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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1894.

F

[No. 17.]

AMONG THE DYAKS.

BY F. L. OSWALD.

The most fertile country of the Eastern tropics is perhaps the island of Borneo, with its magnificent forests, and its climate of perpetual summer, which on the high mountains becomes an everlasting spring, cool enough to make the night pleasant and yet sufficiently warm to ripen an abundance of wild-growing fruits.

And yet that favoured land is avoided by the seafarers of civilized nations on account of the incomparable savagery of the natives. Here and there on the west coast European merchants have established small trading posts, but the south and east, and the vast interior are peopled by tribes who employ their leisure in mutual butchery, and esteem a man's rank according to the number of human skulls he has gathered in his store of war trophies.

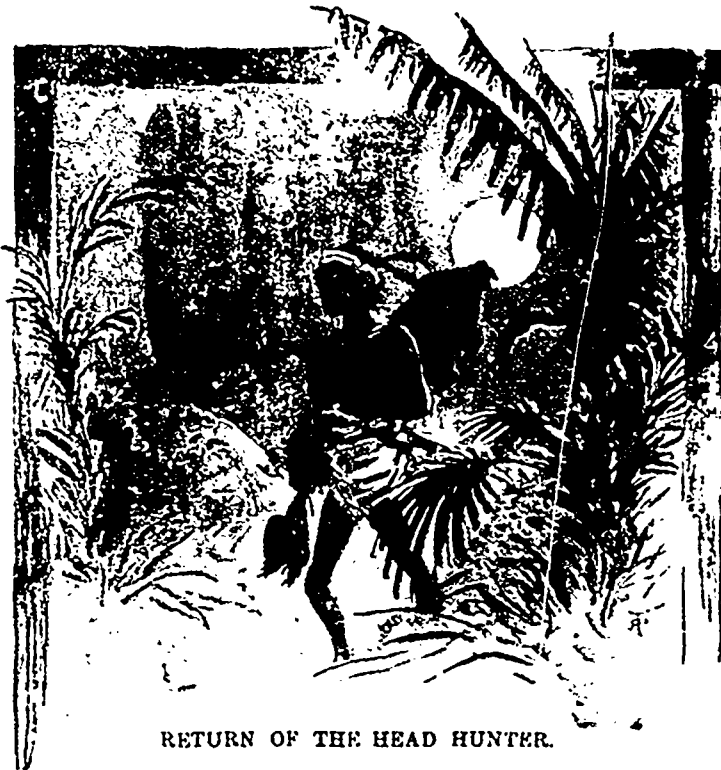
The rivers of the north coast are lined with sandbars, where gold has now and then been found in considerable quantities, but even the knowledge of that fact rarely tempts adventurers to explore the wilderness farther than a few miles from the coast. A few years ago a party of enterprising traders from Singapore made the attempt at the dryest season of the year, but their experience obliged them to return in less than two weeks.

The party comprised two Englishmen, one Chinese cook, and five Malay sailors, and they had washed out about ten ounces of gold, when one of their Malay comrades was found dead at a spring not more than a hundred yards from their camp. His wounds made it doubtful if he had encountered a tiger or a Dyak assassin, and a dog, whose sagacity they hoped would discover the trail of the murderer, followed an apparently fresh track through the jungle for about a mile and a half, but then refused to go farther, as if he had scented the presence of an ambushed foe.

Was it a tiger? One of the Englishmen decided to solve the mystery, and finding his countryman disinclined to share his adventure, he accepted the offer of the Chinese cook, who had visited this coast before, and proposed to avenge the Malay by a still hunt in the cool of the evening.

Dr. Carter, the other Englishman, who had assumed the command of the expedition, warned them not to stray too far from camp, and to return at the first sign of serious danger; so, after reconnoitring the ground for half an hour, they agreed to climb two trees overlooking the glade where the dog had betrayed his misgivings. Yah-Sing, the Chinaman, mounted a palm tree at the head of the meadow, while Fred, as the young Englishman was called by his comrades, clambered up a teak-wood tree a little farther down.

The twilight faded into dusk, but the moon was up, and the hunters had agreed to keep watch for at least two hours after sunset. The moon rose higher, and Fred thought that at least one of the two hours must have passed, when he happened to spy a dark form crawling out of a thicket into the clearing, and soon after a second shape, equally dim and noiseless, emerged from the dense shade of the jungle, and followed the first across the meadow. If they



RETURN OF THE HEAD HUNTER.

were tigers, the leader seemed to be the man-killer, and there was a good chance for a shot; but what could be the matter with Yah-Sing? Only a few minutes ago, Fred had seen the moonlight gleam on the bright rifle barrel of his companion, but that gleam had vanished. Had the Chinaman fallen asleep? There was no time for hesitation, and after a last glance in the direction of the palm tree, Fred rested his rifle in the fork of a projecting branch, aimed carefully at the shoulders of the first tiger, and pulled the trigger.

Almost like an echo of the shot a chorus of fierce shrieks startled the ear of the young hunter, four—five—six forms, not of tigers, but evidently of more dangerous enemies, rose from the bushes, and made a simultaneous rush upon the teak tree. Fred at once saw that he would not have time to

reload, and that there was not a moment to lose; so, seizing his gun by the muzzle, he pushed the branches out of the way and leaped down, in the hope of saving his life by a rush for the thicket.

A swarm of keen-eyed savages at once started in pursuit, but he had the advantage of being able to rush ahead in any desired direction, while his pursuers were frequently obliged to stop and listen for the sound of his footsteps, and when Fred at last crouched down exhausted, he had gained a start of nearly half a mile, and could afford a few minutes' rest. Was there any risk of his track being followed by moonlight through such thickets? The Dyaks seemed to have discovered his trail somehow or other, for their voices came nearer, and soon after two dark forms stopped near a tree only about a hundred feet

from the bush he had chosen for his hiding-place. One of them put his head to the ground, and seemed to listen. Fred hardly dared to breathe, when suddenly the report of rifle shots boomed up from the direction of the coast, and the next moment the two Dyaks had vanished in the darkness.

Besides scaring off his pursuers, those shots revealed the direction of the camp, and twenty minutes after, Fred regained the open beach of the seashore, and picking his way along the strand, soon saw the watchfires of the bivouac. His hail was promptly answered, and the first who met him at the gate of the stockade was his friend, Yah-Sing, who had reached the camp half an hour ago. The Chinaman's keen eyes had at once recognized the crawling night prowlers, and keeping absolutely still, he waited till the sounds of the man hunt had died away in the distance, and then quickly slipped down and struck a bee-line for the bivouac.

"Good you came, much right time," said he, in broken English, "we soon need help, you mind me, you see they come to kill us all before morning."

"He is right," said Dr. Carter, "they always put off a risky job till dark, and they will tackle us either this night or the next. At all events, it can do no harm to get our howitzer ready."

"We have powder enough to scare them," said Fred, "but no ammunition. It wouldn't do to use our rifle balls."

"No, indeed," said the doctor, "it is much the best for us if we can frighten them off without killing anybody. Let's load up the gun with broken sea shells and coarse sand; that will scare them enough for one night, and before to-morrow evening we can be under weigh for Singapore, if things should get too hot for us in this jungle."

"Hadn't we better keep up a good look out, then?"

"Yes, certainly, but you must be pretty tired after your foot-race. You and old Sing had better turn in and get a nap, and let me mount guard for the next three hours. It must be near midnight, anyhow."

For about an hour and a half Dr. Carter made the round of the camp, listlessly and scanning the edge of the jungle with anxious eyes, but only the flash of the firefly gleamed from the thicket, and the

chirp of the crickets and the wail of the wood owl were the only voices of the night.

Judging from the upward decline of the southern cross, the morning could not be far off, and the general silence would before long have cast its spell of drowsiness over the solitary sentry, when his ear caught the low rustling of branches in the top of a tree at the upper end of the camp. Crouching down in the shadow of the stockade, the doctor saw a head peep from the foliage and disappear again, as if the adventurous spy had satisfied his curiosity at the first glance.

The doctor cocked his rifle, but on second thought, slipped around to wake all his comrades, well knowing that the first shot might prove the signal of a general attack.

"Light the fuse and stand by that howitzer, Fred," he whispered, "the rest of those night birds may not be far off. Now look out!" Raising his rifle, he aimed



DYAKS OF SARAWAK BORNEO.

purposefully a little above the top of the tree, and as the shot rang out, a many-voiced yell from the jungle proved the wisdom of every precaution.

There they came; a large troop of savages, probably the picked warriors of a roving tribe, brandishing their lances and whooping in chorus in anticipation of an easy victory.

"Hold on! Don't fire till they come a bit nearer," shouted the doctor; "let them cross that ridge of sand first? Here they come! Aim well! Now then!"

"Get your rifles ready!" yelled Fred, when the smoke of the howitzer had rolled away, but there was no need of a second shot. If the earth had opened to swallow them the charging savages could not have vanished more suddenly, and as the echoes of the explosion rolled along the hills, the rush of their stampede could be heard breaking through the jungle in all directions.

"That settled them," laughed Fred; "I don't think some of them will ever stop galloping."

"Yes, they are gone," said the doctor; "but they will come back as soon as they can get help, you can make your market on that. Look over yonder, though," he added, pointing to the east; "there's the morning dawning, and before that sun sets we can be out of sight of this coast. It would take an army to work these mines, and they would have to waste a ton of lead for every ounce of gold."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1894.

GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

BY REV. T. B. BISHOP.

I.

I MUST take you to a scene in the land of Palestine. A poor man has come out of yonder village to sow his seed on these hills. You see no farms, nor fields, nor hedges, like we have in Canada, but only patches of cultivated ground scattered over the open country. The man is in great trouble, for he had very bad crops last year, and the wheat especially was nearly all spoiled by the blight and mildew. It is winter time now, and his family are beginning to feel the scarcity of food. The poor children have had nothing but barley bread to eat for a long time, and lately there has been very little of that; and now he is obliged to take away some of the scanty stock of corn for seed. It is like taking the bread out of the children's mouths, and yet he can't help it. If he doesn't sow the fields next year there will be no crop at all. No wonder he is very careful with it: he looks about anxiously, to put every handful into the best ground—every grain of it is precious. And so the man goes forth, "bearing precious seed." But he sows in faith. He knows that God has promised that "as long as the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not fail;" and though his work is rough and his lot is

hard, and he is sowing now in trouble and sorrow, he looks forward to the time when the summer shall return again, and the harvest shall come, and this seed shall bring forth a hundred-fold. He is sowing in tears now, but some day he will reap in joy.

And now I must show you another picture. One Sunday afternoon a teacher is on her way to the school. For a long time she has taught the girls in her class without much result, and some of them are still very giddy and thoughtless. But lately she has had a little encouragement: Ellen seemed a little more earnest last Sunday, and Martha said—when she met her in the week—that she was really trying to love the Saviour. She has been praying very earnestly for them all to-day. The lesson is a beautiful one, and she has worked hard to prepare it, and now she goes to the class full of hope that this afternoon a deep impression will be made. But, somehow, all seems to go wrong. Some of the girls do not come at all, and others come late and disturb the class very much. Ellen is absent, and it is said she has gone for a walk instead. Martha is come, but is not nearly so attentive as she was last Sunday, and some of the rest whisper and make her laugh. The teacher tries very hard and speaks very earnestly, but it is of no use. The girls are indifferent and careless, and she goes home nearly heart-broken; and she sits down in her own room, and the tears come into her eyes as she opens her Bible for consolation. But presently she finds the words, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Yes, she is sowing in tears; and her heart is cheered by this precious promise, for she believes that some day she will reap.

THE SEED.

All sowing is a work of faith. Here is a child in the garden putting a little round black thing into the ground. What can it be? She tells me it will some day come up and be a beautiful flower. What! that little mite! It is not like a flower in the least; it has no beautiful colours, and is not at all the shape of a flower. And then it is so small, it will surely be lost in the earth, and you could never find it again. If you were to put in a ruby, now, or an emerald, or some other brilliant precious stone, you might expect it to turn into a splendid flower. But that tiny black speck, not so big as a pin's head! isn't it quite absurd to suppose it will ever come to anything?

Ah! but it is seed. The ruby and the emerald are only stones—they are dead things, and can never grow; but the seed is alive.

Several thousand years ago some Egyptian kings were buried in those costly and wonderful tombs of theirs, the Pyramids, and, wrapped up with their bodies, there were some seeds put into the coffins. Some of these were grains of wheat—wheat such as Pharaoh saw in his dreams, and Joseph gathered into barns—and there they slept, as comfortably as could be, till the other day the coffins were opened and several of the mummies were brought to England, and then these wheat corns were found. So some of them were planted in the earth, and sure enough a few months after they grew up, and those little seeds produced fine large ears of corn! During all those thousand years, you see, they had not died. No: there is life in seed.

THE LOST LOCKET.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

OF all the jolly boys in London, Dick Tibbitts was about the jolliest. He laughed enough to grow fat, but he cared about so that he danced any possible fat off. There may be some food has to go along with the fun that makes fat, and Dick dined anywhere and anyhow. He sold matches in summer and swept crossings in muddy weather. He joked with all the cab-drivers, was always diving under their horses' heels to stop busses for nervous old women, or twitching old men's coat-tails—old men who would stand still in the very best places to be killed, and then be so astonished, when they were jerked into safety by Dick, who moved livelier than the police. Dick got lots of mud and dirt on his face,

hands, and legs, but he had a warm little heart. He never envied other boys their fine clothes, or homes, or carriages—nothing but their mothers. He remembered his own, a good woman; beaten, abused, and heart-broken, by his drunken father. One November day, the streets were very dirty; all the morning there had been a yellow fog, making the air so thick that everything looked as dim as if seen through coffee-coloured glass. Toward night it cleared, and people were out enjoying the change. Dick's little old broom whisked this side and that. He swept a path for everybody, whether he was paid or not; his black eyes shining at a joke or a penny indifferently. At last a very sweet lady came along, with two of the daintiest little girls that Dick ever saw. One was like the big wax doll in the bazaar window down the street. The other fixed her blue eyes first on her new shoes then on the mud. Dick never waited to consider his movements long. One who lives in the middle of a London street cannot; he would not live long if he were given to meditation.

The first thing the mother saw was Dick scampering across the slimy pavement with Polly in his arms. She was almost as big as her bearer, but he got her over without a stain on her dainty feet, and was back for Miss Bessie, who thought it great sport to "ride on a shimney-weep," as she said.

The mother laughed too, and gave Dick a shining new sixpence. They turned down a near street, and Dick went back to the post where he had left his broom. Right by it, almost hidden under the dirty twigs, was a lovely gold locket off one child's neck. Dick first thought it money or some wonderful great coin, but when he touched the edge it opened, showing a likeness of the mother.

Poor little Dick, gazing at it, he thought not that it was gold, only that this child could have a picture just like its own dear mother! He had none of his, and never could have. He turned, tucked his old broom under his arm, and rushed after the children. They were getting into a cab. Dick got near enough to see the number and keep it in sight, but not to stop the driver until he had given little Dick's legs a sorry chase. At last they halted at a large, nice house in Dorset Square, and Dick returned the locket. He was going away, but the lady took him into the kitchen. There he was warmed, and given such a dinner, that he told the cook he was "burstin' off all his buttons, and must be skewered with wooden pins, if she had 'em to spare." The little girls wanted to look at him; their mother talked to him. The cook finally discovered she needed him to scour knives, run for the "vegetables," and wait on her. Cooks rule sometimes; this one did. She had Dick washed, fed, and taught his duties, so that in a week or two he was as brisk and helpful as need be. He found a good home, and in years that followed, good friends.

THE TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME.

THEIR number is legion. They exist usually in the mind. People of lively imaginations are the most burdened by them. He who is most blessed with the faculty of looking ahead is also most tempted. The faculty of foreseeing often leads him to foresee things that never will take place. This is one of the great opportunities of the devil. At this vulnerable point he smites hard. With fear as a weapon he acts the tyrant. How many of us can look back upon our imaginary troubles, as children, after the darkness of the night, look with contempt upon objects that in the darkness appeared to them monsters. Fear of imaginary trouble is absurd. It is hard enough to bear our actual burdens when they are laid upon us. We need all our strength for the real burdens of life. A cultivation of the habit of fear leads us often to imagine the real ills of life darker than they are. Foreboding is absurd, too, because God is as able and as willing to lead us in the future as in the past. But this borrowing ill from to-morrow is both unscriptural and infidel. Jesus said: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He gave us an object-lesson telling us that we are of more account than the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air. He told us that God knew all about us even to the minutest hair of our heads. There is noth-

ing next to sin that mankind need deliverance from any more than from fear. Our religion will not save us from fear, if it is not the right kind, and is worthless. We have learned to trust God, so that blues cannot enter in to poison our souls. We are a long way behind in learning a lesson of trust.—*Christian Witness.*

The Boy About the Place.

BY A. H. HUTCHINSON.

WHEN you hear a fearful racket,
Like a miniature cyclone,
With some sounds so strange that, surely,
Their like was never known;
While the mother listens calmly,
Even with a smiling face,
You may know that it is nothing—
There's a boy about the place!

When you find rough carved initials
On the panels of the door;
When you find his shirts and neckties
Scattered all about the floor,
Well-worn shoes and battered headgear
In the parlour find a place;
Do not grumble—it is common
With a boy about the place!

When there's a famine in the cupboard,
And the milk-pail, too, runs dry,
And you can't keep pies or cookies,
No matter how you try;
When you vainly seek for apples
That have gone and left no trace,
Hard times is not the trouble—
'Tis the boy about the place!

When there are shavings on the carpets,
And chips upon the beds;
When the mats are tossed in corners,
And the chairs stand on their heads.
While, if a tool is needed, you
All 'round the house must race;
You may know he's making something—
Is the boy about the place!

When the house is full of sunshine,
On the darkest kind of day,
And you have to smile at seeing
Some freak of boyish play,
When the blue eyes, deep and loving,
Are raised to meet your face,
You will say, I think, "God bless him!
Bless our boy about the place!"
—*Golden Days.*

ELEPHANTS AND AN ORANGE.

THIS story is given by an exchange. Mr. O'Shea, the well-known war correspondent, tells the following anecdote of an adventure with a herd of elephants: "A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable; but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents, and scuttled off like a rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had five and twenty.

"I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned, and was about to begin the distribution again when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his proboscis—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began as before.

"Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them.

"What was I to do?
"I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."

A GENTLEMAN advertising for a wife writes: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure me against excessive grief in case of her occurring to her companion."

Save the Boy!

Once he sat upon my knee,
Looked from sweet eyes into mine;
Questioned me so wondrously,
Of the mysteries divine;
Once he fondly clasped my neck,
Pressed my cheek with kisses sweet;
O my heart! we little reck
Where may rove the precious feet.

Save the boy! Oh, save the boy!
To the rescue swiftly come;
Save the boy! Oh, save the boy!
Save him from the curse of rum!

Once his laugh, with merry ring,
Filled our house with music rare,
And his loving hands would bring
Wreaths of blossoms for my hair.
Oh, the merry, happy sprite!
Constant, ceaseless source of joy;
But to-night! O God, to-night!
Where, oh! where's my wand'ring boy?

'Midst the glitter and the glare
Of the room where death is dealt,
Scarce you'd know him, but he's there,
He who once so reverent knelt
At my knee and softly spoke
Words into the ear of God;
Oh, my heart is smitten—broke!
Crushed, I bend beneath the rod.

Oh, this curse that spoiled my boy!
Led him down and down to death;
Robbed me of my rarest joy,
Made a pang of every breath,
Mothers, fathers, hear my plea!
Let your pleadings pierce the sky,
Pray and work most earnestly—
Let us save our boys or die!

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XVII.—MEETING AND PARTING.

BLACKETT was as good as his word. He did not in any way interfere with David's efforts to obtain work by which he could live honestly. He counted surely upon what the honest would be; and, when he saw David start off morning after morning on his fruitless search, he would thrust his tongue into his cheek, and chuckle scornfully, causing the lad's heavy heart to sink yet lower. But no one else was kind to him; and, though he had a lurking dread and distrust of Blackett, there was no one else to give him a morsel of food. Blackett gave him both food and shelter, and of an evening he took him with him to the haunts of men like himself; and amongst them David perfected the lessons he had begun to learn in jail.

The brave spirit of the boy was broken; his powers of endurance were gone. He could no longer bear the gnawings of hunger and the cravings of thirst, as he had done as long as he could hold up his head before any one of his fellow-men. He felt compelled to slink away from the eye of a policeman, fancying that all the force knew him. And he had indeed the indelible brand of the prison-house upon him. He had a sullen, hang-dog expression; a skulking, cowardly gait; an alarmed eye, and restless glance, looking out for objects of dread. When he was hungry, and how often that was!—he no longer hesitated to snatch a slice of fish or a bunch of carrots from a street-stall, if he had a good chance of escape. To march whistling along the streets, with his head well up and his step free, was a thing altogether of the past now.

He made no effort to find Bess. If there had been any faint, forlorn hope in his heart, when he left jail, of still doing something better than drifting back into it, it had died away entirely before he had been a fortnight with Blackett. The courage he had once had was transformed into a reckless defiance of the laws and the society that had dealt so cruelly with him. What did he owe to society? Why should he keep its laws? He soon learned to say that his consent had not been asked when they were made; and why should he be bound by them? A strong sense of injury and injustice smouldered in his boyish heart.

Summer came and went; and a second winter dragged down the poor again to their yearly depths of suffering and privation. David was in jail once more, this time for theft, at which he laughed. Prison was a comfortable shelter from the cold and hunger of the dreary midwinter; and, if he had only luck enough to keep out of it in summer, it was not bad for winter quarters. He learned more lessons in shoemaking, by which he could not get an honest living outside the jail-walls among honest folk. The time for

that was past. He did not try to find work when he was free again. Henceforth the work David's hands would find to do was what God's law as well as man's law, and Christ as well as the world, call crime. But whose fault was it?

Nearly a year and a half had passed since Euclid and Victoria and Bess had found a home with Mrs. Linnett; and, though Mr. Dudley had done all in his power to discover David, every effort had failed. One July evening Bess was crossing London Bridge. The light from the setting sun shone upon the river, which was rippling in calm, quiet lines, with the peaceful flowing-in of the tide. Bess stood still for a few minutes, gazing westward to the golden sky. She was a prettier girl than even her own mother had thought sadly of her becoming; but this evening her face was brighter than usual. Her eyes sparkled, and her lips half parted with a smile, as her thoughts dwelt on some pleasant subject apart from the beauty of the sunset. She took no notice of the loungers on each side of her, who, like herself, were leaning over the parapet of the bridge, and gazing down on the river. But, as she roused herself from her pleasant girlish reverie, and turned away to go on homewards, a hand was laid on her arm, and a voice beside her said in a low tone, "Bess!"

She started, in a tremour of hope and gladness. It was David's voice,—his whom she had sought for in vain ever since she had lost him! But, as she looked at him, with her parted lips and shining eyes, a change crept over her face. Could this scampish, vile, and ill-looking lad be David? Yet, as she gazed at him, a change passed over his face also. His hard, sullen mouth softened; and, behind the reddened and bleared eyes, there dawned something of the old tender light of the love he had borne for her when she was his little Bess.

"Davy!" she cried.
"Ay!" he said.
Then there was a silence. What could they say to one another? There seemed a great gulf between them. They stood side by side,—the one, simple and innocent and good; the other, foul and vicious and guilty. How far apart they felt themselves to be!

"Davy," said Bess at last, though falteringly, "you must come home with me."
"No," he answered sorrowfully, "I'll never spoil your life, little Bess. You're all right, I see. You've not gone wrong, and I'll never come across you. I'm very glad I've seen you once again; but I didn't try. Bess, I'd ha' been very proud of you if things had happened different."

"Where do you live now?" asked Bess, letting her hand fall upon his greasy sleeve for a moment, but as quickly removing it, with a girlish disgust.

"I live off and on with Blackett," he answered. "I've got no other friend in the world; and sometimes he's good enough, and sometimes he's ravenous. Bess," and he lowered his voice again to a whisper, "I were in jail again last winter!"

"Oh Davy! Davy!" she moaned.
"Ay!" he went on. "It's the only home I've got, except the workhouse; and jail's the best. So I must keep away from you, or I'd do you harm. Don't you tell me where you live, or I'd be a-comin' to look at you sometimes; and it 'ud do you harm, little Bess, and do me no good."

"Oh! if Mr. Dudley 'ud only come by!" Bess cried.
"Who's Mr. Dudley?" asked David.
"He'd find you somewhere to go to, and honest work to do," she answered. "I know he would; and you'd grow up into a good man yet, like father."

"A good man like father!" he repeated. "No, I couldn't now: I've grown to like it. I like drink and games, and things as they call wickedness. I can't never be anything but a thief. There's good folks like you and mother and father; but I've been drove among wicked folks like Blackett, and I can never be like you no more. Mother was a good woman; and what did she come to? Why, she died o' clemming; Blackett's always a-sayin' so, and he's right there. But she couldn't keep me out o' jail; and I belong to bad folks now."

"Oh Davy! Davy!" wailed Bess.
"Good-bye, little Bess!" he said very mournfully. "I don't want ever to see you again. If Blackett was to see you now! No, no, Bess! you and me are parted forevermore. If there's a hell, I'm goin' to it; and, if there's a heaven, you're goin' to it! So good-bye, Bess!"

"Oh! why doesn't Mr. Dudley come by?" cried Bess again, not knowing what to do. For, if David was living with Blackett, she must hide from him where Euclid and Victoria had found shelter from their old enemy. How could she take David home, or even tell him where it was, if that would bring danger to them?

"Why did they send me to jail, and send

Roger to school?" said David with bitterness. "It isn't fair. He'd stole money, and I'd only been a-beggin' for mother. They didn't give me no chance; and Roger'll get taught everything. Nobody can help me now. I'm not sixteen yet, and I've been three times in jail; and nobody ever taught me how to get a livin' till I went to jail. And what's the use o' learnin' any trade in jail? Nobody'll take you on when they know where you've been. Father was a good man and he'd not ha' been willin' to work side by side with a jail-bird. It stands to reason, Bess. So I can never get free from bad folks,—never again."

"What must I do?" cried Bess, weeping, and pressing his arm between both her hands. "Oh, Davy! I can't let you go; but I mustn't take you home with me. What am I to do?"

"Well! only kiss me once," he answered, "just once, and let me go. You can't do nothink for me; it's too late! I'm bad, and a thief now; and all I've got afore me is jail, jail! I wouldn't like to spoil your life for you, little Bess. Don't say where you live; don't! It 'ud be too hard for me some day, and I might come after you, and spoil your life. Don't forget Davy. Kiss me, Bess; kiss me just once, and let me go!"

She lifted up her pretty, girlish face to him with lowered eyelids and quivering mouth; and he pressed his hot, feverish lips upon it. Then he suddenly wrenched his arm from her grasp, and, running very swiftly, was lost to her sight in a few moments amid the crowd always crossing London Bridge.

(To be continued.)

COULD NOT AFFORD TO GIVE.

A MAN who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church out West relates his experience as follows:

"The first man I went to see was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he could not give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was owed his first duty to his creditors. He was smoking an expensive cigar; and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive Rocky Mountain cuff buttons.

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was owing for his board, was badly in debt, and did not see how he could give anything. That afternoon, as I went by the baseball grounds, I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the gate and go in, and saw him mount the grand stand where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar.

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry; but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load, the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed. A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into a town with his entire family and go to the circus, afternoon and night, at an expense of at least four dollars.

"The Bible says 'Judge not, that ye be not judged;' but it always says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And I really could not help thinking that the devil could use that old excuse, 'In debt,' to splendid advantage, especially when he had a selfish man to help him."—*The Youth's Companion.*

A NEW ALADDIN'S LAMP.

"Now," said Howard's mother, shutting up the book, "that's the very last story my little boy can hear to-night. Your eyes are as big as saucers now, and I don't know when you will get them shut."

Howard took his elbows off his mother's knee with a sigh; there was nothing he loved so dearly as to have her read these wonderful tales. "I wish I had Aladdin's lamp," he said, looking back from the half-opened door; "one that would call up a giant whenever I wanted him."

"I've got one," said mother, smiling.
"You? Oh, now you are poking fun at me."

"No, truly; my lamp will not bring me bags of money or a castle, but I can have any great hero I please to spend the evening with me. If I want Alexander or

Cæsar or Napoleon or Washington, I rub my lamp, and here he is; if I want a poet, I can have Tennyson or Longfellow or dear old Whittier; if I want to hear Livingstone talk of his wonderful journeying, I can listen without leaving this room."

Howard looked puzzled, and yet a dim light was beginning to shine on mother's strange words.

"But my lamp will do greater things than any of these," she continued in a solemn tone; "it will bring me into the presence of the King of kings, of angels and archangels, and of a great company whom no man can number, clothed with white robes, having palms in their hands."

"Do you mean reading, mother?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "reading will do all that for me."

Howard went off in a very sober mood to undress by mother's chamber fire. He had been a lazy little boy about learning to read, and seemed only too well satisfied to have his mother read to him; but now he had a new thought about it.

"S'pose Aladdin had had to get somebody to rub his lamp for him," he said to himself, slowly pulling off his shoes and stockings; and Howard made up his mind to begin the very next day to learn to read in dead earnest.—*E. P. Allen.*

THE JUNIORS AS HELPERS TO THE PASTOR.

BY MRS. J. P. BRUSHINGHAM.

Do not be always preaching to the Juniors. You listen while they make the speeches and tell the Bible stories and give the temperance lesson, and they will never grow restless. Bishop Vincent says; "I would rather have a boy that I had to harpoon in order to catch him than have a dead-head." We want the bright, wide-awake boys and girls in the Junior League, and we want them to understand that God needs their happy, bright hearts to use for his service in his Church. The Junior League is a training school for boys and girls, fitting them for active church membership.

Not long ago a number of boys and girls were graduated from a Junior to a Senior League. To have heard their testimonies in the first devotional meeting was refreshing. One boy arose and said: "I would like to be such a man as Daniel was," giving in a manly way as his reasons all the strong points in Daniel's character.

The Juniors had been studying the biography of many Bible characters, and each boy had vied with the other in learning the most interesting facts. A sweet-voiced girl arose and said: "I think it was beautiful when the disciples were out on the Sea of Galilee, and that terrible storm came, that they had Jesus in the boat, because he could drive away all their fears. I want him with me all the time."

The Juniors had drawn a beautiful map of Palestine on the blackboard, and had studied it for eight Sundays, locating its mountains, cities, rivers, and lakes, and telling all that could be found about them, always giving some Bible story or reference concerning each of them. They had learned to talk so freely among themselves that they were not timid when they were placed among the Seniors.

Someone could well write an article upon "The ways in which the Junior League may help the Pastor," and another upon "The ways in which the Pastor may help the Junior League." When the pastor understands that the boys and girls make the very best of Church members, and that he can accomplish more with fifty of them who have given their hearts to God than he can with a hundred cold, half-hearted men and women; then he will be more anxious to win them. He comes home on a Sunday night tired and discouraged with his day's work. He has left out some of the best things he intended to say in his sermon. Apparently no souls were saved. His official board meets the next night, and he tells them he feels the need of their prayers for the upbuilding of the church and the salvation of souls.

But let him come before his Epworth Guards, who are fighting against all sin, and holding up the banner of love, and say: "Now, boys, I want you to help me to-night. We want someone to lay down the weapons of sin, and enlist for Jesus. If you love me, ask the Captain of our salvation to give us some new recruits." That very night stubborn hearts are moved, and ask the prayers of the Church, and the pastor is not very prepared either, but he is backed by the prayers of an army of sincere, loving boys and girls.—*Epworth Herald.*



JACOB AND HIS HOUSEHOLD GOING TO EGYPT.



DEATH OF JACOB.

JACOB AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

This picture is a graphic illustration of a caravan in the desert. Jacob's whole household as they crossed the desert numbered seventy souls. What a contrast between this little band that went down and the great multitude that came out from Egypt, numbering about 3,000,000 souls. Surely the promise made to Jacob was fulfilled, "Fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation: I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will surely bring thee up again." They set out "with their cattle and their goods which they had gotten in the land of Canaan," that they might dwell in Egypt with Joseph, the man next to the king.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASE.

This singular looking cut is an illustration of the mummy cases or coffins of the Egyptians. They were made of wood covered with a sort of papiermache plaster and brilliantly decorated with pictures in red, blue, yellow, green, and other primary colours. You will remember that both Jacob and Joseph were embalmed and carried up with the people of Israel into Canaan. Jacob was buried in the cave of Machpelah, where his body still rests, and Joseph, according to the Scripture narrative, in a lonely tomb near Jacob's Well, though the Moslems say his body was afterwards removed to the cave of Machpelah, at Hebron.



EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASE.

The kind of religion that doesn't cost anything is not the kind the good Samaritan had.

An Indignant Scholar.

Such a horrid geography lesson!
Cities and mountains and lakes;
And the longest, crookedest rivers,
Just wriggling about like snakes.

I tell you, I wish Columbus
Hadn't heard the earth was a ball,
And started to find new countries
That folks didn't need at all.

Now wouldn't it be too lovely
If all that you had to find out
Was just about Spain and England,
And a few other lands thereabout?

And the rest of the maps were printed
With pink and yellow, to say,
"All this is an unknown region,
Where bogies and fairies stay?"

But what is the use of wishing,
Since Columbus sailed over here,
And men keep hunting and exploring
And finding more things every year?

Now, show me the Yampah River,
And tell me where does it flow?
And how do you bound Montana,
And Utah and Mexico?
Phrenological Journal.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1690-1636.] **LESSON VI.** [May 6.

JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS.

Gen. 50. 14-26. Memory verses, 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Fear, v. 14-18.
2. Forgiveness, v. 19-21.
3. Faith, v. 22-26.

TIME.—From verse 14 to verse 21, B.C. 1690, soon after the events of last lesson. Verse 26, the death of Joseph, B.C. 1635.

RULER.—Pharaoh, one of the dynasty of the "Shepherd King."

CONNECTING LINKS.—1. Joseph's invitation to his father and brothers (Gen. 45. 16-24). 2. The descent into Egypt (Gen. 46. 1-34). 3. Jacob and Pharaoh (Gen. 47. 1-12). 4. The years of famine (Gen. 47. 13-27). 5. The close of Jacob's life (Gen. 47. 28; 48. 22). 6. The last words of Jacob (Gen. 49. 1-32). 7. The death and burial of Jacob (Gen. 49. 33-50.—13.)

EXPLANATIONS.—"Peradventure"—Perhaps. "Requite us all the evil"—Revenge

or punishment for their wrong done in selling Joseph as a slave. "Fell down before his face"—As had been foretold in Joseph's dream (Gen. 37. 6-9). "Am I in the place of God?"—Punishment of sin is the right of God only. "God meant it unto good"—And so overruled the evil act. "Upon Joseph's knees"—Thus being adopted as his own. "God will surely visit you"—A prophecy fulfilled one hundred and fifty-six years after. "Carry up my bones"—He commanded them to keep his body unburied until they should return to their own land, thus showing his own faith and encouraging their faith, also. "Embalmed"—By a process whereby the body was kept without decay. "In a coffin"—Probably of stone.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Joseph's last days.—Gen. 50. 14-26.
- Tu. The burial of Jacob.—Gen. 50. 1-13.
- W. Joseph's command obeyed.—Exod. 13. 17-22.
- Th. Burial in Shechem.—Josh. 24. 29-33.
- F. Forgiveness.—Matt. 5. 43-48.
- S. Peace for the upright.—Psalm 37. 25-37.
- Su. The path of the just.—Prov. 4. 10-18.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. To forgive those who have wronged us?
 2. That God can overrule wickedness?
 3. That God's promises may always be trusted?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Joseph's brethren fear after their father's death? "Joseph's revenge."
2. What did they beseech from him? "Forgiveness."
3. How did Joseph treat them? "He spoke kindly to them."
4. How old was Joseph when he died? "One hundred and ten years."
5. What did he command the Israelites? "To carry his bones back to Canaan."
6. What is the Golden Text? "The path of the just," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The grace of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What have we then to do in repentance? We must think on our transgressions, confess both our sins and our sinfulness to God, and strive to amend our life by the help of the Holy Spirit.

What is conversion? The turning to God in repentance and in faith.

The spirit that put the apple in Adam's hand was the same that put Christ on the cross.

"I would give anything if I had a musical ear." "Why don't you take quinine?" "Quinine?" "Certainly: that will make your ears sing."

DEATH OF JACOB.

The above picture shows the death scene as the venerable patriarch Jacob calls his sons around him to give them the blessing as recorded in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis. These blessings had a wonderful significance, describing the characteristics of the twelve tribes as they settled in the land of promise four hundred years afterwards.

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