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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Nov. XVI.]

TORONTO FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

[No. 6.]

SEA OF GALILEE.

This is the name given in Matt. 4. 18 to the lake in Galilee, called in Numbers 34. 11, the "sea of Chinnereth; and in John 6. 1, "the sea of Tiberias." It is an expansion of the Jordan, and the current of the river is visible in the middle of the lake. Its dimensions have not been precisely ascertained. Pliny makes it to be sixteen miles long and six broad; Olin conjectured the length to be twelve miles, and its breadth six. Both statements probably exceed the reality. With a sandy bottom, it has sweet and limpid waters, containing, especially in the northern parts, abundance of fish. Its environs form, perhaps, the most lovely part of Palestine.

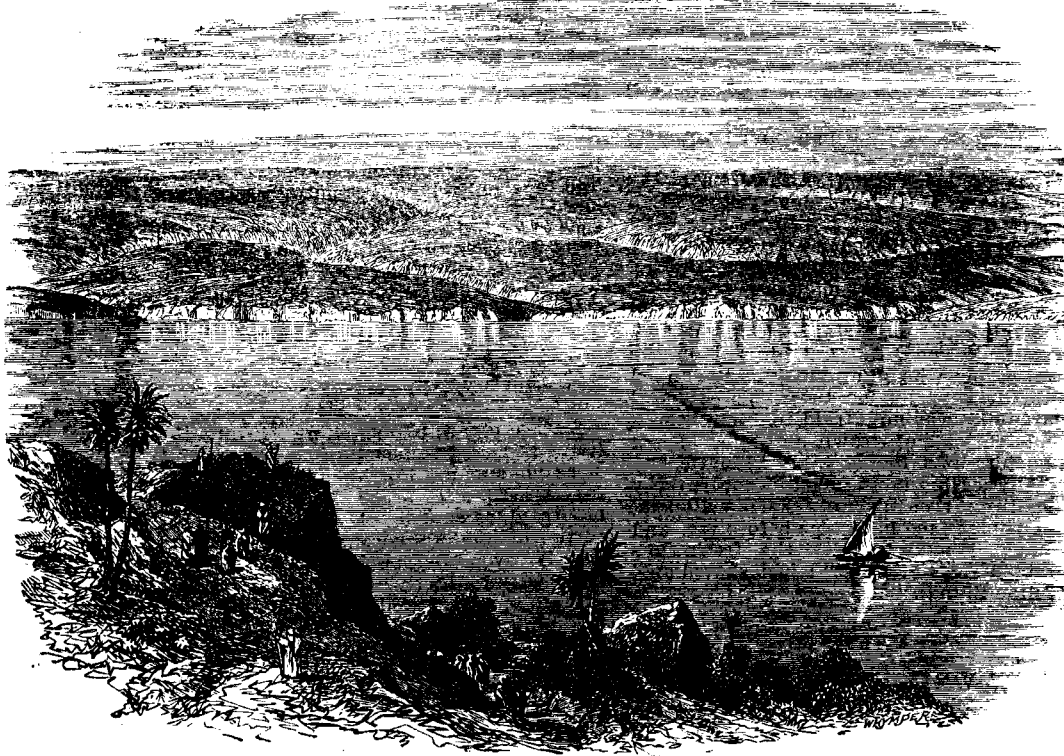
Formerly flourishing cities, such as Tiberias, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, enlivened its shores, which are now silent and desolate, but still beautiful. Fishing is still carried on in the lake, but only from its shores. When, a few years since, visited by Olin, it had on its waters only two small boats. The ordinary peacefulness of the lake, which is owing to its lying in a basin formed of hills that run up on all sides, except at the narrow entrance and outlet of the Jordan, is occasionally disturbed by sudden gusts and tempests, caused by winds rushing down from its encompassing mountains, which, however, soon abate their fury, and leave the waters in their usual tranquillity. Comp. Luke 8. 23.

THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

BY THE EDITOR.

We read in John 2. 12 that, after the marriage feast at Cana, Jesus and his mother and brethren and disciples "went down to Capernaum," and "down" it certainly is, for the Sea of Galilee lies seven hundred feet below the Mediterranean. The hillsides were dotted with the black tents of the Bedouins, and an occasional group of sheep or goats gave life to the landscape. Volcanic forces in the unknown past have poured over the limestone rock, leaving beds of lava. High on the right rises a saddle-shaped hill with a peak on either end, known as the "Horns of Hattin," the traditional Mount of Beatitudes. This hill is an oblong mass of black basalt; the depression in the middle may have been the crater of an active volcano.

Most opinions agree that here he who spake as never man spake, spake as he did at no other time. The very stone on which the Great Teacher sat is pointed out. Here, too, tradition avers that the five thousand were fed, but the more probable scene of



SEA OF GALILEE FROM THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

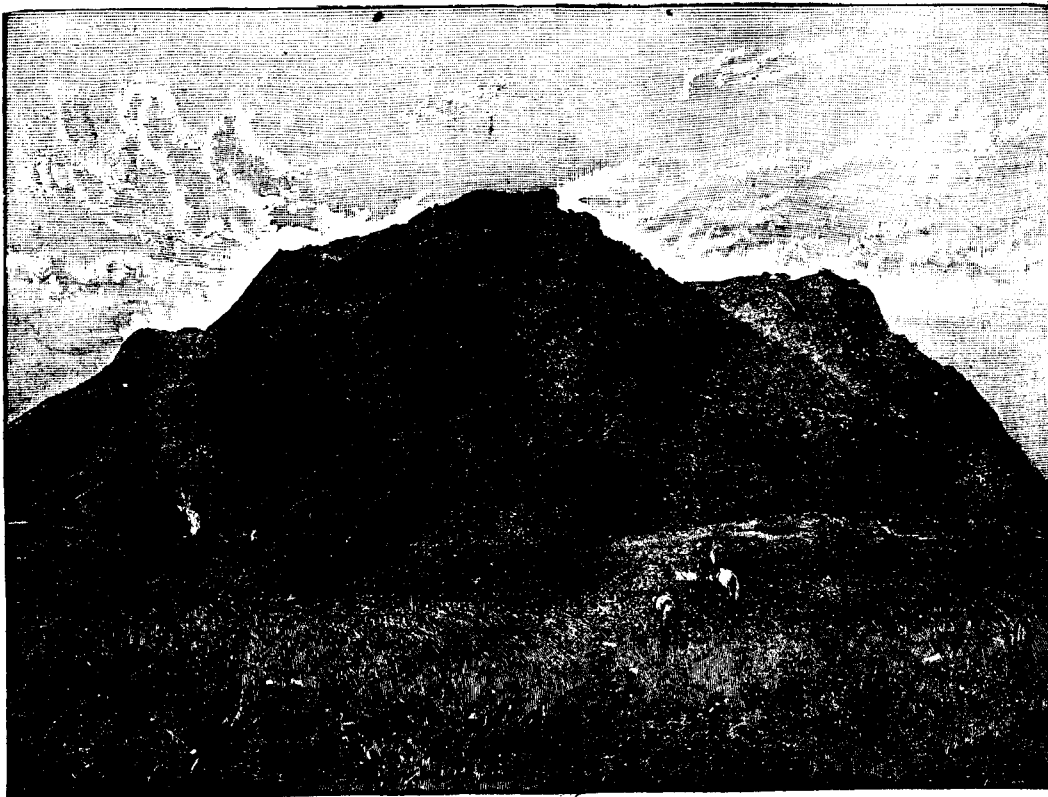
this multitude was near the seaside. We rode up the rather steep incline through tangled thickets. The view sweeps over the fair and fertile plain of Gennesareth, the blue Sea of Galilee, the white-walled Safed in full view on its lofty site, the "city set on a hill that cannot be hid," and the billowy sea of mountains rolling off to the base of the snow-clad Hermon in the north, the very scene on which from this very spot the Saviour looked.

Pointing to the swifts and swallows darting through the air, and to the flowers springing at his feet, the Divine Teacher uttered the words whose music lingers in the air as the holy thought sinks into the heart: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do

they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

We dismounted, recited the beatitudes, and mused and pondered over the matchless sermon on this holy mount.

What a sad comment on the teachings of our Lord that here, after twelve long Christian centuries, in the heat of a



HORNS OF HATTIN—MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

Syrian July, 1187, two thousand knights, with eight thousand men-at-arms, were crushed beneath the victorious arms of the Saracens, led by the brave and generous Saladeen. Dr. Norman Macleod, in a few terse sentences, thus describes the scene: "The crusaders had behaved in a most treacherous manner to the Moslems, and had grossly broken their treaty with them. Saladeen was more righteous than they. They carried as their rallying banner the true cross from Jerusalem; but the Moslems had its justice on their side, though not its wood. After days of suffering, and after many gross military mistakes, the crusaders found themselves terribly beaten, and all that remained of them on the evening of the awful battle-day gathered on and around the Horns of Hattin. King Guy, of Lusignan, was the centre of the group: around him were the Grand Master of Knights Templars, Raynald of Chatillon, Humphrey of Turon, and the Bishop of Lydda, the latter of whom bore the holy cross. All at last were slain or taken prisoners, and the Holy Land was lost."

As we descended the abrupt slope, we enjoyed a glorious view of the lake lying like a map a thousand feet beneath us, placid as after the words of our Lord, "Peace, be still," reflecting as in a mirror the abrupt steeps of the Gadarene shore.

THE JAPANESE METHOD.

The little Jap was busily engaged in counting the knuckles of his left hand with the forefinger of the right. He had gone over them several times when a companion asked him what he was doing.

"I am counting the days to Christmas," replied the little Jap, with a smile. "You know some of the months have more days than others, and I am counting the days and adding them together."

The Jap's companion seemed puzzled, and asked, "How do you do it that way?"

"How do you do it?" asked the Jap, instead of answering the question.

"Why, we," replied the little New Yorker, "have a rhyme:

'Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.'

Those are the short months and the others are long."

The Jap had never heard of that, because he had not been away from Japan very long.

"We count on our knuckles," he said. "The knuckles are the long months and the space between them the short ones. The first knuckle is January, long, and the first space next to it is February, short, and so on to the knuckle of the little finger, which is July. Then you repeat on the knuckle of the little finger, which is also August, and go back and end on the knuckle of the second finger, which is December. See?"

"I see," replied the little New Yorker; "but how many days is Christmas off, anyhow?"

"As this is the first of May," replied the little Jap, running over his knuckles rapidly, "Christmas is—let me see—just two hundred and thirty-nine days off."—**Ex.**

"What makes the baby cry so?" asked Willy. "He's cutting his teeth," said the nurse. "Why do you let him do it?" asked Willy. "You won't even let me cut my own nails."

First Party—"I saw a most interesting article in your paper to-day." Editor (proudly)—"Indeed! What article was that?" First Party—"My wife brought home a bar of Monkey-Brand Laundry soap wrapped up in it." Editor collapses.

Paths

The path that leads to a loaf of Bread
Winds through the Swamps of Toll,
And the path that leads to a suit of
Clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil;
And the paths that lead to the loaf of
Bread
And the suit of Clothes are hard to tread
And the path that leads to a House of
Your Own
Climbs over the bowdlered hills,
And the path that leads to a Bank Ac-
count
Is swept by the blast that kills
But the men who start in the paths to-
day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.
In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade
By the dreamy Brooks of Sleep
And the rickling River of Pleasure
laughs
And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of Winter come,
The brooks and rivers are frozen dumb.
Then woe to these in the Lazy Hills,
When the blasts of Winter moan,
Who strayed from the path of a Bank
Account
And the path to a House of Their Own;
These paths are hard in the Summer heat,
but in Winter they lead to a snug re-
treat.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1896.

THE COURAGE OF THE PUGLIS
vs. THAT OF THE PATRIOT.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Some years ago my home was often in that of a Southern family of distinction, in the best sense of that word, for it was made up of a noble father, a brave mother and pure-minded, vigorous children.

One morning when the father came down to breakfast, he saw on the cheek of his youngest son, a winsome little fellow of ten years, the marks of a wound, and said with anxiety:

"Charlie, how did this come about?"
Whereupon the little fellow answered:
"I was in the park yesterday and a boy skated towards me and when he was quite near flung a piece of putty at me with all his might and hurt me as you see."

The father's brow contracted and he said in a tone of indignation which did not represent his sober second thought:
"And what did you do to that miserable fellow?"

Charlie looked up with smiling eyes and fair, bright face, and made an answer in his fresh, young voice that I cannot forget:

"Oh, papa, I just skated on."
A few months later, when the St. John

temperance campaign was at its height, a swift express train carried Charlie and his mother from Mountain Lake Park to their Baltimore home. Boy-like he asked if he might walk through the train and "see the folks." His mother assented, and so he left the parlor car, returning in a few minutes with flushed face and boyish enthusiasm to make this report:

"Mother, what do you think they are doing in the car just ahead of us? Why, they are taking what they call 'a straw,' that is, a count to find out who was the candidate of each man for President. Blaine had —, Cleveland had —, and only one man voted for St. John."

His mother, who was a devoted white-ribboner, then said with earnestness: "Charlie, I wish you would go back into that car, and give my thanks to that brave man who dared to stand alone."

At this the boy exclaimed with delight: "Mother, I was that man, and I voted to represent you."

It is a curious fact that the story of the boy who just "skated on" was written out by me and sent to one of the most famous children's papers in the world, which declined it with an explanation that "the boy did not show proper spirit." But from my point of view he was as much a hero in the first instance as in the last. He simply could not put himself on the level of one who slung putty and pounded with his fists, but on the plane of moral courage he was not afraid to differ from a whole carload of grown men who looked upon him as a foolish young fanatic.

Many a time in the heat of controversy or galling cross-fire of sharp criticism, that boyish face has come before me, and I have seemed to hear the fresh, untroubled voice saying, "I just skated on."
—Union Signal.

HOW WE JUNIORS CAN HELP.

BY ADDIE BRIDE.

The aim of the Church is to lead souls to Christ. How can we do this? First, by presenting ourselves as a living sacrifice unto him. This is something we all can do. Even the smallest person can love God, and keep his commandments. Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then let each of us give ourselves to Jesus, and so secure a mansion that he has gone to prepare for us. By taking this first step we will not only help the Church, but greatly help ourselves to be truer boys and girls, and when we grow up, better men and women.

Let us see if there is not another way we can help the Church. Having given ourselves to Christ, can we not lead others to him? How can we do this? Can we not set a good example, and let our light so shine that others, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in Heaven? We can bring sunshine into our homes by trying to live like Christ and so brighten the lives of those we come in contact with while there. We can obey our parents, be kind to our brothers and sisters, and always keep our wills or tempers when we feel angry. Remember:

"Three roots bear p. Dominion, Knowledge (these two are strong, but stronger still the third), Obedience, 'tis the great tap root, which still knit round the rock of duty, is not stirred, and our wills are ours to make them thine."

Then, we can set a good example at school. We can be kind to our playmates, helping those that others tease and make fun of. We can tell them about our League, and meetings, what we are trying to do, and ask them to come with us to the meetings.

And now, having brought sunshine into our homes, and joy and friendship to our schoolmates, and having got them to come to our meetings, must we stop here? I think not. What would our friends say if they came with us and found us showing irreverence to God, in his house? Do you think it would be letting our light so shine? You see we have another place where we must set a good example. In the Church, the Sunday-school, the Epworth League, and wherever and whenever we approach God. We should pay attention to the minister and our teacher, when they are trying to explain God's word. By so doing we will lift a great burden off their heart, and make them sifter to teach us.

But while we have been thinking of those who live around us, we must not forget that they are not the only ones we can help. What about the heathen? Can we not help them? Oh you say it takes money to help them, and we have none of our own. While we should do all we can to help those that are labouring away in Africa or China, to lead souls to Christ, is there not another way that we can help them? Can we not pray for them? None of us are so young, but what we can ask God to help the missionary away among the heathen, wherever he may be, to lead the heathen to their Saviour.

But in working for the Church, we must not forget that God has given a book to guide us to be like him. We should read our Bibles every day, and not only read them, but try to understand them. If each of us do this, and give ourselves to Christ, and try in all ways to lead others to him, we will indeed help the Church, and not only help it, but greatly help ourselves.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

CIGARETTES.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?" asked someone of a leading New York physician. For his answer the doctor lighted a cigarette, and, inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief, which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark-brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette, think of the stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette eye, which is regarded as dangerous. A film comes over the eye, appearing and disappearing at intervals. And did you know that boys have been made blind by smoking cigarettes? How would you like to part with your sight, and never again behold the light of day or the faces of your friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures? A writer greatly interested in young people (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful spectacle which he saw—a pale, woe-begone boy, seemingly less than ten years old, standing at the entrance of an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated trousers very ragged at the knees, his hands in his pockets, shivering with cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw in Washington a wretched-looking child, scarcely five years old, smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke from his nostrils. His pale, pinched face was twitching convulsively, his little shoulders were bent, and his whole appearance was that of an old man."—Christian Work.

A NOBLE ELEPHANT.

An old elephant was in the midst of a battle on the plains of India. He carried on his back the royal flag. At the beginning of the fight his master was killed. As he fell to the ground he gave the word "Halt." The obedient elephant stood still. The fight grew fiercer and fiercer; but the men, seeing the flag always lying in one place, would not believe themselves beaten, and drove their enemy away. And the elephant? For three days he stood still in his place, straining his ears to catch again his master's voice. The soldiers bribed and threatened, and at length sent to a village one hundred miles away for the master's little son. The elephant seemed to remember how sometimes his master would place the little child upon his back, and bid him obey him. At his word he moved away. The Lord our God has said of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." To stay where he puts us and to do each day whatsoever he says unto us, to do whatsoever our hands find to do with all our might for his sake—this, I think, is being faithful.

Customer—"Give me a dozen fried oysters." Waiter—"Sorry, sir; but we're all out of shellfish, excepting eggs."

The Sifting of Peter.

A FOLK-SONG.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.
Wounds of the soul, though healed, will
ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

Rise from disaster and defeat
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stranger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

—Longfellow.

HOW BEN KEPT HIS PROMISE.

BY KATIE LEE.

"My! he's a gent, he is, and never asked for no change."

The words fell from the lips of a lad, between seven and eight years of age. His face was pale and pinched, showing plainly that he lacked proper nourishment. The mass of golden curls that fell in picturesque disorder over his forehead, added greatly to his delicate appearance. Those curls won him many a customer for the daily paper, and now, just as he had sold the last of his morning stock, a gentleman had slipped a silver dollar into the little hand, causing the above remark.

For a moment the lad stood turning the dollar over and over, to make quite sure it was a good one, repeating,

"He's a gent, he is, there's no mistake about that."

Darting away, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, through several streets, till he came to the poorest part of New York city. Entering a grocery store, with the air of a family man, he ordered a quarter of a pound of tea, the same of butter, and a loaf of bread. Carefully tying the change in a corner of an old rag, that did duty as a handkerchief, he seized the precious packages, and hurried along till he reached a dilapidated tenement house. Climbing up four flights of rickety stairs, he pushed open the door of a small room, and entered quietly, his little face flushed with excitement. Tip-toeing across the room, he gazed earnestly into the faces of a woman and a little girl of four, who lay sleeping on an old mattress. That the child was his sister was apparent by the hair, the same wonderful golden shade, only the girl's hung in long fluffy curls.

"Asleep," muttered the lad, "what fun. I will light a big fire, I can buy more wood now."

In a short time the fire was blazing, kettle boiling, and the lad put the tea to steep in an old tin cup.

"Is that you, Bennie?" asked a weak voice, "are you burning the wood, dear?"

"Yes, mother, but I can buy more; a swell of a gent gave me a dollar, and just look at the feast I've got; do get up, mother, and look at the table, it's like real Christmas."

The woman tried to raise herself, but fell back, saying, "I can't, Bennie, boy, it's too late."

"Too late, mother, why it's only noon; I had just sold my last morning paper, when the swell chap stops, puts me on the head, and pushes the money into my hand, and goes off before I could say thanks; take a sup of this tea, mother, it will help you some."

Again the woman tried to rise, but fell back with a moan. "It's too late, Bennie, I am going away."

"Going away, but you will take Nettie and me with you, mother."

"No, Ben, you must take care of Nettie. Maybe God will help you. I wish I had taught you. I used to know when I was a girl. But it seems so long ago; so long ago, I forget now, but they said, God was good."

"Don't worry, mother. I'll hunt for God, and find him. He will be sure to be good to Nettie, because she has such pretty hair, everybody likes her. But do take a drink of this tea. Mother! mother! don't go to sleep till you have had some of this lovely feast!"

There was no answer this time, and the little lad, thoroughly frightened, flew into the next room, where a woman was busily engaged at the wash tub, and begged her to come in and see his mother.

Hastily drying her hands, she followed him, and bending over the mattress, said,

"Your mother is dead, Ben, starved to death, I reckon. She worked too hard keeping you youngsters decent. Dear knows what is to become of you both; with your fine looks, I guess you will be put in an orphan asylum. It's for sich like as you."

The woman's loud voice awoke the little sleeper, and sitting up, she glanced first at the still face of her mother, then seeing Ben's frightened look, commenced sobbing piteously, crying,

"Take me, Bennie, take me; I'm frightened, I is."

The lad took her gently in his arms, and scotched her, then showed her the feast and told her to eat all she could.

The next few days were sad ones to the children, though neither realized what it meant. The neighbours were kind in their way, notifying the authorities, and allowing Nettie to play in their rooms, whilst Ben was selling his papers. At night, the lad would hush the lonely child to sleep, telling her not to fret, brother Ben would take care of her.

And now it was Christmas Eve. Ben hurried home with a warm new bun and a large orange for Nettie. He had done a big day's business. Not only had he sold all his papers, but two gentlemen had employed him to hold their horses, one giving him a dime, the other a quarter.

The unselfish lad determined to take Nettie out, after their frugal tea, show her the bright store windows, and buy her a pair of warm mitts with the quarter. But just as they finished tea, heavy steps were heard on the stairs, and without ceremony, a tall man entered, saying,

"Well, young uns, I guess you know I'm the landlord, eh? You must get out of this, for I've rented the place. I'm sorry for ye, but I can't help it. I don't want to be hard on ye, seeing it's Christmas time, so there's a nickle for ye. Put it in your pocket, lad. You had better ask them as knows, and get the gal put in a gals' home. They're for jist sich as her."

Poor Ben stood like one dazed, listening to the man's retreating footsteps. All thoughts of the store windows vanished from his mind, as he thought of the man's word about "the girls' home." Could it be possible that they would take Nettie from him?

"No, for I promised mother to find God," thought the lad.

"We had better start now, before that man tells anyone about Nettie."

Hastily tying their few things in a bundle, he wrapped the child up as warmly as possible, and quietly carried her downstairs.

The six o'clock bells were ringing; crowds were hurrying in all directions, a few flakes of light snow were floating dreamily in the air. But the children noticed nothing, as they hurried along. Sometimes Ben would take Nettie in his arms. But it was hard work for the lad, and he was thankful to put her down. Presently they turned into a quiet street and saw standing before an hotel, a farmer's waggon, filled with empty barrels, evidently returning from market.

Quick as a flash the boy crept into the waggon, and moved the barrels, making room for two to sit comfortably, then lifting Nettie up, he climbed in beside her, re-arranging the barrels, making it impossible to be seen.

"Where is we going?" asked the child.

"Hush, dear you musn't talk. We are going to find God. I promised mother I would."

"Is he good, Bennie?"

"Yes, I guess so; mother knew him long ago. I guess he lives in the country, cause if he lived in the city, we would have seen him."

In a few minutes the unsuspecting farmer came out, and calling cheerily to his horses, they started off at a gentle trot, and the children curled snugly up, were soon fast asleep.

For nearly two hours they slept, the horses continuing their steady trot. At length Ben was awakened by the farmer jumping down, stamping his feet, and slapping his hands together. Then the clang of a heavy gate, and the crunch, crunch, of the snow under the man's feet, told Ben they were alone.

Peeping over the waggon, he saw a large iron gate, which led into the grounds surrounding a good sized house. Hastily getting down, he also passed through the gateway. The moon was shining now, and the boy espied over in a corner what looked like a tiny house. Hastening across the unbroken snow, he pushed open the door, and looked in. Then, with a quiet laugh, he hurried back to the waggon, and lifted the still sleeping child out, whispering gently,

"Oh, what fun a dear little house just big enough for us two."

He struggled across the snow again with his little burden, and placed her gently on the rustic bench which ran round the house. Hardly had he done so, when he heard the hearty laugh of a man, and peeping out, he saw a flood of light stream from the side entrance of the house. The farmer stepped into view, saying,

"Well, good-night, and a merry Christmas to you all. I'll bring them apples next week," and down the pathway he came, whistling merrily, and the house door closed with a bang.

"I guess them folks up there are nice," thought the lad, or that man wouldn't have come out so happy, and wishing them a merry Christmas. I wonder—maybe it is—I will ask before Nettie wakes up hungry."

With one look to make quite sure that she was fast asleep, the lad slipped quietly out, and hastened to the door the farmer had just left. Ben pulled the bell, and heard it go clanging through the house, his heart thumping so heavily, that when John, the footman, opened the door, he could hardly gasp out,

"Please, sir, does God live here?"

"Now, see here, young man, none of that nonsense. If you want something to eat, ask for it. My missis never turns anyone away hungry from these doors, but I don't want any make-believing."

"Please, sir, I promised mother to take Nettie to God, and I thought he might live here, so I just asked whilist she was sleeping."

"What in the world are you talking about, and who is Nettie?"

"My sister, she is asleep out there."

"Out in the snow, do you mean?"

"No, in that little house down in the corner. But please, sir, don't take her away from me, and put her in a 'Girls' Home.' She'd die like mother, and so would I."

"In the summer house, you mean. See here boy, if you are lying to me, I'll—I'll—never mind, but I will. Now come with me," and together they crossed to the summer house.

"Hush," said the lad, "don't wake her, she will be so hungry."

"Well, I'm blest! I do declare!" said John, as he gazed from one to the other. "You stay here, boy, till I go and speak to missis." Then he vanished, blowing his nose like a trumpet as he hurried to the house.

John had lived as footman to Mrs. Irwin for many years. He could remember the Christmas time when bright lights flashed from every room, and laughter and music seemed to fill every corner of the house. But two years ago the angel of death had robbed the house, not only of the husband and father, but also of the young life just budding into beautiful womanhood. Since that time the

house had been shrouded in gloom. Heart and brain of the childless widow seemed completely stunned.

"Come in," said a sad voice, in answer to John's tap on the door, and with quiet reverent steps the man entered the study.

No light but that made by the fire was burning, and as the flames played hide and seek with each other, they cast weird shadows in every corner of the handsomely furnished room.

"Please, ma'am, there is a lad here, asking for God. He's so pale and sad looking, and has hair like the child Jesus himself, ma'am."

"Well, John, feed them. I wish no child to go hungry from this house."

"Please, ma'am, that's not all. There's a little girl, too, out in the summer house, fast asleep. I don't know what to do with them. It's 'most too late to turn them adrift."

"A little girl, John, did you say, out in the summer house?" and for a moment a look of interest flashed into the woman's face.

"Yes, ma'am. Won't you see them, and tell me what to do?"

"Well, bring them in. Really, I think you and Mary could attend to them without troubling me; but I will see them."

In a few moments both children were standing in the warm hall, looking completely dazed. Never before had they seen such a place. As Mrs. Irwin swept down the stairway, Nettie's little hand clutched Ben's nervously.

What a picture it was, the beautiful hall, with the two poorly clad children standing hand in hand; the stately lady with her heavy crape dress, hanging in sombre folds around her; the old footman, his face very red with blowing his nose violently every few seconds; and Mary, the housekeeper, in the background, the tears streaming down her kind face, which she wiped with the corner of her apron.

It was Nettie who first broke the silence.

"Oh, Bennie, I'm frightened, I'm frightened. I want mozer."

In an instant, like a flash of lightning on a dark sultry night, Mrs. Irwin's face lit up, the eyes lost their steely, set expression, and the motherhood of the woman burst forth.

"Of course you're frightened, dear John, Mary, what do you mean, standing there gazing at these cold, hungry, little ones. Take them Mary, give them a warm bath. Susan will help you. Then they must have a light supper, and be put to bed. Don't lose a moment." Then, turning to John, her whole face alight with nervous excitement, she said,

"What time is it, John?"

"A little after nine, ma'am."

"The stores will be open till midnight. Go and get a ready-made outfit for the lad, I can arrange for the little girl. There must be toys. Don't forget a doll, John. You may choose for the boy, and candles." The tears were shining in the fine eyes now, the first for many a month, and John's voice was husky as he replied, "All right, ma'am. I will get them things if I have to get the folks out of bed to wait on me. Please God, we will have a merry Christmas."

After the children were tucked snugly up in bed, Mrs. Irwin opened a large chest, in which were treasured many things worn by her own child, and took from it several warm dresses and undergarments, and as she knelt before that chest, the flood-gate of tears opened, and with softened heart she thanked God for sending something to fill her heart that Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Irwin hurried downstairs when she heard the horse and buggy stop at the door, and found John fairly loaded with parcels, and the place all aight, for Mary, with a woman's quick instinct, felt that her mistress would wish for no more darkness.

Nothing was forgotten, and just as the last article was placed away for tomorrow's surprise, the great hall clock struck the midnight hour, and mistress and servants exchanged kindly greetings as they separated.

It was a perfect Christmas Day, the children were awake quite early. At eight o'clock they were neatly dressed, and sitting in the house-keeper's private room before a blazing log fire. Ben was very quiet, but the lad's whole heart seemed shining in his large eyes, but Nettie chattered away like a magpie.

"Look, Bennie, isn't my dress beauti-

ful? It's so soft. I hope mozer has one, too." Then, at a log more cheerful than the others, would burst into song, sending a whooping volley of sparks up the chimney, the sweet childish voice would ring out, filling every corner of the room with laughter.

Presently a rustle of skirts and Mrs. Irwin stood in the doorway. Instinctively the children stood up, gazing at her with wide-open childish eyes. Then Nettie, with outstretched hands ran to her, saying,

"Dood morning, Mrs. Dod, we finded you; mozer told Bennie to."

"I am not God, little one, but if you will, you and Ben shall stay with me, perhaps we shall find God together."

The children's joy and wonder was shared by the whole household, and if at times Mrs. Irwin crept away to shed a few silent tears, they were not altogether sad ones.

As evening approached, and the children were tired with play, Mrs. Irwin took Nettie on her lap, and laid a kindly hand on Ben's curly head as he sat on a stool beside her, and told of his mother's struggle and death, of his fear that Nettie would be taken from him, of the stolen ride, and of finding the summer house; and the lad ended by saying,

"I do wish mother knew."

"I trust, my boy, that you will grow into an earnin', useful man, such as mother would have been very proud of," said Mrs. Irwin.

"I will try hard, ma'am. Indeed I will."

On the following Tuesday, Farmer Jones came to the house with the apples, and was told the story of the stolen ride. The children came and shook hands with him, and the big-hearted man had a suspicious mien in his eyes, as he declared, "It was the best day's business he had ever done."

Toronto.

A BOYS IDEA OF PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep on Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for service at the church, and the people were going over the fields when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. However, he knelt down and commenced the alphabet, A, B, C, D, and so on to Z. A gentleman happening to pass on the other side of the hedge heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying the A, B, C's.

"What are you doing, my little man?" asked the gentleman kindly.

The little lad looked up.

"Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what are you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I don't know any prayer, only I felt in my heart that I wanted God to take care of me and help me to take care of the sheep, so I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all that I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will! He will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

The prayer that goes up to heaven must come from the heart.

KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH, BOYS.

A distinguished author says, "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to the peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked," but it is a habit which leads to profanity and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—The Christian.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sweetly sung with lisping tongue,
Caught his lips the sacred story
Loved ones o'er his cradle sung.
Caught his ear the tuneful measure,
Ere his heart saw in the rhyme
Mortals' hope of heaven's treasure,
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time"

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang his youth's maturer years,
Sang as blithely, promissory,
As the lark when summer nears;
"When the woes of life o'er take me,"
Rose as bubbles children toss,
"Never shall the Cross forsake me,"
Ah! would he forsake the Cross?

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Proudly sang his manhood's prime,
Though his soul swept transitory
As the whispering wings of time;
"When the sun of bliss is beaming,"
Ah! so blindingly it shone,
"From the Cross the radiance stream-
ing,"
Lighting up his lips alone.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang a trusting child again,
Bowed the head with sorrows hoary,
Now as humble, meek as then,
"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,"
And all these his soul had tried,
Heart and lips poured forth the measure,
"By the Cross are sanctified."

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Tolled the bells in measure slow;
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang the singers sweet and low;
Spake the pastor of the glory
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,"
Over there is heard the story
"Gathered 'round his head sublime"
—The Century.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON VII FEBRUARY 16.
THE GREAT HELPER.

Luke 7. 2-16. Memory verses, 14-16.
Golden Text.—They glorified God, say-
ing, That a great prophet is risen up
among us.—Luke 7. 16.

Time.—Immediately after last lesson.
Places.—Capernaum and Nain.

CONNECTING LINKS.

When Jesus had ended his discourse on the "level place," he went down to the Sea of Galilee into Capernaum. A centurion had a young servant who was very sick, and he asked Jesus to heal him. Jesus commended the centurion's faith and healed the servant. Then starting on a preaching tour through Galilee he came to Nain, twenty-five miles south-west of Capernaum, where he restored to life the son of a widowed mother.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read how a sick boy was cured (Luke 7. 1-10). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read about a dead man brought to life (Luke 7. 11-16). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Link.

Wednesday.—Read of Jesus giving life (John 11. 14-27). Learn the Golden Text. Read our sketch of the Lesson.

Thursday.—Read of Christ's tenderness with the troubled (John 11. 32-44). Learn the Memory Verses. Read the Parallel Passage.

Friday.—Read what Jesus did for blind and dumb men (Matt. 9. 27-35). Study the Notes and answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read what the Good Shepherd does for his sheep (John 10. 22-30). Study the Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the true road to honour (Eph. 2. 1-10). Sing the Lesson Hymn.

QUESTIONS.

1. At Capernaum, verses 2-10.—2. Why was the centurion's servant dear unto him? What was his disease? 3. What had Jesus become famous for? Whom did the centurion send to Jesus? Why did he send them? 4. Why did they

think he was worthy? 6. How are favours sought in the East? 7. How did he show his great faith? 8. Did he think Christ had power over disease? 10. How did Jesus show his mighty power?

2. At Nain, verses 11-16.—11. Where was Nain? 12. In what part of a town are Jewish burying places? 13. How often is Jesus called Lord in the four gospels? Why had Jesus compassion for the widow? 14. Why did those who carried the bier stand still? 16. What was it only the greatest prophets had done? How long since there had been a prophet in Israel? Who was the last before John the Baptist?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

A good master will be kind to his servants. Jesus is always ready to help the needy. Distress drives people to the Saviour. No case is too hard for the Lord. We may bring help from Jesus to our friends. We are to weep with those that weep. Fourteen is as mortal as four-score. God's help comes at the right time. We may have victory over sin and death. If we are alive spiritually our speech and walk will be proof of it.



THE GREAT HELPER.

A FAMILIAR STORY WELL RETOLD.

Two boys were herding swine in Italy. They were evidently discussing some very important subject, for they were earnest at it. A man approached, and the boys separated, each for his own side of the pasture. The man was angry, and was shaking his hand at them. The boys said nothing; they drove their swine in, and were quiet as a mouse about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark, and the sun had not even set yet. After they had driven the swine to their respective places each crept to his room, took his clothes, and tied them in a bundle. This done, they both crept down, and ran to the road which led to Rome. One's name was Peter; the other, Michael Angelo. Both were poor boys. They cramped and tramped, and the first thing they did when they reached Rome was to go to church. After they had rested and prayed they looked for employment. Peter received employment as the cook's boy in some cardinal's house; but Michael could find nothing to do, so he almost despaired. He went to his friend Peter, who gave him something to eat and at night secretly let him into his room in the attic to sleep. This went on for a long time. Peter content to let his friend do this, and Michael content also. Michael when in church had seen some fine pictures. One which fascinated him was "Christ Ascending to Heaven." Taking bits of charcoal he went to Peter's room and drew pictures on the white walls. One day the cardinal had occasion to go to the room. Michael had, meanwhile, secured employment in the cardinal's kitchen. The cardinal, upon seeing all the pictures, was dumbfounded with their accurateness. He called Peter and Michael upstairs and asked who had drawn them. Michael confessed he had, but said he thought he could rub them out again. The cardinal explained to him that it was all right so far as the

wall was concerned. He took Michael and sent him to a drawing master, and gave Peter a better position. And Michael worked hard at his drawings, learned diligently, and became the renowned Michael Angelo, one of the greatest painters of his time.—Harper's Young People.

A HERO.

At a recent dinner party a cynic made some acrid remarks about the lack of true sentiment and nobility of character among men of this intensely practical age. "Heroes and martyrs are no longer possible!" he exclaimed. "They are ghosts of a glorious past—not real figures of a living present."

A business man having large interests in the coal regions of Pennsylvania instantly demurred:

"I know a real hero," he said. "He is an engineer in a colliery in West Pittston. One night the engine house where he was working alone suddenly took fire. After making an unavailing attempt to

streets is, so far forth, a guarantee of order and stability in government. "History will bear me out in the assertion," he would go on to say, "that no man who polished his boots in the morning ever excited a mob to insurrection or endeavoured to throw down the powers that be."

HOW TO PAY RENT.

A blacksmith was one day complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money he could not possibly pay his rent.

The merchant asked how much whiskey or beer was used in his family in the course of a week, or even for one day. The blacksmith told him, whereupon the merchant took out pencil and paper and made a calculation, and showed the blacksmith that the cost of drink amounted to considerably more in the year than his house rent.

The calculation so astonished the blacksmith that he determined from that day neither to buy nor to drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the year following he had not only paid his rent, and the iron merchant too, but had enough to spare for a new suit of clothes.

RAMBLES AMONG THE STARS.

When we speak about stars of the first magnitude, we do not mean the largest stars. We know very little about the real size of any of the stars. We only mean the brightest stars. These may be larger or they may be smaller than other stars which are less brilliant. Astronomers divide all the stars which our naked eyes can see into six classes. The sixth class is made up of such stars as barely can be seen as faint spots of light. The first class is made up of those which shine with the brightest light. There is no sharp line of division between these classes. Some astronomers put only twelve stars in the first class, while others make it include nearly twenty. For example, some put Regulus (in Leo) and Aridid (in the Swan) in the first class, while others rank them as high up in the second class. The number in each lower class increases rapidly, the second class having perhaps four times as many as the first.

To-night about eight o'clock several first-class stars may be seen. Over in the west is Arcturus (in Bootes). Low down in the south-west is Antares (in Scorpio). Capella, about equal to Arcturus in brightness, will be rising in the north-east.

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