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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1897.

No. 18.

If I Knew.

If I know the box where the smiles are kept

No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
"I would open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold
them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them
in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd bid a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

THE STORY OF A SUPPER.

I don't believe they have a whole suit between them—nor a whole home either. For that matter, if one cares to go into the family history of three incorrigible little Arabs, Greasy and Jim and Flute by name. But they have hearts tucked away somewhere. I doubted it sometimes myself until this incident happened; then I felt as I used to do when I found a glade up among the hills, and scraped and poked with my penknife until the gray crust crumbled away and a bit of the glistening garnet peeped out. There are jewels and jewels under the crust.

I did not know this story until long after it happened, or perhaps, it might never have been a story, after all, for the good boy did not get rewarded, as good boys always do in story-books, but ate his poor—There! I must begin at the right end of the telling.

There were tickets to be given out at the mission rooms for a supper, and big boys and little boys, poor and hungry, came in anxious crowds to obtain the coveted bit of pasteboard that meant to them, for once, the full satisfaction of a good meal. Greasy and Jim came too. Flute couldn't come, for he worked late that night, and knew nothing about the orange-red ticket that sent such a glow into Greasy's heart as he walked down the frozen street.

"No, sir!" answered Jim, with a grin of satisfaction at his own good fortune. "They're done givin' 'em out to-night, full up, seats taken. Old Flute's out this time."

"I say, Jim!" returned Greasy: "if that's so, you and me played a mean trick. Why didn't you speak for Flute when you got your own?"

"Why didn't you?" retorted Jim, turning an extravagant hand-spring on the flagstone pavement. "We're all right, anyhow. Come on, old boy!"

Greasy tried to forget. All night he hugged the bit of pasteboard tight, and woke once from a troubled dream muttering, "'Tain't yours at all, Flute, it's mine."

He tried to forget the next day when he went to duty down at the glass-works, but somehow Flute's hungry little face came between him and the chips of glass he sorted, and shone out haggard and beseeching from every reflected surface. Once he paused and wiped away a big tear that glistened white and pure on the grimy face.

It was late when he was through that night, and quick and fast his feet flew over the streets to the mission rooms. At a table where the lady who had given out the tickets the night before sat, he stopped.

"Say, missis!" Then he held his breath and gave one tight squeeze to the orange ticket. For a moment before she turned he thought he must run out again, but Flute's face seemed to look up at him once more. "'Tain't no use," he muttered. "Say, missis!"

"No, little boy," the lady said as she turned, misunderstanding his purpose. "I'm sorry, but all the tickets are given out."

All hope went then from Greasy's heart, but the rough little voice went on:

"It ain't that way, missis. This 'ere ticket was a mistake, it was made out in my name, and I"—a bit of a tremble in his tone, but only for a minute—"I allers has a square meal enough. There's another feller oughter have this; he's pretty poor."

Without further questions, Greasy's

THE BUNDLE WAS ME.

This true incident was related to me by a friend, who was the small boy of the story:

"From my earliest recollections my father was fond of horses, and he usually kept from one to five in his stables. They were well cared for, and in return he expected good service and speed. We had one horse, Fan, who was the pet of the whole family, and was considered so safe that I, a little fellow in kilts, was allowed to play around her head and heels without restraint.

"One day I was playing in the yard as usual while old Fan was being hitched up. When all was ready, father jumped into the waggon, gathered up the reins, and gave the word to go. But the horse moved not a muscle. He then lightly touched her with the whip; old Fan merely pricked up her ears, but would not budge. Just then my father, a little out of patience, gave the horse a sharper stroke. What was his amazement to see Fan lower her head, carefully seize with her teeth a small bundle

how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighbourhood is known, and opinions formed of him; he who has a character, of whom the matter can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment.

A GIRL'S TONGUE.

At the time of the terrible accident at the coal-mines near Scranton, Pa., several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful. A spectator wrote:

"The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men and despair at their own balked efforts.

"A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day, in a condition of high nervous tension, which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig farther, that the men were dead, and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine owners, who were in no way responsible for the accident.

"A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper, which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet, childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle

"A mighty fortress is our God."

"There was silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and presently another and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn cry:

"With forcing of arms we nothing can,
Full soon are we o'erridden,
But for us fights the godly man,
Whom God himself hath bidden;
Ask ye his name?
Christ Jesus is his name."

"A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found—alive.

"Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn."

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own mother? Now let me ask you, "Are you kind to your mother?"

The value of a man's shot is not determined by the thing he aimed at, but by the game he bagged.



THE THREE ARABS.

ticket was made out in Flute's name. The lady, satisfied that the "mistake" had been satisfactorily rectified, and with a smile for the boy's honest statement, turned to other work.

Greasy went out to meet Flute down by the old mill.

"By the way, old fellow," said he, "there's your ticket fur the supper. Jim said I couldn't get yer one, but I did."

Flute's eager grasp of the ticket spoke volumes.

"I ain't ter a-goin' myself that day; I'm to take dinner somewheres else."

And Flute never questioned where Greasy's "somewheres else" was, but ate his supper at the mission rooms with satisfied delight.

Greasy took his "somewheres else" down on an old wharf by the river with his feet dangling over the edge, and his supper was just one cold potato and a bit of a half-stale bun.

Let a man define life, and he tells how much he lives.

which was directly in front of her, gently toss it to one side, then start off on a brisk trot. As the bundle proved to be me, it is needless to say that after that old Fan was more petted than ever before.—Our Dumb Animals.

THERE IS A BOY I CAN TRUST.

We once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That boy is a boy I can trust. He never failed me." We followed him with our eyes and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a great deal about the master's remark. What a character the boy had earned! He had already got what could be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. We wonder if the boys know

The Dream-Town Show

There is an island in Slumber Sea,
Where the drollest things are done,
And we will sail there, if the winds are fair,
Just after the set of the sun.
'Tis the loveliest place in the whole wide world,
Or anyway, so it seems,
And the folks there play at the end of each day,
In a curious show called "Dreams"
We will sail right into the evening skies,
And the very first thing you know
We are there at the port and ready for sport,
Where the dream folks give their show.
And what do you think they did last night,
When I crossed their harbour bars;
They hoisted a plank on a great cloud bank
And teetered among the stars.
And they sat on the moon and swung their feet,
Like pendulums to and fro;
Down Slumber Sea is the sail for me,
And I wish you were ready to go
For the dream folks there on this curious isle
Begin their performance at eight;
There are no encores and they close their doors
On every one who is late.
The sun is sinking behind the hills,
The seven o'clock bells chime;
I know by the chart that we ought to start
If we would be there in time.
O, fair is the trip down Slumber Sea,
Set sail and away we go;
The anchor is drawn, we are off and gone
To the wonderful Dream-Town show.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1897.

SQUIRE DAVIS' CHURCH FIGHT.

BY C. OWEN LARRISON.

"There shall be no Junior League in this church." So decreed Squire Davis, and it looked as if he would have his way.
The village of Elmwood was a struggling little town in the new West. People were mostly poor, and were obliged to deny themselves of many comforts. There was no church in the town, and the people were yet too poor to build.
While they were debating what they should do for a place to hold preaching and Sunday-school, Squire Davis came from nobody knew where and settled in the village. He seemed to be wealthy, and bought a great deal of land about the village, but no one could get acquainted with him. He resisted every effort to find out anything about his history or his fortune.
He was as eccentric as he could well be. This fact was displayed in the building of a new church for Elmwood. He consulted no one about the enterprise, and when they found out what he was at, utterly refused any help. However, the church was built, and a Methodist preacher who lived on a circuit near by was invited to start a class. Squire Davis was his own board of trustees and janitor. However, no one questioned his right to manage his own

building, and things went on very nicely for a while.

The first sign of war was when an Epworth League was organized. Squire Davis looked more moody than ever, and was heard to mutter "They didn't have such carryings on in my days." However, he never talked with anyone as to what he thought, and no one apprehended trouble. Elmwood was justly proud of her Sunday-school and Epworth League. Only one thing seemed needed to make things complete, and that was a Junior League. So it was announced that on the next week they would meet and organize a Junior League. On which announcement Squire Davis gave utterance to the statement at the beginning of this story, locked up the church, and went home.

However, the people were not easily put out of their purpose, and announced that they were determined to organize a League. "Let 'em," threatened the squire. Now, there is no more certain way to get either boys or grown-up people into trouble than to dare them. So what should the Elmwood people do but gather in the school-room on the night in question and organize a Junior League, sending forth defiance to the squire. They would meet without him or his church, they said, and make sure that he would hear it. But they reckoned without their host. The next Sunday morning when they gathered for church and Sunday-school the church was locked, and no sign of Squire Davis about. One of the stewards went up to his house to see about the keys, but though he almost beat the door down, he thought, yet he failed to arouse the deaf housekeeper or find if the squire was at home. Several others went, and at last the minister tried it, all to no avail. They were obliged to go home without their meeting and Sunday-school. Thus the fight went on for several weeks, and the church remained locked.

Embassy after embassy thundered at his door, only to hear the hollow echoes of the knocks or the deaf housekeeper rattling her pans, unconscious of the clatter she made. Once some one thought he heard a chuckle on the inside, much like the sound a miser will make when gloating over his gold. But no one could gain admittance to the house or church.

Thus matters went on for several weeks, and people were getting anxious, for the Sunday-school was being broken up, and the boys were beginning to get restless with no place to go on the long Sundays. At last, one week, the report got out that the church would be open on the next Sunday. No one seemed to know where it came from, but all were willing to believe it. The preacher was notified, and on Sunday morning, a full half-hour early in their eagerness, a large crowd assembled at the church. They were a little surprised to find it locked, for the squire was generally prompt, but did not think much about it for awhile.

At last they began to believe they were victims of a trick, and made inquiry how the report had been circulated, but no one could find just where it did originate.

While they were discussing the matter on the doorstep, and almost ready to go home, Squire Davis was sitting in his large arm-chair and grimly smiling over his victory. For he had also heard the report, and knew that just then they were being disappointed.

All at once there came a timid knock at the door. Many a thundering knock had he listened to in the past weeks without moving from his chair. But this knock was so timid and frightened-like that it brought the squire to his feet, and the tears started in his eyes as he thought of his own little girl who used to knock that way at the door of his room after she had been excluded in punishment.

He opened the door, and a little miss of seven summers stood before him.

"Please, sir," she said, "it's most church time, and I've come to tell you. I thought maybe you'd forgot."

"Who are you, my little girl?" he asked, scarce noticing what she said.

"My name is Ruby Allen, sir, and mamma says that I may join the Junior League."

The lines in the old man's face hardened at this mention of the Junior League, and he inquired, grimly: "Where are you going to meet?"

"Why, in the church," said Ruby, in surprise; "and it's almost time to go. If you don't hurry we'll be late."

"Who told you the church would be open?" said the old man, trying to be indignant, but failing while looking into a pair of bright blue eyes that called up old memories.

"God told me," responded Ruby, innocently.

"God told you?" ejaculated the old man. "I don't understand you."

"It's just like this," answered Ruby. "All the big folks has been prayin' that God would open the door for us so we could have church and Sunday-school. So I just prayed for God to soften your heart so you would let us in. We are so sorry we can't have our Sunday-school, and mamma cries every day 'cause Brother Tom is a bad boy on Sunday."

"But how do you know that God will answer your prayer?" asked the old man, tears coming into his eyes.

"Oh, my teacher says if we are good and believe God, that he will give us what we ask for. Hasn't God told you?"

"Yes, my little girl, God sent a little angel and told me, and—I believe we had better be going. This little angel is so much like a little girl that I used to have to love me, until one day a dreadful fever came and took my little darling and her mother at one blow, and ever since I have been a lonely old man with no one to love me."

"Why, I'll be your little girl," said Ruby. "I don't believe you are the cross old man they say you are. I'm going to love you. But come on, or we'll be late."

The simple faith of the child touched a tender chord in his heart, and he took her by the hand and mused as they made their way to the church. He thought how his own heart had rebelled against the fate that took his wife and child from him. He thought of how that wife would have him be, and how his little girl, if she could have seen him as he had been, would have shrunk from him, and he resolved that he would lead a new life.

The people were just preparing to go home when he and Ruby came in sight. A fire was soon made, and they say that Parson Willett never preached better than he did that morning. Then in class-meeting the squire stood up for the first time in many a long year, and told the story of his fight against the will of God, and how God finally sent his angel in the person of a little girl to win him back. There was no further fight against the Junior League. They met that very afternoon, and Ruby was made an officer.

That was several years ago. The squire at once made a deed of the church to a board of trustees for the Methodist church, and everything flourished from that day on. Ever after that the squire and Ruby were warm friends. Often they might be seen walking through the village hand in hand. Then came the day that Squire Davis was no more, and many friends gathered in sadness around his grave. His last act was to bequeath all his wealth to Ruby; for, said he, "The Lord was very good to give me some one to love me after I had mistrusted him." And thus it is written: "A little child shall lead."—Epworth Herald.

A STORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Mr. A. T. Story vouches for the truth of the following incident of the Queen's childhood, which he narrates in the London Quiver. She was at the time but seven or eight years of age, and her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait, however, until she could save the price, six shillings, out of her pocket-money. At last the day came and the coveted doll was paid for and received. The story proceeds as follows:

"And now, with the precious treasure under her arm, the little lady bade the shopkeeper good-afternoon, and was about to step from the door, when a poor, miserably-looking object of a man met her eye. He was standing but a couple of feet away, and seemed as though he were going to speak to her, attracted doubtless by the innocent kindness of her expression, and the tenderness of her blue eyes. But though his lips moved, no sound came from them.

"He stood aside to let her pass—a mute, agonized appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked the little lady, staying her steps.

"Encouraged by her winning voice, the poor tramp—for such he was—said, in trembling accents:

"I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger."

"He looked famine from his eyes. 'I am so sorry; I have no money or else—'

"His lips trembled forth a humble 'Thank you, lady,' then he shuffled on his way, hunger impersonate.

"Stay!" murmured the little owner of the new doll. There was a quiver in her childish voice and a moisture in her eyes as she spoke. 'Wait a minute, please.'

"She stepped back into the shop, and

proached the lady behind the counter, and said:

"Oh, please, do you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me for a few days longer?"

"Certainly I will," replied the shopkeeper; "and you wish me to return you the money?"

"Yes, if you please."

"This was done, and the little lady, hurrying out of the shop, placed the whole of the money in the hands of the starving man.

"He was like one thunderstruck. Never had bounty rained upon him in such profusion before.

"The object of her bounty murmured in a low tone, though loud enough to reach her ear:

"If the Almighty made you a queen, it would not be more than your goodness deserves!"

"Then he hobbled away to satisfy his hunger."

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.**

MAY 9, 1897.

Naomi to Moab and return.—Ruth 1, 2, 6-22.

A DREADFUL CALAMITY.

England, and the English-speaking people everywhere, have lately been greatly interested in the welfare of the people of Armenia, and those parts of India where famine and pestilence have been raging. Great sympathy has been manifested on their behalf, and many thousands of dollars have been subscribed for their relief. This is as it should be.

Our lesson dates back to a famine which occurred several hundreds of years ago. Strange that such a catastrophe should occur in the land of which it was said that it "flowed with milk and honey." God can send his judgments upon the fairest portions of the world, when the people sin against him.

A FAMILY.

Elimelech was the head of this family. His name signifies, "My God, a King." His wife's name was Naomi, which means, "my amiable or pleasant one." Their residence was at Bethlehem, but the famine caused them to remove to Moab, in search of food. Persons in such circumstances suffer more than human language can describe. Be thankful for the supply of your temporal blessings, such as food and raiment. Parents have a right to do all in their power to provide for themselves and little ones, but what of those poor children who have none to care for them?

HARDSHIPS.

The husband and father died in Moab. The two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, married Moabitish women. This was the cause of further sorrow. Persons should never marry whose religious opinions do not harmonize. Too much care cannot be observed in regard to marriage, but, alas, how often it happens that the important matter is entered upon in the most hasty and even sometimes in the most foolish manner. No wonder that so many are miserable in the conjugal relation? In due time the sons also died, and there were thus three widows.

NAOMI'S RETURN.

Verse 6. The loss of her husband and sons made her think of home and friends, and she resolved to return to her own land. The old lady did not want her daughters-in-law to leave their country and accompany her. The conversation between these disconsolate widows is of the most simple and touching kind, and will repay careful perusal.

RUTH.

This was the name of one of the daughters-in-law, who would on no account leave Naomi, her mother-in-law. See verses 15, 16. They took up their abode in Bethlehem, but they were far from being in comfortable circumstances. Ruth went into the harvestfield, and gleaned after the reapers. The field belonged to Boaz, who was a kinsman of her husband, who, when he knew their relationship, manifested great kindness to her. In course of time she became the wife of Boaz, and the mother of Obed.

Ruth's life story, as detailed in our lesson, is one of the most captivating in the English language, and may be considered as illustrative of the Providence of God. The obligations of children to their parents, "Honour thy father and mother." Some time ago, a man died who had been supported for several years by strangers, while some members of his family were living in wealth. Shame upon them! Ruth was an example of filial piety. "They that seek me early shall find me." Imitate good examples, and live so as you may be able to say, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth."

Resurrection.

The following beautiful Easter poem was written by Mary A. Lathbury, and published in The Sunday-School Journal seven years ago:

I was a corn of wheat
That fell in the ground—
Out in the sunlight sweet,
Out of the sound
Of human voices and the song of birds,
Yet in the damp and death I heard the
words,
Once spoken in the dark, and now more
plain,
"Ye must be born again."

"O Earth, Earth, hear!" I cried,
"The voice of the Lord!
Open your prison wide—
Fulfill his word!"
But denser, darker, round me closed the
earth;
It was a day of death, and not of birth;
And crushing human feet passed o'er
the sod
That shut me out from God.

There was no way—no choice—
No night—no day—
No knowledge—no device—
Only decay!
Yet at my heart a little flickering life
Remembered God, and ceased its useless
strife;
Remembered the command it could not
keep,
And fell asleep.

When life began to dawn,
The song of a lark,
With a subtle sense of morn,
Fell through my dark,
And tender sounds of happy growing
things,
Or the soft stirring of a chrysalis' wings,
Thrilled all the under world, sunless and
dim,
With an Easter hymn!

Then the great sun leaned low
And kissed the sod.
Ah! what was I, to know
The touch of God!
The dumb earth melted at his voice,
and I
Stood face to face with him beneath his
sky,
And all around—within—below—above—
Was life and love.

"Probable Sons."

CHAPTER I.

AN UNWELCOME LEGACY.

"Children! They are a nuisance to every one—my abomination, as you know, Jack. Why on earth they cannot be kept out of sight altogether till they reach a sensible age is what puzzles me! And I suppose if anything could make the matter worse, it is that this is a girl!"
The tone of disgust with which the last word was uttered brought a laugh from Sir Edward Wentworth's companion, who replied, as he took his cigar from his mouth and gazed critically into the worried, perplexed face of his host,—
"My dear fellow, she is not of an age yet to trouble you much. Wait till she gets a bit older; when her education is finished, and she takes possession of you and your house, will be the time for you to look to us for pity!"
"Look here, Sir Edward," said a bright-looking youth from the other side of the room, "I'll give you a bit of advice. Send the child straight off to school. Has she come to-day? Good. Then pack her off to-morrow, and keep her there as long as is needful. Then I will go down and inspect her, and if she grows up to be a moderately decent-looking girl, I will do you a good turn by taking her off your hands. She will have a nice little fortune, you informed us, and if you will give her something in addition, out of gratitude to me for relieving you of all responsibility concerning her, upon my word I think I should not do badly!"
But Sir Edward was not in a mood to joke; he looked gloomily round upon his friends, as they gathered round the smoking-room fire after a hard day's shooting, and remarked,—
"I know what is before me. I have seen it in my sister's family, and have heard something of all her toils and troubles. How thankful I was when she and hers were translated to Australia, and the sea came between us! It is first the nurses, then it's the governesses. If it is school, then there is a mass of correspondence about the child's health and training; and, in addition, I shall have all the ladies in the neighbourhood coming to mother the child and tell me how to train it. It is,

a bad look-out for me, I can tell you, and not one of you would care to be in my shoes."
"What is the trouble, Ned?" asked a new-comer, opening the door and glancing at the amused faces of those surrounding Sir Edward, all of whom seemed to be keenly enjoying their host's perplexity.
"He has received a legacy to-day, that is all," was the response; "he has had an orphan niece and nurse sent to him from some remote place in the Highlands. Come, give us your case again, old fellow, for the benefit of your cousin."
Sir Edward, a grave, abstracted-looking man, with an iron-grey moustache and dark, piercing eyes, looked up with a desponding shake of the head, and repeated slowly and emphatically,—
"A widowed sister of mine died last year, and left her little girl in the charge of an old school friend, who has now taken a husband to herself and discarded the child, calmly sending me the following letter:
"Dear Sir,
"Doubtless you will remember that your sister's great desire on her death-bed was that you should receive her little one and bring her up under your own eye, being her natural guardian and nearest relative. Hearing, however, from you that you did not at that time feel equal to the responsibility, I came forward, and volunteered to take her for a short while till you had made arrangements to receive her. I have been expecting to hear from you for some time, and as I have promised my future husband to fix the day for our marriage some time early next month, I thought I could not do better than send the child with her nurse to you without delay. She will reach you the day after you receive this letter. Perhaps you will kindly send me word of her safe arrival."
"Yours truly,
"Anna Kent."
"Now, Lovell, what do you think of that? And sure enough, this afternoon, whilst we were out, the child and nurse appeared, and are in the house at this present moment. Don't you think it a hard case for such a confirmed bachelor as I am?"
"I do indeed," was the hearty reply; "but I think you will find a way out of it, Ned. Take a wife unto yourself, and she will relieve you of all responsibility."
There was a general laugh at this, but in the midst of it the door slowly opened, and the subject of all this discussion appeared on the threshold, a fragile little figure, with long, golden-brown hair, and a pair of dark brown eyes that looked calmly and searchingly in front of her. Clad in white, with her dimpled hands crossed in front of her, she stood there for a moment in silence, then spoke:
"Where is my Uncle Edward?"
"Here," replied Sir Edward, as he looked helplessly round, first at his friends and then at his small niece.
The child stepped up to him with perfect composure, and held out her little hand, which her uncle took, undergoing all the while a severe scrutiny from the pair of dark eyes fixed upon him. There was dead silence in the room; Sir Edward's companions were delighting in the scene, and his great discomfiture only heightened their enjoyment.
"Well," he said at length, rather feebly, "I think you know the look of me now, don't you? Where is your nurse? Ought you not to be in your bed? This is not the place for little girls, you know."
"I was thinking you would kiss me," and the child's lips began to quiver, whilst a pink flush rose to her cheeks, and she glanced wistfully round, in the hope of seeing some sympathetic face near her.
But Sir Edward could not bring himself to do this; laying his hand on the curly head raised to his, he patted it as he might his dog, and said,—
"There, there! Now you have introduced yourself to me, you can run away. What is your name? Millicent, isn't it?"
"Milly is my name. And are all these gentlemen my uncles too?"
The tone of doubtful inquiry was too much for the little company, and Milly's question was answered by a shout of laughter.
Again the child's face flushed, and then a grey-haired man stepped forward.
"Come, Wentworth, this is a severe ordeal for such a mite. I have grandchildren of my own, so am not so scared as you. Now, little one, is that better?"
And in an instant the child was lifted by him and placed upon his knee as he took a seat by the fire.
Milly heaved a short sigh.
"I like this," she said, looking up at him confidently. "Does Uncle Edward really want me to go to bed? Nurse said it wasn't time yet. Nurse wanted

her supper, so she sent me in here while she had it."
"The reign of the nurse has begun," said Sir Edward. "Well, it may be very fine joke to all you fellows, but I don't make my authority felt at once, it will be all up with me." Lovell, be so good as to ring that bell."
Sir Edward's voice was hoarse when his old butler appeared.
"Ford, take this child to her nurse, and tell her that she is never to appear in my presence again unless sent for. Now Millicent, go at once."
The child slid down from her seat, but though evidently puzzled at the quick, sharp words, she seemed to have no fear, for, going up to her uncle, she slipped her little hand into his.
"Are you angry, uncle? What does 'presence' mean? Will you say, 'Good-night; God bless you, to me?'"
With the baby fingers clinging to his, what could Sir Edward say?
"Good-night; good-night, child! Now go."
"Say 'God bless you!'" persisted the little one; and it was not till her uncle muttered the desired words that she relinquished her hold and followed the butler sedately out of the room.

(To be continued.)

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ELIZA DONKIN.

This story is true and personally known to the writer. The little girl of whom I am about to speak was the second daughter of a farmer of H—, a village in Nova Scotia. Minnie was the object of her parents' tender care, as she was an occasional sufferer from epileptic fits. After dinner, on this especial summer day, her father, who had a contract for cord-wood, went, as was his custom, to the woods, only a short distance from his house. After Minnie had folded the tablecloth, which she claimed was her especial work, she went out, they supposed, to play. The children had a playhouse arranged by their father, in which was a little table, seats, and dishes. There they played company with their dolls. When Fanny, the eldest sister, had finished her work, she ran out to join her sister. Not finding her in the playhouse, she supposed her hid in the barn, or some place, and hide-and-seek was one of their games. After a long search she returned to the house, saying,
"I can't find Minnie anywhere."
Her mother, who was busy sewing, said:
"She has gone to her pa."
She had often done this for him to carry her home, which he usually did. She was a slight, delicate child of seven, and a pet with her father and grannie, his mother, who lived with them.
No anxiety was felt till the father came home alone.
"Where is Minnie?" exclaimed everyone.
"I have not seen her since dinner." And then he remembered that he had forgotten to tell them that he had changed his place of work, and was some distance from home, and on the other side of the road.
The dread thought of "lost" struck every heart as they ran from house to house in the hope of finding her. Her father went to his former chopping-place, examined every little seat he had fixed for her while waiting for him, but the ground was so covered with chips and leaves that no tracks could be seen. He examined carefully for some distance, and at length came across a soft, marshy spot. There in the mud was the track of his little girl's feet, evidently running, and no doubt calling for him.
Every man in the village turned out with guns, horns, lanterns, and torch-lights. The news soon spread, and for miles and miles around men came to the rescue. For four nights and days the woods were alive with men. Relieving parties came from distant towns. Occasionally her tracks were seen in the soft mud of a creek or brook. She had evidently run on in her terror, not knowing where she went, and in some boggy places she had sunk deep in the mud, and only struggled through by a great effort.
But even this was as a sign-board in a desert to her anxious father, who had neither slept nor rested, and only ate when the relief parties would bring food and insist upon his eating.
Meanwhile, from every family altar and prayer-meeting for miles around the plea ascended, O Lord, save, protect, and spare the little lost one. I can confidently speak of one Wednesday night meeting, where every heart and voice sent up a cry for her safety. The search went on, the main road was lined with empty carriages, the occupants of which

were in the woods. The excitement in villages and settlements was intense. The ordinary occupation was uncared for. On the morning of the fourth day, the searchers came to a place where she had lain in one of those dreadful spasms. The grass was beaten down, and there lay one little torn boot, a sad memento of her suffering.
Her poor father sank almost frantic on the spot, crying, "O my darling, alone in your agony. No one to comfort or help you!"
He clasped the little boot in his hands and wept like a child. There were no dry eyes in the group of strong men that stood around him; none spoke. Then the signal gun was fired, and the men gathered. A consultation was held. The marks were recent. The sufferer had evidently crawled for some distance after partial recovery, and then all trace was lost in leaves and brush. But they decided to carefully search every bush, fallen limb, or spot where a child could possibly be.
About three p.m., partly hidden by the broken limb of a fallen tree, lay the little unconscious one, with torn, bleeding limbs, and scarcely a vestige of clothing, and yet there was life. There was no telegraph or telephone there then, but there were swift horses and willing riders, and the doctor was soon there. Nothing that love and skill could do was left undone. Slowly life and consciousness returned, and there we drop the veil for heaven's opening. That tract of woods now boasts a thriving village, steam mill, and a big lumbering industry, with trains calling every day for passengers and freight.
Winnipeg, Man.

THE LITTLE LOAF.

In a time of famine, a rich man sent for the poorest children in the town, and said to them: "There is a basket full of bread; you may each come every day and take a loaf until it pleases God to send better times." The children attacked the basket, and disputed as to which should have the largest loaf, and then went away without once thanking their kind benefactor.
Only Frances, a very poor but cleanly girl, modestly remained behind, and had the smallest loaf, which was left in the basket. She gratefully returned thanks, and went home quietly.
One day the children behaved very badly indeed, and poor Frances received a loaf very much smaller than the rest; but when she took it home, and her mother cut it open, a number of silver pieces fell on the floor.
The poor woman was astonished, and said: "Go and return this money immediately; it must have been put into the bread by mistake."
Frances went directly with it to the gentleman, who said: "My dear child, it was no mistake. I had the money put into that loaf to reward you. Remain always as peaceable and contented. Those who are satisfied with a little always bring blessings upon themselves and family, and will pass happily through the world. Do not thank me but thank God, who put into your heart the treasure of a contented and grateful spirit, and who has given me the will and opportunity to be useful to those who are in need of assistance."

WHEAT AND CHAFF.

The way in which a boy uses his leisure often determines what sort of a man he will be.
Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose. Each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvest wheat instead of chaff.—Wide Awake.

Two Surprises.

BY R. W. MALPIK.

A workman plied his clumsy spade
As the sun was going down,
The German king, with a cavalcade,
On his way to Berlin Town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side
"My tolling friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide,
When the labourer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;
"And I am always free;
Though I work from the time that I leave
my bed,
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the king, "is thy gain
In a day?"
"Eight groschen," the man replied
"And thou canst live on this meagre
pay?"
"Like a king," he said, with pride

"Two groschen for me and my wife,
good friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend
For those who can't labour, you know"

"Thy debt?" said the king; said the
toller, "Yea,
To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many
a day,
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy dally store?"
"To my boys— for their schooling; you
see
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and
me."

And thy last two groschen?" the
monarch said.
"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment
and bread,
All in the Father's name."

tears welled up to the good king's eyes,
"Thou knowest me not," said he,
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
Here is another for thee."

"I am thy king; give me thy hand"—
And he heaped it high with gold—
"When more thou needst, I now com-
mand
That I at once be told."

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say
That eight souls doth he keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."
—St. Nicholas.

We need hardly tell our readers that
the above does not refer to the present
Emperor.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES

LESSON VI.—MAY 9.

PAUL PREACHING TO THE JEWS.

Acts 13. 26-39. Memory verses, 38, 39

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through this man is preached unto
you the forgiveness of sins.—Acts 13. 38

OUTLINE.

1. The Saviour, v. 26-31.
2. The Promises, v. 32-37.
3. The Gospel, v. 38, 39.

Time.—Probably A.D. 46.
Place. Antioch in Pisidia.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Address in the synagogue.—Acts 13.
14-25.
Tu. Paul preaching to the Jews.—Acts
13. 26-27.
W. Paul preaching to the Jews.—Acts
13. 38-43.
Th. Jews reject the Gospel.—Acts 13.
44-52.
F. Message rejected.—Jer. 7. 21-28.
S. Sin removed.—2 Cor. 5. 14-21.
Su. Forgiveness by Christ.—Luke 7.
36-50.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Saviour, v. 26-31.
- To whom was Paul preaching?
What did he say of Jesus? Golden
Text.
- Why had the rulers condemned Jesus?
What did they find against him?
What did they do with the crucified
Jesus?
What did God do with him?
Who saw the risen Jesus?

Who were some of these witnesses?
1 Cor. 15. 5-9.
2. The Promise, v. 32-37.
What good news did Paul declare?
What three passages did he quote
from the Psalms?
What did he say about David?
How did he contrast David and Jesus?
What change must pass on all save
Jesus? 1 Cor. 15. 53.
3. The Gospel, v. 38, 39.
Through whom is forgiveness offered?
Who may find forgiveness?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. There is only one way of salvation?
2. Salvation is possible only through
faith?
3. All who will may be saved?

PRIDE AND ITS FALL.

We may be forgiven for chuckling over
the downfall of one of those disagreeable
persons—we all have met them—who are
constantly asserting the superiority of
themselves, their knowledge, and their
possessions. Enjoy with us this tale of
a modern Waterloo.

A young botanist was showing a party
of ladies and gentlemen through a con-
servatory, explaining to them the prop-
erties of the choicest plants. Among
the visitors was a would-be-young-look-
ing, middle-aged woman, who at every
description volunteered the statement
that the plants and flowers she had at
home were quite equal to anything ex-
hibited here, or indeed, anywhere.

Just as they were passing a giant
cactus she was heard to exclaim:

"Well, this is nothing extraordinary.
I have a cactus at home that is still
larger. I planted and reared it myself."

"Planted it yourself," the professor
gently observed. "How remarkable!
This specimen is sixty-three years old,
and if yours is still larger—"

The woman did not stay to hear any
more, but executed a strategic move-
ment to the rear.



AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

There is a good deal of excitement
when a great ship carrying, perhaps, two
thousand souls, sails from the port of
London or Liverpool. There are many
last things to do—baggage and mails,
and passengers to get on board. The
deck is crowded, the steam pipe blows
off, the tender drops off, a cheer goes up,
tears of parting are shed and the great
ship with her living freight sets sail for
the new world.

ONE OPPORTUNITY.

BY "EUREKA."

"Please, miss, ain't yer got somethin'
fer a feller to do?"

Taken by surprise at the plaintive
question, Ethel Meriton answered: "Why,
yes; I was just thinking how nice it
would be to have a boy fill up my wood
box for me. And if you'll only wash a
little of the dirt off your face, I'll let
you do it."

"I'll wash—and be glad to, miss.
Say," he continued, as she came to the
door to bring him a towel, "do folks
hire clean boys quicker'n they do dirty
ones?"

"Certainly," was the smiling answer.
"Guess I'll try an' keep clean. Do
you know, I've been tryin' fer somethin'
to do fer a month, an' you're the first
one as has said a kind word to me; an'
I'd 'bout give up."

"That is too bad. Suppose you come
here every morning and evening, fill up
the wood box and carry in some water.
I'll give you five cents a day."

"Do you really mean it, miss? O,

hooray! I'll come; you bet your life
I'll come. Shall I come to-night?"
"Yea. Now tell me your name, and
you may go."

"My name's Jem Fletcher, an' I'm
ever so much obliged, miss."

"I wonder if I ought to do it," she
soliloquized after he had disappeared.
"I can ill spare even five cents a day,
but perhaps it is the little chance for
direct service to the Master that I prayed
for. I'll not let it slip by."

The evening before, Ethel Meriton had
gone to the bare little bedroom, which
was the only place she could call her
own, with the "blues." On her knees
she had sobbed out: "O Father, what
is the use of trying? Life is nothing
but one round of drudgery. I meant
to do so much for thee, Father, and I
have been a Christian six months and
haven't done one thing that I know of.
O for an opportunity to do just one little
thing to 'lift up'!"

Every day for a week Jem came to do
his work. One morning he said: "Say,
what do you wear that thing for?"

"That is my Epworth League badge,
Jem, and I wear it to show that I am
trying to be a Christian and want to
help others to be."

"Now I know why you're so good.
I've heard about them Christians, and
they're always good. What are they
called Christians for?" he burst in.

"O Jem, don't you know?" She sat
down on the step, baking spoon in hand,
and, while he stood before her with
wondering eyes, she told in a simple,
graphic way, the story of the Chris-
tchild. When she had finished he
abruptly walked away. "Miss Meri-
ton," he said when he returned that
evening, "it looked funny for me to
walk off so sudden this morning; but I
wanted to think about it. Do you mean
that Jesus wants me to be good, and that
he's goin' to give me one of them man-
sions if I will; and that he loves me and
wants me to love him?"

"Yes, Jem; that is just what I mean."

Street Church and listened to the solemn
words: "James Wesley Fletcher, I bap-
tize thee in the name of the Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

She went home with a song of thanks-
giving in her heart, and that day she
wrote in her journal: "I thank God that
he has given me the privilege of 'lifting
up' one of his little ones."

Jem started to school in September,
and if you should meet him to-day you
would never imagine him to be the same
Jem who said that cold March morning,
"Please, miss, ain't yer got somethin'
fer a feller to do?"

BITS OF FUN.

"Papa, what is a veterinary surgeon?"
"One of those fellows at the Pension
Office, my son, who examines the veter-
ans for pensions."

Teacher—"What is a synonym?"
Boy—"It's a word you can use in place
of another when you don't know how to
spell the other one."

Even when a man begins a remark by
saying, "I've half a mind," he would
quickly resent anybody's saying, "Every-
body knows that."

Mr. Suburb—"My neighbour has a big
dog that we are all afraid of. What do
you advise?" Lawyer—"Get a bigger
one. Five dollars, please."

Extract from a sentimental letter:
"Last night I sat in a gondola on
Venice's Grand Canal, drinking it all in,
and life never seemed so full before!"

Good Samaritan—"Don't you know
better than to drive that poor horse up
hill so fast?" O'Connor—"Up hill, is
it? Oh! sir, the nag's blind, and he
can't see it!"

Judge B. fell down a flight of stairs,
recording his passage with a bump on
every step until he reached the bottom.
A servant ran to his assistance and,
raising him up, said:

"I hope your honour is not hurt?"
"No," said the judge, sternly, "my
honour is not hurt, but my head is."

"How will you have your eggs
cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of
them?" inquired the cautious customer
with the brimless hat and faded beard.

"No."
"Then cook them with a slice o' ham,"
said the customer, greatly relieved.

"So George is going to give up his
place again, is he? What is the trouble
this time?" asked the father.

"He complains that the hours are too
long," the mother answered.

"H'm! I guess George would like to
work from twelve to one, with an hour
off for luncheon."

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