

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1896

[No. 1.

## STORIES OF THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

The following three poems are taken from Longfellow's Miracle Play in "The Golden Legend," which in turn derives them from the apocryphal gospels of the infancy and childhood of our Lord. There are about fifty apocryphal gospels, some entire, others in fragments, of others we have nothing but the name. Some of these are of ancient Syrian origin, some old Coptic or Egyptian, some are in Arabic. There were also apocryphal Acts of the Apostles, Epistles and Revelations. While possessing no canonical authority, they are curious as showing the views very early held about our Lord and the apostles. In their childish legends and miracles they differ in a world-wide manner from the inspired narrative of the Scriptures.—Ed.

In the legend the little Jesus makes sparrows of clay and claps his hands, when they all fly off. When the pitcher which Jesus is carrying breaks, he brings the water in the corner of his robe. When the couch which Joseph is making for a customer proves too short, Jesus stretches it to the proper length. These puerile stories are given with much variety in early art, and are in striking contrast to the simple account of the Scriptures, which sums up the boyhood of Christ in the words, "And he was subject unto them. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."



NAZARETH.

### THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

The Rabbi Ben Israel, with a long beard, sitting on a high stool, with a rod in his hand.

RABBI.

I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,  
Throughout this village  
known full well,  
And, as my scholars all  
will tell,  
Learned in things  
divine;  
The Kabala and the Tal-  
mud hear  
Than all the prophets  
prize I more,  
For water is all Bible lore,  
But mishna is strong  
wine.

Come hither, Judas Is-  
cariot,  
Say, if thy lesson thou  
hast got  
From the Rabbinical book  
or not:  
Why howl the dogs at  
night?

JUDAS.

In the Rabbinical book it  
saith  
The dogs howl, when  
with icy breath  
Great Sammael, the Angel  
of Death,  
Takes through the town  
his flight!

RABBI.

Well have ye answered,  
every one!  
Now, little Jesus, the car-  
penter's son,  
Let us see how thy task  
is done.  
Canst thou thy letters  
say?

Aleph. JEWS.

RABBI.

What next? Do not stop yet!  
Go on with all the alphabet.  
Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou for-  
get?  
Cock's soul! thou'dst rather play!

JEWS.

What Aleph means I fain would  
know,  
Before I any further go!

RABBI.

Oh, by Saint Peter! wouldst thou  
no?

Come hither, boy, to me.  
As surely as the letter Jod  
Once cried aloud and spake to God,  
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,  
And punished shalt thou be!

*[Here Rabbi Ben Israel shall  
lift up his rod to strike Jesus,  
and his right arm shall be  
paralyzed.]*

CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.  
Jesus sitting among his playmates  
crowned with flowers as their King.

BOYS.

We spread our garments on the  
ground!  
With fragrant flowers thy head is  
crowned.

While like a guard we stand around,  
And hail thee as our King!  
Thou art the new King of the Jews!  
Nor let the passers-by refuse  
To bring that homage which men use  
To majesty to bring.

*[Here a traveller goes by and  
the boys lay hold of his gar-  
ments.]*

BOYS.

Come hither! and all reverence pay  
Unto our Monarch crowned to-day!  
Then go rejoicing on your way,  
In all prosperity!



WOMAN OF NAZARETH.



CARPENTER'S SHOP AT NAZARETH.

## TRAVELLER.

Hail to thee, King of Bethlehem,  
Who wearest in the diadem  
The yellow crocus for the gem  
Of his authority!

*He passes by, others come in, bearing on a  
litter a sick child.*

## BOYS.

Set down the litter and draw near!  
The King of Bethlehem is here!  
What ails the child, who seems to fear  
That we shall do him harm?

## THE HEAVENLY.

He climbed up to the robin's nest,  
And out there darted, from his nest,  
A serpent with a crimson crest,  
And stung him in the arm.

## JESUS.

Bring him to me and let me feel  
The wounded place; my touch can heal  
The sting of serpents, and can steal  
The poison from the bite!  
[*He touches the wound and the boy begins  
to cry.*]  
Cease to lament! I can foresee  
That thou hereafter known shalt be  
Among the men who follow me,  
As Simon the Canaanite!

JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOL-  
MATES.

## JESUS.

The shower is over. Let us play.  
And make some sparrows out of clay,  
Down by the river's side.

## JUDAS.

See how the stream has overflowed  
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road  
Its spreading far and wide!

[*They draw water out of the stream by  
channels, and form a little pool. Jesus  
makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the  
other boys do the same.*]

## JESUS.

Look! look! How prettily I make  
These little sparrows by the lake  
Bend down their necks and drink!  
Now will I make them sing and soar  
So far, they shall return no more  
Unto this river's brink.

## JUDAS.

That canst thou not? They are but clay,  
They cannot sing, nor fly away  
Above the meadow lands!

## JESUS.

Fly, fly! ye sparrows! You are free!  
And while you live remember me,  
Who made you with my hands.

[*Here Jesus shall clap his hands and  
the sparrows shall fly away chir-  
rupping.*]

## JUDAS.

Thou art a sorcerer I know;  
Oft has my mother told me so,  
I will not play with thee!

[*He strikes Jesus on the right side.*]

## JESUS.

Ah, Judas! thou hast smote my side,  
And when I shall be crucified,  
There shall I pierced be!

"HE CARRIES THEM UP THE  
HILL."

THE other day the children were learn-  
ing the twenty-third Psalm, and we were  
talking together about the Good Shepherd,  
and how he takes care of the sheep and  
the little lambs, and impetuous Mary,  
eager to speak her own thought, said  
rapidly:

"He feeds them, and drives away lions  
and bears."

"Yes," said Tiny, thoughtfully, "and  
he carries them up the hill."

"He carries them up the hill." The  
words went to my heart with a strength  
and sweetness the little speaker had not  
dreamed of. Often since their music has  
thrilled through my tired soul like an echo.

If all Christians were as full of zeal at  
home as they are at camp-meetings, there  
wouldn't be half so many saloons with  
doors wide open on Sunday.

## OUR PERIODICALS:

## PER YEAR POST OR FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the  
most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 90 pp., monthly Illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward to- gether	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 60 pp., 8vo. monthly	0 60
Onward, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, with 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 6vo., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 08
Quarterly Review Service	By the year, 25c. a dozen; 52 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.

## WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.  
O. W. COATES, S. F. HEMMIS,  
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.  
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1898.

## "HE WAS SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

ABOUT the life of Christ, from his birth  
at Bethlehem to the time of his appearing  
at the Jordan, the Bible is silent, with but  
one exception. That was the visit to the  
Temple, when but twelve years of age,



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS.

## Jesus in the Temple.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ALL placid and lonely the village  
Of Nazareth slept on the plain;  
No husbandman toiled at the tillage  
Nor reaped the ripe ears of the grain;  
No vine-dressers wrought at their labours  
Nor passed with their pruning-hooks by;  
The slopes were as silent as Tabor's  
And Tabor was still as the sky.

No voice of innocent riot

In market-place, hostel or hut;  
The hum of the craftsman was quiet,  
The door of the synagogue shut,  
No Alpha and Beth were heard swelling  
From the school of the scribe by the wall,  
And Joseph the carpenter's dwelling  
Was hushed as the publican's stall.

'Twas the week of the Passover; only  
The aged, the sickly, the blind,  
The tottering children, and lonely  
Young mothers had tarried behind.

To the sacred feast of the nation,  
Through the paths that their fathers had  
trod  
All others, with paschal oblation,  
Had gone to the city of God.

And Mary, to every beholder  
Her face touched with wistfullest dole  
(Remembering what Simeon had told her  
Of the sword that should pierce through  
her soul),

With faith yet too steadfast to falter,  
Though sorely with mysteries tried,  
'Midst the worshippers stood at the altar,  
With Jesus the Child by her side.

The seven days' festival ended,  
Rites finished for people and priest,  
The throngs from the temple descended  
And homeward set face from the feast.  
And neighbour held converse with neighbour,  
Unwonted and simple and free,  
As northward they journeyed toward Tabor,  
As westward they turned to the sea.

But not till the night-dews were falling  
Did Mary, oft questioning, find,  
As children to children were calling,  
That Jesus had lingered behind.  
He vex her—the mother that bore him?  
Or veiled it some portent or sign?  
For oft had she trembled before him,  
Her human too near his Divine.

She sought 'midst her kinsfolk, whose pity  
Grew tender to look on her grief;  
Then back through the streets of the city  
She hastened, yet found no relief.  
Thus searching, a marvellous story  
Her ear and her senses beguiled:  
'The rabbi, gray-bearded and hoary,  
In the temple are taught by a child.'

## THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

HIS outward life was the life of all those  
of his age and station and place of birth.

He lived as lived the  
other children of  
peasant parents in  
that quiet town, and  
in a great measure as  
they live now. He  
who has seen the chil-  
dren of Nazareth in  
their red caftans and  
bright tunics of silk  
or cloth, girdled with  
a many-coloured sash,  
and sometimes cover-  
ed with a loose  
outer jacket of white  
or blue—who has  
watched their games,  
and heard their ring-  
ing laughter as they  
wander about the hills  
of their little native  
vale, or play in bands  
on the hillside be-  
side their sweet and  
abundant fountain,  
may perhaps form  
some conception of  
how Jesus looked and  
played when he too  
was a child. And the  
traveller who has fol-  
lowed any of those  
children—as I have  
done—to their simple  
homes, and seen the  
scanty furniture, the  
plain but sweet and  
wholesome food; the

uneventful, patriarchal life, may form an vivid  
conception of the manner in which Jesus  
lived. Nothing can be plainer than those  
houses with the doves sunning themselves  
on the white roofs, and the vines wreath-  
ing about them. The mats or carpets are  
laid loose along the walls; shoes and  
sandals are taken off at the threshold;  
from the centre hangs a lamp which forms  
the only ornament of the room; in some  
recess in the wall is placed the wooden  
chest, painted with bright colours, which  
contains the books or other possessions of  
the family; on a ledge that runs around  
the wall, within easy reach, are neatly  
rolled up the gay-coloured quilts which  
serve as beds, and on the same ledge are  
ranged the earthen vessels for daily use;  
near the door stand the large common  
water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and  
green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—  
thrust into their orifices to keep the water  
cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool  
is placed in the centre of the apartment, a

**Junior Songs.**

The Juniors now are gathering,  
We're coming in our youth,  
To join the noble Army,  
And battle for the truth.  
Life's battle is before us,  
But we have naught to fear;  
Christ's banner's waving o'er us,  
Our Leader still is near.

CHORUS.

The day of victory's coming, etc.

We'll guard our tongues from evil,  
Our lips from speaking guile;  
We'll keep our hands from doing  
Whate'er would them defile.  
Our lives we give to Jesus,  
His, only his, to be,  
We'll guard them for his Kingdom  
Of love and purity.

BY WM. M'KAY.

I'm coming, Lord, to thee,  
I'm seeking cleansing power,  
I long more pure to be,  
Oh, make me so this hour.

CHORUS.

Lord, help me to live holy,  
To speak of Jesus only,  
To live in blessed union,  
With thee, dear Lord.

Just now, my Lord, I feel,  
That thou my soul dost bless,  
While at thy cross I kneel,  
While doubting fears oppress.

BY MAY LANG.

We are Junior Soldiers,  
Fighting for our King;  
We will speak of Jesus,  
And his praises sing.

CHORUS.

We will fight for Jesus,  
We will fight for God;  
We will tell to all around,  
We're washed in Jesus' blood.

Jesus Christ can keep us  
Happy every day,  
When the devil tempts us,  
To Him we can pray.

Peterboro'.

**OLD MARTYN'S CHILDREN:**

OF,

The House on the Hill.

By Florence Yarwood.

**CHAPTER I.**

WHAT a dismal looking house it was. It was boarded straight up and down, and the boards were loose at one end in a number of places, and the wind sighing around it kept up a steady rattle. Some of the shingles on the roof threatened frequently to take their departure in flight, but just now they were weighed down with a billowy mound of pure white snow, so it was impossible to do otherwise but remain quietly in their places.

A number of the window panes were out, and old hats and rags occupied the places of the missing ones; but they were rather a poor substitute, for they let in the searching wind and snow.

Inside the house it was better, though. Some one had evidently tried, in spite of many disadvantages, to make the place look home-like. The windows were curtained;—to be sure the curtains were made out of newspaper, notched in a fancy pattern around the edge, but they looked better than none. The old rickety table had a spread on made out of the same material; and the chairs, a number of them without any backs, were set against the wall in order.

But while we have been telling you all this, a young boy and girl have entered the room, so we will now turn our attention to them, if you please.

They were both poorly and thinly clad, when we remember that they had just been out in a driving snow-storm. The boy, a bright, intelligent lad of about thirteen years of age, might have been called handsome had it not been for a hard, settled look of discouragement on his face, which is particularly sad to see in one so young.

The girl had none of that expression in her face; it was as gentle and pitying as an angel's: with her great, innocent blue eyes, pale, pinched face, and golden locks of hair. Poor little thing! She was only eleven years of age, but a great deal of sorrow and suffering had been crowded into those few years.

"You sit down, Tiny," said the boy, kindly, "and I'll soon have a fire made," and pulling out a much-worn jack-knife, he soon had a generous pile of shavings.

Whatever faults Ernest Martyn had, he was kind to Tiny, his only sister, and that is indeed a beautiful trait of character in any boy.

He soon had a cheerful fire burning, and then the little girl filled the kettle with water for tea; for (would you believe it!) there was no one else to do such work but herself. This little girl, christened Tiny in babyhood because she was so small, had no mother, no one to help her but her brother Ernest.

True, she had a father, but perhaps the less said about him the better; we will see enough of him soon.

"We have nothing for supper," said Tiny, sadly. "If father don't come home with the meal I don't know what we will do."

"Don't you get almost tired of living, Tiny," asked the boy, gloomily, "we have such a miserable life of it!"

The little girl turned her head reflectively on one side for a moment, as she looked steadily into the fire; then she said, "No, Ernest; I am always hoping that something will happen to make things better."

"But there won't, though," said Ernest in a tone of deep discouragement, "we'll never be anything else but just 'old Martyn's children,' that's what the people in the town all call us."

"If mother had only lived all would have been different," said Tiny, with a deep-drawn sigh.

But alas! that patient mother had worn herself out fighting the same heavy sorrows her children were now battling with, and had gone home to God's beautiful city "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

The boy's only answer was a heavy sigh, as he pulled out his book and began studying his lessons. They had both been to school. You will wonder how this little housekeeper could find the time to keep house and go to school too; but you see they were so poor that she had not much to keep house with, and a kind-hearted neighbour always helped her with her bread-baking.

"Father is coming!" exclaimed the little girl, looking out of the window, "and oh! those horrid boys are teasing him because he can't walk straight!"

Poor little girl! she could not bring herself to say the sad words, "he is drunk."

The two children both looked out of the window, and it was indeed a sad sight that met their view—but a very common one to them—their father reeling and staggering down the long hill opposite, very drunk. A number of school-boys were shouting and jeering at him, and snow-balls flew thick and fast. The old man carried on his back a sack of corn-meal.

Suddenly one of the boys at the top of the long hill jumped on his sled and came shooting down like a rocket; before the old man saw what was up down came the boy, clipped the man's feet from under him, and there in a confused heap in the snow were corn-meal, sled, boy and man.

The boys all shouted and laughed and thought this was great sport, while the old man made a number of wrathful threats as he tried in vain to get on his feet and shoulder his bag of corn-meal again.

There were two watchers who did not laugh any; these were Tiny and Ernest Martyn.

The boy snatched his cap, and hurrying to his father helped him on his feet, and shouldering his sack of corn-meal he hurried home with it, followed by the stumbling old man, who still continued to shake his fists wrathfully at the retreating boys.

**CHAPTER II.**

It was not much of a supper Tiny Martyn got that night; she had nothing but corn meal, so all she could do was to make a little porridge, and there were a few dry pieces of bread left which she toasted, and they soaked in their tea, for butter was not to be thought of.

The father, when he had been drinking, was always cross and disagreeable; and, in fact, he was not much better when he was sober. After his unpleasant encounter with the boys on the hill he felt very much annoyed, and he scolded poor Tiny and Ernest until they half wished him back on the hill again.

After supper he sat down by the stove watching suspiciously the movements of the children, hoping to see something more to scold them about. Ernest pulled out his school book and sat down by the table to study; he was very fond of his books, and was getting along well at school.

"I say," shouted the old man, "what on earth do you sit around here every night with

that book in your hand for? Do you think I'm going to keep on working hard while you have a soft time of it all your life? You are plenty big enough to earn a few shillings; to-morrow morning you go up to the house on the hill and see if you can get a job there. I heard them say they wanted a boy. We'll have done with such nonsense as this!" and before Ernest realized what he was going to do he snatched his treasured book and threw it in the fire.

With a cry Ernest sprang forward, but he was too late to save it; in a moment it was charred and blackened by the relentless flames. Then he clutched his fingers tightly together and said not a word. A number of heavy blows would not have hurt him half so much as to see his much-loved book destroyed.

"What do you say about going to work?" shouted the angry father. "You are a big enough boy to be doing something else besides hanging on to a book all the time."

"I am quite willing to try and see what I can do," said Ernest, in a low tremulous voice, "but I would rather work anywhere else than at the house on the hill; the people are not kind there."

"You'll go there to work if they'll take you, and nowhere else!" shouted the father. "If they thrash you once in a while it won't be amiss, I'll bet you! And remember you are to bring every cent of your wages home to me. Don't let me catch you spending a copper of it. Do you hear what I say?" shouted the angry man, at the top of his voice.

"Yes, father; but if I did spend a little it would be to buy food and clothes for Tiny, here. There would not be any danger of me spending any of it down to the liquor store," said the boy, defiantly.

Of course this was a very imprudent thing for a boy to say to an angry, drunken man, but the remembrance of his book smouldering in the flames made him feel so desperate that he cared but little what he said. Besides, he knew if he handed his wages to his father, it would all be spent for drink, and their home would be as destitute and cheerless as ever.

"I'll teach you to sass me, my boy!" exclaimed the angry father, and snatching up an old chair he was about to throw it at him, but Ernest saw his danger and slipped out the back door in the bitter cold, where the snow was whirling and blowing.

Poor boy! was not his life a hard one? Dear boys and girls, if you have kind parents, and a comfortable home, be sure and thank God for it ere you sleep this night, for thousands of children have not these blessings.

Out in the cold, stormy night, bare-headed and but thinly clad, stood the unhappy boy. He knew that he would not dare to go in again until his father went to bed, so there was nothing for him to do but walk around lively to keep from freezing. Around him the earth was shrouded with pure white snow—so pure, so lovely, he wondered why people could not make their lives as spotless as that. Above him a few stars were shining, but God and heaven seemed very far away at that moment. He had not had much religious teaching; before his mother died she used to talk to him and Tiny so beautifully about God and heaven, but a great deal of it he had forgotten, and he did not go to church or Sunday-school simply because he had nothing decent to wear.

While he stamped around in the snow trying in vain to keep warm, he heard Mrs. Walton, the next-door neighbour, singing softly to her baby, every word of the beautiful hymn he could distinctly hear:

"Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,  
Oh, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

"Whiter than snow! yes, whiter than snow! Oh, wash me, then I shall be whiter than snow!"

"Snow is very white," said the boy, musingly, as he rubbed his poor little numb fingers together, "it would seem strange to see anything whiter than that; but, of course, it means our hearts in some way; it means that our lives are to be white and pure, but I don't know just how." Again he looked up into the sky above as he said to himself, "I'd like to be good if I had half a chance, but as long as father acts so there's no use trying."

Just then Tiny opened the door and softly called: "Come, Ernest, father has gone to bed and is sound asleep."

Dear little soul! she would wait up to tell him if she had to wait all night. "If you wake up and think it's near morning, Tiny, be sure and call me, for I'll have

to be off to the house on the hill before father is up," said Ernest as he crawled up to his miserable bed in the attic.

(To be continued.)

**A JUNIOR EXERCISE.**

JUNIOR superintendents will find the following table useful as an exercise for home work. Let it be copied on a hectograph and handed out to the children each being asked to fill out the blank and bring them in to the next meeting. At that meeting the superintendent will read in order the descriptions, the Juniors answering in concert with appropriate names:

- A, the first man.
- B, the favourite son of Jacob.
- C, a man of Caesarea who had a vision.
- D, one cast into the lions' den.
- E, a prophet fed by ravens.
- F, a governor of Caesarea.
- G, a giant.
- H, son of Noah.
- I, son of Abraham.
- J, who was swallowed by a whale.
- K, the father of Saul.
- L, the poor man covered with sores.
- M, one careful and troubled about many things.
- N, an officer who was healed of leprosy.
- O, one in whose house the ark of the Lord continued three months.
- P, an apostle who wrote thirteen of the epistles in the New Testament.
- Q, one whom Paul called a brother when writing to the Romans.
- R, Isaac's wife.
- S, a wise man who built a temple.
- T, one who knew the Scriptures from a child.
- U, one who put forth his hand to stay the ark of God, and God smote him.
- V, a beautiful queen.
- Z, one who climbed a sycamore tree to see Jesus.

**THE MAMMOTH CAVE.**

We were in Mammoth Cave. Having walked about three miles, our guide said: "Perhaps you are tired. You may all be seated now for a little while on that bench." A small company of tourists accepted the guide's invitation. When we had placed our lanterns on the ground he quietly collected them and walked away, leaving us in the frightful darkness of that subterranean world of night. Quickly he went to another part of the cave, and by a dextrous movement of the lanterns which he had taken from us, he made the arch above our heads look like the calm, sweet deep of heaven. One by one the scintillating stars came out—those islands of glory, beautifying the unmeasurable ocean of space. The imitation was almost perfect. By the use of the lanterns again our guide caused the clouds to cover the stars. Slowly they seemed to draw the black blanket over them and go to sleep, until the last star peeped for a moment and then bade us farewell. We were in oppressive darkness. Our guide cried "Good night, I'll see you in the morning!" Going to another part of the cave, he threw gray gleams of dawning light through the darkness, and silently the armies of night fled away. Lighter and lighter, and still lighter, until the sun came up, and it was day. No, not perfect day, for we were still in Mammoth Cave, but we felt safe because our guide was near, and with him we resumed our march to behold the wonders of that little world.

**DON'TS FOR DOGS.**

- Don't crawl into the easiest chair in the room, or lie on the softest pillow.
- Don't come into the house with mud on your shoes—I mean feet.
- Don't growl at people.
- Don't cry and whine when somebody is giving you a bath, or combing your hair. It may not be pleasant, but it's good for you.
- Don't try to get the biggest piece of anything to eat, or snatch it away from others.
- After all, don't you think these "Don'ts" would do just as well for little boys as for dogs?



## The New Year.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year.  
 "Now, what is that singular sound I hear?"  
 As if all the paper in all the world  
 Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."

"Oh! that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise  
 Of all my children, both girls and boys,  
 A turning over their leaves so new,  
 And all to do honour, New Year, to you."

## WHAT THE LEAVES SAID.

I won't steal Alice's sticks of candy;  
 I won't call Robert a jack-a-dandy;  
 I won't squeak my pencil on my slate;  
 I won't lie in bed every day and be late;  
 I won't make faces at Timothy Mack;  
 I won't make fun behind any one's back.  
 Rustle and turn them, so and so!  
 The good shall come and the bad shall go.

I won't tear "barn doors" in all my frocks;  
 I won't put my toes through all my socks.  
 I won't be greedy at dinner table.  
 At least—I think I won't—if I'm able!  
 I will not punch, nor poke, nor tease;  
 I will not snutter, nor cough, nor sneeze.  
 I will not grumble, nor fret, nor sulk;  
 And I will do exactly whatever I'm told.  
 Rustle and turn them, so and so!  
 The good shall come and the bad shall go.  
 —*Youth's Companion.*

## A SAVAGE QUARREL.

BY M. N. B.

Out in a wild, lonely plain a family quarrel once came to a head. One branch of the family, represented by its master, who had a handsome mane and a magnificent roar, was determined to prove its superiority over its relatives who were minus a mane or fine tuft on their tails, but who had striped coats instead. The Lion had always been called the "king of beasts," and this caused terrible jealousy in the Tiger side of the family. The Tigers felt that they were relatives and thought they should have equal honours.

Of course, no other quarrel is so bitter as a family quarrel, and on this dreary night on the lonely plain a representative of each side of the house agreed to fight it out. Their cries and furious roars could be heard for miles around, till at length the Tiger was overcome and lay exhausted on the ground, with the weight of the Lion's heavy paw resting on his chest. Then, to prove that he was as magnanimous as he was said to be, the Lion walked away without slaying his enemy. He thought the Tigers would no longer think themselves a Lion's equal; that the matter was settled forever.

When the Tiger was able, however, he hobbled back to his family, and as all the Tiger kind gathered about him, they spoke bitterly of the way he had been treated. They said he had not received fair play. They were just as certain as they could be that the Tigers should have had the best of it had there been eye-witnesses, and they all felt sorry they had not thought of that before.

So the quarrel ended, as every other family quarrel, in doing nobody any good. Lions still thought themselves the lords of creation and Tigers thought themselves quite as strong, brave and handsome as their distant relatives. And all this proves, you see, how foolish it is to draw comparisons between ourselves and others, as we are not the proper judges, not being disinterested parties. If we were Tigers all that should trouble us would be whether we were all that it was possible for a Tiger to be, and not whether we were equal to Lions or not.

But to turn from fables to facts. Facts are stories that we know happened. Fables are stories that nobody ever saw happen, but which may have happened all the same. Nobody ever saw everything. The lion is more easily tamed than the tiger and is very grateful for kindnesses shown him. Rosa Bonheur, the great artist, had a pet lion, named Nero. He was at one time said to be untamably ferocious, but Rosa Bonheur succeeded in making him her best

friend, and he would always greet her with a *pa-pa-pa* in a tone of welcome. She was obliged to part with him and did not see him for two years, and she found him in a sad condition. He had been neglected and had gone blind. He could not see his old mistress, so she called, "Nero!" Instantly the lion rushed towards her, uttering his old note of welcome. He had forgotten the iron bars of his cage in his eagerness, and struck against them with such force he fell back reeling. The artist took him away with her and cared for him tenderly till his death. He died feebly endeavouring to lick her hands.

"You see," said Rosa Bonheur, "to be really beloved by wild beasts you must really love them."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

A. D. 9.] LESSON II. [Jan. 12.

## THE BOY JESUS.

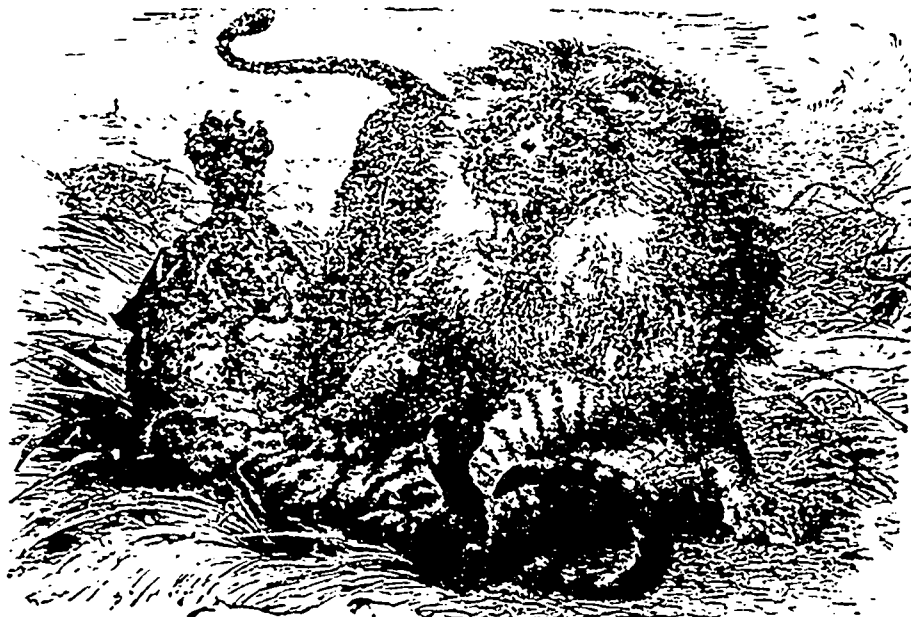
Luke 2. 40-52. Memory verses, 51, 52.

## GOLDEN TEXT

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

TIME.—April A. D. 9.

PLACE.—Nazareth and Jerusalem.



A SAVAGE QUARREL.

## HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 2. 40-52.  
 Tu. Dent. 16. 1-8.  
 W. 2 Chron. 34. 1-7.  
 Th. Prov. 4. 1-13.  
 F. John 5. 17-24.  
 S. 2 Tim. 3. 10-17.  
 Su. 2 Peter 3. 11-13.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Lost in the City*, v. 40-45.  
 Name some things that are said of Jesus as a child?  
 How did he receive wisdom?  
 Why did God help him?  
 Where did God require the Jews to go three times a year?  
 What was the passover?  
 Why was twelve years of age an important time in the life of a Jewish boy?  
 When did Christ first visit Jerusalem?  
 How long did the passover last?  
 Why did his parents not miss him sooner?  
 How did people travel to the feasts?  
 How far was a day's journey.

2. *Found in the Temple*, v. 46-52.

How long was he out of their company?  
 Where did they find him?  
 How was he occupied?  
 How did he surprise them?  
 Why were Joseph and Mary amazed when they found him?

Why did he wonder at their seeking him as they did?

What interested Jesus most in Jerusalem?  
 What was Nazareth noted for?

What traits of character marked Christ's home life?

Which is the more important, strength or wisdom?

Did he retain God's favour as he grew older?

Was he popular in Nazareth at this time?

How may we best secure the esteem of good men?

## LOVE.

THE old gray cat had found the little nest of birdlings that we had watched so carefully all summer. The mother bird was away at the time in search of food, but she returned before we could fly across the lawn to the rescue of the little feathered things.

With an utter disregard of her own danger, she flew at the cat, pecking at it with her bill, although she knew that her own little life might be sacrificed any moment. Fortunately we arrived in time. As we removed the tiny nest to a place of absolute safety, the mother followed us with chirps of satisfaction. The thought of her great love, which made her willing to lay down her life for her little ones, made us think of that greater love which no man can compass. How great it must be, for God loves us, his children, with a love immeasurably beyond that of the mother bird. Yet she was willing to die for her children. Who then shall guess the height and depth and breadth of God's love?

I will write you a few of the night sounds. In the first place, it seems to me that all the dogs in Soochow have collected on a grave mound just outside my window, where they will bark the night through. At eleven o'clock the milkman takes his buffaloes and yellow cows out to pasture; at five he will return. Between one and two o'clock the night watchman comes along, beating his drum, blowing a horn, and rattling sticks to scare away the thieves. Then every few minutes some belated Chinaman comes by, singing, whooping, yelling at the top of his voice to keep off the evil spirits while he passes the houses where the foreigners live. This is kept up all the night long, until we have learned to sleep quite well when noises are abroad."

## THE OLD HYMN.

A boy in Scotland learned to sing the old Psalms that were as household words in the kirk and by the fireside. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country and was taken captive by the Turks and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. Eighteen long years were passed in slavery in a strange land and among heathen people. But the captive never forgot the hymns he had sung in his old home, and often he would sit and sing over the words he had learned from his pious mother.

One evening some sailors on board of an English man-of-war were surprised to hear the familiar tune of "Old Hundred" come floating to them over the moonlit waves. At once they suspected that one of their countrymen was pining away in bondage. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat and pushed off to the shore. They found the captive and succeeded in getting back with him to their vessel without creating an alarm. The old hymn was the means of his restoration to home and friends.

A LITTLE girl on being asked what dust was, replied that it was "mud in high spirits."

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON HELPS FOR 1896.

## PELOUBET'S SELECT NOTES.

8vo, cloth. Price, \$1.25.

ALSO,

## Hurlbut's Notes on the International S. S. Lessons.

With MAPS, ILLUSTRATIONS, Etc.

8vo, cloth, net \$ .25.

## QUESTION BOOKS, in Three Grades.

Each 20 cents.

## Monday Club Sermons on the S. S. Lessons.

12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

## Picture Lesson Roll.

\$1.00 per quarter; \$3.50 per year.

## Berean Leaf Cluster.

\$1.25 per quarter; \$5.00 per year.

## Sunday-School Lessons and Golden Texts for 1896.

Price, 3c. ; per doz., 35c.

## WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HURSTON, HALIFAX.

## NIGHT SOUNDS IN SOOCHOW.

AN American lady, residing in Soochow, China, as a missionary doctor, closes a long letter home with an account of the night sounds which strike the foreign ear:  
 "It is eleven o'clock at night, and I think