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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1894.

[No. 9.]

The Least of These.

She had little of earthly beauty ;
She had less of earthly lore ;
She climbed by a path so narrow.
Such wearisome burdens bore !
And she came with heart a-tremble
To the warder at heaven's door.

And said, "There were hearts of heroes ;"
She said, "There were hands of might ;
I had only my little children,
That called to me day and night ;
I could only soothe their sorrows,
Their childish hearts make light."

And she bowed her head in silence ;
She hid her face in shame ;
When out from a blaze of glory
A form majestic came ;
And, sweeter than all heaven's music,
Lo, someone called her name !

"Dear heart, that has self forgotten
That never its own has sought
Who keepeth the weak from falling,
To the king hath jewels brought.
Lo, what thou hast done for the children,
For the Lord himself hast wrought !"

—Woman's Journal.

A QUIANT OLD TOWN.

AFTER Cairo and Alexandria, Tunis is the largest city in Africa. It is full of bazaars. The costumes of the people are fantastic in the extreme. An English traveller gives this account of his visit to the quaint old city :

"Around the Grand Hotel, which fronts a wide modern street are clustered a number of smaller streets, comparatively well-built and formed of houses inhabited by Frenchmen, Maltese, or Italians. Here are the hotels, the provision market, the post-office, and the railway station. Near the Grand Hotel is a small open space, full generally of clamour and bustle, blocked from dawn to midnight by a motley crowd, among whom you could scarcely miss seeing within the space of an hour, if you kept watch, a Greek, an Italian, a Maltese, a Jew, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a German, a Turk, an Arab, an Egyptian, a Moor, a Negro ; and these nationalities are represented by every variety of costume.

"From this open space narrow alleys shoot out and give access to the town. These lanes are paved with stones, and are so narrow in some places as almost to forbid the passage of any beast of burden. Wheels, of course, are out of the question. But up and down these narrow ways the busy crowd moves all day long.

"Probably no city on the Mediterranean can show so many different modes of dressing as are to be noted in Tunis. The snowy flowing robes and turban of the high-class Arab compare favourably with the loose blue trousers, frock-coat, and fez of the Turk. Here a man coolly attired in silk jacket and trousers flits by ; here a beggar in his one rough garment slouches past. The red cap of the Marseilles sailor, the black cap of the Jew, the gaudy handkerchief of the Neapolitan are all to be seen.

"But one must penetrate further if one would inspect the distinctive features of this old town. One street is given up to silk goods, with which the fronts of the shops—glass windows are of course unknown—are wholly draped. Another street, a smaller one, is the depot for silk tassels and laces and sewing silks. Here are the looms of the silk weavers, the workers being dressed from head to foot in pink or yellow silk. In another street cotton goods are put forth in shop after shop. Then there is the street full of

fezzes, some with tassels, some adorned with coins ; for Tunis is a noted place for the manufacture of these caps, as also for the production of embroidered leather-work and saddlery, and of red and yellow slippers, to each of which trades a separate street is devoted.

"The French have imported their customs and tongue into Tunis, but they seem to suffer a good deal from the competition of the Maltese and Italians.

tion becomes so impaired and his intellect so weakened that he cannot be made to study, and cannot make headway even when he tries. Morally he deteriorates into a liar, who denies that he smokes, and confesses only when he is found out. If money is kept from him to prevent his buying cigarettes, he will steal it. He plays truant, gives lying excuses to his parents and teachers, forms the lowest associations, and sinks rapidly and helplessly

The use of cigarettes is not merely the use of tobacco, it is a vice by itself. The cigarette works a special evil of its own which tobacco in other forms does not effect. This evil result may be due to drugs, or to the paper wrappers, or to the fact that the smoke of cigarettes is almost always inhaled into the lungs, while cigar smoke is not. No other form of tobacco eats into the will as cigarettes do. It is the infernal cheapness of the cigarette and its adaptability for concealment that tempt the school-boy's callow intelligence.

CHEAP ENOUGH.

"I GUESS I'll back out of it somehow," muttered Arthur Swain, drawing his new sled into the stable and stowing it away under the stairs.

"Back out of what?" asked his brother, entering in time to hear Arthur's low words.

"Zakie Cole offers for my old sled ten cents more than Oscar Blake, and I think I shall let it go to the highest bidder!" exclaimed Arthur in quite a business-like tone.

"But didn't you agree to let Oscar have it?" asked Dennis, quite surprised at his brother's sharpness.

"Yes ; I told him I thought twenty-five cents all the sled was worth," replied Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, "but I suppose now it is worth more, if Zakie will give more."

"But you know Oscar expects to have it for twenty-five cents," returned Dennis. "You set your own price when he asked what he should give you for it. I wouldn't sell another boy's sled," he added somewhat scornfully.

"I'll sell my sled to the one who will give the most for it!" exclaimed Arthur, angrily. "Thirty-five cents is cheap enough."

"Cheap enough!" echoed a voice from the gloomy depths of a room beyond.

"Who is in there?" And Arthur bolted through the open door to ascertain from whom the voice came.

"O Uncle Dana, then you think my sled cheap enough at thirty-five cents?" asked the boy, drawing the individual found into the open air.

"I was not thinking of your sled at all," was the quiet reply. "I was thinking of something else that was cheap enough."

"What else, uncle? What is cheap enough?"

"A boy's honour, Arthur. Don't you think ten cents cheap enough for that?" asked Uncle Dana, looking keenly at the lad.

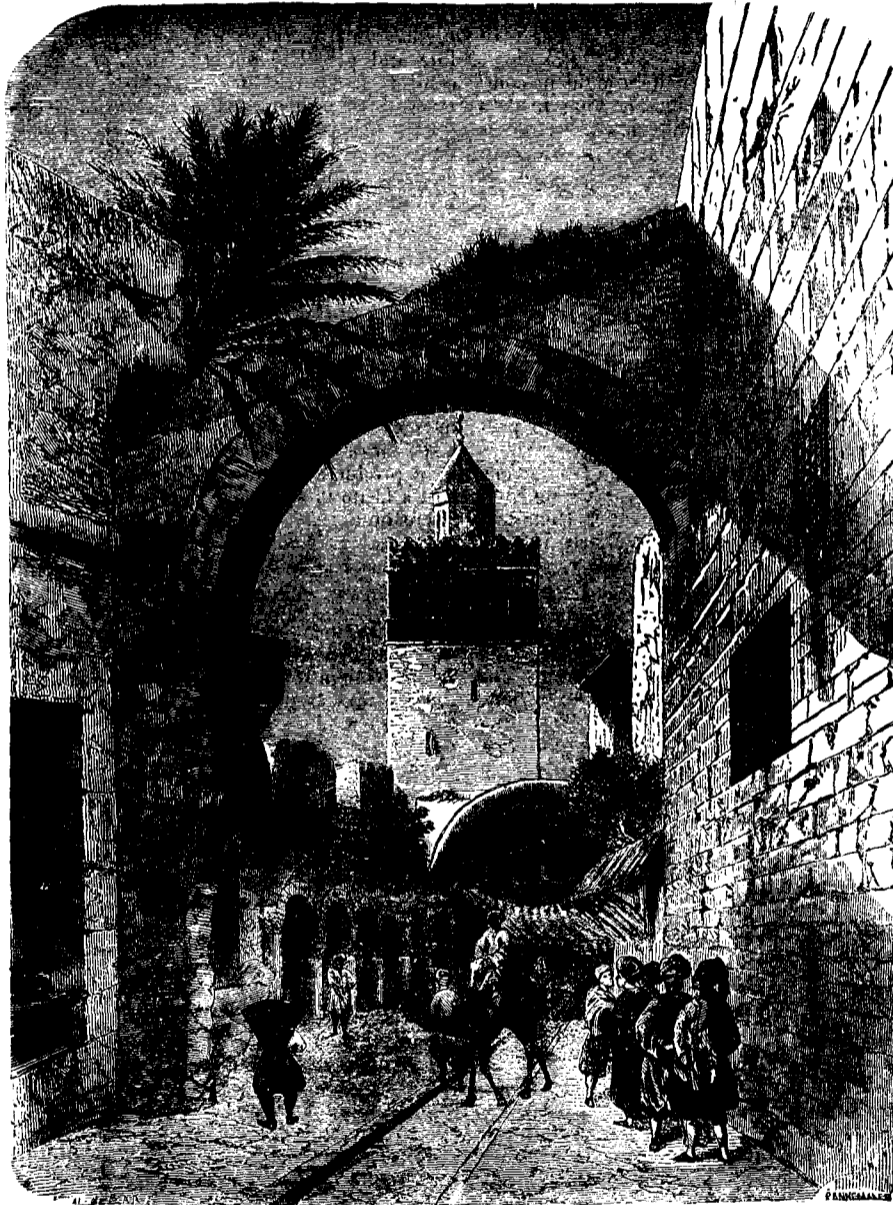
Arthur coloured, but said nothing. "Tell me truly, Arthur," and uncle took the boy's red face between his hands, "had no other offer been made you, would you not have expected Oscar to take the sled and pay you twenty-five cents for it?"

"Yes, uncle, I should," was the unhesitating reply.

"Honour is honour, my lad, whether it be in your hands or in Oscar Blake's, and it demands the same usage from you that would be expected from another. Whenever you fail to do this, you sell your honour cheap, whether you get ten cents or ten thousand dollars."

It is hardly necessary to say Oscar got the sled.—Well Spring.

MOTHER (severely): "Johnny where is that piece of cake I left when I went out?"
Johnny: "I gave it to a hungry little boy, mamma, and oh! he was so glad to get it."
Mother: "Come to my arms, you dear, dear angel. Who was the little boy?"
Johnny: "Me."



A STREET IN TUNIS.

CIGARETTES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. CHARLES BULKLEY HUBBELL, of the New York Board of Education, is doing a laudable thing in trying to abate the cigarette nuisance in the public schools.

Mr. Hubbell finds the teachers of the public schools very much alive to the evils of the cigarette habit among boys, and already active in some cases for its suppression. Among them is Principal Elgas, of Grammar-school No. 69. His abhorrence of cigarettes as founded on his experience with boys is startling in its earnestness. When he recognizes a new boy as a cigarette-smoker (and the signs of the vice are so patent as to be easily detected), he sets out at once to break him of his habit, and he says if that cannot be done it is practically useless to try to do anything else for him. His experience with the incorrigible cigarette-smoker is that his power of atten-

tion becomes so impaired and his intellect so weakened that he cannot be made to study, and cannot make headway even when he tries. Morally he deteriorates into a liar, who denies that he smokes, and confesses only when he is found out. If money is kept from him to prevent his buying cigarettes, he will steal it. He plays truant, gives lying excuses to his parents and teachers, forms the lowest associations, and sinks rapidly and helplessly

ly into the condition of a wreck. Even cigarette-smoking boys who do not fall into such deplorable excess early find study irksome, lose their desire for knowledge, and are anxious, Mr. Elgas says, "not to go to college, but to get into business, which represents to their immature foresight relief from mental application, and from supervision and restraint."
This may seem to be an overdrawn picture, but we know from sorrowful observation that it is truthful and accurate to the last particular. No doubt multitudes of boys smoke cigarettes to their detriment, but without reaching such a ruinous excess. It would be deplorable indeed if every boyish cigarette-smoker went to ruin. But for the weak boy who has thoroughly succumbed to the habit there are no depths of misery or depravity that do not gape. Such a lad soon becomes rotten timber that will not hold nails, and of which nothing useful can be made.

We Will Gather the Wheat.

When Jesus shall gather the nations,
Before him at last to appear,
Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
When summoned our sentence to hear?

CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his garner,
But the chaff will be scatter away;
Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
Oh, how shall it be in that day?

Shall we hear from the lips of the Saviour,
The words, "Faithful servant, well done;"
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish,
Be banished away from his throne.

He will smile when he looks on his children,
And sees on the ransomed his seal;
He will clothe them in heavenly beauty,
As low at his footstool they kneel.

Then let us be watching and waiting,
Our lamps burning steady and bright,
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding,
Our spirits made ready for flight.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1894.

THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

BY REV. ROBT. WILSON, D.D.

SOME years ago a man and his wife and three children left the old land to seek a home in far-away Australia. The voyage was a long and tedious one, the usual discomforts and inconveniences of life in a passenger ship were experienced, and when at length the welcome cry was heard of "Land Ahead," the ringing cheer that went up from all on board showed how glad they would be to find themselves once more on solid ground.

Having secured employment with a sheep raiser, the father removed his family to a place where he could occasionally see them. This proved to be a very sparsely settled section of the country. The neighbours, if such they could be called, lived miles away and widely apart. Intercourse with the great outside world they had none, and letters and papers came at long and irregular intervals.

As the father was away the most of his time the mother led a dull and dreary life, for the children were yet too young to take in the situation. With none of the luxuries and few of the comforts of life, and sometimes the commonest necessities not in abundance, and with home surroundings of the most primitive character, we need not wonder if at times the poor mother felt sad and lonely, and thought of the happier days gone by. But buoyed up with the hope of better days these discomforts were uncomplainingly submitted to, and while the father did his part abroad the mother nobly did hers at home. The children, two girls and a boy, Jeannie, Bella, and Willie, were aged respectively eleven, nine, and

seven years. The elder was a remarkably clever child, thoughtful and intelligent, and very motherly in her manner. The others were gentle and affectionate, and quietly submitted to her authority. Her influence over them was something wonderful and the little ones rarely resisted her wishes.

As wood was scarce in the neighbourhood the children were wont, on the summer afternoons, to go out and gather the dead branches of a species of underbrush called scrub. One day the mother, more than usually busy about her many duties, did not notice till late that night was coming on and the little ones had not returned. Thoroughly alarmed, she went in search of them, but darkness settled down upon the land, and for the first time in their lives the children were without a mother's care. The agonies of that night can only be imagined by those who have passed through similar experiences. As the weary hours slowly passed away hope and fear would alternately be in the ascendant—at one moment trying to persuade herself that morning would restore to her the missing ones, the next shuddering at the possibility of their having been stolen by the natives or devoured by some ravenous beast of prey.

Morning dawned, but it brought no comfort to the stricken one. Having made a thorough search of the immediate surroundings without finding any trace of the wanderers, she made her way to the home of the nearest settler and told her sorrowful tale. Despatching messengers to the few families within reach, the search was renewed, but the sun went down on the evening of the second day without having obtained the slightest clue to their whereabouts.

Word was sent to the father who, accompanied by a number of his fellow workmen, repaired to the scene with a determination to recover the lost ones if that were possible.

The story spread rapidly, and from every ranch and settler's home great strong men with kind hearts came to offer their services and aid in the search. Each thought of the little ones in his own home, and did what he believed others would do for him if the circumstances required it.

But despite all their efforts the whereabouts of the wanderers still remained a mystery. Day after day was spent in unsuccessful search, and every expedient ended in failure. Hope had about died out in every bosom. On the evening of the fifth day it was proposed to abandon further effort, as all were of the opinion the children had either been devoured by wild animals or carried off by some of the natives. To this the father would not agree.

"I believe," he said, "my children are yet alive, and something tells me they will be found, but dead or alive I will never give up the search until I know what has become of them."

And more in pity for him than with any idea of finding them it was decided to continue the work for another day.

With the first streaks of day all were astir and, forming themselves into line somewhat after the fashion of pilgrims in the Great Desert in quest of water, the labour of the sixth day was entered upon. But the hours went by all too fast, and noontide brought no word of comfort. The afternoon was wearing away and the shadows were beginning to lengthen, and still there was no trace of the missing ones. It was nearly sundown when a native a little in advance of the line, raised his hand in token of having made some discovery. Word was quickly passed along from one to another, and eagerly, but with a feeling of dread, all drew near, expecting to see some mutilated remains or, perchance, only some fragments of their clothing. But a very different sight met their gaze. They were all there and alive, half hidden in the underwood, the two younger ones on their knees before Jeannie, repeating, as had ever been their custom, the old familiar prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Looking up, Jeannie saw her father gazing spell-bound at the scene before him, and in a voice weak but joyous she exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, I knew you'd come."

What followed can be better imagined than described. Every man in that crowd of searchers felt a great load lifted from his heart, tears flowed freely from eyes unused to weeping, and the shout that rang out on the evening air told how richly each one felt rewarded for the part he had played in the matter. Over the father's joy we draw a veil. No words of ours can give any adequate idea of the wild tumult of feeling of which he was the subject as he hugged and kissed the recovered ones. Nor will we attempt to tell how the mother, after her days and nights of sleepless agony, came nearly dying from excess of joy when assured of their safety. Such experiences are untranslatable into speech, and refuse the drapery of language to voice them.

Only a few more words are necessary. From Jennie's story it appeared that, having wandered beyond their usual place of play they were unable to find their way back again. With her motherly instinct she had cared for her sister and brother as best she could, gathering wild fruit with which to satisfy their hunger during the day, and covering them with boughs and leaves to protect them from the cold at night. Fortunately the weather had been fine and they had suffered but little discomfort from exposure. At first she had been considerably alarmed, but her anxiety for the others had driven away that feeling. And all through those dreary days and drearier nights she had an unflinching faith that help would come—a faith that found appropriate expression in the touching words:

"Oh, papa, I knew you'd come."

St. John, N.B.

SOUND OF A SUNBEAM.

ONE of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. According to Milling, a beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, coloured silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is caused to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned and the coloured light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the coloured lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colours make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colours, and utters no sound in others.—*Electrical Review.*

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY LETITIA YOUNG.

LITTLE Willie sat bolstered up in the big rocking chair in the comfortable sitting-room of the farmhouse. His mother, seated by his side, was industriously plying her knitting-needles, casting occasionally a sad glance at her little son; his pale, thin face and sunken eyes denoted advanced disease, his eyes wandered alternately from the clock to the window. At length the little invalid broke the silence by asking:

"Is it nearly time for father to come?"

"Yes, my son, he will be here shortly; the polls close at five, and it is now nearly six o'clock."

The door opened and the father entered. He came directly to the side of his sick child. Willie looked anxiously into his father's face and inquired:

"Did you vote for the Bill, father?"

"No, my son, I did not," was the reply, "the Bill is not what we want. If it had

been entire prohibition I would have voted straight."

"But wouldn't it close the bar-room, father, and wouldn't that help a grand deal?"

"Yes, I suppose it would."

"Well, can't you vote to-morrow, father?"

"Yes, if it was worth while; for this election lasts several days, one day for every four hundred votes in the country."

"Well, father, may be I might get better and live to be a man, and if I should get to be a drunkard wouldn't you be sorry you didn't vote?"

Tears filled the father's eyes as he said:

"Willie, I'll put in the first vote to-morrow morning."

When the vote was taken a year afterwards in Prince Edward, to repeal the Dunkin Bill, that father was one of the most effective speakers at one of our meetings. He related with choked utterance the circumstance already described. He added, "Had I not voted, I would never have forgiven myself, for not many weeks after we laid little Willie's body away in the churchyard. Many a child in Prince Edward urged the father to vote, and many a wife who could not vote herself to protect her children, pleaded earnestly with the one who is their natural protector to go and do his duty. Little Willie 'being dead yet speaketh' to the boys and girls of Ontario. Children, talk Prohibition, sing it, pray it."

THE LAUGHING CORNER.

THE following were collected from examinations in Scripture in certain board schools: "Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a bark made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipped brazen snakes, and he let nothin' but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was korb by the 'air of his 'od while ridin' under a bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace." "What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot and had tew wives. One was called Hismale and the other Haygur. He kept one at home, and he hurried the tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at nite." "Write an account of the Good Samaritan." "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jerike, and he fell among thaws, and the thaws sprang up and choeked him. Whereupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said, 'Take care on him and put him on his hown hass.' And he passed by on the hother side."

"YOU WON'T EAT ME, WILL YOU?"

A LITTLE girl six years old climbed up on the knees of that old cannibal king of the Fiji Islands, and stood up, and put her hands upon his shoulders and looked confidently into his face, and said: "You won't eat me, will you?"

This was in the year 1875, and the cannibal chief was visiting at the house of her grandfather in Sydney, New South Wales. Old Thakombau (for he was so named) was greatly pleased by this question from this lively little girl, whom he now loved, although twenty years before he would likely have looked upon her as something nice to be cooked for his dinner.

The Fijians were terrible cannibals, and Thakombau was one of the worst of all. About fifty-five years ago some native Christians from Tonga, landed in Fiji. In spite of many difficulties they won many converts to Christ, and prepared the way for Wesleyan missionaries that came from England. Fiji is now a Christian country. In 1860 Thakombau became a Christian, and in 1874, he prevailed upon the chiefs of the other islands to unite with him in asking our Queen to accept the government of Fiji; and it is now under the supervision of a British Governor. When Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, ratified the treaty, Thakombau went with him when he returned to Sydney; and it was in his house that this little granddaughter, who had heard about Thakombau's history, with such child-like simplicity reminded him of his old habits.

Henry Hudson.

(Summer of 1611.)

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

At daybreak, on the frozen Hudson's Bay,
Shut in from mortal view,
The ship *Discovery* at anchor lay,
With her disheartened crew.

All winter long, starvation at their feast
Had been a constant guest;
The Northwest passage to the favoured East
Seemed like an idle quest.

They murmured at their leader, brought to feed
The fishes of the deep;
And murmuring grew to hatred: they decreed
He in their stead should sleep

In the cold waters which his name should bear,—
His monument and grave;
They seized and bound him in their mad despair,
The strong man, true and brave.

Into the shallop Henry Hudson stepped,
His darling son beside;
And six poor wasted seamen near him crept,
To stem that frozen tide.

The dawn was breaking on that ice-clad world,
When drifted out to sea,
The sport of icebergs, by the currents whirled,
That starving company.

What was the end? Who lingered last of all
In that long voyage of death?
Who in delirium would faintly call,
With his expiring breath,

For wife and mother on the English shore?
Who strain his piercing eyes
In hope of succour that could come no more?
Then prays and faints and dies.

Their noble leader gone, the murderous crew
Set sail for native land.
For months they waudered, growing gaunt
and few
From want and savage hand.

At last, too weak to steer, their vessel ran
Into an Irish bay;
Each one, unwelcome to his fellow-man,
Dishonoured, passed away.

Next day the ship *Discovery* was sent
To learn of Hudson's fate;
Only the icebergs heard the sad lament
Of friends who came too late.
Cleveland, O.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trop."

CHAPTER IX.—BROKEN-HEARTED.

BESS was up as usual in the morning; and David would have gone with her, but for Euclid. He shrank from meeting any of the neighbours; and, if it had been possible, he would have remained indoors till his hair had grown long again. All the day he stayed in the dark, unwholesome room, talking at times with his mother, but generally sitting silent, with his head resting on his hands. The hours seemed endless. Hunger and cold he had borne with courage, and he could do so still; but shame he could not bear. Pride in a good name was the only moral lesson he had been taught; and his good name was gone. His mother had sympathy enough to guess what troubled him; but she did not know how to comfort him. There was a vague, indistinct feeling in their minds that he had not forfeited his good name; he had been robbed of it.

At last evening came, and Bess went out again to redeem the precious pledge. Both David and his mother forgot their troubles for a brief space of time as they thought of seeing it shine once more on her hand, so wasted and shrivelled now, and so different from the firm young hand that had first worn it. It had been a brand-new ring when David Fell bought it,—no other would satisfy the proud young artisan,—a thick, heavy ring of gold, such as the finest lady in the land might wear.

"It's here, mother!" cried Bess, running in almost breathless, with the small, precious packet in her hand. David lighted the candle, and held it beside his mother, as her trembling fingers unfolded the paper in which it was wrapped. But what was this? A thin, battered ring, worn almost to a thread. No

more like the one they all knew so well, than this bare and desolate room was like the pleasant house David Fell had provided for his young wife. Mrs. Fell uttered a bitter cry of disappointment and dread.

"O Davy!" she cried, "it isn't mine! it isn't mine!"

In two minutes from that fatal cry of despair, David, panting, bareheaded, nearly mad with passion, stood on the pavement in front of the pawn-shop. There was no need to enter it; for Mr. Quirk was pacing to and fro in front of his premises, inviting the passers by to inspect his goods. He was a short, undersized, knavish-looking man. David confronted him with a white face and dilating nostrils, holding out the ring to him.

"It isn't mother's!" he gasped. "You've give Bess somebody else's ring. This ain't mother's ring."

"That's Mary Fell's ring," drawled Mr. Quirk sneeringly, and as coolly as if he had prepared himself for the charge, "as she pledged here to me two months ago. That's her ring."

"Give me my mother's own ring!" shouted David, every nerve and muscle tingling with all the force and energy he had in him. "Give me her ring, you swindling thief!"

"It's Mary Fell's ring," repeated the pawnbroker stubbornly; "and Mary Fell's well known as a thief and a drunkard, and something worse."

Scarcely had the words against his mother's good name been pronounced, before David had flung himself in his rage, and the unusual vigour he had brought from jail, upon the puny man, who was unprepared for the attack. The boy and the man were not ill matched, and blow after blow was given. The battered old ring fell to the pavement, and was trodden under their feet. A circle of spectators gathered as if by magic about them in an instant, none of whom cared to interrupt the sport such a contest afforded. There were cries and cheers of encouragement on all hands, until the combatants fell, David uppermost.

"What's all this about?" inquired a policeman, elbowing his way through the crowd, and calmly looking on for a minute, whilst David still struck hard at his enemy, who was struggling up to his feet. The policeman seized the lad by the collar, and he tried to shake off his hold as he faced the pawnbroker, blind and deaf with rage.

"Give me my mother's ring?" he shouted. "I give him in charge," said Mr. Quirk, welcoming the policeman's interference; whilst David felt an awful thrill of despair run through him as he saw whose hand was grasping him. "I was a-doin' nothing, and he up and at me like a tiger," added the pawnbroker.

"Ay, he did: I saw him," cried a woman standing at the pawn-shop door. "He's a young jail-bird: everybody can see that."

It was only too plainly to be seen. David was now standing perfectly still in the policeman's grip, pale and frightened, with a hang-dog air, which told powerfully against him. One of the passers-by, an intelligent, well-dressed mechanic, pressed forward a little, asking, "Why did you meddle with the man? What's this about a ring?" But the policeman checked David's attempts to reply.

"That's no business of mine," he said sharply. "You give this lad in charge?"

He addressed himself to Mr. Quirk, who replied plaintively.—

"I'm a householder and a ratepayer," he said, "and I give him in charge."

"Then you'll make your defence before the court," said the policeman to David. "Come along with you!"

David glanced round the cluster of faces hemming him in. Some of them he knew. Blackett was there, grinning triumphantly, and Roger was peeping behind him, half afraid of being caught by his father. Euclid had stopped for a moment, with his basket on his arm, and was looking on with an amazed and puzzled face. David dared not call upon any of them by name; but he cried out, in a lamentable voice, which touched and startled many of the careless on-lookers,—

"Will somebody tell my mother what's befell me?"

He saw Roger make him a sign that he had heard and would fulfil his request, before he was marched off to the police station to pass a night there,—no longer a strange and unprecedented occurrence to David.

Bess had set the door of their room a little ajar, and was waiting anxiously for David's return. Her mother had not ceased to sob over her lost ring from the moment when she had caught sight of the worn-out, battered thing which had been exchanged for her own. Her grief was the more keen as she had little hope of David recovering the right one. She had heard of other women having their wedding-rings changed, or "swatted," and never being able to right themselves; and she could not bear to think of some other woman, happier than herself, wearing it as her wedding

ring, and prizing it as she had done. A thousand dim memories and inarticulate thoughts centred in the lost ring,—none the less real, perhaps, because the poor widow was only an ignorant woman, and could not express her feelings in language. She lay moaning in utter hopelessness and helplessness, knowing too well it was lost forever. Before even they could expect David back, Roger ran in, breathless and stammering. The candle was still burning, and they could see his agitated face and his excited gestures plainly.

"He's bein' took to jail again!" he exclaimed in broken sentences. "I see him all along. He up and at old Quirk as brave as a bulldog. He had him down on the ground in no time. He'd said as you was a thief, and a drunkard, and worse; and David couldn't stand it. I'd ha' had a cut at him too; but he had him down on his back in a moment's time, and he fought for you like a good un."

"But where is he?" gasped the mother, as her eyes, glistening with terror, turned towards the door, where Bess was standing, as though waiting to let David in, and close it safely after him.

"He's took to jail, you know," answered Roger, with an oath such as he had learned when he could first speak. "There was a bobby up, afore I could give him warnin', pushin' through everybody; and old Quirk gave him in charge, and they walked him off to the station, to be shut up all night till to-morrow mornin'." And he shouted, "Somebody tell my mother what's befell me!" And he looked straight at me, and I came off at wuust. Perhaps they'll let him go free in the mornin'!"

But even Roger's unaccustomed eyes could see the deathlike pallor and change that came over the face of David's mother, as she heard what he had to say. She uttered no word or cry, but sank down again on her miserable death-bed, and turned her despairing face to the wall. Bess sent away Roger, and carefully putting out the candle, crept on to the sacking beside her, and, laying her arm gently across her, spoke hopefully of David being released, and Quirk punished, as soon as the truth was known. But Mrs. Fell was at last broken-hearted, and answered not a word even to little Bess, who fell asleep at last, crying softly to herself.

Who can tell how long the hours of that night were? Darkness without, and within the utter blackness of despair? The craving hunger of disease, and the soul's hunger after the welfare of her children! The chilly dew of death, and the icy death-blow dealt to every lingering hope for them! When Bess awoke and bestirred herself early in the morning, her mother still lay speechless, and she dared not leave her. Euclid started on his day's work alone. There was no one she could ask for help: so she set about her little tasks of lighting a handful of fire, and making a cup of tea for her mother, which she could not persuade her to touch. It was a dark and dreary winter's morning,—so dark where she was living, that she could scarcely see her mother's face.

The afternoon was fast fading into night,—another night of misery and despair,—when Roger stole softly in, and crept gently up to the side of the bed where David's mother lay. Bess was sitting by her, holding her hand closely, as if she could thus keep her in the world where her lot had been so hard. She had not spoken yet, and had scarcely moved since Roger had brought his fatal tidings the night before. Now, when her ear caught the sound of his low, awe-struck voice, she opened her eyes once more, and fastened them upon him. He stooped down, and spoke to her in a sorrowful whisper.

"He's got three months agen," he said, "Never mind! everybody gets into jail some time o' their lives!"

Mrs. Fell's lips moved tremulously, as the eyelids closed slowly over her dim eyes, which were losing sight of Bess, though she was leaning over her, and calling, "Mother!"

"He might ha' been a good man like his father!" she moaned with her dying breath.

(To be continued.)

THE LOUDEST NOISE EVER HEARD.

No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied with a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda between Sumatra and Java, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, August 27, 1883. As that dreadful Sunday night wore on the noises increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination. The people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their

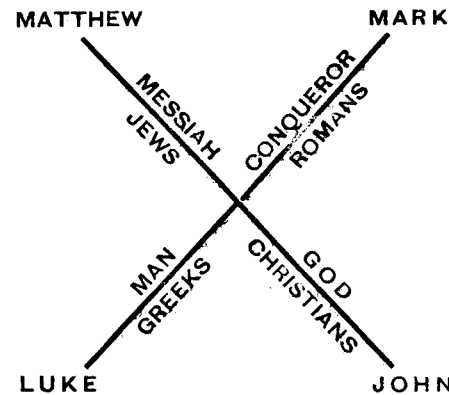
windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets. Finally at ten o'clock on Monday morning, a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort was what raised the mightiest noise ever heard on this globe. Batavia is ninety-four miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Sunday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make a search; they presently returned, as no ship could be found in want of succour. The reports were sounds which had come all the way from Krakatoa. At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find out what was the matter. The sounds had travelled from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not serve to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise which ever was heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. This seems almost incredible, but it is certainly true. In the Victoria Plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by sounds like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterwards before they learned that their tranquility was disturbed by the grand events then proceeding at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away.—*Sir Robert S. Ball, in the Youth's Companion.*

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BIBLE OUTLINES.

THE following outlines will furnish lessons in Bible instruction for several weeks. They can be drawn on the blackboard or on paper with stick charcoal, each section to be drawn in the presence of the League, progressing from week to week until the outline is complete, a review to follow occasionally.

1. Jesus Christ:



The diagram will illustrate for whom each of the evangelists wrote, and how they presented Christ.

2. Names.—Christ, Matt. 16. 16. Jesus, Matt. 1. 21; Lord, Rev. 11. 15; Messiah, John 1. 41.

3. Character.—God, John 1. 1; Man, John 1. 14; Both, Col. 2. 9.

4. Life.—Writers, John 20. 31; Places, Mal. 3. 12; Facts, John 9. 4.

5. Map Exercise.—On the blackboard, or, what is better, on paper, draw with stick charcoal an outline map of Palestine, not to be erased until the following lessons have been filled in, which may occupy a few minutes at each meeting, to be concluded with a review.

6. Locate the following places.—Nazareth, Cana, Capernaum, Nain, Samaria, Sychar, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, Jericho, Machærus, Bethsaida, Cæsarea-Philippi, etc. Other cities can be added, and the most important events be called out in connection with each place.

7. Locate the following Mountains.—Hermon, Olivet, Carmel, Lebanon, Ebal, Gerizim, Tabor, Gilboa, Nebo, Sinai. Add others, and call out their associations.

8. Locate the following Streams and Bodies of Water.—Mediterranean Sea, Jordan, Dead Sea, Sea of Galilee, Kedron. Treat as above.

Maps of all the Bible lands can be drawn in like manner. Wall maps, and map drawing, add great interest to Bible study. Where the League is divided into classes for instruction, this work can be done with little trouble.



INDUSTRY AND INDOLENCE.

CONTRASTED PICTURES.

THE pictures above are at once an example and a warning. The boy who is so eagerly at work in our first picture is pretty sure, as the proverb says, to become rich, while the slothful boy near the tree is equally certain to come to grief. Then, too, the messenger lads in the accompanying picture, who are wasting their time when they ought to be at work, will surely come to poverty; while the boys in the school, diligently bending over their books, are in a fair way to make their mark in the world. The little story which follows contains its own moral:

A merchant had arrived at his office as early as seven o'clock, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking, bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday evening to go to work and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me, say so and I'll skip. The only place where I can stop long in is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the youngster, "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you'd said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants it.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.C. 1760.] LESSON X. [March 11.

JACOB AT BETHEL.

Gen. 28. 10-22. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee.—Gen. 28. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Vision, v. 10-12.
2. The Voice, v. 13-15.
3. The Vow, v. 16-22.

TIME.—About B.C. 1760.

PLACE.—Bethel, anciently called Luz.

CONNECTING LINKS.

1. Isaac and Abimelech (Gen. 26. 1-11). 2. Isaac's prosperity (Gen. 26. 12. 33). 3. Jacob obtains the birthright blessing (Gen. 27. 1-40). 4. The anger and threats of Esau (Gen. 27. 41-45). 5. The departure of Jacob (Gen. 27. 46; 28. 5).

EXPLANATIONS.

"Went out from Beersheba"—He left his home in fear of his brother, whom he had cruelly wronged. "Lighted upon a certain place"—Came, apparently accidentally, to a place which was made famous by his visit. "A ladder"—Probably a flight of stairs. "How dreadful is this place"—How full of awe. "Gate of heaven"—Better, "Gate to the heavens." There was no such thought in Jacob's mind as in ours when we speak of heaven. "Set it up for a pillar"—Almost all people in earlier barbarism mark their places of worship by the erection of pillars. "That city"—This does not mean necessarily that a city, in the modern sense, existed at Bethel at this time. "Poured oil"—A token of consecration. "The tenth"—To be offered in sacrifice.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. That God has revealed himself to man?
2. That heaven is nearer to us than we think?
3. That we ought to both serve and worship God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Jacob? "The grandson of Abraham." 2. What did he see in his dream at Bethel? "A ladder from the earth to heaven." 3. Who were ascending and descending upon the ladder? "The angels of God." 4. What was God's promise from the top of the ladder? Golden Text: "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee." 5. What did Jacob say? "Surely the Lord is in this place." 6. What vow of Jacob should we make? "The Lord shall be my God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's communion with man.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How is Christ a prophet?

In revealing to us, by His Word and Spirit, all truth concerning Divine things and our salvation.

THE NEW DRESS.

ALICE found an old woman one day resting under the cooling shade of a tree outside the garden gate.

"Do you want something?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear child," she answered, "I want a new dress."

"A pretty calico?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon fade," answered the poor old woman.

"A black woollen?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon wear out," answered she.

"I want a dress to last me a thousand years or more," said the old woman.

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice drawing back; for she half thought the poor woman was crazy, "do you expect to live so long? A thousand years is a great, great while, and you are pretty old now."

"I shall live longer than that," said she.

"I will ask my mother," said the girl much puzzled, "if she knows what dress will suit you, and perhaps she will buy it for you."

"Your mother is not rich enough to buy it, my dear child," said the old woman.

"My father's rich," said she.

"Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want," answered the old woman.

"Do you want to dress like a queen?" asked Alice.

"No; but I want to dress like a King's daughter."

"The old woman is crazy," thought Alice to herself. "She talks so queer! I

don't know where you will get such a dress," said she aloud—"something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion."

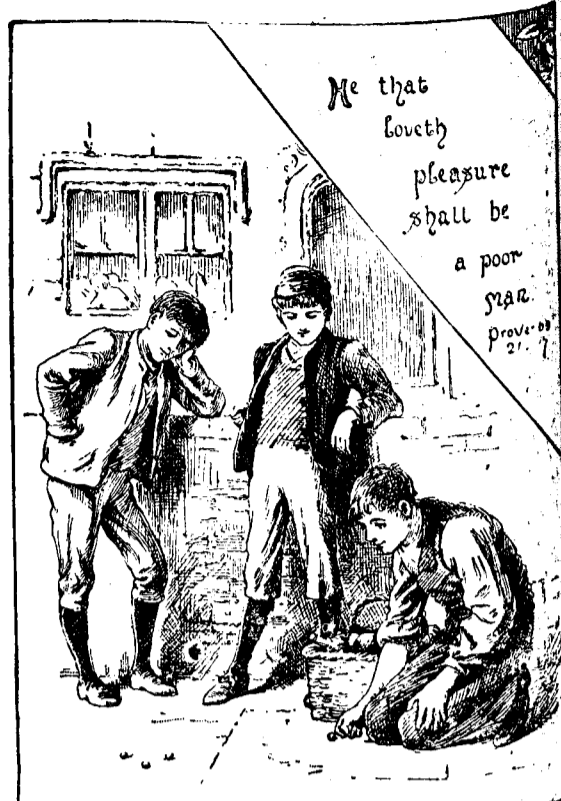
"And never get soiled or spoiled," added the old woman; "wear it when or where you may, it will always keep white and shining." "Oh!" was all Alice could say.

"And you," added the old woman, "could have one too; and you would not out grow it; the dress would let itself out to suit you always."

The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, the robe of righteousness, which Jesus Christ has wrought out for you and me, dear child," said the old woman, tenderly. "Christ came to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us his pure white robe, and make us fit to be the children of God, the Great King, and live in his palace forever. Should you not like this, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child, "I do want to be one of God's children. Will he give me a heavenly dress, do you think?"



PLAY VERSUS STUDY.

of Christian and filial love. Just as the sun rose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take; And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in infancy, and he whispered it in dying when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battle-field. God bless the saintly words, loved and repeated alike by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young! Happy the soul that can repeat them with the holy fervour of the dying soldier!

Give the Very Best to Jesus.

Give the very best to Jesus.
Bring him youth's bright, laughing hours,
Bring its song, and bloom, and fragrance,
While his loving kindness shows'r's;
Bring him deep and strong devotion,
When life gains its rounded prime;
Bring the garnered wealth of harvest,
In the quiet autumn time.

CHORUS.

Give the very best to Jesus,
Give the very best to Jesus;
Only the best, the very best,
Give the very best to Jesus.

Give the very best to Jesus,
All the freshness of the morn,
All the day's unwearied service,
By his mighty grace upborne.
Love that hallows ev'ry duty,
Faith that in the darkness sings,
Praises from the heart outflowing,
Gold to crown him King of kings.

Give the very best to Jesus,
Precious gift! himself he gave!
Is there aught too good to yield him,
Since he died our souls to save?
Let us lay our dearest treasures,
Humbly, gladly at his feet,
For our best will seem but little,
When we see his face so sweet.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

BY DR. BONAR.

It was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror Death that night was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferers bent over him, he at first thought him dead, but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

Opening his eyes and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed:

"My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I could remember! Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake; but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and to his mother he dictated a letter full

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