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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1886.

No. 2.



THE LATE LORD SHAFTESBURY.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

**I REMEMBER** I remember  
The house where I was born—  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.  
He never gave a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember  
The roses red and white,  
The violets and the lily cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother sat  
The labourer on his birthday  
The tree in living yet!

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing.  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now;  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high,  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

—Thomas Hood.

## LORD SHAFTESBURY.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

LORD SHAFTESBURY was born April 25, 1801, so that at his death he was over 84 years of age. When a youth he was a scholar at Harrow, and afterwards distinguished himself as a successful classical student at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1841 he received from his Alma Mater the degree of D.O.L. At this time he was known as Lord Ashley, by which title he was known until the death of his father in 1854, when he succeeded to the earldom.

While he was a member of the British House of Commons he distinguished himself by close application to his Parliamentary duties. For twenty-eight years he took an active part in all matters which concerned the interests of the nation.

After succeeding to the peerage, with the title of Lord Shaftesbury, he became, if possible, more zealous in advocating the welfare of the toiling millions. He was instant in season and out of season in his labours on their behalf. He was a promoter and leader in all schemes of practical philanthropy, and spent the greater part of his large income in relieving the wants of the destitute and friendless, and none will more sincerely lament his death than the poor of London, among whom he was so well known.

A friend of the present writer was for many years a missionary in London, and frequently when he was holding Gospel mission meetings, he was favoured with the practical sympathy of Lord Shaftesbury, who attended and often took part in the services. So much was he beloved by the poor of London that some years ago the coterminous of that city united and presented their noble friend with the finest donkey that they could procure. The animal has ever since been well cared for, and is a real pet among those who have it in charge.

Everybody is acquainted with what is familiarly termed "a rough," and the "rough" is the product of a state of society which, in its feverish desire to grow rich, has neglected to care for

the bodies, and minds, and souls of those by whose labour its riches have been acquired. It was Lord Shaftesbury's great merit that his Christianity was over of a thoroughly practical type. Instead of contenting himself with bewailing the existence of this perilous state of things, he set himself resolutely to try and effect a cure, and in this worked chiefly by two instruments, namely, by legislative enactments and by society organization. With regard to the former class of reforms, he always acted on the principle that self-interest is not a sufficient safeguard against tyranny and oppression. Self-interest ought to prevent the carman from beating and starving his horse, or the factory owner from overworking the women and children in his employ; and so it would, if it were self-interest on a high and enlightened quality; but, unfortunately, with many persons, self-interest is only another term for the grossest selfishness.

Lord Shaftesbury clearly perceived, especially in the case of the young and the feeble, that the law must intervene between the master and the servant. This principle led him, in his younger days, as Lord Ashley, to advocate the abolition of boy chimney-sweeping, as it leads him in the present session of Parliament to endeavour to restrain the employment of young children by circuses and shows in dangerous feats of agility. The same principle induced him to support the Ten Hours' Bill, and he declined to join Sir Robert Peel's ministry in 1841, because that statesman refused to lend his aid to the measure.

But Lord Shaftesbury is still more distinguished by the reforms which he has effected through society organizations. He saw, for example, crowds of neglected children playing about the streets. They ought to be at school, the moralist would say. But decently dressed children will refuse to sit on the same benches with these shabby, unkempt creatures. What was Lord Shaftesbury's practical inference? Start Ragged Schools; and after awhile the thing was done. To the schools honest employment was added, for these poor lads are almost all anxious to work, if they can get work; and, as Lord Shaftesbury observed that all the old shoeblocks had died out, and that no one had taken their places, he determined to organize a shoeblock brigade, and a very useful body they are.

As might be supposed, the late Earl was active in all schemes for the abolition of slavery. When the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, visited England, she was nowhere received with a more royal welcome than in the mansion of Earl Shaftesbury. The Jubilee Singers also shared his hospitality, and were greatly indebted to his lordship's patronage for their successful career in the British Isles. He also entertained the veritable Uncle Tom himself, and took part in the testimonial which was presented to him.

The Young Men's Christian Association was another of the institutions in whose welfare Earl Shaftesbury took deep interest. He knew something of the temptations and trials to which young men were subjected, and the great want of home influence of which they were deprived by their residence in large cities, hence at every opportunity he spoke an encouraging word to those who were more par-

ticularly engaged in the work of Young Men's Christian Associations, and helped them by generous deeds. The friends of the young men in Toronto honoured themselves by designating the Association Hall by the name of Shaftesbury.

This paper has already exceeded the prescribed limits, but the writer cannot close without referring to another feature in the noble Earl's career—his love for Methodism. He often presided at the annual meetings of the various societies of the Methodist Church.

In May last he was only able to preside at two anniversaries, one the Bible Society, the chair of which he occupied for the fortieth time. The other was the Ragged School Union, for which he had done so much. The boys, at this meeting, presented him with five copies of a beautiful picture—Christ, the Light of the World—being one for each of his children.

Earl Shaftesbury's illness was brief, and happily he was conscious until a few minutes before he died. He took affectionate leave of his family, and quietly passed to his reward. He was awarded a public funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Religious services over the remains were conducted at the Abbey. Hundreds of poor people stood outside in a drenching rain during the entire service, being unable to get into the edifice, so dense was the crowd which gathered to pay their last mark of respect to the philanthropist. Large numbers of shoeblocks, with crape bands on their arms, and many other boys who had been benefited by the charitable acts of the departed Earl, stood in line with the elite in the Abbey. The services were very impressive.

## "GOOD-BYE TILL MORNING."

BY REV. J. LAWSON, COBDEN, ONT.

ONE summer evening I heard two little girls, who had been playing together during the early part of the evening, taking their leave of each other for the night. And how different from the way in which some little boys and girls take their leave of each other, after playing together during the evening. As they separated I heard one of the little girls say, "Good bye till morning," and then they ran merrily home. I could not help thinking of the affectionate and hopeful words of parting—"Good-bye till morning." How nice it would be if all little boys and girls who play together could enjoy themselves as these two little girls did, and when the parting time comes, part in the same cheerful and friendly manner.

But my thoughts did not stop here, I kept on thinking of the words, "Good-bye till morning," and the more I thought of them the more beautiful they seemed. When the evening of life comes to our friends and loved ones, thought I, and we are called upon to bid them "good-bye" for the last time, might we not like the little girls say, "Good-bye till morning!" For is not the death of the body simply a short sleep from which, on the resurrection morning, it will be awakened, and raised a glorified body? And, as to the little child the ten or twelve hours of a long night of sleep seem in the morning to have been only a few short minutes, so free from all care and pain has the body been,

while the mind has, in fancy, been enjoying all the pleasures and mirth of childhood—so in like manner will it be to those who "sleep in Jesus;" the body for a short time at rest in the grave, the spirit in paradise with God. How soon will dawn the glorious resurrection morning, when soul and body will be re-united in one glorified and immortal being, to dwell "forever with the Lord!"

May we all so live that when the hour of parting comes, we may cheerfully and hopefully say, "God-bye till morning!"

## A CANTER THROUGH THE FOREST.

THE English forests are noted for their beauty. Here are found trees which have been nourished by mother earth for centuries, until they have attained to giant growth. And it was an Englishman who said that he never walked in the forest and saw one of these kingly trees that he did not feel like taking his hat off and reverently bowing. The English forests produce the finest specimens of the oak tree, just as the American forests boast of the largest pines.

A canter through a forest is most exhilarating. Now high up on some upland glade, and again pursuing a narrow bridle-path, where the riders must go single file, and where the over-lading branches of the trees form a canopy overhead; then again through some dim, solemn aisle, where, stirred by the breeze, the leaves murmur and seem to hold converse.

The Black Forest of Germany is weird, strange, and beautiful. The legends of this forest are innumerable. Superstition has peopled it with dwarfs, gnomes, hobgoblins, and spirits of every description. In this forest live the charcoal-burners, who, in the dim recesses, and seen by the light of their own fires, may have given rise to many of these stories, which have been handed down from generation to generation.

The oak was sacred to the Druids, who were priests among the ancient Gauls, Germans, and Britons. Their ceremonies, rites, and sacrifices were performed in their groves of oak.

In many places forests are disappearing, and in some instances there has been prohibition against the wholesale destruction of trees.

## THEIR FATHER ALWAYS HEARS.

ONE day a lady began to talk pretty hard about a person who was not present. But soon she saw that a sister of this absent friend was in the room. Then she was very sorry for all she had said, and wished she could take it all back.

I suppose we are all more apt to say hard things about persons when neither they nor their friends can hear us. But we should not forget that their best friend knows every word we say about them. Their best friend is their Father in heaven, and he knows every word we speak, even before we utter it. Should not this make us very careful what we say?—Selected.

"WHAT did you say your friend is, Tommy?" "A taxidermist." "What's that?" "Why, he's a sort of animal upholsterer."

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY."

HE stood at the bar of justice,  
A creature wan and wild,  
In form too small for a woman,  
In feature too old for a child;  
For a look so worn and pathetic  
Was stamped on her pale young face,  
It seemed long years of suffering  
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her  
With kindly look, yet keen,  
"Is—" "Mary Maguire, if you please, sir."  
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."  
"Well Mary," and then from a paper  
He slowly and gravely read—  
"You are charged here—I am sorry to say  
it—  
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,  
And I hope that you can show  
The charge to be false. Now tell me,  
Are you guilty of this or no?"  
A passionate burst of weeping  
Was at first her sole reply,  
But she dried her tears in a moment,  
And looked in the judge's eye:

"I will tell you just how it was, sir:  
My father and mother are dead,  
And my little brothers and sisters  
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.  
At first I earned it for them,  
By working hard all day,  
But somehow the times were hard, sir,  
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;  
The weather was bitter cold;  
The young ones cried and shivered—  
Little Johnnie's but four years old,—  
So what was I to do, sir?  
I am guilty, but do not condemn!  
I took, oh, was it stealing?—  
The bread to give to them!"

Every man in the court-room,  
Gray beard and thoughtless youth,  
Knew, as he looked upon her,  
That the prisoner spoke the truth.  
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,  
Out from their eyes sprang tears,  
And out from old, faded wallets,  
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,  
The strangest you ever saw,  
As he cleared his throat and murmured  
Something about the law.  
For one so learned in such matters,  
So wise in dealing with men,  
He seemed, on a simple question,  
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,  
When at last these words were heard:  
"The sentence of this young prisoner  
Is for the present deferred!"  
And no one blamed him, or wondered,  
When he went to her and smiled,  
And tenderly led from the court-room,  
Himself, the "guilty" child!

SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

BY HARRIET ELLIOT.

THE express train has reached its  
utmost speed, and you will soon be at  
your destination. I do not know you,  
reader, but I see a traveller whose face  
beams with joy as he catches a glimpse  
of home with its sacred attractions,  
and thinks of the welcome awaiting  
him there, and I see another with  
downcast eyes and sullen mien, who is  
not going home, but to prison, for he  
is under sentence of condemnation.

Which of these do you resemble?  
for you too are on a train—a through  
train, which will not stop until you  
reach your destination—a home in  
Heaven, or a prison in Hell. Listen  
to the ticking of the clock, sixty  
seconds in a minute, or note the  
beating of your heart, and try to  
realize the solemn fact that now, while  
you read these lines, you are on the  
train for eternity, and you do not  
know how soon you will be there.

I once saw a man who had got upon  
the wrong train. He thought he was  
going west, but in reality he was going

south. At first he could not be  
convinced of his mistake, and settled  
down for a comfortable nap; but when  
it was made plain to him that he was  
going the wrong way, he did not think  
of sleeping any longer, but was  
anxiously impatient to be put on the  
right train.

Reader, which train are you on?  
It is time to enquire, for already you  
have gone a long way on your journey,  
and you cannot go back. If you are  
on the wrong one, the only thing for  
you to do is to get off now, and take  
that other road which goes through  
the valley of humility to the foot of  
the cross, from whence you will get a  
clear view of the heavenly city. But  
perhaps you don't want to get off, you  
say: "I am just as safe as my fellow-  
passengers." Ah! my friend "There  
is a way that seemeth right unto a man,  
but the end thereof is the way of  
death." Prov. 14. 12.

If you go with them they will have  
no power to ameliorate your condition,  
or you theirs, for "no man can by any  
means redeem his brother, nor give to  
God a ransom for him." Psa. 49. 7.

Are you perplexed?—then listen  
while I show you the way of escape.

Here you are, clothed in the filthy  
rags of your own righteousness; no  
doubt you think them very fine, but  
God says they are filthy rags, and it is  
with him that you have to do.  
Perhaps you say you are a just man,  
and your friends think so too, but God  
says "There is not a just man upon  
earth," Eccl. 7. 20., so there again  
you are mistaken; or you plead that  
you are a Church member, and trying  
to keep the commandments. That is  
well, but God says, "Whosoever shall  
keep the whole law, and yet offend in  
one point, is guilty of all." James 2.  
10. You may be the most degraded,  
or the most moral of human beings,  
I know not which, but one thing is  
certain, you are a sinner of some  
degree, and as a sinner you are  
condemned to die, for God says, "The  
soul that sinneth, it shall die." Ezek.  
18. 4.

You cannot enter heaven with sin  
upon you, not even the smallest  
particle, for it is loathsome in the  
eyes of God. Then what is to be done  
about your sins? Reader, this ques-  
tion was settled at Calvary, nearly two  
thousand years ago, when God laid  
upon Jesus the iniquity of us all, and  
he became our surety, by satisfying  
divine justice. But you must be  
willing to accept the favour if you  
would receive the benefit of the act.

If you were owing a large sum of  
money, which you were unable to pay,  
and a friend came and told you that he  
had taken the debt upon himself, you  
would either acknowledge your in-  
debtedness to him, feeling that he had  
a claim upon your gratitude, or you  
would say that you were too proud to  
be under obligations to him. Now  
this is just your case, with one excep-  
tion,—you might be able to pay the  
debt of money, but you never can  
atone for sin in the past, or give up  
sinning in the future.

"Can the Ethiopian change his  
skin, or the leopard his spots? then  
may ye also do good, that are accus-  
tomed to do evil." Jer. 13. 23. And  
it is because you can neither save, nor  
keep yourself, that Jesus has redeemed  
you for himself.

The atonement is complete, for  
when he said, with his dying breath,  
"It is finished," he had done all that

was necessary for your adoption into  
his family. Reader, will you accept  
the benefit of his atonement? For did  
he not say with his dying breath, "It  
is finished." Remember you are  
dealing with a personal Saviour, and  
he is waiting for your answer. You  
are a free agent, for although you  
cannot save yourself, you can choose  
life, or death, and before you lay this  
paper down you can say from your  
heart, "Lord, I accept the redemption  
which Thou hast purchased for me,"  
and then you may rejoice, knowing, on  
the authority of him who cannot lie,  
that you will never perish, but have  
overlasting life.

ORILLIA, ONT.

STANLEY'S FAITH.

"ONE faith against the whole world's  
unbelief," sings a poet, and the poet  
only echoes the doctrines of the great  
Teacher. Have a right purpose in life,  
and faith in that purpose. Purpose  
and faith are destiny.

A leaf from the journal of a great  
explorer vividly illustrates this truth.  
In the heart of Africa, years ago,  
two white men met. One was old,  
gray-haired and ill; the other young  
and enthusiastic.

The elder man was one whose fame  
as an African explorer was world wide,  
but for years the civilized world had  
lost sight of him. Scientific associ-  
ations were asking vainly, "What has  
become of Dr. Livingstone?"

As a correspondent of the New  
York Herald, the younger man had  
distinguished himself for indomitable  
perseverance, rapid decision and ster-  
ling common sense, and in 1870 he  
was chosen by Mr. Bennett, its pro-  
prietor, to find Livingstone. His story  
is well known. "Draw a thousand  
pounds now," said Mr. Bennett, "and  
when you have gone through that,  
draw another thousand, and so on, but  
find Livingstone."

On January 6, 1871, Henry M.  
Stanley started from Zanzibar for the  
interior of Africa, and for eleven  
months he and his party toiled through  
swamps and jungles, exposed to count-  
less dangers from wild beasts and  
pestilential atmosphere. Worn by  
fatigue, surrounded by insubordinate  
natives, a less resolute man than  
Stanley would have given up the  
unequal contest with circumstances and  
gone back, but this, Stanley never  
thought of doing.

He had faith in God, in himself and  
his purpose. In his journal he wrote,  
and the words glow with an energy  
that is sublime, and deserve a place  
in the memory of every young man.

"No living man shall stop me;  
only death can prevent me. But  
death—not even this; I shall not die  
—I will not die—I cannot die!  
Something tells me I shall find him,  
and write it larger, FIND HIM!  
FIND HIM!"

Full of the intensity of conviction,  
a faith born of faith in God, Stanley  
pressed on, heedless of hardships, till  
one day he, with his party, came in  
sight of Lake Tanganika, and a little  
later he stood in the presence of the  
great traveller, who for years had lost  
tidings of his native land, and had  
almost ceased to look for aid from his  
countrymen.

But for the faith of Stanley, Dr.  
Livingstone might have died of star-  
vation, and the world remained ignorant  
of his fate.

The subsequent career of Stanley  
has brought into still greater promi-  
nence his sublime faith and the resolute  
persistence which is satisfied with  
nothing but the attainment of his  
object, and which has already placed  
the world deeply in his debt.

The leaf from the journal repeats an  
old lesson. Faith is power.

"Endurance is the crowning quality  
And patience all the passion of great hearts;  
These are their stay, and when the leader  
wells  
Sets its hard face against their fearful thought,  
And brute strength like a conqueror  
Plunges its huge mail down on the other  
scale,  
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,  
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous  
globe.  
One faith against a whole world's unbelief,  
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."  
—Oscar Ray Adams.

HOW HE LOST HIS SITUATION.

"EXPERIENCE keeps a dear school."  
It is a pity that young people will not  
believe it when others tell them so,  
without going to the expense of testing  
it for themselves. A gentleman asked  
his nephew, "How came you, James,  
to lose your place?"

"Well, I'll tell you," was the reply.  
"I had an easy berth; got my seventy-  
five dollars a month; had an assistant,  
didn't have to get down until eight in  
the morning; left at five; had a  
chance to take life easy, but gradually  
began to take it too easy—didn't get  
down until nine in the morning instead  
of eight; waited to smoke two cigars  
instead of one; grew careless of my  
money—used four dollars where I had  
been using two. First I knew my  
salary was cut down a little, and then  
a little more; but I couldn't take the  
hint, but fretted about my poor situa-  
tion; and one morning I waked up,  
after a single night's spree, and lo! I  
didn't have any situation at all. But  
I tell you what I did have, uncle—I  
had my experience."

That youth is working at forty-five  
dollars a month now instead of seventy-  
five, but he already has six hundred  
dollars in the bank. Would that  
more of our youths might be profited  
by his experience.

"THE PICKET-GUARD."

It is composed of eight boys. It  
meets quarterly in the pastor's study.  
A map of the village, the population  
of which is four thousand and two  
hundred, is divided into eight parts,  
one part being assigned to each boy.  
It is his business to know who lives  
in every house in his district, and  
what church each family attends. At  
the meeting he reports changes of  
residence and other facts which he  
may think the pastor would be glad to  
learn. The houses on the map are all  
numbered, and lists correspondingly  
numbered are made of the families.

This plan interests the boys in the  
work of the Church. It saves the  
pastor much labour, and makes him  
well acquainted with his field. It brings  
the boys to the study, where, aside  
from the work of the evening, they  
have a social visit and slight refresh-  
ments. The opportunity is afforded to  
give instruction upon some religious  
topic, and to engage with them in  
prayer. The plan having been tested,  
it is confidently recommended to those  
in similar circumstances.



DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Does any one care aught for father?  
Does any one think of the one  
Whom whose tired, bent shoulders  
The cares of the family come?  
The father who strives for your comfort,  
And toils on from day to day,  
Although his steps ever grow slower,  
And his dark locks are turning gray.

Does any one think of the feeble  
He is called upon daily to pay—  
Milliner bills, college bills, book bills?  
There are some kinds of bills every day  
Like a patient horse in a treadmill,  
He works on from morning till night,  
Does any one think he is tired?  
Does any one make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled  
To say he's as cross as a bear?  
Kind words, little actions and kindness  
Might banish his burden of care.  
'Tis for you he is ever so anxious  
He will toil for you while he may live,  
In return he only asks kindness,  
And such pay is easy to give.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1886.

THE MISSIONARY CRISIS.

We beg to call the special attention of our readers to the following spirit-stirring letter on this subject by the Rev. Dr. Douglas. Let each school, each family, each boy and girl try how much they can do to meet this crisis. If the Sunday-school scholars alone would but contribute two cents a week, and we think there are none who cannot do that, the amount raised by our schools alone would be over \$180,000, or about as much as the whole Church raised during the past year. As an illustration of what two cents a week will do read the following:—

"At a meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, Mrs. McLaughlin said that two cents a week from the Methodist women in America had, in the last fifteen years, raised a fund of nearly \$2,000,000. It had paid for 308 missionaries, 163 Bible women, 213 day schools, 22 boarding schools, 9 hospitals, and one Home for the Friendless. All of these were in foreign lands. The difference in price

between linen collars and plain ruching for three months," she added, "will enable every one of you to join the society. It costs only two cents a week. The saving you can make by buying four-button instead of five-button kid gloves, will enable you to do a noble Christian work." The ladies caught the spirit of the occasion, and nearly all enrolled their names on the Secretary's list. They will pay two cents a week all the year round for the good of heathen women."

Let teachers, superintendents, pastors, parents combine in helping the young people of our Canadian schools to carry out this plan, and our suffering missionaries will not only be helped in the hour of their need, but the cause of God will get such an impetus as it never got before.

DR. DOUGLAS ON THE MISSIONARY CRISIS.

If ever the thunder of the Methodist press, the electric voice of her pulpit, and the awakened enthusiasm of her laity were demanded to redress a wrong inflicted on the families of our domestic missionaries, the hour has come. Assuredly the Church must have overlooked the fact brought to light by the published report of the Missionary Committee of the Niagara Conference, that the entire income (slightly affected by children's funds in some Conferences) of our domestic missionaries will be the sum of \$450 for the current year; in other words, that only \$1.26 per diem is the compensation which our Church gives to provide fuel, food, raiment, and education, horse-keep with attendant expenditure, to say nothing of literature and the many claims to which a minister's income is ever subjected. There is not a skilled mechanic in our workshops, not an untutored stevedore on our wharves, not a cab-driver in our streets, but would scorn the allowance which the Methodist Church of Canada tenders to the honoured men who are to-day toiling in fields impoverished, isolated, and compassed with discouragements. When the Central Board was confronted with a deficiency of over \$20,000, we can testify to the deep feeling which affected the members of that Board; but what must be the blank dismay, the humiliation and anguish of honourable men, when, after the most economic domestic adjustments, theirs is the degradation of being coerced into unavoidable expenditures, which it is doubtful they can meet.

It is impossible to estimate the damage which this financial embarrassment entails—damage to the reputation of the Church and her funds; damage to the prestige of the ministry; damage which will project its effects along the years. It is conceded that the Church of the immediate future demands gifts, culture and the elements of power in its coming ministry. Can we hope that a higher class of men will be attracted to the Church which thus disregards its obligations to the honoured and consecrated men, who have absolutely surrendered themselves and the interests of their families to its service and care? Nothing but an immediate and united effort to wipe off the scutcheons of the Church this dark



AROUND THE EVENING LAMP.

AROUND THE LAMP.

Is any hour so sweet as when, after the days busy cares and toils are over, the household gathers round the evening lamp? In our picture the aunt or mother reads, while all the young folk, down to little Mabel, attentively listen, and their nimble fingers fly all the more swiftly for the charming story in which they are interested. Our long winter evenings give a fine opportunity to get through a good course of interesting reading in this way. If you don't know what to read, just take Canon Farrar's good advice on the subject as given in the last number of *Home and School*.

What a contrast this Christian family presents to the heathen group on the opposite page. And yet our English ancestors, before they heard the Gospel, were almost as barbarous as any savages on the face of the earth. So much do we owe to the influence of Christianity.

HOME PUBLICATIONS VS. FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

DEAR EDITOR,—I think, as a Church, we have good reason to be proud of our denominational publications, and of none more so than our Sunday-school periodicals. Our Sunday-school papers are such as will compare favourably with those published in England or the United States, and yet I am afraid that some of our schools are not only blind to this fact, but are also lacking in that denominational loyalty which should ever characterize our churches and schools.

LOYALTY.

NEVER associate with bad company. Have good company or none.

dishonour will avert its permanent disadvantage.

Who is to blame? No individual is responsible. A crisis came to the Church. Unfortunately, financial provision was not made to meet the exigencies of the crisis and avert the unhappy consequences. With gratitude, we record signs manifold of revived interest in our mission work, as portents of promise for the adequate support of our missionaries in the future. But we must not overlook our present responsibility to aid our suffering brethren. We hesitate to suggest any method of action. Indeed, the more informal the method the more conservative will it be on the other financial interests of the Church.

Let the ministers, and especially the chairman, detail the case to affluent and generous members, soliciting their aid; let the officary give the offerings of a Sabbath for this good work, let the amount collected within the Conferences be transmitted to the several Presidents for their wise distribution.

A slight effort on the part of each, and the work of justice and benevolence is accomplished; and to the homes of our distressed brethren there will come that cheer which will wake the hearts of the household to gladness like some old Christmas chime.

Incisive and potent are the words of the beloved disciple, forever sacred, as enshrined in our eucharistic ritual: "Whoso hath this world's good and seeth his brethren have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

May we as a Church authenticate our love.

GEO. DOUGLAS,  
Wesleyan Theo. Col., Montreal.



SOUTH SEA ISLANDER.

**A TATTOOED SOUTH SEA ISLANDER OF THE MARQUESAN GROUP.**

TATTOOING is almost universally practiced among the South Sea Islanders, except when Christianity and civilization have caused it to be abolished. The operation is performed in youth, and marks the transition from boyhood to manhood, like the assumption of the *toga virilis* among the ancient Romans.

The performance of the rite is accompanied with many superstitious ceremonies; and the puncturing is said to be very painful, but the boy may not wince under the slow torture, nor even enjoy the privilege of making a wry face or uttering a groan, as he is thenceforth to be regarded as a man, and must forever put off boyish ways.

**FREE DONATIONS OF S. S. PAPERS.**

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. John Macdonald, Mr. William Gooderham, and two other gentlemen, we have sent out nearly 10,000 copies of our S. S. papers for Christmas reading for the hospitals, prisons, asylums and public charities of Toronto. We have had letters from the superintendents of several of these institutions, conveying their thanks for these donations, which were highly appreciated by their in-

mates. We can still supply these back numbers at—25 cents per 100—one-fourth the regular price, to any one wishing them for distribution; or if the money is sent us, we will send papers to our own ministers for use in lumber camps or elsewhere. Please call the attention of any one likely to be interested in such distribution to this announcement. Address Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

**BOOK NOTICE.**

*Michael's Treasure, or, Choice Silver.* By Emma Marshall. Toronto, S. R. Briggs. Price 90 cents.

This is a thrilling story, graphically told. Michael was a sturdy youth, who was kind to his mother, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. His sister died, and as his mother was poor, he worked the harder to make her comfortable. In a shipwreck, a poor child was picked up, for whom Michael and his mother cared. There was one bad boy in the village, named Jimmy, who came to a bad end. The two boys may be considered representatives of their kind. The writer, Emma Marshall, has done her part well, and we are doing a kindness in recommending all our young readers to purchase "Michael's Treasure." So much were we interested that we read the book at one sitting. E. B.

**THE BROTHER'S PART.**

BROTHERS should be their sisters' guardians. Every young man knows what true gallantry is, and what it requires of him. He is to honour every lady, whether rich or poor, and show her every respect. He is ready to be to every woman a true knight, ready to defend her from danger, to shield her from every insult, to risk his own life in her behalf.

Now, to whom should every young man show the highest, truest gallantry? To whom, if not his sisters? Have they not the first claim on his affections? If he is not a true gentleman to his own sisters, can he be at heart a true gentleman to any other woman? Can a young man be manly and treat his own sister with less respect and honour than he shows to other young ladies? He must consider himself their true knight, whose office it is to throw about them every needed shelter, to serve them, and to promote their highest good in every way.

Besides this standing between his sister and danger, every brother should, also, show her in his own life and ideal the truest and most honourable manhood. If it be true that the best shield a sister can make for her brother is to show him in herself the loftiest example of womanhood, it is true also that the truest defence a brother can make for his sister is a noble manhood in his own person. If he is going to shield his sister from the impure, he must show her in himself as a high ideal of manhood that her soul shall unconsciously and instinctively shrink from everything that is vulgar, rude or evil. Let no brother think that he can be a shelter from evil to his sister, if his own life is not unsullied and true.

**MANNERS BETWEEN BOYS.**

THERE is a good deal of rudeness between boys in their intercourse and bearing with one another, that is not really intended as such, but is not therefore any the less to be disapproved. It is often simply the overflow of excessive high spirits. But the very best good humour, unrestrained by proper bounds and limitations, may become the most positive incivility. We often apologize for the coarseness of people by saying, "He means well." It is well we can make such an apology for them, for if their rudeness is really intentional, they are not fit to be received into any worthy person's society. But they who mean well should also do well, and the ways of politeness are never so easily learned as in youth. The boy who is habitually coarse and rude in his bearing toward boys will be such as a man toward men, and all his life will never gain the reputation of being a gentleman.

**QUERY.**

WE find that some of our friends express a wish for a continued story in PLEASANT HOURS. We do not know how general this wish is. If superintendents or secretaries will kindly ascertain, as far as possible, the view of their schools, and will drop the Editor a post card, he will be happy to do what the majority of the schools wish in this matter. Address Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

**THE PROHIBITION ARMY**

THE Prohibition army is gathering in might.

To tread down intemperance and uphold the right.

We'll stamp out the life of the monster, and see

Ten thousands of people from bondage set free.

—HORRA—

Then charge on and on, the mighty conflict

Let the battle rage fiercely all along the line

Through the strongholds of Satan our army

With truth for our armour, we'll conquer our foes

Then march to the front, boys, in battle array.

Use your weapons with valour sure to win the day

We'll charge the forts of Satan, and fight them hand to hand,

And drive saloons and breweries from our native land

Distilleries also must fall before the right,

When the Prohibition army goes forth in its might.

Then vote for prohibition, friends, one and all,

By ballots from our army the monster must fall

—A. D. Lincoln

**BOYS, READ AND HEED THIS**

MANY people seem to forget that character grows that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying: "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman

**LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.**

A LITTLE girl was one summer's day sitting at her mother's cottage door, reading the Bible. A gentleman who was taking a walk, stopped at the cottage to ask for a drink of water. Her mother gave him a cup of milk, and after he had rested himself awhile, he sat out again on his walk. Seeing the child still at her book, he asked what it was. "It is the Bible," said she. "Oh, I suppose you are learning your task for school?" "Task, sir? No," replied she.

"Then what are you reading the Bible for?" he asked.

"Because I love it, sir."

The gentleman went away, but the child's words and her evident sincerity laid hold of his mind.

"That child certainly loves the Bible. I don't." He resolved to read it again, that he might find out what there was in it to love. He borrowed a Bible that evening from his landlady and continued thenceforward to "search the Scriptures," and found in them Jesus Christ and "eternal life."

## GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go, feel what I have felt,  
Go, hear what I have borne—  
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,  
And the cold world's proud stern;  
Then suffer on from year to year—  
Thy soul relief the scorching tear.

Go, kneel as there I knelt,  
Implore, beseech and pray,  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay—  
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,  
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept  
O'er a loved father's fall,  
See every promised blessing swept—  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall  
Like a fading flower strewn all the way  
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen;  
Behold the strong man bow,  
With gnashing teeth, lie bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow,  
Go, catch his withered glance, and see  
Therewith mirrored his soul's deep misery.

Go, to the mother's side,  
And her crushed bosom cheer,  
Thine own deep anguish bide,  
Wipe from her cheek the tear.

Mark the worn frame and withered brow,  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,  
With fading form and trembling limb,  
And trace the runn back to him  
Whose plights I faith in early youth  
Promised eternal love and truth;  
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up  
That promise to the cursed cup,  
And let her down through love and light,  
And all that made the future bright,  
And chained her there, 'mid wail and strife,  
That lowly thing, "a drunkard's wife;"  
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild  
That withering blight, "a drunkard's child."

Go, hear, and see, and feel and know,  
All that my soul hath felt and known,  
Then look up on the wine cup's glow,  
See if its beauty will atone:  
Think of its flavour, you will cry,  
When all proclaim, "This drink and die!"

Tell me, "I hate the bowl!"  
Hate is a feeble word;  
I loathe—abhor—my very soul  
With deep disgust is stirred,  
When'er I see, or hear, or tell,  
Of this dark beverage of hell.

—Selected.

## MYRTLE'S VICTORY.

MYRTLE WOOD was in a great hurry one beautiful summer morning. She washed the dishes with speed, and sung joyously as she hastened about her morning work. The flowers perfumed the air, and the green woods looked fresh and delightful. Myrtle looked often toward them; for her mother had given her permission to go that day with Fanny Crosby to gather violets and anemones for the sick at the hospital.

"Poor creatures!" said Myrtle; "won't they be delighted to have some fresh wild flowers! Don't you think wild flowers seem to mean more, and go deeper into your heart, than the garden flowers, mother!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wood; "it always seems as if the wild flowers come more directly from God than cultivated flowers; but of course it's only a fancy. I love to see them sprinkled over the green sod, as if they had felt a throb of the love of God away down in the earth, and fairly thronged up like happy thoughts. God writes sweet thoughts to us in the flowers."

"O mother!" cried Myrtle; "I hope the flowers will make them feel that God loves them."

Just then the bell rang, and Myrtle bounded to the door.

"Here's a letter for you," said a

neighbour boy. "I brought it from the office."

"Thank you," said Myrtle. "Do open it, mamma. Let's see who it's from."

The handwriting was stiff and inelegant; but Mrs. Wood read:

Dear Sary: I'm a-comin' out to your house to spend a few weeks. My health is very poor, an' there don't seem to be anybody that wants me round. I can do odd jobs for you, an' I know you be a Christian woman. I'll be there Monday night. Yours truly,  
JANE BRIERHALL.

"O dear!" cried Myrtle; "what does she want to come for? It will spoil everything."

"Poor old lady!" said Mrs. Wood; "she has had a hard, loveless life. We must try and make her comfortable. Let's see; where will we put her?"

Myrtle's brow was dark. She was thinking to herself: "No wonder she has a hard life. She's no business to be so queer."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wood, rousing from her meditation, "we'll clear out the storeroom, and have it fixed comfortable by to-night. It is quiet and sunny, and will just suit poor Aunt Jane. Now, Myrtle, if you could help me to move the things this morning—but O! you're going to the woods. Well, may be I can manage it myself. I don't want to have you disappointed."

Myrtle's face was very gloomy now, and her tears ready to fall. She knew her mother was not strong enough to undertake such a task. Duty certainly bade her give up her plan for flower-gathering.

"I don't care," said Myrtle. "It's too bad; but that's always the way. Whenever I think of some plan for doing good, somebody has to spoil it all. Of course I can't go to the woods, and leave you all that work to do; but I think it's real mean she thinks she can come here whenever she takes a notion!"

"Why, Myrtle, you grieve me very much. Perhaps God had a plan for you to do good before you had made one. Instead of going away to find work, he has sent it right to your door. Remember, dear, poor Jane Brierhall is one of Christ's little ones, and she comes in his stead. If the Saviour were coming, wouldn't you fly to make everything beautiful for him?"

Myrtle walked silently away to her room, tears of disappointment overflowing her eyes. But her good angel whispered to her till tears of repentance took their place; and after awhile, Myrtle ran out, and threw her arms around her mother, and asked to be forgiven.

When Fanny Crosby called, Myrtle came from the storeroom in dust-cap and apron, and explained how a dear friend was coming, and she had to stay home to prepare for her. "And O Fanny! won't you please bring me a bunch of flowers for her room? She's sick, you see. I don't know that she'll care anything about them, but somebody will, I'm sure," said Myrtle.

Myrtle scrubbed and polished the storeroom till it shone. Then the pretty single bed was put up, and made with great care. "If He were coming to sleep here," whispered Myrtle, "I couldn't make it any better." The white bed and dainty pillow looked very restful. It was really astonishing how many beautiful ornaments Myrtle found for Aunt Jane's room. She draped the white curtains with

some of her own dainty ribbons, made a bright cushion for the little rocker, and an ottoman out of a low box, spread down a bright piece of carpet for a mat, and robbed her own room of pictures for the walls. When Fanny brought the flowers, she arranged tasty bouquets for the bureau and stand. How fresh and sweet the little room looked, with a glimpse of the woods and sky through the window, and the flowers and whiteness within!

Myrtle surveyed her work with deep satisfaction. "I couldn't do anything more, even if Jesus were really coming," she said to herself.

Aunt Jane arrived just at sunset. Myrtle ran down the path to meet her. She felt a tender pity creep into her heart as she saw the slow, hesitating steps and the withered little form of the old lady. She wasn't any relation to Myrtle, but she was known everywhere as Aunt Jane. "O child!" she exclaimed, as Myrtle implanted a hearty kiss on her withered lips; "I didn't know you'd be glad to see me. It's so seldom folks is, now-a-days. I know your mother would. She'd be good to anybody."

"Here's your room, Aunt Jane. I fixed it all up for you to-day."

"It's like a peek inter the better land," said Aunt Jane, as she took off her spectacles and rubbed them. "O dear! and here be some violets;" and Aunt Jane sat down, and rocked to and fro, while the tears trickled down her furrowed cheeks.

"Yes," said Myrtle, "mother says they are God's thoughts to us."

"How sweet they be! They make me think of home and when I was a girl. But they're all dead now; there's only me left. But God's alive yet, and he's sent me here for comfort."

Myrtle hung around Aunt Jane all the evening with little, kind attentions, and at bed-time folded down the snowy coverlet of her bed, and put up her fresh lips for a kiss. Aunt Jane folded her face between her hands, and said, "Bless you, child!"

Wasn't it a sweet night for Myrtle? Her room seemed full of peace, and sweet texts thronged her mind: "Whosoever receiveth you receiveth me," and, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." —*Youth's Instructor*.

## HOSPITAL SKETCHES IN WINNIPEG.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, M.A.

A MAN came from England, leaving, as many do, his family behind him, until he could make a home for them. He was in the employ of the Railway, and got on fairly well. After about a year he wrote for them to come. In the meantime he took the typhoid fever, and was incapable of directing any communication to his wife, who was now on the way. He died and was buried on Saturday. Word came for him that she would arrive in Winnipeg early the following week. She came on with her two children, full of fond hopefulness, in the expectation of meeting her husband in a restored home, trusting that their family circle would not be broken up again. But now she must be told that she would never see his face again. Who would bear such a message? Who could make it gentle enough? It was arranged that the minister of the Congregational church should meet her at

the station, and take her to his own house. She, of course, expressed some disappointment in not being met by her husband, but supposed that some special duty had called him out of the town for the day. She was full of interest and enquiry about all she saw. The minister asked her when she had heard last from her husband. It was just before she left home.

"But had she received no word of his being sick?"

"No, she had not."

Then, as if by revelation, she leaped at the truth at once.

"Was he dead?"

A single word opened to her the whole ghastly truth. As she sat there weeping, her little boy of about six years, not capable of understanding his or his mother's woe, began to strike the minister, saying:

"Stop making my mother cry."

It was a hard and bitter blow, but there was no remedy in the world. Nothing remained for her but to retrace her steps to the home she had left in the old land. Her voyage, made in all the joy of hopefulness, must be retraced under the shadows of an unspeakable sorrow. The rough railroad men, who had been her husband's fellow-labourers, showed what genuine manly sympathy can dwell under a plain exterior. They started a subscription among themselves, and raised in the afflicted woman's behalf between \$200 and \$300. While she was sitting in the waiting-room at the station, before getting on the train, a number of the men came in and gave her the money. One of them counted it out to her all in \$10 bills, laying down upon her lap one bill at a time, and as her tears rained down, he would say to her, "Don't cry, woman; I wouldn't cry, woman." But while he spoke the words, both himself and his comrades had to wipe their eyes with their big, sooty sleeves.—*Canadian Methodist Magazine*.

## BEGINNING AND END.

THE progress of dishonesty is not hard to trace. The only safety of character is in resisting the beginning of evil. Two pictures below illustrate this. Here is the beginning:

A school-boy, ten years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat-fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself: "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can get it again." He never gave back the money.

The ending: Ten years went by. He was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.



THE DREAM PEDDLER.

**U**P the streets of Slumber-town  
Comes the crier with his bell ;  
Calling softly, up and down,  
" Dreams to sell ! Dreams to sell !  
Will the children choose to buy ?  
Such a world of them have I !

" Here are dreams for merry spring,  
Fashioned where the blossoms wake ;  
Where the fields and meadows ring  
With the songs the breezes make ;  
Dreams ! dreams ! come and buy ;  
Who has merrier dreams than I !

" Here are dreams for summer sleep ;  
Fancies light as thistle-spray,  
Woven where the fairies keep  
Carnival and holiday ;  
Dreams ! dreams ! buy and try ;  
Who has daintier dreams than I !

" Dreams to sell in Slumber-town !  
Sure you'll buy these glowing dreams :  
Warp and woof of red and brown  
Chosen from the autumn's gloams !  
Ah, no peddler far or nigh  
Sells such gorgeous dreams as I !

" Here's a dream that winter brought  
From his palaces of snow ;  
Well his frozen fingers wrought  
All its wonders, long ago,  
When the stars shone, pure and bright,  
On your blessed Christmas night !

On the streets of Slumber-town  
Ever sounds a silver bell,  
As the crier wanders down  
With his curious wares to sell,  
Crying softly : " Come and buy !  
Who has sweeter dreams than I !"  
—Wide Awake.

A "RUM ONE."

" **P**oke him up, boys ! Poke him up ! He's deader'n a log ! " And the boy who was the ringleader in the troop urged the others on to torment the wretched man who lay prostrate on a cellar-door.

A loud laugh answered his speech, and the group gathered round the drunken man. But just then a bare-headed girl came flying down the street, and with clinched fists and flashing eyes defied the crowd of boys " Let him alone, every one of you ! " she cried. " Jest touch him if you dare ! I'll thrash you every one, if you try it ! "

" Halloo ! what you got to do with it ! " growled one of the larger boys, edging up to the girl. " I'd like to see a girl thrash me, I would ! "

" You will see it, if you don't stand off ! " threatened the girl. " He's my father, that's what I've got to do with it ! Tom Dobbs knows he's my father, and you shan't touch him, if he is drunk ! "

Another big boy laughed a loud, jeering laugh. " Yes, he's your father," he said. " And a rum one he is, too ! Come on, boys ; let the girl alone. We'll find fun round the corner. "

He led the troop away ; while the bare-headed girl, looking after them, said bitterly—O so bitterly for such a child : " Yes, he's a ' rum one,' but not the way you meant, Tom Dobbs. If it wasn't for rum, he wouldn't be here ; I know that as well as anybody. "

She knew that Tom had only used the word as it is used in its " street slang " sense. But alas ! she realized its bitter, bitter truth. Rum had, in reality, made her father what he was—a hanger-on at low saloons, a curse to himself and every one who came near him.

Rum had made her, poor Minnie, a miserable drunkard's child, almost an outcast. Many times, when he had come home in a drunken fury, he had

driven her into the cold streets, and she dared not return until he had fallen asleep.

Many nights she had crouched, wild-eyed and afraid, in porches and deep door-ways, seeking shelter from rain and tempest, gazing, with eager, long-ing gaze, through lighted windows into happy homes, and vainly wondering why she need be so wretched while they were so warm and well clad and joyous.

Ah, poor Minnie ! That one word held the answer—a " rum one"—one of rum's victims ; not a man, but a thing ; a slave to an evil passion, unfit to be called by the names of husband and father, unfit for anything !

Who can mention one single right or duty or privilege for which a drunkard is fit ? No ; a " rum one " lives for but one miserable object—to gratify the dreadful appetite which has made him what he is.

O dear young readers, do all you can to help break down this fearful rum-temple, wherein so many, many thousands of victims—the innocent and heedless, as well as the guilty—are every year sacrificed. Talk against it, work against it, fight against it, pray against it ; and who can tell how far your influence will reach !

Not a great city in our land—alas ! many little ones—but hides thousands of poor children, whose days are spent, not like yours in happy play and healthful study, but wandering from corner to corner, hearing and learning all that is bad in the streets, searching saloons, alleys, cellar-ways, to find the drunken father who should be caring for his children ; coaxing him to the miserable home, and then shrinking and hiding from his cruel blows and fierce anger.

O children, pity these poor little ones, if you cannot pity the drunkard who causes so much misery. Do all you can to aid and rescue them, and never, never add one cruel word, one mocking laugh, to the burden of scorn and shame they already have to bear.

Poor little Minnie ! Worse than fatherless ! Wandering the streets, the jest of rude boys and idle girls, untaught, unloved, uncared for ! Heaven be merciful to her, and the many thousands like her, and bring the day speedily when in all our broad, bright land there shall be no " rum " fathers, no neglected drunkards' children !—*Careful Builders.*

BEAVER KITTENS.

ALL of our readers have some knowledge of the kittens that play so nimbly about our homes, but which one of them has seen a beaver kitten ! In some Indian homes are found some of those cunning little kittens belonging to the beaver family. A gentleman who has seen them in their homes gives the following description of them. He says :

" One dwelling harbours from four to twelve individuals, rarely more, though eighteen or twenty have been noted, all of the same family, but of two generations, representing litters of kittens of two successive years. The young make their appearance usually in May, and are from four to eight in number, five being the average. Queer-looking little fellows they are too, with their heavy heads, big, cutting teeth, flat tails, and fine, mouse-like fur, not yet disfigured by the long, coarse hair so noticeable with adults.

When taken at an early age they are easily domesticated, and are so esteemed as pets in the far West and fur countries that almost every trading-post or camp can exhibit three or four. It is no uncommon occurrence to see one running about an Indian lodge, submitting patiently to the wiles and caprices of the little savages, or joining in their sports, and frequently receiving with the papoose the nourishment from the maternal breast. The cry of the ' kitten,' too, is so exactly like that of an unweaned child that one is readily mistaken for the other by even the initiated. On one occasion I visited a wigwam at Little Traverse, Michigan, for the purpose of viewing a ' real, live, baby beaver.' ' Ho cry all the same as papoose,' remarked the squaw, as she brought the little fellow forward, at the same time giving him an unmerciful pinch that caused him to set up a doleful little wail that, had I not been forewarned, I should certainly have believed to proceed from a minute, black-eyed specimen of an aboriginal infant that, swathed in cloth, beads, and bark, and bound fast, mummy-like, to a board, stood leaning up against the wall. "

WINTER EVENINGS ON THE FARM.

LIVE on the farm would lose half the monotony and dulness of which many, and especially young people, complain if there was a more general understanding of the wonderful processes of nature and the history of the common things that are continually under observation. The hard, wearying toil of the farm need not necessarily rob a man of all the pleasures of superior knowledge. It is always best to have something good and useful to think about while the hands are employed. More study and reading of good books on the farm would after a while drive out the pestilent gossip, and petty backbiting, the bane of so many country neighbourhoods.

Gossip is almost a sure sign of intellectual barrenness, of empty minds, if not of empty heads. Give men and women something that calls for earnest thinking and they will cease to belabor each other with their tongues.

Debating clubs, lyceums, spelling schools, and other gatherings where mental improvement is the chief aim, are worthy of support and encouragement. In country neighbourhoods the school-houses may generally be depended upon for meetings of this kind. A debating club conducted on business principles is one of the very best means for stirring up the minds of young and old, and stimulating to independent study and research. Not the least among the benefits of such meetings are the promotion of pleasant social intercourse and an increase of neighbourly kindness and consideration.

MY SAVIOUR.

THE sun's rays stole through the windows of the school-house, gently lighting on many a fair face. It was Sunday, and the children were listening again to the old story of the Saviour's love. With tears in eye and voice, a lady was picturing something of what our dear Lord suffered and bore for us.

The lesson had been brought to a close, school dismissed, teacher and

scholar passed forth into the June air, when the lady caught sight of one little loiterer all alone—and silently weeping.

" Jessie, what is the matter ! " she asked.

" I never felt before what my Saviour went through for me ! Oh, what can I do for him ! "

There was a moment's silence. The lady knew the wayward heart to which she spoke.

" Jessie, darling," she said, " you can try to be the very best girl in all the class and school for his sake. "

That week the lady was called away for some months to a distant county. On her return she was speaking with the school-mistress, when the latter, knowing nothing of that Sunday afternoon's talk with the child, said, suddenly—

" I can't think what has come over Jessie Brown. She used to be so tractable, now she is the best child in all the school. "

Little reader this is true. Resting on and trusting in Jesus' love did indeed work this great change in Jessie's life. Has it done the same in yours ? Have you ever said, like her, " What can I do for my Saviour, who did so much for me ! " Ah ! perhaps not—perhaps the reason is, you do not yet know or love him, though he loves you, and is calling you to himself. Will you obey his call ! " Hear, and your soul shall live ! "

THE BOY'S BARLEY CAKES.

LITTLE did that Jewish mother think, as she ground the grain, and mixed the dough, and heated the oven, and gave the five cakes to her little boy as he started for the great outdoor meeting, that her little cakes, passing through the hands of the Prophet of Nazareth, were to feed the five thousand men who gathered to hear his words of grace. And little do we think, when we are doing some trifling service, how great a blessing God may pronounce upon the labour of our hands. What a story that boy had to tell his mother when he went home from the meeting ; and what stories will be told to us when we reach the eternal home, and learn that our feeble service, our faintly-spoken words, our little things done in the Master's name, have been crowned with a blessing that shall abide throughout eternity. Let us do our work heartily for God, and pray that he may accept the labour of our hands, and crown it with his eternal benediction.—*Little Christian.*

READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WE are certain that many parents are very neglectful of their children as to the matter of reading. It requires effort to prevail upon children to read good books, and because of this fact the subject is not urged upon their attention, and they are allowed to fall into reading habits which are positively pernicious, or are permitted to grow up with none at all. And as they do not learn to draw pleasure from good books, they seek it in other directions, the theatre, the dance, the card and wine table, and to young men the billiard saloon and other resorts more questionable still, present attractions which take the young people away from home and subject them to influences which are dangerous and often destructive.



BUCKLE DOWN, BOYS.

WHATEVER you have to do, my boys, Be sure you do it right. If life is but a battle, boys, Be faithful in the fight.

Don't cringe and squirm in any way, But buckle down to work, Let those around you plainly see You do not act the shirk.

If lessons hard even you, Don't murmur or complain, Just buckle down and study hard, And victory attain.

Yes, that's the way to do, my boys, If you would be honoured be; The good, the great, have fought and worked, As you can plainly see.

Then fight and work, and strive and strike, Aim high when you begin, Just buckle boldly down to work, And you will surely win.

THE SWISS GUARD.

THE Pope has his own soldiers, who are not very many, and who generally act as guards to the various parts of the Vatican. Behind the bronze doors, which are enormous barred gates, we saw some of these soldiers, one of whom will ask us for our permissons, or permits. I am sure you never beheld military gentlemen like them before. They are called the Swiss Guard, and are dressed in a uniform of flowing tunic and breeches, formed of broad perpendicular stripes of black, red and yellow, long stockings striped in black and yellow; and on state occasions they wear brass helmets with heavy white plumes, and carry halberds, or pikes with axheads at the ends. The officers' dress, of the same design, is of bright silk, and they make a dazzling appearance. These men appear as if they belonged to the Middle Ages and had nothing to do with our modern times; and they properly seem so, for their uniform was designed by Michael Angelo, not long after the discovery of America, and their costume has never been changed. It used to be the custom of many of the potentates of Europe to have personal guards composed of Swiss soldiers, as they were considered more honest and trustworthy than any others. In Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward" you will learn a great deal about the Swiss guards of France. In Paris the porter at the doors of great houses is still often called "The Swiss," although he is almost always a Frenchman. And these guards of the Pope are now Italians, but they still retain the old name.—St. Nicholas.

LESSON NOTES

B.O. 805.] LESSON V. (Jan. 31.) DANIEL IN BABYLON Dan. I. 8-21. Commit to memory. ca. 20-25.

GOLDEN TEXT. Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word. Psa. 119. 9.

OUTLINE. 1. True to God, v. 8-16. 2. Honoured of Men, v. 17-21. TIME.—805 B.C. Place.—Babylon. EXPLANATIONS.—Would not defile himself—Would not eat meat from the king's table, which was ceremonially unclean, and which would make him so if he ate of it. Prince of the eunuchs—Head of the royal stewards. Faces worse looking—Faces looking thinner

and less well fed than their companions. Pulse to eat—A kind of bean, or the seed of some plant fit for food. Magicians—Magi, or wise men; not dealers in magic alone. Astrologers—Searchers of the stars to learn the secret of fate. The original astronomers.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we taught in this lesson— 1. That the path of duty is the road to honour! 2. That the right way is the best way! 3. That obedience to God brings divine favour!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Daniel? A young Jewish captive in Babylon. 2. Where was he taken to be educated? To the palace of the king. 3. How did Daniel act in the palace? He was faithful to his God. 4. How did he show his faithfulness? By refusing to drink the king's wine. 5. How did God reward Daniel for his faithfulness? He gave him wisdom and honour. 6. What counsel to young men is given in the GOLDEN TEXT? Wherewithal, etc. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's watchful care.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. In what other ways did he show this? By the heavenly wisdom, the authority, and the graciousness of his teaching. Never man so brave.—John vii. 46. [Luko iv. 22; Mark i. 22; Luko xxiv. 32.]

B.O. 680.] LESSON VI. (Feb. 7.)

THE FIERY FURNACE

Dan. 3. 16-28 Commit to memory. ca. 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace. Dan. 3. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. The Faithful Three, v. 16-18. 2. The Fiery Furnace, v. 19-23. 3. The Form of the Fourth, v. 24, 25. 4. The Triumph of Faith, v. 26-28.

TIME.—Perhaps 580 B.C. In Greece, the 10th Olympiad. Year of Rome, 174.

PLACE.—Same as in Lesson V. also plain of Dara.

EXPLANATIONS.—We are not careful to answer—It does not cause us care or trouble to answer, our answer is ready at once. There is but one possible answer. Form of his visage—The appearance of his face. His countenance was changed by his anger. Coats, . . . hosen, . . . hats—Not such clothes as ours, but the mantles and turbans which all the Orientals wore and still wear. Like the Son of God—Or, like unto the son of the gods; that is, majestic and wonderful in his appearance.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, do we find— 1. Faith in God's power to save! 2. Fidelity to duty at whatever cost! 3. Divine help in trouble!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What command was given by King Nebuchadnezzar? That all should worship a golden image. 2. What was the penalty for refusing to worship the idol? To be thrown into a burning fiery furnace. 3. Who were the only ones that did not worship the image? Three young Hebrew captives. 4. What did they say to the king, as given in the GOLDEN TEXT? Our God, etc. 5. What became of them when they were thrown into the furnace? They walked safely in the fire. 6. Whom did Nebuchadnezzar see standing with them? One like unto the Son of God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Son of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. And what was the last and greatest proof? His rising from the dead, as he himself foretold. This Jesus did God raise up, wherof we all are witnesses.—Acts ii. 32. [John ii. 18, 19, 21; Matt. xvi. 21, 1 Cor. xv. 14, 20.]

LET no passing fashion mislead you. Let God be your guide in the building of the vessel in which you expect to cross the ocean of life, and enter eternity without wreck. Use no timber that will not bear storm. Never sleep while you skirt the reefs.

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