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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROLPH SMITH & CO.

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

[No. 50.]

MAKING A CANOE.

THE picture on this page shows how the Indians in the far North-West make their beautiful bark canoes. "For this wild land of broad lakes and rapid rivers and winding creeks," says the Rev. E. R. Young, "the birch-bark canoe is the boat of all others most admirably fitted. It is to the Indian here what the horse is to his more warlike red brother on the great prairies, or what the camel is to those who wander amidst Arabian deserts. It is the frailest of all boats, yet it can be loaded down to the water's edge, and under the skilful guidance of those Indians, who are unquestionably the finest canoe men in the world, it can be made to respond to the sweep of their paddles, so that it seems almost instinct with life and reason. What they can do in it, and with it, appeared to me at times perfectly marvellous. Yet when we remember that for about five months of every year some of the hunters almost live in it, this may not seem so very wonderful. It carries them by day, and in it, or under it, they often sleep by night. At the many portages which have to be made in this land, where the rivers are so full of falls and rapids, one man can easily carry it on his head to the smooth water beyond. In it we have travelled thousands of miles, while going from place to place with the blessed tidings of salvation to these wandering bands scattered over my immense circuit. Down the wild rapids we have rushed for miles together, and then out into great Winnipeg, or other lakes, so far from shore that the distant headlands were scarce visible. Foam-crested waves have often seemed as though about to overwhelm us, and treacherous gales to swamp us, yet my faithful, well-trained canoe men were always equal to every emergency, and by the accuracy of their judgment, and the quickness of their movements, appeared ever to do exactly the right thing at the right moment. As the result, I came at length to feel as much at home in a canoe as anywhere else, and with God's blessing was permitted to make many long trips to those who could not be reached by any other way, except by dog-trains in winter.

Good canoe-makers are not many, and so really good canoes are always in demand.

Fragile and light as this craft may be, there is a great deal of skill and ingenuity required in its construction.

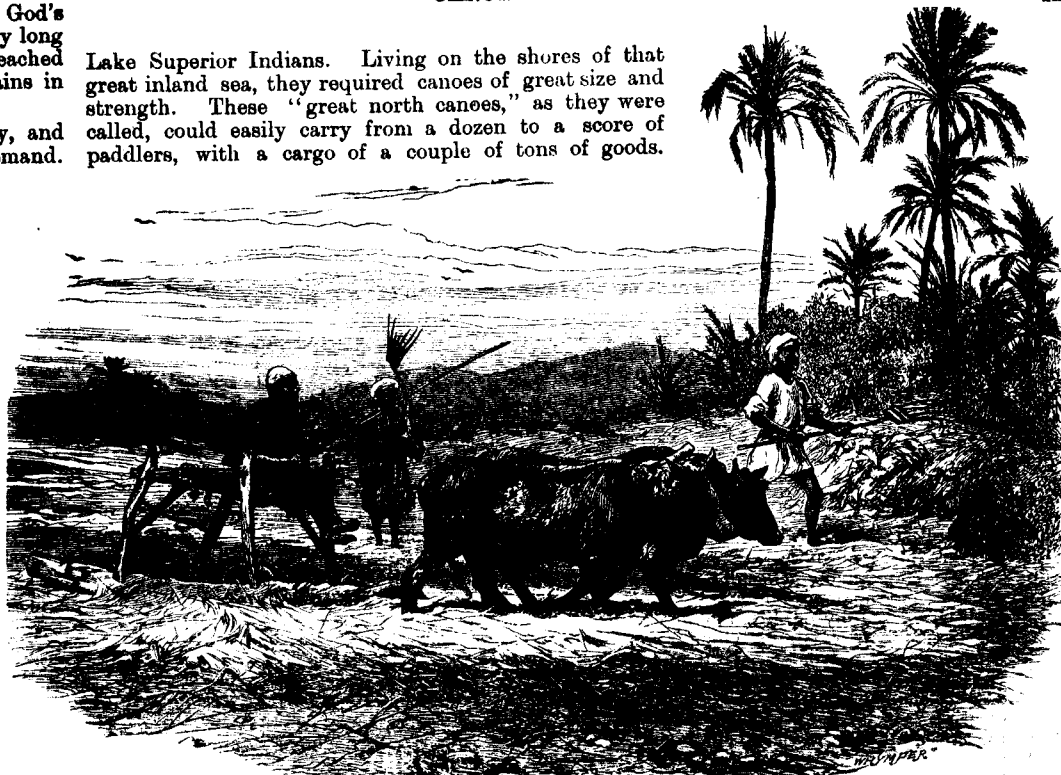
Great care is required in taking the bark from the tree. A long incision is first made longitudinally in the trunk of the tree. Then, from this out, the Indian begins, and with his keen knife gradually peels off the whole of the bark, as high up as his incision went, in one large piece or sheet. And even now that he has safely got it off the tree, the greatest care is necessary in handling it, as it will split or crack very easily. Cedar is preferred for the wood-work, and when it can possibly be obtained, is always used.

Canoes vary in style and size. Each tribe using them has its own patterns, and it was to me an ever interesting sight, to observe how admirably suited to the character of the lakes and rivers were the canoes of each tribe or district. The finest and largest canoes were these formerly made by the



CANOE-MAKING.

Lake Superior Indians. Living on the shores of that great inland sea, they required canoes of great size and strength. These "great north canoes," as they were called, could easily carry from a dozen to a score of paddlers, with a cargo of a couple of tons of goods.



THRESHING IN PALESTINE.

In the old days of the rival fur-traders, these great canoes played a very prominent part. Before steam or even large sailing vessels had penetrated into those northern lakes, these canoes were extensively used. Loaded with the rich furs of those wild forests, they used to come down into the Ottawa, and thence on down that great stream, often even as far as to Montreal.

Sir George Simpson, the energetic but despotic governor of the Hudson's Bay Company for many years, used to travel in one of these birch canoes all the way from Montreal up the Ottawa on through Lake Nipissing into Georgian Bay; from thence into Lake Superior, on to Thunder Bay. From this place, with indomitable pluck, he pushed on back into the interior, through the Lake of the Woods, down the tortuous river Winnipeg into the lake of the same name. Along the whole length of this lake he annually travelled, in spite of the treacherous storms and annoying head winds, to preside over the Council and attend to the business of the wealthiest fur-trading company that ever existed, over which he watched with eagle eye, and in every department of which his distinct personality was felt.

How rapid the changes which are taking place in this world of ours. It seems almost incredible, in these days of mighty steamships going almost everywhere on our great waters, to think that there are hundreds of people still living who distinctly remember when the annual trips of a great governor were made from Montreal to Winnipeg in a birch-bark canoe, manned by Indians.

Of this light Indian craft, Longfellow wrote:

"Give me of your bark, O Birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift canoe for sailing.

"Thus the Birch canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,

In the bosom of the forest;
All the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the brightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch tree's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

This cut is a specimen of several illustrating a series of articles on Our Great North Land, by the Rev. E. R. Young, in the *Methu-ol-ist Magazine* for 1893-94.

THRESHING IN PALESTINE.

THE accompanying picture shows the rude implement still used for threshing in Palestine. The sharp edge of the rough framework cuts the straw. The grain is then trodden out by the oxen. You will remember the merciful provision of the Mosaic Law, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." Sometimes the threshing instrument is even more rude than this. We have seen one which was merely a sled with a bottom of rough stones which served to cut the straw.

The threshing-floor is chosen on some high, smooth-trodden

space, generally on top of a hill where the wind has a chance to winnow away the chaff. The straw was thrown up by men with pitch-forks and the wind then blew the chaff away, and left the grain behind. This usage will illustrate many passages of Scripture, as "his fan is in his hand, he will thoroughly purge his floor; and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable."

This picture and the one on our last page are specimens of numerous illustrations which will run through the *Methodist Magazine* in 1894, to accompany the articles by the Editor, on "Tent Life in Palestine." Special attention will be given to the scenes connected with the life of our Lord, which will form the subject of the Sunday-school Lessons for 1894, and will make these papers of special interest to all Sunday-school teachers and Bible students.

Among other features of special interest will be three strongly-written stories, one, "Spindles and Oars," by a Methodist minister's daughter, describing life in a Methodist parsonage in Scotland, full of humour and pathos, with numerous engravings; "The Dragon and the Teakettle," a thrilling story of life in old London, and a new story of Methodist life in Cornwall, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.

Prominence will be given to social reform and philanthropic progress of the times, and a series of specially prepared articles by Canadian writers will be given on such subjects as, "Training the Blind in Brantford Institute, Ontario," "Training of the Deaf Mutes at Belleville Institute, Ontario," "The Sins and Sorrows of the City," "How to Save the Boys," an account of the Industrial Home, Mimico; "Prison Administration," by Dr. Lavell, Warden of the Kingston Penitentiary; "The New Education," an account of the improved school methods.

"How the Gabbites Came to Green Cove," by the author of "Bob Bartlett's Baby"; short stories by the author of the "Stickit Minister," Mark Guy Pearce, Rev. J. V. Smith, D.D., and others. "Light in Dark Places," by Mrs. Helen Campbell, will describe with striking illustrations mission work among the poor. Papers on popular science, on the new astronomy, wonders of electricity, the molten globe and other attractive subjects will be discussed.

A series of illustrated sketches of mission life and work prepared specially for this magazine including "New Japan," "The Wonderful Story of Missions in Madagascar," "The Hero of Erromanga," "Old Calabar," "The Martyr of Melanesia," "Romance of Chinese Missions," "Over the Semmering Pass," "Through Styria," "In Old Zurich," and more "Round About England" papers will also be given.

In 1894 the *Magazine* will complete its twentieth year, by far the oldest and most handsomely illustrated Canadian magazine. Every League and Sunday-school ought to circulate this periodical. It has 104 pages a month, 1,248 pages a year, hundreds of beautiful engravings for, single copies, twenty cents; \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Subscriptions received by every minister. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

BOOKS IN ODD FORMS.

At Warsenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books in the world. It is really a botanical collection. Outwardly each volume presents the appearance of a block of wood and that is what it actually is; but a minute examination reveals the fact that it is also a complete history of the particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other side shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree, the moss which usually grows upon its trunk, and the insects which feed upon the different parts of the tree. These are supplemented by a well-printed full description of the tree.

In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that particular tree secures a place in this collection.

Knowledge is the treasure of the mind; discretion the key to it; and it illustrates all other learning, as the lapidary does unpolished diamonds.

God Bless Our Home!

TUNE—"God Save the Queen."

GOD bless our sacred cause,
We plead for righteous laws,
Our homes to shield.
Our land has suffered long,
From an accursed wrong,
Whose roots are deep and strong,
Nor do they yield.

We plead, but all in vain;
The people's deep-felt pain,
Finds no redress.
This deadly Upas tree,
Spreads out despite our plea,
And plants its rootlets free,
To our distress.

Now let the people come,
And vote for God and home,
And temperance laws!
We'll be no more deceived;
Our land must be retrieved,
And from this curse relieved;
God bless our cause!

OUR PERIODICALS:

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Christian Guardian, weekly	\$4 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 80
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 20
5 copies and over	0 15
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 10
Less than 20 copies	0 05
Over 20 copies	0 03
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 14
10 copies and upwards	0 10
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 10
10 copies and upwards	0 08
Herein Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	0 15
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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

THE S. S. BANNER FOR 1894.

THE *Sunday School Banner* for 1894, will keep in the very forefront of the lesson helps published on this continent for full, yet concise, varied and comprehensive illustrative notes, engraved blackboard exercises and other cuts of the Sunday-school lessons. It will have full-page maps which are so essential to a comprehensive conception of the countries referred to in the lessons. The first of these will be a beautiful radial key map illustrating the lessons from Genesis and Exodus in the first six months. It exhibits the wide region from the Caspian Sea to the Lybian desert, from Mount Ararat in the north to Mount Sinai in the south. It gives also a separate map of the rich delta of the Nile, showing the land of Goshen, the ancient cities of Ramesses, Pithom, Memphis, etc. Also special maps of the Sinaitic peninsula. It is printed in five colours and shows the physical character of the country as "cultivable," "desert," "sand" or "gravel," and "granite."

These maps involve considerable additional expense, but no effort nor reasonable expense shall be spared by publishers and editors in making this increasingly popular magazine worthy of the patronage of all our schools. Its size has been increased from thirty-two pages a month to fifty-four, without increase of price. An octavo volume of over 600 pages for the small price of sixty cents, or five cents a month, is certainly within the reach of every teacher. Over 100 pages of specially prepared lesson helps for ten cents.

A CAPTAIN'S CONFESSION.

"THIS week," writes a friend, "I met a captain puffing away at his pipe. His face had that dirty, tallowy, parchment hue so common among smokers, and I ventured to ask him what benefit he derived from the practice."

"Benefit!" he exclaimed. "Good heavens! what are you talking about? This here 'baccy is the greatest curse on earth, worse than drink itself, and that's bad enough. I can take a swill at the drink and leave it off, but as for the 'baccy I can't let it alone. I've seen me on board take a pipe before breakfast, and then I could scarcely eat a mouthful; same at dinner; and so on, until the very flesh was wearing off my bones; and there are big blockheads who'll tell you that one of the great advantages of 'baccy is that you never know when you're hungry. Why, sir, my father, seventy-three years old, is no smoker, but sober and hearty. When we are walking together, folks say that I look older than the old boy himself—aye, it's true, too. I feel like an old man, though only fifty-two. Well, sir, during one voyage our 'baccy ran short, and we had to do without it for more than three months. Both me and the sailors soon began to enjoy our victuals, and before long we were plump as partridges. We all declared we wished there wasn't a grain of that rubbish left on the earth; but when we landed and saw others puffing away—why, like a pack of stupid as we were, we went back like so many pigs to their wallowing in the mire. I tell you what sir, I'm only a poorish fellow, but for all that, I would pay down \$200 this very day, to be free forever from the slavery of the 'baccy."

"Cheer up, captain," I replied. "I can show you how to give the vile reptile his death blow, and that without money and without price."

"Aye, aye, sir, how's that to be done?"

"In this way: whenever tempted to indulge in this degrading habit, go at once, through Christ, to the great Father of us all, and pray for strength to resist it and you will come off victorious."

He was clearly moved by these words, and looked thoughtfully at the ground for a minute or two, and then shaking my hand, said: "Well, sir, you have struck out a new idea; I'll try it, and when we meet again I'll tell you how it works."

NO SPITTOONS IN HEAVEN.

At one of the sessions of the Georgia Conference, at which Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald was recently presiding, objection was made to the passage of a minister's character on the ground that he used tobacco. This brought forth from the presiding bishop a happy and forcible address:

He took occasion to relate his own experience in smoking and giving it up while he was an unconverted man. He discountenanced the use of tobacco by preachers for several reasons: On the score of economy; as an example to the big boys of the flock; to get out the way of the ladies who despise spittoons and abhor the fumes of a cigar; and last but not least, to keep from offending the weak-minded brethren who object to its use. He said that one of these brethren had proposed to grant a special dispensation to the old brethren to continue its use during the remainder of their earthly lives. He supposed that in the next higher life above they would not want the weed, and that he was sure that in all the mansions of the skies there was not one single spittoon, and he would to God that in all the earthly tabernacles and mansions of Methodism there might not be a single one. He urged all the young brethren to abstain from the use of tobacco.

RECKLESS of orthography, an impassioned swain wrote, "May, I love the well!" She replied that she was glad he was a teetotaler.



THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

WHAT is it changes the loving husband and father to the cruel, drunken sot in the picture? The traffic in strong drink. Let every honest man who loves and fears God and loves his fellow-men and the suffering wives and children of the drunkard, vote for the prohibition of this guilty traffic on January 1st.

A COSTLY AND GHASTLY TRAFFIC.

A VALUABLE article appeared in our last issue, by Thomas W. Casey, of Napanee, on Ontario's Drink Bill. If the traffic is injurious to individual, and therefore to national, well-being; if it is fraught with evil and danger, and if it can be shown, above all, that it is morally wrong, then why should a question of revenue be used to justify its continuance? It is shown in the article referred to, that every dollar of revenue raised from the drink traffic, costs more than one dollar in hard cash to get it, in the cost of jails, reformatories, and the administration of justice. It is often said that the most effectual way to reach a man is through his pocket, and this argument ought to be largely used by all interested in the coming vote of the people upon the question of Prohibition. Hundreds of clear-headed, industrious, sober men who have no special interest in temperance or prohibition as a moral question, will lend their assistance and vote for prohibition if it can be clearly shown them that every year the drink traffic robs them of a certain amount of their hard-won earnings. The Provincial Prison Reports last published, give the cost of common jails, prisons, and reformatories at \$404,721 and the cost of the Administration of Justice, support of hospitals, charities, asylums, and such like, made necessary largely by drink, amounts to \$805,224, a total in these two items of \$1,209,945. This is a costly traffic for Ontario and the.

What do we really get for it? According to the testimony of no less an authority than the Premier of Ontario, supported by that of judges, magistrates, and those connected with the administration of justice, supported also by the reports of prisons, hospitals, and asylums, we get three-fourths that exist in the country. This is a bald way of stating the matter, and if we look into it, and analyze it into its elements of idleness, vice, danger to life and property, and the morals of the young growing up, the commercial and moral ruin which it means, and eternal ruin, the unutterable misery in homes, to wives, and helpless, innocent children, the legacy of disease and misery it imposes on those yet unborn, to curse society, then truly it is a ghastly traffic, and no argument which is worthy of a moment's serious consideration, no reason justifiable upon any pretence, can be given for its existence or continuance. Now that the people are to have the opportunity, that they have been invited by the legislature and the Government, to pronounce an opinion upon it, to say whether they want to have it continued or banished from the country, let them speak with no uncertain sound, with such a loud, unanimous, and commanding voice, as that deadly traffic shall, at no distant day, be banished from amongst us.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A Winter Song.
 We woke in the morning, and found without waiting,
 The meadows and hill-sides were white with the snow;
 It came all unbidden, the brooklet was hidden
 And hushed in the hollow below.
 Softly, silently, white and fair,
 Floating along through the frosty air,
 Swirling, whirling,
 Shifting, drifting,
 Came the glittering snow.

A poor little robin stood silently bobbing,
 His wee little head in a pitiful way;
 The chickens, with wonder, stood solemnly under
 The homely old shed o'er the way.
 Softly, silently, white and fair,
 Floating along through the frosty air,
 Swirling, whirling,
 Shifting, drifting,
 Came the glittering snow.

The north wind was blowing, the cattle were lowing,
 The poor sheep were bleating about the old shed,
 The horses were neighing—all seemed to be saying:
 "We want to be sheltered and fed."
 Softly, silently, white and fair,
 Floating along through the frosty air,
 Swirling, whirling,
 Shifting, drifting,
 Came the glittering snow.

A PAIR OF KIDS.

HOW TWO CHILDREN TURNED THE TIDE OF BATTLE ON ELECTION DAY.

THE excitement was intense. The contest had been a long and a fierce one. The liquor men had confidently predicted a victory two to one for "license." The liquor league had never been so thoroughly organized, and it was well known that unlimited amount of money had been at its command. It had carried a vigorous war of falsehood and intimidation. Business men had been coerced into silence or open advocacy of license. The day of battle had arrived. "License or no-license," was the question.

Bands of children paraded the streets, singing gospel songs. Women were working at the polls, pleading with the voters to vote for no-license. Mothers entreated for the sake of their wayward boys.

Wives implored for the sake of desolate homes and starving children. Daughters laboured for the sake of once loving, but now cruel fathers.

A little after noon hour a great crowd was gathered around the polling place. The manager of the liquor force was heard to say:

"Boys, we're all right. There ain't enough temperance people in this whole town to defeat us now. We have the 'stuff,' an' money goes; see? Prayin' an' preachin' is all right in churches, but when it comes to votin', it's business. See that fellow over there? Well, he is a big gun down in that church, but to-day he voted for license. Why? Business, of course. The business men of this town dare not oppose us, for they know that we'd turn on the screws; see?"

The speech was received with manifestations of approval by those who heard it, for they well knew that a "license" victory meant an open bar and free beer for some days to come.

Just at this point two little children, a boy and girl, were crowding their way up to the voting booth.

The boy was about nine years old, barefooted, and with ragged clothes. The little girl was about six years old, thinly clad, with little toes peeping out through well-worn shoes. The boy had a firm hold of the little girl's hand, and they seemed determined to reach the voting booth.

As they persistently pushed their way through the crowd, a great, big-fisted, rough-looking fellow called out in a rasping voice:

"What do you want?"
 "We want to vote," firmly answered the boy.
 "Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha-a-h! Ho,

boys, see here; here's two kids that want to vote! Oh, ha, ha, ha, hah!"
 "Who are they? Put them on that box," shouted a voice.

Instantly the two children were lifted on to the box so that they were in full view of the crowd.

"What do you want to vote for, young un?" asked the big-fisted fellow.

"We want to vote to close the drunk shops," said the little girl. "Mamma said if there was more votes for local—local—local—"

"Option," added the boy. "Yes, local option—the drunk shops would be shut up and papa would not get drunk any more, an' never whip mamma an' me an' Jack, but bring all his money home, an' we would get lots of new clothes."

"And," added the little fellow, "we'd have new things in the house; carpets an' chairs an' dishes an' a rock-horse, an' I would get a new suit of clothes an' shoes an' lots of things, so's I could go back to school."

"Yes," broke in the little girl, "an' mamma said if there was no drunk shops, Santa Claus would come to our house and bring Jack books and toys, and me a big doll, like the saloon man's little girl has!" And the bright eyes of the little tot fairly sparkled as she drew the picture.

"An'," she continued, "me an' Jack come here to vote. Can we?"

What's the matter with the crowd? Why so many handkerchiefs out so suddenly, and why the snuffling and coughing and wiping of eyes? The big-fisted fellow is actually crying! Great big tears are coursing down his cheeks!

"Jerusalem, boys," said he, "I'm going to vote for the boy! Who'll vote for the girl?"

From scores of throats came the prompt reply, "I will!"

"Well, then, get in line here, and we'll vote out the 'drunk shops' yet. These kids are goin' to vote a good many times to-day."

How quickly "the boys" got in line. The news of the sudden change spread through the town like wildfire.

Easy-going and faint-hearted temperance and Christian men, whose cry of "You can't do it," had discouraged many a worker, fully expected a liquor victory, and therefore did not consider it worth while to go to the polls, heard the story of "the kids," and were at once aroused.

Business men, who for various reasons had decided not to commit themselves either way, were moved to action, and there was a great flocking to the polls. As every voter arrived, he was at once taken possession of by the boys and asked to "vote for the kids," who were now sitting on a box watching with wonder the long line of voters.

The liquor managers tried to turn back the tide, but without avail. The little children's pathetic appeal had gone down deep into the hearts of that crowd, and no power on earth could induce any of them to vote for the "drunk shop," that had made life so dark and miserable and wretched for those innocent children.

When the result was made known, "No-license" had carried the day by a big majority. The church bells rang out their notes of joy and thankfulness. Bonfires were kindled in the public streets. That night a grand union meeting was held in one of the largest churches. "The kids" were on the platform and the story of the day's battle, and how the victory had been won, was again related. Every heart was touched.

A great revival of religion was started and the big-fisted fellow and the father of the two little children were among the first to confess their sins and start on a new life. Hundreds of others were converted.

"The kids" realized, under the "no-license" system, the predictions of their mother, for their home was transformed into a little paradise.

No man who voted for "the kids" that day ever regretted his action.—*Tallie Morgan.*

In a South African paper lately appeared the following: "Wanted a gentleman as overseer of wine and brandy firm. Total abstainer preferred."

MENDING HIS NETS.

MANY centuries ago an old man and his sons sat mending their fishing-nets in a boat upon a little inland sea in Asia. Their boat was anchored near the shore; other boats were near them, their crews hauling in fish. The old man, it is likely, was in haste to mend his nets, and go on with the day's work.

A man came down the beach. He called to them, and bade them lay down their nets, give up their fishing, and follow him. When they heard him, something told them in their hearts, that this call meant that they should forsake the life to which they had been always used—fishing, eating, sleeping, surrounded by neighbours and friends—and that they should begin a different work for the people who were strangers to them.

Here were their nets, their own boats, and the blue waters filled with fish, the peaceful hills along the coast, the calm little valleys between; here were home and comfort and security.

Yonder was the man on the shore, calling to them to follow him—it might be to hunger, to pain, possibly to death.

But each man heard God speaking to his soul in that voice.

The fisherman's sons arose and followed him who had called. But their father sat still and mended his nets.

These two young men, during the rest of their lives, wandered homeless, they suffered persecution, privation and pain, and one at least perished as a martyr to his faith. But they helped to bring truth into the world; they have lifted millions of souls out of barbarism up to light and freedom and love.

Of their father, we do not even know that he mended his fishing-net securely.

Possibly to the reader of this article has come, or some day will come, the same voice, saying, "Follow me."

You will know that it means, do not any longer give up your life to the work of fishing or trading or earning money in any way merely to buy necessaries and luxuries. Follow me. Help your fellowmen to come nearer to God. Do it in your business, in your daily life. Bring truth and order and love into the world. Be ready to sacrifice yourself. It may cost you comfort, it may cost you friends, possibly life itself. Do it.

Have you heard the voice?

THE BOY PREACHER.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON began his preaching very early in life. When a child six years old, at his grandfather's at the old parsonage at Stambourne, he heard his grandfather lamenting the evil habits of one of his flock who used to frequent the public house to enjoy a mug of beer and a pipe.

"I will kill him," said the embryo preacher; and he shortly afterwards told his grandfather, "I've killed old Rhodes. He will never grieve my poor old grandfather any more."

"What do you mean, child?" said the minister.

"I have not been doing any harm, grandfather," said the boy; "I have been about the Lord's work, that is all."

Not long after, "Old Rhodes" explained the situation. He was in the public house when little Charley walked in and said to him, "What doest thou here, Elijah, sitting with the ungodly—you a member of the church, and break your pastor's heart? I am ashamed of you! I would not break my pastor's heart, I am sure."

"Old Rhodes" evidently thought this was pretty plain talk for a six-year-old boy, but his momentary anger yielded to honest conviction. He knew the child was in the right, and he asked forgiveness for his fault. At the age of sixteen Charles became deeply convinced of sin, and earnestly sought for peace and salvation. He was converted while listening to the Gospel in a Primitive Methodist chapel in Colchester. Soon after his conversion he began to speak in meetings, out doors and in; but he was first led to preach by some kindly strategy of some Christian fellow-worker. In 1873, in the introduction to a sermon from the text, "Unto you, therefore, which believe he is precious," he told the story of his first sermon, as follows:
 "I remember well that, more than twenty

two years ago, the first attempted sermon that I ever made was from this text. I had been asked to walk out to the village of Taversham, about four miles from Cambridge, where I then lived, to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening. On the way I said to him that I trusted God would bless him in his labours. 'Oh dear,' said he, 'I never preached in my life. I never thought of doing such a thing. I was asked to walk with you; and I sincerely hope God will bless you in your preaching.' 'Nay,' said I; 'but I never preached, and I don't know that I could do anything of the sort.' We walked together till we came to the place, my inmost soul being all in a trouble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled and no one to speak of Jesus, though I was only sixteen years of age, as I found I was expected to preach I did preach; and the text was that just given."

The cottagers listened with delight and wonder to the boy in his short coat and his "turn-down collar."

After his sermon was concluded, and he took up the hymn-book, the question was asked, "How old are you?" He replied that that was not a proper question during service. At the conclusion of the exercises the question was repeated, "How old are you?" "I am under sixty," said the boy.

"Yes, and under sixteen," said an old lady.

"Never mind my age," said Spurgeon; "think of Jesus."

The message was not soon forgotten, and the boy preacher had entered upon a work that was to be life-long and world-wide, and which resulted in thousands being brought to Christ.

A FATHER'S INVITATION TO DEATH.

A BEAUTIFUL little girl, the daughter of a devotee to tobacco, was taken ill, not seemingly serious, yet day by day the little one was growing paler and thinner, and to the deep sorrow of the parents was passing away by inches, each day not so well as the previous one. Her case puzzled the attending physician and others with whom he consulted. At last it dawned upon the family doctor one evening, as he entered the home and saw the father with the child upon his knee, trying to entertain her, as he loved her dearly, and at the same time smoking, the smoke curling out before the child's face and above her head in blue-like ringlets, that here was the secret of the trouble. The child was being poisoned from the daily inhalations of nicotine from the father's smoking. The cigar and pipe was thrown away, the child waxed strong. The above case is cited by a physician before a local Union; the child, a patient of a fellow physician. It is not necessary to add notes of warning, as the fact in itself should suffice to open the eyes of many fathers.

BEGGING FOR THE LIGHT.

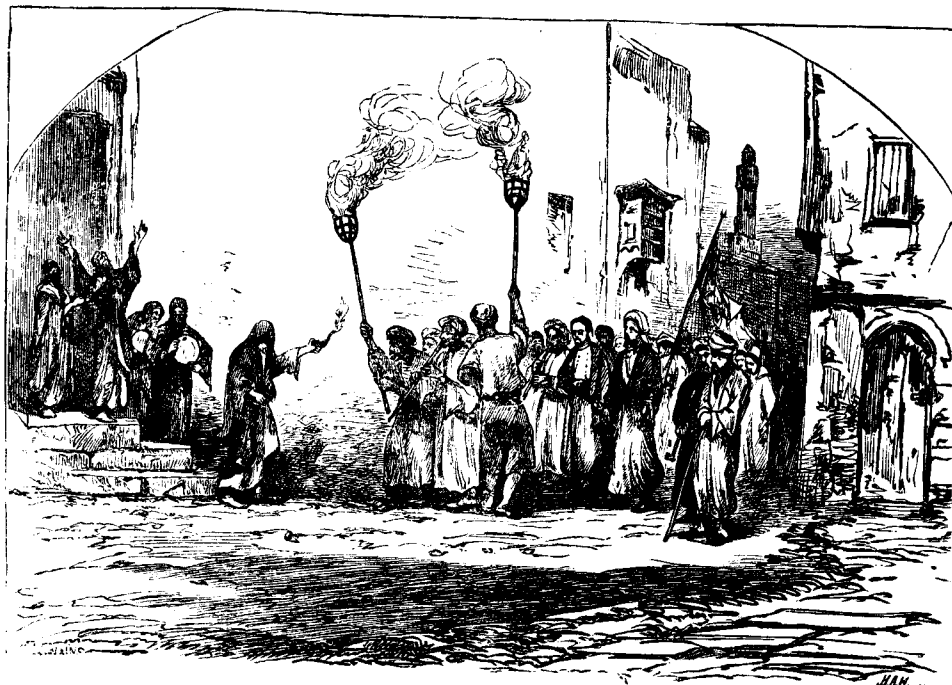
ONE night a missionary heard a low knock at his door. On opening it an Indian fell at his feet. The missionary bade him rise and then asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, missionary," he said, "I have heard that you have come to bring the knowledge of One who is Jesus, the Light of the world. I want to find him. I want to know him. I have come a long distance for this, a hundred miles and more."

"For a long time my fathers told me of the Great Spirit. I have often gone into the woods and tried to talk to him; but I could not find him, nor see him, nor hear him." Then he continued, oh, so sadly, as he looked up into the missionary's face, "It was so dark, so dark in here," laying his hand upon his heart. "Oh, you do not know what it is to stand in the dark and reach out your hand and touch nothing, and to have no sweet light before your face or in here. Oh, give me the Light! Give me Jesus, the Light of the world! I want Him so bad, so bad!"

That is it, dear little workers. These poor people who have not yet found Jesus want him so bad, so bad! Oh, let us hasten to send the missionaries to tell them of him!

How much will you give this year to help send them?



MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

This picture shows a marriage procession in the east. The friends of the bridegroom with torches and music march through the streets at night and come to his house whither the bride has been already brought by her parents and friends. The girl friends of the bride wait till the cry is heard, "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him!" when they light their small hand-lamps and go forth singing and rejoicing. As these lamps are quite small and will not hold much oil they have to carry oil flasks with them. This the Foolish Virgins in the parable neglected to do, and were not able to enter in to the marriage feast. The whole scene illustrates many passages of the Bible and is one of great jubilation and picturesqueness.

In connection with a series of articles in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1894, a full account will be given of marriage, funeral and other customs of the east, and splendidly illustrated accounts of the different places connected with the life and labours of our Lord—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethel, Samaria, Shechem, Nazareth, Cana, Capernaum, and other places on the Sea of Galilee and as far as Caesarea-Phillipi, the northern limit of the journeys of our Lord.

JUNIOR



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

DECEMBER 24, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

ACCEPTABLE OFFERINGS TO CHRIST.—Matt. 2. 11; 1 Cor. 16. 2; Mark 12. 42; Psalm 50. 14; 116. 17; 1 Tim. 2. 8; Col. 3. 23, 24; Eph. 6. 6, 7.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

HOW MAY WE MAKE SURE OF A MERRY CHRISTMAS?—Luke 2. 8-20.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

B.C. 4.] **LESSON XIII.** [Dec. 24.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

Matt. 2. 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1. 21.

God is the best friend-maker: if you need a friend, and cannot find one, go to God; he can make you one, and one exactly suited to your disposition and wants.

OUTLINE.

1. The Star, v. 1-6.
2. The Child, v. 7-11.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. Bethlehem.

EXPLANATIONS.

"When Jesus was born"—Not at the precise time, but within a year afterwards. "Wise men"—Legend gives their names: Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar. Such men are called, in Daniel, Magi. They were students of the stars. "From the east"—Probably from Persia. "Born king"—Not a king by appointment, like Herod, but by birthright. "His star"—Probably a miraculous appearance. "Troubled"—Fearing a revolt against his own rule. "Chief priests"—The high priest and heads of the priestly order. "Scribes"—Students and interpreters of the law. "Written by the prophet"—Written by Micah centuries before, and well understood by all students of the Scripture in that day. "Among the princes"—Each town having its own ruler, who stood as its representative. "Privily"—Secretly, so that it might not be known. "Diligently"—Here meaning precisely, exactly. "What time"—So that he might know the age of the child. "Worship"—While saying "worship" he was meaning to slay. "The star"—Which had disappeared for a time. "Frankincense and myrrh"—Fragrant and costly gums, obtained from trees, and used in sacrifice.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. These wise men sought the king where they supposed the king would be, in Jerusalem. He was not there. We often think we seek God when we go where earthly wisdom prompts, and fail to find him.
2. These wise men gave the best they had to give—gold, frankincense, myrrh. And we give, what?
3. These Eastern heathens, we should say, told the Church that the King was born. The Church gave answer where he should be born. The heathen sought him; the Church forgot him. Whom are we imitating to-day—Church or wise men?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What name was given to the Saviour before his birth, as given in the Golden Text? "Thou shalt," etc. 2. "Where was Jesus born?" "In Bethlehem of Judea." 3. Who came to Jerusalem seeking him? "Wise men from the East." 4. By what were they led to Christ? "By a star." 5. How did they honour him? "With worship and gifts."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The incarnation of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do you mean by satisfaction and atonement?

I mean that the death of Christ in our stead was so precious, that for the sake of it God the righteous Judge can forgive our sins and receive us to his favour.

THE LIFE OF A STOKER.

The stokes (or firemen) of some of the great ocean steamers work four hours at a time in a temperature ranging from 120 to 160 degrees. The quarters are close, and they must take care that while feeding one furnace, their arms are not burned on the one behind them. Ventilation is furnished through a shaft reaching down to the middle of their quarters. Each stoker tends four furnaces, spending perhaps two or three minutes at each; then dashes to the air pipe to take his turn at cooling off, and waits for another call to his furnaces. When the watch is over, the men go perspiring through long, cold passages to the fore-castle, where they turn in for eight hours. One man twenty-eight years old who was interviewed by a reporter, had been employed at the furnaces since he was fourteen years old. He confessed that the work was terribly hard, but it came hardest on those who did not follow it regularly.

"But if we get plenty to eat," he said, "and take care of ourselves, we are all right. Here's a mate of mine nearly seventy years old, who has been a stoker all his life, and can do as good work as I can. Stokers never have the consumption, and rarely catch cold. Their grog has been knocked off on the English and American lines, because the men got drunk too often, and it did them much harm. When I used to take my grog, I'd work just like a lion while the effect lasted. I'd throw in my coal just like a giant, and not mind the heat a bit; but when it worked off, as it did in a very few minutes, I was that weak that a child could upset me. Take a man dead drunk before the fires, and the heat would sober him off or give him a stroke of apoplexy.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

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