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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1888.

[No. 2



ITALIAN GOATHERD.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

There Were Ninety and Nine.

THREE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of
mine
Has wandered away from me;
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through,
Ere he found his sheep that was lost:
Out in the desert he heard it's cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood drops all
the way,
That mark out the mountain track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone
astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and
torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn."

And all through the mountain thunder-
riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his
own."

ITALIAN GOATHERD.

HIGH up in the slopes of the Alps,
where cattle can with difficulty find a
footing, great flocks of goats pasture
on the sweet, rich herbage. They are
wonderfully sure-footed, and will climb
from ledge to ledge, and leap from
crag to crag, in a manner that makes
it appear wonderful that they do not
slip and get dashed to pieces. The
chamois-goat especially reaches heights
almost inaccessible to man. Only the
boldest and most skilful hunters can
reach them in their far-off haunts.

But this is not the sort of goat of
which our handsome young goatherd
in the picture is charge. They are
a domestic sort which are kept for
their milk and for the cheese which is
made from it. It is the little fellow's
task to look after them all day, and if
they wander too far to recall them by
his horn or pipe, and in the evening
to bring them down from the moun-
tain pasture to the *châlets*, where they
are milked and housed. He wears,
you see, a rough jacket of goat-hair,
and on his head a coarse felt hat. At
his side is a leathern-bottle, which he
fills in the morning with goat's milk
or with the pure water of the clear
mountain streams, and we well know
how refreshing they are. On his
shoulder is his long, light, springy
alpenstock, by means of which he can
leap the streams, and climb from crag
to crag almost as nimbly as his four-
footed friends the goats. The Italian
fondness for jewellery is seen in the
earrings he wears, and in the coins
which dangle on his forehead and

checks. This is, doubtless, all he
owns. Handsome as he looks, he can
neither read nor write; but he is
learned in the mountain lore, and
knows all the paths and passes of the
neighbourhood, and his blithe carol
can be heard as he roams with his
shaggy flock over the grand mountain
slopes, climbing to the very skies. He
maintains his health and good looks
on very homely fare, at which Can-
adian boys and girls would be apt to
turn up their noses—black barley
bread, hard goat cheese, and pure
water, or, as a luxury, goat's milk.

HOW THE TURKEYS GOT
DRUNK.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I HAIN'T nothin' agin' boys, as sich.
They're a necessary part o' creation, I
s'pose—like a good many disagreeable
things! But deliver me! I'd rather
bring up a family of nine gals, any day
in the year, with cats and dogs throw'd
in, than one boy.

There is that 'air Hezekier. His ex-
cuse allers was, he *didn't mean ter*
dew it. Once his pa give him about
tew quarts o' seed-corn in a bucket,
an' told him to put it to soak—his pa
generly soaked his seed-corn for
plantin'; he said it come up so much
quicker. Hezekier, he took the bucket,
but he was tew lazy to git any water,
so he jest ketched up the fust thing
come handy, which happened to be a
jug o' rum, an' poured it all into the
corn, an' then went to flyin' his kite—
he had the kite fever that year, an'
the trees was jest full of tails an'
strings, an' there was one skeleton I
remember left hangin' in the big pear
tree all winter—made mose provoked!

Wal, that arternoon, his pa was a-
goin' through the woodshed, an' he kep'
snuffin', snuffin', till bimeby says he,
"Melissy," says he, "what under the
canopy ye been doin' with rum?" says
he. Of course I hadn't been doin'
nothin' with rum, only smellin' on't
for the last half hour—I detest the
stuff!—but we put our noses together
an' follered up the scent, and there was
that corn!

"Now, Amos," says I, "I hope to
Gracious Goodness you'll give that boy
a good tunin'—for he's just sufferin'
for it!" says I.

But Hezekier he screamed:

"No, I ain't! I shall be sufferin' if
ye give it tew me!" says he. "I
seen pa drinkin' out o' the jug, an'
thought 'twan't nothin' but water!"
says he.

An' his pa jest kinder winked to me,
an' scolded and threatened a little, an'
then drove off to town, tellin' Hezekier
to toe the mark an' jest look sharp
arter things, or he'd give him Matthew,
Mark, Luke and John, when he got
lum. That was a sayin' of his'n—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke an' John,
Take a stick an' tuck it on!"

But sayin' was all it ever amounted
tew; which never'd a been my way to

bring up a boy, you may depend on
that!

Wal, Hezekier was perty quiet that
arternoon, which I noticed it, for
generly, if he wa'n't makin' a noise to
drive ye distracted, ye might be sure
he was up to some wus mischief: an'
bimeby think says I to myself, think
says I, "Now, what under the canopy
can that Hezekier be up tew now!"
think says I; for I hadn't heered him
blow his squawker, nor pound on a tin
pan, nor pull the cat's tail, nor touch
off his cannon, nor bounce his ball
ajin' the house, nor screech, nor break
a glass, nor nuthin', for all of five
minutes; an' I was a-wonderin', when
perty soon he comes into the house of
his own accord, a-lookin' kinder scaret
and meechin'; an' says he, "Aunt
Melissy," says he, "I'm a-feared there's
suthin' the matter with them 'air
turkeys," says he.

"The turkeys!" says I. "What in
the name o' Goodness can be the
matter with them?" says I.

Says he, "I don'o," says he; "but I
guess ye better come out an' look,"
says he—so innercent!

I did go out an' look; an' there be-
hind the woodshed was all them seven
turkeys, the hull caboodle of 'em, ol'
gobbler an' all, only one hen turkey
was a settin', an' another was off with
a brood o' chicks—lucky for them!—
all keeled over an' stretched out on the
ground, a sight to behold!

"Massy Goodness sakes alive!" says
I, "what's been an' gone an' killed off
all the turkeys?" says I.

Says he, "I don'o, 'thout it's suthin'
they've e't," says he.

"E't!" says I. "What you been
givin' on 'em to eat? for Goodness
sakes!" says I.

"Nothin'," says he, "only that corn
that was sp'ilt for plantin'; I tho't
'twas too bad to have it all wasted, so
I fed it to the turkeys," says he.

"Fed it to the turkeys!" says I.
"An' you've just killed 'em, every
blessed one! An' what'll yer pa say
now?" says I.

"I didn't mean ter!" says he.

"I'd *didn't mean ter* ye, if ye was my
boy!" says I. "Now ketch hold and
help me pick their feathers off an'
dress em' for market, fust thing—for
that's all the poor critters is good for
now," says I—"so much for yer
plaguy nonsense!"

He sprung tew perty smart, for
once, an' Lucindy she helped, an' we
jest stripped them 'air turkeys jest as
naked as any fowls ever ye see, fore
singein—all but their heads, an' I was
jest a-goin' to cut off the old gobbler's
—I'd got it ontew the choppin' block,
and raised the ax, when he kinder give
a wiggle, an' squawked!

Just then Lucindy, she spoke up:
"Oh, Aunt Melissy! there's one
a-kickin'!" says she. I jest dropped
that 'air gobbler, an' the ax—come
perty nigh cuttin' my toes off!—an'
looked, and there was one or tew more
a-kickin' by that time; for if you'll
believe me, not one o' them turkeys

was dead at all, only dead drunk from
the rum in the corn! an' it wasn't
many minutes fore every one o' them
poor, naked, ridic'ulous critters was up,
staggerin' round, lookin' dizzy an'
silly 'enough, massy knows! While
that Hezekier! he couldn't think o'
nothin' else to dew, but jest to keel
over on the grass an' roll an' kick an'
screech, like all possessed! For my
part, I couldn't see nothin' under the
canopy to laugh at. I pitied the poor
naked, tipsy things, an' set to work
that very arternoon a-makin' little
jackets for 'em to wear; an' then that
boy had to go intew conceptions agin,
when he seen 'em with their jackets
on. An' if you'll believe it, his pa, he
laughed tew—so foolish! An' jes'
said to Hezekier: "Didn't ye know no
better'n to go an' give corn soaked in
rum to the turkeys?" says he, an'
then kinder winked to me out o'
tother side of his face; an' that's every
speck of a whippin' that boy got!—
The Independent.

THAT'S MY BOY.

I REMEMBER once standing by the
surging billows, all one weary day,
and watching for hours a father strug-
gling beyond in the breakers for the
life of his son. They came slowly
towards the breakers on a piece of
wreck, and as they came the waves
turned over the piece of float, and
they were lost. Presently we saw the
father come to the surface and clamber
alone to the wreck, and then saw him
plunge off into the waves, and thought
he had gone out in a moment he
came back again, holding his boy.
Presently they struck another wave,
and over they went; and again they
repeated the process. Again they
went over, and again the father
rescued his son. By-and-by, as they
swung nearer the shore, they caught
on a snag just out beyond where we
could reach them, and for a little time
the waves went over there till we saw
the boy in the father's arms, hanging
down in helplessness, and knew they
must be saved soon or be lost; and I
shall never forget the gaze of that
father. And as we drew him from
the devouring waves, still clinging to
his son, he said, "That's my boy,
that's my boy!" and half frantic as
we dragged them up the bank, he
cried all the time, "That's my boy,
that's my boy!" And so I have
thought in hours of darkness, when
the billows roll over me, the great
Father is reaching down to me, and,
taking hold of me, crying, "That's my
boy!" and I know I am safe.—*Dr.
Fowler.*

It has been found by experience
that nothing can restrain the people
from buying these liquors, but such
laws as hinder them from being sold.
—*Bishop of Oxford in 1743.*

"O MAMMA, I burned me on a big
fly!" exclaimed little Rosa, when a
hornet stung her.

The Burial of Moses.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Nor saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

"So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down, from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.
Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Poor's light,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on this wondrous sight.

"Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

"But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed, and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car.
Amid the noblest of the land
They lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place,
With costly marble dressed.

"This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher,
Traced with his fragile pen,
On the deathless page truth half so sage
As that he gave to men.

"And had he not high honour?
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait,
And stars for tapers tall.
And the tall rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Above his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

"In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—Oh, wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day.
And stand with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

"O! lonely grave in Moab's land,
O! dark Beth-Poor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God has his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep,
Of him he loved so well."

GIRLS AND THE GOSPEL.

In our country we are inclined to show girls just as much, if not a little more, respect, than the boys. It is not so in heathen lands. The little girls are not counted among the children in heathen countries. If a man is asked how many children he has he will give only the number of the boys. If asked whether he has not also some girls he will show anger and contempt.

What makes this difference between heathen lands and our own? It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It teaches us that the souls of girls are worth just

as much as those of boys, and that as creatures of God they rank as high as the boys do. Then, in our Christian life we learn to support and defend the weak, and as girls are not so strong and so able to help themselves as boys are, we feel as if we ought to be a little more gallant and hopeful toward them than we are to the boys.

There are three things in all this which the girls ought to remember. The first is that they ought to be thankful for the Gospel and its blessed instructions. But for that our girls would without doubt be in the same condition as the girls in heathen countries are.

They are to remember that they are not to become haughty because of the favours shown them, nor act as if they had the right to lord over the boys as if they were good for nothing but to be servants to the girls. They should not act as if they owned every home, and street or car in which they may be found.

The third lesson to be impressed on our girls on account of the blessings brought on them by the Gospel is that they should be very eager to send the Gospel to those who do not enjoy its light. The difference between the poor heathen girls and our own ought to make every little Christian girl an earnest worker to send the Bible to the heathen. Here are four things all our girls can do for them, pray, talk, work, give. Some of them will after awhile be able to give themselves as missionaries to tell the story of Jesus and his love to the heathen who know nothing about our dear Saviour.

A LITTLE TALK WITH BOYS.

WHEN I meet you everywhere, boys—on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your homes or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

But very often I find one thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you.

Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting on the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or "Sit here, Annie;" but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister, in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say "the governor," in speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night you forget to say, "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when your mother has been shopping and passes you on the corner,

carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but you keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up," just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of your mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts, these gentle acts, which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman is a beautiful word. First, man—and that means everything strong and brave and noble; and then, gentle. And that means full of these little kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman? Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud. I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.—Anon.

WILLIE'S FIRST MISSIONARY CARD.

WILLIE was a little boy about five years old, bright-eyed, sharp, always ready for play, and always equally ready for the Sabbath-school.

In the school which he attended there were some two hundred scholars, ranging all the way from far below the teens to above the twenties. One Sabbath afternoon the minister visited the school, and called for a dozen scholars to take Christmas cards to collect for missions. But although the minister told about the degraded condition of the heathen, and urged the scholars to try and collect something to send them the gospel; yet not one boy out of all the big boys and little boys, young boys and old ones, volunteered to take a card. At length, away down at the very end of the big school-room, little Willie was seen holding up his hand. Coming forward, he received a card with a five cent subscription to start with, and returned to his place in the class, feeling a bigger, a prouder, a happier, and a more important boy than ever in his life before. Like all good boys Willie dearly loved his mother—sought her counsel in all his plans, narrated to her all his adventures, and confided to her all his secrets, his troubles and his cash. Willie's first raid was upon the biggest merchant, then upon the clerks, the post-mistress, and other less prominent members of the community with varying success. Then having collected from them all, he proposed, a few days after, to call upon them all again, and was only dissuaded from doing so by his mamma, who feared the result of a second appeal in so short a time. Willie, now finding that further efforts were unavailing with friends at home, turned his thoughts

to friends abroad. He was just learning to write, and one day he brought to his mamma a letter on a scrap of paper in great sprawling printed capitals that seemed like a lot of frightened rabbits, greatly scared on finding themselves in such a predicament. By the exercise of a little patient ingenuity his proud mamma read out:

"Dear Aunt Sarah,—Please send me something for my card. It is a missionary card

"WILLIE."

This precious epistle was duly posted, and when all except Willie himself had forgotten all about it, the post, one day, brought a letter to him from his dear Aunt Sarah, containing a bright, crisp, new \$2.00 bank note for his missionary card. Willie's joy was unbounded. His letter had actually reached Aunt Sarah, and brought him money for his card. The news seemed marvellous. O the wonder of writing! What magic there must have been in that letter of his! By saving up his own pennies, and begging from visitors to his home, and collecting as he had opportunity, he had the joy of presenting quite a large sum to the missionary fund. Willie still takes an interest in missions, and has forgotten many other important things, but it will be a long time ere he forgets his first letter, and his first missionary card.

The Lord's Prayer for Children.

BY GEORGE O. SMITH.

Thy blessed name, oh Father dear,
Be honoured everywhere,
As angels do thy will above,
So may we do it here.

Feed us to-day, with needful bread,
Our sins, Oh Lord, forgive,
For we forgive as thou hast bidden,
And while on earth we live,

From all temptation shield us safe,
And while we wake and sleep,
From all the wiles of wicked ones,
Good Lord, thy children keep.

A DREADFUL MISTAKE.

IN Pennsylvania about three weeks ago a young man's mother died. He loved her very much, and his grief when she died was great. Though he had never tasted liquor, he took to drinking to drown his sorrow. This was on the Sunday after the funeral. On Tuesday he died in a drunken stupor! What a terrible blunder! Perhaps he made it certain that he would never meet his mother again. He threw away his life, forgot every lesson she had taught him, and plunged uncalled and unforgiven into eternity. Rum has made many a son break his mother's heart. This time the mother had gone, but rum ruined the son.

"Grief banished by wine will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain
Which sorrow had never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me,
If mournful, I will not be mad,
Better sad, because we are sinful, I,
Than sinful because we are sad."

In the Firelight.

Tilt fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness every where
Like troubled spirits here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes—Now I lay me down to sleep—

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me—
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again

Oh, for an hour in that dear place
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And—Now I lay me down to sleep!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1888.

LEARNING TO TRUST.

JENNIE BLAINE, although so young, had passed through two severe trials. First, the death of her mother, whom she loved and appreciated as few children of thirteen know how to do.

Three years later her father became insane, and in his wild ravings was so dangerous that his friends were forced to take him to the asylum.

Jennie was almost heart-broken, and for months her face wore a sad expression which was pitiful to see on one so young.

Every one said her father was hopelessly insane; that there was no possible chance for his recovery.

Jennie had for some time thought of joining the Church, but religion was so mysterious to her that she feared to take such a step without being able to give a reason.

She often heard people speak of

having prayers answered; but while she had been in the habit of repeating the Lord's Prayer all her life, she had never, to her knowledge, had any special prayer answered.

But now in this hour of trial, when her home was broken up, her little brothers and sisters scattered, when friends could give her no hope, she went to her mother's God, and begged that her father might be restored.

Five long months passed, and one glad morning news came from the asylum that her father was perfectly well, and would be sent home in a few days.

The answer to her prayer inspired Jennie with a faith so strong that she felt eager to trust her life and all it contained to the keeping of the loving Father who had listened to her pleading cry in the time of great distress.

One bright Sabbath in September it was, with an intelligent faith in God, that she assumed the vows of the Church.

METHODIST MISSIONS.

THE attention of the Missionary Committee has been directed to the remarkable and hitherto unheard of fact that overtures had been made from the Japanese Government through Rev. Dr. Eby, missionary in Japan, proposing that teachers, whose qualifications would be vouched for by the Missionary Board, be sent to that country, the Japanese Government agreeing to defray all expenses, both travelling and subsequent salary.

The committee was delighted at the intelligence of a glorious revival in their Anglo-Japanese College, which is said to be the most extensive that has ever taken place in Japan. One night upwards of forty professed conversion to Christianity, and with glowing countenances and tearful eyes gave their testimony to the joys of God's grace, among whom were two sons of noblemen.

FOR SENIOR SCHOLARS.

SCHOOLS requiring for senior scholars Lesson Notes more advanced than those in the *Berean Quarterly*, and less expensive than those in the *Banner*, will find the *Senior Quarterly* admirably adapted for their use. It contains 160 pages per year of lesson notes, with numerous engravings, music, and the like, for the low price of 20 cents a year. For teachers, we know nothing better than the *Banner*.

Address William Briggs, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto; C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal; or, S. F. Huestis, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax.

WE have several urgent requests for second-hand books for poor schools. Schools having any to spare will confer a great favour by sending them to the undersigned who will pay all freight charges. W. H. Withrow, Secretary Methodist Sunday-school Board.



A MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL ROOM.

A MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL ROOM.

ONE sweltering hot night, last summer, we were returning from church in New York, and our route homeward led us through one of the most crowded and squalid parts of the city. Men and women were sitting at the doors of their houses, trying to catch a breath of air in the narrow streets, and the children were playing on the crowded foot-paths and cobblestones. The corner taverns were all ablaze, and sounds of carousing came through the ever-swinging doors. It seemed like a darker heathendom in the midst of Christianity—as if no man cared for the souls of these poor people.

Just then I caught sight of what seemed to be a star beaming brightly far ahead, and as I approached it took the form of a brightly illuminated cross. It was the cross on the spire of the DeWitt Memorial Church, whose Sunday-school room is shown in the above engraving. It seemed to me a promise and prophecy—that the cross of Christ should bring light and salvation to the weary multitudes who are the prey of vice and sin.

This church, which cost \$60,000, was built by Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jessup, "in memory of their beloved parents." There is preaching in English and German every Sunday, and several services during the week; prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, mothers'-meetings, sewing, and singing-school—everything that will elevate and bless the people. Every day a sweet chime of bells rings out the call to prayer. Special attention is given to the Sunday-school, whose large and handsome room connects by sliding doors with the church. What a bright, beautiful, convenient, commodious room it is! On the left, as the en-

graving shows, on the main floor are the Bible-class rooms and an intermediate department, all easily separated from each other and from the rest of the school by sliding doors. Above these rooms is the gallery for the primary department, which can be shut off by itself in the same manner. This gallery will easily accommodate 300 little ones, while 400 or 500 others can be gathered on the main floor. The ceiling is blue, a fountain surrounded with growing plants plashes and tinkles, while a fireplace at the end of the room, during the winter days, will send out its warmth and radiance. The two large windows at the angles of the room are emblematical, the one representing Christ blessing little children, and the other the child Jesus in the carpenter's shop, subject to his parents. The room is seated with chairs, which can be grouped for the convenience of classes, or arranged to face the school platform or the church pulpit, as circumstances may demand.

NUMBER TWELVE.

IT is astonishing what a scriptural favourite the number twelve is. Twelve tribes of Israel. For the ancient tabernacle, twelve chargers, twelve silver bowls, twelve bullocks, twelve lambs of the first year. Farther on, twelve stones from the depths of Jordan to build a memorial, twelve lions on the steps of Solomon's throne, twelve legions of angels, twelve apostles, twelve baskets of fragments, twelve stars for the woman's crown in Revelation, twelve gates of heaven with twelve pearls and twelve foundations with the names of the twelve apostles, and twelve manner of fruits. In the text the tired and thirsty Israelites come upon an oasis in the desert, and lo! there are just twelve wells of clear, bright, God-given water!



CHINESE SAIL-BARROW.

CHINESE SAIL-BARROW.

THE Chinese are a very ingenious people. We see one form of their ingenuity illustrated in the accompanying picture. You see the sturdy porter has rigged a sail to two bamboo rods, one on each side of his barrow. When the wind is fair it must help him along very much. When it is adverse I suppose he must take in sail, as this is a sort of craft that cannot tack. You will notice, too, the hinged leg that he can drop down to support the barrow when he stops. On the vast wind-swept steppes of Tartary the natives employ large sail-waggons, which will scud before the wind almost like a ship at sea. Christian nations ought to use every effort that these ingenious people may be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and to turn from dead idols to serve the living God.

SELF-HELP IN JAPAN.

A YEAR ago a grant of Sunday-school papers was made to the Mission school at Tokyo, Japan. This year the students wish to pay for the papers themselves. Miss Maud Cochran has charge of a Missionary Sunday-school several of whose scholars read English.

Dr. Cochran writes as follows:—"We have had a wonderful and most blessed revival of religion in our schools. Over a hundred students have been converted during the last three weeks. In each school the students held special meetings night after night. Among the boys over

forty have become Christians, while in the girls' school the converts number upwards of sixty. I need hardly say we are greatly encouraged in our work."

REV. F. A. STAFFORD ON THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

REV. E. A. STAFFORD continued his series of sermons on "Civic Responsibilities" at the Metropolitan church. He took for his text Romans xix. 22: "Happy is he that condemneth not himself that thing which he alloweth."

This was true of every individual and equally true of any class of society working together for common interests. Take it of the city and its liquor licenses. Was the licensing the sale of intoxicating drinks a doubtful thing, a thing which the best sense of the community condemned? He thought it was. This drink wastes great resources without any good. Five years ago it was at its climax in Canada. Then it took 2,225,000 bushels of grain. That represents the food of a vast multitude. It was computed by a present Minister of the Crown that in 1883 it cost Canada \$30,750,000. That was ten millions more than Canada paid for bread, and nearly as much more than its meat cost. In fact, our nation gives for this drink money enough to provide clothing, except boots and hats, for all its people, and half enough to provide food for the same great company. Since Confederation we have put in enough to pay our present national debt more than

three times. Add to this waste the loss of industry and life through drink. A careful compiler says 5,000 people die drunkards in Canada every year. Say the number is 2,000. An actuary states that the average loss in a drunkard's life is 24 years. Suppose I say 10 years. That, with 2,000 drunkards dying every year, makes a loss equal to the labour of 20,000 for a year, which, at \$300 each per annum, would be \$6,000,000 through the drink. What do we get in return for this? Why, a portion of the people can vindicate their liberty to drink. They run the terrible risk of becoming drunkards. Ontario has about a million people under license and a million under Prohibition, and the first million committed 5,983 more crimes than the last million.

HOLIDAY AND BIRTHDAY GIFT BOOKS.

WE have received from the famous publishing house of Worthington & Co., New York, too late for notice before the holidays, the following beautiful books, which are not only suitable for Christmas and New Years, but for birthdays, or any other time. Their beautiful engravings and attractive poems and stories will make them welcome at any season.

One of the most charming Christmas books issued last year was Miss Lathbury's elegant quarto, "From Meadow Sweet to Mistletoe." This year we are indebted to her exquisite taste for one of the most beautiful books of the season, entitled: "Twelve Times One," price \$1.75. It describes the first twelve years of a child's life in as many fine coloured plates, with appropriate poems. These beautiful pictures will make the eyes of the little ones sparkle with delight.

Another book from the same house is the charming "Worthington's Annual," price \$1.50, never so beautiful as this year. It is a large quarto with over five hundred engravings by the best artists, many of them printed in colours. A number of these illustrate the Queen's Jubilee, with numerous portraits of the Royal family, including the best portrait of the Queen that we have seen, and a lovely group of the Princess of Wales and her beautiful daughters. Many of the pictures are printed in violet ink, with a very pretty effect.

Still another book from the same house is the old favourite, "Gulliver's Travels," price \$2.00. Parts of this book in its original form are quite unsuitable for children, or indeed for anyone else. All these have been mercilessly cut out by the editor, Mr. E. O. Chapman. We have the fascinating story freed from every objectionable feature. The chief attraction will be the more than 250 quaint and graphic engravings which illustrate these wonderful adventures. We know one little ten-year-old who has pored over them with delight.

The new "Life of George Washington," price \$1.50, by Virginia F. Townsend (same publishers), is of scarce less interest to Canadian than to American young people. Much of his best work was done for good King George, and his after work belongs not merely to the history of the United States, but to the world. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated.

All these books may be ordered from the Methodist Book and Publishing Houses at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax

Jesus and I.

While clinging to Jesus with unyielding hold,
How sweetly I dwell in his heavenly fold;
Our union is perfect, all foes we defy,
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

Jesus and I, my Jesus and I,
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I;
Since the world I've forsaken,
And the cross I have taken,
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

The storms may be fearful, and trials severe,
No bow in the heavens to comfort or cheer.
Dark clouds of temptation may spread o'er
the sky,
We'll cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

Companions and friends, though most closely allied,
May sever their friendship, each other deride;
Their long-cherished union may suddenly die,
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

Contention and strife in the world may prevail;
True kindness and love may everywhere fail;
In union immortal continued on high,
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

MANLINESS.

SOME years ago there lived in a log-cabin in the State of Indiana a rough-appearing, uncouth boy who was learning the three R's in a little wilderness school-house, and spent his evenings reading *Aesop's Fables* and *Pilgrim's Progress* by the light of pine-knots.

One day on his way home from school his playmates discovered a huge mud-turtle, which they at once captured, and, procuring some live coals, heaped them on the back of the poor creature to see it travel. The boy looked on for a moment in silence, and then mounting a stump began an earnest plea for the persecuted turtle, and a denunciation of the meanness of attacking a defenceless animal. It was the first speech this quiet youth had ever made, and I fancy his schoolmates listened in astonishment. Years afterward, when he had become the nation's hero, it was so easy for him to help and bless those in his power that thousands of hearts to-day quicken into a loving, grateful glow whenever the name of Abraham Lincoln is mentioned.

A LADY said to a little boy: "Look dear, here's the full moon." "So it is," he replied in admiring accents, "but what is it full of?"

What Children May Do.

CHILDREN, you may work for Jesus,
God has given you a place
In some portion of his vineyard,
And will give sustaining grace.
He has bidden you "Go labour,"
And has promised a reward;
Even joy and life eternal
In the kingdom of your Lord.

Children, you may pray to Jesus,
In your closet, and at home;
In the village, in the city,
Or wherever you may roam.
Pray that God may send the Spirit
Into some poor sinner's heart,
And that in his soul's salvation
You may bear some humble part.

Children, you may sing for Jesus,
Oh, how precious is his love;
Praise him for his boundless blessings
Ever coming from above.
Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sin and guilt he bore,
How his blood hath sealed your pardon;
Sing for Jesus evermore.

Children, you may live for Jesus,
He who died that you might live;
Oh, then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to his service give.
Thus for Jesus you may labour,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
Consecrate your life to Jesus;
Love and serve him every day.

HE WAS ONLY A NEWSBOY.

THE PATHETIC STORY OF A BRAVE-HEARTED LAD.

It was a very small funeral procession that wended its way slowly from the King's County Hospital to the Holy Cross Cemetery at Flatbush. There were no handsome carriages, no long string of hacks, only the hearse containing a small, plain coffin, followed by a solitary coach. But the mourning was just as sincere as at the largest and most imposing funeral. And it was not confined to the four boys who accompanied the body of their dearest friend to its last resting place. A hundred hearts were touched by grief. A hundred faces were wet with tears.

"It's only a newsboy," said a policeman. True, only a newsboy, a waif from the streets of the great city. But no philanthropist was ever kinder, no friend more true, no soldier braver than little Joe Flanigan. Every newsboy about the offices of New York's great journals knew and loved him. All owed him a debt of gratitude for the many good deeds he had done in his humble way.

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and alight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning after sleeping in a dry goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would swell up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start

bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a while no one dared to play tricks upon little Joe. His friends he remembered, and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck. Kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew that he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer. But the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. He awoke one morning after working hard selling "extras" to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt. The vital force was gone.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Nobody had seen him since the previous night. Finally he was found in a secluded corner and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital in Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday, a newsboy who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterwards, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty; "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys."

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and excitement on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

It was sad news that Jerry bore back to his friends on that day. They feared that the end was near and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself. Their hearts were too full to speak.

That night a hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

Resolved, that we all liked Little Joe who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died.

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the

hospital, again kindly offered the use of his carriage. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,
Aged 14,
The best Newsboy in New York.
WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that little Joe was dead.

He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.—*New York Herald.*

READING BOOKS.

"Do you call that a big lake?" asked a half-witted lad. "Why I can pour all its water into this basket, and yet have room for two more lakes." "Of course, you can," was the reply; "the water would leak out as fast as it was poured in." That is the way with some readers; they pour into their mind a great amount of reading, but it soon leaks out. For a short time they may remember what they read, but after a while they can recall little more than the title of the book. Such reading profits them little more than does the water the basket through which it runs. To be able to read with profit, we must know what and how to read.

Select your books; select such as are worthy of careful reading; select those that present what you need to know, and in such a way that you can understand and remember; select those suited to you rather than to some one else. You may judge by what others say of the books, and by the titles and table of contents and introduction. If, after beginning to read, you find the book hardly worth finishing, stop reading; rather lose the time already spent than waste more for the sake of finishing what you have begun. You are not reading to get through, but to get good. Having the right kind of book, make a business of reading it. Give your attention to that as a work that must be well done. Begin at the beginning; read slowly. It is not the last page you are after, but the good the book has in it; get that and all of it, if possible. If you do not understand a chapter or paragraph, read it over slowly, stopping to think now and then. When it is understood, then try to fix it in the memory. Have it so fixed that you will not only remember, but be able to tell it to others or act on the lessons yourself. Do not skip unless you are reading for some special object. Read everything carefully, and stop to think of the writer's meaning. If he does not teach what you believe, consider why you differ. This may be a slow way of reading, but by it you will become master of the book, and will be better repaid than if you had read a dozen

books hastily. When the book is finished, fix the whole in your mind by thinking how you would tell it to others, and what you are to do now that you have those new facts and lessons.

GAMES IN ANCIENT GREECE.

It is curious to find that the playthings which pleased the boys and girls of to-day are nearly the same as those that were in use among the little Greek children three thousand years ago. The boys and girls of Greece enjoyed their dolls and hoops and games of top and "blind-man's buff" as well as those in American homes. In fact, if we could go back to the streets of ancient Athens in the days of Socrates, we should find the young folks engaged in the same games and romps, in many cases, as are popular among the youths of the modern cities.

The first toy given to a Greek baby as it lay in its mother's lap was a rattle; when it was large enough to play on the floor it was given a ball of variegated colours to roll about. As the child grew older little carts or miniature waggons were the next playthings. These toys were bought at a great fair which was held in one of the famous cities of that country, and which was attended by every citizen of Greece at least once in his life.

Boys then, as now, loved to spin a top with a cord or to whip it along with a thong. This latter game, as we are told by one of the Greek poets, was played in open spaces in the streets:

"Where three ways meet, there boys with tops are found,
That ply the lash and urge them round and round."

The hoop, too, was well known to the Grecian schoolboys; only little Herodotus and Alcibiades used to roll bronze ones which had tiny rings or bells to make a jingling noise as they were rolled along.

"Blind-man's buff" was a favourite amusement, only it was called "Polyphemus and Ulysses." A boy with his eyes covered by a bandage moved about and spread forth his hands, crying, "Beware!" He represented Polyphemus, who had his one eye put out by Ulysses, while the other boys played the parts of Ulysses, and his companions trying to get out of the cave.

In one of their games a number of lads stooped down, with their hands resting on their knees, in a row, the last springing over the backs of all the others, and then stood first in the row, just as the boys do now in the game of "leap-frog." A game called "scaporda" consisted of passing a rope through a hole at the top of a pole. Two lads took hold of the rope, one on each side, and he was winner who could pull the other up the highest from the ground.

Palm Bearers.

WHEN Christ, as King, descended
The slopes of Olivet,
The gladdest of all visions
His sacred gaze that met,
Were throngs of Jewish children,
That came in singing bands
And pressed about him, bearing
Palm branches in their hands.

"Out of the mouths of children
Thou perfectest thy praise,"
He said, as their hosannas
Rang o'er the crowded ways.
"Out of the mouths of children,"
The same dear lips may say,
These hosts of happy children
Who meet him here to-day.

We come with songs of triumph,
No doubtful Christ to own;
The Galilean Prophet
Is King upon the throne!
With greater gladness bearing
Our palms than those he met
That day when he descended
The steeps of Olivet.

O Saviour! may we children
Strive on, till life shall cease,
To send to all the nations
The palm branch of thy peace.
And own our service, saying,
As in Judean days,
"Out of the mouths of children
God perfecteth his praise."

**DR. VINCENT'S WAY OF
REPROVING SIN.**

BY O. C. M'CAHANE, D.D.

How we neglect this duty! There is a plain command upon the subject, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him" (Lev. xix. 17).

How it would diminish profanity, for instance, if every time a man should swear on the streets, on the cars, or in depots, he should be sure to call up some witness for Jesus. The judgment hall where the Son of God stood amid his foes was a good place to cry out, with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" There are men living to-day who would do it, who would glory in doing it—men, and women, too, who sing in the very depths of their hearts:

"Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beam of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine."

The effect of simply speaking the name of Jesus with reverence and love on such occasions is wonderful.

Every one who reads the *Christian Advocate* is familiar with the name of John H. Vincent. I know him once to reprove a swearer so powerfully, and yet so tenderly, that he not only subdued him, but melted him to tears. It was in a railway station. The room was full of passengers waiting for a belated train. A man, probably slightly intoxicated, was shocking everybody with his profanity. Suddenly Dr. Vincent began to sing:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

The song ceased. Perfect silence reigned. The swearer was reprovved. After a time he came to Dr. Vincent, and said:

"Could I see you a moment outside?"

They went out together. "How came you," said he, "to sing that hymn just now?"

The doctor replied: "I heard you swearing, and I thought I would let you know there was somebody there who loved the name of Jesus."

"That's very strange," said the man. "My sister when she was dying sung that very hymn, and she made me promise to meet her in heaven. Could you pray for me?"

Down in the snow they knelt together, and the doctor prayed for the penitent man, and asked that he might have grace and strength to keep his vow.

The train came. They were separated, to meet no more, in all probability, till they meet in eternity.

Disciple of Jesus, stand up for your Master. Bear his reproach. Confess his name before men. The hour is rapidly approaching when a glance of recognition from Jesus will be more to you than all the wealth, and honour of this world. And he has said, "If ye confess me before men, I will confess you before my Father and his angels."

ONE WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

SOME years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill; yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat the animals, who tugged, and pulled, and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbours, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed too, and set to work levelling the hill and re-opening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which bought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old

woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling, and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

RECONCILIATION.

I WAS struck with a story of two men who were used to give exhortations at meetings, who had fallen out with each other, and one of their brethren who, grieved to think two servants of God should be at difference with each other, went to reconcile them. He called upon the first and said:

"John, I am very sorry to find you and James have quarrelled. It seems a great pity, and it brings much dishonour on the Church of God."

"Ah," said John, "I am grieved, too, and what grieves me most is that I am the sole cause of it. It was only because I spoke so bitterly that James took offence."

"Ah, ah," said the good man, "we will soon settle this difficulty then," and away he went to James.

"James, I am very sorry that you and John cannot agree."

"Yes," he said; "it is a sad thing we don't; we ought to do so, for we are brethren, but what troubles me most is that it is all my fault. If I had not taken notice of a little word John said, there would have been an end of it."

The matter, as you may guess, was soon rectified. You see there was at the bottom a true friendship between them, so that the little difficulty was soon got over.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

HOW CAN I PLEASE JESUS?

THIS was the question dear little Bessie Upton asked. Bessie lived in Ohio, at the foot of a great hill where a clear spring burst forth to hurry away between mint-bordered banks. On beyond was a dry, sandy plain, and there the passer-by went into the bustling town. In this town were many places where intoxicating drinks were sold, and Bessie had heard her papa often say, "What a pity!" She had heard too about giving a cup of cold water in Jesus' name, and the dear child was wise for her years and pondered all these sayings in her heart.

So one warm morning we found her with a new tin cup in her hand which she filled at the spring and offered to each person who went by. Some looked up in astonishment, and others said, "God bless you, my dear little maiden;" while a few hurried past as though they didn't care for the delightful drink God has given us.

The summer day passed on and Bessie stood as often as she could at the spring. Many learned to look up for "the little cold-water girl" and

her cup. One old man, trembling with age, said to her father one day,

"Your little girl has set me to thinking. I had just such a child once, but my bad habits of intemperance killed her and her mother. Every time your child holds up her cup to me it seems as though my own little one was pleading with me to leave off the drink so that I can go to her by-and-bye. And by the help of God I have resolved to do it."

I am happy to say he did; and if Bessie had done no other good, would not this have well repaid her for the trouble she had taken—this saving one soul from the eternal burning? Do you understand, dear children, how great a thing this is!

But there were many others who were helped beside the old man. There were youths who drank the sparkling water and were made ashamed to call for anything stronger.

All through these summer days Bessie was preaching a temperance sermon. Did she not do something to please Jesus? Dear children, can you not do as much as Bessie did to help the great temperance reform!—*S. R. S., in Morning Light.*

THE FOG BELL.

THERE is a most ingenious fog bell at Cape Cod, the mechanism of which may not be known to all our young people. A western paper thus describes it:

It was a fog-bell that used to ring on Race Point, Cape Cod. There was a big bell with a clockwork that would mournfully toll it whenever it was set agoing. The bell was under cover, but projecting from the house was a long, nicely balanced lever with a big sponge on the outer end. There was a little roof over the sponge to keep the rain off, but when a fog came on, the moisture would saturate the sponge, and the weight bearing the lever down would start the machine, and set the bell tolling. When the fog disappeared, the sponge dried out and the lever stopped the bell.

BEING WATCHED.

"I won't be watched all the time," said one boy to another. "I won't, either," said his companion, with a laugh.

These two boys meant different things by the same expression. One could not be trusted away from his father. He needed a watchful eye to guard him constantly and keep him in the right course. He rebelled against this, and wanted to be free to do as he pleased.

The other boy was honourable; he did not need watching. His father was confident that he would not willfully do a wrong thing, and he trusted him. His manliness scorned the idea of having some one compel him to do right.

To be employed is to be happy.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 29.] LESSON V. [Jan. 29.

PETER CONFESSING CHRIST.

Matt. 16. 13-23. Commit to mem. vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. Matt. 10. 32.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christ Confessed.
2. The Christ Followed.

TIME—20 A. D.

PLACE.—Caesarea Philippi.

EXPLANATIONS. *Into the coats* Into the country adjoining. *Flesh and blood* No merely human teaching or knowledge could have produced this thought. *Upon this rock*—This is one of the great battle-fields between Romanism and Christianism. It probably means, upon this rock-like confession that I am Christ. *Build my church* The first mention of the church is separate from the synagogue. *The gates of hell* The kingdom of Satan. *The keys of the kingdom* A probable allusion to the apostolic office and vocation in the church. *And whatsoever thou shalt bind*—For this difficult passage consult a commentary. *Peter took him*—That is, laid his hand upon him as in reproof. *Son of man coming in his kingdom*—This perhaps means that they should see his glory before their death. They did at the triumphal entry, crucifixion, and ascension.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That Jesus is the Son of God?
2. That Jesus died and rose again?
3. That Jesus lives forever?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus call himself in his question? The Son of man. 2. What did Peter call him in his answer? The Son of God. 3. What did Jesus, just after this, tell them would happen to him? That he would be put to death. 4. What did Jesus say must be the portion of his followers? Self-denial, cross-bearing, and sometimes death. 5. What did he say would be the final reward of every one who had confessed and followed him? "Whosoever therefore shall confess," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Service and sacrifice.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. In what other ways did he show this? By the heavenly wisdom, the authority and the graciousness of his teaching. Luke iv. 22; John vii. 46; Luke xxiv. 32; Mark i. 22.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 5.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Matt. 17. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 4-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son; hear him. Luke 9. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. The Three Disciples.
2. The Two Saints.
3. The One Saviour.

TIME—29 A. D.

PLACE.—Mount Hermon.

EXPLANATIONS.—Six days—Matthew and Mark say definitely six. Luke says, "about an eight days." Six full days between the day of Peter's confession and the day of the descent from the mountain make the two accounts agree. *A high mountain*—Probably Mount Hermon, and not Mount Tabor, as sometimes still maintained. *Transfigured*—Changed in figure or in the appearance of his figure. *Three tabernacles*—Three arbors or three forest tents. *Bright cloud*—Not an ordinary cloud of mist lighted, but doubtless the same as the pillar of cloud of the wilderness, showing the real presence of God. *The vision*—Not dream; but miraculous sight, or spectacle.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That death does not end all?
2. That we shall know each other in heaven?
3. That Jesus is our only Saviour?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What wonderful scene is described in our lesson? The transfiguration of Christ. 2. When did it occur? Six days after Peter's confession. 3. Where did it occur? On a high mountain peak. 4. Why did it occur? To show forth Christ's glory. 5. Of what would the exhibition of his glory convince the disciples? That he was the Son of God. 6. What did the voice from the cloud also tell them? "This is my beloved Son; hear him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Immortality.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. And what was the last and greatest proof? His rising from the dead, as he himself foretold.

John ii. 18, 19, 21. The Jews therefore answered and said unto him, What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou dost these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. . . . But he spake of the temple of his body.

Acts ii. 32. This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses.

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