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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

RALPH SMITH & CO.

VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1893.

[No. 15.

## CARAVAN CROSSING A STREAM.

The natives of Africa are accustomed to all sorts of what we would call hard and disagreeable work. Deprived of the advantage of railroads, and passing over country where it would be impossible to use waggons, all the baggage must be carried. Explorers, traders, and missionaries all engage the natives to do this work, and the accompanying picture shows a caravan crossing a stream with their loads on their heads. On either side of the stream are huts made of wood and grass, where they may stop for rest and refreshment. Some places in the stream are very deep and it is necessary to use the utmost caution lest they lose their footing. Two of them have already done so, and now with the help of their dog are endeavouring to regain their load.

## ABOUT WASPS.

Wasps, though cruel and ferocious to many other insects, and ready enough to sting anyone who molests them (never doing so unless provoked), among themselves, in their own home, are as quiet and civilly behaved as the quietest nest of bees; and a wasps' nest is as curious and full of interest as the daintiest beehive. Unlike bees, however, wasps store up no honey and make no wax; their own life is but a short one (very few ever surviving the first winter), and short as it is, seems to be given up to the one thought of providing for their future young ones. The place is chosen after long and careful search, for the wasps' nest is generally some little cavity underground, a hole in a bank, or an old nest of the field mouse, a hollow in the thatch, or a rotten tree. Whichever it be, the working wasps soon clear it out to the proper size (an oval shape of about fifteen inches by twelve), build a covered zigzag way to lead to it, and then make two holes at the lower extremity, one for entrance and one for exit, so that there shall be no crowd or awkward meetings in the narrow passages. This done, the workers begin their task of building the comb of a solid substance like papier-mâche, carefully roofed over with a dome of grey, brown, or striped paper (each of the six varieties of wasps making their own special kind), which, if held up to the light, shows the water-mark of nature's impressing, and the builder is easily recognized.

How do the wasps get the light, fairy paper for the roof and sides of their nests, and the solid, enduring paper for the cells? Thousands of years before the Egyptians had found out how to pare down the stems of papyrus into sheets for their books, or the Chinese to squeeze and spread out the tiny pulp into a sheet of coarse paper, the tiny wasp knew full well how to fashion it by a way known only to herself, out of

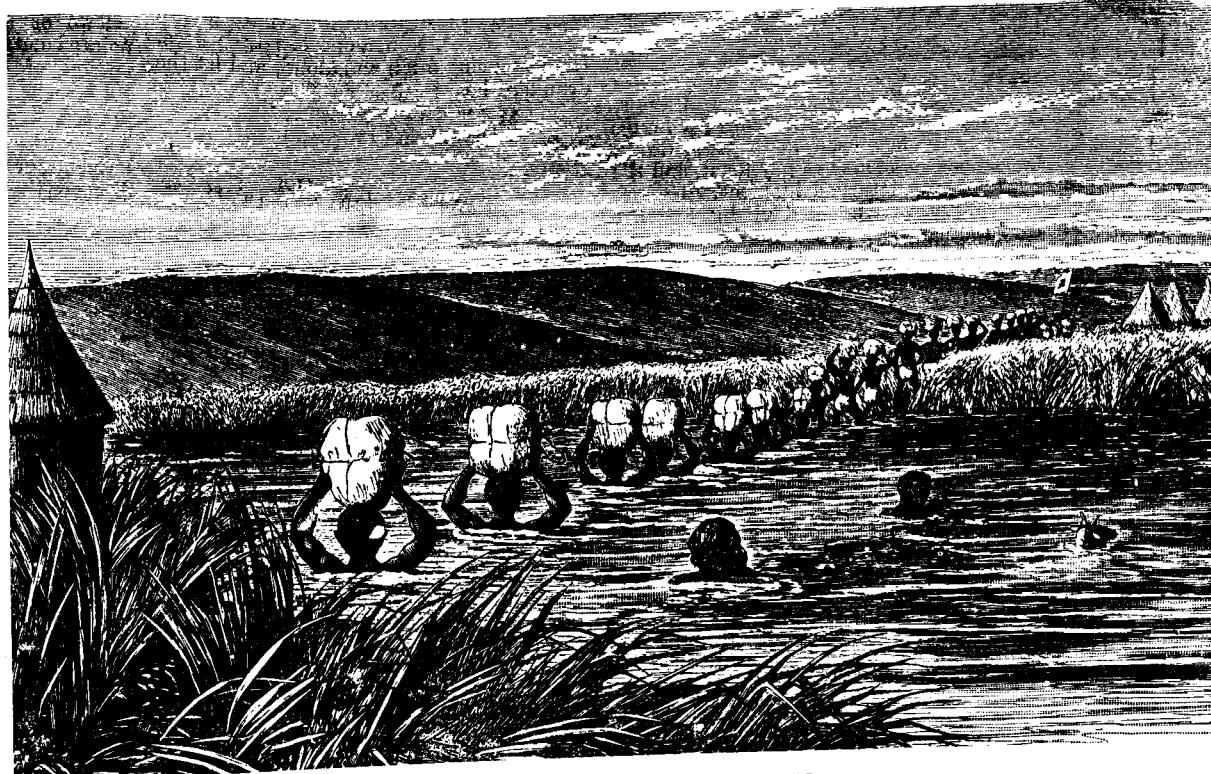
fibres of grass, withered leaves, rotten wood, bark scrapings, the thin coating of buds, vegetable down, and almost every other material since tried by paper makers in all parts of the world. And this she could do on the very first day that she left the cell and flew out into the sunshine.

Watch her settle on that old gatepost in the corner of the field, and you will see her peeling off tiny strips of fine woody fibre, rolling them up into pellets, and carrying them in her strong mandibles to the nest. Once there, after a moment's rest, she sets to work as if she had been a mason for long years, instead of maybe for an hour. If the outer wall wants strengthening or enlarging, she gets astride the edge of the nest, presses down the pellet with her fore-

tree-wasp, which hangs exposed in a bush or hedgerow, is open to all winds and weathers." Turn where we will in the history of these tiny creatures and the little world which they build and inhabit for the few brief weeks or months of their existence, everywhere are to be found traces of inborn sagacity, skill and patience, which no human apprentice could possibly imitate without many long years of toilsome labour and application—even if he ever got beyond the rudiments of his art—and no human skill can possibly rival.

## OPTIONAL CIVILITIES.

OPTIONAL civilities, such as saying to one's inferior, "Do not stand without your



CARAVAN CROSSING A STREAM.

legs, kneading it in as she goes, and fastening it with a gum of her own making, neatly and smoothly, so that when dry the new work shall fit well to the old, though here and there may come a patch of different colours—according to the different material which each worker may choose for her paper.

The quantity of paper used for the walls and the comb is sometimes very great, no old cuttings being used until they have been again bitten up into fresh pulp and laid on like wet mortar; and the floor of a nest may often be found covered with scraps of old paper as that of a beehive is with tiny scales of wax. One kind of wasp makes a strong, thick, white paper, like cardboard, stout enough to be proof against the frequent storms of wind and rain; the hornet, "who does everything on a large scale, makes its paper thick and brittle, of a yellow colour, out of fragments of decayed wood, bits of straw, and other such refuse, mixed up with sand and glue into a coarse pulp, with a good clear space between the combs and the wall; while the nest of the

hat," to one's equal, "Do not rise, I beg of you," "Do not come out in the rain to put me in my carriage," naturally occur to the kind hearted; but they may be cultivated. It used to be enumerated amongst the uses of foreign travel that a man went away a bear and came home a gentleman. It is not natural to the Anglo-Saxon race to be over-polite. They have no "little cares."

A husband in France moves out an easy-chair for his wife and sets a footstool for her. He hands her the morning paper, he brings a shawl if there is danger of a draught, he kisses her hand when he comes in, and tries to make himself agreeable to her in the matter of these little optional civilities. It has the most charming effect upon all domestic life; and we find a curious allusion to the politeness observed by French sons towards their mothers and fathers in one of Moliere's comedies, where a prodigal son observes to his father, who comes to denounce him, "Pray, sir, take a chair. You could scold me so much more at your ease if you were seated."

## WINDMILLS NEAR ANTWERP.

BY EMILY LUCAS BLACKALL.

WINDMILLS were invented in the time of Augustus, the first Roman emperor. As he was born more than sixty years before Christ, windmills are entitled to the dignity of considerable antiquity. Antwerp, the capital of the Belgian province of Antwerp, was founded in the seventh century, a fact which, along with the thought of the conception of the windmill, causes a long look backward.

The population of Antwerp is mostly Flemish, which language is the prevailing one, though the French is in use among the upper classes of the people.

Antwerp is situated on the river Schelde, and the numerous canals that penetrate to the interior of the city make it a constant reminder of the city of Venice. A view of Antwerp from one of the small pleasure boats that thread their way circumspectly between the many islands of the Schelde, is a pleasure not to be forgotten. Great numbers of windmills lend picturesqueness to the view, and imagination brings to the foreground the fruitless efforts of the fanciful Don Quixote, whose exploits were finally brought to a peaceful and happy end by the graphic pen of Cervantes, a famous Spanish writer.

These windmills are of great service in industries where wheel power is required, and are invaluable for drawing water and grinding grain. Very simple in construction, they yet command almost a reverential respect for the ingenuity of the human mind, in making a wind a servant for good. It recalls anew the word of God at the creation of the world, when he gave

the dominion over every thing that moves upon the earth. And so the thought is led to the wisdom, power, and love of God, who fashioned the world in so much beauty and grandeur, furnished it with all things needful and made man with possibilities of turning into blessings all created things; the great essential being to have heart, brain, and effort controlled by the Spirit of God.

One of the pleasant features of the prairie lands of our Western country is the frugal, comfortable appearance of the houses of the farmers of the prairie land; and in some of the States, the first object that greets the expectant eye of the traveller by carriage, as he nears a home, is the radii or arms of a windmill. It seems to give a feeling of universal kinship to remember that in common with the ancient Romans, and the less ancient Antwerpians, the people of our own time feel the need of using the wind as the motor of wheel-work.

MODESTY is a maiden's necklace. Wear it.

## Our League.

BY R. W. ALVYN.

We are a band of children  
With a leader good and true,  
Trying in our humble way  
A little good to do.  
We meet each week together,  
And loud our voices raise  
To Christ our own Redeemer,  
In joyous, thankful praise.

We love our league-work dearly.  
And try whatever we do,  
To please our leader every time,  
And to the work be true.  
We are but young, yet very soon  
We shall be old and gray,  
We want to do a little good  
While on this earth we stay.

"Look up; lift up" our motto,  
We prize it very dear;  
We're looking up in numbers,  
Increasing every year.  
We will lift up the fallen  
And lead them by the hand,  
Till they are worthy members  
Of this our Epworth band.

Why Christ loved little children!  
He took them in his arms,  
And always tried to shield them,  
From every care and harm.  
We know our dear Redeemer  
Is watching from on high.  
We children may be like him  
If we will only try.

—*Epicorth Herald.*

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Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1893.

## SAD LIFE-PICTURES.

"I love every one but my mother!" It was a little English girl ten years old who said that. She wasn't such a bad girl, either; and she was not "mad" at her mother for punishing her, as ill-bred American children sometimes are. But her mother was so cruel, Ada couldn't love her. When her teacher told her she must honour her mother she said, "Does your mother drink, and throw glasses at you? Mine does." This is a true story. Kind friends have taken the child from her cruel mother, and are teaching her what it is to love and to be loved.

I have seen the picture of a five-year old baby named Jim. His father was dead, and his mother worked out. When she went away in the morning she tied him to a table leg, and left him there all day. When she came home at night, tired or drunk, she drubbed Jim with a stick or picked him up by his hands and swung him around. Some ladies found him out, and had him put in a hospital. He was thin and sickly. His arms were out of joint and his legs twisted; and he was scared almost to death when anyone spoke to him. The

nurse said it would probably be the death of him to go back to his mother.

There are dozens of true stories just as pitiful as these. The visitors who seek out orphans and ill-used children in cities for the orphan asylums and mission schools find this same sort of misery and wickedness every day. It doesn't take long for a man to make the best of mothers as bad as Jim's or Ada's; and some of the drunken fathers are worse yet.

There was Alice, a pickpocket of ten, whose father had been in prison thirty-two times, who was proud of her little hands. "You see, they are so small I can slip 'em into folks' pockets," she said. And what does the editor mean by telling you these horrible things? Can't he find prettier stories to tell us? Indeed, he can; but these stories that aren't pretty have to be told. They sometimes set people to thinking. And that is what we want you to think about. What a great difference there is between your mother and these! She loves you, and you love her. Every night you pray to God to bless her. But do you ever thank God for giving her to you? A good mother is about the best blessing a child can have. And we keep on asking God for things, never stopping to thank him for what he has already given us. —*Sunday-School Advocate.*

## THE CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE WOMAN.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

PICTURES teach us a great deal. Father Milman was a plain, everyday sort of woman, a dressmaker by trade, but so full of the Lord's love that she gave one day every week to his work, trying to win souls for Jesus.

She was walking up the street one evening on her way to meeting when she saw Henry Arms, a young man she well knew, in a very sad plight at the door of a liquor saloon. He had been in to get a drink, but he had no money to pay for it, and the bar-tender had turned him out. He was very angry, and doubled up his fist in a threatening way, and said some wicked words.

"Poor Henry!" said Esther to herself, as she drew near; "he is drunk; he has lost his head."

What a sad thing it is, dear children, to lose one's head. It is a dreadful thing to lose a hand or leg or an eye; but to lose one's head is the worst thing in the world. It is a bad thing to have a fever, or measles, or small-pox; but even with these diseases, though we may suffer much, our heads may be clear. But to lose our reason, to be insane, crazy, not to know what we do or say, is the worst evil that can befall us. And yet that is just what strong drink does for us. It goes right to the head, and causes disease there, and we lose our reason; we are crazy.

Some people are afraid of a man crazed with drink; some people would laugh at him. But not so with Miss Milman. She pitied the young man, and longed to help him out of his trouble.

She put her hand gently on his arm, and said:

"Henry, come along with me; come."

Her gentle voice reached him; he turned, looked at her, and suffered her to lead him away. She had to steady his steps, and hold him up when he was ready to fall, but she managed to get him along to a door which stood open, into which she went, drawing Henry after her. There she gave him a seat.

They were in a mission meeting, and as they went in the persons gathered in the little room were singing:

"We have heard the joyful sound:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Spread the tidings all around:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves."

As the music fell upon the young man's ears, the Holy Spirit seemed to fasten the words in his heart, as "a nail in a sure place." "Jesus saves! Jesus saves!" they repeated, and, "I wish he'd save me," muttered Henry.

Soon the speaker at the desk rose and asked, "Is there anyone here who wants to be saved?"

"Yes, here is one," spoke Miss Milman,

"who has just come in. He needs to be saved, and I do believe he wants to be."

Henry staggered to his feet, and held off to the seat before him.

"Yes, I do," he said, and dropped back.

They prayed for him. One, two, three, four offered short prayers that this poor young man might be saved. Then a man arose and said, "I was just like that young man once, but Jesus saved me." Another rose and said nearly the same words. A third stood up and said, "I was the worst fellow that ever lived, and Jesus saved me."

Before the meeting was out, Henry had prayed himself, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" new strength and courage came into his heart, and he resolved, God helping him, that he would let strong drink alone. He was saved, and the bells of heaven rang out a joyous peal, because this poor lost soul had been found.

He went home quite sobered, and Miss Milman went with him. She would not leave him till she saw him safely in his own house. His poor wife sat in her cheerless room, with a sick baby in her arms, crying.

Henry opened the door, and went up close to her, as he said:

"Jesus saves, Mary, and he has saved me."

"He is not crazy," said Miss Milman. "He means it; he has been to the mission, and—"

"Found Jesus, and I am never going to drink any more," interrupted Henry.

They cried together, and then they knelt down and prayed together, and the good Christian temperance woman went home, thanking God that he had let her do this precious work for him.

Little girls who read this we hope will grow up to be Christian temperance women. Christian temperance is the best kind of temperance; for it leads the poor drunkard right to Jesus, who alone can truly save. Let us all sing often and aloud, and let the drunkard hear:

"We have heard the joyful sound:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Spread the tidings all around:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!"

## ONE BOY'S WORK.

Six years ago a little boy, ten years old, fell into the East River and barely escaped drowning. This accident was followed by a long illness, during which the little fellow, who was of a devout nature, made a vow to himself that, if his life was spared, he would spend it in the service of the poor. For six years the boy has been carrying out the pledge made at that time.

What first appealed to him was the needs of little bare-foot children, and thus was started *The Sunny Hour*, a little monthly magazine, now in its fifth year, whose profits were devoted to the purchasing of shoes and stockings. Tello d'Apery, publisher and editor, is at present at school at Chappaqua; but through his pluck, perseverance, and sanctified common sense his mission has grown surprisingly.

Hitherto his chief aim has been to provide shoes and stockings for barefoot children by means of the profits of his little paper; but as the work has become more widely known, contributions have come in, and on the 25th of January the "Permanent Barefoot Mission" was opened at No. 59 West Twenty-fourth Street, a few doors from Sixth Avenue, New York city. Of this house and his increased responsibility the young editor wrote in his January issue:

"The basement is even with the sidewalk, and you have to go up steps to the parlour floor. Just how the arrangements will be made about the offices, etc., I cannot say yet. The rent is \$1,400 a year, a very large sum, but I could not get a place cheaper anywhere within the limits that I had set. I may be able to rent one of the upper floors to reduce the expenses, or perhaps the front basement."

The mission now open permanently will provide more than shoes and clothing, as it includes on its second floor a room for games and a reading-room with bookshelves which are to be filled in a few days by a gentleman in Cambridge, Mass., and the room opened on his son's birthday. A large motto on the wall of one of these rooms reads: "Christ is the Head of this

House, the Unseen Guest at every Meal the Silent Listener to every Conversation."

On the parlour floor a young woman who wears the badge of the King's Daughters, is in attendance to receive applicants for aid, to investigate their credentials, letters from pastor, priest, or teacher, and to supply their needs from the back room where cloths, shoes, and stockings, old and new are stored. A little child, evidently one of Tello's proteges, is at hand to wait on the door and run errands. A woman canvas ser for the paper is also employed. Besides the distribution of shoes which goes on all the year, it is Tello's custom to distribute Christmas gifts. Last Christmas season 1,200 tickets were given out to any poor person who came recommended by some responsible person, and on Christmas afternoon, from a large empty store on Sixth Avenue, clothing, toys, dolls, stockings, mittens, and 1,500 pairs of shoes were given away to needy children.

## HAVING EYES BUT NO SIGHT.

A few miles out of Toronto is a tree having two trunks about eight feet apart, united by an arch ten feet from the ground and from the upper side of this uniting trunk three great stalks grow, each with broad branches and abundant foliage. It is a remarkable growth, and worth journeying some distance to see.

Under the tree there is a path leading from a farmhouse to the village post-office. Living in this farmhouse is a man who is nearly fifty years old. Since boyhood he has been in the habit of going along that path to the post-office and back again two or three times every week. He has, therefore, passed close by that tree thousands of times.

Two or three years ago a neighbour pointed out to him the extraordinary formation of the tree. Looking at it in amazement, he said that he had never noticed it before. During forty years he had been passing back and forth under the branches of the tree, and yet had failed to discover that there was anything peculiar about it. This fact is more remarkable than the tree.

This is a parable. Many there are who having eyes see not and having ears hear not. As they follow the path of life their eyes are constantly downward. The leaves of the healing trees of God's grace bow so low they touch them as they pass, and yet they are blind to all these.

Happy is he who, having found the wonders of God's grace, with winning zeal and skill points these out to those who have never seen them.—*Young People's Union.*

## THE VALUE OF A TRADE.

I REMEMBER years ago, when I was a very young man, meeting John Roach, the great ship-builder, in his ship-yard at Chester, Pennsylvania. I remember, too, what he said then about the value of a trade to the average boy.

"Young man," he said, laying his great, broad hand on my shoulder, and looking at me earnestly with his keen, steel-blue Irish eyes, "next to a clear conscience, a trade is as good a thing as any young man can have in this country. You can carry it with you all your life long; you have to pay neither rent nor taxes upon it, and it will help you around a sharp corner when most other things will fail."

I have never forgotten that utterance from a man who started in life—after landing in New York from Ireland—as a helper to a machinist, who became the leading ship-builder of his time, and who, up to the hour that he was stricken with a fatal illness, could take the place of any of his workmen, whether it was a man driving rivets, or an expert putting together the most delicate parts of a steamship's machinery.

Something very like what John Roach said, I heard another great man, who is now dead, say. This was Peter Cooper, a man of whom American boys cannot know too much, and whom they certainly can only admire.

"If I had my way," said the venerable philanthropist, on the occasion to which I refer, "I would give every boy a trade. Then I would have him stick to it, love it, and be good to it. If he does, it will be good to him."

# PLEASANT HOURS.

## Lend a Hand.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

A NOBLE cry rings through the land :  
Hear it, ye people, "Lend a hand!"

A twofold need doth call on you  
To lend a hand that's strong and true.

First put down evil ; crush the wrong ;  
That duty doth to you belong.

Intemperance lifts its hydra head :  
Oh, lend a hand to strike it dead !

Go to the city's crowded street :  
See how temptation there doth meet

Those gay and thoughtless ones who tread  
The paths that lead them to the dead.

Oh, lend a hand to rescue youth !  
Who wander from the paths of truth.

A word of kindness ! It may save  
A brother from a nameless grave.

A twofold need doth call on you  
To lend a hand that's strong and true.

Crown him who putteth evil down ;  
Who lifteth fallen ones, him crown.

For fallen ones, a saddened band,  
In anguish whisper : "Lend a hand!"

Thrice gemmed the crown that he shall  
wear

Who, fearing naught, doth nobly dare  
To lend a hand against all wrong,

Putting it down with courage strong,  
And then with pitying eye doth seek

To lend a hand to help the weak.

## SUSIE REDMAYNE :

OR,

*A Story of the Seamy Side of Child life.*

BY  
**CHRISTABEL.**

### CHAPTER III.

THE morning seemed long to Susie. It might have been a week, so long and lonely did the hours seem to her childish imagination.

Bessie Brown had been in, and with her cheery voice and kindly words had broken the loneliness; but Bessie had so many calls upon her time that she could not devote much of it to the little girl, who, through the lone hours, shed many silent tears.

No devoted wife ever waited more anxiously for the footsteps of her husband than did Susie for Ralph's. She knew, too, by the way he ascended the long flight of stone steps which led to their dwelling, whether he had been successful or not.

She heard him bounding up the steps, and she clapped her hands with joy when she saw his smiling face.

Slowly Ralph unburdened his pockets. Moments like these did not come every day. It was so pleasant to look at the old rickety table with the dinner and the money spread upon it. They could not hurry even to begin their dinner. Very reverently Susie put her hands together and asked a blessing in her own simple fashion.

The short winter's day was soon over, and the night again closed in. There was no abatement in the storm. The wind drove the sleet against the cracked squares, but to-night the children had warmth and food, and the success of the day had made them hopeful.

They laid plans of future happiness and built aerial castles, and dwelt in them at pleasure; and at times forgot the storm and their own wretchedness.

But, ever and anon, coming back upon them with redoubled force, was the dread of the sound of the unsteady footsteps; for which they waited and watched long after the hour when Susie's pale face and weary little eyes should have been wrapped in refreshing slumber.

Then Ralph remembered that they had not thanked their heavenly Father for the kindness they had received that day.

They might have been frozen or starved to death in the storm that raged around

their poor dwelling. But in all that dreary mass of blackened buildings and thronging thousands God had not forgotten them.

This Ralph and Susie felt, and expressed their thanks in their own child-like way.

And he who said, "Let the little ones come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven," would not turn a deaf ear to these little ones.

For he will listen to the petitions and accept the thanks-givings of every child who prays sincerely.

Redmayne staggered up the steps a little earlier than usual, and not quite so deeply intoxicated. But the black frown upon his forehead, and the fiery glances that darted from under his shaggy eyebrows, told Ralph that nothing except the money that he had hoped to save for the following day would avert the impending storm.

"I say, lad, hast thee been idle again to-day?" asked the man roughly, and a threat was about to follow; but Ralph quietly took out a shilling and laid it on the table beside him.

The poor boy had hoped that this would satisfy his father; but no! the depths to which strong drink can reduce a human being are like to the fathomless ocean,—by no human calculation can they be measured.

Seizing the boy by the arm he thrust his dirty and bloated hand into the boy's pockets, and took out every coin that remained.

"Ralph," he said fiercely, "next time empty thy pockets thyself, and don't try any deception with me."

Ralph reddened under the insult, for he had never told his father a falsehood. But he had no time to think about it.

"Here, run quick, and get this filled," said Redmayne, taking an empty bottle from his pocket; "and if thee doesn't get it, then never enter this house again."

Ralph thought as he ran down the steps that the thing he desired most on earth was that he might never again have to share his father's home; but for Susie's sake he wouldn't run away.

During Ralph's absence, Susie, who was trying to hide herself in bed, partially held her breath, she was so afraid that anything should remind her father of her presence.

The suspense was short, for Ralph quickly returned with far more than enough of spirits to deprive the reckless man of all power of movement or speech.

The children kissed each other in silence and went to sleep.

When the next morning dawned there was nothing to relieve the harshness of the keen frosty wind. The hail-stones, which fell at intervals, threatened destruction to the window; but nothing seemed to matter now.

There was no breakfast, nor any means of procuring one. Ralph crawled out of bed, for his limbs were stiffened with the cold that every day increased.

With difficulty he managed to get a handful of fire to burn, then he sat down with a listless stare. There was the kettle cold and empty on the dusty old-fashioned hob. A heap of ashes and cinders were under the grate. The worn brush and the old shovel, that Ralph had used so often, were laid by the fender. His father slept in an old arm-chair in the corner, and when he awoke and consciousness returned he put out his hand for the bottle that stood at his elbow, and drank again of the deceptive draught, to drown his wretchedness in a short oblivion.

In another corner was little Susie sitting up in bed; she seemed afraid to get up, and Ralph did not stir to help her.

The silence of blank despair reigned in the room. It was a terrible silence! No ray of hope either for this world or the next broke in upon it. It was not the silence of a Christian's death-bed, for that throws around a holy calm which the rude contact with the world cannot at once dispel, as if the hovering of angels' wings over a household purified its inhabitants, for a time at least, from pride, worldliness, and the over-carefulness for the things of time.

Susie shivered as she sat and pulled around her shoulders an old blue cashmere shawl which her mother had worn with pride on her wedding day.

Her beautiful blue eyes took in the whole of the repulsive scene before her, and she could never afterwards entirely forget it.

The halfemptied bottle, the ragged coat and bloated appearance of her father, the

despairing attitude of her brother, the breakfast table with no food upon it, but only some cracked crockery that was not wanted now.

Instinctively she closed her eyes and tried to think of something else.

The day wore slowly on, and after a time Ralph roused himself to go out. He was stiff and weak and hungry; he could not do much, but he earned a few coppers and bought some bread and went back to share it with Susie.

Very fragile and shadowy Susie looked as she ate the dry bread without a murmur. Her golden hair, which curled naturally, twisted itself in rings all round her face and neck. And Ralph thought as he looked at her, perhaps the angels would come and take her. She looked so out of place in that revolting room.

But a sharp pang shot through his breast at the thought of parting with her. She was the only sweet thing that the earth held for him.

Yet he resigned himself as a martyr when he goes to the stake, because he dies to attain an object.

Ralph could think of no future pleasure that Susie was not to share. All his day-dreams of the brightness to come vanished at the thought of parting with her.

It was late in the evening when Redmayne startled the children by jumping up wildly and beating the air, which to him was filled with imaginary beings that mocked him and drove him mad.

The children clung to each other and eluded the blows at first. But the mocking spirits in the air maddened the man, and Susie's cry of terror directed him to the spot.

He was burning with a desire to be revenged on his imaginary tormentors.

Ralph saw his clenched hand raised high in the air, and rushed in between the blow and Susie. They both fell on the floor, and Susie was more hurt by the fall than the blow. They were stunned for a moment and knew not what to do. Then Ralph crept on his hands and knees towards the door, beckoning Susie to follow. Their only way of escape was in flight.

Redmayne did not know that he struck nothing more terrible than the air and his poor children.

(To be continued.)

### DUTY FIRST.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"HALLOO, Arthur!" cried Phil Dent, meeting a school-mate one Saturday morning; "where are you bound?"

"To the professor's library," was the reply. "What have you on hand?"

"A game of ball on the grounds; all the fellows are going—no end of fun. Come on," said Phil.

"Can't," said Arthur, looking as if he wanted to, very much. "I couldn't look up my history topic yesterday, and must do it before Monday."

"Do that afterward," advised Phil. "Have your fun first. Come!"

But Arthur had settled that question earlier in the day. He had wakened, glad of the holiday and determined to have a good time. He was tempted to have it first, as most boys are, but the motto his father gave him before he left home to attend the academy came to his mind 'n time: "Duty first, and pleasure afterward; remember that, my boy," his father had said, in a way the affectionate son could not forget. So Arthur decided, after a struggle, that the history lesson must come first. As he had fully made up his mind, it was easier to say "No" at once to Phil, and resolutely to go his way, calling back, "I'll come after a while."

He was soon looking carefully over the books for those he needed, as he had a subject to look up. But how hard they were to find! Ah! here was the principal one! Now he must sit down and "study like a house-a-fire," whatever that might mean.

The boy bent over the big book, rumpled up his hair, as if that would help his tumbled-up mind, and, alas! thought of the boys at play. Even the silent room seemed full of their shouts.

This would never do. He was not putting duty first, for he was not doing it at all; he was only losing time.

Then came into his mind his mother's

parting words: "Pray about everything, my son; this is the first duty."

Would it help him any? He hesitated a little. Boys are often shy about doing such things. Strange, isn't it? but true. After a minute the troubled heart sent up a short, earnest prayer that the lesson might be made easier. Then he turned again to his book. The lesson was not easier, but somehow his mind was quieter, and he found the facts he wanted and learned them more easily than before.

In a little while he had his subject all looked up and was ready to join his schoolmates. Then what fun he had! for his heart was light and his conscience free.

"It is worth while," he thought afterward, "to do duty first, and to do the first duty, too. Father and mother were right—they always are." And then he fell fast asleep in a minute, as happy boys do after a good play-time.

### MIND FATHER.

SCATTERED all over the coal regions are great holes, made by the sinking of the earth after the coal has been taken from the mines. The miners know when there is danger of a cave-in, and, if along the public road, some signal is given to travelers. These cave-ins generally happen at night, when few persons are passing, but there have been cases in which horses and wagons, and even houses and people, have been buried by the sudden sinking down of the ground when it was thought safe to travel over it.

Let me tell the little folks a true incident of how a boy, not very long ago, escaped going down with one of these cave-ins:

A part of the road between what is called the Logan Colliery, in Schuylkill county, Pa., and a town two miles distant, had been condemned, and a fence was put up to separate it from a new road which had been made. The new road ran for some distance close by the old one, and then branched off, making the distance much longer from the town to the colliery. But, as the condemned road was the nearest, the miners for some months continued to go over it, to and from work.

One evening a miner living at Logan Colliery, sent his son Willie to the town on an errand.

"It will be after nightfall, boy," said his father, "before you get home. On no condition, then, return on the condemned road."

On his way to the town, it being yet light, Willie ran quickly over the dangerous pathway; and having done his errand, he started for home. He was tired, for he had been working all day; and when he reached the fence which separated the safe from the unsafe road he stopped, and, as he afterwards told it, thus reasoned with himself:

"I am tired, and if I take this short cut, I will soon be home. I believe I will risk it. But father said, 'Do not, on any condition, return over it.' I can't see any danger. The men go over it every day, and it was safe two hours ago—but father told me not to return over it—and—I think I had better mind father."

So he jogged along on the side of the fence where the earth was firm. The stars shone brightly, and he could plainly see his way. When he got to the middle of the fence he felt the ground shake, and, to his horror, saw the condemned road disappear from his sight.

He stood still for a moment, awestruck at the escape he had made; for, had he not obeyed his father, he must have gone with the sinking earth, and been buried alive.

When he had gotten a little over his fright, he hurried to the house of the watchman, and, pale and trembling, gave notice of the danger, and told of his narrow escape from a frightful death.

To children who obey their parents, has been given the promise: "Thou mayest be long-lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee."

How true Willie found this promise!

ACT always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings.

# PLEASANT HOURS.



## A CHINESE LADY.

How unlike she is to an American lady! She has dark eyes and raven locks, which are drawn tightly back from her face and used to cover a queer framework looking like butterflies' wings, or some other fantastic shape. Her forehead appears very broad, as just before her wedding day all the short hairs over her brow were drawn out to give it this wide, open appearance.

Several of her finger-nails are very long, for that is a sign she is a lady and has little work to do with her hands. To keep these nails from breaking she wears over them little shields of gold or silver. But look at her feet! Could anyone ever imagine that they were the feet of a grown-up woman? They have been bound and compressed with strong cotton bandages from her childhood, and now she can wear tiny slippers only three inches long, made of bright-coloured satin, very beautifully embroidered. As we look at her feet we wonder how she can walk at all without coming to grief.

Her dress also looks strange. She wears a loose tunic of some bright-flowered silk. Her sleeves are more than a yard round and adorned with strips of embroidery. She can boast of a large stock of jewellery, and she wears many pins in her hair. Her ears are quite weighed down by her large, heavy ear-rings, and she has several rings upon her fingers and massive bracelets on her arms.

When relatives and friends are invited to dine at her house, the Chinese lady never sits down to a meal with them. She remains always in her own apartment; but sometimes, when there is a merry company in the guest hall, you may hear a rustling and a sound of hushed laughter, and so be made aware of the fact that the lady of the house and her attendants are having a sly peep at what is going on; for it is easy to make small holes in the paper screens, or to peer from behind a curtain.

The Chinese lady is quite unable to read or write, and very wearily the days pass with her. It is quite a relief when every few days she has a call from one of the ancient dames who make their living by flower selling, fortune telling, or vending numerous small wares. They are always very welcome, since with their lively gossip and news of the families they visit, they bring a fresh breeze from the outer world.

## LESSON NOTES.

### SECOND QUARTER.

#### OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

R.C. 1520.] LESSON IV. [April 23.  
Job's CONFESSION AND RESTORATION.

Job 42. 1-10.] [Memory verses, 5, 6.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

You have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.—Jas. 5. 11.

#### OUTLINE.

1. Confession, v. 1-4.
2. Restoration, v. 7-10.

TIME.—About R.C. 1520.  
PLACE.—Same as before.

## CONNECTING LINKS.

The long trial of Job is past. He proves his fidelity, trusts in God, and is delivered.

## EXPLANATIONS.

"Job answered the Lord"—Elihu, without introduction, follows Job's three friends, and tries to vindicate God's government of the affairs of men. His remarks are interrupted by a storm, which rolls across the desert, and out of the thunder-cloud the voice of God is heard. When the voice is silent, Job confesses his error in the words of our lesson. "I uttered that I understood not"—Job perceives that it is foolish indeed for man to call in question God's ways. "Dust and ashes"—In Oriental lands people sit down in the dust, and cover their heads with ashes, as a sign of grief. "The words"—The words of chapters 38 to 41. "Spoken of me"—Better, spoken unto me. Not that they had a poorer understanding of God's Providence than had Job, but that they had not bowed before God in humble penitence as had Job. "Seven"—The perfect number; a complete sacrifice. "Offer up for yourselves"—This passage is one of several which seem to prove the great antiquity of the story of Job. That there is no command to go to the priest, indicates a very ancient period. "Turned the captivity"—His sufferings were due to a certain bondage to evil powers. "Twice as much"—Double the amount of property.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. Of our sinfulness before God?
2. Of the necessity of a mediator?
3. Of God's goodness to them that trust him?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Job confess? "He had talked about what he had not understood."
2. How did he say he felt when confronted by God's greatness and goodness? "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."
3. Why was God angry with Job's three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar? "Because they had not repented, as had Job."
4. What did God tell Job to do? "To offer a sacrifice, and pray for them."
5. What did the Lord give to Job? "Twice as much as he had before."
6. What is the Golden Text? "Ye have heard of the patience of Job," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipotence of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

How is it proved that the Holy Spirit inspired the Old Testament Scriptures?

Chiefly by the words of our Lord and his apostles?

Matt. 22. 43.—He saith unto them, How then doth David in the Spirit call him Lord.

2 Peter 1. 21.—Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost.

## THE LEPER'S SQUINT.

"What means this hole through the wall?" I said to my guide.

"That," replied Mrs. Herd, "recalls a fact that is full of interest and pathos. In the twelfth century there was a number of lepers in the neighbourhood. You will understand, of course, that they were obliged to live by themselves, and were supported by charity. Over at the old abbey you may still see the place where bread and other food was passed out to them. Being unclean, and afflicted with a horrible and incurable disease, which was contagious, they were not allowed in church or to come in contact with healthy persons, so they had no way of taking any direct part in the worship of God. Both as to soul and body they were driven out from all intercourse with the rest of mankind. Yet

many of them longed for some sound or sight that might comfort them in their sad, loathsome and hopeless condition. Taking pity on the poor creatures the monks made this hole in the wall, so that, one at a time, they could see the priests ministering at the altar, hear the music, and perhaps a few words of the mass. Then they would go back to their huts and caves, trusting that in heaven, if not on earth, they might be free from the dreadful curse under which they suffered. That is why this is called the 'Leper's Squint.' Poor outcasts! my heart aches to think of them, though they are all dead and gone these seven hundred years."

WHILE her mother was taking a fly out of the butter, little Daisy asked, "Is that a butterfly, mamma?"

## A Penalty.

THE rock is veined with gold, and the silver shines,  
And the seams of the coal are black in the nether mines.  
And the copper gleams like a kindled furnace spark,  
And the heavy lead is dull and cold and dark;  
Yet for all the black of the coal and the gloom of the lead,  
Do they weep to be copper or silver or gold instead?

The lilies rock in a garden fair and tall,  
And the daisies creep in the grass at the feet of all,  
And the yellow sunflower stares at the yellow sun,  
But the trailing yellow trefoils earthward run;  
Yet for all the lilies are high and the daisies are low,  
None of them crieth, "Why hast thou made me so?"

Like flowers of air the kingbirds flash and fly,  
They have dipt their wings in the blue of the summer sky,  
But the dusky lark that made an earthly nest  
Must carry away its color upon her breast;  
Yet for all the feathers are brown or the feathers are bright,  
None of them saith, "God doth not work aright."

And men spring up in their place, and a golden crown  
Circles a royal head, for king and clown  
Rise and pass through life their several ways,  
And this shall be born for toil and this for praise:

Yet of every soul in every devious lot,  
There is none content, there is none that murmurs not.

—Harper's Magazine.

## VICTORY IN DEFEAT.

BY L. S. HOUGHTON.

In all the world's history there have been few hours of grander import, few in which was enfolded more of future result than that hour when Luther gave his "simple answer" before the Diet of Worms.

The occasion was outwardly most impressive, even though no account has been taken of its deep inner significance. Worms was then the political centre of Europe, a city of great splendour, few traces of which have survived its burning under Louis XIV., except the cathedral, in which the Diet was held. The assembly was one of unusual brilliance. The emperor, Charles V., presided in person. The ambassadors of England and France, the Papal nuncio, the representatives of the kings of Hungary and Poland and of the great Italian cities vied with each other in the magnificence of their appearance; and in their midst stood the monk, Luther, "a peasant and a peasant's son," to answer for his religious views.

The session had been long and wearisome, but to all arguments and intimidations he had answered with an avowal of his love for the Church, and his simple desire for her purification and perfection. But it was when the whole case was summed up and he was called upon for his final reply that he rose to his highest moral grandeur.

"Since your most serene Majesty and your Lordships ask for a simple answer," he said, "I will give it 'neither horned nor hooved'" (quoting a German proverb), "after this fashion,—Unless I am convinced by witness of Scripture (for I do not believe in the Pope or in Councils alone, since it is agreed that they have often erred and contradicted themselves), I am overcome by the Scriptures which I have adduced, and my conscience is caught in the word of God, I neither can nor will recant anything, for it is neither safe nor right to act against one's conscience." These words he uttered, first in Latin, the language of the Diet, and then in German, adding in German, "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

As he thus spoke the heart of the youthful Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, then a boy seventeen, was drawn to him with a love which never afterwards failed, and which became a strong support and consolation to the harassed and persecuted reformer. But the Emperor Charles V. was assailed by no such weakness; coldly and calmly he pronounced the sentence forbidding Luther

to preach, and advising that he be excommunicated against for heresy.

At a sentence so dreadful in its possibilities the nuncio was openly delighted, but the hearts of the people felt a dreadful chill. With all their admiration for the man who represented to them not only religious freedom but national sentiment, which then but just born, has since become a strong power all over Europe, they dared not stand by him when Emperor and Pope alike condemned. Luther's approach to Worms had been a triumphal procession. In Erfurt, his own city, university, town had vied to do him honour; at his entry into Worms, 2,000 people had met him and escorted him to his lodgings. At his departure few dared recognize him. He went out not knowing how long even freedom of action would remain his, nor how soon he would be a prisoner in the power of Rome. He, and in his person, the Reformation movement was utterly defeated.

Defeated, yet victorious. From that hour of defeat, from the dangers and difficulties that environed him, grew up the triumph of all that he was contending for, the purification of the Church, the unsealing of the Bible, the loosing of the yoke of Rome. Not Protestantism only, but United Germany, the Germany of to-day, and not Germany only, but that spirit of nationalism which seems to be essentially a nineteenth century spirit, became from that hour a possibility. To quote the words of another: "No triumphal procession that ever climbed the Sacred Way to the Capital when Rome was every year adding new provinces to the Republic, could compare in moral grandeur with Luther's humble cavalcade, as discomfited, condemned, almost friendless he rode away from Worms."

## WHAT ALCOHOL IS GOOD FOR.

DR. NANSEN, the Norwegian explorer, crossed Greenland on foot. With five companions he spent several weeks on floating ice. For forty days they tramped over frozen snow, with eighty degrees of frost. Did he use any alcoholic drinks? That he did make use of alcoholic spirits you can see from the following statement, but never as a beverage. He says: "The only spirits we took were as fuel for our stove to melt the snow that we might have water to drink. I think the use of stimulants is a mistake."

Teachers, Attention!

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