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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, APRIL 18, 1896.

[No. 16.]

One at a Time.

One step at a time and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height ;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden
stores
Will slowly come to light ;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows,
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest
book
Is written and is read ;
One stone at a time, and a palace rears
Aloft its stately head ;
One blow at a time, the tree's cleft
through,
And a city will stand where the forest
grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued
And the conflict will be won ;
One grain at a time, and the sands of
life
Will slowly all be run ;
One minute, another, the hours fly,
One day at a time, and our lives speed
by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well
stored,
Another, and more on them ;
And as time rolls on your mind will
shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will
tell
"One thing at a time, and that done
well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

FARMER BOYS.

"Farmer boys," says a wise and noble thinker, "you need not envy the young men who stand behind the counters of the city shops. You need not envy the young men who are making ready to take the places of the great army of lawyers and pettifoggers who are subsisting by the litigations of quarrelsome and contentious clients. And certainly you ought not to envy the boys who have no employment at all—those who are growing up to manhood without acquiring industrious habits upon which to rely in times of great need and pressing emergencies, whose idleness invites to temptations which so often lure to mental and bodily ruin. Your clothes may not be so finely spun and made as the raiment of the city boys ; but you are the peers of them all, with your bronzed faces and horny hands, however pretentious their employments. Your business is one which antedates every other vocation in the world. The farmer was ploughing and sowing, and reaping his harvests long before a merchant, lawyer, or doctor was known ; and he still stands foremost at the gates whence issue to the millions of the world the steady, never-failing streams of plenteousness and life.

"A generation or so ago, the brightest boys of the farmer's family were assigned to the professions. The dull fellows were sent to the farms. Nowadays a different order of things prevails. Once the idea was popular that only muscular strength was necessary on the farm—the strength to guide a plough, to wield an axe, a hoe, or a scythe—the endurance to go through with the sweltering tasks of summer or the exposing duties of winter. These important requisites given, a booby might fill the place as well as anyone else. So some folks used to think, but what say you working farmer boys ? Do you not place a higher

estimate upon your skill and upon your services ? Look up, then, and vindicate yourselves. You are getting health and strength from the wholesome exercises of the fields ; and that you may have the necessary intelligence to combine with the strength for the proper prosecution of your calling, apply yourselves diligently to acquiring knowledge whenever the respite from labour shall give you the opportunity."

historian, France is believed to have lost about three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, of whom one hundred and fifty thousand died of cold, fatigue, and starvation. For a thousand miles the broad track of the retreating army was marked by the bodies of famished and frozen dead.

Reading this, and remembering how the death of half a dozen persons in a city fire or a railway accident sends a

BURDENS.

It was a dark winter's evening. The streets were almost deserted. Most of the houses on State Avenue were brilliantly lighted, but in one beautiful residence most of the windows were dark. In the parlour, with the lights turned low, sat a beautiful girl. Her golden hair was coiled loosely about her head, and her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, mamma," she sobbed, "how could you be taken from me ? You were all I had. Papa's heart is broken, brother is going to the bad just as fast as he can, and I am all alone. Where shall I find help ? Must I bear it all alone ?"

As her sobs increased there was mingled with them the sound of music. A child's voice, apparently just outside the window, was singing the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." She listened, first in wonder and then with deep interest, until the words :

"All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

The tears were gone from the sad face. "Will Christ help me ? Shall I go to him ? I'll see who the singer is."

She stepped to the window, and saw a small figure moving away. Raising the window, she said :

"My child, come here."

It was a poorly clad little girl who entered the room, with large, expressive brown eyes and dark hair, and a very pale face.

"Why did you come to my window and sing, Margaret ?" for that was the child's name.

"Oh, Miss Lenore, I was passing and saw you in the window, and thought how happy you must be, but when I came closer, I saw you were crying. When I feel bad I sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' Did I help you ? Oh, I wanted to very much."

"Yes, my child, you did help me, and now I must help you," said Lenore. "Why are you out this cold night ?"

The child told her she was looking for a letter from her papa, who was in the West trying to earn money to take them all there. She was going home from the post-office without any letter, and was asking Jesus to help her to be pleasant and a comfort to her mother, who was very anxious about the husband and father, as they had not heard from him for so long. Their last money was spent for coal that day.

After Lenore had promised to visit her, she went to her own room, her heart full of the thought, Jesus will help. Opening her Bible she found comfort in its promises, which she had never found before. Suddenly a thought came to her, and she returned to the parlour. When her brother came home he found her waiting for him. They talked till late, and when he kissed her good-night, he said : "Sister, I am going to be a better brother, and a better man."

The next morning she came down to breakfast with a lighter heart than she



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Just now everybody is talking, reading, writing about Napoleon Bonaparte. Next to Waterloo, the most striking and important military movement in the great Emperor's career was the march to Moscow, in the early fall of 1812, and the terrible retreat from that city, after its destruction by the Russians, in the following November and December. In the Russian campaign, says one

thrill of horror throughout our country nowadays, we may realize what a terrible thing is war, and how truly thankful we should be that our days are days of peace.

Charley--What makes the old cat howl so ? Walter—I guess you'd make a noise if you was full of fiddle strings inside.

had had for a long time. Her father saw the change, and as he left the house, he said:

"My dear daughter, if you would only be this way all the time, my heart would be lighter."

It was hard for her to be cheerful and helpful, but she had learned where to go for help. Her mission was to make bright the sad and lonely home for her father and brother. Her brother is now a medical missionary in India, and says he owes the great change in his life to his darling Lenore. Her father is an old man now, but he says his daughter caused him to make Jesus his counsellor and guide in every time of trouble. Lenore never would leave her papa, and is still at home doing all the good she can to everyone who can.—Herald and Prosbyter.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 18, 1896.

"CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK, JOHNNY."

A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, was passing over the Alleghany Mountains, on the way eastward. They were crowded with passengers. As the iron horse snorted and rushed on the passengers felt that they had begun to descend, and needed no power but the invisible force of gravitation to send them down with terrific swiftness. Just as the passengers began to realize their situation, they came to a short curve cut out of the solid rock—a wall of rock lying on each side. Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony: "Put on the brakes! put on the brakes!" Up pressed the brakes, but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the danger was, and everyone rose up in his place, fearing destruction. What was the trouble?

Just as the engine began to turn into the curve, the engineer saw a little girl and baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be on them. The shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and everyone looking over could see them. Close to the rail, in the upright rock, was a little niche out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister, on the other side of the cars, ring out: "Cling close to the rock, Johnny! cling close to the rock!"

And the little creature snuggled in and put his head as close to the corner of the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirled past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed and many a silent thanksgiving went up to heaven.

In a few hours the cars stopped at a station where an old man and his son got off. He had come so far to part with his child who was going to an Eastern city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All the dangers that would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of the father as he stood holding the hand of his boy—just now to part with him. He choked, and the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was: "Cling close to the Rock, my boy." He wrung the hand of his child, and the passengers saw him standing alone, doubtless praying that his inexperienced son might "cling to the Rock Christ Jesus."—Sunday-school Visitor.

"NEVER TOO BUSY FOR ONE THING MORE"

BY R. M. WILBUR.

"Say, mister, be you in a hurry? And be you the boss of that school down there?"

"Why, yes, my lad; but I'm never too busy for one thing more," was the reply. "What is it?"

"Dunno, 'xactly; but Marm Jennings sent me to find the gentleman that keeps the Sunday-school down there. It's Reub that wants you," was the answer.

But before he had finished his sentence, Mr. Everts was walking down the street toward "Scotland," the ragged lad keeping him close company, and telling what he knew about the trouble that had come to Reuben.

"It was one of them 'lectrics that did it, and it was close by Marm Jennings, so he got carried in there instead of being took to the hospital," he went on.

"And the doctor he came there and stayed a long time, and when he went away he said nobody could go near Reub but two or three, and he wouldn't tell us nothing. And the policeman he's round, and he keeps everybody off. That's all I knows."

But that was enough to quicken Mr. Everts' steps, for Reuben was one of his best scholars in this unpromising school.

The policeman simply bowed as Mr. Everts went in, to find this only son of his mother on the borderland.

"He's only waiting for you," she said, motioning him to the bedside. "He's here, Reuben, my dear; Mr. Everts has come," she added, turning toward the lad.

A smile lit up his face as he said: "I'm going up there, and I wanted to tell you I'd never have known the way if you hadn't told me."

That was all, and Reuben was gone. But those few words were more precious than gold to the man who was "never too busy for one thing more."

THE KIND SHEPHERD.

BY REV. FREDMAN SHEPHERD.

Rambling a few summers ago in the lake district of England, I came to Washdale Head, where I passed the night at a cottage of a shepherd friend. The next morning I set off to cross the mountains on my way to Buttermore. As I approached the summit of the pass a little lamb was bleating in tones more sad than I had ever heard before. It seemed to say, as plain as in words, "Pity me; help me; save me." I sat on the grass, and it came to me, and, putting his face almost close to my own, repeated its cry. "Pity me; help me; save me."

It was evident that the lamb had been forsaken by its mother, for it was a mere skeleton, and its loosely hanging skin and sharp features betokened starvation. I could not resist its appeal, so took it in my arms and carried it toward a sheep that was browsing not far off. But the sheep moved away, and the tiny lamb ran back to me, still imploring help. Again I took it in my arms, and, carrying it toward another sheep farther off, put it down where some bracken would hide it from me as I rapidly stepped back. The lamb did not go toward the retreating sheep, but remained where it had been placed, and still repeated its sad cry, "Pity me; help me; save me."

I took it in my arms once more and sat down, meditating what I had better

do. Should I carry it forward with me till I reached the first house, several miles distant? But might not such an act seem suspicious if I met the owner of the flock? At any rate, I would not, could not leave to perish a helpless creature which had cast itself on my protection. Just then, looking down into the valley, I saw a small object at the foot of the mountain moving upward. It was a man. Still nearer. It was my shepherd friend. I at once showed him my lamb and intrusted it to his care.

"Poor thing!" said the shepherd; "its mother has forsaken it, they sometimes do when pasture is scarce. It would have died in an hour or two. But I'll take it down and give it some milk, and it will soon get right."

Then the shepherd took in his arms the little trembling lamb, which at once hushed its piteous cry. And as this great, strong, tender-hearted man stalked down the mountain-side like a giant, bearing his tiny burden, I thought of the words of the prophet, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom." (Isa. 41: 2).

I thus reflected: "If a degenerate creature, sinful and selfish, as all are in their degree, yet had pity enough in him not to suffer a worthless, half-starved lamb to perish, which cast itself on his care, will he who is the author and fountain of all tenderness be deaf to the cry of any wandering soul that comes to him in fear and sorrow, saying, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! Save, Lord, or I perish!' Will the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for the flock, reject any feeble lamb, any lost sheep that comes to him with the cry 'Jesus, pity me; save me'? He never will."

The next year I was again at Washdale, and inquired of the shepherd how the lamb had fared. Said he, "It is now the fattest and strongest of my flock."

And thus many, even the very chief of sinners, when ready to perish, have been taken to the arms of Jesus, and under his fostering care have soon become as holy and as useful as any of the flock.

Tens of thousands of college students have been, and are to-day, being made the victims of an ignorance that college and school are chary of, that is left comparatively undisturbed to betray and destroy "more than sword, pestilence, and famine." "The mighty torrent of alcohol, fed by ten thousand manufacturing sweeps on, bearing with it, I have no hesitation in saying, the foulest, bloodiest tide that ever flowed from earth to eternity," is Gen. Booth's graphic word-picture in "Farkest England," of the result of his damning ignorance which greed, prejudice, and appetite conspire to maintain. "Beer and wine shops with vaults are gateways to hell," says the Bishop of Manchester. "Not one man in a thousand dies a natural death, and most diseases have their rise from intemperance," says Lord Bacon. "Thirty thousand of God's people are annually the victims of the cup," says Newman Hall, D.D., referring to the church of Great Britain. "I have seen no less than ten clergymen, with whom I have sat down at the Lord's table, deposed through drink. Out of one hundred children in our ragged schools, ninety-nine are the children of drunkards," says Thomas Guthrie, D.D. "For one really converted Christian as the fruits of missionary labour, the drinking practices of the English have made a thousand drunkards," says Archdeacon Jeffries. "When people understand what alcohol is, and what it does, they will put it out of existence," says Willard Parker, M.D.—G. D. Journal.

HE KNEW

Sometimes when big people visit schools and ask questions, they receive answers they do not expect. A man visited a school in Scotland and asked the children some questions in fractions. Fractions are parts of whole things. There is a little secret to remember—that, in fractions, as the numbers of the parts increase, the part becomes smaller. For instance, one-fourth is less than one-third. Take two pieces of paper of the same length, cut one piece into three

even parts, and the other into four even parts, and any one of the three pieces will be longer than any one of the four even pieces. Yet four is a larger number than three. The more parts into which we divide anything, then, the smaller the parts. If we divide a thing into one hundred parts, those parts will be much larger than if we divided it into one thousand equal parts.

Well, a gentleman visited this little school in Scotland and asked a boy which he would rather have, the sixth or the seventh of an orange. The boy replied the seventh part. Then the visitor told the children how foolish it was not to understand what they said; that the boy said a seventh because he thought a seventh was larger than a sixth. When he said this, one of the boys raised his hand and said:

"Please, sir, but that boy disna like oranges."

You see, the boy did know that a seventh was less than a sixth.

JUNIOR UPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

April 26, 1896.

God's glory in his love to man.—Psalm 8: 5-9.

FURTHER COMPARISON.

Verses 5 to 8. "A little lower than the angels." Thus he was created, but how fearful his fall! His mental powers have become perverted, so that his greatness is in ruins. Jesus Christ, the God-man, is the alone exalted personage who has power and authority over all created objects, and is bringing many souls to glory. He is the captain of their salvation, who will form man anew and make him fit for the society of angels in heaven.

Can you wonder at the final exclamation! Verse 9. God's name is truly excellent, and this is especially seen in the wise arrangements which have been made for man's present happiness and future exaltation and glory.

GOD'S GREAT LOVE TO MAN.

Of all the names ascribed to Jehovah, that of love is the most endearing and precious. The world is full of the proofs of God's love. The heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, abound with evidences of Jehovah's loving kindness to his creature—man. But in the gift of his Son all other proofs of love lose their brightness. Jesus was manifested in the flesh to destroy the works of the devil. He came that men might have life and have it more abundantly. By his incarnation he has restored the dominion which was lost, so that in the review of the whole, we may well exclaim in the language of verse 9, "How excellent is thy name in all the earth!" You cannot go anywhere but you behold the excellency of this name. See Psalm 139: 7-12.

HINTS ON TESTIFYING.

Testify promptly. The least hesitancy may be misunderstood.

Testify cheerfully. Others are noticing the effects of your testimony.

Testify continuously. Intermittent friendship is not reliable.

Testify persuasively. Some other soul may come to a decision.

Testify humbly. Remember it is your Saviour who is to be glorified.

Help me, dear Lord, in every time and place to gladly witness to thy saving grace.

AN ESSAY ON BOYS

A little girl in Boston wrote a composition on boys. Here it is: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongues till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights; but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

The Chimes of Amsterdam.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

Far up above the city,
In the gray old belfry tower,
The chimes ring out their music
Each day at the twilight hour;
Above the din and the tumult,
And the rush of the busy street,
You can hear their solemn voices
In an anthem clear and sweet.

When the busy day is dying,
And the sunset gates, flung wide,
Mark a path of crimson glory,
Upon the restless tide,
As the white-winged ships drop anchor,
And furl their snowy sails,
While the purple twilight gathers,
And the glowing crimson pales.

Then from the old gray belfry,
The chimes peal out again,
And a hush succeeds the tumult,
As they ring their sweet refrain:
No sound of discordant clangour
Mars the perfect melody,
But each, attuned by a master hand,
Has its place in the harmony.

I climbed the winding stairway
That led to the belfry tower,
As the sinking sun in the westward
Heralded twilight's hour;
For I thought that surely the music
Would be clearer and sweeter far
Than when through the din of the city
It seemed to float from afar.

But lo, as I neared the belfry,
No sound of music was there;
Only a brazen clangour
Disturbed the quiet air!
The ringer stood at a keyboard,
Far down beneath the chimes,
And patiently struck the noisy keys,
As he had uncounted times.

He had never heard the music,
Though every day it swept
Out over the sea and the city,
And in lingering echoes crept.
He knew not how many sorrows
Were cheered by the evening strain,
And how men paused to listen
As they heard the sweet refrain.

He only knew his duty,
And he did it with patient care;
But he could not hear the music
That flooded the quiet air;
Only the jar and the clamour
Fell harshly on his ear,
And he missed the mellow chiming
That everyone else could hear.

So we from our quiet watch-towers
May be sending a sweet refrain,
And gladdening the lives of the lowly,
Though we hear not a single strain.
Our work may seem but a discord,
Though we do the best we can;
But others will hear the music,
If we carry out God's plan.

Far above a world of sorrow,
And o'er the eternal sea,
It will blend with angelic anthems
In sweetest harmony;
It will ring in lingering echoes
Though the corridors of the sky,
And the strains of earth's minor music
Will swell the strains on high.

A LITTLE WORN-OUT SHOE.

BY CARRIE CLARK.

Yes, Tom Burton really stopped drinking, not for a day, or a week, or a month; but for ever. It is not worth while to tell how he began. The story would be too long and too sad, and we thrive better in sunshine than in shadow. But how he stopped; ah! that is worth knowing about!

It grew out of Annie Harwood's friendliness. Mamma thought Annie altogether too friendly, and perhaps mamma was right, for it seemed to be impossible to make five-year-old Annie understand the first thing about conventionalities, and she was just as apt to accost a total stranger without the least excuse for doing so, as she was to talk about the weather to her doll when "playing lady."

Mamma tried to explain that this was not customary; but Annie stoutly maintained that it ought to be.

"You tell me to love everybody," she urged, "and I can't love people and never speak to them," a bit of logic that mamma found unanswerable; but hoped that time would teach her little daughter when to speak and when to keep silence. In the meantime Annie's favourite amusement was sauntering about, with her dolly in her arms, nodding "good-mornings" or "good afternoons" to any face that pleased her fancy.

Tom Burton was laying a new pavement in front of Mr. Harwood's house. Tom was a skilled mechanic, capable of earning high wages, and his work had been in great demand; but the times grew more frequent when his mind was clouded and his hands unsteady, until now no one would trust him in a responsible position, and he was obliged, when inclined to exert himself at all, to take the work and pay of a labourer.

It was the noon hour, and, comfortably reclining in the shade of a large tree, Tom was partaking of his luncheon. One could scarcely say eating it, for the food was very meagre; his bottle was full, though, so Tom was fairly content.

He had just taken an especially long draught, and was smacking his lips over it, when he was startled by a childish voice saying, "How do you do?"

Tom, hastily hiding his bottle, said, "Very well, thank you," and began nibbling a bit of bread before he realized that his visitor was a very small girl nursing a doll, and looking at him with friendly, not critical, eyes.

Tom waited a few minutes for her to go away; but she showed no inclination to do so, and he grew impatient for the rest of his rum. He must have been, unconsciously, a trifle ashamed of himself, for he carried on a mental argument while looking at Annie's sweet little face.

"She won't know what it is," he said to himself; "I'm just wasting time sitting here waiting. She doesn't intend to go away."

Evidently the argument was not perfectly satisfactory, for he waited a while longer. It was no use; Annie did not go away; so he reached stealthily around for his bottle, tried to cover its length with his hands, and took a long drink.

"What's that?" said Annie, promptly.

"Something to drink," answered Tom, with a faint flush.

"Is it dood?" was the next question.

"Ye-yes," replied Tom, with an effort, and a deeper flush.

"I'm firsty," suggested Annie, mildly.

"You'd better go home and ask your mamma for a cup of milk or some water," said Tom, gruffly. He was fairly crimson now.

"I don't like milk and I'm not firsty for water," exclaimed Annie, looking longingly at the bottle.

Tom did not take the hint, so Annie tried again: "You said it was dood, didn't you?"

"Yes, but not for little girls," answered Tom.

"Why?" persisted Annie.

"Never mind why," said Tom, draining the bottle.

Disappointed and confused Annie dropped her eyes. As she did so they rested on her pretty new shoes. Instantly the busy little mind flitted to a new subject.

"I've got new shoes," she ventured.

"So I see," said Tom, much relieved by the turn conversation had taken.

"My papa buys me new shoes. He works hard every day; that's the way he gets me new shoes." Then, after a moment's contemplation of her feet, "You dot any little dirls?"

"Yes," answered Tom, smiling. "One just about your size, and a dear little girl she is, too."

"What's her name?"

"Katie."

"Tatie dot new shoes, too?"

"No, she hasn't," the answer given with falling countenance.

"Why?" was the next pitiless question.

Tom did not answer, and his inquisitor gave him a loop-hole for escape. "Perhaps her old ones aren't worn out yet; perhaps they haven't any holes in them;" and then, "Have they?"

"Yes, they have," admitted Tom; "they're pretty much all holes."

Annie studied over the problem with her little brows in a pucker. A little girl with worn-out shoes and no new ones to replace them? What could it mean?

Suddenly a bright idea struck her, and with a smile of self-satisfaction she said,

"Perhaps she's not as sweet a little dirl as I am?"

"Indeed she is, little miss!" cried Tom, indignantly.

"Then why don't you det her new shoes?" persisted Annie, not the least abashed.

Dared he answer that question even to himself? Could he ever again endure his own presence if he looked himself in the face now, and truthfully explained why little Katie's feet were on the ground, and her dress in tatters? In shame and silence he covered his face with his hands, but his merciless little questioner was not satisfied, and standing there before him with grave and thoughtful little face was fast answering the query for herself.

"Don't you work every day but Sundays, as my papa does? Is that why you don't det poor little Tatie new shoes? I wish she tould live at our house! You tan't be a good papa at all!"

"I'm not!" said Tom, fiercely, springing to his feet, "I'm not a good one! Do you want to know why I don't get Katie new shoes? That's why!" he almost shouted, raising the bottle high above his head, "that's why!" and he flung it far out into the street, where it broke into a hundred pieces. "And now," he went on rapidly, "there is no reason and, God helping me, there never shall be again!" And there never was.

The struggle was a long one and a hard one, as such struggles are apt to be; but Tom was firm in his determination, and never took a backward step. With the first money he received for the work he was then doing, he bought Katie a pair of shoes. The child was wild with delight, and even the tired mother smiled faintly.

After the little girl had gone to bed, Tom said to his wife, "Mary, I want one of Katie's old shoes."

"They are all worn out, Tom," said Mrs. Burton. "They couldn't do anybody any good."

"Anybody but me," corrected Tom. "I want to carry it in my pocket as a reminder—to help me—because"—and then he told her all about it. A few weeks later, as Mrs. Burton was sewing one evening, her husband handed her a little shoe, saying, "I wish you'd sew this up a little for me, Mary, it's going all to pieces in my pocket, and that will never do." And almost blinded by happy tears, Mrs. Burton put some loving stitches in the priceless little worn-out shoe.—Mothers and Daughters, England.

CIGARETTES

Do you care to know how they are made? I think I can enlighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old, was brought before a justice in New York city as a vagrant, or, in other words, a young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with picking up cigar stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed the boy's basket, half full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

"What do you do with these?" asked his Honour.

What do you think was his answer?

"I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes."

Not a particularly agreeable piece of information, is it, boys?

In our large cities there are a great many cigar butt grubbers, as they are called. It certainly is not a pretty name, though very appropriate; for it is applied to boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burned cigars and stumps, which are dried and then sold to be used in making cigarettes.

But this isn't all, nor even the worst of it. These cigarettes have been analyzed, and physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much opium is put into them. A tobacconist himself says that "the extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling."

"Havana flavouring" for the same purpose is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavouring is made from the tonka bean, which contains a deadly poison. The wrappers, warranted to be rice paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of filthy scrapings of rag-pickers, bleached white with arsenic. What a cheat to be practiced on people!

A bright boy of thirteen came under the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid

and subject to nervous twitchings, till finally he was obliged to give up his studies. When asked why he didn't throw away his miserable cigarettes, the poor boy replied with tears that he had often tried to do so, but could not.

Another boy of eleven was made crazy by cigarette smoking, and was taken to an insane asylum in Orange County, N. Y. He was regarded as a violent and dangerous maniac, exhibiting some of the symptoms peculiar to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and inside the cheeks, called smoker's patches, are thought by Sir Morell Mackenzie to be more common with users of cigarettes than with other smokers.—Sunday-school Visitor.

WONDERFUL NEW APPLICATION OF RONTGEN'S RAYS

Edward P. Thompson, a consulting electrical engineer, says that by his process the movements of a watch can be observed through the case, and the operation of the interior organs of a living human being or animal be made visible.

Mr. Thompson says: "With powerful rays, it ought to be possible to see the circulation of the blood, the beating of the heart, and the motion of sap in trees and plants, and of all other objects which at present cannot be observed."

"If a watch with an aluminum case is subjected to the process I have described, the wheels will be seen to revolve. A small animal or insect is enclosed in a small box and caused to eat or move about, the motions of its interior structure become at once visible. The crystallization of solids from liquids may be seen, although the action is carried on in such a way as to be invisible by ordinary light. In the same way, if the apparatus is large enough, the whole skeleton of a human being can be observed, as can also the movements of the man's entire interior structure during every process of living.

"As a name for the instrument, through which these observations are made, 'Kinetoskotoscope' has been suggested."

The X rays have shown buckshot in a man's hand at Chicago, and a needle in a lady's foot at Toronto.

A TRUTHFUL FORTUNE-TELLER.

Even in this intelligent age of the world, there are too many people who believe in the humbuggery of "fortune-telling;" but if all so-called fortune-tellers were as frank as the one mentioned in the following story, which is borrowed from the Detroit Free Press, and may or may not be true, they would have fewer patrons than they have now.

A man was having his fortune told. "I see," said the "seventh daughter of the seventh daughter," contracting her eyebrows, "I see the name of John."

"Yes," said the sitter, indicating that he had heard the name before.

"The name seems to have given you a great deal of trouble."

"It has."

"This John is an intimate friend."

"That's so," he said, wonderingly.

"And often leads you to do things you are sorry for."

"True; every word."

"His influence over you is bad."

"Right again."

"But you will soon have a serious quarrel, when you will become estranged."

"I'm glad of that. Now spell out his whole name."

The fortune teller opened one eye and carefully studied the face of the visitor. Then she wrote some cabalistic message, and handed it to him in exchange for her fee.

"Do not read it until you are at home," she said, solemnly. "It is your friend's whole name."

When he reached home he lit the gas and gravely examined the paper. There he read, in picket fence characters, the name of his friend: "Demi-John."

Fond Parent—"Bobby, did you pick all the white meat of this chicken?" Bobby—"Well, pop, to make a clean breast of it, I did."

Hold the Fort.

A BAND OF MERCY HYMN.

Peace on earth, good will to mortals,
And God's creatures all,
Every living thing that moveth,
On this earthly ball.

Chorus—

Hold the fort, for we are coming,
Fifty millions strong!
Listen, and you'll hear the music
Of the angels' song.

Poor and patient, dumb and silent,
They have waited long;
Now the world is getting nearer
To the heavenly throng.

Now the world is growing kinder,
Notes of love are heard;
Bands of mercy multiplying,—
Gentleness the word.

Now the stars are getting brighter,
And the sky more blue,
And the sunshine growing softer,
Over hearts more true.

Now the holy name of Jesus
Sweeter grows each day,
And the number is increasing,
Of the hosts that pray

Now the glorious day is dawning,
Long by seers foretold,
Grand millennium of glory,
Promised age of gold.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 26.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Luke 16. 19-31. Memory verses, 25, 26.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—
Luke 16. 13.

Time.—A.D. 30, and closely following
last lesson.

Place.—Perea.

CONNECTING LINKS.

After the parable of the Prodigal Son, Jesus by the story of the unjust steward taught the right use of riches. Then as a contrast he illustrated the wrong use of wealth by the parable of to-day's lesson. It was spoken especially to the Pharisees.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday. Read the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16. 19-31). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read the danger of too much ease (Amos 6. 1-6) Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday. Read unsafe trusting (Luke 12. 13-21). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday. Read wealth without goodness (Eccles. 6) Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read concerning the love of this world (1 John 2. 8-17). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read of the treasures contained in heaven (Matt 6. 19-34) Study teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read of the greatest of all rewards (Matt. 25. 31-46).

QUESTIONS.

1. Our Lord's View of a Palace, verses 19-21.—19. Whom did the rich man represent? How is his great wealth indicated? 20. What words are used to show how helpless Lazarus was?

2. Our Lord's View of Hell, verses 22-26.—22. What was meant by "Abraham's bosom?" 23. How are men divided after death? 24. Which is the only prayer to saints mentioned in the Bible? Was it answered? 25. Will there be memory in the life to come? What are the "good things" of the rich man? 26. Why is the gulf called "great?"

3. Our Lord's View of the Human Heart, verses 27-31. 28. What led him to ask for a message to his brethren? What did the request imply? 31. How has it been proved that the return of

people from the other world would not lead people to repent?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Our gifts and possessions are to be used for God and our fellows. There will be terrible changes in the next world. We cannot hide our real condition from God. Sins of omission will condemn many. The evil and the good will be separated hereafter. It is not more light we need, but an eye to see and a heart to love. Our last chance comes in this life.

THE PROTECTION OF BELGIAN DOGS.

A little while ago we told our readers of the dogs that draw the teams in Belgium. As you may well believe, all the

ever goes crooked, or shies into the ditch, he is not to blame. To the rider who masters him he is ever obedient, and will go fast without the whip, or slow without the guidance of the voice.

He is all skeleton, and the air has free circulation through his bones of steel. He requires to be rubbed down like other horses, but he never goes to sleep, and you do not need to build a stable for him, for you can keep him in the hall-way of the house.

The most curious thing about him is, that though he can go a mile in three minutes he cannot stand alone. If he is not in motion he drops down, unless you take the precaution to lean him against the wall. He never runs away of his own accord. He has a great objection to a stranger mounting him; and if you doubt this, make the trial. To walk up the mountain side, to climb up the steps

Only a Bird.

BY MARY C. JOHNSON.

Only a bird, a little sprite
That made the wild woods ring
With the silvery note
From its merry throat,
In the early, glad some spring,
Wee bosom red, black shiny head,
And eyes with a soft warm light.

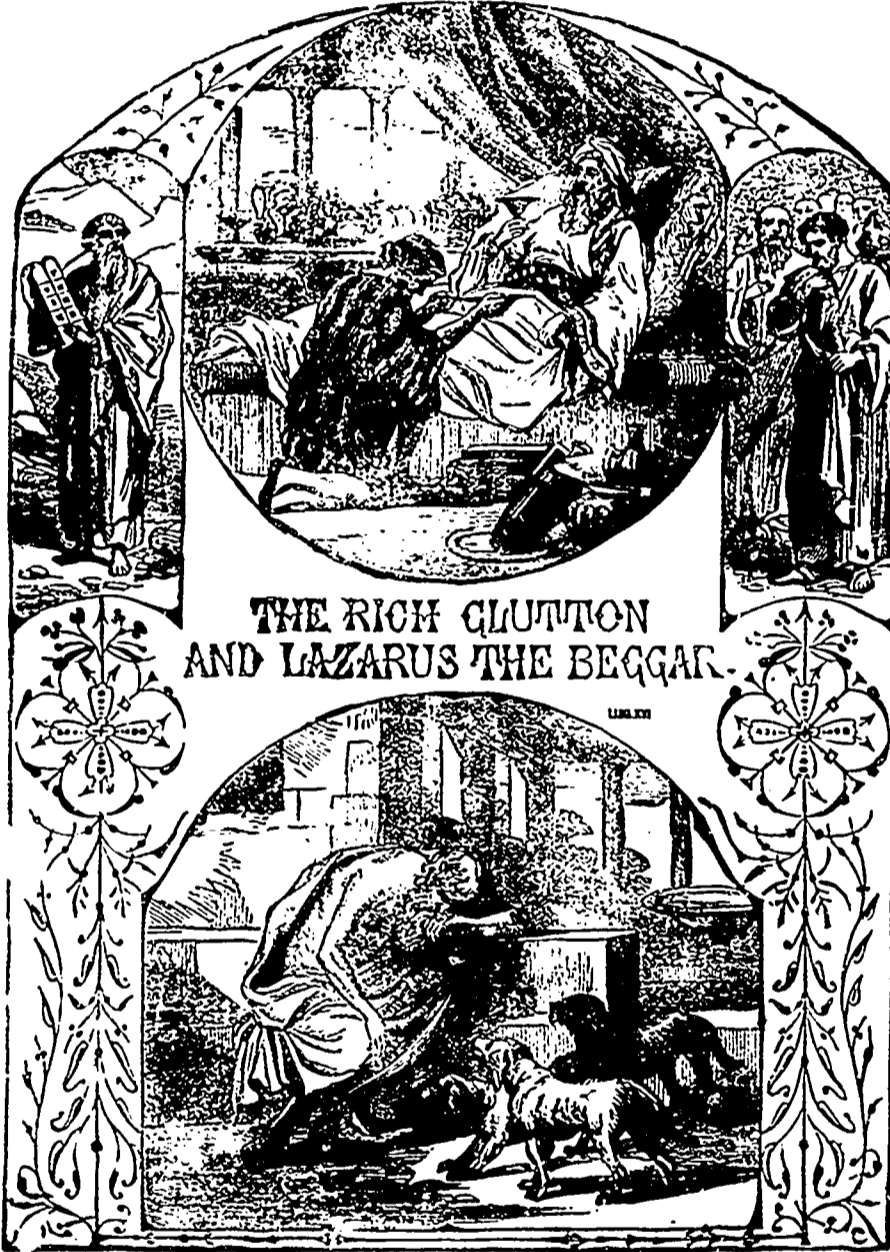
Only a bird—Dame Fashion heard,
And her proud lips curled in scorn;
"To my taste," said she, "'twould better
be
If a bird on the hat was worn."

So she sent herimps on their fendish quest
To roam the woodland through,
To tear the wings from the mother's breast,
For no pity their cruel hearts knew.
Alas! for the homes in the woodland bowers,
Where their vandal feet have trod,
For the dew shone red on the weeping flowers,
And the blood-stains marked the sod.

But never a word of pity stirred
The heart of Fashion cold,
The ears of beauty never heard
The terrible tale that was told;
Told by the weeping flowers in the glen
Where their voices have ceased to ring,
Told by the shrieking wee birds in the nest
Unwarmed by a mother's wing.

Only a bird, a ghastly thing
That sat in a milliner's shop,
With ruffled plumage and stiffened wing
And a miserable cotton crop.
A tuneless throat; alas! alas!
Held stiff by an ugly wire,
And staring, expressionless eyes of glass,
That emit no sparks of fire.

Only a bird, a little sprite,
That made the wild woods ring
With the merry note
From its beautiful throat,
In the early, glad some spring,
Stuffed bosom red, black dried-up head,
And eyes with a crazy stare.



THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS THE BEGGAR.

men who use these dogs are not kind to them. Some of the dogs are not only abused and beaten to compel them to draw the very heavy loads, but they are not well fed, and show that they are hungry. Now some kind hearted people in Belgium are trying to protect the dogs, and have laws passed that will put the men in prison who do not use them well.

People all over the world are growing kinder-hearted, and abuse of animals rouses all the people to defend them.

If you can get somebody to read to you the story of "The Dog of Flanders," this story will make you love dogs more than ever before.

THE BICYCLE.

The bicycle is a curious horse, and a useful one. He has lately come to earth, and he has come to stay. He has two wheels instead of four legs. He eats no oats, he drinks no water, but now and then he takes a few sips of oil, and if he does not get it he squeaks with every foot of ground he travels over. He never gets tired, though his rider may; and if he

of the Pyramid in Egypt, is an easy task to mounting a bicycle for the first time. It cannot be done unless a friend holds with a firm grip the ugly beast. He goes to the right and to the left, and at the first chance drops himself and you. Then he goes straight into danger when you want him to stop, and he stops when you want him to go on. You wildly steer all sorts of ways, and he goes no ways at all.

WINDFALL.

The origin of this term is said to be the following:

Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden to fell any of the trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees, however, as fell without cutting, were the property of the occupant. A tornado, therefore, was a perfect godsend to those who had extensive forests on their estates, and the windfall was sometimes of very great value.

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