

Have Faith in the Boy.

Have faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind
In league with the army of Satan...

Ab many a boy has been driven
Away from the home by the thought
That no one believes in his goodness...

Have faith in his good resolutions
Believe that at last he will prevail.
Though day after day he may fail...

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various publications and their subscription rates, including 'The Boat', 'Christian Guardian', 'Methodist Magazine', etc.

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
O. W. Cowan, S. F. Williams,
2116 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Rooms,
Montreal.

Pleasant Hours.

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

LEGEND OF PONTIUS PILATE.

Concerning the death of Pontius Pilate
the Scriptures are silent. A profane
history does not say very much about him...

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 to be the sign of a miracle...

WHAT LITTLE THINGS MAY DO

There was a good prince once who had
been much troubled by the multitude of
flies that infested his palace, and the
spiders too, which were all the time
weaving their webs to catch the flies...

blowed to fly from his enemies. He
thought the wandering about in the woods, and
being very weary, he lay down to sleep...

THE MAKING OF DICK.

By ADELIAE L. BOUSE.
"I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me."
It all happened long ago, so long ago
that the boys who were school mates...

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

A shout of derisive laughter went up
from the other boys. The idea of Dick's
studying was funny, to say the least.

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.

Instead of calling the class, she stood
on the platform in her nervous way and
told a story. She couldn't tell why she
didn't like Greek runner and her
these etoiled looking girls and boys, but
she felt impelled to tell it and she told
it well.

"One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward."
When Miss Mary went to her boarding
place that night, and was eating her
supper of clam chowder and codfish, she
knew why she had told that story, and
to whom it was to Dick Devine.

their depths and shadows, and the rocks
were scattered about, and the water being
the waters beating against the old town.

THE MAKING OF DICK.

By ADELIAE L. BOUSE.
The little teacher met Dick the next
day. He had not been to school for
more than a week, which was the ostensi-
ble reason for his absence.

"What good would it do to promise?"
he asked gruffly. "It is only a question
of time with me. Every man jack of
'em, as far back of me as I could, was a
drunkard, and I was going to get 'em
in the bone must come out in the flesh."

"I'd like to please you, Miss Mary, but
if I was to do all I could I would end
myself. I'd like to please you, but I don't
know if I can do it. I don't know if I
can do it. I don't know if I can do it."

Because I do not believe in heredity,
if any man will use me's will against an
appetite. Besides, I see great possed
bilities in you."

Miss Mary turned and walked rapidly
away, leaving Dick standing with his
hands in his pockets and an astounded
expression on his face.

Miss Mary had not talk to Dick again.
For he had a hemorrhage soon after, and
his friends took her away, and the next
person supposed they would never see
her again.

over the Divines, none but the records,
as you know.
At the end of three years Miss Mary
came back to the school. Dick was no
longer there, he was one of the 'aberm-
men. She saw at once that he had lost
his mind, but she was so sure she saw
that it had not been without a struggle...

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.

What object could any one have in
going to sea in that style? Unless,
perhaps, to die. Miss Mary knew that.
And it was one way out of her trouble.
And it was one way out of her trouble.

The morning broke as mildly as ever,
and the sea lay smiling in the sunlight.
Miss Mary was not at Cap'n Esau's, nor
was she to be found anywhere in the
town. The only clue to her absence was
Dick's story—that he went to drown him-
self and on the struggle with the De-
vines she had seen the ship 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.

And Dick? The Divines were con-
quered for good. Henceforth she was
sacred in his own eyes, and so she
had been paid for him. He did not fol-
low the sea, but turned to books, and
afterward to the study of young men.
He was not at Cap'n Esau's, nor was he
to be found anywhere in the town. The
presidents of a generation ago, and if
you were to tell you his name you would
be surprised.

THE "LAND OF THE FREE"

An exchange tells us that there are
over three millions of women and child-
ren working for as little as they can
stare on in the United States. Thou-
sands of children under fourteen years
of age are working for nothing all the
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
they will starve. We know our great
social purity organizations nothing to
say to such zetate of things?

But the young, young children.
Oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the playtime of
In the country of the free!