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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

[No. 3.]



LEARNING TO SKATE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The Sweet Old Story.

Tell me about the Master!

I am very weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in the shadow,
And only the evening is light!
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west.
My poor heart is weary, weary,
And longs like a child for rest.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judah's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the wrongs he freely forgave;
Of his love and tender compassion,
Of his love that was mighty to save;
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow

Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

ON THE ICE.

THERE is no more healthful or exhilarating out-of-door exercise than skating. It makes the blood tingle to the utmost extremities, and imparts the glow of health to the cheek. Ladies have learned to skate quite gracefully, although they may require a little help in learning, such as the lad in the picture is proud to render to the young lady, who seems to be his sister from the resemblance between them. It is a good thing for boys to help their sisters. It makes them manly, and courteous, and strengthens one of the most beautiful ties that can unite any human beings.

THE CHILDREN SAVE THE TOWN.

THE terrible business of war, with its cruelty and suffering, the clash of weapons and dreadful shedding of blood, is something with which little folk might well fancy they could have nothing to do. But there was one war in the olden time in which the children not only played an important part, but, through them, a great city was saved from destruction, and a long and cruel war brought to an end.

Some of you who have travelled, may be familiar with the great city of Hamburg, in Germany, and know its streets and palaces, its beautiful gardens, and the active and industrious people who dwell there. It is a very old city, and in the days long gone by it was attacked many times by its enemies, and long and bitter were the struggles of the inhabitants with the armies that sought to destroy their beautiful town. In the year 1432, it was surrounded by a great Hussite army, and the commander, Procopius the Great, had been so successful in defeating the German troops in battle, that he felt quite sure the city could only offer a feeble resistance, and that very soon he could march through its streets at the head of his victorious soldiers. For years the war had lasted, and one town after another had been taken; so Procopius formed an encampment about its walls, and sat quietly down to await the moment of surrender.

Within the city there was terrible consternation. The inhabitants saw the army drawn up in front of its gates, and knew that for a short time only could

they hope to resist the besiegers. "There is none to succour us. We and our wives and our children must perish with hunger and thirst within the walls of the city, or the men must go forth to be slain by the sword."

Suddenly some one cried: "The children! The children! Behold, they can save us."

"But what can the children do?" cried another. "They are young and tender. They cannot fight; neither can they create food, that we may not starve."

But this was not the intention of the speaker. "Let the gates be opened," he cried, "and let the children go forth. Let the elder ones take the little ones by the hand, and the tender youths the babes and the infants, and let them pass out before our conquerors. Soldiers are but men, and their hearts are often gentle. Let the children go, and their hearts will be melted; they will do them no harm, neither will they destroy us."

And so it was arranged. You can imagine how desperate their strait must have been; how they must have suffered before the fathers and mothers would try such a desperate scheme, and allow the little ones to leave their sheltering arms and pass out into the presence of the rough men whose business was to destroy and kill!

Fancy the surprise of the conquering army, as they saw the gates of the city swing open, and through those frowning portals come—not bands of soldiers carrying weapons and urging their steeds forward—but a long line of little children! On they came, in an endless procession, every one clad in white, the elder ones leading the way, and the tiny toddlers clinging to their hands, wondering what the strange scene meant, and why they were thus sent forth alone, leaving home and friends and parents behind.

But the people of Hamburg had judged rightly. The soldiers were but men, and many of them, perhaps, had left behind at home just such little ones as these. When they heard the pattering of the tiny feet, and saw the white-robed throng surrounding their tents, their hearts were indeed melted, and all disposition to fight and ravage and destroy passed away. They who had come to rob, to ruin, and to kill, only desired to take those white-robed little ones to their hearts, and to shower love and kindness upon them. What could they do for them? They looked around, and saw that the trees of the orchards round about were loaded with cherries. With one accord they threw down their weapons, and gathering great, beautiful branches, filled with the rosy, round fruit, loaded the children with them, and sent them back to their parents with a message of peace and good-will. The victory was won, so far as the safety of the city was concerned—a great, a bloodless victory, won by the children. Back they marched, and from the throats of the waiting multitude rang glad shouts of thanksgiving.

For many years, as the day came round on which this great event took place, it was celebrated, and called "The Feast of Cherries." Through the streets of Hamburg long processions passed, made up of children, each one bearing in the right hand a branch filled with cherries.

There have been wars and bloodshed in every age, wild struggles between nations, and great victories, but rarely do we read in history a more beautiful and thrilling story than that of the army of little ones who saved Hamburg.—*Harper's Young People.*

We must always speak of the things of God reverently and seriously, and as becomes the oracles of God.

IT HURTS EVERYWHERE.

MATTIE DYER BRITTE.

"I wish the whole liquor business was done away with!" said a young man sitting in a friend's office, one day.

"Don't drink, do you, Will?" asked the friend.

"No, sir, never. I have never taken a glass of whiskey in my whole life," was the prompt answer.

"Then I don't see that it has hurt you much. It's a bad business, to be sure. But let it alone, and it won't hurt you."

"I don't agree with you," said Will, quietly.

"Don't?" inquired the friend, lightly.

"No, sir. It has hurt me already. I wouldn't be in your office to day if it hadn't."

"Explain yourself, Will,"

"I am out of a place. I worked in Allison's factory, you know."

"True. And it was burned down last night."

"Yes, sir. Our engineer had been on a spree lately. He did not know what he was about half the time. Last night, while he was drunk, he laid his pipe down on a pile of very dry lumber, went off and forgot it. A spark from it started the fire. This morning there is no factory, and about thirty hands—myself among the number—are thrown out of employment for the winter. Didn't it hurt me?"

"Well, yes, Will, I admit that it did."

"Mr. Allison is almost ruined, the men out of work with families to support, trade hurt by the loss of their custom in the village, and I don't know that the trouble even ends there; all because one man took a drink of whiskey!"

"I see! I see!" said the old gentleman. "It hurts everywhere, as far as it reaches, farther than any one would dream. Down with it all, I say!"

And "down with it all!" we heartily repeat. "Down with the liquor traffic everywhere and every way! It blights and destroys more homes than any other agency. It ruins many a man for time and eternity. Down with it all!"

THE FOUR TRUTHS.

THERE was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; whilst the fourth and last was a full-sized tree.

Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily. "And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hands upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree (grasped in the arms of the youth) scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them; the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out."

An Angel's Visit.

BY MAUD GREGG, JUN.

WHAT did you say, one month to-day,
Since our darling took wings and flew far away?
Oh yes, you are right; one month last night
I held my own darling, so loving and bright,
And sang the old lullaby just in this spot—
"Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree-top."

I watched his sweet eyes grow heavy with sleep,
And then the dear lashes were kissing his cheek—
"When the wind blows the cradle will rock;"
But then mamma knew she might as well stop.
To the sweet land of Nod my baby had gone,
And dream-nymphs had finished my lullaby-song.

One month ago! It seems a long time
Since for the last time I sang the old rhyme,
And saw my own darling asleep on my arm,
And prayed to my Saviour to "keep him from harm."
My prayer may be answered? Perhaps it is so.
Our eyes are so dim, our perceptions so slow,
To discover God's plan when it crosses our own,
Is a lesson for sinners—aye, Christians—to learn.

My boy was at play the very next morn,
When a radiant angel came floating along;
She paused, and took note of his infantile grace—
She took a long look in his beautiful face.
Drawing still nearer, she called him by name,
Hovering yet closer she spoke it again.

He saw her at last, his play lost its charms,
He gave a glad cry, and reached up his arms;
He forgot "Muzzie dear" in the light of her eye,
And though she called wildly he heard not her cry.
Still nearer she came, that angel of light,
And bore my sweet boy away out of my sight.

"Keep him from harm!" Yes, that was my prayer.
And is he not safe from all harm over there?
Then why all this anguish—these tears that are mine?
My prayer was not answered in my way, but thine.
Now, Lord, guide my lips, and teach me to say—
Grant my petitions just in thine own way.

I am but human, while thou art divine,
Thy will, oh Jesus, be done, not mine!
Of thine own kingdom my babe is a part—
Then crush out, I pray thee, this pain from my heart;
And make it a joy to contribute to thee
A blossom as stainless and spotless as he.

Toronto.

A SLATE PENCIL.

ONCE upon a time there were no slate pencils
and no writing slates in all the world. There was
not even any slate of which to make them. This
was very long ago, so long that I am obliged to
say "once upon a time," as the fairy stories do.

What then was there if there was no slate?
Only mud lying at the bottom of the sea.

And now you will have two questions ready for
me all in a breath and the first is, How did the
mud get turned into slate? The second is, Where
did the mud come from? Let us try to find an
answer to the second question first.

You have heard of volcanoes (which some people
wrongly call burning mountains), and perhaps you
know that some volcanoes break out, not on dry
land, but under the sea. Lava, ashes, and pieces
of rock are thrown up through a hole high into the
air, and fall back into the sea.

The ashes and dust mix with the water and
become soft, fine mud, which, when all the disturb-
ances are over, settles down at the bottom of the
sea, and in course of time gets covered over with
other things washed down by rivers from the land.

This sounds strange, does it not? Did you ever
think that the slate pencil which you hold in your
hand, which you break so carelessly and lose so
easily, was once, in the shape of ashes, sent flying
out of a boiling, steaming hole deep down under
the bottom of the sea? You will now have some
little respect for it.

It took ages and ages to make it hard and firm

enough for you to use, and we do not know all the
history of it very well. The older the slate—that
is, the longer it has taken to make—the better and
more perfect it is. It is found in some of the
oldest rocks in the world.

While it was lying as mud under the sea, it is
supposed that it was hardened by other rocks being
laid down upon it and pressing upon it. Then it
went through a great many changes caused by
more volcanic disturbances; got twisted, and set
on end, and upheaved, and bent, and broken, and
let down again, until—partly with all this treat-
ment, and partly with the fierce heat below—it
was gradually changed into what we call slate.

When slate is taken from the quarry it is sent
to a man called a slatemaker, who splits it into
blocks about two inches thick. He splits it by
driving a wedge along the line where it will most
easily break. This is called the line of cleavage.
A man, called a dresser, cuts each slate to the
right size and makes its edges tidy.

The slate pencils are first cut in long, narrow
strips, and then smoothed and rounded, and put
into little boxes for sale in the shops. I ought to
tell you, however, that they are not made of the
best slate. Most of the British slate would not do
for them; it is too hard. There is a softer kind of
slate found in Germany and Austria, and of that
your slate pencils are generally made.

LONG AGO.

MAY F. MCKEAN.

"PAPA, our teacher told us to-day that long ago
people did not travel in steam-cars as they do now:
but just then the bell rang and he did not have
time to tell us how they did travel. So will you
please tell us now?" asked George Hatton, one day.

"Yes, I want to know about that too," said
Nellie. So both prepared to listen attentively.

"The advantages of travel which we enjoy are
comparatively recent," replies papa, laying aside his
book. "Although the motive power of steam has
been known since the third century B.C., yet
its practical application as a means of travelling was
not made until early in the present century. Wooden
railways, and afterward iron ones with heavy car-
riages drawn by horses, were already in use for
transporting ore and other heavy materials; but the
first passenger railway with steam power was used
in England in 1814, though we of to-day would
think six miles an hour slow travelling, I fear.
Since then almost every year has witnessed some
improvement in the means and facility of travel."

"But what did they use before that, papa?"

"Of course travelling afoot was much more
general then than now; but besides that horses,
mules, and camels would be found, according to the
country you were in. Of these, horses were in the
most general use; mules are surer-footed, and are
found in rough and mountainous regions; and
camels, which have great powers of endurance, are
found in the East, where, to this day, they are used
for crossing deserts, and taking other long journeys."

"I wonder when they were first used!" queried
George.

"The first mention we have in the Bible of camels
is in Genesis xii. 16, and we find Abraham journey-
ing down into Egypt with a great train of sheep
and oxen and servants and asses and camels. From
the frequent mention thereafter it is evident they
were commonly used thus. They are capable of taking
very long journeys without either food or water.
It is said that the singular-looking hump which you
observe on the back of a camel, is an accumulation
of fat, from which the animal draws its sustenance
during a long period of abstinence from food. The
Arab is careful that this hump is in good condition

before he crosses the desert, and always allows a
sufficient rest with plenty of food afterwards for
it to be replenished. We cannot look at any of
his creatures without seeing how wisely the Creator
has provided for all their wants and necessities."

"How fast can camels travel?" asked Nellie.

"When speed is necessary, they run with a long
swinging motion which is described as anything
but comfortable for the rider. Some authorities
state that the dromedaries (which sustains about the
same relation to the camel that the race-horse does
to our ordinary beast of burden) can travel as fast
a horse; this has been denied, however, by more
recent travellers. Twenty or twenty-five miles a
day was probably as far as a camel-rider could go
with any degree of comfort. You will remember
the Queen of Sheba came thus to see the wisdom of
Solomon, and two months and a half were probably
consumed in this journey."

"I remember that they used to have 'runners'
too," said George.

"Yes, these were men trained for this especial
purpose, and many of them were fleet-footed. In
later times we called them 'couriers,' and both they
and mounted couriers play an important part in
public affairs until a comparatively recent day.
When Ahasuerus wished to send a hasty word
throughout his one hundred and twenty-seven prov-
inces, it was by this means, as you will see by
reading Esther viii. 10."

"Well, I am glad we have railroads and post-
offices," said Nellie, with evident satisfaction.

"We may well be thankful that God has placed
our lines in such pleasant places, and amid so many
advantages," their papa replied.

A SHARP REBUKE.

A CERTAIN infidel, who was a blacksmith, was in
the habit, when a Christian man came to his shop,
of asking some one of the workmen if they had
heard about Brother So-and-So, and what he had
done. They would say,

"No, what was it?"

Then he would begin and tell what some Christian
brother, or deacon, or minister had done, and then
laugh and say, "That is one of the fine Christians
we hear so much about."

An old gentleman—an eminent Christian—one
day went into the shop, and the infidel soon began
about what some Christians had done, and seemed
to have a good time over it. The old deacon stood
a few moments and listened, and then quickly asked
the infidel if he had read the story in the Bible
about the rich man and Lazarus?

"Yes, many a time; and what of it!"

"Well, you remember about the dogs, how they
came and licked the sores of Lazarus?"

"Well," said the deacon, "do you know you just
remind me of those dogs, content to merely lick the
Christian's sores."

The blacksmith grew suddenly pensive, and has
not had much to say about failing Christians since.

REVERENCE.

"I WISH," said Robert Hall, speaking of a lady
who was wont to talk of the Supreme Being with
great familiarity, "I wish I knew how to cure that
lady of her bad habit. I have often tried, but, as
yet, in vain. It is a great mistake to affect this
kind of familiarity with the King of kings, and
speak of him as though he were a next-door neighbour,
from the pretence of love." To this he adds, quot-
ing an old divine, "Nothing but ignorance can be
guilty of this boldness: there is no divinity but in
a humble fear, no philosophy but shows itself in a
silent admiration."

The Dead March.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way
 March the feet of a million men;
 If none shall pity and none shall save.
 Where will the march they are making end?
 The young, the strong, and the old are there
 In woeful ranks as they hurry past,
 With not a moment to think or care
 What is the fate that comes at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom,
 Out of a boyhood pure and fair—
 Over the thoughts of love and home—
 Past the check of a mother's prayer;
 Onward swift to a drunkard's crime,
 Over the plea of wife and child,
 Over the holiest ties of time—
 Reason dethroned, and soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drunkard's grave
 Covers the broken life of shame—
 Whilst the spirit Jesus died to save,
 Meets a future we dare not name.
 God help us all, there's a cross to bear
 And work to do for the mighty throng!
 God give us strength, till the toil and prayer
 Shall end one day in the victor's song!

—Mary T. Lathrop.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

CHRIST AS A YOKE-FELLOW.

Boys have their thoughts, and perhaps if they were to speak oftener about them they would get mistakes corrected much sooner. In thinking about the words of Jesus, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me," I used to imagine the Master sitting and deciding for each one of us what kind and weight of a yoke we should bear; and that yoke, whatever it was, should be on our necks till death. But we are sure to learn, if we are anxious to learn; and I now look upon it in a much more cheerful light. Christ appeals to us to become yoke-fellows with him. He invites us to come and share his experiences. Paul had his yoke-fellows, and he sends kind remembrances to them. Our Master does not put a yoke upon us, and stand off at a distance to see us toil beneath it. He rather asks us to come under the yoke with him, and well assured are we that in such a case the heavy part of the service is done by him who now invites us.

What a blessed mark was put upon the poor Cyrenian! not the Simon who denied his Master; not the Simon who condescended to invite Jesus

to dine with him: not the Simon who practised sorcery in Samaria; but the Simon who bore Christ's cross. And Luke, with his usual care and exactness, tells us that he bore it "after Jesus." Of course it may mean that Jesus walked before, guarded by the soldiers, and Simon came behind, bearing the cross; but we are pleased to think that very likely it means that Jesus, unable to bear the whole weight any longer, continued to bear the forward, and presumably the heavier, end, and Simon bore the other end after him. Two things would immediately occur to Simon's mind, and have occurred to many a Christian's mind since: (1) He would necessarily be obliged to keep step with Jesus; and (2) He could bear more of the load by getting up closer to Christ. No doubt he did them both, and we thank him for it!

Blessed companionship! divine yoke-fellow! How easy is thy yoke when thou dost bear it with us! And even the cross itself has sung itself out of the disgrace men sought to put upon it, and has become a badge of discipleship!

"Light is the load when his grace goes with it,
 Leader and Lover and Friend!
 Sweet is the rest with his love beneath it,
 Solace that never shall end!

Come to the Refuge, and you shall have rest;
 Come to the Blessed, and you shall be blest;
 Now and forever a friend and a guest;
 Come to the Saviour, come!"

—Selected.

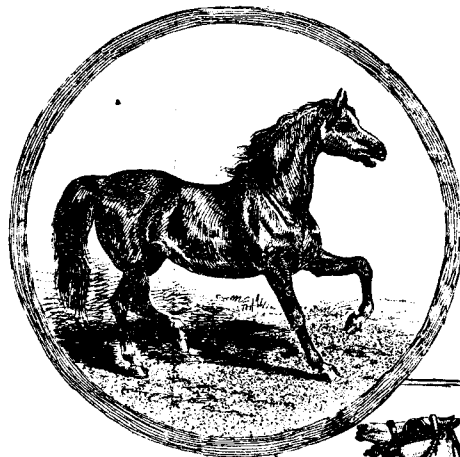
TWELVE CENTS A WEEK.

It is well known that many poor schools are liberally helped by the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund. These schools are all urged to pay something, as much as they can, toward the grant given them. The S. S. Board expects at least half the amount of the grant. Some schools will pay \$3 or \$5, and receive a grant of \$6 or \$10 worth of papers and books. Now this is a small grant to a school for a whole year. Yet there are so many claimants that the S. S. Board has to insist on this rule, except where the schools are just starting, or are extremely poor. In these cases a free grant is often given outright. By this means about 400 new schools have been established during two years.

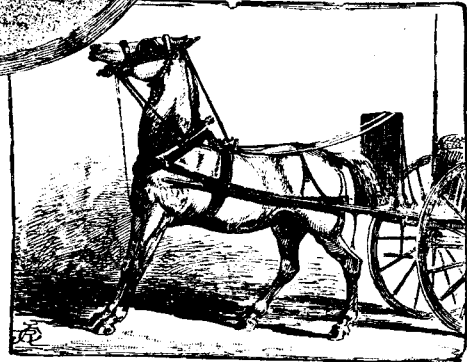
But if schools will only give systematically, from week to week, they can raise a much larger sum than if they try to give a lump sum all at once at the end of the year. Thus a very poor school in Nova Scotia, that could only raise \$3 last year, has this year promised 12 cents a week—and it is a very poor school that cannot collect this. This sum per week amounts to \$6.24 per year, for which the school receives a grant of \$14.40 worth of papers, etc. Even 50 cents a week would not be much for a school of fifty scholars, yet this would amount to \$26 a year—enough to pay for all the papers it would require, and to get a small library every two or three years.

The S. S. Aid Fund is over drawn and cannot give such large grants as it has been giving, especially to schools that have been helped for some time.

OUR own righteousness counts for nothing. The Israelites bitten by the fiery serpents could only believe and look. Neither can we do aught but believe and look.



THE HORSE FREE
 AND UNRESTRAINED.



THE HORSE UNDER TORTURE.

THE CRUEL CHECK-REIN.

A COMMON kind of cruelty to horses is the unnecessary use of the check-rein. The engravings, which are full of spirit, are designed to illustrate in a striking manner the torture to which horses are put by the use of this barbaric

ous invention. The first or upper engraving of these two shows how much at ease and free in their graceful movements horses are in their natural state and when they are under no such galling restraint as when a check-rein is used.

The second group, or set, of engravings is equally striking in its delineation of the condition of horses, first in the easy conventional mode of driving them in ordinary harness, as is seen in the lower engraving; and secondly, when horses in the hands of ambitious drivers or coachmen are cruelly tortured by the check-rein, in order, it is said, to show off their spirit and mettle! To the horse it is a false and cruel device.

"Women have deep sympathies and universal influence. If they will only stop to realize how needlessly horses suffer in many ways, we are certain that they will do everything in their power to have that suffering done away with. Let every woman consider what it must be to an animal whose nerves are fully as sensitive as her own, to have his neck pulled back until the muscles are strained and cramped, to be obliged to wear a bit, which at any sharp pull half dislocates his aching jaw, and then to crown his misery, have his eyes blinded—his beautiful, imploring eyes, which express all his sense of injury and all his helpless agony! If any lady of fashion, instead of lying back against her carriage cushion unconscious of the distress she is permitting, will go in front of her horses, where she can look beneath the blinders and see their speaking gaze, we know that her sympathy will give her no rest until she has secured their rightful comfort."

Mr. Fleming, Veterinary Surgeon of the Royal Engineers (London), says:—

"I think nothing can be more absurd than check-reins. They are against reason altogether. They place the animal in a false position. The horse stands with a check-rein exactly as a man would stand with a stick under his arms, behind his back, when told to write. It is extremely cruel, also. I have no doubt, if the public could only realize the fact that it throws away a large portion of the horse's power altogether, and is very cruel besides, this rein would be discontinued. It is not only the head that suffers; but from his head to his tail, from his shoulder to his hoof, and over his whole body, he suffers more or less."

It would be just as reasonable to use such an

A CHEERING TESTIMONIAL.

MR. WILLIAM JOHNSON, the energetic and successful Superintendent of the Bridge Street Methodist Sunday-school, numbering seven hundred and fifty-seven scholars—probably the largest in the Dominion—writes as follows: "In re-ordering *Home and School* and *PLEASANT HOURS* for 1889, I wish to convey to you our appreciation of these papers. We are somewhat like the Bereans, in that we 'have searched to see if these things (that the publishers say) were true,' and having had samples from all over every year, we find yours by far the best. We distribute the papers to each scholar present each Sunday in the intermediate department of our school. We know of the good they are doing, and the 'lesson helps' they contain are more used than 'leaves' or 'quarterlies.' Furthermore if kept on file, the Superintendents will find for anniversaries, etc., no collection of 'readers' or 'reciters,' be they Canadian, English or American, or called 'peerless,' 'perfect,' 'acme,' or any other high-sounding adjective, at all equal to this of good, patriotic, and temperance selections, for readings and recitations."

We are often in receipt of letters from very remote places that touch our heart with gratitude to God for the unspeakable privilege of being permitted to help to mould the character and to point to the Saviour the dear young people who read these papers.

GIVING UP TOBACCO.

A SUPERINTENDENT in Newfoundland writes: "In behalf of our Sabbath School, I wish to thank you for the help we have received from this noble fund (the S. S. Aid Fund). Ten years ago some of the teachers and most of our male scholars loved tobacco, now all our teachers have given it up and all our scholars but one or two, and those who sold it sell no more. I think the greater part of this may be attributed to our Sabbath School Papers. We have been receiving in the past year ten copies of each of your papers and one Banner. We should feel obliged if you could send us the same the coming year. [We venture to say that the saving on tobacco will far more than pay for the S. S. Papers.—Ed.]

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

THE Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., is sketched by the *Figaro* among "Coming Men." The *Figaro* describes him as a "Welshman" to the finger-tips, and goes on to say:—"Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Hughes was of opinion that the West End required to be roused as much as the East or the South, and he accordingly undertook to preach at St. James' Hall every Sunday, and to assist in visiting the poor and wretched of the district. It is not exactly the poor and wretched who throng to St. James' Hall on Sunday evening; but whatever the station of their life—and their dress denotes the comfortable classes—it is a fact that Mr. Hughes obtains an audience of three to four thousand individuals. This is a considerable achievement, and nobody but a churl would withhold the admission that the preacher is really vigorous and eloquent. He has originality and he has courage; and he is satisfied with an income which many city clerks would turn up their noses at. Never since the life of Morley Punshon has any Wesleyan minister been so popular in the Metropolis as Mr.

Hugh Price Hughes. Mr. Hughes excels as a beggar. He has been styled a brilliant beggar, and if it is true that at a breakfast of the Wesleyan Missionary Society he secured £800 by 'a few red-hot sentences,' this is not exaggeration. He has neglected no effort to keep up the reputation. He raised £1,000 in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester for the Missionary Society, and at the anniversary meeting of the West-end Mission his appeal for funds was largely instrumental in bringing in the substantial sum of £2,500."

"I am the Way."

JESSIE H. BAKER.

FROM a palace to a manger,
Once my Saviour came,
Poor, despised and called "a stranger"
This my Saviour's fame.

On down pathways dark and dreary,
Still my Saviour goes,
Cheering hearts, grown faint and weary,
Bearing other's woes.

On the cross, his arms extended,
There my Saviour dies;
In the grave, his life work ended,
There my Saviour lies.

From the tomb, death's fetters rending,
See my Saviour rise;
Back to heaven, to home ascending
Lo! he mounts the skies.

Wide are flung the gates of brightness
List! the heavenly strains!
On the throne of dazzling whiteness
Now my Saviour reigns.

And to see him in his beauty
On the hills of God,
I must tread the path of duty
That my Saviour trod.

THE STARS.

How many stars do you see when you look up to the sky, on a clear, moonless night? Some people would say, if they were asked this question: "Oh, hundreds!" or "thousands!" And some might even go to the length of millions; but very few would give an exact answer.

Well, astronomers tell us that on a good night, with good eyes, we can see from two to three thousand stars. The actual number of stars which may be seen without a telescope, is two or three thousand overhead; five or six thousand round the whole world. But with the help of the telescope, Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, calculated twenty million stars round the whole world—twenty million suns; for stars are only distant suns.

They must be very distant indeed, you will say, because they look so much smaller than the sun. And they are very distant. Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, whose distance we know is two hundred and thirty-five thousand times as far away as the distance of the sun from the earth—two hundred and thirty-five thousand times ninety-one millions of miles, or millions of millions of miles! The light from Alpha Centauri, which we see, started three and a half years ago. All those three and a half years it has been flashing onward at the rate of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles each second—it has travelled one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles with each tick of the clock! That shows us how very far off Alpha Centauri is.

Perhaps you know the bright star called Sirius—that star which blazes in the southern sky, shining by turns red and blue, green and white? That light from Sirius left its surface twenty years ago. Sirius is so far off, that it has taken the light twenty years to reach the world.



AN AMBITIOUS COACHMAN'S SHOW-OFF.



A HUMANE DRIVER'S HORSES.

instrument of torture in the case of a man carrying parcels or drawing a hand-cart. It is well known— "That if a man has a heavy load to push or draw, he lowers his head by bending forward, and throws the weight of his body against, so as to propel, the load, as does the ox or horse under similar circumstances, if permitted.

"If the man's head were tied to a belt around his body, so that he could not bend forward, he would lose the advantage of his weight, and could only pull or push with his muscles; so also with the ox or horse.

"A horse's check-rein should also be so loose as to let him put his head where he wants to when going up hill, and draught horses should never have check-reins."—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

1588-1888: *The Tercentenary of England's Great Victory over Spain and the Invincible Armada.* By the REV. JAMES LITTLE, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs; and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price 75 cents.

Mr. Little, in this handsome volume, tells once more the grand, heroic story of the defeat of the proudly so-called "Invincible Armada." It is one of the most stirring episodes in the history of the "tight little isle." As the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so the winds and waves, "those ancient and unsubsidised allies that guard her coasts," fought against the enemies of England and of the Protestant faith. One may well devoutly exclaim,

"When was ever God's right hand
Over any time and land
Stretched as then beneath the sun."

Mr. Little has told this stirring story with patriotic fire and vigour. He gives graphic pictures of the chief actors in this great national drama—Elizabeth, Leicester, Essex, Raleigh, Howard and Philip, Farnese, Santa Cruz, and the rest. It is impossible, even after three hundred years, not to feel one's pulses quickened at the tale of the peril and deliverance of our fatherland. The lessons of the conflict with the papacy—a conflict renewed in a different form from age to age—are duly enforced. Such books will make better citizens and patriots of those who read them. The book is admirably printed, with marginal notes.

Shades Christ's Children.

SHADES of night are creeping, creeping,
Dark and darker grows the day;
Little ferns are robbed for sleeping,
Little hands are raised to pray;
Jesus, thou who watch art keeping,
Listen what the children say;

"We are little children, Jesus,
By thy footstool bending low,
And we know thy goodness sees us
While we think and speak and go;
In the school-room, in the wild-wood,
In our troubles, in our glee,
Thou who know'st our earthly childhood,
Let the little children follow thee.

"We are little travellers, Saviour,
And the world is wide and long,
Very weak is our behaviour,
But thine arm is and kind strong;
Hold our tender feet from falling,
Keep our spirits free from sin;
From thy throne in heaven calling,
Take thy little travellers in.

"We are little Christians, Father,
Little soldiers of the Lamb,
And round thy cross we gather,
Battling for thy precious name.
Help us, Father, Saviour, Jesus,
Fight our sins and weakness down,
Till the love of Christ release us
From earth's cross to heaven's crown."

So as the shades of night come creeping,
And as darker grows the day,
While they kneel before their sleeping,
Feeble words in faith to say,
All thy little children keeping,
Jesus hear them when they pray!

PILGRIM STREET.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER II.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

MR. HOPE ascended the steps of the Assize Courts, closely followed by Phil, who shrank with dread from the severe eye of the first policeman whom they met. He was a tall, strong man, stiff and straight as an arrow, with a rigid face that could not readily be moved either to a smile or a frown. He was about to lay his hand upon little Phil, as he ventured to enter the grand hall under the protection of his new friend, when he was arrested by Mr. Hope speaking to him.

"Banner," he said, "can you tell me anything of the case of Handforth and others on the charge of housebreaking?"

"To be sure I can," answered Banner; "the house is in my beat, sir, but I was off duty at the time. Two men and a boy engaged in it; the men were taken in the house, but the boy escaped. They're up now, sir, before Mr. Justice Roberts."

"This little fellow says his brother was at home all night with him," said Mr. Hope. "Is not the boy's name Tom Haslam?"

"Ay, sir, Tom Haslam," replied Banner, "that's the lad's name. But it's no use hearkening to these young ones—their only encouraging them in their lies. They are born and bred liars and thieves, sir."

The gentleman sighed, and looked down upon Phil with such an expression of pity and tenderness, that the child was emboldened to speak, even in the presence of the policeman.

"It isn't a lie," he said, thrusting his little hand into Mr. Hope's, and looking up with new-born confidence. "There's Nat Pendlebury and Alice could tell, if somebody 'ud only ask them. They know that Tom was with me. Oh! whatever can I do, if Tom is taken to jail again?"

"Banner, I will inquire into this," said Mr. Hope. "Do you say the prisoners are before Mr. Justice Roberts?"

"Ay, sir; this way, if you please," answered Banner, striding away toward a corridor leading to the interior of the building. But Mr. Hope bade him and Phil wait for a few minutes, which the child did in fear and trembling, without so much as moving one of his restless little feet under the stern gaze of Banner. Before long he heard the voice of his friend again, but he could scarcely believe it was the same, as he appeared in a black robe, and with a gray wig above his dark hair. Mr. Hope smiled, and again bade him follow in his steps, and, conducted by Banner, they went a few paces down the arched corridor, and turned into a room filled with people.

It was not the great Criminal Court, as large as many a church and chapel, with galleries in it for the accommodation of those persons who wished to be present at the trials; the number of prisoners was large, and this was an additional court, held in a smaller room, in order that the business of the assizes might be more quickly despatched. But to Phil the place seemed large, and crowded with strange faces, until Mr. Hope told Banner to lift him on to a bench, and bade him look round if he could see Tom. It was a minute or two before he looked in the right direction; but at length he saw a clear spot near the middle of the room, railed round, and separated from the rest, where stood Handforth and another man, and beyond them Tom, with his black hair and eyes, and his familiar face, only more dogged and downcast than Phil had ever seen it before. Somebody was just crying out, in a loud voice, "Thomas Haslam!" and Tom looked up for a moment, and moved his lips, but Phil could not hear any sound come from them. Other words were said, which Phil could not understand, and Handforth and the other man answered "Guilty," in a loud, bold voice; and then Tom uttered something, and Banner laid his hand heavily on Phil's shoulder.

"Eh!" he said, "he pleads guilty. He says he did it, and he'll be sent to jail for it, and serve him right, the young rascal!"

For a moment Phil could not understand it; but as soon as he thought of Tom going away from him into jail broke upon his mind, a childish cry rang through the quiet court, and the judge looked round, and a hard voice called "Silence! silence!" But Phil heard and saw nothing but Tom and the judge.

"Oh, Judge!" he cried, "Tom didn't do it. He was at home with me all night, and Nat Pendlebury and Alice knew he was."

It was a clear, shrill little voice, and not a word was lost in the silence. Tom started, and looked round eagerly, and the dogged expression passed away from his face as he caught sight of Phil standing on the bench, with his thin, small arms, so plainly seen through his ragged jacket, stretched out toward him. Mr. Hope was speaking in a low tone to the judge; and the judge fastened his eyes keenly and penetratingly upon Tom.

"Thomas Haslam," he said, "Mr. Hope undertakes your cause. I will try another case before this. Let the prisoners at the bar be removed."

In a few minutes more, Phil found himself in a small, detached room, with Banner and Mr. Hope and Tom. Tom's hand was firmly clasped between both his own, and they were standing together before Mr. Hope, with Banner behind them, ready to seize Tom, and carry him back to jail if he were proved guilty. Tom's black eyes were searching Mr. Hope's face with a keen and cautious scrutiny; but after the search was ended, and he had looked fully into Mr. Hope's own kindly eyes, the lines of

his face grew less hard, and there was something like a smile playing round his hungry mouth.

"My boy," said Mr. Hope, "are you or Phil telling the truth?"

"Phil," answered Tom, pressing the child's hand fondly.

"What were you going to plead guilty for?" asked Mr. Hope.

"It were no good to say I were 'Not guilty,'" said Tom, a surly look returning to his face. "The police swore I were guilty, and the others were going to say they were guilty; and they said the judge would be ten times harder on me if I said I were not guilty; so that was how I came to say I were guilty. The judge knows nought about poor folks like me."

"You do not care much about telling the truth always," said Mr. Hope.

"No," answered Tom, not boldly but frankly; "it doesn't pay for a poor boy like me to tell the truth every time he speaks."

"But now, Tom," said Mr. Hope, "I intend to be your friend, on condition that you tell me the whole truth, and the simple truth. If you have really not been helping in this robbery, I can save you from going to jail. Tell me all you know about it; what you have had to do with Handforth, and what you were doing that night."

Once more Tom's keen eyes scanned the face of his new friend; and then he drew himself up, and raised his head with an air of resolution, and began to speak quietly and deliberately.

"We lodge with Handforths, Phil and me," he said; "they live in a cellar, and we have the place under the steps to sleep in. The night they say I was helping in the robbery, Phil and me were up at Longsight, selling chips, and we didn't get home till after nine o'clock, and Phil went straight off to bed, because he was cold and hungry; and I didn't do anything but just run to Pilgrim Street, to Nat Pendlebury's, with a penn'orth of chips, for Alice. It was striking ten by the old church clock as I came back, and Nat knows it. But before it was light in the morning, the police came and took me up, and said I'd had a hand in breaking into a house the night before."

"Do you know anything about it, Banner?" asked Mr. Hope.

"If what Thomas Haslam says is true," answered Banner, "he can have nought to do with the housebreaking. It was done somewhere between nine and ten of the night, being a house locked up and left, while the owners were out for the evening. The policeman on duty detected a light in the windows, and knowing the owners were out, he got help and secured the two men, but the lad escaped them by jumping through a back window. He carried off some silver spoons, and and of them was found amongst the straw where Thomas Haslam was sleeping."

"The lad would hardly have carried his stolen booty to his own bed," said Mr. Hope, thoughtfully. "Tom, why did you not speak of Nat Pendlebury and Alice at once, when you were taken up?"

"It were of no good," said Tom, rather sadly; "the police said I'd done it, and the magistrate said I'd done it, and nobody 'ud hearken to me. But if you'd send for Nat Pendlebury, he'll tell you I say true. He lives in Pilgrim Street, and Phil'll run and fetch him."

"Banner shall go," said Mr. Hope; "and Phil can show him the way."

In a few minutes Phil was pattering through the mud at the side of the tall policeman, to whose strides he had to take two or three of his own short steps. Something of the sternness had vanished from the cold eyes of Banner, and he looked a little

less severely upon the tattered child, who ran in eager and panting haste at his heels. Two or three times he loitered at the edge of a crowd, more to give Phil time to recover his breath than to seek for an opportunity to exercise his authority.

In due time they reached Pilgrim Street, a short and narrow street of poor houses, with no thoroughfare through it, and with cellar shops and dwellings on each side of it, into which the daylight—never very bright in the rooms above—scarcely penetrated. A small, spare man, with a rosy and wrinkled face, and grey, wiry hair, was just turning into Pilgrim Street before them, with a bundle of many-coloured papers under his arm, and a paste-pot and paste-brush in his hand. The door of one of the cellar-kitchens was open, and a girl, about the same age as Tom Haslam, stood at it, looking out, with a smile of welcome upon her face. Phil clapped his hands, with a shout of delight, and running on before the policeman, he cried: "That's Nat Pendlebury and Alice!"

(To be continued.)

OUR BOYS.

BY C. CLARKSON, B.A.

GIVE "Our Boys" a fair chance and they will win their spurs. Provide them with *real* teachers who will faithfully exert themselves under a keen sense of their grave responsibilities; who will pursue rational, psychological methods of instruction; who have been thoroughly trained for their work and provided with the necessary outfit, physical, mental, and moral; who will actually *teach*, and not sit like stupid machines to hear lessons out of books. Place "Our Boys" under the possessors of cultivated teaching-power, of nice tact and administrative ability, "apt to teach," true *masters* and no mere apprentices or journey-men. To do this will cost a large outlay of money. But "Our Boys" are worth ten Pacific railways, and ten big canals, which cost far more. Let us spend money on them freely, with the understanding, if need be, that this is their portion, that they will inherit nothing more. They are Canada, not our lakes and shores; let every one of them, at all cost, be thoroughly educated. Let us produce men, as our best and finest product. When they are turned adrift into the world they will give a good account of themselves in the battles of life. They will be blood worthy of this young nation, and give it a history worthy of its parentage.

Turning, in the last place, to "Our Boys" themselves, we will not weary them with a dry homily. We will quote a little poem from memory which caught our eyes about twenty years ago on the torn leaf of an old magazine. The leaf has perished long ago. But here is the song, and we bequeath it to "Our Boys" as our best legacy to them, with the full persuasion that, even though they receive none of the advantages which we contend they ought to receive, they will not be entirely destitute if they adopt its precepts.

Voyager on life's rough sea,
To yourself be true,
And, whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe!

Every wave that beats you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source is gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due,
But while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe!

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power;
Honest fame and hardy health

Are a better dower.
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue,
And to reach the glittering prize
Paddle your own canoe!

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hands of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you break the tyrant chains
That bind the many to the few?
Enfranchise the slavish mind?
Paddle your own canoe!

Would you bless your fellow-men?
Heart and soul embue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe!

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost,
Every great deed nobly done
Will repay the cost.
Leave to heaven in humble trust
All you will do,
But if you succeed you must
Paddle your own canoe!

WESLEYAN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.
Dundas, Ont.

KEEP YOUR HEART UP.

"KEEP your heart up, my boy," said a kind old man, putting a half-penny into the hand of a snow-sweeper of a pathway. He was not the only one who gave a coin to the lad that day. Most people pitched it down on the snow: but this one put it into his hand. They passed without looking at him; but he smiled and spoke. The boy brushed away awhile in silence, forgetting to ask for a copper. "Keep your heart up, keep your heart up," he kept saying to himself. Poor fellow! he had plenty of need to do so. His father was worse than dead—a drunkard; his mother was ill; his little brother was hungry. "Yes, I will," said he, with an extra scrub with his broom. He moved so quickly, and looked so bright, that more than the usual number of coppers fell to his share. That night he was tempted by a bad boy. "No, no, Jack," he replied; I can't do that. The old man told me to keep my heart up, and I mean to hold my head up too." And he did. A wealthy merchant who had often passed him without giving him a second thought, was one day attracted by the honest face of the boy, and, after making full inquiries, and learning his sad history, took him into his employ. He afterward found that his confidence had not been misplaced. The boy developed into a true Christian man, and is to-day the head of one of the staunchest and most trusted firms in the city of London.

THE HEBREW-CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

It is now about seven years since the Rev. Jacob Freshman came from Canada to the City of New York, to labour among the Jews. A son of the late Rev. Charles Freshman, D.D., who before his conversion to Christianity was a Jewish rabbi, and himself brought up in the faith of his fathers, Mr. Freshman is peculiarly adapted to the work to which he has consecrated himself.

In Canada he had great success as a Christian minister, and no lack of comfortable support, but he felt it to be his duty to come to this great commercial centre and preach the gospel of Christ to his brethren—his "kinsmen according to the flesh." Without any financial backing, he began his work in a humble, unostentatious manner, having strong faith that God would open the way before him.

His struggles were many, and his disappointments great. It is hard to get a footing in a great city like New York. There was opposition from Jews,

and a want of appreciation from Christians. He and his faithful wife were at times compelled to live on very scanty means, quite in contrast to the comfortable support of former years; but they laboured on, believing that God had a work for them to do, until they at length saw some fruit of their labours.

After meeting for several years in private rooms and in hired halls, they succeeded in purchasing a large dwelling-house in St. Mark's Place, which was so altered as to afford a Sunday-school and reading-room in the basement, and a neatly furnished chapel on the first floor. Three years ago this was dedicated by Bishop Harris to the worship of God, and the first Hebrew-Christian Church in America was started.

THE BIRD PLAY-HOUSE.

You all know what pretty houses birds build to lay their eggs and rear their young in, but did you ever know of a bird going to quite as much trouble just to make a play-house? The bower bird, of Australia, is not content with the magnificent forests and orange groves he has to sport in, but he must go to work and make a house more to his mind. It does not use it for its nest, nor has its nest ever yet been discovered. One would imagine, from its little ball-room, that the nest itself must be quite a fanciful affair.

The first thing to be done in their little assembly-room is one of the last in ordinary houses. Mrs. Bower puts down her carpet. It resembles a tolerable mat, woven of twigs and coarse grasses. Then other twigs are collected, and arched sides are arranged, making a little alley, large enough to accommodate several friends at a time. Such romping and racing as goes on while Mrs. Bower makes a party! Up and down this curious hall they chase each other, uttering a loud, full cry, which is, no doubt, meant for laughter. It is no sort of protection from the weather; and, as far as any one can see, it is good for nothing but to play in. But as the bird has nothing else in the world to do but to enjoy itself, it is very well to make that the business of life. It is very different with boys and girls, who have precious souls that must live forever, and who have a work to do for God in this world.

These little Bowers think quite as much of amusement as some silly people we have seen in our lives. They gather together just before the front and back door of their homes, a great collection of shining things—nice white pebbles, pretty sea-shells, gay feathers, bits of ribbon (when they can steal any), even bright-coloured rags, broken tobacco pipes, and any shining scraps of metal they may chance to spy in their travels. Gold and brass are all the same to them. If the gold was dull and the brass bright, they would much prefer the latter.

When the natives lose any little articles about their homes, they are pretty sure to rummage over the collections of the nearest Bower birds, and very often succeed in recovering their goods.—*Presbyterian*.

THE cheap, trashy stories, which here are known as "dime novels," have in England the suggestive title of "penny dreadfuls." "Dreadfuls" is a very apt characterization of much of the stuff which appears in the cheap novels and novelette papers. The stories in them are of such a demoralizing character that, as a matter of self-protection, the state legislatures ought to prohibit their publication. It is unwise policy to allow any agency to manufacture criminals.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 10

THE FIERCE DEMONIAK.

Mark 5. 1-20. Memory verses, 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee. Mark 5. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. Bondage, v. 1-13. 2. Freedom, v. 14-20.

TIME.—28 A.D.

PLACES.—South-east coast of sea of Galilee. The country called Gadara.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Other side of the sea*—The east side of the Sea of Galilee. *Out of the tombs*—Excavations made in the rocks, and used for depositing the bodies or ashes of the deceased, were common in northern Syria, and are to this day. *Unclean spirit* Possessed with a demon. *Cutting himself with stones*—The violence of these maniacs is well attested by modern travellers. *Ran and worshipped*—The maniac had some intensified spiritual presentiment concerning Jesus as the Christ. *Legion*—Possessed by all possible demoniacal influences.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How do we learn from this lesson—

1. That we should keep Satan out of our hearts?
2. That Christ can cast out Satan?
3. That we should tell others what Christ has done for us?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Into what country did Jesus go? The country of Gadara. 2. What happened as soon as he landed? An incurable lunatic met him. 3. What was the result of the contest that followed between Jesus and the devils? The maniac was wholly cured. 4. What was the effect on the people whose swine the devils entered? They asked Jesus to depart. 5. What was the effect on the maniac? He prayed to stay with Jesus. 6. What did Jesus command him to do? "Go home to thy friends," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ omnipotent.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. And what was the last and greatest proof? His rising from the dead, as he himself foretold. John ii. 18, 19, 21.

A.D. 28] LESSON VII. [Feb. 17

THE TIMID WOMAN'S TOUCH.

Mark 5. 25-34. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not afraid, only believe. Mark 5. 36.

OUTLINE.

1. The Touch of Faith, v. 25-29.
2. The Word of Power, v. 30. 34.

TIME.—28 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS.—*An issue of blood*—A lady that caused great suffering, and made her ceremonially unclean. *Had suffered many things*—The treatment of this trouble was a strange mixture of drug giving and superstitious incantation, with no certainty of results. *In the press*—In the following crowd as he went to the house of Jairus. *His garment*—Matthew says the border of his garment, or the hem. *She said*—Perhaps aloud, and often repeated, but probably to herself. *shall be whole*—That is, shall be cured of disease.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How do we learn from this lesson—

1. To bring our troubles to Christ?
2. To be freed from our troubles by faith in Christ?
3. To confess Christ as our Saviour?

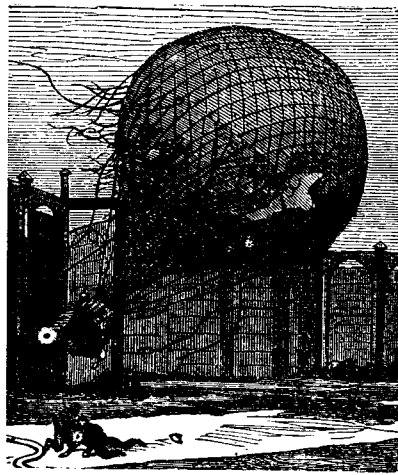
THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who followed Jesus as he went through the city? A suffering woman. 2. How long had she been afflicted? For twelve years. 3. How did she expect to be healed? By touching the garment of Jesus. 4. What did he cause her to do as the result of her act? Confess him before all. 5. What principle that governed her act did Jesus repeat afterward to Jairus? "Be not afraid, only believe."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Confession of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. Have believers an internal evidence that Christ came from God? They have, according to their faith, the witness and the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. John xiv. 20. 1 John iv. 13.



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