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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1897.

No. 13.

Brothers and Sisters.

Sha'n't and Won't are two little brothers,
 Angry and sullen and gruff;
 Try and Will are dear little sisters;
 No one can love them enough.
 Sha'n't and Won't look down on their
 noses—
 Their faces are dismal to see;
 Try and Will are sweeter than roses
 In June, and as blithe as the bee.
 Sha'n't and Won't are backward and
 stupid—
 Little, indeed, can they know;
 Try and Will learn something new daily,
 And seldom are heedless or slow.
 Sha'n't and Won't love nothing—no,
 nothing—
 So much as to have their own way;
 Try and Will give up to their elders,
 And seek to please others at play.

THE MOTHER.

There is no human love more like a
 mother's love. There is no
 human tenderness. And
 there is no such time for a
 mother first displaying her
 tenderness toward her child
 as in the child's earliest years
 of life. That time neglected
 and no future can make good
 the loss to either mother or
 child. That time well im-
 proved, and all the years
 that follow it can profit by
 its improvement. Even God
 himself measures his fatherly
 love by a motherly
 standard. "As one whom
 his mother comforteth, so I
 will comfort you," he says;
 and what more than this
 could he say? And many a
 strong man who was com-
 forted by his mother's lov-
 ing and tender words and
 ways while he was a helpless
 child, has never lost his
 grateful, trusting dependence
 on that mother's ministry of
 affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson
 was fifty years old he wrote
 to his aged mother as if he
 were her wayward but lov-
 ing boy: "You have been
 the best mother, and, I be-
 lieve, the best woman in the
 world. I thank you for all
 the indulgences to me, and
 beg forgiveness for all that
 I have done ill, and for all
 that I have omitted to do
 well."

John Quincy Adams did
 not part with his mother
 until he was nearly or quite
 fifty years of age; yet his
 cry even then was, "O God,
 could she have been spared
 yet a little longer. Without
 her the world feels to me
 like a solitude."

When President Nott, of
 Union College, was more than
 ninety years old, and had
 been a college president half
 a century, as strength and
 sense failed him in his dying
 hours, the memory of his
 mother's tenderness was fresh and
 potent; and he could be hushed to needed
 sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder
 and the singing to him of the old-time
 lullabies, as if his mother were still
 sitting at his bedside in loving min-
 istry, as she had been well-nigh a cen-
 tury before. The true son never grows
 old to a true mother.

PELICANS.

These strange birds have an enormous
 pouch under the lower bill which is used
 as a scoop for catching and carrying fish.
 They are abundant in tropical regions.
 There used to be a tradition that the
 pelican pecked at its own breast to feed
 its young with its blood. This is absurd.
 It feeds them by the regurgitation of food
 which it has swallowed, which, perhaps,
 gave rise to the tradition.

A TALK ABOUT FLIES.

The body of a fly has three parts, one
 of which is the head. On its head are
 two large eyes. But what will you
 think when I tell you that each of these
 large eyes is made up of about four thou-
 sand small eyes!

Each of the small eyes has six sides.
 Of course these tiny eyes are placed very
 close to each other, for the four thou-
 sand together are not so large as a pin-
 head. Is it any wonder that the fly is
 so hard to catch? It can see every way
 at the same time.

The fly's feet are also very curious.
 They are made so that it can walk on
 the wall of a room as well as on the
 floor; and it can even run up and down
 the glass in our windows.

The fly has no teeth. Its mouth is a
 kind of trunk, through which it sucks its
 food. It cannot eat anything that is
 hard. Still, you know that flies are very
 fond of sugar, and you want to know
 how they can eat that. They have some-

STORY OF A BRAVE BOY.

If Charles Reade were alive he would
 paste into his dramatic scrap-book, for
 future use on the stage, the story told
 recently by Judge Denman at a temper-
 ance meeting at Cromer. A plucky
 young lad, burning with indignation at
 the treatment received by his mother at
 the hands of his drunken and dissolute
 stepfather, had the nerve to tell the
 brute fair and square that if ever he
 dared to ill-treat his mother again he
 would shoot him like a rat. So saying
 the boy went out and bought a three-
 and-sixpenny revolver and loaded every
 chamber.

Returning home one night he found his
 stepfather fiendishly drunk as usual, and
 dragging the boy's mother round the
 kitchen by the hair of her head. Out
 came the revolver, and the drunken beast
 received the fourth shot full in the
 cheek.

The boy was placed in the dock
 charged with wounding with intent to

SALUTED WITH A SHOWER OF STONES.

While on a missionary tour in the
 north-eastern corner of the Mysore king-
 dom of India, which extends to within
 ten miles of Madanapalle, Catechist John
 Hill and myself had gone from our camp
 into a densely populated town. It was
 the first time the Gospel had ever been
 proclaimed in that region. At the cross
 streets in front of the village chavadi, or
 council house, we had taken our stand,
 and ere long were surrounded by a goodly
 number of people, many of whom were
 Brahmans.

They listened to our singing, to our
 reading from the Scriptures, with scowls
 and evident hostility, but did not enter
 into argument. When we had finished,
 we offered them the leaflets, tracts, and
 gospels as a gift, but they would have
 none of them. We could get no kindly
 response to anything we said. We
 turned to go back to our tent.

As we passed slowly down
 the street, a great hooting
 began behind us, and soon
 small stones pellets of earth
 and other missiles began to
 shower upon us. One stone
 the size of an egg struck me
 on the head, but my pith hat
 prevented its doing harm.

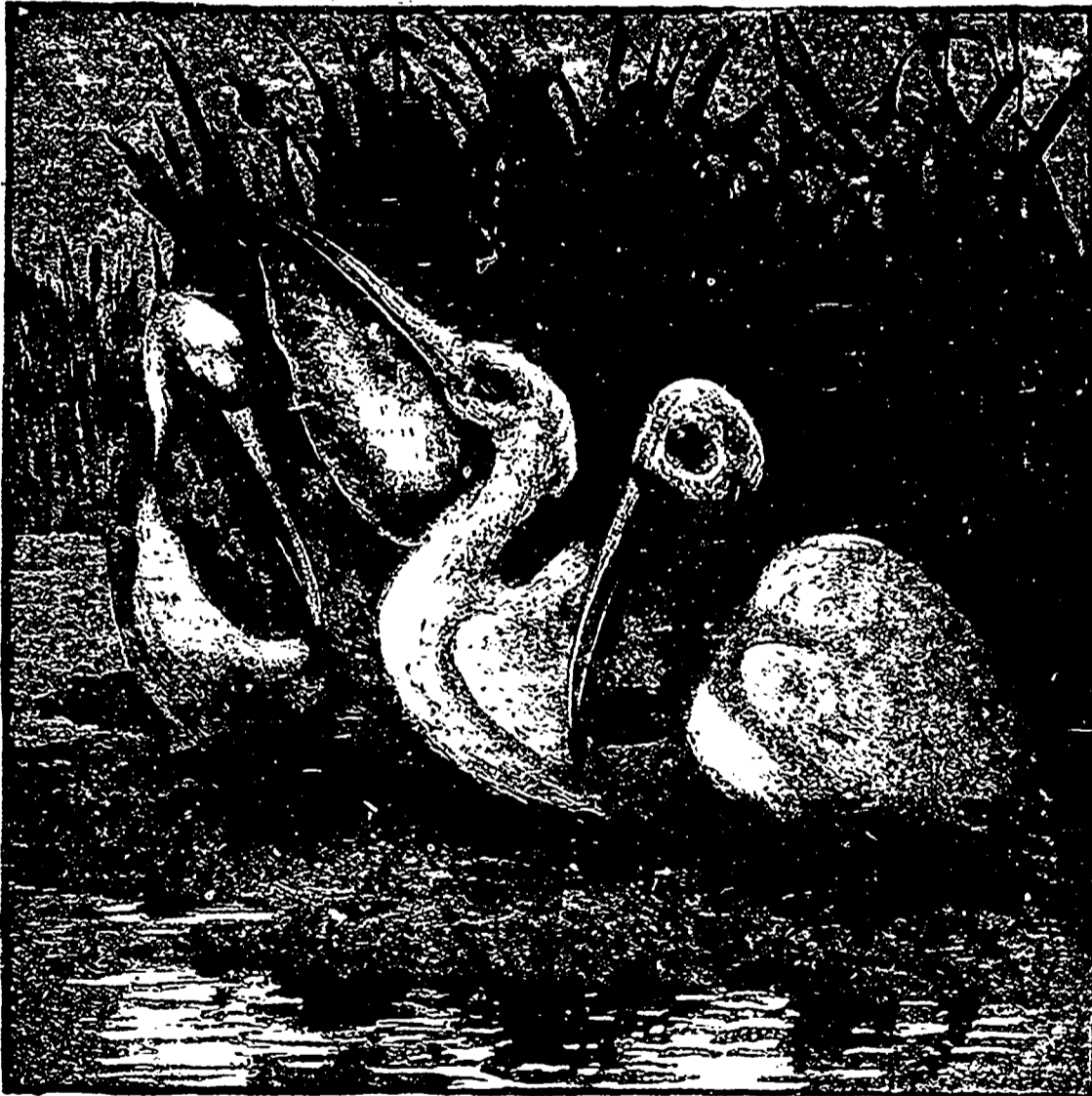
Turning to the catechist who
 accompanied me, I said "We
 must go back and meet these
 people. It will not do to let
 them think that we are
 driven away from our work."
 Turning around, we both
 walked steadily back toward
 the hooting and missile-
 throwing crowd. Seeing our
 quiet men and fearlessness,
 the crowd gave way.

Walking directly up to the
 group of Brahmans in front
 of the chavadi, to whom we
 had been chiefly preaching,
 and who, we believed, were
 the instigators of this attack,
 I said to them: "Brothers,
 if you wish to stone us, you
 may stone us to our face.
 We have come back to you
 so that you can hit us every
 time. But first we would
 like to know why it is that
 you stone us. Is it because
 we, leaving our country, have
 come at our own expense to
 tell you what we consider
 the best news ever revealed
 to man? Is it because we
 have told you that the God
 who made us all so loved the
 world that he sent his only-
 begotten Son to suffer and
 die for us, that a way might
 be opened for the pardon of
 our sins? Is it because we
 have told you that the Son of
 God came to this world, and
 took upon himself our nature
 and became man, in order
 that he might understand all
 our weaknesses and tempta-
 tions and become to us a
 sympathizing High Priest?
 Is it because we have told
 you the divine words of in-
 struction and comfort which he spoke to
 those about him, and left on record for
 you and us?"

The whole crowd had by this time
 pressed forward to listen to what we
 were quietly saying to the Brahman
 priests. The priests themselves seemed
 to feel ashamed of what had been done,
 and were now ready to listen. Point by
 point, asking them if it was for this or
 for that that they pelted us, I went over
 each topic of my previous discourse.

All listened eagerly now. The sullen,
 hostile look had gone. Shame for them-
 selves, and evident appreciation of the
 spirit that we had shown, led them ere
 long to interrupt me, saying: "It was
 only some of the vagabonds that cast
 stones at you. We will now see that you
 have fair play."

When we had finished our second
 preaching to them, and told them that
 we had in our hands a history of this



PELICANS.

thing to drop upon the sugar, which
 softens it into a syrup; then they draw
 this syrup up through their trunks.

Flies do not breathe through their
 noses. I do not know that they have
 noses. They breathe through little holes
 in their sides.

I have only one thing more to tell you
 about this curious little creature. It
 always keeps itself very clean. Have
 you ever seen a fly rub its front legs
 over its head? I suppose you have
 often wondered why it does this.

The under side of the fly's feet and its
 legs have tiny hairs on them. These are
 its hair-brushes, which it always carries
 ready for use. If any dirt gets on its
 head or face it brushes it off. Then it
 rubs its feet and legs together, so that
 no dirt shall stick to them. Do you not
 think that there are many boys and girls
 who may learn something even from a
 fly?

kill. Nothing but the mercy of the
 judge could have saved the boy from
 penal servitude. But happily the judge
 was merciful, refused even to order a
 flogging, and eventually allowed the
 youth to come up for sentence when
 called upon. Mark the result!

From the dock this rescued boy rose
 in after years to become one of the
 bravest and most respected petty officers
 of her Majesty's naval service; and the
 consciousness of his own safety and the
 lad's peril so affected the drunkard that
 he became a reformed character, and
 with his much-tried but forgiving wife
 lived happily together ever after. There
 are chords of humanity in that dramatic
 story and it is true.—London Telegraph.

"You've been hanging around here
 long enough," remarked the citizens'
 committee, as it proceeded to give the
 White-caps a taste of their own medicine.

divine Redeemer, the Gospel of Luke, each of which we would sell them for a dudu, one of their coins worth about one cent, and asked if they would not like to obtain some of these and learn more about this Saviour, Jesus Christ, one after another took out his wallet and purchased, until every Gospel and tract that we had with us had been bought; and then they appointed five of their chief men to escort us politely to our tent, and begged our pardon for the indignities which "this graceless rabble" had put upon us. —Golden Rule.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1897.

SKILFUL SAVAGES.

The Congo country is perhaps the most talked of country on the globe just now. We are looking toward it as the land of untold wealth and resource, and wonder what kind of a republic will be founded within its borders.

Not the least wonderful objects in this far-away land are the natives. Mr. Herbert Ward, in Scribner's, tells us that the villages are deserted almost every morning, as the people go out to their plantation to work, on which the women work as hard as the men. The natives of the Congo country are still in a savage condition, but Mr. Ward tells us some surprising things about them. He says that in their villages the centre of activity is the blacksmith shop. This shop is a roof of grass supported on poles. The bellows are of skin and wood; the tools, hammers that resemble doctor's pestles of varying weights, cups made of clay for melting ore, and an anvil. The workers take the ore as it is dug, and there, under the grass roof, with these rude tools the metal passes through every stage, and leaves in the worker's hands a finished tool, spear, knife, arrowhead, or any instrument designed by the worker. They work in clay with the same ease, and without tools that in civilized countries are supposed to be necessary to such manufacture. The lump of clay becomes in a short time a finished vessel; even decorative, so perfectly and neatly is it finished, they do not even have moulds to shape the clay.

Mr. Ward tells us that these people take no measurements, that they rely on their eye and hand. They have made guns, beginning with wood and metal in its original state in the tree and ore, and made their tools as they needed them, adapting the tool as they discovered its need.

Of the young people, Mr. Ward says that they engage in the same line of work as their parents or masters, and that they are cheerful and light-hearted entering with enthusiasm into their games, bird trapping and hunting. One of their amusements is playing at war. Some of the tribes make commercial contracts that might be called protective measures. One tribe makes a contract to engage in agricultural pursuits, while the other tribe, party to the contract, engages to confine its energies to pottery-making, and not to engage in agriculture in any form, and they keep these contracts honourably. A railroad is now being built through the Congo country, and this will in a few years stop slave-

FRESH BERRIES.

"Dear me!" said Miss Marshall, and she began to walk slower and slower. "What a low-looking hut that is; and what a low-looking man is sitting there! I wonder if I am afraid to pass him?" I am glad I haven't my pocket-book," and she felt in her pocket to be sure it wasn't there. "But then, I have my watch and chain, and my diamond ring. I don't know what to do. I am afraid to turn around, and I am afraid to go on. What made me wander away out here? Who would have supposed that such a low-looking set lived here. I may as well walk on, I suppose, for they will be sure to chase after me if I let them know that I am afraid. Oh, dear me! I wish I was safe at home again!"

She walked slower and slower, and kept looking at the ugly fellow outside the hut, and wondering how many more were inside, and whether they would let her go. He gave them her watch and ring. Just then a shrill voice from within the hut squealed out:

"Jake!"
"What!" said the man outside.
"Are there there berries in the yellow pall to go to the village this morning?"
"No!"

"Why not?"
"Cause they ain't fresh; they was left over; they was picked a Saturday, and this is a Monday morning. Stale berries ain't healthy, to say nothing of their not bein' honest. You don't catch Jake Flinn bein' mean enough to try to sell 'em for fresh, so near after the Sabbath day, too. We can eat 'em for dinner; they won't hurt us, I suppose; anyhow, they can't go to market!"

Miss Marshall heard every word of this, and, by the time Jake stopped talking, she had begun to walk fast again. She nodded a pleasant good-morning to him as she passed the hut. Every bit of fear was gone; she knew her watch and diamond ring were as safe as though she were at home. Why? Because she had sense enough to know that a man who wouldn't sell stale berries for fresh ones, wouldn't steal. Little bits of things tell what kind of lives people live. "He is not so bad-looking a man after all," said Miss Marshall as she passed him; even the look on his face seemed to have changed.

THEY SURPRISED QUEEN VICTORIA

The Queen is very fond of children. One day she was out driving in Scotland, when she saw three little girls who lived at the same manse thoroughly enjoying themselves at a good game.

She sent a messenger to make inquiries about them, and desired that they might come and visit her at the castle.

It so happened that their parents were not at home at the time, and although they were in high glee, the children did not quite know what to do.

One point which troubled them very much was how they should address the Queen. However, after a little talk, they decided they could not do better than address her as the kings of old were addressed in Bible history.

When they were taken into her Majesty's presence, to the Queen's great amusement they fell immediately down before her and very solemnly exclaimed: "O Queen, live forever!"

They spent a delightful afternoon, and all too soon the time arrived for them to go home.

Imagine the Queen's surprise and amusement when, on leaving, they again fell down together and said this time:

"O Queen, live forever! And please may we come again another day?"

A QUAKER'S DREAM.

It is not our criticism but our example, not our preaching but our practice, that does most toward getting things right in this crooked world. A trite enough truth, but one that needs frequent repetition.

"Friends," said an old Quaker, "I have had a dream which I would like to tell you." They agreed to hear him, and the old gentleman proceeded:

"I dreamed that the whole Society of Friends were collected in our great meeting-house, and attending to the business of the church. The subject under discussion was the filthy condition of the meeting-house, and the means of cleansing it. Many plans were proposed and discussed by the prominent members, who sat in the upper seats, but none seemed likely to answer the purpose, until one little man who occupied a seat on the floor of the house, and had not taken part in the discussion, got up and said: 'Friends, I think that if each one of us would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be cleaned.'"

AN AUDIENCE OF MONKEYS.

BY REV. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D., D.D.

The most singular audience that I ever saw gathered to listen to preaching was an audience of monkeys. When I commenced work in the region which I have now occupied for more than thirty years, I asked two fellow missionaries to join me in a preaching tour in the adjacent taluk, or county. We first went with three native assistants to the taluk town, or county-seat. Our tents were pitched in a grove adjoining the town. We usually on our tours went two and two to preach in the villages, but this being the taluk town, and the first of our preaching the Gospel in that region, we went in a body into the native city.

Walking through the cloth, spice, grain, and iron merchants' bazaar streets, and then through the goldsmiths and silversmiths' street, around through the temple street, and then through the street of Brahman residences, to advertise our presence, and incite curiosity to know what we were about, we finally took our stand in the Brahman street, and all joined in singing one of the beautiful Telugu Christian lyrics, and gathered an audience of interested listeners.

We stood upon a little raised platform on one side of the street against the house walls. The houses were all of one story, joined together like a city block, with flat roofs, and a low parapet along the front of the roof. One of our native assistants read a portion from the Gospels, and another preached briefly, then one of my fellow missionaries followed, preaching more at length, while I watched the audience, to study the countenances of the people among whom I expected to work.

I had noticed that behind the houses on the opposite side of the street there was a long row of trees growing in their back yards, the branches of which stretched out over the flat roofs.

Chancing to raise my eyes, I noticed many branches of these trees beginning to bend downward toward the roofs, and saw the face of some old jack monkeys peering out through the foliage. Soon some of them jumped down and came forward to see what their "big brothers" in the street were about, as they stood gazing so intently at these white men standing on the platform. Springing upon the parapet they seated themselves, with their hind feet hanging over in front, and gazing with fixedness at the preacher, as they saw the people in the street doing.

Other monkeys followed, until there was a long row of them thus seated on the parapet. The late-comers I could see walking along behind the parapet, looking for a place wide enough to get a seat. Failing to find a wide enough place between two already seated monkeys, they would put up their hands, and, pushing each one sidewise, would seem to be saying, "Sit along a bit, please, and give a fellow a seat," until the "bench" was crowded.

The audience in the street, standing with their backs toward that row of houses, did not notice the monkeys, and so their attention was not distracted by them.

I had noticed that many mother monkeys had brought their babies to church with them. These little baby monkeys sat upon the thigh of the mother, while her hand was placed around them in a very human fashion, but the sermon was evidently too high for these little folks to comprehend. Glancing up, I saw one of the little monkeys cautiously reach his hand around, and, catching hold of another baby monkey's tail, give it a pull. The other little monkey struck back, but each mother monkey evidently disapproved of this levity in church, and each gave its own baby a box on the ears, as though saying: "Sit still! Don't you know how to behave in church?" The little monkeys, thus reprimanded, turned the most solemn faces toward the preacher, and seemed to listen intently to what he was saying.

With the exception of a monkey now and then trying to catch a flea that was biting him in some tender spot, they thus sat demurely, until the preacher finished his sermon, and until we had distributed Gospels and tracts among the audience, and had started for our tents.

Our "celestial audience" seeing our "terrestrial audience" dispersing, then, and not until then, left their seats and demurely walked back and sprang upon the branches again. There were no "monkey capers" as they went; they were as serious as a congregation leaving a church, and sat upon the branches in a meditative mood as though thinking over what they had heard the preacher say. And thus we left our unique monkey audience. —Golden Rule.

"Chickadee."

The winter day was near its close;
The white wings of the storm arose;
And flung against my window-pane
Its whirling snow and frozen rain.
But when, at last, morn's tardy light
Had filled the darkness of the night,
From icy perch on leafless tree
A little bird said—"chickadee."

O reader, could I send to thee
This bird-voice from the leafless tree—
Could I repeat the simple strain,
Thy heart would find its hope again;
The world would bless my little rhyme,
And read it many and many a time,
But God gave not such gift to me—
He gave it to the chickadee.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

APRIL 4, 1897.

The women to the empty sepulchre.—
Mark 16, 1-8.

EASTER SUNDAY.

The great event of which Easter reminds us, is the greatest fact revealed in the Bible. It is the foundation on which, as upon an immovable basis, the whole superstructure of Christianity resteth. Destroy this foundation, then all our preaching is in vain, and religion is nothing but a myth. It is recorded that two men once undertook to destroy the evidence of Christ's resurrection, and the evidence of Paul's conversion, as they esteemed these the two greatest foundations of the Gospel, but the evidence of these two great fundamental truths destroyed the infidelity of those men, who became, like Paul himself, defenders of the truth which they sought to destroy.

CHRIST'S DEATH.

Nobody ever disputed the fact of Christ's death. He really died, and seeing that he died, he must be buried. Of these two truths, the Bible is explicit. The place of burial is named, which the women visited.

THE WOMEN.

All honour to the women, who were the last at the cross, and the first at the sepulchre. The men had lost all hope, or were afraid, but the women were heroic, for they went before daylight to the sacred spot, where the remains of their Lord had been laid. Their object was to put spices, or unguents, on the body. All this was in proof of their gratitude and love to him. They conversed respecting the difficulties they would meet with.

Verse 3. "Who will roll away the stone?" This was the huge stone which had been placed at the door of the sepulchre, and stamped with the seal of the Governor, Pilate, to break which would incur a serious penalty. Perhaps they did not know what Pilate had done to secure the body.

THEIR SURPRISE.

The stone was rolled away, so that they had no difficulty of entrance. Difficulties are generally greatest at a distance. An angel had acted as though he had anticipated his visitors. When they entered the sacred enclosure, they were startled to see the angelic visitants, who addressed them in the most tender and kind manner, "Ye seek Jesus, which was crucified." Their conversation filled the women with surprise, "He is not here," etc.

THE COMMAND.

Verse 7. "Go tell the disciples and Peter." Why should Peter be mentioned by name, and the others included in the common word, "disciples"? This is a remarkable exhibition of divine goodness. Peter had denied the Saviour three times, and yet, notwithstanding this, he is mentioned as one to whom the fact of the Saviour's resurrection must be made known.

They were further told that their Lord was going before them into Galilee. They were full of wonderment, and hardly knew what they were doing. Never were such glad tidings made known to men before. Women were the first preachers after the resurrection. Well might they feel honoured in making known this glorious embassy. They frequently saw Jesus during the next forty days. The angels first told of Christ's resurrection, the women next repeated the fact, the disciples who saw the empty sepulchre rehearsed the same, and even the enemies of Christ were among the witnesses, for they said that the body was stolen while they slept. All this is the clearest possible evidence.

When I Have Time.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair,
For those whose lives are crowded now
With care!

I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well,
Shall know no more these weary, tolling days;

I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear

May be beyond the reach of your intent;
May never know what you so kindly meant
To fill her troubled life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait,

To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer,

To those around, whose lives are now so drear;

They may not meet you in the coming year,—

Now is the time.

WAS IT MURDER?

"I do wish," says Farmer Martin, as he enters his cozy kitchen, after finishing his chores, "that John had not persisted in going to town to-night. It is bitter cold. I noticed the thermometer as I came in just now and it registered thirty degrees below zero. He will be all right if he will only keep sober, for it is a clear and starlight night; no danger of getting lost if steady. But if he falls in with some of his old chums, he will be almost sure to go to the saloon."

"Poor John," answers Mrs. Martin, "it is alarming the hold liquor is gaining on him. I talked earnestly to him to-night when he was getting ready, beseeching him to beware, telling him it was not only evil he needed to shun, but the great danger of drinking too much in this northern country, when it is so extremely cold. He kindly thanked me for my advice and added that liquor was the great curse of his life."

John Crawford had been in the employ of Mr. Martin for over a year. He was an industrious, intelligent young man, and by his pleasant, gentlemanly manner had won his way into the hearts of his employers. Hence their interest and anxiety when they saw the danger he was in.

Alas! like too many young men with genial dispositions, he had quite early in life been led by those who are ever alert to catch the most attractive young men in our land.

Step by step he had been led and enticed, till at the early age of twenty-one years we find him a slave to the curse of drink.

The once manly form and open countenance is often bloated and bleared, after nights of drunken debauches, past recognition.

Kind friends warn, entreat, and pray, but all in vain.

At last, finding himself only a wreck of what he was two short years before, he becomes alarmed. Fully awake to his position, he sees the necessity of at once breaking the chain that is binding him so closely. Soon he determines to leave his old associates and remove to the prairie, thinking when he reaches a comparatively new country and makes new friends, that he can quench the appetite so early in life acquired.

He is followed to his new home by the earnest prayers and kind wishes of true friends; half in hope, half in fear do they see him go.

As soon as he reaches his destination, he finds employment with Mr. and Mrs. Martin, an estimable couple, whose influence for good is felt by many.

John soon opened his heart to them, and told them of his besetting sin, also his determination to start anew and make a man of himself. They at once assured him of their help and sympathy, and did not forget to point him to the Saviour, who alone can give strength to resist even so great a temptation as this.

As the weeks slip quietly by and John steadily resists temptation, Mr. and Mrs. Martin grow very hopeful of this promising young stranger they have taken into their home.

But alas for their hopes! In an hour of unwatchfulness John meets with bad company, who, having heard of his weakness, swoop down upon him like vultures eager for their prey. The old appetite and

craving for drink comes with renewed force. He yields, and soon falls a victim to those who have again sought his ruin.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin linger much longer than usual over their cheery fire on this evening in which our story begins. A strange uneasiness and foreboding of evil in regard to John seems to have taken possession of them. At last, giving up hope of him returning that night, they prepare for bed. Then together they knelt to offer their faithful evening prayer—such prayers as are only heard from the lips of true Christians. They did not forget to pray for him whom they had sheltered, had advised, and entreated to live a new life. They prayed for him as they would for their own son.

As it nears the hour of midnight on this same evening, the landlady of a hotel in a Western town is returning from an evening party accompanied by a few intimate friends.

She ushers them into her brilliantly lighted and handsomely furnished parlour. Laying aside her costly furs, she asks to be excused for a few moments. She steps to the bar-room door, taps lightly, and calls her husband out.

"Why, Ed," she begins, "I'm really astonished at you harbouring so many drunken ruffians who make such a noise. Why do you not turn them out? When we were coming up the street the racket sounded dreadful, and Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins were with me, too. Whatever will they think? The reputation of the house will soon be ruined at this rate."

Ed. Barton looked very much annoyed while he listened to his wife's accusations about a noisy house.

"Well," he says, "this won't do. I hate to turn them out this bitter cold night, but if people will get drunk they will have to take care of themselves."

It does not take long to quench the better feelings of a thoroughly selfish nature. And in a moment he returned to the bar, feeling quite indignant at the noisy crowd.

After he had used his most flattering words and pleasant smiles and tried in every way to procure the last dime these young men possess, regardless of the condition it leaves them in, he opens his door and orders them out—out in the frost and snow.

Amongst the number who are turned upon the street helplessly drunk this winter night is John Crawford. He is so drunk that he has even forgotten his mittens.

The morning dawns on this western prairie clear and bright. But, oh! so cold. The eastern sky begins to grow bright. The colours deepen and grow brighter. Beautiful colours that only the sky can produce. Presently the sun peeps above the horizon, and the whole eastern sky is one blaze of gorgeous beauty. Oh, the beauty of a sunrise on the prairie! Who can describe it?

The frost-laden trees that skirt the edge of the ravine glitter and sparkle like diamonds in the clear sunlight.

Is it possible, with all the profusion of beauty nature has everywhere so lavishly provided us with, that there is room for sin, misery, and death?

But what is this dark object lying upon the prairie? It is the frozen body of John Crawford. He was found in the early morning eight miles from the town where he was lured to his sad death.

We need not dwell upon the shock this sad news was to Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and how they reproached themselves for letting him leave on that bitter night, nor on the news sent across the wires to the far-off home, news that chilled the hearts and blighted the hopes of friends.

But we appeal to all who may read this true story, through the hearts that have been broken and homes made desolate, to work with renewed energy in aiding to remove the curse of alcohol from our land.

HOW STINGY JIMMY IMPROVED.

Jimmie was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bit of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "I'd give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it!"

The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by-and-bye. "I don't feel as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things. It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

I became aware that a huge serpent was coiled around one of the bamboo rafters, with some four feet of his body hanging down directly over my head, with his eyes flashing and his tongue darting out, just above where my book had been and had concealed him. He had evidently been asleep in the roof; the putting in of the cot had awakened him. While I was reading he let down one-third of his body or more, and was looking to see what this leprous-looking white man was about, for he probably had never seen a white man before.

His darting tongue was almost within arm's-length of my face when I caught sight of him. Off that cot I came with one bound to my feet without raising my head, for that serpent was too near it.

Running to the door, I seized an iron spit some five or six feet long, with a sharp point, used for roasting purposes in the jungle, and which was in the cart. Coming back, and using that as a spear, I was successful at the first thrust in piercing the body of the serpent where it was coiled around the rafter.

But when I found myself in another difficulty. I caught hold of the spear to keep it from falling out and releasing the serpent, but the serpent would draw back, and with a tremendous hiss strike at my hand that held the spear, and come suspiciously near hitting it with his tremendous extended fangs.

However, in answer to my listy calls, my servant soon appeared with a bamboo club. Holding the spit with my left hand, and taking the club in my right, I administered to the serpent a headache, from which he died. As I took him down and held him up by the middle, on the spit, to the level of my shoulder, both head and tail touched the floor, showing that he was about ten feet long.

Just as I was holding him in this position, one of the village watchmen pased the door of the hut going into the village, and saw what I had done. It occurred to me at once that now I should find myself in a "bad box," for the people revere serpents as demigods. They dare not kill them or harm them, and will always beg for the life of a serpent if they see any one else killing one. They think that if you harm one of these deadly serpents it or its kin will wage war on you and your kin and descendants, until your kin are exterminated. I, a missionary, had come there to preach! how would they hear me when I had killed one of their gods? I saw the chief men of the place coming out toward the hut. To my astonishment, they had native brass trays in their hands, with sweetmeats, coconuts, limes, and burning incense-sticks on them; and as they came to the door of the hut they prostrated themselves before me, and then presented these offerings; for they said I had rid them of their most dangerous enemy, that that serpent had been the bane of that village for several years. It had bitten and killed some of their kine, and I think, also a child. They had made every effort to drive it away from the village by burning straw closer and closer to make it go farther and farther away, but it would always return. They had tried to coax it away by putting

* From "In the Tiger Jungle," Stories of Missionary work among the Telugus of India. By Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, thirty-seven years a missionary of the Reformed Church of America, in India. Illustrated. Pp. 218. Clothing binding. Price, \$1. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

little cups, each holding half a teaspoonful of milk, every two yards or so out into the jungle; but as soon as it had drunk all the milk it wanted it would turn round and crawl back into the village and into some house, and then the people of that house would have to vacate until it chose to leave. It had become the terror of the village. But now I, a stranger and foreigner, had killed it without their knowledge or consent. That was their safety; for if they had seen me doing it they would have begged for its life, lest they be taken as accomplices. Now it was dead, and they were guiltless, and it could harm them and theirs no more. Would I please accept these sweets? They had sent to the flock in the fields to have a fat sheep brought me as an offering, and would I please accept the sheep? Now whatever I had to say they would listen to me gladly, for was not I their deliverer? The sheep was brought; myself, associates, and attendants made a sumptuous dinner from it.

An April Fool.

I heard a story yesterday
About an April fool:
Miss Goodenough was telling it
To all the girls at school,
We cried and laughed, and cried again,
With faces in our books,
And then we laughed when it was done
To see each other's looks.

It happened just a year ago—
"On April Fools' Day?" Yes—
A joke that gave to sorrowing hearts
Unlooked-for blessedness.
Old Papa Mason and his wife,
"Town's poor" since early fall,
Had lost their children, lost their farm,
Lost hope, lost health, lost all.

A half a dozen thoughtless boys
Planned fun for All Fools' Day;
The poorhouse folks should have a feast
Of pebbles, sand, and clay,
All neatly tied in packages.
A sweet girl sat apart,
And while they talked a generous thought
Came pleading to her heart.

She let it in; it grew and grew;
"Poor Mason and his wife!"
The neighbours heard. "True, honest folk,
And what a dreary life!
A little money here and there
From you, and you, and you,
Would buy their cottage back again
And get them up anew."

The scheme once started, all were found
To have a willing mind;
And when one sheep overleaps a wall
The rest are close behind.
The cottage bought, the furnishing
Was added mite by mite;
The home was ready when rude March
Went blustering out of sight.

And little Clara Warrington—
(She was the darling "fool")
And ever after was the pet
And angel of the school)—
Begged the town's poor to go to walk,
Pretending it was play;
And then was shown the blessed joke
Prepared for All Fools' Day.

—Advance.

"SHALL" AND "WILL."

There is probably no more confusing part of the English language than that which regulates the proper use of "shall" and "will." James Russell Lowell once replied in the following fashion to a young woman who wrote, "I would be very much obliged for your autograph:"

"Pray, do not say, hereafter, 'I would be obliged.' If you would be obliged, be obliged, and be done with it. Say, 'I should be obliged,' and oblige.

"Yours truly,
"James Russell Lowell."

An additional hint is that of the old verse which runs:

In the first person simply "shall" foretells;
In "will" a threat or else a promise dwells;
"Shall" in the second or third doth threaten;
"Will" simply then foretells a future feat.

Patent Applied For.—"Mercy, Bridget, what's the matter with these cakes?" "I dun know, mum." "They taste of soap." "Yes, mum. I couldn't find the soapstone griddle, an' I soaped the iron one."

First Farmer "Has the lawsuit between you and Heyward been settled?" Second Farmer "Yes; and so are the lawyers." "How do you mean?" "They're settled on our farms."

A Misspelled Tale.

A little buoy said, "Mother, dear,
May Eye go out to play?
The son is bright, the heir is clear:
Owe, mother, don't say neigh!"

"Go fourth, my son," the mother said,
The ant said: "Take your slay—
Your gneiss knew sled, awl painted read.
Butt do knot lose your weigh."

"Ah, know," he cried, and sought the
street,
With hart sow full of glee
The wether changed, and snow and steel
And reign fell steadily.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw watery
pool,
Ho sine with mite and mane.
Suld he: "Though Eye would walk by
rule,
Eye am not rite, 'tis plane.

"Eye'd like to meat sum kindly sole,
For hear gnu dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole—
Two sloo has been my gate.

"A peaco of bred, a gneiss hot stake,
Eye'd chews if Eye were home,
This crewel fate my hart wood brake—
Eye love not thus to rome.

"Eye, week and pall, have mist my rode."
But hear a carte came passed.
He and his s'nd were safely toad
Back to his home at last.

CIGARETTES.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the
lungs?" asked some one of a leading
New York physician.
For his answer the
doctor lighted a
cigarette, and in-
haling a mouthful
of smoke, blew it
through the corner
of his handkerchief,
which he held
tightly over his
mouth. A dark-
brown stain was dis-
tinctly visible.

Just such a
stain," said the doc-
tor, "is left upon
the lungs." If you
ever smoke another
cigarette think of
the stains you are
making.

There is a disease
called the cigarette
eye, which is re-
garded as dangerous.
A film comes over
the eye, appearing
and disappearing at
intervals. And did
you know that boys
have been made
blind by smoking
cigarettes? How
would you like to
part with your sight
and never again be-
hold the light of
day or the faces of
your friends? Shall
I give you two or
three pictures? A

writer greatly interested in young peo-
ple (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful
spectacle which he saw—a pale, woe-be-
gone boy, standing at the entrance of an
alley, without a hat, his dilapidated
trousers very ragged at the knees, his
hands in his pockets, shivering with cold,
yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says, "I saw in Wash-
ington a wretched-looking child, scarcely
five years old, smoking a cigarette and
blowing the smoke from his nostrils.
His pale face was twitching convulsively,
his little shoulders were bent, and his
whole appearance was that of an old
man."

THE COW THAT SAILED TO THE FAIR.

When I was down on Cape Cod last
summer, I heard an amusing story about
an old sea captain and his cow. Captain
Patterson, after sailing the sea for more
than forty years, finally retired to a lit-
tle farm near Barnstable, where he set-
tled down, with a horse, a cow, and two
or three dozen hens. His cow, though
a lank and rather stubborn creature, was
said to come from very good stock; and
when the Barnstable people took it into
their heads to have a fair, Captain Pat-
terson determined to exhibit his cow.

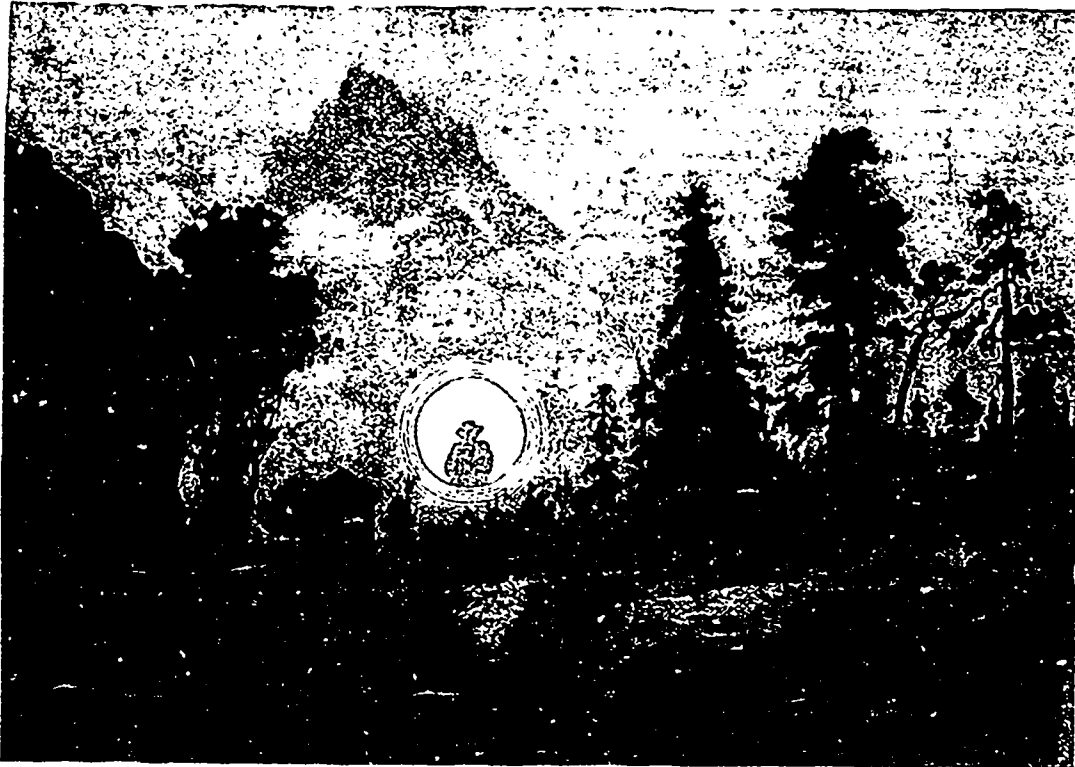
But when the day came for driving her
to the grounds, the cow showed that she
had a mind of her own, and would not
budge a step beyond the farm-yard gate.
In vain the old captain tugged at the
rope, pummeled her sides, and pushed

her flanks. The cow wanted to go to
pasture, and was bound she wouldn't go
to the fair.

Captain Patterson's patience was near-
ly gone, when suddenly an idea occurred
to him. Though he was not strong
enough himself to force the cow to go to
the fair, his sea-training suggested some-
thing that was! Tying the cow to the
gate post, he went up into the loft of his
barn and threw down an old sail, stepped
to a dory mast. Then he put a horse's
blanket-bolt through an iron ring, strap-
ped the bolt around the cow, inserted the
end of the mast in the ring, and bound
the mast to the side of the cow with
some fifty feet of rope.

The wind blew "quartering," and when
the captain untied the cow and raised
the sail, the canvas swelled out over the
cow's back, and away she went "silding"
down the road, mooling and plunging, and
trying to stop herself in vain. Captain
Patterson seized her tail, and, using it
as a rudder, guided her skillfully in the
right direction. With every fresh puff
of wind the obstinate cow would be
hurried along, faster and faster, while
the dust blew up in clouds, and the sail
flapped and tugged, as Captain Patterson
held to the main-sheet with one hand
and the cow's tail with the other.

It was a hard voyage for both of them
but not a long one; and when they came
in sight of the fair-ground, everybody
ran out to see the remarkable sight of a
cow being sailed through the streets like
a ship. Cheers and laughter filled the
air; and when the captain finally whirled
his cow around at the gate of the fair-
ground, and brought her neatly "up into
the wind," the shout that arose might
have been heard two miles away.



THE WILD SUN.

Unfortunately, Captain Patterson's cow
did not take one of the prizes for blooded
stock; but the captain himself was given
a special prize, by the Fair Commission-
ers, for "the best device for getting balky
cattle to market!"

THE WILD SUN.

There are some remarkable atmospheric
effects produced by the mists among the
mountains of Europe. One of these is
the phenomenon known as the Spectre
of the Brocken. At sunrise, or shortly
after, there is sometimes seen a strange,
gigantic figure, surrounded by a huge
halo, which gesticulates and follows
every gesture of the beholder as if mock-
ing his movements. It is, in fact, his
shadow thrown upon a curtain of cloud,
the halo being a reflection of the sun it-
self.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES

LESSON I—APRIL 4.

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

Acts 9. 32-43. Memory verses, 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. Power, v. 32-35.
2. Love, v. 36-39.
3. Life, v. 40-43.

Time.—About A.D. 40.

Places.—Lydda, Saron, and Joppa

HOME READINGS.

- M. Peter working miracles. Acts 9. 32-43.
Tu. Christ healing a palsied man.—
Mark 2. 1-12.
W. Care for the poor.—Deut. 15. 7-11.
Th. A helper of the needy.—Job 29. 1-13.
F. Rich in good works.—1 Tim. 6. 12-19.
S. Life in Christ.—1 John 5. 9-15.
Su. The king's reward.—Matt. 25. 31-40.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Power, v. 32-35.
To what city did Peter journey?
What people did he there visit?
What sick man did he find?
How long had the man been ill? Of
what trouble?
What did Peter say to him?
What did the man at once do?
What effect had the cure on the people?
What is meant by "turned to the
Lord"? See Isa. 55. 7.
2. Love, v. 36-39.
Who was dead at Joppa?
What did the disciples do after Dorcas
died?
Why did they send for Peter?
What did Peter find when he came?
Why was this woman mourned?
3. Life, v. 40-43.
What did Peter do and say?
What at once followed?
Then what did Peter do?

They are baffled and beaten and blown
about
By the winds of the wilderness of
doubt."

Foolish creatures! Things are re-
versed now. Home has become the
paradise of their imaginations. They
long for the haunts of childhood's happy
days; they listen for the voices of the
playmates of their early years, they
yearn for the mother-love and fatherly
care which sought to make their now
lost home "a fairy ring of bliss." But
the tie once broken is rarely united. The
past is not recoverable, but remains only
as a lost possession in the realm of
memory.

Therefore, oh, restless youth! unless
the stern voice of duty demands the
sacrifice, content thyself with things as
they are. Say to thyself:

"Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky—
To stay at home is best."
—Our Youth.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries,"
said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a
little gold dollar, as he counted the con-
tents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.
"Cause it's gold. Don't you know
the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold?
And the missionaries work for Jesus."

Stillness for a little, then Susie said:
"The gold all belongs to Him any-
how. Don't you think it would be bet-
ter to go right to him and give him what
he asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.
Susie replied softly:
"My son, give me thine heart."

Patient.—"Doctor, I'm in a bad way."
Dr. Newmethod.—"Diet." "I can't
sleep." "Diet." "I can't eat." "Diet."
"I'm bilious." "Diet." "My hair is
turning gray." "Dye it."

What is the only pain of which every
one makes light? A window pane.

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