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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

A TYPICAL CHINESE SERVICE.

BY THE REV. GEO. E. HARTWELL.

This service was held Sunday, November 13, 1892, in the outer court of our mission, which is being used at present as a chapel. It began at the orthodox hour of half past ten. To call the people together a gong was beaten immediately in front of the chapel. That beautiful hymn, "Jesus loves me," heartily sung by the few Chinamen who regularly attend our services, soon attracted a court full of people. The preacher was a Chinaman. A few verses in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel were read and the sermon began.

One peculiarity about a Chinese street congregation is their continual motion.

contained a large live rooster, a quarter of lamb, a piece of pork, and a dressed duck. These were set down in the midst of the people. Everybody's attention was turned to this tray, but the preacher never paused. This official had been cured of an ulcer and, according to Chinese etiquette, had brought the customary articles of food to express his gratitude.

A TRAVELLING MEAT SHOP

next appeared. This consisted of two neatly devised frames attached to the ends of a long pole, and carried across the shoulder of a man. From both frames dangled large slices of different kinds of meat. The shop was hung in a very conspicuous place, to vend his meats, as I

effectually reach these women. Shall the women of Canada disregard their sisters in China? Almost every woman had a baby. Were the babies good? Yes, in baby fashion. Babies are babies the world over. But think, dear reader; these babies are soon to be the boys and girls in our very midst, and later, the men and women.

Literary men, tradesmen, and labouring men occupied the remaining space. The Chinese resemble the Athenians in that they are always ready

"TO HEAR SOME NEW THING."

Peddlers with various kinds of wares were conspicuous. Two or three cloth merchants with their heaps of cotton by their side occupied one seat. Resting his load

but only to give place to a new congregation. Strange to say, the preacher paid no attention to these interruptions. He talked straight along after the manner of a Chinaman. The first part of the hour he stood; then, resuming his seat, stood only when his subject required greater emphasis. Once in a while he would pause as though collecting his thoughts, and then plunge into his subject with greater earnestness. Sometimes he would speak colloquially, sometimes exhort, and sometimes invite.

He reached one climax so naturally and so effectively, I felt that the Chinamen when well versed in Scriptural truths

WILL MAKE NOBLE PREACHERS.

He began at the beginning of the Gospel,



A WEDDING PROCESSION.

The preacher may have seventy-five hearers in his presence throughout the whole service, and yet preach to three or four hundred people.

THE ODDITY OF THIS SERVICE

consisted in the strange figures that at one time or other made up the congregation. The first to attract attention were Buddhist priests dressed in long flowing yellow robes. They listened attentively for a few moments and passed out. Then two young men entered, holding upon their right arm a large hawk. I expected to see them offering their birds for sale, but afterwards learned that these birds were held in much the same esteem in Chen-tu as pug dogs are by some in America.

Next I observed a man dressed in furs and wearing a hat which ranked him among the smaller officials, attended by a few friends, enter the court. In his train were servants carrying an elaborate tray, which

thought, at the close of the service. Instead of this he listened attentively awhile, then shouldering his burden, passed out.

THE NEXT ATTRACTION

was on the street. A bride passed by on the way to her husband's home. In her train were a large number of ragged boys carrying Chinese mottoes, men carrying flags and trays of provisions. All went well until a band reached the doorway and started a Chinese march. Suddenly, there was a rustling through the congregation, and presently from all sides rushed forth the small boy.

In a few moments

PEACE WAS RESTORED,

and my eyes wandered over the then assembled congregation. The rows of seats upon the right and at the back were occupied by women. Only a woman can

of bowls upon the back of another seat, was a pottery man. Standing near the preacher, and listening attentively, was a man holding a long crooked pole from which dangled fine combs, tooth brushes, salt spoons, and an assortment of Chinese trinkets beautifully carved from horn. Near by arose a similar stick, with foreign safety matches attached. A boy peddling peanuts next made his appearance in the aisle. A travelling restaurant where hot rice was served at all hours established itself in a vacant corner of the court.

Sometimes a group of literary men would enter, read the hymns upon the walls, listen awhile to the preacher and pass out. Sometimes the women would get restless and talk, until the speaker, stopping to take breath, attracted their attention. Sometimes some one would cry

"TSEO" ("LET US BE GOING");

and half the congregation would withdraw,

and ended with the description of the ascension. In this description every eye was fixed upon him; there was a great silence. He was sitting when he began. As he drew near to the moment of our Lord's ascension, his voice was almost hushed, then stretching forth his hands he began to wave gently upward, rising slowly to his feet as his emotions arose, and carrying with him the rapt attention of the motley crowd, he verily reached the clouds whose fleecy folds he parted with a gentle movement of the hand and ushered the Prince of Peace into the presence of the Mighty One. He sat down. It was twenty-five minutes to one. The service was over two hours long. Many sat and listened attentively throughout.

Chen-tu, December 13th, 1892.

Dear Editor,—I fear this article is too long [not at all.—Ed.] It is a description

of about the second Sunday service that was held upon our mission premises. We are getting into harness slowly, and God is blessing the work. My teacher has announced his desire to live for Christ and help spread the doctrine. We are praying that God will use him to help us. We continue to ask the prayers of all your readers for a baptism of the Holy Spirit upon this work. Yours sincerely,
GEO. E. HARTWELL.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1893.

BRIGHT BOYS WANTED.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

GOING down the street one day, this is the sign I saw in a store window: "Bright boys wanted." It set me thinking, and I said to myself, "Yes, that is exactly." Bright boys are wanted everywhere; boys with honest hearts; willing hands, swift feet, and clean mouths; boys that are not thin and pale from cigarette smoking; that have never seen the inside of a saloon, and who are willing to begin at the bottom round of the ladder and work their way up. Such boys are wanted everywhere. Schools and seminaries want them for pupils. Merchants want them in their employ. They are wanted in every honest trade and calling. "What are boys good for any way?" said a gentleman to a little fellow, and promptly came the reply, "To make men of."

It is a terrible fact that the saloon wants boys to make drunkards of. A boy had a strange dream. He dreamed that the leading merchant in the town in which he lived came to him and said, "My boy, I am getting old and feeble. I want you to come and take my store." Then the physician came to him and said, "I want you to take charge of my practice, for I must soon retire." The judge who lived in the town then said, "My son, you must occupy my place upon the bench." Last came the town drunkard and said, "I must soon die and go down to a dishonoured grave. I wish you would take my place." The boy awoke in a fright, and pondered well the meaning of his strange dream. Thus do good and evil, the Church and the saloon, Christ and Satan, strive for the possession of our boys.

Bright boys are wanted to prepare themselves for the Christian ministry. The day has gone by, if there ever was such a day, when the sickly, "goody-goody" boy was deemed ideal timber to make a minister of. It requires brains as well as piety to be a preacher of the Gospel. It is so with every other profession and calling. Bright boys are wanted to make lawyers, doctors, merchants, and engineers out of. If bright boys are in such demand, it may be well to enquire what are the things that tend to

make boys bright. Good books and papers will wonderfully help in this direction. A taste for reading of the right kind is worth a great deal to any boy or young man. "Read and you will know," was the constant reply of a very busy mother to a boy who was always asking questions. The boy followed his mother's advice, and became one of the wise and learned men of his generation. He who has mastered the art of reading has in his possession the key to all knowledge. Good company helps to make boys bright. Try and associate with those who are wiser than yourself. Solomon says: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."—*Epworth Herald*.

SOCIAL LIES.

THIS evil makes much of society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come, you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of the heart or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent, "Not at home," when they are just too lazy to dress themselves. They say, "The furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. "It was an heir-loom, and a duke gave it to their grandfather." When the fact is, that painting was made by a man "down east," and baked so as to make it look old, and sold with others for \$10 a dozen. People who will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On a small income we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit, and a sham.—*Talmage*.

FIVE REASONS AGAINST USING TOBACCO.

BY E. P. T.

1. CHEWING, snuffing, or smoking, is uncleanly. Those who are not only wholly besotted confess it. "I love my pipe, but I despise myself for using it," said a man of influence. Your breath smells bad, your clothes, books, and apartments are offensive. Smokers and chewers are almost invariably spitters, and so are repulsive to all persons of cleanly habits.

2. The habit is injurious, tending to "insanity, paralysis, and cancerous affections," as an eminent surgeon shows by official statistics. One of the ablest Connecticut pastors gave up the ministry, and went to Vineland, N. J. He confessed that he could not give up tobacco. His nerves were shattered. He had no will power. He was warned by a physician that he must stop or die of paralysis. He had no power to stop, and in a few months expired, body and mind wrecked. Besides the narcotic effects of the poison, there is a large amount of creosote in the fumes, such as eats through the pipe of a furnace, or kills the nerve of a tooth. It stupefies and poisons. It renders the voice husky. Tobacco creates a thirst for alcoholic drink. Its influence on youth and on those of sedentary habits is particularly destructive.

3. It is a costly indulgence. Government statistics have shown that three hundred and fifty millions of dollars are wasted on this vice in a year, far more than what is spent for bread! Yet every loafer, tramp and beggar must have the poison, though he lacks the food. Millions of money have also been lost by the fires kindled by smokers, whose burning matches and flying sparks have caused fearful conflagrations and numerous fatal burnings. That the abomination of street smoking is allowed is a marvel of modern civilization.

4. It is a sin against conscience. You know it to be useless, harmful to yourself and others, and so a sin. You know that God enjoins cleanness of body as well as purity of heart. He forbids the

wicked waste of money. He forbids you to inflict a physical taint on your unborn offspring by indulgences, the immediate evils of which you may escape. Your conscience says "Don't do it."

5. The example is bad. I have known of a smoker who threatened to horsewhip his boy if he dared to touch tobacco. Many of those who are loudest in condemning tobacco are slaves to it, sometimes helpless. But the grace of God, which commands us to cleanse ourselves "from all filthiness of the flesh," and to give our bodies to Christ, "a sweet smelling sacrifice," is able to extinguish the deadly appetite. For your sake and for the sake of others whom you influence, ask God's help to abandon a habit which is uncleanly, injurious, costly, insulting to conscience, and which is harmful to others. The writer of these lines was once a smoker, but for twenty years has been happy in the freedom wherewith Christ hath made him free. Will you not enjoy this freedom?—*Holiness Era*.

LOG CABIN DAYS.

BY EMILY LUCAS BLACKALL.

CLEMENT JAY would have been considered by some a boy without advantages. Those who do not appreciate true natures would have counted him unfortunate in his early years, but he came to be one of the most useful of men, and he always spoke of his early years as the time in which was laid the great strength of character for which he was noted.

When Clement was very young, his father was obliged to go to a mountain climate to regain his health. And not having much money, they had to take what would cost but little. So they found a cabin on the mountain side, where only the smoke from their nearest neighbour's chimney gave sign of any habitation but their own. Two cows, and other stock necessary for their simple life, and a faithful servant, with Mr. and Mrs. Jay and Clement, formed their caravan.

Clement shed many tears over saying good-bye to friends, and especially when he parted from grandmother and grandfather; but he had a true boy's love of adventure and change, and was not long unhappy when his father and mother were around.

The experiment proved a wise one, for Mr. Jay was, as he said, a new man after one year of mountain life. It had its trials and privations, and but for the fact that he was warned not to return to the city for some years, he and Mrs. Jay would have rejoiced to go back. But Clement was entirely happy, and was becoming a sturdy boy, and learning much from his constant intercourse with natural things. The few books they had were read to him, and talked over with him, until his mind was better disciplined than are those of most boys of his age. His favourite book was the Bible, and the characters in it were real and familiar to him.

There came a time when another cabin was built within a mile or two of the Jay cabin, and a teacher was called and a school opened. Clement was delighted to be one of the dozen pupils with which the school opened. They were not very well classified, some being in their teens, and others ranging from six years and upward.

Those who could write were required to "write compositions," and Clement belonged to this dignified portion of the school. As a closing exercise of one term, the reading of these original compositions was an important feature. Many of the parents were present, Mr. and Mrs. Jay among them, and Clement felt the importance of the hour. He had chosen his own topic, and when, with some stammering, he announced it, his teacher, and his mother and father, could not easily repress their amusement, though they believed he would treat the subject with due respect. And so it proved. It read as follows:

"Job had about the hardest time, for a while, that a person ever had; but 'he was the greatest of all the men of the East, without his like in all the earth.' Some say it takes a great man to stand hard times, and some say it takes hard times to make a great man. I think, well, it seems to me, that great times make men hard, and hard men make bad times.

"Of course I won't say that Satan ever did a good thing; but if he hadn't tormented

Job so, we shouldn't have heard of Job, and mothers and fathers and school teachers wouldn't have any body to hold up as a pattern to us boys when they get out of patience with us.

"It was awful hard the way the Sabeans and the Chaldeans treated Job; and that dreadful cyclone that killed all his children was enough to make him all used up. Then the bad sickness he had, and his wife's getting discouraged. My! I don't see how he stood it. Father says, if it wasn't for mother's courage, he wouldn't be anybody. I think Job's wife wasn't so very bad; she only told him to bless God if he still felt like it, but she was too discouraged to do anything but die."

Heaven.

(A True Incident.)

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

The lesson hour was nearly past

When I asked of my scholars seven,
"Now tell me, each one, please in turn,
What sort of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers, and lovely trees"
Cried poor little North-street Kitty;
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,
Was sure 'twas "a great big city."

Bessy, it seemed, had never thought
Of the home beyond the river;
She simply took each perfect gift,
And trusted the loving Giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair—
Her voice was clear and ringing,
And led in the Easter anthem choir—
"In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs,
'Twas a place for "out-door playing;"
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close,
For "warmth and food" she was praying.

The desk-bell rang. But one child left—
My sober, thoughtful Florry:
"Why, heaven just seems to me a place—
A place—where you're never sorry."

A CHAT WITH THE PRINCE.

THE Prince of Wales once heard an unexpected sermon from a little girl; and it came about in this way: A nobleman, a widower, had a little daughter under ten years of age. He was very fond of his daughter, though his engagements prevented him from seeing much of her. The child was therefore chiefly in the society of her governess or in the nursery. Now, her nurse was an earnest Christian woman. She felt for her motherless little charge, and early stored the child's mind with scriptural truths. The father used sometimes to amuse his little daughter by asking riddles; and one night, when she came in after dinner for dessert, she said to her father, who was not a Christian: "Father, do you know what is whiter than snow?" "No," said he, somewhat puzzled, "I do not." "Well," replied the child, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus is whiter than snow." The nobleman was surprised, and asked, "Who told you that?" "Nurse," was the reply. The father did not discuss this point, and conversation changed to other topics; but afterwards he privately requested the nurse, whose opinions he respected, not to mention these matters to his daughter, as at her tender age he feared she might take too "gloomy" a view of life. The incident was accordingly forgotten; but not long after, the Prince of Wales was visiting the house, and the little girl was allowed to be present. The prince, with his usual affability, noticed the child, and thus encouraged, she said, "Sir, do you know what is whiter than snow?" The prince, not seeing the drift of her question, smiled as he answered, "No." "Well," she said, "a soul washed in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow." The remark was overheard by the father; his little girl's words were used to carry conviction to his heart; he became an earnest and devoted Christian, and thousands will hereafter rise up and call him blessed. Now perhaps you may be tempted to think that little girl was forward or precocious; but she was not. She had learned a truth which is better than rank, or wealth, or titles, or estates; and, child-like, the truth slipped out in her conversation. The truth she had learned was this: The soul needs cleansing, and the blood of Christ can effectually cleanse from every stain.—*Prayerman*.

The Boy Who Helps His Mother.

As I went down the street to-day,
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple time,
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
While, blithe as blackbird's song,
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought, as I passed by.
"These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by and by."

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!" he cried.
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

SUSIE REDMAYNE:

OR,

A Story of the Seamy Side of Child-life.

BY

CHRISTABEL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLACK RIVER.

THE children left the house sobbing wildly and passionately.

The night was cold and dark and wet. The rain was washing the snow from the black icy streets,—very icy they were to the two pairs of little naked feet.

They fled on swiftly through the cold falling rain,—through the dingy rays of light that streamed from the little shops.

They did not know where they were going. They seemed to be impelled onward by the violence that had struck them and wounded them, and turned them bruised to the door.

They were too heart-sick to make any plan.

They might have appealed for shelter to this neighbour or to that; but they had gone far beyond their own neighbourhood in the first blinding moments of their grief.

Presently they found themselves in a wide dark street that was now almost deserted.

A cab dashed by full of gaily-dressed people who had been to the theatre, and were going to their luxurious homes. In the distance there was a solitary policeman. In front of them yawned a wide black arch, blacker than the night and more full of terror.

All the world seemed full of terror at that moment. There was no light in it, no love, no help.

Ralph knew all about the arch. He had been through it by daylight many a time, and had explored some of its most mysterious recesses.

There was a railway, or rather two or three railways, overhead; and the arches below led into one another or crossed one another in a most bewildering manner.

It was in a bewildering manner, too, that a black, shallow, sluggish river ran in and out among the piers that supported the archways.

It was a place to strike horror to the heart of a man if he were not accustomed to it; but many of the people of that part of the town were accustomed to it very well.

Walking in and out among the dark

arches there was a slender wooden platform that served as a bridge over the dark chasm below.

It was quite narrow, only wide enough for one person to walk across it at a time; and it was raised only a few feet above the sluggish current below.

Terrible as the place was, it occurred to Ralph that they might find shelter there from the wild rain and the piercing wind.

So cold the children were, so wretched, that once for a moment the boy had wished that the warm earth would open under their feet and shelter them forever.

Susie shrank in terror when she saw that Ralph was leading her under the dark arch. Her quick ear caught the dull splash of the dark water, and unknown horrors presented themselves to her childish imagination.

"Where are you taking me, Ralphy?" she asked in a beseeching tone. "Not there, oh, not there!"

The boy was as wretched as the little one herself was. Perhaps more wretched, since he knew more of the wicked world; but he saw that all depended on himself, humanly speaking.

"Susie, listen to me," he said in his firmest voice. "Have I ever been unkind to you?"

"No, Ralphy, never!"

"Have I ever asked you to do anything that was not good?"

"No, Ralph."

"Then trust me now, little woman."

"But tell me what you are going to do, Ralphy,—tell me where we are going?"

"We are going under this arch if you are not a little goose. I have been through it dozens of times. There are a lot of arches, and I know them all. I know one corner that will be ever such a jolly place to sleep in. It is like a little wooden gallery, and it won't rain, and the wind can't get there, and we shall be as safe as safe, if you'll only come along."

Ralph himself thought that all this must sound very tempting, but the little girl shivered sadly with fear as she followed her brother down the descent that led from the side of the street.

The boy led her very carefully, holding her hand in his, and going a little before.

They came quickly to the beginning of the little wooden bridge, the boy holding by the handrail, and telling Susie to mind when they came to a stone or a splintered piece of plank.

The child was half dead with terror, but not the less was she brave and strong; braver and stronger for the very effort it cost her. She could hear the sickening flow of the water close beneath her feet. There seemed a silence about the very sound it made, as if it whispered hoarsely lest it should betray dark deeds.

At last they reached the little wooden gallery that Ralph had spoken of; it sloped a little toward the water. There was the cold stone arch on one side and the light handrail on the other. There was nothing to make the black darkness visible; and the only sound was the sound of the turbid river dropping with that slow oozy sound that was so much more repulsive than the rush of clear water would have been.

Cold and strange as the place was, the children fell asleep quickly, locked in each other's arms. Ralph was the last to fall asleep, and even in his sleep he seemed to hear Susie's sobs and her pathetic murmurs of terror. But there was no need for her terror, nor for the boy's inevitable fear. A divine and loving Father watched over them as protectingly as if they had slept on beds of down, enwrapped by silken coverlets.

All night they lay there, and nothing disturbed them; and Ralph's first thought on waking was the thought of a text that he had learned when he attended the Sabbath-school: "I laid me down and slept and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me."

The children said their usual prayers before emerging from the arches of the river. The dawn light was now struggling through the sun atmosphere of Yarnborough. The carts were driving in. The silence was broken by street cries. The shops were being slowly opened and the coffee-stalls at the corners of the streets were thronged with customers. These little ones were hungry and they were penniless, but they were not despairing, as a grown-up person would have been.

Their strongest dread was the dread that their father might find them.

The children went on wandering hand in hand. At last they came to a street that was as strange to them as if it had been a street in some other town. The neighbourhood was respectable compared with the one they had left. There were tiny gardens in front of the houses, or rather little damp plots that were meant for gardens. The houses stood in regular rows, as modern houses do stand. They looked bare, even mean, but there were no signs of squalor outside.

Our two little wanderers went up and down one of these rows—Nelson Row it was called. Most of the houses were inhabited by working-men, and some of the windows betrayed signs of that desire for respectability which is so strong a characteristic of England's best working-men and working-women.

The door of one of these neater-looking houses stood open, and a comely woman was trying to clean away the blackened ice from the door-steps.

She looked up at the children as they passed, and her eyes met the heavy, sorrowful blue eyes of Susie.

"Eh, bairn," she said, "but I doubt you're sickly. Why has your mother let you come out such a morning as this?"

Little Susie only looked silently into the woman's face—silently and pathetically.

It was Ralph who replied: "We haven't got a mother;" and his eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

"You've got a father?" said the woman, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Ralph, brushing the tears away.

"And what's he doing?" asked the woman.

"I don't know what he'll be doing to-day," was the reply, cautiously given, Ralph had learned to dread this species of catechism from strangers.

"What does he do on other days?" asked the woman.

"He paints heraldry," said Ralph.

"Paints what?" said the woman.

"Well, coats of arms, and things on carriage doors."

"You mean them lions, standing on their hind legs, and bears climbing up poles, and vultures wi' two heads?"

"Yes," said Ralph, "things of that kind."

"And does he make a living by it?"

"He can make a living, and a very good living."

"Only he don't?" said the woman, interrogatively.

Ralph kept silence. It was often difficult for him to keep God's commandment: "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;" but he tried to keep it as a rule.

It was only when worn down by suffering that he permitted a word against his father to escape him.

The woman had been watching the children narrowly, taking note of their worn-out look, their thin clothes, and their bad shoes. She was a person who had had a history of her own.

"And where hav' ye slep' all night?" she asked of the children.

"Under the river arch," said Ralph, boldly and bravely.

"Eh, mercy on us!" said the woman. "Ye slep' under these wi' the rats running about ye."

Little Susie shivered, and the woman thought she was shivering with cold.

"Come away to the fire and get warmed," said the good-hearted woman. "My man's gone to work, and I've neither chick nor child o' my own."

There was a blazing fire in the kitchen and a tidy hearth. Ralph could remember the time when his father's home had looked just as warm and comfortable as this. Little Susie smiled when the woman told her to put her feet on the fender.

"Will you tell me what your name is?" the little thing asked, blushing as she spoke and looking prettier than ever.

The woman laid a maternal hand upon the little golden head.

"They call me Jane Sorrell, honey. And now tell me what do they call thee?"

"Susie Redmayne," said the small creature; "and Ralphy is Ralph Redmayne."

While Mrs. Sorrell had been talking, she had also been preparing breakfast. A jug of steaming coffee was on the table, some

beautiful home-made bread with nice sweet butter and a pot of real jam, such as Ralph knew only by memory. Mrs. Sorrell was both proud and glad to see how much the children enjoyed their breakfast.

"And now tell me what ye're going to do to-day?" she asked when the children's appetites were about satisfied. "I don't want to ask no questions, not none as I shouldn't ask," she added, with a touch of respect that included both herself and her guests. "But it isn't unbecoming on me to ask what ye're going to do to-day."

The question saddened Ralph in spite of the woman's kindness. What were they going to do? He tried to think for a moment what they were likely to do, then he gave it up.

"I don't know what we shall do," he said, "nor where we shall go."

"You ain't thinking o' going home again?" asked Mrs. Sorrell.

And little Susie cried out with a touch of terror in her tone: "No, please don't take me home; I'll sleep every night down beside the water rather than go home any more."

"I'd a' asked you to stay here a bit longer, but my master isn't like me, he isn't fond o' childer, and he's allus saying that he's glad we haven't none of our own. So I can't ask ye to stay, ye see, that is no longer than dinner time, but ye can sit a bit yet. He doesn't come home to his dinner till twelve."

While the children were sitting by Mrs. Sorrell's cosy fire, wishing that twelve o'clock might never come, or that John Sorrell would send word that he was not coming to his dinner that day, Richard Redmayne was walking in bitter moodiness up and down his wretched room.

Had anyone told him a week ago that he cared so much for his children he would have smiled and said to himself how little the speaker knew him. Things were bad with him, they had been bad a long time, and he could not have believed that the absence of the girl and boy could make matters much worse.

But the sudden discovery of their escape had filled him with a strange deep feeling to which he could give no name. He was remorseful, he had much to make him so, but when he had blamed himself to the uttermost there was more behind.

There was in the man a hungry yearning for the children's presence, a feeling that was to him as if he knew that they were dead, and that he might all the rest of his life only long passionately to speak one word that they could hear.

If he could only have them back for a moment, so that he might tell them of his bitter repentance, so that he might promise them that he would never be unkind or cruel any more, then he would be satisfied; so he said to himself.

He had scolded them, he had starved them, and he had struck them; but it seemed as if another man had done it, for he had loved them all the while.

Whilst Richard Redmayne was taking himself to task for all his past conduct, his neighbours in Piper's Court were talking about him.

"Ay," said a fat virago, "he's been out pretending to seek 'em this morning, and he'll be going out pretending to seek 'em again."

"Mebbe he will," said Bessie Brown; "but the worst wish I wish them is, that somebody kinder than their father may find them and give them shelter. but they're in God's hands, and they are safe there, whether they be found any more in this world or not!"

(To be continued.)

KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH, BOYS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, and honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls being so exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.



THE BEE-EATING SAND-WASP.

THE BEE-EATING SAND-WASP.

The Philanthus, or "Bee-eating Sand-wasp," awaits on a flower the arrival of a bee coming in search of pollen; it watches its opportunity, and suddenly pounces upon the honest gatherer; it seizes her with his mandibles between the head and the thorax, and almost always succeeds in turning her on her back and in piercing her with its sting. The bee makes the most energetic resistance, but the Philanthus is the more agile, and rarely fails in its attempt. After being stung, the bee writhes a few times convulsively, endeavours to strike with her sting, extends her proboscis, and the next moment ends by falling lifeless. The assassin, then taking up her victim, with her mandibles and between her feet, flies off with her heavy burden. She carries her victim to her nest, a gallery excavated in the earth, as represented in the engraving.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

LESSON V.—APRIL 30.

WISDOM'S WARNING.

Prov. 1. 20-33.] [Memory verses, 20-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.—Heb. 12. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Wisdom's invitation, v. 20-23.
2. Wisdom's warning, v. 24-33.

TIME.—About B.C. 1000.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Wisdom," in this book, stands for right living, morally and religiously. It begins with "the fear of the Lord." Wisdom is here personified as a queenly woman who "crieth" aloud in public places to all the sons of men, and who loves to lead them to nobility of character, worldly success, and spiritual blessedness. Rightly understood, true wisdom and true religion offer the same counsels and direct in the same courses. "The chief place of concourse" is the crowded thoroughfare of the city. "The gates" were the places of popular resort. "Simple ones"—inexperienced and heedless ones. "Will laugh at your calamity"—No such person as Wisdom really exists, and we know that God, for whom this fancied figure stands, loves all human souls, and is pained by their moral ruin. This phrase simply means that the moral government of the universe inflexibly bestows the wages which sin has earned. "Eat of the fruit of their own way"—The harvest is like the seed. "Quiet from fear

of evil"—No real harm can befall him. Even if he dies he is safe. Evil may be around him, but the Lord will keep him in blessedness and peace.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Wherein does this lesson show—

1. The freeness of the Gospel?
2. The free agency of man?
3. The fearfulness of refusal?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whose inspiring voice is heard in our streets, our homes, and our hearts? "The voice of wisdom." 2. What does she say to the simple ones, scorners, and fools? "Turn you at my reproof." 3. What does she say shall befall those who scorn her reproof, but afterward call to her in distress and anguish? "They shall not find me." 4. What does she say concerning prosperous fools? "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." 5. What is the Golden Text? "See that ye refuse not," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.

God's wrath against sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How is it proved that the New Testament is inspired by the Holy Spirit?

The Saviour told his apostles that they should be witnesses of him, and promised that the Spirit should bring his words to their remembrance, and teach them things to come.

THE MESSAGE OF A ROSE.

I HEARD recently a true recital which brought tears to my eyes and tenderness to my heart, so I wrote the story down hoping it might help some other.

A wealthy lady, young and beautiful, who had lately experienced genuine conversion, was so overflowing with love for her Saviour that she was drawn to visit those who were in prison.

One day before starting on this errand of mercy she went to her conservatory, and the gardener gathered her a large box of flowers, and was about to tie it up for her, when she noticed a perfect white rose untouched, and asked that that be added.

"Oh, no!" he said, "please keep that for yourself to wear to-night?"

"I need it more just now," she said, and took it with her on her journey.

Reaching the prison she commenced her rounds among the women's wards, giving a few blossoms to each inmate, with a leaflet, a text, or a message of sympathy and Christian hope.

"Have I seen all the prisoners here?" she asked the jailer.

"No; there is one whom you cannot visit, her language is so wicked it would scotch your ears to hear it."

"She is the one who most needs me," she answered. "I have one flower, the choicest of all I brought; can you not take me to her?"

Then when they confronted each other on either side of the grated door, the visitor was greeted with curses, and the only reply she gave was the beautiful white rose, which was left in the woman's cell. As she turned away she heard one heart-breaking cry, and the voice that had breathed imprecations moaned over and over again the one word: "Mother! mother! mother!"

The next week she came again. The jailer met her, saying: "That woman whom you saw last is asking for you constantly; I never saw a woman so changed."

Soon the two were alone in the cell, and the penitent, her head resting on the shoulder of her new-found friend, told, with sobs, her sad story.

"That white rose was just like one which grew by our door, at home in Scotland; my mother's favourite flower. She was a good woman; my father's character was stainless, but I broke their hearts by my wicked ways, then drifted to America, where I have lived a wicked life; is there any hope for me?"

And so the dawning of a better day came, as the two "reasoned together."

Many visits the lady made in that narrow room, until she seemed an angel of light to its inmate. When the time came for the woman's release, the love of Christ constraining her, she went out into the world to devote her life to the saving of such as she had been.—H. P. M., in the *Silver Cross*.

A Boy's Promise.

THE school was out, and down the street

A noisy throng came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who can doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother!

—Congregationalist.

WHICH WAS THE BRUTE?

A SAD, yet amusing, sight was witnessed in a street at Reno, Nevada, one day during the summer of 1879. Had the reader been present, he would have beheld a well-dressed man in a state of intoxication, stupidly staggering along the sidewalk, reeling hither and thither under the poor guidance of a brain completely unbalanced by strong drink.

This creature was made in God's image, and had no right thus to benumb his faculties and poison his system.

At the heels of the poor besotted drunkard could be seen a little shaggy terrier, that trotted behind his master with every apparent evidence of shame! Shame for the human brute! There was shame manifested in his eye and head and tail; shame in every motion. The poor dog kept close to the drunkard, following his staggering and crooked steps, but with a downcast look and dangling tail, apparently so much ashamed and so miserable that he would not look any sober passer by in the face.

The brute was ashamed of the man! Yes. Once in a while the man would stop, catch hold of a fence railing, and, stupidly looking at the earth, would sway to and fro.

This would seem to increase the misery of the dog, who, with a countenance filled with concern, would sit down on his haunches, trembling, and cast sneaking glances to the right and left to see if any

one was observing the shameful condition of his master. This is no fancy picture, but a simple fact as reported in public prints.

The terrier showed more shame than the men who license the open sale of the liquors that thus make brutes of human beings, for they are not at all ashamed of it. God will surely visit the people with his judgments unless these things are changed. It is to be hoped the day is not far distant until the cursed traffic is removed.

GENEROSITY.

I KNOW a little girl in China whose name is Pearl. She is seven years old. When she is ten she hopes to go to school; she is often talking about it, and wishing she was old enough to go. One day a minister was in her father's house—a Chinese minister with a long blue gown and black pig-tail.

Pearl was playing with her money-box. The minister said:

"What are you going to do with that money, Pearl? Why do you not buy some sweet-meats with it?"

"No," said little Pearl, "I wish to get a great many cash that when I go to school I may buy some pins and flowers for my hair."

All the little Chinese girls wear pins and flowers; they are ashamed to be seen out of doors without them, and little Pearl thought, perhaps, her mother would be too poor to buy them for her, so she would not spend her money on cakes and sweets.

One day Pearl was in church, and she heard the minister telling about the famine in the North of China, a long way off. She heard him tell how the people had nothing to eat and how they were dying for want of food.

After the service she said to her mother: "May I give something to these poor people?"

"Yes; father will give you some money to put in the plate," her mother said.

"Oh, no," she said; "I want to give my own money;" and off she ran with her face all smiles, and in a minute or two came back with her money-box and emptied it all into the plate.

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