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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1894.

[No. 3.]

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.

WHEN I was a boy there was great rivalry between the Toronto Academy, which I attended, and the Upper Canada College. The college was supposed to be a good deal more aristocratic and "toney" than the Academy. The latter was the democratic institution. It was a kind of wing of Knox College, and several of its teachers were students or ex-students of that excellent school of the prophets.

The picture before us recalls vividly the scenes which frequently took place during the winter. The rival schools used to prepare an ample supply of ammunition in the way of nicely rounded snow-balls, and almost every afternoon have a friendly "set-to" while the snow lasted. There was a good deal of unreasonable prejudice, perhaps, on both sides, as there is apt to be when young or old maintain a controversy which has no very good foundation. But I do not know that the boys thought any the worse of each other in after life when they remembered that they had exchanged the somewhat cool amenities of the snow-ball season.

WORLD'S WHITE RIBBON.

SWEET GRAPES.

WHAT kind of fruit do you like best? Most boys and girls like nearly all kinds.

Good, ripe fruit is a necessary part of our daily food. It is much better to spend our money for fruit than at a candy-store.

Men sometimes squeeze out the sweet juice of good fruits and make it into poisonous drinks.

It is a great pity to have the fruit that is good for our use spoiled to make drinks that do us harm. A harmful drink called wine is made from grapes.

To make wine men crush grapes in a press and squeeze their juice into a big tub or vat that is put under the press to receive it.

You have often seen upon the skins of grapes a kind of dust that you could easily rub off. When grapes are being pressed the juice that flows from them washes off some of this dust and carries it into the vat.

In this dust are some very tiny things called ferments. They are so small you cannot see them unless you look at them through a glass called a magnifying glass or microscope. A microscope, as you may know, makes things look many times larger than they really are.

If you should look at a ferment through a microscope you would see a very tiny speck without much shape or colour. You might think it too small to do any harm; but many ferments together can do a great amount of mischief. They quickly spoil good grape juice after it has been pressed out of the grape. How do you think they do this?

The juice of grape is sweet, as you know, because there is sugar in it. No one puts the sugar in the grape, it forms in them while they are ripening. Just how this is done we do not know.

The ferments change this sugar of the grape juice after it is pressed out, into a gas and a poison. They cannot do this while the juice is inside the unbroken

All poisons do not at once kill those who take only a little at a time; but a man could easily take enough alcohol to kill him at once. The man who takes a little alcohol every day is seldom as strong a man, as wise a man, or as good a man as he would be without alcohol. The alcohol hurts his body and his mind.

Alcohol may make a father cruel to his children and to his wife. It sometimes makes a man tell falsehoods and do other bad deeds.

One of the most dangerous things about alcohol is, that it can make those who take it want more alcohol. If you should begin to take wine, the alcohol in it might make you want to drink more wine until you cared for nothing but drinking wine.

000,000,000 of kilometres, and if the velocity were equal to that of a cannon-ball, it would require 5,000,000 of years to travel the distance.

On a clear night an ordinary human eye can discover about 1,000 stars in the northern hemisphere, most of which send their light from distances we cannot measure. How large they must be! Round these 1,000 stars circle 50,000 other stars of various sizes. Beside single stars, we know of systems of stars moving round one another. Still, we are but a short way into space as yet! Outside our limits of vision and imagination, there are, no doubt, still large spaces.

The Milky Way holds probably at least 20,191,000 stars, and as each is a sun, we presume it is encircled by at least 50 planets. Counting up these figures, we arrive at the magnitude of 1,000,955,000 stars. A thousand millions of stars! Who can comprehend it? Still this is only a part of the universe. The modern telescopes have discovered more and similar Milky Ways still further away. We know of some 3,000 nebulae which represent Milky Ways like ours. Let us count 2,000 of them as being of the size of our Milky Way, then $2,000 \times 20,191,000 = 40,382,000,000$ suns, or 2,019,100,000,000 heavenly bodies. Suppose these bodies parading before our mental eye, one per minute, it would require 3,840,000 years to finish the march, in all of which time we would have to look upon them unceasingly. Suppose a human being migrating from globe to globe and spending fifty years on each, he would require 100,955,000,000,000 years for the round. If he stayed only one hour, he would save much time, but still need 230,400,000 years for the task. Yet, these nebulae are only a part of the universe! Outside the nebulae limits we know of other nebulae not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulae, pure, usable worldstuff—matter for new creations. Some of them occupy a space as large as the orbit of Uranus. Some are still larger. The one in "Orion" is estimated to be 2,200,000,000,000,000 times larger than our sun. Are we come to the uttermost limits? Who dares say yes? We are probably come to our limits. But the future with new instruments and scientific devices, may push those limits so much further out into space.



THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.

grape, for they do not get inside the fruit while it remains whole.

But when the juice is squeezed out of grapes and is left standing in the vat, the ferments that were on the stems and skins of the grapes begin to work upon the sugar of the juice. Other ferments, too, get into the vat from the air. Ferments are so small and light that they are easily carried about in air.

How can we know when ferments are turning the sugar of grape juice into a gas and a poison? We can know by the little bubbles of gas we see rising up through the juice. This gas passes out into the air, but the poison remains in the wine and makes the wine poisonous.

The name of this poison is alcohol. There is no alcohol in a sound, ripe grape.

No one should drink wine, for there is alcohol in it.

It is the nature of alcohol to make those who take it want more alcohol.

HOW LARGE IS THE UNIVERSE?

To form some idea of the largeness of this earth, one may look upon the landscape from the top of an ordinary church-steeple, and then bear in mind that one must view 900,000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the earth. Place 500 earths, like ours, side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily enclose them. Three hundred thousand earth-globes could be stored inside of the sun, if hollow. If a human eye every hour were capable of looking upon a fresh measure of world-material 14,000 kilometres large, that eye would need 55,000 years to overlook the surface of the sun. To reach the nearest fixed star one must travel 33,-

for the round. If he stayed only one hour, he would save much time, but still need 230,400,000 years for the task. Yet, these nebulae are only a part of the universe! Outside the nebulae limits we know of other nebulae not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulae, pure, usable worldstuff—matter for new creations. Some of them occupy a space as large as the orbit of Uranus. Some are still larger. The one in "Orion" is estimated to be 2,200,000,000,000,000 times larger than our sun. Are we come to the uttermost limits? Who dares say yes? We are probably come to our limits. But the future with new instruments and scientific devices, may push those limits so much further out into space.

The only source of help is in God.

The Standard.

BY F. W. COLE.

FROM swart Arabia's scorching sands
A poisoned fountain rose,
And with its stream to distant lands
Spread dark and direful woes.

The nations drank destruction thence
With wild and strange delight;
I like sin it seemed to please the sense,
Like sin it left its blight.

This fountain's stream became a flood,
And angels wept to see
Men drink and bathe their hands in blood—
Their souls in agony.

The good grew pale—but men of prayer
Remembered still the word,
And on the verge of blank despair
Cried, "Lift the standard, Lord!"

Now let his faithfulness be told,
That cry was not in vain,
'Twas reared and every healing fold
Gave forth the word "ABSTAIN!"

Behold! it floats! and nations flock
To follow in its train!
While city spire and mountain rock
Give back the word, "ABSTAIN!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1894.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

WHILE the people who work in Bands of Hope and Juvenile Temperance Unions have for their watchword, "Save the Boys," there are other people in the world whose motto seems to be, "Destroy the Children." Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, enslaved the Jews who were in his land, and made their lives bitter with bondage, but God's blessing made them increase in numbers, in spite of all the king's hatred and cruelty; and so the king gave the command that all the boys that should be born should be killed.

In these days the king that tries hardest to kill the children is King Alcohol—that which makes people drunk—beer and rum. King Alcohol does not kill children by a gun or sword in a minute, but he kills them slowly, by poisoning them with intoxicating drinks.

Sometimes he gets a father to help him. A man who was in jail for killing another man, and was to be hung in a few days, said, "A teaspoonful of rum toddy brought me to this—made me commit this awful murder, for which I am to be hung. When I was a child, my father was in the habit of taking me on his knee at dinner time and giving me a teaspoonful out of his glass. By this means the taste for drink was acquired, under the influence of which I did the crime for which I am about to suffer."

Sometimes King Alcohol destroys the

boys by getting them to go to drinking saloons, where they learn not only to drink, but to gamble and to be licentious.

A friend of mine, who is a temperance man, counted four hundred boys and girls in one saloon at one time, although the law said that no one should sell intoxicating drinks to any boy or girl.

Dr. Willard Parker, one of the greatest doctors in the world, says that one-third of all the people that die in New York are brought to death by the influence of this awful poison, alcohol, which slowly but surely kills the boys who begin to drink it.

I am thinking now of some other people whose watchword was, "Kill the Boys." There were ten shepherds, grown-up men, brothers, who saw their younger brother, about seventeen years old, coming to bring them food and news from home; and because they thought the father, as most fathers do, loved the youngest boy better than the older ones, they took him and threw him into an empty well, and then took him out when they found a chance to sell him to some cruel Arabs, who was going into a far country, where they would make him a slave. You know that I mean Joseph, and you remember how God helped him to get out of slavery and become a ruler.

There are ten brothers that in these days sell boys into slavery. Their names are "Brandy Sauce," "Bitters," "Cider," "Beer," "Ale," "Wine," "Gin," "Brandy," "Rum," and "Whiskey." These ten are brothers, because all of them contain the alcohol that makes people drunk. When one has been taking brandy sauce in food, or bitters with alcohol in them for medicine, or cider, or beer, or wine, at first they don't care much for it, and can stop as easy as not; but by-and-bye they cannot get along without it. They cannot go by a liquor shop without going in, they have such a strong appetite for these drinks. And then they want the stronger drinks, ale and brandy and whiskey. It seems as if a chain was around their necks to draw them into the liquor shop to make them drunk almost every day, although they know that they are wasting their money, injuring their bodies, and making their friends unhappy. Let me explain to you how it is.

I take this thread and tie this boy's arms. He can snap the threads as easy as not. That is like the boy that is just beginning to drink. He can stop as easily as not. Now I tie this boy's hands with twine, and it is harder to break it, but he can do it. That is like the boy who has been drinking for a little while, who has got to liking the liquor, but can stop if he tries. Now I take this large rope, and I tie this boy's hands and feet with it, and no matter how hard he pulls, he cannot break it. That is like a man who has been drinking for a long time. When he finds that drink is making him poor and sick and unhappy, foolish and cruel, he tries to stop drinking, but he cannot do it of himself. Now I cut these knots, and this boy is free. That is like the case of a drunkard who could not break himself away from drinking, who prayed that God would help him, and asked God's people to help him by their prayers, and gave his heart to Jesus to be a Christian. And so God gave him new strength, so that he could break away from drinking.

"The Lion of Judah can break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

Herod was another who had for his watchword, "Destroy the Children." When he heard that Jesus was born in Bethlehem to be a king, he did not understand that Jesus was to be a king of men's hearts, and thought he was to be king with a crown on his head, with soldiers about him; that he would take the throne and the palace where Herod was, and drive him away. Herod did not know just what house to find Jesus in, and so he told his soldiers to kill all the children that were two years of age and under, in Bethlehem and the country around it, so that he might be sure to kill the little king; but God warned the mother of Jesus of the coming danger, and told her to flee away into Egypt; so Jesus' life was saved.

The Herod who tries to kill the children to-day is King Alcohol; but God, in the Bible, warns us to flee away from him, to keep away from the saloons, to work in the Bands of Hope, to take the pledge and stick

to it, to spend our evenings at home. Especially God says to us in his word, "Look not upon the wine when it is red. At the last it biteth like a serpent. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." And so we can escape from this Herod of alcohol, and grow up to be Christ-like in this world, and by-and-bye to be kings in heaven forever and ever.

TELL THE GOOD-TIDINGS.

A PROFESSOR in one of our principal colleges was noted among his fellow-teachers for his habit of addressing privately the young men in his care upon the subject of their personal relations to Christ.

"Do they not resent your appeals as an impertinence?" asked one of his fellow-professors.

"No," was the reply. "Nothing is of such interest to any man as his own soul and its condition. He will never resent words of warning or comfort if they are prompted by genuine feeling."

"When I was a young man," he added, "I felt as you do. My wife's cousin, a young fellow not yet of age, lived in our house for six months. My dread of meddling was such that I never asked him to be present at family worship, or spoke to him on the subject of religion. He fell into the company of a wild set, and was rapidly going to the bad. When I reasoned with him, I spoke of Christ.

"Do you call yourself a Christian," he asked, assuming an astonished look.

"I hope so," I replied.
"But you are not. If you were, Christ must be your best friend. Yet I have lived in your house for six months, and you have never once named his name to me. No, he is nothing to you."

"I never have forgotten that rebuke." The superintendent of the London police told an American visitor to Scotland Yard lately that when a noted criminal was visited before his execution, by a clergyman, he listened to the story of Jesus and his suffering upon the cross in silence, and then, springing to his feet, said:

"Is this true? He came to save men like me?"

"Yes, it is true."
"And you sit here quietly! If I believed that story and were free, I would walk barefoot over the world but I would tell it to every living man!"

Even the great truths of religion grow hackneyed to our impatient ears and trivial minds.

THE PROPHECY.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"HALLO there, Bill! What are you doing?"

"Smoking."
"Don't it make you sick?"
"Not a bit of it. I'm too old a stager for that."

"You ain't as old as I am, and I think I am young. I tried smoking once, and that was enough for me. I thought I was going to die, I was so sick."

"Hain't you tried it again?"
"No, sir; and what is more, I sha'n't."
"When was it?"

"The next day after Cross came here. I was fool enough to think it would be smart to do as he did; but, as grandpa says, I saw the folly of it before it was too late, and there was no great harm done."

"Well, I began the very day you did, and I don't believe you was any sicker than I was. But when I make up my mind to do thing I do it; and to tell the truth, it has taken me all this time to get so I can smoke and enjoy it. Now I'm all right."

"According to my way of thinking, you are all wrong. Father says he wouldn't have me learn to smoke for five thousand dollars. He says I should be so much out of pocket. It costs a good deal to smoke in style. He says he knew a man who used to spend a dollar a day for cigars right along. I would rather invest money in some other way."

"Pshaw! most every man smokes, and when I grow up I want to do like the rest. I should feel pretty flat if I happened to be with a lot of fellows that were smoking and I couldn't take a cigar without making myself sick. You won't catch me in such a scrape as that. Cross can smoke half a day right along."

"He would stop long enough to drink a glass of beer now and then. Cold water tastes pretty flat when a fellow's mouth is all burnt up with tobacco."

"That's a fact, but Cross has money enough to pay for all the beer he wants. He says he began to smoke when he was eight years old."

"He looks like it: he isn't half-grown. Three years older than I am, and only up to my shoulders! I thought you wanted to be tall and large."

"I do, and I expect to be."

"So do I. I don't calculate to lose a foot or two in height, and spoil my teeth, and muddle my brain, for the sake of being ready to smoke with some fellows I may happen to meet ten years from now. I sha'n't do it, and you'd better not. The next thing, you will be drinking beer; then something stronger, and more of it, until you won't care what else comes to you if you can only get all the rum and tobacco you want."

"That's hard talk, Joe—rather more than I can stand. If I was in the habit of fighting I should call you to account. When a man gets so he don't care for anything but rum and tobacco he is a drunkard. You don't think I shall ever be a drunkard, do you?"

"I hope not; but you are only twelve years old, and if you have got a taste for beer and tobacco you have taken the first step. I never thought so much about it until father talked to me, the night after I tried smoking, but he said a young boy couldn't expect to make the best of himself in any way if he used tobacco. It will drain his pocket of small change, weaken his body, and dull his brains. Some men get so used to having a quid rolling round in their mouths they can't talk without it. They stutter and stammer, as though they had lost a part of their tongues. I hope you won't chew as well as smoke. One is bad enough, but take them together they are too bad to be tolerated. As for me I will have none of the filthy stuff."

The two boys who talked thus with each other were schoolmates, and their parents neighbours, so that seldom a day passed when they were not together; but from the time when one decided not to use tobacco and the other resolved to smoke like "an old stager" their paths in life diverged.

Less than a score of years have gone by since then; yet the prophecy, counted so severe, has been literally fulfilled, as Bill acknowledges, with bitter regrets that he had not heeded the warning of his old-time friend. He is a besotted drunkard, without hope of reform, replying to all expostulations: "As long as I use tobacco I must drink liquor; and I would rather die than give up tobacco."

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "METHODIST."

THE story of the origin of Methodism and of its name is briefly told. In the year 1729, in Oxford University, there were five students, among whom were the brothers John and Charles Wesley, who formed a society having for its object the study of the Bible in the original language, and to aid each other in mutual spiritual improvement. They partook of the Lord's Supper weekly; and fasted twice a week; they systematically arranged their time for self-examination, meditation, prayer, and religious teaching. They were active in public worship, in observance of Church ordinances, in benevolence to the sick and poor, and in their visits to the prisons. They were ridiculed by their fellow students, and were called the Sacramentarians, the Godly, the Holy Club, and Bible Moths. They were afterwards joined by James Hervey and the famous George Whitefield, and were so faithful in their appointment of their time that one of the students, partly from fact and partly in derision, termed them Methodists; and this term, though often used reproachfully and to express enthusiasm or fanaticism, has become the acknowledged name of one of the largest branches of the Christian Church. These students, with no thought of organization, simply sought the increase of holiness and earnestness in their own and in the hearts

lives of offending

Thorns.

On a branch of hawthorn which was brought into the class by one of my boys to tickle the others with, and which took a prominent place in our lesson for that day.

THORNS? yes, long, black, sharp and lance-like.

Set 'mid purple autumn leaves,
Yet round this small branch of hawthorn
Rich the lessons fancy weaves.

Thorns like these, as cruelly piercing,
Wounded once the Saviour's brow;
Wondrous love was his who wore them
For the sins of all who bore them,
All who twined them then and now.

Hold it up, so all can see it
Stripped of leaves, yes, brown and bare;
Gone the last remaining colour,
Little left of beauty there.

Now, boys, fancy that you see it
On that bush where first it grew—
See it in the early summer,
All its leaves and blossoms new.

Blossoms snowy, white and fragrant,
Leaves of rich and tender green,
Beautiful and God-created,
Thorns? yes; felt, yet scarcely seen.

Strange to see them grow together,
Why they are so who can tell?
Sweet and pleasant, sharp and bitter,
Formed of God and fashioned well.

Just like life's experience, surely,
Boys, you'll find it by-and-bye,
Bloom and beauty, thorns and fragrance
All along your pathway lie.

Sunny ways of hope and pleasure,
Fragrant purity and love;
Thorns of sorrow, disappointments,
Toils and triumphs interweave.

Never mind, boys, face it bravely,
To yourselves and God be true,
Sure where thorns are sharp and thickest
Bloom and fragrance blossom too.

Earnest purpose, constant striving,
Christ to copy day by day,
Win us surely, in the effort,
Progress in the upward way.

Generous deeds, and brave as kindly,
Duty claims of you and me;
Help who heed it—add some blossom
Sometimes to another's tree.

ALEXANDER A. B. HERD.

New Westminster, B. C.

and the sound of his voice or his footstep brought back the memories of happier days. David had promised to be back on Saturday, but she almost expected him on Friday night; but Friday night passed by, and David was still away. During the long, sleepless hours of darkness, she was thinking of him ceaselessly, little dreaming that her boy was spending his first night in jail.

Saturday passed slowly by; and, when evening came, Mrs. Fell set her door ajar, and sat just within it in the dark, looking out into the lighted passage and staircase, common to all the lodgers. David would be sure to whistle as he came down the street, and her ear would catch the sound while he was still a long way off. She felt no hunger to-night, and was scarcely conscious of her pain. All her thoughts and cares were centred on her boy.

"He'd never break his promise, Bess," she said softly. "He knows I'm hungering for a sight of him, and, whatever luck he's had, he's sure to come home to-night. I've wished a thousand times as I'd never let him go; but it's over now, and he shall never go again, if we can only keep him from it. We'll get more washing done, you and me; won't we, Bess? And maybe David will have better luck in getting jobs to do. O my lad, my lad! But he'll be here very soon now."

She checked the sobs which hindered her from hearing, and sat still for some minutes, listening, with strained ears, to catch his whistle amid the hubbub of sounds that noised about her. At last she sent Bess to the street-door to look up the narrow, ill-lighted street, to the corner with the brilliantly illuminated spirit vaults, round which David might come any moment with the proceeds of his begging expedition. Bess had some bright visions of her own, based upon the stories of successful beggary which the neighbours told to one another; and she was as full of impatient anticipation as her mother.

"It's almost like the time I used to watch for father, Bess, before we were wed," said Mrs. Fell plaintively; "and I was never more on the fidgets than I am now for Davy, poor lad! I can't keep myself still a moment. Father used to wear a plush weskit as was as soft as soft could be, and I'd dearly like Davy to have one like it. I priced one in a shop one day; but it was more than I could give when I was in full work. And, Bess, I'd like you to have a pink cotton gown, such as I was wed in. But there! it's no use to think on such things. It's God's will, and he knows best. If my lad 'ud only come in, I should care for nothing."

Bess went off to the door, stepping softly past the front room, where their next neighbour, Blackett, lived, and gazed up to the stream of light shining across the road through the tavern-window. She stood there for a few minutes in silence.

"He's comin', mother," cried Bess quietly; and the poor woman's heart throbbed painfully as she leaned back against the wall almost faint from joy, whilst Bess ran eagerly up the street towards the light, which for a brief moment had irradiated the figure of her brother. But it was not David whom she met, though it was a boy of his age and size; and Bess felt near crying out aloud when she saw who it was. Still he was an old companion and playfellow, and as nearly a friend as Blackett's son could be; for he was Roger Blackett, whose father, living in the front room on the ground-floor, close against the door through which every one went to and fro, was the terror of all the inmates of the crowded house.

"Roger, have you seen our Davy anywhere?" she inquired.

"No, I haven't," he answered. "Is father in the house, Bess?"

"Ay," she said.

"Then I'll stay outside," he went on. "He does nothing but bang me, and curse at me for an idle dog and a cowardly soft. He's drove the rest of 'em into thievin', and he'll never let me a-be till he's drove me to it. I was very near it to-night, Bess."

"Oh, don't!" she cried, "don't! I'd never do worse than beg, if I was you. I know David 'ud die afore he'd steal, and so 'ud mother. We'd all clem to death afore we'd take to thievin'."

"I'd have been drove to it long ago," said Roger, "if it hadn't been along of you and your mother, Bess. Father's always larfin' at folks like you settin' up to be honest; and he's always sayin' as I haven't got a drop of real blood in me. I'm bound to be drove to it, however long I fight shy of it. Only it 'ud vex you, Bess."

"Ah!" she answered earnestly, "mother 'ud never, never let David or me speak to you again. She's set dead agen thievin', mother is. She won't let us know any jail-birds. You see," continued Bess with an air of pride; "none of us has ever been in trouble, — up before the justices, you know. We've never had nothink to do with the police, 'cept civility; and the police has nothink to do

with us. Better starve nor steal, mother says."

But Bess had been so long in the street, that Mrs. Fell's impatience had conquered her. She had crept to the street-door, and was making her way painfully towards them.

"Bess, is it Davy?" she called. "Be sharp, and bring him here."

"We're coming, mother," cried Bess. "It's only Roger. You go back, and let him come into our room for a bit, for company. You come with me, Roger, and talk a bit to mother; she's frettin' after Davy so! You ask her about the parson's garden, and the place where she used to live, and anything you can think of, for a bit, till Davy comes."

The two children stole softly past the closed door of the front room, and hid themselves in the darkness of Mrs. Fell's kitchen.

"It's nobody but poor Roger," said Bess softly. "Davy's not come yet, and Roger's afraid of his father till he gets dead drunk. Let him stay with us a bit, mother."

There had always been a dread in Mrs. Fell's mind of her children growing too intimate with Roger Blackett, whose two elder brothers were openly pursuing the successful calling of thieves, with occasional periods of absence supposed to be passed in prison; but she had been too much afraid of Blackett to forbid all intercourse with his sons. Roger was nearly fourteen, and had not been in trouble yet; so she could not very well refuse to let him enter her room.

"He's welcome," she said coldly, "as long as he keeps himself honest."

"That won't be for long," muttered Roger; "father's always a-goin' on at me to keep myself, and I've got no way o' keepin' myself, save thievin'. He's getting angrier with me every day."

"But there's God'll be angry with you if you thieve," said Mrs. Fell; "and, if you make him angry, he can do worse at you than your father. You ought to be afraid of him."

"Where is he?" asked Roger.

"He lives in heaven, where good folks go when they die," she answered; "but he sees everything, and can do everything. Everything as happens is just what he pleases. He could make us all rich and well and happy in a moment o' time, if he chose; but it's his will we should be poor and ill and miserable, and it's all right somehow; so we must keep still, and believe as it's all right. I know I often says, 'It's God's will,' and it seems a little better. 'God is love,' I say to myself hundreds o' times in the night when I lie awake for pain; and there's comfort in it. Ay, when my pains are worst, and when I'm faintin' with hunger, if I say, 'God is love,' it helps me on a bit. It's all I know, and I don't know that very clear."

But though she and Bess sat up till long after midnight, and until every inmate of the overcrowded tenement had returned to their miserable dens, and there was not a sound to drown the echo of any footstep coming down the street, there was still no sign of David's coming. Bess fell asleep at last on the floor at her mother's feet; but she kept awake, shivering with cold and pain, and heart-sick with vague terrors as to what should keep the boy away.

As day after day passed on, bringing no tidings of David, the mother's anguish of soul grew almost intolerable. It seemed to overmaster her bodily pain, and render her nearly insensible to it. Every morning she wandered about, asking news of her boy from everybody who had ever known him, until her strength was worn out; and then she would stand for hours, leaning against the wall at the street-corner, looking along the road, and straining her eyes to catch some glimpse of him amid the ever-changing stream of people passing by. She could no longer bring herself to stand at her washing-tub, cheating the parish by earning a few extra pence for herself by the toil of her hands. Little by little, all that were left of her few possessions found their way to the familiar pawn-shop, till her room was as bare of furniture as it was possible to be, and yet be a human dwelling-place.

There was one treasure she had never parted with, however pressing and bitter her necessities had been through her long years of widowhood. It was the one possession which had been the pride of her heart. This was her wedding-ring, of good solid gold, bought for her and placed upon her hand by the husband she had lost twelve years ago. She had been too careful of it to wear it while at work; but every evening and every Sunday her children had been used to see the golden glitter of it on her finger, and to regard it with a sort of reverential delight. It was the visible sign to them of their dead father, and of the good times their mother could tell them of, but which they had not known themselves. They had gone to bed many a night supperless that they might keep the mother's ring from the pawn-shop, and run no risk of losing it.

But things had come to such a pass during David's absence that the ring must go. It was still little worn, not much thinner than

when David Fell, the carpenter, had wedded his young wife with it. Next to any grief or calamity befalling her children, this was the sharpest trial Mrs. Fell could undergo. Bess helped her to crawl to the pawnbroker's shop, — for she would not trust it even to Bess, — and she laid it down on the counter with a pang nearly heart-breaking. The pawnbroker fastened a number to it, gave her a ticket, and pushed a few shillings toward her.

"Take care of it!" she cried, with vehement urgency in her tone; "take care of it. I shall redeem it; God in heaven knows I shall redeem it some day. It's God's will!" she sobbed, her dim, eager eyes following it as the pawnbroker opened a drawer, and dropped it carelessly among a heap of pledges similar to it.

(To be continued.)

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

Do not let us imagine that we are too poor, too stupid, too ignorant, too obscurely situated, to do any real good in the world wherein God has placed us. Is there a greater work in the present day than education? Would you have thought that the chiefest impulse to that work whereon we now annually spend so many millions of taxation was given by the poor, illiterate Plymouth cobbler, John Pounds? Has there been a nobler work of mercy in modern days than the purification of prisons? Yet that was done by one whom a modern writer sneeringly patronizes as a dull, good man—John Howard. Is there a grander and nobler enterprise than missions? Well, the missions of England to India were started by a humble itinerant shoemaker, W. Carey. These men brought to Christ their humble efforts, their barley-loaves, and, in his hands and under his blessing, they multiplied exceedingly.

We can never hope, you say, to do anything which will lead to such vast results. So they thought. Do you imagine they ever dreamt of what would issue from their little efforts? But, besides, the results are nothing, the work is everything; nothing the gift; everything the willing heart. But have you ever tried? If you bring no gift, how can God use it? The lad must bring his barley-loaves before the five thousand can be fed. Have you ever attempted to do as he did? Have you even in the smallest measure, or with the least desire, tried to follow John Wesley's golden advice?

"Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."

FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF TRAVEL.

We know a bright boy whose great longing is to travel. His parents have no means with which to gratify him in that respect. He occasionally earns a few pennies by selling papers and doing errands. Instead of spending the money foolishly, he carefully treasures it in a small iron box which he calls his safe. One day, after earning five cents, he dropped them into the box in the presence of a companion of about his own age, and exclaimed:

"There goes five cents' worth of travel!"

"What do you mean!" asked the other boy. "How can you travel on five cents?"

"Five cents will carry me a mile and a half on the railroad. I want to see Niagara Falls before I die. I am nearly 400 miles from them now, but every five cents I earn will bring them nearer, and a great many other places that are worth seeing. I know it takes money to travel, but money is money, be it ever so little. If I do not save the little, I shall never have the much."

Some boys squander every year the cost of a coveted trip to some point of interest. Let them remember that every five cents saved means a mile and a half of the journey. Small amounts, carefully kept, will foot up surprising results at the end of the year, and almost every doctor will testify that five cents' worth of travel is better for the health of the boy than five cents' worth of sweets.

READ the Sunday-school lesson at least once every day.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER III.—THE WEDDING-RING IN PAWN.

No doubt it was somebody's duty to inform Mrs. Fell of David's conviction, and sentence to three months' imprisonment; but whether the official notice was sent to the mother of the boy who had been previously convicted of theft, or failed to reach David's mother through the post, we do not know. She never received the information.

Mrs. Fell and Bess felt the time pass heavily while he was away. The poor woman had always been more careful of her children than the neighbours were; and she had never allowed Bess to play about the streets, if David was not at hand to take care of her. Bess was growing a tall and pretty girl now, and needed more than ever to have somebody to look after her. So she was compelled to stay in-doors, shut up in the close and tainted atmosphere and the dim light of their miserable home. Mrs. Fell did a little washing still by stealth; but she was fearful of the raving-officer finding her at her tub, and taking off her allowance. She could earn only a few pence, and that with sharp pain; but the pangs of hunger were sharper. Bess was old enough, and willing to help, though she could not earn sufficient altogether for her own maintenance. Still, if David should happen to come back with a little money to go on with, all would be well for another week or two, and some work might turn up for him.

Mrs. Fell was very lonesome without her boy, and sorely did she miss him. She was one of those mothers who think nothing of their girls in comparison with their sons; and David had always been good to her, and cared her up when she was most downcast. She fancied he was growing like his father;



RETURN OF NOAH'S DOVE TO THE ARK.

An Indignant Scholar.

SUCH a horrid jogafray lesson!
Cities and mountains and lakes,
And the longest crookedest rivers,
Just wriggling about like snakes.

I tell you, I wish Columbus
Hadn't heard the earth was a ball,
And started to find new countries
That folks didn't need at all.

Now, wouldn't it be too lovely
If all that you had to find out
Was just about Spain and England,
And a few other lands thereabout?

And the rest of the maps were printed
With pink and yellow, to say,
"All this is an unknown region,
Where bogies and fairies stay!"

But what is the use of wishing
Since Columbus sailed over here,
And men keep hunting an' sploring
And finding more things every year?

Now show me the Yampah river,
And tell me, where does it flow?
And how do you bound Montana?
And Utah and Mexico?

—Phrenological Journal.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.C. 2348.] **LESSON IV.** [Jan. 28.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH.

Gen. 9. 8-17. Mem. verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.—Gen. 9. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Covenant, v. 8-11.
2. The Token, v. 12-17.

TIME.—B.C. 2348; fifteen centuries after our last lesson.

PLACE.—Perhaps the high table-lands of Central Asia.

CONNECTING LINKS.

1. The mark of Cain (Gen. 4. 14-15).
2. The family and descendants of Cain (Gen. 4. 16-24).
3. The birth and descendants of Seth (Gen. 4. 25-5. 32).
4. The translation of Enoch (Gen. 5. 24).
5. The great increase in

wickedness (Gen. 6. 1-8). 6. The building of the ark (Gen. 6. 13-22). 7. The deluge (Gen. 7. 8). 8. The sacrifice of Noah (Gen. 8. 20-22). 9. God's first commandment to men (Gen. 9. 1-7).

EXPLANATIONS.

"Covenant"—An agreement or pledge. "Your seed"—Your descendants in all generations. "Cattle . . . beasts"—Domestic and wild animals. "The token of the covenant . . . my bow in the cloud"—Whenever a descendant of Noah saw a rainbow, he was to read in it the mercy of God. We are not to suppose that there had been no rainbows until then. We may easily imagine, however, how blessed and consoling to the weary occupants of the ark must have been the rainbow, which was a sure sign of the cessation of the long-continued rain; and God simply says, "As it is the token of my mercy on this occasion, let it be regarded as a token of my mercy on all occasions, for my mercy endureth forever." "I will remember my covenant"—We, with our fuller knowledge of God's love, gotten by his increasing revelation through the centuries, know that the Eternal One cannot forget, in the sense in which we forget, and therefore cannot remember; but he condescends to use the language of men, and as they were to remember whenever they saw a rainbow that the storm which it followed was only a disguised mercy, so he would seem to remember the same, and renew his sunny blessings to them.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. How are we taught in this lesson (a) that God loves man; (b) that God watches over the world; (c) that God keeps his promises?
2. How does the story of Noah show the power of a godly ancestry; (a) the grandeur of daring to do right, even though it makes one singular; (b) the fact that a good man saves others than himself; (c) Noah's faith in the unseen?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did God establish with Noah after the flood? "A covenant." 2. What was God's promise in this covenant? "Not to destroy the earth by a flood." 3. What did God give as a token of his promise? "The rainbow." 4. What does the Golden Text teach us? "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The mercy of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

And what further lesson should we learn? Our infinite debt to the Redeemer himself, who in his love laid down his life for us.

What do you mean by Christ's exaltation? I mean the honor put upon him by the Father because of his obedience even unto death.

THE JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

We can raise more Christians by juvenile Christian culture than by adult conversion—a thousand to one.—Dr. F. G. Holland.

WHEN the Epworth League was born, in the Central Church, Cleveland, O., May 14, 1889, there at once opened up a vast realm for immediate possession. It designs to utilize every atom of religious force in the Church. The Epworth "wheel" contains the necessary circumference to environ all the latent energies of the Church.

The Junior Epworth League is to the boys and girls between the ages of six and fourteen what the Epworth League is to the young men and women—a place where they may be trained in the knowledge and use of the Bible, drilled in the doctrines, history, and institutions of the Church, developed in Christian character, and fitted for the practical and social life of the Church.

The Junior Epworth League may be organized in any church under its own charter, elect its own officers, and fulfil all the requirements for the religious instruction of



COMING OUT OF THE ARK.

children, and at the same time make a successful nursery for the Epworth League.

The growth of the Junior Epworth League has been slow. Its future is to be made. As yet there are not two thousand chapters organized. It is recommended that where a "children's class" or "boys and girls' prayer-meeting" or any like society exists it shall become transformed into a Junior Epworth League at once. If it is very desirable the present name may be retained, but let the society come into affiliated relations with the General Office at Toronto. Usually this will meet with but little or no opposition. The change will in nearly every case give a new impetus to the work already begun.

Like the Epworth League, the Junior Epworth League does not seek to coerce any previously existing society into this official relation; but, being already in the Methodist Church, it is better that they march in line and keep step with the militant host of Methodism; also that they have representation in the Quarterly Conference. If the Woman's Home Missionary Society have a "Mission Band," "Willing Workers," or "Little Gleaners" society organized, let them establish a Junior Epworth League, and become responsible for the Department of Mercy and Help.

In those churches where there is a "Band of Hope," or juvenile temperance society of any name, they too should join the League and take charge of the Department of Social Work.

By some such plan as the above the Junior Epworth League can be organized on every charge in the Church. The boys and girls will be brought into the most agreeable and helpful relations to the Church; the work they are engaged in will progress with greater prosperity; the unity thus established will be a beautiful illustration of the Christian faith. The place to begin the cultivation of Christian unity is among the children.

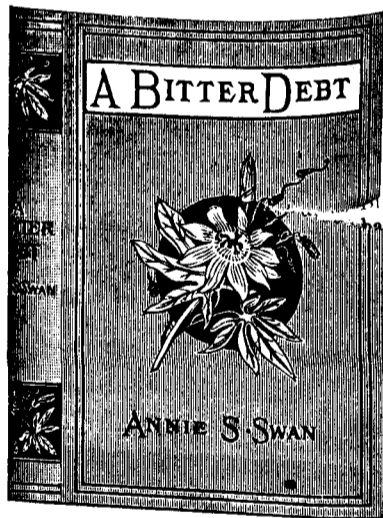
HOW TO ORGANIZE.

Call whatever society exists together, or, if there is none, give notice from the pulpit and in Sunday-school for a meeting of all the boys and girls of the church between the ages of six and fourteen, say at four o'clock on Friday afternoon, two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, or some hour on Sunday afternoon or evening, whichever seems to be the most favorable time. After singing one or two spirited hymns, followed by prayer, let the pastor or superintendent present the Junior Epworth League idea, outlining briefly each department of work, ask how many would like such an organization, and behold with what eagerness and readiness they will respond. The fact is, the children are waiting, and have been for years, for some one to lead in this modern Children's Crusade.

Organize at once. Send for a charter, be sure and frame it, and hang it in the room where you meet. We have found several Leagues that have no charter; it is a little thing, but works wondrous enthusiasm. Get a supply of badges, singing books, reward cards, membership tickets, and other supplies for instruction in the various departments. Older people have these things in their societies, and there is no use trying to hold children unless you have something to entertain, interest, and instruct.

THE PATH TO SUCCESS.

THE late Sir Robert Lush, one of the most distinguished of the Lords Justices of her Majesty's Court of Appeal, was the son of a poor, industrious woman, who struggled to maintain herself by keeping a small shop of stationery. He rose to his high and honourable position from being an errand-boy in a solicitor's office; and under the blessing of God, he owed his elevation to punctuality, an obliging disposition, diligence, thoroughness, steady perseverance, uprightness, and intelligence.



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William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que. S. F. HURSTON, Halifax, N.S.