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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1892.

[No. 4.

CHINESE PORTABLE KITCHEN.

This curious picture shows how the Chinese carry about a sort of portable kitchen with them. With a little lamp they will cook food and sell it on the street; and eat rice with chopsticks, which look like knitting-needles, only they are made of bone.

In our papers we shall have a good deal to say about China, because the Methodist Church has sent nine missionaries to that country, and they will write letters which will be very interesting to our young readers. About one-third of the population of the earth live in the great empire of China. It is hard to think that millions of them are dying every year without a knowledge of God! We hope our young friends will take a great interest in the reports of our Chinese missions, and save their money that they may contribute something towards the missions in China. The condition of Chinese children, many of whom are abandoned in infancy—if, indeed, they are not put to death—ought to make our readers in their happy homes very grateful to what God has done for them, and lead them to try to do something for the Chinese.

If all the people of the world can be imagined as standing abreast, in a single line, so that they should just touch one another, that line would be about 500,000 miles long—long enough to reach around the earth twenty times. And if you could pass in front of that line, and look on each face, at least one man in every four you would see would be a Chinaman.

There are eighteen provinces in China proper, each one being about as large as Great Britain; and yet it is very doubtful if many of the boys and girls who have finished their geographies know so much as the name of any one of these provinces. The Canadians talk much of our vast country, but China, with its dependencies, has more square

miles than are found in the whole Dominion of Canada.

On each square mile in the United States there dwell, on an average, ten or eleven persons; while China has at least two hundred and fifty inhabitants for every one of her square miles.

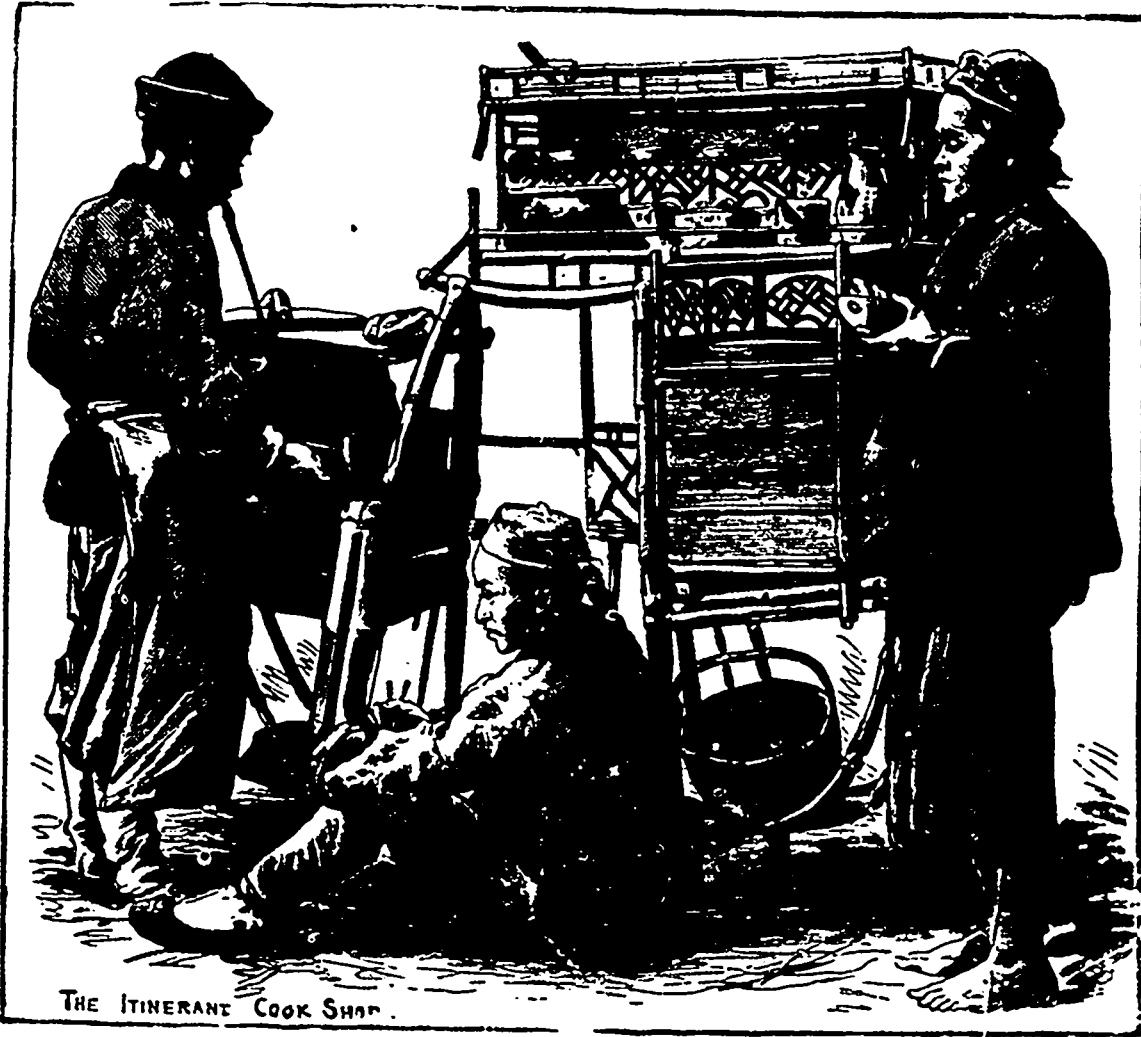
"I SHALL give you ten days or \$10," said the judge. "I'll take the \$10," said the prisoner.

I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always hunting round in the big books of the encyclopedia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books, exactly as he would ask a living

authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and in what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented them, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put

in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things; and almost before he was able to enter into the high-school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.

SPURGEON tells an amusing story of the old lady who started up when her grandson was about to take her umbrella, exclaiming: "No, you don't. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it's never been wet yet, and you ain't going to begin."



THE ITINERANT COOK SHOP.

CHINESE PORTABLE KITCHEN.

A BRIGHT BOY AND WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED BY READING.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

I do not think it is very servicable to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitudes, tastes, or kinds of curiosity about the world. And one story or bit of information may excite the interest of a class in one school, or the children in one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold somewhere, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and

in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things; and almost before he was able to enter into the high-school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.

Mountains.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

Grand are ye, and towering high,
Piercing far the upper sky;
Rocky kings—true monarchs great—
Ke- ping still your royal state.

Down in deeps of mystic earth,
Thence you date an ancient birth;
Long before our human time,
Story old, and all sublime.

Treasures grand I within your heart;
Secrets rich—you're loth to part;
Who can tell the wealth you hold?
Precious things as yet untold!

Proudly on the world look down—
On your heads a snowy crown;
Up above the stormy scene,
Sit in majesty serene.

Down your sides the rivers flow,
Fertilizing all below;
Rich the corn, and deep the grass,
Where your river children pass.

Outlook grand! O glorious sight!
Full of rapturous delight!
Lifted on your shoulders high,
O such vistas we decree!

Mountains, dear! We love you well—
More, far more, than we can tell!
Ye are pyramids of God,
Where his glory shines abroad.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1902.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The Junior Epworth League in connection with Robt. Street church, Halifax, N.S., has a membership of twenty eight, and has a "Look out Committee" to increase its numbers.

Good work has been done by the "Practical Committee." During the summer, flowers, Scripture cards, and papers were distributed at the hospital and poor house. The little ones were eagerly watched for, week by week, and it was indeed touching, especially at the poor-house, to watch the old people as they received the flowers and cards with a "God bless you," and to see the tears trickling down their faded cheeks as they read the comforting passages of Scripture, or thought of their childhood days. Then again families and invalids have been visited and helped. We are now busy preparing for our Christmas work.

Our department of instruction includes a Bible class, held every second Friday evening, led by our President. With such a leader as Dr. Smith, we cannot fail to be benefited by our Bible study, which is now "The Acts of the Apostles."

Our Mission Band has been affiliated with the

League, and one Friday in the month is set apart as a missionary evening, a committee having been formed to select a suitable programme. Nearly all take part, and it is astonishing how great an interest is shown by the young people for that work. We have several other committees, all of which are working nobly.

Our prayer is, that the Lord will bless our feeble efforts to work for him, and we are striving with his help, ever to "look up" and to "lift up."

EYES OPEN OR SHUT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Two boys one morning took a walk with a naturalist. "Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys. The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other has nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist.

"The one you thought a do-nothing had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. They then paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials." And then on the strength of this interesting incident, he gives this good advice: Boys, cultivate the faculty of observation. Hear sharply—look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. Open your eyes wider when you stroll across the meadow. There are ten thousand interesting things to be seen. Animals, birds, plants and insects, with their habits, intelligence and peculiarities will command your admiration. You may not become great men through your observations, like Newton, Linnaeus, Franklin, or Sir Henry Davy, but you will acquire information that will be of service to you, and make you wiser and quite probably better."

JACK.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"Yes, sir," said Farmer Green, "that fellow ought to be worth a thousand dollars to-day. He is smart, industrious—I never saw a better worker; he's handy at everything. If he had that thousand dollars he could take the Bower Farm, and if he handled it properly he'd be rich by the time he was fifty. But there, instead of a thousand dollars, he hasn't five dollars this minute. All he has to bless himself with is an old valise, some old clothes, and a jack-knife with a broken blade. I paid him thirty-five dollars for a month's work ended up a week ago, and the fellow hasn't ten cents of it left."

"Why, where has it gone in this quiet country place?"

"Down his throat," said Farmer Green.

"It is the cider," said Mistress Green; "he is a hard-cider drunkard, and I often think those are the worst kind. It is worse because when they begin they don't take the alarm as they might if they found themselves becoming fond of whiskey. Then it takes more cider to make them drunk, and their systems get filled with it and so more injured; then, too, the cider is easier to get than whiskey is."

"I supposed Vermont was a temperance State, but here, in a week, you have pointed out to me three farmers, and five or six farm hands, ruined by strong drink."

"Eh?" said Farmer Green, "I don't know as it makes a difference whether the apples are sound or rotten, so the cider gets hard and they drink it. You see, the farmers all make more or less cider, and it stands in the cellar till a cask or so gets hard, and the boys and hired help get a habit of drinking it, and it beats all water how fond they get of it. Jack goes in for a regular blow-out as soon as he gets a few dollars. The other fellows know

it, and how free-hearted he is, and they come a-huntin' for a horse and buggy, and they drive from one farm to another asking to buy a glass of cider. Some farmers refuse it, but more give it, and soon go so far as to sell a jug full, and then the fellow gets together and play cards and empty their jugs. That's how Jack gets cleaned out."

"Jack has drank and got drunk since he was ten years old," said Mrs. Green. "I lay it to losing his father early, to his having an ill-tempered, irreligious mother; to his having been taken out of school before he was nine and put to work in a factory; and to the farmers, keeping hard cider handy for him; and to no one taking any real interest in him, except to get a certain amount of work out of him. So it goes—he's twenty-eight and he's ruined. Your son is twenty-eight and making a fortune; my son gets a thousand a year book-keeping; Mrs. Barr's son is twenty-eight and a minister; my nephew is twenty-eight and a good doctor; Jack is twenty-eight—and ruined by cider. Poor Jack!"

SADIE STAFFORD'S MISSION.

BY LOU DANIELS.

"I've come right home so as to spend a long time with you this afternoon," said Sadie Stafford, as she rushed into the kitchen all out of breath.

The person addressed was Mary Wilson, the neat and sweet tempered girl who had recently come to reside over the affairs in the Stafford kitchen.

Some weeks before in one of the league meetings Sadie had made up her mind to be a Christian. She prayed earnestly that she might be a real, real disciple of Christ, and her prayers were answered. A great joy came into her heart, and a glad light into her eyes. At once she wanted all her girl chums to have the same joy. Several had been won by her earnest words. Very soon she was troubled about her duty. She imagined she must find some great and wonderful thing to do. And when opportunities of this kind did not come to her she was discouraged. It was in one of these discouraged hours that she picked up a copy of *The Epworth Herald* lying upon her table, and read these words: "Do little duties; do the duties next you; there are no small acts of Christian service. Be kind to those who need sympathy; pour sunshine into dark lives. In the way you may glorify God as truly as by preaching eloquent sermons or leading in great reforms." This came to Sadie as a special message, and her face was once brightened. "I will do that, God helping me," she said firmly.

Mary Wilson had just come into the Stafford home. It was her first experience in "working out." The failure of her father's health had placed the family in reduced circumstances. Mary insisted upon going out to work, and not only caring for herself, but helping to provide something to cloth and feed the younger children. Mrs. Stafford was glad to secure her services, for she was a perfect housekeeper. But the experience was more trying than the young girl expected. She grew homesick in spite of her resolve to be brave and strong. Was it the Lord whom Mary served who sent the special message to Sadie? Certainly it is that it came just at the right time.

Sadie was not long in finding her mission. As she passed through the kitchen the next morning she thought she noticed tears in the new girl's eyes. It occurred to her for the first time that she was not accustomed to hard work among strangers, and was unhappy. She saw her chance. How well she used that chance! Mary's flowing cheeks and gleaming eyes witnessed that evening.

Dear girls of the junior league who want to do something for the Master, can you not serve him in some such way as Sadie Stafford did? You can be kind to those in your home who work hard for your comfort. You can overlook their shortcomings. You can banish that scowl from your face. You can smile your appreciation of kindness shown you. You can spend a little time saying kind words to Mary or Jane in the kitchen. You can often lend a helping hand. And in that way you may imitate your Saviour, who gladly "went about doing good."

Children, Will ye too go Away?

"Avoak the world is bending
A tender, holy Face,
A crown of thorns surrounding,
It shines with holy grace.
It bends in love upon us,
Its sweet smile seems to say:
'Come to me, oh! my children;
Will ye, too, go away?'

"Forth to the world are stretching
Two arms both strong and true—
The hands are scarred and bleeding,
Yet still they seem to woo;
Still, still in love they beckon—
Still, still in mercy pray,
'Come to me, oh! my children;
Will ye, too, go away?'

"Unto the world there cometh
A voice both rich and rare;
Its tones ring down the ages,
And plead with earnest care.
To the world's heart it speaketh
In tones of love to-day,
'Come to me, oh! my children;
Will ye, 'oo, go away?'

"For sinners there is boating
A heart of tender care,
A heart that wept with anguish
O'er sins it fain would bear,—
A heart that with its life-blood
Beseecheth while it may,
'Come to me, oh! my children;
Will ye, too, go away?'

"Oh! face so pure and loving,
Oh! arms so true and brave,
Oh! voice so sad and pleading,
Oh! heart that broke to save;
Dear Jesus! precious Master!
Earth knows no love like thine—
'To thee, Lord, would we go then;
Thou hast the words Divine."

LOST IN A MINE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER IV.

No one stirred from the mouth of the pit. Reuben had promised to be back in an hour's time; and though many more spectators gathered to the spot, not a soul could leave it. The men and boys still clustered about the very edge, looking down anxiously into the darkness below, and ready to catch the faintest sound.

Judith Hazeldine and old 'Lijah's wife sat together, sobbing and praying; whilst Abby crouched on the ground near them, hiding her face from the sight of all, and from the mocking, garish light of the sun. "God take care of my Reuben!" were the only words she could think of. She had never been down into the pit, and the darkness there seemed terrible to her. There was very little talking going on around her, and those who spoke all spoke in whispers. But she would not have heard them if they had talked loudly. She did not hear the merry sounds of a spring evening which filled the air; the carolling of the birds calling to one another from the topmost branches of the trees, and the bleating of the young lambs in the meadows, and the lowing of the cows as they trode slowly along the lanes towards their stalls. The heavy minutes dragged by, and Abby saw only a great darkness, and heard nothing save the cry of her own heart.

But she was among the first that caught the sound of a shout—faint and smothered as it was—that came up from the gloomy depths below. It was a little over an hour since Reuben had disappeared from their sight. Yes! Surely that was the shout of men saved from a terrible death! In an instant the spell that had kept the crowd silent was broken. The women cried and laughed in the same breath. The men shouted hurrahs, and shook hands joyfully with those nearest to them. Abby sprang to her feet, a smile dawning through the look of terror and despair that still lingered on her face. Every eye watched the chain that slowly dragged up its load of rescued men. How slowly the old engine did its work! And how noisily the chain creaked and grated! But here they were

in sight! Here they were in the blessed sunlight once more!

The truck stopped on a level with the shaft's mouth. But now it was evident that there were only three persons in it—the three that had been at work when the flood broke out. Where, then, was Reuben Hazeldine, the one who had taken his life in his hand, and gone down to save these? Silence fell again upon the crowd, which lasted only for an instant, yet which seemed long and terrible, until old Judith cried out:

"But where's my lad, Reuben?"

"Reuben!" they all cried, in one breath.

"Aye!" answered old 'Lijah's wife, grasping her husband's arm with both hands, "Reuben went down to seek you. Hast seen nought of him?"

"Nay!" he said, "we fled for our lives, and did not tarry. We 'scaped with the skin of our teeth only. There was a road that none knew of save me, and I guided the other twain along it. Wherefore did Reuben come?"

"He thought as nobody knew of that road save him," sobbed his wife; "and he is down in the pit seeking to save you!"

Once more the silence of awe and terror fell upon them all. Three were saved, but one was lost; and he was the one who had been chief and foremost in all their hearts for the last hour, excepting in the heart of the old woman, who was clasping her husband's arm as if she could never let it go.

"Who will go down after my lad Reuben?" cried Judith, mournfully.

"There's not a soul can live in the pit," answered old 'Lijah. "It's too late by now; the flood's rising—rising. Look here! It was half way up to my knee at the foot of the shaft. If he's not here in half an hour there's no chance for him."

"He must get out!" exclaimed Simeon, so young yet that he could not believe in any harm coming to his brother Reuben. "God is bound to save him!"

"Hush, lad, hush!" said old 'Lijah. "God's not bound to bring him back. But let's pray to him for Reuben."

"Wouldn't it ha' been wiser like of God Almighty if he'd kept Reuben from going on a fool's errand?" asked Levi Hazeldine, with a sneer. He had been very silent while the crowd was waiting for the return of Reuben from his brave adventure, but this was too good an occasion to be missed for impressing upon the simple folk their folly in believing in a God and trusting him.

"Levi," answered old 'Lijah, "there's nobody here but thee that 'ud call it a fool's errand. There isn't a soul about that won't love Reuben Hazeldine, aye, a hundred times more than if he'd saved himself and stayed skulking round the pit's mouth whilst there was a chance of saving his friends! I believe he's saved his own soul, and won a crown of life by what he's done, whether he comes out of the pit alive or no. It isn't every man has such a chance of showing how he's learned to be like the Lord Jesus Christ. God Almighty was too wise to look to thee to do such a deed as this."

There was a faint, quick, dying laugh as Levi Hazeldine walked away, with his head carried high, and with a contemptuous smile upon his face. He felt that the sympathy of the people were not with him, and that it would be useless to argue his point with them just then. He turned round for a last disdainful glance at the crowd before losing sight of the spot; and clearly outlined against the evening sky he could see them clustered about old 'Lijah, some kneeling and others standing, but all bare-headed; whilst the old man, with face upturned and uplifted hands, was evidently speaking in earnest prayer.

"Poor fools," sneered Levi, "as if there was anybody as could hear them, or anybody as cared."

He fancied he was sorry for Reuben, but it was of no use to be sorry, he said to himself. What could he do? What difference would it make to him? The sun would shine as brightly, and his food would be as savoury, and his clothing would be as good, whether Reuben was alive or dead. It would not alter in the smallest degree his own actual life. Why should he fret himself about fanciful things?—about such a thing, for instance, as a man—by his own folly and rashness—throwing away his existence, and sacrificing all the sober

realities of life for a mere fanatical idea of duty! If Reuben had only been persuaded of what he himself knew—that there was no God, no immortality, no life better than or beyond the present—then he would have valued his own precious existence too highly to treat it as a thing to be held cheap. Poor Reuben!

It was a dreary night in the little hamlet. The crowd about the pit's mouth did not separate until the long twilight had faded into night, and the birds had long ago ceased to sing from the topmost branches of the trees. They had lingered and listened, but no voice, however faint, had called up from the black depths of the pit. The long, sad minutes brought no new hope. Again and again the shaft had been sounded, and the water was steadily rising—slowly but surely. Before the moon was to be seen in the clear, cold gray of the eastern sky, they all knew for certain that Reuben Hazeldine had met with death in the dark galleries below the green meadows and the wooded coppices upon which the pale and mournful light was lying. There was nothing more to be done but to go home, and to mourn over the brave, unselfish, Christ-like friend who had so lately lived among them, but whom they had not loved as they loved him now.

Even Abby felt that she had not loved him as he deserved to be loved. She had been carried in a death-like swoon to Judith Hazeldine's house, and laid upon the bed in the pleasant attic under the thatched roof, which Reuben had been so fondly preparing for her. When she came to herself her eyes opened upon the almost finished work, which was still waiting—and must wait for ever now—for the last touches of his hand. There were the beautiful flowers he had bought for her, on the window-sill, and the picture he was just about to hang upon the wall. Under the window was the garden, where he had worked in the long summer evenings, after his sunless toil in the pit. His Bible and hymn-book, which they had read in and sung from together, were almost within her reach; and she stretched out her hand for them. All the night through she clasped them to her breast, or kept them under her cheek, while she was lying—tearless and speechless—on the bed, thinking of him down below, not dead yet perhaps, but hopelessly imprisoned and buried in a living grave. Why had she not known him better, and loved him more, while he was with her? She had been sharp with him, and trifled with him, and made his heart ache with her foolish, contrary ways. Perhaps God had thought him too good for her, and so had taken him away to a place where he would be happier than with her. Yet all the while she seemed to see him pacing the dark passages underground, in search of his lost comrades for whom he had laid down his life.

Simeon had cried himself to sleep, and was still sobbing in his troubled dreams; but old Judith had not even laid down on her bed to rest her weary limbs. Her heart was too heavy for sleep. She had been so much bound in Simeon—her youngest born, that she had somewhat neglected Reuben. At this very time her mind had been so fully engaged with the contest for the Hazeldine Bible that she had been too ready to chide and thwart her elder son, and to fume at the changes he was making in the house for his young wife. She had even opposed peevish objections to his marriage, though Abby was a girl quite to her liking. Life had not been as smooth and happy to Reuben as it might have been of late. Ever since he had lost his chance of winning the Hazeldine Bible he had been looked down upon as a poor scholar, chiefly fit for the harder and rougher work of the world; whilst Simeon had been put forward and brought to the front on every occasion. But what a good son her first-born had been to her! She could not remember a harsh word or unkind look from him, though he could not read the Bible aloud like a parson, as Simeon did. All his quiet, thoughtful, patient ways, came back to her mind; his hard work, and his constant self-forgetfulness; his tender care of her, and his silence when she was blaming him. He was too good for them all—and God had taken him. Her thoughts brought her to the same point that Abby had reached.

(To be continued.)



A METEOR SHOWER.

A METEOR SHOWER.

ONE of the most beautiful phenomena to be seen in the night skies of certain months is a so-called meteor shower. It is a common enough thing to see an occasional falling star shoot across the sky like a flash, leaving a long trail of glory behind it. But when these are seen chasing one another through the darkness by the hundred and even by the thousand it is a very different sight; a grander and more beautiful display of light it is difficult to imagine, except perhaps the terrible red flames that leap out of a volcano and seem to set the sky on fire. The explanation of these falling stars is interesting. The scientists tell us that space is full of pieces of broken up worlds or of the solid matter which will one day be brought together, and formed perhaps into a new planet. When one of these pieces in its headlong course through space comes into contact with a heavy atmosphere like that round our earth there is at once a very great amount of friction caused. Indeed the pace is so terrific that there is sufficient heat generated to cause the fragment to ignite. A brilliant flame and all is over; while the burnt-up ashes fall very slowly to the earth. The weight of the earth is thus said to be increased several tons every year by the meteoric dust which falls in this way on the tops of high

mountains. This dust may often be noticed and picked up in small quantities and in the ocean a sufficient deposit has fallen and sunk to the bottom in the past ages of the world's history to form a distinct geological formation.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 550.] LESSON V. [Jan. 31.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Isa. 53. 1-12. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord has laid upon him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53. 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ, by his life, sufferings, and death, has made atonement for the sins of the world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

The prophet looks at the distant future when Christ should appear, and speaks of it as if present before him. *Who hath believed*—That is, few at first. *Our report*—That the Son of God, the Messiah, should come to save the world. *The arm*—The symbol of power. *Grow . . . as a tender plant*—That is, small and easily destroyed. *Root, etc.*—A shoot from the root of a decayed tree. The house of David, from which Christ sprang, was then in very lowly condition. *No form*—No beautiful appear-

ance. Not referring to Christ's bodily appearance, but to his state, so different from the outward circumstances of glory which the Jews expected to surround their Messiah. *He hath borne our griefs*—Christ did this by his healings (Matt. 8. 17), his sympathy, and all the ways in which Christianity lessens the sorrows of men. *He was wounded for our transgressions*—All his sufferings were for our sake, to make atonement for our sin. Christ bore the sins of men so that, to those who repent and believe on him, (1) the sense of justice is satisfied; (2) the evil of sin is shown to be greater than it could have been by the punishment of sin; (3) more than by any other power is the sinner saved from committing sin; (4) it is the greatest preventive of sin among men. It brings the strongest motives—love, duty, fear, hope—to bear on the hearts of men with the greatest power. Facts visible in every Christian community prove that Christ does bear the sins of men away. *Taken from prison and from judgment*—Or justice; rather, he was taken away by oppression, and the forms of justice. *Who shall declare his generation*—His family line. He was cut off without children, and with but few spiritual children. *It pleased the Lord*—This was not merely the work of wicked men, but was a part of God's plan for the salvation of men. *He shall see his seed*—His spiritual children, to whom he gives spiritual life. *Prolong his days*—He was raised from the dead, and ever liveth. *Troth with pain*. *Shall be satisfied*—Because so many will be saved by him. *Justify*—Forgive and make holy. *Many*—Countless numbers will be saved. *A portion with the great*—He shall be among conquerors, the greatest of all.

Find in this lesson—

1. Our need of a Saviour.
2. What the Saviour has done for us.
3. How the Saviour was first received.
4. His final triumph.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What great event was foretold by the prophet Isaiah? "The coming of the Saviour, Jesus Christ." 2. How would he be treated at first? "He would be despised and rejected of men." 3. What did he do for men? "He bore our sorrows and carried our griefs." 4. What would be the fruit of this suffering? "Great numbers saved from sin, and the kingdom of God come on the earth."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. Who were the first preachers of the Gospel?

The apostles of our Lord, whom he called to be witnesses to both Jews and Gentiles of his resurrection.

Of these must one become a witness with us of his resurrection.—Acts 1. 22.

TEMPERANCE THOUGHTS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

A RACY speaker put the different phases of the temperance problem in a nutshell, at a recent prohibition meeting. He said: "Take twenty-five snakes, and turn them loose on your premises: that is free whiskey. Put the same snakes in a box and bore twenty-five holes in the box: that is low license. Shut up all the holes but ten: that is high license. Kill the snakes: that is prohibition."

When a school-boy, a drunkard's son, was asked to spell g-l-a-s-s, the teacher, after the letters had been slowly pronounced asked, "what do you put in your window at home?" The boy answered, "Papa's old hat."

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in the bar-room looking for work.

A correspondent from South Dakota writes: "We have had only one saloon in our town for a year past and that is now closed. The proprietor was converted last Sunday night in the Methodist church and this morning poured out all his beer and liquor in the street." We have known the same thing to be done in these parts. The *Mail* says, editorially, that

"drinking at the open bar is rapidly becoming disreputable." It was always so in our estimation.

It is said of a young man who attended a certain church and gave a cent when the collection plate came round, that he smoked three five-cigars the same day.

His Coming.

BY DR. BONAR.

They tell me a solemn story,
But it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding
My Saviour's love I see.

They say that at any moment
The Lord of life may come
To lift me from the cloudland
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,
I may not even hear
The rustle of his garments
As he softly draweth near:

Suddenly, in a moment,
Upon my ear may fall
The summons loved of our Master,
"Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps he will come in the noontide
Of some bright, sunny day,
When with dear ones all around me,
My life seems bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway,
Easy the shining road,
Up from the dinner sunlight
Into the light of God.

Perhaps he will come in the stillness
Of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping,
'Neath the moonbeams' silvery light.

When the stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in holy stillness
The Master will come for me.

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