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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1896.

[No. 22.]

A Queer Boy.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes,"
 But the right kind of book will insure a surprise,
 Let it be about Indians, or pirates, or bears,
 And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
 By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;
 Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound,"
 Very weary of life, and of tramping around;
 But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
 He will follow it gladly from morning till night,
 The showman will capture him, some day, I fear,
 For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head "aches to split,"
 And his back is so lame that he can't dig a bit;
 But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon;
 And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon;
 Do you think he plays 'possum? He seems quite sincere;
 But— isn't he queer?

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER V.

A good-sized hut was built against the hillside, where the shepherds might find refuge. Buz pointed it out to Joel, then he turned the donkey into one of the sheds, and started homeward on the run. Joel shuddered as a blinding flash of lightning was followed by a crash of thunder that shook the hut. The wind bore down through the trees like some savage spirit, shrieking and moaning as it flew. Joel heard a shout, and looked out to the opposite hillside. Buz was flying along in break-neck race with the storm. At that rate he would soon be home. How he seemed to enjoy the race, as his strong limbs carried him lightly as a bird soars!

At the top he turned to look back and laugh and wave his arms,—a sinewy little figure standing out in bold relief against a brazen sky.

Joel watched till he was out of sight. Then, as the wind swooped down from the mountains, great drops of rain began to splash through the leaves.

The men crowded into the hut. One of them started forward to close the door, but stopped suddenly, with his brown, hairy hand uplifted.

"Hark ye!" he exclaimed. Joel heard only the shivering of the wind in the tree-tops; but the man's trained ear caught the bleating of a stray lamb, far off and very faint.

"I was afraid I was mistaken in my count; they jostled through the gate so fast I could not be sure." Going to a row of pegs along the wall, he took down a lantern hanging there and lit it; then, wrapping his coat of skins more closely around him, and calling one of the dogs, he set out into the gathering darkness.

Joel watched the fitful gleam of the lantern, flickering on unsteadily as a will-o'-the-wisp. A moment later he

heard the man's deep voice calling tenderly to the lost animal; then the storm struck with such fury that they had to stand with their backs against the door of the hut to keep it closed.

Flash after flash of lightning blinded them. The wind roared down the mountain and beat against the house till Joel held his breath in terror. It was midnight before it stopped. Joel thought of the poor shepherd out on the hills and shuddered. Even the men seemed uneasy about him, as hour after hour passed, and he did not come.

Finally he fell asleep in the corner, on a pile of woolly skins. In the gray dawn he was awakened by a great

that he had done anything more than a simple duty.

Joel, who felt uncommonly hungry after his supperless night, thought he would mount the donkey and start back alone. But just as he was about to do so, a familiar bushy head showed itself in the door of the sheepfold. Buz had brought him some wheat-cakes and cheese to eat on the way back.

Joel was so busy with this welcome meal that he did not talk much. Buz kept eyeing him in silence, as if he longed to ask some question. At last, when the cheese had entirely disappeared he found courage to ask it.

"Were you always like that?" he said

It was just at the close of the evening meal. Nathan ben Obed rose half-way from his seat in astonishment, then sank back.

"How old a man is this friend of yours?" he asked.

"About thirty, I think," answered Phineas. "He is a little younger than I."

"Where was he born?"

"In Bethlehem, I have heard it said, though his home has always been in Nazareth."

"Strange, strange!" muttered the man, striking his long white beard thoughtfully.

Joel reached over and touched Phineas on the arm. "Will you not tell Rabbi Nathan about the wonderful star that was seen at that time?" he asked, in a low tone.

"What was that?" asked the old man, arousing from his reverie.

When Phineas had repeated his conversation with the stranger on the day of his journey, Nathan ben Obed exchanged meaning glances with his wife.

"Send for the old shepherd Heber," he said. "I would have speech with him."

Rhoda came in to light the lamps. He had her roll a cushioned couch that was in one corner to the centre of the room. "This old shepherd Heber was born in Bethlehem," he said; "but since his sons and grandsons have been in my employ, he has come north to live. He used to help keep the flocks that belonged to the temple and that were used for sacrifices. His has always been one of the purest of lives and I have never known such faith as he has. He is over a hundred years old, so must have been quite aged at the time of the event of which he will tell us."

Presently an old, old man tottered into the room, leaning on the shoulders of his two stalwart grandsons. They placed him gently on the cushions of the couch, and then went into the court-yard to await his readiness to return. Like the men Joel had seen the day before, they were dressed in skins, and were wild-looking and rough. But this aged father, with dim eyes and trembling wrinkled hands, sat before them like some hoary patriarch, in a fine linen mantle.

Pleased as a child, he saluted his new audience, and began to tell them his only story.

As the years had gone by, one by one the lights of memory had gone out in darkness. Well-known scenes had grown dim; old faces were forgotten; names he knew as well as his own could not be recalled; but this one story was as fresh and real to him as on the night he learned it.

The words he chose were simple, the voice was tremulous with weakness; but he spoke with a dramatic fervour that made Joel creep nearer and nearer, until he knelt, unknowing, at the old man's knee, spell-bound by the wonderful tale.

"We were keeping watch in the fields by night" began the old shepherd. "I and my sons and my brethren. It was still and cold, and we spoke but little to each other. Suddenly over all the hills and plains shone a great light,—brighter than light of moon or stars or sunshine. It was so heavenly white we knew it must be the glory of the Lord; we looked upon and we were sore afraid, and hid our faces, falling to the ground. And, lo! an angel overhead spoke to us from out of the midst of the glory, saying, 'Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.' And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."



AN EASTERN SHEPHERD AND LAMB.

abruptly, motioning to Joel's back and leg. Somehow the reference did not wound him as it generally did. He began to tell Buz about the Samaritan boy who had crippled him. He never was able to tell the story of his wrongs without growing passionately angry. He had worked himself into a white heat by the time he had finished.

"I'd get even with him," said Buz, excitedly, with a wicked squint of his eyes.

"How would you do it?" demanded Joel. "Cripple him as he did me?"

"Worse than that!" exclaimed Buz, stopping to take deliberate aim at a leaf overhead, and shooting a hole exactly through the centre with his sling. "I'd blind him as quick as that! It's a great deal worse to be blind than lame."

Joel closed his eyes, and rode on a few moments in darkness. Then he opened them and gave a quick, glad look around the landscape. "My! What if I never could have opened them again," he thought. "Yes, Buz, you're right," he said aloud. "It is worse to be blind; so I shall take Rehum's eyesight also, some time. Oh, if that time were only here!"

Although the subject of the miracle at Cana had been constantly in the mind of Phineas, and often near his lips, he did not speak of it to his host until the evening before his departure.

shout. He got up, and went to the door. There stood the shepherd. His bare limbs were cut by stones and torn by thorns. Blood streamed from his forehead where he had been wounded by a falling branch. The mud on his rough garments showed how often he had slipped and fallen on the steep paths.

Joel noticed, with a thrill of sympathy, how painfully he limped. But there on the bowed shoulders was the lamb he had wandered so far to find; and as the welcoming shout arose again, Joel's weak little cheer joined gladly in.

"How brave and strong he is," thought the boy. "He risked his life for just one pitiful little lamb."

The child's heart went strangely out to this rough fellow who stood holding the shivering lamb, sublimely unconscious

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will toward men'"

Oh, the sound of the rejoicing that filled that upper air! Even since in my heart have I caroled that foretaste of heaven?"

The old shepherd passed with such a light on his upturned face that he seemed to his awe-struck listeners to be hearing again that same angel chorus the chorists that ring down from the watch-towers of heaven across earth's lowly sheep-fold, on that first Christmas night.

There was a solemn hush. Then he said, "And when they were gone away and the light and the song were no more with us, we spake one to another, and rose in haste and went to Bethlehem. And we found the Babe lying in a manger with Mary His mother; and we fell down and worshipped him."

"Thirty years has it been since the birth of Israel's Messiah, and I sit and wonder all the day, wonder when he will appear once more to his people. Surely the time must be well-nigh here when he may claim his kingdom. O Lord, let not thy servant depart until these eyes that beheld the Child shall have seen the King in his beauty!"

Joel remained kneeling beside old Heber, perfectly motionless. He was striving together the links that he had lately found. A child heralded by angels proclaimed by a star, worshipped by the Magi! A man changing water into wine at only a word!

"I shall yet see him!" exclaimed the voice of old Heber, with such sublime assurance of faith that it found a response in every heart.

There was another solemn stillness, so deep that the soft fluttering of a night-moth around the lamp startled them.

Then the child's voice rang out eager and shrill but triumphant as if inspired: "Rabbi Phineas he it was who changed the water into wine—This friend of Nazareth and the babe of Bethlehem are the same!"

The heart of the carpenter was strangely stirred but it was full of doubt. Not that the Christ had been born—the teachings of all his lifetime led him to expect that; but that the chosen One could be a friend of his—the thought was too wonderful for him.

The old shepherd sat on the couch, feebly twisting his fingers, and talking to himself. He was repeating bits of the story he had just told them. "And lo an angel overhead!" he muttered. Then he looked up, whispering softly, "Glory to God in the highest—and peace, yes, on earth, peace!"

"He seems to have forgotten everything else," said Nathan, signalling to the men outside to lead him home. "His mind is wired away entirely that it may keep unspotted the record of that night's revelation. He tells it over and over, whether he has a listener or not."

They led him gently out, the white-haired white-souled old shepherd Heber. It seemed to Joel that the wrinkled face was illuminated by some inner light, not of this world, and that he lingered among men only to repeat to them, over and over his one story. That strange, sweet story of Bethlehem's first Christmas-tide.

(To be continued.)

ROCKS FROM THE SKY'S

Meteoritic stones, in single masses and in showers, have fallen from the atmosphere at various, and in many cases uncertain periods—throughout the world.

The largest of these meteoric bodies known until the past few years is in the Province of Tucuman, in South America in the midst of an extensive plain. It weighs 30,000 pounds.

A mass in the Imperial Cabinet, in Vienna, was brought from Agram, in Croatia, where it fell in 1751. It was seen by the inhabitants while falling from the air, and is said to have appeared like a globe of fire.

Prof. Pallas in his travels in Siberia, found a mass in the mountains of Kamir, weighing 1,680 pounds, which the inhabitants told him fell from the sky.

About 150 miles from Bahia, in Brazil, is a mass of crystalline texture weighing 14,000 pounds.

There is a specimen in a cabinet at New Haven, Conn., weighing 3,000 pounds, which was brought from the Red River Valley, in Louisiana.

The largest meteor now known descended on a farm in the township of Claysville, Pennsylvania, a few years ago. It required three men several days to unearth the monster. It had penetrated the earth until it came in contact with a stratum of limestone when this sudden check of its fearful velocity caused it to break into many pieces, of all sizes and shapes; yet when the earth was removed from around it, it still preserved its original shape. Its weight was estimated at 200 tons.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1896.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

One of the ladies in waiting on Queen Victoria, in a letter to a friend in this country, told an amusing story of the Queen's kindness and tact. During her stay at Osborne Castle, an Irish nurse came with her little charges, the children of the Duke of B., to visit the children of the Princess of Battenberg. While the party were at tea in the nursery, the Queen entered unexpectedly. Irish Nelly stood up, pale and trembling. The Queen presently saw her, and said, kindly:

"The children do credit to your care of them."

On this Nelly fell upon her knees, in a frenzy of embarrassment, crying out: "Yes, O Queen! No, O Queen!" bending her head with each sentence. "It's from County Cork I came, an' little does me father know I do be acquainted this day wid the great Queen of the world!"

The children burst into shrieks of laughter, but the Queen, checking the smile which rose to her own lips, shook her head at them, gently bade the woman rise, and sent her upon an errand until she could recover her wits.

The early biographies of Victoria describe her as imperious in manner, and fully conscious of the gulf which separated her from the rest of mankind. The Duke of Wellington, after an audience with his youthful sovereign, once shrugged his shoulders as he came out, saying with a laugh:

"How the little lady does love to rule!"

But the officials who surround her at court, now in her old age, represent her as kind and considerate of the feelings and comfort of her poorest servant or neighbour, and apparently forgetful, in her attention to the great questions of the day, of her own exalted rank.

The great Queen ruling for more than half a century over a large portion of the globe is taught by years, like the ordinary woman, to soften the judgment of

youth, and to feel that all men, rulers and ruled, stand on one level as children of the same Father.

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS

The subject of the protection of American missionaries in Turkey was under discussion in the United States Senate recently, and in the course of the debate, Mr. Frye, of Maine, delivered a brief speech which was so effective a piece of impromptu eloquence as to be worth every American's reading. Schoolboys might well adopt it as a declamation, and all readers, old and young alike, will find themselves stirred by its patriotic appeal. Let us hope that the United States may never fall behind England's example in protecting American citizens wherever they may be, or whoever may seek to outrage them. We subjoin an abstract from Senator Frye's speech:

Mr. President: I think that one of the grandest things in all the history of Great Britain is that she does protect her subjects everywhere, anywhere, and under all circumstances. I do not wonder that a British subject loves his country. This little incident, with which you are all familiar, is a marvellous illustration of the protection which Great Britain gives to her subjects:

The King of Abyssinia took a British subject named Cameron, about twenty years ago, carried him up to the fortress of Magdala, on the heights of a rocky mountain, and put him into a dungeon, without cause assigned. It took six months for Great Britain to find that out. Then Great Britain demanded his immediate release. King Theodore refused the release.

In less than ten days after that refusal was received ten thousand British soldiers, including five thousand Sepoys, were on board ships of war and were sailing down the coast. When they had disembarked, they were marched across that terrible country, a distance of seven hundred miles, under a burning sun, up the mountain, up to the very heights in front of the frowning dungeon; then gave battle, battered down the iron gates of the stone walls, reached down into the dungeon, and lifted out of it that one British subject, King Theodore killing himself with his own pistol.

Then they carried him down the mountain, across the land, put him on board a white-winged ship and sped him to his home in safety. That cost Great Britain twenty-five million dollars, and made General Napier Lord Napier of Magdala.

That was a great thing for a great country to do—a country that has an eye that can see all across the ocean, all across the land away up to the mountain heights, and away down to the darksome dungeon, one subject of hers out of her thirty-eight millions of people, and then has an arm strong enough and long enough to stretch across the same ocean, across the same lands, up the same mountain heights, down to the same dungeon, and then lift him out and carry him to his own country and friends. Who would not die for a country that will do that?

"The Pioneers. A Tale of the Western Wilderness." Illustrative of the adventures and discoveries of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. By R. M. Ballantyne. London: James Nisbet & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Few writers have done more than R. M. Ballantyne to make Canada's Great Lone Land of the far Northwest known to the world. He was for many years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, traversed the vast prairies and threaded the streams and forests of the H. B. territory. Sir Alexander Mackenzie was one of the most energetic and successful of the discoverers who explored the vast wilderness of British America. He traced the great river which bears his name, one of the largest in the world, to its outlet in the Polar Sea. He was the first to cross the Rocky Mountains in those high latitudes and descend to the Pacific Ocean. In the form of a story Mr. Ballantyne has given us an outline of a very important period in the history of our own country. This book is one of a series of seventeen describing pioneer civilization in many lands at the cheap rate of a shilling each. It

would make a valuable addition to any library. The boys, and girls, too, would read these books with avidity.

"The Story of Princess Alice. An Ideal Woman." By Eliza F. Pollard. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Princess Alice was a favourite of her father and of the English nation. It was she who watched by her father's death couch, and who ministered to the sick in the hospitals during the Franco-Prussian war, and who received the fatal infection of diphtheria from kissing her sick child. Her last words were "Dear papa." The book has several portraits and engravings of scenes in the life of the Princess Alice.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 7, 1896.

The Shepherd Psalm.—Psalm 23. 1-6.

The situation of a shepherd was well understood in the East. David, the author of this Psalm, was himself a shepherd when selected by God to be King of Israel. In speaking of God as a shepherd, he meant to convey the idea that whatever good characteristics pertained to the shepherd, pertained also to God in a much higher sense, hence the exclamation of the first verse read.

THE PROVISION HE MAKES.

Verse 2. Provender and water are essential for the welfare of the sheep. Without both are provided, the sheep will be sickly and faint, and soon die. Jehovah like a good shepherd feeds his people—the sheep of his flock, with such food as he knows to be best suited to their growth, and gives them to drink from that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

Verse 3. God's people, like stray sheep, sometimes ramble in by-paths, and lose both comfort and strength, but the good shepherd looks well after them, and brings them to the fold again, where they can dwell in safety. The path which they are to pursue is a right one. Righteousness is the girdle of their loins. They aim to do right, because only such actions are well pleasing in the sight of God.

DEATH CONTEMPLATED.

Verse 4. No one likes to think of dying, but all must die. There is no discharge in this war. It is appointed unto man once to die. But see with what calm confidence the writer of the Psalm contemplates this last event in the life of man? The rod and staff of the Shepherd, which were so important and essential, would be there to render aid.

CONFIDENCE INCREASES.

Verse 5. The good shepherd seeks for the best pasture available for his sheep, so our good Shepherd supplies all the needs of his people, and so abundantly does he do this, that one has said, "I have been young, and now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

JOYFUL ANTICIPATION.

Verse 6. No feeling of dread for the future, but a feeling of certainty is enjoyed for both worlds. The house of the Lord, where the Psalmist is to dwell forever, is the heavenly home that is being prepared.—See John 14. 1-2.

When great lords of France hurried to announce to the little boy, Henry the Fifth, that he was now king, the court officer who was sent out into the grounds to summon him had great difficulty in persuading the child to come: "That's all nonsense, sister; don't let's stop playing."

This story is a good one to laugh over; but you, who have been so often summoned to enter into your kingship, and whose constant answer has been, "Don't let's stop playing," cannot dare to laugh. It is not forced upon the unwilling to accept the heirship of the kingdom of heaven.

It doesn't make much difference which end of the gun you are at if it kicks as hard as it shoots.

The Union Jack

Yonder waves old England's banner
Still recalling bygone years,
As it waved at famous Creedy
And the battle of Poitiers,
Since the days of Royal Alfred
It has humbled haughty foes;
Faced a thousand threatening dangers,
Dealt a thousand mortal blows,
Still the ship that has it hoisted,
Can through any ocean tuck,
Give a shout for British freedom,
Raise aloft the Union Jack!

Mark its course upon the ocean,
Trace its path from land to land,
Ever guided in its mission
By a Providential hand;
Over stormy oceans wafted,
Where huge icebergs rock and roll
And the briny waves, in fury,
Dash around each dreary pole;
And away in tropic climates
Where our heroes blyounce
Whilst above them floats sublimely
England's ancient Union Jack.

Raise aloft the royal standard,
Let it greet the passing breeze,
Still it braves the ocean's billow,
Stands secure on stormy seas,
As it waved above our Nelson,
England's gallant, matchless tar,
At the Nile's terrific combat
And immortal Trafalgar;
To the mast he nailed his colours,
Signalled them for close attack;
Midst a peal of "British thunder"
He displayed the Union Jack.

Wolfe displayed Old England's colours
On the Plains of Abraham,
Where in war's impassioned combat
He encountered brave Montcalm;
Ere the din of battle ended
Both the gallant heroes fell—
Loud above the roar of battle
Rose the Highland soldier's yell,
By a charge of British bayonets
Then the foe was driven back,
And the day was one of glory
To Old England's Union Jack.

Gallant Brock its folds expanded
On the field of Queenston Height;
Well the hero did his duty
Putting Britain's foes to flight;
But ere he reached the frowning summit
Did the gallant hero fall,
For his bright career was ended
By a marksman's rifle ball,
But his comrades, roused to vengeance,
Like a tempest swept the track,
And the day was one of glory
For the ancient Union Jack.

Should the war-cry then be sounded
O'er Canadian soil again,
We will guard the hallowed precincts
Where our Wolfe and Brock were slain,
Where our Empire's flag's insulted
Or a British hero leads,
There Canadians dare to follow
And will emulate their deeds:
Dare to fight for British freedom—
We're no coward, craven pack,
To disgrace Old England's standard,
Or desert the Union Jack.

And brave Scotia's sons are ready,
For their place is in the van,
To repel the fierce invasion
As they did at Inkerman,
And the loyal men of Erin,
Round the cross of red and blue,
Round the battle flag will rally
As of yore at Waterloo,
England, Scotland, and brave Erin
Have in warfare ne'er been slack;
And now Canada is with them
To defend the Union Jack.

Lives there still one British subject
Who'd refuse his life—his all—
In defence of British freedom,
Who'd rejoice at Britain's fall?
If there be, then curse the traitor,
Pass him by in dark disdain,
Let him bear while life is left him
On his brow the mark of Cain,
Let him die, a hated coward;
Bury him by midnight black;
He deserves no home nor country
Who'd desert the Union Jack.

The value of a man's shot is not deter-
mined by the thing he aimed at, but by
the game he bagged.

DRUNKEN BILL; OR, HOW DELL
LED HER FATHER TO CHRIST

"See, papa, ain't she a beauty?" ex-
claimed Dell, a little girl of seven years,
holding up a beautiful new wax doll.
"I've going to take her down to show
Mrs. White, cause she's a deal prettier
than her baby, and I want to see if she'll
care."

"All right, Dell, but don't stay long,"
said her father.

"Papa, I've something else, too."

"Have you, eh? Let us see."

And the child, drawing her hand from
behind her back, held up a tiny Testa-
ment. A cloud darkened upon her
father's face.

"Now, what nonsense is this, and
where did that come from?"

"Miss Lesley sent it with dollie, and
papa, mayn't I keep it? She has marked
a lot of verses, and I will read them to
you."

"None of that, child; keep the book if
it gives you such pleasure; but don't be
teasing me about it. Now, run along
and show Mrs. White your doll."

Dell soon disappeared over the hill
down the road which led from their little
cottage to the farm-house of Mr. White,
William Gibson, or "Drunken Bill," as
he was so often called (because the peo-
ple declared he was more drunk than
sober), lived in his little cottage with
an old house-keeper and his little daugh-
ter Dell; and the one thing he loved
more than liquor was the happiness of
Dell. The child seemed to be the idol of
his life and heart. It was very reluct-
antly he had allowed her to attend the
village Sabbath-school, saying,

"They would just fill her head with
trash and spoil her."

But Dell craved, and her father could
not disappoint her, so she had gone reg-
ularly for the past year, and in her
childish way had often repeated texts
learned there to her father, which had
given him great annoyance.

The text for the last Sabbath had been,
"The eyes of the Lord are in every place,
beholding the evil and the good." The
teacher had tried to impress upon the
minds of the children, that the all-seeing
eye of God was upon them, that he saw
each little act of kindness, heard every
gentle word spoken. She had closed the
lesson with the story of the Cross, told
in simple words; and Christ's prayer for
his enemies in his last hour of agony.

Little Dell Gibson had hardly taken
her eyes off her teacher, and now, tears
were running down her cheeks. At the
close of the school she came to her
teacher with the words, "Oh, teacher, I
do love Jesus, and I want papa to love
him too."

"Well, Dell, dear," said Miss Lesley,
"Tell Jesus so, and ask him to lead nana
to see his need of that love and help
which God alone can give. You know,
Dell, you and I can pray for papa."

Then she kissed the child, and they
parted. That night when Dell hid her
father good-night, she threw her little
white arms around his neck, and rested
her golden head upon his shoulder.

"Papa," she whispered, "the eyes of
the Lord are in every place, beholding
the evil and the good."

"Dell," exclaimed her father, "is that
some more of your Sunday-school trash?"

"It's so, papa; it is in the Bible, and
that is God's own book."

"Well, Dell, remember now, that I for-
bid you repeating texts learned there to
me. Do you hear, child? This, or no
more going to the school."

For answer Dell's arms tightened
around her father's neck, and the rosy
lips were pressed upon his forehead and
cheek.

"Good night, papa," she whispered,
while her stern father had been scold-
ing, another thought had passed through
the mind of the child. It was this:
"You and I can pray for papa, Dell."

She slipped down from her father's
arms, and stole noiselessly to her own
little bed. At the old house-keeper
netted the child, telling her not to mind
her father's cross words, she answered:
"I love papa, and so does God, I've go-
ing to pray God, to show papa how good
he is, and then he will love him, too,"
and, kneeling down, she offered up the
following prayer:

"Dear Jesus, bless papa, and cause
him to see that God loves him, and

wants his love; and, Jesus, bless little
Dell, and make me a good girl. Amen"

It was a few days after this, that Miss
Lesley sent Dell a little Testament, and
a beautiful wax doll. Miss Lesley loved
the child, and felt sorry for her.

Her father had been drinking more
than usual, and the last few days Dell
had seen little of him; but this morning
he had come in, spoken kindly to the
child, and apparently had not been
drinking, and instead of going to the vil-
lage, as was his custom, he busied him-
self about the yard. It was here Dell
found him when she came running out
with her gifts, and calling, "See, papa,
ain't she a beauty? I've going to take
her down to show Mrs. White, 'cause
she's a deal prettier than her baby."

Then, drawing her hand from behind
her back, she held up the Testament,
causing the remark, "What nonsense is
this, and where did that come from?"

Seeing the disappointed look upon the
child's face, and feeling guilty for the
unkind words spoken the last Sabbath
evening, he felt he could not deny his
daughter this.

Dell had gone to show her doll to Mrs.
White, as happy as the sunbeams which
played about her golden curls. She was
returning home, and how did it happen?

Ah, how? Nobody knew. A runaway
team was seen passing the home of Mr.
White a few minutes after Dell's depart-
ure. Mr. White saw the team, he had
also seen the child leave the house; he
ran, as did Mrs. White, but too late.
They lifted up the little senseless form
of Dell, and bore it gently back to the
house. The doctor was summoned; but
who could carry the news to Bill Gibson?
Yet he must be told at once. One after
another had refused until Mr. Hudson,
the superintendent of the school to which
Dell belonged, came, and at once offered
to go for her father.

He found him where Dell had left him,
and, after shaking hands, at once told
him the sad news. It would be impos-
sible to describe the father's grief, and
Mr. Hudson felt that words of sympathy
would then be powerless. But he silently
sent up a prayer to God for this poor
man in his sorrow.

They soon reached the home of Mr.
White, and found the doctor leaning over
the child. The father tottered to the
other side of the bed, and fell upon his
knees with a groan. For a moment Dr.
Brown's eyes rested upon the father, but
only for a moment. He continued to ex-
amine the patient. Several severe bruises
were found upon the body, but it was
the head where the serious trouble
seemed to be. Just above the left temple
was a great gash, which the doctor had
dressed with skill. When he had done
this, he turned to Mrs. White, saying he
had done all he could; that the house
must be kept perfectly quiet, that he
must now go, but would return in an
hour.

The hour passed at last; the doctor
came, but shook his head; no change
could be seen.

At last Dell opened her eyes, but not
to recognize any one.

"Speak to her," said the doctor to her
father. Bill took one of the little hands
in his, and bending over her said, "Dell,
Dell, darling, don't you know me?" but
the child only raised the other little hand
to her head with a moan. The head
tossed restlessly upon the pillow, and an
expression of pain rested upon her face.

That it would end in brain fever was
clear to Dr. Brown.

Days of anxious watching followed,
the fever set in, and for nearly two weeks
the father listened to the ravings of his
child. During this time Bill Gibson had
not tasted a drop of liquor, and his grief
would often melt those present to tears.
But the fever was defeated at last, the
crisis was safely passed, and now they
were told that with great care Dell
would get well again.

One day, as her father sat by her bed-
side, she looked up with a sweet smile
and said:

"Will papa read to Dell about Jesus?"
Dell's little Testament was brought,
and her father read of Jesus taking little
children in his arms and blessing them.
Dell asked question after question, which
her father could not answer.

"Pray to God, papa," she said, in a
simple tone. "He will help you to find
that Jesus who loves me so."

"And now, darling," said her father,
as he stooped down and kissed her ten-
derly, "I will leave you for a little
while."

This was the first time he had left her
side, except to take a little rest and food
and Dell saw he had taken her Testament
with him. Each day Dell grew stronger
and at last there came a day when the
sick child was allowed to be cushioned
up in a large rocking-chair. The doctor
had just been to see his little patient.

"Dell is doing well," he said to Mrs.
White, as he went out, "and in a few
days I think we will be able to move her
to her own home, but she will carry that
scar on her head to her grave."

Little Dell did not know of the struggle
going on with her father. True, he had
not been drinking, and was often seen
reading Dell's Testament, but he was not
happy, and each day he grew more
wretched. Dell was too young to know
it was God's Spirit striving with her
father. She was happy because he had
read her Testament, and could not under-
stand why her father was not happy.

One evening, after she had been taken
home, she sat in their little room, singing
hymns learned in the Sabbath-school.

"Sing that again, Dell," said her
father.

Dell sang,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Her little hands were clasped, and the
sweet words of the old hymn rang
through the room.

"Plenteous grace with Thee I find,
Grace to cover all my sin.

Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within."

sang Dell.

Her father sat with his face in his
hands, as if lost in thought.

"Yes," he murmured, "it is true, it is
true. But I do not find—I only want, and
my sins make me afraid to approach
him," continued her father, more to him-
self than Dell.

"But, papa," said Dell "Miss Lesley
told us Jesus died for our sins, and that
he wanted us all to come to him, and
our text that day was, "Whosoever
cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast
out."

"Does the Bible say that, child?"

"Yes, papa and teacher marked it in
my Testament." Dell found the verse
and gave it to her father. "Who—so-
ever, that must mean me, too," said her
father, as he read the verse. He turned
over the leaves, as if in search of some-
thing more, when another marked verse
met his eye.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son,
cleanseth us from all sin."

Ah, the light was dawning. "Who-
soever cleanseth from all sin."

At length he left the room, and before
he returned, peace had been spoken to
his troubled soul.

"Dell," he said, as he stood by his
little girl, his face lit up with this new-
found joy, "your Saviour is mine."

"Oh, papa," she whispered, "I've so
glad, I want to tell Jesus, I know he
sees, 'cause the eyes of the Lord are in
every place, but I want to tell him."

She took his hand in both hers and
they knelt down together. Dell in her
childish way thanked God because her
father had learned to love him.

Then her father offered his first prayer
before his child, and such a prayer.

He thanked God for the precious blood
of Christ, which had paid the price of
sin for him, prayed that he might each
day and hour walk close to his Master.
He said he knew he had wandered far
in sin but said he, "Thou hast reached
me, fold me in thine arms, in thee I find
all I need, May I have grace given to
trustfully and unquestioningly obey, even
when I cannot understand."

Then a prayer of thankfulness for Dell.
He thanked God that his child had led
him to Jesus who died for them both,
prayed that they might both live so as
to be prepared for those mansions, on
"yonder everlasting shore."

As they arose from their knees Dell's
father clasped her in his arms, kissed the
scar which had so nearly cost her her life,
and had so changed his.

Aurora, Ont

Let a man define life, and he tells how
much he lives.

ASIATIC BRIDAL PARTY.

The Tribes of Tartary in Central Asia are a strange people. They almost live in the saddle. One of the queer ways of courtship is to give the lady a start of a short distance on a swift steed, then to allow the would-be bridegroom to pursue her. If the fair fugitive does not want to be caught she puts her horse to his utmost speed. If she is not unwilling to be made a captive, well, she does not put forth such efforts to escape. Our picture shows us one of these young women in her strange bridal dress.

THE BOY ORGANIST

A boy, only six years old was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags towering on the quiet valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomlessness, stirring the boy's heart like some vast cathedral. They stopped at a cloister and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lighted up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the great bellows, the little organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened. Some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones passed themselves in new harmonies, and the stone arches thrilled with their power.

"It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions and giving a start back over his shoulder at the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing saw nothing, besides his eyes beamed and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling bellows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still. The boy was Wolfgang A. Mozart.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON X. JUNE 7.

WARNING TO THE DISCIPLES.

Luke 22. 24-37. Memory verses, 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil 2. 5.

Time.—Thursday evening, April 6, A. D. 30.

Place. An upper room in a house in Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

1. True Greatness, verses 24-30.
24. Who had a strife? For what did they strive? 25. Who did Jesus say rule in the world? 26. Who is the greatest among the followers of Christ? How did Jesus himself act among them? How did Jesus show himself humble? (John 13. 1, 5) 29. How did Jesus promise to reward his disciples? 30. What honour did he promise to them? What is promised in Rev. 3. 20, to those that open the door to Christ?

2. True Courage, verses 31-37.
31. What did Jesus tell to Simon Peter? 32. What had Jesus done for Peter? What did Jesus tell Peter to do? 33. What was Peter's pledge to Jesus? 34. How did Jesus answer Peter? Did Peter deny Jesus on that night? See verses

Twelve Little Boys.

There are twelve little boys I would tell you about,
(Just think what a dreadful noise!)
They are all of an age, just three and a half,
These twelve little blue-eyed boys.

There's a doctor, a preacher, a farmer lad,
And one is a soldier bold,
Who rides about with his pistol and sword,
Like the frog in the story of old.

There's the acrobat boy, with his heels in the air;
But I think, and so would you,
That the sweetest of all is the boy who sings,
"Two little girls in blue."

The sweetest of all, did I say? There's one
Who sits—dear little man—
Just "thinking of mamma," the red lips say,
As only a baby can.

There is one little boy, I am sorry to say,
Who will cry and pout and fret;
Who likens himself to a "bad, bad man,
Who loves no one," and yet,

Somehow we think that he loves us all;
For the clouds soon pass away,
And a sweet smile dimples the tear-stained face,
Like a sunbeam gone astray.

There is "Auntie's sweetheart" and "Uncle's boy,"
And "Brother's little brother,"
And "Mamma's man"—I think you scarce
Could find just such another.

But when the hour comes for the good-night kiss,
To these laddies so precious to me,
I find just one poor, tired little boy,
As sleepy as sleepy can be.

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ASIATIC BRIDAL PARTY.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the account of Christ's last supper with his disciples (Luke 22. 10-23), and also recall the Places and Rulers.

Tuesday. Read the Lesson (Luke 22. 24-37).

Wednesday. Read the account of Jesus in the garden (Luke 22. 39-53).

Thursday. Read the story of Peter's denial of Christ (Luke 22. 54-62).

Friday. Read of Christ's example before the supper (John 13. 1-11), and study the Questions on the Lesson.

Saturday.—Read some lessons from the example of Christ (John 13. 12-20), and study the Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday. Read Phil 2. 1-11, "Humbled and Exalted," and review the lesson for the day.

59-61. 35. How had Jesus formerly sent out his disciples? What did he tell them now to do?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Let us be like Christ in willingness to serve and help others, and not like his disciples, in seeking the best places for themselves. He is truly great who does good. It is a higher honour to be with Christ in his kingdom than to sit on a throne. Satan tries to sift and to tempt us, as he did Peter. Let us always be watching against him, and let us always look to Christ for help, and then we need never fall.

Many people worry themselves tired trying to rest.