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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

VOL. XII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1892.

[No. 18

## A MONKEY BRIDGE.

THERE is a funny story in one of C. H. Holder's books on natural history, in which he describes a little bridge across one of the little streams which empty into the river Amazon. He had fallen asleep in his chair on the vessel's deck, but was awakened by a violent blow on his face. Looking up, he saw in the dim light of early dawn, what appeared like

a gigantic rope suspended from the trees and moving away into the gloom. He continues:

"As morning was approaching, I could soon observe their every motion. Their plan was to have three or four of the strongest and stoutest monkeys at the end, just as you have these firm granite pillars here. These fellows grasp the branches of the palm with their feet, tails, and hands, then the two others grasped them in the same way and lowered themselves down, receiving in a similar manner several more, and they in turn others, until finally a rope or swinging column of monkeys hung from the branch.

"Others now attached themselves here and there, until they were perhaps three or four feet deep, and the column thirty feet long. It then hung against the trunk of the tree, but as it became complete, the last monkey, who was held by the others and had his arms free, began to push against the tree, and to move the living rope a little. Another push was followed by others until the column finally began to swing with a long sweep, and it was during one of these movements that I had evidently been struck.

"But the monkeys apparently knew what they were doing, and seemed to rely entirely on the end one, who did all the pushing; and every time they gained a little, the pendulum swinging farther and farther over the water, until finally it went so near a branch on the other side that the leader grasped it, and the bridge was completed.

"That this was eminently satisfactory was evident from the chattering that came all along the line; but there was no undue haste, and as soon as the end monkey had obtained a good hold, two others from the other side crossed over quickly, and placed themselves by him to help secure the hold.

"Then the word was evidently given that the bridge was open, for over rushed a chattering, screaming troop—some on all fours, others standing upright, waving long tails, while the mother carried

the little ones—all in a hurry now to get over and relieve the bridge.

"A very ancient looking monkey was the last to cross, and he picked his way over in such a deliberate manner that I laughed aloud, whereupon ensued a curious scene. The old fellow nearly lost his balance, for the monkeys at the end released their hold, and the entire bridge swung over. The mo-

## THE BABY ON THE PRISON STEPS.

OVER two hundred years ago, people passing by one of the prisons in England might have seen on any warm, sunny day a woman seated on the stone steps with a baby in her arms. It was a poor, feeble little thing, and those who looked attentively at it used to think that it would never live to grow up to repay the care its mother bestowed upon it.

Her heart was very sad as she sat there rocking her baby in her arms, trying to still its feeble cry, for her husband was shut up within those gloomy walls, and it was but seldom that the keeper of the prison would allow her to see him. But you must not think that he was a wicked man because he was a prisoner, for in those days people were put in prison as often for loving the truth as for committing crimes. The King of England and his Parliament had passed a law that persons must not meet together to worship God in any other place than the churches which they had established, and that no one should preach unless they gave him permission. This baby's father was one of those who had been found at these meetings, and so he was in prison with many others. After months of imprisonment, during which time the baby and his mother were constant in their visits to the prison, the father was released, but he was obliged to leave the country, and for many years was separated from his family. Still the little puny baby lived and grew, though very slowly. Almost as soon as he could speak, he would go to his mother with any money which had been given him, and say, "A book I buy me a book!" His mother taught him from the Bible, and he early learned to love the Saviour. When he was only seven years old he commenced to write verses. His mother had some doubts whether some verses which she found in his handwriting were really his; so to prove that he could write them, he composed an acrostic on his name. I will give you



the last verse, that you may know of whom you have been reading.

"Wash me in thy blood, O, Christ!  
And grace divine impart;  
Then search and try the corners of my heart,  
That I, in all things, may be fit to do  
Service to thee, and sing thy praises too."

Not very good poetry, you will say, but now you will know his name. It is the same Isaac Watts who has written so many of the hymns you sing.

THE Sabbath school is God's school.

What a Jug Did

"Why is my house so shabby and old, At every crevice letting me old And the kitchen walls all covered with mold?"

"Why are my eyes so swollen and red? Whence is this dreadful pain in my head? Where in the world is our nice feather-bed, And the wood that was found in the shed?"

"Why is my wife heart broken and sad? Why are my children never now glad? Why do I have such a headache here? Why a boy that I love will not be here?"

"Oh, why do I see the old man in doot, Why my heart is so sorely cut out, Every moment sinking down lower, A pitiable out-let evermore?"

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Test', 'The Standard', 'The Weekly', etc., with their respective prices and descriptions.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1892.

BISHOP FOWLER IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Bishop Fowler preached at Union Church, Covington, Ky., Sabbath morning, November 1st, and before the service visited the Sunday school; and, on invitation of Superintendent Shinkle, addressed the school.

me: "There are a great many nice young people in Union Sunday-school, and I want you to invite them for me to come and live with me in my beautiful home, and I want them to get ready right away, and be clothed in the clean linen of the saints, which has been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Now I want you all to accept his invitation, and to tell him when you get to his house that I invited you this morning."

NOVEL READING.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

A TERRIBLE tragedy occurred recently at Baltimore, which, contrary to our usual custom with regard to tales of crime, we repeat for the consideration of every young girl among our readers.

It was the story of a young girl, beautiful, innocent and carefully guarded, the idol of her father and brothers. Her mother, however, was dead, and her head was filled with romantic dreams of a hero who was to come and rule over her life.

On her way to and from school, she met a handsome, dashing fellow, who eagerly sought her acquaintance, managing to throw a kind of mystery over their meeting.

He was vulgar, false and cruel, but he had brilliant eyes and well-cut features. What more could a girl of sixteen demand in a hero?

The friendship lasted for several years, he gained an absolute control over her. She hid her love for him from her fond old father and brothers; he eloped with her finally, but refused her marriage.

The girl came home to die. Her eldest brother pursued her lover, shot at him repeatedly but failed to kill him. Later the villain met her gray-haired father, and when the feeble old man, maddened by grief, threatened him, he shot him dead.

Now, here is a young girl dead before she had fairly tasted life, her old father murdered and her brothers left homeless, all for her indulgence at first in a silly reckless romance.

It is natural for you to think of love, girls. God meant you to love and marry. But he meant you to do it with the blessing of your father and mother upon you. Trust the love that has watched you from the cradle as being truer than that of the young fellow who has known you but yesterday. If his feelings for you must be kept out of sight, depend that there is something tricky and unclean in it; and if he tries to draw you into deceiving and hating them, he is no "hero," but a man who would lead you into a path the gates of which open into the grave.

TIM.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

He was only ten years old, and small for his age, but there was a mature look in his deep, dark eyes that told the looker on that the child had lived much. By that I do not mean that he had seen much of the world—he had not—only that part of it that lay in the slums of a great city.

I fear you will be horrified when I tell you that Tim knew nothing about the world except the small, rough part of it on Beacon Point. Why it was called Beacon Point no one knew, for it was no point at all, but rather the centre of the dark, narrow, filthy street. It was an old tenement—the oldest on the street—where Tim lived, and looked as if it would be safe to prophecy that it had weathered its last storm. In fact it had. But still there were a few of the very poorest of the poor who seemed willing to run the risk of using the shaky old structure as a home.

"It is better than the street," they argued. And I do not know as we can blame them for thinking so, for, when money is so scarce that one is on the verge of starvation, any kind of shelter seems desirable.

Little Tim and Dandy, his dog, called Beacon Point "home." You would have thought it a desecration of the name could you have seen the barren little closet-room where little Tim lived. But, in one sense, it seemed pleasant to the poor child. It was so much better than it used to be. Tim would have told you that with great thankfulness.

"So much better than it used to be!" Do you wonder why? I can tell you, and so could Tim. Once there had been a "drunken father." I hope none of you know by experience what that means—so much better for little Tim to be a little orphan boy, living with a gentle, faithful dog, than to tremble and cower and weep and wail before the tempest created by a drunken father.

But one night a fire broke out in the old tenement, and soon it lay in ashes. All of the inmates escaped unhurt except little Tim. He had received his death blow from the fall of the rotten timbers. He was just alive when they found him, and a poor old woman, who had loved him, cried out:

"I can't bear to have you taken out of the world in that way, little Tim," and tears rolled down her cheeks. Tim could not see the tears—he was too near death for that—but he could hear them in her voice, and he answered feebly, with a smile such as had never been seen on his peaked little face before:

"Don't cry, dear Granny Fry, don't cry—me an' Dandy is agoin' home."

The boy spoke truly. A little while and the boy had drawn the last gasping breath, and he would never again know pain, weariness, sorrow, or hunger. Poor little Tim!

THE SLAVE CHASE.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "Wops the Waif," "Fun Down," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

JOR RICHARDS' RESOLVE.

It was the common talk of everyone. The Hindoo washer-man, the cooly boy who pounded coffee, the runners who kept pace with the carriage, the soldiers in the various mess-rooms, the caterer of the officers' mess, the ladies and officers, and even the grave, sober old Scotch doctor of the regiment, all took up the same theme; and when uttered by Hindoo or English, by high or low, it was all translatable into the same phrase: "Too fast to last."

The subject of all this talk was our late acquaintance, Lieutenant Vincent. For weeks his vessel had been lying in Trincomalee Harbour, and, with protracted leave of absence, he had been living at a fast pace among the military officers of the place. On every hand people said he must soon be restrained, or he would kill himself.

One morning the news came off to the ship that he was dangerously ill with fever; and each succeeding day's report was more and more alarming. He was a general favourite among the men in the ship; and many a hearty far expressed—in rough, homely language—his concern for and sympathy with their favourite officer.

About a week after Lieutenant Vincent was taken-ill, it was "mend-clothes afternoon" among the men, and as they sat, tailor fashion, on the deck, in little circles, or in more isolated groups, or singly, he was pretty freely discussed among them.

"Tell yer what it is," said one big, burly fellow, with a face bronzed like leather itself; "tell yer what it is, I've seen a bit or two of service, in nigh upon seventeen years, under Her Majesty, and I've seen a wondrous sight of officers; but I'm blessed if ever I seed a downright, real good 'un, without he either died or got shifted, or sunnat or other, so that we lost him; and you mark my words if we don't lose Lieuty Vincent somehow."

Seated a little distance from the others, and screened from observation and interruption by the big gun against which they leaned, as together they sat and busily sewed, were two young sailors. All this conversation had been overheard by them; and they, too, are now busily talking about the same person. One at least we know—Joe Richards. Yes, it is Joe Richards, whose letter we read in the little house in Bermudesey. He is rather over medium height, with dark hazel eyes, dark hair, a frank, open, honest face, somewhat



"THE DOCTOR SAYS NOTHING BUT A MIRACLE CAN SAVE HIM."

heavily bearded; and now, after nearly fifteen months' cruising in those Indian waters, is certainly considerably browned, but, altogether, just the lad of whom a mother or a sweetheart would be proud.

His companion was the very opposite in appearance. He was short, fair, freckled, had very sandy whiskers, and not much of it; little, round, sharp eyes, with eyebrows and eyelashes almost white. The whole was surmounted with a head of bristly red hair, which, in spite of coaxing, brushing, water, or pomade, would insist upon standing almost upright. And yet, between these two opposite-looking men, there had sprung up a friendship of the very closest character. Their shipmates could not understand it, for it lay deeper than they could see or read—it was the Saviour's love. This was the cause that first drew, then bound, them to each other.

But Joe Richards is speaking: "What do you think, Sam, about our having special prayer at least twice a day for Lieutenant Vincent? You know it has been the talk of every one how he is going to the bad very fast; and now the doctor says nothing but a miracle can save him. I don't know who those fast friends of his have to look to, to work miracles; and it seems to me the only way to save him is to ask our God, who has performed a miracle on both of us, by turning us from darkness to light, to save Lieutenant Vincent, body and soul."

"Well, Joe," replied Sam, "I feel more and more every day there's no one but God can help us in all our need, not only our extremities, but in all the very tiniest things of our lives; and, oh, how I wish this sickness of Lieutenant Vincent might lead him to know Jesus. That would settle at once all the difficulties, whether of life or death. By all means let us specially pray for this."

"Away there, cutter's crew!" shouted the boatswain's mate, and Sam had to leave his friend and his sewing to take his place in the first cutter, of which he was coxswain.

A TERRIBLE CALM.

In a splendid bungalow on shore, watched by one of his own men, who, in turn, was waited upon by two native Cingalese servants, lay Ralph Vincent. With a low moaning, and incessant tossing to and fro, a haggard look in his handsome face; dry, parched, cracked lips, he had lain for over a week in deep unconsciousness; and now, on this sultry afternoon, sultry even for this Eastern clime, he is slowly coming back to life. The strange, crooning chant of the punkah man, who, seated just outside the sick room, chants his quaint Cingalese song, as, with hands clutching the punkah rope, he sways backwards and forwards, keeping the great fan in motion over the sick man's bed, and the English-like "caw" of the Indian crows outside,

are the first sounds that strike the waking man's ears.

"Shall I get you anything, sir?" asks his servant.

"Yes," feebly replies the sick man. "A big draught of the coldest water you can get."

Oh, how eagerly the large glass was drained! And then comes the question that seems uppermost in the officer's mind: "Ellis, how long have I been ill?"

"I can't remember exactly, sir; but you have been unconscious just over a week now. Doctor said, this morning, if you came round again you would soon rally—in fact, pick up quicker than you ran down. I must go and get you something to eat, sir. You must eat all you can now, you know, sir; and we'll soon have you back on the bridge again, ready for anything."

As the sick officer lay back, thought was very busy; conscience whispered: "Suppose you had died while you were insensible, what about your soul?" And though he knew little of even the letter—and nothing of the spirit—of eternal things, yet common

sense and his education, with smatches of barely-remembered words, all these things set his thoughts busy. He knew he was not fit to die, and he there and then determined to "start square" when he got well again; and thus he vainly thought he would learn to be happy, and prepare himself for the last change, that must come sooner or later. He shuddered at the thought of how near he had been to death.

Every day he grew more and more quiet and moody, but physically gained in strength, and very shortly his face was seen among his brother officers on his ship, and his voice heard giving orders among the men, though all felt that a change had come over him, and he was not the happy, light-hearted, joyous man he had been.

At last it began to be talked about among the officers and men that Lieutenant Vincent was trying to be religious. No small amount of quiet banter, and almost open chaff, went the round of the wardroom mess about the "new saint." No one seemed pleased, and every one puzzled, by the new turn in affairs.

We can hardly say "no one," for Joe Richards and Sam Harper were pleased in a sense. They felt that there was something in the fact that Lieutenant Vincent was, at least, thoughtful; and they prayed on, that his eyes might be opened to his own need.

They had now been out from Trincomalee some days, and were working slowly southwards, having received orders to cruise on the slaving ground, and chase and catch any doubtful dhows. In the minds of most of the men there were visions of prize-money, and the thrilling excitement of the slave chase. Except the burly, red-faced Jenkins, who could boast of seventeen years' service, they were mostly young men. He had had one cruise on the slave coast before, and he at once became a sort of oracle, to be consulted again and again on a hundred points about the "traffic" by his younger and eager shipmates.

To day there was little to do. Just after sunrise the ship lay becalmed, and the fire of question and answer was kept up between the oracle and his consulters.

Our two friends—Joe Richards and Sam Harper—were leaning over the ship's side, watching the sea-birds, and talking together. We have said the ship was becalmed, and there had come an almost painful sense of hush. The ship lay like a log on the water, only rocking sluggishly from side to side, as she was moved by the long and regular ocean swell; the creak of the yards, grinding against the mast as she lurched over; the dull, hollow flap of the sails, as they hung useless; the click and twitter of the reef-points against the canvas; and an occasional scream of a wild sea-bird; together with the strange, deep purple appearance of the distant horizon—all lent an almost uncanny feeling to the quietest of quiet moments. So striking was its quietude, that Joe Richards—

after several moments silence, said to his clam: "I don't see what a type of peace this is. If I were a painter I would paint this ocean, ship, sky, birds, and call my picture, 'Peace!'"

Just at this moment the captain came on deck, mounted the bridge, and, casting one hurried glance towards the purpling horizon, he shouted "Boatswain's mate!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Call all hands! Hands, shorten sail!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" And then there penetrated into every distant recess of the ship the shrill whistle, followed by the hoarse cry of the boatswain's mate: "All hands! Hands shorten sail! Hurry up. Now then, lads, cable up, scup."

As Richards and Harper each turned to go to their own posts, they heard Jenkins say, with an oath: "Why, what's the skipper doing of that? He must be a fool, taking in sail! Why, the cat's paw moving!"

But the captain had sailed these seas too often to be deceived, and in less than half-an-hour a tremendous squall came down upon the vessel, and, but for the timely preparation, danger and death would have followed.

All night it blew very hard, and as the two friends paced, sailor fashion, backwards and forwards on the deck of the ship, they talked over all these things.

"I don't believe I shall ever forget the day and its lesson," said Joe Richards.

"Nor me, Joe. Do you remember what you said, just before the skipper came on deck, about it's being a type of peace?"

"Yes, Sam. That is where I feel I have learnt such a lesson. A peace which had in it all the stuff that goes to make up a frightful storm; and that but for the skipper's coming up when he did, and taking in sail, we might all have been at the bottom now, as far as our bodies are concerned; and though our souls would have been safe, what about all these poor fellows? And it just seems to me that it is a true type of thousands, and of what I was before I came to Christ. I thought I had peace. Well, so I had, come to that, but it was a peace like this afternoon's ocean's peace: a peace that had the storm wrapped up in it, ready to burst out, and swallow up at any time."

"Thank God, Joe, he is our peace, and amid all storms we are safe in his arms."

"Yes, Sam; but I was just trying to think of that verse which says something about peace and—and—safety—"

"Oh, I know what you mean, Joe! 'For when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape.'"

"God help us to help some of our fellows to see the true peace, Joe. But I must turn in—I've got the middle watch. Good night!"

"Good night, my hearty!"

(To be continued.)

THE BABY KING.

THE anecdotes current about little Don Alfonso are simply innumerable, and appealing as they do to every mother's heart, go far toward measuring the popularity of the throne throughout Spain.

He is exceedingly frank and ungratified in the expression of his opinions, especially when it concerns the personal appearance of his lieges, and although extremely disconcerting to the parties immediately concerned, they constitute a source of delight to everybody else. It was only with the greatest difficulty that his mother was able to impress upon him the necessity of abstaining from making remarks of this character in an audible tone of voice at church. The king manifestly took it for granted that the instructions to remain quiet and silent during divine service applied to others, as well as himself, for shortly afterward, when the royal family and the court attended mass in state at the Atto Church, where Don Alfonso suddenly interrupted the preacher in the midst of one of his most majestic and eloquent perorations by commanding him, in a shrill and piping tone of voice, to be still, and not to make such a noise in church.



BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.

### BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

In the worship of the ancient Jews thousands of animals were required every year for sacrifices. These consisted of oxen, sheep, lambs, and kids; and pigeons and doves also were used. Many of the Jews lived scattered among the cities of different nations; and thousands of them came, especially at the time of the great feasts, to Jerusalem to worship. They could not bring with them the sacrifices they desired to offer, and so must buy them after they came to Jerusalem. Their offerings of money, also, in the temple, had to be Jewish coin. But as they brought with them coins of other countries, they had to exchange these for Jewish money to make their offerings. So it became desirable that somewhere there should be a place for buying animals for offerings, and that somewhere there should be banks of exchange where they could obtain Jewish money. What, then, could be more convenient or better, so thought some, than that places be provided in the outer courts of the temple for this business? Accordingly, they were so provided. But it was a violation of the sacred character of the temple to transact any business therein or within its courts, even though it were done for a good and necessary purpose and in the name of religion. Jesus did not approve of it, and so when he came to the temple at the time of the great Passover, and saw those people at their business, he drove them away, and overthrew their tables on which they laid their money for exchange. It was an unexpected and terrible act of judgment upon them. John gives the account of it in the following words:

"And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting: and when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, Take these

things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

The example of Jesus in this should teach us that the house of the Lord is a holy place, and that all business, fairs, suppers, or sales of any kind, though held for making money for the church, or for any good cause, are a violation of the sacredness of the Lord's house.

## LESSON NOTES.

### SECOND QUARTER.

#### STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON VI. [May 8.

#### DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE.

Psalm 84. 1-12. Memory verses, 9-12.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.—Psalm 84. 4.

#### CENTRAL TRUTH.

Blessings without number are found in the house of God.

#### HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*Amiable*—Lovely. *Tabernacles*—The holy tent used for worship; the Church; plural, because it had several parts. *Hosias*—Of men, angels, stars. All the powers of the world. *Soul*... earth... *flesh*—The whole person. *Swallow a nest*—Not as a sign of neglected or ruined altars; but people, restless like these birds, can find a home in God's house. *Dwell*—Not an occasional visitor, but steady attendant. *Selah*—An interlude for musical instruments. *In whose heart are the ways*—In whose affections are the ways to Zion. These verses (5-7) describe the pilgrimage to Jerusalem at one of the annual feasts. Good men's hearts are God's highways for good thoughts and feelings, for God's influences upon other people. *Valley of Baca*—Valley of weeping, or sorrow. *A well*—A fountain of joy. *The pools*—The dry places fitted to receive water shall be filled with rain. Better: "The rain covers it with blessings," verdure, and fruits. *God our shield*—Our defender against temptation and danger. *God is a sun*—The light of the world; the source of all comfort and power. *Grace*—The favour of God. *Glory*—Is the outward manifestation of his grace; true honour.

Find in this lesson—

The value of the Sunday-school.  
How much to love God and his house.  
Where to find rest and home.  
What two things God will be to us.  
Who are blessed.

#### REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. For what did the Psalmist long? "For social worship in God's house." 2. What blessings would he find there? "Rest, home, strength, a praiseful spirit, God, grace, and glory." 3. What is said of the blessings of religion? (Repeat ver. 10.) 4. To what is God likened? "To the sun and to a shield." 5. What will he give to those who trust in him? "Grace and glory and every good thing."

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

20. What are the privileges of sonship? They are—the liberty to call God Father, the inward witness of being his children, and the title to the Christian inheritance. And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father. So that thou art no longer a bondservant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir through God.—Galatians 4. 6, 7.

#### THOUGHTFUL OF HER MOTHER.

The whole world is not being devoured by its own selfishness and greed, by any means. There is much of the spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice left in the human heart. The philanthropic movement in our large cities are as noble as they are practically helpful. These larger charities often bring to light instances of devotion and self-sacrifice that are pathetically beautiful.

The Children's Penny Dinner Association of London is the outgrowth of the desire to meet the wants of thousands of children of the world's metropolis who are absolutely confronted by starvation, and whom want and privation render so impaired in vitality that hundreds die yearly from disease resulting from this cause. Tickets are given or sold to the children, and when they present them they are furnished with a good, wholesome dinner.

One terribly bleak day last winter, a little half-frozen child presented her ticket, value two cents, which made her the owner of a seat at the dinner-table. The little one looked famished, weird, worn out, one would have said, with starvation; but the plate of appetizing roast mutton remained untouched before her. Observing this, a lady went up to her and asked in tones of kindly accent if she could not eat a little.

"You look so hungry, dear," she

said; "don't you like the roast mutton?"

The little one raised a pair of blue eyes to her face, and said, "Oh, yes, ma'am, but—"

"Well, dear, what?"

"But, please, ma'am, the new baby's come, and mother's so dreadful weak, and I—"

The child hesitated, then, gathering confidence from the kindly smile that met her glance, added—

"I thought it would do her good."

Tears came into the eyes of the kind-hearted woman, to whom the little waif made known her anxiety to provide something for the comfort of her mother, and in less time than it takes to tell it the unselfish child had a promise of a "dinner for mother." But it was not till she had the assurance that she would have some of the feast to carry home that she would begin to eat, though it was evident that she was even then half-famished for the necessaries of life. Truly, the little unknown London waif had the soul of a heroine, and her example is one that should inspire all hearts to good deeds and unselfishness.

REVERENCE in dealing with the Bible should always characterize the Sabbath school teacher. There is a tendency too often to treat even the most sacred themes in a light and flip-pant way. To encourage or permit this is to weaken the influence of the Scripture on the minds and hearts of scholars.

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