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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

The Drunkard's Daughter.

Out in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's little daughter;
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She knew little—for no one taught her

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled;
Hope promised her no bright morrow
Or, if its light flashed on her night,
Then up came darker clouds of sorrow

She softly said: "We have no bread
No wood to keep the fire a-burning."
The child was ill, the winds were chill;
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side where no one cried
To them, for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day in beauty shining,
Set dome and spire and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,
Where no dear parent ever sought her;
In a winding-sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The most conspicuous feature of the Paris Exposition of 1900 is the famous Eiffel Tower, erected in 1888, as shown

which, indeed, it needs to have to sustain the strain of the winds and the pressure of the enormous weight of iron.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

BY D. L. MOODY.

I remember a man who enlisted in our war, and left a wife and two children, and the wife was not in good health. One cold day in November, in the first year of the war, the news came that he was shot in battle, and the mother was in great sorrow. Soon after the landlord came round for his rent, and she told him her trouble, and said she would not be able to pay the rent so regularly as before, as she had only her needle, and sewing machines were just coming in then, and as she could not buy one, she had a very poor chance. The man was a heartless wretch, and said that if she did not pay the rent

day to this. A beautiful cottage was provided for her and her two children, and she has lived there without paying any rent. When the fire swept over Chicago and burnt up her home, another little home was put up for her, and there she is.

I remember another little incident connected with the same family. They heard I was going to the army a few weeks after they had been provided for, and the mother came to me with her two little children, and they brought down all the money they had, some pennies which they had been putting away in a little bank, or at least the eldest one, and it was like the widow's mite. I thought at first I could not take the money; but then I thought it is God who had prompted them to give it. They wanted me to take it down into the army and buy a Bible and give it to a soldier, and tell the soldier who got it that the children who gave it were going to pray for

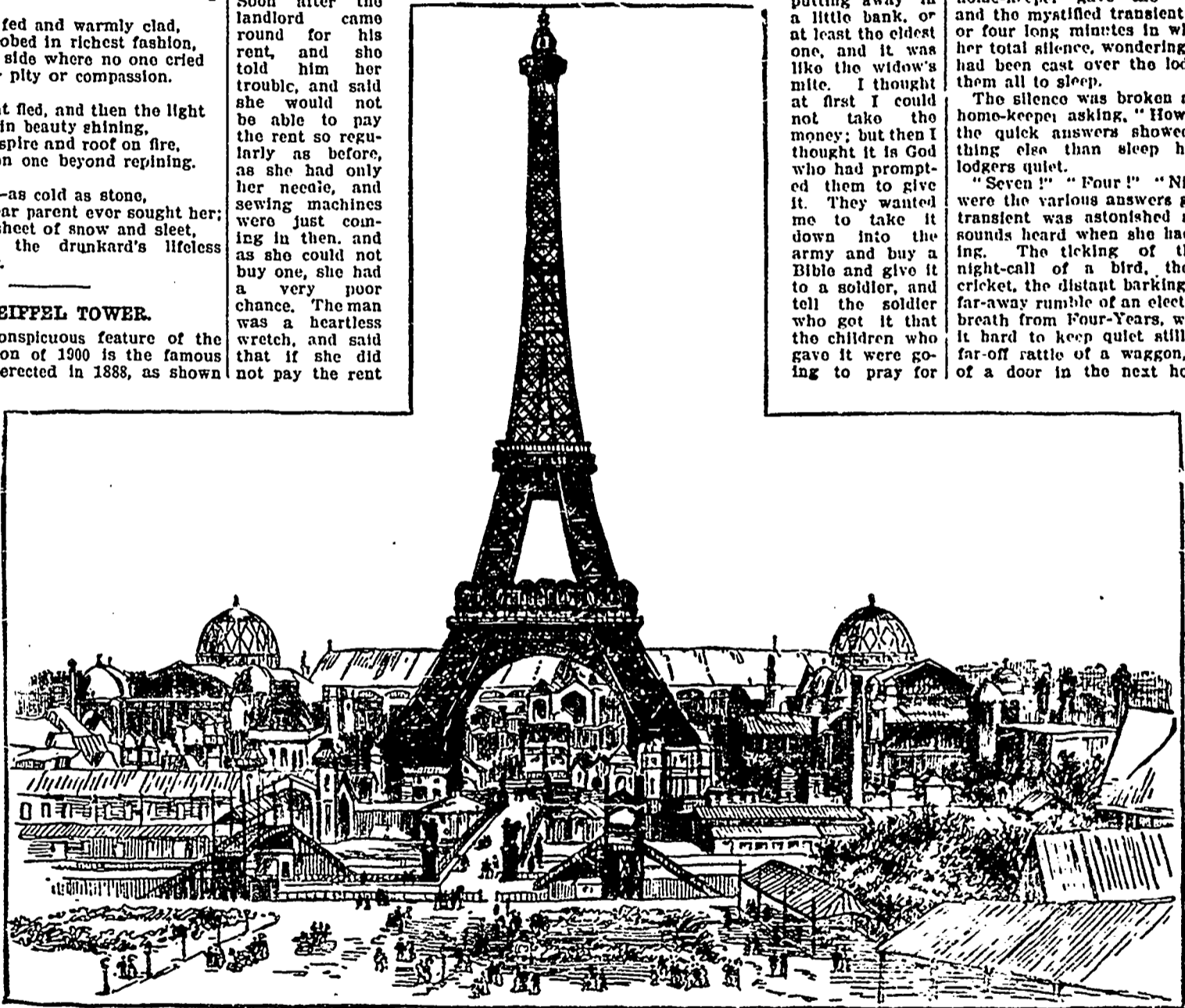
LISTENING FOR NOISES.

There had been a noisy bedtime romp, and the home-keeper was just wondering how to quiet her little lodgers for sleep, when Four-Years solved the problem for her by suddenly suggesting, "Let's listen for noises."

The windows were open to let in the sweet air of the summer evening, and the lodgers all settled themselves into comfortable positions to prevent any rustling. The transient also settled herself with an air of expectancy to see what was coming. When all were ready, the home-keeper gave the word, "Now!" and the mystified transient sat for three or four long minutes in what seemed to her total silence, wondering if some spell had been cast over the lodgers and put them all to sleep.

The silence was broken at last by the home-keeper asking, "How many?" and the quick answers showed that something else than sleep had kept the lodgers quiet.

"Seven!" "Four!" "Nine!" "Six!" were the various answers given, and the transient was astonished at the list of sounds heard when she had heard nothing. The ticking of the clock, the night-call of a bird, the chirp of a cricket, the distant barking of a dog, the far-away rumble of an electric-car, a loud breath from Four-Years, who had found it hard to keep quiet still so long, the far-off rattle of a waggon, the shutting of a door in the next house, and the



EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS EXPOSITION.

upon this page, the highest structure in the world. It is a beautiful lace-like structure of iron and steel, resting on four great legs and rising gracefully to the height of about 1,000 feet. On the first platform, about 200 feet above the ground, is a great concert hall with restaurants, and on the second and third are similar refreshment stalls. On the top is a powerful electric light which may be seen about 100 miles.

The most peculiar feature about it is the series of elevators which run up and down the legs to the second gallery, from which a single elevator conveys visitors to the topmost gallery. The details of these elevators are shown on our last page. The present writer went to the top in the elevator, and then walked down a winding corkscrew stair which seemed to rest upon nothing. And a very queer sensation it was to wind one's way downward seemingly with little between one and the horizon or the earth than the gauzy network of steel of the tower.

The cut on the last page shows the enormous strength of the foundation,

regularly, he would turn her out. After he went away the mother began to weep. Her little child, not quite five, came up to her and said:

"Mamma, is not God very rich?"

"Yes, my child."

"Can't God take care of us?"

"Yes."

"Then what makes you cry? Mayn't I go and ask him?"

The mother said she might if she liked. The little child knelt at her cradle-bed, where the mother taught her to pray, and the mother told me the child never looked so sweet. She stood weeping over her misfortune, and the little child knelt down and said, "O Lord, you have given and ta' a way my dear father, and the landlord says he will turn us out of doors, and my mamma has no money, won't you please lend us a little house to live in?"

And then she came to her mamma, and said, "Mamma, don't weep. Jesus will take care of us. I know he will, for I have asked him."

It is upward of twenty years, and that mother has never paid any rent from that

him, as they used to pray for their father. They wanted some soldier to pray for God bless such children. I bought two Bibles, and one night I was preaching, and had a lot of men hearing me, and I told them this story, and holding one of the Bibles, I said, "If there is a man here who has the courage, the moral courage, who is not a Christian, to rise and take this Bible and have the prayers of these two fatherless children to follow him through the war, let him step forward."

To my surprise sixteen men sprang to their feet, came forward and knelt around me, and it seemed as if heaven and earth came together. The prayers of those little children had followed the Bibles. I am so thankful that we have a God who hears and answers prayers.

When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness, but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them. But I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better.—Jeremy Taylor.

taste of the transient's dress, were all noted.

The advantages of this simple game are obvious. Will not other home-keepers give similar expedients that they have found useful for quieting or entertaining their little lodgers?—The Evangelist.

BULLER AT HOME.

Sir Redvers Buller is not a person who will allow any ordinary considerations to swerve him from what he thinks is his duty. At a dinner in his house not long ago a certain well-known man was present, and told an anecdote which was so off colour that the ladies were exceedingly distressed.

When dinner was over Sir Redvers rang the bell. "Mr. A's carriage," he ordered, when the butler appeared.

"I do not expect my brougham so early," said Mr. A., and there was a gleam of defiance in his eyes.

Sir Redvers did not reply, but he took Mr. A. by the arm and led him gently into the hall. It is time for you to go, he said, quietly, and his guest went.

My Country, Let It Be.

By D. A. FERRIS.

(Tune God Save the Queen)

My country let it be
From the wild coast set free
Of demon drink...

Dear Canada, renowned,
By acts of valour renowned,
Lead in the fight...

Let all the powers that be
Obtained for liberty,
Like mine unite...

Then shall our land be free,
It cures no fever,
And by the wise decree...

Man's helper, God to thee—
Our cause of liberty
To thee we bring...

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others.

WILLIAM BROS.,
Metropolitan Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1900

A BROKEN JUNIOR PLEDGE.

By M. JULIA AUSTIN.

"Fifteen, twenty-five, thirty," counted Ralph in a tone of great satisfaction.

"It's my go," echoed Ralph, sending the black checker off the board with a skillful shot.

"It's Thursday night, boys," remanded mother, as a shout from the winner told that the game was ended.

"Oh, mother, let us play just one more game, then we will get our verses," pleaded Fred.

"There's plenty of time," said Ralph, reaching for his men.

The game proved to be a much longer one than usual, and just as Fred played his last shot, the clock struck.

Junior who reads this knows far better than I can tell how a busy day goes.
At noon there was a fire, and, of course, the twins must needs see to that.

"As this is our consecration meeting, the secretary will please call the roll now," said Miss Helen, after the first prayer.

Ralph gave a little gasp of astonishment as he looked at Fred. Only two names before they were called.

"Ralph Butler," called the secretary. "Present," answered Ralph. Miss Helen looked up quickly, but Ralph could not meet her eyes.

All through the meeting Ralph and Fred were miserable. At last, however, it was over, and each drew a long breath of relief.

"Miss Helen said Fred," we ought to tell," Miss Helen how it was.

"Yes, said Ralph, we ought," "Miss Helen, we didn't mean to," began Ralph.

"Miss Helen did not smile. "Boys," she said, gently, "didn't you remember your pledge? You didn't promise me, you know."

The boyish faces were very sober. They had not thought of it in that way before.

Miss Helen never preaches, said Fred, as the twins walked homeward, but she makes a lofty feel that that pledge is a mighty solemn thing.

"Neither will I," Ralph answered, in a tone that expressed much.

ROBBING A KINDNESS OF ITS BEAUTY.

The kindness that we show to another is robbed of its beauty if we do it in a grudging and unkind way.

There is something for us all to think over in the account by a recent writer of an incident that occurred during her visit to the poor.

Mary, the older of my two nieces, had announced at the breakfast table that she would have to go down town that day, as she had several errands to do.

"I was most anxious to start when her brother Tom came to her with a short pencilled list.

"Would you mind getting these for me, Mary?" he asked. There are two boxes and a basket for the city.

"Why, yes," she said, "I suppose I can get them," she said, ungraciously.

"I wasn't going anywhere near that store, though, and I have lots of errands to do for myself."

"Mary's face grew over. "Why, yes," she said, "I suppose I can get them," she said, ungraciously.

"I wasn't going anywhere near that store, though, and I have lots of errands to do for myself."

"Oh, I'll take care of them," Tom said, hastily. "I don't want to make you a lot of trouble. I can get down myself in a day or two, and perhaps I can borrow somebody's book till then."

"Oh, I'll take care of them," Tom said, hastily. "I don't want to make you a lot of trouble. I can get down myself in a day or two, and perhaps I can borrow somebody's book till then."

"I'll darn it for you, Tom," Margaret said, and was preparing to leave the room when Tom came in again.

"See what I've done, Margaret," he said, pointing to a great three-cornered tear in his coat.

"You're right," said Margaret, with a laugh. "You're right, sister, Meg," said Tom, gratefully, as he put on his coat again, a few minutes later.

"But you're busy," Tom said, hesitatingly, remembering his previous experience. "I don't want to bother you now."

"As though I wasn't always glad to help you when I can," Give me your coat, and we'll have that tear mended in a fifty."

"You're right, sister, Meg," said Tom, gratefully, as he put on his coat again, a few minutes later.

The lore that binds together the members of a family circle should make it sweet to do these small acts of kindness. There should be none of the grudging,

ungracious spirit, and the counting of cost in the shape of trouble, that we so often see.—Christian Commonwealth.

REUBEN'S COMPANY.

Reuben and Frank were two little Hindu boys They were named after some missionaries.

Frank had come over to Reuben's to play with him, and they were busy for some time with kite and spinning tops.

They filled a paper bag with fruit and parched rice, and then hung it on a branch of a tree.

The birds did turn in striking at the bag. Of course, they made many mistakes.

Sometimes they would strike against the trunk of the tree, and sometimes against each other.

"I'm blindfolded," said Reuben, try to break tue bag," laughed Frank, "and it's lots of fun, too, to have the handkerchief off my eyes, and watch Reuben strike the bag."

There are only two ways to eat all the good things in the bag when it bursts," said Reuben. "If the other boys knew about this, they would come here, wouldn't they?"

"The boys don't know," said Reuben, soon brought other children to the spot, and a gay time they had in trying to break the bag.

"I've done it at last!" cried Frank, eagerly, as his stick burst the bag, and its contents went flying over the ground.

Then they scrambled for the fruit, the shells, and the corn. The little fellows stoned, rolled over each other trying to get some.

Reuben alone had none. "Why, where is your share?" asked Frank.

"Oh, the others are my company," answered Reuben, "and it was only right for me to let them have their choice first."

But they're not invited company," said Frank. "There are only two ways to eat all the good things in the bag when it bursts," said Reuben.

"That doesn't matter," replied Reuben. "Then we will all give you some of ours," cried one of the boys, handing a cake to Reuben.

The others did the same, and the polite little boy thus got as many dainties as did his playmates, and gained their goodwill beside, which was best of all.—Evangelical.

WHAT REPENTANCE IS.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday-school what was meant by the word "repentance," and he was answered by the word "repentance," and he was answered by the word "repentance."

"Well, what is it, my lad?" "Being sorry for your sins," was the hand.

"A little girl on the back seat raised her hand. "Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to have your sins forgiven."

"That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but not sorry enough to quit.

HOW GIBRALTAR IS GUARDED.

Were Gibraltar in a continuous state of siege it could be held by force in a foreign country, is never forgotten.

At retreat the gates are closed; at reveille they are opened. None but Englishmen are allowed to enter without a pass, and none but residents permitted to spend the night.

The Spanish labourers from San Roque, who come for the day, are forced to leave at nightfall.

A bell of warning clangs like an alarm in the streets before the gates are opened, then the streets are thronged with workmen from Spain—men, women, even children, hurrying to get beyond the gates before the closing of the town.

At sunset the warden, bearing the keys, marches through the streets to the stirring strains of the fides and drums or the braying notes of Highland pipes, and locks the gates for the night.

Again at the hour of taps, martial music ceases, and the town is guarded by the Black Watch or the drummers of some regiment of the line swing through the narrow streets, their red coats glistening in the light of the moon.

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The batteries of ponderous modern guns, and El Incho, the signal tower, were now closed to visitors, so no one longer arose, as at a former visit, across the straits to the misty hills of Morocco where the Moorish cities of Tangier and Ceuta nestle by the sea.

You used to come on donkeys over the crest of the rock, and visit St. Michael's cave below; cockney gunners used to point the great guns at Africa, and detail their carrying power and calibre, but the authorities have grown suspicious, and now but half the "Gib" is shown to the foreign visitor, while even the whereabouts of the newest batteries are kept a secret.—Epworth Era.

BOYS, READ THIS.

Idle ness is the devil's own workshop, and especially is this true of boys. We never feel sorry for the boy who has to work, even if it be to help make a living for the rest of the family, but we do pity the boy who has nothing to do, and whose parents are able to keep him from having to labour.

The boy who may work and get only a stipend of a dollar, or even less, no work, is learning a trade, and what is more, is learning habits of industry. It is the boys who begin early the life of industry that become the successful men of the nation.

The boy who waits until he is grown, or until he acquires an education, before he begins to labour or learn a profession, is apt to start in life handicapped and outstripped by his seemingly less fortunate competitors.

It pays a boy better in the long run to work for twenty-five cents a week and learn a trade, with habits of application to business, than to do nothing and be anybody at the expense of his parents.

Boys, do something—be something—Gazette.

A OUBE FOR BELTSHINESS.

A red glass makes everything red. While a blue glass turns everything blue.

So when every one seems selfish and every one waits until he is grown, or until he acquires an education, before he begins to labour or learn a profession, is apt to start in life handicapped and outstripped by his seemingly less fortunate competitors.

It pays a boy better in the long run to work for twenty-five cents a week and learn a trade, with habits of application to business, than to do nothing and be anybody at the expense of his parents.

Boys, do something—be something—Gazette.

The cheerful, good-natured girls and boys have the best health and best times of anybody, if you don't believe it, just try it and see.

Our Pledge.

The family pledge hung on the wall, And on it you could see The names of mamma and Mary Jane, And Charlie—that is me.

We did not dare to ask papa To write upon it, too, So left a place for him to fill; 'Twas all we dared to do.

He saw our pledge as soon as he Came to the door that night; And when we saw him read it, It put us in a fright.

He did not say a word to us About the pledge at all; But of it we saw him look at it Hanging upon the wall.

And every night when he came home He stood and read it through, We all kept still about its words, Although we knew them through.

Four weeks had passed, and then one When pa came home to tea, He took the pledge down from its nail, And then he turned to me,

"Go get the pen and ink, my boy, And let me fill that space, It looks so bare"—he slowly said, A queer look on his face.

And then mamma sat down and cried (She said it was for joy), And Mary Jane she cried some, too, I did not—I'm a boy!

And papa said he did not drink Since that first night, when we Had hung that pledge upon the wall, Where he our names could see,

And ever since that a case was filled— Mamma sat at the table, and Mary Jane sat at the table, and Charlie sat at the table, and I sat at the table, and we all kept still about its words, Although we knew them through.

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The Two Villages.

BY DANIEL A. POLING AGED 15.

Yes, this is the town of Benton,
A village that's clean and dry,
There isn't a man in the poorhouse,
And the wages we pay are high.

How do we build our sidewalks?
How do we buy our lamps?
Why, man, we had no sidewalks
When the license was taken from
Ramps.

The town was small and scattered,
Of numbers very few,
But when we banished whiskey,
We prospered, and Benton grew.

The people read of our village,
They heard of our temperance home,
And, from the day we voted,
Our Benton has flourished and grown.

Yes, stranger, that's the secret—
The people of Benton were wise—
Twas temperance built our village,
And caused our rapid rise.

Yes, this is the town of Dayton,
A town where whiskey runs free,
And, though we get the license,
We've walks not fit to see.

Oh, we can't afford any pavements,
And lamps come very high,
I wonder how we'd manage
If the town were clean and dry?

Yes, the place looks rather seedy,
And the streets are pretty old;
But I don't see what's the matter—
For the license is paid in gold.

The people come and visit,
But they never come and stay,
They say we're unprogressive;
That business wouldn't pay.

Would you live in the town of Dayton,
Where whiskey and beer are sold;
Or stay in the village of Benton,
Where no license is given for gold?

Eric's Good News.

By the Author of "Probable Sons."

CHAPTER III.

"Hullo! little chap! you are looking quite spry! What have the doctors been doing to you?"

Eric's weary wistfulness had indeed vanished, and there was a suppressed eagerness and interest in his expressive little face.

He put his little finger to his lips in a quaint, old-fashioned way as he glanced at his nurse, then held out his hand to the captain. Looking up at his strong, stalwart frame, he said very winsomely,—

"Do you like me, Captain Graham?"

"Who does not, you young fisher?"

"But do tell me! are you fond of me?"

Captain Graham laughed heartily as he gazed down at the boy.

"What is coming, Eric? Out with it! Do you know that I have strolled down on purpose to see you this morning? Being one of the most selfish and lazy of human creatures, that says a good deal for your attractive power, let me tell you!"

"I want you," Eric said softly, as he stroked the hand he was still holding. "I want you to lift me out of the carriage and carry me to that rock over there, and let me sit on your knee, like father does. Only tell nurse you are going to do it first, or she will be coming after us, and I want to have a quiet private talk with you!"

It did not take long to carry out this desire, and as Captain Graham held the light little frame in his strong arms, he said,—

"Why, Eric, a puff of wind would blow you away!"

"I am not very heavy, am I? Now, then, you must listen, please—because my mind seems so very full that I must talk. I have wanted you so much. You see, I haven't let nurse see it—she doesn't know I have it, and you and I understand things together, don't we? You don't call me discontented and peevish, because you feel like it yourself, don't you? You know what I mean—you are unhappy and tired just like me, and we want things to be new, instead of old."

"Just so, old philosopher! Go ahead! I'm listening!"

Eric's eyes grew brighter, and the pink flush deepened on his cheeks, as he drew carefully out of his pocket a little brown paper parcel. Opening it, slowly he disclosed to Captain Graham's amused gaze the few pages of the Testament he had taken home with him.

"You said it was true, Captain Graham," the child asserted with an emphatic nod, "and it is wonderful!"

"Is it, my boy? I am glad you have found it so."

"But, Captain Graham, have you ever read it? Such a story, and such, oh! such a good Man! I love him. I cried when I was in bed last night because I didn't live when he did! Oh! if I only had! If I only could have just seen him! and there is such a lot I don't understand, and such a lot I want to ask you about! Do you know, he could do anything! Fancy! he was going to cross the sea one day with some men, and he was so very tired, he just put his head down and went fast to sleep, and the waves got rougher and rougher, and the water came into the boat, and still he was so tired he went on sleeping—and then the other men were so frightened that they woke him up, and told him he didn't care for them whether they were drowned or not, and then what do you think he did? He just stood up and looked, and saw the rough waves, and all the sea trying hard to tip the boat over, and he told it all to be still at once, and it was! Wouldn't you like to have been there? And that isn't all, he just walked on top of the waves another time, when the other men were all in a boat by themselves, and there was a storm—he went to them like that!"

The boy's face was enthusiastic as he looked seaward, and stretching out his hand, he said as if to the ocean. No one can manage you now, but you have been made to be still once, and it was grand, grand!"

"Your father is right—you would be a little enthusiast if— Captain Graham paused, but Eric looked up earnestly.

"Who is God, Captain Graham?"

"My boy, you are going into matters too deep for you—better give me that book and forget all about it," and the

there was a heaven up there, and I asked father what it meant, but he said heaven was another word for sky. Oh! Captain Graham, I want to know such a lot of things—do be quick and tell me! And do you think Jesus is still alive? Now, to-day? Is he? Because, do you know, it was so wonderful! He was killed—oh, such a dreadful story it is!—I cried, and I cried, and I cried about it, but I never thought it possible for such a happy end to come, and after he was buried he came alive again, and I shouldn't like him to die again. Is he alive to-day? Was this story written a very long time ago?"

"You should ask one question at a time, my boy. And what an excitable little mortal it is! Why, you are quivering from head to foot! Supposing we change the subject. Nothing in this world is worth such excitement."

"But this is about another world, and that's what I want to know. Is there another world? And how can we get to it? And is Jesus there? Oh! Captain Graham, you might tell me if you know!"

The back of Eric's small hand was brushed hastily across his eyes, but it did not hide the tears already welling up, and Captain Graham began to realize that the very depths of the child's soul had been stirred, that this was no light matter with him.

"Eric, I will tell you what has been told me, my boy. Now listen!"

Slowly and haltingly, but gathering strength from the intensity of longing and expectation from the blue eyes' upward gaze, Captain Graham told the child the old, old story. First a few words about the creation, then about sin entering the garden, and the plan of salvation, and the future life for each believing soul.

The time soon slipped away, and Eric's nurse soon appeared on the scene.



"HULLOO! LITTLE CHAP!"

captain looked uneasy as he ran his fingers through the curly golden hair resting against his shoulder.

"But I must know—forget it! as if I could! And it is all true, I feel it is true, and you said it was!"

"Did I? I don't think I did."

"Captain Graham, isn't it true?"

The startled look in the blue eyes, as they were raised in all trustful innocence to his, stopped the denial already on the young man's lips. As yet, though the little faith he possessed had been nearly extinguished by his wilful acceptance of the doubts that had assailed him, there was in the depths of his heart the remembrance of a mother's faith and teaching, and of days gone by when he too had listened to the same old stories that were now absorbing the interest of the child on his knee.

"It will be interesting to watch the influence of the teaching on him," he muttered, adding aloud,—

"Yes; I will not say that it is not true, Eric, to those who are able to accept it."

"Then who is God, Captain Graham? for this Man was his Son."

"God made the world," the young man said reluctantly, "he made everything you see, and is still—so people say—ruling over all, though invisible to mortal eye."

"And is he alive somewhere?" asked the child.

"He never can die."

"Where is he?"

"He is supposed to be everywhere."

"I don't understand—where is heaven? Up in the sky? Because it says Jesus was 'received up into heaven at the right hand of God'; and I heard some one say once that it was a good thing

"I am sure it is very kind of the gentleman to be troubled with you, Master Eric. It's rarely, sir, he takes to strangers so. He's such a child for keeping to himself!"

"Captain Graham, will you be here tomorrow?"

"Perhaps I may."

"My head is so full that I want to have one of my thoughts now. But there's a lot more I want to understand."

"Take care that little head doesn't burst! I fancy the brains inside are too big for it now."

And as Captain Graham watched the little carriage being wheeled away, he drew himself up with a stretch and a laugh, saying to himself,—

"I think the world and his wife would be slightly surprised if they had heard me holding forth this morning! It may be worth my while to take up preaching as a vocation—anything for a change!"

(To be continued.)

IT'S ON THE INSIDE.

While walking down the street one day, I passed a store when the proprietor was washing the large plate-glass window.

There was one soiled spot, which defied all efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. "It's on the inside," he called out to some one in the store.

Many are trying to cleanse the soul from its stains. They wash it with tears of sorrow; they scrub it with the soap of good resolves; they rub it with the chamois of morality, but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is, "It's on the inside." It is

the heart which is bad. If the fountain is bitter, the stream will not be sweet.

Nothing but the blood of Jesus, applied by the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit, can cleanse the inside, for God's Spirit alone can reach the "inside."

Smoking and Joking.

(A True Incident.)

A Gospel minister, of some renown, once took a journey to a distant town. His name and errand I'll not stop to say: 'Twould only check n'y story on its way. Well, he got seated in the warm stage coach,

And watched the other passengers approach.

First came a lady, young and passing fair;

And next, a whiskered beau with dashing air.

They placed themselves inside, the vulgar crew

Swarmed to the top. All's right 'now off, John!

Smack went the whip—off started horses' heels—

Out splashed the mud round went the dizzy wheels.

They clear the town, the rattling stones recede;

And nought but country then retards their speed.

Our spruce young spark, now feeling quite at ease,

Ever intent his charming self to please,

Produced a tube, a vile obnoxious weed,

Called a cigar most ill behaved indeed!

The man of peace was shocked beyond compare,

And, turning, said, "Sir, I must needs declare

Smoking in coaches never was allow'd,

And with a lady, too!" The lady bowed.

The whiskered boor made very quick reply,

"What, do you preach in coaches, dear old boy?

Do not insult me, sir, or do you joke?

I've paid my fare and have a right to smoke,

Or do what else I please with what's my own;

Do you the same, let other men alone."

The sage, observing well the creature's head;

Perceived his puppy brains were cased in lead;

So, finding reason for the task unfit,

Resolved to polut his arguments with wit.

Silent he sat, until the steeds were changed,

Then, while that bustling business was arranged,

He stepped into the bar: "Good hostess, pray,

Let me have two small tallow candles—nay,

Don't look surprised; I am in earnest quite,

And one of them be kind enough to light."

"To light the candle, sir! you surely joke!"

"Oh, no, I don't, I want some candle smoke."

The obedient dame uplifted hands and eyes,

And, to the other passengers' surprise,

Brought him the lighted candle safe to hand,

And from the sage received her due demand,

The gentle lady scarce knew what to think,

Until she saw one eye give half a wink,

Which spoke of some sly joke he had in head,

So quite demure she sat, and nothing said.

The burning candle left an inch of wick;

Then lighted he the other—what a trick!

Soon as the mantling flame was fixed and true,

The elder burning candle out he blew.

So that the smoke towards the dandy rose—

O what a fume saluted his poor nose!

Out broke his wrath—"Sir, what d'ye mean by this?"

The sly old man said, "Pray, sir, what's amiss?

I've paid my fare, then let me smoke, I say;

The candle's mine, mind your own business, pray!"

The lady laughed—who could a laugh refrain?

The beau, rebuked, with all his might and main

Threw his cigar into the turnpike mud,

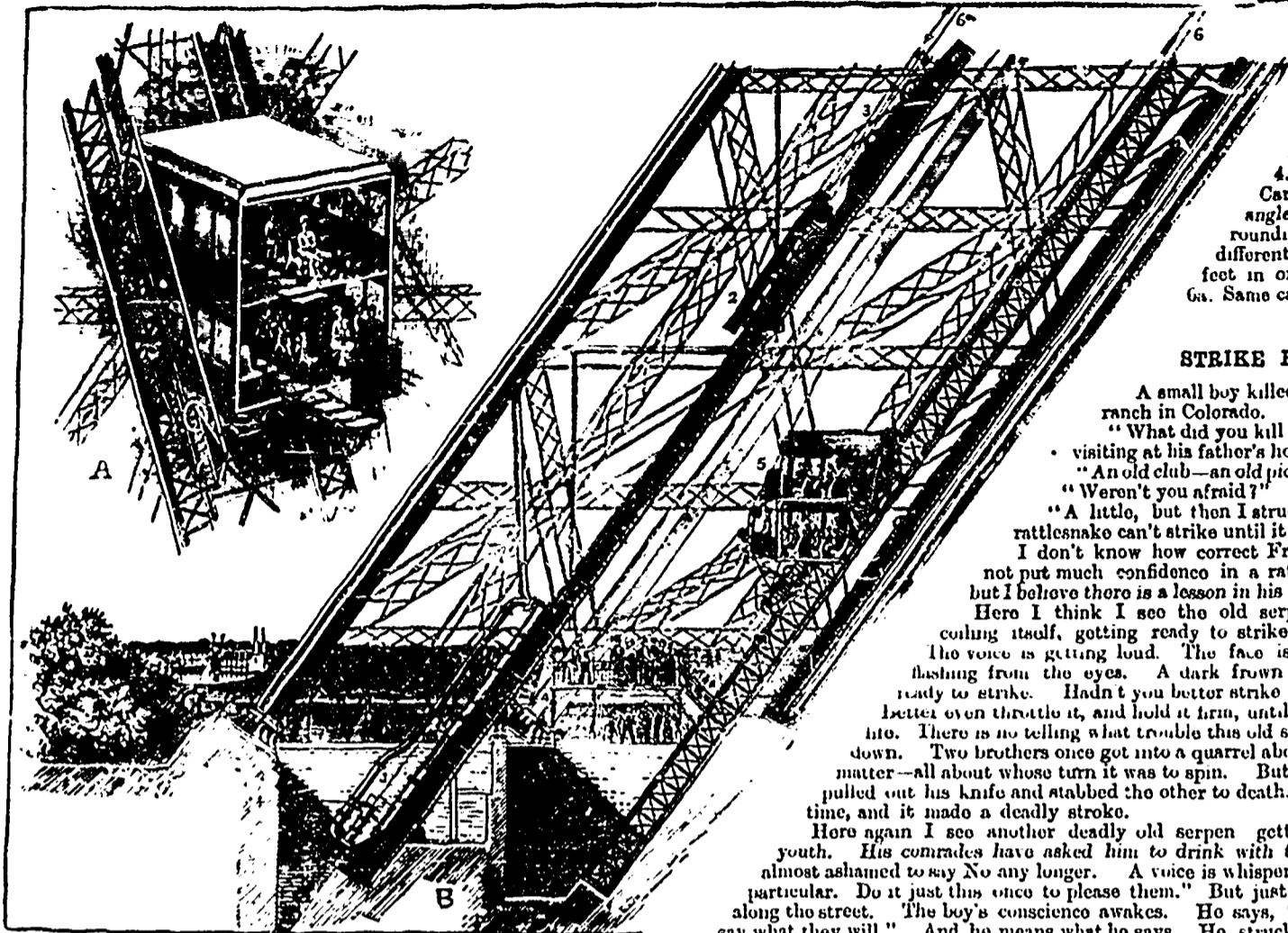
Where it lay hissing in the puddly flood.

He laughed and blushed, owned the re-tort was due,

And kept good fellowship the journey through.

Ye who to teaching leaden heads aspire,
Charge your bright arguments with smoke and fire.

—Cadet's Own.



ELEVATOR OF EIFFEL TOWER.

A. View of Car for forty passengers, with front removed, showing interior. B. General view of one leg of the Tower at the base, showing the actual incline. 1. Hydraulic cylinder. 2. Travelling multiplying pulleys. 3. Stationary multiplying pulleys. 4. Double landing platform. 5. Car ascending, moving on trucks at angle shown to first story, where, rounding a sharp curve, it continues on different angles to second story, rising 420 feet in one minute. 6. Cables lifting car. 6a. Same cables returning to cylinder.

STRIKE BEFORE IT IS COILED.

A small boy killed a rattlesnake, one day, on a sheep ranch in Colorado. "What did you kill it with?" asked a lady, who was visiting at his father's house. "An old club—an old picket-pin. I dug it out of the ground." "Weren't you afraid?" "A little, but then I struck it before it got coiled up. A rattlesnake can't strike until it gets coiled up." I don't know how correct Freddy was in his theory—I would not put much confidence in a rattlesnake, either coiled or uncoiled, but I believe there is a lesson in his words which is worth minding. Here I think I see the old serpent called Bad Temper quickly coiling itself, getting ready to strike its poisonous fangs somewhere the voice is getting loud. The face is flushing with crimson. Fire is flashing from the eyes. A dark frown covers the features. It is almost ready to strike. Hadn't you better strike it before it gets entirely coiled? Better even throttle it, and hold it firm, until it uncoils, and finally gives up its life. There is no telling what trouble this old serpent will give you unless it is put down. Two brothers once got into a quarrel about a top. It was a very trifling matter—all about whose turn it was to spin. But they became so angry that one pulled out his knife and stabbed the other to death. The serpent got fully coiled that time, and it made a deadly stroke. Here again I see another deadly old serpent getting ready to spring at a lovely youth. His comrades have asked him to drink with them so often that he is getting almost ashamed to say No any longer. A voice is whispering. "Come now, don't be too particular. Do it just this once to please them." But just then he sees a man go staggering along the street. The boy's conscience awakes. He says, "No, I'll not do it, let the boys say what they will." And he means what he says. He struck just at the right time. If he hadn't struck just when he did, the adder would have fastened its fangs upon him.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 10.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Mark 6. 14-29. Memory verses, 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT

Do not drink with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Herod's Terrified Conscience, v. 14-16.
2. Herod's Earlier Desire to Reform, v. 17-20.
3. The Snare Herodias Laid for Herod, v. 21-25.
4. Herod's Murder of John, v. 26-29. Time.—Early in A.D. 29. Place.—The Castle of Machaerus.

LESSON HELPS.

14. "Herod"—Herod Antipas. "Heard of him"—Of Jesus and his works.
16. "Risen from the dead"—Herod's conscience made him feel afraid.
17. "Herodias' sake"—Herod imprisoned John partly to please this cruel woman, whom he had wickedly made his wife, and partly, as we may infer from verses 17-20, to protect John from her plots. "His brother Philip's wife"—Herod perversely claimed her as his own, however. (1) Friendship with the wicked leads to wicked deeds.
18. "Had said unto Herod"—(2) The true servant of God is no respecter of persons. "Not lawful"—Herod was a Jew by religion, and pretended to keep the Mosaic law which he now broke. Lev. 18. 11 forbids the union of persons so closely related by blood, and Lev. 18. 16 prohibits marriage to a brother's wife.
19. "Had a quarrel"—The phrase means "cherished a settled hatred" (3) Sin always hates the virtue which reproves it.
20. "Herod feared John"—Regarded him with reverence as a prophet. "A just man and a holy"—Just to his fellow-men and righteous before God. "Observed him"—Better, kept him from the cruel anger of Herodias. "Did many things"—Better, "was much perplexed." "Heard him gladly"—John's character and discourses charmed Herod, but his will was depraved. (4) Sentiment cannot save a soul.
21. "A convenient day"—A day convenient for Herodias' plans. "Lords"—Court officials. "High captains"—Chiliarchs; the chief officers of his little army. "Chief estates"—Wealthy men.
22. "Daughter of the said Herodias"—This girl's name was Salome. She had

deserted her father and followed her wicked mother to Herod's court. "Danced"—The ancient dance was not at all like any social dance of modern times, and the phrase translated "the said," indicates that there was something unusually shocking in this exhibition; partly, doubtless, because the dancer was a princess. "Damsel"—Young woman. "Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee"—A magnificent bounty, but the girl had paid for it by the sacrifice of her maidenly modesty. Who makes to us an offer as rich and large? Read John 16. 23, 24.

23. "Unto the half of my kingdom"—This was a rash and wild promise, but as large promises had been made by other sovereigns and had been kept.

24. "The head of John"—The half of a kingdom was not worth so much to this wicked woman as the gratification of revenge.

25. "Straightway with haste"—Her cruel task was full of hazard to her mother and herself. "A charger"—A platter or plate.

26. "The king was exceeding sorry"—This was the last struggle of conscience. "For his oath's sake"—He forgot that a wicked oath is better broken than kept. "For their sakes"—He was ashamed to refuse because they had heard him promise. (5) Never be ashamed or "dared" into sin.

27. "Went and beheaded him"—However crushed with defeat may have been John's last moments on earth, his entrance to heaven we may be sure was royal and glorious.

29. "His disciples"—After tenderly caring for the mutilated remains of their master, his disciples as a class transferred their allegiance to Jesus Christ, the new Prophet, their true Lord. (6) Every one should so live that friendship with him will bring others nearer to Christ.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Death of John the Baptist.—Mark 6. 14-29.
 Tu. Reproof of sin.—Luke 3. 15-20.
 W. The martyr roll.—Heb. 11. 32-40.
 Th. The crown of life.—Rev. 2. 7-11.
 F. Belshazzar's feast.—Dan. 5. 1-7, 25-31.
 S. Sinful feasting.—Isa 5. 8-13.
 Su. Wise walking.—Eph. 5. 6-21.

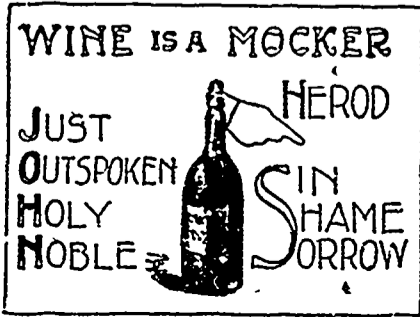
QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Herod's Terrified Conscience, v. 14-16. What two provinces of Palestine did Herod govern? (Galilee and Peraea.) What was his title? (Tetrarch, but by courtesy he was called king.) By what name is he known in history? (Herod Antipas.) Was he related to the Herod who tried to kill the infant Jesus? (He was his son.) Whom did Herod Antipas fear that Jesus was?

- Why was he afraid of John when John was dead?
 Had Herod ever seen Jesus?
 Did he ever see him?
2. Herod's Earlier Desire to Reform, v. 17-20. What had Herod done to John? Why? How had Herod felt toward John? Verse 20. Did he do as John urged him to do? How does his conduct illustrate Ezek. 33. 32? How did Herodias feel toward John?
 3. The Snare Herodias Laid for Herod, v. 21-25. What did Herod do on his birthday? For whom was such an occasion convenient? What foolish promise did Herod make, and to whom? What was the proper name of this dancing princess? (Salome.) What did the girl ask? Who advised her to make this request? What traits does Herod show in this transaction? What does Herodias show? What does Salome show?
 4. Herod's Murder of John, v. 26-29. How did King Herod now feel about his promise? Why ought he not to have kept such a promise? What was done with the head of John the Baptist? What did the disciples of John afterward do? Matt. 14. 12. Was the life of John a failure? Would Herod have committed this crime if he had not been a slave to his passions? Were court banquets of ancient times seasons of moderation and temperance? Is a man morally responsible for what he does when he is drunk or in a passion? How can we avoid the evils of drunkenness?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- How does this lesson show—
1. That the wicked are troubled by a guilty conscience?
 2. That the wicked fear the good?
 3. That the wicked hate the good?
 4. That the root of all wickedness is intemperance, physical and mental?



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