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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

[No. 7.]



MAKING READY FOR THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.—(SEE LESSON NOTES.)

USING THE PIECES.

SOME years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the same old workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found it a noble work of art, nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?"

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell

me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here!" "O master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work! You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child with an artist-soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying all about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

Our Heroes.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honour to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout,
And he who fights single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
To do what you know is not right;
Stand firm by the colours of manhood,
And you will overcome in the fight.
"The right!" be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WILKINSON, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

WALKING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Follow Me.—John 1. 43.

WHEN Jesus began to preach, he used to say sometimes to a man whom he would find at his work, "Follow me;" and the man would leave his earthly business to journey with Jesus, and learn of him how to be good and do good. I have sometimes called these two words, "the children's creed." They tell us in eight letters the most important thing about religion, after our sins are forgiven and our hearts are converted—to follow Jesus.

A boy, in one of my Sunday-schools, when he came to die, showed that he had understood what the words meant, for he said, "I have been trying to walk in the footsteps of Jesus." That is what Jesus meant when he told men to follow him. It was not merely to come after him and walk with him, but to try to be like him in thoughts and words and deeds. The disciple that Jesus loved more than any other, because he was the noblest, had for his motto, as we see in his letters, the words, "Even as He;" which meant that in everything he tried to be even as Jesus was.

Being like him means a great deal for a child to-day. A Sunday-school teacher, the Sunday after the lesson on "Following Jesus," said to her class, "What have you done to follow Jesus this week?" One said, "I have prayed." That was a right answer, for Jesus used to pray every day, and sometimes all night. Another answered, "I have read the Bible." That was a true

answer also, for Jesus read the Bible so much that he could repeat a great many verses out of his memory.

A little bootblack blacked a gentleman's boots very nicely, and the gentleman said, "Do you think that will please me?" The boy said, "I don't know; but I think it will please my Father in heaven."

"Poor fellow!" said the gentleman; "then your father is dead, is he?"

"Oh, no," said the boy; "I don't mean that. My Father up in heaven is God."

"Then," said the gentleman, "you think that blacking my boots so nicely will please God, the heavenly Father; do you?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I think God is pleased to have us do everything the best we can."

A curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone to rest. She was curious, because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious, because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked, "Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman; and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once; and, if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy?"

Passers by, who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go: "O children! I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for; but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!" Those children were following Jesus in comforting the sad.

Every day we should seek to have the mind that was in Christ Jesus, who cared more to please God and do good than for anything else in the world. By-and-bye, those who seek to walk in the footsteps of Jesus here, and who cannot be quite like him in everything, because he did no sin, will see him as he is, and be satisfied as they awake in his likeness.

"I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak?"

A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

HELEN stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park and see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but—oh, no; I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my orange, that I saved from the dessert, to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has any-

thing nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy! Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes, as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes, my dear; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation. You are right; this is a little errand of God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to old Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then shew you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa; here is one."

"Well, here is a \$5 bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the fresh bill on the orange. —*Domestic Journal.*

BURDETTE'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth. For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. O, heaps of trouble! And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell the truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old taskmaster, conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there, before you begin to tell it. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble.

And then it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie, it is known. Yes, you say, God knows it. That's right; but he is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did, he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man or boy who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers" know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories. If he could only hear them, it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And, finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say: "I wonder where he is! I wish I knew what he is doing! I wonder who he is with! I wonder why he doesn't come home!" Nothing of the sort. We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it, and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going, and how long he will be gone, every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says, "Yes, I will;" or "No, I won't," just once, that settles it. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home, to find out where he has been. He tells us once, and that is enough. We don't have to say, "Sure?" "Are you sure now?" when he tells anything. But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half of the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the

liar escapes; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time more than a week; but a lie will burn more than fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars will respect and hate you. —*Ladies' Home Journal.*

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

Did you ever hear the story of St. Christopher, my Juniors? The story is not true, but it teaches a beautiful lesson. Here it is. Christopher was a very strong man, whose business it was to take people across a very swift river. One night, in the midst of a terrible storm, a little child came to his door.

"Please carry me over to the other side," begged the child.

"Impossible," said Christopher. "See how dark the night is, and how wild the storm, and how angry the current."

But the child begged and begged, until at last Christopher told him to get up on his back, and he would see what could be done. Bravely he stepped off into the raging river, with the little boy on his back. But as he went on, the little boy began to grow heavier. Light as a feather at first, before Christopher had reached the middle of the stream the burden on his back was as of a full-grown man, and before he had gone three-fourths of the way the burden became more than the weight of the heaviest man in the world, so that Christopher, great giant as he was, could not stand up under it.

Then Christopher knew that it was neither boy nor man he was carrying, but the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Save me, Master," he cried, "for I am sinking!"

So the Lord Jesus picked up the giant who had been carrying him, and bore him safely back to his hut, and so the kind ferryman became St. Christopher, for the word "Christopher" means, you know, "Christ-bearer."

This story is not true, I said, but it teaches a true lesson, which is this: Jesus does place burdens upon his children. Often he makes them light at first, but they grow heavier and heavier and heavier. Often we do not know that Jesus is in the burden we are carrying, and often we feel like giving up. But Jesus is there, and if we will only ask him, he will pick up both us and our burden, and carry us to a place of safety and happiness. —*Golden Rule.*

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

LAUGHTER and Tears met one day in a shady lane. The sunshine and shade mingled pleasantly there, and the breath of the woods was strong in the air, as was also the fragrance of the clover field near by. But the lane was all too narrow to allow both to pass, for Laughter was boisterous, and romped about so much that he took up a deal of room; while Tears seemed to be half blind and could scarcely see her way.

She said, in a voice like the song of a night-bird:

"Why don't you let me pass? This is my path?"

"No," replied Laughter, "this lane is mine, and I'm in a hurry, so you had better climb the fence into the dark woods and walk through the dead leaves."

"Why don't you climb the other fence?" said Tears, softly, "and run along through the clover, in the sunshine? I'm sure you'd like it better."

"Well," rejoined Laughter, pleasantly, "I'm sure I don't want to quarrel with so gentle a maiden, and so, as we don't seem able to agree about the path, suppose I turn about and go with you?"

"That would be very pleasant, indeed," said Tears, "for I am lonely."

So they went on together through the twinkling shine and shadow, and each felt better for the company of the other.

And that is why it is that when you meet Laughter you are almost sure to find Tears not far away.

What Have You Done To-Day?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I SAW a farmer when the day was done;
The setting sun had sought its crimson bed,
And the mild stars came forward one by one;
I saw the sturdy farmer, and I said:
"What have you done to-day,
O farmer, say?"

"Oh, I've sown the wheat in yonder field,
And pruned my orchard to increase the yield,
And turned the furrow for a patch of corn—
This what I've done since early morn."

I saw a blacksmith at his smithy-door,
When the day had vanished and the west
grew red,

And all the weary noise and strife were o'er;
I saw the kindly blacksmith, and I said:
"What have you done to-day,
O blacksmith, say?"

"Oh, I have made two ploughshares all complete,
And nailed the shoes on many a horse's feet,
And, oh, my friend, I cannot tell you half,
The man of muscle responded with a laugh.

I saw a miller, when the day was gone,
And all the sunlight from the hills had
fled,
And the tender shadows had crept across the
lawn;

I saw the dusty miller, and I said:
"What have you done to-day,
O miller gray?"

"Oh, I have watched my mill from morn till
night;

Did you ever see flour so snowy and white?
And many are the mouths to-day I've fed."
The merry miller laughed as this he said.

I saw another when the night drew nigh,
And turned each daily toiler from his task;
When gold and crimson cloudlets decked the
sky;

A drink-seller—and of him I asked:
"What have you done to-day,
Drink-seller, say?"

But the drink-seller turned with drooping
head,

And not a single word in answer said.
What had he done? His work, he knew full
well,
Was plunging souls in deepest hell!

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER VII.—BESS BEGINS BUSINESS.

BESS had not forgotten that the redemption of her mother's wedding-ring rested upon her, and that she had pledged herself to get it out of pawn. She tried in various ways to get some work to do; but she had neither strength nor skill to make her work valuable. At last she took counsel with Victoria, who proposed to her to go out selling water-cresses like her father; and he offered to take her with him to the market where he bought his daily supply, and start her on a beat of her own, apart from him, as he could not afford to divide his customers and his profits. A few pence, a few haipence even, would set her up in this line of business; and, with luck, she might earn sufficient to keep herself, and redeem the ring.

It may be pleasant to rise at four o'clock in June, and quitting the thick and nauseated atmosphere of the overcrowded and unventilated dwelling-place, to escape into the sweet dewy freshness of the early morning, which, even in the streets, is scented with the breath of country hay-fields and blossoming gardens; but four o'clock on a winter's morning, when Bess hurriedly dressed herself, without a light, in the thin and tattered clothes, which were all she had, and thrust her naked feet into her mother's old boots; and kissing her mother, who must lie still and lonely till she came back, stepped out into the half-slush, half-frost of the pavement, and the biting air,—this was a sharp test of her endurance.

But Euclid was waiting for her with his basket, and she trudged along at his side through the slush and the frost, carrying an old battered tea-tray a neighbour had lent her the night before. It was nearly three miles to the market. Early as the hour was, and dark as midnight still, life had begun again at the East End; and many a shivering fellow-being, shuffling along the slippery pavement, and maintaining a sordid silence, passed them like ghosts. Bess had never been out at this hour before, and she kept close to Euclid's side.

The old man, too, was silent: he felt put out

by the presence of a companion. For twenty-five years, ever since he had recovered partially from the accident that disabled him as a labourer, he had taken this walk alone through summer and winter; and it was bewildering to him to hear the light footsteps of Bess pattering beside him. He had so long lived altogether without intercourse with his neighbours, that he was surprised, and not altogether pleased, to find himself taking an interest in Mrs. Fell and David and Bess. Might not such an interest come between him and the sole aim of his life? For, if he yielded too much to the stirrings of compassion and pity in his heart, some danger might arise to his slowly accumulated hoard, now lying safely under Victoria's head.

Yet Euclid felt that he could not stand by and see his neighbour die of starvation under his very eyes. No, no; that could never be. He glanced at Bess, as they passed beneath a lamp, and caught a half-smile of trustfulness in him shining in her eyes, like the look of his little children, dead long ago, who had been used to run to meet him when they heard his foot on the stairs. They were all gone to heaven now, where his wife was. He had no idea of heaven beyond a vague fancy dwelling in his brain that there would be somewhere—out of the world or in the world, he did not know—a little cottage on a hillside, such as the early home he dimly remembered, where they would all live together again, and where there would be no winter, and no more hunger or sorrow; no parish pay, and no workhouse. His lost wife would be young again, and all his children little ones; and there would be a garden for him to work in, lying round the cottage. That was Euclid's heaven.

He was still dreaming of it when they reached the market, and joined a crowd of old folks and young children waiting for the gates to be opened. It was not yet five o'clock, and the yellow glare of a few gas-lamps shed a dim light upon the scene. The crowd was very quiet and subdued. All who were there were feeble folk, and did not care to waste their strength in noise and pushing. As each old person or little child came, they took their place as near to the gate as they could get; and most of them sank into silent waiting. The poorest of the decent poor were there,—those who were willing to struggle to the bitter end to earn an honest living, and keep out of the workhouse. Euclid did as the rest did, and with Bess beside him, stood in patient muteness till he could make his purchases for the day.

As soon as the gates were opened, there was a quiet crush through them. Euclid took more care in buying a stock of cresses for Bess than for himself: though he was fastidious in his choice, passing from hamper to hamper, and peering closely at the green leaves to detect any specks upon them. As soon as his purchases were made, he hurried Bess away to the steps of a church close by, where he showed her how to make up her bunches, and slung the old tray round her neck by a bit of cord he drew out of his pocket.

"Now we must be as sharp as needles and pins," he said. "I've heard somewhere of a early bird as picked up a early worm. Folks'll be gettin' their breakfasts soon, and we must be in time to catch 'em at it. Don't you waste your time along the bittermost streets, Bess; but stick to the courts and the mews and the streets where workin' men live. Rich folks ain't thinkin' o' gettin' out o' bed yet; and they don't eat cresses for breakfast, but ham and eggs, and hot things. Mewses are good places in general. Walk pretty slow, two mile an hour; and keep your eye on the doors; and windows for fear somebody's beckonin' at you. There now! I'll stand at the end o' this here street, and hearken how you can cry, 'Cresses! Fresh water-cresses!' till you're out o' my sight."

Euclid stood watching Bess, with her trayful of cresses, as she paced slowly along the street, her clear, pleasant voice singing, rather than crying the familiar words. Then he turned away with a heavy sigh. His own voice sounded husky and hollow in his ears as he shambled along his customary beat, drawing mournfully, "Cre-she! cre-she!" He felt an older man than usual, as though some additional burden of years had suddenly fallen upon his bent shoulders and bowed-down head. Yet he was only in his sixtieth year, and there was much work and much power of endurance left in him still. He had never starved quite as much as he could; and his old clothing had never been as utterly tattered as if might be. But he saw depths of poverty below even him; and for once his heart felt heavy enough to sink him and Victoria into those lowest dreeps.

"The parish!" he muttered to himself half aloud, as he rested his dry throat for a minute or two, "the parish! And be parted from her! Not bury Victoria in her own coffin, like the rest of 'em! The parish! God help these old legs o' mine!"

As if some new strength had been breathed into him, Euclid started on again, crying his

street-cry with more energy than before. The thought of the parish had run like a stimulant through his whole frame. He had more luck than usual, and sold so many bunches of cresses that he felt justified in buying one of the best of Yaumouth bloaters, which he chose with close cautiousness, as if he was difficult to please, at a shop he passed on his way home. It was for a relish for Victoria's tea, more than for himself. He had made as much as two shillings by his day's toil and his ten miles' tramp through the slushy streets; and, after he had taken enough for the day's food and rent, there was as much as nine-pence to put by.

"Let us look over our little store," he said, when their leisurely tea was ended.

He was counting up the silver and copper coins on the empty soap box, turned on end, which served as a table when it was not wanted, as a seat, when a low knock was heard at the door. There was neither lock nor latch upon it, the sole fastening being a stick passed through a staple and holdfast in the roof. But there was no other room in the roof, and the steep ladder-like staircase was seldom trodden by any one but themselves. Euclid made haste to gather the money into the handkerchief that usually held it, before Victoria opened the door. But Bess, who was the untimely visitor, had already seen the heap of coins through a chink in the old door, and heard their jingle as Euclid swept them out of sight. She stood thunderstruck on the door-sill, gazing in with large, wide open eyes.

"What is it, Bess?" asked Victoria.
"Oh! no her's sent me up to say as I've had good luck," she stammered, "and it's thanks to you, Mr. Euclid; and, oh! please may I go again to-morrow morning?"

"Ay, child," answered Euclid, shortly.
Bess went downstairs with a far slower step than she had gone up. Never in her life had she seen so much money at one time as when she had put her eye to the chink in the door, and peeped in on her friends. It seemed to her as if the whole end of the soap-box had been covered with it. Mr. Euclid, in spite of his old clothing and his poor attic, was then a rich man! If such riches could be made by selling water-cresses, then she too was on the high-road to be rich. Already to-day she had earned more money than she had ever owned before; and her mother had smiled for the first time since David went out begging when she poured the haipence into her lap. Like Euclid, she had trudged through the mud of the partially frozen streets for nine or ten miles, besides her walk to the market; and her limbs were weary and her throat somewhat tired. But her heart was very light. Then the wonderful sight of heaps of money on Euclid's table had dazzled her. Why had they never thought of this trade before? A thousand pities it was: for, if they had begun early enough, she and David might now have heaps of money too, like Euclid and Victoria.

Bess was up again before four o'clock in the morning, and was waiting for Euclid when he came downstairs. She was eager to be away making her fortune. By-and-bye Euclid grew used to her company, and liked to hear her talk as she tripped along by his side. Morning after morning, through darkness and frost, snow and fog, the gray-headed man and the young girl started off on their toilsome tramp,—the one with the uncomplaining fortitude of old age, the other with the hopeful courage of youth.

"It'll not be such a lonesome shop when I'm gone now, father," said Victoria one day.

"Why, so, Victoria, my dear?" he asked.

"There's Bess," she answered, smiling, but somewhat sadly. "You'll take to her, daddy, you two'd be two lonesome ones if you didn't take to one another. Mrs. Fell's very near her end; and I am, p'rhaps."

"Do you feel worse, Victoria?" he inquired anxiously.

"Not worse," she said; "but it's so long, the winter is; and there's so much dark, and I lie here doin' nothin'. If it wasn't for mother's verses and hymns, I don't know what I'd do. I've been sayin' one of 'em all day."

"Which is it, my dear?" he asked.

Victoria's voice fell into a low and solemn tone as she said these words:

"There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly."

"Ay! she were always a-sayin' them lines," Euclid murmured softly, "afore you was born, my dear."

"There's enough money to pay for my buryin' now, isn't there, father?" asks Victoria.

"To be sure there is, my dear; lots enough," he answered, "and a bit o' black for Bess, if that'll be any comfort to you."

"She's strong, and can help you to get a livin'," observed Victoria, almost joyously; "and there'll be somebody to see as you have

a coffin of your own too, daddy. I'm glad to think you'll take to Bess when I'm gone."

"My work'll be done then," said Euclid, "I'd promised your mother what I'd do, and I've almost done it. Then I'm ready to go. It's a queer shop, this world is!"

(To be continued.)

WHY HAVE A JUNIOR LEAGUE?

BY REV. T. M. FUREY.

THERE are at least three reasons. The first that I will mention is the importance of work among children. I once went into the woods with a friend who was visiting us to look for specimens of funguses. We found a fine one, upon the fleshy portion of which I drew, with a needle, a landscape. It was easily done, as the slightest scratch upon the soft surface produced a dark line. This fall I saw that same fungus. There was the picture, indelibly inscribed upon it, for, during the lapse of nearly two years, it had become dry and hard and no longer could such an impression be made as was done when it was first obtained. The hearts of children are impressible, like that fungus. We may inscribe upon them such character pictures as we please. Many artists are at work there. God and Satan, good and wicked men, have a share in the work. So, also, do the companions with whom the children are daily associating. Who shall succeed in making the picture that is to abide? Those hearts will not always yield to the artist's touch. The characters formed now will become permanent. If we can, by our earnest effort, crowd the world and Satan out, we may assist in forming noble characters that will be difficult in the future for the hosts of sin to change—settled, established characters.

Revival work among adults, and especially among those of middle life, or past, is exceedingly discouraging. Not so is such work among children. They are easily brought to Christ. An eminent Roman Catholic said, in substance: "Give me a child to train until it is seven years old and I care not who has the training of it after that. It will be a Catholic." Let a child be really converted to God before that age and the probabilities are that it will grow up to be a Christian man or woman. The Junior League is proving itself a valuable agent in bringing about this result, therefore we cannot afford to be without it.

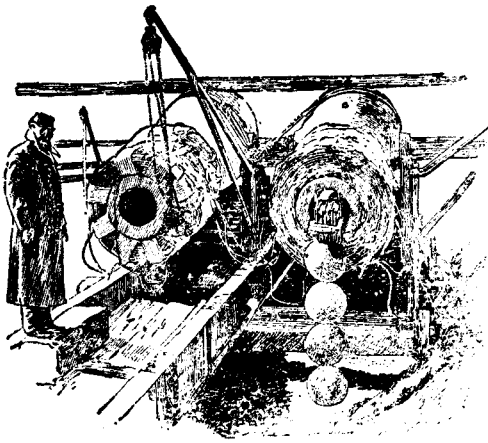
A second reason is that this work cannot be so successfully accomplished in the regular local League as in an auxiliary society, as it is impossible to give the Junior members the attention there that their needs require. Educators find it necessary to grade the public schools because the younger scholars cannot receive sufficient attention in the ungraded schools; also, because their presence is a hindrance to the progress of the older pupils. Much the same may be said of the Epworth League. It is for the good of both its older and younger members that it be divided in its organization.

The third and last reason of which I will speak is that experience has demonstrated the advantages of this kind of an auxiliary of the local League. While it can hardly be properly called a distinct organization, its members enjoy the benefit of separate and special instruction and training, which are of inestimable value to them. They are also inspired with greater interest from the fact that it is their own society, they having their own officers, their own meetings, their own work.

If only an efficient superintendent can be secured who will do enough and not too much; one who loves boys and girls and is able, not only to entertain, but to instruct them; one who is devoted to God, success is insured. These Leagues are advancing grandly where they have been formed, and are the hope of the Church. The Junior League is the primary department from which pupils are promoted to the local League. Every League needs a reserve force from which to draw to fill its depleting ranks. The Epworth League, both Junior and Senior, is training a generation of better Christians for the Church of to-morrow. — *Epworth Herald*.

CATHEDRAL OF SPIRES.

ONE of the finest minsters in the world is that of Spire. It is four hundred and thirty-one feet long. The vaulted roof rises to the height of one hundred and five feet, and four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. Here the German emperors were buried for hundreds of years, till their tombs were ransacked by the soldiery of Louis XIV. Just a hundred years later the tombs of the French kings at St. Denis were similarly despoiled by German soldiers. It is from the protest of the Lutheran princes at the Diet held in this church by Charles V., in 1529, that the name Protestant is derived.



A WONDERFUL MAGNET.

PROBABLY the largest and strongest magnet in the world is that at Willet's Point, New York. It came to be made by accident. Major King happened to see two large fifteen-inch Dahlgren guns lying unused side by side on the dock, and immediately conceived the idea that a magnet of enormous power could be constructed by means of these cannon, with a submarine cable wound around them. The magnet which stands about ten feet from the ground, is eighteen feet long, and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the guns. It takes a force of twenty-five thousand pounds to pull off the armature. A seemingly impossible experiment was performed with some fifteen-inch solid cannon balls, the magnet holding several of them suspended in the air, one under the other. The most interesting experiment was the test made of a non-magnetic watch. The test was highly satisfactory. The magnet was so powerful that an ordinary watch was stopped still as soon as it came within three feet of it, while an American non-magnetic watch was for ten minutes held in front of the magnet, and it did not vary the hundredth part of a second. A sledge-hammer wielded in a direction opposite to the magnet feels as though one was trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind.—*Chicago Railway Review.*

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.C. 1872 (?) **LESSON VIII.** [Feb. 25.]

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

Gen. 22. 1-13. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac.—Heb. 11. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. God's command, v. 1, 2.
2. Abraham's Obedience, v. 3-10.
3. Isaac's Salvation, v. 11-13.

TIME AND PLACE.—B.C. 1872 (?) while Abraham was dwelling near Beersheba.

CONNECTING LINKS.

1. The visit of two angels to Lot in Sodom (Gen. 19. 1-11) 2. Lot's escape from Sodom (Gen. 19. 12-28). 3. Abraham's sojourn at Gerar, and attempted deception of Abimelech (Gen. 20. 1-18). 4. The birth of Isaac (Gen. 21. 1-8). 5. The exile of Hagar and Ishmael (Gen. 21. 9-21). 6. The covenant between Abraham and Abimelech at Beersheba (Gen. 21. 22-34).

EXPLANATIONS.

"God did tempt"—Did test or try. The strange incident which follows was one of the pivots on which all history turns. Whatever else it stands for, it marks the hour when reverent, worshipful humanity deeply learned the lesson that God cannot be glorified by the sacrifice of human life. For centuries after this, depraved idolators continued the horrid custom, but from this hour it was impossible for the heart that intently longed for God to imagine that God could be pleased by the sacrifice of a fellow-man. "Take now thy son . . . and offer him . . . for a burnt offering"—Regarding this as an actual, historic event, we must hold that God here commands what he does not intend to permit. "The land of Moriah"—It was probably

near Jebus or Salem, afterward Jerusalem. The hill on which Solomon's temple afterward stood was called Moriah. "Come again to you"—This may be an indication of Abraham's faith that God would raise Isaac from the dead. "Took the fire in his hand"—Live coals carried upon a fireshovel. "God will provide himself a lamb."—This statement, which may be regarded as an unconscious prophecy of Christ, brings to view the other great truth wrapped up in this lesson. This was one of a series of symbolic or typical events by which God taught his simplehearted followers a great spiritual truth, while he foreshadowed the greater spiritual truth to be revealed so soon as mankind could receive it. "Jehovah-jireh" means "The Lord will provide," and refers to God's having provided an acceptable offering.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That all that we have belongs to God?
2. That God requires our obedience?
3. That God will give help in need?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did God command Abraham? "To offer up his son Isaac." 2. What was the purpose of this command? "To try the faith of Abraham." 3. How did Abraham receive God's command? "He prepared to obey it." 4. What did Abraham say to Isaac on the way to the altar? "God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering." 5. How was Isaac saved from death? "By a voice from heaven." 6. Of what was this a prophecy? "Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Redemption from sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the meaning of the word Christ?

It is the Greek form of the Hebrew Messiah, and means anointed with oil; that is to say, consecrated or set apart and qualified.

THE GATES WERE SHUT.

A MINISTER from Scotland, who once resided for a short time in Gibraltar, describes a lesson which he got there on the value of being on time, as follows: "I was outside what is called the North Front, one afternoon, addressing a number of soldiers, and, after the service, the Colonel, who was a good Christian man, said to me, 'Now, you will need to hurry up to the gates to get through in time.' I said, 'Won't the guards open the gates to the chaplain?' 'No, not even to the Governor. Once the gates are closed, they are not opened till next morning; so hurry up.' Two friends were with me, most devoted Christian ladies, and as the sun was going down we all hastened, and just got through in time. The soldiers were standing ready, waiting for the firing of the gun from the signal station. For you must know, that as every morning at sunrise a gun is fired, after which the gates are opened, so every evening at sunset a gun is fired and the gates are closed. It was delightful to be in time and to feel that all was well. Suddenly there was a clamping of feet. Up came about a dozen men, running; and once through they gave a great shout as of triumph that they had succeeded. Then the booming of the gun was heard, and at once the ponderous gates were closed; and, just as they were closed, up came a man seeking and knocking for admission; but it was too late. He could not enter then, and, with a sad heart, he had to turn away. Then came up the words in the parable of the ten virgins, 'And the door was shut.'" (Matthew 25. 10.)

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for



THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.

good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the church and Sunday school. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be and do good.—*Child's Paper.*

The Work of Drink.

BY E. A. BARNES.

THE work of drink is going on,
The drink that causeth woe;
We see its pitiless hand at work
Wherever we may go.
Loving hearts are aching,
Tender ties are breaking,
Because of this, the work of drink,
That still is going on—
Going on!

It worketh blight and bitter tears,
Along the downward way;
It worketh deeds of darkest dye
That words cannot portray.
Oh, the bitter wailing,
Want and woe prevailing,
Because of this, the work of drink,
That still is going on—
Going on!

It worketh sin, and sin is death,
And death will yet appear!
It worketh well and we behold
Its victims, far and near.
Crime is still appalling,
Shadows dark are falling,
Because of this, the work of drink,
That still is going on—
Going on!

BOYS, LEARN A TRADE!

It is to be regretted that so few of our Canadian boys learn any trade, or are willing to serve as apprentices for the term of four or five years. Almost any good and smart boy can procure employment in some one of the hundred skilled industries that are carried on in this city; and the boy who serves his apprenticeship faithfully gets a training that will be advantageous to him all through life, and that will very surely enable him to earn a living as long as he lives. We should suppose that any real sensible boy would like to think of becoming a skilled workman in a good trade; would like to look forward to the time when he could stand up as an independent journeyman, for example, in the carpenter's trade, or the brassworker's, or the tailor's, or the stonemason's, or the watchmaker's, or the bookbinder's, or the fresco painter's, or the weaver's, or the printer's, or the machinist's, or the locksmith's, or the glazier's, or some other trade worthy of his manhood. It is a splendid thing for a young fellow to start out in the world with a good trade. He can be as stiff as he pleases, and doesn't need to knuckle down

to anybody, neither to the boss nor the foreman, if he minds his own business and steers clear of gallivanting. He can nearly always get a job at fair pay, and can often have a chance of travelling to some other part of the country to look for a better job at higher pay. What long-headed boy would not like to have such a show in life? Yet a vast number of our boys don't want to learn a trade. They are anxious to be office boys, or counter jumpers, or sales-boys, or clerks, or something of that kind. Stupid fellows, when they can get a chance to become skilled mechanics! We say that boys who need to earn a living do well to learn a trade, and then strike out in life, free as the air they breathe.—*Truth.*

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