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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

[No. 48.]

VOL. XIV.]

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

WHEN I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was perfect in my part. No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. "Stop, Willie," said he, "I have something more to tell you." Back again I went, wondering what I had yet to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did. "Willie," said he, "as I have taught you to know the time of day, I must now teach you the time of your life."

I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain this further lesson, for I wanted to go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore years and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will give almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you reach fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock. should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life; and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Willie, is only known to Him who knoweth all things. Seldom since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" or looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.



A WINTER SCENE.

IN WINTER.

DEEP under the snow lies the grass so sweet,
The herbs are all hidden from sight.
What shall the little lambs find to eat.
Or where shall they rest to-night? [sheep,
Ah, the shepherd will gather together his
He'll find them shelter and food to eat,
While the winter winds are howling.
See them struggle to walk through the drifting snow!
They wonder the shepherd comes not,
But soon his welcome cry they'll hear:
They will know they were not forgot. [sheep,
Ah, the shepherd will gather together his
He'll find them shelter and food to eat,
While the winter winds are howling.

CELESTIAL DISTANCES.

THE following parable will assist the mind in contemplating the relative magnitude and distances of some of the heavenly bodies with our own.
A traveller from the great star Sirius discovered our own little solar system, and lighted on what we call the majestic planet Saturn. He was greatly astonished at the smallness of everything, compared with the world he had left. The inhabitants were, in his eyes, a race of mere dwarfs, being only a mile high, while he himself measured twenty-four miles. But he did not despise them when he contemplated that

such little things might still think and reason; but when he learned that they were also correspondingly short-lived, and pass but fifteen thousand years between the cradle and the grave, he could not but agree that this was like dying as soon as one was born—their life but a span, and their globe but an atom.

One day, it seems, that, taking one of those dwarfs of Saturn with him, he continued his journey in space, and came to our own little ball, where by the aid of a powerful microscope, he discovered certain animalcules on its surface, and even held a conversation with two of them. He found it difficult to make up his mind that intelligence could be in such invisible insects, till he discovered that one of them, who was an astronomer, with his sextant measured his height to an inch, and that the other, who was a divine, expounded to him the theology of some of these mites, according to which all the heavenly bodies, including Saturn and Sirius itself, were created for them.

The force of the parable is, that it expresses the magnitude of other worlds as a long series of figures could not, and shows us what little human and short-lived mites we are.

We may well join the Psalmist in saying, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, and the moon and the stars that thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Never!

NEVER utter a word of slang,
Never shut the door with a bang,
Never say once that you don't care,
Never exaggerate, never swear,
Never lose your temper much,
Never a glass of liquor touch,
Never wickedly play the spy,
Never, oh! never tell a lie,
Never your parents disobey,
Never at night neglect to pray.

— WHY are fowls profitable? Because for every grain they give a peck.

Grandpa Swinging the Baby.

BY MRS. J. K. RUSSELL.

Out on the lawn I see them now,
Grandpa with his snow-white brow,
And Little Blue Eyes with frolic wild,
So glad and bright, his dear grandchild.

Now grandpa swings her high in the air;
No sweeter bird e'er flitted there.
Her fair hair tossing in the breeze
Mid the swaying boughs of the maple trees.

Oh, life is bright; and the little one sings,
No thought of care a shadow brings
On the pretty, tender, upturned face.
Innocence only and trust, a trace.

And grandpa dreams of long ago,
When the little one's mother he swung just
so;
And I fancy a tear gleams in his eye
As he thinks of the days long since gone by.

Now soon across the tide will float
The dear old man in a phantom boat;
And the pretty maid, to girlhood grown,
Will find a path and ways her own.

And life will come and life will go,
But why, and how, no man may know.
A child, a man threescore and ten;
Life was and is; 't will be again.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

JESUS THE GUIDE TO HEAVEN.

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

In the grounds of Hampton Court, twelve miles from London, is a labyrinth in which Henry the Eighth, more than three hundred years ago, used to wander about for his amusement.

One beautiful afternoon in autumn, after spending hours among the picture-galleries in the palace, and visiting the room where Oliver Cromwell parted for the last time with his lovely daughter, I wandered away into the park, among the delicate, light-footed deer, and came to this labyrinth.

I saw people entering it, and heard them say they could find their way out easy enough; and I, too, was led to attempt it. It was very easy to go in a long distance; but when I turned to find my way back, it was a different matter. Whichever path among the high hawthorn hedges I took, I soon reached its end. I could not even find the people whom a little before I saw entering this strange place. I seemed to walk miles, and yet to be no nearer the end. It was getting dark, and I began to fear I might have to lie down upon the cold ground for the night. All this time a kind man had been standing upon a high tower near by, waiting for me to lift my eyes to him, and ask him to guide me out. I quickly said, "Sir, will you please show me the way out of this dark place?" "Oh yes," he replied; and with a long stick he soon helped me to thread my way to the green lawn again.

How much time and anxiety I might have been saved, if I had only taken this man for my guide out of this winding puzzle! He seemed so glad to help me, he made me think of the dear Jesus, who always stands ready to guide lost sinners in the way to heaven. His words, you know, are, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." Let us all see if we can find that verse. Yes, here it is—John 14. 6—"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." But have you ever felt that you were lost in the dark ways of sin, and that you could not find the way to heaven without the help of Jesus, who died on the cross that he might lead you home to the mansions above? You are surely lost in the dreadful labyrinth of sin, and you will never get out without the help of Jesus.

And yet some of you have never really asked him to be your Saviour and guide, and you are every day going farther and farther away from him. In Rome we followed a guide with a lighted taper down into the Catacombs, which, like this labyrinth of which I have told you, wander off in all directions underground. A little before, a young man had left the guide, and was soon out of hearing. Search was made for him, but it was all in vain. Days and weeks passed away, and at last nothing but his bones were found. How closely the very thought of it made me cling to our guide! This young man did not expect to be lost; but he never saw the light of day after he left that guide. And I am afraid that some of you may be lost, and never see the light of heaven. You certainly never will, if you do not come to Jesus, and cling close by his side. As that guide in the Catacombs of Rome held a light for us, so Jesus will give you the light of his Word all your journey through, if you will but trust in him to save you from sin and be your guide. Will you ask him to-day? He loves you, and wishes to take you by the hand and lead you along the shining path to happiness and glory. Will you let him, "just now;" and sing with joy, "Jesus take me, just now; Jesus guide me, just now?"

A WEE BOY IN DISTRESS.

The other day a poor little waif of a boy, eleven years of age, greatly emaciated and exhausted by long-standing disease, was brought up in the hoist to the operating theatre of the Royal Infirmary, in Glasgow, to undergo an operation which it was thought might possibly have the effect of prolonging the boy's life. His condition, however, was so low and unsatisfactory, that there was some fear not only that the operation might not be successful in its results, but that during or immediately following the operation the boy's strength might give in and his spirit pass away. After reaching the theatre, which is seated like the gallery of a church, and while the operating table was being got ready, the little fellow was seated on a cushioned seat, and looking up toward some students who were there to witness the operation, with a pitiful, tremulous voice he said: "Will one of you gentlemen put up just a wee prayer for a wee boy—I am in great trouble and distress—just a wee prayer to Jesus for me in my sore trouble." The surgeon, patting him on the shoulder, spoke kindly to him, but as he heard no prayer and saw probably only a pitying smile on the faces of some of the students, he turned his head away and in childish tones and words, which were sufficiently audible to those around him, he asked Jesus, his Friend, "the Friend of wee boys who loved him," to be with him—to have mercy on him in his distress. And while the young doctor was putting the boy under chloroform, so that he might feel no pain during the operation, so long as he was conscious the voice of the boy was heard in words of prayer. The surgeon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some coolness and calmness and delicacy of touch, felt just a little overcome. There was a lump in his throat which rather disturbed him. Soon, however, he heard the words from the assistant who was administering the chloroform, "Doctor, the boy is ready;" and taking the knife in his hand, lump or no

lump, had to begin the operation. Soon the surgeon was conscious that the prayer which the little boy had offered up for himself had included in its answer someone else, for the coolness of head, steadiness of hand and delicacy of touch all came as they were needed, and the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity and success.

On the following morning, the surgeon, going round his ward from bed to bed, and coming to that on which the little boy lay, saw from the placid, comfortable look on his face that his sufferings had been relieved, and that all was well with him. Going up to the head of the bed and taking the little wasted hand, which seemed no larger than that of a bazaar doll, the surgeon whispered into his ear, "The good Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A bright, happy, contented look lit up the boy's face, and with a feeble yet distinct pressure of the little hand, he looked up in the doctor's face and said, "I ken't he would." And then he added, "You, doctor, were guide to me, too." But apparently thinking that the doctor was on a different platform and required something tangible for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I hae nothing to gie you," and then a bright thought came into his mind, and with a little cheer in his tone, he added, "I will just pray to Jesus for you, doctor." The surgeon before leaving the ward, in bidding the boy good-bye for the day, asked him where he came from and where he had learnt to know so much about Jesus and to love him so dearly. He answered: "I come frae Barrhead." "And you were in a Sabbath-school there?" "Oh, yes, in the Bourack school." Our readers will be pleased to learn that the boy made a successful recovery and is now at home.—*Christian Leader.*

WHAT SOME KIND WORDS DID.

THE STORY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

AMONG the passengers on a vessel that came up New York harbour one August day in 1829 was an English boy about twelve years old. Never before had he been far from the little village where he was born, and where the chief event of every day was the passing of the coach that went to the great city, London. So when neighbours that were going to settle in America offered to take him, he had been eager to go.

His mother was a school-teacher, and he wanted to learn. He little thought that his school-days had ended in the Old Country. He expected that in his new home he would have a chance to study, and that he would be taught a trade. He soon found that life on a farm was not giving him what he had looked for; so he made his way to the city, and there found work. His mother and sister crossed the ocean to him, and a happy household the three made. But they were poor; by-and-bye work was hard to find, even food was scarce, the loving mother suddenly died, and the little home was broken up.

Things grew worse and worse with the young man. He got into bad company, and began to drink. He married, but his wife and child died, and he drank more than ever. He did not work steadily, and so could not keep a place long. From city to city he went, until, weary of living, he two or three times planned to take his life.

One day on the street a man touched him, called him by name, and asked him how he would like again to be respected and to have friends. Such a thing did not seem possible, but the stranger promised to interest his friends in the young man if he would sign the pledge. The offer was one that could not be put aside, and at a temperance meeting the next night there was scrawled on a pledge the name of John B. Gough. It cost a terrible struggle to keep that promise, but kind words from one and another encouraged him to keep up the fight.

When he was a boy in his English home, he was known as so good a reader that persons used to hire him to read to them. Now he soon began to speak in temperance meetings. People liked to hear him, and he was asked to go to many places, although he often found it hard to get money to pay his fare. One day, when he had been working at his trade, binding some Bibles, as he left the shop to go

somewhere to speak, he wrapped his apron about the Bibles, expecting to come back and finish them. But others could bind books, while none could speak like him; and after that his work was not making books, but men.

It was fifty years since the English boy first landed in America, and now he came again after a third visit to the land where he was born. Now he was coming back to his beautiful home full of rich tokens of love from many lands. The noblest men and women in America and Great Britain counted it an honour to have him as a friend. During all those years since the stranger stopped him on the street, millions had listened to his wonderful voice, and had laughed and cried as never before at the stories of the man that acted them out so that it seemed as if, as a Dutchman said of him, he talked "mit his goat-dails." But in all that he said he thought of those years of sadness, and of the Saviour that had made his life one of joy. To the very last he worked to keep others from the sadness by leading them to the same joy. Thousands on thousands were saved through his words; and when his work was finished, and people thought of all that he had done, there were many that remembered the words of a poor Scotch woman when he was leaving Edinburgh. She was so thankful that she wanted to give him something. She could give nothing but a handkerchief; but she said, "When he wipes the sweat from his face while speaking, tell him to remember he has wiped away a great many tears."

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU FILL UP WITH.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average. "Well," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said: "Empty those apples and take the basket and bring it to me full of chips. And now," he continued, "put those apple back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced the son said: "Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No; of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know how you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold much more than so much; and here you have been the past month filling it up with rubbish—worthless, cheap novels."

A STRANGE TIME PIECE.

A GRENADIER belonging to the regiment of Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, used to carry in his pocket, instead of a watch, a large ball attached to a chain. Frederick was told of this, and one day at parade asked to see the soldier's watch. To this at first the latter objected; but meeting a stern look, he at once obeyed the command, and produced his time-piece.

"Well," said the king, "how can this tell any hour?"

"It tells me," replied the soldier, "that at each hour I should be ready to die for your majesty."

Struck by this noble reply, Frederick took out his own richly-jeweled watch and presented it as a reward of fidelity to the soldier.

Dear Christian readers, Jesus says unto everyone who believes in him, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Live for the Lord who redeemed you, and then you will not fear to die at his bidding and in his service. You will, though, it may be, weak and failing children, be as true to the King of kings as the stout grenadier was to his lawful sovereign.

A Junior League Girl.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. SMILEY.

I will tell you of a Syrian maid,
Her name I do not know;
But I can tell you the words she said,
Though she lived in the long ago.

A little serving-maid was she,
And she waited on Naaman's wife;
But she saw that grief and misery
Had darkened her mistress' life.

For Naaman, her master, wasted away,
A loathsome leper was he;
And they knew, as they watched him, day
By day,

For his illness no cure could be.
They spoke of him to the Syrian maid,
And as she heard them tell,
"Would God my master would go," she said,
To the prophet of Israel.

It was but a little thing to say,
The words were triumphingly said;
But Naaman to his dying day
Thanked God for the Syrian maid.

For he went to the prophet of Israel,
God he turned to his plea,
And his head grew fair like a little child's;
He was healed of his leprosy.

I know of a Prophet, a mighty King,
Who can heal the people now.
Would God some word of mine could bring
A soul at his feet to bow.

For though, like the leper, unclean, defiled,
Your heart has become by sin,
If you come to Christ like a little child,
He will make you pure and clean.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ONLY WAY INTO "HOME, SWEET HOME."

THAT week was a very long and sorrowful one to Treffy and to Christie. The old man seldom spoke, except to murmur the sad words of the hymn, or to say to Christie in a despairing voice,

"It's all up with me, Christie, boy; no home for me."

The barrel-organ was quite neglected by Treffy. Christie took it out in the day-time, but at night it stood against the wall untouched. Treffy could not bear to hear it now. Christie had begun to turn it one evening, but the first tune it had played was "Home, sweet home," and Treffy had said bitterly,

"Don't play that, Christie, boy; there's no 'Home, sweet home' for me; I shall never have a home again, never again."

So Treffy had nothing to comfort him. Even his old organ seemed to have taken part against him; even his dear old organ which he had loved so much, had helped to make him more miserable.

The doctor had looked into the attic again, according to his promise, but he said there was nothing to be done for Treffy, it was only a question of time, no medicine could save his life.

It was a very terrible thing for old Treffy thus to be slipping away, each day the chain of his life becoming looser and looser, and he drawing near each day to—he knew not what.

Treffy and Christie were counting anxiously the days to Sunday, when they would hear about the second verse of the hymn. Perhaps after all there might be some hope, some way into the bright city, some entrance into "Home, sweet home," through which even old Treffy's sin-stained soul might pass.

And at last Sunday came. It was a wet, rainy night, the wind was high and stormy, and the little congregation in the mission-room was smaller than usual. But there was an earnest purpose in the faces of many who came, and the clergyman, as he looked round at the little company when he gave out his text, felt that many of them had not come from curiosity, but from an honest desire to hear the Word of God. And he lifted up his heart in very earnest prayer, that to many in that room the Word which he was about to speak might be a lasting blessing.

The mission-room was very still when the minister gave out his text. Little Christie's eyes were fixed intently on him, and he listened eagerly for every word:

The text was this: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

last Sunday's sermon, of the bright golden city where they all longed to be. He reminded them of the first verse of the hymn:

"There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin."

And then he asked very gently and tenderly, "Is there anyone in this room who has come here to-night longing to know of some way in which he, a sinner, can enter the city? Is there such a one here?"

"Ay," said little Christie under his breath, "there's me."

"I will try, by God's help to show you the way," said the clergyman. "You and I have sinned. One sin is enough to shut us out of heaven, but we have sinned, not once only, but hundreds of thousands of times; our souls are covered with sin-stains. But there is one thing, and only one, by which the soul can be made white and clear and pure. My text tells us what it is—'The blood of Jesus Christ.'"

Then the clergyman went on to explain how it is that the blood of Jesus can wash out sin. He spoke of the death of Jesus on Calvary, of the fountain he opened there for sin and for uncleanness. He explained to them that Jesus was God's Son, and that therefore his blood which he shed on the cross is of infinite value. He told them that, since that day on Calvary, thousands had come to the fountain, and each one had come out of it whiter than snow, every spot of sin gone.

The clergyman told them, that when these washed ones reached the gates of pearl, they were thrown wide open to them, for there was no sin-mark on their souls, they were free from sin. And then he looked very earnestly in-sin. And then he looked forward he pleaded with his little congregation to come to the blood that they might be washed and cleansed. He begged them to use the second verse of the hymn, and say from the bottom of their hearts:

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

"There is one little word in my text," said the minister, "which is a great comfort to me. I mean the word all. All sin. That takes in every bad word, every bad thought, every bad action. That takes in the blackest blot, the darkest stain, the deepest spot. All sin, every sin. No sin too bad for the blood to reach. No sin too great for the blood to cover. And now," said the minister, "every soul in this room is either saved or unsaved, either washed or not washed."

"Let me ask you, my dear friends, a very solemn question: Is the sin or the blood on your soul? One or the other must be there. Which is it?"

The clergyman paused a moment when he had asked this question, and the room was so still that a falling pin might have been heard. There were deep searchings of heart in that little company. And Christie was saying deep down in his heart:

"Cleanse me and save me
Cleanse me and save me
Wash all my sins away."

The minister finished his sermon by entreating them all that very night to come to the fountain. Oh, how earnestly he pleaded with them to delay no longer, but to say at once, "Saviour I come to thee. He begged them to go home, and in their own rooms to kneel down feeling that Jesus was standing close beside them. "That is coming to Jesus," the minister said. He told them to tell Jesus all, to turn all the sin over to him, to ask him to cover it all with his blood, so that that very night they might lie down to sleep whiter than snow.

"Will you do this?" asked the clergyman, anxiously; "Will you?"

And little Christie said in his heart, "Yes, that I will."

As the congregation left, the clergyman stood at the door, and gave a friendly word to each one as they passed by. He looked very tired and anxious after his sermon. It had been preached with much prayer and with much feeling, and he was longing, oh, so earnestly, to know that it had been blessed to one soul.

There were some amongst the little congregation who passed by him with serious, thoughtful faces, and as each one went by he breathed an earnest prayer that the seed in that soul might spring up and bring forth fruit. But there were others again who had already begun to talk to their neighbours, and who seemed to have forgotten all they had heard. And these filled their young minister's heart with sorrow. "Is the seed lost, dear Lord?" he said, faithlessly. For he was

very tired and weary, and when the body is weak our faith is apt to grow weak also.

But there was something in Christie's face as he passed out of the room which made the clergyman call him back and speak to him. He had noticed the boy's attention during his sermon, and he had longed to hear whether he had understood what he had heard.

"My boy," said the minister, kindly, laying his hand on Christie's shoulder, "can you tell me what my text was to-night?"

Christie repeated it very correctly, and the clergyman seemed pleased. He asked Christie several more questions about the sermon, and then he encouraged the boy to talk to him. Christie told him of old Treffy, who had only another month to live, and who was longing to know how he might go to "Home, sweet home." The clergyman promised to come and see him, and wrote down the name of the court and the number of the house in his little brown pocket-book. And before Christie went home the clergyman knelt down with him in the empty mission-room, and prayed that that very night the dear Lord would wash Christie's soul in his most precious blood.

Christie walked away very thoughtfully, but still very gladly, for he had good news for old Treffy to-night. He quickened his steps as he drew near the court, and ran up the stairs to the attic, eager to tell all to the poor old man.

"Oh, Master Treffy!" said Christie; "I've had such a time! It was beautiful, Master Treffy, and the clergyman's been talking to me, and he's coming to see you; he's coming here," said Christie, triumphantly.

But Treffy was longing for better news than this.

"What about 'Home, sweet home,' Christie?" he asked.

"There is a way, Master Treffy," said Christie. "You and me can't get in with our sins, but 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' That's in the Bible, Master Treffy, and it was the clergyman's text."

"Tell me all about it, Christie," Treffy said, in a tremulous voice.

"There's nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash away the sin, Master Treffy," said Christie, "and you and me have just got to go to him and ask him, and he'll do it for us to-night; the clergyman said so. I've learnt another verse of the hymn, Master Treffy," said Christie, kneeling down beside him and repeating it reverently:

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

Treffy repeated the words after him in a trembling voice.

"I wish he'd wash me, Christie, boy," he said.

"So he will, Master Treffy," said Christie; "he never sends anybody away."

"Ay, but I'm an old man, Christie, and I've been a sinner all my life, and I've some done such bad things Christie. I never knew it till this last week, but I know it now. It's not likely he'll ever wash my sins; they're ever such big ones, Christie."

"Oh! but he will," said Christie, eagerly; "that's just what the clergyman said; there's a word in the text for you, Master Treffy: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' All sin, all sin, Master Treffy: won't that do?"

"All sin," murmured old Treffy, "all sin! yes, Christie, I think that will do."

There was a pause after this. Christie sat still looking into the fire. Then he said suddenly,

"Master Treffy, let's go right away now and ask him."

"Ask who?" said old Treffy, "the clergyman?"

"No," said Christie, "the Lord Jesus. He's in the room—the minister said he was. Let's ask him to wash you and me, just now, Master Treffy."

"Ay!" said old Treffy, "let's ask him, Christie." So the old man and the boy knelt down, and with a strong realization of the Lord's near presence, little Christie prayed: "O Lord Jesus, we come to thee, me and Master Treffy; we've got lots of sins to be washed, but the minister said you wouldn't send us away, and the text says all sin. We think it means us, Lord Jesus, me and Master Treffy. Please wash us white; we want to go to 'Home, sweet home'; please wash us in the blood to-night. Amen."

Then old Treffy took up the words, and in a trembling voice, added,

"Amen, Lord; wash us both, me and Christie, wash us white. Please do. Amen." And then they got up from their knees, and Christie said,

"We may go to bed now, Master Treffy, for I'm sure he's done it for us."

Thus the man at the gate had received both the trembling old man and the little child, and as they had entered in they had heard a gracious Voice very deep down in their hearts saying to each of them again and again, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO INTRODUCE PEOPLE.

"I do dislike to introduce people to each other," said Eva to me one day last week. "Why, pray?" I asked. "It seems to me a very simple thing."

"Well, when I have to do it I stammer and blush, and feel so awkward. I never know who should be mentioned first; and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think I can make it plain to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Tompkins to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your home before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter the sitting-room all you have to do is to say, 'Mother, this is my friend Mabel; Mabel, my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your Aunt Lucy, 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Tompkins; Miss Tompkins, Mrs. Templeton.' But while you introduce Mabel to your father, or the minister, or an elderly gentleman, naming the most distinguished personage first, you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, naming her first. Fix it in your mind that among persons of equal station, the younger are introduced to the older, and that inferiors in age, position, or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when, in your own house, you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If away from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction. Please, in performing an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness."—*Harper's Young People.*

HER POINT OF VIEW.

THE had moved into a new flat. It was not conspicuous for its cheerful surroundings or for its pleasant outlook. The average woman would have found there only a commonplace shelter from the snows of winter and the rains of summer.

A lady friend called, and was asked by the cheerful housewife to note the pleasant outlook from the parlour windows.

"Yes," says Mrs. Blase, "I see a remarkably fine lot of chimneys."

"Chimneys!" exclaimed Mrs. Sunny-side, "why, I never saw any chimneys before. I looked over the chimneys, and saw only those magnificent trees that form the line on the horizon. I thought only of the trees and the sunsets."

And so she goes through life, with eyes closed to chimneys and dingy roofs, but wide open to drink in all there is of good. If the trees are in leaf, or if the leaves have been scattered by the wind, there is beauty in the old elms that sway in the gales beneath her window, bearing the raindrops or the snowflakes, or radiant with the sunshine. Her cheerfulness is infectious; it fills her home and the lives of her companions.—*The Boston Journal.*

IN LOVE WITH HIS MOTHER.

OR all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honourable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife, but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.—*Woman's Signal.*



RIDING ON A WHEEL-BARROW.

RIDING ON A WHEEL-BARROW.

BY REV. J. A. DAVIS.

MANY of our readers have heard of the man who brought home his wife on a wheel-barrow. This, probably, is not a picture of that man, unless he brought his wife's sister too, yet it is a picture of real wheel-barrow-riding. The picture tells the story so well that words cannot add much to it. If anyone asks if they really ride in that way in China, let it be said that in northern China it is a very common mode of travelling across the country - for short, if not for long, journeys. In the south people are carried in sedan chairs, borne by long poles on the shoulders of men.

These wheel-barrows are somewhat like those we have in our country, but have a larger wheel. It is set farther back, has a frame on either side, and passengers, as well as loads, are carried at the sides instead of behind the wheel. There are handles by which it is pushed and partly carried; but the man who works it saves his hands and arms the heavy work of carrying, by having a rope fastened to each handle and passed over his shoulders; so he really holds the wheel-barrow up by his shoulders rather than by his hands.

There is a disadvantage or two connected with this method of travel; a person cannot well go alone. That is no disadvantage to Chinese women, for they like company; but, as a man and his wife there seldom go out together, when he wishes to travel by wheel-barrow and doesn't care to have his wife on the other side, he may be obliged to take a less agreeable companion. One man in the picture has a pig to balance him. Another disadvantage lies in the fact that these, like all wheel-barrows, are liable to upset and drop the load without any ceremony. The men running them are, however, careful, and, though it might be fun for them to see passengers tip over, they rarely allow that fun, if able to prevent it. The Chinese are careful of the welfare of those under their charge.

Strange as it may seem, this is about as good a way as the Chinese have of travelling on land. Though they have carts, those are really little if any better for riding than wheel-barrows; and the sedan chairs are, to some, not even as pleasant. No stage coaches and not a railroad in

another railroad now, which, it is hoped, will succeed. Ignorance, superstition, and idolatry are the three tyrants who fearfully oppress the people of China.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 28.] LESSON X. [Dec. 9.

CHRIST TEACHING BY PARABLES.

Luke 8. 4-15. Memory verses, 11-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the Word of God.—Luke 8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Four Kinds of S, il, v. 4-8.
2. Four Kinds of Heart, v. 9-15.

TIME.—A. D. 28.

PLACE.—In a boat, close beside the Lake of Genesaret.

EXPLANATIONS.

4. "Much people"—There is a wide difference between the conditions of life in Palestine in A. D. 28 and the conditions of life in Christian countries in 184. We can form little idea of the immense throngs that followed Jesus from town to town, leaving their work and pleasure, and willing to sleep without roof or tent for covering, if necessary, readily lured from their homes and responsibilities by this latest of sensations, the wandering Messiah. In the East, even to-day, such crowds would follow any wonder-worker very much as groups of children are sometimes attracted from block to block, far from home, by a wandering brass band.

5. "Sower"—It was springtime, and very probably Jesus and his hearers saw such a sower go forth. Every incident in this parable was thoroughly familiar to the people. "Wayside"—A path trodden across the field. The only sort of road in Palestine. "Fowls of the air"—Little birds.

6. "Upon a rock"—Stony ground.

8. "A hundredfold"—This would be an enormous harvest. But so large a crop has been known in the East. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"—It would sound oddly to-day for a public speaker to say at the close of his address, "Listen with your ears;"



THE SOWER.

and doubtless it sounded as oddly to the crowd that clustered about Jesus' boat. But it is an exhortation that we must pay attention to. Few people than half use their ears.

9. "Parable"—Any wise saying that contains a truth wrapped in it, as a kernel is in a nut or a treasure in a box. It may be a story, or it may be a mere sentence, the true meaning of which does not lie on the surface, but can be reached by research and study.

10. "Mysteries"—Hidden things. "That seeing they might not see"—Jesus means simply that he has wrapped this truth up in a story so that those who really desired the truth could get it, and those who wanted merely a story might have that. The majority of his hearers had sight, but not insight.

11. "Word of God"—Divine truth, written or spoken.

13. "Had no root"—This is the matter with most of the boys and girls and men and women who are making failures in life.

15. "Patience"—The greatest of virtues. He who has it will never make a complete failure.

HOME READINGS.

M. Christ teaching by parables.—Luke 8. 4-15.

Th. Occasion for parables.—Matt. 13. 10-17.

W. The seed.—Psalm 19. 7-14.

Th. Wayside hearers.—Acts 14. 8. 20.

F. On rocky ground.—John 9. 59-66.

S. Among thorns.—Mark 10. 17-27.

S. Good ground.—Acts 8. 26-39.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That we should study God's word?
2. That we should obey God's word?
3. That obedience means fruitfulness?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did Jesus tell the story of the sower? "To a great multitude." 2. Who asked Jesus to explain the meaning of the parable? "The twelve disciples." 3. What did Jesus say this parable would teach? "The mysteries of the kingdom of God." 4. Who are the sowers of good seed? "Teachers and preachers of truth." 5. What is the seed they sow? Golden Text: "The seed is," etc. 6. What did Jesus cry aloud when he had finished his story? "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Natural law in the spiritual world.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What, then, do you learn by all these commandments?

Two things: My duty towards God and my duty towards my neighbour.

—A Lowell teacher received in one pupil's grammar papers this illustration of the degrees of comparison: "Positive, first; comparative, next; superlative last."

—Rescuer—"Hurry! quick! Throw her a life-preserver." Drowning Girl—"Haven't-you-a-white-one? That-dirty drab-doesn't-match-my-blue-suit."

A Winter Song.

There's a song upon the air,
Heard above the trumpet blare
Of the storm, 'mid bleak and bare
Woodland mazes.
Ah! the icy winds may blow,
And hurl the heaping snow;
But in the earth below
Sleep the daisies.

There's a song within the heart,
Though its sunshine may depart,
Learn it whosoe'er thou art,
Till life closes.

Ah! the snows of grief may fall,
And the shadows may appal;
But beneath them, after all,
Sleep the roses.

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