Have Faith in the Roy. Have faith in the boy, not believing.
That he is the worst of his kind In league with the army of Ratan And only to evil inclined

And only to evil inclined: ut daily to guide-and control-him Your wisdom and nationed employ And delly despite disappointment have faith in the leas

many a how has been driven Ab' many a boy has been driven Away from the home by the thought That no one believed in his goodness. Or-dreamed or the battle he fought. So, if you would help him to conquer The foes: that are prone to annoy. Encourage him often with kindness. And show you have faith in the boy

Have faith to his good recolutions Have faith in his good resolutions
Believe that at last he is prevail.
Though now hos forgetful and here
Though day after day he may fail. Among day after only he may tail. Your doubts and suspicious misgivings it is hope and his-courage destroy. So, if you deceure a brave manhood. The woil to have faith in the boy

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

LEGEND OF PONTITIS PILATE

Concerning the death of Pondus Pilate the Scriptures- are silent, and profance history does not say very much about history does not say very much about him Josephus declares that he soon fell into-political disgrace. After de-leating the Samaritans, they made ac-cusations against him. He was sumcusations against him. He was sum-moned to Rome, to answer before the emperor When he reached Rome. Thertas-to whom he lowed his pro-motion—was dead, and Caligula on the throne Eusebius says that soon after, wearled with misfortunes, he killed him-

There are all sorts of traditions about There are all sorts of traditions about where he died. It is supposed he was banished to a chateau at Vienna, on the Rhone; and there, that he sought to hide his woes on a mountain by the Lake of Lucerne The mountain is called Mount Lucerne The mountain is called Mount Pllatus. There are many legends there. One is, that a form is often seen to emerge from the gloomy waters, and go through the action of one washing his

Another legend makes him commit suicide at Rome, his body being thrust into the Tiber. It being followed by storms and tempests, the Romans took it up and sent it to Vienna, on the Rhone. It was there thrown into the Rhone—was f wed by storms—and Rhone—was f wed by storms—and finally gets round to Mount Pilatus. It is quite probable that he committed suicide, but by no means certain.

WHAT LITTLE THINGS MAY DO

What initial ratings and are the had been much troubled by the multitude of files that infested his palace, and the spiders, too, which were all the time waxing view webs to catch the files had been also be had made the flies and spiders for, and that for his part he would like to kill every one of them

day after a great battle, this who had been defeated, was One day

obuges to fly from his enemics. He was wandering about in the woods, and, being very weary, he lay down to sleep, Presently there came along a solder be longer to the came and the same than the land, as hastening forward him, in tending to kill him. Just then God caused a fly to light on his cast, and tickle him. This awoke the prince who, seeing the soldier coming toward him, instantly drew his sword and killed him. The net night the night should be solder to the solder to

istantly grew his sword and killed him.
The next night the prince hid himself
a cave in the same wood. As soon
the had entered it and lain down to in a cave in the same wood. As soon as he had entered it and lain down to sleep, God caused a spider to come and wave ber web acros the entrance In the moraling, two soldilors belonging to the army which had defeated the prince, were going through the wood searching for bim. As the soldilors came in slight of the cave, one of them said "I dark of the cave, one of them said "I dark of the cave, one of the cave, in the cave, of the cave, one of the cave, in the cave, of the cave, of

THE MAKING OF DICK.

BY ADELAIDE L. ROUSE.

"I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me"
It all happened long ago, so long ago
that the boys who went to school with
Dick are among the oldest inhabitants

lt is a rough town, that seacoast vil-lage and they say it was rough then, only it was much smaller Nowadays they have a good school system, a superintendent, and special teachers; but Miss Mary taught in a low, one-room school-Mary taught in a low, one-room school-house. Nowadays they have fanitors to take charge of the buildings and fur-naces to warm them, but Miss Mary swept her schoolroom and made her own

fires.

There were other pupils in the school, of course, but my story deals only with Dick, or rather, with Dick and the

Dick, or, rather, with Dick and the teacher,
"Kinder puny looking and innercentlike." Dick had "sized her up" on the first day of her term, as he artistically expectorated at the fence during, rocess.
"Innercent and easy to get around. I am the country of the country and the country of the country of the country and the country of t

term."
A shout of derisive laughter went up from the other boys. The idea of Dick's studying was fruny, to say the least. Dick appreciated the laugh against himself, and went on, "Yes, them higher mathematics and furrin languages are a-wearing me out. See how flabby my

mathematics and furrin languages are a-wearing me out. So-how flabby my muscle is."
He held-up an arm which might have won him a laurel wreath in classic Athens and as expert in throwing the discus as at quoits, which as I understand it is the same thing.

stand it is the same thing.
"It is great fun not to have a man teacher this winter" said another boy, and all assented Usually the winter term when all the "big boys" attended.

and all assented the big boys 'attended, and the winter term when all the 'big boys' attended, and the winter term when all the 'big boys' attended, and the winter the analysis and the winter the and yang a hand-bell, and the just then and yang a hand-bell, and the pupils went to 'he first day with teacher was not to be interesting, and they were in a mild state of excitement as to what Miss Mary would do next.

Instead of-calling the class, ehe stood on the platform in her nervous way and told a story. See the stood on the platform in her nervous way and the lesson drawn from it by St Paul to these stoild looking, girls and boys, but these stoild looking, girls and boys, but these stoild looking, girls and boys, but the set of the first time in his life a she felt impelled to tell it and she told it well For the first time in his life a story of the story with some poetry, so the old fisherman told me, but he' disremembered what it was." I wish I knew. Had she lived later she might have closed with Browning's lines.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward."

When Miss Mary went to her boarding vien ans star, were ware continue place that night, and was eating her supper of clam-chowder and codfish, she knew why she had told that story, and knew why sane had told that story, and to whom. It was to D'ck Devine. It was long before the days of scientific child study but Miss Mary was trying to know the children in her care, to know.

their depths and shallows, and the rocke in their characters, as the sailors knew the waters beating against the old town. Dick was sketched for her in a few words by Cap'n Essu. "Father drank Dick was sketched for her in a few words by Capa Esau. "Father drank himself to death, his father drank himself to death before him, and his father drank himself to death before him. What's bred in the bone has got to come out in the fiesh. Saltpetre work save Dick, and he knows it."
It was not the first time the teacher had struck this belief in heredity, as she worked among these fishing towns. Fer-

worked among these fishing towns. Perhaps it is more common among coast people than among inlanders, I have often thought so. She resolved that she would fight this idea as a drowning peroften thought so. She resolved that she would fight this idea as a drowning person fights for his life, she would save blok from the fate of his 'forb...'s"—there was a Scotch strain in Miss Mary if she did nothing elso with her life. But how to begin? "What of the boy's mother?" Miss Mary asked Cap'n Esau. "Yes, his mother and his grandmother?" The captain took his pipe from his mouth. "Shiftless, worn-out women, every one of 'em." he said laconically, 'not that they didn't have enough to make 'em so."
"Does Dick drink now?"
"Yose, hard, at spells. Sometimes he is sober for weeks. But it will come. He says there ain't no use fighting what's born in you."

He says there aln't no use fighting what's born in you.
Dick had one of his spells not long after. A schooner came home after a successful fishing trip in deep water, and, as a receult, nearly overy man in town was more for less intoxicated.
The little teacher met Dick the next day. He had not been to school for his control of the second for her stopping him. But the second for her stopping him. But the stopping him to the stopping him. But the stopping him to the stopping him. But the stopping him to the stopping him to the stopping him. But the stopping him to the stopping him to the stopping him. But the stopping him to the stopping hi she always gave him his full name— "Richard, I want you to promise me that you will never drink another drop of

ilquor."
"What good would it do to promise?"
he asked gruffly. "It is only a question
of time with me. Every man jack of
us as far back of me as I can go, was a
drunkard. It is in me, and what is bred
in the bone must come out in the flesh."

armixato. It is in me, and what is bred in the bone must come out in the fiesh. "Richard, there is no sense in a being made in Gode image talking that way. I grant that you have fearful odds to battle against, inherited tendencies, handed down from generation to senteration, and your environment is against you, for your old associates will help you down. I grant that you will have a tremealous struggle, but you can conquer if you will. And the fierer the struggle the more-glory to the victor. Tell me that you will fight this appetite as it you were fighting for your life. It is a more sections but the third in the sections of the section of th

one fellow can do to fight an enemy that has been trowing strong on generation after generation. It some of my folks had made a show of fighting the drink devil before it had grown so strong, there might have been a show for mo, perhaps. I have studied the thing perhaps. I have studied the thing span and again, and it's fatch that's all. We are strong and promising enough, we bevines, till about twenty-five, then we so all: to pleces, and it. don't take long to finish us. I'm the strengest and sturdlest of the lot, they tell me, but I'm beginning earlier than the others. I wish you wouldn't feel so bad, Miss Mary. You feel worse than I do; I wonder why?"

Mary. You feel worse man. Mary. You feel worse man. "Because I do not believe in heredity, "Because I do not believe in heredity, and one's will against an if one will use one's will against an appetite. Besides, I see great possi-

appetite. Besuces, a see Stear Possessities of the Milites in you."
"In me, Miss Mary?"
"Yes, in you. What do you mean to make of yourself, Richard Devine? God will demand a return for the life he

will demand a return for the me me yave you."

Miss Mary turned and walked raphdly.

Miss Mary turned and walked raphdly.

away, leaving Dick standing with his hands in his pockets, and an astounded expression on his face.

"Well, I am beat," was his only com-

ment.
Miss Mary did not talk to Dick again,
for she had a hemorrhage soon after, and
her friends took her away, and the seaport people supposed they would never

port people a see her again. see ber again.

Three years went by, and the fishingboats came and went, and the people
locate came and went, and the people
locate came and went, and the people
locate came and sinned and suffered,
and the teacher was forgotten by nearly
every one-except Dick. Sometimes in
lis worst moments, and he had them
oftener now, she would come before him
as she stood on the shore, the wind blowing her cloak away from her elight
fugure, telling him to dight as for his life.
And sometimes he did. How much faster
he would have gone down but for her. he would have gone down but for her, how many times he won a brief victory. over the Davines, none but the records.

over the Devines, none but the recording angel knew.

At the end of three years Miss Mary came-back to the school. Dick was nu longer there, he was one of the labermen. She saw at once that he had lost men. She saw at once that he had lost during the three years, but she saw also that it had not been without a struggle. She had come back to help him fight it out, though she knew that in so doing out, though she knew that in so doing she took her own life in her-hands. But the end in view was worth the sacrifice. "He that saveth a soul," rang in her ears above the noise of the loudest

ears above the noise of the loudest breakers.

Dick had now come, as he told Miss Mary in one of their rare talks, to look upon the fight as between two outside parties. He had ceased to consider himself as particularly concerned, but he know very well which side would win in the long run. Sometimes he wished that it was all over. Perhaps he would fall it was all over. Perhaps he would fall overboard some dark night, and go—"Where ?" asked the little teacher in a whetens. but Dick started as if she had "Where?" asked the little teacher in a whisper, but Dick started as if she had thundered the words. He took his cap and went out, down to a saloon, and be-fore long the Devines had the upper

hand,
The ocean seemed to mourn more than
usual that 'night, and Miss Mary tossed
restlessly on her bed under Cap'n Esau's
low roof. The moan of the sea seemed
to voice the unrest of 'the whole world.
Usually ahe loved the sound of the
water, but to-night she felt that it would drive her mad. And, although it wearled her, it wooed her, she dressed wearied her, it wooed her; she dressed at he upper ond of the town. She beat he upper ond of the town. She beat he upper ond of the town. She beat wind as high. With discount of the drind as high. With discount of the drind as high. With the word of the drind. She stood there a few moments, watching the breakers come in. Her eyes caught slight of an object out in the surf, and in a moment she made out a human form. Whose it was she did not know, but she feared, she hardly know what, and the form was walking out into deeper water. out into deeper water

What object could any one have in goin to sea in that style? Unless. God help him, he were bent on suicide. goin, to sea in that style? Unless, God help-him, he were bent on suicide. And if one were only half responsible, and tired out with fighting the Dovines—she was sure now. Just below the buffs were boats—Cap'n Jacob's and Cap'n Aaron's—and the teacher knew how to use the oars. She hadn't rowed in a long time, and sny violent exerciton was sure to bring on a hemorrhage, but she could guide a life boat for once. The little boat was gliding over the water none too soon, for Dick had plunged in now, and all was black. The moon shot out from behind a cloud for a moment, and her strained eyes made out a black curly head. As he was about to go down for the third time, he heard-Miss-Mary cry. The instinct of self-preservation awoke within him, and he caught at the boat.

e morning broke as mildly as ever. The worning broke as mildly as ever, and the sea lay smilling in the sunlight. Miss Mary was not at Cay'n Esau's, nor was she to be found, anywhere in the town. The only due to her absence was Dick's stor,—that he went to drown himself and end the struggle with the Devices, and that as he was sinking for the last time, Miss Mary was there with a boat. He thought she was in the boat until he got to land, but then it was too late to look for her.

The sea gave her up the next day, and again her friends took her away, this

again her friends took her away, this time not to return.

And Dick? The Devines were conjucted once for all. Henceforth he was sacred in his own eyes, such a price had been paid for him. He did not tolow the sea, but-turned to books, and afterward to the study of young men. He was one of the best known college presidents of a generation ago, and it were to tell you his name you would be surnivised.

THE "LAND OF THE PREE."

be surprised.

An exchange tells us that there are over three millions of women and children working for as little as they can starre on in the United States. Thousands of children under fourteen years of ago are working ton to twelve hours a day in this mills where the unemployed day in the mills where the unemployed day in the mills where the unemployed men should be, and in the sweating-dens the hours of labour are still longer. They are compelled to go on thus, or starve more rapidly. Have our great, seedin purity organizations nothing to say to such zestate of things?

But the young, young children,
Oh, my-brothers,
They are weeping in the playtime of
the others,
In the country of the free I*