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THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

[No. 52.]

Vol. XIII.]

BATS.

THERE is probably no more repulsive looking animal than the bat. So ugly is it that in ancient times it was pronounced unclean, and naturalists were entirely ignorant of its characteristics, calling it a kind of bird, and this erroneous idea many persons still entertain. The bat has very strong organs for flight but they are entirely different from those of a bird. They can fly to a considerable height and with great rapidity, but are very clumsy on the ground.

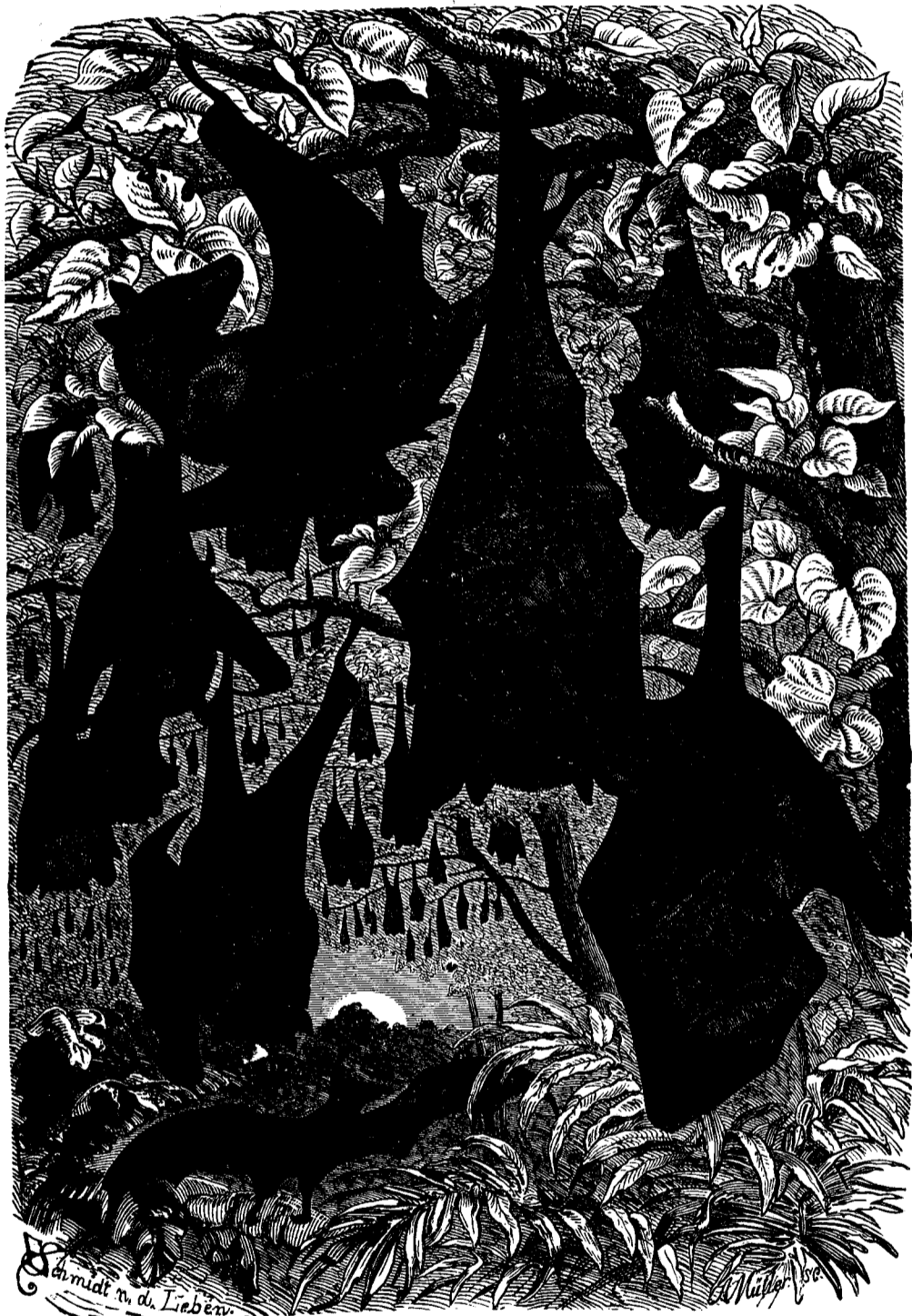
When the animal tries to walk the wings are shut and become forefeet. They have hands with long fingers and two short thumbs with a hook at the end of each with which they cling to some object, and by it the body is pulled forward to one side, the next step being by a similar movement of the other thumb.

The illustration shows their mode of resting when tired by some long flight. They seek some dark retreat from the top of which they can suspend themselves, head downwards by their hind claws. Very often the limbs of trees answer this purpose, as shown in our picture. That bats have very small eyes, we all know, from the familiar expression "as blind as a bat." However, compensation is made for their semi-blindness by their very acute sense of hearing.

They have also a remarkably fine sense of touch. So sensitive are they to this sense of touch that the great naturalist Spallanzani believed them to have a sixth sense. He found that they could fly in the dark, avoiding every obstacle, even after the eyes were put out and the ears and nose completely stopped up. It was afterwards discovered however, that this exquisite sense of touch resides in the flying membrane, forming a surface entirely disproportionate to the size of the body; to increase its sensitiveness it is entirely destitute of hair. The bat is thus made acquainted with the distance of bodies by the different modifications impressed upon this membrane by the impulse of the air. Bats are nocturnal animals and avoid the light and noise of the day, but on mild summer nights they leave their retreats and fly forth in search of prey. Much of the time they live in a kind of stupor and even when in flight they become an easy prey, themselves, to owls, and other birds of night, and any snare that may be set for them.

A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT seventy years ago, there lived in the eastern part of Pennsylvania a little boy named Abram H—. Like boys now-a-days, Abram liked to see all the sights; and so one beautiful autumn day his father took him to the neighbouring village to see the soldiers drill, as it was the annual "training day." Nearly everybody in those days drank whiskey, even the children being taught to drink it; and in almost every cellar a big barrel of the awful stuff was



BATS.

kept. On these "training days" there was a good deal of drinking, many of the men going home drunk. Little Abram saw these drunken men the day he went to the training; and when he got home he said to his mother, after telling her of the things he had seen: "Ma, I am never going to drink a single drop of whiskey nor use a bit of tobacco as long as I live."

His mother said: "I am glad to hear you say that. You shall be my little temperance boy." This was the first temperance speech he made. Don't you think it was a good one?

About ten years after this, Abram, now a boy of seventeen, left his home and went on foot over the mountains to Pittsburg, a

journey of two hundred miles. Here he hired out to a sign painter, and began to learn the business.

It was the custom in the shop for the workmen to send one of their apprentice boys every day for a quart of whiskey, which they brought in an old stone jug. Of course, when Abram began working in the shop as an apprentice boy, the men sent him after the whiskey. He went two or three times, and then made up his mind that he would not go again, as he felt that it was not right.

The next day, while Mr. Jones, the owner of the shop, was at dinner, one of the men handed a shilling to Abram, and ordered him to go for the whiskey, which

he refused to do, saying that it was not right, and he would bring no whiskey for them to drink. This made the man very angry, and while he was talking very loud, and threatening to whip Abram unless he went, Mr. Jones, the proprietor, came in, and asked what the trouble was. Abram said: "Mr. Jones, I came into your shop to learn to paint signs, not to help make men drunkards. I am willing to do all the honourable work I can, but I will not carry whiskey for these men to drink. If I can't stay here unless I do this, why, then, I will leave."

Mr. Jones said nothing for a moment; then, seizing the whiskey jug, he smashed it to pieces on the hard floor, and exclaimed: "The last drop of liquor has come into this shop that ever shall with my consent. This boy has preached me a temperance sermon that I shall never forget; and I shall never touch another drop of liquor."

This was Abram's second temperance speech, and what a brave, noble speech it was! Now, I want to tell you something curious that happened fifty years later.

Abram learned the painting business, and became a fine workman. After this, he moved to Ohio, where he lives now, respected by all who know him. About a year ago, Abram, or as will now call him, Mr. H—, now an old man of seventy-two, went with his wife to visit a son in Pittsburg. One day, while there, he went to a "Murphy" temperance meeting, which was held in one of the largest churches. After speeches had been made by a number of gentlemen, an old man, with long white hair and beard, went to the platform, and said:

"I have been a temperance man ever since I was a young man; and I was led into being one by the brave stand taken by a boy who was learning the painter's trade in my shop fifty years ago." The old gentleman then went on and told of the scene in his shop, which I have told you.

While he was speaking, Mr. H— asked a gentleman, sitting by his side, who the speaker was. "That," said the man, "is Mr. Jones, an old citizen of Pittsburg."

Mr. H— said: "Tell them that the boy he tells of is in the house."

The gentleman sprang up, and interrupting the speaker, said: "The boy who led you into being a temperance man is here by my side."

Such a scene of excitement as then took place was hardly ever witnessed in a church. Mr. H— was almost carried up the long aisle to the platform, and was there introduced as "that boy."

Then he had to tell the story over again; and also told of the first temperance speech he ever made—the one I told you of his making to his mother when a little boy about six years old.

After he got through, Mr. Jones greeted him very warmly, and said, with tears in his eyes: "It was your noble stand against bringing whiskey for the workmen that day, that, with the blessing of God, saved me from being a drunkard, and everything I am I owe to those noble words."

The Death of the Old Year.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THERE is a serious aspect to this season—the close of the old year and the beginning of the new. It is a time for looking back on the past—its many mercies and blessings, its short-comings and failures and sins—and for looking forward into the future. Oh, thank God for all his goodness! Seek his pardon for all you have done amiss, and ask his grace to help you to begin the new year in newness of life. You know not what the year shall bring to you of joy or sorrow, or, it may be, sickness or death. But put your hand trustfully in God's, and go forward where he leads, and no scath nor harm can happen you. It is a precious treasure. Oh! use its golden moments well, and may it be for each one of you the very happiest year that ever you have known!

It's coming, boys, it's almost here;
It's coming, girls, the grand New Year!
A year to be glad in, not to be bad in;
A year to live in, to gain and give in;
A year for trying, and not for sighing;
A year for striving, and hearty thriving;
A bright New Year, oh! hold it dear,
For God who sendeth, he only lendeth
The grand, the blessed, the glad New Year.

I wish you happy New Year,
Dear bright-eyed girls and boys;
May all its days and hours be
Filled full of wholesome joys.

I wish you happy New Year,
With health and true success,
And the best of all good fortune—
The power to aid and bless.

THE POOR LITTLE DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

BY DELIA HEYWOOD.

JUST one hundred years ago, there lived in France a most unhappy little boy. He is often referred to by writers as "The poor little dauphin of France."

Dauphin is the title given the eldest son of a French king, and the father of this child was Louis XVI., who was executed by the dreadful guillotine at the beginning of the great revolution, known as the "Reign of Terror."

The dauphin had been taken from his heart-broken mother, who is known in history as Marie Antoinette, a little while before the execution of his father, to be placed under the control of a man named Simon, whose cruelty alone has made him infamous. He was a rude, ignorant, passionate, vulgar wretch. The books and toys sent the poor child by his mother were destroyed by his brutal keeper.

A historian says that on one occasion this Simon threw an anvil on the dauphin's head because he refused to sing a brutal song in which his mother was called "The Austrian She-wolf."

Marie Antoinette soon followed her husband to the guillotine. It is said that the great sorrows she endured in the short time which elapsed from the imprisonment of the royal family until the day of her execution turned her hair from glossy brown to snowy white. Doubtless her anxiety for the poor little dauphin and his sister troubled her more than the fear of the scaffold.

Can you imagine a child more wretched than her little son, when his keeper Simon told him that his mother's head had been taken off in the presence of a jeering multitude of people?

You shudder even at the thought of your own dear mother's death, but think of the horror of having both parents murdered!

There was no one to comfort him—his good aunt Elizabeth and his little sister were separated from him in other prisons. He did not know how soon he himself might be led out to die.

At length the ferocious Simon left the prison. His farewell words to the dauphin were, "Oh, you young villain! You are not quite crushed yet, but you can never escape."

After Simon's departure, the boy was placed in a large room, which was securely bolted. His food was handed him through iron bars. He had neither light nor fire. No human being was allowed to enter the room.

Think of the horror of it all! A cold, dark room, with no living creature near—not even a cat or a puppy—and the poor child groping about in the gloom against the damp stone walls of his dungeon!

No doubt but that he was always thinking of his murdered father and mother and dreading his own unknown fate. How he must have shrank frightened at every sound!

In 1794, his good and beautiful aunt Elizabeth was beheaded, leaving the dauphin and his little sister alone in the world—not "the wide, wide world"—it must have seemed very narrow to the poor little prisoners shut out from the blue sky.

The boy became so feeble that he could hardly crawl from the bed to the stone jug which contained water.

His room was never cleaned, and rats, mice, and other filthy vermin surrounded him. There was a horrible smell in the room. The air was poisonous, and the little sufferer would have died, had not one kind man sought him out. This man, named Gilbert Laurent, found the dauphin a most pitiable sight. His head and neck were covered with sores. His finger and toe nails had grown to long claws, and he was disgustingly dirty.

His mind seemed to be gone. He made no answer to questions asked; until, being repeatedly pressed to say what he wanted, he said very feebly, "I want to die."

Good Gilbert Laurent opened the window and let light and air into the prison. A good bed was provided, and he was washed, and dressed in clean clothing.

In May, 1795, the dauphin became dangerously ill. A pretty story is told of the dying child, which I cannot refrain from giving, though many persons might consider it fanciful. But whether the effect of imagination or not—many dying

people speak of forms and faces seen, and voices heard, which are unseen and unheard by those around them. And when an attendant said to the suffering child, "How unhappy I am to see you in such pain," he replied: "Yes, I suffer; but the music is so sweet."

"Where do you hear music?" was asked.

"Above. Don't you hear it?" Listen! I hear my mother's voice."

He turned his large blue eyes toward the open window and gazed intently on the summer sky.

But they soon grew dim, his form relaxed and he died without a struggle in the arms of his faithful attendant.

Such was the fate of "The poor little dauphin of France."—*Youth's Journal*.

The Tale of the Months.

FEBRUARY, March, April: then comes Spring,
And the birds begin to sing;
And the grasses, cool and sweet,
Tangle round the children's feet;
And the buds and blossoms gay
Dress themselves to greet the May.

May, June, July: then the Summer-time;
Roses blush and blue-birds chime,
Deep, dark shadows 'neath the trees,
Buzz of wasp, and hum of bees,
And a steady human tide
Flowing to the country-side.

August, September, October: Autumn;
O, the fruitful days are come!
Golden, luscious, juicy days;
Berries ripe along the ways;
Grapes upon the garden wall;
Nuts that for the children fall.

November, December, January;
First Thanksgiving, glad and merry;
Daylight romps, and frelight games,
Apple-seeds with mystic names;
Christmas, with its rites so dear;
Last of all, Happy New Year.

So the tale of months is told—
Ever new and ever old,
Ever sad and ever gay,
As the years go on their way,
With a smile and with a tear
Cometh, goeth, each new year.

IF I WERE A BOY.

BY BISHOP J. H. VINCENT.

If I were a boy, with my man's wisdom
I should eat wholesome food, and no other.
And I should chew it well, and never "bolt
it down." I should eat at regular hours,
even if I had to have four regular meals a
day. I should never touch tobacco, chew-
ing gum, or patent medicines; never once
go to bed without cleaning my teeth; never
let a year go by without a dentist's inspec-
tion and treatment; never sit up late at
night, unless great emergency demanded
it; never fail to rub every part of my body
every morning with a wet towel, and then
with a dry one; never drink more than
three or four tablespoonfuls of ice water at
one time and so forth and so on. But all
this takes will power and this is all it does
take.

If I were a boy I should keep my own
secrets, except as I revealed them to my
father and mother, for the sake of securing
their advice; I should never speak a word
to any one who might be worried by it;
and speak kind words of others, even of
enemies, in their absence. I should put no
unclean thoughts, pictures, sights, or
stories into my memory and imagination,
and no foul words on my tongue; give no
smiles, but rather black frowns and fierce
reproof, to any comrade who dared, in my
presence, to utter a filthy speech. I should
want to say, as the pure-minded and noble
Dr. George H. Whitney, President of the
Hackettstown College, can say: "I never
pronounced a word which I ought not to
speak in the presence of the purest woman
in the world." I should treat little folks
kindly, and not tease them; show respect
to servants; be tender towards the unfor-
tunate. All this I should strive to do for
the sake of being a comfort to people, a joy
to my parents, a help to the next century,
and in the seventh decade of it should
hope to be a wise and cheerful old man,
who learned when he was a boy to govern
himself, to be firm in right willing, and to
keep up the terraces in God's garden on
the hillside.

If I were a boy I would play and romp,

and sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves,
swim rivers, and be able to do all manly
things that belong to the manly sports;
love and study nature; travel as widely
and observe as wisely as I could; study
hard (with a will) when the time came for
study; read the best literature, works of
the imagination, history, science, and art,
according to my taste and need; get a
good knowledge of English, try to speak
accurately and pronounce distinctly; go to
college, and go through college, even if I
expected to be a clerk, a farmer or a me-
chanic; spend my Sundays reverently; try
to be a practical, everyday Christian; help
on every good cause; never make sport of
sacred things; be "about my father's
business," like the boy of Nazareth; "use
the world and not abuse it;" treat old
men as fathers, the younger as brethren,
the elder women as mothers, the younger
as sisters, in all purity," and thus I should
try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome,
sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous;
a boy with a will, a boy without cant or
cowardice; a builder of terraced gardens
on the hillside—man's will and wisdom in
them, and God's grace, beauty, and bless-
ing abiding upon them.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

It was New Year's morning, and the
snow that had been falling fast all night
lay thick and white on the streets. Merry
sleigh-bells rang out their "Happy New
Year;" bright faces passed and repassed;
joyous laughter chimed in with the glad
day; and as I gazed out from my window
upon the passing crowd, I could not help
comparing it with the snow—pure and
fresh in the morning, but trodden under
foot ere nightfall. I thought, "How many
of those merry voices will be smothered in
drink, and what a heart-burden there will
be carried to many a father and mother!
It makes one shudder to think of the sin
committed at the beginning of the New
Year—the time for good resolutions, and
the day to put them into practice. How
freely the wine flows! and how few young
men resist the tempter in the form of a
handsome lady, who says, "Just one glass
in my honour!" And fast on to that glass
follow many glasses, until the glorious
New Year becomes a blank to them.

Oh, why is the woman so often the
tempter? She who was made the man's
helpmeet, but who, too often, proves his
curse. Oh! you tempters, think of the
end; think of what you are doing against
your God, yourself, and the world; think
of the homes you are helping to blight,
and henceforth be a blessing to your sex,
and never curse your high position of
womanhood by using it to help the devil in
his work. Rather help every one to keep
good resolutions made on the coming of
the New Year, and let your merry voice
and bright eyes, and happy, encouraging
words, be the only stimulants offered by
you on New Year's Day.

"BOY DIES OF SMOKING
CIGARETTES."

THIS was the sad heading of a telegraphic
despatch which I read in a Chicago daily
paper only a short time ago, and which
must have sent a wave of sorrow and indig-
nation through the heart of every person
who read it. From Kokomo, Ind., the
message came telling of the death of this
thirteen-year-old boy who had been trying
to win a prize offered by the cigarette
manufacturers. In his room were found
988 empty cigarette boxes, lacking but
twelve of the required number, 1,000,
which would win the coveted prize. His
life was thus made a sacrifice that the
manufacturers of the poison might be en-
riched, and that they might be better able
to supply the destructive material to
spoil other lives.

Just think of it, boys and girls of the
temperance army—ninety per cent. of the
boys in our public schools are said to be
using this hurtful tobacco in some of its
forms, the worst of which is the cigarette.
Have you not a great work before you?
First, to learn for yourselves the effects of
its use, and second, to warn others con-
cerning it. Then determine for yourselves
that you will never use this or anything
which will defile these bodies of ours—the
holy temples of God.

Prohibition Battle Song.

BY W. H. ROSEVEAR.

TUNE.—"Hold the Fort."

FRIENDS of temperance! see the signal
Flame from height to height;
Duty calls! Come, join the conflict!
Arm you for the fight.

CHORUS.

Raise the Prohibition banner!
Wide its folds display;
Truth has ever vanquished error,
We shall win the day!

Many fortresses have fallen;
Battles fierce and long
Have in glorious victory ended,
And triumphant song.

States and empires are uprising,
To efface the stain
Of the countless human victims
By intemperance slain.

See the Church of Christ advancing,
In her King's great might!
Soon will her victorious legions
Put the foe to flight.

Onward! though false friends discourage,
Or strong foes assail,
For the Lord of Hosts is with us!
And we must prevail.

Forward, then! march on to conquest,
To our pledge be true;
So shall we be crowned as victors
"In the grand review!"

THE DRINKING MAN'S CHILD.

HER name was Phoebe Gray and she was only five years old. She did not live in a handsome house, nor wear nice clothes, nor have plenty of good food to eat, for her father was a drunkard, and did not take proper care of his family.

Now, Phoebe had always been a sweet child, and her tender, loving ways had many times kept her father from taverns and bad company. It seemed to him, sometimes, when her arm was about his neck, as if an angel were guarding him. He never spoke crossly to Phoebe, even in his worse fits of drunkenness; and if he got into a rage, as he sometimes did when his poor, heart-broken wife tried to talk with him about his bad habits, his anger died out when the dear child, lifting her tearful eyes and frightened face, would say, "O father! don't, please, talk so to mother."

Before Phoebe was born, Mr. Gray, when his drunken fits were on him, was very cross at home, and stormed about, sometimes like a madman. But after Phoebe was born these fits were less frequent, and rarely so violent as in former times.

He loved to hold her in his arms, and would often stay at home in the evening, after she grew to be a few months old, just for the pleasure of carrying her about or rocking her to sleep in the cradle, instead of going off to a public-house. It was wonderful to see what power this little tender thing had over a strong man who had become the slave of a maddening vice.

One night a storm came up. The wind blew, and the rain fell heavily. A neighboring clock struck nine; and as the sound died away the wind came with a rushing noise along the street, rattling the shutters and driving the rain upon the windows.

"Oh dear!" said little Phoebe, starting up from the floor, where she had been lying with her head on an old piece of carpet, "I wish father was home."

And then she sat and listened to the dreary wind and rain. "He'll get so wet and the wind will blow him about." The poor child knew how weak he was after he had been drinking, and she felt sure he would never be able to stand up against the fierce wind that was blowing. When this thought came to her mind, fear crept into her heart; and fear began to make pictures of dreadful things. Now she saw, in imagination, her father fall headlong upon the pavement with no one near to raise him up; now she saw him tumbling into the swollen gutter, and the tide of water rushing over him.

"Oh, dear mother!" she cried, starting up and going to the window, "he'll get drowned, he will! I must go for him."
"You go for him!" Mrs. Gray might well look astonished.

"Somebody must go for him. He'll be drowned!" said Phoebe in distress.

"Oh, no, dear; there's no danger of that," answered Mrs. Gray trying to pacify her child. "Don't be afraid. He'll not go into the street while it rains so hard."

"Are you sure of it, mother?" asked Phoebe.

"Yes, very sure."

But Phoebe's heart would not rest.

"I'll look out, just for a little minute," said the child, lifting the latch. As she did so a gust of wind and rain swept into her face and almost blinded her.

Far down one of the streets a light shone from a tavern window.

"Maybe he's there," she said and ran towards the light. Sometimes the wind dashed so hard in her face that she had to stop to get her breath; but she kept on. At last she reached the tavern door, pushed it open, and went in.

A sight to startle the crowd of noisy intoxicated men was that vision of a little child drenched with rain, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the group.

"O father," leaped from her lips, as one of the company started, and, catching her in his arms, ran out into the street.

Mr. Gray's mind was confused, and his body weak from drink, when Phoebe came in, but when he bore her forth in his arms, strange to say, he was a sober man.

"My poor baby!" he sobbed, as, a few moments afterwards, he laid her in her mother's arms, and kissing her passionately, burst into tears. "My poor baby! It's the last time."

And it was the last time. What persuasion, conscience, suffering, shame, could not do, the strong love of a little child had thus wrought. Oh! love is very strong.

Love for him had made her fearless of the night and the storm. But her whose love is over all things made her the instrument of a wider good. She was the means of his conversion.

Startled and touched by her sudden appearance and disappearance in the arms of her father, the little company of men who had been drinking in the bar-room went out, one after another to their homes. Said one of them, as he came in fully an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his wife, who sat wearily sewing—sewing to make up for what he spent in drink:

"Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope I shall never see again."

"What was it?" asked the tired woman.

"A little thing, not so old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is!—looking for her father in a gin shop! It made the tears come into my eyes when he caught her up in his arms and ran out with her held tightly to his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly. It sobered me, at least. And Jane," he added, with strong feeling in his tones, "this one thing is settled: our Jenny shall never search for her father in a gin shop on any night, fair or foul! I'll stop now, while I have a little strength left, and take the pledge to-morrow."

And he kept his word. He stepped out of the dangerous path in which his feet had been treading, and, by God's grace, which he prayed for, walked henceforth in the ways of sobriety.

And so there was joy in another home, because of the love of the drinking man's child.

A NOBLE JAPANESE.

A JAPANESE who had become a Christian and learned to read the Bible was so grateful and so anxious that others of his people should have the precious knowledge, too, that every morning, when he went out of his house to go to work he left his door open with this notice on it:

"If any one wants to come in here while I am gone and read my Bible, he may do it."

Now, wasn't that beautiful of him? He had learned the way, and he was anxious that others should know it, too; that others should read the book that had proved so precious to him.

What a sweet trait is this, dear little workers, just the very sweetest in a Christian's character—unselfishness. Indeed, I doubt if any one can be a real Christian without it.

HOW NORRIS HELPED.

BY HELEN SOMERVILLE.

WHEN the Junior League was started at the Plymouth Street church, Norris Eaton was elected treasurer. Norris was a manly little fellow with a shrewd, business-like air, and he received the new book which the leader handed him with such an expression of importance on his face that the others could not keep from laughing.

"Never mind, Norris," said Miss Scaton with an encouraging smile, "we all know what beautiful order you will keep the book in, and hope the receipts will be large the coming quarter."

Norris went home, thinking deeply. "I must give something every week," he said to himself, "and it must be something I earn myself, and not what mamma gives me. How can I earn some money?"

He was a boy who believed in praying for what he wished, and as he walked along he prayed, "O God, show me how I can earn some money." People's prayers are not always answered as promptly as Norris's was. At the corner of the street stood a large house where two old ladies—sisters—lived. Norris often ran in to see them, and they were always glad to have a sight of his bright face. As he was going past Mrs. Wright came to the door with a letter in her hand.

"Norris," she called, "will you take this to the post-office for me, and inquire for the mail?"

A struggle went on in the little boy's heart. He wanted to be obliging, and yet—He looked up bravely. "Mrs. Wright," he said slowly, "I'd like to do it for you just ever so much, but—it's Sunday."

"Well, what of that? The mail is open from four to five."

"Yes'm," said Norris, respectfully, "but mamma never let's me go to the postoffice Sundays."

The old lady looked a trifle vexed, and said coldly: "Oh, very well then, I suppose the letter must wait till to-morrow."

"Mrs. Wright," began Norris eagerly, "if you'll excuse me for not going to-day, I'll go for your mail every day this week."

"The boy is right, Caroline," said her sister, Mrs. Henning, coming to the door; "Don't tempt him to do wrong. And, Caroline, we may as well let the dear child always get our mail for us, and I'll give him ten cents a week for it. How will that suit you, Norris?"

"O Mrs. Henning!" cried Norris, eagerly, "I've been wanting a chance to earn some money for the Junior League. I'm treasurer, you know, and I want to set the rest a good example by always bringing something."

"Well, come in to-morrow morning, then, and take this letter to the office," said Mrs. Wright, and the two old ladies disappeared. Every morning found Norris standing at Mrs. Wright's door with a leather bag slung over his shoulders to carry the mail, and every Sunday he proudly threw his dime into the basket.

He kept his accounts so accurately that at the close of the year he was unanimously re-elected treasurer, and there was no other member who gave more cheerfully into the treasury than Norris.—*Epworth Herald.*

HOW MUCH MABEL LOVED JESUS.

BY MRS. ELLA P. PATTEN.

RUTH and Mabel are two little girls, one seven years old, the other four. Both are no longer babies, and Mabel scornfully refuses to sit in a high-chair because only little girls do that—preferring to torture her little knees by kneeling on a chair such as big folks use.

"Ella, you know, mamma sits in a high-chair, and I think she is only three years old," said Mabel when urged to make herself more comfortable in her own chair. Both little girls go to church every Sunday morning and try to listen in a dignified manner to their papa's sermons. Ruth always finds the place in the Bible and takes part in the responsive reading, while Mabel comes out strong on the Lord's prayer. They both participate in the singing, and each puts a penny in the collection box when it is passed. One morning a little boy with several other persons joined the church. That afternoon Ruth suddenly asked, "Mamma, when did you join the church?"

"When I was a little girl. I don't remember just how old I was."

"But when can anyone join the church? How little can they be?"

"When they have given their hearts to Jesus and have made up their minds to be good and want to be counted in and work with God's people."

Here Mabel burst in with: "Well, mamma, I have given my heart to Jesus, and I will try and not laugh any more, and I want to join the church."

She evidently believed that her besetting sin was laughing too much. At night, when tucked away in bed, she said: "Mamma, I love you so, and I do love papa so! But Jesus! Oh, I can't tell how much I love Jesus. How much do eggs cost, mamma, when we can't afford to buy them? Well, I love Jesus that much.—*Epworth Herald.*

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy laughingly, "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go, and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at the "old man's notion."

A few years later, and that lad, who had grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court before a jury who had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced, he addressed the court, and said among other things, "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me into ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A CHRISTIAN mother placed a New Testament in the hands of her boy who was just about to commence a seafaring life. The lad was thoughtless, careless, and, although so young, was quite unmanageable—the result of mixing with evil companions. But his mother's prayers followed him; and although many years passed away without seeing or hearing anything from her boy, the mother never forgot him at the throne of grace. She inquired of all she met who were likely to know the whereabouts of her boy, but in vain.

But one day a half-naked sailor knocked at her door to ask for relief. The sight of a sailor always interested her, and she heard his tale. He had seen great perils and had been wrecked several times, but was never so destitute as at one time, when himself and a "fine young gentleman" were the only individuals saved of a whole ship's crew. "We were cast upon a desert island, where after seven days and nights I closed his eyes." And while the tears stole down his face he told of the happiness experienced by his mate, which he said he got by reading a little book his mother gave him when a boy, and which was the only thing he saved. "He gave it to me," he continued, "just as he was dying and said: 'There, Jack, take it and read it, and may God bless you.'"

"Is all this true?" asked the trembling and astonished mother.

"Yes, madam, every word of it." And then dragging from his ragged jacket a little book much battered and time-worn, held it up, exclaiming, "And here's the very book."

She seized the Testament, described her own handwriting, and beheld the name of her son coupled with her own upon the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold thy son liveth!"



VOTE IT OUT.

VOTE IT OUT.

THIS is the sort of work the rum shops are doing all over Canada—not merely at the blessed Christmas and the happy New Year, but all the year round, changing loving husbands and kind fathers into human monsters; and so-called Christian men, wise (?) legislators and even grave divines (God forgive them), defend this traffic in the bodies and the souls of men. Christian voters of Ontario, do your duty on January 1st, and give your vote, your prayers, your undying effort to banish from the fair face of our Province these dire sin and crime and curse.

NEW YEAR'S WINE.

It is unfortunate that a custom so pleasing should have associated with it suggestions of evil; but, though sad, it is true that New Year's day is a time of temptation. There are young men and old men, whose smothered appetite is roused by the smell of liquor, and to whose good resolutions one taste of wine is as dangerous as a candle in a powder magazine. Ladies who, in arranging their tables, have supplied wine or stronger drink, can do real good by correcting their bills of fare.

The importance of this advice may be illustrated by an incident which occurred three years ago. A family of this city served wine to their guests, but when the two sons of the family came, the bottles were slipped to one side. The boys started on their round, with the sisterly admonition, "Now, you won't take anything!" To a caller who had just refused pressing offers of sparkling liquor from this same sister, the admonition had a strange sound, and he said, "Do you so much fear the effect of a little wine on your brothers?" "No; but when they begin, they don't know where to stop."

The door opened, and half-a-dozen persons—two being mere boys—came in. They all took wine; and the afore-mentioned caller had not even time to suggest that their sisters might be anxious lest they would not know where to stop. The caller saw them later in the day, and they were unmistakably tipsy. He saw, also, the two boys whose sister's caution he had heard, and they too were drunk. He has seen them since in the same condition, and knows that one of the two is the slave of strong drink, and physically and morally a wreck.

We do not know that New Year's wine

is responsible for this ruin, or that it led to the ruin of the boys to whom their sisters served it, but we are sure that many a young man dates his movement on the downward grade from liquor served on New Year's day. We are glad to believe that the custom of thus tempting men is on the decline, and equally glad if any word-blows we give will help it out of good society.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

THE FIRST ADAM.

B.C. 4004.] LESSON I. [Jan. 7.]

THE FIRST ADAM.

Gen. 1. 26-31; 2. 1-3. Mem. verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So God created man in his own image.—Gen. 1. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. The Making of Man, v. 26-31.
2. The Day of Rest, v. 1-3.

TIME.

We present this date (B.C. 4004) not at all as a fact in chronology, but as a convenient starting-point, from which to relatively arrange the facts of sacred history. Archbishop Usher's Chronology—from which it is taken—was largely made up by adding together the years of the lives of the various characters as given in Genesis.

PLACE.

The garden of Eden. This was probably near the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates Rivers, but closer particulars it is idle to conjecture.

INTRODUCTION.

The first chapter of Genesis tell us of the creation of the universe in six days, the last of which, with its work, our lesson gives a glimpse. . . On the seventh day God rested.

EXPLANATIONS.

"In our image"—Not with a physical likeness, but likeness in character and spiritual powers, and chiefly with the endowment that distinguishes man from all other animal creations—the freedom of the will. "Have dominion . . . over all the earth."—Man is often called "the lord of creation;" here is the warrant for the title. The gift has never been revoked. "He rested on the seventh day" God ceased from his creative work

after the sixth great period had seen man produced as the crown of creation. Creation is still in the "seventh day," or seventh great period, since the beginning of which there has been no addition to creative existence. "Blessed the seventh day"—This probably shows that God commanded the observance of one day in seven as a rest-day from the beginning of creation.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

In what facts or statements of this lesson may we learn—

1. The wisdom of God?
2. The power of God?
3. The goodness of God?
4. The dignity and glory of man?
5. The duties that man owes to God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. In whose image did God create man? Golden Text: "God created man in his own image." 2. What did God command Adam and his descendants to do? "Replenish the earth and subdue it." 3. What did God see in everything that he had made? "It was very good." 4. When was creation completed? "On the seventh day God ended his work." 5. What did God then do? "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The existence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What lesson does the death of Christ teach us?

The great evil of sin, and the strict holiness of God, which could not suffer sin to go unpunished.

THE FIRST SMOKERS OF CIGARS.

WITHOUT doubt, the first smokers of tobacco were the American Indians, who smoked it in the form of a rude cigar; and the habit was first discovered by Europeans by some of the crew of Columbus, four hundred years ago.

How long the Indians had used tobacco, none know, but over five thousand years of our world's history, had passed before the civilized nations knew of its existence or use. It is a wonderful, however, that such a filthy, poisonous weed, whose first use is so nauseating and repugnant to every physical, mental and moral feel of humanity, should in so short a time as four hundred years, spread all over the world, enslaving so many millions of the human race.

It is some satisfaction to know that such a degrading weed did not come through intelligent and civilized life, and that, in every age, our best and cleanest men have been opposers to its use.

The Child and the Year.

BY OELIA THAXTER.

SAID the child to the youthful Year:
"What hast thou in store for me?
Oh, giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store and the flowers of
spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,
Dear child—but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst thou know this last, best gift?
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift
To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love
If thou unto me canst bring,
I will set thee all earth's ills above,
Oh, child, and crown thee a king!"

"OUR PEOPLE DIE WELL."

MRS. C. C. VAN DUSEN, of Sproutbrook, N. Y., who was burned alive in the railroad wreck at Battle Creek, Mich., gave noble witness of Christ's power to save. When it became apparent that she could not be extricated, and she felt the heat of the curling flames, "I can die; Oh yes, I can die if I must. I am a Christian. I am a teacher in the Methodist Sunday-school at Sproutbrook, N. Y., say I died like a Christian," she said to the weeping men who strove with almost superhuman strength to free her pinioned limbs. Then, as the tongues of flame licked her feet and the blaze leaped up her garments, she lifted her face towards heaven; and, with messages to loved ones mingled with prayer to God, her spirit was set free.

Never was it truer than now, that "our people die well." Through faith promises are still obtained, the violence of fire quenched, and out of weakness even women are made strong.

The miracles of grace are renewed every day.

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