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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1888.

[No. 1.]

SNOW-SHOEING IN CANADA.

THIS is a graphic sketch of a favourite winter sport in Canada. It is a picture of a part of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club. A favourite tramp is around or over the mountain, and a very exhilarating tramp it is. The bright moonlight, the lovely winter landscape, the crisp frosty air, the vigorous exercise, all combine to make the trip thoroughly enjoyable. This cut is an example of a large number illustrating Canadian life, which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1888.

FRIENDS IN DISGUISE.

Mr. S. turned over uneasily in his bed, then ran his fingers through his hair, and that awoke his wife.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"They have come," said he; "so get up and let us get out of the house as quickly as possible." As he said this, Mr. S. picked an army ant out of his hair.

Mr. and Mrs. S. were missionaries. They lived on the high table-lands of Africa, several hundred miles from the coast and while you, dear reader, were either sound asleep or engaged in some pleasant pastime, they were retreating in the dead hour of the night from what they considered an enemy.

The army ant is a strange creature. Thousands upon thousands of them form in a close column. They have their officers and their privates. When once started upon their line of march, the army ants cannot be stopped or turned aside. They come into your house by day or by night, and when they come in you must go out.

So this good missionary and his wife were driven out of doors in the night, and took refuge in a neighbour's house.

Their busy little soldiers, however,

did not stay long. They held no dress parade, they beat no drums, and they waved no banners, but they worked. Before sundown of the next day their work was done, and well done. "Forward march!" had been spoken by their officers, and they had marched on to some other place.

the premises; there was not a rat left; all the fleas and cockroaches had disappeared. You could not find a dead fly anywhere, neither could you see a spider's web in any corner. In fact these army ants were simply a vast horde of housekeepers. They worked for nothing and boarded themselves.

THE WAY SHE CURED HIM.

"MARY, what brings you here?" said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you; I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits which the shop-keeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink that!" said Tom in huge astonishment.

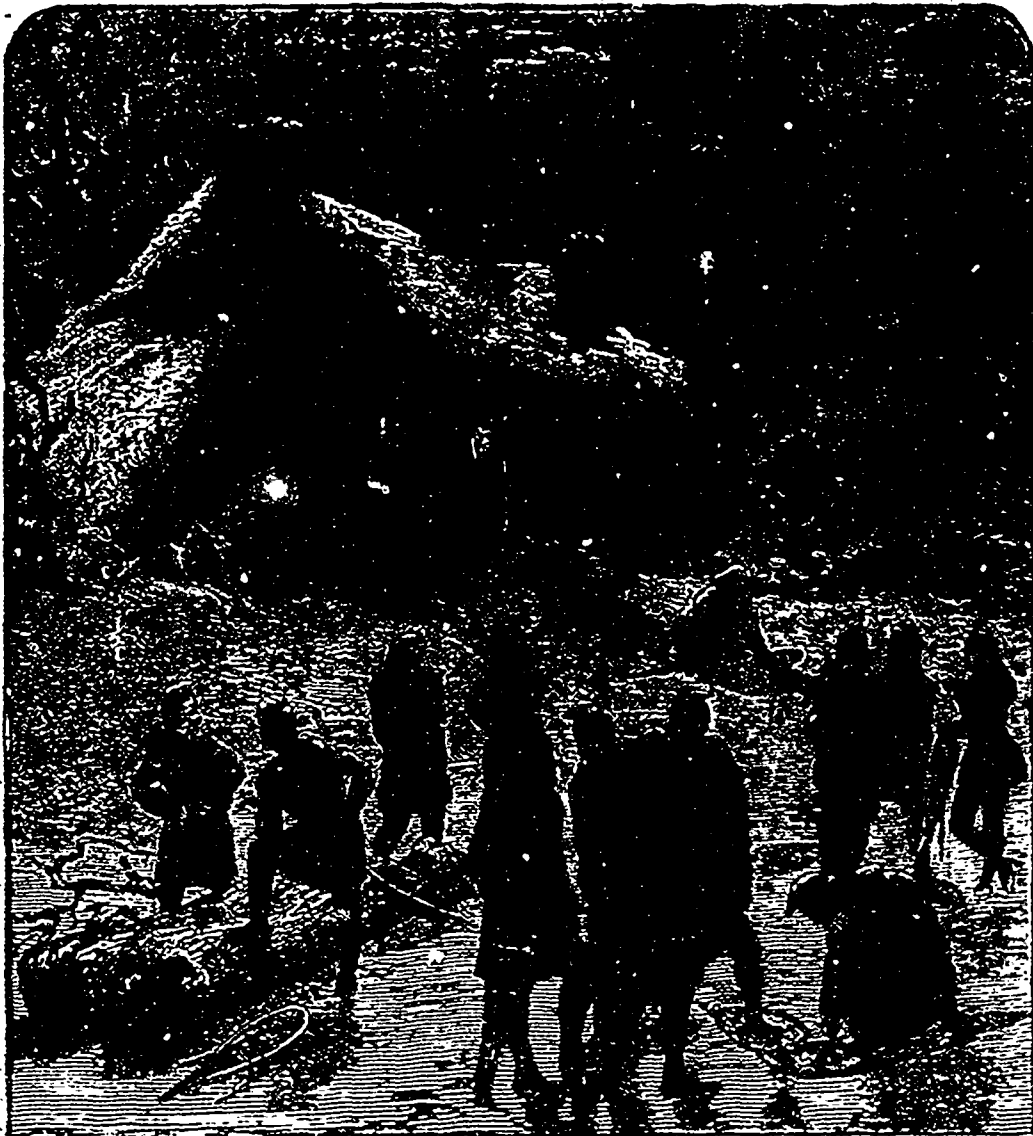
"Why not? You say you drink to forget, and surely I have sorrows to forget."

"Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children," cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children, this is fire, and bed and food, and clothing. Drink, you see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram-shop.—*Selected.*



SNOW-SHOEING IN CANADA.

There were millions of them in the missionaries' house that night, but in less than twenty-four hours not an ant was to be seen. Wonderful soldiers! Were these little creatures really the enemies of the missionaries? No, they were their good friends. They helped the missionary's wife do up her house-cleaning. When they marched away there was not a mouse left on

When they left they took away nothing that did not belong to them.

The missionaries went back into a clean house, and when the army ants visit them again they will be welcomed as old friends. To be sure, they will have the house all to themselves, but they will not stay long.—*Child's Paper.*

Do not forget that you may die.

The New Year.

PADES soon the mystic glory
That on fair childhood's leas,
And all too brief the story
Its vanished dream supplies;
And youth, with heart high beating,
With hopes that spring so fast,
Than morning mist more fleeting,
On swift wings sweepeth past.

The pride, the strength, the beauty,
That come with manhood's prime;
The zeal that nerves to duty
And stirs to deeds sublime;
Ambition's lofty scheming,
And pleasure's cup run o'er,
Wealth o'er its pleasures dreaming,
Success that asks no more,—

All, all, years swiftly flying,
Too soon leave far behind
To each year, ere its dying,
Some jewel is resigned;
Some star that bright was glowing,
To the strained sight is lost;
Some flower that fresh was blowing,
Falls blighted by the frost.

The friends that once were treading
Life's pathway by our side,
Their love its sweetness shedding,
Like perfume far and wide,—
With finished years have slumbered,
Have vanished from our sight,
With holy angels numbered
Beyond the vault of night.

Yet life! thy years that stay not,
Thy scenes that glide away,
Thy pleasures that delay not,
The strife that fill thy day;
Come not in vain to mortals,
If faith Divine they give,
And up through heaven's high portals
Bring man with God to live.

New Year! that, with glad greeting,
Hast come once more to me,
In whispers still repeating
Words oft said tenderly;
Thy voice my soul now heeding,
To noblest aims I rise,
And on where God is leading
Tread with uplifted eyes.

When years so swiftly flying,
Shall all have run their round;
When death itself is dying,
And earth no more is found:
O Saviour, then behold me
From thy great judgment throne,
And let thine arms enfold me,
Thy lips call me THINE OWN!

RAY PALMER.

MISSION WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The following is a letter from Miss KESTON of PORT SURFEX, B. C.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I expect you have all heard of the long time the mission yacht *Glad Tidings* was in going to Victoria last spring, as some of the friends in the east were quite anxious lest some accident had happened. I was on board all those sixteen days and, many times thought how some of the girls and boys at home would enjoy seeing the strange places and people we visited. But as you could not see it all for yourselves, the next best thing will be to write about it; and as the PLEASANT HOURS will reach you in all the different schools, I will tell you my story through its pages. It would make too long a letter if I were to tell you of the whole trip, so will just write about the different Indian tribes we saw. Just two days' journey from Port

Simpson there is an Indian village called Chinaman Hat, because of a mountain near by which is shaped like the hats worn by some Chinamen. In the pretty bay just opposite this village, the *Glad Tidings* was anchored for two days; head winds kept us from proceeding on our journey. The people of this village are heathens, and don't care very much about being school-people, as they call the Christian Indians. As a result of their heathenism they are degraded, their village is composed of old houses built on the beach, not very inviting-looking either made or out. We went ashore and visited from house to house, sang and prayed with the people; Mr. Crosby talked to them in the Tsimpsean language, as many of them understand it. It made my heart ache to see how low sin had brought these poor men and women; the little children looked so neglected that if we had a great big house I would like to gather them all in and take care of them. In one house there was the dead body of a little girl awaiting burial; the friends seemed very sad, the women had their faces covered with red paint as a sign of mourning. They seemed cheered as Mr. Crosby talked to them, and one of the men followed us into the next house and told Mr. Crosby he had helped them very much by his words.

In one house an old man sat by the fire cutting spoons out of blocks of wood; he did not understand Tsimpsean, so we only sang a hymn. When we began singing he stopped his work and listened attentively, but took up his tools again directly we stopped, and worked diligently; he seemed very intent upon his work, and took no further notice of our presence. In the next house, which was smaller and neater than the others, we found a young man whose name is Jasper; two or three boys were with him, and they were having a good deal of fun apparently. When we entered Jasper did not want to notice us or listen when Mr. Crosby talked to him.

Perhaps some of you have heard the sad story of this poor boy, others may not, so I will tell you what I have been told of his past history. A few years ago he lived at Bella Bella, and seemed to be doing right, and trying to be a Christian. Then he was overcome by a sudden temptation to take what did not belong to him, and on being accused of the theft became very angry, rushed out of the house, took a rifle, deliberately pointed it at his body and fired. He did not succeed in killing himself, but was very ill for a long time, and has never been able to walk since. From that time poor Jasper does not want to hear about God, but we hope some day he will understand that Jesus loves him still and is willing to save him.

At the next Indian village we stopped at was Wekeeno; arrived Saturday evening and spent Sunday. Early in the morning we went to the chief's

big house. Mr. Crosby told him he was to get ready for service, so as Pootlas, the chief, seemed very willing, we went to the other houses to tell the people. Mr. Crosby and Mr. Pierce, our native missionary, went to every house and told the people to come to church, then we went back to the chief's house. All in the house were ready themselves, but no preparation was made to provide the rest of the congregation with seats. So Mr. Crosby had to get ready for the people. The boys and girls at home would think it a funny sight to see their ministers at home carrying planks and boxes, or anything that would do for a seat, into their churches; very soon the people began to come in, and we had a good service.

These people have no resident missionary at present, and have been so under the evil influences of the white men who work at the salmon canneries, that they are degraded, and indifferent to good, though, when they hear the glad story of Jesus' love, they usually seem pleased and anxious to have a teacher. In the afternoon there was to be another service held in the same house, and as we were on our way there after the English service I noticed a great noise in one of the houses. As we drew near, Mr. Crosby said to me, "Now I'll give you your first sight of heathenism." We went in, and I found the noise was made by some young men who were gambling. On the floor was spread a mat, in the centre of which lay several articles of clothing, on either side were seated ten or twelve young men who were so intent on the game that they took no notice of our entrance. They held small sticks in their hands which they throw about, shouting and laughing in the most excited way. We stood quietly looking on for a few minutes till, with a deafening shout, they threw down the sticks and jumped to their feet, ready to listen to what Mr. Crosby had to say. He told them to come to the service in Pootlas's house, they responded heartily, "We'll all come," and they kept their word. Mr. Pierce preached, told them of the Father's great house above where there is room for all. They seemed more impressed than at the early service, and before we left the chief and his son said they wanted a teacher right away. We hope the Wekeeno people will soon become true Christians and give up the gambling and dancing, and all the sin and darkness of heathenism. I hope the Christian boys and girls will pray for our Indians and their missionaries, that soon all may know Jesus and his great salvation.

WHENEVER it [prohibition] has been tried, it has succeeded. Friends who know claim that. Enemies, who have been for a dozen years ruining their teeth by biting files, confess it by their lack of argument and lack of facts.—*Wendell Phillips, 1851.*

The Old Year.

ANOTHER year has gone,
With swift and noiseless tread,
Winter and spring have glided on,
Summer and autumn sped—
Each season with its joys and pain;
And they will never come again.

I mourn its wasted time,
If I could live it o'er,
Its sad mistakes I'd try to shun,
Its wrongs would do no more.
But, no; the loss none can repair,
Tis gone forever, the old year.

This only can I do;
Be wry for the past,
And a my loving Saviour's feet
My weary burden cast.
He will blot out sin's crimson stain,
And strengthen me to try again.

And as a bright new year
Comes with its hope and joy,
I'll seek to live aright, and all
My hours for God employ;
And this new year will try to live
That it a record fair may give.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

ANOTHER new year has come. The old year is in the past. To some the old year has brought joy; to others, sorrow and discouragement. Yet has it brought blessings withal! Have we not found some happy hours, although there have at times come trials and disappointments! Certainly the Lord has bestowed on us many and bounteous gifts and his great goodness and tender mercy ought to lead us to give him praise and honour. Have we tried to seek him in the year that is past! Then we can let the old year go without a feeling of remorse. Have we followed in our own ways, and yielded to the devices of Satan! Then we may well regret that the deeds of another year have been placed upon the books of heaven.

Yet, however great our failures in the past may have been, we should not be discouraged and give up trying. The future, with vast opportunities for doing good, still lies before us. Shall we not improve the time still left us? Shall we not seek after Christ as for hid treasures? Shall we not drink deep at the fountain of wisdom? The wise man says that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and they that seek early shall find it.

Nowhere is so favourable a time found for serving God as in the days of our youth. Our habits of thought have not become fixed, and can easily be trained in the right direction. But if our bad habits are allowed to remain, they will grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, until it is impossible for us to break from them. So we should seek God before our hearts have become hardened in sin Satan, with his many devices, tries to draw us away from God; but with a firm principle to do right, we may resist his temptations, and form a strong and holy character.—*Youth's Instructor.*

HAVE the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Hymn for the New Year.

"O REAR that lies before us,
What shall thy record be,
As thy short months roll o'er us,
And swift thy moments flee?
Now thou art fair and spotless
As childhood's opening hour,
Thy bud so pure and stainless,
Say! what shall be thy flower?"

"Thou bring'st new hope to cheer us,
New visions fair and bright,
Of higher aims and conquests,
And purer, clearer light;
New strength for fresh endeavour,
New purpose, firm and high,
New dreams of holy pleasures
Which wait us in the sky.

"So, year by year, in mercy,
To us it hath been given,
To climb from our past failures
Up one step nearer heaven;
To strive each year we journey
Upon our pilgrim way
That each new fair to-morrow
Be better than to-day.

"Lord, grant us grace to serve thee
In serving each and all;
Our hearts keep warm and trustful,
Protect us lest we fall;
And if this year's last moments
On earth we may not see,
We know no harm will reach us,
For we shall be with thee."

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

This is the New Year, and I think it ought to suggest to us all the thought of new things.

First, and most important, is a new heart. God tells us in his Word that these hearts of ours are evil hearts. When we look into them honestly, we see that God's word tells only the truth. We think a great many evil thoughts, we yield to a great many evil motives. And worst of all, we are not naturally willing to take God's way of pardon—the way of trust in Jesus Christ. When God says, "My son, give me thy heart," we are very unwilling to do it.

So we need a new heart. We can have it by believing in Jesus. "A new heart will I give you," says God, "and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh." If we ask our Heavenly Father for this heart of flesh he will give it to us. If we are still under the sway of the old, evil heart, is it not time now, with the beginning of the New Year, to turn to God, and ask him for a new heart? I am sure it is.

Then we need to begin a new life. If we have already sought and found the new heart, then we have been living a new life. But what I mean is that we ought to try, with God's help, to make our life this year better than ever before. We ought to try to have more love to our Father in heaven, and more to all men. We ought to try to make our life more nearly like the example our Saviour set us. It ought to be a more prayerful life, and one that feeds more than ever upon the blessed Bible. If we have, by God's help, been living aright in the year past, we can now take a new start at least, to

go on more swiftly and strongly in the right way. If we have not been living aright, then certainly we need to get out of the old path, and into the new one of love to God and obedience to his commands.

Can we not also make this year one of new service? It ought to be our aim always to be useful. If we have been doing something in the past, yet may we not do more in the time to come? You should not think, children, that because you are young there is nothing that you can do. You cannot do as much, certainly, as men and women. God does not expect so much from you. But there is no child but can do something. Now, shall not this year show that you are anxious to do new service for God? Is there not some new work of usefulness you can take up, at home, in the school, among your playmates, in helping those who are poor? I am very sure there is, if you will only look for it.

May we each start in the new year with a new heart, in a new life, and on new service. Then it will indeed be for us a **HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

A HAPPY DEATH.

THE day is drawing to a close. The towers and domes of the great city are sparkling in the mellow rays of the setting sun, and the mountain tops are fringed with gold. We approach the home of wealth, luxury and refinement; with noiseless tread we ascend the richly carpeted stairway, and reach the door of an apartment which silently opens to receive us and as silently closes behind us. The scene upon which our eye now falls is one which melts our hearts and causes the tears to trickle down our cheeks, while an air of sanctity pervades the room a voice seems to whisper in our ear, "Tread softly here, for this is holy ground." There, on a luxurious couch, surrounded by sorrowing, weeping friends, lies a fair young girl. As we observe the hectic flush that mantles her cheek and the supernatural beauty and lustre of her eyes, and gaze upon the thin attenuated form, there is no need to ask the cause of the deep grief we see around us. She had been nursed in the lap of luxury, a godly mother's love and care have constantly sheltered and protected her. Taught from her infancy to trust in Jesus as the friend and Saviour of sinners, as she now approaches the precincts of eternity her pure soul calmly rests in the Saviour's dying love. The mother gently raises her dying child, and in a subdued voice, tremulous with emotion, asks, "Is there anything we can do for you, my darling child?" At her request the friends gather around and sing, and as the last note is gently borne away on the evening air a light, kindled in heaven, sparkles in her eyes as, folding her hands and fixing her gaze on the clear blue sky, she slowly repeats the words of the hymn just sung, "Jesus, lover of my

soul, let me to thy bosom fly." There is a pause of a few moments, and then in a faint though audible voice she speaks again. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." As the sun pours his last golden ray into the room and as the evening shades deepen, the sorrowing, weeping friends gather once more around the couch. The gentle spirit has fled; the soul for whom Jesus died is borne heavenward on angel-wings; the sufferer has gone to that land where the inhabitant never saith, "I am sick;" where sorrow and sighing have fled away, and God himself wipes away all the tears from their eyes.—*Dr. Stirling in Glad Tidings.*

IMPOSSIBLE.

THE great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, used to say that there was one word which could not be found in his dictionary. It was the word "impossible."

A teacher in a girl's school was one day telling the girls that they could do a great deal more than they know. Said she, "I can do anything."

"Can you make a clock?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes, if it became necessary for me to make a clock, I would set to work and learn how," replied the teacher.

It is the truth that "all things are possible to him that believeth." If God wants you to do a thing, be sure that you can do it, and never let fear or timidity or indolence turn you out of the way. The way to succeed is to try, and to keep on trying. John Wesley's mother was one day teaching one of her children to read. Her husband, who sat by, said, "My dear, I think you have told that child the same thing twenty times."

"If I had stopped with the nineteenth time, he would not have known it," was the wise woman's reply.

Never, never say, "It is impossible," about anything that is the right thing to do. A thoroughly earnest boy or girl will find a way to do the best thing if they will just believe in God, and then go ahead steadily and bravely.—*S. S. Advocate.*

THIS YEAR.

THIS year, this precious new year, what will you do with it? God has given you the beginning of it, and let us hope that you will live to see the end of it. Like all other gifts of God, it is bestowed for a wise purpose. It is not to be trifled away in idleness or in sport, but to be improved to the greatest profit.

They make a great mistake who suppose that the right improvement of life is necessarily a dull and dreary business; that in order to this they must give up all enjoyment, and be solemn and gloomy; never play, but always work or study; never have a belief that Jesus loves you!

New Year Hymn.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear,
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talent improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day of his coming may say,

"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,

"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

THE most curious book in the world is one that is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut into the leaf, and, as the alternate leaves are of blue paper, it is as easily read as the best print. The labour required and the patience necessary to cut each letter may be imagined. The work is so perfect that it seems almost as though done by machinery, but every character was made by hand. The book is entitled "The Passion of Christ." It is a very old volume, and was a curiosity as long ago as the year 1640. At this time it belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is kept at a museum in France.

SAMMY HICKS AND HIS PIPE.

It is said of that good man, Sammy Hicks, the Macclesfield blacksmith, that "as he understood the words of the Lord Jesus, it was quite enough for him to see the path of duty steadfastly to travel in it." An instance of this feature of his character was exhibited in his sudden abandonment of tobacco. One day he gave sixpence to a poor widow. She blessed him and could hardly find words enough with which to express her thanks. He said to himself, "Well, if sixpence makes that poor creature so happy, oh how many sixpences I have spent in filling my mouth with tobacco!"

He made a vow instantly never to let a pipe enter his lips again. Soon afterwards he was taken very ill, and a doctor said to him, "Mr. Hicks, you must resume your pipe."

"I will not," he replied.

"Then," said the doctor, "if you do not you will not live."

"Bless the Lord, then," said Sammy, "I shall go to heaven. I have made a vow to the Lord that the pipe shall never enter my mouth again, and it never shall." Sammy Hicks kept his vow, and lived to be an old man.—*T. B. Thorby.*

Birth of the New Year.

The bells of the city are ringing,
Their clappers are joyously swinging,
And they strike sweet notes
From their iron throats,
Their welcome tidings bringing.

A solemn thing is the birth
Of a year untried, unknown;
What a myriad startling things
May arise from zone to zone!
And the earth, now once more peaceful,
May bristle again with steel,
And the halcyon calm of rest
Be burst by the thunder-peal;
And the friends that now are left us,
Though few, may fewer grow,
And silence fall over the infant,
And over the locks of snow.

We know not, but 'tis solemn,
This birth of an infant year,
And we know not whether to smile,
Or whether to drop a tear.
But here the bells are ringing,
And laugh our fears to scorn,
And we will be up and doing
Upon the untried morn;
With a fostering God above,
To guide us on our way,
Through weal and woe to love us,
So all hail to the New Year's Day!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1888.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

We rejoice at the privilege of renewing our acquaintance with so many of our old friends, and with so large a circle of new ones. We trust that through the successive months of another year, our pleasant relations may be increasingly interesting and profitable to us both, and that the friendship begun on earth—for we regard as a friend every Sunday-school worker, though we may never see his face or know his name—may at last be consummated in heaven. We hope all our readers will endeavour to promote the usefulness of this periodical by its circulation. We cordially wish, dear friends, teachers and scholars, that this new year may be the best and happiest year that ever you have known.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Yes, and not merely on New Year's day or the first month of the year, but through all the circling seasons. In the bright and joyous spring time, when the streams break their icy bonds, and the leaves and flowers burst forth in beauty, in the sultry summer tide, when the angler seeks the shade of the trees beside the water brooks, in the fruitful autumn when the maidens rest upon the stile after gleaning in the fields, in the stony winter when the woodman and his son bring home faggots for the fire. All the year round may health and happiness be yours. That the year may be happy, seek God's blessing every day. Without his smile, whatever else you have you are poor indeed: with his smile you can never want. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

THE NEW YEAR.

EIGHTEEN hundred and eighty eight has come, and with it comes the cheery "Happy New Years" of young and old. To our great army of young friends the thousands and tens of thousands who read PLEASANT HOURS we heartily wish a "Happy New Year." But we will not stop here; we will give them a thought or two for the season that may help to make the new year happy.

Good people often say to us at the commencement of a year, "You should stop and think, because you may die this year; many die every year, and this may be the year in which you will die." Now, this is very true, and a very proper thing for them to say and for us to consider; but we wish you to stop and think, because you may live. Some of the readers of PLEASANT HOURS undoubtedly will be called away from earth during the year 1888, but the greater part of them will live to see 1889. How right and wise, then, is it for you to ask yourselves in what way you will live during its three hundred and sixty-five days!

Many of you have begun to serve God during the past year. As you enter on the new year take time to think about the best way of living so as to honour him. What you thus think out for yourselves will be worth more to you than what other people tell you. Yet we will give you two hints which may be of use to you:

1. Be faithful in your religious duties. Do not fail to get time for reading the Bible and praying every morning and evening. Sometimes it may be hard to manage it, but be resolved not to neglect prayer and your Bible. You do not know how much this one rule will help you.

2. Make your daily life show that you are a child of God. In your behaviour to your father and mother; in your treatment of sisters and brothers; in the way you behave at school, at work, at play and every-



ONE MAN'S PATH.

where,—seek to show that the Spirit of God is leading you and making you like Christ.

To those of our young friends who have not begun to follow Christ we can only say, Begin now, and this will be the happiest new year of all your lives.

ONE MAN'S PATH.

THE county of Donegal, in the north of Ireland, is unsurpassed in the wild grandeur of its mountain scenery and the boldness of its sea-washed shore. At its south-western seaboard, where the Atlantic rolls into the Bay of Donegal, the mountain scenery is extremely fine. Carrigan Head terminates the southern end, and is a fine promontory rising like a wall out of the sea to the height of 745 feet. On the one side the restless, ever-tossing sea, on the other a deep and narrow gorge cutting off on every side but one the approach to the solitary crag shown in our cut; thence the range rises gradually for two miles and a half, till it attains its greatest altitude of near 2,000 feet at the summit of Slieve League. This is a stupendous object seen from the sea, out of which it rises like a mural precipice in a superb escarpment, and so steep that it looks almost perpendicular. To ascend this mountain from the sea-side of it is an exploit, if not of peril, certainly of daring, for the land ascent approaches

so closely to that from the sea that the pathway becomes exceedingly narrow as well as steep, affording but very scant footing for the climber, a considerable portion of the rocky path being only two feet wide, and hence it has obtained the name of "One Man's Pass." We counsel no one that has not a good head and a firm foot to attempt the ascent of this narrow ledge where the eye looks down upon a yawning abyss, and the eagle swoops at the invader of its solitary domain. There is a safer ascent from the land-side, which most people take, and many who do so are under the delusion that they have performed the feat of this difficult ascent. By one way or the other attain the summit of Slieve League, for, not only will you be amply repaid by the extensive view of the sub-accent country, which you may sweep as in a panorama, from the coasts of Mayo and Sligo southward, till, looking inward, you see the clusters of mountains that seem like the billows of the sea stretching far away to the north of the country. The engraving is one of a large number which will appear in early numbers of the *Methodist Magazine*, in a series of articles on "Picturesque Ireland," with numerous superb engravings of the finest scenery in Antrim, Londonderry, Donegal, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Kilkenny, and Dublin, including the Lakes of Killarney, the wild west coast, the Giants Causeway, Dunluce Castle, and Dublin Bay. See announcement on last page.



THE SLEIGH RIDE.

New Year's Day.

O GLAD New Year! O glad New Year!
Dawn brightly on us here,
And bring us hope our hearts to cheer,
Whatever may befall.
On thee, Old Year, O past Old Year!
Our lingering look we cast,
Ere thou dost all our actions bear
Into the shadowy past.

For all the joy and happiness
To us this past year given,
For all the love and blessedness,
For all good gifts from heaven,
For all the care and sadness too,
And hearts by sorrow riven,
As well as for all gladness true,
Our highest thanks be given.

"Life passes—passes," like a dream!
And yet we, looking back,
See many a golden, sunny gleam
Upon the Old Year's track;
And, looking forward, can we doubt
That there shall yet be gleams
Of sunshine o'er us, and about
Us many radiant beams.

Then welcome, welcome, glad New Year!
Dawn brightly on us all,
And bring us hope our hearts to cheer,
Whatever may befall.
Bring patience, comfort, gladness, rest,
Bring blessings from above;
Bring happiness—the highest, best—
To us and those we love.

THE principle of prohibition seems to me to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance. This opinion has been strengthened and confirmed by the hard labour of more than twenty years in the temperance cause.—*Father Mathew.*

OBEYING ORDERS.

LORD DERBY was decorating one of his country mansions, and was having the central hall-floor painted. A young man, tall and powerful, was at work on one of the walls, when the earl ordered a number of slippers to be placed on the door-mat, desiring this young man to order any one that came in to put on a pair before crossing the passage, and added to the order, "If anybody does not do it, you must take him by the shoulder and turn him out." Soon after a hunting-party passed; and the Duke of Wellington, with his splashed boots, opened the door and rushed along the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and seizing his grace by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house. The painter said afterward that the duke's eagle eye went right through him! but as he did not know the duke, he only kept wondering who the person was. In the course of the day the earl, on hearing of the circumstance, summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and demanded who had had the impertinence to push the duke out of doors. The trembling painter came forward and said, "It was I, my lord." "And pray," rejoined the earl, "how came you to do it?" "By your orders, my lord." On this, the duke, who was present, turned round to Lord Derby, and, smiling, drew a sovereign out of his

purse, and, giving it to the astonished culprit, said, "You were right to obey orders."

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Is there any one who does not enjoy a sleigh ride, especially such a one as these children are having? The music of the sleigh bells, the moonlight on the pure bright snow crystals, and the swift motion of the sled over the smooth road make such a ride a real delight. Many of you who live in the country enjoy such rides often and you should remember that every good and every perfect gift is from above, and thank your heavenly Father for these pleasurable opportunities; for they certainly may be classed among the "good gifts." If you are on the lookout you may discover many chances of glorifying God while you enjoy them.

A RULE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

MAKE a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, "I have made at least one human being a little wiser or a little happier or a little better this day." You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter—easier, because if you wish to do God's work God will surely find you work to do; and pleasanter, because in return for the little trouble it may cost you, or the little choking of foolish, vulgar pride it may cost

you, you will have a peace of mind, a quiet of temper, a cheerfulness and hopefulness about yourself and all around you, such as you never felt before; and over and above that, if you look for a reward in the world to come, recollect this. What we have to hope for in the life to come is to enter into the joy of our Lord. If you wish to enter into the joy of your Lord, be sure that his joy is now, as it was in Judea of old, over every sinner that repenteth, every mourner that is comforted, every hungry mouth that is fed, every poor soul, sick or in prison, who is visited.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

METHODISM IN LONDON.

A VERY interesting and suggestive mission has been started in the West End of London, "the Vanity Fair of the World." It is in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist body, and is intended by its promoters to mark a new era in the history of that Church, and indeed in the religious world generally. St. James' Hall has been taken every Friday and Sunday for a twelvemonth. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is the superintendent of the undertaking, and with him is associated the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, whose recent utterances in Toronto awakened such a widespread interest. The great object is to make the religious services so interesting and attractive that they shall successfully compete with the theatres. The finest orchestral band in London is to be secured. There are to be concerts every Saturday evening of the very best and yet thoroughly popular music. Everything is to be done to show that Christians are the happiest people in the world.

The mission was begun on the 21st of last month by Mr. Spurgeon preaching in the morning. In the afternoon there was a great gathering of Wesleyans from all quarters of the country, and a crowded public meeting in the evening. Then the next evening the first Saturday concert was given and was a great success. The first Sunday service was held on the 23rd of the same month, when the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse preached with great power to a vast congregation. In the afternoon the brass band played for half an hour, after which Mr. Hughes gave an address. The same gentleman preached in the evening to about 3,000 people. The inauguration of the movement promises the greatest success. To all appearance there has been nothing like it since the great Moody and Sankey meetings a few years ago.

Brass bands, public processions and open air addresses are also to be called into requisition, and the hope is that at no distant day Wardour Hall, in which the Saturday concerts are for the present to be held, will be open every night for some religious or social purpose, with plenty of life, light and brightness.—*Globe.*

The New Year.

A YEAR is dead! A year is born!
At two "cross-roads" we stand and view
Deserted paths, of verdure shorn,
And death along each avenue—
With no magician's hand to bring
Back from the past a single thing.

Along the second road we see
A radiant form with ample wings;
Born from the great eternity,
It partly sighs and partly sings;
Its head is circled with a light,
Its feet are hid in clouds of night.

Thus Hope is born with every year,
And wears for all a sunny look;
It always brings a festive cheer,
And keeps well closed the "Doomsday
book;"

It sometimes sighs, but mostly sings,
And hides the gloom beneath its wings.

As days, and weeks, and months unroll,
And light breaks forth from hidden gloom,
The year, unfolding thus its scroll,
Shall crown sweet Hope with richer bloom,
While many a fear we dreaded most
Will show an angel for a ghost.

Whatever shades may meet our eyes,
That spring from our Hope's cloudy feet,
From thankful hearts let songs arise,
That shade makes light the more com-
plete—

That every new and untied year
Brings much for Hope, and less for Fear.

A HEROIC BOY.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

In the history of mankind we some-
times meet with instances of moral
heroism which give a more exalted
idea respecting our fellow-men than we
otherwise entertain concerning them.
In the Holy Bible, instances are
recorded respecting Joseph, Moses,
Samuel and others which have stamped
those persons with immortality. We
trust that all our young readers will
make themselves familiar with the
Bible records respecting the individuals
now named.

We do not know the name of the
dear boy about whom we now propose
to write. We did not hear his name,
but the deed deserves to be known even
should the name be lost in oblivion.
The deed occurred at the sad railway
catastrophe at Chatsworth, Illinois, a
few weeks ago, when more than eighty
persons were suddenly launched into
eternity, through the rail cars being
telescoped one into another, in conse-
quence of a bridge having been des-
troyed by fire.

Among the passengers were a
mother and two children: the mother
and one of the children were among
those whose lives were lost. The
other child, a boy, was the hero of our
story. When taken from the debris
the poor little fellow's body was terribly
mangled, and his strength was greatly
reduced by the loss of blood. But on
hearing the groans and crier of those
who were still fast in the wreck, but
were in danger of being burned to
death—for the cars had taken fire—he
nobly and resolutely desired those who
had rescued him, to lay him down on
the grass and go and rescue others.
Was not this noble? He was suffering
dreadfully, but he was willing to suffer

that others might be relieved. This
was truly bearing the burdens of
others.

As soon as possible the hero of our
story was taken to a house where a
kind lady resided, who was glad to do
all in her power for the poor boy who
had lost his mother and was in danger
of losing his own life. When the medi-
cal gentlemen arrived at the scene of
the accident, our hero was pointed out
to them. Seeing how he was reduced,
and believing that the amputation of
one leg was necessary to save his life,
brandy was called for before the ampu-
tation was performed, but the dear boy
refused to take the brandy, for he said
he had signed the Temperance pledge
sometime before at the Sunday-school.
All the persuasions of the doctors and
his kind nurse were unsuccessful, and
his constant cry was, "I can die, but I
will not drink the brandy."

Hot, strong coffee was then brought,
but, strange to say, he would not even
drink that "because," said he, "I
promised my mother a long time ago,
that until I am 21 years of age, I will
neither touch tobacco, intoxicating
drinks, nor tea and coffee, and I will
die before I will break the promise I
made to my mother." Noble boy.
His leg was amputated and he was re-
moved to the hospital where he is at
present, and the doctor in charge be-
lieves that the dear boy will recover.

Mr. William Reynolds, the great
Sunday-school man of Peoria, related
the above fact at the Provincial Sun-
day-school Convention held recently at
London, and he said "I intend to watch
the career of this boy, for he is the
right kind of stuff to make a man of."

Dear young readers, I will not advise
you never to touch coffee nor tea, but,
never touch any kind of intoxicating
drinks nor tobacco. Never break
your pledge; and when your mother
exact a promise from you concerning
anything, be sure and keep your
promise. I may just say that the dear
boy of whom I have now written is
the son of a Methodist minister.

NEW YEAR IN CHINA.

Good cheer and good resolutions are
now in order all over the world, for
this is the holiday time of the human
race, pagan as well as Christian. The
very slaves, of whom there are happily
not so many as there were a quarter of
a century ago, enjoy a three days' ban-
quet of freedom at the close of the
year, during that seeming pause of our
task-master, the Sun, as he turns to
retrace his apparent course through the
heavens.

Every people celebrates the festive
season in its own way, and with such
means as it can command. Mrs. Bryce,
of the English Mission in China, re-
ports that the Chinese employ the fire-
cracker to a prodigious extent in testi-
fying their joy at the coming of the
year. In the third night of her resi-
dence among the Celestials, she was
roused from the deep sleep of midnight

by a universal discharge of fire-crackers
and other explosives. The noise an-
nounced the new year, and had the ad-
ditional utility of driving away all the
Evil Spirits that might be lurking
about to disturb the quiet of the festal
morn.

Not that the mocking Chinaman has
much belief in Evil Spirits. He loves
his fire-crackers; he dotes upon the
multitudinous noise, and he mentions
the Evil Spirits by way of an excuse
for his weakness. In other particulars,
the people of China display excellent
sense at the beginning of the year;
they pay their debts, array themselves
in new clothes, and distribute gifts.

They make a great point of paying
their debts so as to start fair with
the new year: and if any man is so
unhappy as to be unable to pay all
that he owes he pays as much as
he can, and his creditors are bound
in honour and decency not to press
him for the rest until the holiday
season is over.

"Kung-she! Kung-she!" says every
man to his friend, when he meets him
on New Year's morning. His friend
bows low, and repeats the words,
"Kung-she! Kung-she!" The mean-
ing is, "I congratulate you," or, as we
say, "I wish you a happy New Year."
We bow to our readers at this joyful
season, and say to each of them, with
all sincerity and heartiness,—

"KUNG-SHE! KUNG-SHE!"

A YOUNG SISTER'S APPEAL.

"AWAKE thou that sleepest and
come unto me," is the Saviour's call
to perishing souls so shrouded in care-
lessness and unbelief that they know
not the danger surrounding them; so
blinded by Satan that there is no true
clear vision concerning the things of
eternity. Beings created in the image
of God, but so filled with sin that they
are drinking at the fountain of this
world's pleasures, engaged with this
world's works, giving all thought and
attention to the things of time, and
missing, surely missing, happiness for
this life and making wreck for that
beyond, "Awake!" "Come!" Mes-
senger words to be winged with prayer
and sent forth with all faithfulness.
How well the Christ God understands
the need of saying "Awake!" Stand-
ing as he does in the midst of eternity,
no horizon limiting the view, but see-
ing all things as in the present, and
knowing that if there be no awakening,
no coming unto him for refuge, the
blackness of an awful and eternal
night shall settle upon the soul.

Oh Jesus! Saviour of all; Thou
who didst bear the wrath of God so
that perishing humanity might find in
thee a way through heaven's pearly
gates, grieved indeed must be thy
heart at the rejection of such wonder-
ful love, such spurning of thy mercy.
Earthly life is passing; oh, so quickly;
death is coming to all, but only those
who have accepted the claims of Christ
shall gain the victory over that foe.

The gloom of that trying hour with
which this evening shall over-shadow
the soul that knows not Jesus shall be
but the forerunner of the wretched
misery and blackness beyond. What
a blessed privilege to be able to triumph
at such a time, to realize that our
Saviour has passed through the valley
of shadow, and that his love has shed
a silvery radiance through its deepest
mists, to light his disciples on their
way; and though the waters of the
stream, separating time from eternity,
may foam around faith's bark, they
shall fear not, for Jesus is their Charon,
and his only fee is confidence in him,
and they are being borne towards the
Heavenly Eden, whence the sunlight in
God's presence and they shall find
"pleasures for evermore."—H. H. G. in
Glad Tidings.

The Lord Will Let Me In.

THIRTY mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping—
But I knock on the open door.

I am lowest of those who love him,
I am weakest of those who pray—
But I come as he has bidden,
And he will not say me nay.

My mistakes his love shall cover,
My sins he will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gates of day.

If I turn not from his whisper,
If I let not go his hand,
I shall see him in his beauty—
The King in the far-off land!

The mistakes of my life are many,
And my soul is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping—
But the Lord will let me in.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN should come to the Lord
Jesus. Yes, they should. When he
was here on earth some persons' rough
little children to him that he might
bless them. Though the wind and sea
obeyed him, and though he was "Lord
of all," yet he kindly took them in his
arms and blessed them. The Lord
Jesus is the same loving one still; and
though he is now on his throne of
glory, all the angels and the spirits of
the just made perfect constantly sur-
round his glorious throne with their
praises. Still, a little child may come
to him, and he will never be cast out
of his presence. A little child may go
to him and ask for the blessing. He
says to every one, "I love them that
love me, and they that seek me
early shall find me." If you do not
go to Christ it will be very sad for you.
You cannot be happy without Jesus.
You will enjoy no place in Heaven un-
less you love him. He has said if we
die in our sins, where he is we cannot
come. If we do come to the Lord
Jesus, then we shall enjoy peace with
God, and we shall be useful and happy
so long as we live in this world. Then
when we die our spirits will be carried
by the angels to live with him forever.
He himself says, "Because I live ye
shall live also;" and, "Where I am
there also shall my servant be."—Har-
nah Webb.

The Years.

The years roll on—the happy years
That held no thought of coming tears;
When full and clear arose Life's song,
When years were gay and hope was strong.

The years roll on—the solemn years—
With all their freight of care and fears;
Of bardic bane, of woes we brave,
Of hands unclasping at the grave.

The years roll on—the varied years—
So much of light and dark appears
Along this chequered path of Life,
The days of dalliance or of strife.

The years roll on—the tender years
That can so often soften bitter tears;
And memory, with her gentle palm,
Lays on the aching heart a balm.

The years roll on—the blessed years—
For heaven's light our darkness cheers:
And 'mid the changes of our lot,
Who walketh with us changes not.

Though years roll on, and day by day
The sands of life wear fast away,
Guide, Saviour, even to the shore
Where time and change shall be no more.

A FLAG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

MEN like to fight under a flag. The flag that floats above them will have something to do with their victory or defeat. Constantine, the Roman general, was about to fight a battle with Maxentius, the heathen usurper of Roman power. It is said that he had a dream in which he was counselled to adopt the cross as his emblem, stamping it on the shields of his soldiers, and then to go against the enemy. Another account says, that while praying, Constantine saw a shining cross in the sky, and the motto, "By this, conquer," and that the next night in sleep, Christ directed him to prepare a standard cross-shaped. Constantine did use a cross-standard, setting aside the old Roman eagles. He gained a victory that made him emperor of Rome, that made Rome a champion of the cross. The cross was a good flag to fight under.

It is not necessary that our flag shall actually be a banner. It may be a motto that becomes a watchword, and helps men forward to victory.

Maurice of Holland was the son of William, Prince of Orange. The latter was killed by an assassin who was stimulated to this by the offer of a large reward by Philip of Spain.

The fiendish price put on the head of the noble prince was 25,000 gold crowns. Philip tried to crush out the liberties and the Protestantism of William's country; but William resisted him. After his father's death, Maurice took this as his motto, "The twig shall yet become a tree." He took as a device to set it forth, a fallen oak from whose root sprang a young sapling. The Spanish Government found out to its sorrow that it was no idle boast. The twig did become a tree—a tree that all the windy violence of Spain might blow upon but could not uproot.

What shall be our motto, our flag this new year? Stimulated by what purpose will we move out to take up the

new duties of the year? This is a good flag for every young person, "Only one way and that the right way."

Ask each day what will be right, not what will be easy or popular. Finding out the right way, walk in it. Be sure though and make quick charge under that flag. Our standard may be the best in the world, but if we are slow to move, we may be long in repenting our slowness. There was once a commander who told his men in very plain language to "fix bayonets, uncap muskets and go over the enemies' works. Let us, though, remember our flag, our motto, 'Only one way and that the right way.'"

Who will march under that flag! Hands up!

TOBACCO FOR BOYS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Public Ledger* says:

"I used tobacco over twenty-one years, and it did not get me to drinking. Seven years of that time I was on a committee having charge of a benevolent work among the prisons and reformatories of New York City. The experience led me to believe that the following conclusion of an investigation of the subject in one of the great Northern State prisons was correct—namely, that of seven hundred male convicts there then, court records showed six hundred were there for crime done under the influence of liquor, and that with five hundred of these the use of tobacco was the very beginning of intemperate habits. I was so vividly impressed with this as true that, though more intensely loving to smoke than most men, I dared not let my example with boys—especially those coming out of the reformatories—be on the side of what I have come to believe to be one of the most terrible temptations of the age." . . . The French and German governments have come to recognize smoking by boys so great an enemy to their moral and mental conditions as to prohibit its use by those having government aid in getting an education. Some of the States are moving in this direction, but few of them act with the vigour demanded from even a politico-economic standpoint.

FIGHT FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

EVERY one who means to enjoy a happy New Year must fight for it! Yes, fight for it, and he must fight hard, and long too, or he will be joyless all the long, long year.

Why must we fight? With whom must we fight? With what weapons must we fight?

We must fight because a mighty giant has invaded the children's world. This giant feeds, not on flesh and blood, like the giants in foolish story books, but on people's happiness. He is a great glutton, and loves to have a big dish full of children's joys before him constantly, on which he may feast

all the time. He keeps several servants, whose work it is to slink into happy homes, steal joys from the hearts and carry them to their grim master. Now, if we don't fight this monster, so diligent are his servants and so vast is his appetite that he will not leave one bit of happiness for a single one in all this great land. He will fill it with sad, weeping, cross, miserable, wicked children. Up, then, and at him, bravely!

Who is this giant? Who are his servants? His name is SELFISHNESS. His chief servants are Self-will, Bad Temper, Hatred, Envy, Malice, Pride, Vanity, Falsehood, Gluttony, and Laziness—a vile crew who prow round happy homes like wolves about quiet sheepfolds. They will even steal away the joyousness of Christmas and of New Year's Day, and get children to quarrelling over their presents' Barefaced robbers! They ought to be whipped out of every house in the land.

If you would be happy you must fight this giant and all his crew with all your might. Love must be your sword. It has two edges—love for Jesus, and love for all your friends. Your shield must be faith—a hearty belief that Jesus loves you. The giant and his servants are afraid of that Sword. They shrink from the tiniest child that wields it boldly. Their fiery darts are not sharp enough to go through the shield of faith. Fight this giant, therefore, with the sword of love, and 1888 will be to you a happy New Year indeed.

Here is a prayer in rhyme for the New Year. Sing it.

Along the ever-rolling tide,
Our little bark unceasing glide,—
Without a sail, without an oar,
To yonder vast, eternal shore.

Almighty Saviour, help and save,
Or we must perish in the wave;
Our Pilot and our Captain be,
While we commit our all to thee.

For all thy care in former days
Accept our feeble hymn of praise;
And fix our anchor as we sail,
Of glorious hope, within the veil.

Safe past the rocks and shoals of time,
Conduct us to a purer clime;
And when we reach the port of bliss,
We'll sing a nobler song than this:

"Glory to God in the highest, and
on earth peace, good will toward men."

WHAT is a dram-shop? Let us have a just interpretation of it. It is a manufactory not only of paupers but of incendiaries, madmen and murderers. Is such an institution, if I may dignify the abominable thing by that respectable name, compatible with the public safety? No. I deny that civil government is faithful to its great province while it suffers the dram-shop to be in existence, so long as it establishes and permits it. The civil government that allows this enemy to the safety of person and property is unworthy of the name of civil government.—Garrett Smith.

A LEGEND OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

"ARISE, and take the child and his mother into Egypt," and they fled through the solemn darkness of the night.

The next day they came upon a man sowing corn. Some mysterious influence attracted him to the travellers. From the countenance of the mother, or from the earnest eyes of the child she bore in her arms, a softening gleam of grace descended into his heart. He was very kind to them, and permitted them to cross his field, and the young mother, folding her babe yet more closely to her heart, leaned forward, explaining to him that they were pursued by enemies, "And if they come this way," said the sweet, love voice, "and ask if you have seen us"—

"I shall say you did not pass this way," was the eager interruption.

"Nay," said the blessed mother, "you must speak only the truth. Say 'They passed me while I was sowing this corn.'"

And the travellers pursued their journey. The next morning the sower was amazed to find that his corn had sprung up and ripened in the night. While he was gazing at it in astonishment, Herod's officers rode up and questioned him.

"Yes, I saw the people of whom you speak," said he. "They passed while I was sowing this corn."

Then the officers moved on, feeling sure that the persons seen by the sower were not the Holy family, for such fine ripe corn must have been sown months before.—Ruth O'Connor

Child's Prayer at Sea.

Jesus keep me on the billow,
Let thine arm around me be,
Let thy bosom be my pillow,
While I sail the rolling sea.

M. E. L.

THE BRANT.

THIS bird is lazy and slow in its flight. Let me tell you about one of its ingenious devices to save itself trouble.

It never dives for its food. It waits until low tide, when the mud-flats are bare, and then it waddles about among the rock-weeds and water-plants, and tears up by the roots in great quantities beat suited to its taste.

When the tide comes in, the surface of the water is covered with the weeds, and the lazy bird floats idly about and feeds at its leisure.

When the spring comes, the Brant starts on its long northward journey—some say to the north pole.

Certain it is that it goes far out of reach of the most curious naturalist, and that nothing whatever is known of its nest or eggs, or its habits while rearing its young.—By F. E. Glifford, in *St. Nicholas*.

Be gentle and obliging to your brothers and sisters, and all with whom you come in contact.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 29.] LESSON III. [Jan. 15
JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

Matt. 14. 22-36. Commit to mem. vs. 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.
Matt. 14. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. On the Mountain.
2. On the Sea.
3. On the Shore.

TIME.—20 A. D.

PLACE.—In the same locality as last lesson, and on the Sea of Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Straightway* . . . constrained—Immediately compelled, charged them with such authority that they dared not refuse. *Fourth watch of the night*—Between three o'clock and six o'clock in the morning. *It is a spirit*—Not an angel, or spirit, in that sense, but, in the superstitious sense, a ghost, or spectre. *Saw the wind boisterous*—He could not see the wind; he saw the high, rolling waves, the effect of the wind. *The Son of God*—That is the divine One. This is the first confession made by men of his true character.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The duty of praying in secret?
2. The duty of trusting God always?
3. The duty of bringing our friends to Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus go after feeding the five thousand? Into the mountain to pray.
2. Where did he send his disciples? Across the sea in a ship.
3. What happened as they were crossing the sea? A great storm arose.
4. As they toiled and struggled with the waves what did they see? Jesus coming, walking upon the sea.
5. Filled with terror, what loving words came to them over the roar of the storm? "Be of good cheer," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ and his people.

CATECHISM QUESTION

5. Are there any other religions in the world? There is only one Divine Teacher, and only one true religion, but there have been many false teachers, and there are many false religions.

Ephesians iv. 5. One Lord, one faith, one baptism. 1 Corinthians viii. 5, 6.

A. D. 29.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 22
JESUS AND THE AFFLICTED.

Matt. 15. 21-31. Commit to mem. vs. 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Is any among you afflicted? let him pray.
James 5. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. A Pleading Mother.
2. A Merciful Saviour.

TIME.—29 A. D.

PLACE.—In the country of Phenicia, north west from Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Went thence*—From Galilee. *Into the coasts*—Not down to the shore, but simply into the territory. *A woman of Canaan*—A simply a Phenician. *Veiled with a devil*—Demonic possession was then very commonly believed in by Jew and Gentile. Whatever was the disease, it was without doubt terrible both to suffer and to witness. *Lost sheep*—Simply to the Israelitish people, and not to heathens. *To dogs*—Properly "little dogs," such as might be attached to households.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That prayer is the privilege of all the needy?
2. That true faith always brings blessing?
3. That all good gifts are from God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why did Jesus cease to teach publicly in Galilee? To teach his disciples alone.

2. Why did he leave Galilee to do this? To escape from the multitudes. 3. Where did he go for this purpose? Into the country of Phenicia. 4. How was his quiet here disturbed? By a heathen woman. 5. What did she seek and find? Health for her sick daughter. 6. What was the secret of her power with Christ? Her persistent, faithful prayer. 7. What is the great lesson that the story should teach us? "Is any among you," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Spiritual Israel.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. How did Jesus show that he was a teacher sent from God? By performing signs and wonders such as could be performed only by the power of God.

John iii. 2. Rabbi, we know thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him.

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