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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1895.

[No. 4.]

THE NEW TEACHER.

No feature of our Sunday-school work in Canada is more delightful than its enlisting the best brain and best blood of our Methodist homes in the service of the Master. In our own Church in this Canada of ours there is a great army of over thirty thousand Sunday-school teachers and officers, who devote their generous, unpaid services to the instruction of our young in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

In certain parts of the Mother Land in which the Sunday school was born, although it has some of the best schools in the world, the idea that it is a sort of ragged school to keep little waifs and strays off the street is scarcely yet outgrown. Few things surprise British visitors more than the comfort and elegance of many of our Sunday-schools.

In our churches, Epworth Leagues, and schools, there is becoming recognized more and more the obligation of persons of education, culture and refinement to bring their best gifts—the gold and frankincense and myrrh of their lives—as the Magi did of old, and lay them at the feet of the Child Jesus.

Our engraving on this page is a beautiful picture of a young girl tripping through the snow with her Bible and hymn-book to the Sunday-school. Having given her own young heart to the Saviour, she finds her chief joy in leading others also to embrace his loving service. She has obeyed the loving invitation "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him."

Thus is our beloved Methodism and our holy Christianity being fostered and built up throughout this broad land. Thus is being fulfilled the promise of Scripture, "So shall our sons be as plants grown up in their youth, so shall our daughters be as cornerstones, polished after the similitude of the palace."



THE NEW TEACHER.

A BOY'S VIEW ON ALCOHOL.

MASTER A. ROGERS' ESSAY THAT WON THE OTTAWA W.C.T.U. PRIZE.

ALCOHOL is an Arabic word meaning "evil one." It was first discovered by the Arabians in the early part of the eleventh century.

The Indians call it Fire Water, and its effect upon them is terrible in the extreme.

Two reasons why we should not use alcohol in any way are because three-quarters of all the crimes are committed while under the influence of liquor. Sixty

thousand people are killed every year by drink in this country alone, meaning 164 a day or one in every ten minutes. A certain queen, who, when liquor was abolished in her kingdom, was asked by the liquor manufacturers for compensation, replied: "Go and compensate those who have been ruined by your business and then it will be time to demand compensation."

Some people think there is no alcohol in cider. It cannot keep twenty-four hours before it develops alcohol as it is made from the juice of the apple which is very sweet. It ferments quickly.

Wine is made from the juice of the grape. Beer is mostly made from grain and hops, and yeast is put in to make it ferment and thus form alcohol.

Gin is made by heating beer until the alcohol goes off in vapour like the steam from hot water, and then this is cooled and makes the liquid called gin.

Brandy is made from wine and cider the same way as gin.

Whiskey is made from potatoes and corn and other kinds of grain. And rum from sugar cane. There is no alcohol in the fruits and grain. We might eat a quart of grapes without getting tipsy, while if a

child drank the amount of alcohol that can be made from the same quantity of grapes it would kill it in a very short time.

It is known that if the white of an egg is put in alcohol it becomes cooked in less than a minute, and as brain is similar in substance to the white of egg it is cooked in the same way. In Sir John Franklin's expedition to the north pole, when anybody died they put the body in alcohol to preserve it and bring it home for burial.

Abstinence would save ten hundred millions of dollars in the United States alone every year.

If whiskey was abolished we would not need so many policemen, and the most of our courts, gaols and prisons would be closed.

It is stated that 1,539 liquor shops are owned by 172 members of the House of Lords. How can temperance legislation be expected from such men as these?

CONCERNING COMPANIONS.

UNLOAD all bad companions. The company a man keeps tells on him sooner or later. I had commended a young man for a place in bank. So far as I knew him he was worthy of it. But another who was questioned on the point said to the president of the bank, "I saw him last Sunday afternoon with a party of young men smoking on a street corner." His application was declined. His company killed that chance.

Unload bad books and papers. They poison you. You cannot handle pitch and escape unsoiled. A magistrate once refused me a warrant for a young man until he could look into the case farther. He looked farther, and found a man who said, "By accident I changed overcoats with him a few days ago, and did not discover my error till I found in the pocket a vile book." The warrant was issued at once. Pure character and vile reading do not go together.

Unload your sins at the Cross of Christ. There only can they be washed away, and your soul be made safe. Unload your spirit of neglect. Opportunities enough have been lost. Lose no more. Undo all wrong as far as can be and start on to win a new reputation,—one for fidelity to Christ and to every Christian duty.

God, by his providence, says to each of us to-day, "I give you a clean, new book. Write your biography." What will you write?—*Sunday-School Times*.

Slow to condemn—quick to excuse.

The Boys' King.

BY REV. P. V. FISHER.

Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."

Let us sing a song, my boys,
As only lads can sing;
Sing us of the Boys' Brigade,
And Christ—the boys' King—
Sing it till the whole wide earth,
With melody and ring,
As we go marching to victory.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll make the welkin ring,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Christ the boys' King.
Sing it as we used to sing it
By the sunset sea,
As we go marching to victory.

Life's glad years before us, boys,
Years with hope and care,
Soon life's battle we must fight;
Whose colours shall we wear?
Oh! the blood-stained banner of our Christ
We'll surely wear,
As we go marching to victory.

Our King's above all kings, my boys,
A Hero, brave and strong;
And true and pure must soldiers be,
Who to his ranks belong;
So join to-day our Brigade, boys,
And forward, boys, against the wrong,
And we go marching to victory.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1895.

A TALK TO RICH BOYS.

THERE is no doubt that to be the son of a rich father is apt to be a disadvantage to a boy. He has all the clothes he needs, made of excellent material, well cut and suitable, his food is of the best, and the house in which he lives has every comfort and luxury. He has no anxiety about his school bills and he has plenty of money in his pockets. He is sent to the best of schools in the winter and goes to pleasant resorts in the summer or takes delightful journeys. His father and mother grant him every indulgence, and when he has finished college, where he has doubtless been lodged like a young Sybarite, he is given every help that money can furnish to establish him in his chosen business or profession. All this is extremely hard on a boy. It is hard on him mentally, morally, and physically, and if he lives through it and comes out a noble man, he is indeed made of excellent metal. He knows nothing of anxiety and care, and he knows nothing of physical labour. He has no need of self-denial, industry, or endurance, and how can qualities which never are exercised be developed? I have read of a wealthy man who felt these things so keenly that after having given his son a liberal education, he shoved him out of the parental nest and made him shift for himself, and when he died left his fortune

entirely to charity. I think he would have done better if he had educated that son as to the care, use, and value of money, and then left him the money as a sacred trust to be used both for himself and for his fellow-men. I feel sure that money was meant to be a blessing and not a curse, and that if we estimate it at its right value and use it as we should, it will prove to be so.

A rich boy, then, ought to be just as fine a fellow as a poor boy. Every virtue which a poor boy is obliged to cultivate if he makes a man of himself, a rich boy ought to cultivate for the same reason. He ought to rise superior to luxuries and to prove that if need be he can do without them. He should resist every temptation to dissipate, and learn to work just as thoroughly and heartily as a poor boy must. Try during next vacation, if you are a rich boy, and see if you have sufficient pluck and knowledge to earn your own living. Insist always upon doing everything that you can for yourself. Play hard, work hard, and study hard, so as to fit yourself for the trust which is coming to you in your manhood. Remember that it is not the one who has the best start that wins the race, but the one who has the best staying power. You may have every possible advantage and help, but if you do not improve them they are of no benefit; for after all you are the one who must make a man of yourself, and if you do not do it no one else can.

The annals of our country bear many honoured names of men who never knew the sharp discipline of poverty, and who, being born with every advantage which wealth and position can give, realized that these blessings were also added responsibilities—for from him to whom much is given much shall be required; and they nobly fulfilled their trust. They have left their mark upon the literature and art of their country. They have been in the van of noble reforms, and their philanthropy has been as wide as the land which they sought to benefit. And if a boy who has money will remember these things and will fit himself for that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him, his wealth will be a blessing to him and to the community in which he lives.

WHY FRED CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY LYDIA L. ROUSE.

FRED BAKER sat one winter evening watching his mother as she patiently stitched away on the garments of her more prosperous neighbours. Mrs. Baker was a widow, and her income was so small that she must needs eke it out by the help of the needle. Fred was almost thirteen, and was the oldest of her three children. He attended school every day, and Saturday he also spent over his books, for he had determined to make a scholar of himself, and so be fitted to make a good livelihood for his mother and sisters.

But other thoughts suddenly crossed his mind. "What if mother does not live until I am a man? She looks pale and thin. I'd better not wait to do great things. I'd better begin now. Mr. Richie needs a boy over at his store. I think that I will speak for the place. He paid Bert Randolph four dollars a week."

He rose up, put on his overcoat, took his hat and went toward the door.

"Where are you going, my son?" asked Mrs. Baker, looking up from her work.

"I am just going over to Mr. Richie's store."

"Very well, that is a safe place for you."

Mr. Richie was Fred's Sunday-school teacher, and she thought that he wanted to ask something about the lesson, as it was Saturday evening and he had been looking over his lesson leaf. But he did not even think of his lesson. His mind was full of his new plan. He asked for the situation and procured it, but said nothing until early Monday morning, when he was obliged to explain.

Said he, "Mother, I am going into Mr. Richie's store. I knew you would not object, and I had intended to keep the whole thing a secret until I had in my hand four dollars, my first week's wages. But I could not do it, because I must leave

home before seven o'clock, and stay away until nine in the evening. What do you think of my plan?"

Mrs. Baker burst into tears, and replied, "I think that you are a blessed boy, Fred. I never felt the pinch of poverty in all my life as I did last week. My heart was very heavy, although I tried to be trusting. I said, a score of times, 'God will provide a way,' but those thoughts would return: 'The snow and the cold are here, and I have only a bushel of coal, almost no provisions, and but fifty cents in my purse.' Why, Fred, four dollars is more than I can earn in a week. God bless you, my son! I feel that he has indeed provided a way. I had not thought of your leaving school, you were so anxious to secure an education."

"I was, mother, but I am sure it is my duty to give you immediate help. I could not go on making fine plans about being able to help you and baby in a very gentlemanly way, while you were breaking yourself down to keep a big, strong boy in school. A little self-denial at this time may be no bad thing for me. Mr. Richie says that all our education does not come out of books."

He was soon ready, and as he stood with his hat in his hand, he said, "Give me a kiss, mother, to keep me company. The hours may seem long to-day."

She kissed him fondly, and again said, "God bless you," and he went out to undertake his first day's work.

Fred Baker is now twenty-five years old, and he is head clerk at Mr. Richie's store, with a salary sufficient to support his mother and to educate his sisters, who are expecting to become teachers in the near future. He has never regretted for a moment having done the duty that lay nearest to him.

TOBACCO AGAIN.

WARNINGS against the cigarette habit multiply. Some of them are terrible. Every little while physicians furnish testimony of how utterly cigarettes poison and destroy the system. One of the most pathetic warnings against the vile habit was given not long ago by a choir boy in one of the Brooklyn churches, who died in great agony at St. John's hospital. This is the story as given in the *Laws of Life*:

"Almost his last words were: 'Let any boy who smokes cigarettes look at me now and know how much I have suffered, and he will never put another into his mouth.' He was a bright boy, an exquisite singer, and had many friends. He lived with his grandmother, and worked in a chandelier factory.

"Here is his story as he told it to his nurse, Sister Cornelia: 'To me he confessed that this trouble had originated from cigarette smoking. Some days he said he smoked twenty cigarettes. At first he kept his grandmother in ignorance of his indulgence. As he continued to smoke, the appetite grew upon him with such force that he could not break it off, and it began to affect his constitution.

"'Why,' I asked him, 'did you not stop when you saw what it was bringing you to?'

"'Oh, I could not,' he replied. 'If I could not get to smoke, I almost went wild. I could think of nothing else. That my grandmother might not suspect me, I would work extra hours instead of spending my regular wages for cigarettes. For months I kept up this excess, although I knew it was killing me. Then I seemed to fall to pieces all of a sudden.' His disease took the form of dropsy in the legs, and was very painful.

"Sister Cornelia continues the story: 'During all his sufferings he never forgot what had brought him to this terrible condition. He kept asking me to warn all boys against their use. A few days before he died he called me to his bedside and said that he thought he had not lived in vain if only those boys who are still alive would profit by his sufferings and death.'

There is no other form of tobacco so dangerous as cigarettes, because the nicotine in the smoke is not absorbed in the loose tobacco, smoked cleaned up to the end, but is taken, unfiltered and undiluted,

into the lungs. It was not the poison in the paper, but the poison of the tobacco which killed Samuel Kimball, and is ruining the health of thousands of other pale-faced boys.—*Epworth Herald*.

COME AWAY FROM THE PRECIPICE!

You have read of the boy who lost his life among the mountains of Switzerland. He was ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The lad stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father, "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get another beautiful flower." As the guides rushed toward him to pull him back they heard him say, "I almost have it!" But he fell two thousand feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. How many are seeking the flowers of worldly pleasure upon the very precipice of eternity. "There is another flower I mean to secure, no matter what the risk may be," they say. Unspeakably folly! Yes; but they do not realize it. You did not realize it till the Holy Spirit opened your eyes to see your danger and your need. Be patient with those who wilfully close their eyes to the truth. Be patient with those who are risking so much. Be patient with those who smile at your solicitude. Suppose you have met with a rebuff. Go again. Plead! plead! plead! What a wonderful thing it would be, if, after all, you should rescue that soul from the precipice!

Is the eye of some unsaved reader scanning this paragraph? Be warned of your danger. The flowers for which you risk so much will wither in a day. We entreat you, come away from the precipice.—*Epworth Herald*.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

LAST winter a little boy of eight years begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps and walk. He had neither father nor mother, and was anxious to secure any job of work which he could do.

"Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but often I get very little."

"And are you not afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The little fellow looked up with a puzzled expression on his face, as if uncertain of her meaning, and was troubled with a new doubt.

"Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in him and does the best he can?"

Brave little fellow! May he never have his faith in God shaken. God promises his care to those who trust him and serve him.

DON'T SNUB.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind, and also was deaf.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull or stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was slow at learning, and did not develop as soon as most boys.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depths of winter.

Don't snub anyone, not alone because they may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

School Days.

BY J. F.

"I HATE these horrid school days!"
An angry schoolboy said;
And with his pen he idly plays,
And shakes his curly head.

His history he has not read,
His spelling is not done;
Arithmetic he views with dread,
Dictation he would shun.

These lessons lie before him
In rather stiff array,
While in the school yard Tom and Jim
Enjoy their well-earned play.

And why should he, the silly lad,
Be thus shut up, whilst they
Who each as many lessons had
Are both outside at play.

The reason is a simple one,
As you may plainly see;
To hear their teacher say, "Well done!"
Both Tom and Jim agree.

And so, however hard their task,
They waste no time in fun;
To play they neither wish nor ask
Till leisure they have won.

This is the plan we must pursue,
If useful we would be;
In everything be brave and true,
From evil tempers free.

If to our idle moods we yield,
And skip our sums or grammar;
How can we hope in time to wield
The saw or pen or hammer?

To nobly bear the stress and strain
Of life's great battle royal,
And count success instead of pain,
To highest aims be loyal!

For life itself is but a school
Where men are ever learning;
And prizes come not to the fool,
But to the most discerning.

Then hurrah for busy school days!
Although they are unending;
We'll do our part with head and heart,
To meanness ne'er descending!

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER XIV.—"HOME, SWEET HOME," AT LAST.

It was Sunday evening, and Christie was once more in the little mission-room; but not now as a poor ragged boy, sitting on the front bench, and in danger of being turned out by the woman who lighted the gas-lamps. She would not dream of turning Christie out now, for the young Scripture-reader was a well-known man in the district. He was always there early, before any of the people arrived, and he used to stand at the door and welcome each one as they came in, helping the old men and women to their seats, and looking out anxiously for those whom he had invited for the first time during the week. And if any little ragged boys stole in, and seemed inclined to listen, Christie took special care of them, for he had not forgotten the day when he had first come to that very room, longing to hear a word of comfort to tell to his old master.

Mr. Wilton was to take the service to-night, and Christie had been busy all the afternoon giving special invitations to the people to be present, for he wanted them very much to hear his dear friend.

The mission-room was quite full when Mr. Wilton entered it. How it rejoiced him to see Christie going about amongst the people, with a kind word for each, and handing them the small hymn-books from which they were to sing!

"Come, for all things are now ready." That was Mr. Wilton's text. How still the mission-room was, and how earnestly all the people listened to the sermon! The clergyman first spoke of the marriage feast in the parable; so carefully spread, so kindly prepared, all ready there—and yet no one would come! There were excuses on all sides, every one was too busy or too idle to attend to the invitation; no one was ready to obey that gracious "Come."

And then Mr. Wilton spoke of Jesus, and how he had made all things ready for us;

how parson is ready and peace is ready; the Father's arms ready to receive us; the Father's love ready to welcome us; a home in heaven ready prepared for us. That, he said, was God's part of the matter.

"And what, my dear friends," he went on, "is our part? 'Come; come, for all things are now ready.' Come; you have only to come and take; you have only to receive this love. Come, sin-stained soul; come, weary one; 'come, for all things are now ready.' Now ready. There is a great deal in that word 'now.' It means to-night—this very Sunday; not next year, or next week; not to-morrow, but now—all things are now ready. God has done all he can, he can do no more, and he says to you, 'Come!' Will you not come? Are God's good things not worth having? Would you not like to lie down to sleep feeling that you were forgiven? Would you not like one day to sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb?"

"Oh, what a day that will be!" said Mr. Wilton, as he ended his sermon. St. John caught a glimpse of its glory amidst the wonderful sights he was permitted to see. And so important was it, so good, so specially beautiful, that the angels seem to have stopped him, that St. John might write it down at once: Wait a minute, don't go any farther; take out your book and make a note of it—"Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

"Are you one of those blessed ones?" asked the clergyman. "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Will you sit down to that supper? Have you a right to enter into 'Home, sweet home?' I know not what is your answer to these questions. But if you cannot answer me now, how will you in that day answer the Great Searcher of hearts?"

And with this question the sermon ended, and the congregation left; those of them who had known Mr. Wilton still lingering behind, to shake hands with him, and to get a parting word of counsel or comfort.

Christie walked home by the clergyman's side.

"And now, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, "do you think you can be ready to start with me to-morrow morning at eight o'clock?"

"To start with you, sir?" repeated Christie.

"Yes, Christie; you have had hard work lately, and I have asked leave from Mr. Villiers to take you home with me, that you may have a little country air and quiet rest. I am sure it will not be lost time, Christie; you will have time for quiet reading and prayer, and you will be able to gain strength and freshness for future work. Well, do you think you can be ready in time?"

Christie thought there was no time of his being late. He thanked Mr. Wilton with a voice full of feeling, for he had something longed very much for a little pause in his busy life.

And the next day found Christie and Mr. Wilton rapidly travelling towards the quiet country village in which Mr. Wilton's church was to be found.

What was the result of that visit may be gathered from the following extract, taken from a letter written by Christie to Mr. Wilton some months later:

"I promised that I would let you know about our little home. It is, I think, one of the happiest to be found in this world. I shall always bless God that I came to your village, and met my dear little wife.

"At last I have a 'Home, sweet home' of my own. We are so happy together! When I come home from my work I always see her watching for me, and she has everything ready. And the evenings; we spend together are very quiet and peaceful. Nellie likes to hear about my visits during the day, and the poor people are already so fond of her they come to her in all their troubles. And we find it such a comfort to be able to pray together for those in whom we are interested, and together to take them to the Saviour.

"Our little home is so bright and cheerful! I wish you could have seen it on the evening on which we arrived. Mrs. Villiers had made all ready for us, and with her own hand had put on the tea-table a lovely bunch of snowdrops and dark myrtle leaves. And I need not tell you that they reminded me of those which she had given me when she was little Miss Mabel, and when she taught me that prayer which I have never forgotten, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'

"And now, dear Mr. Wilton, you may think of Nellie and me as living together in love and happiness in the dear little earthly home, yet still looking forward to the eternal home above, our true, our best, our brightest 'HOME, SWEET HOME!'"

There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that desileth,
Can ever enter in.

Saviour, I come to thee:
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

Lord, make me from this hour
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by thy power,
Kept by thy power,
From all that grieveth thee:

Till in the snowy dress
Of thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

THE END.

HE SAVED MY LIFE.

THE grand, long waves were rolling in from the great deep, and losing themselves in the shining serpentine caverns of the west of Cornwall. A stranger had rejoiced in those temples, hewn out by Nature in the solid rock, whose polish and bright colouring rival man's best works of art. He had climbed the Asparagus Island, where only that plant grows wild in our country. He had heard the booming blast of the Bellows Rock, and had placed his hand to test the wondrous power of suction in the withdrawing breath of the ocean through that small chimney-like hole in the cliff. He had admired and enjoyed, and had been led about carefully and cannily in all the wild climbing by an old man, who looked like a part and parcel of the scene, so singular and so grotesque.

The parting money was paid, and the hearty "Good evening, sir, and thankee," was spoken, when an after-thought occurred to the traveller: "This old man has a soul; is it safe?" So, returning down the steep path which leads from the heath above this most beautiful of coves, he began, as best he could, to link on the unseen and eternal to the seen and temporal.

"I hope, friend, you do not forget who made all these wonderful things—the caves and rocks you have been showing to me."

"No, sir; I hope not."

"And do you remember it was the same who was nailed upon the cross for us? for the Bible says of Jesus Christ, 'He made all things by the word of his power.'"

"I mind it, sir."

"Do you love that Saviour?"

"I do, indeed, sir; and I think you'll say I ought to, when I tell you everything. He is my best friend; he saved my life."

"I trust he has."

"But I mean, sir, that he saved it once specially."

"How was that?"

And then came the story, which, strange though it may seem, is strictly true. He then lived on the north coast of Cornwall, a fisherman by trade. Used, as such, to face very stormy times on that wild, iron-bound coast, he seldom thought of danger; but one night he dreamed that his boat was wrecked, and himself and his partner were drowned. This made a strong impression on his mind—careless before-time. He tried to shake it off, but could not. "It seemed to him," he said, "as if there was somebody speaking to him."

The time came for the small fleet of fishing boats to set off on their night's expedition. The moon was shining calmly, with a long line of light upon the water: the one companion star shone quietly by her side in the unclouded sky. Every rock and near object was distinct almost as by daylight, in that clear, white light. No whisper of wind; only the gentle, sleepy sound of the line of waves along the shore, quietly rolling over and breaking into foam.

How could a storm be imagined in such a calm night scene? Fishermen were pushing their black boats into the water-line. The voices of those already afloat and calling on their comrades, sounded cheerily and distinctly on the night air. Why should he fear to go? He would go. It was all a fancy; and Bill Hardy was at his elbow, winking at his slowness and delay. Again the inward voice. It spoke to him, he said, as if he heard the words, "If you go you will be lost." He looked again at the sky and the sea, and the spreading sails scarcely flapping in the breeze. Yes, it must be a fancy; he wouldn't make such a fool of himself. He was off—one foot was

on the landing stage. Again the inward warning—"If you go, you will be lost." He thought he heard it spoken, it was so distinct. And he went not. His comrades jeered at him and departed.

Are any of us prepared to say that this was not one of the many ways whereby an overruling Providence controls human events? Surely not. True it is that oftener in the common way, which looks like, yet is not, chance, God's ways are hidden. In this case there was probably some special design—some message of grace to the soul as well as of safety to the body.

The fisherman heard it, and soon found he did well to obey, for—"the night was a night of terror." One of those sudden storms which sweep in from the Atlantic beat against that iron-bound coast. Many yawning caverns, and pitiless rocks and tall cliffs, were there; but very few harbours or sheltered coves. The tempest-beaten little fleet, however, weathered the gale, and came in like tired seabirds early the next morning—all but one boat. His was wanting; and no one ever knew in what weedy ocean-cave those two men lay—one of them the comrade, the other the substitute of our fisherman.

He told me he "could never after that forget that Jesus was his best friend. He felt quite sure that it was God's Holy Spirit which had breathed that whispered warning into his soul. From that time he tried to lead a new life, as one "bought with a price"; for he never could doubt the love which had pitied, warned, and saved him when he was a poor wanderer, without the anchor of a Christian's hope and without thinking of or caring for the compass of a Christian's life.

In a spiritual as well as a temporal sense, he could thenceforth say, "Jesus is my best friend; he saved my life."

HOW A POOR BOY SUCCEEDED.

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. A story is told of a boy of the right stamp, and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithful parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the advertiser said, "Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered the remark that he "did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this youthful protegee busy censoring labels.

"What are you doing," said he, "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness this spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied: "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is a member of the firm.

The Sacred Birthday.

Those dimpled hands that Mary's lips
So often and so fondly pressed;
Ah, how their rosy finger-tips
Woke rapture in her virgin breast!
Can mother hearts forget
His birthday loveth yet?

Those boyish hands—obedient, swift,
To learn the master-workman's skill—
To every youth they bring a gift
Of industry and duty still,
Can workmen forget
His birthday cometh yet?

Those healing hands, that banished pain,
Restored the dead again to life,
That broke the mourning captive's chain
And stilled the raging tempest's strife!
Can mourning hearts forget
His birthday blesseth yet?

Those bleeding hands that on the cross
Were stretched and pierced to save our
race,
That paid the debt, that bore the loss,
And opened wide the gates of grace!
Can ransomed souls forget
His birthday beameth yet?

Those radiant hands that from the tomb
Rose up to God and led the way,
With promise to prepare us room
And guide us gently day by day!
Can trusting ones forget
His birthday dawneth yet?

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 29.] LESSON V. [Feb. 3.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Luke 9. 28-36. Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well
pleased; hear ye him.—Matt. 17. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. Three Disciples, v. 23, 29.
2. Two saints, v. 30-33.
3. One Saviour, v. 34-36.

TIME.—A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Unknown, probably one of the
foothills of Hermon.

ROLETS.—Tiberius, emperor at Rome;
Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea;
Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The transfiguration.—Luke 9. 28-36.
Th. The voice from heaven.—Matt. 3. 13-17.
W. Witness of the Father.—John 5. 31-39.
Th. The glorified name.—John 12. 23-33.
F. Glory of the Lord.—2 Cor. 3. 7-18.
S. The glorified Saviour.—Rev. 1. 9-18.
Su. Peter's testimony.—2 Peter 1. 16-21.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Three Disciples, v. 23, 29.
What three disciples are here meant?
Where did these three go with Jesus?
What occurred while Jesus was praying?
How did John later describe Jesus in glory?
Rev. 1. 13-15.
2. Two Saints, v. 30-33.
What two saints suddenly came?
What was their appearance?
About what did they talk with Jesus?
In what condition were the disciples?
When they awakened what did they see?
What did Peter say as the saints went away?
What did he propose to build?
3. One Saviour, v. 34-36.
How was Peter speaking what occurred?
How were the disciples affected?
What did they hear? (Golden Text.)
When and by whom had these words been
heard before? Matt. 3. 17.
After the voice who was to be seen?
To whom did the disciples tell what they
had seen?
Why were they silent, and how long?
Matt. 17. 9.
What did Peter afterward write about this
scene? 2 Peter 1. 16-18.
What miracle did Jesus perform the next
day? Verses 38-42.
What did Jesus say to his disciples?
Verse 44.
How fully did they understand? Verse 45.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The duty of prayer?
2. That death does not end all?
3. That we shall know our friends in heaven?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Jesus take into the mountain,
Peter, John, and James. 2. While he prayed
what happened? He was transfigured with
glory. 3. Who talked with him? Moses
and Elias. 4. About what did they talk?
His approaching death at Jerusalem. 5. What
did Peter say? "It is good for us to be here."
6. What was spoken from the overshadowing
cloud? Golden Text: "This is," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The immortality
of the soul.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How shall we show that we love our neigh-
bour as ourselves?

By doing to others what we would wish
them to do to us.

How does Jesus teach us to act towards our
enemies?

That we should return good for evil.

KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.

LITTLE Bertie Blynn had just finished
his dinner. He was in the library, keeping
still for a few minutes after eating, accord-

do, she says, it will make bad blood, that
will run into our veins and make them dull
and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons
well, and, perhaps, give us headaches, too.
If we give our stomachs just enough work
to do they will give us pure, lively blood
that will make us feel bright and cheerful
in school. Miss McLaren says that some-
times, when she eats too much of some-
thing that she likes very much, it seizes
almost as if her stomach moaned and com-
plained; but when she denies herself and
doesn't eat too much it seems as if it were
thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minis-
ter's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren
tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about
keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just
the words, but it's just what it meant. At
this papa's paper went suddenly right up
before his face.

"When in a minute it dropped down,
there wasn't any laugh on his face as he
said: "Weren't these the words, "I keep
my body under?"

"Oh, yes! that was it; but it means
just the same. If I keep my body under,
of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your
soul on top, and you'll belong to the
grandest style of man that walks the earth."



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

ing to his mother's rule. She got it from
the family doctor, and a good rule it is.
Bertie was sitting in his own rocking-chair
before the pleasant grate fire. He had in
his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a
green. His father sat at the window read-
ing a newspaper. Presently he heard the
child say: "Thank you, little master."

Dropping his paper, he said: "I thought
we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just
now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you,
little master?'"

"The child did not answer at first, but
laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said: "I'm
afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you,
papa."

"Well you have just laughed, and why
mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you; but,
perhaps, I'll have fun with you. That will
help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had
eaten my red apple and wanted to eat the
green one too. Just then I remembered
something I learned in school about eating,
and I thought one big apple was enough.
My stomach will be glad if I don't give it
a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank
you, little master; but I know I said it
myself.'"

"What is it Miss McLaren has been
teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give
our stomachs too much food to grind. If we

IT PAYS TO BE MANLY.

THIS is what Alfred Stanley said to a boy
standing idly in front of a store, who jeered
at his manly appearance. Alfred spoke
and would have passed quietly on, but the
boy said, "It does, eh? How much a
week?"

Something in the tone made Alfred stop.
"I am paid every day, and every hour,
and really every minute," he replied.

"Come now, no fooling."

"I am truly paid," said Alfred seriously;
"and I invest capital in a place where it is
safe. I can never lose it."

"The boy's attempt at raillery fell before
Alfred's earnest face and manner, and he
listened with something more of respect
than he had shown in a long time, as Alfred
continued, "I am not paid in dollars and
cents; they won't last forever, you know.
My pay is the trust of my friends, the
knowledge that no honest deed ever dies,
and the promise that the pure in heart shall
see God."

It was only a seed by the wayside; but
who shall say that it was lost?

"The story of Jesus," said an African,
"is my hymn, my prayer, my Bible. I
weep over it when I can't sing about it,
and I sing over it when I can't weep about
it. This is true, that I thank God for it
from the sole of my foot to the top of my
head." Is the Christian child, who enjoys
the benefits of a Christian land, as thankful
for the blessing of a precious Saviour as
that poor African!

A Boy's Pledge.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD, LL.D.

I PLEDGE my brain God's thoughts to think;
My lips no fire or foam to drink
From alcoholic cup; nor link
With my pure breath tobacco's taint;
For have I not a right to be
As wholesome and as pure as she
Who, through the years so glad and free,
Moves gently onward to meet me?
A knight of the new chivalry,
Of Christ and temperance I would be
In nineteen hundred. Come and see.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

TALMAGE relates a number of instances
which show that that God guides every ac-
tion of his servants:

A minister in Boston seated at his table,
lacking a wolf, puts his hand behind his
head and tilts back his chair to think, and
the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and
would have crushed him. A minister in
Jamaica at night by the light of an insect,
called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping
over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W.
Robertson, the celebrated English clergy-
man, said that he entered the ministry from
a train of circumstances started by the
barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one
way on a certain day, the Spanish Inqui-
sition would have been established in Eng-
land; but it blew the other way, and that
dropped the accursed institution, with the
seventy-five thousand tons of shipping, to
the bottom of the sea, or flung the splin-
tered logs on the rock.

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