

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X	

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES. Vol. IX.

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1889.

[No. 11



BREAKFAST TIME.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## Musings.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

On the fountain in Princess Square, St. John, N.B., is chiselled the quaint spiritual truism which Jesus spake to a weary sinner, in the shadow of Jacob's well, at Sychar: "*Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst.*"

Beautiful message of love,  
Would I with garlands entwined!  
Fountain of life, from above!  
Fountain of life, from beneath!  
What blessings your crystalline pureness impart!  
I sang of the virginal life in thy heart.

*This one*—the water of earth,  
Fraught with refreshing delight,  
Pure and pellucid at birth,  
Pleasing to palate and sight,  
But though for immortal ones sent from beneath,  
'Tis leavened by sin with the virus of death.

*This one*—(hush wearisome strife)  
Herald its praises abroad!  
That, is the water of life,  
Fresh from the fountains of God,  
And whoso'—athirst—shall unto it draw nigh,  
And drink of its sweetness, he never shall die.

Beautiful symbol of Truth!  
Thee, and thy lesson I laud;  
One, the elixir of youth,  
One, is the Spirit of God:  
By this, shall the human a blessing obtain;  
By that, shall the soul an eternity gain.

Speak to the mortals who pass:  
Ask them thy pureness to prove:  
Many, unheeding, alas!  
See not thy message of love,  
And seeming, they grasp not the truth it would teach,  
Nor measure the meaning, more subtle than speech.

## BREAKFAST TIME.

HERE we see a picture of those dear quiet animals, the sheep. The little ones are lambs: we see two out in front near a pan. I think it must be morning, and the sheep are still in the barn waiting for breakfast. Some act sleepy yet, and not very eager for breakfast, while others walk up to take from the woman's hand the food she has brought to them. They seem so gentle, even the little girl was not afraid to go into the barn with her mother. Some animals would become alarmed at having any one come so near them, but the sheep are so gentle. These animals are very useful for us. Their wool is made into clothing for us to wear. When the wool is cut from the sheep, it is called shearing them. They do not suffer from spaying part of their coat, for it often gets very heavy for them. The flesh is used for food, and is called mutton. It is very nice and also very healthful food. These animals show great affection sometimes, and love to be petted. When they are led away to be killed for food, they go quietly and do not make a noise as do other beasts. They seem willing to give up their lives for others. Jesus was our great example in this, in giving his life for us. He did it meekly and willingly, and without a word of complaining, and when he teaches us to be like him, he wants us to be willing to sacrifice for others, not to live selfishly or do things complainingly, but to be a cheerful doer of good things. Do not cultivate an unpleasant nature: keep back your evil thoughts and seek the blood of Jesus to wash away all spots of sin.

EVERYDAY table-talk can be guided as the members of the family may elect—into profit, frivolousness, or loss. Many a boy and girl receives golden nuggets of information and insight into the current affairs of the day, which parents give during the meal-hours. Improve this daily opportunity to form a high character.

## A DROVER'S STORY.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we have not many neighbours, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly; she never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag-babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so anxiously expecting.

I mounted a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost black when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be six, from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short, and listened. I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down, and felt about in the grass; called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I thought it might be a trap to catch me unawares, and there to rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that piteous cry, and said I, "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie alone to die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mummy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake: but when I got into the door-yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbours, and my wife amid them, weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"O, don't tell him!" she said. "It will kill him."  
"What is it, neighbours?" I cried.  
And one said, "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to see "daddy" and doll while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked God on my knees before them all. I had not much of a story, neighbours; but I think I have often in the nights, and wonder how I could have lived to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby crying hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

Ah, friends, the blessings of our work often come nearer to our own homes than we ever dare hope!

## WHAT GRANDMA THOUGHT.

BY MRS. R. M. W.

"WHAT makes you keep looking out of the window so, grandma?" asked curly-headed May. "I don't see anything."

"Don't you?" said grandma. "I think, though you must be like those of whom we read that have eyes, they see not. I see a great many things when I look out—things beautiful and curious. But just now I was looking across the valley at the meadow over yonder, with the sheep resting so peacefully on the further side. It made me think of the sweetest psalm David ever wrote. I wonder if you can guess which one it is. May tried to think, but her curly pate seemed to have a better faculty at forgetting things than remembering, and she couldn't tell.

"I am sure you learned it once," said grandma. "but if you will get your Bible, I will find it for you."

May ran quickly for her Bible, and grandma turned to the twenty-third Psalm. May read: "'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

"There," said grandma, "that will do. That was what I was thinking of—'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, the Lord my shepherd, that is.' I need not worry or fret about anything I need from day to day, any more than those thinking sheep down there.

"If I am his sheep, and he my shepherd, I shall want for nothing. He will lead into such green pastures, will give me such abundant supplies, that I can but lie down and think of his goodness.

May was not quite sure she understood, but grandma's eyes were down in the meadow again, and she ran quietly off to her play out-of-doors.

## PROGRESS.

STEAMBOATS are now used on all navigable rivers, lakes, and seas. The great net of railroads that covers out the country gives every one a chance to see ponderous locomotives. Telegraph lines are stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and north and south too they carry the news. Next the telephone comes with the "Hello," and you can talk with a friend ten, twenty, thirty miles off, as though he were in your immediate presence.

These things were not always so. George Washington, the first president of the United States, never saw a steamboat; John Adams, the second president, never saw a railroad, and Andrew Jackson, the seventh president, knew nothing of the telegraph, and Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president, knew nothing of such a thing as a telephone. These facts show us the rapid progress the world is making in material things.

**Little Criss's Letter to Jesus.**

A POSTMAN stood with puzzled brow,  
And in his hand turned o'er and o'er  
A letter with address so strange  
As he had never seen before.  
The writing cramped, the letter small,  
And by a boy's rough hand engraven,  
The words ran thus; "To Jesus Christ,"  
And underneath inscribed, "In heaven."

The postman paused; full well he knew  
No man on earth this note could take;  
And yet 'twas writ in childish faith,  
And posted for the dear Lord's sake.  
With careful hands he broke the seal,  
And reverently the letter read;  
'Twas short and very simple too,  
For this was all the writer said:

"My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,  
I've lately lost my father dear;  
Mother is very, very poor,  
And life to her is sad and drear.  
Yet thou hast promised in thy Word  
That none can ever ask in vain  
For what they need of earthly store,  
If only asked in Jesus' name.

"So I am writing in his name,  
To ask that thou wilt kindly send  
Some money down; what thou canst spare  
And what is right for us to spend.  
I want so much to go to school,  
While father lived I always went,  
But he had little, Lord, to leave,  
And what was left is almost spent.

"I do not know how long 'twill be  
Ere this can reach the golden gate;  
But I will try and patient be,  
And for the answer gladly wait."  
The tidings reached the far-off land,  
Although the letter did not go,  
And straight the King an agent sent  
To help the little boy below.

Off to his mother he would say,  
"I knew the Lord would answer make  
When he had read my letter through,  
Which I had sent for Jesus' sake."  
Ah, happy boy! could you but teach  
My heart to trust my Father's love,  
And to believe where aught's denied,  
'Tis only done my faith to prove."

**NO ROOM FOR OLD MOTHER.**

"Going north, madam?"  
"No, ma'am."  
"Going south, then?"  
"I don't know, ma'am."  
"Why, there are only two ways to go."  
"I didn't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."  
"John? There is no town called John. Where is it?"  
"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."  
"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"  
"No, ma'am."  
She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened, the stranger was touched.  
"John sick?"  
"No."  
The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story—to help her.  
"Excuse me—John in trouble?"  
"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."  
"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."  
"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble to-night."  
"What is your trouble? Maybe, I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years until John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now—"

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day, when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day, when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out, as if to look for the train. The stranger's jewelled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties, that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the care-worn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear:

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me, sometime."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would turn, homeless in the world, to go to John.

"I CAN'T" is a coward. "I'll try" is brave enough to conquer the world.

**Better Things.**

BETTER to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine;  
Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favour proud;  
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better be fed by a mother's hand than eat alone at will;  
Better to trust in God than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;  
Better to teach a child than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening State;  
Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the real unseen than watch the hour's event;  
Better the "Well done!" at the last, than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;  
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favoured birth;  
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

**NEW YORK STREET INCIDENT.**

A REPORTER called to a little bootblack near the city hall to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up, and, calmly pushing the little one aside, said, "Here, you go sit down, Jimmy."

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to "clear out."

"Oh, that's all right, boss," was the reply; "I'm only goin' to do it fur him. You see, he's been sick in the hospital for more'n a month, and can't do much work yet; so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can—savy?"

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead." And as the bootblack plied the brush the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none. I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying, "I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim."

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable rough diamond. In this big city there are a good many such lads with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.

## "Tell Jesus."

WHEN thou wakest in the morning,  
Ere thou tread the untried way  
Of the lot that lies before thee,  
Through the coming busy day;  
Whether sunbeams promise brightness,  
Whether dim forebodings fall,  
Be thy dawning glad or gloomy,  
Go to Jesus—tell him all!

In the calm of sweet communion  
Let thy daily work be done;  
In the peace of soul outpouring  
Care be banished, patience won;  
And if earth with its enchantments  
Seek the spirit to enthral,  
Ere thou listen—ere thou answer—  
Turn to Jesus—tell him all!

Then, as hour by hour glides by thee,  
Thou wilt blessed guidance know;  
Thine own burdens being lightened,  
Thou canst bear another's woe;  
Thou canst help the weak ones onward,  
Thou canst raise up those that fall;  
But remember, while thou servest,  
Still tell Jesus—tell him all!

And if weariness creep o'er thee  
As the day wears to its close,  
Or if sudden fierce temptation  
Brings thee face to face with foes,  
In thy weakness, in thy peril,  
Raise to heaven with trustful call;  
Strength and calm for every crisis  
Come—in telling Jesus all.

## OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 3vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100;	
per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,  
3 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1889.

## THE QUEEN AND SABBATH KEEPING.

A STORY about the Queen, which is said to be well authenticated, is being circulated, and it is too good to be lost. On one occasion Her Majesty had invited distinguished guests to dine at Windsor Castle; it was therefore necessary that the Court band should prepare itself to perform special selections of music. The leader summoned the men to meet for rehearsal on the Sunday. There were two Germans in the band named Schrader and Gehrman, who were Wesleyan Methodists, and whose consciences would not allow them to spend the Sabbath in a mere musical rehearsal. They told their scruples to the leader, who, however, peremptorily ordered them to be present, on pain of instant dismissal. They did not hesitate for a moment in refusing to attend. On the Monday morning, on presenting themselves at their quarters, the leader, in violent language, ordered them to be gone.

The poor fellows walked sadly away, and, not far from Windsor, met the then Bishop of London driving to the Castle. Stopping the carriage on their signal, he heard their tale, and promised to speak for them to the Queen. Before the day was over the leader of the band was summoned into Her Majesty's presence. The Queen inquired what had become of the two German Methodists, one of whom, as being one of the best trombone players in the country, was a great favourite at Court. The leader explained that he could not allow absurd religious scruples to stand in the way of a soldier's duty. The Queen commanded that the men be immediately restored to their post, and added, "I will have no persecution in my service for conscience' sake, and I will have no more rehearsals on a Sunday."

## THE PLACARD AND THE JUG.

A WEALTHY gentleman once issued a large number of temperance placards, which he desired should be posted up on fences and put in conspicuous places in public thoroughfares, and when practicable put in the windows of the various stores.

A worthy tailor who was interested in the good cause said to himself: "I cannot help the cause by public speaking—I have no talent for that; but as hundreds of people pass my store every day, I will put one of these placards in my window. I will devote this large pane to placards, tracts, or papers which, by the blessing of God, some may be induced to stop and read."

Near him lived a man noted for his hard drinking. Every day he might be seen with a brown jug in his hand on his way to the whisky saloon. He had to pass the tailor's store. His eye rested on the placard. He stopped and read it, and passed on to the saloon. This occurred several mornings, and the tailor from within could scan the man's face without himself being observed. He noticed that the man's interest in the placard increased, and by the twitchings of his face it was evident that the words were making a deep impression on his mind.

One morning the tailor was surprised at seeing the man with the jug again reading the placard, and then heard him say: "I'll do it; I will! I will!" at the same time, raising the jug high over his head, he dashed it down on the pavement into a thousand pieces. This drew the tailor to the door, when he kindly spoke to the man and invited him into his store, where he encouraged him, and, as he was a Christian man, prayed with him, and ere long the noted drinker became a converted man. A very silent worker was this placard, but it was the means, by God's blessing, of stopping the man from further drinking. Surely we can use to as good purpose the printed page.

## LIGHT FOR THE EYES.

A GENTLEMAN passing by a coal-mine over in Pennsylvania, saw a lot of mules in a field near by. On making some remark about them to a boy, the lad answered: "These are the mules that work all the week down in the mine. On Sunday they have to come up to the light, or in a little while they go blind." So the Sabbath became a blessing to the poor, heavily burdened brutes, not only in giving them a day of rest, but in preserving to them their power of vision.

There are thousands of people who are like mules that are never brought up out of the dismal mines. They grope on in spiritual darkness, never



OLD JACK.

once looking up to the light from heaven, which should show them the way of life. The Holy Bible is a sun of light to all who desire to see "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my pathway," said the Psalmist. But there are many who refuse to be guided by its precious light, and prefer to wander in a darkness that must eventuate in eternal night.

## When Old Jack Died.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

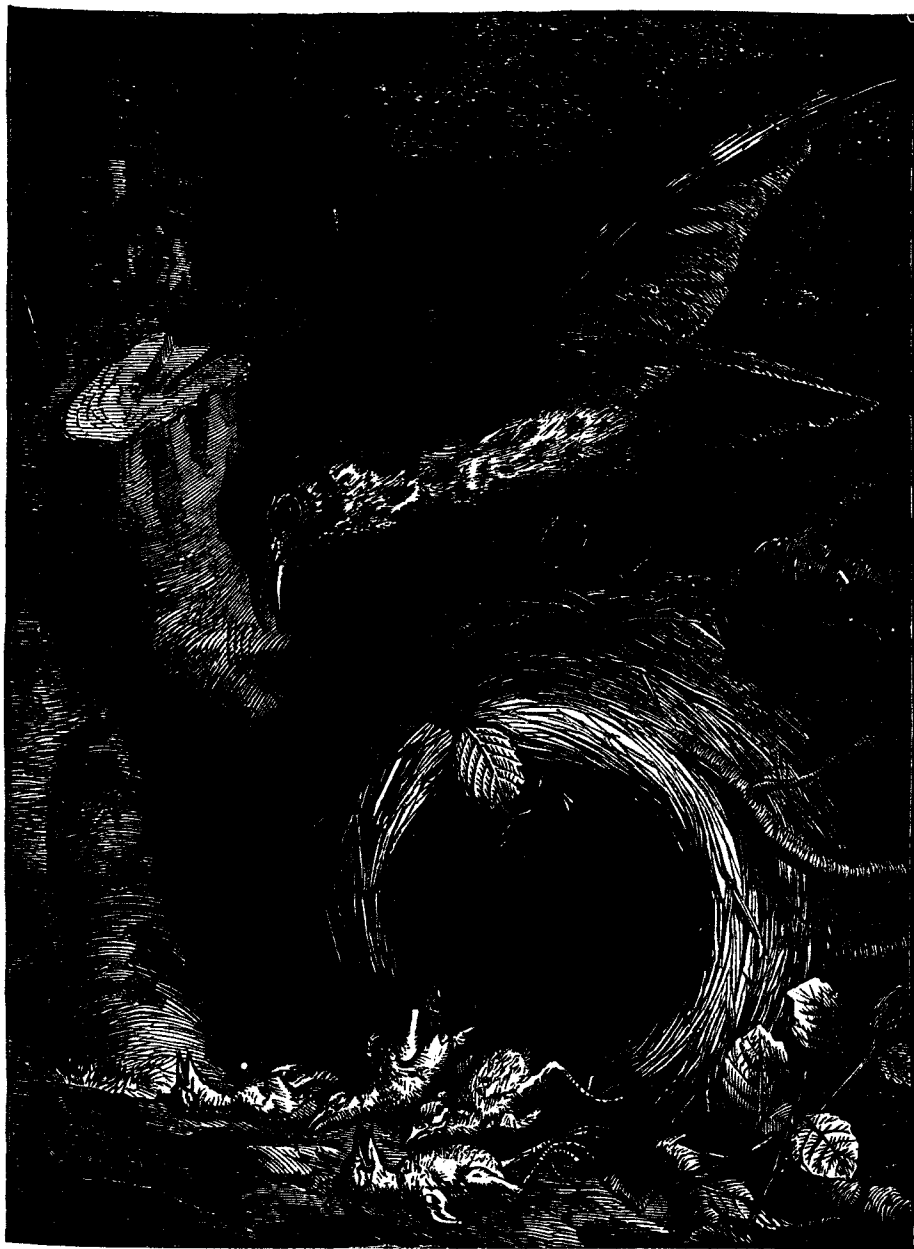
WHEN Old Jack died we stayed from school (they said  
At home: we needn't go that day), and none  
Of us ate any breakfast—only one,  
And that was papa, and his eyes were red  
When he came round where we were, by the shed  
Where Jack was lying, half-way in the sun  
And half in the shade. When we begun  
To cry out loud pa turned and dropped his head  
And went away; and mamma she went back  
Into the kitchen. Then for a long while  
All to ourselves like, we stood there and cried—  
We thought so many good things of Old Jack,  
And funny things—although we didn't smile—  
We couldn't only cry when Old Jack died!

When Old Jack died it seemed a human friend  
Had suddenly gone from us; that some face,  
That we had loved to fondle and embrace  
From babyhood, no more would condescend  
To smile on us forever. We might bend  
With tearful eyes above him, interlace  
Our chubby fingers o'er him, romp and race,  
Plead with him, call and coax—aye, we might send  
The old halloo up for him, whistle, hist,  
(If sobs had let us) or, as wildly vain,  
Snapped thumbs, called "Speak," and he had no  
replied;  
We might have gone down on our knees and kissed  
The tousled ears, and yet they must remain  
Deaf, motionless, we knew—when Old Jack died!

When Old Jack died, it seemed to us, some way,  
That all the other dogs in town were pained  
With our bereavement, and some that were chained  
Even unslipped their collars on that day  
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay  
A last, sad tribute there, while neighbours craned  
Their heads above the high board fence, and deigned  
To sigh, "Poor dog!" remembering how they  
Had cuffed him when alive, perchance, because  
For love of them he leaped to lick their hands—  
Now, that he could not, were they satisfied?  
We children thought that, as we crossed his paws  
And o'er his grave, 'way down the bottomlands,  
Wrote "Our First Love Lies Here," when Old Jack  
died!

—Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

DEAR children, the best place to put anything to keep it safe is in your heart. If you put it in your pocket you might lose it; or in the drawer, somebody might steal it. So it won't do to have a Bible and then think it is all that is needed. God's law is written in the Bible. First, you must get it into your head by studying it, and then in your heart by loving it. Then you will delight to do God's will always.



THE OVERTURNED NEST.

**THE OVERTURNED NEST.**

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."—*St. Matt* x. 29.

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."—*Hamlet*, v. 2.

ALAS for the ravages of wind and storm, which also bring havoc and destruction to birds' nests. Here is one thus sadly overturned. One can almost see in the pathetic aspect of the parent-bird how sorrowfully it looks upon the cruel destruction of its tender brood. Such a scene would touch any heart, and would almost bring tears of sympathy to the eyes of the beholder. The parent-bird sees before it the tender little group in every attitude of helplessness and death. How sad and mournful would be its twittering to its mate, as it thus tells of the calamity which has befallen the little nestlings!

**"Susan, Jim, and I."**

WE meant to be very kind;  
But if ever we find  
Another soft, gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined nest in a hedge,  
We have taken a pledge—  
Susan, Jimmy, and I—with remorseful tears, at this very minute,  
That if there are eggs or little birds in it,  
Robin or wren, thrush, chaffinch or linnet,  
We'll leave them there  
To their mother's care.

There were three of us and three of them;  
Kate—that is I—Susan and Jim.  
Our mother was busy making a pie,

And theirs, we think, was up in the sky,  
But for all Susan, Jimmy, or I can tell,  
She may have been getting their dinner as well.  
They were left to themselves (and so were we)  
In a nest in the hedge by the willow-tree,  
And when we caught sight of three red little fluff-tufted,  
hazel-eyed, open-mouthed, pink-throated heads, we all  
shouted for glee.

The way we really did wrong was this:  
We took them in for mother to kiss,  
And she told us to put them back;  
While on the weeping-willow their mother was crying  
"Alack!"

We really heard  
Both what mother told us to do and the voice of the  
mother-bird.

But we three—that is, Susan and I and Jim—  
Though we knew better than either of them;  
And in spite of our mother's command and the poor bird's  
cry,

We determined to bring up the three little nestlings our-  
selves, on the sly.

We each took one,  
It did seem such excellent fun!  
Susan fed hers on milk and bread;  
Jim got wriggling worms for his instead.

I gave mine meat,  
For, you know, I thought; "Poor darling pet! why  
shouldn't it have roast beef to eat?"  
But, oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! How we cried,  
When in spite of milk and bread and worms and roast beef,  
the little birds died!

It's a terrible thing to have heart-ache.  
I thought mine would break  
As I heard the mother-bird's moan,  
And looked at the gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined  
nest she had taken such pains to make,  
—And her three little children dead and cold as a stone.

Mother said, and it's sadly true,  
"There are some wrong things one can never undo."  
And nothing we could do or say  
Would bring life back to the birds that day.  
The bitterest tears that we could weep  
Wouldn't wake them out of their stiff, cold sleep.

But then  
We—Susan and Jim and I—mean never to be so selfish  
and wilful and cruel again.  
And we three have buried that other three  
In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined grave at the  
foot of the willow-tree,  
And all the leaves which its branches shed  
We think are tears, because they are dead.

—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

**THE ROCK AT THE BOTTOM.**

A LITTLE lad fell into a well. It was not very deep, and the boy was not hurt, but he was thoroughly frightened. His mother saw the accident, and in a moment was at the mouth of the well. The boy, looking up, was overjoyed to see her. But he could not help his fear, and so called out, "Mother, I am not hurt, but I shall drown in the water."

"No," said the mother, "you will not drown; the water is only a few feet deep. Stand up straight, and I will soon bring you up safely."

"But, mother, I shall sink in the mud."

"No, you will not sink," answered the mother again. "There is a rock at the bottom, and you cannot sink."

The boy stood upright, as his mother directed, and in a little while she brought him up all safe and sound. When they talked it over afterward the boy said "I was so glad, mother, when you said there was a rock at the bottom."

Perhaps most of my readers are now thinking of what the Saviour said about the wise man and the foolish man. Each was building a house. The wise man dug down deep for a foundation of solid rock, and on it he built his house. The foolish man thought it too much trouble to dig so deep, and built his house on the sand. After awhile a great storm came. It rained hard, and the winds blew, and the floods came, and beat upon the two houses. The wise man's house stood firm in all the storm and floods, because it was founded on a rock. The foolish man's house went down with a great crash, because it was founded on the sand. Jesus said that people who heard his words and did what he said were like the wise man, and people who heard his words and did not obey them were like the foolish man.

The rock on which we build is Jesus. And how comfortable and assuring it is when trouble of any kind comes to know that Jesus is our sure support.

**HOW A MAN BECOMES A DRUNKARD.**

A DRUNKARD becomes so after years of tipping and steady drinking, commencing with an occasional glass of wine or beer at dinner or at lunch or an occasional cocktail at a bar with a friend and for friendship sake; finding that it does him no injury and, on the contrary, that he feels an apparent benefit, he continues the practice, accustoming the stomach to its effect until there is a craving, and in satisfying that craving the habit becomes fixed, and gradually the whole system becomes alcoholized. At that period the victim is no longer a free agent, and though he may conceal the fact from the world and even from himself, and his general health may not appear to suffer, the end will not be far distant—either he will be carried off by some disease that had he been a sober man his system would have thrown off, or he will live disgracing himself and family and causing misery and sorrow to those he is bound by all the laws of God and man to honour and protect, to say nothing of the danger that he constantly runs of dying suddenly covered with his sins.

## Our Heroes.

BY EDEN R. HUXFORD.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage  
To do what he knows to be right;  
When he falls in the way of temptation,  
He has a hard battle to fight.  
Who strives against self and his comrades  
Will find a most powerful foe:  
All honour to him if he conquers,  
A cheer for the boy who says, "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily  
The world knows nothing about;  
There's many a brave little soldier  
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.  
And he who fights single-handed  
Is more of a hero, I say,  
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,  
And conquers arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted  
To do what you know is not right;  
Stand firm by the colours of manhood,  
And you will overcome in the fight.  
"The right!" be your battle-cry ever  
In waging the warfare of life;  
And God, who knows who are the heroes,  
Will give you strength for the strife.

## PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESDA STRETTON.

## CHAPTER X.

## TOM'S FRIENDS.

By the time Banner had recovered from the unexpected assault made upon him, he knew that it would be quite useless to pursue Tom. He had the cart upon his hands, too, and it could not be left in the middle of a street. The girl burst into a storm of rage and tears, for she knew she had lost the money partly by her own carelessness, and she was afraid her mistress would require her to make it good. Banner hesitated as to what course he should pursue. Stern and self-satisfied as he was, his heart melted towards poor Tom; and he found, strangely enough, a misgiving spring up in his mind as to whether he had really taken the best way to teach and befriend him. Maybe, if he had unbent a little more to the lad, been a little less of a policeman and a little more of a friend, Tom might not have taken flight, as if surprised by a foe. He scarcely knew what to do. The strict letter of his duty, perhaps, required him to accuse Tom of theft at the police-station, and have him arrested and thrown into jail for his crime, the very misery and calamity from which Mr. Hope had rescued him a little more than a twelvemonth ago.

Banner had been acquainted with Mr. Hope for years, and he knew well what a bitter disappointment it would be to him to see Tom once again at the bar before the judge. Suppose he tried to screen and save the boy, and give him once more a chance of overcoming his early vices? Besides, Banner had been boastful of Tom's reformation, and talked of it to Mr. Watson and Mr. Worthington; and now he felt it would be a sore mortification to himself to be compelled to give up his favourite scholar. All these motives together—pity for Tom, a doubt of his own instructions, the reluctance to disappoint Mr. Hope, and the mortification to himself—proved strong enough to conquer Banner's rigid sense of his duty as a policeman.

The girl was crying beside the cart for the loss of the money chiefly—and she cared for little else. She had no very vengeful feelings against the thief, nor any strong desire for justice. Banner counted

up the money in Tom's bag, which he still held in his hand, and found it contained twelve shillings and fivepence, which he gave to the servant, promising to bring her the rest in the evening; and then he commissioned a man whom he knew to take the donkey-cart home to Tom's lodgings, with a message that he would see him after six o'clock. After which Banner went on his beat, thoughtful and grieved, but not relentless towards the unhappy castaway, who had fallen back into his old sins.

By this time all the preparations for keeping Phil's holiday were completed in Pilgrim Street; but to-day they were unusually poor and scanty, for Nat Pendlebury had crushed his foot badly, and had been away from work for a fortnight; and Alice was secretly hoping that Tom would bring a good share to the entertainment. Phil arrived early, and was received with great demonstrations of welcome from the little ones, and from Nat himself, who sat in Alice's rocking-chair, in the chimney-corner. The twilight, or rather the night—for it was always twilight in the cellar—seemed to fall earlier than usual, yet Tom did not come—so Phil and Joey went to his lodging to see after him. They returned with mysterious and alarming intelligence; for the donkey-cart, with its store of fruit and vegetables, had been brought back by a stranger, who knew nothing of what had become of Tom, and had only said that Mr. Banner had told him to leave it there, with word that he would see Tom after six o'clock.

A strange, uncomfortable gloom came over all the party. Nat could not understand what this news foreboded; and Alice set the bread upon the table, and made the weak tea in the tin teapot, with a sad expression upon her face. What in the world could have happened to Tom? Was he hurt, and taken to the infirmary? If father could have walked, he might have gone to ask Mr. Banner; but she could not go very well, for she did not know where he lived, and she did not like to inquire at the police-station.

The tea passed off in dull quietness, except that, at every step along the pavement above the window, they started with expectation, and little Phil ran to the door to look out for Tom. He would be too late if he did not come soon, as Phil must be back at school at seven o'clock.

It was getting on fast for seven when they heard a measured stride up the street, and a sharp rap at the door, which made every one jump from their seats except Nat, and before Alice could reach it, it was opened wide, and Banner entered. He looked round keenly, and fastened his eyes on the many coloured screen which partitioned off part of the cellar, as if he could see through it; after which he gazed severely, first at Nat and then at Alice, till they felt quite uneasy under his scrutiny.

"Where is Thomas Haslam?" he asked, in a stern voice.

"That's just what we were going to ask you, Mr. Banner," said Nat. "Little Phil and Joey have been asking after him at his lodgings, and the old folks say he has not come home, but you sent a man with his donkey-cart and all his stuff, a good four hours since. I humbly hope there's nothing amiss with poor Tom, Mr. Banner."

"Nathaniel Pendlebury," answered Banner, drily, "I'm inclined to be a true friend to Thomas, if he'll only come forward and confess his sin, and make restitution. Restitution I must insist upon, Nathaniel Pendlebury. If he's within hearing he may reckon upon me being a friend, and not a policeman, to him."

"But Tom isn't within hearing," said Nat, in

great anxiety. "If you mean he's behind the screen you are staring at, Mr. Banner, I say hasn't been nigh us all day, though it is Phil's holiday and all. If you know anything about Tom good or bad, please let us hear it at once."

Even Banner felt sure that Nat was telling the simple truth, and that Tom could not be concealed behind the screen. Little Phil pressed to him, and stood eager-eyed to hear any news of Tom; but Alice went pale, and Nat looked downcast. In a few brief words, Banner told them the occurrence of the day, and how Tom had made his escape, adding that he had just been to his lodgings, and could hear nothing of him.

Nat wrung his hands together, and Alice sat down upon the old stool, which had been placed ready for Tom, drawing little Phil towards her.

"Oh, Tom! Tom!" cried Nat. "Poor Tom! This is worse than crushing my foot. What can we do for him, Mr. Banner? We mustn't let him fall back to the bad altogether again. I love the lad. But maybe we haven't done the best we could for him."

"I think I have," said Banner; but he spoke doubtfully. "I have taught him to read and write, and made him learn the commandments off his heart, and his duty towards God and towards his neighbour. And I've made him understand that God Almighty will surely judge him and punish him, even for the smallest sin. He's gone wrong because he's bad through and through. He'll be a thief, like his father."

"Oh, no, no!" cried little Phil, falling down on his knees beside Alice. "Please, God, save Tom from being a thief! Please, God, take care of Tom wherever he is to-night, and bring him home again, and make him a good boy, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen," echoed Nat; and Alice laid her hand upon Phil's curly hair, leaning her face upon the wall, and Phil felt her tears falling upon his forehead. They were very sad at heart for Tom; and even Banner, when he said he would see Phil safe home to school, took his little hand in his, and pressed it tenderly—almost marvelling at himself for feeling so grieved and disappointed about a poor thief like Thomas Haslam.

The next morning Banner received a letter from Tom, scrawled upon a blank leaf torn out of a Bible, which he had happened to have with him in his pocket. It had been posted at Victoria Station before he started, and was very short—but Banner had some difficulty in making it out:—

"Mr. Banner, I kant surve God. I'm a wicked boy and a thief. I'm sorry I hurt you. Please give my luv to little Phil, and Mis Alice, and Mr. Nat. I'm going to be a wikid man, and never enny of yu agen. So no more. I no God seese Thomas Haslam."

It seemed plain, from this letter, that Tom had fled from Manchester, lest he should be arrested and imprisoned for theft. But, though the lad was a thief, Banner felt a tear dimming his sharp eyes, which had to be wiped away before he could catch sight of the next criminal. He would not charge the theft upon Tom, and set the police on his track, so he paid the rest of the sovereign out of his pocket to the servant, and took upon himself to give Tom's stock of fruit and vegetables to the Pendleburys. He also took possession of Tom's box, and had it conveyed to the house where himself lodged, after giving a paper to the cure, Nat Pendlebury, stating that he had done so in order that it might be safe for Tom if he should ever come back to claim it.

(To be continued.)

**The Good Times At Home.**

The good times at home! how sweet to remember, the pleasures and joys that surrounded us there, from December to June, and from June to December, when we were unburdened with sorrow or care. From garret to cellar, from cellar to garret, with happy abandon we frolicked and played, among the spirits of music and laughter, and nobody frowned at the racket we made. The games and the gambols out-doors, so inviting, with home very handy to run to, in case of lawless marauders, against us uniting, could press us too closely, compelling a race. Through the dear dwelling and every place near it, fearlessly, freely, permitted to roam, we wonder that we should decide in our childhood there was naught to compare with the good times at home!

The games in the evening in which we would riot! The telling of stories, adventures, and all that had brightened the day! And then, later, the quiet, peaceful home hours—how sweet to recall! There were books, there were pictures in endless profusion, the sick or the studious ones to beguile; the dark winter days were made cheerful and pleasant by the mother's dear prudence, her voice and her smile.

Best were the ties of affection that bound us, joyously sweet were the songs that we sung, merry companions were gathered around us, familiar the scenes that we frolicked among! Though many a banquet is spread for our pleasure, though oft from the fireside we are tempted to roam, heart will still cherish its fond recollections, the days that are past—and the good times at home!

—New York Ledger.

**DECISION.**

THE TEACHER is one of the large colleges for women in the Eastern States lately told a little incident which is given to the girl-friends of 'the Youth's Opinion.

On a recreation-hour one Sunday evening a large number of the girls had assembled in the parlour. They began to talk and laugh, quietly at first, then the conversation ran into gossip, and the latter grew more boisterous and frivolous.

"I felt," said the teacher, "that the effect of the day and of its solemn services was being very destroyed. It was not the way in which those who professed to serve Christ should spend his gift if they hoped to come closer to him, but there was no actual infraction of school laws, and I had the courage to interfere."

At last a very young girl, a member of the first class, came in. She glanced around with a sad, pained look; then, after a moment's hesitation, she walked to the piano and began to touch the keys softly. As the music stole through the room the noise was hushed.

"Why not have a little singing?" she said to the nearest her, and struck the first chord of 'Hail, Kindly Light.'

In a few moments every voice had joined in the hymn so dear to us all. The girls are fond of music. One hymn after another was sung with fervent feeling, until at last they separated for the night. Not one of them guessed how firmly and gently they had been led by a child into the path."

The story recalls a similar anecdote of a member of the New York Stock Exchange who was present at a conference between half a dozen men who controlled the market. A certain action was proposed which would prove of enormous advantage to them, but which would result in bankruptcy and ruin to a great many people who were not included in this plan of the leading speculators. The man who had just joined the conference looked about him, and saw in every face an inner consciousness of wrongdoing. Then he said with a smile,

"It would be advisable, of course, if it were right. But it is not honest."

Not a single man had the courage to insist upon carrying out the project.

The time will come to every reader of these lines when by a firm word gently spoken he can lead his fellows into the path of right. If it should seem impossible for him to speak to them, if the heart fails and the voice chokes, let him remember that the words he would utter are already spoken in the conscience of every one present. In all probability each one is waiting, hopeful to hear the call to do right, but without the courage to speak it. He will only give voice to their better natures if he utters the word in season.

**ARAB CHILDREN'S GAMES.**

If the little Arabs are heathen, they are at least picturesque heathen. In their coloured clothing, with their dusky skins, their black eyes, and their lithe, active bodies, they are very picturesque. But, it must be confessed, they appear best at a distance; for soap is not so fashionable among them as might justly be expected from the people of a country which manufactures the most cleansing soap in the world. In watching the children at play, one soon notices that the girls do not always have a good time. Arab boys are not trained to be gentlemanly and courteous to their sisters, although they treat their elders with a delightful deference and respect. Little girls in the East are never welcome.

A little boy in America asked a person who had lived in Syria, if the boys there ever played baseball; and on learning that they did not, he said, "Well, they can't have much fun there." It is very natural for the children of any country to imagine that the children in other countries amuse themselves in the same ways. And the number of games that are in reality universal among children in all countries is really remarkable. For example, the Arab children often play blind-man's-buff—they call it *ghummaida*; and *biz zowain*, or puss-in-the-corner; and a game like "button, button, who has the button?"—which they play with a pebble; and *owal howah*, or leap-frog; and *gil-h*, or marbles. But there are other games of which you probably have never heard—such as *kurd marboot*, *shoocha*, *joura*, *taia-ya-taia*, *khatim*, and the greatest and most exciting of all their games—the national game, it might perhaps be called—*jereed*.

The Arabs play marbles differently from the American boys. Of course the arrangement of the marbles to be shot at can be varied in many ways; but the young Arabs shoot the marble in a way of their own, and much more accurately than American lads. The left hand is laid flat on the ground with the fingers closed together, and the marble is placed in the groove between the middle finger and the forefinger. The forefinger of the right-hand is then pressed firmly on the end joint of the middle finger, and when the middle finger is suddenly pushed aside, the forefinger of the right-hand slips out with more or less force and projects the marble very accurately in the direction of the groove on the left-hand. Many of the boys become very expert. Perhaps marbles are almost the only playthings for which Arab children pay money, and as a rule only a very small capital is needed.

"WHAT a day this is!" escaped my lips," said a missionary, "as I greeted old Aunt Judy on entering her cabin. 'Bress the Lord, honey,' said she, 'don't ebryting come from de Lord? Den, if ye is a Christon, do wedder is gool 'nuff for ye; and if ye ain't no Christon, it's more'n too good for ye.'"

**LIFT THE CURTAIN.**

**SCENE I.**

A DARK room. Luxurious chairs and couches are strewn round, with everything that can minister to the physical comfort. Heavy curtains, closely drawn, drap the windows, and effectually exclude every ray of sunlight. In the darkest corner, a gloomy figure reclines in a cosy arm chair. Weariness and depression are stamped on every feature, and the hands are listlessly folded, as if incapable of exertion. The door opens, and a bright-faced girl comes in.

"Why, auntie dear, how gloomy you look. This is Egyptian darkness compared to the brightness outside. Let me pull away your heavy curtains, and give you a glimpse of the glorious sunlight."

"Does the sun shine? I would not have guessed it," said auntie—a more cheerful look coming into her face. "Why, child, I am nearly dazzled!" she exclaimed, as May drew aside the draperies, raised the blinds, and let in a flood of sunshine.

"Now we can see!" said May, laughing. "I want you, please, to teach me the pretty lace stitch you worked so well years ago. So I will stay the day, if you will have me."

And soon the two heads, golden and gray, bent together over the work; the hands, listless no longer, briskly plied the needle; weariness and melancholy had disappeared. May had lifted the curtain.

**SCENE II.**

Again a darkened room. In the tiny cot lies a quiet little figure that will never more fill the house with laughter and glee. God wanted him in heaven. Tearless, stony-looking, the mother sits close by, gazing fixedly at the calm, smiling face. What will life be without her darling? A little hand slips into hers, and a silvery voice says:

"Totsie very happy with Jesus, mother? Shall we go too?"

The mother clasps wee Daisy in her arms, and at last she weeps. Yes, her darling is happy. The tender Shepherd, knowing the rough paths of this world, has gathered him safely into his arms. The rays of the Sun of Righteousness light up her sad heart. The darkness is gone; Daisy's little hand had lifted the curtain.

**SCENE III.**

A weary, world-worn man. He has tasted most of the world's pleasures, and is sick of them all. He is lonely too, though he has many so-called friends; for he is rich, and can command respect and attention. He buys it all, he says—a bitter smile creeping round his mouth. Is there a God? His mother told him so when a child, and said God loved him. But she died long ago. He tries to remember all about his mother. A servant enters with a book and a note. This old book, says the note, has been found in an unused pew of a certain chapel. By the name written on the fly-leaf, it must have belonged to Mr. M.'s mother. So it is sent to him. He touches it reverently. That is his mother's writing, a text: "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The mother's teachings come back to his memory. A night of wrestling and agony follows. Then he finds God, and pardon, and peace, through Jesus. His mother, "though dead, yet speaketh." His curtain of sin is lifted.

Dear children, as you go through life, make it your work to lift the curtains—of gloom, of sorrow, of selfishness, of sin. That is truly Christ's work, and so doing, you will be Christ-like.



**Work for the Master.**

WHAT can we do for the Master  
 Who who are childlike and weak?  
 Some work in the dear Lord's vineyard  
 Our willing hands now seek.  
 But the purpled, ripened clusters  
 Are hanging so very high  
 That we cannot reach to pluck them,  
 No matter how hard we try.

There is work in the Saviour's vineyard  
 For the smallest hand to do,  
 Errands of love and mercy  
 Awaiting just such as you.  
 Go gather the lowly clusters,  
 Where the vine trails close to the earth,  
 The hidden fruit, to the Master,  
 Is precious and full of worth.

What can we do for the Master,  
 In his world wide harvest field?  
 How can we be useful  
 When he garners this golden yield?  
 We cannot reap, nor bind the sheaves,  
 Nor winnow the garnered grain;  
 What portion of helpful labour  
 Can our youthful powers attain?

There is work in God's great harvest field  
 For each little hand and heart,  
 Souls which none but a child can lead  
 To accept that better part.  
 Stoop low, and glean where the reapers  
 Have wasted the wondrous seed;  
 Enough you can always gather,  
 Some hungry souls to feed

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.**

A. D. 30] **LESSON IX.** [June 2

**JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.**

Mark 14. 55-65. Memory verses 55, 56

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

They hated me without a cause. John 15. 25.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The False Witnesses, v. 55-59.
2. The True Witness, v. 60-62.
3. The Cruel Sentence, v. 63-65.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem: before the Sanhedrin.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The chief priests*—The heads of the different priestly courses. *All the council*—The whole Sanhedrin. *The high priest*—The chief ecclesiastic of the Jewish Church, and the most important of the nation during their subordination to Rome.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

What lesson can we learn from—  
 1. The false witness about Jesus?  
 2. The true witness of Jesus?  
 3. The cruel sentence against Jesus?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What body of men tried Jesus? The chief priests, elders, and scribes. 2. Who presided at the trial? The high priest, Caiaphas. 3. On what charge was he tried? The charge of blasphemy. 4. On whom did they rely to prove him guilty? On false witnesses. 5. What was the final means of his conviction? His own declaration, "I am the Christ." 6. What prophecy was fulfilled in the riotous scene that followed? "They hated me without a cause."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The second coming of Christ.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

25. If after prayerful and patient study and inquiry we still find difficulties in the Bible, what must we deal with them? We can expect to know all things while we live in this world, nor fully to understand all that has been made known. 1 Corinthians xiii. 10.

A. D. 30] **LESSON X.** [June 9

**JESUS BEFORE PILATE.**

Mark 15. 1-20. Memory verses, 14, 15.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him. John 19. 6.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Pilate and Jesus, v. 1-5
2. Jesus or Barabbas, v. 6-15.
3. The King of the Jews, v. 16-20.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, before the procurator.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In the morning*—After six o'clock the formal meeting was held in which their action was planned. *And bound Jesus*—He was first bound in the garden, but was probably released during his trial before Caiaphas. *King of the Jews*—That is, in a political sense. *Released our prisoner*—This was a voluntary custom of the procurator. *Insurrection*—Revolts were continually being made against the Romans. Nothing is known of this particular one. *Clothed him with purple*—This was the colour of the empire, and was a symbol of kingly power.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

What lesson of profit can you learn—

1. From the meekness of Jesus?
2. From the weakness of Pilate?
3. From the wickedness of the priests?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. On what charge was Jesus delivered to Pilate? He had made himself a king. 2. When Pilate questioned him of the charge how did he answer? I am a king. 3. What was Pilate's purpose in offering Jesus or Barabbas for release? It was to release Jesus. 4. When the Jews demanded Barabbas what did he do? Released Barabbas and scourged Jesus. 5. What was his final sentence? "Pilate saith unto them," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingdom of Christ.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

28. What do you mean by saying that God is infinite?

I mean that his nature and attributes are high above all understanding, and without any limit.

Canst thou by searching find out God? Job 11. 7

His understanding is infinite. Psa. 147. 5. Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee. 1 Kings 8. 27.

**THAT KISS OF MY MOTHER.**

GEORGE BROWN wanted to go somewhere, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, instead of saying, "I should really like to go, but if you cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try to be content to stay," he spoke roughly, and went off slamming the door behind him. Too many boys do so. George was fourteen, and with his fourteen years' experience of one of the best of mothers, one would have thought better of him. "But he was only a boy. What can you expect of boys?" So say some people.

Stop! hear more. That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it in any way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed, and he shook and patted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother. "My dear mother, who deserves nothing but kindness and love and obedience from me," he said to himself. "I never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved; her eldest boy! How tenderly she nursed me through that fever!"

These unhappy thoughts quite overcame him. He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning? He would ask her now, to-night, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you? are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one eye and ear open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at her bedside, "I could not go to sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, mother, my dear mother! and may God help me never to behave so again."

**WHAT THE TOBACCO MONEY BOUGHT.**

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

BETWEEN sixteen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, colt's-foot, plantain-leaves, fullers' earth, lime, salt, alum, and a little tobacco. You cannot afford, my young brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips.

If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend, and will expend—if you keep the habit all your life—and put it aside, and it will buy you a house, and it will buy you a farm, to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life.

A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day, at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.' And he gives this tremendous statistic: 'Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102 03, by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place—and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home, as they watch the vessels, with their white sails, that course along the Sound. Now, boys, you take your choice—smoking without a home, or a home without smoking.'

"THE Pilgrim's Progress" is now being printed in the Cree language for the benefit of the Indians.

THE smallest bridge in the world—the bridge of the nose.

**DIARIES FOR 1889 AT COST.**

- Small Diary, for vest pocket, three days to a page, cloth, gilt edge. . . . .
- Small Diary, for vest pocket, three days to a page, leather, with flap. . . . .
- Diary—larger size—three days to a page, leather, with flap. . . . .
- Pocket Diary, 3 3/4 x 2 1/2 in., one day to a page, cloth. . . . .
- Pocket Diary, 3 3/4 x 2 1/2 in., three days to a page, leather. . . . .
- Pocket Diary, 3 3/4 x 2 1/2 in., three days to a page, cloth. . . . .
- Pocket Diary, 4 1/2 x 2 1/2 in., leather, flap.

**THE INDIAN WHO ARE THEY?**

**WHENCE CAME THEY THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS**

By Rev. John McLean, Ph.D.

12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

"Historic, instructive and peculiarly interesting. It is worthy of being enrolled in the list of Canada's educational works, of being placed in the hands of all youths, side by side with their histories and geographies."—*The Empire*.

"An entertaining and instructive volume by one who has made a special study of Indian character and of the literature relating to the Red Men. . . . A valuable contribution to Canadian literature that should be an authority on this interesting subject."—*Christian Guardian*.

**JUST ISSUED.**

**OUR OWN CHEAP CANADIAN EDITION OF**

**The RANDOLPH**

BY PANSY.

12mo, cloth, 440 pages, 50 cents

**CAPTAIN COOK'S Famous Voyages Round the World.**

Large 8vo. Volume, Profusely Illustrated. Price \$2.50.

This is a very handsome gift-book for young people.

**WHYTE BROS NEW MUSIC BOOK**

**Songs of Calvary**

NOW READY.

BOUND IN STRONG MANILLA COVER Price, 25 cents each, or \$2.50 per dozen

NOTICE—Three-fourths of the pages in this book are NEW, never having appeared before in any other book.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher 78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE. S. F. HUERTIS, HALLOWELL.