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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

[No. 5.]

## COLOSSAL STONE STATUE.

This is the largest statue in the world. It is over a hundred feet high, and is hewn out of the solid rock. Some idea of its colossal size may be gathered by comparing it with the figures on foot and on horseback in the foreground. It is not known whom it represents—probably some hero or probably some deity of the unknown people by whom it was made.

## THREE QUEER BIRDS.

The trumpeter-bird is the rag-picker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a hook. He performs a most useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizards and the like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame.

On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternizing with the chickens, ducks and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrelers with strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and feeble, and wakening the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flocks at night.

The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in his aspect, he raises himself up on his long, yellow-gaitered legs and seems to say, "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of reptiles and the protector of the flocks."

In Southern Africa there is another great exterminator of reptiles—the snake-eater or secretary-bird—a magnificent creature, which attacks the largest serpents, making a shield of his wings and a sword of his beak. The name of "secretary-bird" is derived from the plumes projecting backward from his head, which look like quillpens carried behind one's ear.

In South America, in the very neighbourhood of the trumpeter's home, there lives the "kamichi" or "kamiki," who wears a sharp horn projecting from his forehead and a murderous spur upon each of his wings. With these three weapons the serpents that he attacks are powerless against him, and are easily put to death.

The secretary-bird, the kamichi and the trumpeter form a valiant and useful trio. The trumpeter has two merits above the others—the ease with which he can be domesticated and his musical talent.

The natives have a saying that he has swallowed a cornet. Whether promenading or war-making, he fills the air with his trumpet-calls, and at the sound of his voice of brass the reptiles take to flight.

Presently the bird arrives, flapping his wings and wielding them like a sword. Having killed the serpent, the trumpeter sounds his blast of victory as he had sounded his charge.—Youth's Companion.



COLOSSAL STONE STATUE AT BAMIAN, CENTRAL ASIA.

## OUR MINISTERS USE IT.

A young lady of ——— has had a number of lads in her Sabbath-school class in whose welfare she is greatly interested. One Sabbath she thought it necessary to speak to them of the evils which result from the use of tobacco. While she was advising them never to indulge in the filthy, disgusting habit, the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. ———, whom the youth had been taught to look up to as an example of purity and Christian manliness, walked down the aisle, and to her chagrin stopped before the heater and disgorged into the coal-scuttle a great quid of tobacco, followed by a profuse expectoration of tobacco juice!

The act had been done so near the class that the members could not help but see it. The boys looked quizzically at each other. The blushing teacher looked at the boys, when one of them, pointing towards the scuttle, exultantly exclaimed, "Why,

teacher, where's the harm? Our minister uses it!"

Many faithful and anxious mothers teach their boys that tobacco often creates a craving for strong drink, that it enfeebles the body and weakens the mind, that it takes needed comforts from the homes of the poorer class, that it is a curse to the young and a plague to the aged, who so become its slaves that they are unwilling to give it up, although their hands tremble, their heads whirl, and every throb of their "tobacco heart" is an annoyance.

The boy has learned from his mother all about these fearful effects, from which she would save him, but how often is her teaching in vain! For—"Our minister uses it!"—and the boy thinks "Mother has made a mistake! where is the harm?"

Ministers exert a mighty influence over the habits of the youth. If then the mouth of the watchman on Zion's walls

be unclean, what will be the effect upon the youth who are so unfortunate as to sit under the preaching of such a watchman?

Said a mother, "I dread to take my boys to church with me, and therefore send them to a different place of worship. Our minister is an able man, but such an inveterate tobacco chewer that I would not like my sons to follow his example."

Tobacco and alcohol are twin curses. Neither of them should be tolerated.—Christian Instructor.

## REMOVING STUMBLING BLOCKS.

A farmer in the west of England, happening to stay over Sunday in a market town, during the day casually dropped into a Methodist chapel. It pleased God to apply the word with such power to his heart and conscience that he came out of the sanctuary a converted man. Having experienced the joy of salvation himself, he was now desirous of bringing his neighbours to a knowledge of the truth; to this end he proposed to build a chapel, and called upon his landlord, a baronet, resident in the village, for his consent. He, however, was highly offended with his presumption, and declared that there should be no Methodist chapel on his estate. His tenant replied that he held his farm on a lease, and there was no proviso in that forbidding him to build a chapel if he felt so disposed; but he would much prefer having his landlord's consent. The latter, however, absolutely refused his permission, and dismissed him with scorn. The baronet, in the course of a few days, went to the market town, and, meeting with some of his aristocratic friends, related to them the interview with his tenant, saying that Methodism should never have a chapel on his estates. One of his friends replied: "I'd have you be careful, Sir Thomas, what you do in this matter. I know something of these Methodists. They are very peculiar people. They look upon everything that opposes their

plans as a stumbling-block, and then they pray to God to remove the stumbling-block out of their way. I would not interfere with them, were I in your place."

Sir Thomas returned home, but could not dismiss the words "stumbling-block" from his mind; they occurred to him again and again during the night's disturbed sleep, and they pursued him the next day and the succeeding night. On the following morning he sent for his tenant. "Are you still resolved to build this chapel?"

"Yes, Sir Thomas, and I have purchased several thousand brick for the purpose."

"Well, I give my consent, and here is £20 to assist you; but don't mention me! don't mention me!"

You cannot deceive God either by mock humility or by pride; he knows you better than you know yourself.

## The Secret

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

Men wondered why, in August heat,  
A little brook with mule sweet  
Could glide along the dusty way,  
When all else parched and silent lay.  
How stopped to think how every morn,  
The splashing stream anew was born  
In some moss-circled mountain pool,  
Forever sweet and clear and cool;  
A life that, ever calm and glad,  
One melody and message had,  
How keeps it so," men asked, "when I  
Must change with every changing sky?"  
Ah! if men knew the secret power  
That gladdens every day and hour,  
Would they not change to song life's care,  
By drinking at the fount of prayer?  
—The Advance.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

## GIRLS, HELP FATHER.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber as he sat down to balance some accounts.

"Can I help you, father?" said his daughter, L. C., laying down her crochet work. "I shall be glad to do so if you explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something about them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow easier since I have put on spectacles."

Very patient did she plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the handsome gray worsted crochet work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father who had been toiling all day sitting cosily in his chair enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "thank you, daughter," took away all sense of weariness she might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said Mr. Wilber. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother, with pardonable maternal pride.

"Not every one would be willing if able," said Mr. Wilber.

This is a sad truth. Many daughters might be of use to their fathers in many ways, who never think of lightening a care or labour. If asked to perform some little service it is done at best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air that

robs it of all sunshine or claim of gratitude.

Girls, help father. Give him a cheerful home when evening comes, and do not worry him by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you desire.

Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

## BOBBIE REID'S LOST DIAMONDS.

BY M. E. L. L.

If you had seen Bobbie Reid on fine summer mornings, racing around, without shoes or stockings, and more than one patch on his clothes, you would never have suspected that he had any diamonds. The little white house on the hill did not look like the home of a boy who lost diamonds every day, and whose friends suffered as well as himself on account of it.

Although there were given to Bobbie every day twenty-four golden caskets each filled with tiny diamonds, you could not have purchased one of them if you had offered him all you owned; not that Bobbie valued them. "What difference does it make," thought he, "when I have so many, whether I lose a few or not?" but Uncle Jack said, "It did make a difference, every one was precious. He was not given one more than he needed for his own use and to help others." Mother said, "She could not see the use of a boy wishing and planning to be rich, who lost diamonds every day." Now these diamonds were not the kind that are worn in rings, much more precious, money could not buy them.

Behind Bobbie's house was an orchard, "which bore prime apples," so Bobbie said. At the foot of the hill was a small stream which kept running away winter and summer. On warm days Bobbie would stand in the water, trying to catch the little fish that darted in and out among the stones, or sailing little boats that always went with the stream. Bobbie would have liked them to have gone the other way for a change.

"Bobbie," said Mrs. Reid, one morning, "run and get me some apples for dinner." "All right, mother," and calling Rover off he ran. "I'll take Rover for a swim first," said he to himself, "I've plenty of time." An hour afterward Uncle Jack, coming through the orchard, saw him lying under the sweet apple tree, and Rover, panting and very wet, beside him.

"Hello, Bobbie! What have you been doing? Getting apples for dinner?" Uncle Jack looked seriously down at the little boy, and said, "Bobbie you have been losing diamonds this morning. Take the apples to your mother." Bobbie at once picked up the apples and took them to the house. "Put them into the pantry," said Mrs. Reid, "I cannot use them this morning." Bobbie obeyed, thinking of what Uncle Jack had said. He was sure a swim was good for Rover. They could have the apples for supper.

And now for the worms to go fishing, and calling Rover, he threw a stick in the direction of the garden. Rover, always ready, ran and brought it back. What a clever dog Rover was! Bobbie tried it again and again. Listen! There's mother calling me to dinner. "I'll get them after," he said to himself, but before dinner was over, there came a knock at the door, and "Is Bobby ready?" could be heard in the dining-room. "Not quite," called Bobbie, "I've got to dig worms."

"Bobbie," said Uncle Jack, "the worms will stay in the garden this afternoon and you at home. You need to be taught a lesson." Very much disappointed, Bobbie leaned out of the window, and watched his friends out of sight.

"Mother! I wish Uncle Jack was not so particular, he makes such a fuss if I am not always ready on the minute. He has spoiled my afternoon's fun. It is too bad."

"It is not through any fault of Uncle Jack's that you have to stay at home, Bobbie," said his mother.

"Old Mrs. Lee is very ill again and wants me to come over. Will you take care of Bobbie May while I am gone? It is warm for her to walk so far. I shall not be long away."

"Why, yes," said Bobbie pleased at the thought of something to take the place of his afternoon's fishing. "You need not hurry. I'll take good care of everything."

"There is one thing I want to warn you about, do not take her near the mill. I am sorry I ever let Uncle Jack take her there. Instead of being frightened at the noise of the saw, she clapped her hands and wanted to go nearer it. She is sleeping now."

Bobbie stood at the gate and watched his mother over the hill.

"Mother shall see that 'tis quite safe to leave me," he thought. "I guess I'll go out to the orchard for a while until May wakes up—the house is so hot—it is always cool under the trees, and I can watch the house while lying on the soft green grass."

He would have been quite happy if he could have forgotten about the fishing. "Just wait till I'm a man," thought Bobbie, "I'll have a net and go to a big lake and haul them up by the dozens, and sell them for a lot of money, and then what won't I buy—horses, dogs, and beautiful things for mother and little May," and so the time slipped away and Bobbie forgot all about his charge.

In the meantime May woke up and not seeing her mother in the room, slipped off the lounge and started out to find her. Easily pushing open the wire door, she finds herself in the yard—no mother; no Bobbie and the gate open. Here was a chance to get to Uncle Jack. It did not take very long for the little feet to walk down the hill, across the bridge to the mill. Pausing at the door for a moment to pat Rover, who was following her very closely, into the mill she goes. What a noise the saw made! May seemed to think it fun, and, clapping her hands, stepped nearer and nearer the cruel saw.

Uncle Jack, looking up, saw his little niece's danger, and hastily crossing the floor, caught her up in his arms. A minute more and he would have been too late. With a white face, and clasping the little girl tightly in his arms, he carried her back to the house and found Bobbie hunting all over for the little runaway.

"Bobbie," said Uncle Jack, "where is your mother? May has been into the mill."

"I am tak'g care of her," faltered Bobbie.

"You mean that you are not taking care of her," said Uncle Jack. "Where were you when she got out of the house?"

"Out in the orchard," said Bobbie.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Reid, coming in. "What are you both looking so serious about?"

"Bobbie has been losing diamonds again," said Uncle Jack, going away to the mill and leaving Bobbie to explain to his mother. Mother's "O Bobbie! How could you," went to his heart.

Perhaps Uncle Jack was right after all. It did make a difference losing diamonds, and he shivered when he thought what might have happened while he was losing them this afternoon.

Doncaster, Ont.

## KEEPING BACK A PART.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

"Say, Ted, let's earn some money."

"How?"

"Don't you see that coal on the sidewalk?" and Jim pointed down the street to a place where a ton of coal had just been deposited. "That's in front of Mrs. Lange's house, and we can go and offer to put it in for a quarter."

"But likely the man himself is going to put it in."

"Oh, no, he isn't! Can't you see that he's getting ready to go away? Come, let's hurry," and Jim rushed down the street, followed quickly by his companion.

They paused to take breath in front of Mrs. Lange's door, and then Jim ventured inside of the house to his offer.

"Why, yes," said the lady, pleasantly; "I'll be glad to have you put it in. I thought the man himself would do it, but I see he's gone off."

So, armed with shovels and pails, the boys set to work to get in the ton of coal. It was a work for such little fellows: they had to carry the coal around to the back of the house where the coal-shed was, but they went at it bravely, and before long the pile on the sidewalk had grown considerably smaller.

Once Ted looked up and said:

"Say, Jim, that quarter won't divide even."

"No more it won't," was the reply.

"Twelve for you, and twelve for me. Ted went on; "but what about the other cent?"

"I don't know," Jim said, thoughtfully; "we can't divide a cent, and it don't belong to one any more than to the other."

"There's your baby," suggested Ted.

"Yes, but there's yours, too, and they both can't have it, and giving it to one more than to the other wouldn't be even."

"I say, Jim!" Ted suddenly exclaimed, as if a new and bright idea had occurred to him, "there's the old blind man corner Manhattan Avenue."

"That's so," assented Jim, "and he's both of ours. He don't belong to me any more than to you, nor to you any more than to me. We both kinder own him, don't we?"

"Yes, we both helped him pick up his money the day he slipped,—didn't we?"

"Of course; so he'll have the extra cent."

Having arranged that important matter, the two little fellows went to work again with such a will that inside of an hour the coal had entirely disappeared from the sidewalk.

"Now, we're done," cried Jim, triumphantly.

"Yes, we're done," echoed Ted.

But had they finished? Down in the gutter was lying at least-half a pall of coal, and Jim asked himself this question as he happened to glance at it.

Ted came along, and saw too. Looking at Jim he read his thoughts, and said:

"Oh, pshaw! Let's don't bother about that little bit; we're both too tired."

"There's the dust on the sidewalk, too," remarked Jim, slowly; "the putter-in always cleans that off."

"But we're not regular putter-ins," argued Ted, as he straightened up to rest his aching back.

But Jim stared at the gutter, and did not reply.

"What's the matter? What are you thinking of?" asked Ted.

"Why, I was thinking about that story that we heard down to mission-school,—that one about the man and woman who was struck dead for lying."

"Nias and Sophia?" asked Ted.

"Ananias and Sapphira," corrected Jim, who was two years older than his companion, and could more easily remember hard names. "Yes, that's them."

"Well, what have we got to do with them? We ain't lying, nor we ain't keeping anybody's money back,—are we?"

"No, but"—and Jim looked as if he scarcely knew how to express what he meant.

"But what?" said Ted, with wondering eyes.

"You see, it's just like this," Jim went on, thoughtfully, "that man down to mission-school said it was the same if you kept back anything, even some of the work that you ought to do, and we're going to be paid for this, Ted, and it ain't done."

"Well, then, let's take up the coal," and Ted started for his shovel.

"All right, and I'll get the broom to sweep the sidewalk. It's better that way, —ain't it, Ted?"

And Ted gave a wise little nod by way of reply.—S. S. Times.

The boy who smokes saps his physical strength. In boat-races and games of baseball, cricket, bicycling and other athletics the habitual smoker stands no chance against the young man of pure, cleanly and temperate habits. Some investigations have recently been made which convey a startling warning to smoking boys. From measurements of one hundred and eighty-seven students in Yale College it was found that those who let tobacco alone gained over those who used it during the college year 1892 twenty-two per cent. in weight, twenty-nine and one-half per cent. in height, nineteen per cent. in girth of chest, and sixty-six per cent. in lung capacity. Measurements at Amherst College showed even greater difference in favour of those who did not use tobacco. With such evidence as this before him, no sensible boy is likely to try to cultivate the tobacco habit or to cling to it if he has already acquired it. Give the boys more opportunities for athletics, and they will require less tobacco.—Troy Times.

The Japanese Boy.

BY R. L. GRANE.

A little lad, a Japanese,  
Far off in old Japan;  
An army boy with task assigned,  
To pour out army wine.  
It was on the occasion of  
A ceremony rare,  
When wine as a libation flowed,  
A heathen custom there.

To him it was repulsive work,  
For he had vowed to be,  
A staunch abstainer from the drink  
That causes misery.  
His father had a victim been,  
Through drinking "sake" had died,  
And he, his mother's only boy,  
Was forced to leave her side.

He promised her he'd never touch  
The soul-destroying cup.  
And on that day when all imbibed  
He would not touch a drop.  
The General-in-Chief observed  
The little lad took none,  
And told him he must weary be,  
To drink as all had done.

The boy refused to take a draught  
Though urged to, for his health;  
He would not break his word like some,  
For honour, fame or wealth.  
He said he did not care for wine,  
And did not wish to drink,  
And felt that he was free to act,  
Not do as others think.

He did not fear to disobey  
The dignitary high.  
Though he might at the chief's command,  
Be called for it to die.  
The General was vexed to see  
The lad's persistent course,  
That he would dare to risk his wrath,  
And said with angry force:

"Well, if you'll not do as I say,  
You never can become  
A soldier, for they must obey.  
What I command is done."  
An officer of lower rank,  
Was standing near and heard  
The conversation, noted well  
Each firmly spoken word.

He asked him how he dared to be,  
So insubordinate,  
That with his sword he'd thrust him  
through,  
A well-deserving fate.  
With tearful eyes the boy declared  
He could not drink the wine,  
For fear he should a draught grow,  
Therefore he must decline.

And that his promise he would keep  
While God his life should spare,  
That he would never, never drink,  
Nor in its revels share.  
And said a soldier was not bound  
Such orders to obey.  
His country needed sober men,  
To be the country's stay.

That he could keep his word and serve  
His country none the less,  
And spare his widowed mother grief,  
And undeserved distress;  
That he could better wield a sword  
With unobscured brain,  
Would be a better soldier far  
By letting reason reign.

Their hearts relented when they saw  
His quickly falling tears.  
They saw the man in him portrayed,  
Brave in the coming years.  
His firm resolve and honest words  
Commanded their respect,  
And never after was he known  
To suffer from neglect.

And in the army he became  
A trusted officer,  
Who never quailed before a foe,  
No danger could deter.  
While his example served to check  
The drinking custom rife,  
Respected and beloved, men sought  
To imitate his life.

Oh boys, resolve that you will do  
That which you know is right,  
Be upright and be fearless too.  
Your lives will then be bright;  
Yield not to those who would allure  
You in the paths of sin;  
Make up your minds, God helping you,  
You'll never walk therein.  
RICHMOND HILL.

OLD MARTYN'S CHILDREN;

OR,

The House on the Hill.

By Florence Yarricood.

CHAPTER IX.

Tiny's father prayed very earnestly that his many sins might be all blotted out for Christ's sake, and that he might have strength given him to resist strong drink.

"I could never do it alone, Tiny," said he, when they rose, "but, with Christ's help, I feel that I can."

"I am so glad, so glad!" said Tiny, joyously; "if you don't spend any money in drink we can soon have some new chairs; these are so dreadfully old and rickety that they can't last much longer. And who knows but what some day we might afford a rocking-chair, like the one I saw at the house on the hill!"

"That we will, dear," said her father. "We'll have lots of nice, comfortable things before a year goes by. I'll hire a carpenter to fix up the house, or else we'll buy a better one somewhere. Oh, it's a shame the way I've wasted my money and neglected my family!" and his eyes filled with tears.

"Being sorry is all that we can do," said Tiny, thoughtfully. "We can't go back and begin over again; the only thing we can do is to try very hard to do just what is right in the future."

"Yes," said he, "I have made a miserable failure of living; but I shall do the best I can with the rest of life that is given me. I promised your dear mother that I would meet her in heaven, and God helping me, I will."

The next day, towards night, Ernest was sent on an errand down to the town, so he slipped in to see how Tiny was getting along.

"Where's father?" said he; "off drinking, as usual, I suppose."  
"No, he isn't!" said Tiny. "He has promised never to drink again; and he is going to save his money, and we are going to have a carpenter here to fix the house up, or else we will buy a better one; and we are going to have some new chairs, and a real rocking-chair!"

Poor little Tiny! her idea of luxuries consisted in possessing a rocking-chair.

Ernest sighed deeply, and shook his head, as he replied: "He can't do it, Tiny! he can't let drink alone!"

"Yes, he can," said Tiny, with decision, "for he has asked Jesus to help him."

"Did he?" said Ernest. "Well, then, that makes all the difference. Father is very weak, but Jesus is strong, and if he depends on His strength I have great hopes that he will conquer."

"People can do anything if they just depend on Jesus to help them," said Tiny.

"That night, after you went away, Mr. and Mrs. Hampton had a long talk together, and the next morning they told me that they, too, had decided to live for Christ; and they read the Bible and have prayer," said Ernest.

"I am so glad," said Tiny. "I am sure they must be so glad, too, to know that they are ready, no matter what happens!"

"Yes, they don't seem like the same people, they are so changed; but that Roy—he's real bad! he sits and smiles a little, and curls his lip up when his father reads the Bible, and he don't seem to want to be good at all."

"I hope he will change, and try to do just what is right," said Tiny.

"Yes," said Ernest, "I hope so. Well, I must hurry back with these nails; what a grand thing it will be if father really comes home sober to-night? I hope he does," and Ernest hurried up the hill towards Mrs. Hampton's.

The winter and spring slipped quickly away, without anything of particular interest happening, save that Tiny's father kept his word and remained sober and industrious; and their shabby home was being rapidly transformed into a neat, tidy one, both outside and in.

The warm weather came with its soft, delicious breezes, its opening flowers and sunshiny days.

Ernest still worked at Mr. Hampton's, although his father told him that he might return to school if he wished; but

he liked his place very much, and he decided to work there during the summer, and by winter he could go back to school, and have money enough saved up to buy a lot of new books.

Roy Hampton was still very reckless, and spent a good deal of his time in the bar-rooms, with low, rough society.

One summer evening Ernest found his little room so warm that he lifted the window up very high, and left it that way all night.

In the middle of the night he heard voices directly under his window. Ernest crept noiselessly to the window and listened; and, although they talked in a very low voice, he managed to gather enough of their conversation to know that they were robbers. He was about to alarm the household, when suddenly the front door below opened, and to his great surprise, Roy Hampton came out and joined the burglars.

"I've got the money," said he, in a low voice. "Now, I'm to have half of it, and you are to have the other half. I'm bound to have some spending money, some way, and this is one way of getting it."

"Yes," said one of the men, "and you are to go back to bed and not give the alarm until after we've been gone an hour; I'll risk them catching us then. You see we shoulder all the blame, and you get half of the profits."

Ernest listened breathlessly to this conversation, wondering all the time what he had better do to alarm the household. It was impossible to reach Mr. Hampton's room without going down the front stairs, and the men would see him.

There was a low verandah directly under Ernest's window, so he noiselessly stepped out on it.

Slowly, stealthily, he crept along, not knowing every moment but what the men would see him and perhaps shoot him. At length he reached the edge; he was within arm's length of the men now. One of the men had taken the half of the money Roy had given him, and placed it in a long pocket book, which he still held in his hand.

"We'll divide this between us after we get away from here," said he to his comrade.

"All right," replied the other.

They were about to turn hurriedly away, when Ernest's small hand just above them suddenly reached out and grasped the pocket-book out of the burglar's hand, which so frightened the men that they ran to the road, and jumping on their horses, galloped away as fast as possible, while Ernest crept back to his room with the money safely in his hand.

CHAPTER X.

The two robbers were very much frightened, but Roy Hampton was much more so.

He crept back to his room, shivering and trembling in every limb with fear. He did not know whose hand had snatched the pocket-book, but he fully expected that it would all come to light in the morning. His own part in the robbery would also be told, and he shuddered to think what the consequences might be.

He could not sleep or rest; his head was so hot he did not know what to do; and when morning came his parents heard him moaning, and, entering the room, they found him burning with fever, and unconscious.

"I did take the money, father," said he, "and gave it to these horrid men! I am very sorry; do forgive me, please!"

"What money, my boy?" asked Mr. Hampton, kindly.

But Roy's mind was wandering too much to answer questions directly, so he talked in a confused way for a while, and then he said:

"Those wicked men! I met them first in the saloon, and they set me up to get them some money out of the house, and they would give me half of it. I was determined to have some money to spend as I pleased, and I thought I could get it in that way, and throw all the blame on them and you would never know but what they got all of it. But they didn't get it, for some one out on the verandah snatched it away from them; I think it was Ernest; ask him to tell you about it. Please forgive me; I'm so sorry! Oh, dear! my head aches so!" and the suffering boy tossed and moaned with pain.

Mr. Hampton went and looked where he always kept his money, and found it

gone; but on looking around the room he found the purse lying on the dresser. Then he went to Ernest and asked him to tell what he knew about it. "Tell me all," said he; "don't shield my poor boy any; I see by his wandering talk that he is in the wrong, in some way."

"I did not intend to speak unless I had to, for Roy's sake," said Ernest, slowly. "But since he has told you a part, I suppose I must tell you the rest," and he told him all he knew of what had happened the previous night.

"You are a brave boy," said Mr. Hampton, when he had finished. "I'll reward you for that, some day. Since the men did not get any of the money, we will, for poor Roy's sake, keep the affair quiet, and say nothing about it. He is evidently sorry and I hope this will be a lasting lesson to him."

For three long weeks Roy Hampton tossed and moaned with fever, and they had but little hopes of his recovery. But at last he took a change for the better, and slowly began to creep back to life again.

"I have been very near death, and I was not ready for it," said he, one day, when he was slowly recovering, but still very weak and ill.

"I want to be ready after this, will you tell me the way?" said he to his parents; and they knelt down and prayed for their boy, and Roy prayed for himself, and his heart was filled with joy and peace in believing in Jesus.

When he got able to be about again, he was a changed boy in every sense of the word.

He no longer loitered around the saloons, wasting his time, and throwing his young life away. He took an interest, and was ready to lend a helping hand, in every good work, and grew up to be a noble, useful man, always letting his light shine that others might see it and glorify his Father in heaven.

What a grand thing it is to see a young life consecrated to the Master's service!—to walk henceforth only in paths of His choosing; to live only for his glory!

Dear boys, if you want to be manly, give your young life up to Jesus. You will receive rich rewards just in this life, even, and in the great hereafter, eternal life, full of joy and unspeakable glory.

Jesus said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life. If any man follow me he shall not walk in darkness."

Whosoever believeth on me shall not walk in darkness."

Beautiful promises are these! Happy and safe is the heart that trusteth in them!

There is much more to tell about Ernest and Tiny Martyn, but I must stop now.

It would do you good to step into Tiny's neat little home, and see how many comforts, and even luxuries, they now have. It is, indeed, a pretty home—a picture of neatness outside and in.

It made a vast difference when the father quit leaving his earnings at the tavern, and brought them home to be spent for the interests of the family.

He hired a house-keeper, and Tiny had the chance she had so longed for to attend school regularly, and obtain a good education.

Ernest, too, spent a number of years at college and his cherished dream of becoming highly educated was realized.

Many happy days were spent by Tiny at the house on the hill, and when, a few years after, her father died, Mr. and Mrs. Hampton coaxed her to live with them and fill, in a manner, the place their own little girl would have filled, had she lived.

My little story is now told, and, as I lay down the pen, the earnest desire of my heart is that all the dear boys and girls who read it may give their hearts to Jesus and live for his glory.

If you wait until late in life to seek him, you will deeply regret it.

It is a sad thing to have to look back over a misspent life.

"God pity the one, who, looking back, Sees no fruit on life's beaten track; Nothing but leaves at the set of sun; Nothing but leaves when the day is done."

In the morning of life may you give your hearts to the blessed Master.

THE END.

To-morrow you have no business with. You steal if you touch to-morrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep every man occupied, without concerning himself with the things that lie beyond.

## Jairus's Daughter.

BY MARY S. B. DANA

A father is praying  
The Saviour to hear  
For his daughter is dying,  
With no helper near  
Beseeching Him greatly,  
He falls at His feet,  
And his story of sorrow,  
Oh! hear him repeat:

"My dear little daughter  
I fear she will die!  
O thou merciful Saviour,  
Attend 'o my cry!  
If thou wilt but touch her  
She surely will live,  
Then to thee all the glory,  
O Jesus, I'll give."

And Jesus went with him;  
And soon it was said  
To the heart-stricken father,  
"Thy daughter is dead!  
Why trouble the Master  
Thy woes to relieve?"  
But the kind Saviour whispered,  
"Now only believe!"

They came to the house  
And the mourners were there,  
Who with weeping and wailing  
Were rending the air;  
But Jesus reproved them:  
"Why thus do ye weep?  
For the maid is not dead;  
She is only asleep."

Oh see! with a touch  
How the maiden awakes  
When the mighty Physician  
Her hand gently takes!  
And see! from her features  
Pale death quickly flies  
At the voice of the Saviour,  
"O damsel, arise!"

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

## LESSON VI. FEBRUARY 9

## THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Luke 6. 41-49. Memory verses, 47-49.  
Golden Text.—Why call ye me, Lord,  
Lord, and do not the things which I say?  
—Luke 6. 46.

Time.—Midsummer, A.D. 28.

Place.—Horns of Hattin, a hill sixty  
feet in height, two miles from the west  
coast of the Sea of Galilee, and seven  
south-west from Capernaum.

## CONNECTING LINKS.

Closely following the healing of the  
palsied man came the call of Matthew  
and the feast by which he honoured  
Jesus. Travelling through Galilee, the  
disciples plucked ears of corn on the Sab-  
bath. This caused anger among the  
Jews, which was only increased by Jesus  
claiming their right to do so, and then  
himself healing on the Sabbath a man  
with a withered hand. Finding that the  
Jews plotted to put him to death, Jesus  
withdrew to the Sea of Galilee and on  
the hill above described completed his list  
of disciples and delivered his Sermon on  
the Mount.

## DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read Christ's blessings and  
woes (Luke 6. 20-26). Prepare to tell in  
your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read the law of love (Luke  
6. 27-38). Fix in your mind Time, Place,  
and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read what Christ said  
about hearing and doing (Luke 6. 39-45).  
Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read what a good man is  
like (Psalm 1). Learn the Memory  
Verses.

Friday.—Read trees and their fruits  
(Matt. 12. 31-37). Study the Notes and  
answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read about sowing and  
reaping (Gal. 6. 1-10). Study the Lesson  
Teachings.

Sunday.—Read about getting a good  
foundation (1 Cor. 3. 8-15). Sing the  
Lesson Hymn.

## QUESTIONS

1 Mote and Beam verses 41, 42. 11  
What did Jesus mean by the mote and  
the beam? 42. Is it right to blame  
others for what we do ourselves? What  
do we need if we would help people cure  
their faults?

2 Fruit and Thorns verses 43-45.  
43. Can true goodness be hid? How may  
we know when a man's heart is good?  
44 How is a good tree known? Will  
sticking a fig on a thorn tree change it  
into a fig tree? 45. Name some things  
which come out of the heart?

3 Sand and Rock, verses 46-49.—46 If  
we pray for patience or gentleness, what  
else should we do? 47. Is it enough to  
know what Jesus taught? 48. How are  
we to act like the wise builder? Why  
could not the flood throw down his house?  
49 Is it right for anyone to think he is  
secure if he does not obey Christ? What  
is the greatest loss?

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

We ought to form the habit of looking  
for what is good in our companions rather  
than for what is bad. Be severe with  
ourselves and have charity for others.  
Our conduct is what our character is  
judged by. To profess and not to prac-  
tise is a great sin. If our hearts are full  
of love to Jesus, we will speak of him.  
The only way to be safe is always to obey  
Christ. To bear good fruit, we must  
have a new nature.



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

## THE FAIRY SISTER.

Sallie stood in the centre of the floor  
with three disconsolate little wrinkles in  
the middle of her forehead. "I wish I  
were a fairy godmother," she said list-  
lessly, picking up one of baby Harry's  
little dresses and dropping it again in an-  
other wrong place for mother to hunt  
after.

"What for?" asked Aunt Helen, laugh-  
ing to think of fourteen-year-old Sallie  
being a fairy godmother.

"O lots of things! Just now I'd wave  
my wand, and this room would be swept  
and dusted, and baby Harry would stop  
his screeching, and the boys would find  
something else to do besides plaguing  
him, and I'd have a little peace."

"Why don't you try being a fairy sis-  
ter?" said Aunt Helen, smiling.

"What should I do?" cried Sallie,  
eagerly. The idea struck her fancy.

"Everything her Royal Laziness wants  
a fairy godmother to do," laughed Aunt  
Helen.

Sallie tucked on her little blue, lace-  
trimmed sleeping cap and soon appeared  
with the broom for her wand. After  
some vigorous flourishes, the floor was  
as clean as a new pin, and Aunt Helen  
was sneezing with the dust.

Next Sallie exchanged the broom for  
another magic wand called the duster,  
and, presto! all the dust had vanished,  
the mantel ornaments were speckless, and  
the sunlight, looking in with an approv-  
ing smile, came and stretched itself con-  
tentedly on the rug like a great yellow  
lapdog.

You never heard such a hubbub as there

was in the kitchen, not unless you have  
three boys and two babies in your family.

Billy's face was an un-  
tumbled  
wight in the flour-bell head first," said  
little Paul, solemnly, stooping to look in  
her face as Sallie bent over the dust pan.  
"Spoiled all the flour to make bikkits  
w'ay!"

"Ain't!" spluttered Billy, in a hollow  
voice, from the bottom of the barrel.

"Ain't!" Hear him, Sallie!" cried  
Johnny, doubling up with laughter at  
Billy's antics in trying to get out. "O no!  
P'r'aps it's some other boy's legs. O  
yes!"

Sallie couldn't help laughing, but she  
went into the pantry and gave the empty  
flower barrel a little tip that sent Billy  
out squirming on the floor.

"Wanted to make some paste, that's  
all!" exclaimed Billy, sheepishly.

"Let's mix him in some cold water  
then," said teasing Johnnie. "I'm sure  
there's plenty of flour in his hair."

"No such thing," said Sallie, laughing.  
"Let me brush you, Billy, and then I'll  
scrape some flour off the boards for your  
paste. Didn't do any hurt to the 'bik-  
kits,' puss cat, 'cause there wasn't any  
there."

She comforted him so well that he was  
soon able to be around and tending to his  
usual occupation, that of bothering the  
babies.

"What has my little girl been doing to  
keep the babies so still this whole after-

"Where is Hardy?"

But the foreman of the crew was not  
there, and the danger was imminent.  
Aid must be immediate, or all was lost.  
The next to command sprang into the  
frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking  
their lives in their hands in the hope of  
saving others. Oh! how those on shore  
watched their brave, loved ones as they  
dashed on, now over, now almost under  
the waves! they reached the wreck. Like  
angels of deliverance, they filled their  
craft with almost dying men—men lost  
but for them. Back again they toiled,  
pulling for the shore, bearing their pre-  
cious freight. The first man to help them  
land was Hardy, whose words rang above  
the roar of the breakers: "Are they all  
here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came:  
"All but one. He couldn't help himself.  
We had all we could carry. We couldn't  
save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted  
Hardy. "I will go. What? leave one  
there to die alone! Man the life-boat  
now! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with  
worn garments and dishevelled hair, who  
with agonizing entreaty fell upon her  
knees beside this brave, strong man? It  
was his mother!

"O, my son! Your father was  
drowned in a storm like this. Your  
brother Will left me eight years ago, and  
I've never seen his face since the day he  
sailed. You will be lost, and I am old  
and poor. Oh, stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one  
is in peril, there's my place. If I am  
lost God will surely care for you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed.  
With a "God bless you, my boy!" she  
released him, and speeded him on his  
way.

Once more they watched and prayed  
and waited—these on the shore—while  
every muscle was strained toward the  
fast-sinking ship, by those in the life-  
saving boat. It reached the vessel. The  
clinging figure was lifted and helped to  
its place where strong hands took it in  
charge. Back came the boat. How  
eagerly they looked and called in en-  
couragement, then cheered as it came  
nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from  
the shore.

Lifting his hands to his mouth to trump-  
pet the words on in advance of the land-  
ing, Hardy called back: "Tell mother  
it's Brother Will!"

The sin of not doing the good you might  
do is sure to find you out.

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