

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

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24 1891.

[No. 8.]

## Master and Workman.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

I HEARD the sound of sturdy blows;  
They came from the forest, where the trees  
Year after year have waved in the breeze,  
And woodmen there, with axes in hand,  
Had chosen the fairest in the land—  
The pine that on the hillside grows.

Both oak and pine full quickly fell,  
For a stately ship they would help to build;  
And many a hand to labour skilled  
Should toil thereon till the task be done.  
None knew the pattern save only one,  
And he his secret doth not tell.

Each day when rose the morning sun,  
The sound of axe and saw was heard;  
But no one spoke of the pattern a word.  
Each workman plied the tool of his art,  
With ready hand and willing heart,  
Till, lo! the mighty ship was done.

They set the waiting beauty free,  
And all the workmen whose hands had wrought  
In wood or iron as the master's thought  
Rejoiced with him as they looked with pride  
On the white-robed ship—the ocean's bride;  
God keep her safe upon the sea.

God keep us all and gracious be,  
As we work out the pattern of life,  
Where wrong grapples right in endless strife.  
When our hearts and hands have nobly wrought  
In beautiful lives the Master's thought,  
Then set our waiting spirits free.

## KING CHARLES' TOWER.

OUR young friends who have been students of English history can at once tell about this quaint-looking old tower we see in the picture. But those who are not "read up" must be told that it is a structure of great historic interest, built into the walls of the old town of Chester, England, many hundred years ago.

Tourists always have this place down on their lists of visits, for its old Roman walls and gates are said to be the only perfect specimens of this order of ancient fortifications in England. Its walls are nearly two miles in circuit and once enclosed the city for its protection, but long ago the city has outgrown its original limits. It has become Old Chester inside the walls and New Chester outside. The old city is divided by four broad streets, which take their names from the four principal gates, i. e., East-gate, Northgate, Bridgegate and Water-gate, and contains a venerable cathedral, ancient churches and houses of quaint and curious architecture.

But we were only to speak of the old tower of our picture, leaving our young readers to look up the history of Chester at their leisure. The tower takes its name from the fact that from its heights and through the narrow loop-holes in its mighty walls, King Charles I. watched his soldiers and his subjects under Cromwell, fighting a fierce battle on Rowton Moor, in 1645, in which the king's forces were defeated.

It now has become a miniature museum, being but eight feet square, and is filled with all sorts of odd relics, some of them connected with the unfortunate monarch.

What do you think the man and the two little children are talking about? He may be asking about the old tower of which they may know something. But it is more than likely they are little waifs, telling a tale of poverty and want at home, and begging of the visitor a few pennies.

Go where we will and we meet those who are poor and in need, and oftenest among the attractive scenes and associations of the old world. And so it was and so it will be from age to age.

The king and his soldiers die off; the

crown falls from royal brows; kingdoms wax old and perish, the old walls crumble to pieces, and the old tower grows gray and mossy with age.

But there is one King who lives forever and his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. Are you, dear reader, a child of this King? Then you may not care for the fading glories of earthly things, for you are heir to a kingdom that will never pass away.

"He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."—E. D. G.

when they are sitting in a field of flowers.

Most species of the East Indian sloth, which feeds upon trees, have an orange-coloured spot on their backs which renders them very conspicuous when they are seen out of their ordinary environment, but when they are clinging to the trees the colour of their hair resembles withered moss, while the orange spot on their backs so closely imitates the scar made by the breaking off of a branch that even hunters are deceived by it.

the skin, and the strange shape of the head and horns, like broken branches, so tend to its concealment that even the keen-eyed natives have been known to mistake trees for giraffes, or giraffes for trees.

As to zebras, Prof. Henry Drummond says in his book on "Tropical Africa," after describing how the black and white stripes seem to take away the sense of a solid body altogether, the two colours blending into an inconspicuous gray, while at close quarters the effect is as of bars of light seen through the branches of shrubs:

"I have found myself in the forest gazing at what I supposed to be a solitary zebra, its presence betrayed by some motion due to my approach, and suddenly realized that I was surrounded by an entire herd, which were all invisible until they moved."

A recent writer in *Nature*, after quoting this passage from Drummond, together with a statement of Francis Galton that in clear moonlight a zebra may be invisible, although so near that its breathing can be heard, carries the idea of protection furnished by the zebra's stripes a step further by suggesting that they conceal it from the eyes of its enemies while it sleeps.

## "DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY, QUICK."

NOT long ago I read a story about a little girl who had a parrot. Among the funny things which this parrot could say was the line that stands at the head of this story. She had heard Madge, her little mistress, say it over and over as she learned it in a piece to recite at school. Madge did not know about this, and one morning she woke up very cross. She crawled slowly out of bed, and began sulkily to put on her shoes and stockings. She pulled so hard at the button-hook that the very first button popped off. Pretty soon off went another. This made poor cross Madge so angry that she pulled off the shoe, flung it across the room, and screamed out:

"Everything is so hateful. Oh! what shall I do?"

Polly who was on her stand by the window, was very much excited by all this noise, and screamed back, "Bad girl! Do something for somebody, quick!"

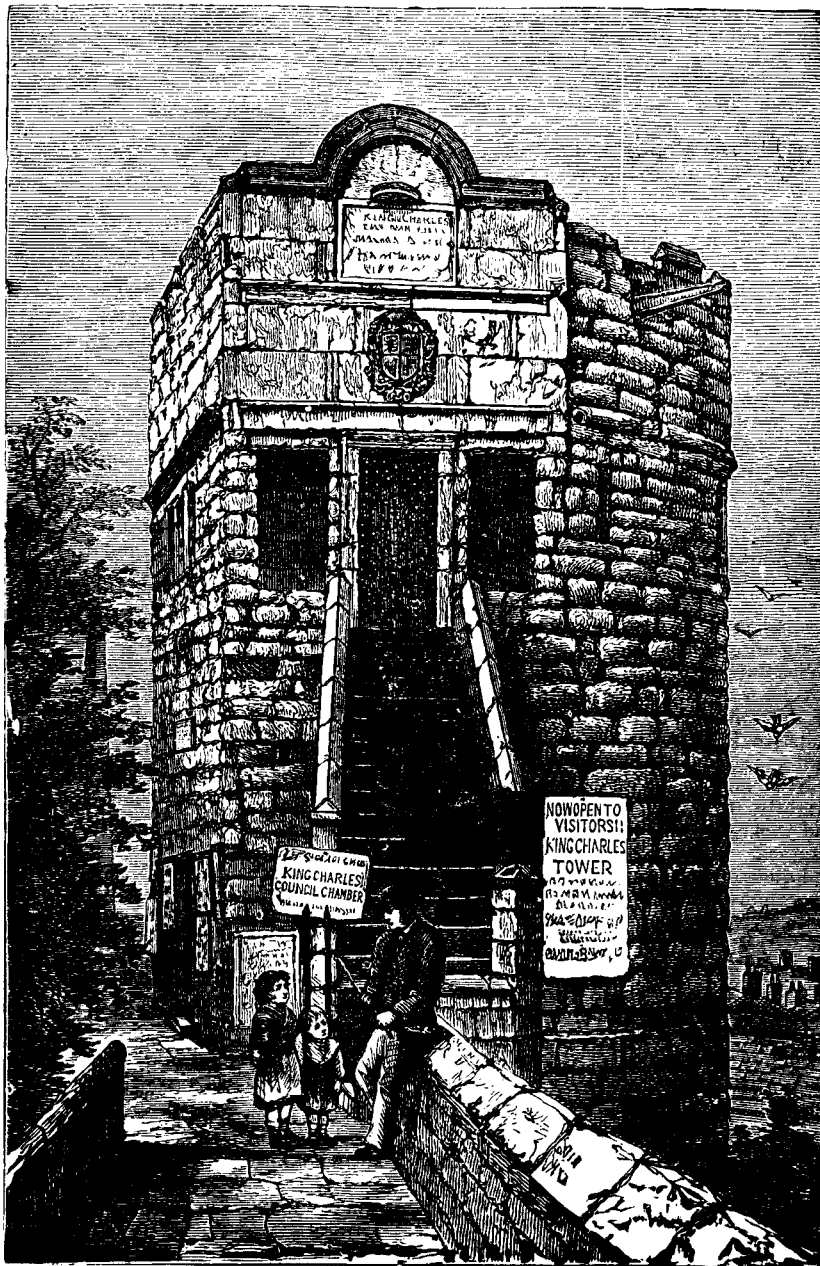
This made Madge laugh: but it made her think, too. She made up her mind that all that day she would try to do something for somebody, and see if that would not keep her from feeling cross. I think it did. Suppose you try Polly's cure for crossness.

## GIRLS IN CHINA.

GIRLS in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and, therefore, not to be punished. When parents are too poor to support the girl-children, they are disposed of in the following way:

"At regular times an officer goes through a village, and collects from poor parents all the girl children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets, hung on a bamboo pole and slung over his shoulder. Six little girl-babies are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighbouring village, and exposes them for sale. Mothers, who want to raise wives for their sons, buy such as they may select. The others are taken to government asylums, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room enough they are all taken in; if not, they are drowned."

Will not the little girls who read about this, save their pennies to send the Gospel to China? Jesus died for the fathers and mothers and children in China as well as us.



KING CHARLES' TOWER.

## PROTECTED BY COLOURS.

ANIMALS WHOSE VARYING HUES BEWILDER THE EYE.

ONE of the most interesting things that the naturalist finds to study is the effect of various colours and forms in rendering animals invisible or inconspicuous. This means of concealment is useful mainly in enabling the animals possessing it to remain hidden from the searching eyes of its enemies. Some of the accounts given by travellers and naturalists of the eclipsing effect of certain colour combinations seem hardly creditable. Among the most gorgeous of the inhabitants of the air are the sun-birds of Africa, and yet Mrs. Barker, the traveller, assures us that even the keen eye of a hawk will fail to detect these birds

The colour and stripes of the tiger sometimes render it invisible in bright sunshine amid the dried yellow grass of a jungle. Maj. Walford, an English hunter, says:

"Once while following up a wounded tiger I failed for at least a minute to see him under a tree in grass at a distance of about twenty yards—jungle open—but the natives saw him, and I eventually made him out well enough to shoot him; but even then I could not see at what part of him I was aiming."

But perhaps the most wonderful effect of colour and contrast in concealing large animals is in the case of the zebra and the giraffe. Alfred Russell Wallace says of the giraffe that the large, blotch-like spots on

### A Roman Boy's Bravery.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"NAY, listen," the eager reporter said; "The ancient spirit is not all dead, though you still declare, as you watch the throng

That passes these modern streets along, There is not a remnant, 'mid great and small, Of the antique Roman among them all.

"Now hear me: 'twas only yesterday, In the early morn, as I took my way Through a yet unshadowed and silent street, In the Vatican shadow, I chanced to meet A bare-footed lad, with a load of straw On his donkey. He stopped,—for he suddenly saw

A package that startled him, thrown before The entrance that led to a massive door In the Vatican wall, with a burning fuse Such as he had seen the soldiers use, That smoked within touch of it.

"Ah!" cried he. "Some more of those villains' treachery." (For Rome, as you know, is racked with fear, Through dread of the Anarchist lurking near.)

"Now what did the boy? A pause would make The walls of the ancient palace shake, As others had done. With one swift bound, Just as the flame was curling round The deadly explosive, with a shout, He sprang on the fuse and stamped it out!

"The deed of the Roman, in Rome's best days (Whose heroes you love so well to praise), Who threw himself into a dark abyss, Was scarcely a braver deed than this!"

Baltimore, Md.

### OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated	3 50
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	4 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	1 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	0 80
Sunday-School Banner, 62 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 80
Onward, 8 pp. 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 25
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 24
Less than 20 copies	0 15
Over 20 copies	0 12
Sumbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
3 Bleury Street,  
Montreal.

S. F. HURSTIS,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

### POWER OVER EVIL SPIRITS.

BY REV. GEORGE G. PHIPPS, NEWTON, MASS.

And they come to Jesus and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind.—Mark 5. 15.

Did you ever see an insane asylum, boys and girls? It is a home for people that have become insane or crazy. That means that the mind is weak and sick, so that a man thinks and acts as if he did not really know what he was doing.

Now this man whom Jesus healed was much like a crazy man. An evil spirit had come into his mind, and his thoughts and actions all seemed insane. Nobody could safely live with him; and he no longer loved any one, nor cared where he went, even though he had to live off among the tombs, where it was lonesome and frightful. It was something dreadful even to see him. All were afraid of him. But there were no insane asylums in that country, or I think he would have been carried into one, and locked up in a cell by himself, where he could do no harm.

As it was, they had put chains on his hands and feet, so that he could do no mischief. But he had broken them off again—snap went the chains, he was so wild and strong!

But Jesus met him one day. And Jesus did not fear the wild man either. But when he saw him, he said, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit." And so the man was cured. He was no longer like a madman, frightful to see; but he grew calm and sat quietly down at Jesus' feet to hear his words, and felt grateful and happy that Christ had had mercy upon him.

Isn't it good to know that Jesus has such power over evil spirits? The bad things in our hearts and lives he can wholly take away.

Sometimes the spirit of cruelty gets into the heart; for instance, Jerry and Sam once met two little girls just turning down into a cross-street. "Take care!" said Jerry—making believe he was alarmed about something—"don't go down there, girls! Don't you know there is a big bulldog down there? He'll bite you."

The girls were very scared, just as cruel Jerry wanted to see them. One little girl said, and her lips quivered, "I want to go home to my mother." "Well you can't—that big dog!" Jerry said. Then he went along, leaving the girls to cry, and saying, "I only wanted a little fun with them."

Such "fun" is only what could please an evil spirit—giving pain and tears to innocent little children. And did you never see a boy or girl get so angry as to stamp and strike, or tear and break things, and act as if almost insane with being "so mad" as you call it? There is a whole troop of such bad spirits that get into the heart—their name is "Legion," as the wild man said. Don't let them come into you to stay, to make a home in your hearts, boys and girls. Ask Christ to use his wonderful power to cast all bad things off your lives.

If Christ will only live in your hearts—and he will if you love him—evil spirits will not stay with you. They cannot stay where Jesus is, any more than darkness can stay where the sun shines in. Christ is like light.

There is a bank in Boston (Dorchester), that is protected from thieves in the night, by keeping the gas-light always burning. Every one passing by the street can see through the large windows whatever is going on in the rooms in the bank. The police outside would know in a minute if anyone walked across the floor, or went up to the safes in the night. So the light helps to keep the bank from robbers, as well as the heavy bolts and iron doors.

Now keep the love of Jesus shining brightly in your hearts all the time, and bad wicked things, such as cruelty and unkindness, lying, disobedience, cheating, and quarrelling, and being ugly and cross, like thieves and wicked spirits, will be quite driven away from your lives and characters.

Jesus has power over evil things. He can say to whatever is wrong and sinful within you, "Come out of the heart, thou bad spirit," and it will obey him.

Then it will be as if you, too, like the man Jesus had healed, sat down in gentleness and love at Jesus' feet.

### A FIT EPITAPH.

"THE minister's wife is dead!" The report circulated rapidly through the little village one black autumn morning. No one could tell exactly what was the cause of her death. She was yet young, and had hardly been what we call sick. She was as cheerful as usual on the few preceding days, fulfilling her duties as president of the Home Mission Society, which met at the parsonage every fortnight. To be sure, she had looked tired, but that was nothing uncommon of late.

The parsonage soon swarmed with kind, inquiring and sympathetic friends. But they could get nothing definite from the aged mother. She did not appear to know just what had caused her daughter's death. Nothing unusual had seemed to trouble her, so she said, with suppressed emotion.

The ladies of the church held a meeting the day before the funeral to consult about the service and talk it over. "Whatever shall we do without her in our W.O.T.U. work?" said one. "And who will lead our ladies' prayer-meeting?" said another.

"We were going to elect her president of the Foreign Missionary Society we are about to organize," remarked a third. "She was such a good member of the visiting committee!" commented a fourth. And so it went on.

It seemed she was an active member of everything. There was the Tuesday night "home" prayer-meeting, the regular church prayer-meeting, the sewing society, and the Royal Temperance Legion to look after. Her Sunday-school pupils mourned for her, the children missed her from their weekly meeting, and, last but by no means least, her home missed her sorely. Her husband now had no one to cheer him when he felt despondent. The mother missed her daughter's loving hand and presence. Her little child missed a mother's watchfulness and care and sympathy in her childish joys and sorrows.

After the last sad rites were over, the ladies held another meeting and voted to procure a handsome monument to mark the last resting-place of their beloved friend and leader. When they called at the parsonage to consult about an epitaph that the bereaved would be pleased to have placed on the marble, the mother said: "Let it be simply her name and age, with these words in plain letters: killed by societies."

And the sisters sorrowfully went away. Too late it had dawned upon them that a minister's wife cannot do everything and live to be old.—The Central Advocate.

### PLANS FOR JUNIOR LOOKOUT COMMITTEES.

BY FLORA B. BERRY.

It has often been said that the duty of the lookout committee is to furnish eyes for the society, whether it be the Young People's or Junior. And it is certainly necessary that the members of this committee should keep their eyes wide open, that they may see all the opportunities for usefulness which present themselves. But it is also necessary that the Junior lookouts should be taught how to use their eyes to the best advantage; and for this reason they should be under the direction of the superintendent, or some member of the Young People's Society, who will meet with them, help them plan their work, and then leave the responsibility of doing it with the boys and girls themselves.

This committee will plan its work with reference to two classes of children: those who ought to be members of the society, but are not, and those who are members, but are indifferent to their duties. Many of the former class may be found in the Sunday-school, and so it is perhaps a good idea for the lookout committees of the Young People's Society and the Junior Society to have a joint meeting. The list of scholars in the various classes can then be examined, and the members of each committee obtain the names of those who are eligible to membership in their respective societies.

Doubtless some of these boys and girls need only a cordial invitation from the committee to induce them to join the Junior ranks. A personal invitation to a sociable, arranged with this end in view, may be the means of interesting others, and the names of any who are still indifferent may be divided among the members of the society, with the request that they unite with the lookout committee in trying to influence them to attend the meetings and join the society. It will be helpful for the superintendent, or some member of the Junior committee, to supplement this work by calling upon the parents and asking them to encourage their children to become members of the society.

In the work of looking after the indifferent members, care must be taken not to cultivate a habit of criticising and judging others. The children should be made to feel that their duty is not to reprove the unfaithful ones, but rather to help them to be faithful; and that one way to do this is to keep their own eyes free from all notes of neglected duty.

In order that they may know whom to help, the list of members may be divided among the lookout committee, each of whom enters the names assigned in a little book, and marks the attendance of those at each meeting. Just before the roll-call meeting, the members of the committee

may remind those who are likely to forget of the time when that meeting occurs, and ask them to obtain a verse of Scripture to be read in response to their names if they must necessarily be absent.

In addition to these duties the lookout committee may help the social committee in welcoming the new members to the society. A brief note of greeting, signed by the lookout committee and given by them to the new members, is sometimes helpful.

Short letters containing a New Year's greeting may also be prepared by the superintendent or lookout committee, and given to all members of the society at the beginning of the year.

All Junior work, and especially the committee work, is valuable not only because of the immediate results accomplished, but also because it furnishes an opportunity for teaching the children how to do Christian work, and thus training them to become active workers in the church and Young People's Society as they grow older. The lookout committee seems particularly important as a means of training them to do personal work, a kind of service which many older Christians of to-day shrink from doing because they did not form the habit of doing it when they were young.—Golden Rule.

### FIREWORKS IN THE OCEAN.

The ocean, too, has its living lanterns, or phosphorescent animals, and among these the jelly-fish and sea-anemone are very numerous. Sometimes they look like pillars of fire, sometimes like stars, and sometimes like fiery serpents flashing out red, green, yellow and lilac rays. Many luminous sea creatures are very small, not larger than a spark, but these gather in such masses that in the Indian Ocean the water often looks like a great sea of molten metal; and a naturalist who bathed among them in the Pacific said that he found himself illuminated for hours afterwards, while the sands on which the insects were stranded at low tide gleamed like grains of gold. The bottom of the ocean is magnificent with star-fish and sea pads, some rich purple and shedding a soft, golden-green light, while others send out silver flashes, and the lamp-fish carries on its head at night a golden light. Another fish seems to be decorated with pearls; and it is evidently the fashion there to be brilliant in some way. Even crabs, in hot climates, seem to set themselves on fire, and when captured and teased they blaze all over with indignation. A species of shark, too, is intensely brilliant at night; and one that was drawn up shone like a splendid lamp for some hours after it was dead. Naturalists have long been at work on this curious subject, and the source of the illuminating power is supposed to be contained in the little sacs or cells in the body of the animal.—Harper's Young People.

### US BOYS.

SOMETIMES a thoughtless speech will bring up before us, like a flash, something that we have never realized before. This was the case when a temperance lecturer, speaking on his favorite theme, said:

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak out and answer me. When you look around and see all those fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be thirty or forty years from now?"

"Dead," replied the boys.

"That is right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Some of us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right." Now tell me, did you ever, going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house doors, and waiting for some one to treat?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them."

"Well, where will they be, in thirty or forty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be drunkards then?"

"Some of us boys," was the reply that slipped from a little lad.

Everybody was thunderstruck. Could it be true? Let the boys think of this when next they look upon the idle round a saloon door.

The Little Weaver.

A JUNIOR LEAGUE POEM.

ONCE in an eastern palace wide  
A little child sat weaving;  
So patiently her task she plied,  
The men and women at her side  
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,  
"You work so well and cheerily?  
You never seem to break your thread,  
Or snarl, or tangle it, instead  
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,  
Our silk so frayed and broken,  
For all we've fretted, wept, and toiled,  
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled;"  
They sighed as words were spoken.

The little child looked in their eyes,  
So full of care and trouble;  
And pity chased the sweet surprise  
That filled her own, as sometimes flies  
The rainbow in the bubble.

"I only go and tell the King,"  
She said abashed and meekly;  
"You know, he said in 'everything,'"  
"Why so do we!" they cried; "we bring  
Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside;  
A moment let them wrangle;  
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,  
"I go and get the knot untied  
At the first little tangle!"

Oh! little children—weavers all!  
Our broidery we spangle  
With many a tear that need not fall,  
If on our King we would but call  
At the first little tangle!

—Congregationalist.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE PRISON-CROP ON A YOUNG HEAD.

IN three calendar months after David Fell was committed to jail for begging, he was released, and sent out again to the old life. He had been regularly supplied with food, kept from the cold of the wintry days and nights, and properly exercised with careful regard to his health. He had never had three months of so much physical comfort before; and he had grown a good deal both in size and strength. Moreover he had been diligently taught in school, and could read and write very much better, and with more ease, than when he had written his short letter to his mother. He had learned cobbling, and could mend a pair of boots quite creditably. The governor of the jail enumerated these advantages to him as he gave him a few words of parting counsel.

"Now, my lad," he continued, "don't let me see you here again, or hear of you being in trouble elsewhere. This is the second time you've been in jail!"

"Please, sir," interrupted David, with energy, "I never was in jail before. It was another boy, not me. I've done nothin' worse than beggin'."

"Don't go away with a lie on your tongue," said the governor sternly. "It's a sad thing to break the laws of your country; but it's worse to break God's laws. 'Thou shalt not steal! thou shalt not lie!' are his laws. 'Thou shalt not beg,' is your country's law. Keep them in mind, and you'll not get into trouble again."

David heard the prison-gate close behind him, leaving him free again in the open streets, with an odd feeling of strangeness and timidity mingled with his delight. The other prisoners released at the same time quickly vanished out of sight, as if they did not care to be seen under the jail-walls. But David lingered, half bewildered and half fascinated, gazing up at the strong, grim edifice, with its massive doors and small, closely barred windows. It had been his home for three months. He was no longer a stranger to it or its ways. If he should ever come there again, he could fall at once into its customs and rules, and would need very little, if any, instruction from its warders. Just now it seemed more familiar and less formidable to him than the narrow, dirty, squalid street where his former neighbours lived, and his mother, and little Bess.

He had some miles to go, and it was almost dusk when he reached his own neighbourhood. But, though he was stronger and better fitted for labour than when he left it three months

ago, he did not turn boldly into the street, whistling some gay tune as he marched along, and calling aloud to this neighbour and that, ready for all sorts of boyish pranks, and equally ready to render little acts of help and kindness to any one who needed them. He waited till night fell, and then went slinking down close to the walls, and keeping as much in the shadow as possible. Blackett's door was open, and he dare not face Blackett. He had always held up his head high above Blackett's sons, except Roger; and he knew both father and sons hated him for it. Did the neighbours know that he had been in prison? If they did not, his closely cropped head, with the dark hair growing like short fur all over it, would betray him at once.

He stood in a dark corner over against the house, watching its inmates pass to and fro. There was old Euclid going in with his empty basket: it was quite empty; so he must have had a good day. And presently he saw the glimmer of a candle in the garret-window. What would Victoria say when she saw him and his prison-crop for the first time? He was almost as much afraid of her and Euclid as he was of Blackett. Could he make them believe that he had only been in jail for begging? Surely they would not be too hard on him for that! Yet he felt the old glow of shame again at the thought of going out to beg.

His mother would believe it, and know it to be true. He was longing for the sight of her; but he dare not go past Blackett's open door. The tears smarted under his eyelids as he thought of how soon now he was going to see her. Then a dark dread crossed his mind. He had been away for three months; and suppose his mother should be dead! Oh! if that could be! Dead and buried, and he never to see her again!

At length Blackett came out, and staggered up the street towards the enticing spirit-vaults at the corner. Now was the moment. He crept cautiously to the entrance, and then darted through the lighted passage almost at a bound. In an instant his hand was on the latch; and, flinging open his mother's door, he rushed in, panting, and closed it after him, as if fearful of being pursued. He could hardly see for a moment, though there was a candle in the room. But, when he looked round, there was his mother lying on the bare sacking of her miserable bed, her face pale as death, and her sunken eyes, with a famished, ravenous expression in them, fastened eagerly on him. They told a tale of terrible suffering. It seemed to David as if he had almost forgotten his mother's face while he had been in jail, and that now he saw it afresh, with all the story of her pain and anguish printed upon it. He stood motionless, staring at her; and she lifted herself up on the bed, and held out her arms to him.

"O Davy, my boy! Davy!" she cried, "come to me! come quickly!"

With a deep groan, such as is rarely wrung from the lips of a man, the boy flung himself into his mother's arms; and the mother bore the shock of agony it caused her without a cry.

This was her son, her first-born. He was the baby who had first lain in her bosom, now so tortured with ceaseless pain, and who had filled her whole heart with love and joy. She could recollect how his father had looked down upon them both with mingled pride and shyness. She almost forgot her pain in the rapture of fondling him once again. Her shrivelled, wasted hand, whose fingers were drawn up with long years of toil, stroked his poor head, with its prison-crop of hair, where the baby's flaxen curls had grown; and her lips were pressed again and again to his face. She could not let him go.

"I was doin' nothin' but beggin' for you, mother," he sobbed out at last.

"I know, Davy; I know," she said, sinking back exhausted, but still holding fast his hand, and devouring him with her eyes. "It couldn't be no sin, God in heaven knows. You'll make a good man yet, in spite of all, like your father, Davy. You're as like him as like can be!"

She lay looking at him with a smile on her face. So much care had been taken of him in the jail, that he looked more like a man, or at least gave more promise of growing into a strong, capable man like his father, than he had ever done whilst he starved on scanty fare at home. His face, too, had lost its boyish carelessness, and wore an air of thought, almost of gloom, such as sat on most men's faces.

"Maybe I ought to ha' gone into the house," she said, as her eyes caught sight of David's short, dark hair. "It's bad for folks to say you ever went a-beggin', and was took up for it. But I never knew nobody go into the house as I should like to be with, or have Bess be with. Most of the folks as have gone out of our street 'ud shame the bad place itself; and it 'ud be worse than dyin' to live among 'em all day, and all night too. I always said, and I promised father when he

was dyin', I swore a oath to him, as long as I could stand at a tub, I'd never mix myself up with such a lot, or let his boy and girl go among 'em. But maybe I ought to ha' given in, instead of lettin' you go a-beggin'," she added, with a profound sigh.

"No, no, mother; don't you fret about me," answered David. "Why! I've learnt a trade in—there," he said, avoiding the name "jail." "And I know how to work now, and I'll keep you and Bess. Sometimes I used to think, s'pose they'd only taught me outside, without goin' inside that place! I'd have learnt it with more heart, and never got the bad name as folks will give me now. I can mend boots and shoes prime now; and I can read and write almost like a scholar. But I shall never get over being in there!"

"Oh, you will, you will, my lad!" cried his mother faintly and sadly.

"No, I can't never forget it," he said, with a look of shame and sorrow on his face. "Father's name was always good, and mine never can be. Mother, if they'd only tried to find out if I spoke true! But they didn't take no time or trouble. I didn't know where I was afore the magistrate said, 'Three months!' And they bundled me away as if I weren't worth taking trouble about. I'm a jail-bird now."

"No, no!" sobbed his mother. "That's what the neighbours 'll call me," he went on. "And Blackett 'll crow over me. They'll never believe I was only beggin'. I feel as if I couldn't hold my head up to face them or Bess. Where's Bess, mother?"

But, as he spoke, Bess came in, and, with a cry of delight, ran to him, and flung her arms round his neck. He could not rid himself of those clinging arms; and he burst into a passion of weeping as Bess kissed him again and again.

"They were wicked, cruel people as sent you to jail, Davy," she repeated over and over again,—"cruel and wicked! cruel and wicked!"

It was some minutes before they could speak to one another in any other words, or before Bess remembered on what errand she had been absent when David came home.

"They can't let us have the ring this evening, mother," she said after a while. "Mr. Quirk's away till this time to-morrow; and Mrs. Quirk says as she daren't part with any o' the rings without him."

"What ring?" asked David. "Mother's ring," answered Bess. "We were forced to part with it, Davy," said his mother in a pleading tone, as if to justify herself to him. "I'd clemmed myself till I could bear it no longer, and everything else was gone. It was the last time I set foot out o' doors. I carried it myself to Mr. Quirk's, and swore as I'd redeem it. And Bess there has earned money to redeem it; and we thought we'd get it back to-night. But you're come back instead, my lad; and I can bear to go without the ring."

His mother's wedding-ring had been all his life to him a sacred thing,—the only sacred thing he knew of. It was blended with all his earliest childish thoughts of his dead father, whom he had never known, but of whom his mother talked so often of an evening when work was done, and she wore the ring, and when the glimmer of it in the dim firelight made it visible, though almost all else was in darkness. All the inherent superstition and reverence for sacred symbols common to our nature centred for David in his mother's wedding-ring. He knew what straits of gnawing hunger Bess and his mother must have undergone before they would part with it; and his bitterness and heaviness of heart—for he had left jail in bitterness and heaviness of heart—were increased tenfold by this loss of her ring.

"We'll have it to-morrow," he said in a stern and passionate voice.

Yet they were on the whole happy that evening; it was so much to be together again. Bess had plenty to tell of her daily tramps through the streets, and David talked of his plans for the future; whilst their mother listened to them, thankful beyond all words to have her boy in her sight once more. Even during the night, when she heard him turning uneasily to and fro on the scanty heap of straw they had managed to get for him to lie on—so hard to him after his comfortable hammock and warm rug in the jail—her heart felt lighter than it had done for many months. Her poverty continued, her sore pain was not less agonizing; but David was at home again, and life was once more dear to her.

(To be continued.)

A MAN WHO CANNOT BE FOOLED.

A TEXAS farmer entered the office of a Dallas merchant, and asked him if he would like to buy some fresh butter which he had brought to town in his waggon. "I really don't know whether my wife needs any butter just now, but I'll find out," re-

plied the merchant; and, stepping to the telephone, he called up his wife, and had some conversation on the subject. Then he turned to the countryman, who had watched the proceedings, and whose face was a study for an artist. "No," said the merchant, "my wife tells me that she has butter enough on hand to last her some time." "That's all right, Cap. You don't need to buy any butter if you don't want to. All you have got to do is to say so; but you needn't play me for a fool by trying to make me believe you've got your wife locked up in that little box. I reckon I have some sense left, if I am from the country. You can't fool me."

CHURCH SICKNESS; A TRUE STORY.

WHEN Minnie and Annie were younger, perhaps eight years old, they began to weary of church-going. The sermon was so long, and they used to get so tired.

They were cousins; Annie was visiting at Minnie's home. And they loved each other dearly.

One Saturday, Minnie determined to get out of church. So, in the middle of the sermon, Sunday, she found that she had a headache, and telling her aunt that she was sick, she went home. There she lay around and enjoyed herself till dinner time.

During the week, Annie and Minnie agreed that both of them would spend the next Sunday morning at home. So during the Bible reading at church, Minnie said she was sick, and went home. And soon after the text was announced, Annie said she was sick, and she, too, went home. And when the family returned after service, there were the two children, both in bed.

There was a favourite dessert for dinner that day—fruit cake; and after the others had taken off their cloaks, these two girls listened for the dinner bell. A long time they waited and listened. Then they heard the clatter of plates, as if the table was being cleared. Up they jumped, and started down to the dining-room.

But on the staircase there was auntie with a plate of cold bread and two glasses of milk. "Oh, auntie, we don't want that; we want dinner and some of the fruit cake."

"Dinner! fruit cake! for girls who were so sick they couldn't stay through church? Oh, no. You're far too sick to eat such things. You couldn't venture to eat anything but bread and milk."

"Oh, auntie, please," cried both at once.

"No, dears, it wouldn't be well to feed sick children with fruit cake; nothing but bread and milk till you get well again."

Back to their room they went, and tried to eat bread and milk. But it did not taste good, for they were thinking all the time of the fruit cake.

The next Sunday they did not get sick in church.—*Christian Observer.*

"DO THAT IF YOU DARE."

THEY tell the story of a competition between two sailors, a Frenchman and an Irishman. The Irishman was a sailor on an English vessel, and right alongside was moored the French vessel, and there was some feeling among the men as to who should perform the most daring feat. Finally one day a French sailor went high up aloft and then out on a cross spar, and there, high up in the air, stood on his head, and then came down and looked across at the Irishman with an expression as much as to say, "Do that if you can." But Pat was not to be outdone. He was no such athlete as the Frenchman was, but he was going to try anything that any other man could do. He mounted aloft, went out upon the cross-piece, and stood upon his head, but immediately losing his balance fell from that terrific height towards the deck. But in his descent his hands accidentally came in contact with a rope. He held on, and being near the deck dropped gracefully, and turned with an air of triumph to the Frenchman and said, "Ye frog-aiting Frenchman, do that if you dare." We organized one Sunday-school in a place where we could not get even chairs for the children, and we got a lot of empty beer kegs for the children to sit on. Now, we say to you, "Do that if you dare."



BEDFORD GAOL.

BEDFORD GAOL.

ABOVE is a picture of the gaol in which John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was confined. In 1660, when Charles II. became king, severe laws were enacted against the preaching of Dissenters from the Established Church, and Bunyan was arrested and put in prison. He was offered his liberty if he would promise not to preach again, but he said: "If I was out of prison to-day I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God." He was therefore continued in prison for twelve years. At this time he had a wife and four children, and in the day-time he aided in maintaining himself and them by making tags and laces, which they sold. His nights were spent in reading the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs" (the only books he had), and in writing. During the early part of his imprisonment his gaoler befriended him, and allowed him to go out and visit his friends, and even to preach. One night Bunyan was at home with his family, but could not sleep, and felt impelled to return to the gaol. Very early the next morning a messenger sent by his enemies arrived at the gaol, and inquired, "Is John Bunyan here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared, and thus the gaoler escaped from blame. After this, probably by a change of gaoler, his confinement became more rigid. At length the time came when he was set at liberty, at the end of 1672, or early in 1673. For two or three years before this his imprisonment had again become more lenient, and in 1671 the Baptist Church in Bedford had chosen him as its pastor, which relationship he sustained till his death.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

B.C. 1837(?).] LESSON IX. [March 4.

SELLING THE BIRTHRIGHT.

Gen. 25. 27-34. Memory verses, 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.—Luke 12. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. The Hunter, v. 27-30.
2. The Supplanter, v. 31-34.

CONNECTING LINKS.

1. The death of Sarah (Gen. 23.) 2. The marriage of Isaac (Gen. 24.) 3. The death of Abraham (Gen. 25. 7-10.) 4. The birth of Esau and Jacob (Gen. 25. 19-26.)

EXPLANATIONS.

"A cunning hunter"—A skilful hunter; a man who loved an adventurous life. "A

plain man"—A man of simple, gentle manners. "Dwelling in tents"—A lover of home—domestic. "Isaac loved Esau because he did eat of his venison"—This means not so much because Isaac shared in Esau's hospitality as because of Esau's fascinating, energetic temperament. "Rebekah loved Jacob"—The active mother loves the gentle child. "Jacob's sod pottage"—Prepared boiled food, made of lentils. (See below.) "He was faint"—Exhausted. "That same red pottage"—The lentil broth was red in its colour, as Esau was red in his complexion. "Therefore was his name called Edom."—Edom means red, and Esau got his nickname from the hasty

words he used in describing the food he so much wanted.

"Thy birthright"—To some one line among the descendants of Abraham God had promised the land of Canaan as an earthly inheritance, and that peculiar covenanted blessing which carried with it a promise of the Messiah and the germ of spiritual blessings to all the world. It included not only a double portion of the father's property, but the official authority of the father, or sheikhood, and the functions of the domestic priesthood. All these had been lightly looked on by Esau, but earnestly desired by Jacob; and now, when Esau returns from the field exhausted and hungry, Jacob proposes to give him relief if he will relinquish his birthright. "At the point to die"—Tired almost to death. "What profit shall this birthright do to me"—What signifies a birthright to the man who has only a short time to live? "Swear to me this day; and he sware unto him"—Jacob's demand of the oath evinces a mean suspicion. Esau's giving the oath shows a low sense of honour. "Pottage of lentils"—The leaves of lentils are much used in the East for food. "Despised his birthright"—He must have regarded it with contempt, or mere hunger would not have led him to part with it.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The evils of favouritism in the family?
2. That we should prize our privileges?
3. That forfeited blessings cannot be regained?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was noticeable in the boys, Esau and Jacob, as they grew toward manhood? "They grew apart in sympathy." 2. What sad fact was noticeable on the part of their father and mother? "Each had a favourite son." 3. What did Jacob do when his brother Esau, exhausted and faint, asked him for some food? "He refused to give him any unless he paid for it." 4. What price did he demand? "Esau's birthright." 5. What ought both to have remembered? Golden Text: "The life is more than meat," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The freedom of the will.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How was the Redeemer consecrated? The Holy Ghost, who was signified by the anointing oil, descended upon him.

To what office was our Lord consecrated? To be a prophet, a priest, and a king.

A TRADE FOR BOYS.

If I had my way, I would insist that every boy should learn a trade. It was so in the olden times, and it should be so now. The man who has a trade is a thousand times better equipped than the man who has none. Let every boy select the trade that best suits his ability, and promises the highest honors and remuneration. When he has mastered his trade, if he dislikes it, or it is not profitable, he can begin to study a profession, or enter upon a commercial life. If he should fail in both of those, he is still master of a good trade—something

that no one can take from him, no matter what exigencies may arise. The man who is master of a good trade is as independent as a millionaire. He need never want; he can find profitable employment in any corner of the world.

I say not one word against a professional career. But I do say emphatically that the man who has a trade and a profession as well, need have no fear of the future. The boy who wants to can master a trade between the years of sixteen and twenty, and if he dislikes it, he still has time to study medicine, the law, or any other of the learned professions. But if he waits until he is twenty or over, he may not have an opportunity or feel inclined to learn either.—Foster Coates, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

A Little Light.

'Twas but a little light she bore  
While standing at the open door;  
A little light, a feeble spark,  
And yet it shone out through the dark  
With cheerful ray, and gleamed afar  
As brightly as the polar star.

A little light, a gentle hint  
That falls upon the page of print,  
May clear the vision, and reveal  
The precious treasures doubts conceal,  
And guide us to an open door  
Where we new regions may explore.

A little light dispels the gloom  
That gathers in the shadowed room  
Where want and sickness find their prey  
And night seems longer than the day,  
And hearts with many troubles cope  
Uncheered by one slight ray of hope.

It may be little we can do  
To help another, it is true;  
But better is a little spark  
Of kindness when the way is dark,  
Than one should miss the road to heaven  
For lack of light we might have given.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

WITH the proposed forward movement the Epworth Leagues of Chicago are to be closely identified. A chorus choir of a hundred Leaguers will lead the singing. Our young men will act on committees of invitation and as ushers. Some of our most active young workers will speak to the people. We bespeak the prayers and co-operation of all our Leagues. The need is great and crying. Hundreds of people in that section of the city never hear a hymn or a prayer or a Gospel sermon. They are low down, and constantly going lower. They are as pagan as the people who live in the heart of China and Africa. They will never come to us. Some of them do not understand us. They think churches are for well-to-do people, who wear fine clothes and are moderately good. Others are so given over to sin that they do not care. If these people are ever saved we must go where they are and lift them up. It is easier to induce them at first to go to a theatre near their own doors than to a church a mile away. Once aroused, they will go to church. The salvation of the teeming thousands in the city slums is the great burning question of our times. How glad we are that our young people are enlisting in such Christ-like service!—Epworth Herald.

JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

The great Puritan preacher and writer, John Bunyan, was buried in Mr. John Strudwick's tomb, in the "Dissenters' Burial-ground" of Bunhill Fields. Twelve



JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

other persons were subsequently interred in the same grave, and their names were inscribed on the head-stone, with this brief record of Bunyan: "Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Ob. August, 1688. Aet. 60." As time passed the inscription grew almost undecipherable, and it was several times refreshed. Later, however, it was felt that some more worthy monument of the great writer ought to be raised to his memory, and the result is the beautiful memorial here represented. On the top is a recumbent figure of Bunyan; at the foot is a tablet bearing the original inscription, and on the sides two bas-reliefs, the one representing Christian toiling up the hill with his burden on his back; and the other, Christian with his burden rolling off at the sight of the cross.

BOUND ANNUALS

—AT—

Reduced Prices.

HAVING a number of copies of the subjoined list of **Annuals** remaining after the holiday trade, we have decided to clear them off at the following reduced prices, which in all cases cover postage:—

Adviser.	35c.	Reduced to	\$0.25
Band of Hope.	35c.	"	25
Band of Mercy.	35c.	"	25
British Workman.	50c.	"	37
Chatterbox.	\$1.00	"	37
Children's Friend.	50c.	"	25
Children's Treasury.	35c.	"	37
Child's Companion.	50c.	"	37
Cottage and Artisan.	50c.	"	37
Family Friend.	50c.	"	37
Friendly Visitor.	Boards. 50c.	"	50
"	Cloth. 70c.	"	50
Infant's Magazine.	Boards. 50c.	"	37
"	Cloth. 70c.	"	37
Mother's Companion.	50c.	"	50
Our Little Dots.	70c.	"	50

WE PAY POSTAGE IN ALL CASES.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALLOW.