

What a Jug Did

"Why is my house so shabby and old,
At every crevice letting me old,
And the kitchen walls all covered with mold?"
If you'll show me to be so bold,
Go ask your jug!

"Why are my eyes so swollen and red?
Whence is this dreadful pain in my head?
Where in the world is our nice feather-bed,
And the wood that was found in the shed?"
Go ask your jug!

"Why is my wife heart broken and sad?
Why are my children never now glad?
Why do I live in such a dreary place?
Why a poor old man I will be made?"
Go ask your jug!

"Oh, why do I see the old man in doot,
Why of his heart is he so full of doot,
Every moment looking down lower,
A pitiable out-let evermore?"
Go ask your jug!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1892.

BISHOP FOWLER IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Bishop Fowler preached at Union Church, Covington, Ky., Sabbath morning, November 1st, and before the service visited the Sunday school; and, on invitation of Superintendent Shinkle, addressed the school. He said: "I have a very rich Friend, and he lives in a great mansion of wonderful beauty. This house has twelve front doors, three on each side, so that you can't find a back entrance; there is no approach to it except from the front; and the people living in the house are never sick, and they never have any funerals there, and they have everything they want; and all the children are happy there. The little girls never lose their dolls, and they never get cross because some person else has a good time and they don't; and the boys never lose their balls, and never say ugly things about one another, nor to one another. And this Friend has invited me to come and live with him, and bring all my things, and stay always; and he has told me just how all the people are dressed there, and he wants me to dress that way. And I have told him I would. And then he sent his Son to me to renew the invitation, and I told him I would come; and when he went back to his Father's house he wrote me a good many letters, urging me not to forget to come, and telling me what he wants me to do to be ready, and that he is going to send his chariot for me, and that it will back up to my door, and then I must get in and come. And I have answered him, saying that I will be ready. And I am. I have my gripsack packed and just waiting. He hasn't told me when he would send, and I haven't asked him; for I know he would tell me if it were best for me to know. But this Friend of mine told me something else. He said to

me: 'There are a great many nice young people in Union Sunday-school, and I want you to invite them for me to come and live with me in my beautiful home, and I want them to get ready right away, and be clothed in the clean linen of the saints, which has been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Now I want you all to accept his invitation, and to tell him when you get to his house that I invited you this morning.'

NOVEL READING.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

A TERRIBLE tragedy occurred recently at Baltimore, which, contrary to our usual custom with regard to tales of crime, we repeat for the consideration of every young girl among our readers.

It was the story of a young girl, beautiful, innocent and carefully guarded, the idol of her father and brothers. Her mother, however, was dead, and her head was filled with romantic dreams of a hero who was to come and rule over her life.

On her way to and from school, she met a handsome, dashing fellow, who eagerly sought her acquaintance, managing to throw a kind of mystery over their meeting.

He was vulgar, false and cruel, but he had brilliant eyes and well-cut features. What more could a girl of sixteen demand in a hero?

The friendship lasted for several years, he gained an absolute control over her. She hid her love for him from her fond old father and brothers; he eloped with her finally, but refused her marriage.

The girl came home to die. Her eldest brother pursued her lover, shot at him repeatedly but failed to kill him. Later the villain met her gray-haired father, and when the feeble old man, maddened by grief, threatened him, he shot him dead.

Now, here is a young girl dead before she had fairly tasted life, her old father murdered and her brothers left homeless, all for her indulgence at first in a silly reckless romance.

It is natural for you to think of love, girls. God meant you to love and marry. But he meant you to do it with the blessing of your father and mother upon you. Trust the love that has watched you from the cradle as being truer than that of the young fellow who has known you but yesterday. If his feelings for you must be kept out of sight, depend that there is something tricky and unclean in it; and if he tries to draw you into deceiving and hating them, he is no "hero," but a man who would lead you into a path the gates of which open into the grave.

TIM.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

He was only ten years old, and small for his age, but there was a mature look in his deep, dark eyes that told the looker on that the child had lived much. By that I do not mean that he had seen much of the world—he had not—only that part of it that lay in the slums of a great city.

I fear you will be horrified when I tell you that Tim knew nothing about the world except the small, rough part of it on Beacon Point. Why it was called Beacon Point no one knew, for it was no point at all, but rather the centre of the dark, narrow, filthy street. It was an old tenement—the oldest on the street—where Tim lived, and looked as if it would be safe to prophecy that it had weathered its last storm. In fact it had. But still there were a few of the very poorest of the poor who seemed willing to run the risk of using the shaky old structure as a home.

"It is better than the street," they argued. And I do not know as we can blame them for thinking so, for, when money is so scarce that one is on the verge of starvation, any kind of shelter seems desirable.

Little Tim and Dandy, his dog, called Beacon Point "home." You would have thought it a desecration of the name could you have seen the barren little closet-room where little Tim lived. But, in one sense, it seemed pleasant to the poor child. It was so much better than it used to be. Tim would have told you that with great thankfulness.

"So much better than it used to be!" Do you wonder why? I can tell you, and so could Tim. Once there had been a "drunken father." I hope none of you know by experience what that means—so much better for little Tim to be a little orphan boy, living with a gentle, faithful dog, than to tremble and cower and weep and wail before the tempest created by a drunken father.

But one night a fire broke out in the old tenement, and soon it lay in ashes. All of the inmates escaped unhurt except little Tim. He had received his death blow from the fall of the rotten timbers. He was just alive when they found him, and a poor old woman, who had loved him, cried out:

"I can't bear to have you taken out of the world in that way, little Tim," and tears rolled down her cheeks. Tim could not see the tears—he was too near death for that—but he could hear them in her voice, and he answered feebly, with a smile such as had never been seen on his peaked little face before:

"Don't cry, dear Granny Fry, don't cry—me an' Dandy is agoin' home."

The boy spoke truly. A little while and the boy had drawn the last gasping breath, and he would never again know pain, weariness, sorrow, or hunger. Poor little Tim!

THE SLAVE CHASE.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "Wops the Waif," "Fun Down," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

JOR RICHARDS' RESOLVE.

It was the common talk of everyone. The Hindoo washer-man, the cooly boy who pounded coffee, the runners who kept pace with the carriage, the soldiers in the various mess-rooms, the caterer of the officers' mess, the ladies and officers, and even the grave, sober old Scotch doctor of the regiment, all took up the same theme; and when uttered by Hindoo or English, by high or low, it was all translatable into the same phrase: "Too fast to last."

The subject of all this talk was our late acquaintance, Lieutenant Vincent. For weeks his vessel had been lying in Trincomalee Harbour, and, with protracted leave of absence, he had been living at a fast pace among the military officers of the place. On every hand people said he must soon be restrained, or he would kill himself.

One morning the news came off to the ship that he was dangerously ill with fever; and each succeeding day's report was more and more alarming. He was a general favourite among the men in the ship; and many a hearty far expressed—in rough, homely language—his concern for and sympathy with their favourite officer.

About a week after Lieutenant Vincent was taken-ill, it was "mend-clothes afternoon" among the men, and as they sat, tailor fashion, on the deck, in little circles, or in more isolated groups, or singly, he was pretty freely discussed among them.

"Tell yer what it is," said one big, burly fellow, with a face bronzed like leather itself; "tell yer what it is, I've seen a bit or two of service, in nigh upon seventeen years, under Her Majesty, and I've seen a wondrous sight of officers; but I'm blessed if ever I seed a downright, real good 'un, without he either died or got shifted, or sunnat or other, so that we lost him; and you mark my words if we don't lose Lieuty Vincent somehow."

Seated a little distance from the others, and screened from observation and interruption by the big gun against which they leaned, as together they sat and busily sewed, were two young sailors. All this conversation had been overheard by them; and they, too, are now busily talking about the same person. One at least we know—Joe Richards. Yes, it is Joe Richards, whose letter we read in the little house in Bermudesey. He is rather over medium height, with dark hazel eyes, dark hair, a frank, open, honest face, somewhat