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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1896

[No. 11.]

The Drunkard's Raggit Wean.

Tune—"Castles in the Air."

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'rin' thro' the street,
Wadin' 'mang the snow wi' his wee hacket feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain
Wha's the puir wee callan'? He's a drunkard's raggit wean.

He stau'n's at lika door, an' he keeks wi' wisfu' e'e
To see the crood aroun' the fire a lauchin' loud wi' glee;
But he daurna venture ben, though his heart be e'er sa' fain;
For he maunna play wi' i'ther bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit laddie, his heart is unco fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's dronkit through and through;
He's splerin' for his mither, an' ho wun'ers whaur she's gane—
But, oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee raggit wean.

He kens nae faither's love, and he kens nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows, or kame his tautit hair,
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed at e'en,
An' oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh! pity the wee laddie, sae gulleless an' sae young,
The oath that lea's his faither's lip 'll settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks, his infant lips 'll stain,
For, oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup an' never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parent's care, their puir wee raggit wean.

—Montreal Witness.

DRINK'S DOINGS.

Archdeacon Farrar, in a sermon preached by him in Westminster Abbey, thus refers to the increase of walf-life in London:

"London has 7,400 streets, extending to 260 miles. Its area is swept by a radius of fifteen miles. It has 4,500,000 souls in its crowded space. The common lodging-houses have 27,000 inhabitants, and into them drift the social wreckage of every class.

"There is an army of 100,000 paupers. There are hundreds of deserted children, who are prowling about in the markets, the slums, and the railway arches. The increase of population means the increase mainly of its squalour, its wretchedness, and its guilt. The increase is mainly among the destitute—an increase ten per cent. more rapid in the slums and rookeries than in the parks and squares! It is an increase of a pauper class, living on alms and rates and odd jobs, in the misery of a chronic indigence and the renascence of a godless despair!

"It is the gin-sloz and the streets, which, through our frow and our callous indifference and worldliness, have made them what they are, and have wrecked all that splendid immortality. . . . When God returns to judgment, will he not ask us questions about these things? Will Christ smile approval at this wholesale rula of those for whom he died?"

This state of things has its counterpart in New York and other large cities on this continent. Even in Toronto, the class described by Archdeacon Farrar has largely increased—and may continue to increase—with the growth of the city. In spite of the generous efforts and increase of our private charities to keep it in check. Other institutions of a remedial and preventive character are required to meet these special needs of the city.

fleet-footed messengers to arouse the neighbours, most of whom were miles away. In an incredibly short time a rescue party was formed and a definite plan of procedure adopted.

If any one should find the child a signal gun was to be fired, three shots in quick succession if alive, two if dead, and those of the party within hearing were to respond, each by a single shot, thereby passing the news along till it

men gathered at the one of the nearly distracted parents, partook of simple refreshments, held a brief consultation, sent to adjoining townships for reinforcements, and then with even more intensity of purpose, went forth to renew the search.

Late in the afternoon, as one of the men was picking his way around a fallen tree he was halted by a plaintive cry, and the words: "Mr. Warner, have you anything to eat in your pocket?"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Found and alive, rang out the blessed tidings. At once, from all quarters were heard the answering guns until the wide old forest was vocal with joy.

Yes, the poor child, cold and hungry, his little bare feet, limbs and hands cruelly torn and swollen, was found and alive.

No wonder his sister fainted, and his mother was so paralyzed with joy that she could no other move, speak nor weep, when he was tenderly brought to them. Nor was it strange that as the good news flew from cabin to cabin throughout the settlement, it prompted both merrymaking and devout thanksgiving.

Two generations ago! That little boy, if still living, is an old man. The unutterable anguish of those who loved him, the neighbourly sympathy and heroic efforts in his behalf are all of the past.

But have there been no lost children during the last sixty-four years? Boys and girls from other than log-cabin homes, who have wandered out in their sweet springtime and found, whichever way they turn d, in city or country, the allurements of vice, the drinking customs of society, and always and everywhere the open saloon? Have not thousands and thousands of such been so cruelly wounded, bewildered and discouraged that they have never found their way home?

We see them every day, hungry of heart, deserted by friends, their fortunes wasted, characters scarred, and hopes for time and eternity blasted.

If every mother could but feel her boy's danger. If every intelligent citizen and wise statesman would but hear and heed the cry, "The children of the Republic are being lost—everybody to the rescue!" how the torchlights of truth would flash through the wilderness of sin, not only for the rescue of those already astray, but for the discovery and destruction of society's most deadly foe, the saloon.

Then might the drink curse be banished from our beloved land, and the paths to happiness, usefulness and honour be made safe and pleasant for little feet.

God give us men good enough and brave enough to say by word and deed, "The children shall not be lost."—Union Signal.



DRINK'S DOINGS.

TO THE RESCUE

BY HANNA A. FOSTER.

"A child lost! every man to the rescue!" was the cry which startled the inmates of Wesley Hulet's log cabin one morning in the early spring of 1830.

The man who had so excitedly announced his errand had come from Columbia, Lorain county, Ohio, to Abbeville, Medina county. His horse was reeking with sweat; every moment was precious. A few hurried sentences sufficed to tell the story.

A little boy, six or seven years of age, had left his home the previous morning to go to the sugar camp where his brothers were boiling down sap. When the brothers returned home at evening and it was learned that he had not been to the sugar camp at all during the day there was a scene of sore distress and wild excitement. Hickory torches were soon a flame, and out into the night sped

should reach the entire party. The dense forests were at that time infested with bears, wolves, and wildcats, and the treacherous wail of the panther was sometimes heard in the vicinity of the clearings. The lost child was poorly clad; his jacket and trousers of coarse homespun were old and patched, and his feet were bare, for shoes, especially for children, were luxuries not easily attainable.

Hour after hour men and boys, with the kindness and courage which characterized the pioneers of those times, carrying their loaded guns and followed by their faithful dogs, made their way through brush and bramble, up and down hills, crossing gullies and wading ice-bordered creeks, too full of neighbourly sympathy and anxiety to take any note of danger or fatigue. So passed the night. Morning came, and the signal gun had not been fired.

According to previous agreement, the

A BILLION DOLLARS.

The liquor traffic costs the people of the United States over a billion dollars a year, which largely comes out of the pockets of the workingmen. This billion dollars is worse than wasted; for it brings nothing but woe, crime, misery, pauperism, and death. Every dollar of the billion goes to support the most gigantic monopoly which ever cursed a nation. This billion of dollars, if spent for food, clothing, and other necessities of life, would do away with three-fourths of the poverty, crime, and misery which now desolate the land. Here is a chance for the political papers of the country, that think a billion dollars of some account, to rally to the temperance reform, which, if triumphant, would bring untold blessing to the tolling millions of America. May God hasten this day.—National Temperance Advocate.

A Little Brown Penny.

A little brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy just for one day;
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's
swift wings.
It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant
light
Wherever the prayer and the message
went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When darkness fled like wavering mists,
From the beautiful dawn of the Gospel
day?

And who can tell of the blessings that
came
To the little child, when Christ looked
down?
Or how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden
crown?

DID HE UNDERSTAND?

BY MRS. G. R. ALDEN.

"For unto this day they drink none,
but obey their father's commandment."

"Why, yes," said grandma, with her
finger on Rollo's verse, and her eyes ten-
der with old memories, "I remember a
story about that verse, and it is a story
which I think likely I shall remember in
heaven."

"Let's hear it right away, if you
please," Ralph said, and the others
settled into quiet as soon as possible.

"It wasn't so very many years ago,
not more than fifty-five," began grandma,
and then Rollo nudged Harold and
chuckled, and Marion looked with grave,
astonished eyes at a woman who thought
fifty-five years was not a long, long time!
But grandma took no notice of them.

"Yes," she said, "it is just about fifty-
five years ago. There was a pretty little
boy whom I knew; he had yellow hair
and the bluest eyes, and he was a dear,
bright little fellow. One day he went
visiting out to a nice old lady's who lived
near his father's old place. While he
was there who should come along but
two trim little girls who were out getting
signers to the total abstinence pledge.

We called it the teetotal pledge in those
days. There was quite an excitement
about it in town. A man lectured every
evening, and had meetings for the chil-
dren in the afternoons, and gave them
each pledge books, and the one who got
the greatest number of signers was to
have a medal with his name on. It
wasn't a gold medal, but it shone, and
had a nice blue ribbon to put around
your neck; and the children all liked it.

"Well, these two had come to Aunt
Patty's door and asked for signers. Aunt
Patty invited them in, and got out her
quill pen, which wasn't used very often,
and she and her eldest girl, Prudence,
put down their names. The little fellow
stood looking on; he wasn't four years
old yet, but he lived where he saw a
great deal of writing going on, and be-
hold he wanted to sign his name. Aunt
Patty laughed and tried to explain to him
that he was too young; but he said not,
he 'writed' his name once when 'favver'
held his hand! and he wanted to do it
again. That was true enough. One day
his father bought him a picture book and
guided the pencil in his hand and let him
put his name in it.

"After a good deal of coaxing, Aunt
Patty sat down and took him in her lap,
and held that old quill, guiding it as well
as she could, and he did get what looked
something like his name in the book.
It was very queer writing," said grand-
ma, stopping to laugh at the thought of
it, with that same tender look in her
eyes, "but the little fellow was just as
proud of it as could be. He told of it
the first thing when he went home, but
his mother—oh! you don't know how
badly she felt."

"Why?" interrupted Marion and Rollo.
"Wasn't she a good mother?" asked
Marion. "Didn't she believe in temper-
ance?" asked Rollo.

"Oh, yes, she believed in temperance,
but she had some very strong notions
about promises. She wanted her little
boy to know all about it whenever he
made one, and then to keep it as he would
the eighth commandment; and she said
he was too young to take a pledge, that
he could not understand what it meant,
and he would think that signing his
name to a paper was a light thing, just
for play. Why, she felt so badly about
it that she just sat down and cried."

"Ho!" said Rollo, "I think she was
foolish. I dare say he understood."
"Go on, grandma," said Marion.

"Well, while the mother was crying
the father came home and wanted to
know all about it, and he thought as Rollo
does, that the boy understood, or could
be made to. He took him on his knee,
and they had a long talk all about drink-
ing, what a dreadful thing it was, and
about pledges, and then what should he
tell him but this old story of the Recha-
bites, how they kept the promise made
to their father, never forgetting it once,
and how God was pleased and rewarded
them. Then he made the little fellow
hold up his hand and say after him—
'Unto this day they drink none, but
obey their father's commandment.' Then
he explained that the paper the child had
signed was a promise that he would obey
his father's command and never touch
liquor. 'I won't, favver,' the boy said;

'I'll 'member.' And he looked very
earnest. But in two or three minutes
he was playing with the cat, and his
mother couldn't feel that he really under-
stood much about it.

"It was three years afterwards, and the
little boy was seven years old—a beauti-
ful child. One winter his mother was
very sick; everyone thought she would
die. She was so low that she didn't
know her own little boy, and she couldn't
bear the least noise. So her boy was
taken to his auntie's, and stayed there
for weeks. One evening he was in the
parlour with his uncle. There were three
or four gentlemen there, and pretty soon
cider was brought in. The little boy sat
beside a gentleman who offered him a
drink of cider from his glass. The boy
refused politely, and the gentleman,
thinking he was timid, coaxed him.
Then his uncle spoke up. 'That young
man has never tasted cider, he tells me.'
At this they all laughed. It was a very
unusual thing in those days to find a
child seven years old who had never
tasted cider. It sounded almost as
strange as it would to say now that one
had never tasted water.

"The gentleman said that accounted
for his not wanting some; that he did
not know how good it was; so he urged
him to just try a swallow, and kept coax-
ing until at last his uncle said, 'Try it,
my boy; if you don't like it you need not
take any more.' 'No, sir,' the boy said,
'I don't want to try it.' Well, then, his
uncle thought he was rude and dis-
obedient, and ought to be made to mind;
so he said, 'I command you to take a
swallow of it, my boy, and I am to be
obeyed, you know.' What did that little
seven-year-old baby do but get up in the
middle of the floor, with his eyes flash-
ing and his cheeks glowing, and shout
out in a loud, strong voice, 'Unto this
day they drink none, but obey their
father's commandment,' and I don't
neither. I promised, I did; and I never
will; not if you whip me to death.' Then
he burst out crying, and ran out of the
room."

"Good for him!" said Rollo.
"Oh, hurrah!" said Harold.

"I am so glad!" said Marion. "I won-
der what his mother thought then, if she
ever heard of it. Did she get well,
grandma?"

"Yes, she got well, and was a proud
and happy mother when she heard the
story. But that is only the beginning of
it. I saw that boy when he was a young
man and came home from college as
handsome as a picture, and I heard his
father say to him: 'Well, my boy, they
tell me most of the young men use liquor
more or less; how do you get on with
them?'"

"And he looked around with his bright
laughing eyes and said:
'I'm all right, father; to this day I
drink none, but obey my father's com-
mandment. That pledge of mine ought
to be printed in gold on my tombstone
when I die, for it has held me in the
midst of many temptations.'

"And there his mother thought he was
too young to understand!"
And Grandma Burton actually wiped
the tears from her eyes, though she was
smiling yet.

"Grandma," said Marion, "what was
that boy's name? You haven't spoken
his name once."
"I guess something," said Ralph, eager-
ly. "Wasn't his name Mott, grandma?"
"Robert Mott Burton, that was his
name, my darling."

"Our own Uncle Mott!" said astonished
little Sarah.
"Then that's what makes him such a
red-hot temperance man now, isn't it?"
said Rollo. "Didn't he begin early,
though?"—Montreal Witness.

SPOKE WISER THAN SHE KNEW.

Tom is a thirteen-year-old boy, and
takes great delight in asking his little
seven-year-old sister questions which he
thinks she will not be able to answer,
and thus enable him to air his own
knowledge before her to his utmost satis-
faction. One evening he came home
from school with a fresh lot of questions,
and commenced on her in the following
manner:

"Louise, do you know what they call a
place where they make stoves?"

The little one confessed her inability to
answer the question, whereupon Tom in-
formed her that it was called a foundry.

"Now," says Tom, "do you know what
they call a place where they make whis-
key?"

Louise studied a little while, and then
exclaimed: "Yes, I guess they call that
a 'con-foundry!'"—Ex.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

March 22, 1896.

The four Hebrew children, who refused
to eat of the king's meat. (Temperance).
—Daniel 1. 3-21.

These distinguished persons were Jews
who were taken captive from Jerusalem
to Babylon, when Nebuchadnezzar be-
sieged the holy city. These honoured
persons were selected among others to fill
honourable positions in the land of their
captivity, but before entering upon their
respective duties, they were required to
be put under a peculiar training, one part
of which related to their diet. Those
under whose care they were placed were
anxious that the requirements of the
monarch should be carried out to the
very letter.

Daniel and his compeers, while not in
the least disposed to do anything un-
reasonable, positively refused to do that
which they conceived to be improper, or
contrary to the claims of truth and
righteousness; hence, in respect to the
delicacies which were sent them from
the king's table, and certain kinds of food
which were regarded as sacrifices offered
to idols, they positively refused to par-
take.

Those in charge were afraid that in-
jury would befall them if the king's re-
quirements were violated, but Daniel
made a proposition which was reason-
able, and would prevent trouble to all
concerned. Read verse 12. This was
a noble proposal, and was a real practical
remedy to avoid evil. Some might think
it strange that such a proposal should be
made, but such was Daniel's confidence
in God that he was not afraid of the re-
sults. The God whom he served would
not forsake him in the time of trial. God
had hitherto been his support, and he
felt sure that no evil would be allowed to
befall him.

The noble conduct of Daniel and his
friends is worthy of emulation. Consider
their situation. They were captives. To
act contrary to the requirements of those
in authority might endanger their posi-
tion. It is to be feared that many would
have acted very differently had they been
situated as Daniel and his friends were.
They were men of principle. They
sought to do right rather than pursue a
course which might avoid present trouble,
but in the end it would have been other-
wise. "Do right if the heavens fall."

Young people are sometimes placed in
circumstances when to do right requires
great firmness and decision of character.
They will see others drink intoxicants,
or maybe even use tobacco or cigarettes,
or in some instances use profane lan-
guage. Sometimes they may be solicited
to take a glass of wine at a social party,
where the majority present partake of
the liquor without a moment's hesitancy.
In all such cases let them do right and
breathe a prayer for divine help.

A certain minister, when a boy, was
asked to take a glass of wine with a gen-
tleman to whom both he and his father
were under great obligation. He re-
fused. The gentleman became more
urgent in his request, even asked him
just to touch the liquor with his lips,
but happily he was firm, and the result
was that the gentleman expressed his ad-
miration for his consistency to the boy's
father some time afterwards. Act con-
sistently on all moral and religious
questions and your interests will not
suffer. Public sentiment is so strong
in favour of temperance, that all who
keep their pledge will have less difficulty
in so doing than was the case formerly.

The churches are now, or soon will be,
engaged in special efforts for the salva-
tion of souls. Cannot the Junior League
join heartily in this good work? We
suggest that the question of the conver-
sion of the children be carefully and
earnestly presented. Let the way of life
be pointed out, and the plan of salvation
made very plain. If the Juniors shall
have their hearts warmed by the love of
the Saviour they may be wonderfully use-
ful in leading others to the joys of salva-
tion.—Epworth Herald.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1896.

TEMPERANCE NUMBER.

Both Pleasant Hours and Onward for
March 14th are special temperance num-
bers, designed to enforce the temperance
lessons of March 22. We are sure that
superintendents and teachers in all our
schools will strenuously endeavour to
make these quarterly temperance lessons
thoroughly effective in promoting temper-
ance principles in the great army of a
quarter of a million of scholars in our
schools. Try and get their names all
enrolled on the threefold temperance
pledge against strong drink, against
tobacco, and all bad books and words.

In the class books furnished by our
Book-Room is given a form of pledge.
If you have not got this, you had better
send for it, and let each teacher secure
the names of all the boys and girls in
their class for this pledge. Thus shall
we train up an army of intelligent,
patriotic citizens, who have, like young
Hannibal of old, vowed eternal enmity
against the greatest foe of their country.
In the case of Canada it is that organ-
ized sin against God, and crime against
humanity, the Liquor Traffic.

In this connection read the story by
Mrs. Alden, in this number, "Did he
Understand," and don't fail to profit by
its obvious moral.

The Price of a Drink.

"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think That that is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass," I heard you say; "Why that isn't very much to pay." Ah, no indeed, 'tis a very small sum, You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb, And if that were all you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell And feels within him the fire of hell. Honour and virtue, love and truth, All the pride and glory of youth, Hopes of mankind, wealth of fame, High endeavour and noble aim,— These are the treasures thrown away For the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed As over the bar the young man quaffed The beaded liquor! for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do. And before the morning the victim lay With his life blood ebbing swiftly away. And that was the price he paid, alas, For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink? If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go Through that wretched tenement over there, With dingy window and broken chair, Where foul disease like a vampire crawls With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.

There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed as demons, for lack of food; There shame, in a corner, crouches low; There violence deals its cruel blow. The innocent ones are thus accursed To pay the price of another's thirst.

Five cents a glass! Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would indeed be small; But the money's worth is the least amount We pay, and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows the ruinous appetite. Five cents a glass! Does anyone think That is really the price of a drink?

THE STORY OF JESSICA.

CHAPTER IX.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER ANSWERED.

Every Sunday evening the barefooted and bareheaded child might be seen advancing confidently up to the chapel where rich and fashionable people worshipped God; but before taking her place she arrayed herself in a little cloak and bonnet, which had once belonged to the minister's elder daughter, and which was kept with Daniel's serge gown, so that she presented a somewhat more respectable appearance in the eyes of the congregation. The minister had no listener more attentive, and he would have missed the pinched, earnest little face if it were not to be seen in the seat just under the pulpit. At the close of each service he spoke to her for a minute or two in his vestry, often saying no more than a single sentence, for the day's labour had wearied him. The shilling, which was always lying upon the chimney-piece, placed there by Jane and Winny in turns, was immediately handed over, according to promise, to Daniel as she left the chapel, and so Jessica's breakfast was provided for her week after week.

But at last there came a Sunday evening when the minister, going up into his pulpit, did miss the wistful, hungry face, and the shilling lay unclaimed upon the vestry chimney-piece. Daniel looked out for her anxiously every morning, but no Jessica glided into his secluded corner, to sit beside him with her breakfast on her lap, and with a number of strange questions to ask. He felt her absence more keenly than he could have expected. The child was nothing to him, he kept saying to himself; and yet he felt that she was something, and that he could not help being uneasy and anxious about her. Why had he never inquired where she lived? The minister knew, and for a minute Daniel thought he would go and ask him, but that might awaken sus-

picion. How could he account for so much anxiety, when he was supposed only to know of her absence from chapel one Sunday evening? It would be running a risk, and, after all, Jessica was nothing to him. So he went home and locked over his savings-bank book, and found, to his satisfaction, that he had gathered together nearly four hundred pounds, and was adding more every week.

But when upon the next Sunday Jessica's seat was again empty, the anxiety of the solemn chapel-keeper overcame his prudence and his fears. The minister had retired to his vestry, and was standing with his arm resting upon the chimney-piece, with his eyes fixed upon the unclaimed shilling, which Winny had laid there before the service, when there was a tap at the door and Daniel entered with a respectful but hesitating air.

"Well, Standring?" said the minister, questioningly.

"Sir," he said, "I'm uncomfortable about that little girl, and I know you've been once to see after her; she told me about it; and so I make bold to ask you where she lives, and I'll see what's become of her."

"Right, Standring," answered the minister; "I'm troubled about the child, and so are my little girls. I thought of going myself, but my time is very much occupied just now."

"I'll go, sir," replied Daniel, promptly; and, after receiving the necessary information about Jessica's home, he put out the lights, locked the door, and turned towards his lonely lodgings.

But though it was getting late upon Sunday evening, and Jessica's home was a long way distant, Daniel found that his anxiety would not suffer him to return to his solitary room. It was of no use to reason with himself, as he stood at the corner of the street, feeling perplexed and troubled, and promising his conscience that he would go the very first thing in the morning after he shut up his coffee-stall. In the dim, dusky light, as the summer evening drew to a close, he fancied he could see Jessica's thin figure and wan face gliding on before him, and turning round from time to time to see if he were following. It was only fancy, and he laughed a little at himself; but the laugh was husky, and there was a choking sensation in his throat, so he buttoned his Sunday coat over his breast, where his silver watch and chain hung temptingly, and started off at a rapid pace for the centre of the city.

It was not quite dark when he reached the court, and stumbled up the narrow entry leading to it; but Daniel did hesitate when he opened the stable door, and looked into a blank, black space, in which he could discern nothing. He thought he had better retreat while he could do so safely, but, as he still stood with his hand upon the rusty latch, he heard a faint, small voice through the nicks of the unceiled boarding above his head.

"Our Father," said the little voice, "please to send somebody to me, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

"I'm here, Jess," cried Daniel, with a sudden bound of his heart, such as he had not felt for years, and which almost took away his breath as he peered into the darkness, until at last he discerned dimly the ladder which led up into the loft.

Very cautiously, but with an eagerness which surprised himself, he climbed up the creaking rounds of the ladder and entered the dismal room, where the child was lying in desolate darkness. Fortunately, he had put his box of matches into his pocket, and the end of a wax candle with which he kindled the lamps, and in another minute a gleam of light shone upon Jessica's white features. She was stretched upon a scanty litter of straw under the slanting roof where the tiles had not fallen off, with her poor rags for her only covering; but as her eyes looked up into Daniel's face bending over her, a bright smile of joy sparkled in them.

"Oh!" she cried, gladly, but in a feeble voice, "it's Mr. Dan'el! Has God told you to come here, Mr. Dan'el?"

"Yes," said Daniel, kneeling beside her, taking her wasted hand in his, and parting the matted hair upon her damp forehead.

"What did he say to you, Mr. Dan'el?" said Jessica.

"He told me I was a great sinner," re-

plied Daniel. "He told me I loved a little bit of dirty money better than a poor, friendless, helpless child, whom he had sent to me to see if I would do her a little good for his sake. He looked at me, or the minister did, through and through, and he said, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' And I could answer him nothing, Jess. He was come to a reckoning with me, and I could not say a word to him."

"Aren't you a good man, Mr. Dan'el?" whispered Jessica.

"No, I'm a wicked sinner," he cried, while the tears rolled down his solemn face. "I've been constant at God's house, but only to get money; I've been steady and industrious, but only to get money; and now God looks at me, and he says, 'Thou fool!' Oh, Jess! you're more fit for heaven than I ever was in my life."

"Why don't you ask him to make you good for Jesus Christ's sake?" asked the child.

"I can't," he said. "I've been kneeling down Sunday after Sunday when the minister's been praying, but all the time I was thinking how rich some of the carriage people were. I've been loving money and worshipping money all along, and I've nearly let you die rather than run the risk of losing part of my earnings. I'm a very sinful man."

"But you know what the minister often says," murmured Jessica. "'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.'"

"I've heard it so often that I don't feel it," said Daniel. "I used to like to hear the minister say it, but now it goes in at one ear and out at the other. My heart is very hard, Jessica."

By the feeble glimmer of the candle Daniel saw Jessica's wistful eyes fixed upon him with a sad and loving glance; and then she lifted up her weak hand to her face, and laid it over her closed eyelids, and her feverish lips moved slowly. "God," she said, "please to make Mr. Dan'el's heart soft, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

She did not speak again, nor Daniel, for some time. He took off his Sunday coat and laid it over the tiny, shivering frame, which was shaking with cold even in the summer evening, and as he did so he remembered the words which the Lord says he will pronounce at the last day of reckoning, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Daniel Standring felt his heart turning with love to the Saviour, and he bowed his head upon his hands, and cried in the depths of his contrite spirit, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

(To be continued.)

THE LAST CHANCE.

On a part of the British coast, where beetling cliffs, from three to five hundred feet in height, overhang the ocean, some individuals during a certain season of the year, obtain a solitary livelihood by collecting the eggs of rock birds, and gathering samphire.

The way in which they pursue this hazardous calling is as follows: The man drives a crowbar securely into the ground about a yard from the edge of the precipice. To that crowbar he makes fast a rope, of which he then lays hold. He next slides gently over the cliff, and lowers himself till he reaches the ledges and crags where he expects to find the object of his pursuit. To gain these places is sometimes a difficult task, and when they fall within the perpendicular, the only method of accomplishing it is for the adventurer to swing in the air till, by dexterous management, he can so balance himself as to reach the spot on which he wishes to descend. A basket made for the purpose and strapped between the shoulders contains the fruit of his labours, and when he has filled the basket or failed in the attempt, he ascends hand over hand to the summit.

On one occasion a man who was thus employed in gaining a narrow ledge of rock, which was overhung by a higher portion of the cliff, secured his footing, but let go the rope. He at once perceived his peril. No one could come to his rescue, or even hear his cries. The fearful alternative flashed on his mind:

It was being starved to death or dashed to pieces 400 feet below.

On turning round he saw the rope he had quitted, but it was far away. As it swayed backwards and forwards its long vibrations testified the mighty efforts by which he had reached the deplorable predicament in which he stood. He looked at the rope in agony. He had gazed but a little while when he noticed that every movement was shorter than the one preceding, so that each time it came the nearest, as it was gradually subsiding to a point of rest, it was a little further off than it had been the time before. He briefly reasoned thus: That rope is my only chance. In a little while it will be forever beyond my reach; it is nearer now than it will ever be again; I can but die; here goes. So saying he sprang from the cliff as the rope was next approaching, caught it in his grasp, and went home rejoicing.

Sinner, you tremble at the thought, but yours is a greater danger. You stand on a narrow foot-hold, before you yawns the terrible precipice. But the rope is here. Salvation is set before you; it is as near, perhaps nearer, than it will ever be again. Lay hold of it, cling to it with the firmness of a death grasp! This is your only chance of safety, and it is not a chance alone; it is a glorious certainty, and the only danger is that refusing to embrace it, you will defer escape until it becomes impossible. Then make the decision now, and be raised to a place of peace and safety.

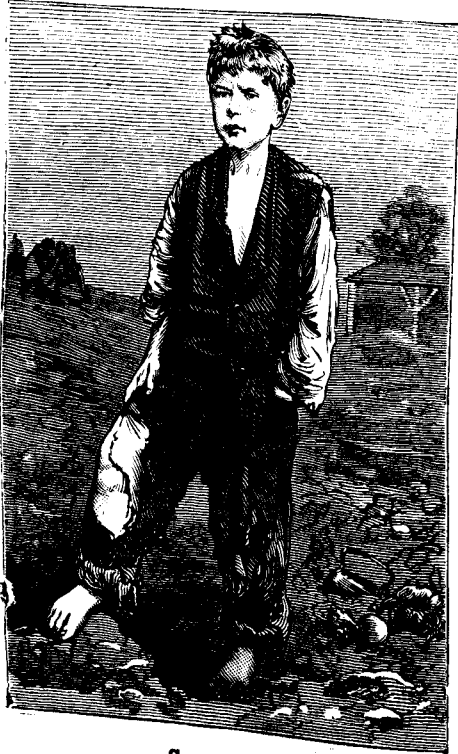
WHAT A PENNY DID.

A lady, who was a Sunday-school teacher, was engaged in filling up a box of things to be sent to a missionary in the interior of India. On Sunday morning she mentioned it to her class, and told them if they had anything they would like to put in the box, they might bring it to her house during the week, and she would put it in. One little girl in her class wanted very much to send something in the box, but all she had to give was a single penny. She knew that this would be of no use in India, as our money is not used there. She was at a loss for a while to know what to buy with her penny. At last she made up her mind to buy a tract. She did so, and prayed over it before it was sent. Then she took it to her teacher; it was put in the box, and the box was carried across the great ocean. It reached the missionary to whom it was sent. The wife of that missionary had a young chief from the mountains of Burma attending at her school. She taught him to read, and when the time came for him to leave and go to his distant home, she gave him some books and tracts to take with him. Among these was the very tract which that little girl had bought with her penny and put in her teacher's box. The young chief read that tract. It caused him to see the folly of his heathenism, and led him to Jesus. He went back to his mountain home a changed man—a Christian. That little girl's tract had saved his soul. But that was not all. When he reached home he told the story of Jesus, which he had learned from that tract, to his friends. They listened to what he said. God blessed his words. More came and heard him speak. They gave up worshipping idols. A missionary was sent there. A church was built, a congregation was gathered into it, and fifteen hundred persons became Christians in that neighbourhood.

Licensed.

- Licensed—to make the strong man weak;
- Licensed—to lay the wise man low;
- Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,
- And cause the children's tears to flow.
- Licensed—to do thy neighbour harm;
- Licensed—to kindle hate and strife;
- Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm;
- Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.
- Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell,
- To bring disease, and want, and woe;
- Licensed—to make the home a hell,
- And fit men for a hell below.

Easily Remedied.—"Say," said the city editor, "it seems to me that this expression of yours about 'showing a clean pair of heels' is not just the thing in a report of a bicycle race." "All right," answered the lazy reporter. "Just stick in a 'w,' and make it a clean pair of wheels."



Save the Boys!

BY JULIA NEELY FINCH.

Save the boys. They are the muscle and bone,
The sinew and thew of our country's good;
With their sturdy limbs and active hands,
And their brave, young hearts, and eager eyes,
Their earnest brows where thought is shown;
Their boyish aims, half understood.
Oh! that mothers in all the lands
Could see where their highest duty lies.
To save these dear and innocent ones;
To hold as sacred that spotless page
That God hath lent us to write upon;
To mould aright the immortal clay,
The hearts and lives of our dear sons,
While in the yielding, plastic age,
Each boy we save is something done
That helps the world live God's own way.
Pray for them and with them; above
All, let no angry word or taunt
Estrange, or turn from you your boys,
Rough speech many a home destroys!
Save the body as well as the soul,
Keep it fair, as an indwelling place
For the spirit, that immortal part;
Pray with them and for them, day by day;
Show them the signals that vice unfurls,
That lie in the path of each human,
The curse of gold, the poison of drink,
The lusts that are the devil's sure gain;
Save the boys! Soon, too soon, will they stray
Out of your arms, from under your roof,
And your heart will be hungry, and long
For their rollicking shout and call.
—Union Signal.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.
LESSON XII.—MARCH 22.

FAITHFUL AND UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS.

Luke 12. 37-48. Memory verses, 37, 38.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5. 18.

Time.—Shortly after last lesson.
Place.—Probably somewhere in Perea.

CONNECTING LINKS.

After teaching the disciples to pray Jesus uttered one of his severe discourses against the Pharisees, following which he warned his disciples against hypocrisy. By the parable of the rich fool he taught his people against undue anxiety about the things of this life showed that God, who fed his fowls, would not starve his children. To-day's lesson belongs to the same section.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the whole story of faithful and unfaithful servants (Luke 12. 35-48). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read why we need to watch

(Matt. 24. 42-51). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.
Wednesday.—Read how a wedding feast was missed (Matt. 25. 1-13). Learn the Golden Text.
Thursday.—Read a message from heaven (Rev. 3. 1-6). Learn the Memory Verses.
Friday.—Read the safe course (Eph. 5. 6-21). Answer the Questions.
Saturday.—Read a talk with children (Eph. 6. 1-9). Study Teachings of the Lesson.
Sunday.—Read the best rewards (Isa. 33. 13-17).

QUESTIONS.

1. Faithful Servants, verses 37-44.—37. Against what are we to watch? To what did Jesus compare the favour he would show to faithful servants? 38. How did Jews and Romans divide the night? 39. What two points did Jesus convey by comparing his coming to that of a thief? Why might the sides of a house be broken through? 40. How can we be always ready? 42. What question did Jesus ask about a wise servant? Over what was he made ruler? To whom does this parable refer? Why does God make one greater than another? 43.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.

"I say, Martin, stop that, now! How's a fellow going to drink with Niagara Falls coming down on him?"
Louis Ray, or "Rufus," as the boys called him, rose up angrily, with a face as red as his head.
"All right," said Martin Stone, laughing! "Go ahead and drink; I'll pump easy for you."
Louis bent over again, and put his thirsty lips to the spout. This time his tormentor moved the pump handle about as fast as the hour hand of a watch, and about three drops trickled out.
"Pump, will you?" cried Louis.
"O yes! I will," roared the other, and that instant Louis was sputtering in a perfect rush of the bright water, while the group of boys exploded with laughter.
This was too much for Louis' fiery temper, and he sprang at Martin, shaking his wet head like a Newfoundland dog, and grappling him fiercely. But after all it was a friendly tussle. Louis had far too much sense to take the rough joke seriously, and by the time he and Martin had rolled about on the grass awhile, each trying to get the other under; by the time they had thumped one another

mark on examination, so I gave each a composition to write last night and I am now going to read them to the English class, without the name of the course, and let the class award the prize.
There was great excitement among the boys, much shuffling of feet, and embarrassed coughing, conscious grinning while Louis got his paper and stood waiting to march up to the desk with Martin.
But where was Martin's paper? You and I know that it was being trampled under dusty hoofs, but Martin was perfectly sure that it was in his algebra book. Well, then, in his History of the United States; and so he went through every book in his desk, of course without finding it, while Major Price's brow grew darker every minute.
Now the major, having received a military education, thought carelessness a much more serious matter than stupidity, and perhaps he was right. At any rate he was patient with dullness, but carelessness always met with prompt punishment.
"Well, well," he said, shortly, "where are the papers?"
"I have lost mine, sir," said poor Martin, wishing that boys were allowed to cry like girls.
"Then there will be less trouble about awarding the prize," said the angry teacher. "Louis, where is yours?"
There was an instant of silence in the schoolroom; everybody in the class held his breath. Louis turned red and then pale; then, with a quiet air of determination, he tore his paper slowly across the middle, and said in a respectful tone:
"I have none to hand in, sir."
Instantly the class broke into irrepressible applause.
"Silence!" thundered the major, and Louis braced himself against the desk behind him. These boys were tolerably afraid of the major, and if he took this as an indication of insubordination he would be severe. For some reason the teacher did not speak for a minute, and then he said, in a tone they had never heard him use before:
"Boys, I would rather see a generous thing like that among you than to have a prince of the blood in my school! That is what I call loving your neighbour as yourself, and you know who gave us that command and set us the great example."
You may be sure that the boys applauded long and loud after that.—Morning Star.



IN LIQUOR ALLEY.

How did the servant show his wisdom? 44. What would be his reward?
2. Wicked Servants, verses 45-48.—45. What will an evil servant say to himself? When does doubt begin? What effect would this doubt have on his conduct? What sins are most common in rulers? 46. Will doubt hinder Christ's coming? What punishment will come on evil servants? 47. What will determine the amount of punishment? 48. When is ignorance a sin?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Jesus is certainly coming again. If we really expect him any minute we will try to get ourselves and others ready for his coming. He will come when not expected. We are to work while we watch. We should be kind in our treatment of others. We should live each day as if we knew it would be our last. Eternity may hang on an instant. The greater one's light the greater the punishment if it be neglected. God will weigh well all that can lessen or increase guilt.

a time or two, in boyish fashion, the bell rang, and they all went back into the schoolroom as good friends as ever.
But something had happened in that sham battle, unknown to anybody except Bustle, the pug, and even he did not know much about it. Martin's bag strap gave way in the scuffle, his books tumbled out on the ground, and a closely written sheet of paper, caught by a breeze in search of a playfellow, began to play hopscotch over the grass. Bustle gave chase at first, but soon came to the conclusion that the thing had no wings, and went back to bark his interest and applause at the wrestling match. Away went the paper, across the school's tennis court, through the iron fence railings out into the road, there to be trampled deep into an early grave by a great drove of cattle passing that way.
Meantime the school routine went on, and presently the teacher said: "Put up your books, boys; I am going to let you decide now who shall get the English prize for the quarter. Martin and Louis—as some of you knew—got the same

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