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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1896.

[No. 4

HINDU IDOL MASK.

THE idols of India are generally very hideous. Does it not make your heart ache to think of the thousands of bright boys and girls taught to worship these awful carvings? How willing we, who are taught to worship the true God, who we know is our loving Father, should be to help send glad tidings to these poor children of the darkness!

We plead for the little children
Who have opened their baby eyes
In the far-off lands of darkness,
Where the shadow of death yet lies.

But not to be nurtured for heaven,
Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guided,
Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! it is idol worship
Their stammering lips are taught;
To cruel, false gods only
Are their gifts and offerings brought.

And what can we children offer,
Who dwell in this Christian land
Is there no work for the Master
In reach of each little hand?

Response.

O, surely a hundred tapers,
Which even small fingers can clasp,
May lighten as much of the darkness
As a lamp in a stronger grasp.

And then, as the line grows longer,
So many tapers, though small,
May kindle a brighter shining
Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,
And infant lips can pray;
Employ then the little fingers—
Let the children learn the way.

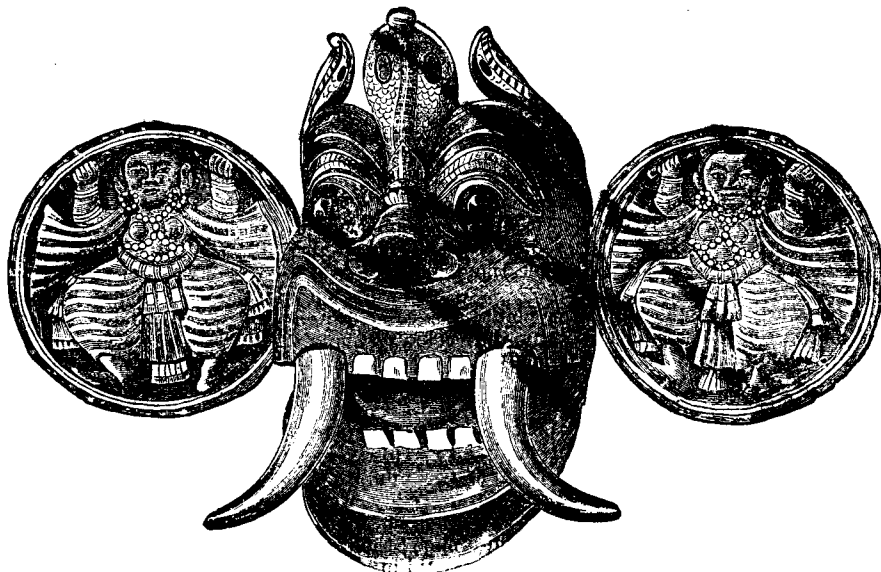
So the lights shall be quicker kindled,
And darkness the sooner shall flee;
Many "little ones" learn of the Saviour,
Both here and "far over the sea."

GOATS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

TOURING among the Alps one gets so many charming views of Swiss pastoral life. Here and there dotting the landscape are the summer chalets filled with quaintly dressed women and children. Further away are the goats grazing in



GOATS ON THE MOUNTAIN.



HINDU IDOL MASK.

small groups on the hillside or climbing dizzy heights with their sure-footed ease and dexterity. Nothing is prettier than to hear the tinkling of their tiny bells, or to watch them as they come pouring in from every direction in the evening by themselves, and always on time. Miss Havergal, writing from Bel Alp says: In the evenings we could hardly pay attention to anything but the goats; they came trooping down the rocks, generally gambolling, and most amusing in their ways. They are most inquisitive and very tame, always came up to look at us in the most comical way, and often let us pat and play with them. There were numbers of pretty little kids too.

SANDY BROOKS THE SHOE-BLACK.

BY B. V. CHISHOLM.

"He is only a shoe-black," said Dick Harlem, referring to one of the craft to whom his companion, Phil Garde, nodded familiarly.

"But he has such a pleasant face and is always so accommodating that one cannot help being interested in him," insisted Phil.

"I am not apt to become deeply interested in such grimy faces and black hands," retorted Dick.

"But he has such a white soul," replied Phil, growing enthusiastic in his defence of poor Sandy Brooks the shoe-black. "He takes such good care of the little cripple brother he is trying to support, and often goes hungry himself in order to carry home an orange or something dainty to little Carl."

"You take more trouble with such cases than I do, or you would not know so much about his circumstances," returned Dick carelessly.

"I want to see him prosper, and I know he will, for he does such good, honest work with his brush that he will soon work into a good custom," Phil said quietly. "He always does his very best, and that's the way to advertise one's work."

"The exact way," mused Mr. Brian, who, walking behind the boys, had heard all that passed between them. "I want to see boy with a white soul, and as

my shoes would not be the worse for a 'shine,' I'll walk back and interview the pleasant-faced boy who does such honest work."

He did so, and was so well pleased with the homely, smiling face and courteous manners of the little shoe-black, that he became a stated customer, and by recommending his work brought him much trade.

Sandy had a big heart, open to all unfortunates, and though his pocket-book was light, he often found ways of helping those in worse circumstances than himself. Mr. Brian agreed with Phil about his possessing a white soul, and finding him intelligent as well as honest and sunshiny, he asked him if he would not like to attend a night-school and try to prepare himself for something better and more remunerative than shining shoes.

"Indeed I would," exclaimed Sandy, "but I must take care of Carl; and then, who ever heard of a shoe-black rising to a place of eminence in the world?"

"Let me tell you the true story of a little boot-black who lived more than a hundred years ago," said Mr. Brian. "He lived in Oxford, and earned his bread by cleaning the boots of the students who attended the famous university there. He was very poor, but bright and industrious, and by his prompt, faithful work soon won the admiration of the students. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, the boy, whose name was George, accepted their proposal, and soon surprised his teachers by his rapid progress."

"A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students; "Keen as a brier," said another; "And with pluck enough to make a hero," added a third. But I cannot stop to tell of his patience. He went on step by step, just as the song goes—'One step and then another,' until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the Gospel to admiring thousands. That little boot-black became the renowned pulpit orator, the wonderful revivalist, George Whitefield. So, you see, the mere fact of being a shoe-black need not stand in your way of becoming an honoured and useful member of society."

"I would like to make something of myself—something better than a shoe-black," returned Sandy; "and although I have fallen behind

in my studies, I am determined to begin again, and if hard study can accomplish anything, I will not always be Sandy Brooks the shoe-black."—*The Morning Star.*

HOW SHE SAID GRACE.

A good many of us who have sat at graceless tables know how this child felt:

"A dear little niece of mine was invited to lunch with a friend. As the meal began, she waited quietly for the blessing to be asked. But the gay talking did not cease, and the waiter began to pass the cold chicken. She watched each one help himself, and saw no heads bowed in thankfulness. As the plate was passed to her, she noticed a wing—the part she liked best. She looked timidly at the hostess, and then, before helping herself, bowed her head and said softly and reverently, 'Thank you, Jesus, for my wing, anyway.'"

A TREETOP TRAGEDY.

I was sitting under a beautiful elm tree on the banks of the Niagara River a few days ago, drinking in the delicious air and enjoying the exquisite view, when my attention was attracted by a strange noise in the branches of the tree. Looking up I saw a bright little squirrel, apparently trying to open a conversation. He was looking down at me with his twinkling eyes, his pretty tail was waving gracefully behind him, and he was chattering so fast I could not understand a word of his gibberish. But he was so friendly I smiled and nodded at him. Suddenly he seemed to think he had made a mistake—I was not after all the person he thought me—and away he whirled like an arrow.

Who could help loving these happy little fellows? But they have their work and their troubles too. In our country they have not so many enemies as the squirrels of lands further south. In our picture we see the terrible robber that sometimes steals into their nests. What horror to look up and find such wicked eyes gleaming so close to your head and to feel the cold fangs about you, knowing that you have no weapon of defence! Poor little fellows! They must leave their pretty home with all its winter store of nuts and run, run away swift as the swallow flies, if they would save their lives.



A TREETOP TRAGEDY.

What Can You Give to Jesus.

"Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear his Word,
Two little feet to walk in his ways,
Two little hands to work all my days,
One little tongue to speak the truth,
One little heart devoted to thee all my youth.
Take them, Lord Jesus, let them be
Ever devoted unto thee."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1895.

MIKE.

BY H. W. FRENCH.

AWAY in old Ireland, where great cliffs rise high and straight out of the sea, lived my good friend Mike.

Many a time I met Mike while wandering about on those cliffs, or rowing, when the water was calm enough, down under the grim and awful ledges. He always had a bright smile and a wave of his hand, whether he was hooping in his poor tired-out potato field or gathering dillisk, a kind of sea-weed, which formed a good part of the food upon which he and his bed-ridden old mother kept life in their bodies. Yet in all the time that I knew him, and knew that he was my friend, I never knew more of him than that in this poor way he paid the rent of their miserable one-room hut and cared for that poor old mother.

We never exchanged a word, for Mike was deaf and dumb, but you would have known, to look at him, without hearing a word about the mother, that Mike was a true lad and an open-hearted friend to every one.

A time came when the potato crop failed and the pig died. Mike sold the chickens, which were all that was left, to pay the rent, and they lived on dillisk alone. I did not know anything about it at the time. I only knew that there was always the same smiling greeting from my mute friend.

The next year the failure of the crop was even worse than before, and Mike had nothing left to sell, and could not live on less than the sea-weed which he gathered himself, and water from the spring.

The poor old mother grew weaker and weaker, and when the time came when the rent was due and there was nothing to pay it with, the woman had hardly life enough left to realize it all.

The agent made Mike understand that he must either pay or be evicted, but Mike only opened his empty hands and shook his head; then he sat down by his mother's cot and gently smoothed her gray hair, and refused to try to understand anything more from the agent.

The owner of the property all along the cliffs wanted possession of the hut, as he proposed making changes there and erecting a summer-house for himself on the spot. So he was all the more pleased with

an opportunity to evict the tenant who could not pay rent.

He came himself with the agent and the officers, the day of the eviction, and brought his little girl.

Most of the neighbours were as badly off as Mike, and the poor old mother was carried upon a table for more than a mile to the new-out hut that could possibly give her shelter.

Mike carried one end of the table. He would have carried it all if he could, and they saw the great tears rolled down his brown cheeks all the way. Then he came back and went out to the very brink of the cliff behind the hut and sat down there all alone.

He could not have heard if any one had come to him with words of sympathy. He could not hear the waves busting on the sand below, coming nearer and nearer to the cliff. He could not hear shrill shrieks which rose from a little sheltered cove just down below him, which was always the last point to be covered by the incoming tide, but in his Sunday clothes he sat with his head between his knees, his red, wet eyes looking sadly enough out over the ocean.

Suddenly a boat came around the point, struggling in the waves, and Mike saw the landlord standing in the prow, making frantic gestures.

Instantly his eyes ran down the cliff, for he knew that just below him was the cove where one who did not know of it might be caught by the tide, and that to be caught there with such a sea coming in would be certain death.

To his horror then Mike saw the landlord's little daughter with the waves already reaching her. In an instant his eyes measured the distance to the boat. It could not possibly reach the cove in time, even if it was able to reach there at all without being dashed in pieces against the rocks.

Already the boatmen were holding back. They did not mean to venture there. It would have been folly.

Mike started to his feet. Did he remember that it was the landlord who, an hour before, evicted his dying mother? That it was the little daughter he had brought to watch the erection, and see where he was to build a beautiful house for her? I do not know, but I do know that Mike, poor, dumb Mike, had a real, true heart that was ready with joy or help or sympathy for those who needed it. I do know that in an instant Mike was over the brink of that sheer cliff, and that catching, clinging, clutching on the ragged edges of the rocks, he went down, down, down, till at last he could not reach another rough place, nor did he dare wait an instant to look for one, but throwing his body as far out from the ledge as possible, he let himself fall the last thirty feet.

Those in the boat saw it all, and then the waves covered him from their sight for a moment. Then next they saw him again leaping into the waves with the little girl upon his back. They pulled toward him with might and main as he swam for the boat, and soon the landlord's daughter was lifted out of the water, saved!

And Mike? I believe they tried to save him. Human beings could not well have helped it after his heroic act, but he had been injured by his fall. He died before they reached the shore. Poor fellow, it was almost providential, almost fortunate, after all, for his old mother died only a few minutes after he left her, and I am sure his heart would have broken had he returned to find her gone. It was better for him, I think, that he gave his life in one grand act of kindness to those who had injured him.

THEIR SECRET.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

MARGARET and Alice had a secret! An innocent secret; they didn't even tell mamma, which was something hitherto unknown.

"Not tell mamma!" Alice looked horrified, but Margaret was older and ought to know.

"Oh! you goose, mamma won't care. It isn't anything wrong. Of course we can't tell Teddy, and if we told mamma it wouldn't be any secret at all."

"Not to be a secret would spoil every-

thing!" Alice agreed to that. Next to dear mamma, the dearest object to these little maids was brother Theodore; Teddy for short. "Gift of God," his mother said in her sudden young widowhood, for the father died when baby was two weeks old.

Next Wednesday would be Teddy's third birthday. Weeks before, the girls began to consult about their birthday gift, and now they had made up their minds. There was mystery in the air. One day when Mrs. Johnson discreetly turned her back, Alice held Teddie, while Margaret measured the length of his feet, carefully tearing off the paper at the tip of the toe. To be sure it tore somewhat zigzag, but she said, "Now, Alice, remember, it's the longest corner that a right."

When they had permission to go out, they looked so wise that mamma smiled.

"Never mind," she thought, "I'll trust my little daughters."

"I'm pretty sure we've got money enough," said Margaret. "I have a dollar, and you have eighty cents. Won't he look 'cute' just like that little boy from the big house?"

The birthday came, and the precious present—a pair of the daintiest, dove-coloured shoes, tied with white silk cord.

Mrs. Johnson didn't say a word of disapproval, though it wasn't a rich home, and they couldn't afford to throw away the price of a pair of shoes.

"How very pretty, my dears; let's try them on."

Teddy was pleased, too. With some tugging, one fat foot was forced into a shoe; the other went harder.

"I'm afraid they are a little short." The girls looked dismayed.

"The man must have measured by the short corner," whispered Alice.

"But," Mrs. Johnson continued, "they can be exchanged for another pair." (How wise that mother was!) "Don't you think, as cold weather is coming, it might be better to get some nice boots to protect his ankles? Maybe next summer he can have some ties."

And before the girls had time to be disappointed, she went on, "I've thought of a beautiful plan, which will cover two little boys' feet instead of one. There's Mrs. Baker round the corner. Her Johnny is barefoot, though she works so hard. Teddy's outgrown boots would fit him. If Teddy has a new pair he won't need his old ones, and they're really getting too small for him. Don't my dear daughters think that is a good plan?"

Of course the dear daughters did. So the secret turned out well, and gave them also a sweet lesson in thoughtfulness for others outside their own lives.—*The Morning Star*.

EARTHQUAKE INCIDENTS.

A CONSTANTINOPLE correspondent of the New York Tribune says that it will probably never be known how many persons were killed in that city by the earthquake of last summer. The Turkish Government has a chronic hatred of facts, and the newspapers were forbidden to publish statistics of the earthquake. What are believed to be moderate estimates place the number of deaths at about one hundred and fifty, and the number of the wounded at about six hundred.

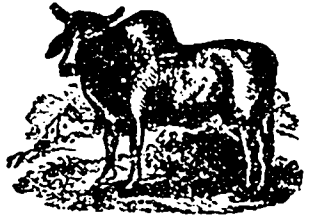
The correspondent cannot help praising the courage of the firemen stationed on watch at the top of a tower more than two hundred feet high. They stuck to their post, although the tower swayed like a flagstaff, and when the fires broke out, after the overthrow of dwellings, they gave the signals as usual.

Another case of a similar sort was that of a minaret builder, who had gone up to the top of a minaret to remove a conical cap which the first shocks had thrown askew. While he was there another shock occurred, and there was another panic in the streets. His assistants, who were in one of the galleries of the minaret, began to run downstairs, and the mosque servants below shouted to him to come down; but he stayed where he was. "If this is going to fail," he said, "it will fall before I can get out of it;" and he proceeded with his work.

Many wonderful escapes occurred. Two

men were walking together. A Turk met them, and, as is not unusual when a Turk meets foreigners, he pushed in between them, instead of turning to one side. At that instant a stone fell from the building above them and hit the Turk, who fell dead between the two horrified foreigners.

But the most marvellous escape was that of a boy three years old. He was running along the street at the base of the city wall just as one of the ancient towers was overthrown. When the dust cleared away he was discovered pinned to the ground by great stones lying on his skirts on each side of him, but himself quite unhurt.—*Youth's Companion*.



THE ZEBU OR BRAHMIN BULL.

The Zebus are a variety of the domesticated ox. They differ from our oxen in having a large fatty hump, and are very much smaller. Some of them stand only as high as a dog. They are found in India, China, Arabia, Persia and the east coast of Africa. Their ears are long, as shown in our cut, but sometimes they have no horns at all. Zebus are held sacred by the Hindus, who consider it a sin to kill them. They are allowed many privileges, but are compelled to work. They are strong enough to travel when harnessed to a carriage, thirty miles a day. The English residents in India pronounce the hump delicious eating. These animals are not allowed to be taken out of the country on account of their sacred character. Their hair is coarse and of a brownish colour. Their legs are short, somewhat like those of the Jersey.

SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY.

A SCOTTISH clergyman who died several years ago, used to tell us that he once lived seven years without a birthday, says a Pittsburg paper.

The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that if he had been born on the 20th of February he would have no birthday except in a leap year. But leap year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only. Their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who, in fact, was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion.

At the present time there can be but very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the 20th of February at least ninety-eight years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return; and, indeed, there are no doubt some readers who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly ten years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap year, and 1900 will not be. The February of 1892 had twenty-nine days; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three years between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight days.

DON'TS FOR DOGS.

Don't crawl into the easiest chair in the room, or lie on the softest pillow.

Don't come into the house with mud on your shoes—I mean feet.

Don't growl at people.

Don't cry and whine when somebody is giving you a bath, or combing your hair. It may not be pleasant, but it's good for you.

Don't try to get the biggest piece of anything to eat, or snatch it away from others. After all, don't you think these "Don'ts" would do just as well for little boys as for dogs?

Remember the Poor.

I've been watching from my window
And peeping from my door
At the throngs of little children—
The children of the poor,
I see their hungry faces,
Their rough and tangled hair,
And I wonder if they ever know
A loving mother's care.

I see their looks of sadness,
As the Christmas days come in
And the merry bells are ringing
For the pleasure to begin;
I know for them no table
With dainty food is spread,
And over them no Christmas-tree
Its happy light will shed.

Poor little ones, how pitiful,
How sad their lot must be!
How good that ours is different—
Glad, happy you and me!
We have our homes, our parents,
Our gifts and blessings rare;
And all these gathered round us
Without our thought or care.

I wonder if to-morrow,
From out our crowded store,
We cannot choose some treasure,
To scatter to the poor?
Some toy, or simple garment,
Our eyes might never miss,
Would yield their hours of comfort,
And fill their hearts with bliss.

Then hie away, dear children,
Search closet, box and bag;
Who starts the first will be the best—
And surely none will lag!
See who will find the largest store—
Not one thing will be lost—
Our blessed Lord said, long ago,
Who gives receives the most.

OLD MARTYN'S CHILDREN:

OR,

The House on the Hill.

By Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER VII.

ERNEST could hardly believe his ears that Tiny was to have a dress and he that had not a bit of clothes, and he stood staring at Mrs. Hampton in a bewildered way.

"Take them, Ernest," said she, kindly, "and if you'll only be a good boy to us you shall have more, and Tiny too. This vest is a little fringed along the edge, but it is good enough for every day, and I'll hunt up some for a better suit."

"Oh, Mrs. Hampton! I can't tell you how grateful I am," said Ernest, with thankful tears in his eyes, "indeed, I'll be a good boy. I'll gladly do anything you wish to show you how thankful I am."

Ernest took the clothes upstairs and found they fitted exactly. "Wan't it grand, though, to have a real flannel shirt on! He never remembered having a bit of flannel on before: how soft and woolly it felt."

"You see," said he to Mrs. Hampton, as he came downstairs to show her how well his clothes fitted, "Tiny and I can't get any clothes because father spends all the money in drink. I got ten dollars for working in the hay fields last summer, but father took every cent of it."

"That's too bad," said Mrs. Hampton, "you will never be apt to drink any yourself when you see how much misery it causes," and she sighed deeply.

"I know I shall not," said Ernest with decision, as he snatched the milk pail and started for the barn.

The cold, north wind blew searchingly around the straw stack, but he was so warmly clad that he did not mind it. "It is fine to go to milk old Brindle when a fellow has lots of warm clothes on," he said to himself. And not one of the little sparrows chattering to the shed was any happier than he.

"I tell you what," he said to himself, "a fellow don't always know when he is well off. I was thinking I'd got an awful hard place to work, and that I would just hate Mr. and Mrs. Hampton; I thought they were mean and hadn't any more feeling than old Brindle here. But I was much mistaken."

"A person can't always tell what kind of hearts people have just because they sometimes appear harsh. I'll never be in a hurry to judge people again. Well, go along, old Brindle, I'll see you again in the morning," and giving the cow a friendly slap, he carried the pail full of milk to the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Hampton had a long, serious talk with their wayward boy. They told him that such actions must not be repeated.

He would make no promises; he was sullen and obstinate.

Mr. Hampton told him that he could not have any more money to spend. Whenever he needed anything they would purchase it for him, but they dare not trust him with money, lest he should spend it in drink.

Boy listened in sullen silence, and resolved that if he could not get money in one way he could in another—and not by working for it, either.

During the course of the day the minister called; having heard of Roy's waywardness he felt it his duty to speak a word of warning. He talked in a mild way to Roy about the folly of sowing wild oats, etc., and his words had about as much effect as pouring water on a duck's back if you will allow me to use that homely expression.

Ernest got out the minister's horse for him, and his heart beat high with hope, for he felt sure that he would now find out what he and Tiny so longed to know.

But the minister only said, "Thank you, my boy; I hope you will grow up to be a noble, Christian man," and jump up into his cutter, he drove quickly away.

"That's just what I want to do," said Ernest, gazing after the retreating form of the minister, "and I was in hopes you'd tell me how, but it seems you are not the one to

CHAPTER VIII

TINY was very busy that Saturday morning before she went to the house on the hill. She had her work to do up before she could go. Then she washed herself and neatly combed her fair hair.

Alas! she had no other dress to put on; she must wear the same one she had worn all winter, and that was very much faded and patched. Her shawl was thin and old, and she had nothing to wear on her head but an old scarf.

Mrs. Hampton looked at the little girl for a moment, and then with sudden tenderness she drew her to her bosom and kissed her. Her blue eyes and fair hair reminded her of a little girl she once had of her own, but the angels had taken her home.

I cannot tell you how busy Mrs. Hampton and Sally Ann were all that day measuring, cutting and fitting. They got two comfortable, every day dresses out of the flannel.

Then Mrs. Hampton went upstairs, and when she returned she had a large roll of clothing under her arm, while traces of tears were plainly seen on her face.

"These are my lost Edie's clothes," said she, "she was just about your size when she died. I did think I could never bear to give them to any one, but when I saw how much you need them, I changed my mind. Edie will never need them any more, and it seems wrong for me to keep them when they will do you so much good."



SCHOOL'S OUT.

help a fellow," and with a discouraged sigh he picked up his axe and went to the wood-pile.

Ernest got permission that night to run down and see Tiny a few minutes to tell her to come up on Saturday.

When he entered the door he looked so different with his new clothes on that Tiny uttered a little cry of fear, thinking it was some stranger, but the next moment she gave a shout of joy, as she said, "Oh, Ernest, where did you get those clothes? You don't know how fine you look!"

"Mrs. Hampton gave them to me, and she said if you would come up there on Saturday she would fix you up a dress out of some flannel she has. Isn't she kind, though?"

"Well I should say so. But I thought you said they were cross, and it was a hard place to work."

"Well, I was very much mistaken. I tell you what, Tiny, I've found out that it doesn't do to judge people harshly until you know them long and well. Mr. and Mrs. Hampton did seem cross at first, but they are so thankful because I found Roy and saved him from being frozen to death that night that they are ready to do anything for me now. So that shows that they have kind hearts underneath it all."

"Well, we are ahead of father this time, that's sure; he can't take these clothes to buy whiskey with, for the hotel keeper won't take anything but money," said Tiny, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"But do you know," said Ernest gravely, "in large cities they actually sell clothing for liquor? They have a place called the pawnshop where they take clothing and sell it, and then they spend the money for liquor."

"Oh, that's dreadful!" said Tiny; "I'm glad there are no pawnshops in our town, or rather would be sure to take our clothing, wouldn't he?"

"I'm afraid he would," said Ernest.

"I thank you very much," said Tiny, in a choked voice, "and I do wish your little girl had lived to wear all these beautiful things. I would rather wear my old clothes and have her here to wear these."

"You are a good, unselfish little girl," said Mrs. Hampton, "I could not bear to give these things to any little girl who would not take care of them, but you are such a womanly little woman I know you will."

"Indeed I will," said Tiny. "I can go to church and Sunday school. Oh, how much I have longed to go!"

The clothes were rolled up in a bundle for Tiny, one of the dresses, the hood and cloak were put on her; she was ready to go, but there was evidently something she wished to say, for she stood with her hand on the door-latch looking down in confused silence.

"What is it, Tiny? Is there something you wish to say?" asked Mrs. Hampton kindly.

"If you please, Mrs. Hampton, will you tell me what a person has to do to be always ready?"

"Ready for what?" asked Mrs. Hampton in surprise.

"Why, ready to go," said Tiny gravely.

"To go where, dear? I don't understand you," said she.

"Why," said Tiny, "we must die some time, and Ernest and I are wondering what we ought to do to be always ready, because we might not have the time to prepare just at the last moment," and Tiny lifted her innocent blue eyes very earnestly to Mrs. Hampton's.

Then when Mrs. Hampton fully comprehended her meaning she looked down in confusion as she slowly said, "I don't know, Tiny; I'm not ready; I haven't thought as much about these things as I should."

Tiny opened her eyes wide in wonder as she said, "Why, I thought sure you'd be ready, for your little girl is in heaven, and I

shouldn't think you'd want to miss meeting her for anything."

Mrs. Hampton's tears fell fast as she replied in a choked voice. "I do want to meet her, but I'm not ready to, and I don't know why I have put it off so long."

Tiny did not know what to say to comfort her, so she stole softly out, and walked gravely down the path.

Ernest was in the wood-shed cutting wood, and he put his head out and shouted, and Tiny walked quickly to him, delighted to see her brother for a few moments.

"How kind of Mrs. Hampton to give you those clothes," said Ernest.

"Yes," said Tiny; "they belonged to her little girl that died, and I do you know," said she, lowering her voice to a whisper, "she says she isn't ready to meet her!"

"Neither is Mr. Hampton," said Ernest. "I asked him to-day what a fellow had to do to be always ready and he said he didn't know, but he thought it was about time for him to think about it."

"Well," said Tiny, "we both have decent clothes now, and we can go to church and Sunday-school; perhaps we can find out the way there."

Tiny walked home with a very thankful heart for the many blessings that had suddenly come to her.

The next day was the Sabbath. Tiny put on her comfortable clothing and attended Sunday-school.

After the school was dismissed she still lingered, and the teacher turned to her and kindly inquired, "What can I do for you, my little girl?"

"You said when you were teaching the class that Jesus would save us if we would only come to him; will you please tell me how to come?" said Tiny.

With thankful tears in her eyes the lady said, "You have nothing to do, my dear; Jesus died that we might live; as soon as we accept his salvation he stands in our place between God and our sins. Let us kneel right here, dear, and ask Jesus to take your heart and save you," and they knelt down, and when Tiny arose her face glowed with happiness and peace.

Down in the entry she met Ernest, and they walked down the street together.

"I have found the way!" said Tiny, exultantly.

"So have I," said Ernest, in a glad, satisfied tone, "the teacher made it so plain that I couldn't help but understand."

When Tiny reached home she found her father there, and sober, for a wonder.

"Who gave you all those clothes?" asked he.

Tiny explained, and then he said, "Other people clothing my children, while I waste my money in drink! That will never do, Tiny, I shall never drink another drop."

"Let us kneel and ask Jesus to help you," said Tiny.

And together they knelt.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL'S OUT.

Yes, school's out at last, and it is high time; for the daylight is almost gone, and the snow is deep. It has been snowing all day, and there is more snow coming.

The children will have a hard walk home. Never mind. They are tough, and full of fun. Let the first class start first, and let Edith take a lantern and lead the way. Now they are all right.

Off they go. The snow is above their ankles. It is up to their knees. No matter. They follow Edith, one after another, and she pilots them bravely.

Next to her comes Fred, holding fast to his slate. Hans follows, with his hands on Fred's shoulders. Then come Fritz and Otto—having a little snow fight by the way, in which Otto is getting the worst of it.

Carl and Oscar bring up the rear, and are rolling a snowball along with them, which is getting bigger and bigger all the time.

Now the second class, with Emma at their head, are out too. They have sent a snowball to let Edith know that they are coming. It is hard work for some of the little ones, but they all keep moving.

So with shouts and laughter, all the children make their way home, where, of course their careful mothers will fit them out with dry stockings.

Anybody may see from the picture that these are German children, and that the scene is laid in Germany. But something very like it may often be seen in almost any Canadian village.



THE CRIPPLED LAMB.

A LITTLE crippled boy, ten years old, could only use one of his legs; and as he could not run about with the other children, his mother used to amuse him by reading to him. She used to read to him the twenty third Psalm, and told him that Jesus was that Shepherd, and read to him what Jesus said about it in John's gospel, and told him about the sheepfold, where the shepherd carried the lambs to keep them from freezing on winter nights, and to protect them from the danger of dogs and wolves. Then he asked his mother: "Where was Jesus' sheepfold?"

She told him the Church, and who were Jesus' lambs, and how, standing at the door, he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Then she told him the story about Jesus and Peter at the Sea of Galilee, and how Jesus said to Peter: "Feed my lambs."

Then said he: "Ma, why can I not go unto the Church, Christ's sheepfold? I am sick and crippled; surely he wants me, and you said he cared most for the sick and weak."

"Oh!" she said; "my son, you are too young yet; when you get to be fifteen you shall go to the communion."

He felt disappointed, and said: "Ma, why did you tell me about this when I am too young, and make me love Jesus so much that I want to be one of his lambs in his sheepfold, and then tell me I can't?" So at night he asked his father about it, and told him all about what his mother had been telling him.

His father said: "It is all right, my son. Wait six months and see if you can be a better boy, and live up to your profession."

On the next Sunday afternoon his father was hauling him out in his little waggon to refresh him, for he looked unusually pale and pensive, and in the field they saw a flock of sheep, which ran away of fright, leaving a little lamb white as snow bleating most piteously, and struggling to get after its mother, but could not walk. The father pulled up the waggon by it, so they could see what ailed it; and taking it up, they found that one of its legs had been broken, the sight of which greatly affected the cripple. He wept when he looked at it, and when his father asked him why he was troubled he said: "Oh! the poor lamb is just like me: It can't go and play with the other lambs; its mother leaves it, and it can't go after her; and she can't put it in the fold where it will be warm and safe, and it can't go itself."

The father's heart was touched, but still he did not see the trouble in that little heart, so he said: "You sit here, and I will go and carry the lamb to its mother; and if

she won't let me come up to her, I will put it carefully in the fold, where she can find it.

The little cripple, looking upon his father with his large eyes lustrous with tears, said "No, father, no; let's leave it, wait six months, and see if it lives or not; and if it is not a cripple then we can put it with its mother in the fold."

The stupid father at last got his eyes open, and his heart too, and replied: "I will put the lamb with its mother in the fold, where it ought to be, and you may join the Church too if you wish."

The little fellow did not join the Church on earth, for in a few days he was taken sick, and after a few hours' suffering, in which he was out of his mind, he came to consciousness, called his parents, and recalled the last Sabbath's ride and the crippled lamb and said "Papa, you carried it to its mother in the fold; that was kind, papa, and now Jesus has come to take your poor crippled lamb up to his fold."

And in a few hours the crippled lamb was in the Saviour's bosom.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

A. D. 28.] LESSON V. [Feb. 2

THE POWER OF JESUS.

Luko 5. 17-26. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins.—Luko 5. 24.

TIME.—Summer, A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.

After his sermon and rejection in Nazareth, Jesus went to Capernaum. The miracles he wrought there between last lesson and that of to-day were the miraculous draught of fishes, healing a demoniac, Peter's wife's mother, a leper, and many other sick people. After the draught of fishes he called four disciples, Simon, Andrew, James, and John. His fame spread so that after healing the leper he retired for a time into the desert. Closely following his return to Capernaum came the healing of the paralytic. It is supposed about three months passed between the event of last lesson and that of to-day's.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday—Read the lesson (Luko 5. 17-26). Answer the questions. Tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday—Read what a great Physician could do (Mark 1. 23-34). Fix in your mind time, place, connecting links.

Wednesday—Read a story of forgiveness (Luko 7. 36-50). Learn Golden Text.

Thursday—Read why we are forgiven through Christ (Acts 13. 26-39). Learn the memory verses.

Friday—Read how we may know that we are forgiven (1 John 2. 1-12).

Saturday—Read Psalm 130. Study teachings of the lesson.

Sunday—Read of the joy of a forgiven man (Psalm 32).

QUESTIONS.

1. Power, v. 17-21.

Why were the Pharisees there?
How was the power of the Lord present?
What kind of disease was palsy?
Why could they not go in by the door?
How did they reach the roof?
Why did they break through the roof?
Whose faith did Jesus see?
What caused his sickness?

Why did Jesus forgive his sins first?

What is meant by blasphemy?

Can you forgive the wrong you have done to another?

2. Grace, v. 22-26.

Does Jesus know our thoughts?

What power had Jesus?

How was the sick man's faith tested?

Was the cure complete?

What kind was his bed?

Why did he praise God?

Did the Pharisees join in giving glory to God?

Do we give him glory because he has forgiven us?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where Christ is there is power to heal. We may bring our friends to Christ by prayer.

Difficulties are things to be overcome. Our first and greatest need is forgiveness of sin. When saved we will praise God, lead new lives, and not be a burden to others.

ANDY, THE HERD BOY.

ANDY lived with a farmer who owned large flocks of sheep. It was Andy's work to take charge of these flocks—to see that they did not wander into the woods, that they were led to the best pastures every morning, that they were carefully placed in the fold at night, and that they were always supplied with plenty of water. Sometimes Andy went around amongst his sheep sprinkling handfuls of salt on the ground for them.

You may think that this was a good deal for a boy to do, but the truth is that Andy had so much spare time that he grew lazy. One day he was lying under a tree, half asleep, when he noticed that a weak little lamb was wandering along a dangerous ledge of the river bank. It was a considerable distance away and he did not feel like stirring. A man was coming down the road in the direction of the river, so he called out, "Will you drive that lamb away from the edge of the river, sir?" The man went on down the road answering roughly, "All right." But Andy knew that the man would likely only call to the lamb, as he would have to go out of his way a little to drive it back. He watched to see what would happen. The man passed without doing anything. Then Andy saw the lamb's mother come up to it.

"Oh! I needn't bother now," he said. "Its mother can look after it." Andy's rule was to always let some one else do his work if he could. Only the day before Miss Grace, at the farm-house, had reported for his benefit,

"I told Hezekiah to tell Widow Gray to tell Mother Brown, next door, to tell Dickie Dwight, who goes that way, to tell Deacon Barnes, at the store, to tell the old stage-driver, Timothy Bean, to come for me, sure, and in season; but I've waited all day, and no stage have I seen, New what do you think is the reason?"

The thought of these lines made him look over in the direction he had last seen the lamb. It had disappeared. Then Andy jumped up and ran over to the river where he found the poor little lamb lying cold and helpless in the water. As it was early in the spring and the water was very cold Andy knew that this weak little lamb would suffer from the shock. He had to carry it to the farm house, where he wrapped it in a piece of blanket and fed it warm milk. When his work as a doctor was over and he was returning to his flock Andy made a resolution. He made up his mind that from that day he would attend to his own work himself, and that he would do it at the right time. He turned a somersault and called out for the benefit of a couple of busy butterflies flitting before him, "It don't pay to be lazy."

LAKE SUPERIOR is in danger of losing its distinction of being the largest fresh-water lake in the world. African explorers begin to think Lake Victoria Nyanza is larger.



ANDY, THE HERD BOY.

Comfort One Another.

Comfort one another:

There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above;
Ransomed saint and mighty angel
Lift the grand, deep-voiced svangel,
Where forever they are praising the eternal
Lova.

Comfort one another:

By the hope of Him who sought us
In our peril—him who bought us,
Paying with his precious blood;
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that will not falter,
Leaning on the one divinely good.

Comfort one another:

Let the grave-gloom lie beyond you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb:
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush to teardrop starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his
people room.—The Independent.

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