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Homeless.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOIL

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. T1083.-

i have seen it again and that shadow, that flits so

Blowly and down past the

q" window pane, 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? 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, each man knows the market value

Of silk, or woollen, or cotton-But in counting the riches of

England I think our poor are for-gotten."

Our heasts, 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 Lives neglects him sti I.

A GIBL 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 Buigaria we saw great crowds of men and women errayed in the most gorgeous dresses. The women in blue gowns embroidered with gold lace, and the men's coats elaborately decorated. The peasant girl of Holland in our picture has one of those curious caps which are so characteristic of those peasant women aimost everywhere through Europe You may almost tell from what province sensation and is slightly offensive. The and why it sometimes goes behind him, or part of the country they come from by seeds, when pulverized and taken in Can you tell the reason for it?

some sort of peculiarity in their head-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, bolsterously, then he sings, dances and cuts all manner of fantastic capers. Such extravagance of gait and manners are never produced by any other kind of 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. of a little village one of them, as he winds the awast from his face, "and I wiped the sweat from his face, 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
On the windows were painted in gilt letters 'Liquers and cigars Come in.

"No," said Robert, shaking his head "I won't go in there let's go on farther "But why not stop here"

asked the other lad place looks pleasant more so than any other place I can see."

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

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

in, are we?"
"Well, no," answered
Robert, but I don't like 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 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 neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down, ail 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 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 other. "I didn't unun that. I don't want to be a than you 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, Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the buy 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 average and if he leave the content of the leave and the leave the content of the leave and the leave t out on the yardarm, 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.

FAMOUS LAUGHING PLANT OF ARABIA.

The seeds of the laughing plant of Arabia produce the same effect upon persons as laughing gas. The plant attains a height of from two to four feet, with woody stems, wide-spreadbranches, and bright green foliage. stems, wide-spreading fruits are produced in clusters and are of a yellow colour. The seed-pods are seft and woolly in texture, and contain two or three black seeds of the size of a Brazilian bean. Their flavour is a little Brazilian bean. Their flavour is a little like opium, and their taste is sweet, the

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 himself was. Going into the house, he said:
"Mamma, am I a man?" My shadow

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 odour from them produces a sickening his shadow is long and when it is short,

The City-Roy. BY NIZON-WATERMAN.

God help the boy who never sees
The butterflies, the birds the bees,
Nor hears the music of the breeze
When zephyrs soft are blowing.
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie.
Where clover blooms are thick- and high.
And thear the gentle murmur nigh,
Of brookles softly flowing.

God help the boy who dees not know Where all the woodland berries grow. Who never sees the forces flow When leaves are red and yellow Whose childshe feet can never stray. For such a hapless boy I say When Nature does her charms displi-god, help the little fellow

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the chespest, the most entertaining nost popular, Christian Guardian, weekty 21 or Rettodust Hagsaine and Review, et pp., montary Illustrated Christian Guardian and Methodist Hagsaine and 2 76 Section 2 76 Sagazine and Raview, Guardian and Onward to

Stagatine and lierieur, Guardian and Onward toThe Wesleyan, Hallfat, weekly
Sunday-School Insurer, Go.p., so. , monthly
Onward, 2 pp., 410., weekly, under 5 optics.
Guardian Hora, 4 pp., 410. weekly, under 5 optics.
Less than 30 optics.
Less than 40 optics.
L

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. W COATES, S. F. HURBINS, 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Roo Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1899.

OUR NEW STORY.

No living writer better understands boy life than Mrs Julia MacNair Wright, We are sure that our-young-readers-will follow with avidity this story from week to week. It greatly improves as it goes It describes life in farm and village, the queer adventures of our young here with a travelling show, his tempta-tions, and how he overcame them, his staunch and sturdy temperanco prin-ciples, and how, not without mistakes and mishaps, he came at last to a noble Christian manhood.

"The People's Wesley." By W. Mc-Donald. With an introduction by Bishop W. F. Mallalleu, D.D. New York . Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs.

Every Methodist boy and girl ought to have a familiar acquaintance with the noble life and labours of the founder of Methodism. There is no excusation by noble life and labours of the founder of Methodism. There is no excuse for being ignorant of this fascinating story when it can be had in a well-printed pamphlet like this for the low price of litten cents. The sketch of Wesley's life is well told, and will be interesting not merely to young readers, but to these also of older growth.

TRAVELLING STONES IN NEVADA

Many of our readers, says a contem-orary, have doubtless heard of the Many or our season porary, have doubtless heard of the famous travelling stones of Australia. Similar curious sto. are found in Nevada. They are ascribed as almost perfectly bound. The majority of them are as large as a walnai, and of an irony nature. When distributed about on the nature. When distributed about on the floor, table, or other level eurface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begun travelling toward a common centre, and there huddling up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three feet and a half, upon bodng released, at once started off, with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity, to join its fellows, taken away four or five equilibrium of the first o

ren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the saze of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these atones colling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are compared, which appears to be leadstone or magnetic iron ore.

LITTLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY BELLE SPARR LUCKSTT

She was a queer-looking little thing in her long dress of bright-coloured stuff. She was a queriform me comminer long dress of bright-coloured stuff, und close up under the arms with a curil. Her black hair was parted very straight in front, and hang in a braid down behind. In the muddy secson she thumped about in wooden shotes, but in lice weather she wore slippers of straw. Sometimes this nitie grif was clean, but most of the time she was a very dirty mitte grif, indeed, bought was a very dirty mitte grif, indeed, bought her had been she was a very dirty mitter grif, indeed, bought had been she was a very dirty mitter grif, indeed, bought had been she was a very dirty mitter grif, indeed, bought had been she was a very dirty mitter grif, indeed to be she was a very dirty mitter grif, and she was a very dirty mitter grif was a proper for windows, and was a very mitter grif was a very she was a very where in which

lived in. It was only a hut, with a straw roof, and greased paper for windows, and it was a dark and gloomy place in which to have to stay when it was cold or stormy.

stormy.

This queer looking little girl had a queer name, also It was a Corean name, and meant "Disappointment."

They called her by that name because They called her by that name because they were all-90 sorry sile was a girl instead of a boy And as she was the oldest of five children, and they were all girls, her father said she was the beginning of disappointments. Her father's name was Mr Ee. It was presented a bard name to a spell or to pro-

ning of disappointments
Her father's name was Mr Ee. It was
not a hard name to spell or to pronounce, but Mr Ee himselt was a hardcruel man He-was a gambler, and was
quarrelsome in his home, making his
wife and children very unhappy

Mr. Ee always seemed to blame Disappointment for being a girl, and would scream out at her that she had no right scram out at her that she had no right to take the place of a son. Little Dispointment would get very much frightened to see her father in these fits of anger, for sometimes he struck her and dragged-her about by her hair. At such times, her mother would a see that her and the see that he see that her and the see that he see tha

dragged her about by her hair. At such times her mother would try to comfort the little girl by telling her how every corean father wanted a son to bear his name, and to do him honour when he was dead.

There was not much to make little Disappointment's life bright. She never owned a toy, not even a rag doll nor so much, as a picture card. Most of the time she had to be looking after the younger children and carrying the baby on her back. In fact, she had carried babies so long on her back that she was usually stooped over, like a little old woman.

woman

woman
Almost every year the cholera came to
the dirty little-town where the Ees lived.
The people were always very much
frightened when they heard that the
dradded disease was coming. Instead of
cleaning their houses and streets to keep
the sickness away, the men would go
out along the roads and set up great
wooden posses with house up to the
wooden posses with house the great and
frightful-looking as possible, so that they
would frichten away the evil sogiris that

frightful-looking as possible, so that they would frighten away the evil spirits that brought the cholera.

Mr. Ee put an ugly picture on his house, near the door, to frighten the spirits away. This picture looked like the ugliest comic valentine you ever saw. But the cholera came, notwithstanding all they did to seer if away if came right to the Ees house, and Mr. Ee was the first man in the town to fall sick of the state of the latest of the la

Instead of trying to help him, every-

the dreadful disease.

Inated of trying to help him, everybody ran away, and left him to dieeverybody, that is, but his wife and little
Disappointment. Even though he had
aways been cruel and selfish to them,
these two did everything they could to
relieve his sufferings. But at last they
saw that he must die.

Li. le Disappointment was sorely distrossed because her father mouned all
through the terrible sickness, "Oh, if I
only had a son, he would give his blood
to make me live!"

Disappointment knew that the people
in her country believed that if a son
gave some of his blood to his father,
would certainly get well.

Nover in all her life had she wished so
much that she were a boy, instead of a
worthless girl. She knew boys in the
town who showed, with pride, where
the side of the country helieved the trends, in order to give their blood to
their fathers, in times of severe liness.

What would she not give to be such a
son!

A thought came into her head. She would try it, anyway. So, going into the fact of the fact of the kitchen, she took a kulfe and bravely is comparatively level, and is nething out off one of her small fingers, and runbut bare rock. Scattered over this bar-

"Give him the blood, it may make him well, even if I am a girl." But Mr. Ee did not get well. He died in a few hours.

well, oven if I am a girl."

But Mr. Bo did not get well. He died in a few hours.

The neighbours all said, "What a pity for a man not to have a son. If he could have had the blood of a son, he might have lived."

Little Dirappointment believed what they said was true, and gries dithat she was to blame for her athers death, we have been been been to be a son blame for her athers death, we have been been been been to be a son blame for her athers death, where she lived, had ever heard of the true God who loves people more than he seeks to harm them, and whom every one could love and trust.

A "Jesus-woman," as they called the missionary, came to live among them, one day, and told them a wonderful, sweet story that made their hearts glad. But soon they came to bleve it, and But soon they came to believe it, and

ll said.
But soon they came to believe it, and
made their lives happy. When Dis-But soon they came to believe it, and it made their lives happy. When Disappointment told the same sweet story to her daughters, she said. "It was the best news I ever heard in all my life, that there is a God-who loves the girls just as much as he does the boys."

THE WRONG PLACE.

An old lady from a New England village had been taken by her niceo, whom she was visiting in the city, to-consult a young coulist. After a long life of steady use in the behalf of relatives, friends, neighbours, and poor people, her consults and poor people, but the consults of the property of the city of

friends, neighbours, and poor people, hor eyes had, as she expressed it, "gin out jest a mite," so that she had decided to get a pair of spectacles.

"My dear madam," said the young cuilst, after a careful examination, "there is no danger to be apprehended it you take proper precautions, although it you take proper precautions, atmospin your eyes at present are not in as good condition as I could wish. The glasses will be of great assistance, of course. Besides that, however, I should advise entire relaxation of the nerves for some

time to come.
"You should be free from annoyance and excitement, and even from care, for the next six months. And above all, my dear madam," he added impressively, "you should avoid all trouble and worry Do not associate with sickness and dis-tress. The effect of such things is to increase the difficulty which you at pres-

increase the difficulty which you at present experience."
"Why, child," said-the old lady, looking at the doctor with an expression of gentle reproof in the eyes of which he spoke so glibbly, "I-guess-you mistook my meanin" is came-to get fitted to a pair of spec I wasn't calculatin' to wear 'em to heaven, but right here in this world o' sin and trouble. I'm afraid maybe you'll have to fit me all over again!"

A-Song of Service.

BY REV JOSEPH PASCOE.

Come ye children, bright and happy, Come, and sing the Saviour's praise Come, with tuneful hearts and voices, Come, and sing your joyful lays.

Sing of Christ ! the world's Redeemer, Sing of him, your heavenly King, Sing of him, who came to save you Sing of him, dear children, sing.

In the spirit sing his praises,
In the voice of hallowed grace,
in this house, where praise belongeth,
In this house, God's dwelling-place.

Here, with songs, both high and holy Here, in anthems, sing his praise, Here, exalt the Lord, your Saviour, Here, pour forth your sweetest lays.

Now, with angel-hosts outvying, Now, with the celestial choir low, your saviour's love admiring, Now, with joy strike each your lyre.

Lift-voor hearts and voices higher Lift them up to him, your Saviour, Lift them up to him, your Saviour, Lift them up, while thus you sing.

Glory give to God, the Father, Glory give to God, the Son, Glory give to God, the Spirit, Glory give to the Three in One.

Fall-in holy adoration. Fall in love before his throne, Fall in silent contemplation, Fall, and worship God-alone.

He will now accept our service, He will give us happiness, He will now receive our praises, He will now our spirits bless

Yes, he will pour out his bi, sing, Yes, he will our praise receive, Yes, through Jesus' intercession, Yes, while we in him believe, Petitodiac, N.B.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY

In one of the most populous cities of New England, some years ago, a party of lads, all members of the same school,

Now England, some years ago, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a very large and spindid one, drawn by six gray horses.

On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the school-room, he found his pupils in high merriment as they chatted about the fun and frollo of their occursion. In answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the boys volunteered to give an account of their trip and its various incidents. As he drow near the end of his story, he oxclaimed: "Oh, sir, there was one fittle circumstance which I had almost forgotten. As we were comise bome, forgotten. As we were comise bome, forgotten. As we were comise bome, creatly old sign fastened behind a covered was the complex of the control of the cont

rate, and taking up the whole road.

"Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snowballs and a good Hurrah! They produced the right effect, for the crary machine turned into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

"As we nessed come and must be ad-

started on a full trot.

"As we passed, some one gave the old solt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before ?!!! warrant. And so, with another volley of snowballs pitched into the front of the wagson, and three times three cheers, we rushed by, "With that a

the wagson, and three times three cheers, we rushed by.

"With that, an old fellow in the wagson, who was buried under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out: "Why do you frighten my horse?" Why don't you turn out, then? said the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a leaded team, and, I believe, almost captized the old creature; and so we left him." "Well, boys," replied the instructor. Take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a steigh-ride, too. Yesterday afternoon a very venerable old clergyman we has the residue of our best of the house of his son! That he might be prepared for fourneying in the spring, he took with tellight, which on the steined behind the "His seight and herring were somewhat."

"His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reveried to the scenes of his youth, of his manhood, and of his riper years. Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed; and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious petiting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wag-son. His sight and hearing were somewhat

snow and ice upon the top of his waggon.

"In his trepidation he dropped his
reins; and, as his aged and freehle hands
were quite benumbed with the cold, he
could not sather them up, and his horse
began to run away. In the midst of tho
old man's trouble there reished by the
with loud shoutle a less that the property of
the state of the cold of the cold of the
daddy "Go it, frozen-nose! "What's
the prize of cate?" were the various cries
that met his ears.

"Pray, do not frighten my horse
cyclaimed the infirm drive. "Turn out,
then, turn out!" was the answer, which
was followed by repeated cracks and
blows from the long whip of the 'grand
sleigh,' with showers of snowballs and
three tremendous hurraits from the bors
who were in it. The terror of the old

three tremendous hurrials from the bors who were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imment danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure the reins, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent being dashed sgainst a loaded team.

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end—the house of his son. His journey's end—the house of his son. His journey's end—the house of his son. His journey's end—the sound house of he of the house of his on. His journey's end—the sound house of his only housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor:

for. That son, boys, is your instant that 'old fellow' and 'old boy and that old fellow and old boy while had he heard your approach—that 'old daddy' and 'old frozen-nose' was your

master's father. master's father."
Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks, some cried. And many hastened to the teacher with applogies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cault her should be more civil for the future to inoffensive travellers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.—The

lemember thy Creater in the days of thy youth.

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 s dulled and lifeless from negitgence.

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,

Iill 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. Broakfast had been over for three hours. In the barn-yard was the flutter of pigeons' wings, their incessant coolng; 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 hillstile 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 chone, the floor was spotiess, 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 * comely one would call D'rexy, in . clean calico frock, her fresh collar and immaculate apron; D'rexy respected her-self and her belongings. Something in her smooth forehead and gentle eyes uggested 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. with her pio-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 ple-maker, a white-haired womas, 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 Totten 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 lecs 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.

Drexy A step on the door-stone. looked about, a stout young man in a new ready-made sult stood there, with a blg old time carpet bag in his hand. D'rexy turned back to her work, extdently it was the a-aal 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, pump architect. If he and his kind, with their wheedling tongues, had given the Sinnet Farm a wide berth, Urlas Sinnet would have had more money in

the bank.
"Are you Mrs. Drexy Stanet?" 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-improvement-sowing-machine," or the new cooking utensils, rolling-pin, or scissors man, and D'rexy resolved not to look at him.

Sister of Mrs. Schua Leslie?" said the man. "Yes."

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

"She's dead-two weeks ago!" 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 bate 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 nunt'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 say-ing the drummer looked about for his

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 intro-duction: "Heman Leslie his name is; he's a good little kid; looks rather mussy just now—such a long trip, you see, and he a'n't used to it. He looked nicer he a'n'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 Drexy gathered the child up in her arms, and grasped the letter. Then hospitality, as mechanical as her ple-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 Rias Sinnet'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 peanut shells. tooth-picks paper and a chestnut or so. Naturally the new boy's discomfort expressed itself in wiggling himself to the floor, and giv-

"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 ples into the oven."

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

Presently the oven door closed upon the ples, and the bating-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 Selinas boy, these little garments had evidently all been made by Selinas 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 has given little and gone! Selina to her, when that mother, dear good mother I was dying, and now Selina had gone over the river to find her nother, 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

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 Lo.d. taketh away, blossed be the a of the Lord. What I do thou k. at 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 child, and kneeling by the tub scoured her new treasure vigorously. When she had him on her iap 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 pay doll. But Dreggy delighted with a new doll. But D'rexy Sinnet'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 arbitus blooming among last years' 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. child. You were so tender and faithful to me, I could not leave him in better 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 some-

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

At noon-day Urias Sinnet 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 tenpenny 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 besting mashed potatoes.

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

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

Seima has been dead two weeks, She sent me the child to bring up, as I did her, 'Rlas'

Urias contemplated the fact of Sellna's death in silence for a few minutes. He had rather liked Selina, but had not been pleased at her 'actting 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 Urlas was of book learning." unaccustomed to, and felt them distinctly useless. Presently he said,

didn't some one else take the child 7'

There was no one else, Urias," said

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.

Urlas 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 him-

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 un-polluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smokestack of, or a swilltrough.

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 import 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 me sparrows done that we are

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 dweit 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,

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
polsoned bread?

Hear ye. For every bird ye bring to evil,

For every sparrow blain 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 peccavi ye have plainly said.

Fountain of Calvary. BY. JAMES MINTGOVERY

Come-to-Caivary's-holy-mountain, Sinners ruined by the fall, sinners ruined by the fall, itere a pure and heating fountain Plows-to-you, to me, to all, In a full, perpetual-tide, Opened when our Saviour died.

Come in poverty and meanness, Come defiled, without, within, From infection and uncleanness, From the teprosy of sin, Wash your robes, and make them your

Ye shall walk with God in light.

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

He that drinks shall live fotever "Tis-a-soul-renowing-flood;
od-is faithfui, God-will-never
Break-his-covenant-in-blood, Signed when our Redeemer died, Scaled when he was glorified.

CHRIST RISEN.

But Mary stood without at the sepul-chre weeping; and as she wept, 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 amunito her Woma And they said saith unto them, Be-cause-they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus sold she-turned-herself-back, and saw-Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekert thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell borno him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take mo white min and I will take him away Jesus saith unto her, Mary She turned herself, and saith unto him, Raboni, which is to say. unto her, Touch me not

for I am not yet ascended to my Father; ascening to my brethich, and say accomplished. She showed an adoring, unto them, I ascendinate my Father, oven a worshipping spirit, which would and your Father, and to my tool, and; be more fitting when all was accompour God. Mary Magdalane came and, phished; and Christ had ascended, and told the disciples that she had seen the fard, and that he had spoken these things unto her. John 20. 11 18.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND OHARTER

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON XI.-JUNE 11.

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 '1-13. 2. Mary Tulking to Jesus, v '1-17. 3. Mary Telling of Jesus, v 18. 4. Marys Testimory Proved, v. 19, 20. Time—Sunday morning, April 9, D 30.

Place -Near to Golgotha

LESSON HELPS.

11. "But Mary"—Mary Magdalene. Stood without —She had told the dis-ciples, and then returned "Weeping" Out of the fulness of his sorrow at

-Out of the fulness of his sorrow and the empty sepulcher. 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 concoming him.

2. "Why weepest thou "A question proper to be saked. Her tears sprang from her partial knowledge; for returned

from her partial knowledge; for returned with complete knowledge. How true is this in human experience! "They "—The Roman soldiers. Have taken away "—Hor grief is great. The sweet simplicity of the narrative reflects the grandeur of the secone. 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 throughs her binding tears. There was doubted her binding tears. There was doubted by the could-be recognized, but not by a hasty-glance.

16. "The gardener"—Because he was

by a hasty-glance.

16. "The gardoner"—Because he was there at so early an hour. "Tell me where thou hast laid him "—Spoken with leagerness and utmost anxiety. "I will take him away"—To a -place of gafety 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. "Habboni"—The Hobrew 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?

Mary Telling of Jesus, v. 18.

What report did Mary bear to the dis-How was her message received? Mark

Was their unbelief strange?
-Mary's-Testimony-Proved, v. 19, 20.

What day was it? What is 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

Who came through the closed doors?
-What-did-Jesus say-?
To what did he call the disciples at-

tention?

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-

E State

All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifles new,

When the regiment went marching

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 spleudour of the

When the Regiment Came Back.

BY WELL WALKING MILLOW

the glitter and the spleudour of the sight; ith swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue, or regiment wont marching to the fight. The

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, Scemed like faces of the dead who lose

Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way. For the dead who lose their way cannot look more gaunt or grey—Oh, the sorrow and the angulah of the sight, Oh, the weary, lagging feet, out of step-with drums that beat, when the regiment came marching from the light.

PRATTLE

Little Mamic visited her uncle, where 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 follage

in the spring-time.

"Oh, yes," said the wise miss, "I understand. They keep their summer clothes in their trunks."

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was no longer on the earth, but upon the throne. Go to my brethren "He had not forgotten the lowly disciples. What

CHRIST RISEY.

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 pretended on kept him not never from these he 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 salutation, but lar from ordinary meant thus spoken by the risen Jesus. The "Peace" given by one who conquers death; that peace which comes to the be-liever 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.

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. S. Many witnesses.—Acts 2, 22-32.
Su. Proofs of the resurrection.—1 Cor.
15 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY 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

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 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.

QUEER 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 "Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters
who can ride a bleycle."
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 planoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs." "Wanted-A-room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet

"A lady wants to sell her plano, as e is going abroad in a strong fron she

"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 Highgate 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."

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