you say, I am "weak-minded." Well, then, by God's help I will keep off the plank, that's all.

Just one little incident to illustrate my point. At a meeting in a large town in Pennsylvania, at the close of the lecture a gentleman rose, and was announced as Judge So-and-so, Judge of the Quarter Sessions. He said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, before the audience is dismissed, I wish to say a few words in defence of myself and the class I represent. Now it is very hard to have it publicly stated that I set a bad example." The speaker had not said that the moderate drinker set a bad example, but that he did not set a good one. "Now," said he, "I am a moderate drinker. Everybody knows me. I take my glass at home, I take it abroad; I am a moderate drinker, a respectable moderate drinker. Who dare say anything against me? Who ever saw me the worse for drink? Who ever saw me out of the way by drink? If young men followed my example, they would be as I am, respectable and respected. I challenge the town in which I live—I challenge the county—to say whether my example is a bad one. Let young men follow my example, and they will be as I am." A man in the audience cried out, "Give it to him old man; give it to him. Put a header on him." Some one said, "Put that man out." Another gentleman said, "No! let that man remain. He is the only son of the Judge." His only son tried to follow his example, and there was the result. He was so drunk that he would disturb a respectable meeting. And I tell you, sir, and I tell you, madam, every one, from the beginning, who has become a drunkard, has become so by trying to be a moderate drinker and failing.

Rivers.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SKYMOOR.

Thou wert born where the clouds are high,  
Where storms do battle, and the lightnings fly,  
Away, far away, in the upper sky,  
Art nobly born.

From the mountain-top and its slippery side,  
Where the snow and ice eternally hide,  
And the glacier vast shoots down with a slide,  
Thy childhood's passed.

Through the rocky path to the wide-spread plain,  
To cover the fields with ripened grain,  
And crown the harvests again and again,  
Most fruitful youth.

On thy bosom broad rides the merchant fleet,  
Traders of the world in friendship greet,  
And the ends of earth on thy waters meet  
Thy manly breast.

By the summer's sun the mists arise,  
Allured by his love to the lofty skies;  
And the dripping cloud and the rain supplies  
Thy ripe old age.

With a steady aim, and that the best,  
Eagerly seeking an abiding rest,  
And losing thyself on thy mother's breast—  
Thine ocean mother.

May my life as well its grand mission know;  
My cares, all through, as faithfully flow;  
And the end at last—to my Saviour go,  
All lost in him!

LOST IN A MINE.

BY HESBA STRETON.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is no part of England more unsightly, or more marred or spoiled of its original beauty, than the Black Country—the great coal-field of South Staffordshire—which stretches into the neighbouring counties. Low beds of smouldering slag lie upon the ground, where grass and primroses once grew, and make the air heavy with the fumes and stench of gas. The tall chimneys of the forges belch out clouds of thick smoke, mingled with tongues of flame, which hang overhead, slowly drifting with the wind, but never quite passing away to leave the blue sky clear. The soft, round outlines of the land have been broken up by huge stiff mounds of black and shale, for which no man can find a use, that are thrown up round the shaft of every pit.

No leafy trees can flourish in such a soil or such an atmosphere; but a few pale and stunted willows grow down by the edge of the dark and noisome pools lying in the barren valleys of these desolate hillocks. High poles, not unlike the gibbets of olden days, stretch across the dreary scene, and the chains they support groan and creak dolefully as they wind slowly up and down the dark pits. No chirping and twittering of birds are to be heard, nor the merry cries of rosy children at play; but instead of these you have the deep throbbing of many forge-hammers, which beat like the feverish yet sluggish pulse of Mammon.

But upon the outskirts of this despoiled country the riches that lie underground run into scattered veins of minerals, that pierce under the green meadows, and golden cornfields still smiling undisturbed in the sunshine. Here there is less roughness and ugliness, and more of nature. The pitmen, when they come up from their dingy work, can lift their eyes to the clear sky above and to the hills not far away, clothed with leafy trees. They can cultivate their own little gardens, and grow southernwood and sweetwilliam, to wear in their buttonholes on Sundays.

In some places there is only one shaft, or two perhaps, sunk a mile away from any others, running down into some small separated fragment of the great coal-field. Here the trees grow up to the very edge of the worthless rubble flung about the pit's mouth; and the lark sings its song within sound of the clanking engine. There is no more than a scar or two on the face of the country;

and, like a blemish in a face we love, it grows familiar and dear, as years go by, to those whose home is beside it.

The miners in these little isolated places are very different from the rough and brutal colliers of the Black Country. These have few pleasures but pigeon-flying, and stealthy dog-fighting, and low revels in dirty taverns. The men are little better than rough bull-dogs; and the women are still not much in advance of savages.

But amongst the country colliers are families of quite a different stamp. Their grandfathers or great-grandfathers heard John Wesley preach words they neither forgot themselves nor allowed their children to forget. Their grandmothers laboured to learn to read amidst all the cares of a family and the hard struggle for life, though they had no other books to read than their Bibles and the hymn-book. The families which sprang from them are altogether a different race from those of the rough and ignorant savages, dwelling in dense masses, where the mines are thickest.

In one of these separate coal-fields, with a single old shaft, which had been at work longer than any one living could remember, there had dwelt for several generations one family of the name of Hazeldine. The same roof sheltered them that had sheltered their forefathers. All the men had worked in the pit, and some of them had died there. The old garden round the cottage budded and blossomed year after year with the same flowers and fruit-trees planted by the first Hazeldine; or so nearly the same, that if he had come back to it he would have felt no shock of surprise or strangeness. The square hillock of shale alone had risen to such a height as to hide the pit's mouth; and it was thinly overgrown with yellow coltsfoot since he had left the little house of his own building. At present the widow of one of his descendants was inhabiting it—the mother of two sons who, like their forefathers, were busy all day long in the hidden galleries and foot-roads underground, which had formed a network, crossing and re-crossing, and twisting in and out like a labyrinth wherever coal had been found. Judith Hazeldine spent long and silent days in her quiet cottage whilst her sons were below; for their cottage stood quite alone in the shadow of the great mound of rubbish which had gradually separated it from the neighbouring dwellings. But when Reuben and Simeon came home the evening hours were too short for all that had to be said and done.

The two sons had been named according to a custom of the Hazeldines which no one had yet been bold enough to break through. It was half believed that some long-dead forefather had spoken a curse against the first to break it. This was, to begin with the names of the sons of Israel, and follow them faithfully in the order of their birth; though it had never been known for any mother to reach the favourite name of Benjamin. Judith herself had not more than two sons; but there had once been a child named Issachar, whose grave was in the village churchyard.

There was another custom and an heirloom in the family, which gave it a still higher distinction in the eyes of their neighbours. Old Judah Hazeldine, who had been dead more than two hundred years, had left a favourite black letter Bible, of antique binding, and with silver clasps and silver corner-pieces, which was forever to become the possession of any one of his descendants who at the age of fifteen could open its pages at haphazard and read off aloud the chapter that chanced to lie beneath his eyes, without making a single blunder. To each generation the difficulty had become greater, for the black-letter fell more and more into disuse. The later descendants of Judah Hazeldine, who might be able to read easily enough a chapter in an ordinary Bible, found themselves puzzled and baffled by the old and crabbed letters they were bound to turn into ready speech. Reuben, Judith's eldest son, had tried it and failed, with tears of disappointment smarting under his cast-down eyelids. That was seven years ago; and it would soon be Simeon's turn to prove his scholarship, for he would be fifteen in a week or two.

Judith had set her heart upon her younger boy gaining the coveted heirloom. He was the head scholar in the Sunday-school, and had repeated

the whole of a long chapter at the Sunday-school anniversary, in the face of all the congregation, without missing a single word. Her heart had been swelling with pride and pleasure as he went triumphantly forward from verse to verse, though she would take no notice of Reuben nudging her elbow, as if he was putting in the full stops which were left out by Simeon. Why should not the lad win the old black-letter Bible? He was a better scholar than Reuben, though Reuben was a good son—aye, the best of sons. She was a very happy woman for a widow, she said to herself. Reuben was the best of sons, but Simeon was the better scholar: Simeon could not fail to win the Bible.

There was the more reason why Simeon must not fail to win it, as the present owner was on the point of emigrating, and no one knew exactly how to act in this unforeseen emergency. It had not entered the head of old Judah Hazeldine, who had certainly never even heard of Australia, to dream of any of his descendants wandering so far away from the ancient home. He might otherwise have made some provision against the difficulty. If the Bible went to the other side of the world, would it ever come back to England?

There had been a good deal of talk up and down the country, among the Hazeldines, as to what ought to be done; but no one could see the way clearly. Levi Hazeldine was not willing to give it up unless the conditions were fulfilled. He had won it himself more than thirty years ago, and had held it ever since, for lack of any successful competitor. The only concession he would make was to delay his voyage for a few weeks, until Simeon should reach the stipulated age, and declare himself ready for the trial.

"It's not as I set much store by the Bible," said Levi, sarcastically. "Why, the Bible's just like a bone thrown down among a pack o' curs. You Christians are always a-snarlin' over it, and pullin' it about, and snatchin' a morsel off it here, and another morsel there. You can always get up a dog-fight over the Bible. It's likely a man of sense like me 'ud value it!"

Levi had been a greater traveller than any other of the Hazeldines, and was looked up to as a man of more than ordinary knowledge. He could read many books which were difficult to be understood by the greater number of his neighbours. He had been a great scholar thirty years ago, when he won the black-letter Bible; and he was believed to be a greater scholar now. So it made all his simple-minded kith and kin very uneasy to hear his estimate of the Bible.

"If you set so little store by it," said Judith, who was a shrewd woman, "why not leave the old Bible behind you? We'd pay the value of the silver, and welcome."

"It's not a Bible: it's an heirloom," answered the wise Levi; "there's a charm with it. Those that have got it have good luck. If your lad can win it, it's his, and the luck 'll go to him; but if he can't it 'll stay with me, and go with me out o' the country. It's a great deal that I'll stay to give him a chance."

You may be sure that Simeon was as eager as Judith herself that he should win the Bible. The lad had been sharp enough to get for himself an alphabet of Old English letters, and had copied verse after verse diligently in their characters. But he had no idea of what chapter he might have to read. According to tradition, the usage was to blindfold the eyes of the candidate, and to lay his open palm on the closed volume, which he then opened for himself. Some familiar psalm or well-known passage in the Gospel might lie before him, or some long hard chapter in Chronicles, or the still more unaccustomed words of the minor prophets might meet his eye. He felt as if it would almost break his heart to let the old Bible quit the country.

(To be continued.)

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy, eight years old. "You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better and kick them less," said the little urchin.



DUEL BETWEEN LIZARD AND SCORPION.

## SOMETHING ABOUT LIZARDS.

BY REV. EDWARD A. BARD.

Oh, the kingdom of the lizards!—brown, black, olive-green, leaf-tailed, broad-tailed, turnip-tailed, banded, crested, speckled, but every one a lizard.

In the above statement, I did not exhaust the list of colours in the lizard kingdom. We find tints of blue, red, chestnut and yellow. Other features we will notice as together we look at this large, widely-scattered family.

When the spring sun shines on the green lizard, its color is brightest. That master-painter, the sun, when he passes his brush over the earth, does not forget the members of this family. In return, this creature loves the sun. It is just a lazy loafer, seemingly, in localities bathed in sunshine. If one thrust his hand forward as if to seize it, the loafer is gone; he has darted into some safe retreat. Patience and kindness will tame him, and he will come at last and breakfast on gathered flies in one's hand.

There is a lizard called the official skink, which might be loosely translated as the medicinal skink. Once it was highly valued by the doctors. They dried it; they pounded it, and gave it to their patients. "Lizard" was reputed to be a wonderful healer. It is said that the doctors would sometimes prove their belief in this panacea by taking a dose themselves. This was only fair. They did not hesitate to swallow some of their other remedies, such as "the grated flesh of a mummy," also, "the burnt liver of a hyena," and "the moss from a dead man's skull" was not a dose too difficult for them. Do you laugh! Coming generations may smile and wonder at some of our remedies.

And here is the broad-headed plestiodon, but I will ticket him with an easier name by which he is known—the scorpion lizard. He is a native of our continent; and if he can find the forsaken home of a woodpecker, say, thirty or forty feet above the ground, he is pleased. Without asking who the landlord is, and what the rent may be a month, he drops in at once and is happy. He is called venomous, and can indeed put so much strength into his bite that people will have occasion to remember him at least an hour or two. So that very popular visitor, the mosquito, has enough virulence in his stinger to make us wish him at the bottom of the Atlantic, and yet neither scorpion, lizard nor mosquito is a dreadful creature. This lizard is fond of a home in a tree, lunches on insects, and likes to sip the dew sparkling on the leaves. Another North American lizard is the five-lined plestiodon, or, as common folks would say, the blue-tail.

And who is this eyeing us out of circular eyelids? This is a house gecko, the fan-foot, common in Egypt. He is an agile traveller, running over the floor or a wall, and is nimble in picking up a bug as he goes along. While common, he is not popular. In Cairo, they nickname him abou-burs, or, "father of the leprosy." The common gecko, or ringed gecko, is very much at home in India. By day it bides, and here it differs from the lizard that loves the sunshine; for at night the common gecko darts out of his retreat, and is such a soft-footed traveller that ignorant people in India give him a place among supernatural beings. When cold weather sets in, he retires to winter barracks, and is believed to be nourished by means of "two fatty masses" on its body.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND HEBEKEL.

B.C. 701.] LESSON II. [JAN. 10.

## A SONG OF SALVATION.

Isa. 26. 1-10. Memory verses, 1-4.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—Isa. 26. 4.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's goodness and justice call for the fullest expressions of gratitude.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*In that day*—The day of the final triumph of the kingdom of God—the millennium. *In the land of Judah*—Then the home of God's people, and the type of God's kingdom. *We have a strong city*—The new Jerusalem described in Revelation 21. *Salvation*—Freedom, safety, assured by God's promises and power to keep them. *For walls and bulwarks*—For a defence against all enemies of every kind. *Open ye the gates*—In welcome. Rev. 21. 12, 13, describes the city as having twelve gates, three on each side, so that everybody could come in, from every direction, from every race and nation. *Righteous nation*—Only such can enter, for it is a state of holiness as well as a place. *Perfect peace*—Peace with God, with nature; peace in his own soul. *Whose mind is stayed on thee*—On God, who is able and willing to defend from all evils, and make all things work together for good. *The lofty city*—Such as Nineveh or Babylon. All the enemies of God; every stronghold of sin. *The poor and . . . needy*—The weakest of God's people; those now oppressed. *Thou . . . dost weigh*—Ponder, direct. *In the way of thy judgments*—In their path, to see them come. The judgments on the wicked, that vindicate God's people. *Thy name*—Expresses the whole character, and all the attributes of God. *The remembrance*—Or memorial. God's character expressed in all that he has done; the memory of his past acts. *In the night*—Of affliction, sorrow, persecution, poverty. *Seek thee early*—Earnestly. *The majesty of the Lord*—His greatness, his goodness.

## Find in this lesson—

1. A picture of the kingdom of God.
2. Who may enter.
3. The blessings of those who live there.
4. The different effects of God's providence on different people.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What city did Isaiah see in his vision? "The city of God—the new Jerusalem."
2. Who can enter the city? "Those who become righteous by believing in Jesus."
3. What blessings will they have? "Safety, peace, God's presence, and care."
4. What will become of God's enemies? "They must be destroyed."
5. What is the object of God's discipline? "To make men good."

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

3. But are all mankind, being born in sin, born without hope? No; for a Saviour was provided from the beginning, and all that come into the world receive of his grace, and his Spirit. Gen. 3. 15; John 1. 9, 10; Romans 8. 18; 1 Peter 1. 20; Rev. 13. 8.
4. By what means were our first parents led to commit so great a sin against God? By the subtlety of the devil, who made use of the serpent to beguile Eve. Gen. 3. 13; 2 Cor. 11. 3.

A CONFIRMED old bachelor was out at a social gathering the other evening, where he was so unfortunate as to become seated behind a party of vivacious young ladies. Conversation turned upon athletic subjects, when one pert young miss inquired: "Mr. Brown, what is your favourite exercise?" "Oh! I have no preference; but just at present I should prefer dumb bells," was his rather curt reply.

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