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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1896.

[No. 17.]

We Know Not.

There may not be time on the morrow
For all the grand deeds we have
planned;
It may be too late for our sorrow,
Too late for the kind, helping hand.

The friend whom we hurt in the morning
Ere night may be gone from our reach;
The lips that brought us grave warning
Too soon may be closed to all speech.

Death's angel may knock at our portal
While we are too hurried for prayer;
The light of that country immortal
May dawn on our lives unaware.

At twilight the latch may be lifted,
Or at night, when the world is at rest,
The darkness be suddenly rifted
And pale hands be clasped on our
breast.

Ah! some time, uncared for, unheeded,
Earth's glories shall proffer their
dower—
While penitent faith is sore needed—
We know not the day nor the hour.

VICTOR THE CRIPPLE.

Just outside of the huge moss-grown
gate of the city of S—, in France,
there dwelt in the midst of the last war
a little family named Nonen.

The family was poor, and the house it
occupied was small. The only child under
the tiled roof was a pale little cripple
named Victor, who, in spite of his bodily
pain, was bright and wise.

He nearly always sat in a little arbour
beneath some vines, with his crutches by
his side, and watched the people passing
by.

Victor had heard that there was a war
going on away off to the north of them,
and he knew that Pierre Dumas, the
waggoner, and Jacques Blanc, the wine-
merchant, and Armand Dubec, the char-
coal-dealer, had all marched off with
guns in their hands, and blue caps
on their heads, and that there were ter-
rible stories from the cities where they
were.

Now, Victor's parents tried to keep
their child in ignorance of the awful bat-
tles, because they thought him too sensi-
tive and too delicate to hear such tales.

But Victor, pale and fragile as he was,
had the soul of a lion, and this is how
it showed itself:

One afternoon, while he was sitting in
his usual place, with his crooked legs
bent up under him, looking forth on the
hot little square in front of the house, he
suddenly heard a great noise of drums
that called the long-roll. He raised his
head.

He saw the people who were going by
stop and stare at each other. Presently
a lancer on horseback came galloping
down the paved street. He was covered
with dust, and his horse's sides and neck
were flecked with foam. Scarcely had he
gone by when Victor's father came run-
ning in from his work with his hands all
red, just as he had taken them from the
dye-pot, and crying:

"The Germans are coming! the Ger-
mans are coming!"

His wife said:
"What, then! they will not kill us;
we are safe enough."

"Indeed, we are not, mother," cried
the dyer. "They will seize us as prison-
ers, steal all our food and furniture, and
perhaps burn our house over our heads.
We are ordered by the mayor to go in-
stantly within the city gates, and I am
commanded to join the soldiers."

Without Victor beheld the people hast-
ening with all speed through the city

gate, carrying in their arms their most
valuable things, such as trunks, vases,
clocks, and old chairs, and he could not
help laughing at their haste and fright.

"Come, Victor," said his mother, "you
had better climb upon your father's back,
and he will take you to Aunt Therese's,
where you will be entirely safe."

"No, no," cried Victor; "I can walk
with my crutches. Each of you take
something that you would not like to
lose, and I will follow behind."

The dyer and his wife were accustomed
to obey the cool-headed child, and they
accordingly did as he directed.

Everything and everybody was in a
bustle. Men and women ran hither and
thither. The shutters of the shops were
being put up, drums were beating, bells
were ringing, and soldiers were march-
ing to and fro.

But great things took place in another
hour.

Victor beheld, to his intense astonish-
ment, half-a-dozen men in blue coats,
and with blue cloth caps on their heads,
ride at a gallop down the street with
their lances glittering in the sun. They
had brown faces, yellow beards, and
they looked strong and vigorous.

using of lights in the house at night, and
ordered that no one go abroad after eight
o'clock. If lights were found in a house
everybody would be arrested and sever-
ely punished.

"What does that mean, mother?"
asked Victor, with burning cheeks.
"Why can't we have lights?"

"Because they will suspect us of mak-
ing signals to our army in the distance,"
said the mother; while Victor's little fist
shut up tight with rage.

Everything was so strange when it be-
came dark! Not a window showed a
candle. In the streets a few embers were
burning, and by their light Victor could
see the soldiers with their long coats
down to their heels, and their shining
helmets walking to and fro and hear
their strange talk, and loud, hoarse
laughter.

There seemed to be soldiers every-
where. Drums were heard on all hands,
and the rattle of wheels came from all
quarters.

People began to ask: "Where are our
soldiers? Why don't they come and
fight these invaders? Are they afraid of
them?"

In a little while some more soldiers
knocked at the door, and said that they
wanted two mattresses, a quart of milk,
and an armful of fire-wood. They had a
cart at the door, and they had made col-
lections from every house.

The dyer protested, but it was no good.
Besides taking the bedding and the wood
and the milk, they made the dyer go
with them.

Victor cried out from his dark corner:
"How dare you take my father away
you cowards! If I were strong enough
I would shoot you!"

At this the soldiers raised their lan-
terns above their heads, and beheld Vic-
tor sitting upright in his chair, looking
very furious. They saw that he was a
cripple, and therefore they went on with
their work as if he were not there, and
had said nothing.

This made him more enraged than
ever, and he resolved to do what he could
to hurt them.

He beheld them take away the goods,
and he heard his mother weeping in the
silent room after they were gone.

Now the mayor was not a dull man.
He had had his power taken out of his
hands; his town had been overrun, and
he had devised a plan to capture these
intruders.

A short time after the soldiers had
gone, a soft knock came to the door, and
it was cautiously opened by Aunt
Therese.

In walked two gentlemen. Said one
of them:

"I am the mayor. I want to speak to
this gentleman in private; and we can-
not talk in the street in safety, and I
should like to sit in your room for a mo-
ment, if there is no one here."

"No," said Aunt Therese, forgetting
Victor for the moment, "there is no one
here but me, and you are welcome. I
will go away."

"Thank you," said the mayor.
The two gentlemen immediately began
to discuss something.

It appeared that there had approached
on the south side of the town two regi-
ments of French soldiers, and they were
hidden in the woods about two miles
off. On the north side of the town were
two more regiments, about the same dis-
tance off. Now, when all was ready for
both parties to advance, it had been
agreed that some signal should be given.

Therefore it was arranged that a signal
light should be displayed in two win-
dows, one on the north side of the city,
and one on the south side. It had been
arranged how to show the light on the



VICTOR THE CRIPPLE.

In ten minutes more they were in the
street, and the little cottage-door was
locked, and the shutters closed.

Victor bade adieu to his blooming
roses, and hobbled away between his
father and mother toward the city gate.
But all this tumult was useless; there
were very few soldiers in the place, and
defence was out of the question.

The mayor had been advised that a
regiment of Germans were within three
hours' ride of the town, and at first he
thought of resisting them, but now he
determined to surrender the city if he
were asked to do so.

Meanwhile he sent despatches by mes-
senger and telegraph to the nearest por-
tions of the French army, begging them
to come to his assistance.

In a little while Victor was safely
placed in his aunt's house, and he took
a position where he could see all that
went on.

These were the advance of the much-
dreaded Germans.

People fled shrieking before them, and
the Germans broke out into shouts of
laughter to see them run to their houses
like rabbits.

But by-and-bye there was heard the
roll of drums, and the ground trembled
under a heavy tread, and Victor soon be-
held a regiment of foot-soldiers come
down the street. They were not very
neat-looking men. They all had blankets
slung over their shoulders, and they were
all spattered with mud.

The regiment halted a little way off,
and the men stacked their arms, making
them rattle on the pavement. Then they
began to build camp-fires in the street,
and to light their own pipes.

Presently they began to set guards
all about the streets, and in a little
while three tall officers came around, and
knocked at all the doors, and forbade the

north side; but the question was, how was it to be shown on the south side?

This was the puzzle.

"I'll do it," said Victor in a whisper.

The two gentlemen uttered exclamations of surprise, and asked Victor if he had heard all.

"Yes," said Victor, "I have, and I know just what to do. My father's house is just outside of the south gate, and it has a dormer-window in the garret that is very high. I can go there and make the signal, and no one will be the wiser."

"But the guards?" said the mayor.

"Oh! I can get past them," said Victor.

"I can be sly when I choose."

"And it will be dangerous."

"I don't mind that. All that I want to know is, when is the light to be shown?"

"Directly," responded the mayor; "as soon as possible. The light on the northern side is already shining. I suppose the soldiers are marching now."

Then he began to whisper to his friend.

They quickly agreed that it would be wrong to trust such an errand to a child, and they both arose, and went to the next room to find if there was any one present who was fit to undertake the task. They closed the door.

"They won't let me go," said Victor.

"They think I am too small. We'll see about that."

He crept out of his chair, and noiselessly took his crutches and his cap, and crossed the room.

He got to the entry. He opened the front door, and peered out. It was very dark. He saw no one. He emerged carefully upon the step, closed the door, and hobbled cautiously away.

Victor made his way very cautiously. He knew if he was caught he would be detained as a prisoner at once. Now he hid behind a flight of steps, now behind a statue, now behind a cart, and a barber's pole. He dodged here and there, always with his eyes open.

He came to the gate. There were three sentinels here. There was one on each side, and one in the very centre. The gate was open. Here was a perplexity. How could he pass these guards? He reflected. If he could only get them all on one side, then he might succeed in escaping. How was he to do this?

He suddenly hit upon an idea. He felt around on the ground for a stone. He found one. He then silently stood up, and threw it up with all his force against a window in a grocer's shop on the other side of the street.

There was a great crash. Instantly the three soldiers cocked their muskets, and ran thither.

The coast was clear. Victor sprang along with his crutches, passed the critical spot, and in another moment he was before his own house.

He had been given the key by his father when they had left the place in the afternoon, and he now drew it from his pocket and entered the little door.

He stopped a moment to smell the sweet air, and then went in and locked the door behind him. Then he breathed freely.

He felt his way to the cupboards, and took from them four candlesticks.

Then he went up the first flight of stairs. These stairs had a door at the top, and Victor, with great difficulty, pushed several pieces of furniture against it, so that it could not be opened. Then he proceeded to the garret. He barricaded this door also.

He was now alone in the top of the house. Far, far above him was the roof, which came to a point forty feet overhead. Seventy feet over his head was the dormer-window he had told the mayor of. Anyone could reach this window by getting up a ladder. Victor laid his crutches down, and began to work himself up this awkward pair of steps.

He had to toil, for his weak limbs could scarcely support him; but he finally succeeded, and rested on the platform beside the window.

He produced his tallow candles and the candlesticks and a box of lucifer matches. He arranged the candles in a row. Then he thought he would look out of the window before he lit them. He cautiously raised the sash. The air was cool. In the daytime one could see from here a most beautiful valley filled with villages, and watered with beautiful

streams, but now Victor could see nothing. He heard, however, many things. First, the sound of voices in the street, then the sound of rattling waggons, then the trampling of horses and the calls of the drivers. Now and then there would come a drum beat, and now and then the ring of some musket butt, as it came down upon the pavement.

"Ah," said Victor, "these Germans are away out there, are they? I shouldn't wonder if they fired at me." He looked around. No, not a light was to be seen. It was a critical moment. Victor might well have quailed. When he lighted the candles the soldiers would rush into the house (if they could) and he would be terribly treated. Perhaps they would shoot him.

Still he trembled. He felt a cold perspiration came out of his skin. He shut down the window. Then he took a match in his shaking hand, and tried to strike it. It broke. Then he tried another, but it went out. He tried a third. It burned well.

He lit the first candle, then the second, then the third. He could not light the fourth, because the wick was cut off close. There was now a bright glare of light streaming out of the window. Victor heard his heart go thump! thump! He drew back as far as he could. He was waiting. All was silent.

A few seconds passed. Then the light was discovered. A crash of the glass in the window took place, and this was followed by the report of a musket.

"They have fired at me," said Victor; and he calmly proceeded to light one of the three candles that had been blown out. Then the fierce shouts arose from the street; but Victor did not understand them. Then there was another shot and another.

"They don't like it," said Victor.

One shot struck a rafter, another broke a second pane. All at once a roar filled the air, and the next instant a cannon-ball from a field-piece struck the roof and knocked over a part of the chimney. At the same moment Victor heard loud blows upon the doors below him, and a multitude of voices full of anger and fury.

The shots flew thick and fast. The cannon boomed for the second time, and another ball penetrated the garret. One of the candles was knocked over.

"I suppose my turn will come pretty soon," said Victor.

And it did.

From some musket there travelled a swift bullet that burst through the thin boarding and struck the boy's shoulder. He cried out, but he did not fall. He saw one of the candles totter; he seized it, lighted it by the next, and set it up again, and then sank down with his white face upon the rough boards, and knew no more.

An hour after, there was a fierce battle in the very streets, for the French came up from the north and south, and the Germans found themselves surrounded, and they surrendered after a desperate struggle.

They discovered Victor after it was all over. The mayor took him to his own house, and every day, until he was able to go out again, a crowd of people waited in front of the mansion to see the pale and wasted child when he was wheeled up to the window at noon.

"Long live Victor!" they cried, and he would smile and raise his hand gently, and then they would wheel him away again.

But it was when he got back among his roses and marigolds, that he was happiest, and never did boy have more friends than he.

LOST IN SIGHT OF HOME.

A few months ago, during one of the severe storms that visited Colorado, a young man perished in sight of home. In his bewilderment he passed and re-passed his own cottage, to lie down and die almost in range with the "light in the window" which his young wife had placed there to guide him home.

All alone she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come no more; for, long before the morning dawned, the icy touch of death had forever stilled that warm, loving heart. The sad death was

made still sadder by the fact that he was lost in sight of home, lost when he had almost reached the haven of safety and rest.

How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home, in the full glare of the Gospel light! They have the open Bible overflowing with its calls and promises, the faithful warnings from the sacred desk, the manifestations of Providence, all tending to direct their steps heavenward; and yet they turn away, waiting for the more convenient season, and are lost at last in sight of the many mansions.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1896.

THE FOX UNDER THE CLOAK.

BY JOHN YOUNG.

There is an old fable story which tells of a Spartan boy, who had a little fox that he was very fond of. He used to carry it about under his cloak, and it was always with him. But a fox is not a good thing to make a friend of. It has no affection for man, and is not to be trusted. "There is a hole in my vest," the boy said to his mother. "Will you please mend it?" "Yes," the mother said, "leave it with me when you go to bed, and it shall be right for you in the morning." And so it was. But the next night the boy said, "Mother, that hole has come into my vest again." "That is strange," the mother answered, "for I thought I mended it well, but let me have it, and I will try again." And she put an extra strong patch on. The next night the boy said, "That hole has come in again." Suspecting something wrong, the mother said, "Holes don't come in, they are worn or made in. What is that you are always carrying under your cloak?" "Nothing, mother, only my little fox, that is all." "Oh, I see," the mother replied, "it is that fox that is doing all the mischief. You must not carry it about any more." The boy was astonished to hear that, and took the fox in his arms and kissed and cuddled it, and said, "Dear little thing, I am sure you would not bite a hole in my vest now, would you?" Again the hole was mended, and again and again it came; and the mother scolded the boy for carrying the fox under his cloak, but he only kissed and hugged it more, until at last she said, "I shall mend that hole no more." After a while the boy went home in pain, and said, "Mother, something does hurt me here," placing his hand on his breast. "Take your things off and let me see what it is." And he took them off. "Ah, it is that fox again, you foolish boy. It has eaten right through your clothes until it has got to your body, and if you don't cease carrying it under your cloak it will kill you." But the boy gave it an extra squeeze and covered its

face with kisses, and said, "Dear little thing, I am sure you would not hurt me now would you?" And the story goes on to say that the fox continued to eat its way through the body until it got to the heart; and the poor foolish boy died.

It is only a fable story, but it has lessons. Secret sins, like the fox under the cloak, do great mischief. Yet how many people, young and old, indulge in them. It is not necessary that I name the sins, they are known well enough to those that cherish them; but I want to warn my young readers against them. They are terrible things. They grieve God, destroy peace, depress and worry the mind; they impair the spiritual appetite, and take away the desire for good things; they weaken the moral character, and lower the tone of the Christian life; they made us less manly, less noble, less Christ-like, and in the end completely ruin the soul, for "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death."

Perhaps nobody knows what the secret sin is that you are cherishing. You would blush, be frightened, and very much ashamed if you thought your father or mother knew, or your brothers or sisters, or even your companions. Keep it under your cloak, but it is working its deadly mischief all the same, and it is sure to come out in some way or another. But if it never should come out, and if nobody on earth should ever know about it, God knows. He sees under the cloak. The Psalmist says, "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

It were well for us all to give attention to this matter, and see if there be any fox under our cloak, any secret sin marring our life, and if so offer the prayer: "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 3, 1896.

A Citizen of Zion.—Psalm 15. 1-3.

The site of the temple was known as Mount Zion, in consequence of which the temple service was often spoken of by the same name. The word Zion is often typically used of the Church on earth and in heaven. The text describes those whose worship in the sanctuary is acceptable to God.

THE UPRIGHT WALKER.

The term "walk" often means a man's whole life. Here it signifies an upright, consistent, holy deportment. There is nothing low or despicable about such a one, no act that excites disgust, or brings reproach upon the profession.

WORKETH RIGHTEOUSNESS.

It is very easy to talk about religion, but talking is a small part of Christianity, though by no means an unimportant part, but holy living is what tells the tale. A light-house never makes a noise, but it always sheds light, but for which the mariner would not know how to steer his vessel.

SPEAKETH TRUTH.

Lying is abominable wherever seen, but sometimes falsehood is felt in the heart, when it is not spoken in the life. Those who intend to get to heaven must be true both inwardly and outwardly. The heart must feel exactly what the tongue utters.

NEGATIVE CHARACTERISTICS.

The former are the positive features, now we have the negative or opposite. There must be no backbiting, either with the tongue or in the heart. No wrong must be done to a neighbour, and no evil report must be believed until it has been proved, and even then the less said about it the better.

Come and return unto the Lord. Only acknowledge your transgressions, for it is written, "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper, but whose confesseth and forsaketh it, shall find mercy." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" "Through his name, who soever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins."

The Barren Tree

There stood in a beautiful garden
A tall and stately tree;
Crowned with its shining leafage,
It was wondrous fair to see;
But the tree was always fruitless;
Never a blossom grew
On its long and beautiful branches
The whole bright season through

The lord of the garden saw it,
And he said, when the leaves were sore:
"Cut down this tree so worthless,
And plant another here
My garden is not for beauty
Alone, but for fruit as well;
And no barren tree must cumber
The place in which I dwell"

The gardener heard in sorrow,
For he loved the barren tree
As we love some things above us
That are only fair to see
"Leave it one season longer -
Only one more, I pray."
He pleaded; but the master
Was firm, and answered, "Nay."

Then the gardener dug about it,
And cut the roots apart,
And the fear of the fate before it
Struck home to the poor tree's heart.
Faithful and true to his master,
Yet loving the tree so well,
The gardener tolled in sorrow
Till the stormy evening fell.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will finish
The task that I have begun."
But the morrow was wild with tempest,
And the work remained undone.
And through all the long, bleak winter,
There stood the desolate tree,
With the cold, white snow about it,
A sorrowful thing to see.

At last, the sweet spring weather
Made glad the hearts of men,
And the trees in the lord's fair garden
Put forth their leaves again.
"I will finish my task to-morrow,"
The busy gardener said
And thought, with a thrill of sorrow,
That the beautiful tree was dead.

The lord came into his garden
At an early hour next day,
And then to the task unfinished
The gardener led the way
And lo! all white with blossoms,
Fairer than ever to see,
In its promise of coming fruitage
There stood the beautiful tree!

"It is well," said the lord of the garden,
And he and the gardener knew
That out of his loss and trial
Its promise of fruitfulness grew.
It is so with some lives that cumber
For a time the Lord's domain;
Out of trial and mighty sorrow
There cometh a countless gain,
And fruit for the Master's pleasure
Is born of loss and pain.

THE STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE.

Hart Almerin Massey was perhaps the best known among the manufacturers in Canada. Like many other great enterprises, the business of which he was the head had a small beginning, so small as to be insignificant when looked upon in the light of the present day. He was born in an old-fashioned log-cabin on his father's farm, Northumberland, Ontario, on the 29th of April, 1823, being the oldest of ten children and the only surviving son.

EARLY YEARS.

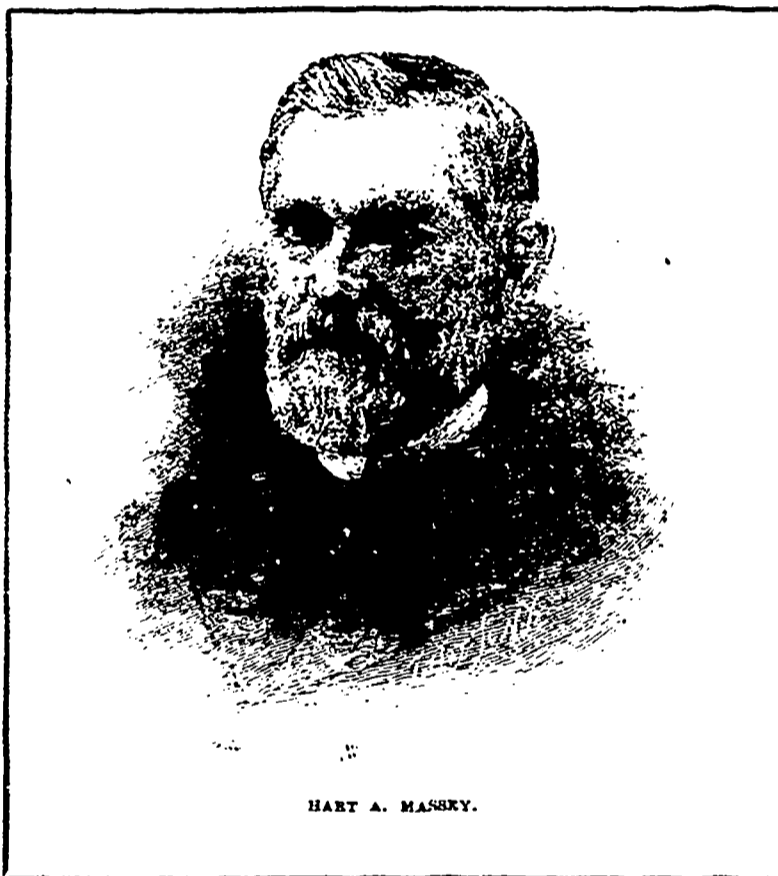
When but six years of age Hart Almerin Massey might have been seen trudging along, in company with his eldest sister, through three miles of wood, bare footed, on his way to school, driving the cows to pasture on the way and bringing them back on his return. He had a great admiration for horses, and at the age of seven years was quite a rider, and was entrusted to ride the "old mare." At this time, the boy showing strong inclinations in the way of furthering his father's interests on the farm, he was frequently called into service, and was sent once a week to the grist mill, some four miles distant, with bags of grain astride his horse's back, bringing back the flour, no roads at the time being constructed.

At the age of eleven he was sent to Watertown, N.Y., to school, where his father had been educated before him. Here his common school education was finished. While at Watertown he helped to defray his expenses by working with relatives on a farm at 50 cents per day. During the winters of his sixteenth and seventeenth years, he having returned to Canada, he procured the loan of a team of horses from his father, and with these he worked in the woods among the lumbermen, where he was placed in charge of a gang of teams. At nineteen he began a course at Victoria College, Cobourg, paying his expenses the first year by cutting wood and keeping fires in the Cobourg tannery, and for some considerable time while attending college he drew wood for the institution in order to pay for his tuition.

During vacation he was entrusted with the management of his father's farm, and having inherited mechanical genius, coupled with experience, he was able to keep the implements and machines his father had imported in repair.

LIFE ON THE FARM

On leaving college in 1844, Mr. Massey



HART A. MASSEY.

was given charge of his father's extensive farm, which was known as the largest and best-cultivated farm in that part of the country. During the summer months he was engaged in his duties on the farm, and, with an inspiration to get on in the world, devoted fall and winter to school-teaching. In 1847, on the removal of his father to Newcastle, he with his newly-found wife settled on the old homestead, where his long experience enabled him to carry out the great work he had in hand as manager of so large a farm, but his natural inclinations tended towards mechanical pursuits. Hence it was that he gave up farm life and accepted a position in his father's business, removing to Newcastle in 1851, where he was appointed superintendent of the works.

Mr. Massey was closely identified with all benevolent, charitable, and temperance work in his neighbourhood, more especially with that connected with the Methodist Church. He took a great interest in and assisted in the erection of churches throughout the country, and continued to participate in this good work up to the end of his life. He was for more than eighteen years in succession superintendent of the Sunday-school of his own church in Newcastle.

IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

In 1852, H. A. Massey was made a partner in his father's business, and also general manager of the same. The firm

was then known as H. A. Massey & Co., and in 1852 Massey's Reel mower was brought out the first mowing machine made on Canadian soil. Fearless, energetic, and persevering, Mr. Massey pushed on, using every effort to advance the interests of his business, introducing new machinery and processes of manufacture, experimenting in the field, watching the demands of the times, always aiming to put the latest and best goods on the market.

The demand for farm labour-saving machinery continuing to be much greater than the supply, the works were extended and improved from year to year, and in 1864 the industry had grown to one of great importance to the community. It was in this year that the pluck and courage of Mr. Massey was put to a most severe test. On the 29th of March, when the storehouse was filled with finished machines ready for harvest, and the works crowded with material in process of making, the entire plant was swept away by fire, nothing but a few patterns being saved. This blow was enough to have discouraged most men, but with accustomed push and indomitable energy, as fast as building ma-

"I WANT TO OBEY ALL CHRIST'S COMMANDS"

I know of a little girl just nine years old, who was led by God's Spirit to trust in Jesus, and she felt a love for God's people, such as she never felt before. She could say with John, "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we have loved the brethren" (1 John 3:14). One day she heard her minister say that all those who wished to unite themselves with the people of God and commemorate the love of Jesus in dying for us, would be examined upon a certain day. The officers of the church were rather surprised to see a little girl amongst those who wished to join the church. They asked her a great many questions, and were quite satisfied that she was truly a child of God, and so had a right to eat of the broken bread, to remind us how Jesus' body was broken for us. Still, they seemed doubtful about taking her into the church. Though Jesus had taken her into his loving arms, these office-bearers seemed afraid to take her into the church. At last the good minister said to her, "You are a very little girl, only nine years old; how should you feel if we were to advise you to wait two or three years, till you are older, before joining the church?" She burst into tears, and said, "I want to obey all Christ's commands, and he has said, 'This do in remembrance of me.'" You see that little girl was thinking of Jesus. She wished to please her dear Saviour; though she knew Christians were watching her, she thought more of Jesus, who saw her all the time. She knew that verse in the Bible, "Thou God seest me." (Gen. 16:13.) And she was anxious always to do what was pleasing to God.

Have you, my little friends, ever thought of publicly joining yourselves to the people of God? If you are a true Christian it is your privilege to do so. I know it will please Jesus to have you do this. It will encourage other little children who are Christians to do the same. It is important for you to remember that many are watching you; but it is far more important for you to remember that Jesus sees you all the time, and to be continually seeking to please him.

**WHERE IVORY COMES FROM
ITS USE**

Mammoth tusks of Ivory occasionally come to this country from Siberia, but as these have been lying exposed for centuries, and probably for many thousands of years, and often buried in ice, the "nature" has gone out of them, and they are not fit for the cutler's use. The teeth of the walrus and hippopotamus are used in considerable quantity, and being of suitable size, are used whole for making expensive carved handles.

Ivory of the best quality comes from the west coast of Africa under the names of Cameroon, Angola, and Gaboon Ivory. This is brought down from the interior, and retains a large proportion of the fat or gelatine, from the fact, probably, that it is more recently from the animal. In this state it is called "green Ivory." It is more translucent and not so white as the Egyptian and other kinds, called "whit" Ivory that have been lying a longer time and in a more sandy region, and exposed to the heat of the sun until the animal matter has disappeared.

The excellence of the "green" Ivory consists in its greater toughness and in its growing whiter by age, instead of yellow, as in the case with the whiter varieties. Yet buyers of cutlery, through ignorance of these qualities, usually prefer the whiter kinds, which, on that account, are more in demand for the Sheffield trade, and have more than doubled in price since 1879.

The sales of Ivory occur every three months at London and Liverpool, and sales are also held to a limited extent and at irregular intervals at Rotterdam. At Liverpool only Ivory of the best quality and from the west coast of Africa is offered. Buyers from Germany and France, and agents of American consumers attend these sales, and it is estimated that about one-quarter of the whole amount goes to Sheffield another quarter to London, and the other half to Germany, France and the United States. --Chamber's Journal.

Caller—"Your office is as hot as an oven."
Merchant—"Well it might be. I make my dally bread here, you know."



CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN

In many parts of England the old custom prevails of crowning the May Queen with dance and song. The method shown in our picture seems to be much better. Not one alone is crowned with flowers, but several: the most diligent scholars are, at the summer picnic of the school, crowned with flowers and with the love of their teachers and fellow-scholars.

A YOUNG MAN'S RESOLVE.

Ex-President Harrison, one of the ablest and best men of the United States, is credited with saying, in response to an urgent request to indulge in a social glass: "Though you press the matter ever so much, not a drop shall pass my lips. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink. That vow I have never broken. I owe my health, happiness, and prosperity to that resolution. Would you urge me to break it now?" It was the young man who thus nobly resolved and nobly lived who was honoured in time by being chosen President of the United States, and no man ever filled the high requirements of the office more worthily than he. And this same man, now again engaged in the practice of law, just a little while ago refused an offer of ten thousand dollars when his services were sought for by the liquor dealers of the State of Indiana to help them break down the liquor laws of that State. All honour to Benjamin Harrison, and may our country be blessed with millions of boys and young men who will begin life and pass through life as nobly as he.—Children's Friend.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work: distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school two hundred boys and girls.

THE SALOON HAS GOT MY BOY.

Rev. George R. Stuart is one of the most efficient evangelists in the Methodist Church. When preaching in Kentucky a while ago, a poor Irish woman came down the aisle one night crying out, "Mr. Stuart, the saloon has got my boy!" Our friend's heart was deeply moved, and for some moments he could not make any response. Finally he said: "How many women in this great audience can hold up their hands with this poor woman?" Hands went up all over the room, showing how many mothers were having the same sad experience. Some of the hands wore white gloves. Some wore black gloves. Some were white tender hands, while some were bare and quivering hands.

Stuart said: "Men of Kentucky, I don't know what kind of stuff you are made of, but I am that kind of stuff to stand by the side of these sad and stricken women, with their uplifted hands, and help

them save their boys from the clutches of the dreadful saloon." No wonder the people aroused to hot indignation, stood up and cheered.

The accursed saloon has got thousands of the nation's noblest boys, and mothers with wet eyes and crushed hearts are crying out in the agony of despair. The saloon demon is after other boys, the brightest and most promising of the land. Your brother! Your school chum! Yourself! Oh, why do not patriotic citizens arise in their might and stamp the monster to his death?

The members of the Christian churches of this land could exterminate the saloon in six months if they would. But they will not. It will be licensed to go right on corrupting, debauching, and ruining the boys, body and soul, and then sending them headlong down to hell.—The Epworth Herald.

THE ODD OCCIDENTAL OWL.

Among all the birds of America there are none better deserving to receive the protection of the laws than the little prairie owls of the Pacific slope. They may generally be seen sitting on a heap of sand thrown up by the prairie dog in digging his hole. This hole is appropriated by the owl for his house, and as you ride past he never fails to salute you with a very polite bow, and in the style of a real gentleman. The female may often be seen with her half-grown brood sitting at the entrance of an invisible prairie dog hole. Should you come too near she makes her abseance and retires with her little ones as gracefully as might a fashionable lady. Because of the positive good he does in the destruction of many harmful insects and reptiles, and especially the scorpion, he should have protection. In Southern California and the warmer parts of Utah and Arizona, every summer evening brings forth numbers of scorpions. They get into the gardens and infest the paths and walks about doorways and gardens; and but for the appetite and industry of the owl they would become an intolerable nuisance in these hot climates for three or four months of the year. At such seasons our little owl comes quietly about the house at dusk, every night, and picks up the scorpions by scores. Usually he has some place near by, as the cornice of the house or some broad beam in the barn, where he deposits his load and eats what he desires. He devours only the soft part of the body of the scorpion, leaving the head, claws and tail of the reptile, until there may often be found a quart or more of such remains at the place he has chosen for his nightly banquet.—Forest and Stream.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON V.—MAY 3.

FAITH.

Luke 17. 5-19. Memory verses 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Increase our faith.—Luke 17. 5. Time.—A.D. 30.

Places.—Perea (?), and the borders of Samaria and Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.

The Pharisees were so enraged with Christ's teaching in the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus that they replied with insulting scoffs and derision. This troubled the disciples. Jesus went on to show them that their faith must be so rooted in him that they would bravely do their duty in spite of persecution. Some time passed between the discourse on faith and the unprofitable servants, in the earlier part of the lesson, and the healing of the lepers, in the latter portion; indeed, it is not certain which came first. The story of the lepers is the third notice (Luke 9. 51; 13. 22) of a gradual progress which Jesus was making from Galilee to Jerusalem. His route lay along the border line between Samaria and Galilee. On the way he healed the lepers.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read what this week's lesson says about faith (Luke 17. 5-19). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read the law of cleansing (Lev. 14. 21-32). Fix in your mind Time, Places, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read about a wonderful cure (2 Kings 5. 8-14). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read how we ought to trust (Psalm 27). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read concerning faith and sight (John 20. 24-31). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read of the willingness and power of Jesus (Mark 1. 35-45). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read about the greatest of heroes (Heb. 11. 32-40).

QUESTIONS.

1. A Lesson on Faith, verses 5, 6.
2. Why did the disciples ask for more faith? 6. What great thing could a very little faith do?
3. A Lesson on Humility, verses 7-10.
4. What kind of work is God's service compared to? 8. Is the work of an Eastern servant all done in the field?
5. What are we taught by his serving at table? 10. Can our service give us any claim for reward?
6. A Lesson on Gratitude, verses 11-19.
7. From where did Jesus start for Jerusalem? What route did he take?
8. Why did the lepers remain afar off? What distance had they to keep from others? 13. How did they show that the fame of Jesus was well known? 14. When Jesus sent them to the priests did it mean that he would help them? How did they show their faith? 15. What did the Samaritan do when he was healed? 16. Why was he allowed to mingle with Jews? 17. How many were ungrateful? 18. How did Jews regard Samaritans? 19. Did this man's thankfulness secure him any other blessing? Of what was leprosy a type?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

We cannot do too much for God. There is no room for pride or boasting. Sin keeps us far from God. Misery should make us cry for mercy. Gratitude to God for blessings is our first duty. There is no risk in obeying Christ. To be near Jesus is the joy of a thankful heart. We should give ourselves to God in happy service. To make a good use of God's past dealings will help us in the future.

"You, Mose, you brack rascal!" "Yes, pap?" "Quit wahin' yo' s'penders crossed in front half de time I dunno w'ahin' yo' s'comin' or gwine."

How Easy It Is.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check;
Little by little we mould the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessings we long had sought,
The sudden failure of wealth or power,
And, lo! the day with ill is wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home-light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go, and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high,
And life is too short to spoil like this,
If only a prelude it may be sweet;
Let us bind together our thread of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

Speaking of the British order to King Prempeh to clean up his capital reminds us that it would not be a bad thing for somebody to issue similar orders to the authorities in nearly all our towns. There is no excuse for filth. It is a disgrace to a community. Some Leagues who is in a dirty town kick up a row about it, and wake the public mind up to the importance of municipal cleanliness.—Epworth Era.

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