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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

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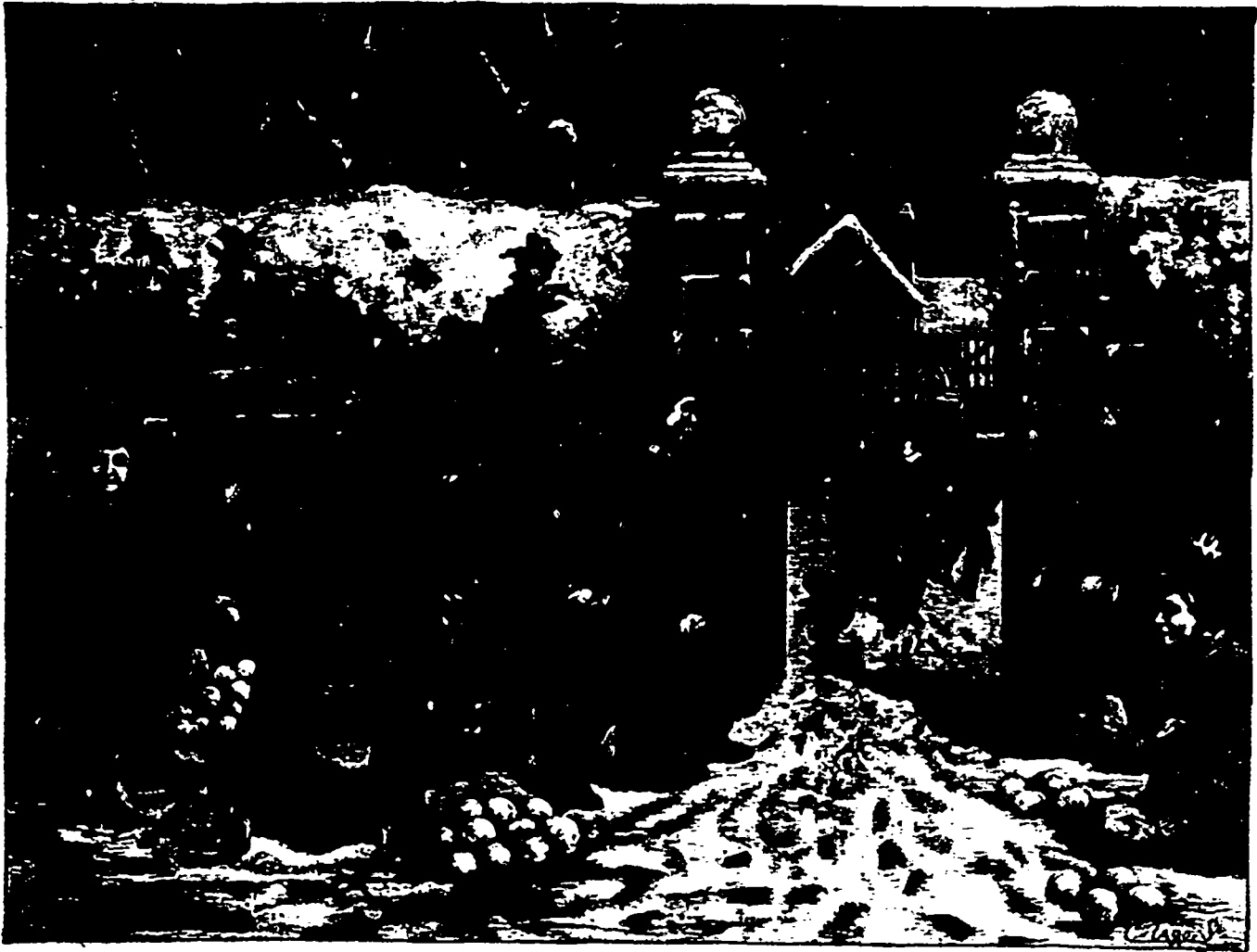
## SNOWBALLING.

Did you ever have a snowball match, boys? I suppose you did. It is a kind of sport some people don't enjoy, for the snow has a fashion of melting and trickling down one's neck in a very cool and insinuating way. But it is great fun for all that, as you know. The battle in the picture has not started yet, but, judging from the size and number of the balls being prepared, it is going to

man was put in his place, and next morning he too was found dead there. So the officer selected a sharp man, and said to him, "Now, let nothing escape you. Shoot at anything that moves. If a dog goes by, shoot him." For an hour or two the man heard nothing stirring. But at last a little twig snapped, and it seemed as if something were softly treading on dry leaves. The sentry's heart beat fast, and he strained his eyes but could see nothing. After a

skin with a wounded Indian inside it. This Indian night after night had approached the sentry, crawling along the ground in the dark skin of the bear, and when near enough had suddenly sprung up and killed him.

Now, you know very well that things come to you in life to do you harm—things which are called temptations. You do not notice them, they come so quietly and spring so suddenly. You have to be



SNOWBALLING.

be a rather "hot" one. This is an old-fashioned English school, as may be seen from the timbered building and ivy-covered stone wall.

## RED INDIAN WARFARE.

One time when the British soldiers were fighting against Indians in America, a sentry at a very important point was found one morning dead at his post. The guard had heard no sound and they could not imagine how any one could have come so close to the sentry as to kill him. They thought he must have fallen asleep at his post. Another

second or two he was certain something was coming near to him. He called out "Who goes there!" but no one answered. The next moment he saw something black and was going to fire, but noticed that it was a small bear moving near a bush a few yards off. So he lowered his rifle, and was going to laugh at himself at the thought of how near he had been to raising an alarm about a little bear. But suddenly the sentry remembered the words, "Shoot anything that moves, whatever it is!" and he lifted his rifle and let go at the bear. The bear fell, and the guard ran to where they had heard the report. On examining the bear they found it was a bear's

warned and put on the alert. Bad companions, and bad tempers, and bad and angry thoughts are like the Indian in the bear's skin. People are overcome by them before they are aware. This is the great sentinel duty of life, to watch and pray lest you enter into temptation.

CHILDREN should remember that what they are now, so they will be as men and women. If they are good now, they will be better then, and if they are wicked while young, they will be worse as they grow old.

The Sun.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE STAMOUR.

Sun of beauty, gorgeous light,  
Source and centre of the light;  
Vivid emblem, grand to see,  
Of my Lord's divinity!

Life is born from every ray—  
Life anew each passing day;  
Christ alone, the life of men,  
Still renews our souls again.

Sunshine blest! With his long eld,  
Smiles upon the sick and old,  
Christ the Sun, to each one brings  
Blessed morning in his wings.

Clearst light! our safety guide,  
Shows the way—no ill betide;  
Christ our light reveals the road,  
Path alone that leads to God.

Glorious Sun! that paints the flower,  
Making beauty every hour;  
Christ the Lord of beauty is,  
Author of all pleasures.

Light that's free, and free to all—  
Gottage of the palace hall;  
All to bless the Saviour dead,  
Pleasant grace for all supplied.

Shining light, that brightens fast,  
To a perfect day at last;  
Christ, the Sun! whose coming rise  
Yet will fill the earth and skies!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

OUR JUNIOR LEAGUE MEETING.

BY REV. C. S. CUMMINGS.

OUR junior league is under the care of three deacons, ladies, who are members of the church and of the Epworth League. The meetings are held every Monday at the close of the public schools. The children go immediately to the vestry. They have officers of their own members, but everything is under the directors. The meetings open with devotional exercises: singing, led by the piano; responsive reading from some of the Psalms; prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer in concert, and verses of Scripture repeated by the members. All have books and take part eagerly in these exercises. The report of the last meeting is read by the secretary, and a collection is taken.

Then the exercises vary. Sometimes there is an entertainment consisting of songs, readings and recitations. This has been arranged by a committee chosen at the last meeting. I go often and have a talk with the children. Sometimes it is a Temperance talk, then about the Bible as a whole, or some book in particular; again, about the Saviour. Often

it is a Methodist talk. We learn the leading facts about our origin and history. I entertain them with stories of the early Methodists. Their attention must be kept, or it is useless to talk to them. Something must be held before them to incite interest in attendance. Our Epworth League gave the juniors a ride to Camden where we had refreshments, singing, prayer, and then a merry ride home. I asked the children if they would not like to have supper together some night, letting the ladies furnish it. The answer was unanimous.

There are many objects gained by the junior league. The children learn to love the house of God. It is open to them, and they enjoy meeting one another there. They are trained to worship. They learn verses of Scripture and facts about the Bible that must be of permanent value. They learn historical facts as to Methodism. They are trained in Methodist customs and are taught to love the Methodist Church. They are impressed that the church is for them as well as for adults. There has been but a weak bond between the children of Methodist homes and the Methodist Church, and we lose more children than any other communion. There has been but little more connection between children and the Church than there is between an artificial limb and the body. The junior league comes to restore this lost union. It has an important part in the work of saving the children for Methodism and for Christ.

"HE BRINGETH THE WIND OUT OF HIS TREASURES."

BY MAY FIELD M'KEAN.

A POPULAR lecturer, in one of his most popular lectures, tells the story of a throne which sought a king to occupy it. There was much difficulty in determining who was the rightful heir, but finally the people learned that when they found a man whom animals would follow, the sun serve, and the waters obey, and mankind love, he would be the man to whom the crown rightly belonged. And then the lecturer, who never misses an opportunity to lift men and women to the appreciation and dignity of their true standing, as made in the image of the Most High, goes on to show that God meant man to be king over nature, and to be king over the hearts around him, through the potency of truest love.

Take the wind that blows, as an instance. Surely, one might well ask: "Who can tame the wind? or who can put a bridle upon it?" or, with the writer of the Proverbs: "Who hath gathered the wind in his fists!" A more untractable element could scarcely present itself; but though man may not tame it, he has yet succeeded in putting enough of a bridle upon it to bring it into subjection to his will and make it a faithful servant.

When windmills were first erected, or who first thought of utilizing the wind in this way, is not known; but certainly they were used in Europe in the early part of the twelfth century. Although not a very powerful motor, as now constructed, it has the advantage of using as its essential element a force which is untaxable and unpatented. So it often serves well in the place of more costly machinery.

It has been objected that in its employment its power is variable and intermittent; but to make that an excuse for not using them at all would be virtually denying the old proverb that "half a loaf is better than none." Those who have studied the matter say that there is an average of eight hours out of every twenty-four when the wind furnished is of sufficient force thus to be utilized. But that it is possible to overcome even this objection, has been shown by an American inventor, one Nathan Read, born about the middle of the last century, who, among many mechanical improvements, patented a device for "equalizing the action of windmills, by accumulating the force of the wind by winding up a weight." This, however, is not generally applied to those in common use.

As to the uses where they have been found practicable: "Small windmills are useful on farms for working machines and pumping, in brickfields for pumping, and on ships for clearing out bilge water.

They are employed for drainage purposes in Holland and Norfolk, and for mining purposes in many now countries. In America they are used to pump water at railway stations. Sir W. Thompson has proposed to utilize them in charging electric accumulators. As an auxiliary to a steam engine, they are sometimes useful. Thus at Faversham, Eng., a fifteen horse-power windmill raised, in ten months, twenty one million gallons of water from a depth of one hundred and nine feet, saving one hundred tons of coal.

There can be no doubt but that there are many things yet of God's hiding for us to "search out" and "subdue." He meant all things to work together for the good of those who love him, and work for him; and from this "all things" we must not except the elements of nature which he bringeth forth out of his treasury. When we are thus engaged, or when we read of what others have done towards searching out the matter of God's wonderful hidings, let it be with reverent heart and thoughtful mind, intent in finding God himself back of all his creations and providences.

In this connection read Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Windmill."

WHAT TEMPERANCE MEANS.

BY REV. A. C. GEORGE.

TEMPERANCE is self-control. It is the master of our appetites and passions. It enables us to hold in our desires, to hold fast to our convictions, and to hold out against temptation. Its chief element is strength. The majesty of kingship is in it. It keeps conscience on the throne of rightful dominion and gives the higher faculties sway over the lower. It is a power of restraint which brings due measure and proportion to life, and so prevents excess, debauchery and degradation. To be temperate is to abide in strength, and to bear rule over our tempers and lusts, to be masters, and not slaves.

The importance of this self-government, in order to happiness, usefulness, and an honourable career in the world, is readily discerned. We despise ourselves for weakness; self-mastery is the prime condition of mastery over others; and it is only our own conscious moral might which gives assurance of deserved esteem from our fellowmen, the favour of God and that victory which is eternal life.

He, then, who in principle and practice is temperate will wholly refrain from the use of intoxicating drinks; for such fiery stimulants destroy self-control and subject us to the rule of appetite and passion. They heat the blood, disorder the nerves, derange digestion, and impair all our physical functions. They strike with a blighting blow our mental and moral faculties. They darken the understanding, deaden the conscience, and inflame the passions. They cast us down from manhood's throne and bind us in slavish chains. They make peace, parity, and progress impossible. For strength they give weakness, for liberty, bondage, and for self-respect and the approval of men, a sense of defilement and dishonour, a darkened future, and a vision of despair and death.

Temperance, therefore, means total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

MIND THE LITTLE THINGS.

A YOUNG artist once called upon Mr. Audubon, the great student of birds, to show him some drawings and paintings. Mr. Audubon was much interested, and after examining the work of the artist, said: "I like it very much, but it is a little deficient in details. You have painted the legs of this bird nicely, except in one respect. The scales are exact in shape and colour, but you have not arranged them correctly as to number."

"I never thought of that," said the artist. "Quite likely," said Audubon. "Now, upon this upper ridge of the partridge's leg there are just so many scales. You have too many. Nature does her work perfectly. Examine the legs of a thousand partridges, and you will see that the scales are the same in number. All partridges are made alike." The lesson shows how Audubon became great by patient study in small things.

## LOST IN A MINE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

## CHAPTER II.

JUDITH HAZELDINE had too deep a sense of the importance of the coming trial not to signalize it by making a solemn feast to all the house of the Hazeldines who were within reach of an invitation. Reuben was to take advantage of the feast and the family gathering to marry Abby Upton, the sister of his favourite comrade. Abby had helped old Judith on baking and washing days ever since she was fourteen; and it seemed hardly a change for her to be coming to live under the same roof, as Reuben's wife.

Under the roof literally they were to live, in a large spare attic, with strong beams of old oak, black with age, forming sharp angles under the thatch, and with a lattice-window deep set in the southern gable, looking out upon the garden and the wood beyond, which climbed up a gentle slope, and traced its green branches clear against the sky. Reuben and Abby had both been as busy as the swallows under the eaves, about this homely little nest of theirs. It was Reuben who had papered every small clear space in the irregular walls with a paper that had a pattern of sweet peas and roses running all over it; and it was he who had bought some pots of rare hothouse flowers for the broad, low window-sill. But it was Abby who had scrubbed the floor white, and removed every speck and stain from the old-fashioned furniture. There had been a good share of deep though unspoken happiness in getting ready their future home.

"Reuben," said Abby, with a look of awe on her rosy face, "folks do say as Levi Hazeldine doesn't even believe as our Lord was born on Christmas-day. I wonder how he can think! There'd never be any merry Christmas if that weren't true."

"Neyer mind Levi," answered Reuben, fondly; "he hasn't got either chick or child, or wife neither, to make him believe in such things. It's mainly folks as haven't any love in them that don't believe there's a good God who loves us every one, and who'd be lonesome in his almighty power if he'd no creature to be fond of and caring after. Why, isn't Jesus Christ gone, to prepare a place for us, somewhere in his Father's house, just like me making the attic fit for you, Abby, here in mother's house? I've been thinking of it all along, and it seems, somehow, as if I could see him looking all about the grand' room he's getting ready, to see if there's anything we'd like that has been forgotten. Levi can't understand, for he has never loved anybody enough."

"Reuben," whispered Abby, with her hands about his arm, "I shall always believe like you—you are so good."

The morning before the double festival came, and the sun shone on one of the pleasantest days of the pleasant spring-time. Reuben stayed away from his underground toil to put some finishing touches to the attic, which was to become Abby's home to-morrow. Abby herself was busy over her simple wedding-gown; but she was away, in her own home, and she could not hinder him by peeping through the half-open door to see what he was about. Judith was deep in her preparations for the great dinner, to which she had invited her guests; and Reuben could hear the clatter of earthenware, and the beating up of eggs, and the opening and shutting of the oven door, in the large, old-fashioned kitchen below. They were pleasant sounds; but sweeter sounds came to his listening ear through the open window. There was the cuckoo calling from the woods, with a note softened and mellowed by the distance; and the throats were piping, and the blackbirds whistling nearer to him, in the hawthorn hedgerow round the garden. The low, southerly breeze that fluttered the leaves of the Bible and hymn-book on the window-sill, brought with it the scent of lilac and gillyflowers, growing in the borders. Reuben Hazeldine felt as if he had never really known what earthly happiness was before.

It was past noonday, and he was still busy about

his finishing touches, and humming little snatches of hymns in his low, deep voice—for he was a famous singer in his parish, when he suddenly heard Abby's voice calling him afar off. He stopped, with his hand up, holding a hammer that was about to knock a nail into the wall, and listened eagerly. Yes, that was Abby's voice, clearer and sweeter than the throats' piping note. He smiled to himself as he wondered how far off she might be; and he neither answered nor went towards the open window, that he might hear her calling again. Then there came a nearer and a shriller call, and his quick ear caught the ring of fear in it. He stretched himself half through the little casement in the gable, and saw her flying down the bank, which had the pit mouth from him, as if she was in an agony of terror. But the moment she caught sight of him she stopped herself in the headlong flight, and stretched out her arms to him; and he heard her crying mournfully through the still, sunny air.

"Come, come quickly!" she called; "the water's broke out, and the pit's flooded!"

For a moment or two Reuben could not stir, but stood leaning through the casement, staring in bewilderment at Abby. Was it possible she was making fun to frighten him? But she had quickly turned away, and was climbing up the bank; whilst his mother ran down the garden path, and was following her as swiftly as she could. Then he roused himself from his stupor and hurried after them. It was true, the pit was flooded! How good God had been to him!

That was the thought his mind fastened on at first. God had saved him from peril, perhaps from death. If he had gone to work in the pit this morning he might have been among those who were lost, if any were lost. When he reached the top of the bank he saw—in the sunny, noonday light—the pit's mouth, with its black framework of chains and thick, old timber, as he seemed never to have seen it before. So sharp, so distinct, it stood out against the sky, and imprinted itself on his brain. A group of women and old men and children were already gathered about it; and the elder ones among the boys were peering into the shaft, down which the truck was being lowered as quickly as the little engine could work. A knot of swarthy men, who had just come up from underground, stood in the centre of the group telling their story. Reuben thrust his way in among them, and stood listening in awed silence.

"It broke out on us in the Long Spinnay foot-path," one of them was saying, "and we ran for our lives. Us six were first, and there's eight or nine more to come. But there's old Lijah, and Simeon, and Abner—they'll be cut off by the flood. They kept together, and the water's out betwixt them and the shaft. There's no chance for ever a one of them."

Reuben heard as if the tidings had nothing to do with him. "Old Lijah, and Simeon, and Abner!" he repeated over and over again, half aloud; but he was quite unconscious that he was uttering their names. He seemed to see them quite plainly: his young brother, who had been of late so absorbed in preparing for the great contest for the Hazeldine Bible; his chosen friend, Abner, who was to him what Jonathan had been to David; and the old man, who had been like a father to the fatherless boys. He counted them upon his fingers, mechanically: "Old Lijah—Abner—Simeon." His mother shrieked aloud, with a very wild and bitter cry; and Abby threw herself down on the ground by the mouth of the shaft, calling, "Abner, brother Abner!"

A second cluster of pitmen, some clinging to the chain—without foothold—was ascending slowly to the light of day. Reuben's bewildered eye ran through the number, but none of these three was there. Then he shook himself, and, as if he awoke from a dream, he seized the full meaning of the accident that had happened. The flood had separated them from their comrades, and had cut off all hope of escape from a terrible and lingering death.

"How deep is it?" he asked, in a hoarse, harsh voice.

"Not above the soles of our shoon," answered one of the men. "It came trickling by like a brook in the woods, but we felt scared, like

There's a heavy dip, thee knows, before you come to the Long Spinnay siding."

"Not above the soles of our shoon!" repeated another of the men. "It was up to our knees. See thee, Reuben! Look how deep I've been; and it came roaring in after us like a mill-dam. It'll be a fathom high in the shaft to night."

A dead silence followed this last speech, a silence which seemed to Reuben to continue for hours, so terribly significant it was. Yet there were many sounds smiting against his ear and filling his brain. The cry of the cuckoo seemed to shout loudly and mockingly at him, and the awful creaking of the chain by which the truck hung over the dark mouth of the pit grated and jurred upon him. He had never felt like this before. Life had been so dear and sweet to him only ten minutes ago.

"I shall be bound to go," he said, looking round him with a gloomy and stupefied air. He was the first to break the silence; and at the sound of his voice the women burst out into sobs and cries, and the men into eager speech. Abby and his mother clung to him, beseeching him not to risk his life. If Reuben had shrunk from the danger they would have despised him in their hearts; but now, as they read his resolution in his mournful face, and the few words he spoke so hoarsely, they could not let him go.

Fresh numbers of eager, anxious men and women flocked to the spot, from fields and woods and distant cottages, for a rumour of the calamity seemed to be carried by the soft, southerly breeze. Levi Hazeldine was amongst them; and Reuben saw his face more clearly than any other—a shrewd, sharp, sinister face, that had no true compassion in it. Some of the women about them were calling loudly upon God to save those who were left behind in the flooded pit. Reuben freed himself almost roughly and impatiently from Abby's clinging hands.

"How can God save them if he has nobody to send?" he cried. "There isn't a man living that knows the pit as I know it; and there's another road out of the Long Spinnay siding, if they'd any body to guide them. Don't you see that I must go, if there's a bare chance of winning through, to save them? How could I live in peace at home and think of them starved to death down below, and dying there unburied? Abby, mother, can't you see how wicked I should be if I could leave them to perish without doing all I could to save them?"

"But suppose I lose you both?" cried Judith, in a shrill, quavering voice. "Suppose thee comes back no more—never! But, oh! Simeon, my little lad, that was only a baby a little while ago! And I'm so proud of thee! Come back, Simeon—come home to thy mother!"

"I'm bound to go," said Reuben, stepping on to the truck which hung over the shaft, while one of the men ran to the engine-house to lower it. For a few seconds he stood there, looking round him on the pleasant, sunny day, and on his old friends and neighbours gathered about him. Abby had fallen on the ground, and was hiding her face from the light; and his mother was on her knees, torn between the dread of letting him go and the hope that he might save Simeon. Old Lijah's wife was crying and blessing him, amid her sobs; whilst his comrades were crowding eagerly round to shake hands with him, and bid him God-speed. But it was all over in a few moments; and, as the chain grated and creaked over the windlass, he glanced about him for the last time.

"Take care of them!" he shouted, as he felt himself passing out of their sight; and a faint, broken cheer answered him. For a little while he could still see a cluster of friendly, anxious faces looking after him. "God bless you!" he called to them. He could hear them shouting back as he reached the bottom of the shaft, though the round opening above him was but as a very little ring of light in the midst of deep darkness.

"All right! I'll be back in an hour, please God!" he shouted again, as he looked up to the small, bright spot overhead. Then he plunged into one of the yawning caverns that opened before him.

(To be continued.)



THE WINDMILL.

The Windmill.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Behold! a giant am I!  
Aloft here in my tower,  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye  
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that is to be,  
And I fling to the air my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails  
Far off, from the threshing floors,  
In barns, with their open doors,  
And the wind, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever way it may blow  
I meet it face to face,  
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive  
My master the miller stands  
And feeds me with his hands;  
For he knows who makes him thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sunday I take my rest;  
Church-going bells begin  
Their low melodious din;  
I cross my arms on my breast,  
And all is peace within.

THE RIGHT WORD.

BY SUSANNA B. MERRIFIELD.

GRANDPA was seventy-seven years old, and his good horse, "Brownie," was twenty-five.

Now, a horse does not live as long as a man, so Brownie was called very old.

He had a funny habit that he learned from grandpa, because, I suppose, he had lived with him so long.

Grandpa was ever a social man, and he liked, as he rode into town, to stop and talk with the friends he should meet on the way. So our Brownie

was social, too, and it came about in time that he took the matter right out of his good master's hands into his own.

When a carriage approached, he stopped.

He stopped for a hay-cart.

He stopped for a wheel-barrow.

Though grandpa liked to have him do it, he said it wasn't always quite convenient.

There was one morning that I must tell you about, as well as I can. We were out riding—grandpa and I—and we had just passed over the bridge by the mill, when we saw a horse and buggy coming very fast, raising a great dust. Arthur Browne and John Lawton were the sons of two of grandpa's best friends.

It was they who were beating their horse and scarcely able to keep their seats in the buggy, because, sad to say, they had been drinking that which makes men lose their senses and act most cruelly.

Brownie's wits were wide awake, and he stopped.

The poor, tired horse stopped too, and the young men looked ashamed when they saw the old man's face. Grandpa waited, as if to get strength for the need.

"My boys," he said, in a voice so gentle that I love to think of it now, "Do not take it amiss if I speak. I have loved you ever since you were born, and I grieve so to see you like this. You were called the best boys in the school. And John, when I think how you kept Widow Morris in wood, how you shovelled her snow and warmed up her poor, lonely heart, I think, can a nature like that leave its good all behind?"

Then turning to Arthur, his voice was getting quite low, and it trembled a little, I thought:

"When a boy has been kind to his

mother, he can't make a bad, cruel man. It is all good that is in you—you were made in His image. Then let go of the tempter and show out yourselves."

There was silence, and Brownie was ready to go. He trotted right home to the stable without so much as a break.

And the boys—what did they do? They followed out goodness and truth from that blessed day to the end of their lives.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 725.] LESSON III. [Jan. 17.

OVERCOME WITH WINE.

Isa. 28. 1-13. Memory verses, 5-7.

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Intemperance is an overflowing scourge, leading to untold evils.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Woe—Not a wish, but a statement of facts. *The crown of pride*—Samaria, the capital, crowning a hill. It was beautiful as a jewelled crown. *To [of] the drunkards of Ephraim*—The leading tribe, as a representative of the kingdom. They were eating and drinking in luxury, too stupid to realize their danger. *A fading flower*—Beautiful, but soon to pass away as a plucked flower. *Fertile*. The region was exceedingly rich. *A . . . strong one*—The Assyrian power. The Lord would use it as a rod of punishment. They would come from the north east like a *tempest of hail* and as a *flood*. Great hordes of these warriors swarmed over Israel. *Cast down*—After three years Samaria was destroyed. *As the hasty fruit*—The early first ripe fig, very delicious and eagerly seized.

Intemperance is well represented by this destructive army, coming like a flood of overflowing waters.

*The Lord of hosts . . . a crown of glory*—God's care and love will give more and greater blessings than the beautiful city and its luxuries. *Residue*—Those who remained in the service of God. *Turn the battle*—Away from their country to the gate of the enemy. *Whom shall he teach knowledge?*—This verse and the next are the reply of the careless drunkards, who refuse to be rebuked as if they were little children.

Here begins Isaiah's reply. *Stammering lips*—Such as try to talk a foreign language. By the strange language of the Assyrians besieging their city (Isa. 30.) God would teach them. *To whom*—This trouble should come upon those to whom God had offered rest and peace. *Precept upon precept*—Continual teaching, by words and by punishments often repeated. Thus they were *stared and taken* so that they might learn obedience, as they did by the exile.

Find in this lesson—

1. Four things which intemperance is like.
2. Three things to which temperance is compared.
3. Effects of drinking wine.
4. How God reproves and warns.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What army invaded Israel? "The savage hordes of Assyria." 2. What model of evil is like it? "The army of intemperance." 3. To what is it compared? "To a tempest of hail, a destroying storm, an overflowing flood." 4. Where only is safety? "In temperance, sustained by true religion."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. What does the Gospel command?

It contains the command of God to all men, everywhere, to repent of their sins, and to believe in Christ.

BEGIN RIGHT.

As the boy begins, so will the man end. The lad who speaks with affection, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chameleon in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade, and bring Christianity into contempt; the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will some day figure as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes, and keeps his answer inside of truth, already counts friends who will last his life, and holds a capital which will bring him a surer interest than money. Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar who took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practised firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountain; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off-hours who is promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellows usually turn out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams.

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