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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1889.

[No. 1.]

New Year.

In the dark midnight
Old Year must die ;
In the dark midnight
New Year draws nigh.
Bells in the steeples,
Far off and near,
Cry with glad voices,
" Welcome New Year."

What does the New Year
Bear in her hand ?
Sunshine is with her,
Leaf-buds expand ;
Snowdrops are waking,
Roses will bloom
Larks will be singing,
Nightingales come.

What will the New Year
Carry away ?
Silently, swiftly,
Day follows day ;
Each with its story
Elsewhere to tell,
Each with its sentence :
" Ill done, or well !"

Fair be the story
Told by each one !
Pleasant words spoken,
Kindly deeds done ;
Little lives bravely
Lived for the right
So will this New Year
Ever seem bright.

AT THE BOTTOM.

AFTER a long, long ride on a summer day we came to a crest overlooking the handsome town of Westchester. On the summit was a log house, snug and neat, a corn patch on one side, a garden of common flowers on the other, the front overlooking the lovely sweep of the valley and the long descent of the turnpike. By the door in the shadow of the house sat a young coloured man in a home-made chair; he had a book in his hand and at his feet lay a dog. He rose as we drew near.

" Here is a pail of water, sir, fresh from the spring: Will you have a drink, sir? Shall I water the horse? May be the lady would like a glass of milk?"

We said we preferred the water.

" I never drink niffin' else," he said, " but there is a plenty of people ride by here and ask for ale and wine or punch, and says to me, ' Jerry, you could make your fortune, your everlasting fortune, if you know enough to keep some neat drinks.'"

" And what do you say to that, Jerry?" we asked.

" O! I read them out of my book here; ' Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth

thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also.' That don't look much like everlasting fortune, does it, sir? Looks as if the man who made his neighbour drunken would have it said to him that he shall go away to everlasting punishment, as my book reads. Every morning when I rises up I says to myself, ' Jerry, mind you have got to give an account for whatever you do or say this day.'"

" And how do you come to be such a good temperance man, Jerry?"

" O, sir! I was brought up in a tavern. I have seen a man kill his neighbour, along of drink. I have seen a man main his little child, I have seen a man strike his old mother; I have seen a man blow his brains out—all for drink. I have seen a house burned, a boat sunk, a stage over-turned

and people killed in it—all for drink. And sir, in all my life I have never seen these 'everlastin' fortunes' they tell of made out of drink, stay by families, father and son. It is evil made and quick go and no blessing along with it."

" And what do you do for a living, Jerry?"

" O, I raise all I eat. I make my own clothes and shoes. I make kitchen chairs to sell, and I have regular places and times for going to work, and I lay by an honest penny for old age and have a penny to give away. I have never seen real want, sir, where there wasn't rum at the bottom of it somewhere."

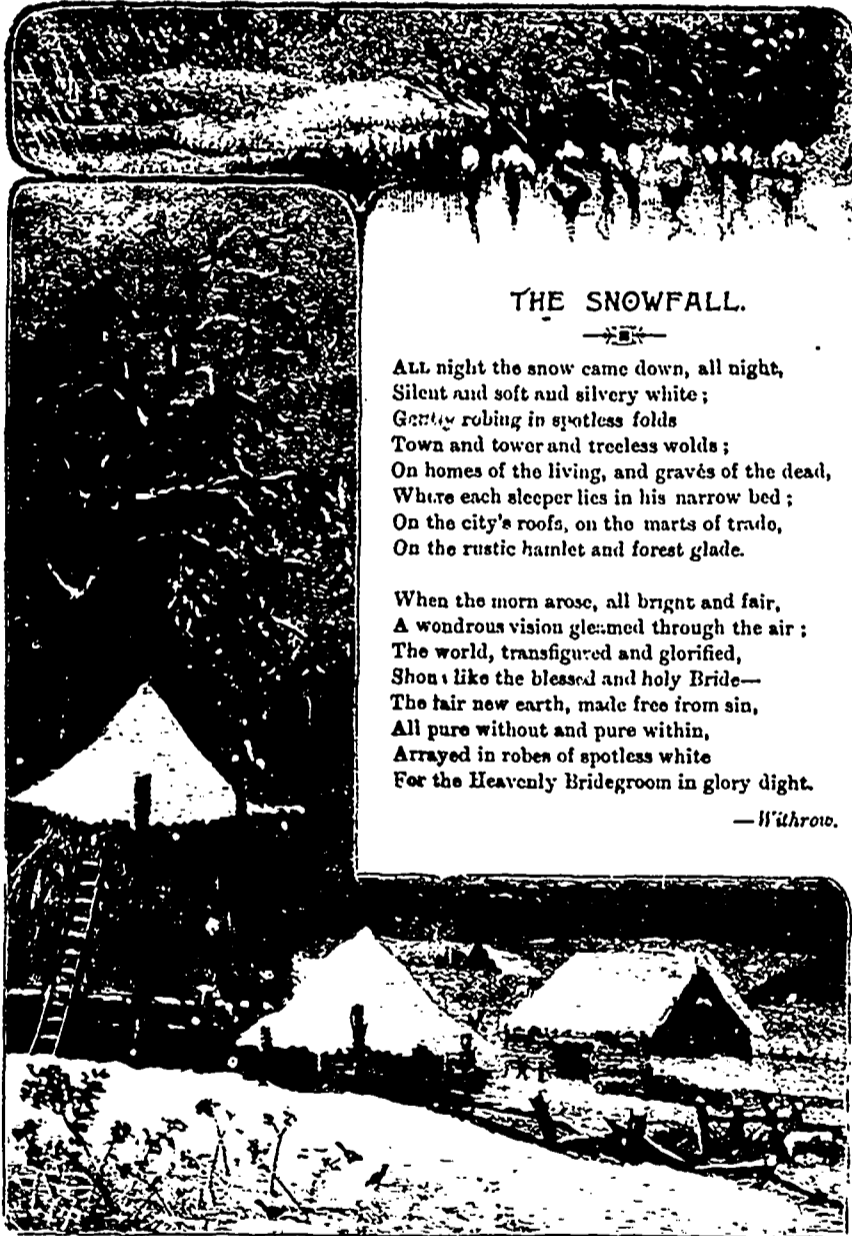
SISTER DORA.

ON the eleventh of October, 1886, the first statue ever erected in England to a woman other than a sovereign was unveiled in the town of Walsall, Staffordshire. The statue is erected in the market-place of the town where Sister Dora laboured amongst the poor for twelve years at the Cottage Hospital, which she founded after a smallpox epidemic in 1868. As we look into her kind, helpful face, we are reminded of the words of her loving biographer: " One of her characteristics was an intense love of amusement and of getting fun out of everything, and this she conveyed in no mean degree to others through the medium of her own ready wit and originality of expression. Just before bedtime came her own supper, when she would often be very merry, and would relate her

many remarkable experiences with intense fun and drollery. Her keen sense of the ridiculous must have preserved her from much weariness of spirits.

Spending and being spent for others was a delight to her, and it seemed as if she could derive no real happiness from anything which did not involve sacrifice of herself in some way or other. Commenting on this, some one has said: " Her fun ministered directly to her religion, her own heart fresh and buoyant to lift her from the grievous burdens from the hearts of others."

A CHILD'S attractiveness is in his eyes. If he seems like a little old man, he is as attractive as either a real old man or a young man.



THE SNOWFALL.

ALL night the snow came down, all night,
Silent and soft and silvery white;
Gently robing in spotless folds
Town and tower and treeless wolds;
On homes of the living, and graves of the dead,
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed;
On the city's roofs, on the marts of trade,
On the rustic hamlet and forest glade.

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,
A wondrous vision gleamed through the air;
The world, transfigured and glorified,
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—
The fair new earth, made free from sin,
All pure without and pure within,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white
For the Heavenly Bridegroom in glory dight.

—Withrow.

The New Year Ledger

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

I said one year ago,

"I wonder, if I truly kept
A list of days when life burnt low,
Of days I smiled and days I wept,
If good or bad would highest mount
When I made up the year's account?"

I took a ledger fair and fine,

"And now," I said, "when days are glad,
I'll write with bright red ink the line,
And write with black when they are bad,
So that they'll stand before my sight
As clear apart as day and night."

"I will not heed the changing skies.

Nor if it shine, nor if it rain;
But if there comes some sweet surprise,
Or friendship, love or honest gain,
Why, then it shall be understood
That day is written down as good."

"Or if to any one I love

A blessing meets them on the the way,
That will to me a pleasure prove;
So it shall be a happy day;
And if some day I've cause to dread
Pass harmless by, I'll write it red."

"When hands and brain stand labour's test,

And I can do the thing I would,
Those days when I am at my best
Shall all be traced as very good.
And in 'red letter,' too, I'll write
Those rare, strong hours when night is might."

"When first I meet in some grand book

A noble soul that touches mine,
And with this vision I can look
Through some Gate Beautiful of time,
That such happiness will shed
That golden-lined will seem the red."

"And when pure, holy thoughts have power

To touch my heart and dim my eyes,
And I in some diviner hour
Can hold sweet converse with the skies,
Ah! then my soul may safely write:
'This day hath been most good and bright.'"

What do I see on looking back?

A red-lined book before me lies,
With here and there a thread of black,
That like a shadow flies—
A shadow, it must be confessed,
That often rose in my own breast."

And I have found it good to note

The blessing that is mine each day;
For happiness is vainly sought
In some dim future far away.
Just try my ledger for a year,
Then look with grateful wonder back,
And you will find, there is no fear,
The red days far exceed the black."

"RESOLUTION No. 13."

BY MARJORIE S. HENRY.

"I, HERBERT LANK WILSON, do solemnly promise"—take care, Tom: I can't write when you shake so—"not to smoke, not to swear, not to—"

"But you never do any of those things, so what's the good of putting them down," suggested Tom, from his perch on the writing-table.

"That's just it," answered Herbert, "I don't know but I might be tempted this year; and resolutions keep people so safe," he added, giving a final flourish to a capital S.

"If people keep the resolutions," broke in a faint voice from the doorway. And Uncle Jack toward the boys, looking with an eye at the elaborate paper Herbert was writing so carefully, "New Year's Resolutions" at letters at the top, and "Resolution No. 13" etc., all the way down the sheet.

"Everybody ought to make resolutions," Uncle Jack?" asked Her-

bert, a little surprised and disappointed at the look in his uncle's face, which was hardly the one of commendation he had expected to see.

"I don't find fault with the resolutions, boys; it is ourselves, not the resolutions, that fail. I tried Herbert's plan once, and since then I have had far more faith in the doing than in the resolving. Shall I tell you about it? It happened long ago, when Percy—your father—and I were boys, and Alec—"

"That was little Uncle Alec?"

"Yes. He was only twelve years old then, and Percy and I were little company for him, I fear; we were too much taken up with our own sports and amusements, that he, being naturally a timid child, found little pleasure in, and after your grandmother's death he spent most of his time in reading books far too old for him, or in dreaming to himself, curled up on the wide window-seats. Our housekeeper was a kind-hearted woman, and did all in her power to make us comfortable; but I think now what lonely times Alec must have often had, accustomed as he had always been to mother's care. Father was away from home very often, on his 'court-week' trips, and we boys were left to the care of Mrs. Mason and the servants. It was in one of these times my story happened; and, when I tell it, Herbert will not wonder that I shook my head at his long list of resolutions, remembering as I do when last I saw a paper like it.

"It was the week after Christmas, and all the festivities of the season were about over. Father had gone to court in a town not far distant, and we boys were gathered round the fire one stormy night, expecting every moment to hear the sound of his carriage-wheels on the drive, and to welcome him home warmly after his few days' absence.

"The storm had been very severe in our part of the country—a warm rain, such as often comes with a January thaw—and it had sent large blocks of ice floating down the river, which roared and rushed but a short distance below our home. We boys had begged Mrs. Mason for a liberal supply of nuts and apples that night; and Percy and I were busy at a set of resolutions much like those Herbert holds in his hand. Alec lay in his usual place on the hearth-rug.

"'Jack,' said he, looking up from his book, as a gust of wind swept down the chimney, and the rain beat against the window-panes, 'oughtn't father to be here soon?'

"'Unless he can't come by the town-bridge,' I answered. 'Colonel Strong called out as he passed that it wasn't safe to-night, so father may have to go by the mills. Go on, Percy. Resolution 13: 'To be brave—'

"'Jack, oughtn't some one go to warn father?' broke in Alec's voice again.

"Percy laughed.

"'Yes, baby,' he answered, 'I think we'll send you to sit on the bridge until father appears. Take a lantern, Al, and a red flag.'

"Then we turned again to our resolutions, but, somehow, the pen seemed to stop at the last one—'To be brave;' and Percy and I rambled off into a many-sided argument as to what true bravery consisted in.

"'Percy,' said a low voice, again. Alec had risen now, and was standing by my side. 'Won't you go down to the bridge and wait for father? It rains so dreadfully!'

"Percy and I laughed again, and told Alec that father was able to take care of himself.

"'But, if he shouldn't know? Oh, Jack!—and a tender hand was laid on my arm—'can't you go? I would, if I could.'

"For a moment I almost started for my rubber coat and umbrella, but Percy's laugh, and the un-

pleasant roar of wind and rain outside, made me shake off Alec's hand with an impatient gesture.

"'Father will probably not even start from Sayville to night, and much good it would do, my sitting in this hurricane on that old bridge. Go yourself, if you are so anxious;' and we turned to sign our names, in legal style, to the paper before us. I can yet see the way the letters in my name looked, written directly under Resolution 13, 'To be brave.'

"By-and-bye, Alec slipped away—as we supposed, to bed—and not long after, father's voice sounded in the hall.

"'No, indeed!' he laughed, in answer to our inquiries; 'I did not try our bridge. They say it will not stand until morning. I heard of it in Sayville, and came by the upper road.'

"When we told him of Alec's determination to warn him, he asked, tenderly:

"'Where is my little man? I must go assure him that I am safe.'

"Where was Alec, indeed? Not in his little bed, nor in the house, though we searched in every room, calling his name in anxious tones; but only the howling wind answered when we paused to listen for a reply.

"'Could he himself have gone to the bridge?' some one asked.

"No, never; our timid, shrinking Alec, to whom even the dark rooms at bedtime were a trial. But on to the bridge we went—father first, his face white and anxious, the servants carrying lanterns, and then Percy and I, in awed wonder.

"The old bridge was yet standing, although the timbers creaked and groaned as we passed over. Father paused by a broken plank at the far end, and the light of the flickering lantern fell on little Alec's face.

"'Oh, father,' he cried, 'the bridge—is not—safe!' and fell back, unconscious, in father's loving arms.

"As we carried Alec home that night, I think we all know that there was another bridge his feet would soon cross—a bridge that is always safe and sure to his little ones.

"The old bridge stood the storm, but was rendered so unsafe by the strain it had undergone that it was taken down to make way for a stone one.

"'What about the resolutions,' did Uncle Jack Herbert? Among the few treasures I have fully kept, is a yellow scrap of paper, and often, when tempted or troubled, I have read in faded letters, written in a boyish hand, 'Resolution No. 13: To be brave!' and not the words themselves have helped me, but the memory of the lesson I learned that night—that, while some resolve, others are doing the work. There, boys: there is a moral. Can you find it?"

But Herbert only tore his resolutions into many pieces, and said:

"It must be in the heart, Uncle Jack; on the paper will do no good. I understand."

TOOLS OF INSECTS.

THERE is a little fly called a saw-fly, because it has a saw to work with. The fly uses it to make places where the eggs will be safe. What is more strange, it has a sort of home-made glue which fastens the eggs where they are laid.

There is a kind of bee which has a boring tool. Its nest is made in old wood, and the borer cleans out the nest ready for use. When all is ready, the bee cuts out pieces of leaves to line the nest and to make the cells. These linings are cut in the shape of the cells. You would be surprised to see the care taken to have every piece just the right size, so that it will fit. When they are fitted, they are nicely fastened together and put into the nest.

The Book of the Year.

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here.

The best is the simple legend
Of a book for you and me,
So fair, that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see.

'Tis full of the brightest pictures,
Of dream, and story, and rhyme;
And the whole world-wide together
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather-flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow.

Some of them keep the secrets
That make the roses sweet;
Some of them sway and rustle
With the golden heaps of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things to be,
In the wonderful year-book waiting
A gift for you and me.

And a thought, most strange and solemn,
Is borne upon my mind—
On every page a column
For ourselves we'll surely find.

Write what you may upon it,
The record there will stay,
Till the books of time are opened
In the courts of the Judgment-day.

Then, should we not be careful
Lest the words our fingers write,
Shall rise to shame our faces
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight!

And should we not remember
To dread no thoughts of blame,
If we sign each page that we finish
With trust in the dear Lord's name?

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DIME.

It was the evening of the Christmas festival. The church had been crowded with a happy throng of children, who had sung their sweet carols, received their presents, and dropped their dime offerings with willing hearts into the contribution-box as it went its rounds, that they might send the glad story of the Babe of Bethlehem to those dark lands where the little children had never heard of Jesus and his love.

Now the church was empty, and the happy children had gone home to dream of Christmas joys. Only the old sexton remained in the church, and one after another he extinguished the lights until they were all out, and he had to grope his way along the aisle by the dim light of the lantern he carried.

He sat down in a chair to rest before he should lock the great oaken door and go homeward, and while he rested his eyes fell upon a contribution-box.

"A goodly offering," he murmured, as he lifted it and felt its weight.

The silver coins rattled together as he put the box down again, but surely that was not the sound that the old man heard. Far, far away, so soft that he could scarcely distinguish the sound, so sweet that he fancied it must be angels singing, came a chorus that swelled like the notes of a mighty organ until he could hear the words:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill to men."

Ever the chorus swelled and grew louder and clearer until the old church itself was filled with the melody that swept like a wave along the arched roof and lingered in the dim aisles.

"Peace, peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Surely the voices were beside the old man, they sounded so clear and distinct, and he looked about him, but he was alone in the dimly-lighted church.

"Goodwill to men."

The chorus grew faint again and died away, then all was silence.

"What could that music have been?" asked the old sexton, wonderingly.

"That was the song of the Christmas Dimes," said a silvery, sweet voice so near to him that the old man started. A beam from the lantern fell upon a silver dime that had fallen from the contribution-box and dropped unseen upon the carpet.

A bright little face seemed to smile up at the old man from the coin.

"Yes, that is the song of the Christmas Dimes," it repeated. "The good tidings of great joy which we are going to carry to all people. Won't you put me in the box with the others, so that I can join in the chorus? My little master would grieve if he could see me lying here."

"Who was your little master?" asked the sexton, curiously, as he picked the little coin up and paused to listen to its answer before he restored it to the contribution-box.

"My master was a poor, little, ragged newsboy, who never heard the story of Jesus but once. He wandered into the Sabbath-school to listen to the singing one Sabbath, a few weeks ago, and a kind lady sat down by him and told him of the dear Saviour who had died for him. His little heart overflowed with love for Jesus as he heard the story of his suffering and cruel death upon the cross, and he longed to do something for him to prove his love. He heard the superintendent telling the children about the Christmas dime offering, and he resolved to bring his Christmas gift to the Saviour too, though he was only a poor, homeless little boy. Every penny that he could possibly lay aside he gladly saved toward his dime offering, and he often made his scanty meals even scantier that he might save more. Running across the street among the carriages and omnibuses that rattled along, his foot slipped and he fell under a horse's hoof. His poor, senseless body was taken up and carried to a hospital, where he was cared for by kind hands. His first thought was of his dime, and his greatest grief was that now he would not be able to earn enough to complete the sum by Christmas, but a friend gave him some money for oranges, so he gladly went without the juicy fruit, which would have been so grateful to his parched lips, that he might add the pennies to those he had already saved.

"The doctor gave him a bright, new silver dime for the copper pennies, and poor, little Dan's eyes were brighter than my shining face when he clasped me in his little hot hand and said, joyously:

"This is all for my Christmas present to Jesus. Won't you take it to church for me, doctor, and give it to send out to missionaries?"

"And so the good doctor brought me, and he did not notice that I slipped from his fingers before I was safely in the contribution-box. Then he went home to tell little Dan of the beautiful services and the sweet singing. Hark, the song is beginning again! All the Christmas Dimes from every part of this Christian land are lending their voices to the glad chorus."

And as the old sexton dropped the bright dime into the contribution-box the sweet song echoed again, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill to men."

When it died away again the old sexton took up his lantern and went homeward, and as the echo of the sweet song still rang in his ears he wished

that all the dear little children who had brought their silver dimes to Jesus for a Christmas offering could hear the sweet chorus too, the same that the heavenly host had sung to the listening shepherds on Judea's starlit plains:

"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, goodwill to men."

A LETTER FROM PORT SIMPSON.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As some of you have been very kind to our little folks in the Home, I want to write a letter just for yourselves, to thank you. Some time ago I said I wished some of the children of their Sunday-schools at home would save a little of our candy-money and send my girls and boys a few boot-laces, as we had so much trouble to keep them supplied. Shortly after I received a letter from a lady who wrote that she told her children about our Home, and what I wished our white boys and girls to do to help us. Soon after her little boy Jimmie brought her five cents, saying it was for laces. A few days passed, and Jimmie again brought five cents, and as that would buy one dozen, his mother added another ten cents to get a second. On arriving at the store where the laces were to be bought, she told the man who kept it of little Jimmie's self-denial, and he kindly gave one dozen to be added to the parcel; so I received a nice little bundle of laces shortly after. I do not know the lady's name, or I would have written her to let her know how pleased I was with Jimmie's unselfishness. I hope she will see this letter, so she can tell her little boy I received the laces. Then a little girl away off in Nova Scotia saved all her cents for some time in order to send a bundle of laces. I do not know her name, but Jesus does, and he will bless her for openly denying herself for his sake. Since that time I have received several little parcels of boot-laces, and although I do not know the girls or boys who have sent them, I feel very glad that they love our poor people enough to deny themselves to do them good, and my heart is often encouraged by thinking of the dear children far away who are so willing to help me in my work. I know God will bless them, for he notices the least thing we do for his sake. Then I want to thank the friends of the New Brighton Sunday-school for sending us a beautiful leaf cluster; the bright pictures have been a source of great pleasure to our girls. I would have written to thank them, but could not find out the name of the minister or anyone connected with the school. Since I came to the Home, three years ago, many kind friends have sent us useful parcels, and cards, and papers, which have helped us and given the children, both in the Home and village, great pleasure. I take this opportunity of letting them know their kindness is fully appreciated, and that all they send is put to a good use. Then it is not the gifts simply that we think of, but the kind interest and thoughtfulness which prompts the gift. That is what cheers and encourages us, making us feel that we are not alone in our work, but that many, in our dear homes so far away, are thinking of us and doing all they can to help us. I hope the dear boys and girls of our Sunday-schools will earnestly pray for our Home and Sunday-school here. We are hoping God will send us a revival this winter, and that many of our children will be gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd. We have class-meetings for the boys and girls through the week, and on Sunday the elder girls of the village gather at the Home, and we have a meeting for them with our elder girls. We are praying that God may bless all our efforts and save these young souls, and we want you to pray for us, too.

Your friend,
AGNES KNIGHT.

January.

SOPHIE L. SCHENCK.

A NEW year smiling comes. It seems that we
But yesterday the last one turned to greet.
Swiftly the months passed by, and silently
We marked it fade, and felt that something sweet
Was drifting from us; and we softly sighed
As the year, lately new, grew pale and died

O January! first of this new year,
What scenes are hidden in thy coming hours?
We greet thee with a mingled joy and fear,
Knowing thou hast for us both, thorns and flowers;
And as we blindly meet each new born day,
We ask for guidance o'er the untried way.

Welcome, New Year! Faith bids each heart be strong,
For God will order all that comes with thee.
To him we leave it, glad to march along,
Feeling that what is best alone will be.
And as we onward pass, kind wishes fall,
That this may prove a happy year for all.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1889.

THE RECORD CLOSED.

ANOTHER year has closed, with its record of events, sorrows and joys, reverses and successes, wrongs and rights, and what has been still exists as an indelible entry in the book of Time. The act of a moment produces the consequences of an eternity, and the word lightly spoken, or the deed unthinkingly done, has effects extending through all time. Our deeds are not for a day, but forever, and, though in real possession of the present, we are inseparably connected with the past and future by silent influences working throughout eternity. The shadow of a life-time may be the result of a slight error of judgment or indiscretion, and, in a moment of unthinking folly, a person may plant thorns in his dying pillow. There is no escaping from the consequences of our conduct, and the reflection of the past light and shade brightens or clouds the aspect of the present.

"Improve mine hours, the space is brief,
While in the glass the sand grains shiver,
And measure less the joy or grief
When thou and Time shall part forever."

At such halting; 'twas in a life-time, though the occasion is one generally observed with rejoicing, there are not wanting materials for serious and saddening thought, and memory more often strikes a minor chord of sorrow than an exultant one of joy. The thought of friends with whom we surrounded the festive board at similar seasons, who



PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSTRA

have since passed that "bourne from which no traveller returns," takes possession of the mind, and a sense of incompleteness is felt at their absence from our gatherings.

To the great majority of the people, however, New Year's day has nothing to do with gloomy reflections and unavailing regrets. The season is welcomed with pleasure, and if there are thousands to whom the day brings no relief from corroding care, those who can rejoice are not in the mood to enjoy the blessings of life any less because there are so many whose misery is intensified by contrast with the joys and pleasures of others. S. S. Teacher.

THIS YEAR.

Our new year—this precious new year—what will you do with it! God has given you the beginning of it, and let us hope that you will live to see the end of it. Like all other gifts of God, it is bestowed for a wise purpose. It is not to be trifled away in idleness or in sport, but it is to be improved to the greatest profit.

They make a great mistake who suppose that the right improvement of life is necessarily a dull and dreary business; that in order to do this they must give up all enjoyment, and be solemn and gloomy; never play, but always work or study; never have "a good time," as you young folks call your periods of amusement.

This is all a serious mistake. The people who serve God best are ever those who enjoy life most. Take up your little commonplace duties cheerfully; offer every morning all your occupations, both work and play, to God: then each day will be a step toward heaven, making of this promising young 1889 a truly happy New Year.—Angelus.

Queer People, with Wings and Stings, and Their Queer Capers. Illustrated by PALMER COX. Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

We wrote a short time ago of Palmer Cox's inimitable book on "Queer People, with Paws and Claws." This is another of the same sort, as full of innocent fun and humour—just the thing for the holidays at Christmas and all the year round. The rhymes are very amusing, but the drawings of the strangely human expression of the creatures portrayed will give no end of innocent delight to young people, from seven to seventy.

PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSTRA.

AND there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked: The same heard Paul speak: who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked. And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. And they called Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker. Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people. Which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul heard of, they rent their clothes, and ran in among the people, crying out, and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein. Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. And with these sayings scarce restrained they the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them. Acts xiv. 8-18.

BORN FROM ABOVE.

SUCH is the alternative translation of the "born again" of the third chapter of John. The change is so great and thorough that only a new birth can fitly image it—from being an heir of hell, to be made a child of God.

On this winter morning the snow is lying thick and soft around and over the landscape. It fell yesterday; it is very pure and very white. But it may become soiled. Day by day impurities will gather in and upon the snow. It is no longer beautiful to look upon. It becomes filthy. Can it ever be cleansed, made white and pure again? Not by washing it, nor by sweeping or dusting. It can only be made pure again by being melted, and exhaled, and rising as invisible mist into the upper air, and gathered into clouds, and softly sent down again pure and clear more—"born from above!"

So is the soul, beneath the power of God, drawn upward, purified, and born again, or from above.



THE RAZOR BILL.

We are standing on the sea-side, and turning back to the waves we look up to a rocky cliff rising in front of us rising to the height of five or six hundred feet. Lonely is it? Oh no, it is a peopled city, or rather it is a vast house tenanted by living creatures to the very attics. Only the tenants are not men and women, but birds.

Yes, the house belongs to birds, at least there they are, and story after story, ledge above ledge, is occupied by a different race, and they keep themselves to themselves, never visiting or interfering with their fellow-lodgers above or below them.

As we look again at the towering cliff, we see a row of black spots on every tier, which we know are the heads of sitting birds. Some are called Guillemots, some Razor Bills, some by other names, but the strange thing is that not only does each species keep to the same ledge, but that each separate bird knows its own mate. To us they all look alike, but the birds are wiser than we think. The "foolish" Guillemot (as its name is) is not so very foolish after all, is it?

There is no pretence of nest building, that is left to the denizens of the woods. A slight hollow scooped out is all they want, and sometimes there is not even this, the single egg is laid simply on the shelf of rock and there the mother tends it.

In due time, if all goes well, the little downy creature appears, and then what is to be done next? Nothing but the mother's wing protects it on that rocky ledge, if she leaves it for a minute it will be over. It will not be able to fly for many a day yet; and though it could swim if only on the sea, what

of that, when the sea lies five or six hundred feet below; so that now we can come back to the question with which we began. How are we to get them down?

We may ask the question, but the sea-bird does not. She has no need, for all arrangements are made, and there's a carriage ready for the journey, soft and pillowy, as the most tender nestling could desire. Perhaps in her own language she has a little motherly talk, reassuring and comforting with her offspring.

Then it mounts on her back and down, down they go, mother and child, to the surface of the waiting deep below nor to the surface only. The razor bill, another species, are divers, so that there is yet a deeper depth to which they can descend. Most likely diving as well of swimming comes natural to these infants, they never go back to their birth-place on the rock, the waters are now their home till another season or two, when they have turned from downy chicks into full plumaged birds, and have become in their turn parents and protectors.

Volcanoes and Earthquakes. By SAMUEL KNEELAND, A.M., M.D. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

Few subjects are more interesting and mysterious than the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes, and their origin. In this handsome volume Dr. Kneeland tells about all that is known on the subject, without going into disputed theories. It gives a popular account of their nature, causes, effects and geographical distribution from personal observation in the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, Japan, Iceland, the Mediterranean Basin, Spain and the United States. From personal familiarity with some of the places described we can testify to the accuracy of the description given. The book combines in a remarkable degree fascinating, interesting and scientific instruction. Hugo lake of fire, Maun Loa; the great geysers and jokulus of Iceland, the strange attractions of Vesuvius, Aetna and Stromboli: the phenomena of fracture, upheaval and subsidence are succinctly, and yet fully, treated. There are a number of graphic illustrations.

Grandma's Mistake.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

"Poor grandma! I do hate to tell her,
And yet it does seem very queer,
She's lived so much longer than I have,
And I—why I've known it a year!
Even Alico begins to look doubtful,
And she is so babyish, too,
And mamma slyly laughs at the nonsense,
But grandma believes it is true.

"I did it all up in brown paper,
And laid it just there by her plate;
She put on her glasses so slowly,
I thought that I never could wait.
But when she had opened the bundle,
'My patience!' she said, 'how complete!
A dear little box for my knitting—
Now, isn't old Santa Claus sweet?'

"To think that the funny old fellow,
Should notice I needed just this,
If he should come in here this morning,
I think I should give him a kiss!
She never once looked at me, never;
Of course I had nothing to say,
But I was so mortified, truly,
I just had to run right away.

"Poor grandma! I do hate to tell her!
But some day, of course, she'll find out,
And then she will laugh to remember,
What once she was puzzled about.
But as for that beautiful work box,
She laid with such care on the shelf,
How can she think Santa Claus brought it?
I made the thing for her myself."

THE MUSICIAN AND THE INVENTOR.

EVER since Saul was soothed by the charms of David's harp, anecdotes have abounded concerning the influence of music upon human beings. Ole Bull, the famous violinist, and John Ericsson, the great inventor, were warm friends in early life; but they drifted apart, and did not come together again until a time when Bull was giving concerts in New York city. Then he sought his boyhood friend, and begged him to attend the concerts. But the inventor, busy with his machines, said he had no time to waste.

"If you do not come," replied the musician, "I shall bring my violin here, and play in your shop."
To which he received the gruff reply, "If you bring the thing here I shall smash it."

True to his word, however, he took his violin apart, making it appear in bad condition, and, carrying it to Ericsson's shop, asked him about the scientific and acoustic properties in the grain of certain woods. The inventor became interested, examined the construction of the instrument, and watched Bull put the parts together. When the strings were replaced he began to play. The workmen, charmed, dropped their tools. When the music ceased, Ericsson exclaimed, "Go on! go on! I never knew until now what there was lacking in my life."

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

This new year is a call to new thoughts, new words, new deeds. Here is a thought that may be new to some of you: The Lord Jesus has work to be done in the great field of the world. He looks to the boys and girls of this generation to do it for him. On you will depend what will be done in the next fifty years in foreign lands. Are you getting ready to do it? Much is before you. Begin now. Many of our grandest missionaries have said that the call came to them when they were very young. Before they were twelve, many have been impressed by the glorious work of taking the gospel to the dark heathen lands, and so were ready to go when the right time came.

A New Year Thought.

THE glad and bright New Year,
Brings a book with pages white,
And spreads it open to our view,
And bids us each to write
A record true and faithful,
Of the days as they go by;
And thus he'll enter on his file,
For vast eternity.

Oh! start not back in terror,
Nor think to say him "Nay,"
For all your life, unconsciously,
You've been writing every day.
Has your record been a fair one,
Of kind word, and thought, and deed,
Of an ever active hand and heart,
To answer sorrow's need?

Has the widow and the orphan
Gone weeping from your door,
Or turned to bless you with a smile
For giving of your store?
Have you listened to the message
Of your Saviour, kind and true,
"Do ever unto others
As you'd have them do to you?"

If not, the page is darkened
With blot, and mark, and blurr,
And the angels look with pity,
On the record of the year.
And in the day of reckoning,
When heaven and earth shall fade,
Your eyes shall gaze with terror
On the history you have made.

FACING THE NEW YEAR.

MRS. AYRE woke on New Year's Day with a groan. It was a dark, drizzling morning. She had neuralgia in her right eye. Baby had screamed with colic half the night. Her husband had not given her a word of sympathy or kindness, though she knew he was awake. He had been moody and ill-tempered for days. Jane, the girl of all work, had given warning the night before. Worst of all, Robert, her eldest son, had not come home until midnight. He had fallen in with some idle fellows of late, and it was, she thought, owing to this companionship that his standing at college was so low.

She went down stairs, her soul feebly staggering under this burden of woes, and opened the windows.

"In my affliction, I called unto the Lord," she repeated, looking into the murky sky.

Suddenly, a gust of sense and courage swept through her like a fresh wind. Afflicted! Why, God was behind all these petty worries, just as the sun was back of this drenching rain. Had she no faith at all? Was she to go with a whine and lamentation to meet the New Year? God was in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul. With the tears still on her cheeks, and the choking in her throat, she began to sing a gay little catch, of which she was fond, and ran to her room again to put on a fresh collar and a pretty cravat. She had twenty things to do before breakfast; but she sang on while she was about them. It was a foolish little song, yet, out of it, a singular courage and life stole into her heart.

"With prayer and thanksgiving—and thanksgiving—make known your requests unto God," she remembered. She passed through the kitchen, stopping to wish Jane a Happy New Year, with a joke. The wish and the song and the joke fell into Jane's Irish heart like a blazing rocket into a dark place.

She chuckled as she stirred the potatoes. The work at the Ayres' wasn't so heavy after all, and herself had a pleasant way with her, and there was the prisms now and then. In two months she would have enough past her to send for her sister,

and it's likely Tim Flaherty would be crossin' about that time.

Jane brought in the breakfast, with red cheeks and a broad smile. There was no more talk of warning from her.

Mr. Ayre, lying awake in bed, was tempted to wish the morning would never dawn. He was a close-mouthed, undemonstrative man, who shut his troubles down out of sight. But the weight of them just now was more than he could bear. Things were going wrong at the works. Every day he discovered mistakes and petty frauds. He was growing old—he was behind the times. Younger manufacturers were supplanting him in the market. Sharper eyes than his were needed to watch the men and the books. As far as his business was concerned, he was in a miserable blind alley, from which he saw no exit.

But the hurt which was sorest was no matter of business. Robert was low in his Greek class, and still lower in Latin. He was growing reckless, running with low companions. What he had hoped from that boy! For himself he had no ambition—but for Robert! He was to be a great lawyer, like his grandfather. But here he was, going to the dogs—at nineteen!

For days Mr. Ayre had borne his misery in grim, ill-humoured silence. But now, in his stern despair, he felt he had been silent too long. He would speak in a way which Robert would remember to his dying day. He got up, resolving, as he pulled on his boots, that the boy should either turn over a new leaf that day, or leave the house.

"If he is set on going to ruin, it shall not be under my roof! I'll not palter with him!" he thought, his jaws set and pale. "I'll disown him."

Just then a cheery song rang through the house. It was the very spirit of good sense and courage. Poor Hetty! She had been sick all night, and worried with that crying child, and there she was, facing the new year with a song! "And I behaved like a brute to her," thought Mr. Ayre.

He was very fond of his wife. As he stood shaving himself he listened to her song, and his lips trembled a little. Hetty used to sing Rob to sleep with that ditty when he was a baby. What a big fellow he was! Big in every way. There never was anything mean or sneaking about Rob—a headlong, affectionate, foolish lad.

He listened as he brandished the razor, holding counsel with himself in the glass. There could be no doubt that Hetty had twice his courage to face disaster. It was her faith, perhaps. As he laid down the razor, he nodded to himself, almost with a smile. "I reckon I was too hard on the boy. I'll give him another chance."

He heard Rob's step on the stairs, and opened the door, waiting.

Rob had wakened with an aching head. Defeat at school, the foul talk of his last night's comrades, his first drink of whisky—all tore at the poor boy's brain. He rose sullen, and ready for fight. His father and mother would both attack him, no doubt. He was tired of lecturing. He would cut loose, and earn his own bread, like a true man.

Just then his mother's voice reached his ears. It was full of tenderness and cheerful hope. It was that old song she used to be always singing. He listened with a forced scowl. But presently his face softened. Things insensibly began to look brighter. It was impossible that life had reached so terrible a crisis. There was the savoury smell of breakfast coming up, and the children laughing, and his mother singing gaily. He came down the stairs with a sudden throbbing at his heart.

Could he go back, and begin all over again? He had been an innocent boy a year ago. If father would only hear reason for a minute—

His father locked out of his door.

"Rob, my son," he called, pleasantly.

"Yes, dad," the boy answered, stopping eagerly.

"Come in; I want to have a minute's talk with you. You were out late last night. You are often out late."

Robert looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, father; I've been in bad company. I know it. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Your mother does not give you up," said Mr. Ayre, irritably. "She has faith in you. I don't see how she can begin the New Year with a song. Between you, and the trouble at the works, I feel as if my reason was going."

"What is wrong at the works?" said Rob, anxiously. "Sit down, father! Don't give me up. Have a little faith in me. With God's help, I'll start afresh. Don't give me up!"

Mr. Ayre looked sharply into the boy's face. It was honest—it bore the mark of no bad passion. Perhaps he had not understood Rob—perhaps he had made some mistake in managing him.

"Why do you waste your time, and my money, Robert? You are doing no good in your studies"—

"Father," said Rob boldly, "I'll tell you the truth. I hate books! I never shall be a scholar. Let me go to work. Put me in the factory to learn the business. That is what I have wanted all my life. I don't care how hard the work is"—

Mr. Ayre's countenance changed as if a cloud had vanished, and the whole face of the earth had lightened. Here was the answer to the riddle! Of course, the boy was meant for business! Cool, shrewd, honest, wide-awake. Why had he been so blind?

"We must talk it over, Robert. We must talk it over."

His voice fairly trembled with excitement. He shut the door.

Mr. Ayre was called half-a-dozen times in vain to breakfast. He came at last with Robert. The two men had bright, pleased faces.

"Well, mother!" cried Mr. Ayre, "Rob and I have a grand scheme. He is to be my right-hand man in the works. Confidential clerk until he learns the business, and then junior partner. What do you say to that? I declare I feel as if a mountain had been lifted from my back!"

Rob was standing behind his mother. He pulled back her head and kissed her. She said nothing, but the happy tears rained down her cheeks.

"I'm going to begin all over again," he whispered.

"Thank God! I knew it would all come right."

"Breakfast! Breakfast!" cried Mr. Ayre, setting to work vigorously, while the children drummed on their platters. But Rob stood by his mother, gently stroking her hand.

"Dear old mammy!" he said, "that was a good song of yours this morning."

"Yes, Hetty," said her husband, "your voice is as sweet as ever; but your heart seemed to be singing to-day, and to good purpose."—*Congregationalist*

"Now, my son, said a kind mother to her little boy, "be tidy; fold up your night-gown again; I must have it done neatly." That little boy has grown up to be a man. A friend said to him one day: "How is it that you get through so much work as you do?" "Method, method," was the reply. "I am now reaping the fruits of my mother's lesson—'Be tidy.'"

Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction—as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?

Safely Home.

BY KSHILY ALICE MAUDE.

Poor and mean were the clothes he wore,
As he stood alone at the school-house door,
And heard the children sing:
Loud and clear their voices rang,
Sweet were the words the children sang
In praise of Christ the King.

"Who is Christ?" thought the orphan boy;
"Why do they seem so full of joy
When singing unto him?
How I should like to learn that song!
I wonder if it would take me long!"
And his eyes with tears were dim.

Again it is Sunday morning bright,
The birds sang loud in their delight,
The children are singing too;
Amongst them stands the orphan boy,
His heart is filled with a wondrous joy—
A joy so strange and new.

For as he stood at the school-house door,
Despite the ragged clothes he wore,
He heard a lady say:
"Poor little boy, you may come inside;
For such as you the Saviour died."
So he went to school that day,

And heard the blessed story told,
(New to him was the story old)
Of Jesus' wondrous love.
And when he said in his childish way:
"I'll begin to serve Christ to-day,"
That vow was heard above.

Ere dawned another Sabbath day,
The orphan boy a-dying lay,
Yet full of joy was he:
And lying on his wretched bed,
"I have no fear of death," he said,
"For Jesus died for me."

And when the children sang their song
About the glorious blood-washed throng,
White-robed and undefiled,
His spirit passed from earth away,
To dwell with Jesus Christ for aye,
Thrice happy orphan child.

THE EIGHT APPRENTICES.

AN old man in Massachusetts, eighty-seven years of age, recently told a temperance worker the story of his boyhood's days. He was apprenticed to a good man—a deacon in a Baptist Church. There were eight apprentices who worked for this one master. When they had been industrious, and the work had gone well through the week, the deacon used to give them a treat on Saturday night. They must go and wash and dress themselves, and then go down to the kitchen, and seat themselves on the settle round the room.

Then the deacon would say to his wife:

"Well, mother, they have been pretty good boys this week, and now they may all have some whisky punch."

So she would prepare the punch, putting in sugar and milk and spices, and making it as palatable as possible, and then he would give it to the boys to drink. That deacon, doubtless, thought he was doing the boys a kindness; but, "Of those eight boys," said the old man, "seven are in drunkards' graves."

"How did you escape?" inquired the friend to whom he was telling the story.

"By using my common sense. When the weather was cold in the winter, the deacon's wife was accustomed to come and bring us down a pail of punch to the shop, and give us some to drink. I noticed that a little while after I had taken that punch, I began to feel tired, the hammer was heavy, and the work went harder. When I found how it was, I said to her one day—calling her 'mother,' as we all did:

"Say, mother, would you just as soon give me coffee to drink instead of punch?"

"No," said she, "I would not. I do not want to go and make coffee just for one person."

"Well, will you do it if I will give you ten cents a week extra?"

"She consented on those terms. And so I let alone the punch and took the coffee; and I found that, on drinking the coffee, I did not feel so exhausted as I did after drinking the punch."

Thus there was opened a way of escape; and while seven of the eight apprentices had gone down to drunkards' graves, this man still lives, at the age of eighty-seven, hale and healthy.

"NOT AT HOME."

Mrs. INGLIS had engaged a parlour-maid from a charitable institution. She was young and had never been in service before, but was highly recommended by the matron as active, cleanly and good-tempered. She was also truthful, which Mrs. Inglis thought a very good thing.

In a few days after the servant had entered on her duties, a knock was heard at the street door one afternoon when the lady was busy.

"Not at home, Mary," she called softly over the banisters.

The girl hesitated and came up the stairs quickly, as if she had not understood.

"Say I am not at home," repeated the mistress.

"I cannot say that," was the quiet reply.

The lady's eyes flashed, but she tried to speak calmly.

"Mary, you must not question my orders. I cannot see visitors now. They need not know whether I am at home or not."

"But God knows you are, ma'am," returned the girl.

"Show them in," was the lady's hasty decision, as she descended to the drawing-room.

The visitor proved to be an old acquaintance, to whom the whole difference between mistress and maid was freely told.

"I shall certainly dismiss the girl," said her mistress.

"And if you do I shall certainly take her," said the visitor. "A girl that fears to do wrong because God sees her is the very one I desire to have."

The truthful maid did not suffer by the exchange; a better home was provided for her.

Children remember the text: "Thou God seest me." Try and refer every event of life to him; do all as in his sight; then you will be safe and happy.

"IF I COULD ONLY SEE MOTHER!"

"If I could only see my mother!"
Again and again was that yearning cry repeated.
"If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel rocked; and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the sides of the ship. The sailor—a second mate, quite youthful—lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus—in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away; and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry:

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent over the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had so wilfully left.

"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried, in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy. And once she said to me: 'My son, when you come to die, you will remember this!'"

"Oh, if I could see mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

Boys! be good to your mother.—*Selected.*

FREDERICK THE NOBLE.

IN 1869 the late Emperor Frederick was present at the opening of the Suez Canal, and afterward journeyed through Palestine. His diary of the trip indicates that he—the great, brave soldier and far-seeing politician—was a pious Christian of the evangelical school. Upon viewing Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, he wrote:—

"Only now could I imagine the beauty with which the Bible connects the name of the holy and exquisite town; only now I could think how the Saviour let his eyes rest with sadness on these fields and buildings, when he accused the inhabitants of not recognizing at this right time what was necessary for their peace. Every stranger ought to go first on to the Mount of Olives, at the time when the sun is going down, and then remain a moment at the ancient trees of Gethsemane—it is not impossible that they were contemporaries of the Saviour, as the olive tree grows very slowly and becomes exceedingly old.

"All my life I shall never forget this first evening in Jerusalem, when I watched the sun set from the Mount of Olives, when at the same time that great stillness of nature set in which at every other spot has something solemn about it. Here the mind could turn away from earth and give itself up undisturbed to the thoughts which move every Christian's soul on looking back at the great work of redemption, which had on this spot its most sublime beginning. The reading of favourite passages in the Gospels in such a place is divine service in itself."

Of his visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre he wrote:—

"The thought of my wife and children alone gave me courage, and I thought of them in quiet, heartfelt prayer. The whole ground of Jerusalem seemed to me so consecrated that it is immaterial to me how much or how little historical likelihood may speak for the genuineness of the spots belonging to this Church."

At Hebron he remarked in reference to the Mosque over the alleged graves of Abraham, Jacob and Joseph:—

"Only two cork oaks are shown as contemporaries of those patriarchs, and are not far from the spot of the former grove of Mamre. On looking at the spot, the name of which I had so often heard, I was reminded vividly of my Bible lessons in my childhood, which were conducted by my first and highly esteemed master, Godet. How dearly I should have liked to see him accompany me to the Promised Land."

The affectionate nature of the good Prince was manifested by many such entries as the following, written on the Nile:—

"On awaking my first thoughts were with my wife. I have never spent this day (21st birthday of the Empress Frederick) separate from her since we were engaged or married, and to-day it became especially difficult for me to accustom myself to the thought that I must spend still several weeks away from my family. Apart from such a feeling of homesickness, it was not to be denied that the thought of floating on the Nile has something pleasing."

How incalculable the loss of Germany and the world by the premature death of a monarch animated by profound piety, gifted with singular wisdom, trained to statesmanship, determined upon liberal administration, chivalrous to the enemies he had to encounter in battle, grateful to his instructors, kind to all, and tenderly affectionate to those who depended on him for love.—*Globe.*

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 27 | LESSON II. | Jan. 13

A SABBATH IN THE LIFE OF JESUS

Mark. 1. 21-31. Memory verses 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT

As his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbathday. Luke 4. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. In the Synagogue, v. 21-28.
2. In the House, v. 29-34

TIME: 27 A.D.

PLACE: Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS. *The synagogue.* The place in every Jewish town in our Lord's time where the Jews assembled on the Sabbath for the religious worship of reading, exhortation, and instruction in the Scriptures. *His doctrine.* Simply, "his teaching." *An unclean spirit.* Or possessed with a devil; demoniacal possession was a matter of common belief, and apparently of frequent experience in those times. *To destroy us.* Perhaps this means to drive them back to the world of lost spirits. *Had torn him.* That means, had caused the poor victim to suffer a paroxysm of pain.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find

1. An example in attending public worship?
2. An example in teaching God's word?
3. An example in bringing friends to Jesus?

FIVE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What great change now occurs in the life of Jesus? He moved from Nazareth to Capernaum.
2. How did he begin his life in Capernaum? As his custom was, etc.
3. Who recognized him as the Son of God? An evil spirit.
4. How did he show his power as the Son of God? He cast out the demon.
5. What was the effect upon the people? They spread his fame through Galilee.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. The authority of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

2. How may you divide that duty? Into two parts. What we have to believe; and what we have to do.
3. Who is the great Teacher of religion? Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Redeemer.

A.D. 27 | LESSON III. | Jan. 20

HEALING OF THE LEPER.

Mark 1. 35-45. Memory verses, 40, 41

GOLDEN TEXT.

As soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed. Mark 1. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. Praying, v. 35.
2. Teaching, v. 36-39.
3. Healing, v. 40-45.

TIME: 27 A.D.

PLACE: Galilee and towns about Capernaum.

EXPLANATIONS. *A solitary place.* Some place adjacent, and among the hills; this was his frequent custom. *Came I forth.* Both out of Capernaum, and out from God to preach the Gospel to all. *A leper.* A man sick with the disease called leprosy, very common, very loathsome, and very deadly. *He was cleansed.* was cured. *Offer for thy cleansing.* The ceremony for the cleansing of the leper is described in Lev. 14.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. How and when to pray?
2. How to call upon Christ?
3. How we should obey Christ?

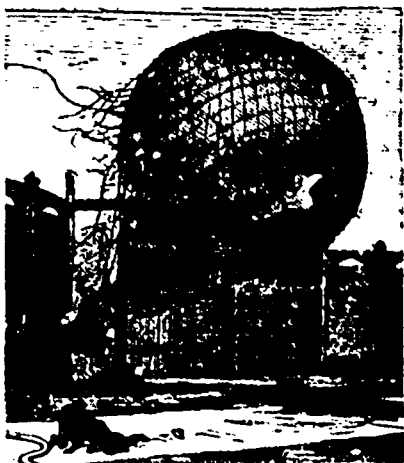
THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus go on the morning after the Sabbath? To a solitary place to pray.
2. Who found him in his solitude? Simon, Andrew, James, and John.
3. How did he answer their wish that he would return to Capernaum? Let us go into the next towns.
4. What peculiar prayer did the leper make to him on this tour? If thou wilt thou canst make me clean.
5. When Jesus answered, "I will," what happened? "As soon as he had spoken," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The God-man

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

4. What do you call his religion? Christianity.
5. Are there any other religions in the world? There is only one Divine Teacher, and only one true religion; but there have been many false teachers and there are many false religions.



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