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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

OL. XII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

[No. 5

## CHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.

The Chinese can do nothing without a great display of pomp, banners, bright colours; and their music is the most distinct thing you ever heard. You cannot tell much difference between this picture and that of a funeral procession, except that, instead of the sedan chair which the bride rides, in the above cut, there is a funeral bier. There are the same gongs and cymbals and clang of cymbals, the same display of ceremonial umbrellas, gigantic fans, huge drums, and banners with brilliant inscriptions, and the same stolid and immobile expressions on the

low embarrassed him with a sharp glance from two snapping black eyes, remarking the while:

"Here is your change, sir. I have no time for fooling."

"Keep the change," said the purchaser, dropping the facetious and assuming a serious air. "Will you tell me how long you have been selling papers?"

"I have been in the newspaper business three years," replied the diminutive merchant somewhat coldly.

"Three years!" exclaimed the man with unfeigned surprise, "Why, my lad, you do not look big enough to carry a bundle of papers."

## HORSESHOE OR HAIR-SPRING?

A **NOY** is something like a piece of iron which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more it is used the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 when in its natural state is worth \$13 made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles its value is increased to \$350. Made into pen knife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into hairsprings for watches, \$250,000.

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding



A WEDDING PROCESSION.

## CHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.

tenances. But alas, they are without the pledge of the blessed Presence who sanctified the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and who turned water into wine at the funerals at Nain and Bethany.

## A NEW YORK NEWS BOY.

The boy was not more than two and a half feet high, says the *New York Times*. But he was intelligent and energetic, and he hawked his newspapers with a zeal that would have been creditable to a proof drummer. He was not unmiudful of his city, and when one Broad Street purchaser accented his tender of payment for a newspaper with a frivolous chaffing remark, the brisk little fel-

"Notwithstanding," said the mite, with unruffled dignity, "I have been in this business for three years, and for two years before I sold papers I was in the clothing business."

"Is it possible?" commented the questioner with increased surprise. "See here, my little man, how old are you?"

"Nine years old," calmly responded the little fellow. "I had to get out and hustle to help support the family when I was four years old. I belong to a family who waste no time."

The lad spoke the truth. He was born in East Broadway and went to work in his father's clothing store when but four years old as cash boy. And there are many more like him in this large town.

and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watch spring? It depends upon yourselves. You can become whatever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood.

ONE who knows says that in the country they blow a horn before dinner, but in town they take one.

"Shall we Gather at the River."

BY JOSEPH M'KEE.

Shall we gather at the river,  
After we this earth have past;  
Shall we sing with Christ forever,  
When we gather home at last.

Shall the glorious portals open,  
When the hour of death shall come;  
Shall we hear the angels say then,  
Welcome, weary traveller, home.

We shall see our blessed Saviour,  
Listen to his glorious voice;  
We shall rest within his favour,  
For on earth he was our choice.

We shall see the glorious mansion  
That for us he has prepared;  
We shall praise him through all ages,  
For we trusted in his word.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
Where bright angels' feet have trod,  
And we'll sing with Christ forever  
In the city of our God.

Stonewall, Man.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WATHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

If you were near the Bank of England in the evening, you could see a company of soldiers march into that gloomy-looking building. An enormous quantity of money lies in the bank, and every night an officer with some guardsmen is sent there on duty. All night long soldiers keep awake to guard the golden treasure in the strong room of the Bank of England.

God has given to you all a treasure to guard. Your good health; your good conscience; the Holy Spirit within your souls, and many other precious things are treasures which you ought to keep with greatest carefulness. If people lose things, or through carelessness allow them to be stolen, it is of no use to cry. Esau was a man who used to do foolish things without thinking of the consequences, and then cry and wish he hadn't done them. But this is like the girl crying over a broken milk-jug. It is better to think beforehand than to cry afterwards. Watch!

Not far from the Bank of England is the Tower of London where, in a room, the crown jewels are ranged behind strong bars. Money cannot buy and money cannot replace these precious things that belong to our national history. How vigilantly the guardsmen keep that little chamber of treasure.

Your soul is a little room full of crown jewels. The jewels of innocence, and purity and truth, and kind-heartedness are there. The golden crown of self-control is there. You must not lose these pre-

cious things. "Let no one take thy crown." Watch!

And not only for yourselves must you watch. You must guard your brothers and sisters and do all you can to keep them from harm and sin. When one brother or sister is good and true and kind it is well for all the home. You are your brother's keeper. Watch!

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

NED WILLIS was a banker's only son. He had been so petted and flattered, it was a wonder he was not utterly spoiled, especially as he had dollars to spend where other fellows had pennies. But Ned had considerable common sense when it occurred to him to stop and think. One lovely day he went fishing. Going through the woods he passed Judge Allen, who had come out with a surveyor to see about some disputed land mark. Ned was flattered by the pleasant greeting the judge gave him, for Judge Allen was the great man of the village. By-and-bye, when Ned got at his fishing, he began to think:

"That is the sort of man I'll be: the biggest and the most influential in the town. I ought to be mighty glad I have such a grand start. Father is rich, and when I am of age I have a lot of grand-mother's money coming to me. How some fellows have to dig, and when they are forty years old they won't have what I will start with. I shall read and study more, of course, but I shall never grind away at books. I shall travel and see life, and have a yacht to go round the world in, give wine parties, and be somebody. Look at Tom Elders, now! He is bright as any gentleman's son, if his father is only a poor carpenter. Tom is having to work every blessed day this vacation to pay for his school next winter. When he comes of age, if he is college educated, he will be as poor as a church mouse."

Just then the judge's loud voice was plainly heard behind the dense foliage.

"Yes, just about the very worst thing in these days for the average boy is money or the expectation of it. Take that bright little chap that passed us just now. I knew his father when he hadn't a sixpence, but he was bound to be 'somebody.' He studied nights and drove an express-cart daytimes; never spent ten cents he didn't earn until he was a man grown. He got a good education and business habits. His mother then fell heir to quite a fortune, and, knowing how to care for it, he came to be as rich as he is; but this boy of his—what a difference! Ned will know just enough not to be called a fool. He never will learn until the knowledge is of no use to him that money will not buy everything on earth worth having. He will inevitably grow up lazy, self-indulgent, and nine chances to one in ten, depraved. Even now it is cigarettes and every show that comes to town. Soon it will be tobacco and treats and gambling and theatres. What will he care for business habits, even leaving principles out of account? He needs no business habits to acquire money. He has all he can spend without any efforts to make more. Oh, I tell you, money is usually a curse to a boy like Ned. I expect to live to see it has been to him."

"You won't!" ejaculated Ned, jerking his fishing-rod yards above his head. "No, you won't! I walked off to-day because I had a hard algebra lesson. I'll march back and tackle that lesson, and we'll see if I'll only just escape being a fool—maybe not escape, and all because my money was a curse. We'll see, Judge Allen! And I guess tobacco, and some other things will have to go by after this."

JUNIOR LEAGUES.

ALBERT, N.B.—By the influence of our Epworth (junior) League, we can say that there is an increased attendance at our meetings and more interest taken in the Sunday-school. Our practical work has consisted of placing flowers in the church and preparing for an entertainment. On Tuesday evenings we receive instruction in Astronomy and French.

E. M. THOMPSON, Sec.

THE LARK'S NEST.

SOME years ago one of the porters employed at a small station near Darmstadt observed a pair of larks building their nest in an angle in the middle of the railway where two rails crossed. He did not disturb them. The nest was finished, and soon after four eggs were laid in it. Then the hatching began. By this time the attention of all the people employed about the station had been turned to the nest. It seemed to them such a wonderful thing that they resolved to do all in their power to protect it and its owners. Meantime the birds themselves seemed to have very clear ideas as to the dangers that threatened them. It was pretty to see how the hen bird, which was sitting on the eggs, would duck her head down when a train passed, and then look up cheerfully when the danger was over. In due course of time three young ones appeared. One day after they were big enough to move about a little, but not to fly, one of them hopped out of the nest and seated itself on the rail. At that moment a train was seen approaching. The parent bird called and coaxed in vain. The thoughtless little creature remained obstinately sitting on its dangerous perch. Its destruction seemed inevitable. Just as the train came up, the mother bird flew up from the nest, seized it by the tuft on its head and threw it over the line, ducking down again itself until the danger was passed. The lark's first friend, the porter, who had noticed the whole proceedings, now resolved to remove the nest, with all its living contents, from its perilous position. He took it out carefully, and deposited it in a neighbouring cloven field. The old birds followed him, step by step, uttering shrill cries of anxiety, which changed to a loud thrill of joy and one might almost say of gratitude, when they saw the comfortable spot in which their kind friend had put their nest. Could human beings have acted differently?—*Harper's Young People.*

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

LADY MACDONALD, the wife of the lately deceased Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Macdonald, is a staunch total abstainer. She says she was led to give up wine drinking, on Christmas day, 1867. She had thought a good deal on the subject, but never made any decided resolution until that day. Conversation at dinner turned on total abstinence, and a guest said that, practically, total abstinence was impossible for any one "in society." Lady Macdonald combated this, and, as a result of further discussion, she was challenged as to whether she would herself "give up her glass of sherry at dinner." She at once decided to try, saying, "Henceforth I enter into the ranks of the total abstainers, and drink to our success in water." Her ladyship's testimony is this: "Since then, thank God, I have never found any necessity for wine."

KEEP LIFE PURE.

AN Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the instruction not to open it until a year had rolled round. Many were the speculations as to what it contained; and the time impatiently waited for when the jewelled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone and with trembling haste unlocked the treasure; and lo! reposing on delicate satin linings, lay nothing but a shroud of rust: the form of something beautiful could be discerned but the beauty had gone forever. Tearful with disappointment she did not at first see a slip of parchment containing these words: "Dear pupil: May you learn from this a lesson for your life. His trinket, when enclosed, had upon it a single spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the result, you will find it sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up only the pure, the good, and you will ever be an ornament to society, and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."

## LOST IN A MINE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

## CHAPTER V.

THE sun rose early, as brightly and cheerily as though there never had been death or sorrow on the face of the earth, which grew light and joyous under its beams. The first rays smote on Abby's face through the uncurtained window, and the call of the cuckoo seemed to shout loudly in her ear. She neither saw nor heard. She was at rest a little while, gaining strength to bear fresh burdens of sorrow.

It was a perfect day for a holiday—such a holiday as it was to have been—when old Judith threw open the cottage door, and looked out on the green bank which hid the shaft of the pit from her sight; across it stretched the narrow track, trodden through the broad leaves of the coltsfoot, which had been made by her sons' footsteps as they hastened to and from their darksome labour. She could almost hear Reuben's voice sing, and see him striding along the little path. Through the long, dreary hours of the night, her trouble had been deep for tears; but now that she saw the sun shining in a cloudless sky, and the dew glistening on every leaf, and felt the soft, sweet-rush of the fresh air wafting past her, with the sweet scent of flowers borne upon it, a flood of tears welled up to her sunken eyes. "O my lad! my lad!" she cried aloud, as if some ear was listening to her in the morning stillness. Her heart was aching bitterly; yet, after a few minutes, she went down again calmly, and crept cautiously and silently up the steep stairs to the attic where Abby was lying. She had often stolen up so to awaken and call him to his work. The girl had fallen asleep at last, and lay locked in a profound slumber, with her cheek resting on Reuben's hymn-book. "Young folks can sleep whilst old folks break their hearts," thought Judith. Simeon, too, had forgotten his sorrow in the night, and, like Abby, had wrapped up and softly lifted away from his memory. But the old mother had not been released one instant from the stern grip of grief.

Early in the morning the neighbours came dropping in to offer what help and comfort they could give—for the business of living goes on, though the years of life may have passed away. Some of them had been eager to stay all night with Judith, but she had chosen rather to be left to pass through the first hours of her anguish quite alone. The large, old-fashioned house-place, with its wide hearth and high mantel-shelf over it, looked very airy in the sunlight. The preparations for the expected festivity, so suddenly interrupted, were strewn about, though the large fire had gone out and the oven was cold; but all Judith's plentiful provisions were there, and it needed only to kindle the fire, and burn fresh faggots of wood in the big oven, for the feast still to be ready at the appointed time. Judith aroused herself. Some of the invited guests—who were coming from a distance, and would have several miles to walk—must be already on their way, no doubt ignorant of the calamity that had befallen the household. Her old, lifelong habits of thrift, and her strong sense of the duty of hospitality to her kith and kin, consoled her new grief. The Hazeldines, flocking from different quarters, would come in weary and hungry, and their wants must be provided for. There were friendly neighbours only too glad to help; and by-and-by the same pleasant sounds of cooking were to be heard in the house which had neglected Reuben's ears at his happy work the day before.

To Simeon and Abby—two young creatures still rapt to sorrow—it seemed monstrous to think of feasting, or preparing a feast, now Reuben was lost—terribly lost—in the sunless windings of the pit. Simeon crawled languidly away, with the slow and weary step of a heavy heart, to the mouth of the shaft, where he threw himself on the ground, and stretched his head over the edge of the deep, dark pit, where, many a time, he had, with his wistful eyes, there in the gloom, a faint glimmer in the blackness of

the fitful quivering of light upon the waters beneath which his brother lay somewhere in his vast grave. He had perished in seeking to save him!

It was almost noonday before he could make up his mind to go back home. When he reached its threshold at last, he found the large, old house-place more closely filled with guests than he had ever seen before. All the Hazeldines dwelling within ten miles had gathered together, dressed in their best and gayest Sunday clothing, many of them with Bibles carefully wrapped up in clean handkerchiefs, as though they had come to a religious solemnity—for were they not there to hear him read his trial chapter? His mother, also, had carefully attired herself in her best black gown and whitest widow's cap, and sat in the chimney-corner, and, though tearless, ready to bid each new-comer welcome, and to listen to their rough but well-meant words of consolation. Except to her, not a word was spoken above a whisper. The men were all lingering outside the house, in the trim garden; whilst the women talked together in low undertones. There was no mirth, no good-humoured jesting, no hearty, loud-spoken greeting as old friends met one another, such as there would have been if it had been Reuben's wedding-day. Most of the women were weeping as they whispered together about Reuben and Abby, and not a few of the men furtively rubbed their eyes with the back of their horny hands. All was hushed and solemn, as if the guests had been summoned to a funeral. Abby was not there; only one woman after another mounted silently the steep staircase, and came down again with redder eyes, and a still more sorrowful face than when she went up to see the broken-hearted girl.

Almost the last guest to appear was Levi Hazeldine. He was seen coming over the pit bank, carrying under his arm the treasured black-letter Bible, which Simeon must win to-day, or the Hazeldines must see it borne away for ever from the land of its famous owner. It was a point of honour to win that Bible. In the midst of their grief for Reuben, there was a thrill of excitement and dread at the mere thought of the boy failing. Judith herself forgot for the moment her firstborn, as the large, heavy, old volume, with its thick binding and silver clasps, was laid aside on a small table, to be opened by Simeon, blindfolded, after the meal was over. Every one felt that it would be well to have their feast—a funeral feast though it seemed—well over before the die was cast. Sorrowful men are hungry, however real their sorrow, especially when they have taken a walk of ten miles since breakfast; and Judith's hospitable notions about a feast were well known among all her kinsfolk. There was a general feeling of relief, therefore, when the signal was given to sit down to dinner.

Judith did not sit down to the table, but Simeon was placed at the head of it, between old Lijah and Levi. It seemed to him as if that meal would never come to an end. He could not swallow a morsel, though all about him were urging him to try to taste one dainty after another. Levi Hazeldine distinguished himself above the others by the way in which he plied his knife and fork, and consumed the delicacies set before him. He was too enlightened and philosophical to feel very keenly any trouble that did not touch himself, and he felt persuaded of the folly of losing his appetite because all around him were more or less sorrowful. His mind was quite at ease also about the Bible; the weeping lad beside him would never pass through the trial, and he would carry the old heirloom away with him. He would rather have had one of more value than a worn-out, superstitious old book of fables; but, such as it was, he still felt a pride in possessing it. A black-letter Bible, with silver clasps, would be quite a curiosity wherever he might go; moreover, he might sell it some day for a tidy little sum, when he was clear away from the Hazeldines and their troublesome claims upon it.

Old Lijah ate and drank but little during the meal, and when it was over he rose up in his place, and laid a trembling hand upon the table before him, as if he was about to make a speech. There was a dead silence in the house, for he had been like a father to the two fatherless boys; and Judith sat down in her rocking-chair, and covered her face with her hands as she listened.

"Friends," he said, "it's a sore heart I have standin' here and thinkin' of him as died for us yesterday. He was like my own son to me—he was for sure. But I was comforted by a vision I had of him in the night—in the dreams of my head upon my bed; and, lo! I behold him wanderin' and wanderin' about down there in the pit, seekin' for us in the darkness; and there was one beside him as he couldn't see, with a face so shinin' it dazzled me to look upon him, only I knew that it was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ himself; and when I looked back to Reuben's face, I beheld it grown brighter and brighter, though he couldn't see who was walkin' step by step beside him, until my eyes were dazzled to look upon him also. And I awoke just in the spring of the mornin', and a voice was sayin' softly in the chamber, as if angels were talkin' about it one with another, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.' That's what Reuben did—he laid down his life for us."

"I call it throwing away his life like a fool," muttered Levi.

"Ay, if life's nought but eatin' and drinkin' and toilin' and moilin'," said old Lijah; "but it seems to me as if life was love and friendship and trustin' in God, and strivin' to be like the dear Lord himself. I'm a world happier than thee, Levi, all here bein' judges, when I sit and read quiet in my house a chapter about my God and heaven, than thou in the public-house, drinkin' thy money away, and makin' thy head ache. Aye! and my wife's happier, and the house at home's happier for it. If they take God and the Bible away from poor folks, what's left for them save toilin' and moilin'? Tell me, if thou can!"

"But the Bible isn't true," answered Levi. "Look thee! what a blunder it all was yesterday. That poor lad leavin' everything to risk his life in the pit, and all for nothing—nothing at all! Why did God let it be? You'd have been the same, and the world 'ud have been the same, if he'd done nought but smoke his pipe at the pit's mouth till you came up safe and sound."

"No, no!" said old Lijah, "we should never have known how he loved us. Nay, and the world 'ud never have known what love was if God's dear Son had never left his home in heaven; if he'd never have 'emptied' himself of all but love; as the hymn says, and laid down his life for us. I see it all plain now. I tell thee, Levi, life's not worth havin'—for us poor folks anyhow—if there's no love in it. If God don't love us; and we don't love one another, there's nought but toilin' and moilin' for us till we die like dogs."

"Well, well," replied Levi, "we won't argy. If dinner's over, let the lad try his chance for the Hazeldine Bible—a fair chance and no favour."

There was a solemn silence, which lasted for a minute or two. There was a gloom before Simeon's eyes, as if a sudden night had fallen. He could hear, after the silence, that some one rose up from the table to reach the Bible, and there was a hum and murmur, as of indistinct though friendly words of encouragement, but he could neither hear nor see plainly. His head was light and giddy, and his heart was beating fast. He could only think of Reuben's failure some years ago, and the disappointment of his mother and of all the Hazeldines at the Bible remaining in the hands of a professed infidel. There was no need to blindfold his eyes, for he was hardly conscious of what he was doing. As his trembling fingers groped for the book, he heard old Lijah cry, "God bless the lad!" but when he had opened the Bible, and the bandage was removed, his eye fell upon a page of heavy, black characters, of which he could not make out a single letter. His young face flushed, and then grew deadly pale. Where was his brother, who should have been beside him, upholding him by his sympathy and love? Lost! Reuben was lost! What did it signify who had the Hazeldine Bible now? With a sudden, loud, and very bitter cry, which rang in every ear, he turned away and fled through the open door, to hide his grief in the green solitude of the quiet woods, where he had played so often with his brother.

(To be continued.)



**CHINESE PUNISHMENTS.**

ALMOST everything about China is interesting to us in this Western world, for it is quite another world from ours. The "Celestials," as they call themselves, are in most of their habits and customs directly the opposite of Europeans and Americans, and their doings and sayings seem to us very amusing.

Their modes of punishing culprits are peculiar. The *cangue*, or wooden frame, placed around the neck of a prisoner, is often put upon debtors who cannot pay what they owe. Public exposure in the *cangue* is considered rather a kind of censure or reprimand than a punishment, and carries no disgrace with it. The frame weighs between twenty and thirty pounds, and is so made as to rest upon the shoulders without chafing the neck, but so broad as to prevent the person feeding himself. The name, residence, and offence of the delinquent are written upon it for the information of every passer by, and a policeman is stationed over him to prevent escape. If one were compelled to sit in the streets of America in such a position, we are afraid the boys would laugh at him.

Another way of punishing is to whip a man through the streets as a public example to others, and is frequently practiced upon persons detected in robbery, assault, or some other minor offence. The man is manacled and one policeman goes before him carrying a tablet, on which is written his name, crime and punishment, accompanied by another holding a gong. In some cases little sticks bearing flags are thrust through his ears, and the executioner strikes the criminal with his whip or rattan as the rap on the gong denotes that the appointed number is not yet complete.

**THE LUCKIEST FELLOW.**

"FRED DIXON is the luckiest fellow in town; everything he wants he gets; everything he undertakes prospers. Did you hear he has the place at Kelly's, that so many have been trying to get?"

"You don't say so! Why, he is a very young man to fill so responsible a position."

"Yes," added the first speaker, "he always would stand on the top of the ladder in school. Though not the brightest scholar, he managed to carry off the honours upon quitting school, which he did at an earlier age than most of his classmates, because he had

to help support a widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters. He only had to ask for a situation, and to all other applicants were voted out, and Fred had the preference."

Boys, "Our Boys," do you know any Fred Dixons? If you do, don't think it is luck that helps him along, gives him the laurels at school, aids him to obtain first-class situations, puts him in places of trust and honour, where a good name or untarnished character is required. Look back in the pages of his life. See if he was not studious at school, fair and square in all his boyish games, gentlemanly and obliging, honest in all his dealings. Ask his friends if truthfulness, faithfulness to his duty, steadfastness of purpose, are not his characteristics. Find out whether he

has ever been known to frequent tipping shops, gambling dens and kindred places of vice; whether he spends his spare time in filling his mind with trashy literature, such as is thrown broadcast over our land, in the shape of dime novels. Depend upon it, boys, you will never be "the luckiest fellow in town," unless you earn it by honesty and integrity of character, and fidelity to all your undertakings.—*Christian at Work.*

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

A. D. 550.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 7.

**THE GRACIOUS CALL.**

Isa. 55. 1-13. Memory verses, 6-8.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.—Isaiah 55. 6.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

God invites all men to come to him and be saved.

**HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.**

*Ho*—An exclamation for calling the attention. *Every one that thirsteth*—That has longings and desires unsatisfied, especially for forgiveness and goodness and God and heaven. *To the waters*—Which quench thirst. Jesus Christ satisfies all the desires and longings of the soul. *Buy*—Not "pay a price," but obtain. Use the necessary means. *Wine and milk*—The juice of the grape, and milk, were regarded as the best and most delicious of foods. Christ feeds the soul not only with that which is necessary to its life, but which is delightful. *Without money*—The poor here are on an equality with the rich. The best things of God cannot be bought with money—wisdom, love, knowledge, goodness, communion with God, salvation, heaven. *Let your soul delight itself in fatness*—The blessings which Christ gives are not merely good; they are full of the choicest delights of which human nature is capable. "As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." (1 Cor. 2. 9, 10.) *Eternal covenant*—God's promise of salvation to the believing and obedient. It never ends: it never fails. *Sure mercies of David*—The promises made to David as king of the people and ancestor of the Messiah. (2 Sam. 7. 12-29; Luke 20. 41-44.) *I have given him*—The Messiah, included in the "sure mercies of David" just mentioned. *A witness*—To testify from God about eternal things. *Call a nation*—The Christian Church; a redeemed nation. *Thou knowest not*—Because not then in existence. *Nations*—Gentile nations, who would be converted. *Let the wicked forsake his way*—His evil course of life. *His thoughts*—His purposes, wrong objects of pursuit, his selfish and sinful aims and plans of life; the two phrases being designed to include all

that pertains to the outer and inner life of man. He must make his heart right, and his outer life also; not his heart only, but his life; not his life only, but his heart no less. *And the snow from heaven* Not only rain, but snow also, is of great importance to the fruitfulness of the earth. It treasures up the waters of winter, and it slowly melts, and brings the moisture gradually to the fields of spring. The snow also protects vegetation from the too severe cold of winter. *So shall my word be*—(1) It will be fruitful in holiness; (2) It will not fail of its purpose. God's word is his truth, his promises, his commands, his gospel. *For ye shall go out*—Of exile; out also of the exile of sin. *Thorn . . . brier*—Marks of the uncultivated wilderness. *Fir . . . myrtle*—Trees of the garden and cultivated landscape. *For a name . . . a sign*—To manifest the nature and character of God, and show it to all who see these things.

**Find in this lesson—**

1. An invitation to all.
2. To what they are invited.
3. What we should do with the invitation.
4. What we should forsake.
5. Five gracious promises.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

8. What commission did Christ give to his apostles before his ascension into heaven? He said unto them: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

**A Little Man.**

I know a little hero whose face is brown with tan, But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man; A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its way— It does me good to look at him and watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor, and sews for bread. "She's such a dear, good mother!" the little fellow said; And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!— And he added: "'Cause I love her, I help her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear To the mother who has kept you, in long and loving care. Make all her burdens lighter; help every way you can, To pay the debt you owe her, as does this little man.

**A WARNING TO THE YOUNG.**

It is often worse to read bad books than it is to keep company with bad boys. Actions grow off our thoughts, and a bad book can in a few minutes damage us forever.

One of England's greatest and best men says that when a boy another boy loaned him a bad book for just fifteen minutes. It sent a deadly dart to his soul. He never could get away from the vile impression made upon his mind by that book in so short a time. He shed many bitter tears over it, and tried to forget it; but the shadow lingered. God forgave him, but he could not tear from his soul the memory of that evil book.

My young friends, if you will hear the voice of age and wisdom, do not read bad, trashy books and papers. They feed unholy, lustful thoughts and lure to dark deeds. They poison the mind and corrupt the morals. They are worse on the soul than liquor is on the brain. If you fill your mind with the rubbish of nonsense and the filth of vile thinking, there will be neither room nor relish for the choice gold of truth and the diamond-dust of pure thought. In the Bible you will find

the loftiest sentiments expressed in clear and captivating style. It is fountain of pure thought and clear English. Read it much, love it more, and live out its blessed teachings forever.—*Pacific Methodist.*

**A QUICK TEMPER.**

WHAT did I hear you say, Theodore? That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometime, but you were always sorry as soon as was over?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were no things to be ashamed of, and fought against, and prayed over with tears. God's word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;" that "better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You would not care to own a runaway horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising do not speak until you can speak calmly, whatever may be the provocation. Words do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps you, that you will imitate our Saviour, who was always gentle, and when he was reviled reviled not again.—*Child's World.*

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