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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, JANUARY 10, 1885.

No. 1.

WINTER.

BY ELSIE WARWICK.

Q THE snow! the snow! Dear me! how I do hate the winter!" said Mary Leslie, as she entered the cheerful breakfast-room.

"Sister, I just think winter is the jollie of all the seasons. Spring will do for girls and May-parties, but we boys like snow, and cold, and sleighing, and skating; give me winter every time," said Frank.

"O yes," admitted Mary, "all that does very well, and I like the evenings around the fire, and the games, and nuts, and apples; but dear me, Frank, what will you do with all the wet, sloppy days? and even when it is fair, and you are sleighing, what will become of the poor who have little food and less warmth? Yonder goes little Susan Miller and her father now home to a cheerless fireside, I am afraid, for Mrs. Miller is sick, and it takes every spare dollar to buy medicine and food. I say give me the spring."

"My daughter, may be one of the uses of winter is to teach us to share our comforts with the less fortunate. I think it will be a real pleasure for you to go over after breakfast to see Mrs. Miller, and take her a nice lunch."

"Yes, certainly, mother; and I think if there is one blessing my mother covets above all others, it is the blessing promised the generous hand."

"I am quite sure one of the uses of winter is to make us thankful for the many comforts we are able to share with each other," said Mrs. Leslie, smiling.

"But, father, tell us really and truly what winter was made for?"

"Winter is nature's night—her season for recuperation—the time for

treasuring up her reserve forces. Spring comes with its buds and summer with its blossoms, and then autumn with its golden fruits, after which great outlay of beauty and wealth, mother earth gathers back to her bosom the sap of the vegetable world, and says to winter, Close the windows,

grain and rich fruitage. Frank, what would you think of a man who spent his strength continuously, without ever resting, or one who would deal out his money day after day without ever gathering in."

"Surely he would be a foolish spendthrift," answered Frank.

of seed-life, and lo! in a few short days the world puts on a robe of a thousand hues. Summer continues the work, and the buds develop into gorgeous flowers of exquisite proportions; then autumn comes and fills barn and store-house with rich provender and luscious fruits; and then

again in turn comes winter to recall the wandering energies of nature into the world's treasure-house in safe keeping for another revolution of seasons."

"I suppose we must simply endure winter and live in hope of the coming spring," said Mary.

"Yes, dear, the spring is a certainty after the winter, and it has been generally conceded that the harder the winter the more luxuriant the spring, and a heavy snow is called the poor man's fertilizer. The winter is a stern necessity, and is a forcible type of our night of death before the joyous resurrection. How can the grain of corn live except it first die? Frank, go to the library and bring me Thomson's Seasons. Lord Lytton said of Thomson's poems,

He wrote
No line which, dying, he
could wish to blot.

Surely he is worth a hearing, and we will read what he says about these seasons being a picture of life:

Behold, fond man,
See here thy pictured life:
Pass some few years
Thy flowering spring, the
summer's ardent
strength,
Thy sober autumn fading
into age,
And pale concluding win-
ter comes at last
And shuts the scene . . .
Virtue sole survives.

Immortal, never-failing friend to man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see,
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second
birth
Of heaven and earth . . .
The storm of wintry time with quick pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

"O dear me! well, the winter is



WINTER

lock all the doors, and we will work within. Then while all this upper world is locked in an icy embrace, the silent, hidden forces are at work in nature's laboratory, under the supervision of the great Alchemist, perfecting the processes by which the dull earth is to be transmuted into golden

"Just so, my Mary, would it be if our dear old mother earth were to give us spring and summer always. There is great wisdom in the economy of God's universe. Winter's frost and snows mellow the ground and hoard up a supply of gases which 'neath the genial spring's sunshine swell the germ

certainly of great use. I shall try to think all the time of the wonderful changes transpiring in that great under-ground work-house."

"And be happy and cheerful up here all through the wintry days; making as much sunshine in your home as you can, and look forward thankfully and joyously for the spring-time, and flowers, and May-parties," said Mr. Leslie cheerfully.

"Yes, and I will begin by carrying a little cheer into Mrs. Miller's sick-room. Where is that lunch, mother?"

"That is the right way, my daughter; begin with the duty nearest at hand, and you will keep such a halo about you that our home will be flooded with sunshine and our hearts will know no winter. God help us to make the dark days cheerful to man and beast! Go, Frank, and give an extra bundle of sweet hay to good old Brindle."—*S. S. Visitor.*

[The boys in our picture, however, don't find it by any means as dull as Mary feared it would be.]

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

THE days are short, and the nights are long,
And the wind is nipping cold;
And tasks are hard and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often scold.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he
As he whistles along the way?
"It will all come right
By to-morrow night,"
Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in the purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he
As he whistles along the street?
Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
But the little arm is strong,
And the work is play, if you'll only take
Your work with a bit of song.
And Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And will leave the rest
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face is often sad—
She scarce knows what to do;
But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad—
She loves him, and wouldn't you?
For Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he
As he whistles along the way?
The trouble will go,
And "I told you so,"
Our brave little John will say.

TO GIRLS.

BE cheerful, but not gigglers;
be serious, but not dull; be
communicative, but not forward;
kind, but not servile. Beware
of silly, thoughtless speeches; although
you may forget them others will not.
Beware of levity and familiarity with
young men; a modest reserve without
affectation is the only safe path.
Court and encourage conversation with
those who are truly serious and conversable;
do not go into good company
without endeavouring to improve by
the intercourse permitted to you.

"Nothing is more unbecoming when
one part of a company is engaged in
profitable conversation, than that another
part should be trifling, giggling,
and talking comparative nonsense to
each other."

SHORT TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

THE other day a hoop on a wash-tub cracked in two, and I was asked to have the tub sent to the cooper shop for repairs. To do that I must pay an express-man 25 cents to take it over, the same to return it some day, and twenty cents to the cooper to mend it. That would figure 70 cents, while the tub only cost 60 cents when new. The cooper might repair it at once, or leave it kicking around for a week. It would be cheaper to buy a new one, but still cheaper to fix the old one myself. How did I do it? Well, three or four weeks ago I picked up an iron tub-hoop in the alley and laid it away. It now came into play. I took off a piece about two inches long and drilled a hole in either end. Then I drilled holes in the broken hoop to match. When the holes were ready I brought the ends of the hoop together, laid on the splice, and with two soft rivets and the help of a hammer and a small anvil, I had a hoop as good as new, and had made the repairs at a cost of not over one cent. I use this incident as a preface for urging every father to supply his boys with a workshop and a few handy tools. Room can be found in the house or barn, and a little money will put a boy in the way of becoming a handy man. In my workshop I have two hand-saws, a hammer, two chisels, a small anvil, a large and small vise, a jack-plane and a smoother, a miter-box, mallet, gimlets, screw-driver, brace and several bits, nail-set, try-square, drills, rule, and awls. With these tools you can do almost any job required about the house. There may be one boy out of fifty who doesn't care to "putter" with tools, but the other forty-nine do, and there is more in it than appears at first sight.

I was in a locksmith's the other day when a gentleman drove up in a carriage and said: "I want this sewing-awl sharpened. My man uses it about the barn, and I've been trying for the last two weeks to bring it down." He was a rich man, but what of it? Hadn't he brains enough to pick up a file, or rub that awl to a point on a whetstone? If his time was worth anything, he spent \$2 worth, and paid 15 cents for what he could have done himself in thirty seconds. The handy boy is going to make the handy man, and the handy man is going to save himself many dollars and many vexatious delays by being able to handle different tools. In pulling the table around a caster comes off. Are you going to send it to the shop or get a carpenter to come up? If you are not a handy man, you will have to; if you have a screw driver and two or three screws about, you can fix it in five minutes. A door sags and shuts hard. Let it go for awhile and you'll break the lock and have the knobs off. If you are not a handy man, you'll go from two to six blocks out of your way to a carpenter shop. A workman will come up that day, or that day week. He'll lift the door off its hinges, run his plane over the sagging end a few times, and your bill is 75 cents. Ten minutes of your own time would have accomplished the work. A door-lock refuses to work. Something is the matter with the bolt. You are not a

handy man, and so you have no tools to remove the lock and take it to the smith as you go down. You must have him come up. The lock is fixed, and your bill is at least 50 cents. Now, the wire spring had slipped out of place or got bent by a jar. A handy man would have fixed it with no other help than a screw driver.

When you have your workshop take care of your tools. In that you can learn the value of order and time. Have a place for every tool, and keep it there when not in use. Have every article where you can find it at midnight without a light. If the handle of your hammer becomes loosened, don't drop the whole thing into a pail of water to swell the wood. Don't drive nails into the end to fill up the eye. Knock the handle out, split the end which goes into the eye, and when you have replaced it drive a wedge into the slit. If one of your bits should get dull place it in the vise, point up, and study the idea which the inventor had. You will see how much like a knife-blade the cutters are, and just where to draw your file to restore the lost edge. Three drills, taking different sizes, are all you need. If the ear comes off a pail, tub or coal-scuttle you can replace it by drilling a new hole and using a soft rivet. With a screw-driver and hammer you can put one of the patent fasteners on a garden hose in two minutes. You will find a glue-pot an indispensable article in your workshop. Wherever you are making a joint which is not to be exposed to the weather glue will hold almost like nails. After a while get a pair of tinner's hand-shears. They not only come handy to cut all sizes of wire, but you can peel off the end of a joint of stovepipe like paring an apple, work over a piece of old eave-trough, or make use of tin cans kicking about.

I would add to your workshop a tinner's soldering iron, a bar of solder, a penny's worth of rosin, and a bottle of muriatic acid. I'll venture to say that in nine houses out of ten there's a job awaiting the tinker. There's a leak in the wash-boiler, in some of the pans, the wash-dish, the dipper, or some other much-used article. This leak bothers and annoys, but to get it mended you must carry the article a mile and back. I should simply take the leaky dish and scrape the tin around the leak. This is to remove the grease. Your acid is in a bottle, and you put it on with a brush made of a stick and a rag. Your iron is heated in the stove or range, and when you have wiped it off touch your bar of solder and pass the iron over the leak. In thirty seconds you have saved yourself a visit to the tinner. In soldering on new tin use powdered rosin in place of the acid. If your iron gets over-heated and won't take the solder, let it cool until you can almost hold it in your fingers. Then rub it smartly with a file, and after that burnish it with your bar of solder. In mending a leak in a lead pipe use the rosin, and look out that your iron is not hot enough to melt the lead.

Besides the saving of time and money in being handy, you have a quiet satisfaction in having accomplished this or that. In handling a rule you get a quick eye for distances. In using either bit or drill you must exercise care and exactness. Your eye says that the end of a board is square; your try-square shows how easy it is

to be deceived. With a sewing awl and a couple of needles you can repair almost any break in a harness. Five cents' worth of material in your glue-pot will cure all the lame chairs in the neighbourhood. A miter-box enables you to make a joint which the best carpenter dare not try with his eyes for a guide, and gives you a chance to use moulding and fancy pieces. I don't want to see the plumber and locksmith and carpenter and tinner shut up shop for want of patronage, but I believe that the handy man is a blessing to a whole neighbourhood. He can supply a missing bolt for a boy's velocipede, adjust a sewing-machine needle, lance a felon, sharpen a knife, mend a pan, put in a window light, make a bench, glue in a chair leg, fix a spring for a screen door, doctor a lock, hang an ax, adjust a lawn mower, mend a toy, make a box, and feel dependent upon nobody's convenience or caprice.—*M. Quad.*

DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NEVER a ripple upon the river,
As it lies like a mirror, beneath the moon—
Only the shadows tremble and quiver,
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,
While, just above us, a rocky highland
Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine-trees crowned.

Never a sound but the wave's soft splashing
As the boat drifts idly the shore along—
And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam, living diamonds—the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.
—*Agnes Maule Machar.*

JUST FOR FUN.

RIGHTENING people for fun is an occupation fit only for fools. Is it less cruel to hurt a sensitive person by fright than by smiting him with "the fist of wickedness," or piercing his flesh with thorns? The so-called fun lies in the amount of pain produced. What is the difference between this and the tortures inflicted by so-called savages? They do it for fun. It amuses and pleases them to see their victims writhe. How often fatal results follow senseless attempts at having fun at the expense of others!

Only a short time ago a man in the State of Maine killed an adder and left it among some boxes that were to be assorted by young women. He was one of those fellows who thought it would be "awful funny" to hear a scream from the one who should find it. A Miss Stevens uncovered the reptile with her hands. The shock made her insane, and the physicians say that she will probably die, and in any event will be a maniac for life. That is awful enough, to be sure, but where is the fun?

Young people, think twice before you engage in such cruelty, and then—don't do it.—*S. S. Visitor.*

"I SHALL give you ten days, or ten dollars," said the judge. "All right," said the prisoner, "I'll take the ten dollars."

THE GLAD TIME OF THE YEAR.

LET the glad joy bells loudly ring
Their music everywhere,
Let nothing in the echoes sweet,
Give hint of gray-robed care.
With hearts divinely lit with peace,
Untouched by dream of fear,
We'll hail, with gratitude and joy,
This glad time of the year.

Over the graves of buried years
We weep, and say goodbye.
Only a shadow to-day comes back,
Like clouds in winter sky;
But in glad memory of that youth,
We'll leave a tribute here—
Forget we're growing old and gray,
This glad time of the year.

Some of our own have crossed the tide,
To rest at home to-day,
To sing the new, triumphant song,
Over the golden way;
We got some nearer all the while,
Clearer the coasts appear,
We seem to catch their matchless joy
This glad time of the year.

'Twas but one little year ago,
We thought them always ours,
Forgetting winter's swift approach
Stole summer's fairest flowers:
We know an empty chair or crib
Is something strangely dear,
Recalling those who once enjoyed
This glad time of the year.

Then let us in those sunny days
Of kindly thought and deed,
Bury the past of bygone years
With loving, earnest speed;
And let the precious days to come
Be consecrated here
To noble effort, which shall crown
This glad time of the year

VICTORIA'S GIRLHOOD.

WHEN the Queen of England was a baby, scarcely anyone thought she would ascend the throne of Great Britain except her father, the Duke of Kent. He used to say, while holding her in his arms, "Look at her well! She will yet be Queen of England!" People smiled at the dream of the sanguine father, but he proved himself a prophet.

The little one came near being known as Alexandrina Georgiana. Her two godfathers were the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and the Prince Regent, subsequently George IV., and it was proposed to name the babe in honour of them both. But at the last moment the Prince peevishly declared that the name of Georgiana should be second to no other.

"Give her her mother's name after that of the Emperor's," he said, and so the babe was christened Alexandria Victoria. In her childhood she was often called "Little Orina." She, however, when she grew up, insisted that her mother's name should not be second even to an emperor's.

The Duchess of Kent found queen-making no light task. She brought up her daughter to waste no time. Her waking hours were employed for study, work, exercise, or play. She was trained to regularity in eating, sleeping, and in exercise. Even when almost in sight of the throne, being "sweet sixteen," she showed herself an obedient daughter by leaving a ball-room at her mother's command, after only one dance, and going to bed.

The Duchess dressed her daughter as a girl should be dressed. Her apparel was neither gorgeous nor costly, but simple and becoming. Lord Albemarle watched her one morning, when she was seven years of age, as, dressed in a white cotton gown, a large straw hat, and coloured

fichu round the neck, she watered some plants and her own little feet.

When the Queen had children of her own, she dressed them as simply as her own mother had dressed her.

Grace Greenwood, in her life of Queen Victoria, tells a story of a fashionable lady who walked one morning through Windsor Park, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the royal family.

Meeting a lady and gentleman, accompanied by three children, she gave them a glance, but seeing that they were all plainly dressed, she passed on without bestowing much notice upon them. Some distance further on she met a Scotch gardener, of whom she asked if it was likely she would meet the Queen and her family anywhere in the park.

"Weel, ye maun turn back and rin a good bit, for you've passed her Majesty, the Prince, and the royal bairns," answered the Scotchman.

Another anecdote, related by Grace Greenwood, exhibits the Princess as acquiring knowledge by experience. She was visiting, with her mother, Wentworth House. One wet morning, while running about the garden, the old gardener, who did not know her, saw her on the point of descending a treacherous bit of ground.

"Be careful, miss; it's slape!" he called out.

"What's slape?" asked the Princess, turning her head, and at the same moment her feet flew from under her, and down she came.

"That's slape, miss," said the gardener, picking her up.

The Princess once rebelled against her music-teacher's rule that she should practise a certain number of hours every day. He protested, telling her that there was no "royal road" in music, and that only by much practice could she become "mistress of the piano." Victoria closed the instrument, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and playfully said:—"Now, you see, there is a royal way of becoming 'mistress of the piano.'"—Selected.

THE FIVE PENNIES.

I AM ashamed to say I was an awful drunkard once; but I'll tell you what turned me round:

"I was terribly dry one morning, and I wanted some rum. So I handed my youngest boy, only six years old, some coppers and a jug, and told him to go and get me a pint of rum. It was a cold morning, and Willie's trousers were thin and ragged, and he had no overcoat nor mittens. Willie didn't want to go; but I scolded him, and he started a few steps, and then stopped, and said:

"Father, I wish you would give me a penny to buy a stick of candy."

I told him to go along, and not bother me about a stick of candy. The little fellow began to cry, and stammered out:

"Father, you never give me any money to buy candy. Tommy Jones (he was the rum-seller's boy) has candy every day, and he says I can't have any because my father is a drunkard."

I felt as though lightning had struck me. "Oh, God!" said I, "has it come to this? Have I been paying my money to support the rum-seller and his family in luxury, while my own little boy could not have a single penny for candy? Yes I am a drunk-

ard. But old Jones' children won't sneer at Willie or me any more."

I called my boy back, and took the jug and the money. Here are the pennies. I will keep them as long as I live, and, when I die, leave them as a sacred legacy to my children. I have got six, and a good wife besides. Thank God, I am saved, and my home is happy! I will do what I can to save others.—Herald of Mercy.

A REAL BOY.

A REAL, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, even if he cannot lead the prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher. He can be a godly boy in a boy's way and place. He is apt to be noisy and full of fun, and there is nothing wrong about that. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. No real, true boy chews, or uses tobacco in any form, and he has a horror of intoxicating drinks. The only way he treats tobacco is like the boy who was jeered and laughed at by some older ones because he could not chew. His reply was, "I can do more than that; I can eschew it." And so he did all his life. A real boy is also peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against large boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party in mischief and deceit.

Above all things he is never afraid to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do any thing because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meets the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother will not like it if I do so and so." It is only your sham, milk-and-water boys that are afraid to do right. Every one respects the real boy, and every one despises the sham, too-big-for-his-parents, smoking, tobacco-loving coward, who is afraid to do right for fear of a little ridicule.—The Outlook.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

LIFE is a journey. We are pilgrims here, sojourners as all our fathers were, having no continuing city—over on the move—going along not alone, but in a mighty caravan, like pilgrims on their way to Mecca; an endless procession of human beings, marching to the grave, the bourne from which no traveller ever returns. What a countless throng of human beings have been marching across the narrow plane of earthly existence during the past year! According to the usual estimate not less than 31,500,000 of probationers since the first of January, 1884, have gone down to the grave and entered eternity! Place them in a long array,

and they will make a moving column of more than 1,300 to each mile of the world's circumference!

Think of it! Ponder and look upon these astounding computations. What a spectacle, to angels, to men as they "move on," tramp, tramp, tramp—forward, upon this stupendous dead march! Nearly 100,000 souls in this vast cavalcade drop out, die, each day of the year.

"Life is short, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."—Selected.

A WINTER SONG.

THE winds are whistling through the trees,
The snow is falling fast;
The brooks upon the mountain-side
No longer o'er the mosses glide;
The laughing rill upon the hill
Under a spotless robe is still;
The summer days have passed!

The frost has clad the naked bush;
The pine-trees sigh and moan;
The winding road is lost in snow;
The birds of winter come and go,
The woods are dumb, the wild bees' hum
No more from blooming flowers will come
Till winter days have flown!

Sing out a ringing roundelay!
Be merry while ye may.
What though the winds are wild and cold?
What though the year is growing old?
If hearts are warm and love is strong,
The moaning wind is summer's song,
So love and laugh to-day!—Home Journal.

GRANTS TO POOR SCHOOLS.

FROM a mission-school in Nova Scotia comes the following letter showing the benefit the Sunday-School Aid and Extension Fund is accomplishing:

Dear Brother,—Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$2 from the Roslin Sunday-school—an expression of their gratitude for the Sunday-school papers so kindly sent from you. The amount is small, but I assure you it is made up of several collections; and were it not for the very straitened circumstances of the people the sum would be larger. The two dollars really represent a good deal. If their circumstances get better they will pay you for all you do for them. They very highly appreciate the papers sent them. They are eagerly read by old and young, and are a great blessing to the settlement. You are doing a grand work for the Church, and through your papers reach more hearts than any minister among us. Ascertaining the opinion of S. S. Superintendents, etc., I hear but one judgment—they are the best papers they have ever had in the schools.

The people are really enthusiastic about their Sunday-school; it is kept open all winter, though the people are scattered and less favourably situated than many places which close their Sunday-schools during the winter season.

[Here follow some remarks about the editor personally of too complimentary a nature to print.]

A LITTLE girl sat on the floor crying. After awhile she stopped, and seemed buried in thought. Locking up suddenly, she said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go down town." "O, yes!" and she set up another howl.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

New Year's greeting—Happiness to all! How sweet the words that fall upon the ear, Like birds' notes, when among the blooms they call. Each other in the Spring-time of the year, The words of friends and others still more dear, Fall on the heart this morn as summer's dew, And freshening it, new blossoms appear. When affection's bower, we never knew, Until this loving greeting brought them into view.

Another New Year! While its moments fly, Be it our aim to live each passing day Upright and pure, thrusting all evil by, At I walking firmly in the holy way, For strength from let us unceasing pray, That so in all we're called to do, no fear May rise to turn our trusting hearts astray From that bright clime whose splendors shall appear, When we have entered Life's unending, glad New Year.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto. C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal. S. F. Huestis, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 10, 1885.

THE NEW YEAR.

"I HEAR the muffled tramp of years Come stealing up the slope of time; They bear a train of smiles and tears, Of leaping hopes and dreams sublime."

EVERY new year is a milestone in life's journey, that marks a definite advance, not so much in time, as in character and destiny. Time is capacity, possibility, a necessary condition of all that man may do or become, and therefore his richest treasure. Its value depends upon its improvement, for it is like a perpetual scroll upon which we write our good or ill, to return to us again when the orbit of life is complete. Time should be estimated by soul growth, the experience it represents, the degree of certainty it has enabled us to attain, the friendships it has matured, the generous acts it has recorded. The greatest good of life is to gain nearer access to God. Faith, hope and charity are the greatest of human acquisitions. Every year marks the decay of much that once inspired our efforts, and should give us more substantial motives. It is well that in our imagination the thread of time shall be broken off and attached anew, as we idly conceive it, at this season. Man needs some emphatic

reminder of its lapse and prospective termination. The tradesman needs to balance his ledger, friends to recall and signalize their obligations, and Christians to review their religious life and erect a standard for the future. Our experience should teach us that the portion of time allotted to us is very brief. How contracted a space in retrospect is twenty, thirty or even seventy years. And yet of our possible term of life much is already consumed, and a thousand contingencies make the future a dubious venture when the interests of the life to come are staked upon it.

One conviction that must force itself upon us is, that we are approaching a fixed state as respects character. The susceptibility of our nature is diminishing. Habit is forging its chains upon both soul and body. Our associations are becoming settled and controlling. Here, then, in this vestibule of eternity, in these fleeting years, we are approaching by insensible degrees the goal of final salvation or perdition.—Sel.

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1885.

I HEREBY solemnly covenant, as God shall help me— Never to neglect my morning and evening devotions. Always to speak kindly to every person with whom I am associated. Always to speak well, and never ill, of any absent person. To endeavour to lead at least one person to the Saviour during the present year.

To strive to attend one devotional meeting during the week.

My dear young friends: The New Year is one of the times when we should gird on our armour afresh and renew our vows.

Will you cut out these resolutions; or, better still, copy them and sign your names to them, and place them in your Bibles and endeavour to keep them all the year through?

If at any time you should fail, remember you have an Advocate with the Father. Ask Jesus to forgive you, and commence again. Then shall the New Year prove to you—

Another year of progress, another year of praise,

Another year of proving His presence all the days;

Another year of service, of witness for His love;

Another year of training for holier work above.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

THE custom of New Year's gifts is a very ancient one. Gloves were a common present, and sometimes a sum of money was given instead, called "glove money." When pins were invented, not the tiny and cheap articles of the present day, they were frequently given, or money was sent to buy them, hence the well-known provision of "pin money." Expensive gifts of dresses, silk stockings and jewellery became the rage, and here is a queer old record of the gifts the Earl of Leicester made to Queen Elizabeth:—"One armlet, or skakell of golde, all over fairly garnished with rubyes and dyacondes, hveing in the closing thearof a clocke, and in the fore part of the same a fayre lozengie dyaconde without a foyle, hanging thereat a round juell fully garnished with dyacondes and



BOYS ON ICE.

perle pendant weighing 11 oz. golde weight; in a case of purple vellate all over embranderid with Venice golde, and lyned with green vellat." This is faithfully recorded on a parchment roll which is preserved to this day!

SPORTS ON THE ICE AT MONTREAL.

THE following cut was crowded out of the number of PLEASANT HOURS, giving an account of the Ice Palace at Montreal. We give with it the Boston Boy's account of the scene it represents:—

I never supposed boys could jump the hurdles with skates on, but they went over them like deer, and you'd have laughed had you seen the odd positions some of the skaters took when going over. Fancy flying at full speed on the glare ice, and jumping at the right instant, and then clearing the hurdles, and coming down safe and square to recover your balance and shoot off again. One fellow with a handkerchief around his head seemed as if he had wings. One in jumping looked like some of your specimens of bats, or butterflies, as he sprawled his legs. Another looked like a jumping-jack with the string pulled full length.

The January number of the Methodist Magazine gives a full account of the Ice Palace at Montreal, with numerous fine engravings after sketches of the palace within and without, snowshoeing and toboganing on the mountain, etc., etc.

THE Quarterly Review Service: Sunday-school officers will please bear in mind that this Review Service is six cents a dozen per quarter, or 24 cents per dozen for the whole year.

TAKING REFUGE IN PRAYER.

A GENTLEMAN had got so far in drinking that he was known to take a quart of brandy a day. He was a fine business man, and yet he was ruining himself. One day his wife said to him,— "If my husband didn't drink, I should be the happiest woman in Canada."

"Well, my dear," he replied, "I married you to make you happy, and ought to; and if that will make you happy I will never drink another drop as long as I live.

That man kept it for eight years without any belief in Christianity.

Walking down the street with him a little while ago, he said:

"Do you see that red-fronted drinking-saloon? I have been afraid of that for many years, and I used to go down a by-street and go round it; but, Mr. Gough, since I have got the grace of God in my heart, I go right by that saloon, and if I have the slightest desire, I pray, 'Lord, keep me for Christ's sake,' and I go by it safe."—Gough.

JESUS SOUGHT HIM.

A OHINAMAN applied to a minister to be allowed to join his church. The minister asked him some questions to find out whether he understood what it is to be a Christian, and how we are to be saved.

Among other things, he asked him,— "How did you find Jesus?" In his broken English the poor man replied:—"Me no find Jesus at all, Jesus him find me."



DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

THE NEW YEAR.

LIKE a young maiden comes the year,
Bright with youth's first glory;
Where's the golden pen to write
Her life's yet hopeful story!
Gladness waits on all her steps,
Crowned her brow with flowers:
Mirth and music, sisters gay,
Wing the pleasant hours.

Ah! young year thou'lt yet grow old,
Thy step will lose its fleetness:
The coral which decks thy brow
Will miss its bloom and sweetness;
And shadows dark will fill the sky,
And dreams so fondly cherished,
Will go to build the funeral pyre,
Of hope that nearly perished.

Yet blessings on thee, thou New Year!
We will not cloud thy promise
By shadows of the loves and hopes
Which in the past went from us;
But count each year a precious gem
Unto our life's crown given,—
A golden chain which lengthens out
Until it reaches heaven.

THE NEW YEAR.

Do you remember what Spencer
says of old January?

"Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warm them if he
may,
For they were numbed with holding all the
day
An hatchet keene with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse
spray."

So he comes to us in cold Canada.
The snow flings its fleecy cloak across
the barren ugliness of bare earth, or,
in the words of Milton, like

"A wintry veil of maiden white,"
it decks the fields with its soft and
sparkling flakes, and makes of every
stump and rail and bush a marble
monument as if to mourn the death of
summer.

How truthfully the old Romans
represented the deity Janus, with his
two faces, one looking back to the by-
gone time and bidding farewell to the
past, with its regrets, its sorrows, and
its pleasures—the other casting a
hopeful eye into the future, with all
its unknown trials and triumphs and
joys!

Who can enter on the threshold of
the new year without some degree of
reflection? Who is there that can
sleep away the day without some
thought of the past, some question of
the future? In the midst of all our
merry makings, there will come the
conviction that another of the few
links of life is broken and gone, and
we are nearer by one year to the end
of all things. But how heedlessly we
too often let the thought pass instead
of grasping it in its flight and making
it serve some noble purpose! Silently
yet surely, as this day comes to us,
the scythe of time cuts off another
period of our life; with many of us,
the time is near the end, and we may
not live to unwind the thread of an-
other year's existence; there is not
one who can tell but in another year
the silver cord shall be loosed, or the
golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher
be broken at the fountain, or the
wheel broken at the cistern; another
page has been added to that book
which records the fleeting years of this
mortal span, and for many of us the
record will end before another leaf is
turned.

DEATH NOT THE KING OF
TERRORS.

IT is high time that the King of
Terrors was thrown out of
the Christian vocabulary. A
vast multitude of people talk of death
as though it were the disaster of dis-
asters, instead of being to a good man
the blessing of blessings. It is moving
out of a cold vestibule into a warm
temple. It is migrating into groves
of redolence and perpetual fruitage.
It is a change from bleak March to
roseate June. It is a change of man-
acles for garlands. It is the trans-
muting of the iron handcuffs of earthly
incarceration into the diamond wrist-
lets of a bridal party; or to use the
suggestion of my text, it is only huak-
ing-time. It is the tearing off of the
rough sheath of the body that the
tright and beautiful soul may go free.

Coming in "like a shock of corn
cometh in in his season." Christ broke
up a funeral procession at the gate of
Nain by making a resurrection-day
for a young man and his mother.
And I would that I could break up
your sadnesses and halt the long
funeral procession of the world's grief
by some cheering and cheerful view of
the last transition.—*Dr. Talmage.*

THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.*

THE recent Christian Conven-
tion in this city, under the
management of the distin-
guished evangelist, Dwight
L. Moody, was an occasion of very
great interest. At every one of the
nine services the spacious Metropolitan
Church was crowded to its utmost
capacity. As early as half-past seven
in the morning people began to gather
at the gates, though the meeting did
not begin till ten o'clock. Mr. Moody
said that he never knew the people so
eager, so hungry for the Gospel as now.
He summoned the Churches and the
ministers to aggressive Christian work,
to lead on the hosts of God in a glorious
campaign of conquest. Twenty years
ago he said such a Convention of
ministers of the different Churches
would have been impossible. It was
a significant spectacle to see Baptist
and Presbyterian, Methodist and Epis-
copalian taking part in these services
side by side; and at the meeting
directing inquiries to the common
Saviour and Lord.

THE SINGING.

The grand congregational singing
was a potent attraction and an in-
spiring influence. The melodies were
simple and easily caught, and the effect
of three or four thousand voices was
sublime. Especially was this the case
at the evening meetings when the only
female voices were those of the ladies
in the choir. A favourite hymn was
the following:

Oh, word of words the sweetest,
Oh word in which there lie
All promise, all fulfilment,
And end of mystery;
Lamenting or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "come" of Jesus
And to his cross I fly.

Come! oh, come to me!
Come! oh, come to me!
Weary, heavy laden,
Come! oh, come to me!

"Now," Mr. Moody would say, "let
the ladies of the choir sing the next
verse and we will all join in the
chorus."

After this was done, "Let all in
the gallery sing that chorus all the
way around," (swinging his arm so as
to indicate the whole gallery in its
sweep) The gallery sang with over-
whelming effect.

THE THEME.

Mr. Moody's theme was the old,
old story of Jesus and his love. Noth-
ing sensational, nothing dramatic. No
straining after effect, but the old story
told with an intense moral earnestness
that burned the truth into the hearts
and consciences of his hearers. The
most striking characteristic of the
man was his sanctified common-sense,
his business-like shrewdness and tact

* The interest in this Convention is so
great that we reproduce a part of our article
upon it in the January number of the *Meth-
odist M. gazette*, and the portrait that accom-
panies it.—*Ed.*

in managing a vast audience—his vein
of pathos whereby the simple narration
of incidents in his personal experience
touched almost every heart to tears,
his sense of humour, and even of satire
and sarcasm as he hit off popular
faults and follies; his vivid imagina-
tion whereby he described Old Testa-
ment scenes in the language of every-
day life; above all, his yearning love
for souls, and his living ever near to
God and in constant access to the
throne of grace. His well-marked
Bible is as familiar to him as his
A B C, and he brings out of this
rich storehouse illustration, argument,
proof-text, and the strong confirma-
tions of Holy Writ.

The broad human sympathies, the
yearning love of souls of Mr. Moody
gave him great power with the masses.
He is not specially gifted by nature.
He is unheroic in form and feature.
He owes nothing to the arts of elo-
quence. He is unlettered in all lore
save that of the oracles of God. Yet
both preachers and people hear him
gladly and hail his visits as those of
an apostle, as he goes through the
land arousing, inspiring, inciting the
Churches to increased energy and zeal.

SKETCH OF MR. MOODY.

Dwight Lyman Moody—the sixth
child of his parent—was born in
Northfield, Mass., in 1837. His father
died when he was only four years old,
and left his mother a widow with nine
children—the eldest but thirteen—with
a little home on a mountain slope and
a few acres of land, encumbered by a
mortgage. Dwight worked on a little
farm till he was eighteen, getting what
schooling he could in the winter. He
then went to work in his uncle's boot
and shoe establishment in Boston.
Here he attended Mount Vernon
church and Sunday-school. He was
rather an unpromising pupil; but one
day having asked the question, "That
Moses was what you would call a
pretty smart sort of a man, wasn't he?"
his teacher answered in such a way as
to gain his confidence, and shortly
after to lead to his conversion. He
soon began to speak in prayer meeting,
but was advised by the pastor, such
was the incoherency of his remarks,
not to speak in public, but to serve
God some other way.

IN CHICAGO.

The following year he went to
Chicago, and engaged as salesman in a
large shoe store—and a right good
salesman he was. He joined a Congre-
gational Church, rented four pews, and
kept them filled every Sunday with
young men. He also exhorted at the
prayer-meetings, but was recommended
to leave that to those who could do it
better. He soon found a little
Methodist Church, where the services
were more congenial, and he joined a
band of zealous young men in tract
distributing and Christian work. He
went into a mission-school one Sunday,
and found twelve teachers with only
sixteen scholars. He went out to hunt
up recruits, and soon had the school
filled.

He now rented a hall—used on
Saturday nights for dancing—in one
of the worst parts of Chicago, and
organized a school for himself. In a
year it was six hundred strong, and
soon numbered a thousand. "The
first time I ever saw Mr. Moody,"
said Mr. Reynolds, at a Sunday-school
convention in this city, "he was
standing in a little old shanty, which

had been abandoned by a saloon keeper, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a little negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son, and a great many of the words he had to skip. 'I have no education,' said Mr. Moody, 'but I love the Lord Jesus, and want to work for him.' And this was the man who has since quickened the heart of the Church universal.

In beating up his recruits, Mr. Moody sometimes got into rough company. One day three ruffians cornered, and threatened to kill him. "Look here," he said; "give a fellow a chance to say his prayers, won't you?" And he prayed so earnestly that they slunk out of the room, and he got the children he came for.

At length his evangelistic work so absorbed his soul that he gave up business, in order to devote himself wholly to it. He used to sleep on the benches of the Y. M. C. A. hall, because he had no money to pay for his lodgings, although he had in his pocket money given him to carry on his work. Since then he has never received a salary nor engaged in business, yet all his wants have been supplied by the providence of God.

IN WAR TIME.

During the awful years of the American war this great-hearted man was engaged on many a battlefield, and was one of the first to enter Richmond, ministering to the bodies and the souls of both white and black, loyalists and rebels alike.

At the close of the war he gave himself to religious work in Chicago, and such was his zeal that he has been known to make two hundred visits in a day. It is a characteristic incident that the only thing he saved from the Great Fire, which destroyed his church and house, was his well-thumbed Bagster Bible. In thirty days after the fire, a rough but comfortable structure, 100 by 75 feet, was erected for his church and school, and was kept open day and night for the shelter of the homeless, who were also supplied with food, if necessary.

The subsequent career of Mr. Moody—his labours in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Sheffield, Liverpool, London, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago again—are they not fresh in all men's memory—"writ large" in the history of the religious world? A man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, taught of God, and deeply pondering his Holy Word, God has signally owned his labours as the great lay evangelist of the age.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

ONCE a little girl who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her minister with eighteen shillings for a missionary society.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?" the minister asked.

"Yes, sir; I earned it."

"But how, Mary—you are so poor?"

"Please, sir, when I thought how Jesus had died for me, I wanted to do something for him, and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen; and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting rain-water and selling it to washerwomen for a penny a bucket. This is how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," said the minister,

"I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for him; now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh no, sir, please; not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but Him; I should like it to be put down as "Rain from Heaven."

MR MOODY IN TORONTO.

THE visit of this great Evangelist to this city has been one of the most striking events in its religious history. It has stirred the whole community. Thousands tried in vain to hear him. We therefore quote largely from the reports of his meetings in the *Toronto Globe*.

THE NOONDAY PRAYER-MEETING

From 12 to 12 45 was devoted to prayer for "our children." The sum total of Mr. Moody's teaching on the subject was to preach the Saviour's command, "Bring him in unto Me," and to earnestly impress upon the parents the overwhelming importance of prayer in the household. His few brief words upon this subject moved hundreds to tears, and as in response to his requests scores of fathers and mothers rose, and with broken voices and streaming eyes, asked for prayer for their children, the scene was deeply touching. Mr. Moody then asked all to rise who desired prayer for their families, and to remain standing while he presented their petition. Probably one-third of the audience rose, and as he prayed many of the women wept unrestrainedly, and not a few strong men were shaken by convulsive sobs.

CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

Dr. Bonar, of Glasgow, always reads what he calls the children's "portion," and you ought to see the children straighten up when he comes to that. A minister in our country has a "pocket" for the children in his services; and when he opens the "pocket" the parents wake up the children and take just as much interest in it as the children do. People say children "don't understand." I used to tell my mother that there was no use in my going to church, because I couldn't understand the sermon; but she was wiser, and kept me going to church. When I left home I said, "Now, I will have my own way," and I didn't go to church. It was the longest Sunday I ever spent and I did not stay away from church again. I had got into the habit of going to church, and that is the benefit of sending children there. If the ministers would only preach a little to the children, the old people would copy it too. Let them step out of the pulpit once in a while and talk to the boys—they like to be noticed, and that is the way to make them come again.

WHAT ABOUT THE BOYS?

"What is the best plan of keeping the older boys in the Sabbath-schools?" It is a sad sight to see the boys from 15 to 23 years old who are not in our churches, the trouble is they are not looked after. A boy goes into the high school or the college, he finds out that he knows more than his Sunday-school teacher; he drops out and there is no one to look after him. It seems to me that the minister and officers of

a church should get together and discuss this matter of looking after the boys and keeping them from harm. It is the most important age, the age at which character is being formed. If a boy is lost at that age, there is very little chance of his ever coming back. There are a good many mothers mourning over sons who went astray at that time. It is the most critical time—a time when the Churches should be on the look-out to keep them from wandering. Let the teacher give time and soul to the work, and spend a little money if necessary. Have the boys round to your house. Take them off for an excursion in the summer. Make them feel that you are their friend, that you take an interest in them.

In 1867 a young man in London, England, took a house in Seven Dials, and furnished it at his own expense. Every night he was on the streets, looking for the little Arabs who hid in the crossings and doorways until kicked and woke up and ordered away by the policeman. He spent his nights from eleven o'clock until three hunting for these boys, took them to his house, gave them a good bath and a clean bed, and in the morning he would say to them, "If you like to stay here, if you want to learn a trade and get a fair education, I am your friend." It seemed to me that this was about as near the work of Jesus as anything I had seen. When I went back in 1872 I found the work had grown wonderfully. When I preached a hundred of the young men thus trained came to my meetings with their Bibles better marked than mine. During my last visit to England it was my privilege to be in that man's house for six months. He has now eight thousand young men from sixteen to twenty-three years of age. If a young man wants to improve his writing, or polish up his mathematics, or get a lecture on any subject, these things are provided for him; if he wants to improve himself in his trade, there are masters to teach him.

SAVE THE BOYS.

I remember some years ago a man living in the Mississippi valley. He had accumulated great wealth; had given all his faculties to gain it, and had prospered so far as worldly goods went. One day his son, his eldest born, was brought in dying from the result of an accident. When the father found his boy could not live he wanted him to be roused. "For," he said, "I don't want my boy to die without knowing it." They brought him to, and the father told him

HE WAS DYING.

The boy said, "Father, won't you pray for my soul. You never taught me to pray for myself." The father began to weep, and said he couldn't pray. The boy passed away and the father has told me that he would give all his wealth if he could bring him back that he might fulfil his dying request and pray for him. May God enable you to call your family round the family altar and pray. Better do that for them than establish them in business and leave them great fortunes.

I never forget an incident that Mr. Wells related in Chicago. An elder in the same church as he, in New York, had a little boy lying at the point of death. His wife asked him to tell the child that death was near and he did so. The little fellow said—"I'll be

with Jesus, father, and when I get to heaven I'll tell him you taught me about him and taught me to pray." God has given me three children, and I would rather they should take such a testimony to heaven of me, should I survive them, than have all the wealth of the world roll at my feet. If I should die before them I would rather have them drop a tear over my grave and say that I had shown them the way to the Saviour than praise me for anything I had done for their temporal welfare.

A FEW INCIDENTS.

Turning to those to the right of him on the platform he said, "Do you believe God saves you?" "Yes, yes." "Do you?" turning to those on the left, "Yes." "Do you?" to the men in the body of the church. "Yes." "Do you?" to those in the galleries. "Yes." "Well, then, do you not think this is the time to ask him?" Here is another. "You must be in earnest. Don't you think God was in earnest when he gave his Son to die for you." An effective passage was when he pictured Elijah coming up the aisle and up on the platform to speak to the meeting. Another was a story of a New Englander who went from home taking with him his mother's Bible, on the fly-leaf, of which was inscribed, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness." He did not want the Kingdom of God, then, however; he wanted a farm. He got the farm, and then could not get the peace of God he coveted.

HE WENT INSANE

finally, and in the madhouse mumbled unceasingly the words, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness." Another—Mr. Moody offered his Bible to a young man in the audience. He hesitated to take it, but Mr. Moody cried "Take it! take it!" and he finally took it. "There," said the evangelist, "the book is yours, keep it, and," he continued, "it is just as easy for you to take salvation as for that young man to take that Bible." One more—"You can't believe; can't believe who? Did God ever break his word." The address was very effective, and at the close a large number stood up to be prayed for, and very many publicly acknowledged their desire for conversion.

THE POWER OF SONG.

Men like music, and it gives them something to do. The Gospel sung with the heart will draw the people. I heard of a man who had gone to South Africa. He was very ill with consumption. There was a Christian lady who was his friend, and who felt that she must save his soul. But whenever she spoke to him about religion he would get up and go away. One day she and he were sitting together, when she went to the piano and began to play and sing that beautiful hymn, "I love to tell the story." Pretty soon she saw a tear on his cheek, and it set him thinking, and she had the great pleasure of leading him to Christ. I'll tell you what occurred during these very meetings through the singing of the song, "Come, oh come to me." I was telling a story the other night of a man who couldn't get this word out of his mind after

HE HAD HEARD THE SONG.

Well, that night there was a man here. He went from the meeting, and all day he heard the word Come—come—come.

He couldn't get it out of his mind. He got away from his work as soon as he could and came over here, but the doors were closed. The house was full, and no more could be admitted. And he thought, "It was God calling me. Suppose the time is gone; why didn't I rise with those who wished to be prayed for." He went down to the meeting in the Shaftesbury Hall, and there Major Whittle was preaching. He had taken this for his text, "Come." He felt then that it was God calling him, and Major Whittle had the joy of leading that man into the light.

WORK FOR JESUS.

Do not despise your work because it is humble. A mother may think that her work is lowly, only that of taking care of the children. But we can never know this side of Heaven what the mother of the Weasleys did in the training of her boys. It is estimated that there are twenty-five millions of adherents to that gospel, and five millions to-day who are saved as the results of the efforts of those men.

Suppose somebody had come into Jerusalem about nineteen hundred years ago, and said that something would take place in the little village of Bethany that would live through all ages. Suppose reporters had gone out to find what it was. They saw a woman going with a box of ointment to pour upon her Master's feet. They would not have thought that was the great thing that was to happen. They would have said—"Well, this isn't a matter of general interest; no good publishing this at length in the Jerusalem papers." That is the only thing which it is recorded that Mary did. She didn't think of making a name for herself. But the very self-forgetfulness in the action made it live, and will make it live for all ages.

Then there was the widow's mite. Who can say how much that woman's example has brought to the treasury of the Lord. The widow didn't think she was doing an act that would never die. But the Master was there, and he made her sacrifice an example to his disciples in all ages.

Some mean men have hid behind it, too. No doubt of it. I went to a rich man once to get support for a project. I was interested, and he said, "Well, Mr. Moody, I'll give you the widow's mite." "All right," I said, "give me all you've got." That's what the widow gave. It isn't the amount you give or the action you perform that God looks at. It's the heart service. If we only give a cup of cold water the spirit in which we do it may make that the most important action of our lives. My friends, we are living in an intense age. It behoves each one of us then to find out some work and keep at it and make a success of it, rather than try forty things and fail. If you are in the Sunday-school take a personal interest in your class. I never knew one that went to work that way who failed to bring his class to the Saviour. I cannot help but believe (said Mr. Moody in concluding) that we are on the eve of a great blessing. It seems as if Jehovah is hovering over us.

THE LAST MEETING.

The evening again brought together a magnificent audience, an audience which was an inspiration in itself, such an audience as has rarely, if ever, assembled in the city of Toronto.

There was not a woman present. Even the ladies connected with the choir were excluded from the evening meeting. There could not have been less than 4,000 men in the building. All classes and conditions of the people were there. The rich merchant side by side with the corporation labourer, the eminent professional man side by side with the mechanic. Broadcloth rubbing against home-spun, the shabby genteel against the more scrupulous gentility. As on the two previous evenings, a large majority of the audience were young men, and to this class Mr. Moody especially addressed himself. A choir of between 12 and 15 voices in charge of Mr. McGrahan led the singing. In reference to this choir, Mr. Moody said:—"Some one asks me where we got this choir. Well, we fished them up. I don't know exactly where. Mr. McGrahan told me that he had got them together. What's more, there are

ABOUT FORTY SUCH CHOIRS

in this audience. I think the Church ought to use them, don't you? I often feel kind of ashamed to get up and preach after hearing a hymn sung like that. It ain't quite time to go yet. Can't you give us another."

Mr. Moody's address was a plea for decision. He spoke with wonderful pathos and power, and hundreds of strong men wept at many points throughout its delivery. At the close about one hundred persons rose to signify their desire to accept the salvation Mr. Moody offers with such earnest zeal. The seekers remained standing while Mr. Moody led in prayer. Several hymns were sung, words of earnest exhortation were pressed upon the meeting by a number of clergymen, the great audience was then dismissed, and with the usual after praise and inquiry meeting, Mr. Moody's last service in Toronto was brought to a close.

ONWARD, 1885.



TIME flies, but work presses. The fleeting years bring no repose, even when the power for work seems gone. Life means action, both here and hereafter. There is no real value in life unless we are ourselves becoming better and wiser and stronger, and thus more able to help and bless those around us. To live for self is to lose the joy of living. To each of us there is given a work to do, and also the power to do it. Those who read the word of God, and who heed its sayings, know full well that a loving Father supplies the need and guides the steps of all his trustful and obedient children. He has for every one of them a duty to perform, and he always makes them fit for its performance. The Lord Jesus has taught us this lesson: for he bids us pray that our Father's will may be done on earth, as it is in heaven; and then in order that we on our part may do his will, he bids us ask each day for daily bread, that is, for all that is necessary to enable us to fulfil our every duty to his glory, and for the welfare of others.

It is with this certainty that we begin a New Year. The opportunities and the efforts, the successes and failures of 1884 are all gone on before us. Past failure need not hinder future success. On the contrary, if rightly used, it may help to secure it.

So, too, no past success will meet the wants of to-day, if in presence of new calls we are ourselves idlers. "At Home and Aboard," everywhere, the tribes and nations of far-off lands, and the hundreds of thousands of our own cities and hamlets are waiting for the news of salvation, and for the simplicity of "The old, old story of Jesus and his love." Everyone who reads these words may do something. The youngest and the oldest, those who know much, and those who know very little, all may do something. As we begin a New Year let everyone try to help everyone else to be better, and happier than ever before.

OUR BATTLE SONG.

BY J. W. W.

WE'VE heard the shrieks of victims sinking down to deep despair, We have heard the cries of mothers, till no longer we'll forbear; Now we hear the tread of millions to the music in the air; Our cause is marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Our cause is marching on.

We have waited long and patient for the great of both the clans. To rouse the power we gave them to execute our plans; But they sneer, and jeer, and titter, while they rivet tight our bands; Our cause is marching on.

Hark! the mutter of the thunder in the threatening western sky, Forging out the bolts of vengeance, tells the judgment-day is nigh. When the prohibition cyclone shall be sent from God on high; Our cause is marching on.

OUR GIRLS.

CAN we not help our girls to feel and to know that to become strong, helpful women they must be, in their measure, strong, helpful girls? that, if they are to be earnest and true women, they must be earnest and true girls? Can we not lead them to see that every gift and grace of mind or body is better and more beautiful if kept for the Master's use? Can we not show them that their refinement and culture are never so resplendent as when they shine in the darkened homes of the poor and the sorrowful? that the knowledge of "tongues" that won the language medal of school is never so well employed as when it interprets to dull ears the precious truth that God loves the world? that the voice which charmed the gay crowd at Commencement is sweeter and truer when it swells the chorus of praise at the prayer-meeting, or leads the children in glad songs at the mission Sunday-school?

Do we not too often in our schools shut our girls out from the real world with its real needs, and shut them in to the narrow ways of self and selfish aims. St. Paul says, "Be ye transformed from the world." Do we not too often say to the bright young daughters, fresh from college with honours and diplomas, "Be ye conformed to the world?" The human heart is all on our side, and self triumphs, and the blessed Jesus, who beholding them loves them, turns sorrowfully away.

Dear girls, do not wait longer for us. Say to the Master to-day—

"Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.

"Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.

"Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee."

Begin with the little duties, very humble, very homely though they be, that are nearest to you. As daughter and sister and friend be faithful and true to every opportunity for service, and by the doing of noble deeds day after day, make life one glad, sweet song. Your work cannot be in vain, though the world give no medals. If you serve the Lord Christ, "of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance." He said, "Let him that would be greatest among you be servant of all." "I am among you as one that serves."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

ANOTHER leaf in life's large book is read and folded by; Another message from this world sent, to eternity; Another book is written, sealed, and handed up to Heaven; Another like it ne'er will be to struggling mortals given; Another worn and weary waif is wafted to the skies; Another hand shall set it in the realms of Paradise; Another ribbon is unwound from off Time's golden reel; Another ghost has flitted to the "Kingdom of the Leal." Another link is added to life's long and lagging chain; Another rose has bloomed and gone, which ne'er shall bloom again; Another feather from the wing of passing Time is torn; Another and a deeper rut upon Life's road is worn; Another year has vanished with its weight of weal and woe; Another year has flitted to the land of "Long Ago." Another and another year shall swiftly circle by; Another day and Time shall glide into eternity.

Then ring the bells right merrily, with mirth and music come; Ring, for the road but leadeth all earth's weary wanderers home; Ring, for the year that cometh now is in sweet mercy given; Ring, that the sad, despairing soul may strive once more for Heaven. Ring, for the New Year cometh on with full, joy-laden lands, Ring, for a beam from Heav'n above, the New Year full-crowned stands; Ring, for the hearts are many which God's praises newly sing, R: loudly—hail the brave New Year; ring, joy-bells—gladly—ring.

RECEIVED with thanks a package of books and papers from B. Batram, Esq., Superintendent of the Teetersville school, for distribution to needy schools.

PROFESSOR BREWER, of Yale College, says that fifteen of the twenty-four Presidents of the United States were farmers or the sons of farmers.

DURING a big thunder-shower, little Willie who slept up stairs alone, got scared and called his mother, who came up and asked him what he was frightened about. Willie admitted that the thunder was a little too much for a youngster who slept alone. "Well, if you are afraid," said his mother, "you should pray for courage." "Well, all right," said Willie, an idea coming into his head—"suppose you stay up here and pray, while I go down stairs and sleep with pa."

THE NEW YEAR.

"Fear thou not."—Isaiah. xii. 10.

STANDING at the portal of the opening year, Words of comfort meet us, hushing every fear;

I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not afraid! I will help and strengthen, be thou not dismayed;

For the year before us, Oh, what rich supplies! For the poor and needy, living streams shall rise;

He will never fail us, He will not forsake! His eternal covenant He will never break!

Onward then, and fear not, children of the day! For His word shall never, never pass away.

—F. R. Havergal.

FINDING EXCUSES.

THERE are certain people who look across the way at their neighbours and say: "If I were as well off as they, how I would help on with the work of the Gospel!"

LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 58.] LESSON III. [Jan. 18.

PAUL'S FAREWELL.

Acts 20. 28-38 Commit to memory vs. 32-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. Acts 20. 28.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Counsel, v. 28-31.
2. The Commendation, v. 32.
3. The Appeal, v. 33-35.
4. The Parting, v. 36-38.

TIME.—A.D. 58, immediately following the last lesson.
PLACE.—Miletus, thirty-six miles from Ephesus.

EXPLANATIONS.—Therefore—Since I am innocent, and thus the blame would be chargeable to you. Overseers—Synonymous with superintendents. Wolves—False teachers. Word of his grace—The promise of the Gospel. These hands—Doubtless presenting his hands hardened by toil. So labouring—As I have done. More blessed—Bliss-giving. Whether Paul derived this saying, not preserved in the gospels, from oral or written tradition, remains undecided.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The duty of self-examination?
2. The need of guarding against error?

3. The duty of caring for the needs of others!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Paul charge the elders and their flock to do? "To feed the Church of God." 2. Of whom did Paul caution them? Of men speaking perverse things. 3. What is able to build us up? The word of God's grace. 4. What saying of Christ's did Paul press upon the elders? "It is more blessed to give than to receive." 5. At the conclusion of his farewell address to the elders what did Paul do? "He kneeled down, and prayed."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The visible Church.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

143. May these various blessings be lost? Yes; believers may fail to believe and watch, they may cease to be diligent in duty, and thus may lose these blessings for ever. Hebrews x. 38.

[J. H. xv. 6. 1 Corinthians ix. 26, 27, 2 Pet. i. 9, iii. 14, 17.]

144. What benefits do Christ's people receive from Him at death?

Their souls immediately pass into the presence of the Lord, while their bodies rest in their graves till the resurrection. Philip. i. 23; 1 Thessalonians iv. 14.

[John v. 28, 29; 2 Corinthians v. 8.]

A.D. 58.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 25.

PAUL GOING TO JERUSALEM.

Acts. 21. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 12, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The will of the Lord be done. Acts 21. 14.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Voyage to Cesarea, v. 1-7.
2. Philip the Evangelist, v. 8, 9.
3. Agabus the Prophet, v. 10, 11.
4. Paul the Hero, v. 12-14.

TIME.—A.D. 58, in the spring.

PLACES.—Coos, Rhodes, and Cyprus, islands in the Mediterranean; Patara, a seaport of Lycia, in Asia Minor; Tyre, Ptolemais, and Cesarea, cities on the coast of Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—Cyprus—Sighted Cyprus. Finding disciples—Literally, "searching out the disciples." Into Cesarea—They came here, probably, to see Philip. The evangelist—Assistant missionary sent here and there to preach the Gospel. Virgins—Not nuns levited by a vow of celibacy. Their virginity is probably mentioned only as a reason for their being still at home. Paul's girdle, etc.—Binding his hands therewith after the Old Testament prophetic fashion. Die... for Jesus—They saw the danger, Paul the duty; they were moved by fear, he by love.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That prayer is a sure refuge in trouble?
2. That human sympathy often stands in the way of duty?
3. That love for Christ takes away the fear of death?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. At what place did Paul stop next on his way to Jerusalem? At Tyre. 2. What did the disciples at Tyre say concerning Paul's journey to Jerusalem? They said he should not go. 3. What did the prophet Agabus say the Jews at Jerusalem would do to Paul? He said they would bind him. 4. What was Paul willing to suffer for the name of the Lord Jesus? He was willing to suffer death. 5. When Paul's companions could not induce him to give up his journey, what did they say? "The will of the Lord be done."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The supreme authority of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

145. What benefits will Christ's people receive from Him at the resurrection?

Being raised up in glory, they shall be openly accepted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity. 1 Corinthians xv. 43. Matthew x. 32. 1 Thessalonians iv. 17. [Hebrews ix. 28; Matthew, xxv. 34.]

146. Who is the Holy Spirit? The Holy Spirit is the third Person in the blessed Trinity, one in the Godhead with the Father and the Son. Mathew xxviii. 19.

"HURRY, mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger, it's leaking."

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