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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1897.

No. 4.

Languages.

Greek's a harp we love to hear,
Latin is a trumpet clear;
Spanish like an organ swells;
Italian rings its bridal bells;
France, with many a frolic mien,
Tunes her sprightly violin;
Loud the German rolls his drum,
When Russia's clashing cymbals come;
But Britain's sons may well rejoice,
For English is the human voice.
These, with eastern basses far,
Form the world's great orchestra.

Japanese children love also the sport of kite-flying. They make kites with strips of bamboo on which is fastened the paper of very tough texture, common in Japan. Some kites are of huge size and can be raised many hundred yards. Veritable swarms of them may often be seen flying above villages. The children attach to them little devices that under the influence of the wind give out a most curious musical humming sound.

The Japanese child is neither rough nor brutal. He is full of life and spirits, nothing more. He spends his money for fruit and candy like other children and takes his pleasure in a more rational way than the American child, being both less strong and less combative.

offices a certain number of Japanese children as clerks or errand-boys. It is said that all little Japanese, especially these messenger boys, have a special talent for whistling. They even whistle European tunes!

We should say, in closing, that in Japan people love children so much that when they have none of their own, they adopt one, and if a Japanese thinks he is too poor to support his child, he hastens to get it adopted by some rich family, which he always succeeds in doing.

ABOUT FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

Germany sends more of her children to school than any other nation. Par-

one o'clock. The pupils return in the afternoon, and are taught singing, sewing, drawing, etc. The school year begins in October, and lasts until September, there being one month of summer vacation.

The rules governing school children in Russia are applied not only when they are at school, but when on the street or even at home. It is a serious violation of the law for a child to appear on the street without all his buttons buttoned. Schoolboys must salute teachers and officials of the State with a white bow, at the same time removing their hats.

Switzerland has many strange customs regarding public schools. Great care is taken in that country to teach the laws of health and cleanliness. In some places bath-rooms are built in connection with the schools, and in these pupils are taught the chemical effects of soap and water. Some cities have introduced instruction in swimming, skating and open air games as parts of the school courses. In many places the Government furnishes warm dinners and clothes to poor school children. Oftentimes, when they come from long distances in the rain, dry garments are kept in the schools, in order that they may have a change.

It is said that illiteracy is almost unknown in Sweden. All children are expected to be in school between the ages of 7 and 14, which rule is strictly enforced after the ninth year. Women in that country are allowed to belong to the school boards. Swedish boys and girls have to attend school only thirty-six weeks in each year, leaving almost four months of holiday. School is held every day in the week, but Saturday is reserved for manual training. An original manual training system now gaining headway in the Swedish schools promises to become popular in many progressive countries. This is known as "Slojd," which is a combination of manual training and Delsarte. It is for the most part modelling in wood, sewing and doing other practical work, the positions of the body assumed while thus employed uniting in a measure with gymnastics. Girls are taught knitting, sewing, darning, pattern drawing and cutting and dressmaking, all the movements of which work are so arranged as to develop certain necessary muscles.

The excellent public school system of far-off Japan to a great extent tells the tale of the recent rapid rise of that nation to a high plane of enlightenment. The pupils of this Empire are taught according to the combined principles of the French and American systems, with some original additions. In the higher schools girls are taught such subjects as "mode of preserving flowers, mode of burning incense, mode of folding papers, sitting etiquette, etiquette in tea party, standing etiquette," and, in addition, under the heading, "household management," they get "hygienic training of children, nursing of patients, attention to furniture, garments, washing, hair dressing, income and expenditure and employing servants." Where is there to be found a better course for "the new woman?"

For vacations, the young Britisher, like the German youngster, gets only his week at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, and three weeks only in summer, commencing with the first Monday in

JAPAN THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

Truly Japan is a children's paradise! Nowhere are there more of them; nowhere are they better loved. The sweetest sentiment of Japan is filial love, and parents who love their children passionately are amply recompensed for this affection by the care and respect with which they are surrounded later in life, when they have reached old age.

It is a charming spectacle to see the children in Yokohama, when they go, at the beginning of springtime, to look for shells at low tide. They come in groups from all parts of the city, carrying with them baskets and boxes hanging from their backs.

Having disrobed, they run joyously over the beach, prattling and crying out with glee, devoting all their energies to the search, while the heads of sleeping babies are balanced, funnily on the hips of older brothers or sisters.

Japanese children are never bashful or sullen. They look you straight in the face, never draw back if you call them to you, and although intimidated by the familiarity of strangers, they smile at you if you show them a friendly face. And curiously enough you can draw a crowd of them immediately if you seem interested in some invisible object. Thus a passer-by in Europe who looks into the air will soon see a crowd gather about him. In Japan this crowd is one of children.

The custom of shaving their heads is disappearing. You know in what manner this is done. Only a little lock of hair is left just at the top of the head, and sometimes also a tuft at the neck.

Two days in the year are exclusively devoted to children. At Tokyo, Kyoto, Yokohama, and in all the cities of Japan there is a day when the shops are full of toys, little models of persons or things, or even figures of the entire Japanese court in miniature. This is on the great holiday for little girls.

At this time, large and small are dressed in garments of all colours and affect the most extraordinary head-dresses. The mothers are very proud of these toilets.

The corresponding boys' holiday falls on May 5. Then they are seen scattered everywhere about the country. At each house is raised a bamboo mast from which hang, blown about by the wind, strings of paper fishes. These represent carp, and are symbols of energy and constancy. For as the carp can ascend streams against the strongest currents, just so a studious child can, in following the difficult current of life, acquire fortune and renown.

There are as many of these paper fish at each house as there are children in it, so that at some houses as many as a dozen fish may be counted on the masts.

But the child that attracts most attention is the child of the sampans (boats). Each sampan is generally navigated with the aid of two heavy sweeps, managed by two children, of whom the youngest is often not more than eight or ten years old. Under the eyes of parent or patron the young boatmen give proof of incomparable address and agility. They live on board the boat, eating and sleeping there, and so are trained to be excellent sailors for the Japanese navy. Foreign firms also employ in their

ents are required to send to school every boy or girl between the ages of 6 and 14. A peculiarity of the system is that the parent, on sending his son to primary school, must decide whether he is to go through the classical, scientific, or business high school. There are ten times as many men as women teaching school in Germany.

In France public schools are provided for babies two years old. In this Republic, as in Germany, school begins daily at eight o'clock, and lets out about



VOICES of the BELLS

What says the bell on a Sunday morn,
As to our ears by the wind 'tis borne?
It echoes all over hill and plain,
Always the same monotonous strain,
"To prayer! To prayer!"

What says the bell, as over the sea
'Tis wafted by breezes wild and free?
Fitful but deep the ominous knell
Comes from the buoy on the rock to tell,
"Beware! Beware!"

What says the bell, as all alone
We suddenly hear its mournful tone?
Sudden and clear, and far between,
It says to the heart in accents keen,
"Prepare! Prepare!"

What if unheard the bell should be,
The mariner sinks in the boiling sea;
A soul is lost that might have been won;
A hardened sinner goes wandering on,
"Take care! Take care!"

August. In London, school opens at 9 o'clock, adjourns for lunch at noon, and holds another session in the afternoon from 2 until 4.30 o'clock. And woe to the English boy who plays truant. If, after a certain number of warnings, he fails to make a satisfactory record by attendance at school, he is arrested by an officer and brought before a magistrate, who sentences him to imprisonment in the "truant school." The average length of his confinement is ninety-five days.—School Journal.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1897.

TRYING TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

Josie was spending the summer at her grandfather's. During the previous winter a number of her schoolmates had united with the church. Her grandfather, knowing how much interested she had been at that time, asked her one day if she had given her heart to Christ.

When she replied, "I am trying to be a Christian," she was quite surprised and a little hurt to hear him exclaim:

"Trying to be a Christian? Why do you try? Christ has done all that is necessary: there is nothing left for you to do but to trust him."

The more Josie thought of his words the more clear his meaning became to her. She had supposed that Christians never did wroug, and that until she learned to do just right, always, she could not be a Christian. She found that she had been trying, by her own good deeds, to earn salvation, instead of accepting it as a free gift.

So Josie gave up trying to make herself a Christian, and asked Jesus to forgive her sins, and take her as his own child; and then she tried harder than ever to do right because she belonged to Christ and loved him.

FIDDLER CRABS.

Would some of you like to hear on an afternoon stroll we took at low-tide one day along the Cape Cod beach? Mamma and auntie and I set out hoping to pick up scallop-shells on the sand. We did find some beauties, of all sizes and sorts, and since then have sent them off in a box by express to Boston, to the sick children in a hospital, feeling sure they would like to amuse themselves with these pretty shells that came from the Cape Cod shores.

The oddest thing we saw that afternoon on our walk along the beach was a multitude of round holes in the wet sand, as big as though the point of a man's cane had made them. These holes were as close together as the fingers of your hand, when spread out. Can you guess what made them? We watched, and soon we saw dozens of little brown fiddler-crabs scuttling sideways over the beach, and the moment we came near them they would run for the nearest hole and disappear. So this was what the holes meant. At high-tide, when the beach is covered by the waves, these "fiddlers" go down their holes and stay till the next low tide. They make fresh holes to come out by, casting up little round balls of wet sand as they come, so that all around the holes you see little

heaps of sand thrown up by these busy workers.

You would be amused to examine closely a fiddler-crab. When a crab walks, its head is always at the side, not in front, which looks queer enough. The father crabs have one big white claw at one side of the body, and with this they defend themselves if attacked, and they also catch their food by means of it. If they see you coming near, they raise this claw and open its jaws like a pair of shears. I caught one of them, picking it up quickly from the sand, and when we gave him a chance he would nip our fingers; but it did not hurt much, and when we dropped him off he scuttled into one of the sand-holes. There were miles of baby-fiddlers, and mother-ones too, without the long white claw. The beach was covered with the curious tracks left by them as they wandered over it at low-tide, looking for their food.

When we had finished our stroll we came home, thinking how many strange and wonderful things God our Father has made, and how he has taken care to give to each creature just what it needs.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

One of the most notable characteristics of all life, vegetable and animal, is the faculty that apparently almost every species has of protecting itself from its various enemies and the dangers which threaten it on account of its own delicate and complicated organism. By way of illustration, two instances may be cited. The Venus fly-trap, an insect-eating plant, is most exquisitely sensitive to a momentary touch, and the hapless insect that brushes against a filament of its steel-trap-like leaves is instantly ensnared and slowly devoured. Yet these leaves are altogether indifferent to rain and wind, and if accidentally closed by a bit of sand or other inorganic matter soon reopen with but slight inconvenience. A species of grouse, commonly known as a cock of the plains, is feathered in colours so like the lichens, stalks of wild sage, dried leaves, bunch-grass and dead twigs scattered over the sandy wastes that it inhabits, that it is almost impossible to make them out to be birds when they crouch on the ground. Although they have no shelter or other protection, this coloration quite compensates, deceiving even the sharp-eyed eagles and falcons that ever soar above the plains looking for something on which to pounce.

EARS IN QUEER PLACES.

Simply because our ears are on the sides of our heads it does not signify that the hearing apparatus of other creatures may not be located in different places, widely separated from those with which we usually associate the organs of hearing. The grasshoppers and crickets, for illustration, have their ears, or, more properly, auricular openings, situated in the leg at a spot about half way between the "ankle" and the "knee."

Examine a specimen of either of the insects mentioned, using a microscope for that purpose, and you will find that there is a bright, shiny spot, oval in form, on the tibia of each fore leg. For many years the naturalists were of the opinion that the spots in question were in some manner connected with the unharmonious music box which such insects always carry about with them.

This opinion was almost universal until within the last few years, when the opinion has been confirmed that these spots are in reality the ears of the insects.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

MOZART THE PRODIGY.

In one of the peaceful arts, we have the astonishing example of the Austrian musician and composer, Mozart. This lad was what we call a prodigy. He was the son of the bandmaster to the archbishop of the city of Salzburg. At four years of age—and you will admit that is truly young—he played the violin with the greatest ease, with an expression really wonderful. He also composed those old-fashioned dances, so quaint and sweet, called minuetts, besides other simple pieces. At seven, he made a tour of Europe, giving concerts, playing before kings and queens, and surprising the whole musical world. Then, when he was about twelve, he began to write operas, and so original and delightful were these that he may be said to have founded a school or manner of writing musical compositions of a dramatic nature. After having done the work of two lifetimes, he died at the early age of thirty-nine.—"Old Heads on Young Shoulders," by Arthur Hoebner, in June St. Nicholas.

BOYS AND GREAT INVENTIONS.

The most inveterate grumblers at the restless energy of childhood cannot deny that it is sometimes productive of good. Without it there might, and probably would, have come a time when the genius of man would have invented the telescope, but it is certain that the time came a little sooner as a result of the restless movements of children.

As these particular young folk were the children of a Dutch spectacle-maker, it was not to be wondered at that the glasses their father used in his workshop should fall within reach of their investigating fingers. One day they carried them to the door of the shop, and amused themselves by viewing outside objects through their medium; and now came in the particular benefit to the world of the restlessness of childhood.

Looking through the glasses in the ordinary way soon became too tame for the children, and they proceeded to vary the performance. They put two glasses together, and eagerly peered through this new arrangement to see the effect upon the landscape. It was more startling than they had anticipated. The weathercock on the church-steeple had certainly undergone a change. It had suddenly advanced to meet them, and appeared within a short distance of their eyes.

Puzzled at this unlooked-for result of their experiment, the children called their father to see the strange sight, and were triumphant to find that his surprise was as great as their own.

But the old spectacle-maker was of a scientific turn of mind, and as he went back to his work his thoughts were busy with the strange result of the children's antics. He saw in the combination the possibility of making a scientific toy that should please those who had ceased to be children. When this toy, which was said to make distant objects appear close at hand, was described to Galileo, he at once perceived its value to one who desired to study the heavens. He set himself to work out the idea, and the telescope was the result.

The comfortable and convenient lamp-chimney of every-day use is also to be attributed to a boy's restlessness. Argand, a native of Switzerland, and a poor man, invented a lamp the wick of which was fitted into a hollow cylinder, that allowed a current of air to supply oxygen to the interior as well as the exterior of the circular flame.

The lamp was a success, but its inventor had never thought of adding a glass chimney, and probably never would have thought of it, had not his little brother been playing in his workroom while Argand was engaged with the burning lamp. The boy had gained possession of an old bottomless flask, and was amusing himself by putting it over various small articles in the room. Suddenly he placed it over the top of the lamp, and the flame instantly responded by shooting with increased brilliancy up the narrow neck of the flask.

Argand's ready brain at once caught the idea, and his lamp was perfected by the addition of a glass chimney.

A TREE TALK.

What a wonderful thing a tree is! A live thing—a useful thing—a beautiful thing—and so common that we scarcely think of it as a wonder at all.

Think of the great families of trees—the maple, the beech, the birch, the hemlock, the spruce, the oak—and so on and on. So many alike, and yet each one different! What a world of wonders!

In the human family there are oddities, you know, and so in the tree family.

There is the whistling tree, for instance. It grows in the West India Islands. It bears pods with open edges, and the wind passing through them makes the whistling sound which gives the tree its name.

Then there is the cow tree, which yields a delicious creamy milk. This tree grows in South America, and often looks like a dead tree, but if it is tapped the milk will flow out freely. Sunrise is "milking-time," when the natives come with their jugs, and fill them with the sweet, nourishing fluid.

Now, if only the bread-fruit tree grew near the cow tree, what a land that would be for little lovers of bread and milk! But this tree is found in the South Sea Islands. The fruit, looking like round balls, about as big as a baby's head, is baked just as we bake bread, and comes out looking and tasting like sweet, new bread.

There is a sneeze wood tree, a native of South Africa, which cannot be cut or sawn without causing violent sneezing.

Then, in India, there is the sorrowful tree, which blossoms only in the night; in Central America, the hand tree, which

has flowers shaped like a hand, with the fingers spread out; the grease tree, in China, from which beautiful candies are made; and in our own country the tooth-ache tree, so named because the bark is a cure for toothache.

These are by no means the only strange individuals in the great family of trees. What a pleasant study it would be to search them all out!

A PLAN WORTH TRYING.

"I must go and have something to warm me up," said one workman to another.

"How much will it cost you?" asked the other.

"Ten cents," was the reply.
"How long will that keep you warm?"
"Oh! for a little while, anyway. It's bitter cold."

"Then what will you do?"
"Take another."
"And will it warm any one else besides yourself?"

"Of course not. Why?"
"Go ahead, then, and warm up in your way, though I wish you'd tell me why a drunken man always freezes to death when a sober man lives. I'll try my way of warming up."

"What's that?"
"Why, a bushel of coal costs ten cents, and my wife and children can warm up with me, while our supper is cooking. I can keep warm enough now working."

"So can I, and I believe I'll try your plan once, Bob," concluded the first speaker.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JANUARY 31, 1897.

The lad with the loaves and fishes.—
John 6. 1-12.

THE PLACE.

"The Sea of Galilee." This celebrated sea is also called the Sea of Gennesaret and the Sea of Tiberias. In the Old Testament it is called the Sea of Chinnereth. It would be well to remember these names, as you will then better understand what you may in future read respecting this celebrated inland sea, or, as we would say, lake.

THE EXCITEMENT.

Jesus had now become popular, and never lacked for a congregation. Wherever he went the people flocked to hear him. The reason was because they saw him perform so many notable miracles, such as healing the sick, etc. They were not to blame for acting in this manner, for they had never seen such wonderful occurrences before.

THE INQUIRY.

Verse 5. This was natural. There was a great company of people; many of them were far from home, and the occasion was quite sufficient to occasion anxiety. Jesus knew what he intended to do, but he asked the question to try their faith. Read verse 7. Philip speaks about "two hundred pennyworth." The Roman penny which was then in use was equal to about fifteen cents of our money. Multiply this by 200, and then you have the number of dollars, about \$30.

ANDREW'S STATEMENT.

Verses 8 and 9. Five barley loaves and two small fishes were not a liberal supply for five thousand men, besides women and children. This is stated in the lesson, verse 10, and also in Matthew 14. 21. Contrasting the multitude to be fed with the supply of food excites our astonishment, for there is not the least similarity between them.

THE SAVIOUR'S COMMAND.

Verse 10. What an object lesson is now presented to our notice! The crowd is now seated. What a fine picnic this would be, and how suitable for a painter to depict on his canvas.

Observe how the Saviour acted, verse 11. He gave thanks. Do you always give thanks for the food you eat? Mark you, he does not give the people the food, but he commands the disciples to do this. He does not do for people what they can do for themselves. No doubt the people thankfully partook of what was given them.

RESULT.

The people were satisfied, but no doubt both they and the disciples were filled with surprise that there were twelve baskets full of fragments still remaining. The provision multiplied as it was needed. Here we see the Godhead of Christ. He is the Lord of the universe, hence he creates as the necessity requires. He is almighty, hence we should be encouraged to trust in him.

SEEK YE THE LORD,

BY MRS. N. C. ALGER

The school was closed, the tiresome examinations were over, and friends had gathered to listen to essays, declamations, and songs. Four young men had sung so well that they were recalled by a storm of applause. One of the quartet was not a Christian, and it was natural that he should whisper, "Let's sing that last song we learned—just a high old one—some fun in that."

Did the Lord bring to the mind of the leader a bit of Miss Havergal's beautiful hymn,

"Keep my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King?"

Again they were before the audience, and it seemed to me music never sounded sweeter than when those fresh young voices uttered the sentence:

"Seek ye the Lord
While he may be found,
Call ye upon him
While he is near."

I had heard some of the best singers in the world, but the unaffected bravery of this act, when the temptation was to sing to please the fancy, placed it among my pleasantest memories. A great hush fell upon the people. The hymn was an invitation, and I expect to find in eternity that it was among the many influences which caused some of those present to come to Christ.

J. Cole, the Boy Hero

BY

EMMA GELLIBRAND.

CHAPTER II.

The waiting at table I could not exactly pronounce a success, for although Joe's quick eyes detected in an instant if I wanted anything, his anxiety to be "first in the field," and give Mary no chance of instructing him in his duties, made him collide against her more than once in his hasty rushes to the sideboard and back to my elbow with the dishes, which he generally handed to me long before he reached me, his long arms enabling him to reach me with his hands while he was yet some distance from me, and often on the wrong side. I also noticed when I wanted water he lifted the water bottle on high, and poured as though it was something requiring a "head." Mary nearly caused a catastrophe at that moment by frowning at him, and saying, sotto voce, "Whatever are you doing? Is that the way to pour out water? It ain't hale, stoopid!"

Joe's face became scarlet, and to hide his confusion he seized a dish-cover, and hastily went out of the room with it, returning in a moment pale and serious as became one who at heart was every inch a family butler with immense responsibilities.

Joe was quiet and sharp, quick and intelligent, but I could see he was quite new to waiting at table. To remove a dish was, I could see, his greatest dread, and it amused me to see the cleverness with which he managed that Mary should do that part of the duty.

When only one plate and dish remained to be cleared away, he would slowly get nearer as I got towards the last morsel, and before Mary had time, would take my plate and go quite slowly to the sideboard with it, leisurely remove the knife and fork, watching meanwhile in the mirror if Mary was about to take the dish away.

I was, however, pleased to find him no more awkward, as I feared he would have been, and when, having swept the grate and placed my dessert-plate on the table, he retired, softly closing the door after him, I felt I should make something of J. Cole, and hoped his character would be good.

The next morning, a tastefully arranged vase of flowers in the centre of the breakfast table, and one magnificent rose and bud by my plate, were silent but eloquent appeals to my interest on behalf of my would-be page, and when Joe himself appeared, fresh from an hour's self-imposed work in my garden, I saw he had become quite one of the family, for Bogle, my little terrier, usually very snappish to strangers, and who considered all boys as his natural enemies, was leaping about his feet, evidently asking for more games, and our old magpie was perched familiarly on his shoulder.

"Good morning, Joe," I said. "You are an early riser, I can see, by the work you have already done in the garden."

"Why, yes," replied Joe, blushing, and touching an imaginary cap; "I'm used to beln' up. There was ever so much to do of a mornin' at 'ome; and I ad to 'elp father afore I could go to be with Dick, and I was with Dick a'most every mornin' by seven, and a good mile and a half to walk to 'is place. Shall I bring in the breakfast, mum? Mary's told me w'nt to do."

Having given permission, Joe set to work to get through his duties, this time without any help, and I actually trembled when I saw him enter with a tray containing all things necessary for my morning meal; he looked so over-weighted; but he was quite equal to it as far as landing the tray safely on the sideboard. But, alas! then came the ordeal, not one thing did poor Joe know where to place, and stood with the coffee-pot in his hand, undecided whether it went before me, or at the end of the table, or whether he was to pour out my coffee for me.

I saw he was getting very nervous, so took it from him, and in order to put him at his ease, I remarked,

"I think, perhaps, I had better show you, Joe, just for once, how I like my breakfast served, for every one has little ways of their own, you know, and you will try to do it my way when you know how I like it, won't you?"

Thereupon I arranged the dishes, etc., for him, and his big eyes followed my every movement. The blinds wanted pulling down presently, and then I began to realize one of the drawbacks in having such a very small boy as page. Joe saw the sun's rays were nearly blinding me, and wanted to shut them out, but on attempting to reach the tassel attached to the cord, it was hopelessly beyond his reach. In vain were the long arms stretched to their utmost, till the sleeves of the ex-page's jacket retreated almost to Jo's elbows, but no use.

I watched, curious to see what he would do.

"Please, 'm, might I fetch an 'all chair?" said Joe, "I'm afraid I'm not big enuf to reach the tassel, but I won't pull 'em up so 'igh to-morrow."

I gave permission, and carefully the chair was steered among my tables and china pots. Then Joe mounted, and by means of rising on the tips of his toes he was able to accomplish the task of lowering the blinds.

I noticed at that time that Joe wore bright red socks, and I little thought what a shock those bright coloured hose were to give me later on under different circumstances.

That evening I had satisfactory letters regarding Joe's character, and by degrees he became used to his new home, and we to him. His quaint sayings and wonderful love of the truth, added to extreme cleanliness, made him welcome in the somewhat exclusive circle in which my housekeeper, Mrs. Wilson, reigned supreme.

Many a hearty burst of laughter came to me from the open kitchen window across the garden in the leisure hour, when, the servants' tea being over, they sat at work, while Joe amused them with his stories and reminiscences of the sayings and doings of his wonderful brother Dick.

This same Dick was evidently the one being Joe worshipped on earth, and to keep his promises to Dick a sacred duty.

"You don't know our Dick, Mrs. Wilson," said Joe, to the old housekeeper; "if you did, you'd understand why I no more dare go agen wot Dick told me, than I dare put my 'and in that 'ere fire. When I were quite a little chap, I took some big yaller plums once, out of one of the punnits father was a-packin' for market, and I eat 'em. I don't know to this 'our wot made me take them plums, but I remember they were such prime big 'uns, big as eggs they was, and like lumps of gold, with a sort of blue shade over 'em. Father was very partikler about not 'avin' the fruit 'anded and takin' the bloom off, and told me to cover 'em well with leaves. It was a broillin' 'ot day, and I was tired, 'avin' been stoopin' over the baskets since four in the morning, and as I put the leaves over the plums I touched 'em; they felt so lovely and cool, and looked so juicy-like, I felt I must eat one, and I did; there were just six on 'em, and when I'd bin and eat one, there seemed such a empty place left in the punnit, that I knew father'd be sure to see 't, so I eat 'em all, and then threw the punnit to one side. Just then, father comes up and says, 'Count them punnits, Dick! there ought to be forty on 'em. Twenty picked large for Mr. Moses, and twenty usuals for Marta!'—'t' of our best customers they was. Well, Dick, he counts 'em, and soon misses one. 'Thirty-eight, thirty-nine,' he sez, and no more; 'but 'ere's a empty punnit,' he sez. I was standing near, feelin' awful, and wished I'd said I'd eat the plums afore Dick be-

gun to count 'em, but I didn't, and after that I couldn't. 'Joe! sez Dick, 'I wants yer! 'Ow comes this empty punnit 'ere, along of the others? there's plums bin in it, I can see, 'cos it's not new. Speak up, youngster!' I looked at Dick's face, Mrs. Wilson, and his eyes seemed to go right into my throat and draw the truth out of me. 'Speak up,' he sez, a-gottin' cross; 'if you've prigged 'em, say so, and you'll get a good hidin' from me, for a-doin' of it, but if you tells me a lie, you'll get such a hidin' for that as 'll make you remember it all your life; so speak up, say you did it, and take your hidin' like a brick, and if you didn't prig 'em, say who did, 'cos you must 'av' seen 'em go."

"I couldn't do nothin'," Mrs. Wilson, but keep my 'ed down, and blubber out, 'Please, Dick, I eat 'em."

"'Oh, you did, yer young greedy, did yer,' he sez; 'I'm glad yer didn't tell me a lie. I've got to giv' yer a hidin' Joe; but giv' us yer 'and, old chap, first, and mind wot I sez to yer: Own up to it, wotever you do, and take your punishment; its 'ard to bear, but when the smart on it's over yer forgets it; but if yer tells a lie to save yerself, yer feels ashamed of yerself whenever yer thinks of it.' And then Dick gave me a thrashin', he did, but I never 'ollered or made a row, tho' he hit pretty 'ard. And, Mrs. Wilson, I never could look in Dick's face if I told a lie, and I never shall toll one, I 'ope, as long as ever I live. You should just see Dick, Mrs. Wilson, he is a one-cr-, he is."

"Bless the boy," said Mary, the housemaid; "why if he isn't a-cryin' now. Whatever's the matter? One minnit you're makin' us lark fit to kill ourselves, and then you're nearly makin' us cry with your Dick, and your great eyes runnin' over like that. Now get away, and take the dogs their supper, and see if you can't get a bit of colour in your cheeks before you come back."

So off Joe went, and soon the frantic barking in the stable-yard showed he had begun feeding his four-footed pets.

Time went on: it was a very quiet household just then—my husband away in America, and my friends most of them enjoying their summer abroad or at some sea-side place—all scattered here and there until autumn was over, and then we were to move to town, and spend the winter season at our house there. I hoped my dear sister and her girls would then join us, and, best of all, my dear husband be home to make our circle complete.

Day by day Joe progressed in favour with everybody; his size was always a trouble, but his extreme good nature made everybody willing to help him over his difficulties. He invented all sorts of curious tools for reaching up to high places; and the marvels he would perform with a long stick and a sort of claw at the end of it were quite astonishing.

I noticed whenever I spoke of going to town Joe did not seem to look forward to the change with any pleasure, although he had never been to London, he told me, but Dick had been once with his father, and had seen lots of strange things; among others a sad one, that made a great impression on Dick, and he had told the tale to Joe, so as to have almost as great an effect on him.

It appeared that one night Dick and his father were crossing Waterloo Bridge, and had seen a young girl running quickly along, crying bitterly. Dick tried to keep up with her, and asked her what was the matter. She told him to let her alone, that she meant to drown herself, that she had nothing to live for, and was sick of her life. Dick persuaded her to tell him her grief, and heard from her that her father and mother had both been drowned in a steamer, and she was left with a little brother to take care of; he had been a great trouble to her, and had been led away by bad companions until he became thoroughly wicked. She had been a milliner, and had a room of her own, and paid extra for a little place where her brother could sleep. She fed and clothed him out of her earnings, although he was idle, and cruel enough to scold and abuse her when she tried to reason with him, and refused to let him bring his bad companions to her home. At last, he stole nearly all she had, and pawned it; and among other things, some bonnets and caps, belonging to the people who employed her, given as patterns for her to copy. These she had to pay for, and lost her situation besides. By degrees all her clothes, her home, and all she had, went for food, and then this wicked boy left her, and the next thing she knew was that he had been taken up with a gang of burglars concerned in a jewel robbery. That day she had seen him in prison, and he was to be transported for seven years; so the poor creature, mad with grief, was about

to end her life. Dick and his father would not leave her until she was quiet, and promised them she would go and get a bed and supper with the money they gave her, and they promised to see her again the next day at a place she named.

The next morning they went to the address, and found a crowd round the house. Somebody said a young woman had thrown herself out of a window, and had been taken up dead. It was too true; and the girl was the wretched, heart-broken sister they had helped over-night. Her grief had been too much for her, and, poor thing, she awoke to the light of another day, and could not face it alone and destitute; so, despairing, she had ended her life. They went to the hospital, and were allowed to see all that remained of the poor creature; and Dick's description of it all, and his opinion that the brother "might have been just such another little chap as first as Joe," and "What would that brother feel," said Dick, "when he knew what he had done, for he had done it," said Dick; "he done that girl to death, the same as if he'd show'd her out of that winder hisself."

"And," said Joe, "I wonder if them chaps is goin' about London now wot led her brother wrong? I don't like London; and I wish we could stop 'ere."

I assured Joe that in London there was no danger of meeting such people if he kept to himself, and made no friends of strangers.

Joe was also much afraid of having to wait at table when there were guests. In spite of all I could do, he was hopelessly nervous and confused when he had to wait on more than two or three people, and as I expected to entertain a good deal when we were in town, I could not help fearing Joe would be unequal to the duties.

I could not bear the idea of parting with the little fellow, for, added to his good disposition, Joe, in his dark brown livery, with gilt buttons, his neat little legs, and clean hands, his carefully brushed curls, by this time trained into better order, and shining like burnished gold in the sun; his tiny feet, with the favourite red socks, which he could and did darn very neatly himself when they began to wear out (and when he bought new ones they were always bright red);—Joe, let me tell you, was quite an ornament in our establishment, and the envy of several boys living in families round about, who tried in vain to get acquainted with him, but he would not be friends, although he always refused their advances with civil words.

Sometimes a boy would linger when bringing a note or message for me, and try to draw Joe into conversation. In a few minutes I would hear Joe's deep voice say, "I think you had better go on now. I've got my work to do, and I reckon you've got yours a-waitin' for yer at your place." Then the side door would shut, and Joe was bustling about his work.

(To be continued.)

A SCHOOLBOYS' JOURNEY.

Master Constantine, a young lad who arrived a day or two ago to enter as a student at Upper Canada College, has had a travelling experience probably unique in Canadian schoolboy life. His father is in command of the Northwest Mounted Police at Fort Cudahy, the Canadian post on the River Yukon. Constantine left home on June 8, and arrived at the college on September 21. The first part of his journey was down the Yukon River, which in its great northern bend crosses the arctic circle. After descending the river by steambot through Alaska, a distance of 1,800 miles, the mouth of the river was found to be blocked with bergs and pack ice. The captain, after waiting a fortnight for this to clear away, decided to return up the river for further cargo, a distance of 1,000 miles. On returning from this long trip the ice caused a further delay, but finally the boat reached Port St. Michael's, at the mouth of the Yukon, not far south of the Behring Straits. From this point the passengers were carried to Ounalaska, where they were compelled to wait another fortnight for the arrival of the ocean steamboat which carries the Alaska mails. After a stormy passage down the Pacific coast, Constantine was landed at Seattle, whence he came by way of Winnipeg to Toronto, and he is now hard at work in college at his Latin declensions. He reports a winter temperature of 68 degrees below zero in his northern home. Constantine's classmates are curious to learn whether he returns home for the Christmas vacation. Some years ago two lads came to the college from Moonson, after a canoe voyage of several weeks, but this long distance school record seems now to be broken.—Globe.

Our Brother's Keeper.

Is thy crumb of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy,
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden:
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Safe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill.
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

THINGS EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW.

A word for you boys—a most practical, sensible word—we quote from an exchange. Perhaps you are bewailing the hard lot that keeps you from school this fall. Cheer up! According to this writer's standard, you have plenty of chances to be one of the world's giants, after all, or, better, one of God's giants: "I believe," says a Southern writer, "in schools where boys can learn trades. Peter the Great left his throne and went to learn how to build a ship, and he learned from stern to stern, from hull to mast; and that was the beginning of his greatness.

"I know a young man who was poor and smart. A friend sent him to one of those schools up North, where he stayed two years and came back a mining engineer and a bridge-builder. Last year he planned and built a cotton-factory, and is getting

a large salary. How many college-boys in Canada can tell what kind of timber will bear the heaviest burden, why you take white oak for one part of a wagon and ash for another, and what timber will last longer under water and what out of water?"

"How many know sandstone from limestone, or iron from manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the yaster—the top of the wheel or the bottom—as the wagon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made or how a snake can climb a tree? How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow behind, and the cow eats grass from her, and the horse to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark on a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit without bloom?"

"There is a power of comfort in knowledge, but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it badly. And that is the trouble with most college-boys. They do not want it; they are too busy, and have not got time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge than of a genius, who generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's benefactors."

SUSIE'S NAME.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

She was writing it in a schoolmate's autograph album, with her painstaking little hand—"Susie I. Martin"; but there was a tiny frown on her white forehead as she finished.

"I don't think it's nice to give girls family names," she said. "When folks

ask me what the middle letter of my name stands for, I always wish I could say 'Isabel,' or 'Ida,' or 'Irene,' or some of those pretty names. 'Susie Ican Martin' is such a queer, plain name. One of the girls, when I told it the other day, just laughed. She said she knew about 'Achan,' because she'd read about him in the Sunday-school lessons, and he was a curse to the camp; but she had never heard of 'Ican' before. I wish it hadn't been my great-aunt's name."

"It wasn't really," answered grandpa, looking at her with a sober smile as if his thoughts carried him far backward, and he saw another little girl in her place. "She was just 'Susie Martin,' and we gave her the other name afterwards, but she liked it. She was my sister, you know, and I thought her the sweetest and dearest one a boy ever had, though she didn't have pretty dresses or white hands like yours we were too poor for that.

"We had gone to the West and taken a little place that we hoped to make into a market-garden, but the second year father was taken down with chills and fever, and mother was so crippled with rheumatism that she could scarcely move about. Susie and I had to take care of them and do the best we could, and it was a pretty hard year, I can tell you.

"But Susie was a perfect sunbeam; she wouldn't look on the dark side of anything. Father used to look at her, and say between a laugh and sigh that she had 'courage enough in her small body to stock a farm.' It was needed that spring and summer, for of course

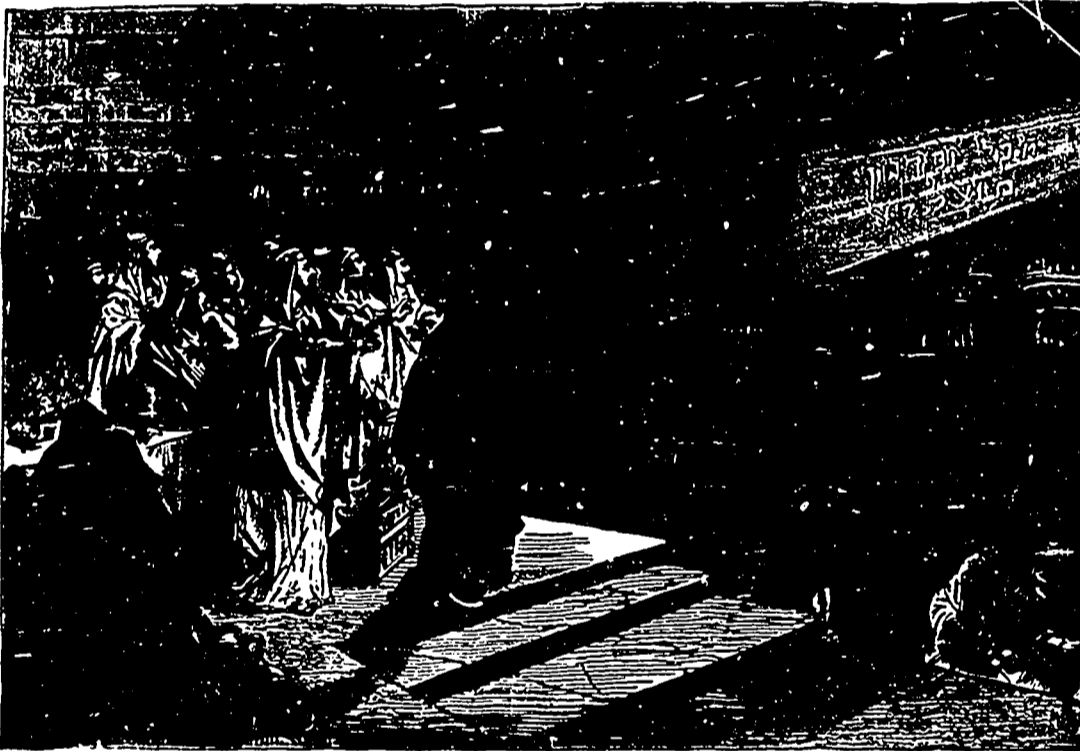
brave, unselfish girl. She wasn't a bit like Achan, for she brought a blessing to the camp—a great big blessing.

"So when they talked of giving you her name, I wanted you to have it all—the way we used to call her. But if you don't like it"—

"Oh! I do! I do!" interrupted Susie, eagerly. "I didn't know it had such a meaning to it. Why, grandpa, it seems like—I can't tell what I mean—but like a something to live up to."

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candle-stick upon the palatier of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loos'd, and his knees smote one against another. Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry? I have even heard of thee, that the spirit



DANIEL IN BABYLON.

we couldn't carry out our plans about the garden, and it was hard to make plans that we could carry out. Mother would often say to some of our projects, 'Children, I don't believe that you can carry that out.' But Susie was always prompt with her answer: 'Oh! yes, I'm pretty sure we can. I can,' until we all laughed at the words so often on her lips.

"Then one dreary day I sprained my ankle, so that, though I could hobble about the place, I knew it would be some days before I could do my accustomed work.

"Now, what are we to do?" I said dolefully. "I can't go to town for anything, and there's no end of work to be done. And that grass in the meadow across the pond, that the man said I might have for our cow if I would take it away, will have to go to somebody else, though poor Bess needs it."

"Don't you worry, Ben. You take care of your poor foot, and I'll take care of the things," said Susie, pityingly; 'I can.'

"In and out of the house she went, attending to this and that, and then we missed her. I had begun to wonder what had become of her, when I saw a queer green object that seemed to be sculling across the pond. As it came nearer I finally caught a glimpse of Susie's sun-bonnet behind it, and understood that it was a boatload of grass that she was poling across. How she managed it I never really could tell, but she seemed to have a way of managing most things. It was in those days that we began to call her 'Susie Ican,' and the name clung to her always. Better times soon came to us, but I never forgot her as she was then—dear little sunburned,

of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. Then Daniel answered and said before the king, Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. And this is the writing that was written, Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. This is the interpretation of the thing: Mene: God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Peres: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians. In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

LESSON NOTES.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON V.—JANUARY 31.

THE BOLDNESS OF PETER AND JOHN.

Acts 4. 1-14. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mighty Name, v. 1-7.
 2. The Saving Name, v. 8-12.
 3. The Victorious Name, v. 13, 14.
- Time.—June, A.D. 30, immediately following the events of the last lesson.
Place.—Solomon's porch and the hall of the Sanhedrin, Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The boldness of Peter and John.—Acts 4. 1-12.
Tu. The boldness of Peter and John.—Acts 4. 13-22.
W. Resort to prayer.—Acts 4. 23-31.
Th. Fear not.—Matt. 10. 24-35.
F. The only name.—John 3. 9-19.
S. The corner-stone.—1 Peter 2. 1-10.
Su. No other foundation.—1 Cor. 3. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Mighty Name, v. 1-7.
Who suddenly came upon the apostles? Over what were the priests, captain, and Sadducees "grieved"? What did they do with the apostles? What time of day was it? How had the people received the apostles' word? How many became disciples? What gathering occurred the next day? Whom did the council summon before them? What questions did they ask the prisoners?
2. The Saving Name, v. 8-12.
What spirit possessed Peter? Concerning what were the apostles examined? What explanation of the cure did Peter give? What did he say about a rejected stone? Through whom alone could men be saved?
3. The Victorious Name, v. 13, 14.
Over what did the council marvel? With whom had the apostles kept company? What did the council think of the lame man's cure?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The only way to be saved?
 2. The secret of Christian courage?
 3. That good men may expect opposition?

During the delivery of an address on the liquor traffic, the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, made the following statements: "The liquor shops of the city of Boston placed side by side would reach for eight miles. The annual expenditure on liquor in the United States amounts to seven hundred million dollars (\$700,000,000), and the total value of church property three hundred and thirty-four millions." Many Americans must think with a few deceased philosophers that the true method of becoming immortal is "to keep the marrow moist."

Shut your grog-shops, open your schools, and God knows what flashing jewels you may yet dig out of the neglected ores at the very bottom of the unwrought mine of the modern world!

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