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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1897.

No. 10.

## The Thing Not Done.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of heartache.  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of your brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say;  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone,  
That you had no time or thought for  
With troubles enough of your own.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
For all our slow compassion,  
That tarries until too late.  
And it's not the thing you do,  
dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of heart-  
ache,  
At the setting of the sun.

## THE COZY CORNER.

Long evenings suggest good times together. As soon as the day's duties are ended the big study table is drawn out into the centre of the room. Then the family lamp is lighted, and the boys and girls are not long in finding their places around it. Now comes the hour for conversation and story-telling. To make the time a pleasant one, every member of the gathering should be ready to do his or her part in the way of entertaining, and so all share alike in the enjoyment of the occasion.

It need not be something of your own that you talk about, although one's own observation of things, when put into words, is apt to be well worth listening to. The fact of your having had to do with an exciting event, or that you have been witness to anything out of the ordinary, inspires your listeners with the feeling that they, too, can enter into the spirit of the narrative with a zest equal to yours when you become acquainted with that which you are relating.

Some time, when you cannot think of anything particularly good to say, have a little conversation about the month of November. Ask, What two very pleasant things does the month always bring with it? Of course every one will know they are the beautiful "Indian Summer," and our National Thanksgiving. But every one will not know

"What causes the 'Indian Summer,'

When the haze,  
Soft and illusive as a fairy  
dream,  
Wraps all the landscape in its  
silvery fold,  
And the year takes on its part-  
ing wing,  
A rainbow glory?"

So you can be ready with the explanation:

"As either pole of the earth is turned toward the sun after the vernal equinox, the solar effect increases in the direction of that pole until a thaw of the winter's accumulated ice set in, when an interval of cold occurs, caused by the rapid absorption of the solar heat. Thus the frequent 'cold spells' of the later spring months have been accounted for. When, on the contrary, either pole is turned away from the sun after the autumnal equinox, the converse process takes place, the higher parts of the continent are chilled, and the ensuing condensation of the vapour in the air, liberating its heat, raises the temperature, and thus an interval of fine, comparatively warm weather or 'second summer' follows."

You may have to spend a little time in looking up the definition of some of the words you use in your explanation; but that will be excellent practice. It will also give you an opportunity to tell the others the meaning of these same words.

The Gaylord Herald wound up a compliment to a young schoolma'am with a good word about "the reputation for teaching she bears." The next day the schoolma'am met the editor, and chased him down the street with a blue umbrella, and every jump in the road she screamed that she had never taught a she bear in all her life.

cliffs, broken and contorted into thousands of fragments and shapes, crowned by perpetual ice and snow, and with great glaciers pouring into the sea from nearly every large valley, appear entirely barren. But as the vessel, on which the traveller is, approaches nearer, in the crevices of the huge rocks and towering precipices, and beside the glistening snow and ice, are to be seen patches of green. At first dull, and then vivid as the vessel draws nearer. This is the first glimpse of Arctic vegetation, which is to teach the student how indomitable this form of life is, and under what adverse circumstances it can and will flourish. These patches of verdure, seen from the sea, and which led Eric the Red, more

the unfortunate John M. Verhooff, it is now generally conceded, lost his life by falling into the crevasse of a glacier

On the west side of the bay, rising for nearly 4,000 feet above the sea level, is a conical-shaped mountain. About it are others, all covered with snow, or thrusting their heads into the clouds without covering of any kind, but this conical giant alone is mantled from its summit to its waterside in green moss, to a thickness of from two to ten feet, an unbroken mass of verdure, except where here and there patches of boulders and stones, marking the path of a once lateral moraine, have succeeded in keeping in the light. Beneath this covering of moss rests, to an unknown depth, blue and solid ice, created probably ages ago, and preserved as well as in an ice-house. This ice, as far as can be determined completely embraces the mountain from crown to foot, a mass which once gleamed as fiercely in the summer sunlight as un-conquered fields do in the present era in Greenland. Independent

## WILLIE'S GOLD MINE.

"If I were rich I'd never go to school another day!" exclaimed Willie, as he threw his books and strap upon the sofa in the cosy sitting-room. "What's the use bothering away all one's time in school anyway!"

"Well, Willie," inquired grandma, cheerily, from her pleasant corner, "how would you like to own a gold mine—your very own?"

"A gold mine! My! I'd like it awfully, grandma, but," continued Willie, slowly, "I don't suppose I'll ever own one."

"I see no reason why you can't if you really want one," replied grandma, smiling.

"How? Do tell me quick!" cried Willie, eagerly. "I guess Jim West won't feel so big if I get a gold mine," and Willie whistled gaily at the thought.

After a moment's silence, Willie continued, thoughtfully, "I can't buy a gold mine, for I've only two dollars in my bank, and a mine will cost heaps."

"Sit down a minute while I explain," and as she spoke, grandma fondly drew her pet to her side. "You can't buy this gold mine with money; and no one can give it to you; you must work for it, and work hard, too, Willie."

"Oh, grandma, I'll do anything, sure! See how big and tall I am," and Willie actually grew six inches taller all at once, by standing on his tiptoes.

"You can't get your gold mine in a hurry, either," went on grandma. "You must get it little by little. It isn't like some gold mines that are full of wealth at the beginning—you must fill this mine yourself."

"Will it take long to fill it, grandma?"

"Yes, a number of years. Each day you can add some valuable bit to it, and by-and-bye, lo! you will have an inexhaustible treasure. No one can steal your mine from you, Willie, and you can never dig it dry."

"My!" exclaimed Willie, with sparkling eyes. "When can I begin to get my gold mine, grandma?"

"At any time! You have already begun to fill your treasure house, and by going to—"

"I know, grandma," interrupted Willie. "It's an education that you mean; that's the gold mine."

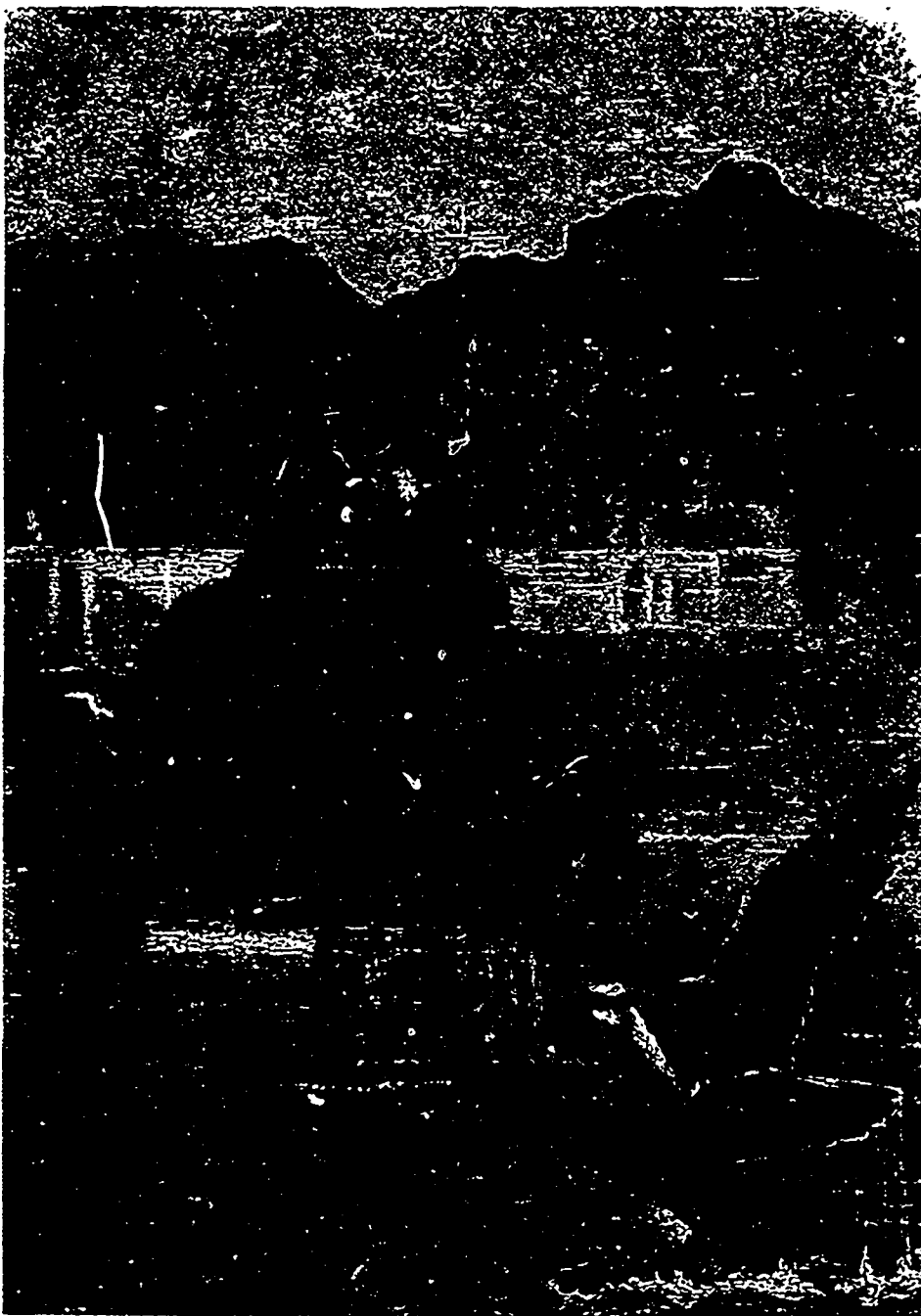
"And isn't that a fine one, Willie?"

"Y-e-s, and I'm going to begin now to fill it up. Hurrah for grandma and the gold mine!"

"And the school, too," added grandma.

"Why, of course," laughed Willie—Presbyterian.

"I didn't know you were so accomplished a linguist," he remarked, as he glanced at the paper she was reading. "I don't make any pretensions in that direction," she answered. "But that is a Russian newspaper you have picked up." "Why, so it is," she answered in surprise. "I thought it was a dialect story."



THE OSPREY OR FISH-HAWK.

## THE OSPREY OR FISH-HAWK.

This powerful bird will sometimes be seen sailing on noiseless wing above the water. When it sees a fish beneath the surface it rushes down, dives boldly and brings up the struggling fish and carries it off to its nest to feed its young. They will carry off a fish weighing five pounds. Sometimes they plunge their talons into one too heavy to lift and will be dragged under the water and drowned.

## FLOWERS IN GREENLAND.

Even in June or July, when the weather is the balmiest, as the traveller approaches the coast of Greenland, it is hard to believe in the existence of vegetable life on its bleak-looking shores, at least in any quantity. The frowning

than a thousand years ago, to call this "land of desolation" Greenland, are dwarf willows and birches, patches of clump moss, and sometimes luxuriant grass.

Once landed, no matter where, in Greenland, between Cape Farewell on the south and Independence Bay on the north, flowers are blooming, dwarf willows and birches thriving, grasses and mosses flourishing during the summer months, wherever the ice will afford an opportunity. Indeed, sometimes vegetation assumes the aggressive and overwhelms and buries huge fields of ice, enveloping them in green carpets, mottled with gold and white blossoms of other plants. Two of the most remarkable instances of this victory of vegetable matter over its icy foe are to be found on the shores of Robertson's Bay, where

"All Things Come Round."

It was terribly hot, and I laid me down  
At the foot of a hickory tree,  
And a squirrel above who wasn't afraid  
Sat barking, and scolding me,  
And a bumble-bee swung by a winding  
path  
With his surly "Get out of my way";  
And a roving mosquito came blowing his  
pip,  
So what could a fellow say?  
"This bumble-bee thinks he owns the  
earth,  
And the squirrel, there, claims the tree,  
And this third little varlet would take  
all the rest  
That's of any importance to me!"  
But, you see, I was tired and fell asleep,  
And when I opened my eyes,  
They found out the door of the bumble-  
bee's store,  
There was honey enough for a prize!  
And the squirrel had thrown me a parcel  
of nuts;  
And near, on a floating spray,  
A robin was singing a cheery song—  
The mosquito had come his way!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1897.

WOLFGANG MOZART'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years of age Frederica could play well on a harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said: "Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing, and the sound of the river as it flows is like music."

So they went. As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree, the boy said thoughtfully:

"Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray."

Frederica asked wondering: "What shall we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," said her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us."

"Yes," said Frederica, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Frederica.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music, and by-and-bye I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that any one was near them. Turning, he saw a gentleman

who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him:

"Wolfgang means to be a great musician, he thinks that he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

Frederica answered:

"He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly-cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterward the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Christian as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says:

"I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge his power and dread his wrath, but at the same time I love to admire his goodness and mercy to his creatures. He will never abandon his servant. By the fulfilment of his will mine is satisfied."

The simple, trusting faith of the young musician was remarkable, and it teaches old and young a lesson.

"OUR REASONABLE SERVICE."

BY COUSIN ELINOR.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the Danville Juniors were gathered in their pleasant room for their regular weekly meeting. It was a beautiful winter afternoon. The air was crisp and clear, and the sunlight danced on the freshly-fallen snow. I fear that my little Danville friends were thinking more of sleds and skates as they looked longingly at the blue sky, which smiled so brightly outside the windows, than of their meeting. There was a general air of indifference, which touched Miss Harper deeply, because it was so unusual. Last year, you will remember, the blessed revival which came to Danville began in the Junior League, and that very many, young and old, then started on the heavenward journey. Since then quite a number of associate members had been added, but only a few had become members of the church. The Juniors had not been sleeping by any means, but had been busily at work in various ways. You know they organized a humane society last summer, and now they had a great missionary enterprise on hand, which I may tell you about later.

This year early in December meetings had been begun in the church. They had been in progress about two weeks, but the interest did not seem to extend to the Juniors. Miss Harper was anxiously praying for them.

"Children," she said at last, "suppose we discontinue our regular exercises and spend the rest of the time in talking."

Instantly every eye was turned in smiling alertness and interest toward their teacher.

"You remember that many of you came into the service of Christ last winter. How many of you are still happy in that service?" she asked gently. Instantly fifty eager little hands were in the air.

"I am glad there are so many," said Miss Harper; "but there are some among you who have not yet sought the Lord. Will you tell them why you think children ought to be Christians? Dora, dear," she continued, turning to little Dora Clay, who was the first to come last year; "What is your reason?"

"Because Jesus loves us so much" was the simple answer.

"And yours, Mamie?"

"Because God wants us to be."

"And yours, Dick?" turning to Dick Brown, who got into so much trouble last summer.

"Because it keeps us from being wicked," he replied in a low voice.

"What is your reason, Annie?"

"Because I want to go to heaven."

"And yours, Charlie Roberts?"

"So that we can grow up to be good and happy men and women," was the reply. "I don't believe sinners are ever happy. They are always getting into trouble."

"A very wise reason, certainly," said Miss Harper. "And yours, Carl?" turning to Carl Hayes.

"To save my own soul, and try to help others save theirs," was the thoughtful reply.

"What is your reason for being a Christian, Agnes?" Miss Harper asked of the young president.

"Because Christ redeemed us with his own blood, and that to give ourselves to him to love and serve him is our reasonable service. That is what papa says, Miss Harper, and I believe it is the best reason," said Agnes, earnestly.

"Your reasons are all good," said Miss Harper, after several other answers had been given. "We should be Christians because Jesus loves us, because God wants us to be, because we do not wish to be sinners, because it makes us good and happy, saves our souls and others, and because it is our reasonable service. I will add two reasons to yours, dear children. One is because the Christ-life is the only true life; and the other is that we, as members of the human family, belong to Christ. God gave us all to him, for you know at what a fearful price he bought us, that he might teach us the way to eternal life. Agnes truly says that it is our reasonable service. As long as we withhold our hearts from him, just so long are we defrauding him of his own. To be a true disciple of Jesus Christ means life and hope and happiness—everything that is good and beautiful. To be the slave of sin means sorrow and suffering and spiritual death. To be the servant of Jesus Christ is to find eternal life. To give the heart to Christ in childhood means to escape the dangers of sin and the possible shipwreck of the soul, and to work all the life long to bring in his kingdom of righteousness and love. Could any service be more reasonable or more blessed? And then if a poor sinner does repent and turn to God in his old age, just think how much evil he has done whose influence no tears of repentance can wash away."

There was a thoughtful silence, then Bertie Gray said: "I'll come now."

After singing a hymn the children went soberly home; but a week afterward ten of the associate members had given themselves to Christ.—Epworth Herald.

A CURIOUS TRUNK.

The following puzzle is said to have been composed by the Bishop of Oxford:

I have a trunk with two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, two established measures, and a great number of articles a carpenter cannot dispense with; then I have always about me two fine fish, and a great number of smaller ones, two lofty trees, fine flowers, and the fruit of an indigenous plant, two playful animals, and a number of smaller and less tame breed, a fine stag, some whips without handles, some weapons of warfare, and a number of weather-cocks, the steps of a hotel, the House of Commons on the eve of division, two students or scholars, and some Spanish grandees to wait upon me.

Answer.—The human body, eyelids, kneecaps, drum of the ear, feet, nails, soles, muscles, palms, tulips, hips, calves, hair, heart, lashes, arms, blades, veins, insteps, eyes and nose, pupils, tendons.

DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply.

"One has got to overcome so much, and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that big pile of wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once, or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way to live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day, and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us, but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little. Every day we should ask God

for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes we will ask again. He will give all we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-day and a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we can accomplish great things. Look at life in its little-by-little aspect rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it."

A little gain in patience to-day, a little more trust to-morrow—that's the way a Christian life grows.—New York Observer.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 14, 1897.

Rhoda, who came to hear.—Acts 12. 13.

REASON OF PERSECUTION.

Herod Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, was the king of Judea. The Herod family were confessedly a family of notorious persons. As we have studied their history, we have wondered how the Almighty permitted them to so vex and annoy the church of God. They all desired to be popular with the Jews, who were subjects of the Roman Empire, and did not even hesitate to commit murder, if, by so doing, they could promote their own selfish designs.

JAMES AND PETER.

Verse 2. James had already been put to death. This pleased the wicked Jews, who were opposed to the Christian religion. Peter was imprisoned, he was chained to the soldiers, sixteen of whom were his guards, and kept Peter in their special care by turns, day and night. It was the design of Herod to kill Peter at some time in the near future.

PRAYER.

Verse 5. The church could obtain no redress from the civil rulers. They knew that the day following was to be the day of trial, when they felt assured that Peter would have to endure the same fate as had befallen James. Their only refuge in this season of trouble was prayer. "In trouble there is a resting-place for those who know the throne of grace." The command is, "Call upon me in the day of trouble." This was a day of trouble to the church at Jerusalem. Perhaps some wonder why there is no mention of prayer on behalf of James. Probably he was put to death as soon as he was apprehended.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

Verse 7. The angel went into Peter's cell, and see how he found Peter, "between two soldiers." Peter's right arm was bound to the left arm of one soldier, and his left arm to the right arm of another soldier. Peter did not seem to be the least uneasy, for he acted as though there was not the slightest danger. Peter's conscience was easy. He was ready to die or live. To all appearance Peter was safe in custody, and could not be rescued.

WHAT THE ANGELS DID.

Verses 7, 8. Gird thyself. Put on thy outer garments. The chains fell off. Follow me. All this is truly wonderful. Peter does not ask for any explanation. He does as he is commanded to do. So should we, when we are commanded by those in authority, though we must not do evil, no matter by whom we may be commanded. The angel led Peter out of prison. They went past guards of soldiers. The gate leading into the prison opened, without either the angel or Peter touching it. Peter thought he had seen a vision, but when the angel left him, he knew it was no vision. You see, Peter had to put on his own clothes. The angel did not dress him, nor did the angel lead him to the house of Mary Mark, but he led him to the street. God never does that for his children which they can do for themselves.

RHODA.

Verse 13. She was watching the gate. The greatest precaution had to be observed. She knew Peter's voice, and she ran into the house and told them he was outside, but they said she was mad, but she continued to affirm that it was even he. Though they had prayed for deliverance, they could not believe it when it came. Doubtless, they had not anticipated that Peter could be delivered after this manner. There was wonderful excitement among the people. Peter went into another place. He obeyed Scripture precept, when persecuted in one city they were to go to another. The James mentioned here was another James, who was a relative of our Lord. He was a man of influence, and was the author of the epistle which bears his honoured name. The narrative should encourage all God's people to persevere in prayer.



**A Mesh at a Time.**

Just a mesh at a time, my child !  
It's not so hard as you think :  
Slip in the shuttle, draw up the loop  
Without a knot or a kink.  
So, one by one, those thresome holes  
That seem so many to mend,  
Will be done, though you'll hardly guess  
Just how, when you come to the end.  
Yes, a mesh at a time, my dear ;  
A mesh is a little thing :  
Only a single loop, you know,  
Made of this common string.  
Yet see, it strengthens the weak, frayed  
edge,  
It bridges the gaping rent ;  
To the worn out loop, just ready to  
break,  
Its help is cheerfully lent.  
A mesh at a time, and loop by loop,  
The net grows firm and strong,  
To do its duty beneath the waves,  
And prison the finny throng,  
For if not one single mesh gives way,  
The net will faithfully keep  
Its trust, and never a silver fish  
Shall wander back to the deep.  
Just a mesh at a time, O child !  
In this work-a-day world of ours  
There are nets to mend, and fish to catch  
For us all, with our varied powers.  
If we may not be like the learned and  
great,  
That toll with the brain and pen,  
We may do their work to whom Christ  
said :  
"I will make you fishers of men."

**Cousin Jackey.**

BY OLD CORNISH.  
II.

"Hullo!" said old Johnny, as he stood one day upon the cliff, a man who had a marvellous faculty of telling the name of every boat in the bay as soon as she put her nose around the point at Pensee, "why, the Mystery es comin' back! What in the world es the matter? There must be somethin' wrong." And so saying, he watched the unfolding of events for the next half-hour.  
Yes, there was something sadly wrong, for over the side of the Mystery they gently lowered into the "punt" what seemed to be a man, and four burly, bronzed fishermen rowed with all their might for the shore. No sooner had they reached the beach than, raising their burden into their arms, they carried him up into Nancy Curnow's cottage. Yes, Cousin Jackey was ill—"very ill," they said. Soon the doctor was by his side, who after a careful examination of the case pronounced it fever!  
"Doctor," said the dear old patient in his own playful way, "es et a 'ot wind or what?"  
"Hot!" was the laconic reply.  
"Too 'ot for the children? Don't ee think they could come and taalk to me a bit? Jackey dearly loves the children, and ef they caan't come, then sure 'nough I shall die."  
"Well, not just at present," was the doctor's guarded response.  
"Then, ef I caan't 'ave the children, I may 'ave the children's Friend?"  
"Who is that?" asked the master of the healing art.  
"Why, don't ee know?" said the sufferer. "Ah, doctor, 'e's been wi' me in sunshine and storm, in sickness and 'ealth, and 'e waan't leave me now. No. 'E 'as said, 'When thou pesser through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the 'ivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' Doctor, the fire edn't 'ot for the Lord!" And the dear old man attempted to sing, but couldn't.  
"The fire our graces shall refine."  
Greatly moved, the doctor turned to depart, when, seeing Nancy in tears, he said: "Now, Nancy, cheer up. You must keep him as quiet as you can; much will depend on that."  
"Doctor," said the sufferer, "one word afore ee go. Do tell me the worst. Jackey edn't afraid. Es et a tough bit of a job?"  
"Very, Jackey; but we will pull you through if we can."  
"But s'pose the Lord pulls t'other way, doctor, what will ee do then?"  
A strange question was that. He had never thought of it before. It came as a surprise. It was a new revelation from heaven. At length the doctor dreamily replied, "Well, well, we'll see."  
Again the shadows of the evening fell, and again the night was succeeded by another day. When morning came the doctor was early at the bedside of his patient, and to Nancy's inquiries as to what he thought of the case, whether he could pull him through, he could only reply he did not know, but he would do his best. And with that he passed from the presence of the patient to pause and pray.

Again the words were on his lips, "S'pose the Lord pulls t'other way, doctor, what will ee do then?" In fact, they had made a profound impression on his mind. He had been accustomed to think that everything in his profession depended upon his skill; now he was disposed to imagine that perhaps, after all, he was dependent upon that God of whom he once heard Cousin Jackey sing: "The praise of every virtuous thought, And righteous word, is L.I.N.O."  
Again a restless day was succeeded by a still more restless night. "I've been in maany a storm," said the dying man, "but never in such a one as this. I've faced maany a sea, but none so rough as this. But, thank God! the lights are burning bright, and all is well."  
As midnight drew on he was as one who dreamed. He talked about his mother and home. He said something about the children which they could not catch. He mentioned the name of Jesus, and it sounded as clear as a bell. And then, as if seeing him who is invisible, he exclaimed, "I 'aven't been able to do much for ee, Lord, but I've tried to feed the dear little lambs, I 'ave."  
The next morning was the Sabbath. It was a lovely day. The waters of the great lake-like bay looked like molten silver shimmering in the sun. The fishing boats were at their moorings, for the fishermen were keeping the Sabbath Day holy. Even the very waves of the great Atlantic rippled along the shore as if they would chant the requiem of the dying man. He had often expressed a wish that he might go to heaven on the Sabbath, and now it seemed as if the Lord was about to give him the desire of his heart.  
Among the many who had come to take their last look at their life-long friend was Widow Tregurtha's little Liz. She had actually cried to come. "O mother," she said, "just let me 'ave one more look at his faace." And as she entered the chamber, the old man opened his eyes, and seeing the child, he flung his arms around her neck and said: "Liz, my dear, I'm goin' down to the gaates o' the graave agen. I told the dear Lord that ef 'e would only let me take thee back to thy mother, thou precious pet lamb, I would come back myself as soon as 'e called. Liz, the Maaster is callin'—Cousin Jackey must go."  
Those were the last words of which he was conscious, and it was meet they should be said to the child whom he had nursed back from "the gaates o' the grave." The day was fast drawing to a close, when his faithful old wife took him by the hand, and said: "Jackey, it's me. Doan't ee know me? I'm Nancy, your wife." He opened his eyes and smiled; and that smile was sunshine to poor Nancy's soul.  
At length he began to ramble in his talk. He was at sea. It was a wild night. The waves were running high, and he was making for the harbour. "Job!" he exclaimed, "keep 'er 'ead to the wind—keep 'er 'ead to the wind! . . . We shall reach the port on this tack. . . . The lights are right ahead. . . . Luff a bit, luff. . . . There, that'll do, Job, that'll do. . . . Thank God, we are inside the 'eads! . . . Let go the 'alyards. . . . Down wi' the fo'sail. . . . Iss, et es nice to be in out o' the storm!"  
Not a word more was said. Silence reigned in the chamber. They looked, but the dear old fisherman was dead. And faithful Nancy, his life-long companion, bending over all that remained of her husband, exclaimed as she wept: "This blessed word be mine, Just as the port is gained, Kept by the power of grace divine, I have the faith maintained."

**THE MEETING BERTHA MISSED.**

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLAN.

"Whither away, Little Red Riding-hood, over these slippery pavements? Don't you know you'll fall down and crack your crown directly? Give me that small hand, and let me keep you up."  
"And who'll keep you up, sir?" inquired the little girl in the scarlet hood, giving the gentleman a little mitted hand.  
"My own dignity will support me," he answered, laughing down at her; "but where are you going anyway?"  
"To a meeting of King's Daughters," she said, with an air of importance.  
"Yes? and what are you going to do when you get there?"  
"Oh! we'll sew some, and say verses, and pay our ten cents, and Miss Fanny will read us pieces about doing good, and all that."  
The gentleman did not make any reply this time, and Bertha glanced up quickly at him.

"Don't you like King's Daughters, cousin Sam?" she asked heartily.  
"Yes, indeed," he answered heartily; "I like all plans that are working for my Master, and 'In His Name'; isn't that your motto?"  
Bertha turned up her little silver cross, and showed him the symbolic letters, "I. H. N." But young instincts are very keen, and she felt the chill of a little shadow over her enthusiasm.  
"Do you like King's Daughters out and out, cousin Sam?" she asked presently.  
"They are on a glorious path, my child," he said gravely, "but there are pitfalls along it."  
"Tell me one," said Bertha briefly.  
There was a little silence, as if he did not know just how to point out his objection without seeming to discourage this eager child, but Bertha waited.  
"Suppose," he said, presently, "when that Great Day of Assize comes, told about in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, we should hear that wonderful voice which is as the sound of many waters, saying, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat—by a machine; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink—through a town pipe; I was naked—and ye sent me a garment by your servant; I was sick—and ye sent a committee to see me; I was in prison—and ye got up a fair for my benefit.'"  
Bertha did not know whether to laugh or cry; the words sounded absurd, but the gentleman's face was as grave as possible.  
"Little cousin," he said suddenly, "I wish you would go with me this afternoon instead of going to your meeting. I have been sent to see about some of the Lord's little ones, and I want you to help me."  
For one instant Bertha thought she must refuse; those meetings were so nice; Miss Fanny's room was gay and cosy; the girls would be there, full of merry chat; it would be a pity to miss it all. But this thought was only for one swift instant; the little heart was true, and before Cousin Sam had time to know that she had hesitated, she said cheerfully, "All right, sir."  
The gentleman did not talk much more to her during that swift, slippery walk; but holding her carefully by the hand, he led her into a part of the city she had never seen before, where the houses were shabby and dilapidated, and where the people she met looked sullen and despairing.  
Presently, after hunting up and down for a certain number, and meeting rude answers to his inquiries, Cousin Sam took Bertha into a dirty lane, and up a perfectly dark flight of stairs, and opened a garret door that turned rustily on its hinges, and opened into a place only a little less dark than the crazy stairway.  
Oh! what a sight met their eyes. Never, while she lives, can our little girl forget those two pallid faces that stared through the gloom of the place. On a heap of filthy rags lay a little girl apparently breathing her last, while a half-dressed boy sat at her head, too near frozen or too near starved to take any notice of them.  
For the next half-hour the two rescuers worked as hard as men in life-boats, battling against wind and wave.  
Meantime a spirit-lamp had come forth from the bag (for the gentleman had been told what he would find in the garret) and a bottle of milk, and drop by drop the hot milk was given to the unconscious children, until some pulsation returned.  
"Little King's Daughter," said Cousin Sam solemnly, "will you wait here, and keep these poor things alive, while I go for a hospital waggon?"  
Perhaps he called her by that name to give her courage, for it was needed to stay alone in this grewsome place, with death in the chamber. But she did not hesitate this time. "I will stay," she said.  
And it was not until she had seen the poor waifs in warm beds, with doctor and nurse attending, that the little woman's nerves gave way, and she wept and sobbed on Cousin Sam's shoulder.  
"This has been a trying ordeal for you, my child," he said tenderly; "if I had known how terrible it was going to be, I could hardly have brought you. Yet I could not have saved them without your help."  
"Now I want you to go next Wednesday to your meeting, and tell them of this afternoon's work; and tell them not to stop at meetings, and readings, and sewings, and sales: that is all well enough in its place, but, oh! the King's other children are crying for bread, and his Daughters must go and see them, and feed them, before they can expect to hear those tender, gracious words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

**THE BRAVE CABIN BOY.**

A dark-eyed boy, with a pale, sad face, stood leaning against the railing of a ship, looking at the foaming waves, which were dashing against the sides of the vessel. The ship had left port only a few days before, and this was the first time that Allan, the cabin-boy, had ever been on the sea. He seemed to avoid being with the other sailors, who were rough, wicked men. Though he was quick to do whatever was asked of him, yet he spent his spare time in gazing over the waters toward the land which they had left behind. The sailors often tried to get him to taste of their liquor, and would laugh and snoor at him and sometimes cruelly torment him because he refused to do so.  
Finally, they agreed among themselves to make Allan drink some liquor; and finding him one day alone near the stern of the ship, one held him, while another tried to pour the rum down his throat. The others laughed loudly to see the fun.  
"Laugh on!" cried Allan, with a firm voice, "but I will never taste a drop of it. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourselves; and much more to try and force it down a boy!" And just as the sailor was about to pour it into his throat, quick as a flash, Allan snatched the bottle and flung it overboard. The captain and the mate, hearing the noise, came that way, much to the joy of Allan, who supposed they would put a stop to the sailors' abuse. But the captain was himself a rough, drinking man, and when he heard the cause of the trouble, he said he would "soon make the lad take his medicine." When he learned that the boy had thrown the liquor overboard, he cried angrily: "Hoist that scow aloft into the maintop-sail! I'll teach him not to waste my property!"  
Two sailors came forward to carry out the captain's order, but Allan quietly waved them back, and said, in a low, respectful tone: "I'll go myself, captain; and I hope you will pardon me, for I meant no offence." His hand trembled a little as he took hold of the rigging, for he was not used to climbing the ropes of a ship. As the captain saw how slowly and carefully he climbed, he cried: "Faster, faster, there!" And faster Allan tried to go, but his foot slipped, and clinging by one hand, he hung dangling over the water. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors; but Allan again caught his foothold, and in a few minutes more was in the watch-basket.  
The mate was a kind-hearted man, and begged the captain not to leave the boy there all night, else he would be chilled to death. The captain refused to let him come down, but said he would go on deck and see how he was doing.  
"If I allow you to come down, will you drink what is in this glass?" shouted the captain. And he held up a sparkling glass of his favourite wine.  
"No, sir; I cannot do it!" cried the brave boy.  
"There, that settles it," said the captain; "he's got to stay there all night; he'll be toned down by the morning."  
After dark, the mate, unknown to the captain, managed to carry the poor boy a blanket and some food and hot drink.  
By early dawn the captain came on deck; and when to his call of "Ho, my lad!" there was no reply, he began to be alarmed, and ordered the boy to be taken down. A glass of warm wine and biscuit was standing beside the captain, and as Allan's limp form was carried in before him, his voice softened a little as he said: "Here, my lad, drink that, and I'll trouble you no more; but you will have to do this to show how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."  
The boy was weak and cold, but he straightened himself up, and said: "Captain Harden, two weeks ago I promised solemnly by my mother's open grave that I would never taste the terrible drink which had ruined our once happy home, and sent my dear mother to an early grave. The next day I stretched my hands through prison bars to bid my poor father good-bye. With tears in his eyes, he said: 'Pray for me, Allan; and, remember, my boy, never, never to taste of strong drink.' Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death on the mainmast, throw me in to the sea below, do anything, but do not, for my dear mother's sake, make me drink that poison."  
The boy sunk back, and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the lad's head, said to the sailors: "For our mother's sake let us respect Allan Bancroft's pledge; and never let me see you catch one of you!" Atting him." Without another word the captain strode hastily away to his cabin.  
Children, how many of you are brave enough to resist temptation, even at the cost of your life?

**A Book-Lover.**

BY ANNIE WILLIS McLEOD.

"I do love books!" said Marjorie, One morning as she played And so she did, as you can see— This literary maid!

The dictionary was her chair; The atlas big her table; The dolls sat up on other books As straight as they were able.

And then they all partook of tea, And did as they were bid. "I do love books!" said Marjorie, Now, don't you think she did?

**DAMASCUS.**

The oldest city in the world, perhaps, is Damascus. We read of it in fifteen different books of the Bible. How many boys and girls can tell the names of those fifteen books? One of them we will mention. It is the first of all the books. It is Genesis. Damascus is mentioned twice there—once in the fourteenth chapter and once in the fifteenth, but we are not told in the Bible who founded or built it. Yet the builder of it seems to have been known. You have heard of Josephus. He was a Jew who wrote a history of his own people, and a good deal of what he wrote is the same as what we read in the Bible. Well, he says that Damascus was founded by a man named Uz, and his name is mentioned in the Book of Genesis. You will find it in the tenth chapter and the 23rd verse. He was the grandson of Shem, and Shem, you know, was one of the sons of Noah. Noah had three sons. Can you tell their names? Every Christian child ought to know the names of the sons of Noah, for "of them was the whole earth overspread." They were called Shem, Ham, and Japheth—and one

by the Turks, and is now a Mohammedan city. Let us hope some day a holy missionary like St. Paul will yet be able to make this ancient city what it once was—a city of God and a city of Christ.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

**LESSON XI.—MARCH 14.**

SAUL, THE PERSECUTOR, CONVERTED.

Acts 9. 1-12, 17-20. Memory verses, 17-20. GOLDEN TEXT.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. 1. 15

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Old Life, v. 1, 2.
  2. The Overwhelming Vision, v. 3-16.
  3. The New Life, v. 17-20.
- Time.—Probably midsummer, A.D. 37 Place.—Damascus, in Syria.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Saul, the persecutor, converted.—Acts 9. 1-12.  
 Tu. Saul, the persecutor, converted.—Acts 9. 13-22.  
 W. Return to Jerusalem.—Acts 9. 23-31  
 Th. Paul's own statement.—Acts 22. 1-13.  
 F. Taught of God.—Gal. 1. 11-24.  
 S. Saved by grace.—Eph. 2. 1-13.  
 Su. The faithful saying.—1 Tim. 1. 12-17.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Old Life, v. 1, 2. Who was the "chief of sinners"? See 1 Tim. 1. 15. What name is he called in the lesson?

**THE GOLD-BEATERS.**

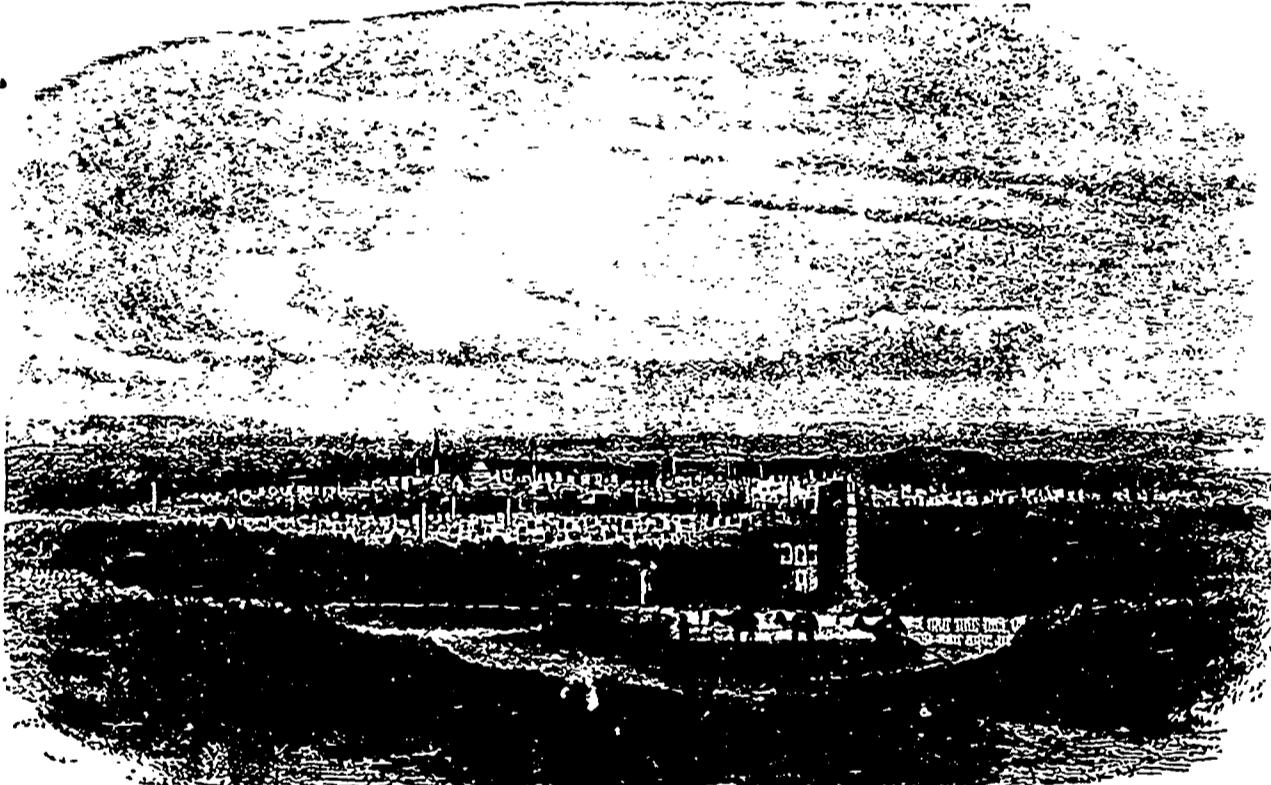
Not long ago I was talking to a gold-beater, and I said: "Tell me what you can do with a bit of gold as large as a sovereign; how far can you make it spread out under your hammer?" He replied: "Well, suppose you had an image of a man on horseback—life size—I could take the sovereign and beat it out until there would be enough to cover the image and then have gold to spare." Is not this wonderful, little readers? An English sovereign can be so beaten out that it can be made to cover the space of a man on horseback! But I will tell you of something more wonderful still. The gold coin, the five-dollar piece, earned by little fingers for the spread of God's precious Gospel, if placed in his hands with love and with trust, may be so beaten out by the hammer of his almighty power as to cover the most precious thing on earth, an immortal soul, and save that soul from darkness and despair. It can be done. It has been done. Rev. Dr. Paton, when he was in this country, stated several times that for every five dollars spent in mission work in the South Sea Islands, a soul had been saved. How it ought to encourage us!



SAUL, THE PERSECUTOR, CONVERTED

**WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.**

A father picked up a horseshoe in the road which his son refused to touch, and sold it for three farthings, with which he bought some cherries. They journeyed on, and the boy became thirsty and tired. The father dropped now and



DAMASCUS.

of the sons of Shem was Aram, and one of his sons was Uz; and Uz, Josephus says, founded the city of Damascus.

Think of all the hundreds and hundreds of years that have gone over Damascus, and yet it is standing now, with its old wall about it as you see in the picture.

It was just as Saul of Tarsus, a bold, strong man, who wanted to kill all the men and women that believed in Jesus—it was just as he came in sight of Damascus that Jesus spoke to him in the midst of a great light that threw him down to the ground. Then he was blind. He could not see to enter the city. Men had to lead him in through the gates into the city. But after that he became a believer in Jesus, although a little while before he was ready to kill all those who did believe in him. God touched his heart and changed his mind. For all the rest of his life he preached for Jesus and worked for him. You know he was always afterwards called Paul, not Saul, and we speak of him as St. Paul, or "the holy Paul."

Once bad men were angry with him for believing in Jesus, and they were going to kill him; but his friends put him in a large basket and let him down outside the wall, and so he got away safely, that he might go to all parts of the world and preach about the Saviour. A short time after this a Christian bishop lived at Damascus, but it was conquered

What was his feeling toward the disciples of Jesus?

What request did he make of the high priest?

What did he afterward say of his conduct? 1 Tim. 1. 13.

**2. The Overwhelming Vision, v. 3-12.**

What journey did Saul make?

What did he see near Damascus?

How did it affect Saul?

What did he hear?

What question and answer followed?

What did Saul ask about duty?

What direction was given him?

Who else heard the voice?

What did Saul do? How did he get to Damascus?

What was his condition for three days?

What disciple in Damascus had a vision?

What was Ananias bidden to do?

What vision had Saul seen?

**3. The New Life, v. 17-20.**

What did Ananias do?

What did he say? What followed? What says the Golden Text about what all need?

With whom did Saul remain?

What did he straightway do?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. A lesson of faith?
2. A lesson of obedience?
3. A lesson of service?

then a cherry, which the son was glad to pick up. When the last was eaten the father said, "Look, my son! If you had chosen to stoop once and pick up a piece of horseshoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries." You see, that father was trying to teach his son not to waste things, but to save and economize. So, my dear children, you may think, perhaps, that a little spent here, and a little there, can be no great matter; but, remember, many a little makes a mickle. Beware of little wastings. Poor Richard had some splendid proverbs. Among them are these: "A small leak will sink a great ship;" and, again, "Who dainties love shall beggars prove;" and, moreover, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Now, I would not have you to be stingy for anything in the world, I want you to be liberal and benevolent; but I want you, also, to learn to economize and save. Then you will grow up to have plenty to give to God and others.

"Willie Taddies," said the school teacher, firmly, "you have a piece of chewing-gum in your desk. Bring it to me instantly."

"Yes'm," replied Willie, "but it ain't the flavour you use. Yours is orange, an' this is wintergreen."

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