PLEASANT HOURS.

rejoice in God your Saviour. And fear not for the future. The Lord, when he healed the cripple, said rise up and walk. When he sets us on our feet he is able to keep us from falling. The strong arm that lifts us up can keep us up. He saves us from the curse of our sins, and he delivers us from their power.

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BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU-SHALT BE SAVED.

Are You Watching?

BY L. A. MORBISON.

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."-Matt. xxiv. 42.

> ARE you watching, in the morning, Brother, watching for his coming? When the sunlight gilds the mountains ? When the birds their matins sing? When the work-day world around you

Toil and labour is resuming, Are you diligently watching

For the coming of the King ? For it may be at the morning

Thou shalt hear his trumpet calling-When the dow is on the meadows

And the morning prayer unsaid— And the first glad glimpse of dawning

(All thy purposes appalling) May enlighten thee to judgment,

By the King's strong heachmen led. Are you watching at the moontime,

Brother, watching for his coming? When the busy sons of commerce-Cumbered with their aims and carea-

May be hurdened—brain and body— All their gains and losses summing,— Never heading calls of duty,

Waiting not for aims or prayers :

But it may be at the noontino With the throbbing pulse of labour-In the fever of endeavour

To accomplish all its need,--Thou shalt hear the clarion message

Calling thee, and not thy neighbour; Thou shalt find a sudden judgment

For each thought, and word, and deed. Are you watching in the twilight, When the workful day is over ?

When from dimly falling shadows Glimmers out the evening star,

And the fading cloud-land loses All the hues the sunset wove her ! Are you watching, brother, watching

For his message from afar? For it may be in twilight

May be wooing thee to rest, --When the day's dark doings, ending, Seal thy fate for thee to greet him,

When his voice, thy conscience aiding, Doth thy sin-carned doom aggest.

Oh, be watchful ! ready ! waiting ! Though his coming seem to tarry ; By and by, his judgment-trumpets Will make hill and valley ring,—

And all who hear the burdens He hath laid on them to carry,

With a trustful heart, will welcome The coming of the king.

LYING OR STEALING.

A LITLLE girl asked her mother, "Which is the worst, mamma-to tell a lie or to steal?" The mother replied that both were so had that

she could not tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I have been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's

worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in her little face—"a lie is forever."

PILGRIM STREET: A story of manchester life.

BY MRSBA STRETTON.

OHAPTER XVIII.

PAIR APPRARANCES.

As soon as the revelry and drunkenness of Whitweek wore over, Haslam paid his threatened visit to the school on Ardwick Green, and demanded in a civil but resolute manner—to see his son. He knew that he had the power to withdraw him from the school, as he was not there, like many of the boys, under an order from the magistrates; but it was not his wish to provoke Tom to fulfil his threats, or to call upon himsolf the unpleasant notice of Banner and the police.

To the master of the school he presented himself in the character of a decent mechanic, who had long since—under prison discipline—repented of his former evil course, and was anxious to live honestly and laboriously for the future. Towards little Phil, Haslam was so gentle and affectionate that he casily won the child's simple heart, and Phil clung fondly to him when it was time for him to leave.

It appeared quite a reasonable thing to the master that Haslam should wish his boy to spend his holidays at his own home, instead of in Pilgrim Street; and Banner himself, when he heard it spoken of could not raise any sufficient objection, though a vague misgiving occasionally crossed his mind that Haslam was not quite what he should be.

I do not know whether to call Phil's visits home a pain or a pleasure to Tom. It was very pleasant to see little Tom often again, and listen to all the stories he had to tell about his school, and see what rapid progress he was making in his reading and writing, for he had shot far ahead of Tom, and now could teach him many things of which he was ignorant. But there was a deep pain lurking behind the pleasure, for his father was gaining great influence over the child by indulging and flattering him ; and by and by little Phil began to show a good share of self-conceit and custinacy. More than this, it was soon plain that he liked to taste the intoxicating liquors in which Haslam indulged, and he listened with boyish interest to Haslam's boasts and vaunts about his former life, which had been full of adventure and narrow escapes from the just punishment of his crimes.

Tom was seldom at home all the time of Phil's visits, for his work kept him out till a late hour in the evening; but he could see, sorrowfully, the change that was creeping over his young brother, and more than once, in the keen agony and dread of his spirit, he prayed to the Heavenly Father to take little Phil away out of the world into the safety and purity of heaven.

It was one evening that Phil was spending with his Father and Tom, and it so happened that he was reading aloud a chapter in the Bible to show them how well he could do it, when there came a loud knock at the door; and when Tom hastened to open it, there stood Mrs. Worthington and Nat Pendlebury, accompanied by a strange gentleman. The scene before these three visitors wore a good and pleasing aspect. There sat Haslam, with little Phil standing at his knee; and before them, on a small table, lay an open Bible; and though the room was squalid and dirty, Mrs. Worthington remembered immediately that there was no woman belonging to it to keep it clean and comfortable.

Tom saw an expression of fear and hatred come over his father's face, as he rose slowly from his chair, as if soarcely knowing what to do er say, but

the gentleman who accompanied Mrs. Worthingt approached him with an outstretched hand.

"Shake hands with me," said he, in a friend tone. "I have heard good news of you, Hasla and I am come to say, Let bygones be bygon You have not forgotten Mr. Ross, have you ?" "The chaplain at the jail, sir? Oh, no!" a

"The chaplain at the jail, sirt Ob, nel" swered Haslam.

"I saw him yesterday," continued the gentlema "He dined with my wife and me at Knutsfor He said nothing but good of you, Haslam; and were both heartily glad to hear it. We broug Pondlebury with us to find out your lodgings, as he says the same of you. Are you in any regul work yet, my man !"

"No, sir," replied Haslam, humbly. Even thing goes against me. There's not many master 'ud take a ticket-of-leave man, and I wouldn't into any master's service without telling bi first."

"Quite right, my good fellow," said Mr. We thington; "there's nothing like being straigh forward and open. I know all about you, Hashe and I say, Let there be no old grudge between u but let bygones be bygones. You have a fine lim lad there, and Mrs. Worthington has taken a gra fancy for him. We will see to him getting on a life. Banner speaks well of Tom, too. But ya must find it hard to get a living by doing odd job You need regular work and wages to keep ya comfortable."

"Aye, sir," answered Haslam, "for Tom's can ings are small, but we can make them sere We're content with little to eat, and the rent is much. I can't ask the lady to sit down in a po place like this. I was a respectable man once, a and well-to-do."

"Well, well," said Mr. Worthington, "it mays so again, Haslam. I'll tell you our errand be to-night. There's a vacancy for a carpenter in a mill, with constant employment. It is the sort work you were once accustomed to. Do you this you could undertake the place now ?"

"Could I1" said Haslam, with a strange glas in his eyes; "aye, could I! And a hundre thanks to you sir, for offering to try me against the old mill, where I worked when I was a by You'll never forget it—you'll never forget dat me a kindness. It was a kindness of you sensime to jail. It'll be nine years ago this as assizes, and I've never forgotten it. I show never have been the man I am but for you as Mr. Hope."

"And the good chaplain," added Mrs. Wor ington. "But we are to forget the bad old tim Haslam, and only remember these better da Phil, there, is getting a good scholar—one of t best boys in the school at Ardwick, so the man tells me."

"Aye, ma'am," answered Haslam ; "he's les ing well, is Phil; but I feel it hard to be par from one of my boys, and some of the lads at a school are very bad company for him. He's b telling me things about them that make me easy; and I've found many faults in Phil's w which are a sore grief to me. I'd take him he if I could afford it, and train the little lad my There's nobody can feel like a father, though l but a poor sort of father, I know. Why, main most of the boys there are sent by order of i magistrates! It's a kind of jail for wicked by and my little Phil isn't a bad child, though it's that says so, and I don't like him to keep pany with them. They can't have a master alw with them, and if it wouldn't offend you, I'd to take him out. Sometimes I think I out whether or no."