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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1894.

[No. 16.]

What Made the Difference?

BY L. A. OBEAR.

"DEAR child, you can't go to the picnic;
Your toes are all out of your shoes,
And your dress is faded and poor and thin;
We can't have whatever we choose."

"But, mamma, there's Maggie Jones over
way,
Has stockings, and shoes, and a gown
Whenever she needs them, and so does her
ma,
The smartest-dressed woman in town.

"And you are a much nicer woman than she,
And Mr. Jones hasn't a trade;
So papa must earn much more money than he,
And I am sure he is always well paid."

"Tis the beer that takes your father's spare
dimes—
The beer bought at Jones' store;
So the Jones' are growing richer each day,
While each day we keep on growing poor."

The father seemed asleep in his chair,
But he heard every word that was said,
Though he gave no sign that they reached his
ear
By a movement of hand or head.

Put down in his heart was a silent vow
That, instead of Sam Jones' beer,
There should come to his child, and wife, and
home,
For the future, Sam Jones' cheer.

BLUE THUNDER.

BY JESS.

It was a wild-looking country, with dried
grass, bunches of grease-root, and knots of
prickly cacti covering the ground. Occa-
sionally a scrubby oak appeared that looked
as though it had never drunk its fill since
it fell an acorn from the stunted mother
branch into the dry mother earth.

There were no herds here, only skin
tents scattered among scraggy oaks about
a low adobe schoolhouse.

How small it looked with its thick white
sides and low flat roof! Many of the chil-
dren, who now sat upon the rough board
bench filling the little room to overflowing,
could remember when the schoolhouse was
built, and how, with their own hands, they
had helped to shape the rude blocks and
place them in the summer sun to dry. How
strange they thought the white people
were to concern themselves so much about
crooked lines and odd marks in books when
there was game to be found in the mountains
and hunting on the plains.

But slowly, one by one, the tents of the
more progressive Indians were moved
nearer the adobe schoolhouse, that their
sons and daughters might learn the wisdom
of the white man, and one day appear at
the congress of the nation to represent
their own people.

As bright as these prospects were in the
minds of the young, there were times when
they realized only the heaviness of their
burden and the impossibility of learning
crooked S and queer-looking T. At such
times the copper-coloured faces looked at
each other with a sorrowful, hopeless ex-
pression painful to see.

One, two, three, rang the bell on the
teacher's desk. Each pupil looked from
his own rough-board desk to the larger one
before him. Who would first be called
upon to recite a lesson they knew so little
about?

"Blue Thunder," the teacher called,
"you may come to the desk!"

"Me no know lesson."

"Come to me and learn it."

"Me learn it here, me big Injun, me
learn meself."

"Blue Thunder, will you obey me?"

"Ugh, white teacher baby, Blue Thunder
big Injun."

For a moment stillness reigned at the
little mission school, while forty eyes looked
wonderingly at the little teacher whom
Blue Thunder had dared disobey. Could
such a disobedience be passed by unnoticed?
Alas! none knew better than the teacher
the advantage her little flock could take
from such a course.

"Come to me!" The voice had changed
to severer tones and the blue eyes looked
threateningly.

"Ugh!" Slowly Blue Thunder rose,
gathering his buckskin clothes about him,

to these wild children of the desert. Did
she not deserve their love?

"Ugh, white teacher baby, Blue Thunder
big Injun. Blue Thunder no love, women
love, Blue Thunder take care of little pale-
face teacher." This last was said in a lower
tone, while a defiant glance was cast at his
companions.

For a moment he stood there, straight
and tall, looking into the faces of his com-
panions. Did he know of their premeditated
wrong?

Soon a low cry, such as the nighthawks
often make while calling to their com-
panions, sounded throughout the little

Silently the brave teacher sank into a
chair to wait for the angry blows to fall
and crush out the life she had so willingly
given for their use. She heard footsteps
on the platform surrounding her desk and
parted her lips in one last prayer. As she
did so she felt a strong hand laid upon her
shoulder and the breath of Blue Thunder
touched her cheek.

"Me big Injun, blows no hurt Blue
Thunder. Little teacher heap baby, love,
cry. Blue Thunder no cry, no love. Big
Injun keep little teacher."

Down came the blows. Harder and
harder they fell staggering Blue Thunder as
he bent to protect her form. Once she
looked up at the face above her; the
features were set with a fixed expression
as though ready to bear all the blows
heaped upon him and bear them silently
and without complaint.

Not a cry escaped his lips; he only bent
lower if an exceptionally hard blow was
aimed at the little white teacher who was
a "baby" and who loved and cried.

And so they found him when the cries
of the angry crowd attracted some passers-
by. Tenderly they bore the poor beaten
form to a place of safety. In vain did they
bathe his wounds and nourish his taxed
strength; he could not survive the blows
of the angry mob.

One beautiful day when the sun was
setting, Blue Thunder closed his eyes upon
the skin tents and the adobe schoolhouse.
The teacher was near, stroking his hands
and soothing his aching brow. His lips
moved and the teacher bowed to listen.

"Blue Thunder no love, no cry."
A tear from the pale-faced teacher
glistened upon his blanched cheek while
her lips murmured softly:

"Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Over a grave in the little mission church-
yard native wild roses bloom and die, and
dusky little people, long since grown
peaceful, will point it out to you in a
hushed tone of voice as the grave of brave
Blue Thunder.

LITTLE WIDOWS OF INDIA.

AMONG the many sad things connected
with the lives of women in India, nothing
is more pitiable than the state of the poor
little widows. A child wife only six or
seven years old, is regarded by all her hus-
band's family as the cause, more or less
direct, of his death.

She is treated at best with dislike, and
often with great harshness and severity.
Therefore the death of a young wife before
her husband is a cause of great rejoicing
among her friends that she has thus escaped
widowhood.

They are convinced that the gods have
favoured her, and that she has been ad-
vanced a degree in the great series of births
and deaths through which every Hindu
passes on his way to final perfection. The
prayer of every little girl before marriage
and of every little girl and woman after
marriage is, that she may never become a
widow.

The preservation of the husband's health
is a matter of the greatest importance, and
on a certain day of the year a special religi-
ous ceremony is observed with this end in
view. It is emphatically the "Women's
Day," and occurs about the middle of Jan-
uary, when the sun is believed to turn
northward.

Offerings are made at the temples, money
is given to the priests, pilgrimages are un-
dertaken, fastings undergone, and vows
performed for the preservation of a hus-
band's health and life. When he is ill, the
wife removes her jewels, puts on coarse
clothing, and devotes herself to prayer and
austerities. If he dies, her woe begins.



THE MISSION SCHOOL.

and walked to the teacher's desk. A sullen
look played upon his features while he
stumbled through the first rudimentary
lessons in the English language.

"Blue Thunder." The teacher's hand still
held the book, but her eyes were downcast,
fastened upon the brown hands before her.
"Can I never touch your heart? Will you
never obey me because you love me and
not through fear? Have I not proven my
love for you?" Her voice grew lower and
a pale face rested itself on a small, hard-
worked hand. But her mind was not with
her flock at this time; it wandered away
to her own home, to the father and mother,
the sisters and brothers, and comfortable
home, left behind become a missionary

room. It grew louder and louder and
seemed to come from many throats. The
teacher had heard this cry before and knew
it to be a cry of distress and unity. Did
these poor simple minds, then, think they
were distressed and were to demand relief
from the duties she had placed upon them
and the labours of the schoolroom?

One moment she stood looking pityingly
at them with the words "my children" on
her lips, then she closed her eyes to keep
out the sight of the enraged little ones
pressing toward her. On and on came the
hurrying feet, and louder and louder grew
their cries. The rough desks that only an
hour before had held their books were now
broken in pieces to be used as weapons.

An Evening Prayer.

[This little poem was sent us by Mr. Cheesman, the President of the Endeavour Union, of Cleveland. The poem was written by a thirteen-year-old Junior, of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, of Cleveland, and certainly that Junior will grow up to be a poet.—Ed.]

DEAR GOD, on bended knee

I send this prayer,
Through the night watch over me,
With all a Father's care.

On the morrow bless us all
With strength and "daily bread;"
Accept our work, however small,
Through Christ, as thou hast said.

I thank thee thou hast fed
And clothed us every one;
Through green pastures hast thou led,
And where still waters run.

Forgive each wicked deed
Or act I may have done;
Teach me to live, I plead,
Like Jesus Christ, thy Son.

Be with me in my sleep,
And from the time I wake
Temptations from me keep;
I ask for Jesus' sake.

—Golden Rule.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1894.

CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY MATTIE H. HOWARD.

I WONDER how many of our little readers have seen a deer. It is a pretty animal, with its graceful form and branching antlers. When this country was new and the Indians lived here, there were many deer, but now they are almost extinct. In some countries, where it is cold, men enjoy going out hunting, and sometimes after hunting all day, bring in the deer on sleds over the snow. As they pass through the grand old forests the moon gives her pale light, and a pleasing picture might be made for you little boys who have never seen anything of the kind. No doubt these hunters will have a grand feast, for venison—the flesh of the deer—is considered a delicate meat, and much prized by those who are so fortunate as to obtain it.

King "Solomon's provision for one day was thirty measures of fine flour, and three score measures of meal, ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and a hundred sheep, besides harts, and roebucks, and fallow deer, and fatted fowl." His dominion was great. He was the wisest and richest man, and entertained his subjects and guests highly. The deer, you see, was eaten at his table.

In the Book of Deuteronomy we find what the people of the Lord were allowed to eat. These are the beasts to be eaten: "The ox, the sheep, and the goat. The hart and the roebuck, and the fallow deer,

and the wild goat, and the pygarg, and the wild ox, and the chamois. And every beast that parteth the hoof, and cleaveth the cleft into two claws, and cheweth the cud among the beasts, that ye shall eat." Among these animals we find several kinds of deer. The hart, the roebuck, the fallow deer, and the chamois, are all species of deer. The chamois is between a deer and a goat. It is taller than a common goat and swifter, but it is like a goat by living among the rocks and being able to climb steep, rocky places.

The deer becomes very tired and thirsty from running, hence David in one of the Psalms made a suitable simile: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks so panteth my soul after thee, O God." David had many trials and, no doubt, was often weary and thirsty for a refreshing of God's grace, like the tired hart pursued by its enemies, was thirsty for water.

There is a fable about a beautiful stag that, while drinking at a clear brook, saw its image reflected in the water. It admired its branching horns very much, but was not pleased with its slender legs. Very soon the dogs of the hunters were heard pursuing it. It would have escaped from the dogs, because its swift running could have saved it, but its beautiful antlers were caught in a thicket of low boughs, and the poor creature was held fast; so the dogs came upon it and killed it. Now, children, all fables have morals. I will not point out the moral to this, but will leave it to you thoughtful ones to think for yourselves; and I will digress from my subject, the deer, and tell you a story of a dear little ugly boy.

Once upon a time there was a man and a woman who had two sons, Philander and Reuben. Everybody called Phil such a pretty boy, but nobody ever spoke of Reuben's personal charms. At first this grieved little Reuben, but his parents, to console him, told him that "pretty is that pretty does," and that by being good and smart people would overlook his lack of personal beauty and esteem him at his true worth. This encouraged Reuben, so he forgot his ugly face and applied himself to learning useful lessons. On the other hand, Philander, being satisfied with himself, having received so much adulation, made no effort to improve. In the course of time Reuben became an intelligent and a useful man, and as his mind developed his countenance softened and he became better looking the older he grew; whereas his brother, having no intellectual gifts and losing with time his youth, became a very ugly old man. Now is this anything like the fable?

BOYS, DON'T SMOKE.

How often noble, manly boys form some habit that tends to weaken or even destroy a most praiseworthy character!

If you want your body healthy and vigorous, and your soul vigorous, don't be smokers, boys! No smoker can be a well man! You never saw one.

And as for boys just entering their teens and over, scientific investigation shows that "emasculatation" is often the terrible result, and there are many other ways in which the use of tobacco is shown in the systems of young persons. You say you try it just for fun; but let me tell you the cigarette habit is dwarfing the energies of thousands of young men all over the land, as well as boys. It will be no fun in the end.

You have a body and soul, and they are given to improve or ruin. You can put them under training that will make them stronger, better, happier, or you can suffer them to be made weak and miserable. Which is the best course?

You say to me: "Oh, you would cut off a fellow's fun!" Not a bit of it. I would have you able to enjoy every rational amusement in your life all the better.

One weakness of boys, strong in many other respects, is in choosing foolish companions, and then listening to their entreaties. Do you think that you can go out at night, come in when you please, have a "jolly spree," as you call it, and be none the worse for it? Never! That isn't manliness. Boys may aspire to be men without being manly, and they may be manly without being men.

I heard a boy, not long ago, say: "Father doesn't allow me to say, 'I

can't' in speaking of conquering bad habits." This is the true way men are made. Overcome temptation. Always say, "I can't" to a wrong influence. It is a glorious thing to do it, boys!

Don't think, as so many boys do, because your father smokes you must; that it is an evidence of manhood!

If you had seen, as I did, in one of our hospitals some months ago, a noble lad of seventeen years, the only son of his parents, with everything to make life desirable to live, dying a wretched death from smoking cigarettes, his pale, sad face,—for his blood had all turned to water—so suffering, as he said, "Oh, tell the boys, whenever you see them smoking, to let cigarettes alone. If I had done so, I should be well and happy to-day!" The doctor in attendance told me he had tried in vain to save the young life. "What a warning!" he said.

And this is not a solitary case. General Grant, whom you all know of, died of cancer, from the use of tobacco; Colfax from heart disease; while physicians say more than half the deaths by heart disease are from the same cause—tobacco smoking!

Do you know how many young men are set aside every year, by insurance companies, from tobacco heart-disease.

Did you ever see a man who wanted his boy to smoke, no matter how inveterate a smoker he was himself? On the other hand ask a boy whose father does not smoke, what he will do when he grows to be a man, he will quickly tell you, "His father didn't, and he won't!"

Why, do you know, boys, that the record of a court shows that out of 700 male convicts in a prison, 600 were there for crimes committed under the influence of liquor, and 500 of that 600 testified that the use of tobacco brought them to drink.

As we have said, few fathers among those who smoke would be willing to have their boys smoke. Yet who can expect a boy not to smoke if his father sets the example? Fathers would often themselves drop it if they had the moral courage. But they get so wedded to the vile stuff, that its infatuation holds them prisoners, in spite of dyspepsia, neuralgia, and all the troubles which it always brings.

With God alone is the power to withstand the temptation, boys.—*Lutheran Observer.*

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XVI.—TWICE IN JAIL.

FOR the second time—or, as the prison report registered it, for the third time—David Fell had been committed to jail for three months. David knew the prison report was wrong. More than this, he did not feel that his first offence had deserved so severe a penalty. Now, when he had been defending his mother's good name, and seeking the restoration of her property, his whole boyish nature rose rebelliously under a sense of cruel injustice.

He would do it again, he cried within himself; yes, if all the magistrates and policemen in the whole world were looking on. Why should his mother be cheated out of the only treasure she possessed? and how could he stand by, and hear her called what Mr. Quirk had called her? His mother was as good as any woman in London, and he was ready to fight anybody who gave her an ill name.

He was but a boy still. In many homes he would have been reckoned among the children, and his faults of temper would have been passed over, or leniently dealt with. He was in jail for a brave, rash action, which most men would have applauded in their own sons. Each time the trial that committed him to an imprisonment of three months had not occupied more than five minutes. Police-courts are busy places, with a constant pressure of affairs to be despatched; and a police-magistrate has not time to investigate the statements of boys who, nine times out of ten, are telling a lie in order to escape punishment. David had been caught red-handed in his transgression of the law; and the law, framed as it had been against wrong-doers, swept him, in its resistless current, into jail.

The prison was not the one from which he had just been released; but there was a mournful sameness to it. He did not feel like a stranger there. He had had one night free,—a night and a day with his dying mother; and now three more months stretched

before him. But this time he was sullen and moody, brooding over his injuries. There was no longer the hope to sustain him of learning a trade, by which he could maintain his mother and Bess. He felt sure his mother would be dead before this second term was over, and it would be best for little Bess to have nothing to do with a brother who had been twice in jail.

David became insolent and refractory. What did it matter if they put him into the black hole, where no single ray of light could enter? The darkness could not affright him; or, if it did, he would harden himself against it, as he hardened himself against every punishment or expostulation. He was honest and truthful; yet he was branded a thief and a liar. He was intensely ignorant; yet he was punished for actions which would have been applauded in a gentleman's son. He could not put his wretchedness into words; you might as well ask of him to paint on canvas a picture of his prison-cell. His tongue was dumb; but his memory and the passion of his heart were never silent. They were forever muttering to him in undertones of revenge and hatred and defiance.

David completed his fourteenth year in jail. The heavy-browed, sullen-faced boy, who was discharged from his second imprisonment in April, could hardly have been recognized as the lad who had gone out, ashamed though resolute, to beg for help the preceding October. He slouched along the sunny streets, under the blue sky, bright with glistening spring clouds; but he paid no heed to sunshine or cloud. In old times there had been the changes of the seasons even for him and little Bess in their squalid street; but they had no more power over his sullen mood. He sauntered on, not homewards (he knew too well there could be no home for him), but towards the old familiar place,—the only spot he knew well on earth, where, at least, he would find faces not altogether strange to him, if they were not the faces of friends, and where alone he could learn any tidings of Bess. But he did not hurry; there was no mother now to be hungry for a sight of him.

Still, when he reached the house, he went straight to the old door, and knocked. A stranger opened it, and looked suspiciously at him. There was no Mrs. Fell there. She had never heard of such a person. She had only come into the house three weeks ago, and she was too busy getting her own living to go gossiping among the neighbours. She slammed the door to in his face, and he heard her draw the bolt on the inside. He had not caught even a glimpse of the poor, dark room, which had once been his home.

"I'll go upstairs, and ask Victoria," said David to himself.

He mounted the stairs slowly and quietly, not with the buoyant step of an active and restless lad, but with the hesitating, listless tread of a culprit. He was ashamed of facing either Euclid or Victoria, and he was almost afraid that their door would be shut in his face. But when he reached the foot of the last staircase, leading only to their garret, he saw the door open, and he mounted more quickly.

Yes, the door was open,—propped open with a brick, to prevent it from banging to and fro on its hinges; but the garret was quite empty. There was no trace left of the former tenants, except the pictures which Victoria had pasted over the fireplace. All was gone,—the broken chair, the corner cupboard, the poor flock-bed from the floor, the black kettle, and little brown teapot; there was nothing left. David sat down in the corner where Victoria's bed had been, and his face in his hands. If there had been a faint hope left in his heart of finding friends and a refuge here, the glimmer of it died away into utter darkness. He was absolutely alone in the world which had been so cruel to him.

It is possible that he fell asleep for very sorrow; but after a long while, as the dusk of evening was creeping on, he roused himself, and slowly descended the stairs. On the second floor he tapped with a trembling hand on a closed door, and quietly lifted the latch. He knew the workman who lived there with his wife and children. They were sitting at supper; and the man, calling out, "What's there?" looked up, as David put his pale face round the door.

"I'm looking for my mother!" he said, in a faltering voice.

"Your mother!" repeated the man, rising angrily. "I know what you want, you little bird! Get out o' this at once, you skulking thief!"

But David did not wait for him to reach the door. He closed it hastily, and ran down stairs to escape if he was pursued. As he was passing into the street, he heard his name called through Blackett's open door. He stopped instantaneously, catching at a straw of hope. Perhaps Roger could tell him what had become of Bess.

"Come in, David Fell," called the voice of

Blackett himself, "come in! Now you're tarred with the same stick as my lads, you needn't stand off from me no more. You and me'll be as thick as thieves now. Come in, my lad," he added in as kindly a tone as he could assume. "I'm right sorry for thee, and I've news for thee."

For a moment David hesitated, remembering his mother's dread of her neighbour; but Blackett came to the door, and dragged him in, in no way roughly.

"You've come to look after your poor mother?" he said gravely.

David nodded.

"She's dead,—died the very night after you was booked for another three months," said Blackett.

David did not speak. No change passed over his hard and sullen face. He had known it all the while in the dreary solitude of his prison-cell. He would never see his mother's face again,—never! Yet, as he stood there opposite to Blackett, he felt as if he could see her lying in the room beyond on the sacking of her comfortless bed, with her white face and hungry eyes turned towards the door, watching for him to come in.

"And Bess is gone away—nobody knows where," continued Blackett, eyeing the boy with a keen, sinister gaze, "on the streets somewhere. There's not much chance for Bess, neither."

David flinched and shivered. Should he ever see little Bess again? Never again as he had been used to see her. He could recollect all his life through having her given into his care and keeping,—a younger, smaller, feebler creature, dependent upon him. He had played with her, and fought for her. They had eaten and been hungry together, and had had every event of their lives in common, until he was sent to jail. Was little Bess likely to be sent to jail too? Girls as young as Bess were sent to prison; and the chances were all against her keeping out of it.

"Queen Victoria and my Lord Euclid are gone," went on Blackett, with a sneer. "They made a moonlight flit of it, and they hadn't the manners to leave their address behind 'em. They carried all their fortune with them."

Still David did not speak, but stood looking into Blackett's face, with a forlorn and listless strangeness, which touched even him with its utter loss of hope.

"Come, come, my lad? never say die?" he exclaimed. "Take a drop out o' my glass here, and pluck up your spirits. Take a good pull at it, David. You haven't asked after Roger. He's in better luck than you. He cribbed a parcel of money from under Victoria's pillow, and my Lord Euclid had him took up for it. I was always in hopes of gettin' him off my hands, the poor hang-dog! But he had grand luck. Old Euclid sets to and pleads for him to the justice; and they found out as it was a sin and a shame to send a lad like him to jail,—a lad o' fourteen! And they've sent him to school!—to school, David, where he's quite the gentleman!"

But here David broke into a loud and very bitter cry. Why had they not done the same with him? Oh! why had they committed him to jail, and sent Roger to school? He hid his face in his hands, and hot tears of anger and despair rolled down his cheeks.

"They've made an order on me for half a crown a week," continued Blackett, after a pause. "I've paid it six weeks, and now I'm giving 'em the slip. I'm a-going to cross the river into Surrey to-night; and, if you'll come along with me, I'll say you are my son, and I'll pay your lodgin' to-night. An old neighbour's son sha'n't sleep in the streets. Come, David! You haven't got another friend in this place; and I don't ask you to be a thief. You shall get your livin' quite honest, if you can. You're not a lazy bound like Roger, or I'd have nought to say to you. But you'll always be worth your bread and cheese, if you can get work. Come, and we'll get supper at the tavern afore we start."

"I'll come," said David. At the word "supper" he felt how hungry he was; and he remembered that he was penniless. Blackett had already disposed of his few possessions to the tenant who had taken his room: so there was nothing now to be done but to pick up his bundle of clothes, and his glazier's tools, and, as it was already night, to take his departure across the river, where he was as yet unknown by sight to the police. David fell followed him as his only friend.

(To be continued.)

IN a certain school, during the parsing lesson, the word "waif" occurred in a sentence. The youngest, who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, puzzled over the word for a few minutes, and then a bright idea struck him. "I can parse it: positive, waif; comparative, waifer; superlative, scaling-waif."

A Junior League Boy.

MRS. ANNIE E. SMILEY.

A LITTLE lad followed the surging throng,
The Nazarene Prophet to see;
He was borne by the press of the people along
To the shores of Galilee.

On his arm he carried a basket wide,
Which his mother had filled complete
With five barley loaves, and two fishes beside,
That her boy might have food to eat.

Close to the Prophet's side he pressed,
And listened to what was said:
How the hungry people were sore distressed,
And the Master needed bread.

At once he offered his little store,
But was grieved to hear them say,
"Five loaves and two fishes—have you no more?
For this multitude what are they?"

Then he watched, but could not understand,
How the loaves and fishes so small
Kept growing and growing in Jesus' hand,
Till there was enough for all.

Right glad was he, as he homeward sped,
And thought of the Master good,
Who had used his fishes and loaves of bread
To feed the multitude.

My boy, there is little that you can bring,
Perhaps you have often said,
But Jesus can use your offering
That the multitude may be fed.

THE LOOKOUT.

(See next page.)

FAR over the waters, the faithful lookout is peering, to catch the first glimpse of some distant island or the dim outline of some approaching ship. From constant practice in gazing over the great blue expanse of water, the sailor's eyes become very sharp in detecting the first angry swell of the waves, or threatening aspect of the sky overhead; and some far-away object, that to a landsman's eyes appears to be but a speck of white cloud or small line of gray mist on the horizon, he will recognize as a ship, a steamer, or the outline of an island.

It is very important that the sailor on the lookout does his duty honestly. Many accidents have occurred from the sailor on this duty neglecting to keep up his watch. We remember once being in a fog for several days, during which time the captain himself kept on the outlook day and night. At last, when he thought the vessel was in little danger of running on the treacherous islands, he went to have a sleep. His post was taken by the first mate, a dull, lazy-looking man.

In a short time the fog raised, and we saw about seventy yards off a long, wild and desolate-looking island and in a few seconds there was a great thumping noise on the bottom of the boat and we were aground. Every effort was made to get the vessel off the rocks. The captain was on the scene in a moment and gave the order to reverse the engines; the engineer put on full power of steam, but not until ten hours afterwards, when thousands of dollars' worth of corn had been pitched into the water, making little islands of yellow corn, could the vessel be moved. When it was thus made light, and the engine running in full force, we drifted easily off the rocky island. The accident, however, had incurred a heavy loss, which might have been prevented had the mate been doing his duty.

A JUNIOR LEAGUE TRAVELLING CLASS.

THE young secretary of the Junior League writes in the *Epworth Herald* of a very interesting course of study they have pursued in their League, which they called "A Travelling Class." Their travels took them through the Holy Land, and the secretary says: "We have learned about all the important places of Palestine."

Dr. J. E. Price, in another issue of the *Epworth Herald*, tells us of two leaflets, published by our Book Concern, on "Walks and Talks with Jesus," and "Palestine Exploration." These would be a great help in taking such a tour as I have suggested.

"The Junior League Songster" will furnish lively, inspiring music; or, if the larger book, "Epworth Songs," is used by the Senior League, a number of suitable Junior songs will be found in that.

Many Junior workers are cramped for money to secure these needed helps, but if a collection is taken at each meeting, it will constantly replenish the fund in the treasury. If we are to train good Methodists in our Junior Leagues, we must teach them the blessedness of giving. If a half-dozen copies of either of these song-books are ordered, and given out to the older and better singers, and the words plainly written on the blackboard for the others, all will soon learn them.

I am glad to learn that there is a blessed revival interest in many of our Junior Leagues. When we remember that a majority of the present members of our churches were converted before they were fourteen years old, we shall begin to realize our responsibility as teachers of the future Church of God. May God give us needed wisdom, grace and love for this work!—*Zion's Herald*.

SARNIA, ONT.—A Junior Epworth League has been started in connection with our church with sixty-four members, and during the past few weeks this number has been increased to ninety-seven. This department is under the able leadership of Miss Learoyd, is in a flourishing condition, and it is confidently hoped that by thus getting the younger members to work for the Master, that they will be drawn closer to him and be led to give themselves to him. You may expect to hear from us again soon.

W. WHITE, Sec. E. L.

TRICYCLES AND BICYCLES.

SOME boys are born lawyers. They can render a reason for anything at a moment's notice, and there is nothing they don't know. Here is a case in point.

The following conversation, reported by a friend, was recently overheard between two little brothers, aged four and six years old respectively:

"Say, Winnie, what is the difference, anyway, between a bicycle and a tricycle?"

Elder (with patronizing air): "Why, Ray, don't you know that? If a man takes the thing home to see how he likes it, it is a tricycle; but if he buys it outright, it is a bicycle."

This etymology is not more fantastic than some propounded by older children.

THE mere fact that charity is to begin at home is all the proof we need that it should not stay there.

ONE of the times that a man begins to cry and sigh that all men are not honest, is when he gets the wrong hat.

You will find ninety-nine men finding fault with somebody else's work to where you will find one doing his own right.

God's benefits come not alone, but one is a pledge of another. A drop of dew from heaven is prognostic of a gracious shower, which nothing can dry but ingratitude.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHING.

B.C. 1706.] LESSON V. [April 29.

JOSEPH FORGIVING HIS BRETHREN.

Gen. 45. 1-15. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him.—Luke 17. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. A Forgiving Brother, v. 1-8.
2. A Loving Son, 9-15.

TIME.

B.C. 1706. The year of the descent into Egypt. Two hundred and fifteen years after the call of Abram; two hundred and fifteen years before the exodus of Egypt.

RULER.

Pharaoh, one of the dynasty of the "Shepherd kings."

CONNECTING LINKS.

The famine has come, but Egypt has abundance of corn, and the starving easterly nations seek food in Egyptian cities. Among the buyers come Joseph's brethren. He recognizes them, but keeps his secret. The incidents of our lesson occur in the second visit.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Could not refrain himself"—Could not withhold his tears. "The house of Pharaoh"—The members of the royal household—slaves and ministers. "Troubled at his presence"—They were conscience-stricken. "Paring nor harvest"—That is, ploughing nor harvesting. To ear is an old English word, not now used, meaning to plough. "To preserve you a p steric."—That is, to secure you from utter destruction, and so fulfil the promise made to the fathers. "A father to Pharaoh"—A wise and confidential friend and counsellor.

HOME READINGS.

M. Joseph forgiving his brethren.—Gen. 45. 1-15.

Tu. The famine.—Gen. 43. 1. 14.

W. Second journey to Egypt.—Gen. 43. 15-25.

Th. Joseph's affection.—Gen. 43. 26-34.

F. Forgiveness confirmed.—Gen. 45. 16-28.

S. The united family.—Gen. 47. 1-12.

Sa. Overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12. 14-21.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That we should repay evil with good?
2. That a guilty conscience causes fear?
3. That we should honour our parents?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What came upon all the lands while Joseph was ruler over Egypt? "A great famine?" 2. Who came down to Egypt to buy food? "The brothers of Joseph." 3. How did Joseph at first act toward them? "He treated them roughly." 4. How did he afterward treat them? "He forgave them freely." 5. What is the teaching of the lesson as shown in the Golden Text? "If thy brother," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The forgiveness of sins.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is repentance?

Repentance is true sorrow for sin, with sincere effort to forsake it.

Can we repent of ourselves?

No; it is the grace of the Holy Spirit which gives the sinner to know and feel that he is a sinner.

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LOOK OUT.