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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1893.

[No. 1.

GOING TO CHURCH IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THIS picture represents a not uncommon occurrence during the early settlement of New England. The Pilgrim Fathers and founders of the British Colonies which, in loving remembrance of old England, they named "New England," had to encounter many dangers and many difficulties. Indians lurked in the forest, and as the farmer went forth to plough or sow his field he carried his trusty gun and placed it where it could be easily snatched up should the hostile Indians appear. Mother's nursing their babies and performing their household duties were often interrupted by the flash of savage eyes or the gleam of an Indian tomahawk or scalping knife. The early settlers at Plymouth built their first church on the summit of a hill, and placed on its roof two or three small cannon, and made it at once both church and fortress. In our picture the father and his little daughter, on their way to church, first hear the whiz of an arrow through the air and then see it quivering on the ground beside them. Let us all be thankful that in our beloved Canada we can worship God without hindrance "none daring to molest us or make us afraid."

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

We wish to all our readers "A Happy New Year." But your salutation would be more hearty if we could also send to each boy and girl a fine present—skates or a knife, a hood or a doll—for we all like to receive presents, especially from those we love. This we cannot do. But would you not be glad to receive a wonderful seed, which, if you put it in good soil and water and care for it well, will grow up and bear the sweetest flowers and finest fruit ever known, and do so all the year round as long as you live?

Just such a seed has been offered us by the best Friend boys and girls ever had—a seed to lodge in the soil of a true and loving heart. You know very well who that Friend is, and that the seed is not like a carnation-seed or a bulb, but a seed-truth—a life-living word of Christ. And what is remarkable about this one is that you cannot find it in either of the four Gospels among the sayings of Christ, but

long after he had ascended to heaven Paul quoted it as well known to all Christians; and it is the only one thus preserved for us. "Remember," he says, "the words of the Lord Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

How many a boy and girl is sure to say in his heart, "I don't believe it. That's all talk; it isn't true;" or "I don't care; receiving is good enough for me;" for so our mean and selfish nature always feels. Nevertheless it is true; it must be, for

"in whom was no guile." There is nothing so sweet, so worth striving for, as to be like Christ. Take this thought into the new year and resolve to keep it enfolded closely within your heart as the days go by.



GOING TO CHURCH IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Christ himself says so, not a well-meaning but mistaken man. He pledges himself to make it good to any one who really believes and practises it, even if it were not otherwise true; but it is true in the very nature of things: God has made us; we never can be truly and fully happy till we are like him. The benevolent man is the happy man, and the selfish man is sure to be miserable. How lovely was the life of our Lord, who spent it all in doing good! Would we have been happy in living as we do? What would please him more than to have you take him for your best friend and his life as your model!

Take then this word which comes to us so like a legacy from him as your motto for the year 1893: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Many of our young readers have begun to find how true it is. And every one who takes it into his heart and daily tries to do good and make others happy, as Christ would do in his place, will find the year the happiest of his life. Try it, and tell us at the end of the year whether your motto is true or not. How much it would delight us to learn by-and-bye that you who read these lines opened your heart to Christ at this beginning of the year and began at once to live so as to please him.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THERE is a little command that we wish while yet on the threshold of 1893 to bring home to the minds of our boys and girls. It is, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." This means for you to remember him now. Are you doing so? When the angry words leap to your lips do you press them back—remembering your Creator, and that to be worthy of his care and loving protection is our worthiest aim?

When a hard thought of another comes to you, do you shut it out of your heart quickly, so as to be like him

A New Year.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

Why do we greet thee, O blithe New Year?
What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer?
Comest, knight-errant, the wrong to right,
Comest to scatter our gloom with light?
Wherefore the thrill, the sparkle and shine,
In heart and eyes at a word of thine?

The old was buoyant, the old was true,
The old was brave when the old was new.
He crowned us often with grace and gift;
His sternest skies had a deep blue rift.
Straight and swift, when his hand unclasped,
With welcome and joyance thine we grasped.
O tell us, year—we are fain to know—
What is thy charm that we hail thee so?

A voice rolls out in a jubilant song,
A conqueror's ring in its echo strong;
Through the ether clear, from the solemn sky
The New Year beckons, and makes re-ly:

"I bring you, friends, what the years have brought
Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought—
Days for labour, and nights for rest;
And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest;
Space to work in, and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honour and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a happy year."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1893.

A HEROIC MISSIONARY.*

JAMES GILMOUR has been well called one of the greatest missionaries of the nineteenth century. His life was a consecration. His missionary career was one of remarkable adventure, in journeyings often, in perils many. His field of labour was one of the most difficult and unfamiliar, being the wild waste region of Mongolia, north and west of the great wall of China. His methods were unique. He assumed the garb of the native, and a very good Chinaman he looks in two of his portraits. He lived literally among the people, taking long journeys on foot, carrying his kit and provisions, waterproof bag with books, sheepskin coat and other belongings, making quite a heavy load.

HARDSHIPS.

The following is a characteristic extract from his journal: "Some of the days I spent in the market were so very cold that my muscles seemed benumbed and speech even was difficult. I met with some spiritual response though, and with that I can stand cold. Eh, man, I have got thim! . . . I have no words to tell you how the cold felt that day. I sold a fair number

*"James Gilmour of Mongolia, his Diaries, Letters and Reports," edited and arranged by Richard Lovett, M.A., author of "Norwegian Pictures." London: Religious Tract Society, Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 336. Price \$1.50. With maps, portraits and illustrations.

of books, though my hands were to a much benumbed almost to hand the books out. I made some attempt at preaching but the muscles were also benumbed. That was a cold day! The great theme was Christ, and I think that most men in that little market town both heard and understood the great Gospel theme of truth and salvation in Jesus. . . . I walked a distance of about 300 miles in seven and a half days, about forty miles a day, and my feet were really very bad. At night I used to draw a woollen thread through the blisters. I "hirpled" a little in the morning, but was soon all right. I walked not because I had not money to ride, but to get at the Mongol who was with me. I was turned out of two respectable inns because I was a foot-traveller, had no cart or animal—that is, had to put up at a tramps' tavern because I came like a tramp."

In ill-health and feebleness extreme he toiled on. He lived on the native food and shared the hardships of the people. He made unceasing war against tobacco and liquor. "I believe," he says, "were Christ here now as a missionary amongst us he would be an enthusiastic teetotaler and non-smoker." Whiskey, tobacco and opium may be declared to be the great enemies of the Mongolians.

QUEER SINGING.

He speaks of the eagerness of the people to sing hymns. "Sometimes poor old women," he says, "when asked to sing would raise their cracked and quivering voices, and go through 'There is a happy land,' or, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' a good deal out of tune here and there, perhaps, but with an earnestness of feeling which was hard to witness with dry eyes. And if old people felt thus what about the young people? They seemed to revel in the hymns. Sankey revival hymns contain good Gospel, seem to be easily learned and set to tunes, which the Chinese never seem to tire of. These hymns I regard as a most powerful auxiliary to the other Gospel agencies at work." The constant Gospel singing, he declares, almost deafened one of his ears.

He was a very unconventional preacher. In one of his sermons he tells of a man who got drunk, and had his face blackened for him, so that when he got home his father did not know him, and when he saw himself accidentally in a glass he did not know himself. So, he says, God made us in his own image, but sin has terribly changed us. Purified by the Holy Ghost we may be again like ourselves and God.

When he did ride, the camel or mule litter was a most uncomfortable conveyance. Of one of his journeys he writes, "An occasional rest and bite of snow, vary the painful monotony of the few last long miles."

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

The account of his marriage is very romantic. He fell in love with the portrait of his future wife in China and proposed to her by letter. He wrote his parents, "You may think I am rash in writing to a girl I have never seen. I may just say I have something the same feeling, but what am I to do? I have exercised my best thoughts on the subject, and put the matter in the hands of God, asking him if it be best to bring her, if not to keep her away. He can arrange the whole thing well." After counsel with friends and with God, the strangely wooed lady felt that this was one of the marriages which are made in heaven, and went out to join her future husband. But the romantic story must not be spoiled in the telling of it here.

In 1882 Mr. Gilmour and his wife enjoyed a short furlough in England and brought out his graphic book, "Among the Mongols." The London Spectator describes him as

ROBINSON CRUSOE TURNED MISSIONARY, as possessing the gift of Defoe of so stating things that the reader not only believes them, but sees them in bodily presence.

He stayed for years in Mongolia, living on half frozen p. aries and deserts, under open tents—on fat mutton, sheep's tails particularly, tea and oiled millet, eating once a day because the Mongols did, and in all things, except lying and stealing, making himself a lama.

In loyalty to his great life work he put away mere literary work. "I feel keenly," he wrote on his return to Peking, "that there is here more than I can do, and writ-

ing must go to the wall. I settle down to teach Chinamen and Mongols, heal their sores, and present Christ to them."

He had many hair-breadth escapes and remarkable adventures, on which we have not time to dwell. He longed especially for the sympathy and prayers of Christians at home. "Unprayed for," he said, "I feel very much as a diver sent down to the bottom of a river with no air to breathe, or as if a fireman were sent up in a blazing building with an empty hose, or like a soldier firing blank cartridge at the enemy." So he earnestly beseeches their prayers.

The labours of twenty years broke down his strong constitution. At the fairs he used to stand from early morning to night healing the sick, selling Christian books, and preaching the full, free Gospel of salvation. He tells of five hours conversation with one Chinaman at a stretch. "I think," he said, "he is not far from the kingdom of God."

A GREAT SORROW.

The death of his wife in 1885 was the great sorrow of his life. The account of her departure, as recorded in his diary, is very touching. "It really dawns upon me today in such a way that I can feel that my wife is likely to die and feel, too, something of how desolate it will be for me with my motherless children away from me. Eh, man!" His dying wife said, "Well, Jamie, I am going I suppose, I shall soon see you there. It won't be long. I think I will sit at the gate and look for your coming. For me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

Some of his letters to his boys at home in England, after the death of their mother, are very touching—like Luther's to his little Hans. While they were with him in Mongolia he was both father and mother to them, darning their stockings at night while they were in bed, and mending their clothes. When they were far away he wrote the little lads letters in a large printed hand, and sometimes illustrated them with sketches of the strange things which he saw. Their brief child-like letters to him were bound up in a volume which he carried about with him in his wanderings, and in looking over them he found an unflinching solace and refreshment.

TOUCHING LETTERS.

In one of his letters he says, "Cheer up my dear sonnies, we shall see each other yet. Tell all your troubles to Jesus. Let him be your friend. I often think of mamma and how she loved us. She still sees us every day, and is so pleased when you are good lads. We will all go some day and be with her. Won't that be good? Meanwhile Jesus is taking care of her and will take care of us. I just tell Jesus all my affairs; he is never too busy to talk to me. Just you too, tell Jesus all your troubles. He sees both you and me. Boys, do be true to Jesus in your words and deeds. Honour him. Make his heart glad. Jesus wants your love. He died for you. You cannot but love him if you think how he loves you. Meantime I am going to breakfast, and then for a day in the street trying to tell the people about Jesus."

Again he writes: "My dear sons, I think of you often and pray for you much. You have a photo of mamma's grave. Little Alec's grave is close to mamma's. On the side nearer is little Edly's. Mamma's and Alec's graves touch, down below they are together. But mamma and Alec are not there. They are in heaven, with its golden streets, and beautiful river, and beautiful gates and loving and kind people and Jesus and God. They are having a nice time of it there. My boys, don't be afraid of dying. Pray to Jesus. Do the things he likes, and if you die you will go to him—to his fine place where you will have everything that is nice and good. I do not know whether you or I will go first, but by and-by I hope we will all be there, mamma and Alec and all. Meantime let us be doing for Jesus, and we can tell people about him and try to persuade them to be his people. Are your school-fellows Jesus' boys? Do you ever tell them of him? Tell them, my dear sons. May you be good and diligent, then you will be happy. Jesus can make you glad."

LAST DAYS.

Mr. Gilmour was permitted to come home to England and spend a few months

with his dear boys. Though in failing health and near his end he spent several nights in pasting up Scripture texts, on stones, fences, and gateways, every place likely to catch the eye. He returned again to his beloved work to China, but scarcely had he reached that land when he was called from labour to reward.

To read this missionary biography is an inspiration to work for Jesus while he gives us time and opportunity. This book ought to be in all our Sunday-school libraries and mission circles. While a little more expensive than a good many library books it is much better than most of them.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

ONCE there was a king, who had a little boy, whom he loved very much, and so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle pony that he might ride just where he pleased and a row-boat on a lovely lake, and servants to wait on him wherever he went. He also provided teachers, who were to give him the knowledge of things that would make him good and great; but for all this he was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy, and turn his frowns into smiles, but you must pay me a great price for telling him the secret." "All right," said the king; "whatever you ask I will give."

So the price was agreed upon and paid, and the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away. The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the realm.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Our sympathies are not to be limited to this little bit of our little planet. In this field our Church used to be lame in both feet; both men and money were wanting. It is limping now only on its left foot. For all that, we have scarcely got beyond the ABC of mission. The other day I read that America is spending as much money on cigarettes as on foreign missions. Government statistics prove that Great Britain is spending about the same sum on fox-hunting as on foreign missions; a few of our rich people are giving as much for one of their many pleasures—the collecting of fox tails—as all the Christians of Great Britain are giving to send the gospel to the heathen, and yet Britain is now ruling over one-fourth of the population of the globe, and nearly the whole world is an open door to the heralds of salvation.

The Methodist Magazine, for 1893, will be of special interest to all Bible readers, especially to all Sunday-school teachers and scholars. The editor will have a series of papers running through the year, or a great part of it on "Tent Life in Palestine," describing his adventures in traversing the Holy Land from Jaffa to Jericho, from Hebron to Damascus, including his visits to the sacred sites of Bethel, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Bethany, Olivet, Jordan and the Dead Sea, Shiloh, Shechem, Nain, Cana, Mount Tabor, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Tiberias, Capernaum, Mount Hermon, Damascus, Baalbec, and Beyrouth. These will be illustrated with scores of the most beautiful pictures of the sites and scenes of the Holy Land. He will also give a series of articles on, "What Egypt can Teach Us," describing the wonders of that famous country, so intimately associated with Bible story. Many schools have taken from two to forty copies of this magazine for circulation as being fresher, brighter, cheaper and more interesting than anything which could be got for the same price elsewhere.

The Death of the Year.

A CLOUD came over the golden west,
A bell rang over the silent air;
The sun god hurried away to rest,
Flushing with kisses each cloud he prest,
And, oh! but the day was fair.

"How brightly the year goes out!" they said,
"The glow of the sunset lingers long,
Knowing the year will be over and dead,
Its sad hours over—its fleet hours fled—
What service of even-song."

"How sadly the year came in!" they said.
I listened and wondered in dusk of night;
To me no year that might come instead
Of the old friend numbered among the dead
Could ever be half so bright.

The sun-kissed clouds grew pale and gray,
The bells hung silent in high mid-air,
Waiting to ring the year away
In strains that were ever too glad and gay
For me—as I listened there.

Oh, hearts! that beat in a million breasts,
Oh, lips! that utter the same old phrase,
I wonder that never a sorrow rests
In words you utter to friends and guests
In the New Year's strange new days!

Is it just the same as it used to be?
Have new years only a gladder sound?
For ever and always it seems to me
That no new face can be sweet to see
As the old ones we have found.

There is no cloud in the darkened west,
The bell is silent in misty air,
The year has gone to its last long rest,
And I, who loved and new it best,
Shall meet it—God knows where!

The Core-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO WORK.

THE march of civilization on this great continent means loss as well as gain. The opening up of the country for settlement, the increase and spread of population, the making of the wilderness to blossom as the rose, compel the gradual retreat and disappearance of interesting features that can never be replaced. The buffalo, the beaver, and the elk have gone; the bear, the Indian, and the forest in which they are both most at home are fast following.

Along the northern border of settlement in Canada there are flourishing villages and thriving hamlets to-day where but a few years ago the verdurous billows of the primeval forest rolled in unbroken grandeur. The history of any one of these villages is the history of all. An open space beside the bank of a stream or margin of a lake presented itself to the keen eye of the woodranger traversing the trackless waste of forest as a fine site for a lumber camp. In course of time the lumber camp grew into a depot from which other camps, set still further back in the depths of the "limits," are supplied. Then the depot develops into a settlement surrounded by farms; the settlement gathers itself into a village with shops, schools, churches, and hotels, and so the progress of growth goes on, the forest ever retreating as the dwellings of men multiply.

It was in a village with just such a history, and bearing the name of Calumet, occupying a commanding situation on a vigorous tributary of the Ottawa River,—the Grand River, as the dwellers beside its banks are fond of calling it,—that Frank Kingston first made the discovery of his own existence and of the world around him. He at once proceeded to make himself master of the situation, and so long as he confined his efforts to the limits of his own home he met with an encouraging degree of success; for he was a only child, and, his father's occupation requiring him to be away from home a large part of the year, his mother could hardly be severely blamed if she permitted her boy to have a good deal of his own way.

In the result, however, he was not spoiled. He came of sturdy, sensible

stock, and had inherited some of the best qualities from both sides of the house. To his mother, he owed his fair curly hair, his deep blue, honest eyes, his impulsive and tender heart; to his father, his strong symmetrical figure, his quick brain, and his eager ambition. He was a good-looking, if not strikingly handsome, boy, and carried himself in an alert, active way, that made a good impression on one at the start. He had a quick temper that would flash out hotly if he were provoked, and at such times he would do and say things for which he was heartily sorry afterward. But from those hateful qualities that we call malice, rancor, and sullenness he was absolutely free. To "have it out" and then shake hands and forget all about it—that was his way of dealing with a disagreement. Boys built on these lines are always popular among their comrades, and Frank was no exception. In fact, if one of those amicable contests as to the most popular personage, now so much in vogue at fairs and bazaars, were to have been held in Calumet school the probabilities were all in favour of Frank coming out at the head of the poll.

But better, because more enduring, than all these good qualities of body, head, and heart that formed Frank's sole fortune in the world, was the thorough religious training upon which they were based. His mother had left a Christian household to help her husband found a new home in the great Canadian timberland, and this new home had ever been a sweet, serene centre of light and love. While Calumet was little more than a straggling collection of unlovely frame cottages, and too small to have a church and a pastor of its own, the hard-working Christian minister who managed to make his way thither once a month or so, to hold service in the little schoolroom, was always sure of the heartiest kind of a welcome, and the daintiest dinner possible in that out-of-the-way place, at Mrs. Kingston's cozy cottage; and thus Frank had been brought into friendly relations with the "men in black" from the start, with the good result of causing him to love and respect these zealous home missionaries instead of shrinking from them in vague repugnance, as did many of his companions who had not his opportunities.

When he grew old enough to be trusted, it was his proud privilege to take the minister's tired horse to water and to fill the rack with sweet hay for his refreshment before they all went off to service together; and very frequently when the minister was leaving he would take Frank up beside him for a drive as far as the cross-roads, not losing the chance to say a kindly and encouraging word or two that might help the little fellow heavenward.

In due time the settlement had prospered and expanded that a little church was established there, and great was the delight of Mrs. Kingston when Calumet had its minister, to whom she continued to be a most effective helper. This love for the church and its workers, which was more manifest in her than in her husband—for, although he thought and felt alike with her, he was a reserved, unobtrusive man—Mrs. Kingston sought by every wise means to instill into her only son; and she had much success. Religion had no terrors for him. He had never thought of it as a gloomy, joy-dispelling influence that would make him a long-faced "sooty." Not a bit of it. His father was religious; and who was stronger, braver, or more manly than his father? His mother was a pious woman; and who could laugh more cheerily or romp more merrily than his mother? The ministers who came to the house were men of God, and yet they were full of life and spirits, and dinner never seemed more delightful than when they sat at the table. No, indeed! You would have had a hard job to persuade Frank Kingston that you lost anything by being religious. He knew far better than that; and while of course he was too thorough a boy, with all a boy's hasty, hearty, impulsive ways, to do every thing "decently and in order," and would kick over the traces, so to speak, sometimes, and give rather startling exhibitions of temper, still in the main and at heart he was a sturdy little Christian, who, when the storm was over, felt more sorry and remembered it longer than did anybody else.

Out of the way as Calumet might seem to city folk, yet the boys of the place managed to have a very good time. There were nearly a hundred of them, ranging in age from seven years to seventeen, attending the school which stood in the centre of a big lot at the western end of the village, and with swimming, boating, lacrosse, and baseball in summer, and skating, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing in winter, they never lacked for fun. Frank was expert in all these sports. Some of the boys might excell him at one or another of them, but not one of his companions could beat him at all-round contest. This was due in part to the strength and symmetry of his frame, and in part to that spirit of thoroughness which characterized all he undertook. There was nothing half-way about him. He put his whole soul into everything that interested him, and, so far as play was concerned, at fifteen years of age he could swim, run, handle a lacrosse, hit a base ball, skim over the ice on skates, or over the snow on snowshoes with a dexterity that gave himself a vast amount of pleasure and his parents a good deal of pride in him.

Nor was he behindhand as regarded the training of his mind. Mr. Warren, the head teacher of the Calumet school, regarded him favourably as one of his best and brightest pupils, and it was not often that the "roll of honour" failed to contain the name of Frank Kingston. At the mid-summer closing of the school it was Mr. Warren's practice to award a number of simple prizes to the pupils whose record throughout the half-year had been highest in the different subjects, and year after year Frank had won a goodly share of these trophies, which were always books, so that now there was a shelf in his room upon which stood in attractive array of Livingstone's "Travels," Ballantyne's "Hudson Bay," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" side by side with "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Tom Brown at Rugby." Frank knew these books almost by heart, yet never wearied of turning to them again and again. He drew inspiration from them. They helped to mold his character, although of this he was hardly conscious, and they filled his soul with a longing for adventure and enterprise that no ordinary every-day career could satisfy. He looked forward eagerly to the time when he would take a man's part in life, and attempt and achieve notable deeds. With Amyas Leigh he traversed the tropical wilderness of Southern America, or with the "Young Fur Traders" the hard-frozen wastes of the boundless North, and he burned to emulate their brave doings. He little knew, as he indulged in these boyish imaginations, that the time was not far off when the call would come to him to begin life in dead earnest on his own account, and with as many obstacles to be overcome in his way as had any of his favourite heroes in theirs.

Mr. Kingston was at home only during the summer season. The long cold winter months were spent by him at the "depot," many miles off in the heart of the forest, or at the "shanties," that were connected with it. At rare intervals during the winter he might manage to get home for a Sunday, but that was all his wife and son saw of him until it was spring time. When the "drive" of the logs that represented the winter's work was over, he returned to them to remain until the falling of the leaves recalled him to the forest. Frank loved and admired his father to the utmost of his ability, and when in his coolest, calmest moods he realized that there was small possibility of his ever sailing the Spanish main like Amyas Leigh, or exploring the interior of Africa like Livingstone, he felt quite settled in his own mind that, following in his father's footsteps, he would adopt lumbering as his business. 'Tis true, his father was only an agent or foreman, and might never be anything more; but even that was not to be despised, and then with a little extra good fortune, he might in time become an owner of the "limits" and mills himself. Why not? Many another boy had thus risen into wealth and importance. He had at least the right to try.

Fifteen in October, and in the highest classes, this was to be Frank's last winter at school; and before leaving for the woods his father had enjoined upon him to make the best of it, as after the summer holidays

were over he would have to "cease learning and begin earning." Frank was rather glad to hear this. He was beginning to think he had grown too big for school and ought to be doing something more directly remunerative. Poor boy! Could he have guessed that those were the last words he would hear from his dear father's lips, how differently would they have affected him! Calumet never saw Mr. Kingston again. In returning alone to the depot from a distant shanty, he was caught in a fierce and sudden snow storm. The little-travelled road through the forest was soon obliterated. Blinded and bewildered by the pitiless storm beating in their faces, both man and beast lost their way, and, wondering about until all strength was spent, lay down to die in the drifts that quickly hid their bodies from sight. It was many days before they were found, lying together, close wrapped in their winding sheet of snow.

Mrs. Kingston bore the dreadful trial with the fortitude and submissive grace that only a serene and un murmuring faith can give. Frank was more demonstrative in his grief, and disposed to rebel against so cruel a calamity. But his mother calmed and inspired him, and when the first numbing force of the blow had passed away, they took counsel together as to the future. This was dark and uncertain enough. All that was left to them was the little cottage in which they lived. Mr. Kingston's salary had not been large, and only by careful management had the house been secured. Of kind and sympathizing friends there was no lack; but they were mostly people in moderate circumstances, like themselves, from whom nothing more than sympathy could be expected.

"I'm afraid there'll be no more school for you now, Frank darling," said his mother, passing her white hand fondly over his forehead as he sat beside the lounge upon which she was reclining. "Will you mind having to go to work?"

"Mind it!" exclaimed Frank. "Not a bit of it! I'm old enough, ain't I?"

"I suppose you are, dear," replied Mrs. Kingston, half-sadly. "What kind of work should you like best?"

"That's not a hard question to answer mother," returned Frank promptly. "I want to be what father was."

Mrs. Kingston's face grew pale when she heard Frank's answer, and for some time she made no reply.

(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN INDIA.

A MISSIONARY writes from India: "The New Year of the Hindu comes between March and April. It is a grand time for them, as every one that can goes to the Ganges, which is considered a very sacred river and is called 'Mother Gunga,' to have a bath. After this the children sit on the bank at the feet of some priest, who decorates them with odd-looking lines from a paste that he makes. When they go home their mothers busy themselves with cooking a kind of fritter made of molasses and rice flour. The children call these 'putoss.' They spend the rest of their time in playing and sleeping. One year, the day before their New Year, I said to the children in my mission school: 'Every child who will come to school to-morrow will receive a pretty picture.' I was much pleased to see sixty-four bright faces ready with their lessons, out of seventy on the roll. I gave them the pictures which were sent me by children in America, and they were much pleased. Poor little children! taught by their mothers to worship gods of wood and stone, to steal, cheat, and tell stories."

NOW IS THE TIME.

Now is the time to look back over the year that is gone and see what we have done that we wish we had not done. It is the privilege of even very little people to correct mistakes when correction is possible, and to so far regret them as to determine they shall not be made again. This is character-building.

We cannot, be we ever so rich, buy a good character; but be we ever so poor, we can carve ourselves one. Now while you are young think of these things.



A RESULT OF CARELESSNESS.

A RESULT OF CARELESSNESS.

THE boys have run out of school the moment their lessons are over, and taking their skates with them, made for the pond at once. As soon as the skates are on they begin to fly up and down the frozen surface; very few of them thinking whether the ice is equally strong all over and will bear their weight in the middle as well as at the sides. The consequence is that one of them has tumbled in, and we see in the picture how all the other boys are doing their best to rescue him. We have no doubt that they will succeed; but it is no easy thing to pull a person out of a hole in the ice. All round the edges the ice is weak and yielding, and if two persons get in it is almost impossible to pull them out without a third tumbling in as well. The best way is to place boards on the ice, as they are about to do. This youth will learn caution, we hope; and in the long and tedious hours of lying in bed, there may come to him that reflection which will make him a sadder and a wiser boy. After all, we profit most from what experience teaches us, for we rarely forget it.

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTER.****LESSON III.—JANUARY 15.****ENCOURAGING THE PEOPLE.**

Haggai 2: 1-9. [Memory verses, 8, 9.]

GOLDEN TEXT.

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—Psalm 127: 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Unnumbered blessings and assured success come to those who labour for the upbuilding of God's kingdom.

TIME.—The autumn of B.C. 520. Fifteen years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem and vicinity.

RULERS.—Darius Hystaspes, king of Persia; Zerubbabel, governor of Judah; Tarquin the Proud, at Rome.

PROPHETS.—Haggai, an old man; and Zechariah, much older.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Ezra, chapter 5. THE BOOK OF HAGGAI contains four prophecies, all delivered within the last four months of B.C. 520. The first in September, the second in October, and the third and fourth in December.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

The foundations, laid amid such rejoicings as recorded in our last lesson, were soon neglected. Great opposition arose, and for fifteen years nothing more was done. In the meantime Cyrus died, and after two or three years Darius Hystaspes came to the throne, a king willing to help. Moreover it was now almost seventy years since the destruction of the temple in 586. At this time Haggai appears on the scene.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

The first prophecy was a summons to build the temple, enforced by the fact that God seemed against the people for their neglect. "Seventh month"—October. 1. "Twentieth day"—The last day of the feast of Tabernacles, and seven weeks after the first prophecy. The people had begun to work, but were discouraged. 4. "I am with you"—To guide and defend. 5. "The word that I covenanted"—Ex. 19: 5, 6; 34: 10, 11. His presence with them promised and manifested these. "When ye came out of Egypt"—The power that delivered them from Pharaoh, and made a way through the Red Sea and through Jordan, and gave them victory over their enemies, was still with them. 6. "Yet once again in a little while . . . shake the heavens"—Metaphorically, as he had done in their former history. The new epoch was to begin soon; there were soon to be commotions among the nations which would prepare for the Messiah and his kingdom. 7. "The desire of all nations"—The golden age, the better times, which are found only in Christ. "The desirable things," the choice things, the wealth and beauty and the fruits of civili-

zation. 9. "The glory of this latter house"—Or, the latter glory of this house shall be greater, since Christ will appear there, and out from that which the temple symbolized and taught should grow the Messianic kingdom.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Great enthusiasm is sometimes followed by indifference and delay.

The best of plans and hopes pass through periods of discouragement and neglect.

We often need a new voice, a new prophet, a new message from God.

God's house should receive our first attention and care.

Disaster and trouble come to those who seek first their worldly prosperity to the neglect of religion.

God is controlling all nations to the furtherance of his kingdom.

God's presence is the greatest of blessings.

Jesus Christ is the desire of all nations.

He brings to all the things they really most need and most desire.

All the things of this world—its commerce, wealth, inventions, discoveries—all minister to the growth and glory of the kingdom of God.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How long was the building of the temple delayed? For fifteen years. 2. Who came with a message from God? The prophet Haggai, calling the people to rise up and build. 3. What was his first argument? That they had not prospered, and could not so long as they neglected their religious institutions. 4. What was his success? The people began again to build the temple. 5. How did he encourage them? Repeat verses 7 and 9.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What new commandment did our Lord give to his disciples?

That they should love one another, as he had loved them.

1 John 15: 12, 13; 1 John 2: 7, 8.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

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