

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1895.

[No. 16.

Passion Hymn.

[From the Latin of Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150, and of the German of Paul Gerhardt, 1639, and J. W. Alexander, D.D., 1849.]

O SACRED head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown.
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow, and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared, when thou appearest,
What shame on thee is hurled!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place,
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.



"O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED."

The Crucifixion.

[A hymn of the twelfth century, translated by John Mason Neale.]

With the soldiers, straitly bound,
Forth the Saviour fareth:
Over all his holy form
Bleeding wounds he beareth;
He a crown of woven thorns,
King of glory weareth,
And each one, with bended knee,
Fresher taunts prepareth.

They thy mild and tender flesh,
O Redeemer, baring,
To the column bind thee fast,
For the scourge preparing:

Thus the ransom of our peace
Cruel stripes are tearing,
As the streams that flow therefrom
Fully are declaring.

After passed he through the street,
As the morn grew older,
And the heavy, bitter cross
Bare he on his shoulder:
Through the windows and the doors
Many a rude beholder;
But he found no comforter
There, and no upholder.

Him, in open sight of men
Manifestly shaming,

To the wind and cold they bare
Utmost insults framing;
Guiltless, on the cross they lift
With transgressors naming,
Him, as midmost of the three,
Chief of all proclaiming.

On the wood his arms are stretched,
And his hands are riven;
Through the tender flesh of Christ
Mighty nails are driven:
In like wise his blessed feet
Are to torture given,
As the hands that had so oft
In our battles striven.

Calling on thy Father's name
Thy last breath was spented;
And thy spirit in his hands
Gently was commended:
With a loud and mighty cry
Then thy head was bended,
And the work that brought thee down,
Of Salvation, ended.

Wherefore, sinner, haste to these
Fountains of Salvation:
Life thou mayest draw therefrom,
And illumination:
Cure thou mayest find for sin,
Strength to meet temptation,
Refuge may'at thou gain against
Satan's condemnation.

THE LAST SUPPER.

We present herewith a copy of the wonderful bas-relief by the self-taught English artist, George Tinworth, of whom we recently gave a short account in this paper. This picture of "The Last Supper," while it will not compare with Leonardo da Vinci's wonderful group, is still profoundly impressive. It is at the moment when our Lord utters the words, "One of you shall betray me, and they were exceeding sorrowful, and began, every one of them, to say unto him, 'Lord, is it I?'" The eager remembrance is well shown in the action of the figures. The gentle heart of John cannot endure the thought, and he hides his face on his Lord's shoulder, while Judas clutches his bag, and seems to rudi- tate his deed of arch-treachery.

"HE TOOK THE CUP, AND GAVE THANKS."

(Matt. 26, 27.)

BY CAROLINE L. SMITH.

But wherefore thanks! The hour draws nigh
Of keenest agony:
The Father turns his face away,
The Lamb of God must die!



THE LAST SUPPER.

He breaks the bread and blesses it,
 "This is my body," "eat :"
 How soon the cruel nails will bruise
 Those sacred hands and feet !

He takes the cup ; come, " drink ye all,"
 " For many " this " is shed :"
 " This is my blood "—Oh ne'er before
 Has great such banquet spread !

Still giving thanks that he may bear
 For as a heavier woe
 Than human thought can e'er conceive,
 His blood will gladly flow.

Thanks for thine anguish, dearest Lord,
 In that mysterious hour,
 When thou, the sinless One, must feel
 The curse of sin's fell power !

O melt our souls with living fire !
 Kindle our tongues to sing
 The glory of our suffering Lamb,
 Our Saviour, Priest, and King !

An offering without recall
 Our grateful hearts be given
 To Him who giveth thanks to die
 That we may live in heaven !

— Christian Advocate.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, 88 pp., monthly, illustrated.	2 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together.	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly.	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, 5 copies and over.	0 10
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.	0 10
Less than 20 copies.	0 25
Over 20 copies.	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15
10 copies and upwards.	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15
10 copies and upwards.	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.	6 00
Berean Leaf, quarterly.	6 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c a dozen; 60c per 100.	6 00

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

O. W. COATES, S. F. HERSTIS,
 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
 Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1895.

A TALK TO AWKWARD BOYS.

There is a time in the life of many a lad when during the course of a year, or perhaps even a shorter period, he changes from a little fellow into a big boy. It is marvellous how fast he grows; before his friends know he is taller than his father. He has to have as many new suits as a silkworm does to keep him looking respectable, and in spite of every care there is apt to be a gap between the bottoms of his trousers and the tops of his shoes, and a wide strip of wrist between his sleeves and his hands. Sometimes they call this season the "awkward age," and a very hard time it often is to a lad; many are the jokes that are cracked at his expense, and in some families many are the sighs and critical remarks which he hears about his looks, his carriage or behaviour, from friends who ought to know better; while the poor boy himself feels, more than anyone else can feel, that his feet and hands are more than he can manage, and that when he sits down he seems to have as many joints as a grasshopper, and he always appears to himself to be ten times more clumsy and awkward than he does to anyone else.

I number more than one such boy among my friends, and the other day one of them was telling me how queer and sly he felt, just like Hans Andersen's ugly duckling—how he never could bear to get into company because he did not know what to do or to say; and one would think, to hear

the boy talk, that life under the circumstances was scarcely worth living.

I have a friend who when he was a lad was certainly the most awkward and angular boy that I ever saw. His face was plain to the verge of ugliness; he stammered so badly that it was only by speaking with the most painful slowness and precision he was able to control his speech so as to make himself understood, and he had absolutely but two good points about him: one was a nobly-shaped head, and the other was a gentle and agreeable tone of voice. In spite of all of these drawbacks, he has not only won a most enviable rank among the scientists of his country, but he is distinguished for his beautiful manners as well. He has learned to behave so charmingly, and with such unconsciousness of self, that people forget his looks when they have been in his company ten minutes, and only notice the rare and noble attributes of mind and character which he possesses.

Some boys, perhaps, who chance to be reading this, may have the lot to go through life halt or maimed, not equal physically in some way to their comrades. To such I would say with great gentleness and sympathy, be careful not to let any over-sensitiveness keep you back or prevent you from taking your share of work or play whenever you can; and cultivate steadily the habit of forgetting yourself and entering heartily into the hopes and pursuits of others. For it is a fact that a physical peculiarity or defect, if its owner allows it to trouble him, can mar or even ruin the usefulness and happiness of a life; but if it is bravely and cheerfully borne it never fails to give a peculiar nobility to the spirit of the one who so takes it.

When the late William Fawcett, of England, was a young man of eighteen, he was out shooting, and his eyesight was destroyed by the accidental discharge of a gun which was in the hands of his father. The agony of the poor father when he found, after weeks of suspense, that his dear son was hopelessly blind, was almost unendurable, and the brave boy to comfort him said, "Father, don't grieve so. I promise you that this accident shall not ruin my life. Everything that I had planned to do before it happened I will accomplish still. You shall see."

As soon as he was able he returned to college and took his degree. Then he came home and practised vigorously all sorts of manly exercises, even to riding horseback—a pastime in which he delighted as long as he lived. When his not over firm health was fully restored he began to consider what he could best do to help his fellow-men; he turned his attention to politics, and was elected to Parliament, and for many years his name was identified with every needed reform and with all legislation which was for his country's good. Finally he was made Postmaster-General of England, and he filled that high office to the satisfaction of the whole country, and when he died, a few years since, England mourned him as one of her best and bravest sons. And the man who did all this was perfectly blind.

So, my boy to whom God has thought best to send some similar affliction, never repine, never despair; but remember that with God to help you, and your own determined will, there is no limit to the things which you may accomplish if you try.

ON TEASING.

It seems to me that one of the most annoying traits of character which one can possess is a disposition to tease, for when that disposition is freely indulged there is nothing that can cause more unhappiness to others. To be obliged to spend one's life with an inveterate tease is like living in a bramble bush, or suffering constantly from the torture of innumerable pin-pricks. To be sure, one pin-prick is nothing much, but when one has to bear ten thousand of them it is quite another matter. "Pshaw!" says the tease, "I did not hurt you any. I wouldn't make such a fuss about nothing. I did not mean anything. I was only teasing."

Exactly. And it is just because there

is no meaning in it nor necessity for it, because it is "only teasing" that poor tormented, insulted human nature cries out sometimes in a passion against it. It is astonishing what an unerring ingenuity a born tease will show in choosing his victim's weakest point and in sticking his little pin straight into it. Is his victim timid, quick-tempered, or has he some infirmity of speech or peculiarity of person about which he is sensitive? That is the very place which the tease selects for his thrust; and a tease never misses a chance. If he cannot find anything else to annoy, he will tease an animal or torment a little child, and he thinks it is fun; but it is the most malicious, most dreadful, and most dangerous fun in this world.

I think that a genuine tease is always a coward, for he never attacks his equals: his victims are the helpless animal, the little child, the timid woman. If you will notice, it is never the smaller boy who teases the larger one. And then a tease can never bear to be teased himself. Nothing makes him angrier than to be paid back in his own coin.

But really, the most distressing thing about the whole matter is the effect which the habit of teasing has upon the nature of the one who indulges in it. A confirmed tease becomes positively heartless. He can look upon mental or physical distress quite unmoved. Indeed, he is not satisfied with the results of his teasing if he does not cause one or the other. That is the part he enjoys, and it is why he teases.

If there is a boy who reads these lines who likes to tease his little sister until she runs in tears to her mother, or who torments some little fellow at school just to see him flush crimson and bristle with impotent indignation—if you want to make a man of yourself, stop it. For it is a most ignoble and unmanly thing to take delight in causing pain to any living creature, especially if it is smaller and weaker than yourself.

EFFIE'S EASTER SUNSHINE.

EFFIE was rocking slowly in her little chair, with her dimpled chin in her chubby hand.

"What is it, dearie?" asked her mamma, as she came into the room.

"I'm having a flink, mamma, 'n it's a hard one, too," answered Effie soberly.

"Well, tell mamma all about it, and perhaps she can help you."

"You see, Miss Field told us to-day at Sunday-school that next Sunday'll be Easter, 'n that's the next happy day to Christmas, 'n if any of us forgot to make somebody else happy at Christmas time, p'raps we could think up something for Easter. So you know I was sorry I didn't remember 'bout poor lame Jennie Snow, 'n I was tryin' to think what I could do."

"Well, dear, I'm glad you thought of it. How would you like to tuck a basket of good things to poor Jennie on Easter morning? I'll have something all ready for you, said her mamma, stroking the curly head lovingly.

Effie looked pleased, but her mamma saw that there was something else in her mind.

"Yes, that would be nice; but that wouldn't be my present, you see, 'cause you'd send it," she answered slowly. "I wish—Oh, I know, mamma," she cried, jumping up and clapping her hands in glee.

"I'll just take her the prettiest hyacinth I've got. See, this lovely pink one will be all out by next Sunday; don't you b'lieve 'twill?"

"Yes, indeed; that will be just the thing for a little girl who has to stay in the house;—and it will make her happy, I know."

On the bright Easter morning, when the birds were singing their sweetest songs, Effie set out with a little basket in one hand and her precious hyacinth in a pretty red pot in the other.

And what do you think little lame Jennie thought about it? I shall leave it for you to guess; but this I know, that when Effie skipped home again with empty hands, there were two very happy little girls instead of one, and Jennie thought she had left behind her a whole roomful of bright Easter sunshine.



JUNIOR LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

APRIL 21, 1895.

DRIVEN OUT.—(Genesis 3. 23-24.)

The garden of Eden was a beautiful place which contained everything calculated to make our first parents happy. Had they been content with such things as were provided for their happiness, they might have remained there during their entire life. But, alas, by an act of disobedience they were driven away from this delightful place. How sad is the account, "driven away," compelled, and ever unwilling, they are forced to go, and such were the barriers erected that there was not the least possibility for them to return. How astonishing that the situation of Eden remains in perfect obscurity. It can never be known. The spiritual Eden, the heavenly home is accessible to all, and when we are there we shall go no more out forever. We are prepared for this heavenly Eden and you will never be driven out.

BOB'S VIEW OF IT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"No, sir! There's a difference."

The newsboy looked back at us with a laugh, and answered the remark he had overheard, as if it had been addressed to him. He had a manly air, a bright face, and his clothes, if a trifle too large for him, were clean and whole. There was something in his manner and appearance which made us say to each other that "he was not an ordinary specimen of his class," and he promptly, though very unexpectedly, assented to the statement.

"Course there's a difference! Most of 'em's all-alone chaps, an' I'm a partner ship."

His quick eye saw a possible customer, and he was off in a moment, with a ringing cry of "Chronicle! Brening Chronicle! But presently, as he paused near us, in a moment of leisure, one of our party asked:

"What kind of a partnership? Who are the other members of the firm?"

"There's only one; that's 'sis—my sister Jinny. Most of the other fellers hain't got nobody to take care of 'em; they live nowhere in particular an' anyhow it happens; but Jinny had to have a place to live, an' so we've got a room fixed up for a home. She's a little thing, four years younger'n me, an' she's lame; she can't do much, so I had to get into the way of doin' things an' sorter cleanin' up the place myself, an' it makes a feller more careful. But Jinny's prime 'bout sewin' up rips, an' patchin' an' buttons, I tell ye!"

"But you have one more to support, then, and that leaves you less money—begin the question, but the newsboy interrupted him with a decisive shake of the head.

"No, it don't; no, sir! I jes had to hustle round an' git more business, that's all an' that pays. Jinny's a help a lot of help. Course, I can't leave her much, 'n she can't go to the the-ay-ters, an' spend money that way. An' 'bout shut up so, she likes readin'; an' what with her tellin' me things, I've taken to carin' for it myself. Oh! I tell ye, bein' in partnership makes a sight of difference. Why—Chronicle?"

He was off again, and we looked at each other and smiled.

"A helpless sister to support—one who makes extra work necessary, and holds him back from the pleasures his companions enjoy, would seem to most boys a burden," and one of the listeners said.

"But that is only one side of it—the selfish side," answered another. "Most things that we call burdens and hindrances have their compensations, if we only look for them, and can be turned into helps, if we choose to make them so. Bob's right. The 'partnership fellers' are far better off than the 'all-alone chaps' in this world, where every life is intended to be a help to some other life."

Easter Eggs.

For days the child hid away,
The fresh laid eggs for Easter Day,
When each bird's den and all
With happy hearts held festival.

The eggs in pretty colours bright
Were laid on folk's napkins white;
Or in the glowing pans were pressed,
Each egg a gem, each hand a nest.

Said Hans to Gretchen: "Tell me, pray,
Why eggs are used on Easter Day?
I don't wonder why 'tis so,
And no one ever seems to know."

"I only know," Gretchen replied,
"That Jesus Christ was crucified
By wicked men, but that you know,
Was many hundred years ago."

"His tomb was sealed. On Easter Day
Two angels rolled the stone away,
And he arose, off life to be—
Our resurrection." Do you see?

"Oh yes, dear Gretchen, that I see,
But then the thing that bothers me
Is just about the eggs. And you
Would like to understand it, too."

"The little life, dear Hans, that dwells
Within the pretty cream-white shells;
Is closely sealed, and seems to me
Quite like a little tomb to be."

"Oh yes," said Hans, "and who can tell
But angels break the little shell;
And that's the reason, we will say,
That eggs are used on Easter Day."
—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

FRIENDS FOR LIFE.

BY PARSON JOLLY.

CHAPTER I.

JAMES WAKEFIELD, the only son of the rich squire, and Julius Haylock, the blacksmith's boy, were friends. Friends in more than the ordinary sense in which that term is used in this age of shifting friendships.

When man for man seems not to care,
And brother scarce for brother.

They were more than fair-weather friends, the kind that an adverse wind blows asunder, to remain after the breeze is over indifferent towards each other if not enemies forever.

James was tall and fair, with a ruddy complexion and fearless blue eye. A sanguine lad, ready for all kinds of mirth, and also a leading scholar. Haylock was short and stout, with a keen black eye, and hair the colour of the raven's wing. A cool, calculating lad, and as brave as he was strong, one who never flinched from any task undertaken by him until he had accomplished it.

They had grown up from childhood in the same vicinity, and attended the same school, spending much of their leisure hours together. They had a fondness for each other that grew with their years, strengthening with their growth, until at the age of sixteen they were almost inseparable companions.

About a month before the time of which I am going to speak, when the boys were to start for Toronto to take a university course, an incident occurred that was to make them firmer friends than ever, and give them an affection for one another never to be destroyed.

One warm day, after a game of cricket, in which the boys had overtaxed themselves, and were dusty and covered with perspiration, Dick Flynn, one of their number, there being about twenty-five of them, proposed that they should make a bonfire for old Rose's Pond and have a swim.

"Agreed," shouted young Wakefield, "that will make us cool off and make us all right in a jiffy."

Young McGill, who was by no means an athlete, and on that account set apart to tally the game, which he did in an artistic way, by cutting notches in a stick, objected.

"It is too far by all odds, the water is too cold; some of you fellows will go in Old Rose's pond once too often, and I ain't going."

"Bah," retorted Haylock, "we are not barnyard chicks or haysacks from the country; we can swim like young ducks, and because he can't swim that is no reason why we should lose the fun."

"Come on, boys," chimed in Dick Flynn, "and let the bantam go home and play with his little sisters."

"Yes, that's business," shouted a dozen voices; and the question was settled, all of them—the bantam included—taking their way to the pond.

It was a beautiful body of clear, cold, spring water, the right kind for a healthful bath under the proper conditions, and one to be taken without much danger, but for a heated person to plunge into without care was an unwise action.

"Who'll be in first?" shouted Ned Beattie, captain of one team of the cricketers.

"I shall, I shall," was the response from a score of the sturdy lads.

With the utmost speed young Wakefield stripped and in an incredibly short time rushed to the great springboard which had been carefully erected so to allow the bathers to leap, dive or turn summersaults into the deep water, and crying out, "Here goes Captain Jim as usual," took a headlong plunge for out into the pond.

As a long distance diver young Wakefield had a reputation; none were surprised, therefore, when for a few moments he failed to rise to the surface. When he did it was evident something was wrong. Ned Beattie, who was on the springboard, ready to follow, was the first to notice it, and stopping suddenly, cried, "Boys, look, Jim's sinking, he has a cramp, that's the way Tom Griffin acted."

"Jump for him," shouted young Haylock, who was sitting on the bank with his coat off and only one shoe removed.

"I won't; Bill Steel was drowned by trying to save Tom; and I ain't going to."

"That's so," piped McGill, "I told you that some of you would go in once too often."

There was a rush up the springboard, and a half-dressed lad with one boot on his foot sprang with all his might into the water, whilst the rest ran about terror-stricken, shouting for help, some meantime throwing sticks and pieces of boards into the pond in a frantic manner.

It was well that Julius Haylock acted so promptly, for when he reached his comrade he was going down for the third time; which all are agreed means the last time.

Throwing his arms around his sinking companion, who fortunately was turned with his face from him, young Haylock succeeded in getting hold of him in such a manner that Jim could not get a death-grip on him; then throwing himself on his back, began the desperate effort of swimming with him to the shore.

It was no easy task. Many a full-grown man would have failed in the attempt, but Haylock was strong and had also an invincible will, and, as he said afterwards, would not have succeeded but for God's help.

"I tell you, boys, if anybody ever kept praying I did, and two or three times when we went under and I got my mouth full of water, I would have given up if Jesus had not helped me."

Fortunately a gentleman saw the occurrence who was in his carriage at a short distance; putting his whip on his horse, he drove rapidly to the place just in time to help the noble fellow land his own son on the bank.

For over twenty minutes they worked with right good will, doing everything ordinarily recommended to restore the unfortunate James, and at last were rewarded.

Signs of life began to be noticeable. The pulse commenced to beat, then a groan came, followed by the opening of the eyes in a vacant manner.

"Thank God," said Squire Wakefield; and then, turning to the wet and worn hero, who had so nobly risked his life for his companion, thus addressed him:

"Julius Haylock, you have saved my boy. God will reward you for it, and you shall not be sorry for your brave act. Get your clothes on and come with us."

Wrapping his now rapidly recovering boy in a warm blanket brought for the purpose by a kind old lady living near the pond, he placed him in the carriage, and with Julius upon one side and himself upon the other, drove quietly to Maple Grove.

The joy of Mrs. Wakefield can scarcely be imagined. The bad news had just reached her, and she was rushing out bareheaded to fly her, when she saw the carriage coming with her son, which in a measure allayed her fears.

That evening the boys sat together on the piazza of the Wakefield dwelling in earnest conversation, for James, being of a sanguine temperament and in excellent health, had in a few hours' time about regained his usual condition.

It goes without saying, also, that he was in the right mood to gratefully treat his friend.

"Julius, whatever would have become of me if you had not been there?"

"Perhaps if I hadn't been along you would all have gone home from the cricket ground

without going to the pond. It was what I said settled the question in favour of doing so."

"Why, Ju'e, I had more to do than you in deciding it. When Dick Flynn proposed it I backed him in it, and started first."

"No, it was what I said to McGill about being a hay-seed and bantam that fixed it."

"Well, Ju'e, you were the only one that thought enough of me to risk your own life to save mine."

"I only did what you would have done for me, Jim. I know you would never sit on a bank of a pond and let me drown. Anyway I couldn't see a fellow go down that way without trying to get him out."

While they were talking, the Squire and Mrs. Wakefield were sitting in the parlour watching them with deep interest through the open window, and at intervals holding animated conversation.

"I tell you what, wife, that boy is a hero. I shall do something for him before long if God spares me."

"Well, my dear, I'll tell you what to do. I heard the other day that old Richard had a desire to give Julius an education and has been for a few years laying aside a few dollars to assist him in becoming a veterinary surgeon, though the young lad aspires to an M.D."

"That's right, Annetta. You have it, and I'll do it. Why, I cleared enough in my last real estate deal to pay for his education. If Julius desires it I'll give him a course in Arts, and these boys will be companions for four years more, God willing, at Toronto University."

"Then, my dear, the best thing you can do is to go at once, and make the proposal to old Richard, for if the boys start in the fall term, they will need all the time to get Julius ready."

"No sooner said than done," said the Squire, pulling on his duster, and taking his cane he started for the modest cottage of the honest old blacksmith.

(To be continued.)

BRUIN'S BOXING-MATCH.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"A COUPLE of us were splitting slabs in the Madawaska woods along in the fall, when, all of a sudden, the head of the maul flew off, as this 'ere one did. Bill, however—Bill Goodin was the name of the fellow with me—wasn't so lucky as you were in getting out of the way. The maul struck a tree, glanced, and took Bill on the side of the knee. It keeled him over so he couldn't do any more work that day, and I had to help him back to the camp. Before we left, I took a bit of cod-line out of my pocket, ran it through the eye of the maul, and strung the maul up to a branch so it would be easier to find when I wanted it."

"It was maybe a week before I went for that maul—a little more than a week, I should say; and then, it being of a Saturday afternoon, when there was no work to do, and Bill's leg being so much better that he could hobble alone, he and I thought we'd stroll over to where we'd been splitting, and bring the maul in to camp."

"When we got pretty near the place, and could see through the trees the maul hanging there where we had left it, Bill all of a sudden grabbed me sharp by the arm, and whispered 'Keep still!'"

"What is it?" said I, under my breath, looking all around.

"Use your eyes if you've got any," said he; and I stared through the branches in the direction he was looking. But there was a trunk in the way. As soon as I moved my head a bit, I saw what he was watching. There was a fine young bear sitting back on his haunches, and looking at the maul as if he didn't know what to make of it. Probably that bear had once been hurt in a trap, and so had grown suspicious. That there maul hanging from the limb of a tree was something different from anything he'd ever seen before.

Wondering what he was going to do, we crept a little nearer, without makin' any noise, and crouched down behind a spruce-bush.

"The bear was maybe a couple of yards from the maul, and watching it as if he thought it might get down any moment and come at him. A little gust of wind came through the trees and set the maul swinging a bit. He didn't like this, and

backed off a few feet. The maul swung some more, and he drew off still further; and as soon as it was quite still again, he sidled around it at a prudent distance and investigated it from the other side of the tree.

"The blame fool is scared of it," whispered Bill, scornfully; "let's fling a rock at him!"

"No," said I, knowing bears pretty well; "let's wait and see what he's going to do."

"Well, when the maul had been pretty still for a minute or two, the bear appeared to make up his mind it didn't amount to much after all; he came right close up to it as bold as you like, and pawed it kind of inquiringly. The maul swung away, and, being hung short, it came back quick and took the bear a smart rap on the nose.

"Bill and I both snickered, but the bear didn't hear us. He was mad right off, and with a snort he hit the maul a pretty good cuff; back it came like greased lightning, and took him again square on the snout with a whack that must have made him just see stars.

"Bill and I could hardly hold ourselves; but even if we had laughed right out I don't believe that the bear would have noticed us, he was so mad. You know a bear's snout is mighty tender. Well, he grunted and snorted and rooted around in the leaves a bit, and then went back at the maul as if he was just going to knock it into the other side of to-morrow. He stood up to it, and he did hit it so hard that it seemed to disappear for half a second. It swung right over the limb, and, while he was looking for it, it came down on the top of his head. How he roared! And then, scratching his head with one paw, he went at it again with the other, and hit it just the same way he'd hit it before. I tell you, Bill and I pretty near burst as we saw that maul fly over the limb again and come down on the top of his head just like the first time. You'd have thought it would have cracked his skull; but a bear's head is as hard as they make them."

"This time the bear, after rubbing his head and his snout, and rooting some more in the leaves, sat back and seemed to consider. In a second or two he went up to the maul and tried to take hold of it with one paw; of course it slipped right away, and you'd have thought it was alive to see the sharp way it dodged back and caught him again on the nose. It wasn't much of a whack this time, but that nose was tender enough then! And the bear got desperate. He grabbed for the maul with both paws; and that way, of course, he got it. With one pull he snapped the codline and the victory was his.—*St. Nicholas.*

DO IT NOW.

THIS is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now, then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget and not do it at all. Or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy that drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with the boy. But there the fact was: he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring. But that he dreads all day long, and does not bring it until dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it and the boy got well. Putting it off made the job prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, do it now.



"HE WAS KNOWN OF THEM IN BREAKING OF BREAD."

THE GUEST.

[We give a picture of our Lord and his disciples, of a realistic type, after the manner of eating among the Jews. In just such a manner our Lord probably often sat at meat with his disciples, especially in the journeys through the country. It is only in the better houses, and chiefly in the cities, that the triclinium, or couch on which the guests reclined, was used. The disciples were probably dressed as in the cut, in the costume which is still characteristic of the present people of Palestine. Such is the persistence of immemorial custom that it is extremely probable that no change has been made in the national dress of the people. The women we may imagine to be Mary and Martha; or it may have been a scene like this, in which, in the upper room at Jerusalem, the Lord was made known to them in the breaking of bread."—Ed.]

The feast is spread; in service fair
Of Ophir's gold, with chasings rare,
Wait the dear gifts I ask in prayer,—
The broken bread,
And wine blood-red.

I asked the Lord to sit with me,
To let me all those tokens see,
The marks wrought on the blood-stained
troo,
Of love the sum,
And will he come?

A step sounds lightly; He is near!
Room for my soul's companion dear,
Blessed the hour that brings him here!
I scarce can eat,
His word's so sweet.

He told me of that anguished night,
Scene of the scourge, the prayer, the flight,
Prelude to Calvary's awesome sight,
The lifting up,
The bitter cup.

He shows his tender gift-used hands,
His feet, his side, with mortal brands,
A ransom offering for all lands.
A blessed Christ,
So sacrificed.

I listen to the story low:
My love burns with a clearer glow!
He smiles, and bids me strengthened go,
I leave his feet
For use more meet.

A PREACHER who was asked the cause of his impoverished condition said that it was due to preaching so much without notes.

The Wonderful Story.

O WONDERFUL, wonderful story
In God's blessed book that I read!
How he, from his bright throne in glory,
Looked down and was touched with our
need.

Because he so wanted to save us
He sent his own Son from above;
His treasure most precious he gave us
To show all the depth of his love.

So Jesus descended in meekness
And came among sinners to dwell,
Was made like to us in our weakness
Because he just loved us so well.

His lot on this earth was but lowly—
Oft hungry and weary and sad—
Though he was the high and the holy
Who came to make mourning hearts glad.

Our sins to the bitter cross nailed him,
For us he was laid in the grave;
But on the third morning they hailed him
The risen one, mighty to save.

And so we have life through his dying,
And so we have peace through his blood,
And each one on Jesus relying
Has pardon and favour with God.

O wonderful, wonderful story!
Lord give me a heart full of praise,
And teach me to live to thy glory
Henceforth to the end of my days.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 30.] LESSON IV. [April 28.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Mark 14. 12-26. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The Jews' Passover, v. 12-21.
2. The Lord's Supper, v. 22-26.

TIME.—Thursday, April 6, A. D. 30, afternoon and evening until the approach of midnight.

PLACES.—The lesson begins in Bethany; in verse 16 the scene is transferred to an upper room in Jerusalem; in verse 26 to the Mount of Olives.



THEY WERE KNOWN OF THEM IN BREAKING OF BREAD.

ROLENS.—Tiberius, emperor at Rome. Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea. Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Peraea and Galilee. Caiaphas, high priest of the Jews.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Jews' Passover*, v. 12-21.
What question did the disciples ask of Jesus?
On what day was this?
By what other name is this feast called?
Whom did Jesus send to make preparation?
What are the names of these disciples?
See Luke 22. 8.
How were they to know where to go?
What questions were they to ask?
What response would be made to them?
What did these disciples do?
When did Jesus come to the feast?
What did Jesus say as they sat at table?
What question did the disciples ask?
What was Jesus' response?
What prophecy would be fulfilled?
What word did he pronounce?
2. *The Lord's Supper*, v. 22-26.
What did Jesus do and say as he took bread?
What did he do with the cup?
What did he say this cup was?
When again would he drink wine?
How did they close the service?
Where then did they go?
What is Jesus' command to all his disciples?
(Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That Jesus knows all things?
2. That Jesus died for our sins?
3. That Jesus deserves our love and service?

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the state of men who do not repent of their sins, and obtain pardon?

All those who do not repent of their sins, and believe in Christ as he is offered to us in the Gospel, must remain forever under the just sentence and condemnation of God's holy law.

Ephesians 2. 3. Among whom we also all once lived in the lusts of our flesh, doing the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature children of wrath, even as the rest.

Hebrews 2. 3. How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation? which having at the first been spoken through the Lord, was confirmed unto us by them that heard.

Hebrews 10. 26. For if we willfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more a sacrifice for sins.

THE LATER STORIES

OF

Annie S. Swan

Few stories are there which find so popular a sale as those of Mrs. Burnett Smith, still known to her great world of readers and admirers as Annie S. Swan.

Take a look through your library shelves and see if you have these her later stories:—

- | | |
|--|------|
| A Bachelor in Search of a Wife, and Roger Marcham's Ward. | 50 |
| The Guinea Stamp. A Tale of Modern Glasgow. | 1 00 |
| A Bitter Debt. A Tale of the Black Country. | 1 25 |
| Courtship and Marriage; or, the Gentle Art of Home Making. | 60 |
| A Foolish Marriage. A Story of Edinburgh Student Life. | 60 |
| A Lost Ideal. | 1 00 |
| Airlie's Mission. | 35 |

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, Montreal
& E. HURSTON, Halifax.