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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1896.

[No. 3



A MEXICAN WATER-PEDDLER.

The Juniors' War Song.

We are Juniors in the army,
We fighting for the Lord;
Let us one and all go forward
Trusting in his holy Word.

Chorus.

When the battle here is over,
And we reach the shining shore,
We will sing his praise forever,
And be happy evermore.

He will give us grace to conquer
In the thickest of the fight;
So we'll trust alone in Jesus,
And we'll work with all our might.

I remember when a sinner
How I would delight in sin;
But I'm glad I came to Jesus,
And he freely took me in.

Little children, come to Jesus,
Cast on him your every sin;
In his precious blood he'll wash you
And he'll make you white within.

MEXICAN WATER-PEDDLERS.

In many Mexican towns they have neither pumps, hydrants, nor springs; they have no cisterns,—or not many, at all events,—for it seldom rains there; so they have to depend on the river for their supply of water to drink, and for cooking.

Quite a number of men in each town make their living by selling water. The city of Matamoras refused to allow a company to erect water-works to supply the city with water, because it would deprive the water-peddlers of their business.

Every peddler has a barrel, with a piece of plank or scantling nailed across each end. In the middle of the plank is a stout spike, or iron pin, to which is attached a piece of chain reaching beyond the edge of the barrel; and to the ends of the chains are attached raw-hide, or other kinds of rope.

The barrel has at one end two large wooden plugs. To fill it, the Mexican goes up to his knees, or deeper, in the water, pulls out both plugs, and the water rushes in at one hole while the air in the barrel goes out at the other. When the barrel is filled, the peddler turns it over on its side, taps inside the rope, and walks through the water, seeking a customer.

The peddlers are queer-looking men, with dark complexion, and long, straight black hair, like Lianna. They wear wide-brimmed, low-crowned "sombros" (hats), trousers rolled up to the knees, or higher; and are almost always smoking a cigarette.

Sometimes a peddler saves his money and buys a "burro," a funny little donkey, not much higher than a table; and, either tying the rope of his barrel to the saddle, or putting the rope around the burro's neck, gets astride the little animal, and enjoys a ride while going around with his barrel of water.

Just imagine a man wearing a hat with a brim as wide as a small parlour centre-table, with no shoes, with trousers rolled above his knees, riding a donkey so small that he has to hold his knees away to keep his feet from dragging on the ground; and with a barrel of water rolling over the ground after him.

A SUGGESTION FOR A "SHUT-IN."

ONE who is laid aside from the active duties of life, and is compelled to spend most of her days on a bed of pain, says that she found pleasure in an acorn hung by a bit of thread about a half-inch above a glass of water. In a week or so a tiny root ran down into the water, and soon a stem arose covered with glossy green leaves. The water was kept clean with a bit of charcoal, and when the leaves of the oak turned yellow a few drops of ammonia were added.

BE HONEST.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the famous Africa explorer, used to tell this story about one of his Highland ancestors. The good old man, as death drew near, summoned his family around his bed, and said: "Now, lads and lassies, I have looked all through our history, and I have never found the name of a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for wrongdoing. Be honest."

A DAY WITH THE ALLIGATORS.

BY COUSIN FRANK.

I WANT to tell the young folks who read PLEASANT HOURS something of my visit to Florida. We first went to Jacksonville, which lies on the St. John's River, and is a very pleasant city.

One day, as I sat in the reading room of the hotel, I heard shouts of laughter, followed by the clapping of hands. "What can it be?" thought I, throwing down the newspaper I was reading, and running into the corridor.

There I saw five or six little reptiles, about half the length of my arm, that seemed to be running a race over the canvas carpet with which the floor was covered. A number of people were looking on. They appeared to be highly amused by the queer movements of the creatures.

"What are they? Lizards?" cried I.
"Lizards! No: they are young alligators," said a little girl, in a tone that implied pity for my ignorance.

"Alligators!" said I, retreating in alarm, as one of them came towards me.

"Oh, you coward!" cried the little girl, laughing. "They are too small to hurt you. See me." And, saying this, she took one of them up in her apron, and brought it to me.

These little alligators grow to be huge creatures, sometimes more than twenty feet long. They live in the creeks and little rivers that run into the St. John's. They rarely go very far from the shore. They live partly on land and partly in the water.

In Florida the weather in January is often quite as warm as it is in Canada in June. So on a fine winter day we went on board the steamer *Mayflower* for a trip upon the St. John's River, and up some of the small streams, where alligators may be found.

We went some thirty miles towards the south, and then turned into a small river, where the scenery on both sides resembled that given in the picture. Cypress swamps and high trees overgrown with moss everywhere met our view. On the banks, and generally on fallen logs, might be seen alligators basking in the sun.

Many of the passengers in the steamboat had brought pistols and guns, with which to fire at the poor alligators. This is a very cruel and useless sport, for the alligators do no harm to anybody. I saw ladies and young girls firing at them. We passed some fifty alligators on our way.

Father and another gentleman took a boat, and rowed some distance up a creek. There we saw an alligator with a young one by its side. The young are very small, compared with the full-grown reptile. You can see from the picture that the alligator is not handsome: but that is no reason why bullets should be lodged in its hide. I came to the conclusion that firing pistols at these animals was poor and mean sport.

What a lovely day it was! and how we enjoyed the excursion! Just think of sitting in your summer clothing on a day in January, and passing through scenery where the trees and shrubs are all green. We returned to Jacksonville just in time to see the sun set, and we shall not soon forget our visit among the alligators.

All You Can.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,
"To render the dark world bright:
My silvery beams will not struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night;
But I'm only part of God's great plan,
So I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"Oh, what is the use," said a floozy cloud,
"Of those few drops that I hold?
They will scarcely bend the lily proud
If caught in her cap of gold;
But I too, am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought like a silver thread
Kept winding in and out all day,
Through the happy golden head;
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
For you are part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Or the cloud with its chalice full,
How, why, or for what all strange things are,
She was only a child at school;
But she thought "It is part of God's great plan
That even I should do all I can."

So she helped another child along
When the road was rough to the feet;
And she sang from the heart a little song,
That we all thought passing sweet.
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said: "I too, will do the best I can."



A DAY WITH THE ALLIGATORS.

The Junior's Hope.

Tune—"I'm the child of a King."

My Jesus, my Saviour, on thee I rely,
My footsteps to guide and my wants to supply
My soul wilt thou lead where the bright
waters flow,
Nor leave me to wander forsaken below.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King.

My Jesus, my Saviour, thou'lt bear my
complaint,
When weary, and helpless, and ready to
faint:
I call thee, who loved me, who carest for me,
My Jesus, my Saviour, I'm leaning on thee.

My Jesus, my Saviour, on thee I rely,
My footsteps to guide and my wants to supply;
For thou hast redeemed me with thy precious
blood,
The ransom that brings the sinner to
God.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1896.

KITTY'S TONGUE.

BY MRS. A. E. C. MACKELL.

KITTY MYERS' tongue was as a scorching flame, reaching out hither and thither, licking up all whom it could devour. You would think a girl with such a sharp tongue in her head would be disliked by everybody, but Kitty had many friends among those she loved. Of all the girls, Kitty could be the sweetest toward those whose favour she wished to keep. More over, she was very entertaining with her mimicry and drollery, and having wealthy parents, she was never without companionship.

Sometimes her tongue was turned against some old, threadbare dress; some peculiarity of speech; the shape of a nose; or a queer manner. Even the ancestors of acquaintances were subjected to her sharp comments. Anything and everything that could be employed to set her companions in a gale of laughter was seized upon remorselessly.

One day there came to the school Kitty attended a new scholar, a little girl with a very sweet face and dressed quite nicely.

Kitty knew that she was the daughter of Judge Errill, who had just moved into the neighbourhood and lived in the grandest house in the place. She wished therefore to make the little stranger one of her dearest friends, so she looked over and bestowed upon her one of her most captivating smiles. The child smiled in return, and there was a hope of great friendship until recess, when the new scholar opened her eyes with sorrow and indignation when she found Kitty and a dozen of her companions laughing uproariously, and learned

that the object of their ridicule was a little girl with bright red hair.

"Ha, ginger-top! how much will you take for one of your carrot ringlets?" asked Kitty, with laughter, in which she was joined by the others.

If there was anything that Nettie Rivers was sensitive about, it was her red hair; and she winced and stammered in her endeavour to appear unconcerned.

"I say, Net, here comes a white horse," continued Kitty, more disagreeably than ever.

Nettie winced again, while her face flushed redder than her hair. She was just on the point of crying when Esther Errill sprang forward, and putting an arm around her waist, said:

"Don't mind them, for I love red hair dearly. I just think it is beautiful, and my father says all the best artists paint pictures of saints with red hair."

Kitty stared in astonishment and scowled a little, while her dearest friend hastened forward saying:

"I hope you are not going to mind Kitty's tongue. She is only in fun."

"But it hurts all the same, and I don't like it," persisted Esther. "My rule is never to hurt any one's feelings, and I cannot stand by and see others hurt."

"Be careful of Kitty's tongue may be turned against you. You had better not make her angry," was the reply.

"I am no better than others," she persisted, "and do not care for her friendship." And Esther walked back into the schoolhouse, her arm still around Nettie's waist.

"Humpty, dumpty," shouted Kitty, "climbed up the wall and got a big fall;" and she laughed loudly, but to her chagrin no one joined her; on the contrary her dearest friend said:

"For shame, Kitty Myers, for she is a great deal prettier than you are, if she is short and plump. Now you have made her angry, and you will be left out of all the lawn parties and the good times they will have up there this summer."

Kitty felt the truth of this, and the next morning she tried to slip a choice bunch of grapes into Esther's hand; but Esther drew it away, and said:

"Give it to Nettie Rivers, over there. I believe she never had so fine a bunch of grapes, because her mother is a widow and very poor."

Kitty's face turned very red. She hesitated a moment and then going forward said:

"Nettie, take these grapes, please; and I am very sorry I laughed at your hair yesterday."

Nettie took the grapes with a pleasant "Thank you," and then Esther took Kitty's hand for one moment in hers and said:

"I do not want you to govern your tongue for my sake, Kitty, but because the Bible says: 'But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.' I cannot tame your tongue, Kitty, but God can. He helps us to overcome every bad habit if we will but ask him. Don't forget."

Kitty did sometimes forget, but never in the presence of Esther Errill, and at last, after giving her heart to the Saviour, she did gain complete mastery, for she said she had learned yet another verse from the Bible: "If any one among you seem to be religious, and bridle not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

BEWARE! THE QUICKSAND!

BY DAVID KEPPEL, M.R.D.

WHEN I was a boy, living in the city of Liverpool, Eng., we used often to go along the river bank to where the Mersey flows into the sea, when the tide was going out, to catch the belated crabs and shellfish that came tumbling down the channels left by the retiring ocean.

It was a famous playground for the boys; with its long stretches of damp sand, and rocks here and there lifting their heads, shaggy with seaweed, above the common level; with the great sea going out and out, sullenly as it were, but turning on us now and then, like a hunted lion at bay, to send us scampering away as fast as our legs

could carry us, before the surging waves that turned back from their ocean march and came scarrying after us, and, above all, with our game, the crabs, not waiting to be hunted like other game, but tumbling along the little rills left by the receding tide, in a dreadful hurry to get out to sea, and only too likely to catch us by finger or by bare toe.

There was one stretch of sand, level and open, where the "other fellows" never went, where pearly shells glistened with no hand to pick them up, and where the crabs might, if they chose, crawl to the sea, with none to hinder, at their leisure and in safety. No one ever went there, though there was little to distinguish it from the rest of the beach, a little more level perhaps, a good deal cleaner and more pleasant, but that was all. Between us and it a great sign-board, with letters that you could read half a mile away, was lifted high above the sands and on it we read the words "Beware! The Quicksand!"

None of us knew that there were quicksands beyond that sign. The bravest lad had never dared to try any experiments there. But none of us ever ventured on that forbidden ground. We saw the sign "Beware! the Quicksand!" We believed that those who placed the sign there were both wise and kind, and we kept off the dangerous ground.

Now if that sign had been stretched along instead of across the beach, and if it had read "Beware! the Ocean!" we would have laughed at it. Everybody knows that the ocean is a dangerous place, hence there would be no need of such a sign as that. It was because we "couldn't see the harm" of going where quicksands were "that the sign "Beware! The Quicksand!" was necessary.

Now there are some things which a great many Christian young people "can't see any harm in," but which the wisest and best people in the Church see to be as dangerous to the soul as the quicksand is to the body. And so our kind mother the Church has set up signs in that big little book that she has given us called "The Discipline," which we may read: "Beware! The Dance!" "Beware!

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON.

LUTHER was a busy man, filled with cares, but he found time to write to his little boy when he was far from home. The letter is worthy of preservation. It opens a new view of the great man's being. Here is the letter:

Anno Domini 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing. I know a pretty, merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat plums; they sing and jump and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children they were, and he said, They are the children that love to pray and to learn and are good. Then I said, Dear man, I have a son too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden, and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride those fine horses? Then the man said, If he loves to pray and to learn and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost, too, and when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little crossbows.

And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fives, trumpets, and fine silver crossbows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore, I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man, Ah, dear sir, I will immediately go and write all this to my little son, Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently and to learn well and to be good, so that he may also come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lohne, he must bring her with him. Then the man said, It shall be so; go and write him so.

Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray always. And toll Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together.

Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lohne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

Thy dear father,

MARTINUS LUTHER.

TOEING THE LINE.

THE reign of graded schools and scientific methods of education has deprived the rising generation of many of the experiences, laughable, instructive, pathetic, which live in the memories of gray-headed men who once figured as the prototypes of Whittier's "Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan."

It was the hour for the spelling-lesson in one of those fondly-remembered red district school-houses, and the boys and girls had taken their places on the floor.

"Toe the mark!" commanded the teacher, and a rustling and shuffling indicated obedience.

The line stretched clear across the school-room; not a pair of bare and dusty feet, next a couple of nicely-blackened shoes, side by side with a pair of rawhide boots, guiltless of the suggestion of blacking. The teacher inspected the line approvingly until his eyes rested on one small urchin standing so far behind the others as to be almost out of sight.

"Nate," he asked, "why don't you toe the mark?"

"P'p'lease, sir, I am," falters the boy, "but I've got on dad's boots."

Sure enough, the toes of the boots were all right, on the mark, two or three inches beyond the toes of the youthful wearer.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Two boys went with their father one day to see him cut down trees. Through a mistake in calculating how a tree he was cutting would fall, the father was caught and pinned to the ground, the tree lying across his body.

Some boys would have exhausted their strength in vain efforts to move the tree; others would have run for help, and meantime the father might have died. These boys, however, with wonderful presence of mind, set to work at once to dig a hole immediately under their father, and in a short time released him from his awful situation.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

WE were in Mammoth Cave. Having walked about three miles, our guide said: "Perhaps you are tired. You may all be seated now for a little while on that bench." A small company of tourists accepted the guide's invitation. When we had placed our lanterns on the ground he quietly collected them and walked away, leaving us in the frightful darkness of that subterranean world of night. Quickly he went to another part of the cave, and by a dextrous movement of the lanterns which he had taken from us, he made the arch above our heads look like the calm, sweet deep of heaven. One by one the scintillating stars came out—those islands of glory, beautifying the unmeasurable ocean of space. The imitation was almost perfect. By the use of the lanterns again our guide caused the clouds to cover the stars. Slowly they seemed to draw the black blanket over them and go to sleep, until the last star peeped for a moment and then bade us farewell. We were in oppressive darkness. Our guide cried "Good night, I'll see you in the morning!" Going to another part of the cave, he threw gray gleams of dawning light through the darkness, and silently the armies of night fled away. Lighter and lighter, and still lighter, until the sun came up, and it was day. No, not perfect day, for we were still in Mammoth Cave, but we felt safe because our guide was near, and with him we resumed our march to behold the wonders of that little world.

Junior Songs.

THE Juniors now are gathering,
We're coming in our youth,
To join the noble Army,
And battle for the truth.
Life's battle is before us,
But we have naught to fear;
Christ's banner's waving o'er us,
Our Leader still is near.

CHORUS.

The day of victory's coming, etc.

We'll guard our tongues from evil,
Our lips from speaking guile;
We'll keep our hands from doing
Whatever would them defile.
Our lives we give to Jesus,
His, only his, to be,
We'll guard them for his Kingdom
Of love and purity.

BY WM. M'KAY.

I'm coming, Lord, to thee,
I'm seeking cleansing power,
I long more pure to be,
Oh, make me so this hour.

CHORUS.

Lord, help me to live holy,
To speak of Jesus only,
To live in blessed union,
With thee, dear Lord.

Just now, my Lord, I feel,
That thou my soul dost bless,
While at thy cross I kneel,
While doubting fears oppress.

BY MAY LANG.

We are Junior Soldiers,
Fighting for our King;
We will speak of Jesus,
And his praises sing.

CHORUS.

We will fight for Jesus,
We will fight for God;
We will tell to all around,
We're washed in Jesus' blood.

Jesus Christ can keep us
Happy every day,
When the devil tempts us,
To Him we can pray.

Peterboro'.

OLD MARTYN'S CHILDREN:

OR,

The House on the Hill.

By Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER V.

ERNEST dragged him over to one side of the road, lest a team should come along and run over him, then he started on a run for the house as fast as his feet could carry him.

"Where is Mr. Hampton?" he breathlessly inquired of Sally Ann, the kitchen girl.

"In there," said she, pointing with her finger towards the sitting-room door; "what an earth has happened?"

"I must see him right away," said Ernest, and he abruptly opened the door and went in.

"Oh, Mr. Hampton! I found Roy half-way down the hill lying flat on his face. Come and help me get him to the house, quick! He'll soon be snowed under!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed both Mr. and Mrs. Hampton, rising hastily to their feet, and staring at Ernest in bewildered astonishment.

"I mean exactly what I have said," replied Ernest; "I found Roy half-way down the hill, and I dragged him out of the roadway. Call the hired men to help me get him to the house."

The hired men were hastily summoned and they followed Ernest out in the darkness while the father and mother stood in the doorway, unable to fully realize what had happened.

"Don't be alarmed, wife," said Mr. Hampton, "it isn't our boy, I'm sure; it's some tramp, and that young idiot doesn't know any better than to think it is Roy."

"Of course it can't be Roy," said Mrs. Hampton, assuredly, "he is young and strong, and can climb a hill without being exhausted."

"Yes, a dozen of them," replied Mr. Hampton.

The hired men with lanterns hurried along after Ernest, and there, half-way down the hill, on the very spot where only a short time before Roy had jeered and hooted old,

drunken Martyn, they found the intoxicated boy.

The hired men exchanged knowing winks, as much as to say, "We are not at all surprised. Just what we've been expecting," as they carried their helpless burden to the house.

"It is Roy, is it," gasped Mrs. Hampton, as the light fell on his upturned face. "He is ill! he has fainted! Oh, my poor boy!"

"He's as drunk as a lord, marm," said one of the hired men bluntly.

"Silence, please," commanded Mr. Hampton. "Carry him up to his room, and let's hear no more about it."

When the father and mother were left alone they sat and looked at each other in rather a helpless, pitiful way.

"Such work as this won't do," said Mr. Hampton sternly.

"No," said Mrs. Hampton, "we cannot have our only son grow up a drunkard. What shall we do?"

"He must have less money," said Mr. Hampton; "he has had too much to spend. After this if he wants anything we must get it for him. It will never do to trust him with the cash to spend as he pleases."

That night when Ernest crept up over the kitchen, he looked out in the quiet night, while he said to himself, "It was a lucky job I went down to post that letter or poor Roy Hampton would have perished before morning. My! what an awful thing it would be to die drunk! But I suppose if a fellow is not ready to die, he wouldn't be any better off even if he were sober. I wonder what a person has to do to be ready? It just seems to me it's something else besides saying your prayers and reading your Bible, but I don't know just what it is."

"I know I'd like to be ready, for death can come in an awful hurry sometimes. When I was chopping the ice open for the cattle to-day I just came within one of slipping down under the ice, and if I had, I would have been dead in less than two minutes. If we were sure that we would be sick before we die, then we would know that we would have some time to prepare, but we are not sure of it. We may be well and strong one moment, and dead the next."

"If I only knew who to ask I'd soon find out what to do to be always ready. I'm going to ask Tiny about it, but I don't much think she knows."

"Tiny is good to begin with, I don't much believe she needs any preparation: but it's different with me; I feel that I'm not right," and Ernest's thoughts ran in this line until at length he fell asleep.

I hope, dear readers, that you are not shocked to find that this little boy, living in a Christian land, is so unenlightened. You must remember that he did not attend church or Sunday-school because his clothes were too shabby, and his mother—yes, he had a praying mother once, but she has been dead these many years.

The next afternoon he was sent down town after coal-oil, so he hurried as fast as he could in order to have time to slip in a minute and see how Tiny was getting along.

"It's been very lonely here; I miss you so!" said Tiny, a little sorrowfully.

"Yes, little girl, I know it must be lonely for you," said he, kindly, "but I really am getting big enough to go to work. If only the money I earn could be used in buying clothes and things we need, instead of being spent for drink, I wouldn't care how hard I had to work. Well, father won't get any wages for this week's work, anyway, for I'm not going to get any."

"Why not?" asked Tiny in surprise.

"Because the old cow, Brindle, upset the pail full of milk, and Mr. Hampton was so mad about it that he said he wouldn't pay me for this week's work."

"Good," said Tiny, "I'm real glad, for father would only spend the money in drink if you did get it."

"Mr. Hampton was awful mad about it, but dear me! I couldn't help it. The sorrel colt came rushing around the stack and frightened the old cow, so she made one jump, and put her foot right in the pail, and I didn't think of anything else but myself at that moment, for the colt came within one of stepping right on me. I was just thinking last night how easy it is for something to happen to take the breath away from a person. Do you know, Tiny, what a fellow has to do to be always ready?"

CHAPTER VI.

"READY for what?" asked Tiny, not understanding him in the least.

"Why ready for death," said he, gravely.

"What made you think of that, Ernest? You don't think you are going to die soon, do you?" questioned the little woman anxiously.

"Why no; only you see a fellow don't know what might happen; and then after something does happen there isn't much time to get ready. I forgot to tell you about finding Roy Hampton down here on the hill dead drunk last night. Mr. Hampton sent me down at a late hour to slip a letter in the box, and on my way back I stumbled over Roy as drunk as he could be."

"Oh, isn't that too bad!" said Tiny. "He'll grow up to be just the same kind of a man that father is."

"Do you know," said Ernest gravely, "if father had all the money he's spent in drink it would buy us a fine home like the house Squire Thompson lives in?"

"I expect it would," said Tiny sadly, and with a little shiver she glanced around the room at the comfortable place they called home.

"Well, there's one comfort," said Tiny, "you are never going to drink any, and I'm so glad of that."

"No, I never shall touch it as long as I live," said Ernest, "and I do hope that Roy Hampton will not, for it will be sure to ruin him if he keeps on."

"Supposing you talk to him," suggested Tiny, "and tell him what an awful thing it is to drink?"

"He wouldn't listen to me," said Ernest; "he knows what an awful thing it is, and so they all do, and yet they go right on just the same; that's the funny part of it, I think."

"Yes, it's very strange," said Tiny musingly.

"And just think," said Ernest, in a low, grave voice, "if I hadn't found Roy Hampton last night he would have perished before morning, for it was a very cold night, you know. Wouldn't it be an awful thing to die drunk?"

"Yes, indeed," said Tiny.

"And yet," said Ernest, "if a person isn't ready I don't suppose he'd be much better off."

"I wonder," continued he, "what people have to do to be ready. Do you know, Tiny? I have felt lately that I am not right: I suppose you don't have any such a feeling, you are so good. I guess you don't need to do anything to be ready, but it's different with me; I'm not good," and with a sigh Ernest looked anxiously at his sister.

Tiny put her head on one side and looked very grave and sorrowful as she replied, "You are mistaken, Ernest. You can't see my heart: it's just as naughty as ever it can be. And it tells me every day of my life that I am not right, and I've wondered and wondered what to do. It doesn't do any good to be sorry about it, for I've been awful sorry for a long time, and being good don't make me feel any better, for I've tried my best to be good and it don't satisfy me."

"I asked Mrs. White one day about it, and she looked troubled at first, and then she said if I'd join the church after I got grown up I'd be all right."

"I don't believe that," said Ernest, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang, "because, you see, we might die long before that."

"That's just what I thought about it," remarked Tiny, wisely. "I don't believe joining the church has anything to do with it at all; it might help a person to keep right after he's once got right, but that's not the starting of it, I know."

"Well," said Ernest, "I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll both keep a sharp look-out and see if we can find out the right way, and if I find out first I'll tell you, and if you find out first you'll tell me, and now I must skip back with this coal-oil or I'll get an awful scolding for being gone so long. Cheer up Tiny! I'll be a man some day, and then we'll live in a fine house and be somebody," and catching up his can he hurried up the hill as fast as his feet could carry him.

He fully expected a severe scolding for being gone so long, but they said nothing at all. The reason why they did not was because they knew that he had been the means of saving their own dear boy from a terrible death the night before, and it softened their hard natures, making them feel truly grateful towards him.

"Wife, haven't you got some of Roy's outgrown clothes you might let this boy have—he's not so large as Roy is. Those clothes he has on have too many air-holes in for this kind of weather. You know, if he hadn't found Roy last night, our precious boy would, no doubt, have been cold in death in a little while," said Mr. Hampton in a low, husky voice.

Mrs. Hampton brushed away a stray tear as she replied, "I believe I have," and she disappeared, and soon returned with a complete suit of clothes on her arm.

They were a trifle worn, and the gentlemanly Roy Hampton had pronounced them unfit to wear, and cast them aside, but in Ernest's estimation they were good enough for a king.

"If you please," said Ernest, "I'd rather wear my old clothes if you'd only give my sister Tiny something to wear, but then you haven't any little girls, so I suppose you've nothing that would fit her," said Ernest regretfully.

"You tell your sister to come up here next Saturday, and it won't take Sally Ann and me long to fix up some clothes for her; I've two or three old flannel dresses, and we can pick out the best of them, and get her a dress out of them. You go and put these clothes on."

(To be continued.)

HAVE YOU A BOY TO SPARE?

THE saloon must have boys, or it must shut up its shop. Can't you find one? It is a great factory, and unless it can have two million from each generation for raw material, some of those factories must close up, and the operatives be thrown upon the cold world and the public revenue dwindle. "Wanted, two million boys!" is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy in order to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys shall it be?

These statements are as true as they are startling. It is beyond a peradventure that if no boys were tempted and ruin during the next generation, in three or thirty years every saloon in America would have to put up in its window the placard "For Sale," or "To Let." The old drunkards would be dead, and there would be no young ones to take their places.

Here, then, is an indisputable fact: if they are not closed within the next thirty years, two million boys, who are now innocent and pure, will be ruined.

If it was believed that within forty years two million boys would die of hydrophobia, or a tenth part of two millions, every dog in America would be destroyed, and a law of absolute prohibition would be passed on dog-kennels and their occupants.

A JUNIOR EXERCISE.

JUNIOR superintendents will find the following table useful as an exercise for home work. Let it be copied on a hectograph and handed out to the children, each being asked to fill out the blanks and bring them in to the next meeting. At that meeting the superintendent will read in order the descriptions, the Juniors answering in concert with appropriate names:

- A, the first man.
- B, the favourite son of Jacob.
- C, a man of Caesarea who had a vision.
- D, one cast into the lions' den.
- E, a prophet fed by ravens.
- F, a governor of Caesarea.
- G, a giant.
- H, son of Nosh.
- I, son of Abraham.
- J, who was swallowed by a whale.
- K, the father of Saul.
- L, the poor man covered with sores.
- M, one careful and troubled about many things.
- N, an officer who was healed of the leprosy.
- O, one in whose house the ark of the Lord continued three months.
- P, an apostle who wrote thirteen of the epistles in the New Testament.
- Q, one whom Paul called a brother when writing to the Romans.
- R, Isaac's wife.
- S, a wise man who built a temple.
- T, one who knew the Scriptures from a child.
- U, one who put forth his hand to stay the ark of God, and God smote him.
- V, a beautiful queen.
- Z, one who climbed a sycamore tree to see Jesus.

JAPAN has a beautiful custom. At children's parties caged birds are brought in. The child, eager to confer happiness, takes a bird out carefully, and throws it into the air. Soon the cages are empty. It is the way they play "freedom." No wonder they are essentially a gentle, humane race, slow to create suffering, and loath to permit it.



The Jolly Old Cooper.

BY ALFRED HELWYN.

A JOLLY old cooper am I,
And I'm mending this tub, do you see?
The workmen are gone, and I am alone,
And their tools are quite handy for me.
Now hammer and hammer away!
This hoop I must fit to the tub:
One, two - but I wish it would stay -
The workmen have gone to their grub.
How pleased they will be when they find
That I can do work to their mind!

Yes, a jolly old cooper—but stop!
What's this? Where's the tub? Oh,
despair!
Knocked into a heap there it lies.
To face them now, how shall I dare?
The knocks I have given the tub
Will be echoed, I fear, on my head.
They are coming! Oh, yes! I can hear,—
I can hear on the sidewalk a tread.
Shall I stay, and confess it was I?
Yes, that's better than telling a lie.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

A. D. 28.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 26.

THE EARLY MINISTRY OF JESUS.

Luke 4. 14-22. Memory verse, 15, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His word was with power.—Luke 4. 32.

TIME.—April A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Nazareth in Galilee—the home of Christ's childhood and youth.

RULERS.—Same as last lesson.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 4. 14-22.

Tu. Luke 4. 23-32.

W. Luke 4. 33-34.

Th. Isa. 61.

F. Mark 6. 1-6.

S. Isa. 42. 1-8.

Su. Rom. 6. 15-23.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- I. *Prophecy*, v. 14-19.
 - Where did Jesus go after his temptation?
 - What effect had the temptation on him?
 - When did he perform his first miracle?
 - Mention some things Jesus did during the first year of his ministry.
 - Why was he so popular at this time?
 - Where was Nazareth?
 - How did Jesus observe the Sabbath?
 - How were the Old Testament Scriptures written?
 - From what roll did Jesus read?
 - Why was he anointed?
 - Why are we to bring the Gospel to the poor?
 - Mention three blessings Jesus brought.
 - What took place in the year of jubilee?
2. *Fulfillment*, v. 20-22.
 - Why did Jesus hand the roll to the minister?
 - Of what was it a sign when Jesus sat down?



Why did they all look at him with such attention?
How did they bear him witness?
At what did they wonder?
Did they accept him?

AN ENTERPRISING PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE recent war between China and Japan, which now seems to be practically over, fortunately, was watched by all the military and naval men in the world with a great deal of interest.

It was a newspaper man, and a Japanese at that, who originated the idea of using a balloon to help him get to the front, as well as to keep him safely out of the reach of both contestants. He procured a balloon, and had a peculiar metal framework constructed, which held him firmly in place under the balloon, and left his arms free, so that he could use them to write, or to work a huge camera that was also attached and supported by the same iron frame. By means of straps over his shoulders and about his body he could keep himself moderately firm in his position, and his camera reasonably stationary, except, of course, for the movements of the balloon itself, which he could not regulate.

Several times this correspondent was sent up in his balloon, and held by an assistant with the help of a long rope far above houses, and even hills, so that he could take photographs on his huge lens of the general view of a battle, while he himself was either too far away or too unimportant at the moment to the combatants to tempt them to fire upon him. In this way he succeeded in securing some astonishing views. They were, of course, very far removed from the scene of action, too far to give much of the small details, but they presented a bird's-eye view of the whole battle, which proved of great interest.

AN OLD PROVERB.

THE old Italian proverb, "All roads lead to Rome," meaning that there are many ways of accomplishing an end, was, in ancient days, not so much a proverb as a literal truth. As the city of Rome gradually extended her conquests over the Italian peninsula, each new city added to her growing empire was connected with the capital by a magnificent road, and Rome ultimately became the centre of the finest road system the world has ever seen. Many of these roads have endured and are now in good condition.

THE MOON.

IN a most interesting article in *The Youth's Companion*, the famous astronomer, Camille Flammarion, gives the latest views and discoveries in regard to our familiar satellite. Let us not forget, he says, that the distance from us to the moon is only two hundred and thirty-eight thousand eight hundred miles. That distance is only thirty times the diameter of the earth—a bridge of thirty earths would suffice to connect the two worlds. A telegram from the moon would reach us in a second and a quarter.

The moon appears to us to be dead. We see no movement of sea or cloud. If any bodies of water were there, we could easily see the sun reflected in them as in a mirror. We should recognize also the phenomena of evaporation—clouds, rain, and snow. But these we do not find.

Nevertheless, we have not yet the right to be too sure. The strongest glasses do not increase the apparent size of the moon more than two thousand times. We do not, that is to say, bring it nearer to us than one hundred and nineteen miles. Even that is too great a distance to permit us to distinguish accurately the details of the surface.



ORYX GAZELLE.

THE MOST GRACEFUL OF QUADRUPEDS.

WE see above the picture of one of the fleetest, most beautiful and most graceful of animals, the Gazelle. There is an almost endless variety of this species, but the one we see before us is the Oryx Gazelle, a rare branch of the Antelope family. It has a light, elegant body, slender limbs, small hoofs and a wonderfully beautiful hide. The latter is a deep blue-gray above and snow white below, divided by marked lines of jet black.

HUSHED be the storms of strife,
The waves of discord still:
Once more these words of life
"Peace upon earth, good will"
Oh, may this Christmas be
A time to draw us high
By Faith to sing and see
"Glory to God on high."

—W. Blake Atkinson.

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