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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1892.

[No. 24.



And while he soothed her pale alarms,
With words all passion-sweet,
He heard a troop of men-at-arms
Come clattering down the street.

"My Bess," he cried, "my Bess! my boy!"
As through the throng he pressed,
And caught her, in his weary joy,
Dead-swooning, to his breast.

And while he soothed her pale alarms,
With words all passion-sweet,
He heard a troop of men-at-arms
Come clattering down the street.

He turned to see, as on they rode,
All dight in gallant gear;
Then out spake he right merrily,
With voice of sudden cheer:

"Ha, my good cousin! Scarce I thought
Such welcomings to win.
As thy fair courtesy hath brought
To greet thy kith and kin!"

"Gramercy! I am fain to vow
I nevermore will roam,
Since with such knightly guise as now,
Ye hail the wanderer home!"

Sir Lewis* quickly drew his blade,
As from his steed he sprang,
And on his kinsman's shoulder laid
Its weight, with sudden clang.

He gave no greet; but on the ear
His words did sharply ring—
"Sir Walter, I arrest thee here,
By mandate of the king!"

"What hath he done?"—the boy Carew
Flashed forth with angry frown;
And from his father's shoulder drew
The naked weapon down.

"What hath he done? Why, treason's taint+
Hung o'er his head of old;
And he hath failed, though thrice he sailed,
To find the mine of gold.

"And sheer against the king's commands,
Who craves all grave of Spain,
He left on Orinoco's sands
Full fifty Spauiards, slain.

"Nay, peace!—what if they were the first
To fall upon thy crew?"

(Continued on last page.)

* Sir Lewis Stukely, who arrested Sir Walter on his return from his last voyage, was his cousin.

+ Sir Walter was accused of siding with the party who wanted to put Arabella Stuart on the throne in stead of James.

Sir Walter's Honor

Margaret D. Weston

I.

"O, MOTHER! cast thy fears away,
Fling sadness from thy brow,
My father's ships, the sailors say,
Are in the offing now."

"Nay, lad!—full oft before, to me
Hath come the self-same tale;
A thousand times I've scanned the sea,
And never seen his sail."

"But hark, sweet mother! In the street
The folk make wild uproar;
Haste! let us be the first to greet
His step upon the shore."

"Ah, boy!—how dare my heart believe?
How dare I crave, good lack!
While foes so plot, and friends deceive,
To have thy father back?"

"They watch to seize and search his ship,
And O! mine eyes grow dim,
And terror palsies heart and lip,
—They lay their snares for him.

"My noble lord!—who weighed no pain,
Nor toil, nor cost, I ween,
Nor ruth of savage lands, to gain
New kingdoms for his queen.

"Bermoothes' rocks that gulfed his masts,
And tempest-wrack and foam,
Are kinder than the King who blasts
The joy of coming home!"

II.

With drooping sail and shattered mast,
Sir Walter's galleons lay
Beyond the bar, but soon they cast
Anchor in Plymouth Bay.

He leaped to shore with bated breath,
For there, right full in view,
Stood his fair wife, Elizabeth,
And his fair son, Carew.



O Mother,
Dry thy tears
Away.

Dead At Thirty.

Just for the sake of being called a good fellow,
Just for the praise of the scepter and crown,
That smoked your cigars, quaffed your rich
wines and mellow,
You are sleeping, to-day, 'neath the sod
in your shroud!

Just for the sake of being called clever—
dashing
By human legs living outside of a pen,
The rain on your cold bed is carelessly
splashing,
While you should be living—a man among
men!

Just for the sake of being pointed at—looked
at—
By the false, insincere, hypocritical crew,
That grows on the folios of weak brains—
like yours—fat,
You are as dead as the dreams your boys
soul knew.

You feigned a contempt for the eagles of
yellow,
And scattered them broadcast, with boi-
sterous mirth—
Just for the sake of being called a good
fellow!

You are nothing, to-day, but a boxful of
earth.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1892.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BY MRS. BEBBINGTON.

LET me here relate an incident which occurred in connection with the Mercy and Help Department of our League, and in which two of our boys figured. I have a number of members of the Junior League in my Sunday school class, and on a Sunday some weeks ago a message came to me that a certain poor family that I had seen, and who lived near the church, was on that day in need of food.

This was mentioned in the class. I said I would go and see them at the close of the Sunday school. I was detained a few minutes at the close, and then hurried off to make my visit. It was the third story of a business block. I walked right into an inner room, there the mother lay sick, and there I found two of my Junior League boys, they having just before come in, bringing a large basket of food hastily obtained from their homes. These were of the Mercy and Help Department, and this is but an instance out of scores.

I would like to relate another incident in connection with the Mercy and Help Department. We have a flower committee, the members of which distribute to the sick in their homes and hospitals, bouquets of flowers accompanied by some comforting Scripture message from the Junior League.

Some two or three months ago I had a sick woman on my list of calls. She had not been a member of any church for years. Many sad circumstances surrounded this poor woman's illness. The case was reported to our pastor, and he visited her, and the members of our flower committee paid their visits. There came a time when the end was very near, no hope of recovery. Our boys made their calls, presented their flowers, and left their message at the poor woman's bedside. She was unable to speak to them, but she received the flowers, took them in her hands, and so held them till the end. Oh how significant is their fragrance and beauty to the sick! "They have lived and must die, are dying as I am. They have fulfilled their mission, their beauty and fragrance have given glory and honour to their Creator, and what has been my life! Perhaps these were the thoughts of the poor sick woman.

I saw her before the end came. She still held the flowers, exclaiming frequently, "Oh how sweet!" She said, "tell those dear boys I cannot thank them here, but I hope I shall meet them in heaven."

I have only to add, that I believe that this poor woman died a believer, and those two boys are now members of our Church on probation.

We do not forget the entertainment. How beautiful this is when pure and elevating. We believe in having a good time, and we have had it. We believe in laughing and romping and everything that gives pleasure, when not in conflict with our allegiance to the Church to which we belong. We have had a number of most instructive and entertaining lectures on a variety of subjects, all tending to improve the mind and instruct the understanding. We have had our concert and stereopticon entertainments, and then the friends and parents join us in considerable numbers, resulting in a stronger desire on their part to encourage the young people.

Last Sunday our pastor received four Junior Leagues in the church on probation, which is one of the best evidences of our spiritual activity.

In all humility I would make a few suggestions with respect to the management and work of the Junior Epworth Leagues, which I trust will be of some service to workers from every district represented here to-day.

I would say encourage a spirit of manliness and womanliness in the young people, and to do this they need to feel some responsibility on this line in the management of their League under superintendence.

Again on all matters connected with the development or management of the League, I always consult our boys and girls, and take them into my confidence.

In our League we pay particular attention to the devotional services and also to instructing our young people in the Discipline of the Methodist Church.

Singing is one of our most delightful exercises, and I would suggest that every effort be put forth to encourage boys and girls in this direction. It will be one of the greatest attractions of every meeting of a Junior League.

Finally, I believe no one should undertake the management of a Junior League who is not a fully consecrated servant of Christ, and who will not resolve to leave no stone unturned to bring about the conversion of every boy and girl in their charge. To this end should be all instruction, all routine duties, all committee work, all singing, in fact, everything should be devoutly pointed that way, and then with God's blessing, the Junior League must be a power in the Church.

We give in this and following number a true story of stirring interest from the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the noblest characters of English history. We hope our young readers will turn up the story of his life in their history books and read the account of his heroic death by being beheaded after a long imprisonment in the Tower of London. His martyr-like choice of death rather than dishonour reminds us of the brave saying of another Elizabethan hero:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

TRAIN BOYS FOR BUSINESS.

THERE is one element in the home instruction of boys to which too little attention has been given and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order and responsibility.

In many households boy's lives between twelve and seventeen years are generally the calmest of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from an enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it; in fact, having nothing to do but to enjoy himself. Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. Vain thought! At this point he perhaps meets with his first great struggle. Many times during our business experiences have we witnessed failures caused by the absence of a thorough home discipline. He goes into an office where everything is system, order and precision. In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous; blunders overlooked at first get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtasked, and the boy is told his services are no longer needed. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it.

BLESSING THE ANIMALS IN MEXICO.

BY ANNIE COCHRAN BEALL.

TO-DAY is St. Anthony's day. I went with the children to the famous church of Guadalupe to see the animals blessed.

On the promenade we saw many people, principally of the poorer classes. Boys were leading dogs with bits of bright-coloured paper sticking all over them and twisted into the tail; men were leading sheep and goats with paper, ribbon, an artificial flower, or a great patch of blue, red or yellow paint on the head or side. There were horses with wide bands of the national colours about the body and bits of fancy paper on their heads; and there were birds in their cages without number. One small maiden carried a gaily-decorated cage in her hand, and on her head was perched a large green parrot. All this crowd was moving toward the church.

When we reached the circular walk around the fountain, just in front of the church entrance, we found it swarming with people. There were fruit-vendors, candy-sellers, and tables with smoking hot dishes of meat, onions, pepper, and garlic. Boys balanced trays of nice-looking cakes on the top of their heads or on the palm of the raised hand. We drove round to the side of the church where the priest's house is, as the ceremony was to take place at the door.

The crowd there was a fascinating picture, a mixture of all classes and conditions ranged along the whole length of the church. Right down through the middle of the crowd was a perfect stream of women with bird-cages decorated in every conceivable way, with all sorts of ornaments—flowers, feathers, paper, bits of cloth, ribbon—everything bright.

On the outskirts of the crowd were the horses, cows, oxen, donkeys, sheep, goats, and pigs, each one decorated. Some comical little dogs were wound round and round with fancy paper ropes, others were trimmed with any quantity of paper fringe; chickens and birds were painted on the wings, and roosters were gay with bright streamers on their tails and artificial flowers on their heads or necks.

There were cats and chickens of a bright purple, blue or green. One great black ram had his horns beautifully gilded, and some white dogs were painted one colour on the head, another on the back, and still another on the tail.

You can fancy what a noise there was, each animal giving his own note to the general concert. I saw one funny gray donkey kick his neighbour over and over again. He seemed to do it just for the fun of it. Once a rather frisky horse began to charge round generally, whereupon there was a grand stampede towards a place of safety.

About five o'clock the priest came out—an old man with two lighted candles—and he had a bucket of holy water borne before him. All the hats in his neighbourhood were taken off, as he mounted a bench near the door, and the ceremony began.

He took the water in a gourd-like dipper, mumbled a few words, and sprinkled as many as he could reach. The people laughing and joking, crowded up near him, some almost throwing others out. They climbed up on the bench and fairly ran over each other in their eagerness.

The blessing is supposed to keep the animals from sickness, disease and death, and the immense number that flocked to the church show that many people believe in this foolish superstition.

How I did wish that you boys and girls could have seen the picture! I am sure you never have seen such fancy-looking dogs, cats, chickens, and pigs as we saw this afternoon, nor such very, very ragged people. One mite of a boy was leading a scraggy black dog by one hand and hitching up his tattered trousers with the other at every step.

But I must not make my letter longer. When we left it was after six, and not more than half the animals had yet been blessed.

The Bottle of Gin.

BY ELIZABETH A. VOSK.

Once a bottle of gin,
In a smart, flashy inn,
Looked craftily out on the street;
Till a boy happened by—
(Like "he " spider and fly"
Is the tale I'm about to repeat.)

Said the bottle of gin,
"Come in, come in,
Young sir, and be friendly with me."
And the youth came awhile,
At the bottle's bland smile,
"I'll stop but a moment," thought he.

Then the bottle spoke up,
"Take a sup, take a sup,
Young sir, and make merry with me."
And the boy took a drink,
(Oh, children, just think
It was dreadful as dreadful could be.)

Cried the bottle of gin,
With a bad, mocking grin—
"Tut! tut! my young sir, oh, I say!
Your nose is too red,
And too light is your head,
You are really in quite a bad way!"

Then the bottle of gin
Looked as ugly as sin,
And laughed in a demon-like glee:
For he well knew he had
Enchained the poor lad,
Till a slave of the bottle was he.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH COPYING

A SPEAKER at a temperance meeting lately, related the following incident which occurred at one of the stations of the Underground Railway in London:

Two gentlemen, an Englishman and one who seemed a native of India, were pacing the platform together, as they approached the refreshment bar the Englishman, thinking to beguile the time of waiting for the train, said to his companion:

"Will you have a drink?"
The foreigner returned him the answer we trust you also would have made.
"Thank you, I never take strong liquors."

His friend then offered him a cigar, but was told, "I never smoke."

The Englishman gazed at him with astonishment; whatever did he find to occupy his time if he neither drank nor smoked. "Why, whatever do you do?" he asked, a little impatiently, perhaps.

The quiet reply proved that his companion, though a stranger to England, understood the highest wisdom of all, and had learned the secret of joy and blessedness—"I try to serve my God, and help the people around me."

Is not this an example worth copying! Boys and girls, if you shape your lives after this fashion, yours will be the gladness unknown by those who live for self, and forget their neighbours and their brethren.

Slipping Away.

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years,
I like a leaf on the current east;
We never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As sweet and swift as a weaver's thread,
As an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair,
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet
Wine,
But never an angry word.

LOST IN LONDON
By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER II.
GIP'S HOME.

WHETHER GIP was naturally stronger than Tom and little Vic, or whether Sandy had learned by experience how to take better care of her, she outlived the first fatal twelve months, and bid fair to struggle through another year. It is true, she was pinched and stunted, her poor little arms were thin, and her face was sallow, with great black eyes in it, usually very solemn, but ready to twinkle merrily upon Sandy. She had been fed with more gin than milk; Sandy could only recollect twice or three times that she had had a draught of sky-blue milk given to her by a kindly woman, who now and then spared them a bit of bread. But her teeth were coming, which would be a help to her, if he could find any thing for them to eat; and he watched their growth with much delight, often nursing her as she cried and moaned all night long upon his knees, while the mother was unconscious in a drunken sleep. Gipsy was growing cunning, too, and caught quickly at the pretty tricks which the other babies had died too soon to learn. Now that she held out a promise to live, he began to wonder how she would grow up, and what he should do with her when she was a big girl. Anything would be better than being like their mother: if he could only find some way of getting on himself, that he might help GIP when she was growing up!

Small chance was there for Sandy to get on. His cares and duties were increasing fast; and with them the urgent need for earning more money in one way or another. GIP wanted more food; and before long his old jacket, which she wore, would be falling into shreds, to say nothing of his own ragged and tattered condition. He made himself very troublesome about the Mansion House, and other places, by pursuing gentlemen, and beseeching them to buy a box of fuses. More than once he had been handed over to the police, who had given him a not unfriendly cuff on the ears, and bade he mind off about his business. What was his business but to provide for himself and GIP, and by one means or another snatch up enough food to keep them alive? Unfortunately, there was a second branch of business—to buy now and then some old thing in Rag Fair, without which he would not be allowed to wander about the streets, and would be compelled to remain at home and starve. Sandy was sometimes on the very verge of despair; but at the worst, times would mend a

little. His mother, in her drunken forgetfulness, would let fall a sixpence, or once even a shilling; and Sandy's quick eyes would see it, and his quick fingers would seize it, like a fortune. Or one of the neighbours would give him a day's work at pushing a barrow, paying him sixpence for it, with some small potatoes or frost-bitten turnips into the bargain, at the end of the long day. Then GIP and he would make up quite a feast.

"Where are I to go, GIP?" he asked one day, after the police had been more than usually hard upon him—"where are I to go, and what are I to do? Go about your business, oh? Well! suppose I can't get no business? And I am t likely to have no business anywheres, as I can see. I don't know what you and me was born for. They'll begin to tell you to go about your business as soon as ever you can run in the streets."

GIP looked shrewdly back at him with her bright black eyes, as if she understood the difficulty, but could not help him out of it. She could talk a little by this time, and could manage to get down to the entrance of the alley, and watch for him coming home, till she saw him, and then toddle to meet him, with such tottering steps—for her thin little legs bent under her weight—that Sandy's heart would throb fast with the fear lest she should fall. Sometimes she did fall; and with a shout that made all who heard it turn to look at him, he would dash forward, and pick her up in his arms before she had time to scream. GIP could trot too, beside her mother, holding on by her tattered skirt, as the woman dragged her slipshod feet down to the nearest spirit-vault. She would eat the child sometimes, but more often took her inside, and poured the last drop or two of her glass of gin down GIP's throat, when her grimaces and antics made all round her laugh loudly, as though the puny creature's excitement was a source of great mirth. GIP was learning the road to the spirit-vault readily, and would make her way there herself, when she was tired of playing in the gutter with other children, and wanted to find her mother, for she was too heavy for Sandy to carry her out with him, and she was too young to run by his side as he tried to sell fuses along the streets.

Sandy returned home one evening very low and down-hearted. It had been a rainy day, and nobody had stopped in their hurried tramp about their business to look at his damp fuse-boxes. They were completely soaked; though he had done his best to keep them covered under his jacket. But then he was quite wet through himself, and the water was dripping from his thick, uncombed hair, and trickling coldly down his face and neck. Night had set in, yet still the rain fell in torrents, driven along the streets by a strong westerly wind. The light from the lamps glistened in pools of water lodging on the pavement, through which he splashed hoodlessly with his bare feet. The pipes that drained the roofs leaked, and poured down in waterfalls upon him, as he hurried along, keeping close to the houses for as much shelter as they could give. GIP could not be waiting and watching for him such a night as this, and it was very well she could not, for he had brought nothing for her—positively nothing—not even one of the stale buns which he begged for her sometimes. It was harder than anything else, worse than the rain, to think that perhaps she would be forced to go to sleep hungry—crying for food, while he had none to give her.

No, GIP was not at the corner. He looked closely into the doorway, where she often sat, as he passed, and felt his heart sink a little lower, as if he were disappointed not to find her there.

For once the alley was quiet and deserted, not a creature who had a home was out that night. Two or three of the windows twinkled dimly with the light of a candle in the room within, and so helped him to avoid the gutter, where the water was running as noisily as a brook. But the room where his mother lived was all blank and dark—not a gleam of light in it, either of fire or candle. He lifted the latch, and went in, calling softly in the darkness, "GIP! little GIP!" Not a sound answered him, GIP's dear shrill voice was silent. Perhaps she was still

with her mother in the spirit vault. Or, perhaps, she was only keeping quiet in fun. For it was one of her pretty tricks to hide, and as still as a mouse when he came in, while he pretended to search for her everywhere in that empty cupboard, and under their mother's bed, and even up the chimney, as if GIP could be there! till she would break out suddenly into a burst of laughter, and run at him from her fancied hiding place, where he had seen her all the time. Sandy stole carefully across the dark room to the candle, which stood in the neck of a bottle on the chimney piece, and tried to strike a light with some of his damp fuses. But they sputtered and glimmered only for an instant, leaving him in the darkness of the quiet and perhaps empty room.

But at length he succeeded in getting a match to burn long enough to light the candle. He could see at a glance everything in the small bare room. There was his mother's old flock bed on the floor, and there was his mother herself lying upon it in a dead sleep, her face swollen and red, and her ragged gown drawn over her, for long since the only blanket and old counterpane had gone to the pawnbroker's shop, and there was no chance of them being redeemed. But was GIP there? Sandy could see plainly enough there was no little GIP under his mother's gown, or beside her on the bed. She was not there; she was not anywhere in the room. He stood motionless in his bewilderment; his eyes wandering round the bare walls, and his heart beating painfully. If little GIP was not at home, where could she be?

He could not bear his pain and dread long. He ran to his mother's side, and shook her roughly by the shoulder, shouting as loudly as he could in her ear. But she was almost like one dead. It was hard work to awake her, and still harder to bring her to her senses. She lifted herself up in bed, and struck at him; but Sandy slipped out of her way. Once again, at a safe distance, where he was quite out of reach, he shouted his question at her.

"Where's GIP?" he cried. "Mother, what have you done with my little GIP?"

"GIP?" repeated his mother, in her thick, drunken voice. "GIP? I lost her. couldn't find her anywheres. She's somewhere."

That was all. Sandy's mother fell back again on the bed, and sank into her deep sleep. Little GIP was lost.

(To be continued)

THE DEVIL'S KINDLING WOOD.

THIS is what Rev. C. M. Southgate, of Worcester, calls cigarettes, and the term is none too strong. In one of his admirable sermons, entitled "A plain talk with the boys," occurs this passage in regard to smoking:

"Do you want to know where a boy usually begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is the lad's first step in bravado, resistance of sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience. Just now take the matter on the scientific side. Tobacco blights a boy's finest powers, wit, muscle, conscience, will. Nations are legislating against it. Germany, with all her smoke, says, 'No tobacco in the schools.' It spoils their brains and makes them too small for soldiers. Knock at the door of the great military institutions of France. 'No tobacco' is the response. Try West Point and Annapolis, 'Drop that cigarette in the word. Indeed, smoking boys are not likely to get so far as that. Major Houston of the marine corps, who is in charge of the Washington navy-yard barracks, says that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected for heart disease, of which ninety-nine cases in one hundred come from cigarettes. His first question is, 'Do you smoke?' 'No sir,' is the invariable reply. But the record is stamped on the very body of the lad, and out he goes. Apply for a position in a bank. If you use tobacco, beer, cards, the bank has no use for you.

"Business life demands fine brain, steady nerve, firm conscience. Watch the boys. See one sixteen years in age, twelve in size, twenty in sin, and he smokes, probably chews and drinks. Babe of seven and eight years are at it. The vice in-

creases. I could pile up statistics by the hour, testimony from the highest medical authority, of the misery preparing and already come. The use of cigarettes increases enormously, but only increases the use of stronger tobacco. In August, 1889, 23,000,000 more cigars were made in this country than in the year before, and the firm that made this statement credits the increase to the cigarette, and the fault to careless parents.

"Tobacco is murdering many a lad. Where they do not fairly kill, cigarettes are the devil's kindling wood. They start a craving for stimulants that liquor is quick out to meet. And why is it that 'fancy pictures go with them as prices unless licentiousness comes next? But can't a man smoke and be good, be a Christian? I suppose so. But by the time tobacco has killed a few more generals like Grant, and a few more emperors like Frederick the Noble, and a few more business men and bright boys, a smart boy may get it through his head that it doesn't pay. And not till the smart boys quit will the poor and dull let it alone. The highest style of man does not smoke, will not submit to its slavery, nor be responsible for the example."

PUTTING HEART IN IT.

THE customer was a prudent matron from the country—careful in her shopping. "It is a pretty piece of goods, she said, 'and just the colour I want; but I am afraid it will not wash.'"

One of the shop-girls behind the counter bowed indifferently and turned away. The other said, eagerly, "Are you going to another part of the store, madam? For it is my lunch hour, and I will take a sample of it to the basement and wash and dry it before you come back."

The colour of the fabric proved to be fast, and the customer bought it and asked the name of the obliging shop-girl. A year afterwards she was again in the same store, and on enquiring learned that the girl was at the head of the department.

"She put as much life into her work as ten other women," said the manager.

One of the most prominent business men of New York said once. "I have always kept a close watch on my employees and avoided myself of any hint which would show me which of them possessed the requisite for success for themselves and usefulness to me. One day, when I was passing the window of my counting-room I observed that the moment that the clock struck six all the clerks, without exception, laid down their pens, though in the middle of the sentence, and took up their hats. One man alone continued writing. The others soon passed out of the door."

"Pettit," said one, "has wanted to finish his paper as usual."

"Yes; I called to him to come on, but he said that if this was his own business he would finish the paper before he stopped work."

"The men caught sight of me and stopped talking, but after that I kept my eye on Pettit, who worked after hours on my business because he would have done it on his own, and he is now my junior partner."—*Youth's Companion.*

BOY HELPING A HORSE.

"MAMMA, I've been helping a horse pull a load of coal up the hill. I saw a little, happy-looking boy, one with sandy hair, mamma. The man was very happy, mamma, with front and eyes, and I felt so sad to see the horse struggling to get up. I remembered that last winter papa had some coal carted on the road, so I got some of my wheelbarrow, and with my spade spread them on the hill. The man then said, 'Get up, my good horse, and he was soon at the top of the hill.' Then, mamma, the man said, 'Thank you, my little man, you have helped my horse to pull this load of coal up the hill.' I feel so happy, mamma."

"You have done a good action, my dear child," replied the kind parent, "one that is not only pleasing to me, but also to your heavenly Father. Never forget to show kindness to animals."



SIR WALTER'S HONOUR.

(Continued from first page.)

The scant pretence of such defence
Is weak to bear thee through!"

"Would God I were a man! I trow
My hand a thrust should deal."
(Out spake Carow) "and thou shouldst know
The temper of my steel!"

"Tush, boy!"—Sir Lewis jeered in wrath,
"Let go thy puny wrest!
—I wot the fledgeling eaglet hath
The daring of the nest!"

"Ho, forward! Sturdy musketeers!
Aside the stripling fling!
—Bold lad be he who interferes
With orders from the king!"

(And ere Sir Walter turned about,
And ere the truth he wist,
They drew the linked iron out,
And clasped it on his wrist.)

"Have off with him. Beshrow me, how
Young malapert doth frown!
But minding of his mother now,
Will cool his courage down!"

"Sir Lewis!"—and the boy Carow
Fast clenched his fist—"thy son
Will blush with shame, some day, to name
The deed which thou hast done!"

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE PATIENT.

THERE was a hush in the hospital ward, for the attending physician had just told nurse Smith that little Robbie Dean could not live another hour. The sweet child, with sunny curls and face of death-like pallor, lay upon his little cot as motionless as if the soul had already left the body tenantless. The operation had been skilful enough, for the wisest physicians had endeavoured to save the life of the child, but all in vain had been their counsels together. It was seven months now since the wasted little form was first laid upon the cot, and all in the ward had learned to love him, from gentle nurse Smith, to the burly man in the cot opposite, who wished for nothing in those first days of hospital life, when both limbs were amputated, but to turn his face to the wall and die.

"If the child has any relatives, send for them," said the physician, "he cannot live longer than one hour."

The nurse brushed the tears from her eyes and answered softly, "He has no one, he says. His mother died of a broken heart seven months ago, and his father is a drunkard. When he first came, I said to him, 'where is your home, little one?' and he answered, 'In heaven; mamma is there and she said Jesus would come for me, and I am waiting for him.'"

The physician brushed the tears from his own eyes. "He need not wait much longer," he said.

Deathbed scenes are too common in hospital life to attract special attention, but this was an exceptional case, for everybody had learned to love Robbie.

The burly man opposite hid his head in his pillow; he had heard the physician's verdict and was ashamed to show his grief. The Christ-like child had gained great influence over the Godless man.

Suddenly the weak hands stirred and the great brown eyes opened once more. Every voice was hushed in

the ward and every ear was strained to listen.

"I am here, Robbie," said the nurse.

The pinched face lit up and he held out his wee hands, "I want to rest," he said, and tenderly the nurse lifted him in her arms. As his eyes roved over the cots where the sick and wounded lay, an inexpressible sadness came over his features, and as if to impart to them a dying message of love he said, "Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now." As the last words fell from his lips the weak hands dropped to his side, the eyes closed in death, and another little one, of whom the master said, "Suffer them to come, and forbid them not, had entered the fold.

The man who had lived a life regardless of God's laws, rose from his cot in after days to serve his Lord and Master. The weak and tempted boy, who yielding to sin was brought low and faced death with degraded soul, left the hospital resolved to begin a new life. The physician was more gentle in his rounds and spoke oftener of the great Physician, while the nurse, at her post of duty, thought often of Robbie, and herself resolved to come nearer to Jesus.

The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself.—*Rev. Dr. Johnson.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.

REVIEW.

Read Psalms 1 and 23; Lessons 1 and 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalm 119: 105

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The teachings of God's Word and the examples of God's people will guide us safely through life.

QUESTIONS.

SUBJECT. AIDS TO A TRUCK LIFE.

I. From the Poet's Watchtower (Lesson 17.)

- What two kinds of people are described in Lesson 1?
- What are good people like?
- To what are bad people compared?
- How can we be like the good?
- What four men have we learned about this Quarter who belong to this class?
- What will become of the enemies of Christ?
- Who is our rightful King?
- What two books teach us about God?
- Should we study both?
- Which should we study more?
- What is the Golden Text?
- What do we learn about God's care in Lesson 4?
- Do we all need to be forgiven?
- How may we be forgiven?
- What blessings come from it?
- What are some of the blessings from God's house?
- What two verses show how much the Psalmist loved it?
- What reasons for praise do you find in Lesson 7?
- How does God illustrate his love for us?

II. From the Example of Holy Men of Old (Lessons 8-11.)

- What four young men are described in these lessons?
- To what country did they belong?
- In what country did they live?
- At what age?
- How did they show that they loved and trusted God?
- How did God show his favour to them?
- What lesson of temperance do they teach us?
- What vision did God give Daniel?
- Did the others have anything to do with it?
- How were three of them tested?
- What did God do for them?
- What great trial was sent to Daniel in his old age?
- Was he faithful?
- Are God's promises just as sure to us?

THE GIRL TO BE AVOIDED.

BY RUTH ASHMORE.

SHE is the girl who takes you off into one corner and tells you things that you would not repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party, which is to be "a dead secret," and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care for and love your own, to help mother, and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows, and the people, is "just delightful."

She is the girl that persuades you that slang is witty, and a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your

as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as a "gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And, of all others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided.

A CHINESE BOY'S FORTUNE.

VERY strange notions abound among the Chinese, and we study their singular ways and habits with a great deal of surprise. In nearly all things they are in their "place of life, being on the exact opposite side of the earth from us. Among the strange habits of this strange people, the following facts will be read with interest:

No sooner is a Chinese boy born into the world than his father proceeds to write down eight characters or words, each set of two representing respectively the exact hour, day, month and year of his birth. These are handed by his father to a fortune teller, whose business is to draw up from them a certain book of fate, generally spoken of as the boy's pat-tsz, or "eight characters." Herein the fortune teller describes the good and evil which the boy is likely to meet with in after life, and the means to be adopted in order to secure the one and avert the other.

In order to understand the value of this document we must glance at the Chinese method of reckoning time. There are only twelve hours to our twenty four. Beginning with 11 p.m. to 1 a.m., which is their first hour, their names are rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog and pig. As everybody is supposed to partake more or less of the nature of animal at whose hour he is born, it is obvious that it would never do to send a rabbit boy to the school of a tiger school-master. Hence the necessity of consulting the pat-tsz of both parties before entering upon any kind of agreement. It is a fact that it is thus referred to on every important occasion.—*The Quiver.*

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