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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

[Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

[No. 6.]

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

We have pleasure in presenting in this number of *PLEASANT HOURS* some pictures illustrating the new Children's Hospital in Toronto. In the first number of *Oncard* this year we gave a very full account of that hospital, with a number of beautiful pictures, showing the nature of that beautiful charity.

In a number of this paper some years ago we gave an account of the hospital and the good work that it was doing, and as a result a little sick girl, daughter of one of the ministers in New Brunswick, was so touched with sympathy that, before her death, which happened not long after, she left \$100 to be divided between the Children's Hospital, Toronto, and the Crosby Home in British Columbia; the loving sympathy of the sick girl thus reaching across the continent to the orphan children on the Pacific, and to the sick children in the hospital at Toronto.

Some of our Sunday-schools contribute liberally to this beautiful charity. Queen Street Methodist Sunday-school has maintained a cot for many years, and has recently paid \$400 for fitting up one of the beds. We know of no more suitable object to which the givings of well children can be applied than caring for the poor children, who have no comfortable beds and perhaps no homes at all.

The picture on this page shows the beautiful stained glass window, seven feet long and fifteen high, presented by Mr. J. Robertson, in memory of his wife and daughter. Mr. Robertson has also given a beautiful Lake Isle Home on the Island, at a cost of \$25,000. It is a summer sanitarium for these sick children.

The picture represents a Jewish mother with a sick boy in her lap, crouched in an alley-way in Jerusalem. The Master Jesus and she asks for the help of his healing hand, and upon the fevered brow of the sick child the cool, soft palm of the

Redeemed Lord is laid. Health and healing pulse through his veins, and the mother's heart is filled with joy. The upper part of the picture shows angel figures bearing, we suppose, the souls of little children in their arms, and in the margin are beautiful figures of little choirs. The tenderness of Jesus for little children is one of the most touching and beautiful traits of his healing soul. The world will never grow tired of that story of his taking little children into his arms, laying his hands upon them and blessing them; and especially beautiful is that of his taking these poor, often homeless and orphaned,

sick children into his loving care, and healing their diseases through the kind help of nurses and physicians, not less than when he laid hands upon them in the streets of Jerusalem.

This beautiful window is the work of Mr. Henry Halliday, of London, Eng., who is perhaps the greatest living artist in stained glass. So well is the scene delineated that the cold, lifeless glass conveys the moral beauty and value of the kindly deed of him whose great human heart beat so tenderly for the little ones whom he loved and blessed. The conception of the artist is most appropriate for the purpose, and as a memorial the window has an

added significance, because Mrs. Robertson herself was a lover of little children and is now kindly and tenderly remembered for her personal interest in their sickness and suffering.

QUEER.

The person of wide experience and culture is likely to be distinguished by a broad toleration of those whose manner of life may be different from his own. Personalities are the ruin of the best conversation, but many people are driven to indulgence in them by their conviction that people who do or say anything out of the common course are so very odd.

"Everybody is queer but thee and me," said an old "Friend" to his wife, "and sometimes I think thee is a little queer."

"I don't believe in raffling and that sort of thing," said a lady, who was talking over the prospects of a certain church fair with some acquaintances. "And yet," she added, laughingly, "I did indulge in matrimony, and that, they say, is a lottery."

When her visitors had taken their leave, one looked meaningly at the other, and said:

"How very queer of her to quote that! What does she mean by saying marriage is a lottery? Is she unhappy?"

"It was odd," her friend conceded, and they wore that poor little chance remark of an idle moment quite threadbare by discussion.

A very tolerant public man, who is a joy to his friends and a comfort to mere acquaintances, says that he never feels called upon to judge his fellowmen, since their minor oddities are not of the least importance, and if they commit some heinous crime there are always plenty of people ready to sit in judgment on them.

"If I should see, on my way down town, a man standing on his head in the street," he declares, "I shouldn't exclaim at his peculiarity in choosing that position. I should take it for granted that he had excellent reasons for doing it, and merely say, 'How very well you keep your balance!' Why should I object to a Grecian nose merely because I happen to wear a Roman?"

And so, in colloquial phrase, he "neither meddles nor makes," and his society is always full of restfulness and pleasure. *Companion.*

THE true son never grows old to a true mother



MEMORIAL WINDOW, CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.

Junior Epworth Song.

Let junior guards be starting—
We're marching our youth
To join the royal army
And battle for the truth!
We're arming for the fight
I wist error and the right,
And with constant prayer and watching
We'll keep our armour bright.

Let a battle still before us,
But we have naught to fear;
Christ's banner floating o'er us,
His gentle voice we hear.
He says: "Be not dismayed,
Nor ever be afraid,
For I am ever with thee,
On him our trust is stayed.

'Tis true no marshalled army
Confronts us in the field,
But Satan ever tempts us
Our lives to him to yield.
But with the Spirit's sword
Of God's unchanging Word,
And faith's bright shield to guard us,
We battle for the Lord.

We'll guard our tongue from evil,
Our lips from speaking guile;
We'll guard our hands from doing
Whatever would them defile.
Our lives we give to thee,
Lord Jesus, thine to be,
We'll guard them for thy kingdom
Of love and purity.

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Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 50
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Over 20 copies	0 15
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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1922.

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOLAR.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE.

THE Sunday school, if its true ideal be realized, is the Helping school. It helps the child, the Church, the pastor and the parents. It is not designed to be a substitute for parental diligence in the religious culture of the child, nor an excuse for the pastor who neglects to feed the lambs of his flock, nor an adjunct but rival institution to the Church. The school is the ally and auxiliary of the home, but it does not possess its sanctities and cannot do its work. It is the nursery and drill room of the Church, but it cannot take the place of the pulpit or the pew, nor of any of the services of the sanctuary.

If, then, it belongs to Christian parents to guard their children against the poison and perdition of alcoholic drinks, if it is the duty of the Christian Church to stand with its Sabbaths, its sacraments, and its solemnities against the sin and scandal of intemperance, so, likewise, it is demanded by the character, scope, and object of the Sunday school that the great temperance reform be through its agencies effectually promoted.

The Sunday school has some special facilities for doing this work. The enthusiasm of numbers, the charm of youthful associations, the inclination of pupils to follow the lead of their instructors, the books and papers distributed, the songs sung, the prayers offered, and the very mottoes and pictures on the walls may be used to excite and strengthen the principle of self-denial and to induce a habit of total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks. The pupils will determine, if they do not promise, under such influences, to shun those places and practices which lead to intemperance, and to seek as taught in every part of God's word the great reward of sobriety and godliness.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BY MISS S. M. IVES.

I REMEMBER reading some years ago, "Tis sad to see a man sadder, sadder still a woman, but saddest of all a child." The sentiment struck me at the time as being wonderfully true, and has since been confirmed in my own experience.

For nearly twenty months I was engaged in hospital nursing at a Sick Children's Hospital, and do not hesitate to say they were the happiest months of my life.

Can anyone help loving children? Their freshness, their innocence, and their very dependence upon us call forth our love in no small degree. And if this be true of those who are full of life and health, how much more of those who (also, too often through the sin and carelessness of those to whom they owe their very being) are forced to spend long hours in weary pain and suffering.

Imagine a pleasant airy ward, the walls prettily decorated with pictures and mottoes, and ranging round the room the cots and beds of the little patients. It is seven a.m., and as I enter the room to commence the duties of the day I am greeted with, "Oh, Nursie, come and kiss me first." No, me first, Nursie, from all sides! and so I move from bed to bed complying with their request, and feel so many pair of loving little arms around my neck I assure you I am amply repaid for all the fatigue and care I know will come during the day. At eight a.m. our little ones are ready for breakfast, looking as fresh and bright as daisies, as with folded hands and shut eyes they all join in singing, "We thank thee, Lord, for this our food," etc., and even those who are too ill to want breakfast like to "help the others sing." After breakfast come prayers, and then to the work of the morning.

Come and watch this first dressing, one of the most painful in the ward. As we bend over our little Bertie, striving to be as gentle and painless in our work as possible, what do we hear her saying? "Nursie, I don't think it will be so very bad to-day, do you? 'cos I asked God not to let it be"; and God who cares for the sparrows hears his little one's cry, and gives her strength to bear it.

Now, can you spare a moment or two to come with me into the boys' ward, and as you stand by little Arthur's bed and look at his white, wan face, almost convulsed with pain, you will hear him say, "I am going to try and bear it without crying to-day, Nursie, because I know it hurts you so when I cry."

And so the morning quickly passes away. Dinner is served at one o'clock, commenced and ended with the hymn of thanksgiving, and then our little ones in their pretty red and white jackets give themselves up to the enjoyment of the afternoon with their toys and picture books. This afternoon a little girl is brought in, looking the very picture of misery and distress, and when I have very carefully tended to her wants and placed her in the pretty green cot with its snowy quilt, her wee, wan face brightens as her eyes wander round the room and seem to feast on the pictures and toys. And bending over her I say, "Is it nice in here, Maudie?" "Oh, yes," she says, "may I stop here always?" and I could but echo that "always," and pray that it might be so, knowing the home from whence she had just been brought.

The afternoon wears away until the tea-bell rings at five o'clock, and by half past six the duties for

the day are all finished, and the families comfortably settled for the night, waiting for what, to be nurse and children in the best time of all the day, "the night time." What a turn from the organ-work of the morning! What shall it be first, children? The requests are so numerous that we have to take each one in turn. Then, hark! as through the hush and stillness of the ward there rises from the lips of each little one, with folded hands and closed eyes, the sweet words of the evening hymn,

"Tender Shepherd, hear me,
Lead the little lamb to-night
Through the dark to the light near me,
Keep me from all morning light, etc."

None knowing ere the coming-morrow shall dawn which "little lamb" may be gathered by the "tender Shepherd" into the everlasting fold, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

And as the days pass into weeks, and the weeks into months, each day leaving behind it some sweet memory of work done for the Master, we nurses, too, are drawn closely together by the one common bond of sympathy and hope in the work of love.

"DON'T YOU KNOW?"

BY J. B. GOUGH.

A MAN who was considered in every respect a very good sort of man, except for an occasional fit of intoxication, went into a rum store and took a drink: he took another and another; and in the evening, in the madness of drink, he staggered home and struck his wife blows that killed her. He was promptly arrested, and spent the night in the lock-up. In the morning the keeper of the prison woke him as he lay sleeping off the effects of the drink.

"Halloo!" he said, "you have got me in gaol, haven't you? This is a gaol, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the man, "you are in gaol!"

"What have you got me in gaol for?"

"Don't you know?"

"Don't I know? I know I never was in gaol before in my life; and this is an awful disgrace, isn't it? But what have you got me in gaol for?"

"You are in gaol for murder!"

"What? You don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do."

"You are joking!"

"No, I am not."

"For murder?"

"For murder."

"Have I killed somebody?"

"You have."

"Oh, my God! what will become of me? Tell me, does my wife know of it?"

"Your wife! Why, don't you know?—it is your wife you have killed!"

He fell like a log on the floor. Now the keeper of that prison holds a license to sell liquor. The sheriff of the county, who will hang him, if he is hanged, owns the grog shop where he got the liquor, and receives the rent of it. The law does not touch these men. Here is the victim; he must pay all the penalty. Now, I say that is not fair; I say it is not right! and I pray God I may never see the day when I shall say it is right.

I believe that all antagonism between labour and capital, and capital and labour, is ruinous. But with all my heart, and soul, and might, and mind, and strength, do I advocate a universal persistent strike against this drink traffic. Strike against it at home; strike against it at the social circle, and sweep it out of your house; strike against it at public receptions, and refuse to drink the health of any man or woman, be it even of royalty; strike in the name of humanity—strike in behalf of wretched wives and wretched children; strike against it when you go to the ballot-box—strike against it in your churches; strike against it when God sends you revival—do as Brother Moody did with it in his work; strike against it in your prayer-meetings. Let us all strike till we die; and by God's blessing, we shall do something towards destroying one of the greatest national monsters of the nineteenth century—the drink traffic.

Our Modern Heroes

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

Not as the knights of legendary days,
Do modern heroes gain renown;
Battles with dragons and with goblins grim,
That lit with glory all those ages dim,
Bring them no crown.

Not as the heroes of old chivalry
Do our brave knights win fame to-day;
They enter not the list with pride to fight
For God, their country, honour, and the right,
In rich array.

Our heroes' acts are never blazoned forth
With the loud blast of olden times;
Yet theirs to face death in its every form—
Through fire and water, pestilence and storm,
Through strife and crime.

A noble army stand they forth to-day,
Ready all risks to undertake,
If there's a life to save, a soul in need;
For this their motto in their every deed—
"For Christ's dear sake!"

LOST IN A MINE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR some minutes after he had found out the terrible mistake he had made, Reuben Hazeldine was utterly paralyzed, both in mind and body, by despair. He stood perfectly still, staring blankly before him. He had lost his own life, and saved none. The feeble gleam of his miner's lamp showed him but too plainly that the cutting he had entered was not the Long Spiny siding, where his young brother and his comrades had been at work. The swirl and rush of the water had bewildered him. They could not be more than a few yards away from him; but there was a barrier of solid rock between them, burying them apart in living graves. The cry of his could reach them; no answering voice from them could ever pierce through the awful silence of this great tomb, which they shared unconsciously with him. They were so far happier than himself in not knowing that he too was perishing—that he had vainly sacrificed his life for them. On the other hand, he would at least be spared the anguish of watching his comrades' slow and lingering death. Probably Simeon would die first, and then old Lijah; whilst Abner—a strong, grown man—must see them faint and fall before his time came. But as for Reuben, he must perish by himself, quite alone.

Why had God allowed him to be caught in this snare, like some wild creature taken in a trap? He could not blame himself. He had not acted rashly or selfishly. He had obeyed the call of duty, as he believed—following the footsteps of his Lord and Master. There had come to him a cry for help, and he had sprung forward to be the saviour. Those whom he loved dearly had been brought into great peril, and there had been no arm to deliver except his own. Surely God had looked upon him to do this deed! Why, then, had he left them to fail and perish?

There was no answer. Reuben fancied he could hear Levi's mocking tones, and hear his taunting voice: "Dost thou believe in a God now?" He had always been troubled and confused when Levi had argued upon him to prove there was a God, for he was not a clever man ready with arguments. Being only a collier, toiling hard day by day, he was not a learned man. He had only felt sure in his own heart that there was a God who loved him as a Father; a Saviour who died for him, and rose again for him; and a blessed heaven of rest and sinlessness, lying beyond this world of toil and strife. He did not know how to explain his belief to a man who had no more perception of such things as the deaf have of music, or the blind of sunlight. At this moment Levi's sneers and unbelief troubled him more than they had ever done. He could have understood God's purpose if he

had saved the others by the loss of his own life. But his sacrifice had been thrown away—altogether wasted. He could not bear to think of them imprisoned as he was, so near to him, yet so utterly separated from him.

As soon as his limbs recovered some strength he strode back to the lower level of the cutting, until he stood neck high in the water, and dared venture no farther, with a mere chance of gaining the entrance to the Long Spiny siding. He turned again, and sat down on the ground, burying his face in his hands. Oh, for the sunlight overhead, and the shout of the cuckoo, and the scent of the flowers in the garden! What would Abby do? His poor girl, who would never be his dear wife now! And his mother, who would have two sons to mourn over! How could they get through life with no strong arm to work for them and no thoughtful heart to care for them? For if there was no God, there was no one to help and comfort them. They were watching, and waiting, and praying around the pit's mouth at this moment. How long would they stay there, with their breaking hearts?

Presently he heard his own lips whispering, almost mechanically, as though it was a mere habit, as one speaks familiar words sometimes unconsciously. What had he been saying to himself in this grim silence and solitude? "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Why, he had said it a thousand times, from his boyhood upwards. What! could he indeed trust in God even now, when he was slaying him? Could he still believe there was a heavenly Father, who loved him, and saw him in his great despair, yet did not stretch out his mighty arm and save him by some miracle? Had God no angel he could send to burst through the rocky barriers that hemmed him in?

A feeling of deep awe came over his spirit, and he sank on his knees, covering his face with his hands, as though some marvellous thing was about to come to pass. He could hear the sullen splash of the water running through the narrow channels of the pit. But there was no other sound; all was profound stillness. Then, in his inmost heart, seemed a still, small voice, whispering: "Did God work any miracle to save his own Son? Did he send to Christ one out of his legions of angels to take him down from the cross, though all the host of heaven would have gone gladly on that errand? Did Jesus ask the Father to do this thing?" No! When he cried to God he said: "Oh, my Father! If this cup may not pass away except I drink it, thy will be done." And he had drunk the bitter cup to the dregs.

Reuben's very soul hushed itself to catch these low whisperings; and a strange sense of peace—which no words can tell, took possession of him. Yes! he would put his trust in God, though he was calling him to die, perhaps, by a slow and lingering death. He lifted himself up from the ground, and looked calmly about him. How long he might live he did not know; but it was certain that his lamp would not keep alight long. He would spend the little time left to him in leaving some record of his trust in God, if his dead body should ever be found.

He had a strong knife in his pocket, and his pitman's axe in his hand, which he had snatched up almost unawares as he entered the main gangway of the pit. Now he must be quick, and find some spot on the rocky walls of his prison where he could scratch a few words of farewell to Abby and his other dear ones before he was left in darkness.

About ten yards from the place where he had been standing, the deserted cutting came to a sudden end, and his heart leaped with a new hope. It had been roughly filled up with rubble and loose stones; and he could remember how his father had told him, long ago, that it had been so blocked to prevent the lads at work in the pit from straying away and losing themselves in the old, abandoned tracks. Where they might lead he could not tell; but here was at least something to be done, and he set about it in eager haste. In a short time he had made an outlet large enough to creep through, and found the passage beyond still trending upward, and increasing in height, as if it had once been one of the main cuttings of the mine. It seemed a

long time to him, as he followed its windings wistfully and anxiously; but at length he stood at the bottom of an old, disused shaft, looking up to the small ring of daylight overhead, which shone down upon him through a screen of green leaves.

How well he knew that spot above him, so far out of his reach! All around it lay a tangle of brushwood, just now covered with yellow catkins and young leaf buds, half opened to the sun. Little dingles and dells of mossy turf, strewn with scented bluebells, and wildflowers, and brown ferns, uncurling from their winter's sleep, were hidden among the knotted bushes. How often he and Abby and Simeon had, on nutting in the copse overhead! He could even catch down there the ovensong which the birds were carolling their loudest; and he knew well how the young larks and rabbits and the squirrels were leaping and playing about the trees and grass. He stood, with upturned face, looking and listening till the twilight fell. His lamp had gone out, and he was left in darkness; but his soul was delivered from the blackness and bitterness of despair. He drew back again under the roof of the old gangway, and sat down against the side, to wait till morning.

He could not be sure yet of deliverance. There was no path in the woods past the old shaft, and it might be days before anyone passed that way. But it was springtime, when the children of the little hamlet would be sure to be hunting for bluebells and primroses; and some of them would probably be about the next morning, throwing pebbles down the shaft, to hear them rattle on the stones at the bottom, as he and Simeon had done hundreds of times, when he was a boy. How joyfully would he catch the welcome sound! And how terrified the little cowards would be when they heard a voice from the deep pit! Reuben's heart was no longer heavy, and it did not seem difficult to trust in God. He was willing to perish, if that was God's will. But no miracle would be needed now for his deliverance, no mighty angel need descend to break through the rock and set him free. A child at play in the woods might be his deliverer; and would not God send a little child to his help, if it would be better for him to live than to die?

Reuben slept, hard as his bed was, and felt no fear on awaking. The night was long, but not dreary. Even the thought of Simeon, and old Lijah, and Abner, was no longer distressing to him. They, too, were all under the care of God, who could do whatsoever he would. When the morning came, and the light shone again far away overhead, he went back to the bottom of the shaft, and took up his post, listening. The long, long hours passed slowly by, and no merry sound of children's play fell upon his ear, yet his heart did not fail. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," he cried, half aloud.

Now and then Reuben caught in the hollow of his hand a few drops of water falling from the oozy walls of the shaft, and drank them, but he scarcely felt hunger. There was a solemn gladness in his spirit which he had never felt before. Whether he lived, he lived unto the Lord, or whether he died, he died unto the Lord. Whatever befell him—life or death—was the will of God.

What time it was, or how long the daylight had gleamed overhead, he did not know, but at last his quickened ears caught the faint sound of sob and cry—so faint, that he almost doubted whether he was not mistaken. Yet it brought him fresh hope; and he stood out in the middle of the shaft, and called and shouted up it loudly—using a cry shrill and clear, which rang down the narrow tunnel behind him, and awoke its echoes. He could hear no answer to them. But he cried again as soon as the echoes were silent, and then the ring of light above him was broken by a small, dark object, which he knew must be a head stretched over the shaft, and he called, as clearly as he could:

"Don't be afraid, but run and tell some of the men that Reuben Hazeldine is here!"

"Reuben!" cried Simeon's voice, "Reuben! Is't thee, my lad? Eh! wait thee, and I'll be back in a minute!"

(To be continued.)



THE HOMES OF THE POOR—WHERE THE PATIENTS COME FROM.

WHERE THE SICK CHILDREN COME FROM.

FROM such places as this are many of the little ones stolen away to bright rooms, clean beds, and wholesome food. In the boy leaning on the crutch is the problem of life being debated. He is gazing out of the shattered window across the squalid yard over the unlovely roofs at the ever lovely skies beyond, and the little man—the making of a great man if he only gets a chance—is thinking, thinking, thinking. The little girl on the unattractive bed has no doll, and no rubber ball, and no skipping rope, and in her little wasted body there is hardly strength and spirit to play even had she them. And more, the sullen, soured, and disappointed woman on the stool would not let her make any noise from fear of waking the puling infant in the rude and shabby cradle. The air is poisonous and close, reeking with the fumes of liquor, smoke, and rank food—haste to the rescue.

The endeavour is to teach every child to pray "Give us each day our daily bread" with deep meaning and sincerity. Morning family prayer is held in the wards by our lady superintendent, but evening prayer is conducted by the children themselves. They pray for their nurses, each other by name, and if any child has been conspicuously naughty, for forgiveness. If an operation is pending they ask very simply and trustfully for strength for the little one, that it "mayn't hurt much." If any are leaving, cured, they thank God and pray that some other "little sick child who has no nice home" may come in the vacant place. They never fail to pray for "Night Nurse, who is up all alone," for the matron, and often have the little voices been lifted up for the president in her work. "Surely hands so upheld must be "strong and do exploits." "Out of the mouth of babes thou hast perfected praise," and thus the sick ward becomes a nursery

for the spirit of prayer. It may be said that all the household are consecrated for the work. How else could they do what they have often to do when the children come in covered by both disease and filth, and these frequently repulsive-looking children, in many cases the offspring of wretched, diseased, and drunken parents? Last year "A Christmas letter to the well children of Canada" was published in leaflet form and enclosed in the report of that year, describing the Christmas festival. So many gifts came in that there was a surplus given to children of the city who had nothing for Christmas. One little maiden, whose mother sews for a large wholesale house, showed with great pride her Christmas present, the only one her poor mother had been able to provide: the leg of a turkey dried, with a sinew left so as to open and close the foot.

This poor little lad (in small cut) held so tenderly by his nurse lest his injured foot should be hurt, is going to have a treat, which by him has been looked forward to all day. His dark eyes, which usually look so sad and give evidence of much suffering, are now brilliant with excitement, and his thin cheeks are faintly flushed as he holds on tightly to his nurse.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 598.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 14.

THE NEW COVENANT.

Jer. 31. 27-37. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more. Jer. 31. 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of salvation is through a new heart bestowed by Jesus Christ.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Chapters 30 and 31 are a gleam of light in the darkness. *See the house of Israel.* It was then like a devastated field. God promised to make the country abound in people, as the field with grain if sown with wheat. *So will I sate,* etc.—The countries which took them captive sent them back again. *A sour grape*—Rather, sour grapes that injured the teeth. *Set on edge*—Dulled, ruined. In the exile the people imagined they were suffering for their fathers' sins, but really no more than they deserved. *Covenant . . . with their fathers.* (See Exod. 24; Heb. 8. See also Deut., chaps. 5, 28, 29.) They were to be prospered if they kept the law. *Although I was a husband*—Joined in closest love and most solemn vows. *This shall be the covenant*—He would give them new hearts by the coming of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, providing also for forgiveness. *The ordinances of the moon*—The sure and regular order of nature would be a proof of God's faithfulness to his promises. They proved his faithfulness, his kindness, and his power.

Find in this lesson—

1. That sin is sure to be punished.
2. That God wants to save us from sin.
3. That he will give us new hearts if we are willing.
4. That God keeps all his promises.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Jeremiah? "A prophet of Judah just before the great captivity."
2. What was his work? "To stem the tide of evil, and save the nation from destruction."
3. What did he foretell? "That they should be carried away captive, and Jerusalem be destroyed on account of their sins."
4. What promise did he proclaim from God? "That the people should be restored, and at some time righteousness should triumph."
5. How was this fulfilled? "By the return from exile after seventy years, and by the coming of Jesus Christ and the gift of the Holy Spirit."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. What is repentance?
Repentance is true sorrow for sin, with sincere effort to forsake it.
Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions.—Ezekiel 18. 30.

"FEELS SO MISERABLE!"

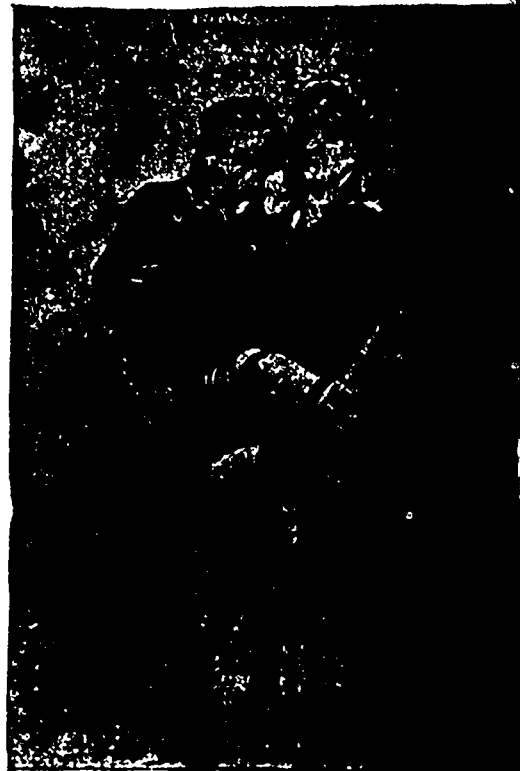
ALICE "feels so miserable!" Is it any wonder? There is a poison-plant growing in her soul, one poison-stalk and five poison-branches. It is enough to make the strongest feel miserable, send them to bed, and move their friends to send for the doctor.

The five poison-branches, let us name them: discontent, greed, mortification, dislike, disparagement. These all grow out of one parent stalk, envy.

Alice is a poor singer, and this poverty leads to discontent. Jennie is a good singer, and what a greed Alice has for that superior voice! There is mortification when her nipped voice makes it squeak beside Jennie's rich, full tones. What a dislike Alice has for the owner of that fine voice, and what disparagement of Jennie as a singer Alice shows in her comments on that voice!

Five poison-branches out of one stalk: and if there is not strychnine enough in them, we may be able to trace another poisonous outshoot; but there is enough to vitiate any character. You may know of a singer thus poisoned. "Send for the doctor at once," do you say?

No; the best remedy is a grip of Christian love and common sense on



that poisonous old plant; then, tugging at it vigorously pull it up by the roots! If Jennie is a canary, and you are not, then be thankful that the world is richer for that one sweet voice, and that you have such resources in the love of Christ that you can be contented to be just what he has made you.

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