

infant and passed the slow procession far back in the road.

There was a joyful welcome for the Master in the home of Lazarus. The cool vine-covered arbour was a refreshing change from the dusty road. Here were no curious throngs and constant demands for help.

Away from the sights that oppressed him, away from the clamour and the criticism, here was a place where heart and body might find rest. The peace of the place, and the atmosphere of sympathy surrounding him, must have fallen like dew on his thirsty soul. Here, for a few short days, he who had been so long a houseless wanderer was to know the blessedness of a home.

Several hours before the first trumpet blast from the roof of the synagogue proclaimed the approaching Sabbath, Simon hurried to his home.

"Father," he called in great excitement, "I have seen him! The Christ! I have knelt at his feet. I have looked in his face. And, oh, only think!—he has promised to sit at our table! Tomorrow night, such a feast as has never been known in the place shall be spread before him. Help me to think of something we may do to show him especial honour."

Esther sprang up at the news. "We have very little time to prepare," she said. "Seth must go at once into the city to make purchases. Tomorrow night, no hired hand shall serve him. I myself shall take that lowly place, with Martha and Mary to aid me. Abigail, too, shall help us for it is a labour of love that she will delight to take part in. I shall go at once to ask them."

The long, still Sabbath went by. The worshippers in the synagogue looked in vain for other miracles, listened in vain for the Voice that wrought such wonders.

Through the unbroken rest of that day he was gathering up his strength for a coming trial. Something of the approaching shadow may have been seen in his tender eyes; some word of the awaiting doom may have been spoken to the brother and sisters sitting reverently at his feet,—for they seemed to think that a parting was at hand and that they must crowd the flying hours with all the loving service they could render him.

That night at the feast, as Esther's little white hands brought the water for the reclining guests to wash, and Martha and Abigail placed sumptuously filled dishes before them, Mary paused in her busy passing to and fro; she longed to do some especial thing to show her love for the honoured guest.

Never had his face worn such a look of royalty; never had he seemed so much the Christ. The soft light of many candles falling on his worn face seemed to reveal as never before the divine soul which leaves the worn body where it now tarries.

An old Jewish custom suddenly occurred to her. She seemed to see two pictures: one was Aaron, standing up in the rich garments of the priesthood; with his head bowed to receive the sacred anointing; the other was Israel's first king, on whom the hoary Samuel was bestowing the anointing that proclaimed his royalty. Taken of both priesthood and kinship,—oh, if she dared but offer it!

No one noticed when she stepped out after a while and hurried swiftly homeward. Hidden away in a chest in her room was a little alabaster flask carefully sealed. It held a rare sweet perfume, worth almost its weight in gold.

She took it out with trembling fingers, and hid it in the folds of her long flowing white dress. Her breath came quick, and her heart beat fast, as she slipped in behind the guests again. The colour glowed and paled in her cheeks, as she stood there in the shadow of the curtains, hesitating, half afraid to venture.

At last, when the banquet was almost over, she stepped noiselessly forward. There was a hush of surprise at this unusual interruption, although every one there was familiar with the custom, and recognized its deep meaning and symbolism.

First on his head, then on his feet, she poured the costly perfume. Bending low in the deepest humility, she swept

her long, soft hair across them to wipe away the crystal drops. The whole house was filled with the sweet, delicate odour.

Some of those who saw it, remembered a similar scene in the house of another Simon, in far away Galilee; but only the anointed One could feel the deep contrast between the two.

That Simon, the proud Pharisee, condescending and critical and scant in hospitality; this Simon, the cleansed leper, ready to lay down his life, in his boundless love and gratitude. That woman, a penitent sinner, kneeling with tears before his mercy; this woman, so pure in heart that she could see God though hidden in the human body of the Nazarene. That anointing, to his priesthood at the beginning of his ministry; this anointing, to his kingdom, now almost at hand. No one spoke as the fragrance rose and spread itself like the incense of a benediction. It seemed a fitting close to this hour of communion with the Master.

Across this eloquent silence that the softest sound would have jarred upon, a cold, unfeeling voice broke harshly.

It was Judas Iscariot who spoke. "Why was all this ointment wasted?" he asked. "It would have been better to have sold it and given it to the poor."

Simon frowned indignantly at this low browed guest, who was so lacking in courtesy, and Mary looked up distressed. "Let her alone!" said the Master, gently. "Ye have the poor with you always, and whenever ye will, ye may do them good; but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying."

A dark look gleamed in the eyes of Judas,—there was that reference again to his burial. There seemed to be no use of making any further pretence to follow him any longer. His kingdom was a delusion, a vague, shadowy, spiritual thing that the others might believe in if they chose. But if there was no longer any hope of gaining by his service, he would turn to the other side.

That night there was another secret council of some of the Sanhedrin, and Judas Iscariot was in their midst. When the lights were out, and the Temple police were making their final rounds, a dark figure went skulking out into the night, and wound its way through the narrow streets,—the dark figure that still goes skulking through the night of history,—the man who covenanted for thirty pieces of silver to betray his Lord.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD RESOLVE.

Among other prominent citizens who witnessed the pleasing entertainment at the close of the Palace Street public school was Ald. Frankland. He was called upon to speak to the children, and he delivered a notable address. He told them that until recently his eyes had been closed to the evils of intemperance. Notwithstanding the fact that a very dear friend of his own family had lost his life at the age of eighteen through drink, he had not been able to see how bad intemperance was and how good temperance would be. His eyes, he said, were opened by the kindly words of Mayor Howland in a letter asking him to fill his Worship's place during his absence in New York. He had been always opposed to Mayor Howland, and that letter written to one who had been at all times at enmity with him, broke him all up. He now saw intemperance in its true light, and he had made up his mind that as long as he lived he would always come out straight on this question, solid in favour of temperance, and he spoke to the children earnestly to avoid intoxicating drinks and live sober lives. He stated that at a dinner a few days ago at a hotel in the vicinity of the market, where on similar occasions previously wines and other liquors had flowed freely, water was the only beverage served, and the change was made at his request. Ald. Frankland's remarks were made in a tone that indicated intense feeling, and his change of front on this great question was received with encouraging demonstrations of approval. —Globe.

How the King Came Home.  
 "Oh, why are you waiting, children,  
 And why are you watching the way?"  
 "We are watching because the folks have  
 said,  
 'The king comes home to-day—  
 The king on his prancing charger,  
 In his shining golden crown.  
 Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds  
 sing,  
 When the king comes back to the  
 town.'"

"Run home to your mothers, children;  
 In the land is pain and woe,  
 And the king, beyond the forest,  
 Fights with the Paynim foe."  
 "But," said the little children,  
 "The fight will soon be past,  
 We fain would wait, though the hour be  
 late;  
 He will surely come at last."  
 So the eager children waited,  
 Till the closing of the day,  
 Till their eyes were tired of gazing  
 Along the dusty way;  
 But there came no sound of music,  
 No flashing golden crown;  
 And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,  
 When the round red sun went down.  
 But at the hour of midnight,  
 While the weary children slept,  
 Was heard within the city  
 The voice of them that wopt:  
 Along the moonlit highway  
 Towards the sacred dome,  
 Dead on his shield, from the well-fought  
 field—  
 'Twas thus the king came home.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1896.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY CHILDREN?

Children's Day calls out crowds of bright-faced happy little people. Birds and flowers and sunshine and children ought to make bright faces. Don't you think so?  
 But some faces are brighter, and some hearts are happier than others. And the Pleasant Hours knows which are the very brightest and happiest of all! The children want to know, too, and so we will tell them.  
 The boys and girls who have been saving, and sacrificing and denying self, so that somebody might be helped; these are the happiest of all.  
 Here is Willie Jones. How his eyes do shine! He has been saving his pennies a good while for this Children's Day Collection. He has had to shut his eyes sometimes when he went past a candy store, but he will forget all that in the joy that will fill his heart when he drops his shining fifty-cent piece into the basket, and listens to the pastor as he tells how his money will help to educate poor boys and girls, and fit them to do earnest work for God and humanity.

And look at pretty Ruth Brown. She does not look sad; does she? And yet she gave up a great pleasure so that she might help on this grand educational work.

"Which will you have, Ruthie," said papa, "the pleasure trip, or the money for Children's Day?" And Ruthie made her choice!

Ah! dear children, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

May this be the very best and brightest of all the Children's Days we have yet known!

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.  
 AUGUST 30, 1896.  
 Jericho.—Joshua 6. 1-25.

CELEBRATED CITY.

This was the first city taken by Joshua, who was the successor of Moses, hence, he was the leader of the conquering army. God commanded him as to the course he was to pursue, in driving out the people, whose cup of iniquity was now full to overflowing. So you see, here is an object lesson, which you would do well to study, as it teaches you this important lesson, that God will, sooner or later, execute his threatenings, just as certainly as he will fulfil his promises.

THE SIEGE.

Like all ancient cities, Jericho was surrounded by walls, hence it was called a walled city. It may be observed in passing, that all the cities of Canaan were not captured in the same manner. As the labour of capturing all the places which were to be destroyed, would be foolishness to pursue such a strange course! of procedure in connection with Jericho. They were to march around the city seven days, and then the walls would fall down. They were thus taught a lesson of faith. See Hebrews 11. 30. The people might have said, What foolishness to pursue such a strange course? What good can possibly result? Then why march seven times? Why may we not stop even at six times? Why go around seven times on the last day? Every part of God's commands must be obeyed.

RAHAB.

This person is mentioned in connection with Jericho, in consequence of her kindness and heroism towards the spies, who were sent out to see the country and report as to its character. Strange that a woman of such character, as she was, should have acted so different to the rest of her fellow citizens. Harlots and publicans were sometimes more ready to enter into the kingdom of heaven than the self-righteous Pharisees. God never forgets any good that is done on behalf of his people. Read verse 25. Learn from the whole lesson the great truth recorded in Hebrews 11. 6. Without faith it is impossible to please God.

A GRATEFUL HEART.

A gentleman was walking late one night along a street in London in which stands a hospital for sick children. There were two men and a boy passing along, plodding home to their miserable lodgings after their day's work. The boy trotted on wearily behind, very tired, and looking pale and sick.  
 Just as they were passing the hospital the little lad's face brightened for a moment. He ran up the steps and dropped into the box attached to the door, a little bit of paper. It was found next morning. It contained a sixpence; and on the paper was written, "For a sick child." The one who saw it, afterwards ascertained, as he tells us, that the poor little wail, almost destitute, had been sick, and in his weary pilgrimage was a year before brought to the hospital, which had been a "house beautiful" to him; and he was there cured of his bodily disease. Hands of kindness had ministered to him, words of kindness had been spoken to him, and he had left it cured in body. Some one on that day in a crowd had slipped a sixpence into his hand, and that same night, as he passed by, his grateful little heart gave up for other child-sufferers "all the living that he had."