

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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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 wasp's 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 wasp's 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-mache, 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 cotton 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

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.



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 other, 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."

to the human 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.

Our League.

BY H. W. ALLYN.

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 whate'er we do,
To please our leader every time,
And to the work be true.
We are but young, yet 'tis 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,
His children may be like him
If we will only try.

—Epcworth Herald.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

REV. W. H. WITHEROW, 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 beer and rum 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. Esther 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 who 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 bare-foot 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 23rd of January the "Permanent Bare-foot 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

Home, 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 canvasser 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 cannot know too much 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."



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.

B.C. 1890. LESSON IV. (April 23.)

JOB'S CONVERSION AND RESTORATION.

Job 42. 1-10. (Memory verses, 5, 6.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye 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.

DATE.—About B. C. 1890.
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 'Lepers' 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.

This 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 hooped'" (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 proceeded 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 Reform 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 Capitol 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."

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