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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 22, 1887.

[No. 2.

JAPANESE SCHOOL IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

This amusing picture represents one of the old-fashioned Japanese schools—now becoming out of date. There are now throughout the empire many thousands of schools taught in a much better manner than this. There is a

cat by the tail. The poor old master seems to have his hands full with his rather turbulent crowd of pupils.

MAKING HER THINGS LAST.

EVERY housekeeper knows how careful treatment keeps table linen and household furniture. Girls do not

last without looking shabby, but I ceased to do so after I had visited her in her own home. The reason why her clothes wore so long was that she took such good care of them. Her dresses were brushed and folded away carefully, and the slightest spot on them was removed as soon as it was

that impressed me most was the care she bestowed upon her ribbons. When making up bows she used to line the upper part of the ribbon with white paper, and this not only prevented the ribbon from becoming limp and creased but kept it clean, so that when the bow was soiled on one side she could



JAPANESE SCHOOL IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

large model of one in the Normal School Museum at Toronto, which is very interesting. In many higher class schools Western teachers are employed—among them some Canadian teachers of our own Church whose services are highly appreciated. The young Japs in the picture seem as full of mischief as any in Canada, especially the youngster who has the

always know or remember that great care of their own little possessions will often enable them to dress nicely on very little money. A lady says: "When I was a girl there was one of my young friends who was distinguished for "making her things last." Her dress, hats, gloves, and ribbons were a marvel of durability. I used to wonder how she used to make them

discovered. Her hat was put away in a box as soon as done with, the string and laces being straightened and rolled out most symmetrically each time. Her gloves were never folded together, but were pulled out straight and laid flat in a box, one upon the other, each time they were used, the tiniest hole being mended almost before it had time to show itself. But the thing

turn the ribbon, and the part that had been covered came out looking new and fresh. That girl married and brought up a large family. Her husband had to fight his way, and did so bravely, and was usually successful, for he became wealthy. But his prosperity was due quite as much to his wife's care and economy in saving money as it was to his making it.

Thirteen at Last.

NORA FERRY.

This is my birthday to-day, you know:
The days are so long, and the time goes so
slow,

When one is waiting as I have been
A whole long year to bring thirteen.

But here I am in my teens at last;
I feel quite old as I think of the past.
As I look way down the years and see
The little girl that once was me!

But thirteen is quite old, I'm sure,
What some people might call "mature";
Why, all my skirts have been let down,
And I'm to have with my next new gown

A jacket-waist just like mamma's,
Trimmed with buttons and braided bars,
And I've got some splendid grown-up gloves,
With long slim wrists, that fit like loves.

Yes, thirteen is quite old—and so—
I suppose I must let my dollies go.
There's Maud and Alice, and that sweet
dear

With flaxen curls, I had last year.

It seems a shame to put them away,
But one must give up childish play
When one is almost a woman grown;
And yet—and yet—my heart's like a stone.

And I feel like having a real good cry,
When I think of bidding my dolls good-bye.
Oh dear, oh dear, I've always been told
Life grows so hard as one grows old!

Well, nothing, I'm sure, can be harder than
this—

To give my children a farewell kiss.
Yes! they are my children, and Jack may
laugh,

And all the rest may tease and chaff,

I can't, I can't, and I won't turn away
My Maud and Alice and flaxen May!
I'd rather go back and be once more
The romping girl I was before!

I'd rather have all the tucks put back
In my lengthened gowns, and the childish
sacque

In place of the waist, just like mamma's
With pretty buttons and braided bars:

I'd rather—yes, even my grown-up gloves,
With the long slim wrists, that fit like loves,
I'd rather give up than turn away
From my dear old dolls... this late day.

For love is better than all the rest,
And one must be true to have the best;
So Jack may tease, and the other a chaff,
I'll take my way in spite of their laugh.

But oh! it isn't so nice, I see,
To grow up big, as I thought 't would be,
And it's very true, what I've been told,
That life grows hard as one grows old.

—*Ymas Wide Awake.*

AUNT DINAH'S SEARCH.

An Incident of the Charleston Earthquake.

BY SARAH LEE.

"Oh, oh, oh!" gasped little Mabel Emory, as she opened her eyes, and found her rosewood half-canopy bed bounding across the room. "What's the matter?" And she began to cry.

"It's the end of th' worl', honey. The good Lord's done come for th' judgment day," said Aunt Dinah, the old black mammy; and hastily catching the child up, she wrapped her in a shawl, and rushed out into the hall.

There they found the family gathered in terror, Mr. Emory supporting his invalid wife, while the solid walls of the house rocked from side to side.

"Papa take Mabel—Mabel's so 'fraid," said the child, holding out her arms to her father.

"Papa has mamma, darling. Won't you let mammy take care of you?"

"Yes, I will," said she, clasping her arms around the black neck; "but kiss Mabel once."

"God grant we may come safely out of this!" said the father, as he kissed the dear little upturned face.

"Dod'll take care of us, papa; you tote me so your own self."

"Bress de chile!" said Aunt Dinah, holding her close as they groped their way through the darkness.

It was the never-to-be-forgotten night of August 31, in Charleston, the beautiful city by the sea. The confusion in the street was terrible; the shrieks of the horror-stricken people, the rumble of the upheaving earth, the thud of falling buildings, made a din that cannot be described.

"To the park, to the park!" cried a loud voice; and thither the terrified people fled.

"Aunt Dinah, come and help me a moment," said Mr. Emory, as his fainting wife slipped from his grasp.

Aunt Dinah hastily set Mabel on the ground, while she sprinkled her mistress's face from a bottle of cologne which she had in her pocket.

"Now," said Mr. Emory, "follow me, as closely as you can, to the park." And with a hasty glance behind he hurried on.

Aunt Dinah turned for her charge, but, to her dismay, no Mabel was to be seen. She rushed from one side to the other, calling, "Mabel, my law'! honey, chile! whar is yer? Come back to you ole black mammy."

But the dull crash of the falling buildings was her only answer; and the people around, thinking she was affrighted at the scene, and not understanding her words, bade her be quiet.

Suddenly a thought struck her. Might not the child have become confused, and wandered back into the house they had just left? She hurried to the entrance, and was about darting in when a man caught her arm. "Don't you see, aunty, the house is just going to fall!"

"My chile, my chile! I'se 'feared she's in thar, marster," she said, wringing her hands, and trying to break away from him.

"No," he said, kindly, "thero's no one in there; I've just been through."

"Move back, move back!" cried the crowd.

And with a roar and a groan the wall fell outward. A great piece of plaster came down on Aunt Dinah's head. Her bandanna turban kept it from doing fatal harm, but it stunned the old woman, and turned her sick and giddy, and that, with the fright, dazed her completely. She lost her wits, and wandered aimlessly about the streets calling:

"My lam', my little white dove! whar is yer? Come back to yer ole black mammy."

Hundreds of people heard the plaintive cry and shuddered, clasping their own darlings closer as the mournful wail sounded near and then receded in the distance.

At last her wandering steps brought her to the park, where Mr. Emory was devoured with anxiety for his child; yet he dared not leave his wife alone. But at the first sound of the familiar voice he started up from the iron settee and rushed towards her crying, "Where is Mabel, Aunt Dinah?" Then as he caught sight of the distraught face, and saw that her arms, although pressed close to her breast, were empty, he seized her by the shoulder, and cried, "What's the matter? Wher's my baby? What have you done with her?"

"O marster! she's gone," sobbed the poor creature. "My chile, my little lam'! whar is yer? Come to yer ole mammy."

That was all he could gather from her. "She has lost her mind, and no wonder," he groaned. "But where is my baby, lost in this terrible city?"

"Henry," said his wife, in an agony of tears, "leave me, and go and look for her."

"Will you stay, Aunt Dinah, and take care of Miss Emily while I go and search for Mabel?" said he.

"I los' her, marster, I'll fine her," and she broke away and wandered on.

"Shall we ever find her?" cried the poor mother.

"God grant it!" was the answer; "but we must wait for the morning." And Mabel! where was she!

When the old woman sat the child on the ground to attend to her fainting mistress, a second tremble of the ground, faint compared to the first but plainly to be felt, swept over the earth, causing an accession of terror and a fresh rush of the multitude out to the parks and down to the Battery.

The frightened little one, left alone for the first time in her life, shrank back with terror at the confusion, and in a second the crowd surged around her, and she was carried off in their midst; and when Aunt Dinah looked for her charge she was half-way down the block, a helpless atom in that cruel, crushing crowd.

But if her cries fell unheeded upon the ears about her, there was One who heard and noted the pitiful wail from those baby lips.

"Mabel's so tired! Mabel wants papa. Wher's my mammy?"

It almost seemed as if an invisible shield surrounded the little one, for, except for her terror, she was untouched by harm, and when, at the crossing of the Boulevard, the crowd parted to the right and left, she was left alone on the curb. Tired though the little feet were, there seemed no place for them to rest: the shrieks, the crashes, the glare terrified her more, and she wandered on. But the One who had kept her unhurt in the terrible crush of the crowd, guided her footsteps now, and on down to the

Battery, where the cool breezes of the sea blew in to moderate the heat of the city, she went.

The silken shawl had long fallen off, and the tiny figure, clad in her little white embroidered night-gown, with yellow curls streaming down her shoulders and pattering bare feet, seemed strangely unsuited to that gloomy midnight hour in the terror-stricken city.

"Oh, look! Diok, hero's an angel coming," said a rough stevedore standing on the wharf, as the blue-eyed baby came on towards him. She looked into the kindly face, and, holding out her arms, said:

"Take Mabel. Mabel's so tired."

Tenderly, as her own father could have done, he lifted her in his arms; and, with a little sigh she nestled her head on his shoulder, and closed her eyes.

"Hero, Bill," said the other, his voice choked and his eyes shining, "we can make her bed on this lumber."

With their flannel shirts they made a couch, and there the little one slept. Who can doubt that he had given his angels charge over her?

As the first beam of the morning sun shone on the water, Aunt Dinah wandered down to the Battery, still crying: "My lammie, my little lammie! whar is yer?"

That dear voice, which was the first sound that Mabel had ever learned to know, penetrated the child's sleep, and, opening her eyes wide, she called: "Here's Mabel, mammy; here's Mabel."

Quick as a flash the old woman swooped down upon her nursing, clasping her in her arms as if to make amends for having ever let her go, and sobbing and crying, "Bress de Lord, bress de Lord."

"Good-by, men," said Mabel, putting up her little mouth to kiss them as she was borne away in Aunt Dinah's arms. "I tanks 'oo fur takin' care o' Mabel!"

"Here she is, marster. Didn't I tell yer ole Dinah los' her, ole Dinah'd fine her!" said the delighted nurse as she put the child into the father's arms.

Mr. Emory held his darling closely, and covered her with kisses, while she whispered, "God did take care o' me, —didn't he, papa?"

"I thank him, I thank him!" was all the father could say. What to him were the losses of houses and money when his dearest treasures were safe?

COLLECTING DIAMONDS.

In one province of China, having great mineral wealth, the natives are said to have the following method of collecting small diamonds: The jewel-seeker puts on his feet a pair of thick straw shoes, and walks about in the sand and shallow streams. The diamonds, for the most part, are no larger than a pin's head, but ragged in outline, pierce the straw, and there remain. The shoes are collected at the day's end, and burned; after which search is made amongst the ashes for diamonds.

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made now.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you:
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's error, let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and
bled,
Are healed with the healing which night
has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds
tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad
days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful
night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the
morn
In the chiasm of dew and the cool of
dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain!
And, in spite of all sorrow, and older
sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again!
—Susan Coolidge.

POOR MEG.

BY L. L. B.

Meg was the child of a rag-picker,
who lived in a miserable hut in a
dark alley of the great city.

She had never known what it was
to be loved, for her poor, heart-broken
mother died when she was a wee baby,
and her drunken father was very un-
kind to her. Meg was very lonely, and
she often wished she had a brother or
a sister. Her father was gone all day,
and often all night. She would sit and
listen in her dark, cold room until she
heard him staggering over the rickety
stairs, and then she would crawl away
to her bed of straw upon the floor.
She tried to keep the house as well as
she could, but there seemed to be
nothing to keep. She would brush the
rough board floor, and dust the two
broken chairs, and spread up her poor
hard bed, and wash the few broken
dishes, and her work was done.

The poor child was often very hungry,
but she was too proud to beg, and her
face grew thin and paler as the days
went by.

When the warm spring days came
our Meg's heart grew lighter. She
watched the little rays of sunshine
that crept through the cracks to peep
at her, and she often wondered what it
could be to see a whole world of sun-
shine. She had been told that her
mother had gone to a beautiful world
where she was at rest, and Meg often
longed to go to her, and wondered if
she ever should.

One bright summer day Meg went
to the world of sunshine. She had
been sick for several days, and a kind
lady found her lying alone upon her
miserable bed with a scorching fever.
Every day she brought her lovely
flowers, and bathed her aching head,
and told her about Jesus who loved
and cared for her, and about the
beautiful home where she would never
be sick any more. She listened eagerly,
and a smile came over her face as she
clasped her flowers tightly in her thin,
white hands, and said, "Oh I see
sunshine—a lovely world of sunshine!"

Meg had no kind friends to mourn
for her as she was laid away in her
quiet resting-place, but her little spirit
had gone to Jesus, and we may be sure
he had a beautiful home prepared for
her.

THE OLIVE.

THE olive tree is a native of Syria
and other Asiatic countries; and, per-
haps, also of the South of Europe. It
is, in its wild state, only a thorny
shrub; but becomes by cultivation a
tree, reaching a height of from twenty
to forty feet, and entirely without
thorns. It lives a number of years,
attaining a great age; and, on account
of the quantity of fruit which it pro-
duces, an olive tree is considered a very
valuable piece of property.

Its leaves are of a dull, dark green
upon the upper side, but scaly and
whitish-gray upon the lower one. The
flowers are small and white; the fruit
is sometimes round, sometimes oval,
and not often larger than a pigeon's
egg. It is valued principally for the
oil expressed from it, which is highly
prized as a dressing for various kinds
of salad, and is used, though to a
smaller extent, in medicine.

Olives, gathered before they are
quite ripe, are well known among epi-
cures, as a restorer of the appetite;
though their taste is disagreeable at
first to most persons, many become
fond of them after a time, and eat
them with great relish.

The wood of the olive tree is used for
the finest purposes by cabinet-makers
and turners; its colour is a greenish-
yellow, marked with black, cloudy
spots and veins. The wood of the root
is especially beautiful; paper-weights
and a variety of small ornamental
articles are made from it.

The olive was a sacred tree among
the ancient Greeks, and it is often
spoken of in the Bible. It was an
olive leaf that the returning dove
brought to Noah as a token that the
waters of the flood no more covered
the earth. It was upon the Mount of
Olives that our Saviour wept over
Jerusalem; and there, in the Garden
of Gethsemane, under the grand old
olive trees, that he knelt to pray upon
that dreadful night preceding his
crucifixion and death for us.

An olive branch is, among all
Oriental nations, the emblem of peace;
and a crown of olive leaves was the
highest prize of the victor in the

Olympic Games. The olive tree has
been cultivated in Syria, and most
other Eastern lands, from very early
times.

'I WANT PAPA.'

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

It was late in the day, just verging
into night, and in the city streets
brilliant lights were already flashing
out. Especially from certain glittering
dens, where the light stole through
coloured glass doors and windows, and
inside chandeliers twinkled, silver
shone, pictures hung in gilded frames,
and there was light and dazzle every-
where. Except among the motley
thongs who came crowding and jost-
ling up to the bar, eager for the fiery
draught which would destroy alike
body and soul, it seemed a strange
thing for a child to come in among
that drinking, swearing crew. Yet the
door opened, and a small, shrinking
figure crept in, and looked about with
a frightened air, as if in search of some
one.

"What do you want, young 'un?"
demanded the burly bar-keeper.

"I want my pa, please!" answered
the child. "Ma's sick, and she wants
him to come home."

"Here, Bryant, here's your kid after
you!" said the bar-keeper, turning to
a man who had already drunk too
much. "Better go with her."

"When I git ready—not afore," said
the man, in a surly way.

But the child put up her hands, and
pleaded pitifully: "Oh, pa, please
come! Ma's sick, and there's no bread
in the cupboard. Don't drink any
more to-night, pa; but please come
home."

"Bryant, go along, and be a man
for once," said a man next him, who
had not yet lost all sense of shame.
And Bryant, with a muttered oath,
followed the child out of the saloon to
the home which had once been a happy
one.

Drunken father, sick wife, and half
clad child! When will the temperance
army fight so bravely that there shall
be no saloons where shrinking, shiver-
ing children ask, in tones of terror:
"Where is my pa?" But thousands
of homes shall be blest in fathers and
husbands restored to new life.

WESLEY'S TACT.

THE following anecdote of the
founder of Methodism has, we believe,
never been published. It reaches us
from a trustworthy source, and it illus-
trates in a remarkable manner the
mingled tact and piety of that eminent
man.

Although Wesley, like the Apostles,
found that his preaching did not
greatly affect the mighty or the noble,
still he numbered some families of good
position among his followers. It was
at the house of one of these that the
incident here recorded took place.
Wesley had been preaching, and a
daughter of a neighbouring gentleman,

a girl remarkable for her beauty, had
been profoundly impressed by his
exhortations. After the sermon Wesley
was invited to this gentleman's house
to luncheon, and with himself one of
his preachers was entertained. This
preacher, like many of the class at that
time, was a man of plain manners, and
not conscious of the restraints of good
society. The fair young Methodist sat
beside him at the table, and he noticed
that she wore a number of rings.
During a pause in the meal the preacher
took hold of the young lady's hand, and
raising it in the air, called Wesley's
attention to the sparkling jewels.
"What do you think of this, sir," he
said, "for a Methodist's hand?"

The girl turned crimson. For
Wesley, with his known and expressed
aversion of finery, the question was a
peculiarly awkward one. But the aged
evangelist showed a tact which Chester-
field might have envied. He looked
up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and
simply said: "The hand is very beauti-
ful."

The blushing beauty had expected
something far different from a reproof
wrapped up with such felicity in a
compliment. She had the good sense
to say nothing; but when, a few hours
later, she again appeared in Wesley's
presence, the beautiful hand was
stripped of every ornament except
those which nature had given.—*London
Society.*

**HOW SNAKES MAKE THEIR
TOILET.**

It seems rather funny to speak of
snakes as dressing and undressing; yet
this they certainly do quite as fully as
human beings, although it is true that
their wardrobe requires fewer and less
variety of articles than ours. After a
long voyage, after a season's retirement
or hibernation, and on various other
occasions, they find themselves in need
of a new dress to replace their old and
soiled garment, and immediately pro-
ceed to evolve one. They are very
modest creatures, never shedding their
old clothes until they are fully clad in
their new ones.

Prior to shining forth resplendent in
fresh attire, a serpent seeks retirement,
if possible. He becomes blind for a
few days, refuses food, and appears to
be in a melancholy state generally.
Perhaps, like some human beings, he
has worked too hard on his new suit.
When all is completed and ready for
exhibition, he begins at the lips to ex-
tricate himself from the old dress, rub-
bing against whatever may be in his
way to expedite the matter. The
first part of the process is apt to be
rather tedious; but as he progresses
he works more rapidly. When he
reaches the ribs they assist the opera-
tion, until finally the old skin is shed
entire, turned inside out, and Mr.
Snake revels in his new suit.

His eyes, covered by a perfectly
transparent layer of cuticle, are bright
and beautiful. It is only while this
cuticle is forming over the eye that
the serpent is blind.—*Good Cheer.*

Charity.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

LITTLE children, bright and cheery,
 Wrapped in furs and wreathed in smiles,
 Winter is not cold and dreary,
 Pleasure all your time beguiles.
 To the sound of bells, entrancing,
 Back of horses, gayly prancing,
 You can ride for miles and miles.

But, to some, the winds are calling
 In a melancholy wail;
 With a chill, the snow is falling
 On their faces pinched and pale.
 Happy hopes are dead and dying,
 Frost and hunger, tears and sighing,
 Come with winter's sleet and hail.

Little children, who are living
 In your homes so warm and bright,
 You, with others, should be giving
 Aid for homeless ones to night.
 Give with open hands and gladness,
 Cheering hearts bowed down in sadness
 With a ray of heaven's light.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 22, 1887.

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

SWEET HOME.

A LARGE and beautiful home for young girls is situated in one of the loveliest spots in our country. The home is the gift of a rich man, who spared no money or pains to make the place as pleasant and homelike as possible. There are books, and flowers, and pictures, and music in the house. There is a great abundance of good food, and neat, even pretty clothing, provided for the girls. There are fine play-grounds and play-rooms, and a sweet, motherly woman at the head of all.

But, do you know, all the millions that rich man had could not buy, and never can, the one thing that is needed to make the girls love and cling to the place—that is, the "sweet

home" feeling—the mother-love, the tender care, the thoughtful, every-day ministry that makes your home, dear girl, your home, dear boy, the dearest place in all the world to you!

Do you sometimes think of the love and labour that some dear ones are putting into this home life to make it what it is? Do you sometimes remember to whisper a little word of love and thankfulness and praise to the dear Father above, who gives you the blessing of a good home? And do you let mother and father know that you love and prize it?

Some day that precious home will be only a memory to you, perhaps. To-day it is a real possession, and to-day is the time for you to do all you can to make it the brightest, sweetest home in all the land.

A STRIKING SKETCH.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

STRIKES seem to be the order of the day. We scarcely take up a paper, but we read of a new strike among some band of workmen. And, alas! sometimes we know that if less of their wages went to buy beer and whiskey, there would be less need of their striking for higher ones. This is not always true—but too often it is. Striking is not a bad thing, if we take care to strike the right thing, at the right time. "Strike while the iron is hot," is a piece of advice often quoted to the young. And just now the iron is hot for the striking of the Temperance Band; and we mean to give good, ringing blows.

First, we strike against the service of old King Rum-bottle. We will serve him no longer, unless he pays us wages of health, wealth, and happiness. This he will never do—therefore we have struck for good.

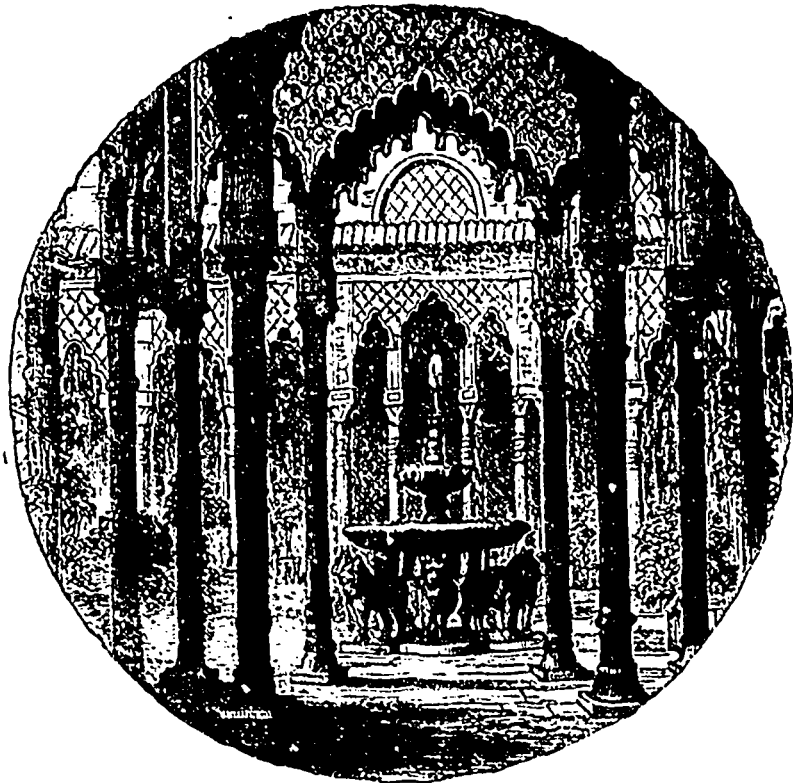
We strike for a strong No-license Law, to protect us and our homes from the saloon-keepers who rob and disturb us.

We strike for the extermination of all liquors, of any name whatever, including wine, beer, ale, and cider, believing that everybody will be better off without them.

We are on a strike against cigars and tobacco; against candies flavored with liquor; against cards and dice; against profane language; against bad books and bad company; against anything and everything which hinders the onward march of the temperance cause. And we have firmly resolved never to give up; but to—

"Strike while the iron's hot,"
 Put the matter through.
 Stick to the temperance work,
 Strong, firm, and true!

WHAT more foul common sin among us than drunkenness? Who can be ignorant, that if the importation of wine were forbid, it would both clean rid the possibility of committing that odious vice, and men might afterwards live happily and healthfully without the intoxicating liquors.—John Milton.



THE COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

PORT SIMPSON, B.C.,
 December 1st, 1886.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—I have sometimes thought I ought to write a word about our "Girls' Home." We have eighteen girls in the Orphanage or Home. They come from different tribes, some as far as five hundred miles distant. We have several from Tongas, in Alaska, and some from Nanaimo, and one from Queen Charlotte Island. Several belong to the village here, but most of our people prefer now to care for their own, and if the parents die, there is always some one to care for the children. A good school for boys would be a good thing, where a number could be kept and trained, and numbers could be found in the different tribes who are really needing care. But the most needy class we have are the half-caste children, who in many cases have lived with a white father for a time, and then he dies or leaves them, and they come with the mother to live like Indians; and they are the worst cared for of any. On this account we think the Home should be called an Orphanage, or Orphans' Home. About half the children have neither father nor mother left, others have mothers who could not care for them. In one or two cases they might be partly cared for by their friends if they would. We have one little boy, doing well, whose father (a white man) promised to support him, and the poor fellow has since gone to the lunatic asylum through drink.

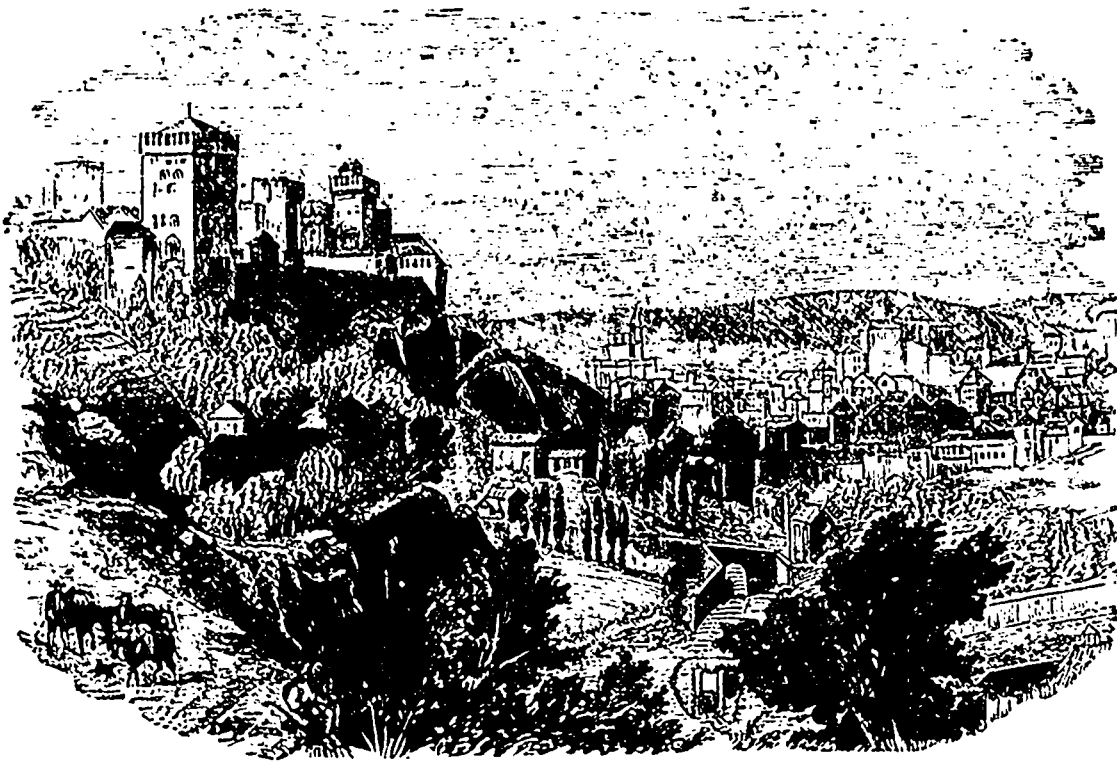
In all, the children are doing well, and we rejoice to think that some of them are loving and serving God, and under the kind but vigilant care of Miss Knight we have great hope for their future. She is a real mother to them, and they are all kind to her, and I hope some of them may yet be teachers to others.

Some have asked, How are they supported? The Woman's Missionary Society engage to support eight girls and pay their expenses, and the rest are supported by friends whose hearts the Lord opens to do good in this way. We hope to have some help soon to improve the buildings and enlarge some. We use the old mission house and it needs roofing much. But, as in all our work, we shall go on and trust our heavenly Father to send us help. There are other things I could write about, but enough at present. We have very mild weather.

HE WOULD NOT BE TEMPTED.

A CERTAIN boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and who had promised ever to shun it, was sent to a school the master of which was not a teetotaler. One day, the master, being in a friendly mood, offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink the wine, and finally promised him the gift of a watch if he would only drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch I may later on have to pawn it to get bread." That answer taught the schoolmaster a lesson which he never forgot.—*Temperance News.*

As the temperance movement presses on towards its final triumph new obstacles will be continually thrown in its way. The contest is to be one of the most earnest and determined the world has ever witnessed. All that selfishness, money, official position, talents and learning can do, will be done to save the liquor traffic from destruction.



GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

What Lies Between the Stars.

BY E. J. MUNSON.

"WHAT lies between the stars, mamma?
I see a great, dark space;
If I had sprinkled them, mamma,
I wouldn't left that place!"

"What lies between the stars, Tiny?
Why, darling, they are suns,
And round them circle worlds, Tiny,
Like ours, with following moons.

"God holds them by his power, Tiny,
Their course he understands;
And time and space and worlds, Tiny,
He holds within his hands."

Lifting her radiant eyes, Tiny
Looked sweetly in my face,
And said, "Now I know, dear mamma,
It's God who fills the space!"

GRANADA AND ITS ROYAL TOMBS.

THERE seems to be an implacable feud between hotels and railway stations all over Spain. They keep as far away from each other as possible.

The station is usually quite out of town, and the hotel very much in. But at Granada the station is far out from the city's heart in one direction, and the hotel where we were to stop still farther away in another, and it was a real journey from one to the other. It was between eleven and twelve at night when we drove thus the whole length of the unsleeping town.

On through the town we went, glancing in at open doors as we passed, until suddenly stillness broken only by the flow of murmuring waters was about us, and a soft gloom through which the high moon could hardly pierce.

We had entered the enclosure of the Alhambra, and the elms the Duke of Wellington planted were arching quickly over our heads. And our hearts beat fast, and we whispered to each other, "We are here at last!"

"Is it the Alhambra?" the one-eyed landlord answered, in good English,—

"Yes, ladies, and your rooms are ready."

If only it had been May, instead of the late November, then would all the Duke's elms have been full of the nightingales. But when we woke next morning, we were sure that no time of year could have been lovelier. The air was soft as June—a young, unexhausted air, which it was a delight to breathe.

The town of Granada reposes in the Vega, a lovely valley thirty miles in length, which the system of irrigation so skillfully arranged by the Moors has turned into a veritable Garden of Eden. Round this happy valley circle frowning mountains, whose snow-crowned tops are ten thousand feet above the sea-level—the Sierra Nevada.

You can form no idea of the Alhambra itself, until you have fairly entered it. And then you wander on and on, from court to court, from loveliness to loveliness, and from the windows of one court you look forth to the haughty mountains, and from another at busy Granada down in the valley, and from others at the hills, mined with the caves where the gypsies burrow; and, whether you look out or in, you are so held in thrall by the unutterable charm of the place that you can scarcely breathe.

And when the night does come, indeed, and you go back, as we did, the night after our first day there, to see it all by moonlight, ah, with what words dare one attempt to paint the transcendent, ethereal vision! Delicate columns, cobweb traceries of carving, perfect arches, and over all the high moon's enchantment!

"Do you believe in ghosts?" some one asks at my elbow.

"I see them," I whisper back, and there they are. The dark Moors group themselves under the slender pillars of the Court of the Lions—the mur-

dered, unappeased Abencerrages moan in the hall where they were slain, and the revealing moon points out the spots where their blood stained the white marble. It was Boabdil who shed their blood; and he was cruel enough to kill, but not brave enough to conquer, and his turn came to go mournfully out of the Alhambra, with his mother's scornful words in his ears,—“It is well that you should weep as a woman for what you could not defend as a man.”

When one reads of the charm of the Alhambra by moonlight, one believes that it must be exaggerated; but when you stand there in the pale moonlight, amid ghosts and glories, you know it would be as impossible to exaggerate as to describe it.

You go back again, the second day, prepared to look more coolly; and then you perceive the exquisiteness of all the details—the delicate, infinitely varied traceries of the walls, with their ceilings, as if a sudden, large-flaked snow-shower had been turned to stone; the slender pillars that seem fit only to serve for temples in fairyland, the wonderful, inexhaustible beauty that surrounds you everywhere. And every spot has its own legend. From the tower of *La Captiva* a Christian captive flung herself down to death, rather than live to be the bride of the Moorish king. And in 1492—the very year in which Columbus discovered America—conquered Boabdil surrendered his sacred sword, and departed forever from the gate of the *Siete Suelos*.

I must not forget the *Torre de la Vela*, or watch-tower, from which we used to watch the sunset, as it kindled the West with crimson glory, and warned the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada with its reflected splendour. The Court of the Lions seems to me the very loveliest spot in the whole Alhambra. The lions

themselves are not much larger or more important than an ordinary saw-horse. A group of them serves to uphold the central fountain, and to give name to the court—but that court, with its groups of delicate pillars, its exquisite arches, its lace-like carvings, and the vistas of vision it gives you, on and on into stately, waiting chambers, surpasses anything else I know for beauty.

The Alhambra is Granada, and yet if the Alhambra were not there, how much else there would be!

There is the *Generalife*, with its lovely tropical garden, its old pictures, its superb view, and down in the town there are churches and convents, and the grand Cathedral where Isabella, the Catholic,—the great Isabella, who sent Columbus forth to find our new world,—lies buried, with her husband, King Ferdinand, beside her. Sump-tuous indeed is their tomb, with their effigies resting side by side upon the lofty marble sarcophagus. Near by is the tomb of their daughter, Queen Juana, with her handsome, worthless husband, Philip of Burgundy, and in the vault beneath, the four royal coffins may be seen.

The coffin of Philip is that very one which his crazed, fond wife kept with her everywhere during the forty-seven years of her long widowhood.

The Cathedral is the haunt of beggars who call themselves guides, and who get in your way till you are glad to give them your last penny to get rid of them. It was in this way I met a ragged son of Spain, about twelve years old, and so beautiful that I could no more forget him than I could forget the Alhambra. He was the very raggedest of the whole crew, but, oh, how fascinating he was, with the smooth oval of his dark cheeks, and with his eyes so dark, so melting, so pathetic, that they almost brought the tears to mine. He thought that he spoke English, and this was the manner of his speaking: "Antigua house, see, missis." With pennies I bribed him to learn to say, "I am a very bad little boy." He said the words slowly and solemnly, as if they were an incantation, without the most distant idea of their meaning; and I heard of him, weeks afterward, starting subsequent visitors to the Cathedral with this formula.

Granada is a thoroughly living city, and not a dead one, like Toledo or Cordova, though in place of its former population of four hundred thousand, it has only seventy-five thousand now, exclusive of the gypsies, who herd like outlaws in their holes in the hill-sides. These live in the dirt and wear rags, and lie and steal, and tell fortunes; but some of them are handsome, and if you bribe them sufficiently, they will put on clean finery and come into town and promise you luck, while they look as if they would take pleasure in cutting your throat.

LOUIE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The Deacon's Little Maid.

ADELINA D. T. WHITNEY.

In this new world that was waiting when
The star in the east shone down
And lighted the steps of the Magian men
To the Inn in Bethlehem town,

Many a hillside sloped to the sun,
Or dipped to a shining sea,
Fair for God's presence as ever one
In Judah or Galilee.

Many a soul that was tarrying there,
Till centuries should go by,
To take its place in the line of men,
To the Lord was just as nigh

As John, or Mary, or Lazarus,
Who walked with him by the way
For the blessed sign it should be to us
That he walks at our side to-day.

So lovely with love that hath no compare,
The very names grow dear;
And Marys and Johns were everywhere,
And Bethels were builded here.

Deep in the green New England hills,
In a dimple fair to see,
With orchards whose fruitage the summer
fills,
Lies a little Bethany.

And looking eastward between the farms,
As over the river you go,
Stately with elms as the old with palms,
You may see sweet Jericho.

What wonder that Mary, the little maid,
Pondering Bible-love,
Pictured, wherever her steps had strayed,
Those marvellous things of yore!—

That the darksome hollow beyond the
bridge
Where the pollard willows stood,
And the steep, rough roadway up the ridge
In the gloom of the hemlock wood,

Should seem like the wayside where the
thieves
Beset the traveller-man,
And left him, all wounded, upon the leaves,
For the Good Samaritan?

Or the scathed old pear tree by the brook,
That the lightning in the night,
When the farmhouse with the thunder
shook,
Left ghastly and dead and white,

Should be to her fancy the fig-tree, bare,
Or yielding but bitter and worst,
That the Lord, when he found it fruitless
there,
With an awful withering cursed?

That, scanning the houses far away
On the hillsides in the sun,
She questioned, many an innocent day,
Which was the very one

Where the brother and sisters sat at meat
With their friend, when the day was low,
And Mary lovingly washed the feet
That had journeyed in mercy so?

She was Deacon Sternbold's little maid,
And her mother was kindly true;
Her primer and hymns to her sire she said,
But her heart the mother knew.

Helping the dame on Saturday morn
At the churn all suddenly she
Cried, "Mother, oh, I wish I'd been born
Real Mary of Bethany!

"Or I wish that Jesus would walk in here,
And would call me to him, and say,
With his eyes' great glory upon me, 'Dear,
Come sit at my feet all day!'"

"And doesn't he?" answered the mother
sweet;

"Can you think it except he say?
To love him well is to sit at his feet—
To serve him, to bide alway.

"Now bring me the tray; and the spate,
and prints,
Cool in the ice-bowl there;
Then finish the seams in your gown of
chints
That to-morrow you may wear.

"And if baby wakes from his long, nice nap,
Just sing him your little song
While mother's busy; the work, mayhap,
Won't need to hinder her long."

Maid Mary went at the gentle word;
Some beautiful inward smile
Dawning up to her face as if she heard
More than was spoken the while.

For the child's deep heart was beating still
With the joy of that saying sweet:
"To bide with him is to do his will,
To love him, to sit at his feet."

So while she fetched the spate and prints,
And hastened away to sew
With ready fingers the gown of chints,
She went as the angels go.

And sitting there by the cradle-side,
When a comrade lifted the latch
And eagerly signed to the pasture wide,
And whispered, "Blackberry Patch!"

Softly she shook her delicate head,
But smiled as she did it, too;
Till the other guessed she must know,
Instead,
Of some pleasanter thing to do.

And when the baby awoke at last,
Fretting with sleepy whim,
Though the seam was done, and the hour
was past,
Still she smiled: "I can wait, with him!"

When the older brothers came whooping
in—
Roger, and roguish Dan—
Routing her quiet with rollicking din,
And teasing, as brothers can;

And father, vexed for a mischief played,
Full hastily called and chid—
Never a cloud on the face of the maid
The beautiful brightness hid.

For what could take her with ill surprise,
Or what could provoke a frown,
When she knew the glory of Jesus' eyes
Was over her, looking down?

So Saturday's nightfall folded the hill
And the Day of the Lord broke bright:
And the good folk gathered sedate and still,
In the meeting-house on the height.

With her tender secret in her face,
Maid Mary sat in the pew;
The Lord who was in his holy place
Had been at home with her, too.

And when the people stood up to pray,
As the custom used to be,
She whispered, "Dear Christ, like yesterday
Make all the to-days for me!"

Ah, many a Mary, merry or staid,
On the hillsides there might be;
But was not the deacon's dear little maid
Real Mary of Bethany?

I CAN AND I WILL.

How many boys there are who can,
but never do, because they have no
will-power, or if they have do not use
it! Before undertaking to perform any
task, you must carefully consider
whether you can do it, and once con-
vinced that you are able to accomplish
it, then say, "I will do it," with a
determination that you will never give
up till it is done, and you will be
successful. The difference between
"Give up," and I "can't" and "can
and will," is just the difference between

victory and defeat in all the great con-
flicts of life.

Boys, adopt for your motto, "If
I can I will," and victory will be
yours in all life's battles. "I can and
I will," nerves the arm of the world's
heroes to-day, to whatever department
of labour they are engaged. "I can
and I will," has won all the great
battles of life and of the world.

I know of a boy who was preparing
to enter the junior class of the New
York University. He was studying
trigonometry, and I gave him three ex-
amples for his next lesson. The fol-
lowing day he came into my room to
demonstrate his problems. Two of
them he understood, but the third—a
very difficult one—he had not per-
formed. I said to him!

"Shall I help you?"
"No, sir! I can and will do it if you
give me time."
I said, "I will give you all the time
you wish."

The next day he came into my room
to recite another lesson in the same
study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that
example?"

"No, sir," he answered, "but I can
and I will do it, if you will give me a
little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the
time you desire."

I always like these boys who are
determined to do their own work, for
they make our best scholars, and men
too. The third morning you should
have seen Simon enter my room. I
knew he had it, for his whole face told
the story of his success. Yes, he had
it, notwithstanding it had cost him
many hours of the severest mental
labour. Not only had he solved the
problem, but what was of infinitely
grater importance to him, he had be-
gun to develop mathematical powers
which, under the inspiration of "I can
and I will," he has continued to cul-
tivate, until to-day he is professor of
mathematics in one of our largest col-
leges, and one of the ablest mathema-
ticians of his years in our country.

My young friends, let your motto
ever be, "If I can I will."—N. Y.
Evangelist.

THE MINISTER AND THE
INFIDEL.

SOME years ago a well-known Ameri-
can minister delivered a series of
discourses against atheism in a town,
some of the inhabitants of which were
known to be infidels. A few days
afterwards he took passage in a steamer
ascending the Mississippi, and found
on board several of the people of the
town, among whom was a noted infidel.
So soon as this man discovered the
minister, he commenced his blas-
phemies, and when he perceived him
reading at one of the tables, he pro-
posed to his companions to go with
him to the other side of the table, and
listen to some stories he had to tell
about religion and religious men, which
he said would annoy the old preacher.

Quite a number, prompted by curi-
osity, gathered around him to hear his
vulgar stories and anecdotes, all of
which pointed against the Bible and
its ministers. The preacher did not
raise his eyes from the book which he
was reading, nor appear to be in the
least troubled by the presence of the
rabble. At length the infidel walked
up to him, and, rudely slapping him
on the shoulder, said:

"Old fellow, what do you think of
these things?"

The minister calmly pointed to the
land, and said:

"Do you see that beautiful land-
scape spread out before you?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you were to send out a
dove, it would pass over that scene,
and see in it all that was beautiful
and lovely; but if you were to send
out a buzzard over precisely the same
scene, it would see in it nothing to fix
its attention, unless it could find some
rotten carcass that would be loath-
some to all other animals. It would
alight and gloat upon that with ex-
quisite pleasure."

The infidel walked off in confusion,
and went by the name of "the
buzzard," during the remainder of the
passage.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

THIS order was organized by King
Arthur. He was the eleventh king of
England after the departure of the
Romans, and was crowned in Paris
about the year 516. After he had
expelled the Saxons from England,
conquered Norway, Scotland, and the
greater part of France, he returned
home, and lived in such splendour that
princes and knights from all parts
visited his court. He organized a
brotherhood of knights, numbering
24, of whom he was chief. To avoid
any disputes about the most honour-
able place he had a round table made.
Encircling that table the knights sat,
and from this the order was named
Knights of the Round Table. Their
place of meeting was in the castle of
Winchester.

To become members of this order
persons were required to give proof of
their valour and their skill in the use
of arms. Whether on horse or on
foot, they were always to be well
armed.

Some of their principles, at least,
given in an old account of them, were
good, and worthy of study and observ-
ance. "They were to protect and
defend widows, maidens and children;
relieve the distressed; maintain the
Christian faith; contribute to the
Church; to protect pilgrims; advance
honour and suppress vice. To bury
soldiers that wanted sepulchres, and
administer to the cure of wounded
soldiers hurt in the service of their
country; to record all noble enter-
prises that the fame thereof may ever
live to their honour and the renown
of the noble order."

Another Year.

You are larger now than a year ago,
And the stories and lessons they too must
grow,
And come to your minds with a fresh, new
look
On the unlearned page of this old, old book.

But have you, my dears, learned every thing
The brave old year in its arms could bring?
O all the lessons the school-books brought,
Perhaps—but the other ones? Have you
thought.

That never a blossom looks up but tells
Some story of how its sweet heart swells
With a grateful love to him who made
Its beauty of sunshine and rain and shade;

That never a butterfly sips, or a bee
The nectar too little for us to see,
But out of the picture a lesson goes
Of him who made clover and bee and rose;

That never a ripened apple falls,
Nor a grape-vine purples on dull old walls,
Not a nut comes rustling through the leaves,
Nor a wain goes laden with harvest
sheaves—

But in each and all bright eyes may find
How wise and changeless and heavenly kind
Is he who fashions the endless store
Which blesses the new year more and
more?

And not alone while the warm skies glow
Are written the lessons for us to know,
But the snow and the ice have a truthful
word
Of him whom we worship and call the Lord.

They hide in the roots of the honey flowers
And the trees whose fruits fall thick as
flowers,
And in all the earth and air and sea
There are stories and lessons for you and me.

—Christian Leader.

BARTON'S HYMN.

"Come, Barton, up with you! We
must start the sheep early for the lower
farm this morning. There isn't hay
enough on that scaffold to half fodder
them again."

The loud tones of Farmer Prescott's
voice rang through the long, narrow
passage of the stair-way as through a
trumpet. They woke his chore-boy,
Barton Viles, from a sound sleep, and
though it cost an effort to leave his
warm quarters, Barton did not wait for
a second summons, but hastily com-
menced to dress.

A frosty morning it was, yet so early
in the day a lighted tallow-dip was
necessary to discern objects in his
bare little chamber, sparkling with
frost.

On the stand, in the yellow rays of
light that fell across it, there lay open
a little "daily food." Barton glanced
for the day's verse as he fastened but-
tons and buckles with chilled fingers.
"The peace of God, which passeth all
understanding, shall keep your hearts
and minds through Christ Jesus."

"And that peace is mine," thought
Barton, with a glad thrill. "How I
wish Mr. Prescott and everybody in
all the world would know how precious
Christ is as a Saviour, and love him as
I do!"

"God is able to bless the weakest
effort of his weakest disciple, and cause
it to win souls to himself." A puff of
wind through the unplastered laths set

the leaves of the little book stirring,
till they rustled wide open at these
words. Barton read them thoughtfully,
and then hurried down the dark stair-
way, silently praying that God would
be his guide through the day and bless
his efforts to honour him.

Abel Prescott was rich in worldly
possessions, but poor, O so poor in all
that concerned his soul! He was care-
ful to keep his barns and houses and
crops fully insured, but for his poor
soul, that must spend eternity some-
where, he bitterly resented any advice
or warning offered that he insure it for
eternal life.

Barton had lately learned to love
his Saviour, and he longed and was
earnestly praying that his master,
Abel Prescott, might also love Christ,
and know of the peaceful happiness
that made his own heart so light that
he sung over his work from dawn till
night.

The lower farm lay two miles farther
down the river. When Farmer Pres-
cott's flocks of sheep had eaten the hay
stored for them in the barns on the
home farm, it was his custom to drive
them to this other farm, where they
were fed till turned to pasture in the
spring.

A narrow, snowy path it was that
led that day from the hills down to the
lower barns. Barton led the flocks,
while Mr. Prescott plodded behind,
keeping laggards from straying from
the path. A long distance it was be-
tween the leader and driver over the
slow-moving, winding file of bleating
sheep: so long that Barton little
thought the hymn he sung as he led
the flocks down the steep hill-sides
went ringing and echoing back through
the crisp air, and was sharply distinct
to the listener behind:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from a tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?
The Shepherd made answer: 'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'"

Over and again Barton sung the
sweet, pleading words, thinking of the
dear Saviour who had suffered so much
to bring him into the fold, and wishing
that all might listen to the tender Shep-
herd's voice.

Far behind, Mr. Prescott, with cap
drawn snugly over his ears, tried to
shut out the ringing words and unwel-
come thoughts they had awakened, but
all in vain.

He shouted hoarsely to the young
boy, "Stop that bawling! Whist your
noise!" But sound, that frosty morn-
ing, had a choice which way to float—
and float it would, backward, not
ahead; and so, all unconscious that he
had any listener besides the steep hill-
sides and snow-capped pines along the
path, Barton sung on:

"But none of the ransomed ever know
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Away in the desert he heard its cry,
Helpless and sick and ready to die."

Plaintively sweet and tender the
words rang back. The bleating flock
ahead being led to a new fold, the
rugged, winding path, the snow-cover-
ed hills about him, made the words of
the song most impressive, and, through
the Holy Spirit, brought the truth
home to Farmer Prescott's heart.

Argument he could meet, fear he
knew not, advice and warnings he
resented; but the tender, pleading
love of his Saviour, made plain to him
through Barton's hymn, he could no
longer resist, and it was not long be-
fore

All through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep."
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his
own."

And "his own" this time was Abel
Prescott.—*Truth Seekers.*

"HE NEVER TOLD A LIE"

A GREAT African explorer, Mungo
Park, in his "Travels through Africa,"
relates that a party of armed Moors
having made an attack on the flocks
of a village at which he was stopping,
a youth of the place was mortally
wounded in the affray. The natives
placed him on horseback and conducted
him home, while the mother preceded
the mournful group proclaiming all the
excellent qualities of her boy, and by
her clasped hands and streaming eyes
showed the inward bitterness of her
soul.

The quality for which she chiefly
praised the boy formed of itself an
epitaph so noble that even civilized
life could not aspire to higher. "He
never," said she with pathetic energy,
"never, never told a lie!"

What a tribute for the devoted
mother to pay her dying boy! A poor
heathen African, too, who had never
been taught to love and serve God,
and yet from principle, and through
innate manliness, scorned to tell a lie.

Is not such a character worth emu-
lating? And would you not like to
have it said of yourself, "He never
told a lie?" Think of the poor little
heathen African boy when tempted to
cover some fault with an untruth.
Or, better still, think of God's com-
mand given on Mount Sinai to his
children, now as well as then, through
his servant Moses.

A lie not only grieves the dear
Saviour, and rejoices the Evil One,
but does not in the least help one out
of difficulty. In fact, as some of you
may have experienced, it only involved
you deeper and deeper into trouble.
So don't ever let Satan creep into
your hearts in this way. Give him
the cold shoulder at once by manfully

speaking the truth, and each tempta-
tion of the kind resisted will help to
strengthen you in truthfulness.

WHAT A VERSE CAN DO.

A LITTLE boy came to one of our
city missionaries, and holding out a
dirty and well-worn bit of printed
paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent
me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the mis-
sionary unfolded it, and found it was
a page containing that beautiful hymn,
of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!"

The missionary looked down with
interest into the face earnestly up-
turned to him, and asked the little boy
where he got it and why he wanted a
clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in
sister's pocket after she died; and she
used to sing it all the time when she
was sick, and loved it so much that
father wanted to get a clean one to
put in a frame to hang it up. Won't
you give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn
on it, had been cast upon the air like
a fallen leaf, by Christian hands,
humbly hoping to do some possible
good. In some little mission Sunday-
school, probably, this poor girl had
thoughtlessly received it, afterward to
find it, we hope, the gospel of her
salvation. Could she, in any prob-
ability, have gone down into death
sweetly singing that hymn of peni-
tence and faith in Jesus to her latest
breath, without the saving knowledge
of him which the Holy Spirit alone
imparts?—*Selected.*

JOHN AND THE FISHING EAGLE.

BY R. M. WILBUR.

It was a tall old tulip tree, that had
been a hundred years or more in get-
ting to its present height. Away in
the top of it was the home of a fishing
eagle, in which for years, each summer,
she had reared a nest full of young
eaglets.

At a certain hour each day, all
through the season, she spread her
strong wings, and flew swiftly away to
the sea, ten miles distant, to fish for
her brood.

One day she set off as usual. But
when she came back with a fine large
fish in her talons, some men near by so
frightened the bird by screams and
throwing stones, that she dropped her
fish, which they at once picked up and
carried off.

But Master John, who was at work
with the men, had a heart full of pity
for the poor bird, and waited to see
what she would do. For awhile she
seemed discouraged. But soon, excited
by the hungry cries of her babies, she
spread her wings again, and was off
for another trip of ten miles to the
sea and back again. It took her
nearly twice as long as before, and she
was weary almost to exhaustion when
she again reached the tree and fed her
young, when weariness and fright were
alike forgotten.

Timidity—A Hindoo Fable.

A SILLY mouse, thinking each thing a cat,
Fell into a helpless worriment thereat;

But, noticed by a wizard living near,
Was turned into a cat to end its fear.

No sooner was the transformation done,
Than dreadful terror of a dog begun.

Now, when the wizard saw this latest throe,
"Here, be a dog," said he, "and end your woe."

But, though a dog, its soul had no release,
For fear some tiger might disturb its peace.

Into a tiger next the beast was made,
And still 'twas pitiful and sore afraid.

Because the huntsman might, some ill
starred day,
Happen along and take its life away.

"Then," said the wizard, turning towards
his house,
"You have a mouse's heart—now be a mouse."

'Tis so with men; no earthly help or dower
Can add one atom to their earthly power;

Them from their smallness nothing can
arouse—
No art can make a lion from a mouse.

—New York Mercury.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1921.] **LESSON V.** [Jan. 30.

THE CALL OF ABRAHAM.

Gen. 12. 1-9. Commit to mem. vs. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will bless thee, and make thy name
great; and thou shalt be a blessing.
Gen. 12. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. Abram.
2. The call.

TIME.—1921 B.C. Population widely spread. Chedorlaomer king of Chaldean Empire. No authentic history of European commerce begun by Phoenicians. Greece in shadow. Egypt well advanced in civilization under her Pharaohs.

PLACES.—Haran. Land of Mesopotamia. Sichern. Plain of Moreh. Bethel. Hai.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Lord had said*—How, we cannot tell, but Abram knew and obeyed. *Thou shalt be a blessing*—That is, a cause of blessing to others besides thyself. *All families of the earth*—We know that this refers to Jesus, the world's greatest blessing, who descended from Abram. *All their substance*—Their property in flocks and herds and camels. *The souls that they had gotten*—Rather, the slaves and dependants who belonged to them. *The Lord appeared*—The first recorded appearance of God to man; doubtless by the angel of his presence, the Eternal Word. *This land—Canaan*. *He removed*—Literally, he pulled up his tent-pins. That shows the kind of life they were leading.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That God's calls to duty means blessedness?
2. That God's plan is to bless man by man?
3. That God's promises never fail?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what purpose was Abram called? To serve God in a strange land. 2. What was God's promise to Abram in the GOLDEN TEXT? "I will," etc. 3. From what place did God call him? From Ur of the Chaldees. 4. To what place did Abram and his family first journey at God's call? To Haran in Mesopotamia. 5. To what place did he go after his father died? To the land of Canaan. 6. In what should we try to be like Abram? In trusting God's care.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine call.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. In what part of man is the image of God? In his spirit or soul, which was breathed into him by the Creator.

Genesis ii. 7. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

B.C. 1918.] **LESSON VI.** [Feb. 6.

LOT'S CHOICE.

Gen. 13. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness. Matt. 6. 33.

OUTLINE.

1. Abram's Offer.
2. Lot's Choice.

TIME.—1918 B.C. Doubtless an assumed date to represent the fact that it was long enough after the settlement in Canaan for the increase of possessions to make the difference described in our lesson.

PLACES.—Egypt. Bethel. Hai. Plain of Jordan. Sodom. Gomorrah. Zoar.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Into the south*—The southern extremity of Canaan, called now a-days "The Negeb," is very often mentioned in Scripture narrative. *Went on his journeys*—Went by marches from station to station, perhaps in the places where he had stopped as he went down. *Land was not able to bear*—Their flocks had greatly increased since they were first at Bethel; the land was just recovering from drought; besides, it was already occupied by other peoples; it could not support them. *Lifted up his eyes*—Simply looked from the high

mountain side where they were encamped. *The garden of the Lord*—Figurative language to show how rich and fertile and beautiful it looked as compared with the rough mountain of their habitation. *Pitched his tent toward Sodom*—Day by day drew near as his flocks fed and he followed.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What teaching do we here find concerning—

1. The duty of devotion?
2. The wise way to settle quarrels?
3. The danger of great riches?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what land was Abram driven by a famine? To the land of Egypt. 2. Where did he return from Egypt? To the land of Canaan. 3. What did Abram give to his nephew Lot? The choice of the land. 4. What did this show? A noble, generous nature. 5. What choice are we bidden in the GOLDEN TEXT to make? "Seek ye," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Brotherly love.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. Is then the soul of man created to live for ever? It is immortal, and will not die as the body dies.

Ecclesiastes xii. 7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

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