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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1895.

[No. 3.]

## LAPLAND.

BY REV. N. C. FETTER.

If we take our map and turn to Europe, away in the extreme north of Norway, Sweden, and Russia we shall find the home of the Lapps. It is about as large as the State of California; Russia claims about two-thirds of its territory, Norway and Sweden the rest.

Though situated so far north, Lapland is not entirely desolate; there are parts where the landscape is varied and fruitful. The people are divided into two classes; the settled, sea or fishing Lapps, and the roving, reindeer or mountain Lapps; we see both in the picture. In stature they are very small, and might well be called the dwarf race, not only in body, but in mind also. A Laplander five feet in height would be considered almost a giant. Beauty among them is as rare as roses in the Sahara. They are as strong as bears and as nimble as monkeys. Their voices are devoid of music, and remind one of the mew of a cat or the tones of a parrot.

There is very little difference between the dress of the male and female Lapps; the red and yellow bordered tunics of the men are shorter than those worn by the women. All wear pantaloons, and boat-shaped boots made from the skin of the reindeer.

In Lapland there are but few houses or barns; the people live in tents when roaming about, and in huts when settled. The huts of the Laplander are small, and contain but one apartment, which answers for all purposes; they are usually about fifteen feet in diameter and eight feet high, and covered with bark, turf, and stones.

## FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

"THIS," said Deacon Hayes, "is probably the last ship I shall ever build, and I intend to have her as perfect as possible."

So he selected a beautiful model, and, knowing that the owner wanted something very superior, he spared no time or money in procuring the best timber to be had and the best workmen to be found; and then he watched over every stick as it was hewn and fitted in its place, every plank that was spiked on the timbers, every spar that was prepared. When they came to put the copper sheathing over the bottom of the ship, the deacon watched it very closely. At one spot he found the head of a copper nail which fastened the sheathing split. The deacon's eyes were becoming rather poor, but he saw the broken head. "Jim Spiker, I see a nail broken; isn't there a little hole by its side?"

"Not a bit of it, I'm sartin. There couldn't a drop of water get in there in a century."

So the word of Jim was accepted; the ship was finished and launched, and made two or three prosperous voyages. During one of these she lay at a wharf in Calcutta. Now, these waters swarm with that little pest the ship-worm. They crawled all over the ship but could not get through the copper sheathing. At length Mrs. Teredo lit upon the broken nail, found the little hole, and squeezed herself in. Then she began to eat the timber and lay her eggs in it. Soon they hatched and increased, till that timber was full of little teredos,

and then the next and the next till every stick in the whole ship was very badly worm-eaten. Still, the ship looked sound, sailed well and made her long voyage. At length, when in the middle of the ocean, a terrible storm met her. The wind howled through the rigging, as if singing a funeral dirge. The waves rolled up, and writhed as if in agony. Every spar was bent, and every timber and spike strained to the utmost. The cargo which filled the ship was of immense value. The crew was large and the passengers were many. Worse and worse grew the storm, till at last a huge wave struck her with all its power. The poor ship staggered, greened

debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had given away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small, unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

The love of Christ is fixed in its objects, free in its communications, unwearied in its exercises, and eternal in its duration; here stands the believer's comfort.



SCENES IN LAPLAND.

once, and crumbled up like a piece of paper. She foundered at sea in the dark night, in that awful storm. The rich cargo all went to the bottom of the ocean. The drowned men and women sank down, down miles before they rested on the bottom. All done through the neglect of Jim Spiker, who was too unfaithful to mend the hole made by the broken nail.—*Leaves of Light.*

## A SIGNIFICANT STORY.

A WEALTHY banker in one of our great cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on one evening, and asked to go to the help of a man who had attempted suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house in an alley not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We had been without food for days," said the woman, "when he returned. It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard working, sober man. But he could neither get work nor the pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due to him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having warmed and fed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met; but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there was a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, £2. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid

Show Your Colours.

BY J. E. HANKIN.

Show your colours, little lad,  
Never mind the danger,  
Be your comrade good or bad,  
Be he friend or stranger.  
Never speak an idle word,  
Do a wrong deed never,  
Lest there be an echo stirred  
That shall sound forever.

You are making record now,  
And the angels hear you;  
O my boy with noble brow,  
Heaven is bending near you!  
Open be, and truthful too,  
Without fear or quailing;  
Never mind what others do,  
Never mind their railing.

Show your colours, little lad!  
Every meanness smother,  
That will make the angels glad,  
Father, too, and mother.  
Show your colours everywhere,  
Brave be your behaviour;  
True be to your daily prayer,  
True be to your Saviour.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1895.

A TALK TO POOR BOYS.

If a boy has good health and an intelligent mind, the best thing that can happen to him is to have to make his own way in life; for every struggle increases his strength and every success gives him fresh courage and confidence, and whatever he wishes to be he can be. In this land of cheap books and free schools, if he desires an education he can get it. If he has a real thirst for knowledge, he can work his way through college as many another boy has done before him, and enter any profession he chooses. So many of our distinguished men have fought this fight and have reached their present eminence entirely through their own exertions, that it seems sometimes as if that was the only path to fame and honour, and as if all one had to do was to start at the bottom to end at the top; but the fact is that all poor boys do not become successful men. As Mr. Howells puts it, "I have known too many men who had all the disadvantages and who never came to anything." Those are the men who have neither the industry nor the pluck to work and fight through long years, if need be, until the battle is won. The world is full of discontented and unhappy men, the cowards and deserters in the fight of life, lagging in the rear, hiding behind every shelter they can find, and grumbling because they cannot get somebody to fight and work for them. Envious of their neighbours who are better off, forgetting that other men have won their ease and comfort through their own industry and effort, they blame everybody

for their misfortunes except themselves. I do not know of what use such men are in this world, unless it be as warnings to the rising generation.

Never say you cannot do a thing because you have not the chance. If you really wish to do it and need to do it, the opportunity will come; and if you are swift to see it and quick to take it, it is yours.

But perhaps a boy who is reading this may say, "Ah, but I have more than myself to take care of. If I had only myself I could manage; but I have mother and the children, and I am the only man there is in the family." That is the best of all. A boy with such a trust never can nor will desert it; and he is learning daily such lessons of endurance, industry, and unselfishness as will be of priceless value to him during his whole life. Courage, my dear, brave fellow, for you are sure to win.

A poor boy learns to "endure hardships like a good soldier," and things which others could not bear he takes as easily as a trained athlete lifts a weight which untrained muscles could not stir. So be thankful if you have been sent to school to Mistress Poverty, for though she is the sternest, yet she is the wisest and most faithful teacher, and if you will learn the tasks she sets, you will surely become a brave and noble man.

"I PROMISE."

BY PANSY.

He was only ten years old, and this was his first long day away from his mother. The desire of his heart had been accomplished, and he was regularly entered as a scholar in the famous Eton school. But more than once that day his heart had failed him. Six hundred boys! Ever so many of them much older than he, and as large again, and many of them so rough in voice and manner that he felt half-afraid of them, not so much that they would hurt him in any way as that they would laugh at him. The truth is, this boy would rather be struck than be laughed at, and I suspect there are boys in this country that are in full sympathy with him.

More than once during the day the little fellow had heard a suppressed giggle over some awkwardness of his,—suppressed because a teacher happened to be near at hand; but this, and several whispered remarks about his being a "muff,"—what-  
ever that meant,—and the fact that he had been asked whether his mother knew that he was out, led him to understand what he might expect at their hands when the teachers were out of hearing.

Bedtime found him one of thirty boys shut into a large hall, or "dormitory," making ready for bed. In his mind was a great tumult. Certain home scenes were as vividly before him as if he had been looking at a photograph. Among them was this: his mother's room, the light burning low, his mother in her little rocking-chair, he standing by her side. That was only two nights ago; his last at home. What was that she was saying? He seemed to hear the words: "And another thing, my boy: I wish you would promise me that you will not under any circumstances neglect or omit kneeling down every night to pray. Boys at school are sometimes rude and disagreeable, and it may not always be an easy thing to do; but I know it will help you to keep this rule through life. I wonder whether you are willing to promise your mother."

There had been tears in her eyes when she spoke, and her voice had trembled. He knew it was hard for his mother to send him away to school; he had not then known how hard it would be for him to go. But with that tremble in her voice he was ready to promise her anything; so he had unhesitatingly said, "Yes, mother; I promise."

He was a boy to be trusted. But he had not thought of being in the room with more than two or three boys; and behold, here were thirty, all a good deal older than himself, all talking and laughing, some of them talking in a way that he was sure his mother would have called coarse. If she could see and hear them, would she want him to kneel down in such a presence? It would be more than he thought; he

could not possibly pray. Surely it would be much better to get quietly into bed, and cover his head with the bedclothes and there pray to the Father who seeth in secret. Yet there was his promise. Yes, but his mother did not know how it would be; besides, she meant that he was never to omit prayer; and he could pray much better in bed than out.

No, that would not do. His conscience was too well trained for such reasoning. Had she not said, "I wish you would promise me that you will not under any circumstances neglect or omit kneeling down every night to pray?" and he had said, "Mother, I promise." "And I'll keep my word," he said resolutely.

Down on his knees went the small boy, with his face buried in the pillow. There was an instant's astonished hush, then the babble of tongues commenced. They shouted, they cheered, they groaned, they roared. Finding him unmoved, they threw books at his head; and, gathering about him, shouted, "Hollo! Muffy has fainted; help! help! let's get him out of this."

Several of the larger ones, seizing him by the shoulders, began pulling him across the room toward the window.

Suddenly the uproar about him ceased. He was in the middle of the long hall, and still on his knees; but the boys had dodged, each toward his own bed; for one of the teachers had unceremoniously opened the door and looked in. Not a word was said, but the face of the teacher was enough without words. Every boy there knew that it would be for his advantage to go to bed as quickly as possible. There was no more trouble about praying that night. But other nights were to come. Could the little fellow endure such an ordeal again? He says that it gave him a thrill of joy to discover that he was even more firmly resolved to do it than he had been before. He was not to be bullied out of what he had promised his mother.

But there was no more "bullying." The next morning, after prayers, the attention of the entire school was called to the head-master arose. After a moment of ominous silence he said: Every boy listen. Hereafter, when the second bell sounds at night, every boy in this school is to kneel by his bedside, and to remain there in utter silence for five minutes. Whether you pray or not, depends upon your own hearts and consciences. But you are to take this attitude, and thus show outward respect for the boys that have moral principle enough to desire to pray. Remember, this is a law. You are dismissed.

All that was years ago. The little ten-year-old Eton boy has been preaching the Gospel in England for several years; but he tells this story now, on occasion, and speaks of the experience as one that has been helpful to him all his life, because it increased his determination to show his colours in uncomfortable as well as in safe places.

We need more boys to-day who, while they are not afraid of a knock, or a tumble, or any such thing, are also not afraid of a laugh or a sneer.

GOD WILL GUIDE.

The fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and thy ocean is so wide."

How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought. Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and evening in our daily life: "Keep me, my God; for my boat is small and thy ocean so wide!" Keep me, my God, keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go about my daily duties, "My boat is so small"—I am so weak, so helpless, so prone to wander, so forgetful of thy loving kindness! I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity and driven before the storms of grief and sorrow. Except thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for "Thy ocean is so wide"—the journey is so long, and the days and years are many. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Deliver me in thy mercy."

TOBACCO SMOKING.

THERE is no need of learned disquisition to prove that tobacco-smoking is physically and mentally injurious. Smokers are in this dilemma: they either swallow or eject their saliva. If the former, they imbibe the deadly nicotine; if the latter, they seriously weaken the constitution, by losing a secretion indispensable to digestion. An inveterate defender of smoking admitted that spitting was fatal, and said emphatically: "A man who cannot smoke without spitting should abandon the pipe at once." He evidently did not know that to swallow smoke-impregnated saliva is even worse than spitting. Tobacco, smoked or chewed, increases the secretion of saliva. Most smokers spit. Those who do not, swallow their saliva. Both practices directly injure health.

And most pitiable is the slavish condition of him who indulges in frequent smoking, conscious that it injures, yet without resolution enough to restrain his inordinate love of the weed. Those of a nervous temperament ought to abstain. With such, even if accustomed to smoke for years, a single pipe or cigar of stronger tobacco than usual, will frequently render them incapable of holding their hands steady for half an hour. Mr. G. Butler, M.R.C.S., says in the *Lancet*: "Excess in smoking is even more dangerous in some respects than excess in drinking. Evils resulting from it are not so obvious. The smoker is not denounced by society. The drunkard feels at once the effects of his mode of life. Not so with the smoker. Mental and bodily energy are more gradually weakened; the constitution is sapped more insidiously, and while suffering from excessive indulgence in tobacco, friends and neighbours attribute it to other causes." I knew a smoker who suffered from nervous headaches. He knew the cause well. I have often heard him say, while charging his pipe, "Let me take a little more poison." Lamb wrote to Wordsworth: "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and morning curse for five years. I had it in my head to write this poem for two years; but tobacco stood in its own light when it gave me headaches that prevented me singing its praises."

Many foolish boys, aping their seniors, are beginning to smoke cigarettes. Let me tell them that an eminent oculist has discovered a disease of the eye, which he traces directly to cigarette smoking. My last words to the many youths who read this paper is: "Don't begin this pernicious practice of smoking! Be faithful to your Band of Hope pledge against the twin evils of Drink and Tobacco! God help you and bless you."

Brought to Book.

GRANDPA sat in his high-backed chair;  
"When I was a boy," quoth he,  
"When I was a boy" (he smoothed the hair  
Of the laddie upon his knee,  
I was fond of play, but I loved my work,  
And lessons to me were more;  
For my parents taught me never to shirk  
The duty that lay before.

"When I was a boy," (his eye grew dim  
Trembled his wrinkled hand),  
"Life was reality stern and grim;  
My laddie, you understand?  
I was always found in my place at school,  
Ready my task to con;  
They never stood me on the dunce's stool,  
Like my little grandson John!"

And the laddie smiled, with the youthful  
bloom  
On his face so fair and round;  
That morning, up in the lumber-room  
A wonderful thing he'd found,  
In a store-chest, stiff with the ages' rust  
(Seventy years I wis!),  
Grandad's copy-books under the dust,  
And in one of them there was this:

"For playing truant for three whole days,  
A-fishing with Master Grimes,  
'An Idle Scholar must mend his Ways,'  
'To be writ a thousand times.'  
And the laddie pondered and thought it  
strange,  
Perched on his grandpa's knee,  
That seventy years wrought such a change  
In an old man's memory."

The Whistling Boy.

Over the pavement comes the schoolboy, lips  
up-ket, cheeks outblown,  
Scrap of ancient tunes he whistles, little  
catches of his own;  
For is it not vacation time, the greatest of all  
boons,  
When he wanders like an Arab in the golden  
afternoons;  
Whistle, whistle, how his treble through the  
varied bustle cleaves,  
Drowning out the noisy chatter of the spar-  
rows in the eaves;  
Whistle, whistle, what a joyance as it echoes  
up the street,  
I have heard in all my journeyings no music  
half so sweet;  
For he whistles down the shadows that the  
joyous years have cast,  
And in whistling off the present he has  
whistled up the past.

I have heard the blackbirds whistle on a  
swaying maple bough,  
And have heard the ploughmen whistle as  
they walked behind the plough;  
I have heard the mournful meadow-lark,  
whose whistle is a wail,  
And well I know the whistle of the brown  
and bonny quail;  
Yet none of these may enter in the city's  
grimy walls  
Where the crash of wheels is constant and the  
veiling smoke appals,  
But the thrilling of the schoolboy seems to  
bring them back to me  
And I see an old red schoolhouse by a gnarled  
wild cherry tree;  
For his whistling tells of happiness unmixed  
with care's alloy,  
And I mark amid his shrilling lilt I whistled  
when a boy.

"Bonnie Doon" and "Annie Laurie,"  
"Yankee Doodle came to town,"  
"Sailor's Hornpipe," "Old Dan Tucker,"  
"Money Musk" and "Camperdown,"  
Why, I seem to smell the clover, and the bass-  
wood buddings bright,  
There's a well-sweep in the distance and an  
orchard to the right,  
And the pink-white apple-blossoms nod this  
message from each bough,  
"School is over for the summer, school is  
over, over now."  
Whistle, whistle, they are coming, all my  
happy boyhood's days,  
With the sound of running waters, and the  
winding wooded ways;  
Whistle, whistle, now he ceases—and you  
sunshaft's amber gleam  
Turns as gray and cold as winter—God have  
mercy, 'tis a dream.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER XIII.—CHRISTIE'S WORK FOR THE MASTER

It was a hot summer's afternoon, some years after, and the air in Ivy Court was as close and stifling as it had been in the days when Christie and old Treffy lived there. Crowds of children might still be seen playing there, screaming and quarrelling, just as they had done then. The air was as full of smoke and dust, and the court looked as desolate as it had done in those years gone by. It was still a very dismal and a very forlorn place.

So Christie thought, as he entered it that sultry day; it seemed to him as far as ever from "Home, sweet home." Yet, of all the places which he visited as a Scripture-reader, there was no place in which Christie took such an interest as Ivy Court. For he could not forget those dreary days when he had been a little homeless wanderer and had gone there for a night's lodging. And he could not forget the old attic, which had been the first place, since his mother's death, that he had been able to call home. It was to this very attic that he was going this afternoon. He climbed the rickety stairs, and as he did so he thought of the night when he had crept up there for the first time, and had knelt down outside old Treffy's door, listening to the organ, his old master's last gift to him. And scarcely a week passed that he did not turn the handle and listen to the dear old tunes. And he always finished with "Home, sweet home," for he still loved that tune the best. At a when Miss Mabel came to see him, she always wanted to turn the old organ in remembrance of her childish days. She was not

Miss Mabel any longer now, though Christie sometimes called her so when they were talking together of the old days, and of Treffy and his organ. But Mabel was married now to the clergyman under whom Christie was working, and she took great interest in the young Scripture-reader, and was always ready to help with her advice and sympathy. And she would ask Christie about the people he visited, and he would tell her which of them most needed her aid. And where she was most needed young Mrs. Villiers was always ready to go.

And so it came to pass that when Christie knocked at the old attic door, it was opened for him by Mrs. Villiers herself, who had just come there to see a poor sick woman. She had not met Christie in that attic since the days when they were both children, and Mabel smiled as he came in, and said to him, "Do you remember the occasion when we met here before?"

"Yes," said Christie, "I remember it well; there were four of us here then, Mrs. Villiers, and two out of the four have gone to the bright city which we talked of."

"Yes," said Mabel, with tears in her eyes; "they are waiting for us in 'Home sweet home.'"

The attic did not look any more cheerful that day than it had done when old Treffy lived there. The window panes were nearly all broken and filled with pieces of brown paper or rag. The floor was more rotten than ever, and the boards seemed as if they must give way when Christie crossed the room to speak to a forlorn-looking woman, who was sitting on a chair by the smouldering fire. She was evidently very ill and very unhappy. Four little children were playing about, and making so much noise that Christie could hardly hear their mother speak when she told him she was "no better, no better at all, and she did not think she ever should be."

"Have you done what I asked you, Mrs. Wilton?" said Christie.

"Yes, sir, I've said it again and again, and the more I say it, the more miserable it makes me."

"What is it, Christie?" said Mrs. Villiers.

"It's a little prayer, ma'am, I asked her to say: 'O God, give me thy Holy Spirit, to show me what I am.'"

"And I think he has shown me," said the poor woman, sadly; "anyhow, I never knew I was such a sinner; and every day as I sit here by my fire I think it all over, and every night as I lie awake on my bed I think of it again."

"I've brought another prayer for you to say now, Mrs. Wilton," said Christie, "and I've written it out on a card, that you may be able to learn it quickly: 'O God, give me thy Holy Spirit, to show me what Jesus is.' God has heard and answered your first prayer, so you may be sure he will hear this one also. And if he only shows you what Jesus is, I am sure you will be happy, for Jesus will forgive you your sin, and take away all its heavy burden."

The poor woman read the prayer aloud several times, and then Mrs. Villiers took a book from her pocket and began to read. It was a little much-worn Testament. It had once been blue, but from constant use, the colour had faded, and the gilt edges were no longer bright. It was not the first time that same Testament had been in that old attic. For it was the same book from which Mabel's mother had read to old Treffy fifteen years before. How Mabel loved that book! Here and there was a pencil-mark which her mother had made against some favourite text, and these Mabel read again and again, till they became her favourites also. It was one of these which she read to the poor woman to-day: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And then Mrs. Villiers explained how ready Jesus is to save any soul that comes to him, and how his blood is quite sufficient to take away sin.

The sick woman listened eagerly, and a tear came into Christie's eye as he said: "There is no text that I love like that, Mrs. Villiers. Mr. Wilton preached on it in the mission-room the second time I went there, and I felt as if I could sing for joy when I heard it; I will remember how I ran up the stairs to this attic, to tell it to my old master."

"And you've found it true, Christie?"

"Yes, ma'am, indeed I have; and Treffy found it true too."

Then Mrs. Villiers and Christie took their leave; but as they were going down the steep staircase Christie said, "Have you time to call on Mrs. White for a few minutes, ma'am? She would be so pleased to see you, and I don't think she will live very long."

Mrs. Villiers gladly agreed to go; so Christie knocked at the door at the bottom of the stairs. A young woman opened it, and they went in.

Mrs. White was lying on a bed in the corner of the room, and seemed to be asleep;

but presently she opened her eyes, and when she saw Christie her face brightened and she held out her hands in welcome. She was an old woman now, and had given up taking lodgers several years before.

"Oh, Christie," said she, "I am glad to see you; I have been counting the hours till you came."

"Mrs. Villiers has come to see you to-day, Mrs. White."

"Oh! how good of you," said the poor woman; "Christie said you would come some day."

"You have known Christie a long time, have you not?" said Mrs. Villiers.

"Yes," said the old woman, "he came to me first as a little ragged boy, shivering with cold; and I liked the look of him, ma'am, he was so much quieter than some that came here; and I used to give him a crust sometimes, when he looked more starved than usual."

"Yes, Mrs. White," said Christie, "you were often very good to me."

"Oh! not as I should have been, Christie; they were only crusts I gave you, bits that were left from the men's meals, and not so much of them either; but you've come to me, and you've brought me the Bread of Life—not just bits and leavings, but enough and to spare, as much as I like, and more than enough, for all I want."

"Oh, Christie," said Mrs. Villiers, "I am glad to hear this; the dear Lord has been very good to you; your work has not been in vain."

"In vain!" said the old woman; "I should think not! There's many a one, Mrs. Villiers, that will bless God in the home above for what you and your father have done for this lad; and there is no one who will bless him more than I shall. I was as dark as a heathen till Christie came to me, and read to me out of his Bible, and talked to me of Jesus, and put it all so clear to me. And now I know that my sins are forgiven, and very soon the Lord will take me home; and oh, dear! how nice that will be,

"When in the snowy dress  
Of thy redeemed I stand,  
Faultless and stainless,  
Faultless and stainless,  
Safe in that happy land."

"I see that Mrs. White knows your hymn, Christie," said Mrs. Villiers.

"Yes," said Christie, "I taught her it a long time ago, and she is as fond of it as my old master was."

And after a little more conversation Mrs. Villiers took her leave, and Christie continued his round of visits. All that long, sultry afternoon he toiled on, climbing dark staircases going down into damp cellars, visiting crowded lodging-houses; and everywhere, as he went, dropping seeds of the Word of Life, sweet words from the Book of books, suited to the hearts of those with whom he met.

For in that book Christie found there was a word for every need, and a message for every needy soul. There was peace for the sin-burdened, comfort for the sorrowful, rest for the weary, counsel for the perplexed, and hope for the dying. And Christie always prayed before he went out that God's Holy Spirit would give him the right word for each one whom he went to see. And, as he knocked at the door of a house, he always lifted up his heart in a silent prayer, something like this:

"Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, give me the opportunity of saying something for thee, and please help me to use it, and show me how to say the right word."

And so it was no wonder that God blessed him. It was no wonder that wherever he went Christie not only found opportunities of doing good, but was able to use these opportunities to the best advantage. It was no wonder that when the people were ill they always sent for the young Scripture-reader to read and pray with them. It was no wonder that the little children loved him, or that the poor, tired mothers were glad to sit down for a few minutes to hear him read words of comfort from the Book of life. It was no wonder that all day long Christie found work to do for the Master, and souls waiting to receive the Master's message. He was generally very tired when he went home at night, but he did not mind this. For he never forgot old Treffy's sorrow, a few days before he died, because he had only a week left in which to show his love to his Saviour. And Christie thanked God every day that he had given to him the honour and privilege of working for him.

Christie lodged in a quiet street not far from Ivy Court. He used to live some way out of the town, for he liked to have a walk after his day's work was done; but he found that the poor people often wanted him for different things in the evening and at other times, and so he removed nearer to them and

nearer to his work. And very often they would come to him with their troubles, and sit in his little room pouring out their grief. The young men especially were very glad to come to Christie's lodging to have a talk with him; and once a week Christie had a little prayer-meeting there, to which many of them came. And they found it a great help on their way to heaven.

When Christie opened the door of his lodging on the day of which I am writing, he heard a sound which very much surprised him. It was the sound of his old barrel-organ, and it was playing a few notes of "Home, sweet home." He wondered much who could be turning it, for he had forbidden the landlady's children to touch it, except when he was present to see that no harm came to it. He sometimes smiled to himself at his care over the old organ. It reminded him of the days when he had first played it, with old Treffy standing by him and looking over his shoulder, saying in an anxious voice, "Turn her gently, Christie, boy; turn her gently."

And now he was almost as careful of it as Treffy himself, and he would not on any account have it injured. And so he hastened upstairs to see who it could be that was turning it this morning. On his way he met his landlady, who said that a gentleman was waiting for him in his parlour, who seemed very anxious to see him, and had been sitting there for some time. And, when Christie opened the door, who should be turning the barrel-organ but his old friend Mr. Wilton? They had not met for many years, for Mr. Wilton had settled in another part of England, where he was preaching the same truths as he had once preached in the little mission-room. But he had come to spend a Sunday in the scene of his former labours, and he was very anxious to know how his friend Christie was getting on, and whether he was still working for the Saviour, and still looking forward to "Home, sweet home."

It was a very affectionate meeting between Mr. Wilton and his young friend. They had much to talk about, not having seen each other for so long.

"So you still have the old organ, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, looking down at the faded silk, which was even more colourless than it had been in Treffy's days.

"Yes, sir," said Christie, "I could never part with it; I promised my old master that I never would, and it was his dying gift to me. And often now when I hear the notes of 'Home, sweet home,' it takes my thoughts to old Treffy, and I think what a happy time he must have had in 'the city bright,' all these fifteen years."

"Do you remember how you used to want to go there too, Christie?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilton, and I don't want it any the less now; but still I should like to live some years longer, if it is His will. There is so much to do in the world, isn't there, sir? And what I do only seems to me like a drop in the ocean when I look at the hundreds of people there are in these crowded courts. I could almost cry sometimes when I feel how little I can reach them."

"Yes, Christie," said Mr. Wilton, "there is a great deal to do, and we cannot do a tenth part, nor yet a thousandth part, of what there is to do; what we must strive after is, that the dear Master may be able to say of each of us, 'He hath done what he could.'"

Then Mr. Wilton and Christie knelt down and prayed that God would give Christie a blessing on his work, and would enable him to lead many of the people, in the courts and lanes of that wretched neighbourhood, to come to Jesus, that they might find a home in that city where Treffy was gone before.

(To be continued.)

Kinds That Are Wanted.

WANTED: A boy that is manly and just,  
One that you feel you may honour and trust,  
Who cheerfully shoulders what life to him  
brings,  
Its sunshine and pleasure, or troublesome  
things;  
Whose eyes meet your own with no shadow  
of fear  
No wile on the face that is open and clear;  
Straightforward in purpose, and ready to  
push—  
For "a bird in the hand is worth two in the  
bush;"  
Who scornfully turns from a something to  
gain,  
If it bring to either a sorrow or pain;  
Who is willing to hold what is right over dear;  
And is patient, undisturbed by the wolf or the deer;  
Who does all he can with a heart that is free;  
He is wanted, that boy, whatever his state.

## Prince.

BY WALTER CHURCH.

## PAT REAGAN'S DOG.

[An incident of the great Western forest fires when they struck Hiuckley, Minn., September 1st, 1894.]

"You needn't ask to buy this dog—  
The reason why can soon be told,  
We love him as our dearest friend;  
No! stranger, no!—take back your gold!

"A cyclone from the forest fire  
In flaming billows came rushing down,  
It wrecked the hundred happy homes  
Which made our peaceful, happy town;

"The air was full of fireballs;  
The very earth was smoking hot;  
And nothing but a blackened waste  
Now stands where stood our little cot.

"We heard a flying neighbor shout  
'The gravel pit!—run for your life!'  
I dragged two children as I ran—  
Our babe was carried by my wife.

"She plunged into the blessed pool,  
And with one daughter followed I—  
The eldest, frightened, ran away,  
But Prince ran too, with warning cry.

"He pulled her back with gentle force,  
Came with her to her mother's side,  
And held her safe while over all  
For hours rolled on the flaming tide.

"That's why we call him 'Hero Prince';  
He proved himself wise, true and bold;  
We're homeless and in want, but we  
Won't sell this dog for any gold."

## SCENES IN THE DESERT.

THERE are two words which are not spelled alike, and yet which I have known boys and girls to confuse, "desert" and "dessert." We are not going to speak about the latter, which one little boy confuses as "rice pudding and oranges," but of the great sandy plains, the "desert."

The largest desert in the world is the Sahara in Africa, which is a great ocean of sand. It has, like the ocean, its little islands, bright green patches of land called oases. These refreshing resting-places, with their springs of fresh water and shady palm trees, are a welcome sight to the hot, dusty traveller of these desert wastes. Like the ocean, too, the desert has its ships. Can you guess what ships travel the sand-oceans? They are the camels, whose great, clumsy, lanky bodies, long necks and small heads you have seen at menageries. But God has made these animals to endure these trying regions where no other beast of burden could travel and live. A camel will travel for days at the rate of eight miles an hour, with its long, swinging strides, going without food or water for that time. The camel is able to do this on account of its wonderful storehouses. It is provided with a second stomach for its supply of drink. This is the camel's well. Then it has, too, its cellar. You thought that hump on the camel's back was a very ugly disfigurement, did you? Well, there the camel has a store of jelly-like fat which supplies it with nourishment . . . time of need. Thus the brave, faithful camel is able to swing himself along steadily over the sand till an oasis is reached. There he fills himself from the cool spring, eats his shrubs and thorn bushes, and stoops down on his knees to allow the heavy load of baggage to be fastened to his back. Away he goes again when his master thinks they have had sufficient rest, on, on, until after the long weary journey they reach the market-town at the desert's end.

"He wakeneth morning by morning,"  
May God wake us up every day in a right  
frame. How it cheers and stren thens us  
for the day to awake in a good frame!  
Morning thoughts are regarded by us with  
no little interest. If we begin the night  
with God, we may hope to say: "When I  
awake I am still with thee." God will  
wake us up at the last day. May he now  
do it, "morning by morning."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 29.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 27.

## THE GREAT CONFESSION.

Matt. 16. 13-23. Memory verses, 13-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16. 16.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Christ, v. 13-20.
2. The Cross, v. 21-23.

TIME.—A. D. 29. Summer.

PLACE.—Near Caesarea Philippi.

RULERS.—Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The great confession.—Matt. 16. 13-16.  
T. Another confession.—John 6. 66-71.  
W. The chief corner stone.—1 Peter 2. 1-8.  
Th. Peter's witness for Christ.—Acts 4. 5-12.  
F. Cost of confessing.—Matt. 10. 32-42.  
S. Believing and confessing.—Rom. 10. 1-11.  
Su. Confessing and enduring.—2 Tim. 1. 1-12.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

Who is my neighbour, whom we are commanded to love as we love ourselves?

Our Lord has taught us by the parable of the good Samaritan that every man, of every nation, is our neighbour; and that if any be in distress we are bound to help and relieve them.

## SPARE MOMENTS.

A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school one morning and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen.

"I should like to see Mr. —," he said.  
"You want a breakfast, more like."  
"Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy.  
"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bid him follow. After talking awhile the principal put aside the volume that he was studying and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked, the boy answered readily.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the principal, "you do well. Where did you pick up so much?"

## One of God's Little Heroes.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE patter of feet was on the stair,  
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair,  
And said—for weary the day had been—  
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words before  
A face peered in at the half-closed door,  
And a child sobbed out—"Sir, mother said  
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead."

"And pray who is Dan?" The streaming eyes  
Look questioning up, with a strange surprise;  
"Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold  
The papers you print, through wet and cold."

"The newboys say they could not tell  
The reason his stock went off so well;  
I know! With his voice so sweet and low,  
Could anyone bear to say him 'No'?"

"And the money he made, whatever it be,  
He carried straight home to mother and me.  
No matter about his rags, he said,  
If only he kept us clothed and fed."

"And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and  
cold,  
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold;  
But he's dead—he's dead! and we miss him so!  
And mother—she thought you might want to  
know."

In the paper, next morning, as "leader," ran  
A paragraph thus—"The newboy, Dan,  
One of God's little heroes, who  
Did nobly the duty he had to do,  
For mother and sister earning bread,  
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."



SCENE IN THE DESERT.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Christ*, v. 13-20.  
Near what city were Jesus and his disciples?  
What question did Jesus ask the disciples?  
What was their reply?  
What then did he ask them?  
Who answered for the disciples?  
What was Simon's reply? (Golden Text.)  
Who had told Simon this truth?  
What did Jesus say about building the Church?  
What about its security?  
What authority would Peter have?  
What were the disciples charged not to tell?

2. *The Cross*, v. 21-23.  
What four things did Jesus tell his disciples?  
Who protested against these things?  
What did Peter say to Jesus?  
What answer did Jesus make?  
What was God's thought about the cross?  
John 3. 14-16.  
What is demanded of all Jesus's followers?  
Verse 24.  
What gain must prove a great loss?  
Verse 26.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That Jesus was the promised Messiah?
  2. That it was necessary for Jesus to die?
  3. That Jesus is the defender of the Church?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What question did Jesus ask of his disciples? "Whom say ye that I am?" 2. Whom did Peter declare that he was? Christ, the Son of the living God. 3. Where did Christ say that he would build his Church? On the rock of this truth. 4. What did Jesus tell his disciples? That he must suffer at Jerusalem.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divinity of Christ.

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. A few years later he became known all the world over as the celebrated geologist, Hugh Miller. What account can you give of your spare moments?

## GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

TALMAGE relates a number of instances which show that that God guides every action of his servants:

A minister in Boston seated at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution, with the seventy-five thousand tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rock.

"If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart."

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