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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1889.

[No. 2.]



TOBOGGANING AT RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.

TOBOGGANING AT RIDEAU HALL.

LORD DUFFERIN, late Governor-General of Canada, was very fond of tobogganing, and built at Rideau Hall the slide shown in our picture, for the amusement of himself and guests. He often gave tobogganing parties, such as that here represented. The central figure in the cut—the one on the toboggan with the lady and child—is Lord Dufferin himself. The other figures on the toboggan are Lady Dufferin and child. The present Editor has never gone down a toboggan slide, but it is said to be very exhilarating by those who have tried it. The long climb up the many flights of steps seems, however, a pretty good price to pay for the two minutes' slide down, to say nothing of the risk of broken bones through accident.

A TASTE FOR READING.

TIME should be devoted by every young man and young woman entering life, were it only half-an-hour a day, to the development of their mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the culture of some ennobling taste. A taste for reading is worth more than any sum we can name. A rich man, without this or some similar taste, does not know how to enjoy his money. His only resource is to keep on making and hoarding money, unless he prefers to spend it; and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend wisely.

A well-known millionaire used to say, that he would gladly give all his money if he could only have himself the education which his lazy, stupid boy refused to acquire.

Be advised, make it a rule never to be broken, to devote at least half-an-hour a day to the reading of some useful and instructive book. Every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects; and if only half-an-hour a day is given to reading, he will find the advantage of it.

Be hungry and thirsty after knowledge of all kinds, and you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men and women. Beware of novels, they are ensnaring and pernicious.

In this was manifest the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.—1 John iv. 9.

The Mother's Sorrow; or, The Doom of the Saloon.

Oh, Arthur, my boy, don't go out to-night!
Stay home, with your old loving mother;
You know you have perils when out of my sight—
Remember your father and brother!
They did not intend—
But they drank to the end,
And they perished, you know, and so soon!
Oh, Arthur, stay now—
Be strong in your vow
Don't go to the horrid saloon!

Ah me, my poor boy! he heeds not my plea!
Like a slave in his chains he is going—
He's bound by the spell of the tempter, I see
The terrible habit is growing;
Like his father, led on—
Like his brother, he's gone!
He is lost to my love, and so soon!
And he's lost to my prayers,
By the drink wizard's snares,
In the den of the whiskey saloon!

Oh! will he not turn? Must I yield him to fate!
Is he lost to all reason and feeling?
Will conscience awake? I fear me too late!
In the spell of the wizard he's reeling.
The tempter's work done—
Alas, my poor son!
My only joy blighted so soon;
God pity my pain,
My only hope slain,
By the wolf of the whiskey saloon!

Alone—all alone—in my anguish to-night!
No, never alone—there are others—
Yes, millions who know, as I know, the sad blight
To the hopes of good wives and of mothers:
With uplifted eyes—
With tears and with sighs—
For sighs that have perished too soon;
My sorrow they share,
They utter my prayer—
God close every blood-stained saloon!

Fond mothers and wives, and fond sisters bereft,
Who mingle sad tears with your bread,
To heaven we'll look—one refuge is left—
God lives, and he reigns overhead!
In each desolate room—
In your sorrowful gloom—
In your night, without star or a moon,
This boon we may pray,
God's mercy some day—
To close the last liquor saloon!

—The Sun.

"SEND THAT BOY TO ME."

"THE pay is forty dollars a month, and a good youth is sure of promotion. That is what the permanent men at the railroad shops complain about. This place is now vacant because the lad your partner sent us, and who filled it worthily a year, is now placed where he gets eighty dollars a month. So we'll trust you to choose his successor. They may ask you a few questions about the candidate, for form's sake, at the office, but your man is sure to pass muster."

The above was addressed by a busy railway officer to a city lawyer, who replied:—

"There is my friend's son, Urban Starr. His father spoke to me about employment for him. To be sure, Urban is rather above the place as to talent and culture, but times are hard, and the young should climb the low rounds of the ladder. I'll see about proposing him."

"Thank you! I'll be doubly obliged if you'll take your applicant up to the office, and see him accepted." And the railroad man hurried away.

To this conversation there has been a deeply interested but sad-hearted listener—Theodore Young, the faithful office-boy, who longed with unspeakable desire for some such place as the one described. He was the eldest son of a widowed mother, whom he yearned to help, and who was so

poor that forty dollars a month seemed wealth to her boy. When the railroad man left, the lawyer turned to Theodore, saying:

"Here, Theodore, though it isn't your work, won't you note the dates of these letters, and file them away in order, while I write a letter for you to take up to Mr. Starr's?"

Theodore attended carefully to the papers, and was waiting for the letter before it was finished. A great desire was swelling in his throat till it ached, and when the finished letter was handed to him, his request burst forth in trembling eagerness:

"Do you think, sir, there is, or may be, any low place at the railroad shops for which you would venture to recommend me? I would begin very low, and work very hard to deserve promotion, and, perhaps, in years, I might come to such a place as this, which is for Urban Starr."

"How can we spare our good, trusty Theodore? But I own it is too bad to keep you here. If Urban consents to apply, when I go with him you may go too, and I'll interview the parties about something for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried Theodore, and he was so glad that he ran instead of walking on his errand.

A few hours later found Urban and Theodore waiting in an ante-room, while the lawyer made known his business about Urban to the railway officials, who said:

"Oh, yes! Thank you for bringing him. The last employee your firm sent us was a treasure, and we don't need to raise questions about this one; yet there is one absolutely essential thing that I will mention. Of course you know this person, like the last, to be strictly temperate—total abstinence, pledged and practised?"

"No, sir, I know nothing of the kind; but, on the contrary, while my friend Mr. Starr is temperate, he isn't one of the total kind. There is wine for the guests at New Year's, and this Urban takes his glass like the rest."

"Excuse me, then, but he won't do for our employ. Total abstinence principles and habits are our first requirements."

"He is no drunkard. Perhaps if you see him you will think he has qualifications of great value to you."

"It is useless for us even to see him, since we desire one who has been from boyhood voluntarily abstinent."

"Very well. Urban Starr is above need of the place. Good morning! Oh, excuse me for having forgotten another matter. There is a lad here with me—in fact our own office-boy—for whom I've promised to ask if you've any kind of a place ever coming vacant into which you could put him with hope for his future. We hate to lose him, for he is trusty, capable, willing, writes a good hand, is quick at figures."

"How is it about the total abstinence?"

"Oh, he is square on that. Signed the pledge when a child. Never took the first glass. Regards a glass of wine with superstitious horror."

"Send him in, if you please. We would like to talk with him."

Theodore came back to the lawyer's office radiant with joy, exclaiming:

"They say I'm just the one they want for the place you didn't take for Urban Starr. They only laughed when I said I feared there was some mistake. Is it all right? Don't Urban want the situation?"

"It is all right, Theodore. Please remember, when you are a railroad president, that you owe your success in life to me!"

This occurred—for this is all true—several years

ago, and Theodore has now a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, with the love and confidence of all who know him; while Urban is intemperate, out of employment, and a grief to his parents.

THE PEOPLE OF KOREA.

BY R. D. J.

If my young friends will take the trouble to look in the eastern part of the map of Asia they will there see China holding on to a piece of land with her left hand to keep it from falling into the sea. Have you found it? Well, that is Korea. If China should let go it would fall into the waters of the Yellow Sea and thus become an island instead of a peninsula. You see it is not a very large country, only about as large as the State of Minnesota, but it is quite full of people, having about one-sixth as many as are in the United States.

This country was formerly called Chosen, which means "fresh morning" or Land of the "Morning Calm" because it is so far east. It is also called the Hermit Nation, because like an oyster it has kept its doors so tightly shut that no foreigners could get in, and if by accident any persons were cast upon its shores they were never allowed to leave the country.

Many years ago some Dutch sailors were shipwrecked and kept there eight years, and were so homesick that they were always watching for an opportunity to get away. So one day finding a boat they entered it and escaped. They found their way to Japan and from there they were sent home. What strange things they had to tell of the people, their customs and manners!

One thing seems very strange to us. They do not allow the women to go out in the daytime, but some time in the evening they ring a bell when all the men and boys have to hurry home as fast as they can until not one is seen on the streets, and then the women and girls go out to walk.

I have not time to tell more of their strange ways and habits, but you must read for yourselves. I want to tell you, however, that it is no longer a hermit land, for a few years ago they opened their doors and now they will allow us to visit them the same as other nations.

You will be glad to know that the present king, Bo Kei Ju, desires to be friendly with other nations and has aided the missionaries in their work. You will also be glad to know that some of the Koreans have already become Christians and are calling to us to come and help them win their land for Christ. Within the last two years several missionaries have heard this call and have gone to this far-away land to declare to them the "good tidings" of great joy which you remember the angel said should be unto all people.

Dear children, will you not help send the Gospel to Korea? Will you not pray for the king and his people and the dear missionaries who have gone to carry the means of healing for their bodies at the same time they tell them the old, old story of Jesus and his love?

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

A LITTLE boy, who came before the pastor to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied: "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know he will lead me right."

The Bootblack.

BY DELLA ROGERS.

"SINGING for Jesus, my Saviour and King ;"
Hark, how the words on the frosty air ring !
"Singing for him who died on the tree,
Purchased a pardon for you and for me."

'Twas a poor little bootblack, friendless, forlorn,
With a shabby old coat and a cap badly torn ;
But a bright sunny face, and a smile that was gay,
And he sang as he brushed, on that dark, dreary day.

"Singing for him, who died on the tree,
Purchased a pardon for you and for me ;
Now he has gone to that glad home on high,
Where I shall dwell with him by-and-by."

The merchant stood, on that cold, cheerless day,
Watching the bootblack brushing away,
With a bright smiling face and a cheerful heart,
And he said to the boy, as he turned to depart :—

"Why sing you to him, who died on the tree,
So long, long ago, in dark Galilee ?"
And the bootblack earnestly, gladly replied :
"I sing, Sir, because for me he hath died."

The merchant passed on down the busy street,
'Mid the noise and bustle of hurrying feet ;
But those words, "for me," ever rang in his ear—
'Mid the hurry and tumult, their sound he could hear.

And scenes long forgotten came then to his mind,
The old cottage home and the clustering vine ;
And the silvery-haired woman, in the old oaken chair,
With the Bible before her, who prayed for him there.

And who knows but that mother, from her home in
the sky,
Where she now dwells with Jesus, who for us did die,
Heard what the angels whispered in heaven—
"That another heart to the Saviour was given."

We know not the good that a song may do ;
Let us sing as we journey life's weary way through ;
A song or a word—how little we know
The good we may do—the seed we might sow !

ARE YOU SHINING FOR JESUS ?

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,
Shining just everywhere—
Not only in easy places,
Not only just here or there ?"

NELLIE hushed her glad song at sight of her mother's troubled face.

"I am very sorry to disappoint you, girls, but one of you will have to stay at home," said Mrs. Bradley, gently, glancing from Nellie to her older sister, Gertrude. "Nora's mother is worse, and I could not deny her request to spend the day with her sick parent. You both know that it will be impossible for me to do the work and look after the children too." Of course the girls knew that. This delicate little mother overworked herself at all times in order that they might be kept in school and enjoy the advantages of other girls of their age.

"I wish it were not so," the mother added, feebly, "but I would be in bed sick before night were I left without help."

Gertrude bit her lip with vexation as she muttered,

"I cannot say, I am sure, for I am one of the committee of arrangements, and it would spoil the plans for the whole day should I be absent. Nellie has nothing special to do ; let her remain at home."

"You know I am one of the singers," began Nellie, sharply ; but the words that she had been humming a few moments before came back to her like a reproof. Only a few weeks before she had stood up in the presence of God's people and promised henceforth to live for Jesus. Should she shine for him only in easy places ? Would he accept such service ? Not only here and there, but everywhere, she was to be faithful,

"Shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around."

The lines left no doubt in her mind concerning the course she ought to pursue. Her disappointment was keen, for she had anticipated much enjoyment from the day's ramble, and everything was ready for the excursion. After thinking for a moment or two she said, with a little quiver in her voice it must be confessed,

"It shall be just as you say, mother."

"I am the oldest and have the best right to go," interrupted Gertrude, selfishly. "And, what's more, I am going. There are the girls now," and before Nellie could frame a reply she snatched up her hat and hurried out to meet her companions.

Tears gathered in Nellie's eyes, but she bravely choked back her sobs, and then went softly up stairs to change her holiday attire for a plain print, that was to do duty in the kitchen.

"I am going to stay and help you, mother," she said, a little later, as she appeared at the pantry-door with a bright face and a cheerful voice.

"Thank you, dear ; you are a great comfort," said her mother ; and in the tone and the looks there was a precious heart-reward for the dutiful daughter.

Nellie was strong and willing, and went about her work singing snatches of glad songs, until the weary mother forgot her own weakness in the happiness of her child.

Late in the afternoon, when the work was out of the way and she had persuaded her feeble mother to lie down for an hour's rest, Nellie took up an interesting book and was soon deeply interested in its contents. In a short time, however, her attention was called to the jangling of the children in the adjoining room, and, fearing that they would disturb the mother, she laid aside her book and went to make peace among them. When they tired of story-telling, she brought out a small trunk that contained the carefully-preserved toys and games of her own childhood. It required both tact and patience to hold three little brains busy for a full hour, but in her efforts to keep her light shining brightly she succeeded admirably, not only in doing her mother a kindness of which she stood in need, but also in forming a new bond of affection between herself and the little brother and sisters, who wondered what made Nellie so different from the girl that heretofore had been so full of self as to forget the claims of others.

"I'll tell you what makes her so good to us," said Kitty, when the young housekeeper had left them to prepare an early tea. "You see, she belongs to the church now, and she means it. I can tell it by the way she acts."

"So can I," assented Freddy. "She is good like mamma now."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," whispered Nellie, with glistening eyes, as she chanced to hear the witness-bearing of the little ones. "Has my life been so empty and useless as to merit such a rebuke ?" she asked herself as a vision of her selfish conduct in the past came back to her.

"Can everybody see it
That Jesus is all to you ?"

she repeated, with a throb of pain at recollection of the dimness of the light she had been reflecting.

ONE USE OF BIRTHDAYS.

You know that birthdays are the days that our friends remember, and tell us they do by sending us presents. Now, these presents should always mean this : "I send you this to tell you how glad I am that you were born. You have made me happier because you live in this world." I wonder if we are all trying to make our friends feel this ?

There is a blue-eyed little girl living not a thousand miles from New York who calls her birthdays

"worth-days." She is so sweet and lovable that every day she lives is a "worth-day" to those about her. We can all make our days "worth-days" to our friends, each day richer and more happy because we live here, if we try.

There are different ways of celebrating our birthdays, but those that are most to be desired are thanksgiving birthdays. Last winter there was such a pretty birthday celebration not far from Boston that I know you will enjoy hearing about it.

The little girl was twelve years old. She had been receiving presents and birthday letters all day. When night came and the family were all at dinner—a dinner prepared especially to suit this little girl—she came into the dining-room carrying a tray on which were a number of paper parcels neatly tied. Each parcel had on it a white card with the name of some member of the family, and contained a gift. These she gave to each one, to remember her birthday by, she said, and had been purchased by saving her own pocket-money. That certainly was a pretty way of keeping a birthday. Giving, you will find, makes you just as happy as receiving, and sometimes more happy. In a small Sabbath-school room in New York State there is a pretty money-jug standing on the desk. On the Sabbath after each teacher's and scholar's birthday they put into the jug a penny for each year they have lived. Johnnie, who is five years old, brings five pennies ; Johnnie's father, who is thirty-eight years old, brings thirty-eight pennies—one for each year. This money goes to the missionary society of the church.

These pennies must be thankofferings. You might try it in your family. Have a money-jug on the dining-room mantel, and use the pennies to buy Christmas presents for some one who would not have any Christmas if you did not remember him. Call the jug the "birthday jug."—*Christian Union.*

CURING A BLIND GIANT.

CALCUTTA is a fine large city on the north-east coast of India, and one who lived there tells a strange, but true story of how a doctor cured the biggest patient he ever had. The patient was a huge elephant, and for a long time had suffered from a disease in the eyes, which at last got so bad that he could not see.

His owner, an English officer, went to Dr. Webb, and begged him to come and see what could be done. He did ; and after looking carefully at the giant creature, the doctor said :

"The best cure that I know of is nitrate of silver ; but it will give a good deal of pain."

Perhaps some of my readers whose friends have bad eyes have heard the name of this remedy.

Well, the owner said he had better try, and if the animal would not allow it he must give it up.

But—would you believe it ?—the elephant, who, like most of his race, was as wise as he was big, found so much relief from his first day's doctoring, that when Dr. Webb came the next day he lay down of his own accord, placed his great heavy head on one side, curled up his trunk, and then, just like you or I might if we were going to bear some dreadful pain, he drew in his breath and lay perfectly still. The healing mixture was dropped into each eye, and when the sharp, short pain was gone, he gave a great sigh, as much as to say, "That's a good thing got over. I feel all the better for it."

And when he got up he tried in his poor dumb fashion to thank his friend for giving him back his sight.

What a lesson to us to bear our troubles patiently, knowing that our sufferings are all for the best.

City of the Jasper Wall.

O CITY of the jasper wall,
And of the pearly gate!
For thee, amid the storms of life,
Our weary spirits wait.
We long to walk the streets of gold
No mortal feet have trod—
We long to worship at the shrine
The temple of our God.

O city where they need no light
Of sun, or moon, or stars;
Could we with eye of faith but see
How bright thy mansions are—
How soon our doubts would fly away,
How strong our trust would grow,
Until our hearts should lean no more
On trifles here below.

O city where the shining gates
Shut out all grief and sin;
Well may we yearn amid earth's strife,
The holy peace to win!
Yet must we meekly bear the cross,
Nor seek to lay it down,
Until our Father takes us home,
And gives the golden crown!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1889.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

THE heart-broken words, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" adopted by Jesus from the twenty-second Psalm, I have often thought especially reveals to us something of the penalty of sin, which he bore for us—in our stead. Most Scotch boys learn from the Shorter Catechism this: "All men, by their fall, lost communion with God." By sin we have "lost communion with God." We are now, in our fallen and natural state, like the branches of the apple-trees I see cast over the road-fence by a farmer out of his orchard, when he pruned it in the spring. I have seen them with buds and small leaves, sometimes with opening blossoms; but they are cut off from the tree and must die.

Now was not this exactly the penalty pronounced upon Adam? He did not die in the literal sense on the day he ate the fruit; he lived for nine hundred years. Nor are we to think he died the eternal death; for we believe he died in faith. But the penalty came on the day he sinned, for God would keep his word. Then how? Why, in this cutting off from God. And he could only live again by being newly grafted in. Our Lord's par-

able about the vine and the branches, or Paul's about the olive-tree, will explain it.

It was this very penalty—this cutting-off from God, as a branch from a tree—that was pronounced in Ezekiel: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" For the penalty of sin, the wages of sin, is in all ages the same. And I apprehend that it was this very penalty that our Lord bore upon the tree. He, in taking our place, paid our penalty, whatever that might be. And here we find him, in this horror of darkness, cut off from God.

Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry
The universe hath shaken;
It went up single, echoless;
"My God! I am forsaken!"

And the following circumstance brought very vividly to my mind the peculiar form and language of our Lord's cry on the cross. A ministerial brother once told me of his eldest son, who had died somewhere in the United States. His employer had written the father a letter, detailing the circumstances of his son's sickness and death, and among other things said: "During the last twenty-four hours of his life he wandered much in his mind, and spoke to himself all the time in some language we could not understand." "Oh," I said to my old friend, knowing he was from the Highlands, "that would be Gaelic." "Yes, I suppose so," replied he, "but he never heard Gaelic in his father's house. My wife and I when we were married—we could speak both languages—agreed that we would keep house in English and use that language in our home; and our children never heard us speak anything but English. No doubt he heard the Gaelic on the school play-ground and among his little playmates from his earlier infancy; but it could hardly be called his native language."

Yet here it was; the poor fellow, dying among strangers, wandered back in the mists of death to the heather and the Highland hills; and he was once more in imagination a little barefooted Highland boy, with tartan trews, and the honest Gaelic tongue. And is it too far-fetched to believe the same of Christ? that he too wandered back to the vernacular he had learned and lisped in his highland home—for Nazareth was up among the hills, twelve hundred feet high—and now the language of his childhood was the language of his dying thoughts. No doubt he had taught much in Greek,—for Greek was the language of public life, just as the English is now among the Gaelic Highlands,—but the sanctities of life and death, and mother and infancy and home, all expressed themselves to his mind in the home-like Aramaic.

Let us comfort ourselves with the thought that whatever our penalty for sin was, Jesus bore it for us; and with the further thought that his enemies can no more reach him now. For he, "after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God."

THE LITTLE WAIF.

A POOR, little shivering girl crept into a church and warmed her hands, one Sunday, by the stove. Nobody turned her out, for those who love God love his poor likewise, and want to comfort and help them. The preacher was telling of the prodigal son, and how he came home to his father, and his father forgave him and kissed him; and the little lassie began to sob aloud, and the people heard her cry, "I wish my father would kiss me!" What a tale the child's words told! A cold, neglectful father was hers: perhaps some poor drunkard, who cared nothing about her. I hope she heard of her Father in heaven, and of his great love and pity for her; but, oh, dear children, you who have good fathers and mothers, thank God for them every day, and be loving and obedient to them while they are spared to you.



A Loving Friend.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

LOVING friend, the gift of one
Who, her own true faith hath run
Through thy lower nature;
Be my benedictions said,
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature!
Underneath my stroking hand,
Startled eyes of hazel bland,
Kindling, growing larger,
Up thou leapest with a spring
Full of prank and curvetting,
Leaping like a charger.

But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied—
Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom
Round the sick and weary.

This dog, if a friendly voice
Called him now to blither choice
Than such a chamber keeping,
"Come out," prying from the door,
Presseth backward as before,
Up against me leaping.

Therefore to this dog will I
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favour:
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said,
Therefore, and forever!

Australia and Homeward. By the REV. D. VAN-NORMAN LUCAS, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 336. Price \$1.00.

Mr. Lucas has given us here a very interesting and instructive volume on the Greater Britain of the Southern Seas. He had unusually good opportunities for travel and observation while in Australia, and he gives evidence of having acute powers of observation and a well-trained faculty of description. He gives a graphic account of the fauna, silva, and flora of the country, many of whose animals and products are of a very extraordinary character. He records the marvellous progress that has conjured great cities out of the wilderness within the memory of living men. He gives a thrilling account of the pioneer explorers, Burke and Wills, and other path-finders of empire in the vast Southern continent. The latter part of the book is a series of racy letters of travel in the Southern Seas, in Ceylon, and homeward through the Red Sea, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, France, and Great Britain. The book is well printed and has a number of illustrative engravings. It deserves, and we hope will have, a large sale.

INDIAN HEAD GEAR.

BY ROBIN RUTLER.

HATS and caps are a very necessary article of clothing; worn and appreciated by all the civilized nations, and by many of the savage tribes of men.

Every nation has its own peculiar style of head-dress—from the Oriental turban to the distinctive cap of the patriotic Scot. Even different stations in life are designated by the style of hat worn. The jester's "sugar-loaf" cap, with its bell; the clerical "wide-awake," the military helmet, the jolly tar's bonnet and ribbons, and the Romish cardinal's hat, whose colour denoted that he was ready to "spill his blood for the sake of Jesus Christ." There was a time in Roman history when the wearer of a hat was a freeman, and the slave was prohibited from having any covering on his head.

Amongst the Indian tribes, the head was oftentimes uncovered—some wearing long hair, ornamented with various kinds of finery, and the scalp painted. Others did not allow the hair to grow long, but plucked it out by the roots, leaving a portion around the crown divided into two parts, which were braided and fastened with a ribbon. When going to feasts, the hair was fantastically decorated, and much pride taken in having it properly arranged.

Carelessness in this, however, as in other matters, was prevalent amongst the red men, as well as the more highly civilized people of the earth.

There are chaplets, made of twigs and leaves, worn by the young men undergoing torture at the sun-dance. When the

native priest is preparing the leading personages who are to engage in the ceremonial of the sun-dance, he makes use of the sacred number "four." Holding the chaplet in his left hand, he moves his right hand above and around it four times, muttering certain words as he performs the ceremony. Here is a wreath for the young Indian hero who has been successful in his war exploits, and pre-

sents himself before the medicine-pole to offer a sacrifice to the sun.

It is not the crown of the runner in the Grecian games, though, like unto it, there is a fading away; but it is as sacred, if not more so, in the eyes of the red man of the plains.

speak, that they might declare the story of their wanderings, the history of their wars and thrilling adventures, and thus give an insight into the customs of a race whose civilization is rapidly passing away before the advancing strides of the white race.

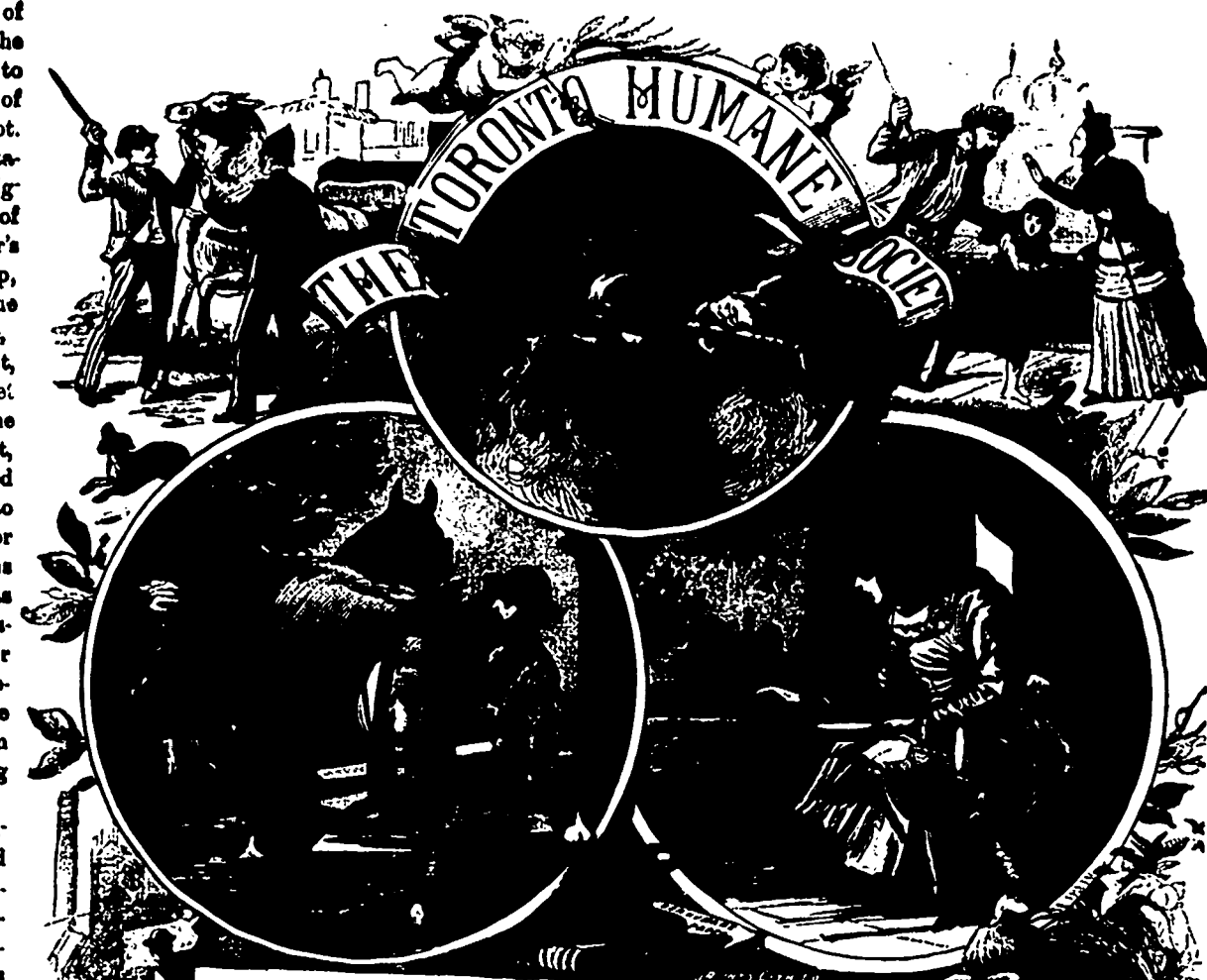
The *besons*, or charms, consist of the heads of animals and birds, and represent the tutelary spirit of the wearer. They ward off danger, and ensure success to the warrior. As I sat in a lodge, an Indian friend took out his war-bonnet, placed it on my head, and explained the several parts. Taking from his medicine-bag the head of a squirrel, and fastening it on front of the head-dress, he said that in war there was given to him a power, through the virtue of this charm, that would make him invincible. The soldiers might pursue him; his enemies might discharge their rifles, but their bullets would pass by on either side, and leave him unhurt. The tail feathers of the eagle were fastened to the pendant; and as this is a sacred bird amongst the Indian tribes, there resided in them a protective power. The bonnet fits the head of the wearer, and the pendant is from three to four feet long.

The influences of modern civilization have introduced the head-gear of the white people. Upon the heads of the Indians may be seen the cowboy's *sombrero*—the soft felt hat, with the crown cut in shreds, the ends falling over the sides of the hat affording ventilation besides introducing a new fashion, and ministering to the vanity of the Indian brave; the "plug" hat, decked with various-coloured ribbons; and

the fur cap, which has in former years covered the brain of some worthy judge in the east.

Whilst attending an Indian feast, some years ago, amongst the Piegan Indians, I could hardly retain my gravity when I saw an old Indian, with a full-grown Tam o'Shanter, amongst the singers, in the lodge. I listened for the gentle strains of

"Ye banks and brass o' be my Doon."



AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY.

Edited by J. GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D.

TORONTO: WILLIAM BRIGGS.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

THIS is one of the cheapest, as well as one of the most attractive, books we ever saw—230 large octavo pages, with 112 illustrations, for 25 cents. It shows what the Humane Society seeks to prevent, viz., all kinds of cruelty to animals; and what it seeks to promote, viz., the care of the waifs and strays of our cities, lessons of kindness to animals and birds, the humane education of children and the like. The book ought to have a very large circulation and do a great deal of good. Many of the engravings are very attractive, and the text, with its anecdotes, incidents and poetry, will prove very interesting reading. Nothing is more indicative of a low state of civilization than cruelty to children, to dependents and to dumb animals. At the Centennial Exhibition at Cincinnati is a department of the Ohio Humane Society, showing a number of cruel weapons and instru-

ments used in the abuse of children by drunken parents, and in the cruel punishment of horses, mules, etc. It is a great satisfaction to know that the strong arm of the law has interposed for the protection of those unable to protect themselves. To a Canadian, it was especially gratifying to find a fine portrait of our good Queen, for fifty-three years a member of the Royal Humane Society, with the following noble sentiment from her hand: "No civilization is complete that does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creation within the spirit of Christianity."

Dr. Hodgins has done his part admirably, and with his well-known good taste, in the editing of this book. Through his kindness we are permitted to use a number of the engravings and to quote the text. We hope this book will be very largely purchased.

The war-cap, with its long, flowing pendant of eagle's feathers, and its wondrous besons, is a treasure that can seldom be purchased, for its proud owner boasts of his prowess, and declares, with the utmost complacency, that so long as he wears this prize he is invincible in war. As I have gazed upon the war-bonnets of the Sioux and Blackfoot Indians, I have wished that, for a time, they could

But, instead, I was greeted with the native "Hi! Hi!" and the monotonous music of the camp. Native head-dresses, made of sweet grass braided, are worn.

One of the strangest caps made came under my observation a few days ago. When I entered a chief's lodge, and had been shown my seat, there sat beside me a large goose, so life-like, that I concluded a native taxidermist had arisen in the land of the lodges. Lifting it gently in my hands, I soon learned that it was a new hat, made for the chief by one of his wives!

The ladies of the towns and cities, who delight to wear in their hats the feathered songsters of the woods—thousands of which are killed every year to supply the demand—need date no longer on their ability to follow the fashions, for the red man can far excel in the variety of his head-gear, of which he feels proud; and yet even he would disdain to engage in such wholesale slaughter to satisfy a freak of fancy, unworthy of the name of humanity, religion, and love.

The Indian is not alone in his desire for the fantastic, as a walk through the streets of any of our eastern towns will speedily reveal, in the costly, gorgeous, and frail specimens of head-dresses that cover the *crania* of the nineteenth century Christians, who teach the heathen the gospel by precept and proxy, as the surest way to win them for Christ and the world.

PILGRIM STREET.

BY HESRA STRETTON.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In response to numerous requests for a "continued story," we begin in this number a beautiful, touching, and instructive story, by HESRA STRETTON, which will be a favourite with our young readers.

CHAPTER I.

A BROTHER'S SEARCH.

THE rain had been falling in driving showers all the morning upon the streets of Manchester, and it was no easy thing to walk along the pavements for the number of open umbrellas which were being carried to and fro by the foot passengers; while it was a matter of some peril and difficulty for a child to cross the slippery streets through the crowd of omnibuses and cabs which were being driven hurriedly about in all directions. Yet if any one had had the leisure and curiosity to gaze about him with such a ceaseless shower falling upon him, he might have seen a child making his way stealthily but swiftly along the crowded causeway, and over the dangerous crossings. A small child, stunted in growth by continual want and neglect, with squalid and tattered rags hanging about him, just sufficient to make it possible for him to appear in the streets. A little scarecrow of undisguised and unsightly poverty was the child; yet his face, in spite of its pinched features, bore a sweet and innocent expression, very different from the aged and vicious aspect of most of his street companions. There was a light in his blue eyes, and an open frankness upon his fair face, with the light hair falling round it, which seldom failed in attracting the compassion and admiration of those persons from whom he ventured to beg, when he felt sure that no policeman was near enough to see him; and he had already learned a wistful way of looking into every face he met, to read there the pity he might hope to find. But upon this rainy morning the child was too busily intent upon some other object to ply his poor trade of begging; and though his naked feet were ankle-deep in mud, and the rain drenched him through his tattered rags, he kept on his way

steadily and swiftly, until he found himself in front of one of the chief edifices of the rich city.

It was a very magnificent building—a palace upon which tens of thousands of pounds had been spent with lavish costliness. The squalid child came to a standstill, and seemed to be gazing up at it with a feeling of awe, from the broad terrace in front of it, upon which he did not venture to set his bare feet, until he had cast a timid glance at the policemen who guarded each entrance. He slunk under the palisade, and threw back his head to look up at the walls and towers, which seemed to rise up almost to the sky; while every window there, and every arched doorway, and the niches in the towers, were decorated with carved woodwork, and coloured glass, and chiselled masonry, after a very different fashion of architecture from that of the damp and dark cellar whence he had crept into daylight. Every point of the building bore some ornament strange to his sight, and the longer he gazed at them the more his feeling of wonder and awe increased. High up overhead, in the very centre of the grand front, and at the top of the highest tower, which he could only see with difficulty, there bent over him a great image of a man—or, more likely, of one of the giants of whom he had felt a vague but chilling fear whenever he had to steal alone through the streets at night; and this image held an immense stone in his hand, as if he would hurl it down from his great height and crush any miserable creature who should venture to enter into the grand portico below.

This doorway, towards which the child cast his wistful eyes, was well guarded by policemen, and could only be gained by ascending a broad staircase of many steps, where there was no possibility of concealment. The boy, disheartened and sorrowful, crept along the terrace, with his soundless and cautious footsteps, in search of another entrance, until he came upon a sight which filled him with nameless terror, such as children alone can feel—the image of a fierce and cruel woman, such as he had seen many a time in the wretched street where he dwelt; but under her knee, and in her cruel hands, there was the figure of a murdered child. He stood there spell-bound for a few minutes, and then, with a sob which no one heard, he stole back again, close under the shadow of the grand, massive walls, as far as the perilous flight of steps which led into the inside of the building. All the time he had seen people passing in and out, without check or hindrance, many of them of a class with whom he was familiar: women with shawls thrown over their heads instead of bonnets, and men in worn-out clothes, and boots that were little better than the coat of mud which covered his feet; and these were walking up and down the grand staircase with a freedom which at last encouraged the boy. Step by step he ventured slowly upwards, until he found himself sheltered from the pitiless rain within a porch so large that it contained a double row of massive pillars, beyond which were doors of glass; and standing upon tiptoe, the child could peep into the hall within.

Ah! what a place it was! He caught his breath in a deep sigh of amazement and delight. From somewhere there came a beautiful light; yet to him there did not seem to be any windows, unless those were windows which looked like pictures of men dressed in robes of crimson and purple and blue, with crowns of gold upon their heads. The pavement seemed made of precious stones of many colours, formed into a beautiful pattern. There were many doors opening into the hall, and a crowd of people were passing in and out busily, very strange people—some poor and miserable like himself, only none so young—and policemen in their well-known dress; and men in scarlet coats, with

long, white wands in their hands; and gentlemen in black robes, with white wigs upon their heads.

The child, standing upon tip-toe, gazed upon all that was passing before him in profound wonder and bewilderment. A policeman, whose beat was near his cellar, had told him, with wonderful condescension, that the place was called "The Assize Courts;" but he had no idea of what that name might mean. All that he understood was, that somewhere within this magnificent palace his brother Tom was to be taken before the judge, and, perhaps, would be sent to prison. And whatever would become of him without Tom?

He had some vague hope that if he could creep in, unseen by the police, and steal along among the shifting crowd, he might, by some chance or other, meet with Tom; and if he could do him no good, he could at the least give him the half of a sweet bun which he had begged from a lady at the door of a confectioner's shop, as he came along. The eating of the other half had been a great treat to him, and it could not fail to be a comfort to Tom, even if he had to go to jail. But, perhaps, he would get off somehow, like Will Handforth, who stole an umbrella out of a house when the door was open, and boasted of it among his comrades, but contrived to get off from punishment. And Tom had not stolen anything. If the judge would only let him speak, he would be sure to tell him the truth, and then he would know that Tom was not a thief. Perhaps one of the grave-looking gentlemen passing through the grand hall was the judge. Oh! if he could only dare to go in and speak to him! But the child felt that it would be easier to die than to speak to the judge unbidden; and he had no one to speak for him and Tom. He had almost forgotten the grandeur and brilliancy of the place in his profound anxiety about Tom, when he was suddenly startled from his survey by a hand seizing the collar of his ragged jacket, and being well shaken in the strong, rough grasp of a policeman.

"Now, you be off," he said, harshly. "At any rate I'll keep the courts free of such miserable young fry as you."

"Oh, please leave me alone," implored the child. "I only want to see Tom; and perhaps he'll be sent to jail for ever so long, and I shall never see him again."

"He'll not be here," was the answer; "and if you don't take yourself off, I'll kick you off. Crowding up the courts with such beggars as you! Be off, I say."

The boy turned away without another word, and descended slowly, one by one, down the steps of the broad staircase, until he came to the lowest. He was in the pelting rain again now; but the policeman had returned to the shelter of the portico, and was no longer watching him, so he sat down upon the wet stones, and gathered his rags about him as he leaned his head upon the step above him. He had no one in the world but Tom, and Tom was somewhere within these walls; and after a fit of silent weeping, which was both strange and pitiful in a child so young, he fell into an uneasy slumber. The rain washed his naked feet, and drenched his rags through and through, and matted his fair hair, but it did not awake him. The people also passed up and down—men and women and children—but, as if by common consent, they left the wretched child in peace; until at last he was roused by being gently stirred with a stick, and starting up in a fright, with a dream of policemen, he opened his eyes, and saw a face bending over him.

A pleasant face it was, grave but kind, and just now there was a look upon it which, in some way, made the heart of the miserable child feel light and

glad. It was very plain to him that he was a gentleman, and the boy sprang up to his feet, and stroked the front curls of his wet hair by way of making him a suitable salutation.

"What are you doing here, my boy?" he asked.

"I wanted to see Tom," said the child, without any feeling of shyness or terror; "he's somewhere in there, and he's going to be taken before the judge, and perhaps he'll be sent to jail, and I'm afraid of never seeing him again."

"What has Tom been doing?" asked the gentleman.

"Please, sir, Tom hasn't done anything," answered the child; "only Will Handforth's father and another man broke into a house one night, and there was a boy with them, and the police say it was Tom; and they've taken him to jail, and he's been there three weeks and more. But it wasn't Tom, I'm sure; and, oh! I wish there was somebody to tell the judge."

"How do you know Tom did not go with Will Handforth's father?" said the gentleman.

"He was along with me all night," answered the boy, eagerly. "We were selling chips up at Long-sight till nigh upon nine o'clock, and Tom came to bed before I was asleep. But in the morning the police came and took Tom away; and Tom, he says to me, 'Phil, it's not true; I shall get out of this.' But he hasn't got out yet, and Will Handforth's mother—that's where we live—says he'll be sent to jail with her husband, whether he's done anything or not."

"Is your name Philip, my boy?" inquired the gentleman.

"It's only Phil," he answered.

"Well, my name is Philip," said the stranger, smiling, "Philip Hope. And what is your other name, my little fellow?"

"I haven't any other," said Phil. "But Tom's other name is Haslam—Tom Haslam, he's called."

"Phil," said Mr. Hope, "follow me, and we will try to see Tom."

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN AND EMPRESS FREDERICK.

THOSE who see them together say that nothing is more touching than the absolute unselfishness of the devotion of the Queen to the Empress Frederick. The Queen's one thought from morning to night, is to minister to her daughter's comfort and endeavour to diminish her grief. The smallest wish of the Empress is attended to and carried out with the most affectionate assiduity. The Empress is looking very wan and tired, and sleeps badly; but the rest and quiet of Windsor, which she enjoys thoroughly and which she and her daughters never weary of expatiating upon, are already beginning to have a good effect on her health and spirits. There was something very touching in the visit of the Queen and Empress Frederick to Stafford House on Tuesday. Rain was falling in torrents as they alighted from the carriage which brought them from Paddington. The Empress wore a heavy coil of crape, which Prussian etiquette prescribes. Lady Churchill, also a widow, carried a large cross of white flowers which the Queen had prepared with her own hands. Lord Talbot received them at the door. They at once followed him up stairs to the room where the Duchess of Sutherland was lying, and the Queen placed the cross beside the body of her dead friend. The recollection of the last visit she paid to Stafford House in company of her husband caused the Empress to burst into tears. Both she and the Queen remained for some time in the green library, where the Queen spoke many words of womanly sympathy to Lord and Lady Stafford, who were there.

There is no attempt to disguise the object of the economical reforms in the royal household. It has become clear that no parliament will sanction grants to the grandchildren of the Queen, excepting only the children of the Prince of Wales, so Her Majesty considers it her imperative duty to save as much money as possible, in order that all her descendants may be adequately provided for by herself. It is quite certain that the Duke of Connaught and Princess Beatrice will be the Queen's principal heirs. Her Majesty has three other families to look after, namely, those of the late Duke of Albany, of the Princess Christian, and of the late Princess Alice.

A HINDU WIDOW.

No sooner does a Hindu woman, be she fifteen or fifty, lose her husband, than the persecution of custom begins. Her locks are ruthlessly shaved clean off, at the instigation of the butcher-priest. In those matters the feelings of the unfortunate victim are of no account, and her piteous protests are rudely ignored. From this moment she is the incarnation of all that is unlucky or inauspicious. Her presence is shunned; she is a leper of society, doomed to pass her life in seclusion, and not allowed to mix freely with her people.

If the unfortunate creature unwittingly intrudes her odious presence on any occasion of joy or festivity, the company curses her presence, and regards it as an evil omen—sure to be followed by some great calamity. Be it known, the company which curses her very existence is mostly composed of her near and dear relatives. If an orthodox Hindu starts on an enterprise, but, as ill-luck would have it, describes a poor widow on the road, he curses her to the fourth generation, laments his unfortunate lot, and prays his 33,000,000 of gods to avert the certain misfortune which the evil omen—i.e., the widow—portends.

The widow is an object of contempt and scorn to her very relatives, though occasionally these feelings are tempered by pity. Amid whatever luxuries a Hindu woman might have been nurtured, no sooner is she stamped with the stigma of widowhood than she must pay the penalty of her existence. She must put on coarse garments, and eat unsavoury food, and that, too, in many families, once a day. The menial work of the family becomes her lot, as a matter of course.

MARY AND HER LAMB.

THIS is the title of one of the most familiar poems in the English language, though but few people know its history.

Most of our young readers will be surprised to hear that the well-known nursery-song of "Mary had a Little Lamb" is a true story, and that "Mary" is still living. Says an exchange:

About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester County, Mass. She was very fond of going with her father to the fields to see the sheep, and one day they found a baby-lamb which was thought to be dead.

Kind-hearted little Mary, however, lifted it up in her arms, and as it seemed to breathe she carried it home, made it a warm bed near the stove, and nursed it tenderly. Great was her delight when, after weeks of careful feeding and watching, her little patient began to grow well and strong, and soon after it was able to run about. It knew its young mistress perfectly, always came at her call, and was happy only when at her side.

One day it followed her to the village school, and not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl.

There it stayed until Mary was called up to the

teacher's desk to say her lesson, and then the lamb walked quietly after her, and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the woodshed until school was out. Soon after this, a young student named John Rollstone wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep, and lived many years; and when at last it died Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was "as white as snow," and knit a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling.

Some years after the lamb's death Mrs. Sarah Hall, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary took such good care of the stockings made of her lamb's fleece, that when she was a grown-up woman she gave one of them to a church-fair in Boston.

As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb" every one wanted a piece of it; so the stocking was unravelled out, and the yarn cut into small pieces.

Each piece was tied to a card, on which "Mary" wrote her full name; and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of one hundred and forty dollars to the Old South Church.

God's Discipline.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

THY mercies, gracious Lord,
How numberless they be!
How slow to ask from whence they come,
Or render thanks to thee.

For life and health and friends,
How slow to render praise!
Or feel all blessings flow from thee.
Who lengtheneth out our days.

But when thy chastenings come,
How slow to see thy hand;
And what thy will concerning us,
How hard to understand.

How blessings we forget,
In sorrow's chastening hour;
Though thou art then but teaching us
Thy wondrous love and power.

How we impatient cry,
"Can this new cross be borne?"
Though trials yield the ripened fruit,
Our joys too oft the thorn.

How slowly we submit—
How hard to be resigned—
How rarely carry through the day
A thankful, trustful mind.

Could we but see God's plan,
What now looks strange and dim,
Would then to us be wondrous plain,
When seen as seen by him.

Help us, O Lord, to take
Whate'er thou mayest send,
Assured in sorrow as in joy,
Thou art our changeless Friend.

Help us, O Lord, to trust
Thy power and love and grace,
Assured that nought can do us harm
If we but see thy face.

And help us, gracious Lord,
Whate'er our trials be,
In suffering here, in life and death,
Good Lord, to trust in thee.

—Christian Guardian.

A LITTLE girl who believed that Jesus loved her, and who was trying to love him, felt so happy that she said to her mother, "It seems as if there was a sun shining in my heart." So there was—the blessed Sun of Righteousness.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 27.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 27

FORGIVENESS AND HEALING.

Mark. 2. 1-12. Memory verses 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Psa. 103. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. Forgiving Iniquities, v. 1-5.
2. Healing Diseases, v. 6-12.

TIME.—27 A.D.

EXPLANATIONS—It was noised—It was reported throughout the city. In the house—Either his own house where he made a home for his mother, or into Peter's house. Sick of the palsy—Or smitten with paralysis. Uncovered the roof—Either opened a connecting trap-door, or removed the court awnings, or made an opening through the flat house-top by breaking up the tiles. If Jesus was in the court the second is the probable way; if in an upper room, either of the others. Speak blasphemies—That is, utter words which are direct profanations of God's holiness. Take up thy bed—The Eastern pallet, or rug, or mat, here called a bed, because it was that on which he lay, could be easily rolled up and carried.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show us—

1. How we should seek Jesus?
2. That Jesus knows the thoughts of men?
3. That Jesus can and will forgive sins?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what place did Jesus return? To Capernaum. 2. What happened as soon as his presence was known? A crowd surrounded the house. 3. What interrupted his preaching? A man let down through the roof. 4. What did Christ do to him? Forgave him and healed him. 5. In what character did Christ thus become known? As a forgiver of sins.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgiveness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. How did Jesus Christ show that he was a teacher sent from God?

By performing signs and wonders such as could be performed only by the power of God. John iii. 2.

A.D. 28] LESSON V. [Feb. 3

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Mark 4. 10-20. Memory verse, 20

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man have ears to hear let him hear. Mark 4. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mystery of the Kingdom, v. 10-12.
2. The Meaning of the Parable, v. 13-20.

TIME.—28 A.D.

EXPLANATIONS—Parable—An imaginary or real occurrence or thing by which some truth is illustrated. The mystery of the Kingdom of God—The things which are mysterious about the relations of God to men can only be known to those to whom they are revealed by the Spirit. See and not perceive—The natural heart is blind to spiritual things; while men see with the eye the wonderful things occurring in God's providence, they fail to spiritually discern their meaning. Hear and not understand—Explain in a similar way for yourself. Stony ground—Not gravelly soil, but rock slightly covered with soil. Among thorns—Ground from which the thorns, or brambles, or wild briars had not been uprooted, and in which, therefore, no grain could grow.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we learn that we need—

1. To study Christ's teachings?
2. To watch when we hear the word?
3. To keep the word as well as hear it?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

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7. In what other ways did he show this? By the heavenly wisdom, the authority, and the graciousness of his teaching. Luke iv. 22.



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