

purposefully a little above the top of the tree, and as the shot rang out, a many-voiced yell from the jungle proved the wisdom of every precaution.

There they came; a large troop of savages, probably the picked warriors of a roving tribe, brandishing their lances and whooping in chorus in anticipation of an easy victory.

"Hold on! Don't fire till they come a bit nearer," shouted the doctor; "let them cross that ridge of sand first? Here they come! Aim well! Now then!"

"Get your rifles ready!" yelled Fred, when the smoke of the howitzer had rolled away, but there was no need of a second shot. If the earth had opened to swallow them the charging savages could not have vanished more suddenly, and as the echoes of the explosion rolled along the hills, the rush of their stampede could be heard breaking through the jungle in all directions.

"That settled them," laughed Fred; "I don't think some of them will ever stop galloping."

"Yes, they are gone," said the doctor; "but they will come back as soon as they can get help, you can make your market on that. Look over yonder, though," he added, pointing to the east; "there's the morning dawning, and before that sun sets we can be out of sight of this coast. It would take an army to work these mines, and they would have to waste a ton of lead for every ounce of gold."

hard, and he is sowing now in trouble and sorrow, he looks forward to the time when the summer shall return again, and the harvest shall come, and this seed shall bring forth a hundred-fold. He is sowing in tears now, but some day he will reap in joy.

And now I must show you another picture. One Sunday afternoon a teacher is on her way to the school. For a long time she has taught the girls in her class without much result, and some of them are still very giddy and thoughtless. But lately she has had a little encouragement: Ellen seemed a little more earnest last Sunday, and Martha said—when she met her in the week—that she was really trying to love the Saviour. She has been praying very earnestly for them all to-day. The lesson is a beautiful one, and she has worked hard to prepare it, and now she goes to the class full of hope that this afternoon a deep impression will be made. But, somehow, all seems to go wrong. Some of the girls do not come at all, and others come late and disturb the class very much. Ellen is absent, and it is said she has gone for a walk instead. Martha is come, but is not nearly so attentive as she was last Sunday, and some of the rest whisper and make her laugh. The teacher tries very hard and speaks very earnestly, but it is of no use. The girls are indifferent and careless, and she goes home nearly heart-broken; and she sits down in her own room, and the tears come into her eyes as she opens her Bible for consolation. But presently she finds the words, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Yes, she is sowing in tears; and her heart is cheered by this precious promise, for she believes that some day she will reap.

#### THE SEED.

All sowing is a work of faith. Here is a child in the garden putting a little round black thing into the ground. What can it be? She tells me it will some day come up and be a beautiful flower. What! that little mite! It is not like a flower in the least; it has no beautiful colours, and is not at all the shape of a flower. And then it is so small, it will surely be lost in the earth, and you could never find it again. If you were to put in a ruby, now, or an emerald, or some other brilliant precious stone, you might expect it to turn into a splendid flower. But that tiny black speck, not so big as a pin's head! isn't it quite absurd to suppose it will ever come to anything?

Ah! but it is seed. The ruby and the emerald are only stones—they are dead things, and can never grow; but the seed is alive.

Several thousand years ago some Egyptian kings were buried in those costly and wonderful tombs of theirs, the Pyramids, and, wrapped up with their bodies, there were some seeds put into the coffins. Some of these were grains of wheat—wheat such as Pharaoh saw in his dreams, and Joseph gathered into barns—and there they slept, as comfortably as could be, till the other day the coffins were opened and several of the mummies were brought to England, and then these wheat corns were found. So some of them were planted in the earth, and sure enough a few months after they grew up, and those little seeds produced fine large ears of corn! During all those thousand years, you see, they had not died. No: there is life in seed.

#### THE LOST LOCKET.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

OF all the jolly boys in London, Dick Tibbitts was about the jolliest. He laughed enough to grow fat, but he cared about so that he danced any possible fat off. There may be some food has to go along with the fun that makes fat, and Dick dined anywhere and anyhow. He sold matches in summer and swept crossings in muddy weather. He joked with all the cab-drivers, was always diving under their horses' heels to stop busses for nervous old women, or twitching old men's coat-tails—old men who would stand still in the very best places to be killed, and then be so astonished, when they were jerked into safety by Dick, who moved livelier than the police. Dick got lots of mud and dirt on his face,

hands, and legs, but he had a warm little heart. He never envied other boys their fine clothes, or homes, or carriages—nothing but their mothers. He remembered his own, a good woman; beaten, abused, and heart-broken, by his drunken father. One November day, the streets were very dirty; all the morning there had been a yellow fog, making the air so thick that everything looked as dim as if seen through coffee-coloured glass. Toward night it cleared, and people were out enjoying the change. Dick's little old broom whisked this side and that. He swept a path for everybody, whether he was paid or not; his black eyes shining at a joke or a penny indifferently. At last a very sweet lady came along, with two of the daintiest little girls that Dick ever saw. One was like the big wax doll in the bazaar window down the street. The other fixed her blue eyes first on her new shoes then on the mud. Dick never waited to consider his movements long. One who lives in the middle of a London street cannot; he would not live long if he were given to meditation.

The first thing the mother saw was Dick scampering across the slimy pavement with Polly in his arms. She was almost as big as her bearer, but he got her over without a stain on her dainty feet, and was back for Miss Bessie, who thought it great sport to "ride on a shimney-weep," as she said.

The mother laughed too, and gave Dick a shining new sixpence. They turned down a near street, and Dick went back to the post where he had left his broom. Right by it, almost hidden under the dirty twigs, was a lovely gold locket off one child's neck. Dick first thought it money or some wonderful great coin, but when he touched the edge it opened, showing a likeness of the mother.

Poor little Dick, gazing at it, he thought not that it was gold, only that this child could have a picture just like its own dear mother! He had none of his, and never could have. He turned, tucked his old broom under his arm, and rushed after the children. They were getting into a cab. Dick got near enough to see the number and keep it in sight, but not to stop the driver until he had given little Dick's legs a sorry chase. At last they halted at a large, nice house in Dorset Square, and Dick returned the locket. He was going away, but the lady took him into the kitchen. There he was warmed, and given such a dinner, that he told the cook he was "burstin' off all his buttons, and must be skewered with wooden pins, if she had 'em to spare." The little girls wanted to look at him; their mother talked to him. The cook finally discovered she needed him to scour knives, run for the "vegetables," and wait on her. Cooks rule sometimes; this one did. She had Dick washed, fed, and taught his duties, so that in a week or two he was as brisk and helpful as need be. He found a good home, and in years that followed, good friends.

#### THE TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME.

THEIR number is legion. They exist usually in the mind. People of lively imaginations are the most burdened by them. He who is most blessed with the faculty of looking ahead is also most tempted. The faculty of foreseeing often leads him to foresee things that never will take place. This is one of the great opportunities of the devil. At this vulnerable point he smites hard. With fear as a weapon he acts the tyrant. How many of us can look back upon our imaginary troubles, as children, after the darkness of the night, look with contempt upon objects that in the darkness appeared to them monsters. Fear of imaginary trouble is absurd. It is hard enough to bear our actual burdens when they are laid upon us. We need all our strength for the real burdens of life. A cultivation of the habit of fear leads us often to imagine the real ills of life darker than they are. Foreboding is absurd, too, because God is as able and as willing to lead us in the future as in the past. But this borrowing ill from to-morrow is both unscriptural and infidel. Jesus said: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He gave us an object-lesson telling us that we are of more account than the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air. He told us that God knew all about us even to the minutest hair of our heads. There is noth-

ing next to sin that mankind need deliverance from any more than from fear. Our religion will not save us from fear, if it is not the right kind, and is worthless. We have learned to trust God, so that blues cannot enter in to poison our souls. We are a long way behind in learning a lesson of trust.—*Christian Witness.*

#### The Boy About the Place.

BY A. H. HUTCHINSON.

WHEN you hear a fearful racket,  
Like a miniature cyclone,  
With some sounds so strange that, surely,  
Their like was never known;  
While the mother listens calmly,  
Even with a smiling face,  
You may know that it is nothing—  
There's a boy about the place!

When you find rough carved initials  
On the panels of the door;  
When you find his shirts and neckties  
Scattered all about the floor,  
Well-worn shoes and battered headgear  
In the parlour find a place;  
Do not grumble—it is common  
With a boy about the place!

When there's a famine in the cupboard,  
And the milk-pail, too, runs dry,  
And you can't keep pies or cookies,  
No matter how you try;  
When you vainly seek for apples  
That have gone and left no trace,  
Hard times is not the trouble—  
'Tis the boy about the place!

When there are shavings on the carpets,  
And chips upon the beds;  
When the mats are tossed in corners,  
And the chairs stand on their heads.  
While, if a tool is needed, you  
All 'round the house must race;  
You may know he's making something—  
Is the boy about the place!

When the house is full of sunshine,  
On the darkest kind of day,  
And you have to smile at seeing  
Some freak of boyish play,  
When the blue eyes, deep and loving,  
Are raised to meet your face,  
You will say, I think, "God bless him!  
Bless our boy about the place!"

—*Golden Days.*

#### ELEPHANTS AND AN ORANGE.

THIS story is given by an exchange. Mr. O'Shea, the well-known war correspondent, tells the following anecdote of an adventure with a herd of elephants: "A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable; but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents, and scuttled off like a rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had five and twenty.

"I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned, and was about to begin the distribution again when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his proboscis—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began as before.

"Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them.

"What was I to do?  
"I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1894.

### GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

BY REV. T. B. BISHOP.

#### I.

I MUST take you to a scene in the land of Palestine. A poor man has come out of yonder village to sow his seed on these hills. You see no farms, nor fields, nor hedges, like we have in Canada, but only patches of cultivated ground scattered over the open country. The man is in great trouble, for he had very bad crops last year, and the wheat especially was nearly all spoilt by the blight and mildew. It is winter time now, and his family are beginning to feel the scarcity of food. The poor children have had nothing but barley bread to eat for a long time, and lately there has been very little of that; and now he is obliged to take away some of the scanty stock of corn for seed. It is like taking the bread out of the children's mouths, and yet he can't help it. If he doesn't sow the fields next year there will be no crop at all. No wonder he is very careful with it: he looks about anxiously, to put every handful into the best ground—every grain of it is precious. And so the man goes forth, "bearing precious seed." But he sows in faith. He knows that God has promised that "as long as the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not fail;" and though his work is rough and his lot is