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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.] TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1894. [No. 23.

THE LESSON STORY.

At length the Israelites went out of Egypt, the land where they had been slaves so long. They went out with all their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, a vast crowd of more than a million people. And the Lord their God went in front of them, in a great dark cloud by day, and in a bright, fiery light by night, to show them the way.

As soon as the Israelites had gone, King Pharaoh's heart became hard once more, and he was sorry that he had let them go. So he called his army, with chariots and horsemen, and went after them to bring them back. The Egyptian host came up to the Israelites, when they were near the Red Sea, with great mountains on each side and the sea in front. When they looked back, and saw Pharaoh's army close behind them, they were full of fear. But God said to Moses, "Tell the people not to fear, for the Lord will fight for them."

That night the cloud which had led the host of Israel went behind them, between their camp and the Egyptians. To God's people it was bright, but to their enemies it was very dark. Moses, at God's word, stretched out his hand over the sea, and all night a great wind blew so hard, that in morning the Israelites saw that the water was all gone in front of them, leaving a road through the sea. They went across upon the dry bed of the sea, while the water stood on each side of them, so that no enemy could come near.

When the Egyptians saw that they had gone, they followed them into the midst of the sea. But God was angry with them, and made their horses and chariots sink in the sand, and sent a storm upon them. They began to be afraid, and said, "Let us flee from the Israelites, for God fights for them!" Then the Lord said to Moses, "Stretch forth thy hand over the sea again." Moses did so, and the sea came rolling back in all its power, and swept over all the host of Pharaoh, with his chariots and horsemen. When the morning of the next day came, the Israelites saw their enemies lying dead upon the sand. So God saved his people, and set them free forever from those who had done them wrong.

I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."
 "God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa, "but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."
 So after dinner they went to the library,

and Susy's papa took down a large book, and made Susy read aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body or any of its members, no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away."
 "These are the words of a great and good man, who is now dead. Now you see what you have to give to God, Susy."

Susy looked at her hands and her feet and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself: "I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them, and he is looking for you now to see if you will give them to him, or keep them for yourself. If you give them to him,

not to go; and if you give him your eyes, you will never let them look at anything you know he would not like to look at if he were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying, and to accept all Susy had now promised to give him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said, and all she did, all she saw and all she heard, to remember, "I am not my own."

"IT GOT AGOING."

One bright Fourth-of-July morning, I was driving to town. As I came to the top of the hill just above the bridge, on the outskirts of the place, a little boy, from a

That little boy's cannon was just like his habits—just like everybody's habits. Habits, like the cannon, are not easy to stop when once they get started. They are pretty sure to keep going, until, if they are bad habits, they do mischief, in spite of all you can do to stop them. If you get in the habit of telling wrong stories, you can't so easily stop it. If you get a habit of meddling dishonestly with what don't belong to you, it is apt to go on until it does you some terrible mischief. If you get into the habit of being idle, and wasting your time and opportunity, be assured it will not stop and change to a good habit just when you see how bad it is, and wish to get out of it.

Look out, then, for the beginning of a bad habit. Remember, there are things that, like the cannon, you can't easily stop when you once set them agoing.—Observer.

FAST LIVING.

We live very fast now. Events rush upon us with increasing rapidity. The rapid growth of the country, the increase of business which outruns population, the development of material resources, the building up of great cities, the increasing use of the rail way and telegraph, the multiplication of mechanical arts and inventions, crowd our days with activities and anxieties and excite our fathers knew nothing of. The use of the telegraph alone is revolutionizing our life. Every day we share the life of the whole world. Is there a great fire in London, a battle in Egypt, an inundation of the Rhine or Seine, a famine in Ireland, a conviction of two murderers in Brussels, a defeat of a pretended prophet



CROSSING THE RED SEA.—To ILLUSTRATE LESSON FOR JUNE 10 EXODUS 16 19 29.

you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. If you keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa."
 "Yes, indeed, long ago."
 "Are you glad?"
 "Yes, very glad."
 "Susy was still silent; she did not quiet understand what it all meant."

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, you will not allow it to speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands you will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."

"And if you give him your feet, you will never let them carry you where you ought

cottage on the north side of the road, fired off a small cannon. He was so near the road, the cannon made so big a noise, and the whole thing came so unexpectedly, that my little bay pony took fright and shied, with a spring, to the other side of the road. He not only nearly overturned the carriage in in doing so, but was with difficulty reined in and prevented from running away.

"You should not fire your cannon so near the road," said I to the little boy, after I got the pony somewhat quiet; "you frightened my horse badly, and nearly made him run away."

"I didn't mean to," said the little boy; "but it got agoing before I saw the horse, and then I couldn't stop it."

I said no more, but drove on, thinking of the boy's answer, as I have often thought of it since, though all this happened years ago.

What I have thought is this. I wish I could make every boy think of it, and feel it. It would do him much good, especially if he would try to apply it to his actions.

in Soudan, an epidemic in China, or arrest of peace negotiations between Chili and Peru if anything happens anywhere on the globe we are made spectators of it, as it were, or participants in it, by the instantaneous communication of intelligence. Every morning we have the history of the globe for a whole day laid on our plate at the breakfast table. We are in the surges of an ocean life, while our fathers sat quietly by the brink of a pool. To live today, with all the vast interests of the globe palpitating about us and reporting themselves in our ears, to do business in the tremendous rush of one of our great cities, to belong to a family whose members are separated by thousands of miles and can communicate in a day, is a vastly more intense and wearing thing than it was a century ago. People complain of being tired. They are weary without knowing why. The wear and tear of modern life on the nerves and sympathies and anxieties, on the brain and heart and soul, are incalculable, and thousands break and go down under the strain.—Evangelist.

The Wine Cup.

BY ADDIE M. THOMAS.

Beware of the wine cup!
Though ruddy its glow
There lurks in its depths
Naught but madness and woe.

Beware of the wine cup!
It will lead you astray,
From the path of the right
To the downward way.

Beware of the wine cup!
'Tis the first glass that tells,
Then on and down
To a drunkard's hell.

Beware of the wine cup!
'Tis the deadliest of foes;
Its contents bring sorrow
Wherever it goes.

Beware of the wine-cup!
Oh, touch not a drop,
Lest when you have tasted
You're powerless to stop!

Beware of the wine-cup!
And shun every place
Where the tempter can lure
And the rum power have space.

Beware of the wine-cup!
Dear Lord, haste the day
When the wine and the cup
Will be banished for aye.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1894.

AN HEROIC MISSIONARY.*

We told somewhat fully in these pages some time ago the stirring story of "Our Gilmour," the famous missionary to the Mongols, who has been described as "The Robinson Crusoe of Missionaries and the Daniel Defoe of Missionary Writers." Nothing in that tale is more touching than the references to his boys who were sent to Scotland for their education, and to whom, in his loneliness after their mother's death, he wrote many loving and tender letters. These were written sometimes in noisy Chinese inns, on coarse Chinese paper. Many of them were printed in large characters that the little lads might more easily read them.

This volume contains a sketch of James Gilmour and his heroic missionary career. He was a bright and cheery Christian, full of zeal for the conversion of the heathen, especially of the Mongols and Chinese among whom he laboured so long. His life in the rude Mongol tents, sometimes walking all day in mid-winter over a snow-covered plain, often with blistered feet and aching limbs, and carrying a heavy bundle

*"James Gilmour and His Boys." By Richard Lovett, M.A. With a map and many illustrations. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

of books for distribution or sale, is a record of marvellous heroism.

After their mother's death, he writes, he had to be both father and mother to the boys, darning their stockings and mending their clothes. He writes to his little lads: "I have your photographs with me and I take them out at the inns and look at them. I like to see your faces, I don't feel so lonely then. Oh, my dear boys, it was so hard to leave you, and I often cry yet when I think of you. I pray Jesus to make you happy. If you grow up to be earnest Christians, I think it would be nice if you became missionary doctors, and come out to heal the people, just as mamma and I did, and tell them about Jesus."

The following is a record of eight months' work:

Patients seen (about)	5,717
Hearers preached to	23,755
Books sold	3,067
Tracts distributed	4,500
Miles travelled	1,860
Money spent	£30 to £40

He goes on to say, "And out of all this there are only two men who have openly confessed Christ. In one sense it is a small result; in another sense there is much to be grateful for."

Writing from Peking, while his youngest son lay, still awaiting burial, he says: "Now, my dear sons, his brothers, don't be too sorry about him. He has gone to mamma and to grandmamma and to Jesus, in that city of beauty where no one is ever sick and where all is beautiful. There are lots of little girls and boys playing all about, and no bad boys or bad people to annoy him or teach him evil. And would not mamma receive him into her loving arms just as she used to hold you and him when she was here. Dear, dear pretty mamma! dear, dear wee Alick! I think I see her hugging him, and him nestling on her bosom just when he arrived."

"They are forever with the Lord. Jesus likes to see them. They like to see Jesus. The angels as they pass stop to look at them and say, 'Your son? has he any brothers and sisters?' Mamma says, 'Two brothers at school in Hamilton, Scotland.' The angels say, 'Papa?' Mamma says, 'Papa is a missionary in China.' The angels say, 'The brothers and papa will all come some day if they belong to Jesus.' Mamma says, 'Won't that be nice?'"

"Now, boys, be sure you belong to Jesus and you are all right. Tell Jesus you are glad he is taking such care of mamma and Alick. Ask him to take care of you, and to take care of me, and some day we'll all be there together. Meantime let us be very careful to do and say just what Jesus likes."

"I don't know who will go first. Perhaps grandpa. Won't they all be glad to see him, and won't they give him a good welcome. I know grandpa wants Jesus to save him. Meantime good-bye, my sons. Ask Jesus to keep you. Don't sorrow over Alick. He is with Jesus."

"YOUR LOVING PAPA."

He had all the boys' letters bound up in a volume to take with him on his journeys that he might read them by the way.

Another letter reads:

"You have a photo of mamma's grave. Little Alick's little mound is close to mamma's, on the side near little Eddie's. Mamma's and Alick's coffins touch down below. They lie together. But mamma and Alick are not there. They are in heaven, with its golden streets and its beautiful river, and its trees of life, and its beautiful gates, and its good, loving, kind people, and Jesus and God. They are having such a nice time of it there."

"My boys, don't be afraid of dying. Pray to Jesus, do the things he likes, and if you die you will go to him—to his fine place where you will have everything that is nice and good. I don't know whether you or I will go there first, but I hope that by-and-bye we'll all be there, mamma and Alick and all. I like to think of this. Meantime let us be doing for Jesus all we can, telling people about him, and trying to persuade them to be his people. Are your school-fellows Jesus' boys?"

"Whether you be missionaries or no, always do your lessons well. But, above all, give your heart to Jesus. Speak to him every day. Tell him about everything. Ask him to guide you; ask him to let you know what you should be and what you

should do. Daily live so as to please him, and he'll look after you. I pray constantly for you, mostly asking that Jesus would save you and make you good."

Shortly before he died he writes to his little lads, "I wonder if you are giving a tenth of all the money you get to God? I think it is the right thing to do and a good thing. Mamma did it. I do it. And God never lets us want for money. I would be glad if you would like to do it. But don't do it merely to please me. Don't do it unless you can do it gladly. God likes people to do things gladly. I am quite sure you would get blessing by it. Money given to God is never lost. And it is easier to begin the habit now than later. Think over it, boys. Jesus died to save us. Surely we can show our gratitude by giving him some of our money."

He urged them to go to the Salvation Army meetings when they could, to read their Bibles and pray often—"Pray for me here. I often pray for you. The best of all is to know Jesus and to have him for a friend."

But soon this noble life was to end. His heroic labours wore out his frail body and he was called from the toils and trials of earth to the reward and glories of heaven. We wish this book could be in every Sunday-school library. By its reading many hearts will be touched with greater sympathy with missions, and our boys and girls will be helped to give not only their money but themselves to this grandest of causes.

THE Rev. Dr. Withrow is putting through the press a Monotessaron or new Harmony of the Gospels which will be of much interest to Bible students. It interweaves into one continuous narrative the story of the life of our Lord, which is the special subject of the International Sunday-school Lessons for a year beginning with next July. Of such a Harmony Professor Amos Wells writes: "Far above Concordance, Bible index or Bible directory, I count the Monotessaron the very best help to Bible study. Through a recent first acquaintance with the Monotessaron, that splendour of beauty and majesty before a person of Christ marvellous vividness, relations and proportions. This book will be published simultaneously in Canada and the United States. Canadian publishers: William Briggs, Toronto; S. F. Huestis, Montreal; C. W. Coates, Halifax."

THE CLOSED DOOR.

I REMEMBER it so well. It was one morning many years ago, when I was a very little child. I had been disobedient at breakfast-time, and papa had said to me gravely and sadly; "Carrie, you must get off your chair, and go and stand outside the door for five minutes."

I got down, choked back the sob that rose in my throat, and went outside the door, and it shut against me.

The moments seemed very long and silent. I remember well how my tears dropped down on the mat, I was so grieved and ashamed. The five minutes were not nearly over, but the handle of the door was partly turned and Johnnie's curly head peeped out. Both his arms were round my neck in a minute, and he said: "Carrie, go in; I'll be naughty instead of you." And before I could say a word he had pushed me in, and shut the door.

There I stood, with my eyes on the floor, and feeling so red and so uncomfortable, not knowing whether I might go up to the table; but papa took my hand, and led me to the table, and kissed me and put me on my chair; and I know I was forgiven just as much as if I had borne all the punishment; but oh how I wished Johnnie might come in!

When the five minutes were up he was called in, and papa then took us both—me, the poor little naughty child, and Johnnie, the loving brother—and folded us in his arms, and I sobbed it all out—the repentance and love and gratefulness—while we were held close to that loving heart.

And now that I look back to that little scene, it seems a typical one. For the years went by, and I found myself outside another door, separated from the Father,

sin having come between my soul and God, till I saw One who loved me come and take my place, and put me into his place of nearness, and I was forgiven for Christ's sake; and I know the fulness and freedom of that forgiveness, for our Father drew me close to his divine heart of love, and there, with the Lord Jesus, my Sin-bearer, I found "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Payment he will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.

—Monthly Record.

BEING CURED.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

A LADY had collected a lot of wild street boys into a class, and was trying to teach them, when one day she noticed that one of them had fallen asleep and began to snore.

"He's drunk," said his ragged little companions, laughing. Of course there was no use in trying to do anything with him then, but three days afterwards she saw and questioned him.

"Yes, I was drunk, that's a fact," said Johnny, as frank as could be. "I didn't mean to let yer see me, 'cause I kind o' love yer, but I couldn't help it."

"Why, Johnny, you shouldn't say so. You could help it."

"No; yer see I've got so used to it I can't stop."

"Oh, I am so sorry! What was it that ever made you begin to drink?"

"I learned it when I runned errands for Mike Dooley, down in Willard Street. He keeps a liquor store, and he gin me the rum and sugar in the bottoms of the glasses for my pay."

"Johnny, it would be terrible to have you die a drunkard. I can't bear to think of it. Won't you try to give up drinking, if I'll tell you how you can?"

Johnny thought a minute. "I don't believe I could. I've got so used to 't, you see. If I go without, I feel so gone here" (putting his hand on his stomach).

There were tears in the gentle teacher's eyes. John looked up and saw them, and was touched. He began to reconsider.

"I—I dunno but I'd try, if I thought 'twould make you feel better."

"God bless you Johnny! Do you give me your hand on it, and say you'll stop drinking, honest and true?"

There was a pretty long pause then. Johnny was making a mighty effort. "Yes'm," he said; and he drew a long breath. "I'll promise never to drink no more liquor, for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake, Johnny."

"Could he make me keep my promise? You ask him, can't you?"

Hardly sure of the boy's meaning, the question was so unexpected, the teacher nevertheless knelt immediately. Johnny knelt, too, and when she had prayed, he said he guessed he would "ask him himself."

"Lord Jesus up in heaven, please help a little feller as wants ter be good, and don't never let him drink rum no more. Amen."

That was Johnny's prayer and he meant it. All his conduct has since proved how truly in earnest the poor little street-boy was when he asked the Lord to help him keep a promise made to his teacher, "cause he kind o' loved her." He is living in a good situation in the country, and bids fair to grow up a conscientious, upright man.

Just as a physician feels of your pulse and looks at your tongue to see if you have any disease, so let us think about our hearts and acts, and see if there be any wicked way in us—wicked thoughts, wicked words, wicked deeds—that we need to ask Jesus to cure. We shall all find something wrong, and then we can hurry to Jesus in prayer, feeling sure that when he was so kind in healing the sick bodies of children when he was on earth, he will cure all our wrongs to-day of thought and word and deed.

"The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus.
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus."

—A little girl on being asked what dust was, replied that it was "mud in high spirits."

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XXII.—THROUGH JAIL TO THE GRAVE.

DAVID returned to jail broken-hearted and weary of life. Circumstances had thrust him into a career to which he had not been born; he could not drift with the tide that was rapidly sweeping him down to utter rascaldom. His early training, and his faithful love for his mother and sister, set him at odds with the mass of young thieves born and bred amid the lowest dregs of the London populace. There had always been a vital difference between him and them.

He had never ceased to be conscious of an aching sense of degradation and loss lurking beneath the artificial pleasure Blackett had taught him to feel in the vicious habits of men like himself. He had learned to associate with them; but he had never been in heart one of them. And now that he had been blindly led into crime against the home that had sheltered Bess, and against her friend, old Euclid, who had barely escaped with his life, he felt as if he had sunk to the last depth of infamy and wickedness.

It was little Bess herself who had hindered him from making his escape. Poor little Bess! how desperately she had clung to the thief, lest he should get clear off! Dreams of it visited him in his prison-cell. When he fell asleep he seemed to be about to make some hairbreadth escape into freedom and a better life; but at the last moment, when success appeared sure, Bess would snatch him back, and plunge him again into his gulf of dark despair. It was always Bess who held him fast till his enemies were upon him. And then, when he was recaptured, and she saw his face, who it was, and called him by his name, she would fall down at his feet, and die; and it was his wickedness that had killed her! Such dreams as these terrified and scared him.

David became a loathing to himself. A thief! It was the name he had been taught to abhor and dread from his infancy. His mother's simple creed had been, to be honest and industrious, and to take all that happened to her as being the will of God. But now he was himself the being his mother had most feared and hated. It was as if some tender-hearted man had found himself guilty of an act of savage cruelty, or an innocent, guileless girl had plunged unawares into an abyss of infamy. David had become the thing which he abhorred; he was an abomination to himself. Two years would soon pass away. But what after that? He would still be a thief when he was released from jail, and the ranks of honest men would be more firmly closed against him than ever. If he could have his choice, he would stay within the shadow of the prison-walls, and not creep forth again to find no comradeship except with thieves. His heart failed him to think of having no fellowship but with such men as Blackett. He knew that there was not a chance of anything better. The jail-brand could never be got rid of in this life.

He was no longer classed among the juvenile criminals. He worked at his trade among the adult prisoners; but he held no manner of intercourse with any of them. The work he did was little—not enough to keep him from frequent punishment; but neither encouragement nor punishment aroused him to any interest in it. He was never heard to speak in answer to praise or blame. His eyes were often fixed on the floor, as if he was lost in a kind of dream. He was silent, apathetic, and sullen. Whatever was going on around him, he appeared deaf and blind and dumb. Often he looked almost imbecile.

Now and then a darker shadow brooded over his face. It was when the thought crossed his brain of how easily he could put an end to his misery, if he were but standing once more on the brink of the river. He could fancy he saw its rapid current hurrying away to the sea. Why had he never escaped from the wretchedness that hemmed him in by this swift and easy road? Here, in jail, it would be difficult to make an end of himself. It had been done; but he shrank from the way to do it. If he could only fling himself into the cool, rapid river, and sink in it!

There was chapel for him, and daily prayers, and the chaplain's visits; but none of them brought comfort to his despair. They were part of the machinery of the criminal court and the jail. The religion was that of the State, which had first neglected him, and then driven him into the gulf which had swallowed him up body and soul. If that religion was for any upon earth, it was for the rich and powerful, not for the poor and feeble like his mother, and the erring and sinful like himself! The poor were pinned down to suffering and crime; whilst the rich were fenced in from temptation to outward sins, and set in high

places to make laws and enforce them. Such Christianity was no gospel to David Fell.

Day after day, night after night, through long weeks and months, did David's heart die within him. Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, his physical powers failed him also. His hand lost its cunning, and his sight grew dim. Wrapped up in his wretchedness, he made no complaint, and asked for no favour. His body filled up its appointed place, sat at his bench, crawled to and fro along the corridors, crouched in his cell; but he hardly felt or knew what he was doing, or where he was. He was the mere shadow of a man. The life and spirit and heart of being was dying out of him.

There was only one thing that stirred the flickering life within him. This was the letters that Bess wrote to him, always loving and cheerful, promising that all should yet be well for him when he was once more free. She would go with him to some far off land, she wrote, and they would begin life afresh together. But David would shake his head mournfully over these dear promises. Would it not indeed spoil her life if he let her leave old Euclid and Mrs. Linnett, and the home in which she was so happy? That could never be.

One Sunday morning, after chapel, he found a letter in his cell. He had been twelve months in jail, and Bess had written three times. It was time for a fourth to come, and he seized it as eagerly as a man dying of thirst clutches at a draught of cold water. But this letter was not from Bess.

"DEAR DAVID,—I'm a seaman now, earning good wages, and I've saved twenty pounds; and Mr. Dudley says, if I get on well in learning navigation, I shall be a mate soon. So I've asked Bess if she'll be my wife. Oh, David! nobody knows how I love Bess. I'm thinking of her night and day when I'm aboard, and when I'm ashore I can't bear to be out of her sight. She's prettier and dearer every time I see her. But she says, 'No: I belong to Davy. He's got nobody and nothing, save me.' She never says that she can't love me, or I'd never have wrote to you. Now, I want you to write to her, and tell her you'd like her to marry me; and you'll have a like her to marry me; and you'll have a brother as well as a sister. It would be better for you if I married Bess, instead of another man, because I couldn't never be ashamed of you, as father's a thief, and my own two brothers. If she married anyone else, he might taunt her some day, and I couldn't stand in my way, dear old Davy. I'll be a good husband to Bess, and a good brother to you; and I'm earning good wages; and perhaps I may rise to be a captain, and then Bess shall be a lady. Only write to her, and say you'd like to have me for a brother, and you'll never repent it. From your loving friend,

ROGER BLACKETT."

David sat motionless for a long time, crushing the letter tightly in his feverish hand. There was no work to be done, and he had leisure to ponder over it bitterly. Roger Blackett! How well he could remember the timid, browbeaten, half-starved lad, who lived in terror of his savage father—a poor, idling, weak, despised boy, held cheap by all the other boys in the street; the son of a notorious scoundrel, whose elder sons were London thieves. And now, after being trained on board ship, he was a seaman, earning good wages, and looking forward to be a mate, and thinking of marrying.—ay, of marrying Bess! Some day he might rise to be the master of a vessel, and be called Captain Blackett; whilst he—David Fell—what was he?

A castaway, a housebreaker, and a convict! Roger would marry little Bess. David seemed to see it in a dream.—Bess in a house of her own, pretty and loving and good, with little children growing up about her; and Roger coming home from his voyage, bringing gifts from foreign places, to show how he had thought of each one of them whilst he was far away. A life of honest, cheerful toil lay before Roger, with glad some home delights, such as make this earth a pleasant world to live in. He seemed to see the children's faces, and hear their voices ringing in his ears. All that for Roger; but what for him? Death on a jail-bed!

He felt it for a certainty as he crushed Roger's letter in his fingers. The passage through jail to the grave had not been a long one; and he was glad of it, if his dreary sense of making his escape out of an evil world could be called gladness. Death was very near at hand, and could not come too soon.

The next day his warden recommended him to go into the hospital; and he went. The medical officer could not say what ailed him, or under what name to catalogue his disease. There was no column in his report for hopelessness and heart-sickness.

(To be continued.)

—A little boy, on being asked one day how old he was, by a gentleman, replied, "I'm not old at all, I'm nearly new!"

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

HOW TO TEACH THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Commandments ten God gave to men."

(Stepping to the blackboard with chalk in hand:) "Boys and girls, how many commandments are there?" "Ten." (Put down the number 10 on the board.) "What is the first one about?" (Put down the figure 1 on the board.) "One God." "Repeat the first commandment." (League repeat.)

"What is the second commandment about?" (Put down the figure 2 on the board.) "Idolatry." Repeat the second commandment.

"What is the third commandment about?" "Profanity." "Boys repeat the third commandment. Girls repeat it. All repeat it."

So go through the whole number. Now change the order of the figures on the board so that they will read 1, 3, 9, 4, 2, 6, etc. Call on the boys or girls separately and together to repeat the commandment indicated by the figure as the leader points to them on the board. Arranged in their proper order you will have:

1. One God. 2. Idolatry. 3. Profanity. 4. Keeping the Sabbath. 5. Obedience to Parents. 6. Murder. 7. Adultery. 8. Stealing. 9. Perjury. 10. Covetousness.

These may be made the subjects of a series of talks to boys and girls, giving the circumstances under which the commandments were given, where they are found, etc. Exod. 20. 17; Deut. 5. 6-21.

BIBLE DRILL.

"How many have Bibles? Hold them up where I can see them. Now, all be ready, and we will see how quickly you can find the following passages. When you find the place you may stand up. Gen. 32. 24; Isa. 55. 7; John 3. 6," etc.

When sufficient time has been given let those standing read the passage they have found, and be seated; then announce another, and soon. The leader should announce difficult passages from the Minor Prophets, Jude, 3 John, etc., until the boys and girls can readily "find the place."

AN AGE EXERCISE.

"How old are you?" "Five!" "Eight!" "Twelve!" "How many are ten years old? Hands up! That will do. Will you repeat with me Psalm 90. 10?" (All repeat, "The days of our years," etc.) (Leader talk about mileposts, and compare the passing years to a moving train.) "Do the years go rapidly or slowly with you?" (Various answers.) "Well, as you grow older the years will seem to go quickly." (Leader exhibit an hourglass so that all may see the running sand, and compare it to the days of life.) "Repeat with me Psalm 90. 12." (All repeat.)

(Leader talk about the spiritual birthday, and let the League repeat John 3. 3, and close with singing "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice.")

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHING.

B.C. 1000.] LESSON XII. [June 17.

THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Memory verses, 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.—Prov. 23. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. The Woes of Wine, v. 29-32.
2. The Work of Wine, v. 33-35.

TIME.—Sometime during Solomon's reign these proverbs were produced. We follow the common chronology of our English Bible, and call the year 1000 B.C.

EXPLANATIONS.—"Woe . . . sorrow . . . contentions" etc.—All these are distinct characteristics of drunkenness to-day as then. "Babbling"—Maudlin talk of the drunkard. "Wounds without cause"—Gotten in drunken quarrels. "Mixed wine"—The oriental nations all drank their wine largely mixed with water, but sometimes with aromatic spices, to make it stronger. "Wine . . . red . . . giveth colour . . . moveth aright"—All these are indications of the quality of the wine. "An adder"—Some sort of very venomous serpent. "Strange women"—Bad women; wicked associates. Most of the immoral influences of Solomon's time came from the heathen nations which surrounded Israel. "Strange" is used in the sense of "foreign," and, by implication, pagan and wicked. "Lieth upon the top of a mast"—This cor-

rectly describes a drunkard, whether you think of his unsteady, wagging walk; or his unsteady thinking (a drunkard has neither will-power nor common sense); or his unsteady morals, for his one bad habit leads him to reel and stagger into every crime by turns. "Felt it not"—Intoxication makes its victims temporarily unconscious of its most damaging effects. "I will seek it yet again"—The worst feature of intoxicants is that they rouse an uncontrollable desire for intoxication.

HOME READINGS.

M. Woes of the drunkard.—Prov. 23. 29-35. T. Degradation of drunkenness.—Isaiah 5. 11-16.

W. Punishment of iniquity.—Isa. 5. 18-25.

T. Sinful luxury.—Amos 6. 1-7.

F. Drunkenness and destruction.—Nahum 1. 3. 10.

S. Warning.—Matt. 24. 44-51.

Su. Works of darkness.—Rom. 13. 8-14.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That liquor-drinking makes men quarrelsome?
2. That liquor-drinking makes men impure?
3. That liquor drinking is great folly?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Against what sin is this lesson directed? "Against the sin of intemperance." 2. What is intemperance? "Excess of any kind." 3. What particular excess is here denounced? "Excessive use of intoxicating drinks." 4. What warning does the Scripture pronounce against the seller of intoxicating drinks? "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink" (Hab. 2. 15). 5. What warning to the user of these drinks? "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging." 6. What direct command does it give to all? Golden Text: "Look not thou," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Man's tendency to sin.

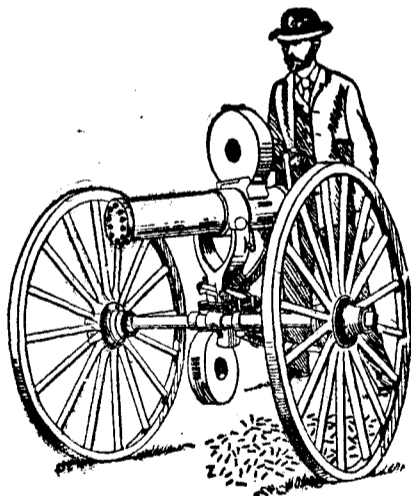
CATECHISM QUESTION.

But is not he who is treated as righteous made righteous also?

He is made inwardly righteous by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, who enables him to do righteousness.

Romans 8. 4; Titus 3. 5; 1 John 3. 7.

JUST OUT.



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MOSES AND AARON RECEIVING THE OFFERINGS OF THE ISRAELITES FOR THE BUILDING OF THE TABERNACLE.

MOSES AND AARON RECEIVING THE OFFERINGS.

EXODUS. 35. 21-22.

"AND they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all his service, and for the holy garments.

"AND they came both men and women, as many as were willing hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold; and every man that offered offered an offering of gold unto the Lord."

A LADYBUG'S HOME.

BY EVA F. L. CARSON.

"LADYBUG, Ladybug, fly away home!
Your house is on fire, your children will burn!"

Emma was softly singing the words over and over to herself. Auntie heard her in the next room. "What is it, Emma?" she called. "It's a ladybug, auntie," said the little girl, "and I've told her to go home ever and ever so many times, but she won't go."

Emma carried the ladybug carefully on her finger in to show auntie.

"Perhaps she hasn't got any home, auntie; can't I make her one?"

"Yes, dear, if you like," said auntie.

So she found a tiny box for the ladybug, and Emma put in a wee piece of cotton wool for a bed; and then the ladybug had a home, though there were no children in it.

Emma watched her new pet carefully for several days. She tried to feed it with little crumbs of bread and small drops of water, but the ladybug would not touch them. She crawled about the box sometimes, but never once offered to fly away.

Emma brought the box to auntie and said: "See, auntie, I think she's dead."

"So she is, pet," said auntie, putting her arm around the little girl. "I think the ladybug was sick at first, and that is the reason she would not fly away when you told her."

"Oh, I don't think so, auntie, said Emma, earnestly. "I think that her children were on fire, and all were burned up; and now she has died because she was sorry for them."

"Well, perhaps that is it," said auntie.

—"What is the feminine of tailor?" asked a teacher of a class in grammar. "Dressmaker," was the instant reply.