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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

[No. 49.]

EVERYDAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

On this page we give a couple of cuts illustrating customs of everyday life in Bible lands, and throwing much light on Bible usages. The first cut shows the custom common throughout the Orient of eating together out of the same dish. In order that due cleanliness may be observed the Arabs very carefully wash their hands both before and after eating, as shown in the picture. The many references to eating with washed or unwashed hands will occur to the reader, and also the touching words of our Saviour "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish the same shall betray me."

The second cut shows a common custom of treading out the grapes in a stone wine vat on a hillside. The women bring the ripe clusters in baskets on their heads and throw them into this stone trough. The men, having washed their feet, vigorously trample out the grapes. We have seen many of these wine vats in Palestine, often with the dried grape-skins in the bottom.

This cut brings to mind the words of the Scripture, "I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me."

The cut on the inside page shows the Arab sandals bound by thongs upon the feet, after the manner referred to in the Gospels. These things are the "latchet of the shoes" which John says "he was not worthy to unloose." These cuts are specimens of scores which will accompany a series of articles on Bible customs in the new and enlarged series of the *Methodist Magazine* for 1895. These will be of special interest to all Sunday-school teachers and scholars, and indeed to all Bible readers.

Among the subjects treated will be agriculture, domestic and other industries, dwellings, food, clothing, ornaments, social customs, weddings, and funerals, festivals, religious usages, domestic and family relations and the like.

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Strongly written serial stories as well as short stories and bright sketches will be given. This magazine should be in every Sunday-school, and as far as possible in every Methodist household. Some schools have taken from two to twenty copies for circulation as being cheaper, better, more attractive than books. Price, \$2. To schools taking two or more copies only \$1.60 a year. Address William Briggs, Toronto.

No man ever goes far on the wrong road till he would gladly exchange it for the right one if he could do it without turning round.

CARELESSNESS as to the things of this world usually goes hand in hand with carelessness as to the issues of the world to come.



ARABS EATING OUT OF A COMMON DISH.

HOW HE GOT ON.

A poor boy met an old captain one day on a tow-path, on the Erie Canal. The captain recognized him, and said:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered; "father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must make a living for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt down upon the tow-path; the dear old man prayed earnestly for William, and then gave his advice: "Someone will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as anyone. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap; give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a prosperous man."

When the boy arrived in the city, he found it hard to get work. Lonesome, and far from home, he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and united with the Church. He remembered his promise to the old cap-

tain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did, and ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner, and after a few years his partner died, and William became the owner of the business.

He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain, he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered, his business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever, then he gave three-tenths then four tenths, then five-tenths.

He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.

This is the story of William Colgate, who has given a million dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

Let us, like William Colgate, never forget to give our share to the dear Saviour, without whose co-operation we can never expect to succeed. *Sunday-School Evangelist.*

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

I HAVE read a parable of a man shut up in a fortress under sentence of perpetual imprisonment, and obliged to draw water from a reservoir which he may not see, but into which no fresh stream is ever to be poured. How much it contains he cannot

tell. He knows that the quantity is not great; it may be extremely small. He has already drawn out a considerable supply during his long imprisonment. The diminution increases daily, and how, it is asked, would he feel each time of drawing water and each time of drinking it? Not as if he had a perennial stream to go to—"I have a reservoir, I may be at ease." No; "I had water yester day, I have it to-day; but my having it yesterday and my having it to-day is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching."

Life is a fortress, man is a prisoner within the gates. He draws his supply from a fountain fed by invisible pipes, but the reservoir is being exhausted. We had life yesterday, we have it to-day, the probability—the certainty—is that we shall not have it on some day that is to come.

—A little sick boy was told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he. "Mother, I ain't a gun!"

—Mr. Sealove (visiting at the seaside)—"My dear, please tell my daughter to sing something less doleful." Mrs. Sealove—"That is not our daughter. That is the fog-horn."



TREADING OUT GRAPES IN A WINE VAT.

Specimens of numerous cuts on "Everyday Life in Bible Lands," in *Methodist Magazine*, new series for 1895.

The Bird With a Broken Wing.

I WALKED through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And found on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion,
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
By Sin's seductive art;
And touched with a Christlike pity
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

—Woman's Journal, Boston.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.*

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

CHRISTMAS time, of all times, is calculated to make young people happy, because of the great event celebrated at this glad season, when the infant Saviour was born that he might make all people happy, and especially the little ones, whom he so much loves. But to be happy, my dear young friends, you must try to make others happy—your parents, and those who have charge over you—by seeking to do what is right and good. I was noticing, in the hymn you sang, the words—

“Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angels' feet have trod?”

which seemed to carry one on to the future, instead of thinking of the present. Not only have angels trod this earth in old times, but they do tread it now; for they are often about us, helping us in many ways—present at our tables, and present at our beds—and we ought to think of this, and rejoice that we have such heavenly companionship.

I was much interested this morning in reading the account of the angels visiting

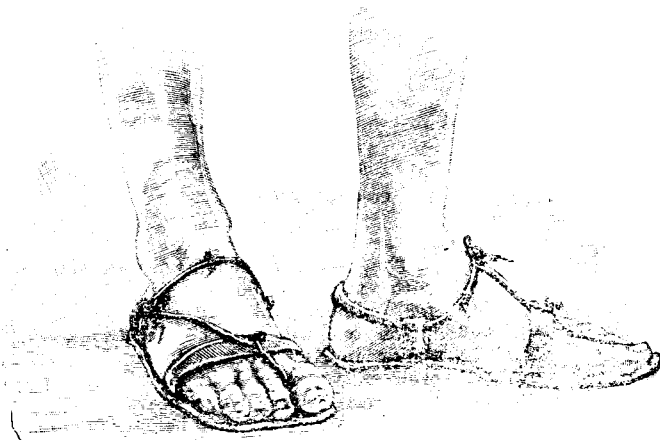
* Mr. John Ruskin, the great writer, gave a dinner to the children of Coniston and neighbourhood, making quite a new era in the season's festivities. About two hundred and sixty young persons were present. The proceedings opened with the singing of one or two hymns, after which Mr. Ruskin addressed the children.

the shepherds of Bethlehem, and telling them about the infant Saviour born there. It is a strange thing that shepherds were more honored than the wise men of the East; for these were simply guided by a star and directed to make inquiry where Christ was to be born, but the shepherds were told by an angel the precise place where they were to find him. And he was born in Bethlehem. You perhaps know that means “the House of Bread.” Singular thing, that he who is “the Bread of Life” should have “the House of Bread” for his birthplace. He wishes us to be happy here as well as hereafter. See how he looked after the wants of those around him. He fed five thousand men with bread. He gave to his disciples bread and fish, already cooked, on the margin of the lake of Galilee. You have your lake here, and fish swimming in the lake. You can imagine the disciples feeding upon what he had supplied, and how thankful they must have been.

Then, again, I see in that beautiful hymn we are taught to pray—

“Jesus here from sin deliver.”

This is what we want: to be delivered from our sins. You know Jesus came as “the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.” This was what John the Baptist said; and so we must look to the Saviour to deliver us from sin. It is right we should be punished for our sins



ARAB SANDALS.

From “Everyday Life in Bible Lands,” in *Methodist Magazine* for 1895.

which we have done; but God loves us, and wishes to be kind to us, that we may not wilfully sin. So try, my dear children, to be good and kind to those about you and over you. Remember our Saviour said, “I stand at the door and knock; if any man [or child] open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.” That is, he will make us happy, if we but receive him in our hearts, and will minister to our present as well as our future wants.

FILLING A POSITION.

ONE of the most successful men of this decade is Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. In a pamphlet recently published, entitled, “The Young Man in Business,” we find these true and striking sentences: “When a young man fails to keep abreast of his position, he recedes constantly, if unconsciously, perhaps. The young man who progresses is he who enters into the spirit of the business of his employer, and who points out new methods to him, advances new ideas, suggests new channels and outputs. There is no more direct road to the confidence of an employer than for him to see that any one of his clerks understands his business even better than he himself. That young man commands the attention of his chief at once; and, when a vacancy occurs, he is apt to step into it, if he does not forge over the shoulders of others. It is no special art, and it reflects but little credit upon any man, simply to fill a position. That is expected of him. He is engaged to do that, and it is only a fair return for a certain payment made. The art lies in doing more than was bargained

for, in proving greater than was expected, in making more of a position than has ever been made before.” There is a whole volume here for any ambitious youth. The men that work for money get little of it. The men that will not work harder except for more money constantly get less. The men that are too lazy or timid to overstep the bounds of humdrum toil will soon be out of a job altogether. The men that “wait to be told” will never be told to move up higher. The only way to “fill a position” with any permanent success is to fill more than the position, to reach out in all directions beyond the position. It is to give the kind of measure Christ advocated, “pressed down, shaken together, and running over.”—*Golden Rule*.

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

ONE of the monarchs of Russia was very much annoyed one morning at ringing his bell several times without receiving an answer. Opening the door of his cabinet, he was astonished to find his page fast asleep in a chair. His first impulse was to waken him roughly and threaten to discharge him. On approaching the sleeper, however, a playful thought seized his Majesty, and he determined—monarch though he was—to have a little fun at the expense of the page. His curiosity being excited by the sight of a paper ready to

fall out of the unconscious lad's pocket, he quietly abstracted it and retreated into the royal apartment. Taking a seat, he commenced to read, with a gleam of amusement lurking in his eye. Instead of the jolly composition he had expected to find, he soon discovered that it was a letter from the boy's mother, and read thus:

“My dear son,
—I return you many thanks for the money you saved from your salary and sent to me. It has proven a great help to me. God will certainly reward you, my dear boy, for it, and if you continue to serve your God and your king faithfully and conscientiously, you will not fail of success and prosperity in this world.

“From your loving mother,
“MARY——.”

By the time the Czar had finished the letter, his amused look had been exchanged to an expression of admiration and benevolence.

“Worthy boy, and equally worthy mother!” he exclaimed, wiping a tear from his eye. “This commendable act shall be rewarded. A boy who cares for his mother after such a fashion deserves to be promoted, and he shall be.”

Stepping softly into his closet, he took from a chest fifty ducats—worth two dollars each—and rolling them in the paper, replaced the letter in the page's pocket. After this he went back into his own apartment and rang the bell violently. The peremptory summons brought the page hastily into his presence.

“You have been asleep, sir, I suppose,” said the Czar, with a frown. “I rang several times without receiving an answer. What account can you give of yourself, young man?”

“I am afraid that I have been sleeping,” stammered the boy, in great confusion.

While he was speaking he put his hand in his pocket and felt the money. With a frightened face and eyes full of tears he looked imploringly at the Czar.

“What is the matter with you?” demanded the monarch, sternly.

“Somebody has been plotting my ruin, sir. There is money in my pocket, and I know nothing of how it came there. What

shall I do? What will become of my poor, sick mother?”

“Do not trouble yourself, my boy,” said the monarch. “What God bestows, he bestows in sleep. Send the money to your good mother, and give her my regards. You may tell her, too, that hereafter I will take care of her, and that I wish you to go to school. Such filial respect as that shown in your conduct deserves to be rewarded. I read the letter in your pocket, and it was my hands that placed the money where you found it. Always, as long as you live, remember your mother. The commandment to honour parents is accompanied by a promise of long life and prosperity, and God is abundantly able to fulfil every promise he has made.”

Clear the Way.

Men of thought, be up and stirring,
Night and day!
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way.
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As you may.
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to gleam
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unmingled glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way.

Lo, a cloud's about to vanish
From the day,
Lo, a right's about to conquer—
Clear the way—
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
With what light shall many more,
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

THE *Thorold Post* says: One of the most creditable productions of the Canadian religious press, and of Canadian enterprise, is the *Methodist Sabbath-school paper, Onward*, now nearing the end of its fourth volume. It is edited by Rev. Dr. Withrow, is profusely illustrated, and, being devoted much to travel in Bible lands, will in time prove a valuable compendium of knowledge. It is a publication of which the denomination may well be proud, and it is little wonder that it bounded at once to success, and is found in every wide-awake Methodist school.

EVERYTHING that God does is beautifully done. His stars are jewels set in velvet; his flowers are sapphires set in emerald. Everything of his creation, in shape and colour, as it lies bathed in the sunlight, has upon it the touch of the beautiful. And this teaches us to do beautifully everything that we do. Especially in our conduct toward each other ought there to gleam the beauty of the star and breathe the fragrance of the flower. Christian courtesy outflowing from a sincere heart is the highest form of gentleness, and so of beauty:

New occasions teach new duties:
Time makes ancient good un-outh,
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Wallon.

CHAPTER VII.—LITTLE MABEL'S SNOW DROPS.

THE next morning Christie woke with a happy heart, for he remembered his last night's prayer, and in his simple faith he had taken the Lord at his word, and had believed that the blood of Jesus had cleansed him from all sin.

But old Treffy's doubts and fears came back again. He began to look within, and the remembrance of his sin returned upon him. What if, after all, there was sin on his soul? What if the gates were still closed against him?

"Christie, boy, I don't feel it's all right with me yet," he said, anxiously. "Why not, Master Treffy?" asked Christie. "Why, I've been so bad, Christie; it doesn't seem likely He'd do it for me so soon as that; there's such a deal of sin on my soul."

"But you asked him to wash you, Master Treffy; didn't you?"

"Ay, I asked him, Christie," said Treffy, in a despairing tone.

"And he said he would if you asked him, Master Treffy; didn't he?"

"Ay, Christie, I believe he did," said Treffy.

"Then of course he has done it," said Christie.

"I don't know, Christie, boy; I can't feel it," said old Treffy, pitifully. "I don't seem to see it as I ought."

So whilst little Christie was walking in the sunshine, old Treffy was still groping on in the shadow, sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing, but never trusting.

Christie paid another visit to the suburban road that week. Little Mabel and her mother were coming out of the house when Christie reached the gate. The little girl ran eagerly forward when she caught sight of the organ, and begged her mamma to stay whilst she turned the handle just six times!

The lady spoke very kindly to Christie; she asked him several questions, and he told her about old Treffy, how ill he was, and how he had not another month to live. The tears were in the lady's eyes, and she asked Christie where he lived, and wrote it down on a white tablet which she carried in her pocket.

"Mamma," said little Mabel, "I want to whisper something to you."

The lady bent down her head to listen, and then said kindly, "Yes, if you like."

Mabel darted into the house, and returned with a large bunch of single white snowdrops, prettily arranged with sprigs of dark myrtle leaves. Very white and pure and lovely they looked.

"Here organ-boy," said Mabel, as she put them into his hands, "these are my own dear snowdrops; Aunt Helen gave me them, and you must take them to Master Treffy, he'll like them, won't he?" she said.

"Ay! that he will, missie," said Christie, warmly.

"Mabel," said her mother, "you must teach Christie the little prayer I told you always to say when you looked at the snowdrops."

"Yes," said Mabel, "I will. This is it, Christie: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

Christie looked up brightly.

"Will you say that prayer, Christie?" asked the lady, kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," said Christie, "it's just like what mo and Master Treffy said last night:

"Cleanso me and save me,

Cleanso me and save me,

Wash all my sins away."

The lady smiled when Christie said this, and seemed very pleased.

"I am so glad you know of the only way to be washed white," said the lady. "These snowdrops always make me think of the souls washed white in the blood of Jesus."

Then the lady and little Mabel passed on, and Christie looked down very tenderly on the flowers. How he would love them now! He turned his steps homeward at once, for he did not want the snowdrops to fade before they reached old Treffy. How fair, and clean, and pure they looked! So different to the smoke and dirt of the noisy court. Christie was almost afraid lest the thick air might soil them as he carried them through it. Some of the children ran after him, but begged for a flower, but he guarded his treasures very carefully till he reached the attic.

And when Christie opened the door, who should be there but the clergyman, sitting be-

side old Treffy, and talking to him very earnestly! He stopped to give Christie a kind word, and then he went on with what he was saying. He was telling Treffy about the death of Jesus, and how it is that the blood of Jesus can wash away all sin.

"I can't see that it's all right with me," said Treffy, in a trembling voice; "it seems dark and dim to me yet. I don't feel that I've got it; I can't feel happy."

"Treffy," said the clergyman, suddenly, "do you think I would tell you a lie?"

"No, sir," said old Treffy; "I'm sure you wouldn't; I could see it in your face, sir, if nowhere else. No, sir, I'd trust you anywhere."

"Now, Treffy," said the clergyman, taking a half-crown from his pocket, "I've brought this for you. You cannot work now, and you need many things you cannot get; I will give you this money to buy them with."

"Thank you, sir," said old Treffy, the tears running down his cheeks; "I can never thank you enough. We are very badly off just now, Christie and me."

"Stop, Treffy," said the clergyman, "it isn't yours yet, you must take it."

Treffy put out his trembling old hand, and took the half-crown, with another murmur of thanks.

"Do you feel that you've got it, Treffy?" said the clergyman.

"Yes, sir, it's here," said old Treffy.

"Are you sure you've got it, Treffy?" said the clergyman again.

"Yes, sir," said Treffy, in a bewildered voice, "I know I have; I don't know what you mean, sir."

"I will tell you what I mean," said the clergyman. "The dear Lord Jesus has come into this room just as I have, Treffy. He has brought a gift for you, just as I did. His gift has cost him far more than mine cost me; it has cost him his life. He has come close to you, as I came, and he says to you as I said: 'Old Treffy, can you trust me? do you think I would tell you a lie? And then he holds out his gift, as I did, Treffy, and he says, 'Take it: it is for you.' Now, Treffy, what have you to do with this gift? Just exactly what you did with mine. You have not to work for it, or wait for it. You have just to put out your hand and take it. Do you know what the gift is?"

Treffy did not answer, so the clergyman went on—

"It is the forgiveness of your sin, Treffy; it is the clean heart, for which you are longing; it is the right to enter into 'Home, sweet home,' for which you have been praying, Treffy; will you take the gift?"

"I want to take it," said old Treffy, "but I don't know how."

"Did you stop to think how you were to take my gift, Treffy?"

"No," said the old man, "I just took it."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "exactly; and that is what you must do with the Lord's gift; you must just take it."

"Would it have pleased me, Treffy," said the clergyman, "if you had pulled your hand back and said, 'Oh, no, sir! I don't deserve it; I don't believe you would ever give it to me, I can't take it yet!'"

"No," said Treffy, "I don't suppose it would."

"Yet this is just what you are doing to the Lord Jesus, Treffy. He is holding out his gift to you, and he wants you to take it at once, yet you hold back, and say, 'No, Lord, I can't believe what you say, I can't trust your word, I can't believe the gift is for me, I can't take it yet.'"

"Treffy," said the clergyman, earnestly, "if you can trust me, oh, why can't you trust the Lord Jesus?"

The tears were running down the old man's face, and he could not speak.

"I am going to ask you another question, Treffy," said the clergyman. "Will you trust the Lord Jesus now?"

"Yes, sir," said Treffy, through his tears; "I don't think I can help trusting him now."

"Now, Treffy, remember Jesus is in this attic, close to you, close to me, very, very near, Treffy. When we speak to him he will hear every word we say; he will listen to every sigh; he will read every wish."

"But, before you speak to him, Treffy, listen to what he says to you," said the clergyman, taking his Bible from his pocket. "These are his own words: 'Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be like crimson, they shall be as wool.' For 'the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Treffy, will you trust the Lord Jesus? do you think he would tell you a lie?"

"No," said old Treffy; "I'm sure he wouldn't."

"Very well, Treffy, then we will tell him so."

The clergyman knelt down by Treffy's side,

and Christie knelt down too, and old Treffy clasped his trembling hands whilst the clergyman prayed.

It was a very simple prayer; it was just taking the Lord at his word. Old Treffy repeated the words after the clergyman with the deepest earnestness, and when he had finished the old man still clasped his hands and said, "Lord Jesus, I do trust thee, I do take the gift, I do believe thy word."

Then the clergyman rose from his knees and said, "Treffy, when you had taken my gift, what did you do next?"

"I thanked you for it, sir," said Treffy.

"Yes," said the clergyman, "and would you not like to thank the Lord Jesus for his gift of forgiveness?"

"Oh!" said Treffy with tears in his eyes, "I should indeed, sir."

So they all knelt down again, and in a few words the clergyman thanked the dear Lord for his great love and goodness to old Treffy, in giving him pardon for his sin.

And again old Treffy took up the words and added:

"Thank you, Lord Jesus, very much for the gift; it cost thee thy life; oh! I do thank thee with all my heart."

"Now, Treffy," said the clergyman, as he rose to go, "if Satan comes to you to-morrow, and says, 'Old Treffy, do you feel you've got forgiveness? perhaps after all it's a mistake,' what shall you say to him?"

"I think I shall tell him my text," said old Treffy, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"That will do, Treffy," said the clergyman; "he can't answer that. And remember, the Lord wishes you to know you are forgiven, not to feel you are forgiven. There is a difference between feeling and knowing. You knew you had taken my gift, and you did not know what I meant when I asked you if you felt I had given it to you. It is the same with the Lord's gift, Treffy. Your feelings have nothing to do with your safety, but your faith has a great deal to do with it. Have you taken the Lord at his word? have you trusted him? That is the question."

"Yes, sir," said Treffy, "I have."

"Then you know you are forgiven," said the clergyman, with a smile.

"Yes, sir," said Treffy, brightly, "I can trust him now."

Then Christie walked up to Treffy, and put the bunch of white snowdrops in his hand.

"Miss Mabel gave me them," he said, "and she said I was to say a little prayer whenever I looked at them: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

"Whiter than snow," repeated the clergyman; "whiter than snow, Treffy; that is a sweet word, is it not?"

"Yes," said old Treffy, earnestly, as he looked at the flowers, "whiter than snow, washed white in the blood of Jesus."

Then the clergyman took his leave, but as he was crossing the court he heard Christie running after him. He had a few of the lovely snowdrops and a sprig of the dark myrtle in his hand.

"Please, sir," said Christie, "would you like a few of them?"

"Thank you, my boy," said the clergyman, "I should indeed."

He carried the snowdrops carefully home, and they taught him a lesson of faith. The seed he had sown in the mission-room had not been lost. Already two poor sin-stained souls had come to the fountain, and had been washed whiter than snow. The old man and the little boy had taken the Lord at his word, and had found the only way into the bright city, into "Home, sweet home." God had been very good to him in letting him know this. Surely, he would trust in the future.

(To be continued.)

"We Just Made a Farmer of Jim."

BY MRS. W. B. COSTIN.

Four brave, brawny boys—and our fond, foolish hearts
Be it high in their joy and their pride;
Four treasures immortal intrusted to us
To rear and to guard and to guide,
It was ours to fathom the gifts of each mind,
To study the depths of each heart,
And discern, if we might, just the labour of life
That Dame Nature designed for their part

We had pondered it long, but 'twas settled at last,

That our Henry a preacher should be,
And our John, you should see, for a lawyer was born,
And our Joseph should make an M. D.;
But the fourth was so quiet and queer in his way
That 'twas hard to decide about him,
And we needed his help, so we said with a sigh,
"We'll just make a farmer of Jim."

So the three went forth from the farm-yard gate

In the kingdom of books to toil,
To delve scholastic lore—while Jim
He delved in the farm's rich soil.
'Twas a goodly sum we had garnered by
For use in this hour of need:
'Twas the savings slow of the frugal years,
But 'twas spent with a reckless speed.

'Twas a goodly sum—like the wind it went,
And the three never knew how we planned,
How we worked and scrimped and struggled
and saved

To furnish their large demand,
And Jim—how he toiled through the ceaseless round
Till each wearisome day was done;
Undaunted he by the scathing storm
Or the noontide's scorching sun.

With plough and sickle, through crowded days,

He wrought till the fields were shorn,
And girded in sheaves was the harvest's grain,
And garnered the golden corn.
It was hard—so hard—through the weary months,
Yet not a complaint from Jim,
Though all went out to the three abroad,
And nothing remained for him.

Deeds grand and brave has the soldier done
In the midst of the battle's strife,
Yet naught that is nobler will e'er be known
Than this patient, unselfish life.

But 'twas over at last, and from college halls
Came forth the children three,
Full of unknown words, and of high ideas,
And of hopes for the days to be.

And they went abroad on the world's highway

To learn that a language dead,
And that classic lore was a worthless stock
To exchange for their daily bread,
And what of Jim? He had read in books
Of the great and the good of yore,
Of the glories of empire passed away
And of nations to rise no more.

But it was from the page of Nature's book,
From the blossom and bird and bee,
From the soft, green earth and the tender skies,
From the mountain and surging sea,
That he learned of the deeper meaning of life,
Learned its scheme and scope sublime,
And in calm, that brood in the solitude,
Learned the needs of the soul divine.

Unfettered by rule of measure or school,
His mind looked up from the sod,
And his thoughts grew broad as the universe,
And deep as the things of God.

And the people came and besought our Jim
Of his knowledge to impart,
And he taught with the simple eloquence
That thrills through the human heart.

And they bowed them down to this son of toil,
And they cried that the nation's need
Was his steady brain and his noble heart
And his honour in word and deed.

And they came from the near, and they came from the far,
And they wouldn't take "no" from him,
But they crowned him with title and wealth and fame,
And they made a statesman of Jim.

The years they are by and I sit and sigh
O'er the fate of the children three,
For the world's been unkind to the lawyer born
And the M. D. and LL. D.;

I think of their starving, struggling lives,
And then I think of Jim—
And I think the Lord that we had the seeds
To make a farmer of him.

An Early Call.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

What a stir there was in the underworld,
Where thousands of elves were snugly curled
In their little cribs, at the word of command
To prepare for a trip to the upper land.
Said the Rose and the Pink: "Why all this
Tuss?"
This early call isn't meant for us!"
So they stretched themselves in their narrow
beds,
And pulled the coverlets over their heads.
Said the Lily, whose cheeks were as white as
snow:
"The summons can't be for me, I know;
For I'd surely meet with some dire mishap!"
So she settled herself for a longer nap

Said the Morning glory "I'd get my death
If out in this air I drew my breath!
For warmer breezes I'd rather wait,
And blow my bugles a little late."
Said a baby Fern as she gave a twist,
And began to open her clenched-up fist:
"I don't believe I am half awake,
And when it is time, I'll make a break!"
Said a Violet sweet "You don't suppose
That I'll let Jack Frost come and nip my nose!
I'm blue, as it is! So I'll stay right here,
Nor be caught in a blizzard as I was last year!"
Said a Daffodil, with a tear in her cup,
"It's early even for me to get up:
So I'll wait with Jonquil for warmer weather,
For we always take our spring trips together."

Said another flower, as tenderly nursed:
"Since you're all so lazy, I'll get up first,
And win the greeting you'll surely miss
By staying down here such a day as this!"
So donning in haste her new spring clothes
All prettily pinked, up the stairs she goes,
And the rest of her sisters so young and fair,
Were ready and waiting to join her there

Then out in the woods ere the snow had left
The rugged furrow or rocky cleft,
In fragrant masses, in bright array,
The Trailing Arbutus pushed its way,
And busy fingers with eager grasp,
Gave it a welcome with loving clasp,
And lovers of flowers, one and all,
Were glad that it answered the early call.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 16.

THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.

Matt. 10. 5-16. Memory verses, 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of
heaven is at hand. - Matt. 10. 7.

ON TIME.

1. An Apostle's Work, v. 58
2. An Apostle's Spirit, v. 916.

TIME.—A.D. 28.

EXPLANATIONS.

6. "Lost sheep of the house of Israel"—
See Jer. 50. 6. The nation had for six cen-
turies been called a nation of lost sheep.

7. "Kingdom of heaven"—The rule of the
Messiah.

14. Shake off the dust of your feet—"As
a sign that they must part forever.

16. "Wise as serpents, and harmless as
doves"—Preserving innocence while acquir-
ing and using knowledge.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The twelve sent forth.—Matt. 10. 5-16.
- Tu. Opposition predicted.—Matt. 10. 17.
- W. Real disciples.—Matt. 10. 32-42.
- Th. To the Jew first.—Acts 13. 42-49.
- F. Scattered sheep.—Matt. 9. 32-38.
- S. Mission of the seventy.—Luke 10. 1-9.
- Sa. Privileges neglected.—Luke 10. 10-16.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God's work needs human helpers?
2. That God's helpers should be loved and
cared for?
3. That God's servants should be men of
peace?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did our Lord send his disci-
ples? To the lost sheep of the house of
Israel. 2. What did he tell them to say?
Golden Text: "As ye go, preach," etc. 3.
Has the kingdom of heaven yet come? Yes;
to all believing hearts. 4. Who was to pro-
vide for the disciples on their journey? Good

and hospitable people. 5. What was to be
character of these disciples? Wise as serpents
and harmless as doves.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Gospel min-
istry.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is your duty towards God?

My duty towards God is to believe in him,
to fear him, and to love him with all my
heart, with all my mind, and with all my
soul, and with all my strength; to worship
him, to give him thanks, to put my whole
trust in him, to call upon him; to honour his
holy name, his Sabbath, and his Word; and
to serve him truly all the days of my life.

GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to
have it said of you "He is as gentle as a
woman to his mother." It is in fashion to
think if you ignore mother and make a
little sister cry whenever she comes near
you, that people will think you belong to
the upper stratum of society. Remember
that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle
men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank, straight-
forward manner always gains friends. If
you have committed a fault, step forward



IN THE MEADOW.

IN THE MEADOW.

This picture is one by the celebrated
artist, Giacomelli. His bird pictures are
drawn with wonderful fidelity to nature
and with a genuine love for the little song-
sters he has made his special study. Birds,
with their grace and beauty, furnish a
delightful study to the artist, and the study
of their life and habits presents, perhaps,
an even more interesting field of labour for
the naturalist. We wish that all our boys
and girls would learn all they can of our
own Canadian birds, their names, their
homes and their habits, for with this
knowledge would come a deeper love for
these pretty creatures who voice nature's
music, which would make such cruelty as
killing the birds, or robbing their nests
impossible to them.

A TEACHER was given a class of little
ones a lesson on the cow. She had ex-
plained the use of the horns, flesh, bones,
etc., and then asked, "Of what use is the
skin?" expecting that someone would say,
"Shoes are made of it." But for a long
time there was no answer. At length one
little girl raised her hand, and waving it
wildly, said, "I knows, teacher, I knows;
they make little cows out of it."

and confess it. Concealed faults are always
found out sooner or later. Never do any-
thing which afterward may cause a blush
of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to
acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an
ungracious, don't-care style, and it will
help you materially if you have to make
your own way through life. Other things
being equal, the boy who knows the use of
"I beg your pardon," and "I thank you,"
will be chosen for a position, three to one,
in preference to a boy to whom such
sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be
ahead of than behind time. Business men
do not like tardiness. They realize that
time is valuable. Five minutes every
morning amounts to half an hour at the
end of the week. Many things can be
done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous
results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as
well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure
that both shine. Pull out the roots of the
weed in the flower beds. Don't break
them off and leave them to spring up again
when the first shower comes. Understand
your lesson. Don't think that all that is
necessary is to get through a recitation and
receive a good mark.—*American Youth.*

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verses.
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tint illustrations.
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