"Keep to the Right." BY CHARLES W. HURNER.

Keep to the right, is the law of the rond

Stake it a law of your moral code, in whatsoe'er you determine to do, follow the road of the Good and the

Follow and fear not, by day and by night,

Doubt will assail you, temptation will Keep to the right," for the right is the

floubt is a traitor, temptation a shame; A heart that is honest, a life without

blame, Will rank you far higher, in worth and Than the grandest of kings, with his sceptre and crown

Keep to the right," in the journey of

There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife; weak will succumb to the bold and

the atrong,
And many go under and many go wrong
He will acquit himself best in the fight
Who shirks not his duty, and "keeps to
the right"

"Keep to the right," and the Right will keep you In touch and accord with the Good and

the True.
These are the best things in life, after all. They make it worth living, whatever befall;
And Death has no terrors, when he comes

in sight. For the

in sight.

he man who determines to "keep to
the right"

The Atlanta Constitution

OUR PERIODICALS:

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1900.

A CHAMPION OF THE CROSS.

It was in the year 1212, when the people of all Europe were sad and dis-couraged over the results of the many offorts which had been put forth to escut the ably city of Jerusacem—the city where the Lord and Saviour was city where the Lord and Saviour wayructified and buried-from the hands of
the initidel Saracens. Many homes had
teen laid desouate, many splendid armies
and gone forth with fiying banners in anticipation of great victory only to perish
in long marches—oe siam by Moslem
word, or to die—prisons before even
reaching the waits of the sacred cut,
outh
of France, named stephen, white wandering aione and thinking of the brave deeds
of the crustders, met a man who seemed

of the crusaders, met a man who seemed weary and worn, as with long travel, and who begged a crust of bread Stephen gladly shared his midday meal with the gladiy shared his midday meal with the stranger, who said he was a pligrim just returned from Palestine. Ho told the boy of the wonders of the Orient, re-citing many exploits of heroes who had fullen in battle. As the land lastened, his sympath was aroused and he was sected with a desire to aid in the deliverance of Jerusalem from the hands of the infidela

Then the stranger, throwing aside his

cloak, announced himself to be Jesus Christ, saying he had come to commis-sion Stephen to preach a crusade among the children Being displeased with the sion stepnen to preach a crusade among the children. Being displeased with the indifference of men, he declared that the boys and girls should do what ther ciders had left undone, and that Stephen should be their prophet and leader

olders had left untone, and that overhead should be their prophet and leader. The enthusiasm of Stephen below we have been been to be seen to preach in the churches, and call the children of France to enlist in a crusade, promising that God would lead and guide them, ravens feed them, mountains become plains before them, hostile countries lay down their arms, and the sea open so that they might pass over the contribution of the contribution o enthusiasm of Stephen knew no

the ranks formed and then the was march began.
At last, after days and days of marching, the children came in sight of the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. They knocked at the gates of the city of Marseilles and asked for supper and shelter-for one night only. God had premised, they said, that on the morrow he would divide the sea and open a pathway for their feet.

The sates of the city being opened, the

for their feet.

The gates of the city being opened, the youthful army was given an enthusiastic welcome. Pood was prepared for the hungry little soldiers and soft couches were made ready for the weary. When morning dawned hundreds of the children stood on the shore, crowding close to the water's edge, waiting to see the waves recede. But the billiow rolled and broke in curling foam at their feet, and no nathway appeared. Detect in the contraction of the contractio

rolled and broke in curling foam at their feet, and no pathway appeared. Day after day the faithful little watchers gathered on the sand, waiting in patient expectation that God would perform the miracle according to his promise, until at last two rich merchants offered to provide ships to carry the "children to the cross" to their place of destination. Seven vessels were made ready, and as many as still wished to go enrolled their names as passengers, free of charge. Many of the children, dreading the dangers of the sea, refused to embark, pregres of the sea, refused to embark, pregers of the sea, refused to embark, pre-ferri 3 rather to wait by the seashore and pray to God to deliver them; others

leri's father to wait by the seasure and pray to God to deliver them; others were presuaded to remain with the families of the city, while hundreds deserted and started for their far-away home, so that the control of the vessels reached the shore the children were taken to various slave markets, and were soon disposed of among the traders who had come to inspect the fair-Franks. "Methinks yonder ladybird would com-mand a good price a few years honce," said a tail, dignified man to a companion,

as they critically examined a number of crusaders exposed for sale. "Ha! what sayest thou?"

Thou speakest truth, most noble brother. Thou wouldst better buy the maiden."

maiden."
Two hours afterwards Marguerite de Bessenet, only child and heiress of Claude & Bessenet, was taken to the harem of the rich emir Raschid. Fine apparel and gorgeous jewels were given her, and though her apartments were iaxurlous, and she had servants to wait upon her, she was but a plave.

The emir's councest child, a beautiful.

she was but a plave.

The emir's youngest child, a beautiful, dark-eyed little girl of seven years, soon became the douoted friend of the yourg French maiden. During the day the two girls walked in the beautiful gardens or sathered huge bouquets of the flowers that grew in such profusion, and in the evening sat by the fountain while Marguerito told the little Zanna stories do her former life, and taught her to sing the songs of France. sends and the beautiful gardens or the flowers at some of the grew in such profusion, and in the sing sat by the fountain while Martito told the little Zanna stories of former life, and taught her to sing songs of France, as they sat together when the state of the streen the

watching the fountain throwing up its wreaths of spray in the moonlight, Mar-guerite told the beautiful story of the Babe in the Manner, and long before she

suerite told the beautiful story of the labe in the Manger, and long before she came to the end, the older children and women of the harm gathered about her and stood entranced by her sweet words. Some time gilded by, with little to break the monotony of the days, and Marguerite grew into a tail, graceful maiden, while one after another of the girls and women of the harem sat at he feet and learned the "sweet story of our ruth a "crusader," a champion of the holy cross. Indeed, who shall say that the good seeds thus dropped by the hands of the French maiden may not have spring up and brought forth fruit, yea, a hundredfold, in the darkened hearts of the heathen women?

Five years passed, and then the Reaping Angel came and the overlasting gates were opened and Marguerite de Bessenet was borne into the presence of the King of giory. Her liness was defined the feet of the cover. By express command of the cult, the best physicians were summoned, but when the fever had run its course, Mar-

to be the supress command of the emir, the best physicians were summoned, but when the fover had run its course, Mar-guerite had entered Jerusalem She was buried under the dark cypress

sne was buried under the dark cypress trees, and though no stone was set to mark the place, her name was written in the Lamb's Book of Life, with others of God's saints who loved to do his will.

A BUNCH OF MAY-FLOWERS.

II.

Miss Brown hurried towards the home still thinking of the strange boy she had been to see, who had such an aversion to preaching and praying that she wondered how she could reach his heart, when suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by a shrill, childish voice crying at a corner, "May-flowers! Only five the property of the control of at a corner, "l'cents a bunch.

She paused and looked into the child's

She paused and looked into the child's basket. They were dainty, fragrant little beauties, which the April showers had
awakened after their long winter sleep,
"I wonder if he, would like them," ahe
said to herself. "He spoke about living
in the country with his mother, and
gathering flowers in the woods. I'll try
it, anyway."

And selecting a large, handsome bunch,

And selecting a large, handsome bunch, she placed the money in the child's eager flagers, and with a smile hurried on. She placed the flowers in water to keep them fresh, and the next day when she started out on her labour of love she took them with her.

"Well, my boy, how is the slck ankle?"

"Well, my boy, how is the sick ankle?"
she asked, in a cheery voice.
"It's a heap better," said he. "You
must be a doctor, sure enough."
I am real slad you are better," said
she. And I have brought you some
flowers to cheer you up a bit. Aren't
they beauties?" and she held them up before him. boy's face brightened like a sun-

beam.
"I should say they are !" said he, and he reached his hand out eagerly for them.
"You like flowers, do you ?" she asked.
"You just bet I do !" said he, with hoyish enthulsam "I can't tell, you just how much I do like 'em. And the worst how much I do like 'em. And the worst of it is, most folks don't believe me when I say I like 'em. They think a great, rough boy like me couldn't care for 'em, but you believe it, don't you?" and he looked up almost beseechingly into her

looked up direction face.

"Indeed I do," she replied, heartily.
"And I am so glad. A boy who loves flowers can nover turn out to be a verybad boy, I am sure."

"But I have been very bad, miss," said, he, thoughtfully. "But I was good once, and them flowers make me think the said on the said mother used." once, and them flowers make m of that time when me and moth to go into the woods and gather 'em. to grow 'em, too. And she knew how to grow 'em. She had just beautiful beds of 'em in her yard, and sold lots of em every day.

'em every day."

"And you are your mother's boy all right, and have inherited her love of the flowers. Wouldn't you like to work among them, and help take care of them, it I could find you a place?

"That I would I" said he, his eyes dancing like stars. "If love 'em so much that I know they would be sure to grow for me."

"It would be better than thrashing that poor boy you threatened westerstee

grow for me."

"It would be better than thrashing that poor boy you threatened yesterday, wouldn't it?" saked she, with an amused

florist I know asking where he could get a boy to help him the other day. I shall see him at once, and recommend you."

"Oh, thank you!" said the boy—the first word of thanks that had yet fallen from his lips.
"And now, before I go, won't you

from his lips.

"And now, before I go, won't you please listen while I read to you what the Bible any about flowers?"

"Does it say anything about flowers?" asked he, half-incredulously.

"Yes," said she.

"Well, then, I'd like first rate to hear it," said he, as he settled himself back comfortably on his pillow, his eyes still resting lovingly on the flowers which Miss Brown had placed in a glass of water near by. water near by.
Turning the leaves of her Bible quickly she found Christ's beautiful lesson on the

ahe found Christ's beautiful lesson on the lillies, and read it to him, while he lis-tened intently.

"That's first rate," said he. "I didn't know the Bible had anything like that in it. I have my mother's Bible over there on the table. Would you mind marking the place for me, and 'I'll read it again for myself ? A foller gets lonely here all alone."

all alone. A teller gets to lonely lete all alone. She gadly compiled with his request. Also gadly compiled with his request. Also gadly compiled too, that the Bible was at the find for him to read—It was well marked in many places, and one could almost fancy they could see the tender prayers that she had breathed over it. "My mother was a good woman," said he, as he took her well-worn Bible in his hand almost reverently.

"I am sure she was," answered Miss Brown. "And I feel sure that her boy will turn out to be a good man. What do you think about it!"

"I am going to try," said he, in a low, earnest tone.

earnest tone.

"The Lord help you and bless you,"
said she, while her eyes filled with
thankful tears.

Very soon after this Miss Brown went o see the fiorist, and he said, "If the by really loves flowers, I am willing to give him a trial. They are the kind to make a success of the work." So, as soon as the lame ankle was well again, he found steady employment give him a trial.

Miss Brown looked after him now and then, and always heard that he was giv-ing satisfaction, and leading a steady As time were on, she had so many

life. As time wore on, she had so many other more needy ones to look after that she forsot almost all about him. One attension, a few years latter, a gentieman called at the Deaconess Home and asked to see her. He was cultured and refined in his appearance, but she could not for a moment remember that she had ever seen him before

ever seea him before.

"Don't, you remember me?" he said,
"the boy with the lame ankle you were
so kind to?"

"Oh, yes, I do now," said she "You
have changed a good deal since then
and with a bright smile she held out her
hand."

and with a bright smile she held out her hand.

"Well," said he, "I came to tell you that that bunch of May-flowers you brought me that day was instrumental in saving, my soul and making a man of me. I have been industrious, and I will also have a green-bouse of my own, a so keep it beautiful for me. And I will be the prought you this basket of flowers to use in your work of love, and I intend to bring you a basket of them every week, as it is now my privilege to help on the blessed Master's work in that way."

And opening his basket he displayed: a number of bunches of choice varieties of flowers, tastefuly arranged.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto you after many days," said Miss Brown, as she reverently lifted the flowers out of the basket.

I cannot begin to tell you how glad we

ently lifted the flowers out of the basket, "I cannot begin to tell you how glad, we are to get these, and how much good they will do. They often touch people's hearts when all else falls," "Ah, I know," he replied, "It was a bunch of flowers that saved me." Port Stanley, Oht.

Oh, dear, I wish I didn't get augry so quickly, and say things I'm sorry for afterwards," wailed a boy with a quick temper. "Have you tried counting one afterwards," walled a boy with a quicktemper. "Have you tried counting one
hundred before you speak?" asked a
friend. Yes." And saying the alphabet backwards?" 'Yes, those are a delusion and a snare. I can't think of anything so inanimate as an alphabet when
I'm all fire inside. Nothing can helpme." 'Oh, yes, God can, and if you sak
him, he will." 'It's queer! didn't think
of that," said the boy, "I'll try it." He
did try it and with success. "I wish, I
hadn't fooled round with the alphabet
business," he said; 'this is casier and
surer." Whereupon a body wonders why
proposition of the companies of the