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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1899.

No. 21

Going! Going! Gone!

Going! going! gone! Is this an auction here, Where nobody bids, and nobody buys, and there is no auctioneer? No hammer, no crowd, no noise, no push of women and men— And yet the chance that is passing now will never come back again!

Going! going! gone! Here is a morn of June— Dew, and fragrance, and colour, and light, and a million sounds a-tune. Oh, look! Oh, listen! Be wise, and take this wonderful thing— A jewel such as you will not find in the treasury of a king!

Going! going! gone! What is next on the list? An afternoon of purple and gold, fair as an amethyst, And large enough to hold all good things under the sun. Bid it in now, and crowd it full with lessons, and work, and fun!

Going! going! gone! Here is a year to be had! A whole magnificent year held out to every lass and lad! Days, and weeks, and months! Joys and labours, and pains! Take it, spend it, buy with it, lend it, and presently count your gains.

Going! going! gone! The largest lot comes last; Here, with its infinite unknown wealth, is offered a life-time vast! Out of it may be wrought the deeds of hero and sage— Come, bid! Come, bid! lest a bright youth fade out to a useless age! —St. Nicholas.

EGYPTIAN DONKEY BOYS.

One of the most characteristic features of life in Cairo is the hundreds of donkey boys that throng the streets. At almost every corner, near every hotel they abound. A tourist can scarcely appear on the street but half a dozen will swarm around him, all shouting at once and urging the merits of their respective donkeys—"Mine very good donkey, him name 'Prince of Wales,'" or, if he thinks you are an American, "him name 'Yankee Doodle,'" or, perhaps, "him name 'Grand Old Man,'" or, "him name 'Lily Langtry.'" In Upper Egypt the donkeys have more aristocratic names, and I often had the pleasure of riding on the back of Rameses the Great, or, Tothmes III., namesakes of some of the mightiest of the Pharaohs.

The boys are bright-witted, wide-awake, handsome fellows, who speak a little English and a smattering of perhaps half a dozen other languages besides. The donkeys are generally shaven or branded in fantastic designs, and the donkey boy will run behind whacking the poor beast with his staff, and the more you ask them to "go easy," the more they beat him and make him go the harder. A gallant Irish major in our party used to say that "he was the heaviest man in the company and always got the smallest donkey," and sometimes, he would declare that "his donkey was a hundred years old," so slow and crippled was its gait. The picture of the boys and donkey and the handsome architecture in the background are all very admirable reproductions of life in Cairo.

We can all be servants of God wherever our lot is cast; but he gives us different sorts of work, according as he fits us for it and calls us to it.

A MARKED COURTESY.

Some time ago the attention of a Philadelphia mother was attracted to her little boy by the fact that he lay at full length on the library floor, evidently deeply involved in the intricacies of letter writing. At last the missive ended with a scrawling superscription and an immense sigh of relief, and it was proudly borne to the father and mother. Imagine their surprise when their eyes fell upon the following.

Dear Czar.—Since the death of your father you must have received a great deal of foreign postage stamps on letters from your friends who were sorry for you. I am collecting postage stamps, and if you will send me a good lot of yours,

This little Kansas boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that a Christian must be sound and right clear through

A HORSE WITH A HABIT.

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him.

A TALK WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dear young friends. I will talk with you a little on intemperance. But do I hear the girls say, "You do not need to talk with girls about that, for girls and women never drink." You are mistaken, girls. There are many women who drink, and who go just as low down in the ditch as any drunkard you ever saw; and many of these are mothers with little children who need their love and care. Strong drink turns a once kind parent into a selfish, brutal one, and very often little children are made to suffer from blows, hunger, cold and neglect by the ones who should provide and tenderly care for them.

The children of such parents often learn to drink by seeing father and mother do so. They send their children to the saloon to get their beer, and the children begin to taste of it as they carry it home. They soon learn to drink it, and that first taste is the beginning of a drunken life. A gentleman in New York saw two little girls, six and eight years of age, who had been sent to a saloon for a pint of beer. They scarcely got outside of the door before they each took a taste of the beer. The man watched, and before they got out of sight they each took another sip. The bartender who sold them the beer said that a great many boys and girls were sent there by their parents for beer, and more than half of them had learned to drink. Now, boys and girls, I think you begin to feel as I do that this is a very important subject. But you say, "What can we do about it? We are sorry these things are so. We have seen some of the misery which drunkenness causes, but we are but boys and girls, and can do nothing." Oh yes, you can do something. In the first place, you can sign the temperance pledge and faithfully keep it. This is a long step towards doing something, for if you keep your pledge you will never make a drunkard. Get as many others to sign the pledge as you can, and watch for an opportunity to do something else. If you are very much in earnest you will find something to do. I read of three brothers and their cousins who had formed themselves into a temperance society, and were very anxious for something to do, when a man called them to help hunt for a man, who, while drunk, had wandered into the woods. He was apt to have fits, and his friends had become very anxious about him. The boys were delighted to think they now had a chance to do something for a drunkard. They ran into the woods and hunted until they were very tired, and it seemed as though they had been everywhere. At last they found him, stretched out on the ground, looking as though dead; but he was not dead, and

men came and carried him home to his poor old mother, who tenderly cared for him and nursed him back to health. He signed the pledge, and by the grace of God he was enabled to control that terrible appetite which before had control of him. What shame and suffering would have been avoided if he had signed the pledge when a boy. It is with this as it is in doing anything else, you must not only begin with a great deal of interest and courage but you must be persevering if you would succeed. Do not be discouraged if you fall once, but try, try again.



EGYPTIAN DONKEY BOYS.

I will send you some American ones in return."

The parents at first laughed at the idea, but the little man was so evidently pleased with this creation of his young brain that they finally determined to allow him to mail it, never imagining that it would really fall beneath the royal gaze. Greatly to their surprise, the mail of a few mornings ago brought the young fellow a bulky envelope, bearing upon it the seal and arms of the royal house of Russia. To the little fellow's delight, he found, on opening it, that it was packed with stamps of all nationalities. The laboured missive had evidently reached its destination, and had spelled out to the heart of the man, in all the excitement of his coronation ceremonies, such a message of childish innocence as made refusal impossible.

NOT A CHRISTIAN POTATO.

A certain little boy in Kansas, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she was paring the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one, which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces, it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian."

"What do you mean?" asked Maggie. "Don't you see it isn't good clear through?" was Willie's reply.

But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing a while, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was the force of habit. So the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

The Little Dinner-Pail.

BY MRS. M. P. A. GROZIER.

In morning tramp, along the street,
I hear the tramp of many feet,
And hear the friendly hail,
"Good morning, John!" "Good morning,
Bill!"
As on they trudge to shop or mill,
With little dinner-pail

With little dinner-pails they go,
Through mud and rain, through slush
and snow,
Wearing in manly way—
Wearing as king wears kingly crown,
The toiler's garb of blue or brown,
For very kings are they.

Who, brave of soul, with cheerful face,
Are faithful in the lowest place
That Duty calls them to,
Who for their home, the weans, the wife,
Grow gray with care and stern with
strife,
Keeping their heart-beats true.

Such men—God bless them—cities
need—
Men great in thought and strong in deed,
Knowing no word like "fail!"
Then doff your hat what time you meet
The man who carries down the street
The little dinner-pail.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1899.

BEN GRAHAM'S PLEDGE.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

For years Ben Graham had been a section hand on the railroad that ran within a few rods of the little cottage where he lived. He was a well-informed, hard-working man, and had he not been addicted to his cups, would have risen above the rank of a common labourer. After the railroad company published rules forbidding the employment of persons in the habit of becoming intoxicated, Ben was more careful about indulging his taste, but as he was off duty at night, he frequently took the advantage of his employers, much to the shame and grief of his wife and children.

But, as this was not known by the superintendent, Ben was promoted, one autumn, to the position of night watchman; and for a time the new responsibility kept him sober. This, alas! did not last long, however.

One cold, stormy evening in November, he took the ladder from the barn when he started on his rounds, explaining as he did so that he would need it in dislodging a large maple tree, which, when blown down, had fallen against an oak on the opposite side of the railroad. As his little daughter Bessie held the gate open for him to pass, she thought she detected the odour of something that always made her mother look sober, and which had not been observable for some time. There was a look in his eye too, that troubled her, and remembering what he had been to the village during the day, she readily surmised that he had been drinking on his way home.

"Hallo, Boss!" he exclaimed, "out to give me a good-night kiss?" stooping to pat her rosy cheeks, and touch his lips to her white brow.

Yes, father, I will not forget to pray for you to-night."

"Don't you worry the least bit about me child," he answered a little huskily. "I went to bed, after the prayers were said, with a burden still on her mind. How long she slept she could not tell, but she was aroused by a loud crash, and her worry about her father caused her to at once connect it with the lodged tree.

She jumped up, and hastily dressing herself, ran down across the pasture lot to the spot where the oak stood.

Her conjectures concerning the crash were correct, for right across the railroad lay the dislodged tree, with the heavy ladder under it. A terrible fear that her father was beneath its branches seized her, but as she could discover nothing definite in the darkness, she ran swiftly back to the shanty in the centre of his beat for a light. There, stretched upon the floor, breathing heavily, the unmistakable fumes of whiskey filling the rough apartment, lay the object of her anxiety.

Her efforts to arouse him proving unavailing, she seized his lantern and rushed back up the railroad to signal the midnight express, already overdue. Before she reached the fallen tree she overheard the whistle of the locomotive at the crossing a mile above. Her prayer was answered; it was a few minutes behind time, and those few minutes gave her the opportunity of climbing over the prostrate tree and wading through the snow far enough above the obstruction to stop the train in time to prevent an accident.

Her efforts were fully appreciated by the passengers as well as the trainmen, but she hurried back, as soon as the train was stopped, to try to shield her father from disgrace. She found that after starting down the track, hours before, he had placed the ladder in position and made an effort to dislodge the reclining tree, but his brain was so benumbed by drink that he scarcely knew what he was about, and so left the tree and ladder to fall together, causing the crash which had so fortunately aroused Bessie and sent her to the rescue of the overdue train.

Ben Graham acknowledged his error when the case was investigated, but on account of the devotion and heroism of his daughter, he was not discharged, in accordance with the regulations of the company. Bessie was remembered, too, by the railroad company, but much as she prized the substantial token placed in her hands, she values much more highly a temperance pledge with her father's name affixed, which he himself presented to her, and which he has since faithfully kept.

THE ANCHOR OF PRINCIPLE.

When Hobson, the hero of Santiago, was a student at the Annapolis Naval Academy, he was made officer of the day. It was the custom—though against all rules—that the officer of the day should never report those of his own class who broke regulations. This Hobson felt was wrong, and he determined to report, without exception, all who disobeyed.

The class was indignant. They boycotted the resolute young student, and for two years he was avoided by all. He went calmly on, however, and took high rank in his studies. In the second year his fellow-students sent a committee to treat with him about receiving him into fellowship again; but he replied that he was doing very well without them, and could make no compromises. He graduated number one in his class—and all the world has heard of him since.

Principle is the anchor of an heroic mind. Hold fast to principle, boys and girls, and you will be honoured.

"MORE BLESSED TO GIVE."

Six little orphanage children were coming home late one afternoon from Farmer Miller's. They each had their hands full of apples, which the farmer had given them, and were contentedly munching. Presently they came to where some roughly-dressed men were working in a drain by the roadside, and their sympathies were at once aroused.

"They must be dreadful poor," whispered Trotty, solemnly.

"Yes, just look at that one's clothes—ali tore," commented Ted.

"An' it's hard work to do that all day. I s'pose they're just as tired as they can be," added Mamie.

"Let's give them some of our apples," suggested Vera.

No sooner thought than done. Six little pairs of red hands generously tendered all their stores, and the wails trudged homeward, their little hearts growing big with the joy of being able to give of their "very own."—The Deaconess Advocate.

THE WHITE ANGEL OF HADLEY.

BY FRED MYRON COLDY.

It was the evening of Thanksgiving Day, and the family were gathered around the cheerful blaze of the sitting-room fire.

"Tell us a story, father," said Carl, leaning back against his father's knee, as he sat on the stool before him; "a real, true one."

"Let me see. Did I ever tell you the story of the 'White Angel of Hadley'?" said Mr. Wilder. "That is a true story, and a Thanksgiving one into the bargain."

"Oh, do tell it to us, father!" cried Grace; and thus importuned, Mr. Wilder told the story of the "White Angel" of the settlement.

"You must know that it happened long ago," said the narrator, "when the States were feeble colonies, and the forests were full of savage Indians."

"One dark and stormy night, as good Parson Russell was getting ready to go to bed, there was a low rap at the door. When he opened it there stood a weary, travel-worn man, with long white hair and beard, who asked for shelter. When the good pastor hesitated, the stranger whispered in his ear, 'I am William Goffe; do not betray me.'

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Parson Russell; and he pulled the visitor hurriedly within the door.

"And now, to tell you who William Goffe was, I shall have to go back to England. Some thirty years before this there had been a war in the mother country, between the king, Charles the First, and his Parliament. There were several battles fought, in which Prince Rupert stood out brilliantly on one side for the king, and Cromwell on the side of Parliament. In the end Cromwell and his Ironsides conquered, and King Charles was taken prisoner, condemned to death and executed. His son, Prince Charles, was then across the sea, in France, and Cromwell governed England under the Commonwealth.

"But at the end of ten years Cromwell died, and the people called back their rightful prince, Charles Stuart, the son of their murdered sovereign. He was very angry with those men who sat as judges on his father, and hunted them down without mercy. These regicides, as they were called, nearly all lost their lives in England; only a few escaped. Three of these came to America, and for years led wandering, hunted lives among the Indians and wild beasts, for terrible retribution was threatened any one who befriended or helped them. One of these three regicides was William Goffe. He had been a gallant soldier and a wealthy gentleman in England; but, of course, all his wealth was gone now, and he was glad of a refuge anywhere.

"It was in the spring of the year that Parson Russell had opened his door to the fugitive, whom he had known in better days in England.

"All that summer King Phillip's war was raging in the colonies. Scarcely was there a hamlet that did not feel the dreadful scourge of the savage.

"Old Hadley's turn came at last. One Sunday, late in the autumn, after the harvests had been gathered, the Indians surprised the town. The people were assembled at church, and Parson Russell was in the very midst of his sermon when the terrible war-whoop sounded. The savages had crept up close to the village, hoping to find the settlers unprepared.

"And, indeed, there came very near being a panic. But just at that moment, when the settlement seemed lost, a tall, stately personage, with white hair and beard, and dressed in garments of a richer and courtlier make than that worn by the settlers, appeared suddenly on the scene. Waving a gleaming sword, he rallied the half-frightened settlers, placed himself at their head, and repulsed the savages. Then, when the settlement was safe, and the Indians were scattering through the woods, he disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he appeared. Search as they might, they could find no trace of their gallant benefactor, and they began to whisper among themselves that an angel had been sent from heaven for their deliverance.

"The story of the Angel of Hadley, as it was called, soon spread over New England. Nor was the identity of the mysterious helper revealed till after the death of Parson Russell. The white angel had been none other than Goffe, the regicide, who from his hiding-place had seen the need of the colonists and rushed out to their help.

"Do you not think that the people of Hadley kept Thanksgiving that year with more real Christian gratitude than they had had for years? I really think it

was the greatest of all the early Thanks giving days."

"And I do hope," said Grace, "that good Parson Russell's folks gave the poor regicide some of the good things."

COMING TO JESUS.

Two little girls were coming home from Sunday-school, and during their walk they talked of what their teacher had said. It was about "coming to Jesus." The more they talked, the more perplexed they became; but on reaching their home they at once went to their mother, and this is a part of the conversation which took place:

"Mamma, our teacher told us to-day that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved. But how can I come to him if I cannot see him?"

"Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" replied the mother.

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you see me when you asked me?"

"No; but I knew that you would hear me and get it for me."

"Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near us and hears every word we say, and that he will get us what we need."

Love Counteth Not the Cost.

There is an ancient story, simply told, As ever were the holy things of old, Of one who served through many a following year,

To earn at last the joy he held most dear;

A weary term, to others strangely lost.

What mattered it? Love counteth not the cost.

Yet not alone beneath far Eastern skies The faithful life hath, patient, won its prize;

Whenever hearts beat high and brave hopes swell

The soul, some Rachel waits beside the well;

For her the load is borne, the desert crossed,

What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

This then of man: and what, dear Lord, of thee,

Lowed in the midnight of Gethsemane.

Come from those regions infinite with peace,

To buy with such a price the world's release?

Thy voice descends, through ages tempest-tossed,

What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

O Christ, Redeemer, Master! I who stand Beneath the pressure of thy gracious hand—

What is the service thou wouldst have from me?

What is the burden to be borne for thee? I, too, would say, though care and fear exhaust,

What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

THE RULE APPLIES TO YOU.

In the construction of a waggon, there are many little things, as you know, which are likewise very important things. The inch-plus are little things, but if they drop out, the waggon is very likely to come to a standstill. So every pin and every screw should be in working order; if not, the waggon is not a trusty one. This rule also applies to you and to every child, and every child should be able to say as did the boy a clergyman once overtook: "I always go to the missionary meeting; I'm part of the concern."

This is the story:

A clergyman on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"Oh!" he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister.

"What do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong."

"When you stepped on that gentleman's foot, Tommy, I hope you apologized?"

"Oh, yes; indeed I did," said Tommy.

"and he gave me ten cents for being such a good boy."

"Did he?"

"And what did you do then?"

"Stepped on the other and apologized again, but it didn't work."

A Lesson of Mercy.

BY ALICE CARY.

A boy named Peter
Found once, in the road,
All harmless and helpless,
A poor little toad;

And ran to his playmate,
And all out of breath,
Cried, "John, come and help,
And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,
They went on the run,
Saying one to the other,
"Oh, won't we have fun!"

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd hardly got back,
When a donkey came
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down, so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad,
A-taking his morning nap,
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad
With his warm nose, a dump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John,"
Said Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye
And an action like that!"

"For my part, I haven't
The heart to," says John;
"But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on."

"Let's help him," so both lads
Set off with a will,
And came up with the cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

When they got to the top
Back again they both run,
Agreeing they never
Had had better fun.

THE BOY AND THE DOG.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY ELSPETH MORAY.

The Dog first opened his brown eyes in an Indian's tent. Past the side of it rushed the noisy little Indian river all foamy with its race over the falls and eager to dive into the clear waters of the Georgian Bay. Far through the tent door gleamed the blue waves of Huron, and the grayish-yellow cliffs of the opposite shore fringed with emerald. Along with his brothers and sisters the Dog was carried out to the sward, and furnished great amusement to a number of young savages rolling around there. They pelted the puppies with grass, and shrieked with delight when the fat little things tossed tipsily about. Old Waukedec, chief of the camp, sat and watched them, but with a face like a stone. He puffed away at a pipe, and threw an occasional glance along the dusty road near by. Presently, from a big brick house above the reserve, a Boy emerged, and came whistling down the embankment. The old Indian, who had expected him, kept his eyes studiously away, and only turned when he felt the Boy's hand on his shoulder.

"Waukedec," said the Boy, "I want a pup."
He smiled as he spoke with all the frankness of ten years, and opening his hand displayed there a silver coin. The redskin took the money stolidly, turned it over in his palm, and without a word pointed to the pups. Never had a bargain been closed more promptly. A few minutes later he was sitting in his old attitude puffing at his pipe, but inwardly amazed at his good fortune. But the Boy hurried away, afraid that at the last moment he might be recalled, and

all the time he pressed his warm young cheek against the little creature, calling himself a lucky fellow as he did so.

At this period the Dog was a bundle of yellow and white floss, out of which blazed two dark and shining eyes. It was in his eyes that one knew him to be a friend or foe. Set in his white head, and made a thousand times darker by the contrast, they were an ornament any lady might have been proud to possess—so luminous, so pleading, so prayerful were they—so tenderly human! As he grew older he was taught tricks; submitting gravely to be decked out with a hat cocked over one eye, a coat tied around his neck, glasses upon his nose, and a pipe hanging piteously from his drooping mouth. How he hated that pipe! Sometimes before it was given him his eye glanced distrustfully at the shelf where it lay, and when the Boy thrust it between his teeth he had an expression which plainly read: "I could bear anything but this!"

He could shut the door with quite as loud a slam as the Boy's, scratching it dreadfully with his claws, but turning around afterward with such a brilliant air of triumph that one had the heart to scold him. He kept his coat so spotless that he was allowed to lie on the very best rug, but even the tidliest dog will get muddy sometimes. On a wet day, unless asked to go for a walk, he preferred to sit on the broad windowsill and watch vagabond dogs strolling past. From his expression we gathered that he felt sorry for them. But when the Boy donned a waterproof he resigned himself to fate, and trotted gingerly out into the rainy streets. When they returned, the Dog knew better than to enter the house. No matter if the door stood wide open, he would sit in the perch, dirty and abject, with the look of a thief. When one came near him to inquire the trouble, a very muddy paw was held out tremblingly as a sufficient answer. By-and-bye it became the custom to wipe his feet, and then he would enter radiantly into the best room.

Often the Boy would lay a juicy morsel on his friend's black nose, and having said, "Stay there!" would leave the room. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the Dog at such moments. His whole body trembled with anticipation to the tip of his tail. His nose twitched and shook the meat invitingly, while his eyes remained rivetted on the door, where the Boy's roguish eyes were peering through the key-hole.

The Boy never whipped him; a word of rebuke was quite enough for him. At the words, "Bad dog!" all the brown fire died out of his eyes, his tail drooped sadly, and his whole body assumed a deplorable air. Usually on such occasions he would walk up to his accuser, and hold out a supplicating silken paw, which was never refused. Having been thus pardoned, he, like other sinners, threw off his repentant air, and became self-assertive again.

Autumn was his favourite season, for then the Boy began burnishing his gun. The very sight of that gun intoxicated the Dog. He barked, whisked his tail, and raced round and round the room in the exuberance of his delight, while the Boy whistled in sympathy, and rubbed affectionately away at his rifle. It would be difficult to say which of them enjoyed the sport most. The Boy, on the look-out for partridges, trod cannily on the spongy ground; the Dog followed close behind, watching every movement of his master with the greatest alertness. At night, when the sun spilled all his purple-red wine into the placid bay, they trudged home, sometimes triumphantly, sometimes dejectedly, but always friends, beguiling the bush-path with a by no means one-sided conversation. After such excursions they lay down on the hearth-rug together, the Boy's arm around his chum, and the bonny brown head pressed against the white one.

One day the Dog was disobedient. The Boy and his friends were going for a sail, and, of course, the Dog must go too. But for the first time in his life he refused to obey. Entreaties and commands were alike useless, and finally the Boy lifted him in his arms and carried him on board. But as they sailed out of the harbour, the Dog watched his first opportunity, and leaping into the water, struck out for shore. Summer was on the earth in all the glory of her first and living freshness, but over all hung invisibly the shadow of death. There was a lad on board, the Boy's Jonathan, his opposite in many respects, yet knit all the closer for that to the warm heart of his chum. He stood at the prow of the little vessel watching the small blue waves dashing aside, till his eyes grew dizzy; suddenly, his hold loosened, he staggered, and with a low cry slipped overboard. In a moment, all was confusion. It seemed impossible

to save him, for a stiff breeze was blowing, and the yacht would require some smart handling before she could be brought about. Besides that the water was still deadly cold with the ice of the late winter, and no one could long exist in it. Could he hold out under such adverse circumstances? Ah! the Boy asked none of these questions. Love called to him from the jaws of death; he never dreamed of staying. Years were condensed into that moment, for in it the Boy's thoughtless past rolled up like a scroll and he became a man.

He tore off some of his outer clothing, plunged in, and with a few bold strokes reached his friend's side. And now began a life and death struggle. The Boy's vigorous and hopeful nature refused to think of danger. With one arm round his friend and the other beating back the encroaching water, he kept repeating:

"Cheer up! here they come!—just one minute longer."

But in vain! The cheering words struck no vitality into the other's sombre and drooping spirit, and pushing back the Boy's hand, he answered:

"No, it's no use, old man, I can't hold out."

Again and again as the yacht raced cruelly near, and a half-dozen eager and frantic hands were outstretched to catch them, the Boy's love and pity broke out in the intense cry: "Save him! never mind me! never mind me!"

When at last the yacht drew alongside, the struggle had ended. The Boy was pulled, half unconscious, into the pitiful arms of his comrades, but the dark young face of the other lay under the impene-trable waters.

At night, when the Boy drew his dog-friend into his tired arms in the darkness, he whispered through his tears:

"Why were you not there? You could have saved him."

But the Dog only looked up with his wise brown eyes, and licked the caressing hand in sympathy.

When the Boy grew to a youth's height, he must needs go and seek his fortune. Here was no place for the Dog. But the Boy's heart-strings were very tender ones, and scarcely a year slipped away before he was back filling the waiting space in the circle. When he had gone the rounds with his warm and welcome kisses, he looked around for the Dog. The beautiful creature was standing apart, half-expectant, but waving his tail slowly, as though in doubt. A year is a big slice out of a dog's life. His master whispered his name softly; the coils looked up and the four eyes met, one pair scarcely less human than the other. That moment of recognition was instantaneous. The Boy opened his arms, and with a shrill bark of delight the Dog leaped into them, wriggling, licking, whining, showing by every mark he could his intense joy at the reunion. When the Boy, some time later, sat down to recount his adventures, the Dog sat in his old place beside him, his soft brown eyes fixed on his master's face.

The Boy came of age, and called himself a man, but in the midst of the rejoicings he drooped and sickened. How the Dog marvelled at his silence—no laughter, no racing, but a quiet figure on a bed. Sometimes the lion's brown, boyish hand came out to meet the caresses of the pink tongue; by-and-bye it became too tired even for that. There came days of sickness and distress when the passionate and healthy spirit of the Boy revolted against pain and death; when life cried out for life, and the mists of the cold valley wrapped him in their folds. But the morning dawned at last, fair and serene; out of the shadows the Boy's soul came; humbled and purified, and left, ere it fled, a smile on the young mouth as a sign of its triumphant peace. Thus the Boy came of age, and entered into his inheritance—not of earth, thank God, not of earth, but "one incorruptible and undefiled, which fadeth not away."

And the Dog—what of him?

Lying on his favourite rug before the fire, his dark eyes blinking at the glow it made—who can tell what thoughts were his? Very quiet he was; but often he would raise his head in a sharply listening attitude, his ears pricked backward, waiting, waiting for a footstep that never came. And then rising, from an impulse impossible to be guessed at, he would walk slowly from the room, and, mounting the staircase, enter the empty chamber above. There at the opened door he would stand, perfectly motionless, as though in expectation, then slowly return to his old place by the fire.

He, too, has gone—the bright and beautiful creature. When the glowing fire lends its enchantment to the dreamer, I seem to see him still, with the hand of his Boy-master at his collar, in the far, sweet land of truest friends.

MAKING HOME SWEET.

How many of us really do our best to make home happy? This question was suggested by an incident which took place at the close of the singing of that beautiful song, "Home, Sweet Home." An old woman and a young girl had been attentive listeners, and the former was moved to tears.

"Isn't it a beautiful song?" exclaimed the girl. This was the older woman's answer:

"Yes; and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. How much happier the world would be if every one had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain, everyday rule of making home sweet!"

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that, in spite of her love for her home, she made it unhappy every day of her life by her willfulness and quick temper.

EASILY DRAWN BY KINDNESS.

A kind word is better than a whip, asserts a writer in *The Child's Gem*, and then goes on to recount the following story, which proves the assertion to be an altogether correct one:

"In one of the London timber yards there is a carter who is noted for his kindness to the horse which is under his care. He is deeply attached to it, and the handsome creature appears to be equally fond of him. Such is the command that this man has acquired over his horse that a whip is unnecessary. He has only to walk a little in advance, when, after a word or two and the simple pointing of the finger the noble animal will draw his burden much more readily than those which are cruelly lashed with the whip. Oh! that more kind words were used in the management of horses and fewer lashes of the whip. Horses, like human beings, are more easily drawn by kindness than driven by cruelty."

The Little Prayer.

A little maiden knelt one night—
A little maiden all in white—
She knelt and said her simple prayer,
Asking the dear Lord's tender care,
That while her eyes were sealed in sleep
He would her soul and body keep.

A stranger sat within the home,
A man whose wont it was to roam,
Who had no God, no church, no heaven,
In his hard creed, no sins forgiven;
No faith, no hope, no bed-time prayer,
No trust in God's protecting care.

He watched at first half mockingly
The child beside her mother's knee,
With eyes down-drooped and folded
hands,

While o'er her shoulders golden strands
Of hair fell down, and snow-white feet
Peeped from her gown all fair and neat.

"And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."
So prayed the child, whose faith and love
Wanted her simple words above.

The proud man listened, and the years,
So full of sin, doubt, griefs, and fears,
Seemed blotted out, and he, once more
A child, was kneeling on the floor
Beside his mother, while he prayed
The same prayer as this little maid.

Dear childhood's prayer, so sweet, so strong!

With power to hold the heart so long,
And melt the frost of years away,
Until the scorner longed to pray;
And humbly, ere he went to sleep,
Besought the Lord his soul to keep.

—The Congregationalist.

HAVELOCK AS A BOY.

It is told of General Havelock that one day, when a boy, his father, having some business to do, left him on London Bridge, and bade him wait there till he came back.

The father was detained and forgot his son, not returning to the bridge all the day. In the evening he reached home, and, after he had rested a little while, his wife inquired:

"Where is Harry?"
"The father thought a moment.
"Dear me!" said he, "I quite forgot Harry. He is on London Bridge, and has been there for eight hours waiting for me."

He hastened away to relieve the boy, and found him just where he had left him in the morning, pacing to and fro like a sentinel on his beat.

The strict fidelity to duty which the boy gloriously displayed showed itself in after years in the march to Lucknow.

Birds.

Birds—birds! Ye are beautiful things.
With your earthy, breathing feet and your
cloud-claving wings,
Where shall man wander and where shall
he dwell
Beautiful birds! that ye come not as
well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rug-
ged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled
and dark;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cot-
tage's caves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie
green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the
brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow
the lake,
Ye skim where the stream parts the
orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the
desolate strand.

Beautiful birds! Ye come thickly around,
When the winds on the bench and the
snow's on the ground,
Ye come when the richest of roes flush
out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies
about.

Beautiful birds! How the
scholarly remembers
the warriors that harassed
his holiday tones,
The robin that chirped in
the frosty Decembers,
The blackbird that whistled
thro' the flower-crowned
June!
That healthy remembers
his holiday rambles
When he pulled every blos-
som of palm he could
see,
When his finger was raised
as he stopped in the
bramble,
With "Hark! there's a she
'n' koo, how close he
must be!"

MUSKRATS.

The beaver is well
known as one of the wisest
builders among animals.
It is not, perhaps, so
generally known that the
muskrat almost equals him
in constructive skill. Here
is a description of the
muskrat and the way in
which he builds his houses
with several stories and
spiral staircases!

The muskrat is some-
what similar in appearance
to his dry-land cousin, but
is incomparably larger.
The brown muskrat, which
is larger than the black
muskrat, when full-grown
will measure twelve to
fourteen inches from the
tip of the nose to the root
of the tail, and his rat-like
caudal appendage some-
times attains a length of
eight inches.

Next to the beaver, the
muskrat is one of the most
ingenious of rodents in the
construction of his houses
and his mode of life and
habits are very interesting.
They select the low river
marsh lands as their dwell-
ing-places, and they build their
homes. A location is preferred which
is flooded at high tide, but which
is clear of water at low ebb, and every
creek and almost every little inlet to
the river is an inevitable position that
are favourable. After determining upon
the exact position of their house, the
rats burrow leads or miniature tunnels
from the water's edge at low tide to the
spot upon which the house is to be
erected. They then set upon collecting
material for their dwelling. The tall
canes and coarse marsh grass are cut
down and pulled in place, and the marsh
mud is used as a kind of mortar. A
large circular foundation is laid, and the
ground floor arranged on a level with
the leads. This completed, an upward
lead is made like a spiral stairway to
the second floor, which the house into a
room similar to the first, but of less circum-
ference. A third and sometimes a fourth
floor is built, with the spiral lead run-
ning from the level of the marsh to the
top of the house, each succeeding room
being of somewhat less diameter, up to
the roof or dome, which acts as a water-
shed. The height of each floor from
the level of the marsh is regulated by
the successive tides reached by the
tide, the top floor being always higher
than the highest water-mark at flood

tide. The rats are social in their habits,
and at extremely low ebb, when the ac-
commodations are greatest in the houses,
quite a number may be found in the
same hut. At flood-tide fewer are found
in any one house, as the accommodation
is limited then only to the upper stories,
which are free of water.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON X.—JUNE 4.
CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

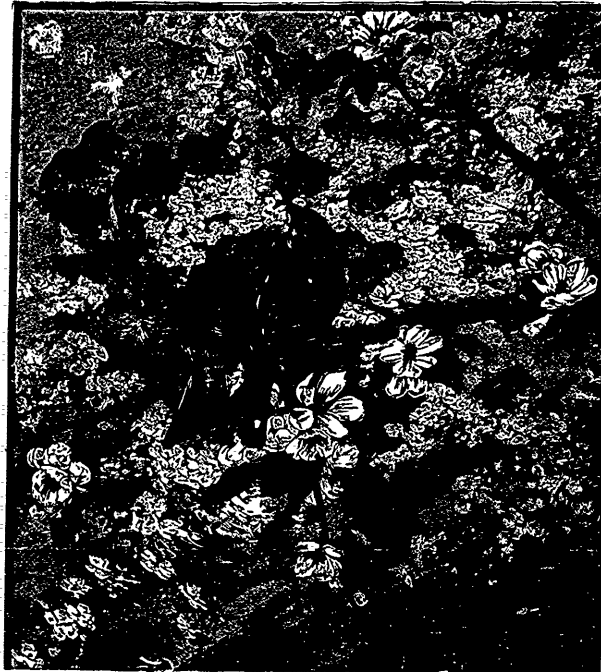
John 19. 17-30. Memory verses, 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of God, who loved me, and
gave himself for me.—Gal. 2. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cross, v. 17-22.
2. The Soldiers, v. 23, 24.
3. The Friends, v. 25-27.
4. The End, v. 28-30.



BIRDS.

Time.—Friday, April 7, A.D. 30.

Place.—Golgotha (Calvary), outside the
walls of Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

17 "Bearing his cross"—Compare the
account given by the other evangelists,
and especially Matt. 27. 33. "Went
forth into a place"—Outside of the city,
near to it and probably just north of it.
"Of a skull"—So shaped. A small eleva-
tion.

18. "Two others with him"—They
were "robbers," not thieves. Men who
were apt to unite violence with theft.
Jesus was crucified with them under a
similar charge of treason, for the rob-
bers were probably insurgents. "Jesus
in the midst"—A contrast, indeed, be-
tween Christ and the sufferer on each
side.

19. "Wrote a title"—Title is the
Roman name for an inscription of this
kind. It was common to put on the
cross the name of the sufferer and to
state his crime. "Of Nazareth"—For
there was the home of his parents, where
his youth was spent. Christ had no
home of his own. "King of the Jews"
—So Pilate thought and wrote.

20. "Hebrew and Greek, and Latin"—
The first was the national language, the
second was most widely known, and the

third was the official language, and was
used in the law documents of that day.
Thus in the title we have the language of,
(1) Religion, (2) Intellect, and of (3)
Empire.

21. 22. "Write not"—For the Jews
thought that such a title exposed them to
contempt. "What I have written I have
written"—A common and usual expres-
sion to mean what is done cannot be un-
done. Pilate was obstinate, but he
would yield in his own interests.

23. "Took his garments"—The loose
outer garment called "toga," with the
girdle and fastenings. The clothes of
executed criminals were handed over to
the executioners. "His coat"—His un-
dergarment was without seam. That
of the high priest was seamless. Jesus
is the great High Priest, as described in
Hebrews.

24. "Cast lots"—There were gamblers
at the foot of the cross. "That the
Scripture might be fulfilled"—The quota-
tion is from Psalm 22. 18. "The prophecy
of a fact does not justify the accomplish-
ment of it by evil men. We are to do
right."

25. This incident is found in St. John's
gospel only. "There stood"—Better



2. The Soldiers, v. 23, 24.
Who took the garments of Jesus?
What division did they make?
How was the coat made?
What proposal was made concerning
it?
What prophecy was thus fulfilled?
Psalm 22. 18.
3. The Friends, v. 25-27.
What friends of Jesus stood by him?
To whose care did Jesus commend his
mother?
How was this charge kept?
4. The End, v. 28-30.
What was the cry of Jesus?
Who foretold this thirst? Psalm 69. 21
How was this cry answered?
What were the last words of Jesus?
What is said of the manner of his
death?
What did he say of himself? John 10.
17. 18.

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rendering, "there were standing." A
contrast between the four plundering
soldiers with the centurion and the four
ministering women with the disciples.

26. "Whom he loved"—Which ex-
plains why Jesus committed the two to
one another. "Woman"—A title of re-
spect, forgotten by those who use and
misuse the word "lady."
28. "I thirst"—Intense thirst accom-
panied crucifixion.

HOME READINGS.

M. Christ crucified.—John 19. 17-30.
Tu. Despised and rejected.—Luke 22.
62-68.
W. The penitent thief.—Luke 23. 39-49.
Th. The burial.—John 19. 31-42.
F. For us.—Isa. 53.
S. Dying for sinners.—Rom. 5. 1-11.
Su. Worthy the Lamb.—Rev. 5. 6-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

1. The Cross, v. 17-22.
What burden did Jesus bear?
Whither was he led?
What was then done to Jesus?
Who suffered at the same time?
What was the written testimony of
Pilate?
In what languages was it written?
20. "Hebrew and Greek, and Latin"—
What change did the Jews desire?
What was Pilate's answer?