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Vor. XIV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1894.

No. 24.

MOUNT SINAL

We here present a picture of Mount Sinai, of which we read in the Bible. It is a bare, rugged mountain or chain of mountains in Arabia, of gray and red granita rising abruptly mountains in Arabia, of gray and red granite, rising abruptly in a wild, desolate region. This is the most memorable pile of rocks in the world, for it is the spot from which God gave his holy law, the Ten Commandments, to his people Israel. What a solemn day that was! How grand and awful must the scene have been! The people of Israel, many thousands, men, women and children, were assembled on the plain at the foot of this great mountain, whare foot of this great mountain, where, looking up, they could see only a thick, black cloud out of which the lightning flashed, and heard amid the thunder the sound of a trumpet and the voice proclaiming pet and the voice proclaiming to Moses the solemn words. No wonder the people were terrified when the Lord "talked with them from heaven;" yet they soon forgot, and disobeyed the holy law which was then given to them given to them.

Would you not like to visit that spot, to see for yourself those grand mountains, to tread the sands of the very desert through which Moses led the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan? Perhaps you will go some time

go some time.

Our other picture shows us Moses break-Our other picture shows us Moses breaking the tables of the law when he came down from the Mount and beheld the people worshipping the golden calf. What made this crime worse was the fact that the ox or calf was one of the deities of the Ryptians. They were honoured in life, embalmed in death and entombed in costly stone costns. The Editor of this paper has embalmed in death and entonic stone coffins. The Editor of this paper has visited near Cairo a grotto, eight hundred feet long, hewn in the solid rock, in which were the huge stone coffins of twenty-four sacred bulls, each coffin weigh.

ing about sixty-five tons of single stone, and brought six hundred miles from quarries of lan. Yet the assouan. Yet the rebellious Israelites, forsaking the worship of the true God, brought their treasures of gold to ouan. treasures of gold to be made into an image of a calf to which they bowed down in Tosship down in worship.
Was it not a fit type
of the brutishness
of their conduct?

THE OURE FOR GOSSIP.

WHAT is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good people talk about their neighbours bours because they have nothing else to talk about. There



THE BREAKING OF THE TABLES OF THE LAW.

ture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them at the galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a book-store or library with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another in which they are interested. We have left them after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbour's garment was spoiled by so much as a bour's garment was spoiled by so much as a

They had something to talk about. touch. They knew something and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbour's doings and belongings would have seemed an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossin because the doings of tation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbours formed a subject less in-

their heighbours formed a subject tess in-teresting than those which grow out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The con-firmed gossip is either malicious or igno-rant. The one variety needs a change of

heart and the other a change heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal profession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty pastime. There are country neightime. There are country neighbourhoods where it rages like bourhoods where it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. By it neighbours are made enemies for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may. Let them take up a good and judicious course of reading, just such a course as is laid down in the C. L. S. C., or the "Spare Minute Course." These courses are tested, and

These courses are tested, and have in hundreds of cases proved an effectual cure of the thoughtless and vicious habit of gossip. Try it!

PRESIDENT · GARFIELD'S MAXIMS.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that

can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaint-ance I never knew a man to be drowned

who was worth the saving.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute. for it.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solsce in unselfish

thought.

After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life. In them dwells its hope of immortality.

Among them, if anywhere, are to be found its chief elements of destructions.

ments of destruction.

It matters little what may be the forms of national institution if the life, freedom, and growth of society are secured.

Finally, our great hope for the future -our great safe-guard against danger—is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education.

Be fit for more than the thing you

are now doing.

If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it.





MOUNT SINAL

A Quarrel.

THERE'S & knowing little proverb, From the sunny land of Spain; But in Northland, as in Southland, Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it -Two it takes to make a quarrel; One can always end it.

Try it well in every way, Still you'll find it true,
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice should call for "Peace,"
Soon it shall be done. If but one shall span the breach, He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

-Treasure Trove.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev W II WITHROW, D.D., Editor

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1894.

SEEING AND CONFESSING JESUS.

BY REV A. P. SCHAUFFLER.

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."-MATTHEW 16. 16.

OUR lesson to-day contains two stories. Our lesson to-day contains two sources. Once when Christ was travelling on foot from town to town, he came to Bethsaida. There, some people brought to him a poor, blind man We do not know how long he had been blind. Perhaps he was born There, some people brought to him a poor, blind man. We do not know how long he had been blind. Perhaps he was born blind. These good people know that Jesus had the power to heal the man if he wanted to. When the Master saw the blind man, he took him by the hand, and led him out of the town. What do you suppose the poor man was thinking of, as Jesus led him by the hand? I presume many thoughts arose in his mind, like these: "Why is he leading me so far away? I wonder whether leading me so far away? I wonder whether he will really heal me? I wonder how he will cure me?" When they were out of the city, Jesus spit on the man's eyes, and then gently touched them with his hands. He then asked the man whother he could see The man looked up and said, "I can see mon dimly, walking." So the Saviour sec mon dinly, walking." So the Saviour again touched the man's eyes, and at once he saw everything as clearly as any man could. What a glorious experience that must have been! What a joyful and thankmust have been: What a joyini and thankful look that man must have taken on everything around him! But, do you know, I think he must have loved most of all to look at the face of the One who had rest red his eyesight to him. I presume, as howed at the man and he returned the glance, the Saviour smiled quietly with flow-ure, and the man's heart overflowed with gratifude and joy. When this man

went to his home, do you not suppose that all his friends were amazed to see the change that had come over him? I am sure that household was full of joy and gladness for many a day after that, because

of the miracle that Jesus had performe to Did you ever long to see Jesus your elf? Have you ever thought that you would like to see his kind face, and hear his gentle voice? Has it ever made you sad to feel that he was no longer here on this earth as he used to be? Well, although we cannot see him with our bedily eyes, we can still see him. Someone says, "How can we see him?" I answer, Go I has given us three binds of area. First there are our hedily him?" I answer, Go I has given us three kinds of eyes. First, there are our bodily eyes, which we are all using this minute. Then, besides these, God has given us "mental eyes," with which we can see a good many things. While I was telling you the story of the blind man, did you not seem to see what took place, almost as not seem to see what took place, almosthough you had been there yourself? though you had been there yourself? You did not see the events with bodily sight, but with your mental eyes. Then we have a third kind of eyes. We call them "spiritual eyes." It is with these spiritual eyes that we may look unto Jesus. When David prays to God and says, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," he does not refer to his bodily, but to his spiritual sight. When eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," he does not refer to his bodily, but to his spiritual sight. When God says, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," he refers to our inward spiritual eyes. If we want to see him, and find that our spiritual sight is very dim, we can pray and say "Lord, that I might receive my sight!" He will then I might receive my sight! "He will then help us to see him as our personal Saviour, so that we can say, "whereas I was spiri-tually blind, now I see."

Soon after Jesus had healed the blind man, he was one day walking along the dusty road with his disciples, when he asked them what men said about him. They answered that some thought he was John the Baptist risen from the dead, and some thought that he was Elijah come back to this world, and some thought he was a prophet. Then Christ asked them what prophet. Then Christ asked them what they thought about him. At once Peter spoke up and said, "Thou art the Christ." What did Peter mean by this? He meant to say that he believed that Jesus was the Anointed One of God, whom God had sent to save sinners. St. Matthew tells us that when Peter had made this confession, Jesus told him that he nover would have reached that truth unless God himself had revealed it to him. This was not the only time that the disciples confessed that Jesus was the Son of God. All their lives long they openly confessed him as the Son of God, who came to save the world. Because of this confession of theirs, they were per-secuted, stoned, whipped, and many of them even killed. Still they were not ashamed to confess him as their Saviour.

In this they set us a very good example. They only carried out the command of Jesus, who wants all who have "seen him" as their Saviour to confess it before the world. He says, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, hun shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God." Luke 12. 8, 9. How can we "confess Jesus?"
In two ways. We can confess him as our Saviour by our words or by our deeds. If we truly love him, we ought to confess it in our homes, by our words. We should tell our parents and friends at home what great things the Lord has done for us. We should also join the Church of Christ, and there, before God and man, confess that we want to serve him all our lives long. Then we should prove by our deeds that our words are true. He wants us to prove that we love him, by keeping his commandments. It will be useless to confess him with our lips while we refuse to obey him in our lives That is hypocrisy, and God hates hypocrites. At the same time, if we try to live for him secretly, and never in our lives say a word for his cause, we are not doing right. For the Bible says, "with the heart man believeth unto rightcousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Rom. 10: 10.

Do you want two good short prayers, that you can use in connection with this lesson? I will give thom to you. First, ask Jesus to open your eyes that you may see him, and then pray, "Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy

A QUAINT PREACHER.

John Bevention, one of the leaders in the great revival of the eighteenth century that roused England from spiritual lothargy was witty, mirthful, robust and carnest His enemies, who thought that the vicar of Everton should jog along decorously and lazily, as vicars had done for scores of years, called him "an old devil."

"Do you know Beveridge?" asked a stranger of the man himself.

"They tell me he is a troublesome, good-

for-nothing fellow."
"I know him," auswered Beveridge, "and I can assure you half his wickedness has never been told."

nas never been told."

They walked on to the church where Beveridge preached. When the strangersaw him ascend the pulpit he was stupeled.
"Can you forgive me?" he asked, after the congregation had gone out.
"Yes; come to my house and to my heart."

Doctor," he wrote an opponent, "my patience is worn to the stump, and the stump is going."

He published a small volume of hymns with a preface in which is this prayer to God: "What is water in the hymns turn into wine.

Once, when pointing out to a guest at Everton the picture on the wall, he ran through them thus:

That is Calvin, that is Luther, and that," pointing to a glass over the fireplace, "is the devil."

The guest stepped to the mirror, and saw his own face.

Is it not a strking likeness?" asked the humourist.

the humourist.

As ho was a bachelor, he was tormented for several years with housekeepers, and then thought of marrying. Opening the Bible and taking a passage at random, which was then a method by which good people sometimes sought divine direction, "Thou shalt not take thee a wife." It was enough; he died a bachelor. he died a bachelor.

The mirthful preacher was the means of turning thousands to a better way. While dying a friend said to him,
"The Lord will soon call you up higher"

higher.

"Ay, ay!" whispered the dying man.
"Higher! higher! higher!" He never spoke again.—Companion.

THE DYING CHILD.

Mns. B—— sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Freddy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large, mysterious eyes were turned upward, watching the flitting of leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peered through the foliage of the multicaulis. An infant about a month old, meagre, weary of its existence, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Freddy, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your

Yes, love! as soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me, and nurse me as you did when I was sick in Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had a drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," Mrs. B—, her lip quivering with emo-tion and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler and your poor little Freddy would tumbler and your poor aftile reedly would fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nolady ever gets drunk in heaven, maninia ?

"No, no, my son, my angel!"
"No one says cross words, manima?
"No, bless your sweet tongue."

" And there is nice cold water there, and silver cups?"
"Oh, yes, my child, a fountain of living

'And it never gets dark there.?' "Never, never I and the tears fell in

streams down the mother's pale check.

"And nobody gets sick and dies?"

"No, my love."

"If they were to, God would be the

angels bring them water, I know he would, from the big fountain. Oh, mamma, don t

cry. Do people cry in heaven r
"Oh, no, sweet one; God wipes away
all tears," replied the weeping mother.
"And the angels kissed them off, I s'pose. But tell me, mainma, will he come there?"

"Who, my son?"
"You know, mamma—papa."
"Hush, Freddy dear, lie still; you

worry yourself."
"Oh, my throat! Doar me, if I only

had a little water in a tumbler, mamma, just one little mouthful."
"You shall have it;" and as the mother said this, the poor child passed away into the arms of Him who shall evermore give it of the bright waters of everlasting life.

GOOD FOR CANADA.

A Nova Scotian family removed to Brooklyn, N. Y. A good story is told of one of the daughters when scarcely in her teens. At a school examination comparative geography was the subject. Each pupil had to name a country and compare it in size to the United States. In turn came forth Miss Kitchen. "The United States is so many times larger than Great Britain! So many times larger than France! So many times larger than Spain! Fince! So many times larger than Spain: So many times larger than Clilli! So many times larger than Mexico! A little larger than Brazil, but not quite as large as Canada!" (Consternation throughout the school.) "Tain't so," can't be so," sliouted a chorus of voices. "But it is. Canada is over 365,000 squares miles larger than the United States I" The young lady sat down in triumph. The class had an object-lesson in Canadian geography.

JESUS LOVES ME.

Larrage Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright, black eyes, dark kin, curly brown hair, and slight form.
A little while after she began to go to

a little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What one you thinking about?"

"Because I am thinking."
"What are you thinking about?"
"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether
Jesus loves me or not."
"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little
children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned at school.
"Well, what is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus

loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we. who hear so much about the dear Saviour. to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me:" and throw ourselves into the arms. of the loving Saviour.

"MY SMOKE-HOUSE."

A MAN who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that had cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build

"Your snoke-house! What do you

mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left of smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with the interest, into my house. Hence, I call it my smokehouse."

Now, boys, we want you to think of this whenyou are tempted to take your first cigar. Think how much good might be done with the monoy you are beginning to spond in smoke. What would you think of a man who, to amuse himself, should light a ten dollar bill, and watch it burn? Is it any dollar bill, and waten it out in more sensible to take instead of your mone; a roll of old dry leaves, light it; and see

The Little Quakeress.

BROW - KYED Ruth, the Quaker's daughter, In her dress of simple groy, Walk-1 beside her quiet graudpa 'M. 1 the garden flowers of May.

Bels I tulips bright and golden, Hy cinths of every shade, Looking up to greet the maid.

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How tucy revelled in the sunshine, While 'hild clumps of violets blue,
Pilling all the air with fragrance,
Glistened still the morning dew-

Then outspoke the little maiden, Looking at her dress of grey, Grandha, can thee tell the reason Why God made the flowers so gay,

While we wear the quiet colours That thee knows we never meet, Ben in clover or the daisies
That we trample under feet?

Seems to me a Quaker garden
Should not grow such colours bright."
Roguishly the brown eyes twinkled,
While her grandpa laughed outright.

True it is, my little daughter, Flowers wear not the Quaker grey; But they neither toil nor labour For their beautiful array.

Feeling neither pride nor envy,
Mong their sister flowers, thee knows,
Well content to be a daisy. Or a tall and queenly rose

Keeping still the same old fashions Of their grandmothers of yo e; lse how should we know the flowers, Else how should we know the nowers, if each spring new tints they bore?

Even so the Quaker maiden Should be all content to-day, As a tulip of a pansy, In her dress of simple grey."

Unce again the brown eyes twinkled; "Grandpa, thee is always right,
So thee sees, by thy own showing,
Some may dress in colours bright

Those whom thee calls worldly people, In their purple and their gold, Ire no gayer than these pausies Or their graudmothers of old.

Yet thee knows I am contented With this quiet life of ours, Still, for all, I'm glad, dear grandpa, That there are no Quaker flowers."

-The Record.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XXIII: - OUT OF THE PRISON SHOUSE.

ROGER naver received an answer to his letter to David. But a few days after it had letter to David. But a few days after it had leen despatched, and after Roger was gone again to sea, there came an official permission roold Euclid and Bess to visit the prisoner. favid Fell was dying, and requested to see them at once. There was no time to be lost, if they wished to see him alive; and they hastened to obey the animona, scaroly realizing the grief that had come upon them. David had begged to be taken back into his own cell, where there was quiet and lonelisms, rail or than to lie dying in the midst of the racality of a prison hospital. A softer

the racality of a prison hospital. A softer nattress and pillow had been laid under him; but, in every other respect, the bare, white-washed cell remained as it was when he had but, in every other respect, the bare, whitewasied cell remained as it was when he had
entered it more than a year ago. Through
the closely barred window, high up against
the ceiling, could be seen only a patch of
wintry sky, gray and cold with clouds. The
heavy door, with its small round eyelet,
through which the jailer could at any time
watch the prisoner unseen, closed quietly
upon Euclid and lless as they entered David's
cell, and stood just within it as if afraid of
etepping forward to the prison-bed.

He was lying with his eyelids fast closed,
and his white and sunken face resting so still
upon his pillow, that as they stood there hand
in hand, hardly daring to stir, they believed
that he was already dead. But, when Bess
trembungly approached him, and laid her
warm naud on the thin skeleton fingers lying
on the dark rug which covered him, he looked
of at once into her face, with no light or
smile in his eyes, but with a gaze of speechless
lave and corrow.

"Davy I" she cried, sinking down on her knees, and laying her cheek close against his upon the pillow, "Davy I speak to me."
"Little Bess," he said, "and Euchd I"
"Ay, David I" answered Euclid, looking down upon him in unutterable pity. The old man's face were an air of peace and of quiet gladness, which had smoothed away its former gloom and roughness; and his voice fell more softly on David's car than he had ever heard any voice, except his mother's and little Beas's. He turned his dim eyes to the old man's face.

Plan's face.

'I'm dyin'," he said, "in fail!"
Euclid only nodded silently, whilst Beas drow his chilly hand to her hips, and kiased

it tenderly.
"It's been a cursed life for me," he grouned;

it tenderly.

"It's been a cursed life for me," he grouned;
"but it's almost over."

"Oh, Davy!" sobbed Bess, "if you get well, and only live to come out o' jail, you and me'll go away to some country a long way off, where you can live honest and happy."

"It's best as it is," he said, attoking her rosy face fondly with his thin hand: "I should ha' spoiled your life, little liess. Roger'll make you a good husband, and care more for you when I'm gone; and you il think of me sometimes."

"But you're sorry," said Beas, weeping.

"Ah! I'm sorry! hadn't a better chance, like Roger," he muttered. "I might ha' made a good man; but it's too late now."

"God knows all about it," sobbed Bess.

"Ah! and God can forgive you yet," said Euclid. "Didn't Jesus forgive the thief that was dyin' side by side with him when he was bein' crucified? A thief, David! Bess, my dear, you read it out to us, for I fear I might make some mistake about it."

Still kneeling by the bedside, with David's

make some mistake about it."

Still kneeling by the bedside, with David's cold hand clasped in her own, Bess read, in a faltering, sorrowful voice, these words:

"And there were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

"Then said Jesus. Father. foreive them:

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.
"And one of the malefactors which were

hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.

"But the other answering, rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

"And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath

done nothing amiss. "And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember

me when thou comest into thy kingdom.
"And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

That's it!" exclaimed Euclid: " malefactors only received the due roward of their deeds; but he had done nothing amiss. They'd broke the laws, and were bein' crucified for it; but Jesus was bein' crucified with them! It seemed as if there wasn't any other them! It seemed as if there wasn't any other place for them to fall into, save hell. But there was a road to Paradise, even from the three crosses on Calvary; and Jesus was goin' up that shinin' road himself. They might both have gone with him to Paradise; and you can go to him there from jail, David. The poor thief was dyin'; but it wasn't too late to ask Jesus to remember him. I don't say as you're fit to go to heaven, David: I can't say anything about that. But that poor fellow went into Paradiso with our Lord Jesus himself. That must be a place worth goin' to. He says, 'In my Father's house there are many places;' and he'll know where you are fit for."

Euclid's face quivered and glowed with to gain a softer and more appealing tone as he spoke. David fastened his dreary, hopeless eves upon him, listening as one listens to the distant, far-off sound, which foretells that

o is coming.

Jesus himself was bein' crucified as if he'd "Jesus himself was bein' crucified as if he'd broke the Laws as well as them," said Bess, a light shining through her eyes. "He hadn't ever done any sin; but it's like as if he said to himself, 'There's poor wicked folks as will be put to death for their wickedness; and maybe they'll think I didn't come to seek for them and save them, as well as the rest, if I don't die like them. He must have meant to save the worst folks, or he might have died different, not as if he'd been breaking the laws himself. I never thought that of him before. He came to save thieves and murderers, and so he died as if he'd been one of them. Davy, you're no farther away from Paradize than the poor thief was!"

The faint dawn of hope in David's sunken eyes was growing brighter, as if the sound of help was coming nearer to him; and he grasped the hand of little Bess more firmly in his trembling fingers.

"Ay! there must be room for you there,"

"Ay! there must be room for you there," said old Runlid. "He'll know where it's best

for you to be; and, oh, David! he leves you. Only think of that! Why, Bess and me, we'd have found a place for you, out o' love and pity, if you'd only lived to come out o' jail; and his love's a hundred times more than ours. It stands to reason as his love is a hundred times more than what we poor creatures have. Only you think about him, and call to him. If you can't say nothing and call to him. If you can't say nothing else, just say, 'Lord, remember mo,' like that poor fellow on the cross beside him. I wish I knew his name; but that don't matter. I knew his name; but that don't matter. You'll not hear Jesus speakin', like he did; but all the same he'll say, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Para-lise.' Bess, my dear, when we hear as David sone, you and me'll say, 'To-day he is with Jesus in Paradise.' It seems to me as if it 'ud be better than comin' out o' jail into the streets o' London."

The tears were rolling down old Euclid's withered cheeks as David gazed up at him. The boy made a great effort to speak; but the words faitered on his tongue.

"A thousand times better if it's true," he rasped.

"A thousand times better if it's true," he gasped.
"If it isn't true, there's nothing else for you or me of any good," answered Euclid.
"We're worse off than dogs. If there isn't any God as loves us, nor any Saviour as died for us, this world's a cruel, cursed place."
"Oh, it's true!" cried Bess, clasping his hands fondly in her own. "I love you, Davy! and God loves you; and Jesus died on the cross with a thief beside him. He wouldn't over have done it if he didn't love us all."
But the time allotted to them had expired, and the warder warned them that they must

and the warder warned them that they must go in a few minutea. Bess laid her bonny face against David's dying head on the prison pillow, and put her hand upon his clammy check. The last moments were flying fast. Yet what more could they say to one another? Yet what more could they say to one another? Would they ever see one another again? Was all the sorrowful past brought to this end at last? Must they leave each other here, and break forever the bonds of love and memory which had linked their lives together? One more minute only. Euclid laid his hand on David's chilly forehead.

"Good-bye! God bless you!" sobbed the

old man "Good-bye!" breathed David faintly. "I didn't mean to be a thief. Good bye, little

didn't mean to be a thief. Good bye, little Bess!"

She pressed her lips to his once more in a long last kiss. Then they were compelled to leave him. The night was falling, and the light faded away slowly in the solitary cell. The warder came in to light the gas; but David asked to be left yet a little longer in the gathering dusk. The gray of the wintry sky glimmered palely amid the surrounding blackness as the jail-walls vanished from his dim eyes, and it looked the only way of escape from the thick darkness of the bare cell. He was alone. Love had been forced to quit him before life did. There was no hand to hold his as long as the icy fingers could feel its loving grasp; no voice to whisper words of hope into the ear growing deaf to earthly sounds; no touch on the cold, damp forehead, telling of faithful companionship down to the very threshold of death.

Now and then the warder glanced through the aperture in the thick door, seeing, in the dim twilight shed through the prison window, that the prisoner lay atill, and made no signs

dim twilight shed through the prison window, dim twilight shed through the prison window, that the prisoner lay still, and made no signs of needing help. Who among them could help him to die? The chaplain had visited him, and his friends had been to see him: there was nothing more to be done. The spirit, in all its ignorance and sorrow, bereft of human love, was slowly preparing to wing its flight into the dark and drear unknown. alone and in prison David Fell was casting off the last link of the heavy chain of grief and wrongs and crimes which we bound about the boy when we sent him to jail (for begging for his mother).

for his mother).

At last a nurse came in to see him. The heart still beat feelly, though the gray change that is the forerunner of death had passed over his face. She stooped down over him; for his lips moved, as though he were trying speak into some listening car.

"Lord, renember me !" he whispered.

So God opened the prison-door, and set our prisoner free.

THE END.

AN INDIAN LAD'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

A MISSIONARY tells the following anec-A MISSIONARY tells the following ancedote: A little boy who lived in one of those great forests in India went to live at the home of a medical missionary. After he had been there about two years he became a Christian. The boy cam to the doctor one morning and asked permission to return home. The doctor said he might return at the close of the school year. When the at the close of the school year. When the patients had been attended to, the doctor was the boy still waiting, and said "I

told you to return to school. Why did you not do it?" And the boy answered: "Oh, sir, I have a father and mother, two brothors and three sisters who have never heard of Christ. Can I not go and tell them of the Saviour ?" The doctor could not of the Saviour?" The doctor could not say no then, and the boy went. In about three weeks he returned. The doctor said. "Did you see your parents?" He answered, "Yes, and they are both Christians;" and, standing very straight, he said, "I have taught my mother how to

That boy is now an earnest worker for Christ, and the entire family are Christians.

—Christian Herald.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

OUTLINE OF TALKS TO JUNIORS-OUB KEY-WORDS.

L

-"Boys and girls we have six de-

Heart.—"Boys and girls we have aix departments of work in our League represented by six key-words. Will you repeat them for me?" (League repeat: "Heart, Hand, Head, Feet, Pen, Pocket.")

"To-day we are to talk about the first of these, the Department of Spiritual Work, represented by the key-word 'Heart.' Place your right hand over your heart, and you can feel it beating." (Superintendent, see that the children have the correct position.) "Suppose that a pear was put inside a bag of the same shape, only turned the other way, so pose that a pear was put inside a bag of the same shape, only turned the other way, so that the big end of the bag was round the small end of the pear, and you will have a good idea of how the heart lies inside the loose bag called the pericardium. Now, suppose the pear had nine or ten stalks reaching out through the bag: these would answer to out through the bag; these would answer to the blood-vessels entering and leaving the

the blood vessels entering and leaving the heart.

"Heart work is hard work. The heart stops to rost. The work of a grown person's heart is equal to lifting one hundred and ninety-three tons one foot high every day.

"Heart work is important work. By getting angry, or smoking cigarettes, the work of the heart is increased, making it wear out sooner. When the Bible says, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," it means that the heart is the seat of choosing and feeling. We speak of a hard-hearted man, meaning a cruel man, or we speak of a tender-hearted man, meaning one who is loving and kind.

we speak of a tender-hearted man, mexing one who is loving and kind.
"Our hearts are inclined to evil; but God will give us clean, pure hearts if we ask him sincerely in prayer; then we shall speak and do right thinga."

Leader look up references: Matt. 22. 37, Paalms 119. 11; 51. 10; Rom. 10. 10; Eph. 3. 17, and apply to work of this department.

Hand.—"Juniors, attention! The second department of work in our League is that of Mercy and Help, and is represented by the key-word 'Hand.' Look at your hands, boys and girls; wrist, eight bones, palm of the hand, five bones; thumb and fingers, four teen bones. How many bones is that in all?" 'Twenty-seven." "Yes, that is right. All these bones aroso arranged and put together as to make the wonderful hand, with it we can hold and manipulate objects in a skilful manner.

manner.
"Our hands may be beautiful as well as "Our hands may be beautiful as well as wonderful. The most beautiful hands are not always the softest and whitest, but are often rough and wrinkled with age and hard work. Hands that will not do duty, that perform work in a slovenly manner, can never be made beautiful by graceful form and finger rings. Your fathers' hands are dear to you because they work for the money which keeps your home and buys your clothing. Your mothers' hands are dear to you because they cared for you when you were helpless babes; they bake, sweep, mend, and kint for you while you are at play or asleep.

"Every boy and girl will find some opportunity to do good unto others.
""What your little hands can do.

" What your little hands can do, That the Lord intends for you.

"If your hands are employed in doing the Lott's work here upon the earth they will carry palms of sictory in heaven."
References. Dan. 10. 10, Matt. 8. 15, Mark 9. 27; Rov. 7. 9, Isa. 42, 6; 1 Sam. 26, 18; Zeph. 3. 16.

Leader apply to work in this department.

-The minister was a great hand shaker shutting d wn like a vice. He shak a boy's hand as he said, "I hope you are pretty well to-day." "With tears in his eyes, the boy answered. "I was till you shook hands with me."



THE SALOON KEEPER'S SIGN.

THE SALOON KEEPER'S SIGN.

IT is the fashion among dealers in all kinds of goods to exhibit the results of the use of their goods. The merchant places in his window finely decorated figures, showing the effects of his laces, silks and pretty ornaments. The grocer hangs up the happy pictures of "Mellin's Food Babies," tired housekeepers rejoicing in some labour-saving soap. The shoemaker has pictures showing the gloss given to old shoes by some excellent shoe polish, and so on. In all the different kinds of business, men proudly display samples of their goods or the results of their use. saloon-keeper, however, has no desire to decorate his window in this way. He can have no pride in the work done inside. Yet, if you look near his door, very often a real live figure will plainly advertise his work for him. In the above picture we see before the door of a saloon, the poor, ragged, shivering little form of the daughter of one of the patrons of this shop. It is an example of the kind of child-life this dealer in wines and liquors will make for the little ones of his custom-These bare-footed, ragged figures standing near the bar-room doors are, alas, the life-pictures which advertise the grog-shop's work, the manufactures of a business made legal by so-called Christian governments!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW. JUNE 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord's portion is his people. - Deut 32. 9. Home Readings.

M. Joseph sold into Egypt.—Gen. 37. 23-36.
Tu. Joseph ruler in Egypt.—Gen. 41. 38-48.
W. Joseph forgiving his brethren.—Gen. 45.
1. 15.

Th. Israel in Egypt.—Exod. 1. 1-14.

F. The childhood of Moses.—Exod. 2. 1-10.

S. The passover initiated.—Exod. 12. 1-14.

Su. Passage of the Red Sea.—Exod. 14. 19-31.

I. TENTER HOOKS.

The pupil should commit to memory the Titles and Golden Texts. They are the 'tenter-hooks" of the Quarter's lessons,

J. P. P. · I will not let thee go-· See that ye fall not · Ye thought evil— 2. D. in J. F. J. S. into E. J. R. in E. Them that honour—
If thy brother— J. F. his B. J. L. D. The path of the just
Our help is in the
I will deliver I. in E. The C of M. M. S. as a D. · Fear thou not-The P. I. - Christ our passover—P. of the R. S. - By faith they passed— The W. of the D. Look not thou upon-

II. WARP AND WOOF.

These questions are intended to cover the main facts of each lesson. Try to answer them from memory:

1. To whom did Jacob address his prayer?
or what deliverance did he pray? With For what deliverance did he pray? With whom did he wrestle? How was he finally whom did he wrestie? How was he finally overcome? What change was made in his name? What did Jacob give to the place?

2. Who was Jacob's favourite son? How did his brothers regard Joseph? What dream

did he have about sheaves?

3. Where did Joseph's brethren first place What did they at length do with him? What did they at length do with him? What was done with Joseph's coat? What did Jacob say when he saw it? How long did he think his grief would last?

4. To what office was Joseph promoted? What symbols of authority did he receive? Whom did he marry? How old was he at this time? How did he show his wisdom during the seven years of plenty?

5. Who were present when Joseph made himself known to his brethren? What did he say about his being sept to Format

he say about his being sent to Egypt? What did he promise to do for his father's house?

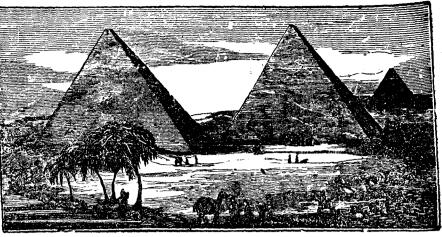
did he promise to do for his father's house? How long would he care for them?

6. What fear had Joseph's brethren when their father died? What did they ask of Joseph? What did be tell them that God would do? What pledge did he require of them?

7. How many sons had Jacob? What is said of the prosperity of his descendants? What did the King of Egypt fear? What plan did he devise to check their growth? How did the plan succeed?

8. Of whose marriage is there here a re-

8. Of whose marriage is there here a record? Where was their eldest son hidden? Who found him is the river? Who took



THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

charge of the child for wages? Who at length adopted him? Who was this boy?

What summons came to Moses? Who sent Moses on this errand? From what did the Lord promise deliverance? To what land did he promise to bring the people? Who would hinder their going? How would the hindrance be overcome?

10. On what day of the month were the people to select their sacrifice? When was it to be killed? How was it to be prepared for eating? What was to be done with the blood? Why was this sacrifice required?

11. What defence came between the Israel-the infea? How did the largelites.

ites and their foe? How did the Israelites escape? Who pursued them? Who overthrew the Egyptians? How many escaped?

12. What woes does wine drinking bring? What wise warning have we against wine? To what are the effects of wine compared? To whom is a drunken man likened? What What does the drunkard resolve to do?

III. PLANS AND PURPOSES.

A plan is necessary to a review. The purpose will determine the plan. The plan will hold one true to the purpose. Have a plan. Work the plan. A poor plan well worked is worth more than a model plan poorly executed. Three essentials underlie a successful review: Be brief; be spirited; be spiritual!

The June Time.

BY MRS. S. B. TITTERINGTON.

What is the watchword of bees and of clover? Bird songs and glad hearts the merry world over?

From prince and from peasant, from poet and

June, the sweet June time is here.

Hark to the music the brooklet is singing, From the small bird-throats the same song is ringing,
Sunshine and flowers, the green grass up

springing,
June, the sweet June time is here.

List to the children, the glad chorus swelling; In world-weary hearts a new joy is welling; Heaven comes down to earth, man in Paradise

dwelling, When June, the sweet June time is here.

Oh, the sweet fragrance of lilies and roses, Every small nook a new treasure discloses, Strife is forgotten, and God's peace reposes In the heart of the beautiful June.

WESLEY AS A PREACHER.

On a certain occasion when Wesley was to preach to a wealthy and elegant congregation, he chose for his text, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

After the sermon one of his hearers said to him: "Sir, such a sermon would have been suitable in Billingsgate, but it was

highly improper here."
"If I had been in Billingsgate," said Wesley, "my text would have been, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away

Perhaps there is no single incident in the life of this preacher of righteousness which more fully opens up the secret of his wonderful power. His eye was keen enough to pierce through all the outward show of wealth, rank, and pride, and take a searching look into the souls of his congregation, who were none the less a company of miserable sinners than an equal number of ignorant, vicious fishwomen, costermongers, and

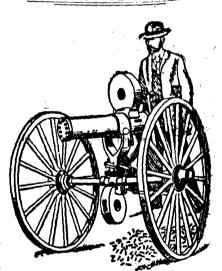
old-clothes vendors down in Drury Lane. He was absolutely insensible to the restraints and embarrassments which are wont to oppress the hearts and control the manners of those ministers of the Gospel who never can forget themselves, whatever they are saying or doing; he was an ambassador of Christ, and cared only to please his Master by faithfully delivering his message.

—A social examiner lately put the question: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe!" responded a little girl

-"When I grow up, I am going to live a farm and eat lots of apples," said a on a farm and eat lots of apples," said a little miss to her younger sister the other day. "If you do," said the youngster, "you'll get the appleplexy."

—Teacher: "Have animals a capacity, for affection?" Class: "Nearly all. Teacher: "Correct. Now, what animal possesses the greatest attachment for man?" Little girl: "Woman!"

JUST OUT.



Gatling The

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