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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

No. 7.

## The Mysterious Guests.

BY RALPH G. TAHER.

I had three friends. I asked one day  
That they would dine with me.  
But when they came I found that they  
Were six instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "We, at best,  
But five can hope to dine,  
Send one away." I did. The rest  
Remaining numbered nine.

"I too will go," the second cried,  
He left at once, and then,  
Although to count but eight I tried,  
There were remaining ten

"Go call them back," my wife implored,  
"I fear the third may go,  
And leave behind, to share our board,  
Perhaps a score or so."

The second one then straight returned,  
As might have been expected;  
He with the ten, we quickly learned,  
Eleven made. Dejected,

We saw the first returning; he,  
With all the rest turned round,  
And there, behold, were my friends three,  
Though six they still were found.

(For those of you who yet may find  
My riddle too complex,  
I'll say the friends I have in mind  
Were "S" and "I" and "X.")

## LOOKING UP "THE TOWER."

Excess of ceremony was the old expedient for making power venerable. In these more practical days it often makes power ridiculous. A good deal of form and etiquette, however, are doubtless necessary in official places; at all events there is likely to be a good deal, especially under imperial governments—and the poor fellows who hold the places, and whose duties are chiefly traditional, must do something to earn their salary. It is no very great affair for a smart man or boy to leak the doors of a building, but the Government of England makes a very solemn and deliberate job of it. Large bodies move slowly.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemnly and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot.

Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled, and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour the next morning.

The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven,—on Tuesdays and Fridays twelve—the head warden (yeoman porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother-warden carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and calls out in a loud voice:

"Escort keys!"

At these words the sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the "Spur," an outer gate, each sentry challenging, as they pass the post,—

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The yeoman porter then exclaims,—

"God bless Queen Victoria!"

The main guard devoutly respond,—

"Amen!"

The officer on duty gives the word,—

"Present arms!"

The firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman porter marches majestically across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings.

The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign, and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with this talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses.

All of which is pleasantly absurd, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the crown was carried about when the White Tower was on fire.

## THE GUNPOWDER SEARCH.

It is nearly three hundred years since the British Houses of Parliament were searched, and the barrels of gunpowder under the custody of Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune, were discovered a few hours before the opening of the session. The Gunpowder Plot was not exposed by vigilance, but by means of a letter written by one of the conspirators to a relative, warning him against attending Parliament on the first day. If there

electric light, yet the yeomen of the guard respect the old custom and have lanterns in their hands.

Under the Stuarts it was customary, when the inspection had been finished, for the lord chamberlain to send a message to the sovereign by a mounted soldier with the information that it would be entirely safe for him to attend the opening session of Parliament.

The mounted soldier no longer rides post-haste to the Queen at Windsor or Osborne; but every year the vice-chamberlain sends the traditional message to her by private wire, and she is assured that there are no explosives in the cellars, and that she will not be exposed to unusual risks if she chooses to meet her Lords and Commons. She may not have the remotest intention of opening Parliament, but the message is received and acknowledged.

The lanterns are swung in the full glare of electric light by the yeomen of the guard because the plot of the first Guy Fawkes was unmasked by lamplight, and it is the impressive and stately method of looking for conspirators. The mounted messenger has been dispensed with, and the message is entrusted to the wires. This is the only concession made to modern progress. Otherwise the traditions of three centuries are respected in detail whenever this strange and interesting function is repeated. Youth's Companion.

## HOME POLITENESS.

The boy who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy.

We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression we make in society, coveting the good opinion of others, and caring too little for the opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves.

We say to every boy and girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home and you will be sure in other places to act in a becoming and attractive manner.

## "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 which 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 sulkingly 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.

The father of a family, becoming annoyed by the fault-finding of his children over their food, exclaimed in a rage one day at dinner: "You children are intolerable; you turn up your nose at everything. When I was a boy I was often glad enough to get dry bread to eat." "Poor papa!" said Rose, the pet of the family, "I am so glad that you are having such nice times now living with mamma and us."



NATIVE HIGH LEAP AT HILO.

## NATIVES OF HAWAII.

When Lady Brassey, the noted traveller, reached the Sandwich Islands, she and her party visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron. "Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids; and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff, a hundred feet high, into the sea at its base, as shown in the picture.

was lack of official vigilance then, there has been none since, for Parliament has not been opened any year for three centuries until the cellars have been searched.

The lord chamberlain of the court is charged with the duty of examining the vents and secret passages, but ordinarily it is the vice-chamberlain who conducts the search. With him are associated the deputy sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons, the clerk of the board of works and an inspector of police.

These four officials are preceded by four yeomen of the guard in uniform and fully armed. They tramp through one corridor after another, and look into every dark corner, and finally reach an agreement that no gunpowder has been secretly stored in the cellars, and that it is safe for Parliament to meet.

When the earliest searches were ordered during the reign of King James I., the guardsmen carried lanterns through the dark passages. The corridors and underground rooms are now flooded with

### God Will Understand.

They brought their flowers to the altar,  
Blossoms of white and red,  
Lilies and violets and roses,  
The sweetest of perfume shed,  
And none of the rich and mighty  
Who lavished their gifts that day  
Took heed of a child among them,  
Who timidly pressed her way.

She crept up close to the altar,  
And there 'neath a lily's crown,  
With tender, reverent fingers,  
She laid her offering down,  
And said to a curious question,  
As the flower dropped from her hand,  
"It is only a little daisy,  
But God will understand."

Sweet, childish faith! O teach us  
Our little best to give,  
Though the works of others are greater  
Than the humble life we live,  
And to offer our grateful service  
Forever with loving hand,  
Safe in the blessed assurance  
That God will understand.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 20, 1898.

In the temple Matt 12 1-14

This is one of Christ's discourses. His sermons were largely made up of what Mr Moody calls Likes. Here he sets forth what the kingdom of heaven is like. He draws a comparison between the Gospel and the marriage of a king's son. This mode of address is always popular and is sure to attract the attention of the multitude. Such a feast as that mentioned would certainly be an interesting occasion, two persons united in one. We all may be united to Christ.

#### THE GUESTS.

Certain persons who are the friends of the wedding party are always invited, and they are called guests. The Jews were first invited to the Gospel feast. But now all are invited. The provision of the Gospel is more abundant than the most bounteous preparation at any nuptial feast that was ever witnessed in this world. The most costly viands ever provided for any marriage feast must necessarily be limited, but the provisions of the Gospel feast are as boundless as the race. There is enough for all, enough for each, and enough for evermore.

#### EXCUSES.

Verses 4-6. Business engagements are often pleaded as reasons for not accepting the invitations of the Gospel. Young people often excuse themselves on the ground of their youth, whereas some of the most illustrious examples of those who have become Christians are to be found among young people. Think of Joseph, Josiah, Daniel, Timothy, and many others.

#### THE KING WAS OFFENDED

At this we need not wonder. He is justly offended with the conduct of men at the present day, as he was with the Jews. Are any of my readers in the

class of offenders? Has he not called and you have refused.

#### HOW THE KING TREATED THOSE WHO DESPISED.

Their privileges were taken away. Will the Gospel be removed from us? People and nations have thus been treated in the past, and how know we but that a similar penalty will be inflicted upon us. We have no reason to think that our punishment will be less severe than that which befel the Jews.

#### THE CAST-OUT.

Guests were to be properly clothed. One ventured to go among the guests who was without the necessary garment. Here learn how that we must be clothed in the garments of righteousness. No spot of sin must remain upon our character. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. The blood of Jesus Christ is the only remedy that can cleanse a sin-polluted soul. Wash away your sins in the fountain opened in the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and thus you will be prepared to sit down at the marriage feast of the Lamb in the heavenly Jerusalem.

### METHODISTS AND DANCING.

BY THE REV. MANLY BENSON, D.D.

I have been asked by some of our young people, "Is it right for church members to dance?" meaning by this members of our church. I am not disposed for a moment to think that Christian life should be morose, solemn, and void of sunshine and brightness. I have often said to you, Of all people Christian people should be the happiest. Further, we must have our relaxations from toil, and rest from labour. But the question comes, How should church members, or disciples of Christ, take their recreations? Anything that impairs health, gives weariness of body and lassitude, is not properly amusement or relaxation, but vice.

Dancing does not lighten the load of life, but rather adds to it. The term dancing does not always mean the same thing. We use the same word to represent good and evil. Dancing was originally practised only in religious worship, and as an act of thanksgiving. In the Hebrew dance, maidens and women danced alone. The "time to dance" is not in the ball-room and at the midnight party, but when the heart bounds with love to God. Dancing in the abstract is harmless; but people do not dance in the abstract. From the theatre and opera-house dancing has come to be a part of social enjoyment, and has been introduced into the home. "No sober man dances except perchance a madman or a fool" said the Roman orator Cicero. But he was a poor heathen, we say, and knew no better.

#### DOES NOT REQUIRE INTELLIGENCE.

It does not require advanced intelligence to dance, but it does to talk interestingly and be a good conversationalist. A young man or woman who has cultivated his or her feet to the neglect of his or her head cannot long impose upon sensible people. Shine by the clearness of your thinking, rather than send out the faint glimmer like the firefly from their extremities! In heathen Rome a woman who made any claim to modesty scorned the dance.

But some one says there is no harm in a "little dance" with just a few friends in our own home. The same argument is urged for the card-table, which leads to gambling, and the drink habit, which is the curse of our land. As Methodists and members of the Methodist Church, as a matter of honour we should forgo the dance. Our rules are clear. Let me read: "The General Rules are to be understood as forbidding neglect of duties of any kind, imprudent conduct, indulging in sinful tempers, or the buying or selling or using of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; dancing, playing at games of chance, encouraging lotteries, attending theatres, horse-races, circuses, dancing-parties, patronizing dancing-schools, or taking such other amusements as are obviously of a misleading or questionable tendency."

Can we, as Methodists, I ask, in all honour dance or attend dancing-parties, and not ask to have our names taken from the church register? Presbyterian Synods, and priests not a few in the Roman Catholic Church, are advising their people against the modern dance. We need more high toned principle crowded into our religious as well as business lives.

At a ball, to be given some time since, it was deemed desirable to secure as manager a beautiful and accomplished young lady. A member of Congress was deputed to ask her services as manager. All his influence was brought to bear

upon her, but in vain. She steadily refused, and declined to even attend the ball. "Will you kindly give me your reason?" said the Congressman. "Certainly, sir," said she. "I am a Christian, and cannot attend without violating what I consider my religious obligations." He replied: "I have heard before of religious principle, but I never saw it exemplified until now. From this hour I shall have a higher respect for Christian character." Let many fashionable professors of religion take note of this.

In my ministry of over thirty years, I have not found the strongest Christian characters, men and women, who bantered the world up higher, come from those who danced or attended dancing parties. Now you will observe I have denounced no one. I am strongly of the opinion that it is not the best way to win the erring from their ways. I wish to counsel the young under my care, and lead such as are willing to be directed in the safe and, as I believe, the happiest way and path of life.

For innocent recreations and amusements there are so many avenues, it seems to me not hard or difficult for us to choose. Reading is one most delightful way of spending a pleasant hour. Music, with her charms to soothe and inspire, is within the reach of all. The lecture, so full (or it ought to be) of information and pleasure, should be prized more than it is by our young people. Travel is open to most of us in this age of steamships and railways. The social visit, when we can have a free and happy interchange of thought and sundry questions of everyday life. Art affords endless enjoyment to not a few. Here are open doors for us all, the entering of which will give us real enjoyment, develop the best that is in us and fit us, not only for the life that now is, but also for the life which is to come.

A little boy over in Hull the other day took hold of what we call a "live wire" and found he could not let go. He cried for help, but not until the blood was oozing from his nose and mouth did help come. More dead than alive he was rescued by some woman passing by, who raised the alarm. The wire was cut and the lad rescued, but none too soon. Take care, young man, young woman, you do not take hold of some habit that, like the "live wire," will not let you free, even when you see your danger. Paul's counsel to the Thessalonians is good for you in this day, also "Abstain from all appearance of evil."—Ottawa Citizen.

### A STORY OF STREET LIFE.

Boys and girls who believe that tender and sweet stories are only found between the covers of books of fiction will do well to read the following story, which was lived in the busy, crowded New York streets. We give it as it is told in one of the New York papers:

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry-goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a while no one dared play tricks upon little Joe. His friends he remembered and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck; kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning, after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt; the vital force was gone.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally, he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday a newsboy who had abused him at first,

and learned to love him afterward, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys—"

It was sad news that Jerry brought back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near, and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself; their hearts were too full to speak.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

"Resolved, That we all liked little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the hospital, again kindly offered the use of his carriage. The burial took place yesterday. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,

Aged 14.

The Best Newsboy in New York.

We all liked him.

There was no service, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that little Joe was dead? He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

### WELL WON.

The Victoria Cross of the sea is a famous medal. It was first won by the famous swimmer, Matthew Webb, in 1873. The steamship Russia was running at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, when a seaman named Michael Hynes, who was at work in the rigging, lost his hold and fell into the sea.

The height of the surges and the speed at which the Russia was sliding through the water made rescue hazardous, but Webb went overboard in a twinkling. Before him, when he reached the surface after his dive, was the wet, black hull of the flying steamer, already trailing a long wake to his struggling shape; behind him was a small black object bobbing between the white crests.

Unhesitatingly he turned from safety to danger, and swam back along the frothing line of the steamer's track. The black object was not the head of the sailor, but merely his cap. Webb seized it, and swam up and down in a vain search for the unfortunate owner.

Turning here and there in his reluctance to give up hope, he steadfastly opposed an exalted courage to the intense loneliness and abandonment suggested by the broken leagues of solitary ocean.

Half an hour afterwards he was still pursuing his hopeless quest, when he was espied from a boat which had been lowered by the Russia, and taken on board, a full mile from the point where he had made his plunge.

It is significant of the powers of the matchless swimmer, whose feats subsequently made him known all over the world, that he was quite unexhausted when picked up, although suffering somewhat from the cold.

### TO A STRANGE LAND.

Frequently the ships that come from Europe bring little children to friends or relatives, tagged as express packages would be tagged. Only the other day five little children arrived in New York. One little girl of five years came from Russia. She wore a shawl over her head and carried a handkerchief full of playthings. Her father was in this country trying to make a home for her and her mother, but the mother died in Russia, and the little girl was sent to her father here. Her name was Itka. Another one, nine years old, whose name is Ilona, came with a little sister of seven from Russian Poland; and the little girl of nine years, the officers on the steamship said, was a little mother to her sister all the way over. Two more little sisters named Freda and Ganna came from Austria. Both wore tags about their necks with the names and addresses of their relatives to whom they were coming.



The Children's Prayer.

A short time ago a missionary, while walking along Middle Road, Singapore, noticed two little Tamil boys seated at the roadside, one of whom was teaching the other the Lord's Prayer, the little fellow repeating the sacred words after his youthful instructor.

In an oriental city,  
Overarched by tropic sky,  
Nestled on the lovely island,  
With the Indian Ocean nigh,  
Dwell the men of many nations;  
Children throng the crowded street,  
Eyes and hair are like the midnight,  
But their faces oft are sweet.

Very scanty are their garments,  
For the summer ne'er departs;  
Darkened skins seem like a clothing—  
Rings and beads delight their hearts.  
Very little like the children  
Dwelling far across the sea—  
Blue-eyed girls and fair-haired laddies,  
Always clothed so daintily.

But of all strange things, the saddest  
In this city by the wave,  
Is that thousands of the children  
Know not Jesus came to save.  
Earnest hearts are here to tell them,  
But they are by far too few,  
Yet among the little heathen  
Some have learned the story new.

One whose mission is the telling  
Of the love of Christ so dear,  
Through the busy streets was passing  
When he saw two children near.  
They were like the many others,  
But one little, dark-skinned lad,  
With a warning, upraised finger,  
Taught the words of truth he had.

"Our Father," said the prompter,  
"Our Father," lisped the child.  
"Hallowed be thy name"—the younger  
Echoed back the prayer so mild.  
God be praised! The heathen children  
Learn to lip the Saviour's prayer,  
And the lips which prayed to idols  
Shall the name of Jesus bear,

On Schedule Time

BY JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER IV.  
ON GUARD.

Both Gladys and Alice understood from the changed expression on Phil's face that something had suddenly occurred to disturb him, and the former asked solicitously concerning the supposed trouble.

"Why should you think there was anything new?" and Phil tried to speak in a jovial tone. "Isn't it enough that we are obliged to remain here overnight instead of pushing on to the Joe Mary Lakes?"

"Now, Phil, that isn't fair," Gladys said reproachfully. "I know something has suddenly come up, and you and Dick propose to keep it from us girls, which is not right. We are ready to do all we can toward helping you perform the mission, and promise not to so much as grumble when you decide it is time we should be left by the roadside. Therefore it seems to me only right that we should be taken into full partnership."

"So you shall, Gladys dear," and Phil repeated that which Dick had just told him.

"Then this man, whom Aunt Lois is nursing so tenderly, must be the one who stole the traces and felled the tree across the road?"

"I think it is more than probable he has companions, and after they found that obstructing the tree did not delay us seriously, this fellow has been left behind to play his game of cripple."

"Then there is nothing to be done but expose him instantly," Alice said indignantly.

"That would be the case if we were absolutely certain he is shamming. I myself should believe it without a question, after what Dick has told me, if it were not that Aunt Lois seems convinced he is suffering. She ought to know whether the man has received any severe injury or not."

"She is so eager to play the part of physician, that I don't fancy she's a proper judge. Why not accuse the man at once?" and Gladys looked very resolute now. "Surely we shall be able to decide from his words and actions whether he is really the victim of an accident, or a scoundrel."

"If it is as Dick believes, I am not certain whether it will be policy for us to let him know we have discovered his game," Phil replied thoughtfully.

"Why not?" and Dick looked surprised. "Because it's probable he has companions in his mischief, and when they understand we know what is being done, matters may be even more serious than they are now. Except for a fowling-piece, we are unarmed; and even though we had a whole arsenal with us, I question whether we should be warranted in forcing our way at the expense of bloodshed."

Dick now began to understand the difficulties which beset them, but Gladys said impatiently:

"Surely you don't intend to stay here nursing a well man?"

"Of course not."

"And you cannot for a moment think of sending us back to Milo with him, if what you suspect is true?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what is to be done?"

"I don't know," Phil repeated mournfully. "At all events, the tents are up, and it seems to me the wisest plan to stay here to-night, even though we are behind schedule time at least five miles."

"But suppose this fellow's comrades should attempt to work some serious mischief to-night?"

"If they are ripe for that, they would be even more certain to do so when they learned we had discovered their plans. While we remain here, allowing the man to think he is to be taken back to Milo, it isn't likely anything will be attempted against us."

"And in the meantime? After we have stayed until morning, what then?"

"That is what must be decided between us. The tents are up now, and we may as well remain where we are, because by the time the baggage-wagon could be packed again it would be nearly dark. This long halt will give the horses a rest, and we must put forth every effort to make up for lost time when once we are on the road again. Go back to Aunt Lois and her patient, Dick. The girls and I will finish the preparations for the night, and get supper. Keep your eyes and ears open, for it may prove that we have wronged the fellow by our suspicions. Above all, it seems to me important we should prevent him from fancying his true character, if he be what we think, is discovered."

"I'll go," Dick said with no very good grace, "but it will take a great deal more groaning and squirming than he has done to make me believe him very seriously injured."

Assisted by the girls, Phil continued his work of making ready for the night, and but little conversation was indulged in. He was trying to decide what course should be pursued, while Gladys and Alice were so seriously disturbed in mind that silence on their part seemed a necessity.

Aunt Lois was the only member of the party who appeared thoroughly satisfied with herself and her surroundings. For the first time she had a patient whom she could experiment upon without fear of interference from a physician, and, judging from the preparations she made, it was her intention to test the entire contents of the medicine-chest upon the alleged sufferer.

When the last of the baggage had been stowed in the tents, and Phil was ready to begin the culinary operations, Gladys said thoughtfully:

"If by any chance this man is really injured, he ought to be brought into the tent."

"That's a fact," Phil replied, as if the idea had but just occurred to him; "and whether he is or not, we must for the time being treat him as if we believed the story implicitly. I'll go and get him."

Dick was standing a short distance from the alleged sufferer, and Aunt Lois was endeavouring to persuade the stranger that his life depended upon his taking a third dose of her supposed febrifuge, when Phil made his way through the bushes.

Now that his suspicions were almost certainties, the boy wondered that he could have been so dull as to have credited the man's story at the first. There were no indications of extreme suffering, and, save for the fact that he remained in a reclining position groaning from time to time, he had every appearance of perfect health.

"The tents are up, and Jackson should be taken under cover," he said, in a business-like tone.

"Then you have decided to stay here to-night, have you?" the man asked.

"Yes; it's now so late that we have no choice in the matter. Can you walk, if Dick and I lend a hand?"

"Oh, but he must not bear any weight on the injured limb!" Aunt Lois cried.

"That isn't to be thought of for an in-

stant. You boys will be forced to carry him, or else bring the tent here."

"One would be quite as difficult as the other, Aunt Lois. If he is hurt very seriously, I fancy we should do him more harm than good trying to carry him, for it isn't such an easy matter, without a litter of any kind, to move a man."

"I can manage to hobble along if you boys will help a bit," Jackson said, rising to a sitting posture with many a groan and grimace of pain.

Phil and Dick stepped forward, but without making any suggestion as to how the task should be accomplished, and by pulling first on one side and then the other, Jackson rose.

If Phil had not been suspicious before, he would now have fancied the alleged sufferer's story untrue, for the man aided himself more deftly than would have been possible if his leg was injured as seriously as he professed, and during the short walk to the tent he got over the ground more easily than a cripple could possibly have done, although his groans were prolonged and many.

The boys passively allowed him to use them as crutches, and once inside the tent made no further pretence of assisting him.

Jackson very quickly and readily assumed a comfortable position upon a pile of blankets, and there was an expression of evident satisfaction on his face, despite the efforts to stimulate suffering, as he looked around.

"He knows he has delayed us nearly half a day; and even though his scheme doesn't work any longer, this portion of the plan has been a success," Phil thought.

When supper was ready the cook would have served it in the women's tent but that Aunt Lois insisted they eat where her patient could join them, and, much against his inclination, Phil was forced to see the alleged invalid waited upon tenderly by the kindly hearted little woman, whose only faults were her inordinate love of administering medicines and a proneness to predict evil for the future.

Jackson ate like a hungry man, not a sick one, and during the progress of the meal Phil decided upon discussing the plan he had formed when he believed the fellow really crippled, in the latter's presence, that he might observe the effect of the proposition. He began by saying:

"Of course, Aunt Lois, you understand that Dick and I cannot go to Milo tomorrow."

"But poor Mr. Jackson must be carried there without any unnecessary delay, Philip."

"I understand that, and believe I know how it can be done without interfering with the work which Dick and I have to perform," Phil said calmly, while Gladys and Alice looked at him in mingled surprise and alarm. "You and the girls shall take both teams. Gladys is to drive Jack, and Alice will have no trouble in managing Bessie. Jackson can ride in the surrey, and Dick and I push ahead on foot."

The supposed invalid looked far from pleased at this arrangement, while Aunt Lois appeared as nearly angry as she ever allowed herself to become.

"Philip Ainsworth, do you fancy for a single moment that the girls and I will drive those horses?"

"I do, Aunt Lois, because that is the only way by which you can get your patient there."

"I do not think it would be safe," Jackson said decidedly, forgetting for the moment to groan.

"Neither do I," Aunt Lois cried. "In fact, I am certain it would be almost criminal recklessness. Besides, how do you boys expect to get from here to Township something or other, Range, I have forgotten what, on foot? Why, it isn't to be thought of, Philip."

"You are right, Aunt Lois, because there is no further necessity of thinking about it. Dick and I have decided what shall be done, and there will be no change in our plans unless you are so opposed that you prefer leaving Jackson here rather than carry him back."

The little woman appeared surprised almost to the verge of bewilderment by the decisive tone which her nephew used.

It had never been his custom to speak to her so peremptorily, and the tears came very near her eyelids.

"Excuse me, Aunt Lois, if I spoke sharply, but you know the circumstances, which we have no need to discuss here, and how important it is we should get through. Now the matter shall rest entirely with you."

"It wouldn't take very long for you young gentlemen to go back," Jackson suggested.

"But that is exactly what we shan't do. If you are injured so severely that it is impossible to help yourself, I am willing, in order to relieve your suffer-

ings, to continue the journey on foot, and give you the use of our teams; but more than that is out of the question. Will you go, Aunt Lois?"

"I shall be forced to, if you are so persistent."

Then it is decided, and we shall each make as early a start as possible, for Jackson cannot see the doctor any too soon, and Dick and I propose to be on our way by break of day."

(To be continued.)

The Silver Plate.

BY MARGARET PRESTON.

They passed it along from pew to pew. And gath'ed the colts, now fast, now few.

That rattled upon it; and every time some eager fingers would drop a dime on the silver plate with a silver sound. A boy who sat in the aisle looked round with a wistful face. "Oh, if only he had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be! He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare to hope he would find a penny there. He had listened with wild-set, earnest eyes.

As the minister, in a plaintive voice, had spoken of children all abroad, The world who had never heard of God, Poor pitiful pagans, who didn't know, When they came to die, where their souls would go.

And who shriek with fear when their mothers made them kneel to an idol god, afraid He might eat them up, so fierce and wild And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.

And the more the minister talked, the more the boy's heart ached to its inner core, And the nearer to him the silver plate kept coming, the harder seemed his fate.

That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed) To give, that the heathen might hear of Christ,

As they offered the piled-up plate to him, He blushed and his eyes began to swim.

Then bravely turning, as if he knew There was nothing better that he could do,

He spoke in a voice that held a tear. "Put the plate on the bench beside me here."

And the plate was placed, for they thought he meant

To empty his pockets of every cent. But he stood straight up, and he softly put

Right square in the midst of the plate his foot,

And said, with a sob controlled before, "I will give myself; I have nothing more."

WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK.

A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a problem for the mathematician, while the changes the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystal-like appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar.

It has not been suspected that this change is due to a photographic action, that the same agent which determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystal-like form. This, however, is the case. M. S. Shelbler, an eminent chemist, has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid.

And this is why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light was allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency, it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

Bobby had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, Bobby?" replied the minister, indulgently. "And what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," replied Bobby, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

## The Miracle at Nain.

BY REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

Forth through the solemn street,  
The sad procession swept,  
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet  
While hily wept

One mourner, in a grief  
Stern as the silent years,  
Which seemed to mark the common weak relief  
Of outward tears

They bore her only son,  
Star of her evening, fled,  
Whose better light recalled the vanished one  
Now long since dead

Desert her heart, and bare,  
Like lone house on a wild,  
No voice to make the music on the stair  
No laughing child

No solace from the past,  
No hope in days to come,  
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast  
Had struck her dumb.

Hut, near the city's verge,  
A men silence came  
The ed mourners swift forbore their dirge,  
As if in shame

To mourn a lifeless clod,  
With such despairing cry,  
While the Redeemer "the strong Son of God"  
Was passing by.

"He came and touched the bier."  
They wait, in curious pause:  
Has he the power and will not interfere  
With Nature's laws?

He walked upon the waves,  
His word the thousands fed—  
Is he imperial in the place of graves  
Over the dead!

Then spake the royal word  
And, quick with rushing throes,  
The red life in the clay obedient heard  
The dead arose!

The same through endless time,  
Thus Jesus healeth now,  
With "many crowns," for victories sublime,  
Upon his brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight,  
O'er mortal sin and dread;  
And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,  
To raise the dead.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

## LESSON VIII—FEBRUARY 20.

## THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.

Matt. 10. 2-15. Memory verses, 5-8.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Freely ye have received, freely give.—  
Matt. 10. 8.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Twelve, v. 2-4.
2. Their Work, v. 5-15.

Time—Probably very early in the year  
A.D. 29.

Place.—Not known.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The twelve sent forth.—Matt. 10. 1-15.  
Tu. A dark prospect.—Matt. 10. 16-23.  
W. A great helper.—Matt. 10. 24-33.  
Th. Worthy followers.—Matt. 10. 34-42.  
F. Prepared and sent.—Jer. 1. 7-19.  
S. "Go, preach!"—Acts 8. 1-8.  
Su. Into all the world.—Mark 16. 14-20.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Twelve, v. 2-4.  
Name the twelve apostles.  
For what duty were they called and set apart by the Lord?  
What part of the Holy Land did all but one come from?  
Why may we suppose that they were sent out in pairs?  
What is known concerning the later history of these men?
2. Their Work, v. 5-15.  
To what two classes of people were they forbidden to go?  
What people were they to seek out?  
What miracles were they to perform?  
In what measure were they to give?  
Golden Text Why?  
What says Isaiah of God's free gifts?  
Isa. 55. 1.



THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

What says John of this same grace?  
Rev. 22. 17.

What were they told not to provide?  
Why was this command given?  
What were they first to do in a city or town?

What when they came to a house?  
When would their blessings abide on a house?

What were they to do if not kindly received?

What cities would fare better in judgment than those thus rejected?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God's work needs human helpers?
2. That God's helpers should be loved and cared for?
3. That God's servants should be men of peace?

## REJOICE.

"What shall we call her?" said mother, as she looked with fond eyes upon the baby daughter.

"I don't know," said father; "the boys are so rejoiced over their new sister, suppose we let them name her?"

"Or suppose we call her 'Rejoice'?" added mother.

And this is how it happened that the bright, sunshiny girl bore what seemed to many such a strange name, yet to those who knew and loved her the title fitted in so well that it could not have been better applied. From morning until evening it was, "Rejoice, dear mother wants you;" "Rejoice, father is waiting;" "Rejoice, the boys are calling you," until

she grew to be a great, sunny girl, the pride and comfort of the household.

In her father's house the subject of missions was held especially dear. Rejoice was a thoughtful girl, and she became possessed with the desire to do something toward helping the Mission Board.

"Boys," said Rejoice one morning, "will you help me do something?"

"We are ready for anything that's good," they cried.

"Mother says that I may have a plot of ground to raise flowers, and I am going to sell them and give the money for missions."

"Why, Rejoice," cried Dick, the elder, "how could you sell flowers?"

"Mr. Dixon says he will take them to market for me, and when I told him how meant to use the money, he said: 'Get the other children at it, too.'"

"Father said he would give me ten cents a pint for all the potato-bugs I could find this summer. I'll pledge that, and if I may have a patch of ground in the corner lot I'll see what I can raise there," said Dick.

"And I'll give my popcorn crop," said Harry. "You know nobody raises such nice ears as I did last year, Rejoice. I'll get Mr. Dixon to sell it for me, and perhaps you could make some of it up into balls, couldn't you?"

"Of course I could," cried Rejoice. "Let us get the boys and girls together and give each one a chance to help us."

The children did get together and set about the work with an earnest enthusiasm. How skillful did Rejoice become in arranging flowers for sale! and father laughingly asserted that the way



OUR LORD SENDING FORTH HIS DISCIPLES.

Dick found potato-bugs was a caution; while Harry's popcorn patch became the pride of the family. The children often met to compare notes. One boy had set a hen and was raising a brood of chickens; Gertie Jones got ten cents a week for washing dishes; Maggie Brown earned five cents a week for darning stockings; and little Tottle Smith, whose widowed mother had to strive hard to make both ends meet, had the profit of all the sale-rags for her portion.

This useful band called Rejoice their president. They were to keep the proceeds for one year, and give it in "one great bulk."

"Hurrah!" cried Dick, "we'll overflow the treasury."

They thought to have surprised their dear pastor; but he knew all about the project, and watched it grow with keen delight and thankful joy. But one day his heart was surprised even beyond measure, for the children came to the parsonage in a body and presented their offering for missions, with manly Dick for spokesman. The children stood in eager excitement while the pastor counted the roll of bills: "One hundred dollars! My dear children, the Lord has indeed blessed you!"

## HOW BOYS ARE SPOILED.

As a rule, the cause of the vicious or destructive habits of boys whose parents are in comfortable or affluent circumstances, is a fundamental one. The primary and painfully fruitful error is the common teaching in such families, either by precept or example, or both, that industry is discreditable. Boys are not trained or taught the necessity of usefulness; they are trained and taught only to enjoy the luxury of idleness, and vice comes as naturally as night succeeds the day. Such boys, if they happen to worry through cigarettes and other enervating indulgences, to manhood, are ever distanced in the race for honour and usefulness by the alley boys or the mountain boys, whose physical vigour is not destroyed by luxury and indulgence. They are taught, not only in theory but in practice, that "hardness ever of hardness is mother," and they bring the highest physical vigour to the development of their mental powers. They forge to the front, while the city cigarette boy must be supported by his friends or lag in the rear of the race for a livelihood if dependent upon his own efforts.—Philadelphia Times.

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