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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1899.

No. 22.

Homeless.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet;
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak, cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and the sleet?

"My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
All the beasts in our Christian England,
Find pity wherever they
go—

Those are only the homeless
children,
Who are wandering to and
fro."

Look out in the gusty dark-
ness,—

I have seen it again and
again,
That shadow, that fits so
slowly

Up and down past the
window pane,
It is surely some criminal
lurking
Out there in the frozen
rain!

"Nay, our criminals all are
sheltered,
They are pitied, and taught,
and fed;

That is only a sister woman
Who has neither food nor
bed,

And the night cries, 'sin to
be living,'
And the river cries, 'sin
to be dead.'"

"Look out at that farthest
corner,

Where the wall stands
blank and bare;
Can that be a pack which a
peddler

Has left and forgotten
there?
His goods lying out un-
sheltered

Will be spoilt by the damp
night-air.

"Nay—goods in our thrifty
England

Are not left to lie and
grow rotten,
For each man knows the
market value

Of silk, or woollen, or cot-
ton—
But in counting the riches of
England

I think our poor are for-
gotten."

Our beasts, and our thieves,
and our chattels

Have weight for good or
for ill;
But the poor are only his
image,

His presence, his word, his
will;
And so Lazarus lies at our
doorstep,

And Jesus neglects him
still.

some sort of peculiarity in their head-
gear. The one in our picture is by no
means so ornamental as some of them.
The women of Holland often have gold
bands on their heads with gold spiral
ornaments on them, and frequently all
their wealth is spent on these ornaments.
The engraving shows beautifully the
transparent quality of the veil which
partly covers the face. The bright
coloured kerchief worn around the neck
is one of the most picturesque features
of this garb.

small quantities, have a peculiar effect
upon man. He begins to laugh loudly,
boisterously, then he sings, dances and
cuts all manner of fantastic capers.
Such extravagance of gait and manners
was never produced by any other kind of
dosing.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

CAN YOU TELL THE REASON?

Jack is not a tall boy, but one day as
he was walking along, he happened to

A GOOD PLAN.

Two boys were going down the street
of a little village one hot, dusty day.
"I'm very dry," said one of them, as he
wiped the sweat from his face, "and I
am tired too. Ain't you, Robert?"

"Yes, I am," answered Robert.
"Let us stop somewhere and rest and
get a drink"

"I am favourable to that plan," said
the other lad.

"Here's a cool looking place; let's go
in." The place he referred
to was a saloon. On the
windows were painted in gilt
letters "Liquors and cigars
Come in."

"No," said Robert, shak-
ing his head "I won't go in
there. Let's go on farther."

"But why not stop here?"
asked the other lad. "The
place looks pleasant more
so than any other place I
can see."

Yes, it looks pleasant
enough, said Robert "but
it's a saloon. They sell
liquor there."

"What of that?" asked the
other. "We're not obliged
to drink any of it if we go
in, are we?"

"Well, no," answered
Robert, but I don't like
getting into the habit of
lounging about such places.
There seems to be something
about them that fascinates a
fellow. I've watched the
men who go in there, I've
heard them talk about it.

They say they know they
ought not to hang about the
saloons, but if they stop to-
day, to-morrow they want
to go again, and something
seems to draw them there in
spite of their judgment.

They don't visit a saloon
very often before they get to
smoking and drinking and
playing cards, and the first
they know they are neglect-
ing their business for the
pleasure they find in this
kind of life. It's down,

down, all the way, and from
what I've seen of this drink
business it seems to me it's
just as it is with us when we
take a run down hill. We get
to going faster and faster,

and we can't stop till we
reach the bottom; it seems
as if we were obliged to keep
on going when we get fairly
under motion. It's just so
with most men who get into
the habit of drinking; when
they get started they can't
stop till they get to the bot-
tom. I don't want to get
started; I don't want to put
myself in the way of being
tempted to start; so I think
best to keep out of the
saloon. As long as I keep
away I'm safe."

"You're right," said the
other. "I didn't think of
that. I don't want to be a
drunkard any more than you
do, and I'll shake hands in
keeping out of the starting
place of drunkards if you
will." And they shook

hands on this good resolution, and I hope
they will always adhere to it.

When Rudyard Kipling was a lad, he
went on a sea voyage with his father,
Lockwood Kipling, the artist. Soon
after the vessel got under way, Lock-
wood Kipling went below, leaving the
boy on deck. Presently there was a
great commotion overhead, and one of
the ship's officers rushed down and
banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr.
Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled
out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go,
he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling,
glad to know that nothing serious was
the matter, "but he won't let go."



A GIRL OF HOLLAND.

A GIRL OF HOLLAND.

The peasant women of
Europe are noted for their picturesque
costumes, especially in the more remote
parts. In the Black Forest we have seen
some most beautiful costumes of bright
colours, and at a peasant fair in Bul-
garia we saw great crowds of men and
women arrayed in the most gorgeous
dresses. The women in blue gowns em-
brodered with gold lace, and the men's
coats elaborately decorated. The peas-
ant girl of Holland in our picture has
one of those curious caps which are so
characteristic of those peasant women
almost everywhere through Europe.
You may almost tell from what province
or part of the country they come from by

FAMOUS LAUGHING PLANT OF ARABIA.

The seeds of the laughing plant of
Arabia produce the same effect upon per-
sons as laughing gas. The plant at-
tains a height of from two to four feet,
with woody stems, wide-spreading
branches, and bright green foliage. Its
fruits are produced in clusters and are
of a yellow colour. The seed-pods are
soft and woolly in texture, and contain
two or three black seeds of the size of a
Brazilian bean. Their flavour is a little
like opium, and their taste is sweet, the
odour from them produces a sickening
sensation and is slightly offensive. The
seeds, when pulverized and taken in

look down, and he saw a long, long
shadow on the ground. He was greatly
puzzled, for he knew no reason why his
shadow should appear taller than he him-
self was. Going into the house, he said:
"Mamma, am I a man?" My shadow
is very tall."

"No," said his mother, "you are Jack,
just the same as ever"

"And why does my shadow sometimes
hide behind me?" asked Jack.
"Watch your shadow for a week," said
his mother.

Jack watched, and now he knows when
his shadow is long and when it is short,
and why it sometimes goes behind him.
Can you tell the reason for it?

hands on this good resolution, and I hope
they will always adhere to it.

Dandelion Gold.

Oh, who lacks gold these bright spring days.
Gold which enriches, gold which delights,
Gold for which a man gladly pays
His best lifework, while his highest rights
Are left unclaimed, and his finer sense
Is dulled and lifeless from negligence.

I can point to a mint and mine
Where, watching the work by stolen view,
I see that heaven and earth combine
In sifting, smelting, and weighing true,
Pure golden nuggets of bright sunshine
Into precious coins of rich design.

The winter days, which quickly pass,
Are filled with harvesting sunbeams warm,
Stored in vaults 'neath the withered grass,
With rare snow-crystals in s'arlike form,
Till April's showers thaw out the mould
That May and June shall dispense the gold.

I do not mock you! That is wealth
(Tested or not by metallic ring)
Which cheers your heart and gives you health;
Come out and gather while bluebirds sing!
Each coin reflects the sun above,
And each is stamped with "God is love."

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER I.

HE ARRIVES.

"Here at the portal thou dost wait,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land."

Nine o'clock on a June morning. Breakfast had been over for three hours. In the barn-yard was the flutter of pigeons' wings, their incessant cooing; the sharp voices of guinea fowls, the low complainings of young turkeys, the cluck and cackle of hens, the triumphant crowing of cocks. Down from the hillside pasture drifted, mellowed by distance, the calls of sheep and cattle and horses; in the door-yard the bees boomed and hummed over the old-fashioned flowers that ran in straight gay ribbons from steps to gate.

The kitchen, which was sitting-room as well, was "redd up." The stove shone, the floor was spotless, the braided mats well shaken, the chairs had patchwork cushions, there were white curtains, and there was a posy in a brown mug on a window-sill.

D'rexy stood by the baking-table making pies. D'rexy's smoothly-banded hair was showing streaks of grey, and her face had lost whatever colour it had claimed in youth. Not that D'rexy cared, or even noted it; there were also some wrinkles about her eyes and mouth; she was of middle height and not very comely one would call D'rexy, in a clean calico frock, her fresh collar and immaculate apron; D'rexy respected herself and her belongings. Something in her smooth forehead and gentle eyes suggested that D'rexy preferred not to quarrel with fate or affairs, and usually gave other people their way; but there also were firmly put-in lines about the brow, chin, and lips which betokened that D'rexy, like the continent of Europe, might have her Gibraltar and her Waterloo. Moreover, there was a hint of pathos and disappointment in her face, as if there had been something lost out of her life, or never found therein. D'rexy proceeded with her pie-making with the precision of a machine, it was mechanical—she had made numberless pies.

A door stood wide open into another room, and by a window sat a woman older and smaller than the pie-maker, a white-haired woman, in a black alpaca gown; she was knitting a blue sash, and beside her on a stand lay a large open Bible; her knitting was as mechanical as the pie-making—Aunt Espey totted and knit numberless stockings. As she knit she bent row and again to the printed page, and her lips moved; there was nothing mechanical in her Bible study, it was her daily "feast of fat things, of wine on the lees well refined," she was learning her morning lesson. Aunt Espey was one of those who, if

all Bibles were lost, could reconstruct a large portion from memory.

A step on the door-stone. D'rexy looked about, a stout young man in a new ready-made suit stood there, with a big old-time carpet bag in his hand. D'rexy turned back to her work, evidently it was the usual lightning-rod man, or the patent-gate man, or the new kind-of-corn or clover man, or the pump architect. If he and his kind, with their wheedling tongues, had given the Slnnet Farm a wide berth, Urias Slnnet would have had more money in the bank.

"Are you Mrs. D'rexy Slnnet?" asked the stranger.

"Yes." Evidently this was not the man she had thought, but another just as evil the "enlarge-your-picture" man, or the patent churn, the new carpet-sweeper, the "all-modern-improvements-sowing-machine," or the new cooking utensils, rolling-pin, or scissors man, and D'rexy resolved not to look at him.

Sister of Mrs. Selina Leslie?" said the man.

"Yes." Now D'rexy was all interest, and made two steps forward. "Yes! Selina! Has she come to—"

"She's dead—two weeks ago!" It came remorselessly, and D'rexy stood still, her eyes growing big and deep. She made no sound, shed no tears, she had been living a life of repression for—well, always! Time enough for the tears when she could get away into Aunt Espey's room and cry her heart out, and Aunt Espey's soft, even voice could deal out the Promises and the Consolation verses. No tears, but the pathos in her face was tragedy now, and the young man recognized it. "I hate to bring you bad news, I truly do. But she made a good end, and she's better off, you know. She died at my aunt's house in Lessing, and as I was there—I make two trips West a year, drummer for Notion House in New York—why, I said I'd come out of my way, as we all ought to do some good in this world, to bring you the kid. She left you her little chap," and so saying the drummer looked about for his charge.

The charge had tarried to tear up a coreopsis by the roots, and now appeared in a flutter of spotted calico behind the drummer's legs. The man seized him, holding him at arm's length to keep the fat grimy fingers from his own new plaid trousers, and setting him on the threshold, performed the proper introduction: "Heman Leslie his name is; he's a good little kid; looks rather mussy just now—such a long trip, you see, and he ain't used to it. He looked nicer when he started. Here's his grip-sack, and here's a letter your sister left you."

Without a word D'rexy gathered the child up in her arms, and grasped the letter. Then hospitality, as mechanical as her pie-making, asserted itself in the usual formula, "Won't you set by and have something to eat? Will you stop to dinner with us?"

"Couldn't possibly. Thank you all the same. I've lost time now coming, but you see I had to come. I've got a rig at the gate. Good morning, ma'am. Sorry to bring bad news; but the kid's nice, you'll like him."

He was gone. D'rexy dropped into Urias Slnnet's big rocking-chair and hugged her new possession close, "mussy" garments, coreopsis-root, flowers, and all. The child submitted quietly for a little. Then he began to struggle. He was uncomfortable; his plentiful yellow hair was rough and matted; it seemed to have been shampooed with a stick of moist candy, he was not accustomed to having his shoes held crookedly by one button, and his stocking-tops dangling loose at his ankles. He had been treated to oranges, ginger-cake, taffy and apples; the skin on his round pink dimpled face felt as if varnished with the memorials of this feasting; he had also devoured doughnuts, pop-corn, pie, and ham, and his digestive apparatus, unaccustomed to such supplies, was in rebellion, add to this, it is uncomfortable to have a soft skin, and the bosom of one's little garments made a receptacle for peanut shells, tooth-picks, bits of paper and a chestnut or so. Naturally the new boy's discomfort expressed itself in wiggling himself to the floor, and giving grunts of dissatisfaction.

"What you need," said D'rexy, "is a good bath and some clean clothes, and you'll get both as soon as I put those pies into the oven."

Aunt Espey had laid her knitting upon her Bible and was looking on. She did not offer to take charge of either the pies or the baby. She knew that in this accumulation of activities lay D'rexy's help.

Presently the oven door closed upon the pies, and the baking-table was cleared. D'rexy brought a small tub and put therein warm water. Undressed the newly arrived, set him in the water,

and gave him a rag and a piece of soap to occupy himself with. Then taking a low chair near him, she unpacked the carpet-bag and laid its contents in neat piles on the floor about her. As she did so, the tears began to roll over her face. This soft, chubby darling was Selina's boy, these little garments had evidently all been made by Selina's busy hands, how often had she made little dresses and aprons for Selina, and had washed Selina's graceful child-form, and rocked her to sleep in her arms. She and Selina, first and last members of a large family, with all between them dead and gone! Her mother had given little Selina to her, when that mother, dear good mother! was dying, and now Selina had gone over the river to find her mother, and also had given her a little child. The tears came faster; she could not see to wash the baby who was splashing away at a great rate in the big tub.

Aunt Espey stood behind her chair and gently stroked her arm. It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am. He gives with one hand, D'rexy, while he takes with the other. He took Selina, and he sends you the little boy for your comfort."

D'rexy wiped her face on the warm garments she had just stripped from the child, and kneeling by the tub scoured her new treasure vigorously. When she had him on her lap dry and partly dressed, she began to comb his wet hair, and, lo, it fell from the comb in great silken shining rings! "Oh, Aunt Espey!" she cried, "it curls! his hair curls!" It was as the voice of a child delighted with a new doll. But D'rexy Slnnet's had been a work-a-day life, dolls and all other superfluities having been left out thereof.

When the refreshed and re-dressed child had fallen asleep in her arms, she carried him in for a nap on Aunt Espey's bed. The fresh pretty little one looked like an arbutus blooming among last year's dry leaves, as he lay on Aunt Espey's big old-time bed; it had a feather-tick, patchwork quilts, a tester, and a valance, and Aunt Espey ascended to it by two steps made of cherrywood and covered with drugget. All the furniture of the room was of ancient fashion. The women and their belongings were ancient, grave, work-a-day; nothing was there fresh and young but the stranger baby, and a bunch of blue larkspur which Aunt Espey had gathered that morning.

The child slept; there fell a silence and a pause in D'rexy's well-ordered home; then came the hour of retrospection; she took out the letter—a letter from Mrs. Dobson, where Selina had boarded and died. It told how Mrs. Leslie had passed away, calmly, after a short illness from pneumonia, and enclosed a note written by Selina's faltering, dying hand. D'rexy read these lines aloud, with broken pauses and deep catchings of her breath. "Nothing to leave you, dear, good sister, but my love and my little child. You were so tender and faithful to me, I could not leave him in better hands. You were more a mother than a sister to me. Urias is a good man, he was always kind to me, and I know he will be kind to my orphan son."

Such words D'rexy read to Aunt Espey, and they talked over the old times when Selina was a bright young girl, ambitious to teach, and finding an opening in a school where she might be a pupil-teacher, had gone West ten years before. After a time she married, then came widowhood, and again she had taught to maintain herself and child. She had not come back since that summer day when, full of hope, yet grieving somewhat to part, she had left D'rexy's home.

"God has seen that she was tried enough," said Aunt Espey, "and now, D'rexy, you know that she is safe and happy, and possessing all things in the Father's house. You could not see her while she lived, but you felt careful for her. Now you cannot see her, but you have no more cares."

At noon-day Urias Slnnet came home. He washed his face at the pump, hung up the tin basin and big crash towel on the porch, and came into the kitchen. His face was scorched bright red by the sun, and shone from the water, looking like a red glazed mask. His wet hair stood up in stiff points as if he wore a fantastic headdress of tennpenny nails. He dropped into his big chair with a grunt of content. Then he saw the child building a cob house on the floor. D'rexy was vigorously beating mashed potatoes.

"Who's that?" asked Urias, pointing. "That's my sister Selina's little boy."

"Sakes, D'rexy! Has Selina come to visit us at last?"

Selina has been dead two weeks. She sent me the child to bring up, as I did her, Urias."

Urias contemplated the fact of Selina's death in silence for a few minutes. He had rather liked Selina, but had not been pleased at her "getting out for herself," as he called it, when she might have been useful to him; then, too, he "had never held with folks craving after a lot of book learning." Children Urias was unaccustomed to, and felt them distinctly useless. Presently he said,

"Why didn't some one else take the child?"

"There was no one else, Urias," said D'rexy.

He ought to have gone to his father's kin."

"Jonas Leslie had no kin. Jonas was a lone orphan himself."

"Well, why didn't folks out where they lived keep the child?"

"Is it likely strangers would do what kinfolks begrudge?" said D'rexy, smoothing up her dish of mashed potatoes and putting two bits of butter on top.

Urias was aggravating himself and growing bolder, as folks do.

"Then they ought to have sent him to their county-house, plenty of children go there, and I never agreed to take him."

(To be continued.)

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to live in, and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness, and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill-trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of birds, and tree, and rill, and human voice; but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's finger-prints in the flower, and field, and snowflake, but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs, and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember, and reason, and decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others; but not to be turned into a chip-basket or rubbish-heap for chaff, and rubbish, and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as fair as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good, and to develop faculties of power, and virtues, which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ Morning Guide.

What the Sparrows Say.

What have we sparrows done that we are fed
By those we deemed our friends with
poisoned bread?

You sent for us that we should be your
guests,
We came to you from far across the sea,
We made our home with you, and built
our nests

On column, cornice, portico and tree,
And dwelt in the new country trustingly,
Having no thought or danger or of dread.

What have we sparrows done that we
are fed
By those we deemed our friends on
poisoned bread?

We had no fear to flock in any street,
Within your doorways we were brave to
come,

We confidently hopped before your feet
To take the offered grain or seed or
crumb.

What if we are a little troublesome?
Is it for such slight cause you wish us
dead?

What have we sparrows done that we
are fed
By those we deemed our friends with
poisoned bread?

Hear ye. For every bird ye bring to evil,
For every sparrow slain within your
street,
Shall come to judge you Hessian fly and
weevil,

The caterpillar weave a winding sheet,
And measuring worms your punishment
shall mete,
Until ye have plainly said,

Fountain of Calvary.

By JAMES H. MONTGOMERY.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners ruined by the fall, Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to me, to all. In a full, perpetual tide, Opens when our Saviour died.

Come in poverty and meanness, Come doffed, without, within, From infection and uncleanness, From the trophy of sin, Wash your robes, and make them white.

Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come, in sorrow and contrition, Wounded, impotent, and blind; Here the guilty, free remission, Here the troubled, peace may find, Health this fountain will restore, Ho that drinks shall thirst no more.

He that drinks shall live forever, The soul renewing food; God is faithful, God will never Break his covenant in blood, Signed when our Redeemer died, Sealed when he was glorified.

CHRIST RISEN.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping, and she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and say unto my Father, and say unto your God. My Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her. John 20, 11-18.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

CHRIST RISEN.

John 20 11-20. Memory verses, 11-14. GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 Cor. 15, 20.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Mary Looking for Jesus, v. 11-13.
2. Mary Talking to Jesus, v. 14-17.
3. Mary Telling of Jesus, v. 18.
4. Mary's Testimony Proved, v. 19, 20.
Time.—Sunday morning, April 9, AD 30.
Place.—Near to Golgotha.

LESSON HELPS.

11. "But Mary"—Mary Magdalene. Stood without—She had told the disciples, and then returned "weeping"—Out of thefulness of her sorrow at the empty sepulchre. The sorrow was soon turned to joy.
12. "In white"—That is, in white raiment. "The one at the head, and the other at the feet"—To show that they had been guarding the body, and it had not therefore with violent hands been removed. God had given his angels charge concerning him.

2. "Why weepest thou"—A question proper to be asked. Her tears spring from her partial knowledge; yet returned with complete knowledge. How true is this in human experience! "They"—The Roman soldiers. Have taken away"—For grief is great. The great simplicity of the narrative reflects the grandeur of the scene.

14. "Knew not that it was Jesus"—We know not what the appearance was. Christ was like and yet unlike his former self. Mary did not see clearly through her blinding tears. There was doubtless about Christ something of a strange majesty. He could be recognized, but not by a hasty glance.

15. "The gardener"—because he was there at so early an hour. "Tell me where thou hast laid him"—Spoken with eagerness and untold anxiety. "I will take him away"—To a place of safety which robber hands cannot find.

16. Mary—"No longer the term of general address, Woman, but a term of personal knowledge. Thus "He calleth his own sheep by name." John 10, 3. "Rabboni"—The Hebrew word for teacher. A mere human title, and shows that the belief of Mary was still imperfect.

17. "Touch me not, for" etc.—A passage of difficulty, and there are many interpretations. The word "touch" means here "grasping," or "clinging." Her act supposed a condition not yet

For whom did she mistake him? What did she answer? How did Jesus make himself known? What message did he give her?
3. Mary Telling of Jesus, v. 18.
What report did Mary bear to the disciples? How was her message received? Mark 16, 11.

15. Was their unbelief strange?
4. Mary's Testimony Proved, v. 19, 20.
What day was it?
What was our name for the first day of the week?
Was Sunday a sacred day for the Jews?
What part of the day was it?
Why did the disciples keep the doors shut?

Who came through the closed doors? What did Jesus say?
To what did he call the disciples' attention?
What effect had this demonstration upon the disciples?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. A lesson of faith?
2. A lesson of hope?
3. A lesson of love?

MOSQUITOES.

The following tip is for those who are worried by those very troublesome crea-

When the Regiment Came Back.

By ELLA WHELAN WILCOX.

All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifles new,
When the regiment went marching down the street;
All the men were hale and strong, as they proudly moved along,
Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet.
Oh, the music of their feet keeping time to drums that beat,
Oh, the glitter and the splendour of the sight;
As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue,
The regiment went marching to the fight.

When the regiment came back, all the guns and swords were black,
And the uniforms had faded into grey;
And the faces of the men who marched through that street again,
Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their life.
For the dead who lose their way cannot look more gaunt or grey—
Oh, the sorrow and the anguish of the sight,
Oh, the weary, lagging feet, out of step with drums that beat,
When the regiment came marching from the fight.

PEATTLE.

Little Mamie visited her uncle, who thanks were said at the table. The next day after her return she said at the dinner-table:
"Papa, why don't you go to sleep and talk before you eat, same as uncle does?"
A teacher was explaining to this little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the spring-time.
"Oh, yes," said the wise miss, "I understand, they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."

Readable Books.

The Miracle at Markham.

How Twelve Churches Became One. By Charles M. Sheldon. With numerous illustrations. Paper, 50c; cloth, 90c.
A new story by Sheldon will interest a world of readers. The success of his books is without a parallel. Fifteen London publishers are competing for the market. Already 4,000,000 copies are reported as sold. "The Miracle at Markham" is said to be Mr. Sheldon's best.

Yesterday Framed in To-day.

A Story of the Christ and How To-day Received Him. By "Fanny" (Mrs. G. K. Alden). Cloth illustrated, 70c.
This is one of the most remarkable books Fanny has yet written. Her book is unlike any other in its print. Into the pages of this book are woven the threads of an electric light; the author brings a central figure—Jesus the Christ. It is an appropriate sequel to her beautiful life of Christ, which appeared last season.

The Cross Triumphant.

By Florence M. Kingsley, author of "Titus," "Stephen" and "Paul." Paper, 50c; cloth, \$1.00.
The extraordinary popularity of "Titus," which enjoyed a sale of nearly a million copies within a year, made Mrs. Kingsley's name a household name in all America. The new story is well worthy of the excellent series to which it forms a complement.

A Double Thread.

By Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. Paper, 76c; cloth, \$1.25.
Miss Fowler's "Concerning Isabel Kincaid" was one of the most successful books of the past year. The London Speaker remarked of it: "The novel of the season" will probably be the verdict. It is a story of a witty and brilliant story. The book positively radiates humour.

I, Thou and the Other One.

By Amelia E. Barr, Author of "Jan Velder's Wife," "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc., etc. Illustrated. Paper, 50c; cloth, \$1.00.
Mrs. Barr well maintains the popularity won with her earliest stories. This new one is said to be the best she has written since "A Bow of Orange Ribbon" appeared.

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C.W. Coles, Montreal. S.F. Woods, Montreal.



CHRIST RISEN.

accomplished. She showed an adoring, even a worshipping spirit, which would be more fitting when all was accomplished, and Christ had ascended, and was no longer on the earth, but upon the throne. Go to my brethren"—He had not forgotten the lowly disciples. What value in these pronouns my and your, and the joining of them to the words Father and God!

19. "When the doors were shut"—The fact is mentioned and the reason given. But the fact stated shows the pre-natural appearance of Jesus. The barred door kept him not away from those he loved. The "fear of the Jews" followed from the effects of the crucifixion. "Peace be unto you"—The ordinary salutation, but far from ordinary when thus spoken by the risen Jesus. The "Peace" given by one who conquers death; that peace which comes to the believer as the fruit of atoning love; a peace pure as sunlight, abiding as the throne of God.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The sealed tomb.—Matt. 27 57-66. Tu. "Too good to be true"—Luke 24, 1-11. W. The empty tomb.—John 20, 1-10. Th. Christ risen.—John 20, 11-20. F. Doubt dispelled.—John 20, 24-31. S. Many witnesses.—Acts 2, 22-32. Su. Proofs of the resurrection.—1 Cor. 15 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Mary Looking for Jesus, v. 11-13. Where did Mary remain? In whose garden was the sepulchre? What did she see inside the sepulchre? What question was asked her? What was her answer?
2. Mary Talking to Jesus, v. 14-17. Whom did Mary see as she turned away? What question did Jesus ask?

tures, mosquitoes. "Throw a bit of alum, about the size of a marble, into a small bowl of water, and wet the hands and face and any exposed parts lightly with it. Not a mosquito will approach you. They hum about a little and disappear. I never had any occasion to use a mosquito curtain, and am glad to think that I can perhaps benefit others (travellers in particular) by this little bit of information."—The Bombay Guardian.

QUEBE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Somebody has been collecting queer advertisements from the papers, here are a few specimens:
"Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."
"Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters who can ride a bicycle."
Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.
"Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."
"For sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."
"Wanted—A room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."
"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."
"Wanted by a respectable girl, her passage to Europe, willing to take care of children and a good sailor."
"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new."
"Lost near Higbgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with bent rib and a bone handle."
"Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday evening answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle."