

could look full in their faces. No need now to ask on which one he should call for help. Indeed, he seemed to see but one face, it was so full of loving pity.

"O thou Messiah of Israel!" he prayed. "Thou didst call my friend Lazarus from the dead, O pass me not by! Call me from this living death! Make me clean!"

The eyes that looked down into his seemed to search his soul. "Believest thou that I can do this?"

The pleading faith in Simon's eyes could not be refused. "Yea, Lord," he cried, "thou hast but to speak the word!"

He waited, trembling, for the answer that meant life or death to him.

"I will. Be thou clean!" He put out his hand to raise the kneeling man to his feet. "Go and show thyself to the priests," he added.

The party passed on, and Simon stood looking after them. Was it the Christ who had passed by? Where were his dyed garments from Bozrah? The prophet foretold him as glorious in apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength. No scent of divine power had touched him; it was only the clasp of a warm human hand he had felt. He looked down at himself. Still a leper! His faith wavered; but he remembered he had not obeyed the command to show himself to the priests. Immediately he started across the fields on a run, towards the road leading into Jerusalem.

Far down the highway Joel heard a mighty shout; he turned and looked back. There on the brow of a hill, sharply outlined against the sky, stood Simon. His arms were lifted high up towards heaven; for, as he ran, in obedience to the command, the leprosy had gone from him. He was pouring out a flood of praise and thanksgiving, in the first ecstasy of his recovery, at the top of his voice.

Joel thought of the awesome ceremonies to be observed before the man could go home, and wished that the eight days of purification were over, that the little family might be immediately reunited.

Meanwhile, Seth, with his basket and water-bottle, was climbing the hill towards the cave. For the first time in seven years since he had commenced these daily visits, no expectant voice greeted him. He went quite close up to the little room under the cliff; he could see through the half-open door that it was empty. Then he cautiously approached the mouth of the cave, and called his master. A hundred echoes answered him, but no human voice responded. Call after call was sent ringing into the hollow darkness. The deep stillness weighed heavily upon him; he began to be afraid that somewhere in its mysterious depths lay a dead body.

The fear mastered him. Only stopping to put down the food and pour out the water, he started home at the top of his speed.

As he reached the road, a traveller going to Bethany hailed him. "What think you that I saw just now?" asked the stranger. "A man fighting with all his might towards Jerusalem. Tears of joy were streaming down his cheeks, and he was shouting as he ran, 'Cleansed! Cleansed! Cleansed!' He stopped me, and bade me say, if I met a man carrying a basket and water-skin, that Simon the leper had just been healed of the leprosy. He will be home as soon as the days of purification are over."

Seth gazed at him stupidly, feeling that he must be in a dream. Esther, too, heard the message unbelievably. Yet she walked the floor in a fever of excitement, at the bare possibility of such a thing being true.

The next morning she sent Seth, as usual, with the provisions. But he brought them back, saying the place was still deserted.

Then she began to dare to hope; although she tried to steel herself against disappointment by whispering over and over that she could never see him again, she waited impatiently for the days to pass. At last they had all dragged by.

The new day would begin at sunset, the very earliest time that she might expect him. The house was swept and garnished as if a king were coming. The table was set with the choicest

delicacies Seth could find in the Jerusalem markets.

The earliest roses, his favourite red ones, were put in every room. In her restless excitement nothing in her wardrobe seemed rich enough to wear. She tried on one ornament after another before she was suited. Then, all in white, with jewels blazing in her ears on her throat, on her little white hands and her eyes shining like two glad stars, she sat down to wait for him.

But she could not keep still. This rug was turned up at the corner; that rose had dropped its petals on the floor. She would have another kind of wine on the table.

At last she stepped out of the door in her little silken-bound sandals, and climbed the outside stairs to the roof, to watch for him. The sun was entirely out of sight, but the west was glorious with the red gold of its afterglow. Looking up at the Mount of Olives, she could see the smoke of the evening sacrifice rising as the clouds of incense filled the Temple. Surely he must be far on the way by this time.

Her heart almost stopped beating as she saw a figure coming up the road, between the rows of palm-trees. She strained her eyes for a nearer view, then drew a long, tremulous breath. It was Lazarus; there went the two children and the lamb to meet him. All along the street, people were standing in the doors to see him go past; he was still a wonder to them.

She shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked again. But while her gaze searched the distant road, some one was passing just below, under the avenue of leafy trees, with quick, impatient tread; some one paused at the vine-covered door; some one was leaping up the stairs three steps at a time; some one was coming towards her with outstretched arms, crying, "Esther, little Esther. O my wife! My God-given one!"

For the first time in seven years, she turned to find herself in her husband's arms. Strong and well with the old light in his eyes, the old thrill in his voice, the glow of perfect health tingling through all his veins, he could only whisper tremulously, as he held her close, "Praise God! Praise God!"

No wonder he seemed like a stranger to Joseph. But the clasp of the strong arms, and the deep voice saying, "my son," so tenderly, were inexpressibly dear to the little fellow kept so long from his birthright of a father's love.

He was the first to break the happy silence that fell upon them. "What a good man Rabbi Jesus must be, to go about making people glad like this all the time!"

"It is he who shall redeem Israel!" exclaimed Simon. "To God be the glory, who hath sent him into this sin-cursed world! Henceforth all that I have, and all that I am, shall be dedicated to his service!"

Kneeling there in the dying daylight, with his arms around the wife and child so unexpectedly given back to him such a heart-felt prayer of gratitude went upward to the good Father that even the happiest angels must have paused to listen, more glad because of this great earth-gladdening below.

(To be continued.)

A BEAUTIFUL ACT.

The teacher of a girls' school, away in Africa, wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar, such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other little girls were doing. The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it! There is one who watched and still watches people casting gifts into his treasury. Would he not say of this African girl she hath cast in more than they all?—Mission Record.

The Old Man at Commencement.

BY F. L. STANION.

Hitch up the ox team, Johnny, an' drive 'em to the gate,
For me an' yer another's goin' to see Moll graduate;
An' Jenny's a-bakin' biscuits, an' Se' a-slicin' ham,
An' I'm huttin' grand o' Molly, I don't know where I am.

Yer mother raised the chickens that bought her books, an' s'cuse me to me was the lally labour in the summer's burnin' heat,
When I thought of her bright eyes beamin' an' said to myself, "I'll starve!"
Thar ain't no gal in the country so fit to graduate!"

So I ploughed in the summer sun line, an' worked in the winter's cold,
An' I've bought her the finest dresses that ever the store man sold,
An' I'll see her there, with her bright, sweet eyes, like stars in the twilight late,
An' maybe there'll be some tears in mine when I see her graduate.

I never was much on larnin', for lay means was mighty small,
But I reckon when Molly comes back home she'll know enough for us all,
An' thar ain't a gal in Georgy, though you hunt for 'em soon an' late,
That'll look as sweet as Molly when she comes to graduate.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1896.

"PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT."

Long, long ago, there lived in a German town an old man whose trade it was to make violins.

He was tall and thin, with a long white beard, and a grave, reserved face, which, however, was often lighted up by a singularly beautiful smile.

He was, indeed, much respected by the townsfolk, who were proud, too, of the fame he had acquired, for there were no violins like Gaspard's throughout the whole world.

There seemed, in truth, to be something about the construction of them which no one—not even his own apprentices—could succeed in imitating. Often one of the latter would finish a violin exactly after Gaspard's own model; nothing seemed wanting, to the eye; and heping, yet fearing, the youth would carry it to his master.

Then the old man would take the instrument with a kindly smile, and draw the bow lightly across the strings.

Alas! the sound was always thin, sharp, and grating, and Gaspard, picking up one of his own violins, would bid the

lad note the difference between the two. Full, clear, and melodious; now with a triumphant swell, now with a tender long-drawn note, like a sigh of the wind, the music would float out into the street, and the passers-by would be "listen, my boys! Hush! there is Gaspard tuning another violin!"

"What is the secret, master?" cried one of his cleverest workmen in despair. The old man's answer was always the same: "Put your heart into it, my lad—that is all."

Time passed, and at length there was mourning in the old German town, for Gaspard was dead! And then the secret was revealed for immediate sale, the violins lost that extraordinary sweetness and depth of tone which had so distinguished them. They were good violins still, but a change had passed over them, and they would never recover their lost power.

Gaspard had put a little piece of his own heart into each instrument, and when he died the heart of the violin died also.—From Little Folks.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 23, 1896.

River Jordan.—Joshua 3, 14, to 4, 18.

THE RIVER.

Rivers are of immense value to the world. They add variety to nature, and tend to increase the fruitfulness of the earth. They are of great variety, and are scattered up and down in all parts of the world. The river in our lesson was the largest of its kind in Canaan, and was the scene of many wonderful occurrences in connection with the history of the people to whom God gave the land of Canaan for an inheritance.

THE PASSAGE OVER.

There was a grand procession. The Almighty was the marshal. He gave the command respecting its order. How wonderful that, when the priests touched the water with their feet, there should be such a commotion, and a division which made a passage of some sixteen or eighteen miles wide, over which the people marched. The priests, you see, began the procession. They carried the ark of the covenant, and stood still in the midst, or about half-way across. Here they erected a memorial, consisting of twelve stones, being laid one upon the other, which could be seen from each side of the river, which would enable the people to remember the singular event which had now transpired.

MEMORIAL.

All the tribes were concerned, hence twelve men, one from each tribe, carried stones ashore also, for the same purpose as that for which they raised a monument in the river. When all had crossed, the priests came on shore, and the waters returned to their proper course. The more we contemplate this marvellous event, the greater will be our admiration of the greatness and goodness of God.

Jordan has always been regarded as an emblem of death. The particular spot where the passage was made, has been thus considered, and is called the swelling of Jordan, hence the question was asked of Jeremiah, "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Do you ask yourselves this question? You should do so. You will not be likely to make needful preparation, if you do not.

On looking out of the window one evening, little May saw a star close to the moon; whereupon she exclaimed: "Oh, Tattie, the moon has a baby!"

This same little May said one day:

"I do not love God one bit."

Her elder sister was shocked at such a statement, and said: "Why, Mamie, you ought to love God."

"Well, why?"

"Why, because he made you."

This quieted May for only a moment, when she looked up with a knowing look on her little face and said:

"But I didn't want to be made, you know."