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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

VOL. XII.] TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1892. [No. 25.

Sir Walter's Honour.

BY MARGARET T. PRESTON.

III.

'Twas midnight; but in Plymouth yet
Went on the wassail-bout;
The early moon was just a-set,
And all the stars were out,

When at Sir Walter's prison bars
A muffled tap was heard;
And as his ear was bent to hear,
He caught the whispered word.

"Haste, father, haste! The way is clear;
I've bribed the seneschal;
The warder o'er the henchmen's beer,
Keeps riot in the hall.

"I hold the key that opes the gate,
And at the water stair
In the moored barge my mother waits—
She waits to meet thee there.

"Quick, father! catch thy doublet up,
Without a moment's stay,
Before they drain their latest cup,
We must be far away.

"Outside the bar a galley lies,
And ere the sun doth glance
Its earliest beams across the skies,
We shall be safe in France."

"Ah, boy—my boy—my brave Carew!
Why tempt thy father so?
I—loyal, conscience-clear, and *true*—
What need have *I* to go?

"My traitrous foes, once trusted friends,
Would be the first to say
I flout the laws, and flee, because
I am as false as they."

"Yet, father, come! Foul threats they bring,
Dark counsels they have planned;
And justice thou shalt never wring
From cold King James's hand!

"My mother, at the water's brink,
Waits, all her fears awake;
And if escape should fail, I think—
I think her heart will break."

Too much! His bravery shrank to meet
The weight of such a blow;
And springing instant to his feet,
He answered, "*I will go*."

They thrid the narrow, stony hall;
They found the door unbarred;
And in the shadow of the wall,
They crossed the prison yard.

With stealthy steps they reached the shore,
And on its rapid way
The boat, with softly dipping oar,
Dropped down the silent bay.

IV.

Across the star-lit stream they steal,
Without one uttered word,
The waters gurgling at the keel
Was all the sound they heard.

The good French barque, that soon would bear
Them hence, lay full in view;
"*An oar's length more, and we are there!*"
Whispered the boy Carew.

They rocked within its shadow. Then,
Sir Walter, under breath,
First spoke and kissed and kissed again
Lady Elizabeth.

"Nay, Bess! It must not, shall not be,
Whatever others can,
That *I* should like a dastard flee
For fear of mortal man!

"All Orinoco's mines of gold,
All virgin realms I claim,
Are less to me a thousand fold,
Than my untarnished name.

"Put back the boat! Nay, sweet, no moan!
Thy love is so divine,
That thou wouldst rather die than own
A craven heart were mine!

"My purse, good oarsman! Pull thy best,
And we may make the shore
Before the latest trencher-guest
Hath left the warder's door.

"Hist! Not one other pleading word:
Life were not worth a groat
If breath of shame could blur my name;
Put back! put back the boat!

"Ah, Bess"—(she is too stunned to speak!)
"But thou, my boy, Carew,
Shalt pledge thy vow, even here, and now,
That—faithful, tried, and true—

"Thou'lt choose, whatever stress may rise,
Whilst thou hast life and breath,
Before temptation—sacrifice!
Before dishonour—death!"

V.

The boatman turned, he dared not bide,
Nor say Sir Walter nay;
And with his oars against the tide
He laboured up the bay.

And when beside the water-stair,
With grief no words can tell,
They braced themselves at length to bear
The wrench of the farewell—

The boy, with proud, yet tear-dimmed eyes,
Kept murmuring, under breath:
"—Before temptation—sacrifice!
Before dishonour—death!"

The Boy for Me.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky,
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

'Your Boys are Wanted.'

YES, the liquor dealer wants them
In his den across the way,
With its screen door and its lanterns
Making night as light as day.
He who never in his window
Displays the goods in sight,
But the drunkard on the sidewalk
His wicked bus is to tell.

Yes the temperance worker wants them,
The boys so brave and true,
To tell the precious story—
The old but ever new—
How Christ can save the drunkard,
Can break the iron chains
That hold him now in bondage,
In misery and pains.

Yes, Jesus, Jesus wants them;
I hear him calling now.
"My son, come give me your heart
And to my service bow.
In the whole field around us
The boys must have a place
To help advance my kingdom
Of righteousness and peace."

Hark! Now the boys are coming!
Each voice is summing free.
"Beneath Christ's holy banner,
Ah, that's the place for me.
For right and truth and temperance
And godliness I stand!'
I pledge myself to Jesus,
I follow his command."

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1892.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALK.

Come, eat of my bread.—Prov. 9, 5.

DID you ever see a starving person? How pale and pinched and eager such a one looks! How the hollow eyes roll around as in search of something! How the wasted hand reaches out to grasp the offered food!

We are starving in our spirits if we are not taking the food that Jesus offers. Perhaps we do not know it. The food that the world offers may seem very good to us, and we may think that we can live upon it always. But we cannot. We shall starve and die if we do not have the heavenly food. Children need this food as much as grown people. If we eat it we shall live; if we pass it by and think we can get along very well without it, we shall die. Which shall it be?

Jesus says, "Come, eat of my bread." He wants us to have the right kind of food, and so he not only makes it ready, but he invites us to come and eat. You remember the Bible story of the great king who made a feast, and then had to invite and urge and fairly compel the people to come and enjoy it. How strange and sad that is!

Dear little friend, do not you be one of that hard-hearted, ungrateful company. Jesus, the "Bread of Life," alone can satisfy you. He says: "He that cometh to me shall never hunger." John 6. 35. Will you come to him and eat—that is, believe his words and obey them? Or, will you stay away from him, and go through life hungry and starving?

Jesus does not tell us to come and taste of the heavenly food, but he wants us to eat it. Our bodies are not kept alive by tasting food, nor even by eating it once in a great while. We have to eat it again and again, if we want to live. And so our spirits are kept alive only by taking the bread of life all the time.

We do not live of the food that sustains our bodies, and God has made our spirit-food so good that we long for it more, the more we eat it. Let us make this our prayer. Bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more!

ONLY A BUNCH OF ROSES.

THE roses were fresh with dew and sweet with fragrance as Madge Burton gathered them hastily that fair summer morning. Pinning them quickly to her girdle, she entered the carriage that was waiting for her, and was driven to the station, where she took the train for a city fifty miles distant.

Money was not very plentiful with the Burtons, so the young girl had to content herself with riding in the ordinary car. She made a very sweet picture in the dusty car, and I do not think there was one present who did not admire it. Her bright, sunny face, her dignified yet gentle bearing; her winsome smile upon tired and fretful children, who had travelled many a weary mile; her tasteful, neat attire, with the bunch of roses in her girdle—wore all noticed in a quiet way.

In the seat in front of her was a crippled child—a sad looking, thin girl, whose earthly life was destined to be very short. She looked over her shoulder a number of times at Madge, and finally she said, wistfully, with some hesitation:

"Would you mind if I should sit by you just a little while?"

"Not at all. I should be happy to have you do so," was the ready answer, given as courteously as if speaking to a young princess.

The child, leaning upon her crutches, took her place beside Madge.

"You don't look a bit tired," was her first observation. Madge smiled into the questioning face.

"I am not tired," she said; "I have just begun my day."

"I am tired. I have come a long way—'way from Denver. I couldn't sleep last night, my knees ached so. What beautiful roses you've got! We used to have roses in our garden before we went to Denver. We're going to the town where we used to live—pa and I. Pa's in the smoking-car."

"Isn't your mother with you?"

"Ma's dead," was the reply, and the thin lips quivered. "We had to bury her away out in Colorado."

"You poor, dear child!" said Madge, not wondering that the lonely little girl had begged to sit beside her.

She unfastened the rosebuds from her girdle, and taking out half of them, gave them to the child, whose pale face grew jubilant with surprise. She held them to her lips, and very soon, with the flowers held close to her breast, she fell asleep.

Madge put an arm about her gently, and drew her head to her shoulder. The child slept peacefully for half an hour; then, as the cars stopped at a small town, a man came in hurriedly. He was the cripple's father. A mist came over his eyes at sight of the sleeping child; and, as he stooped and gathered her in his strong arms, he said, in a low voice full of feeling:

"I'm not a prayin' mon, miss, but may the Lord's blessin' rest on ye forever for your kindness to me poor mitherless bairn!"

The travellers from Colorado had reached their destination. The sleeping child, who had suffered all through the previous night, did not thoroughly awaken, only arousing a little as she was carried through the car, murmuring:

"I've—been—in—heaven—pa—I've—got—some—roses."

The rest of the father's eyes seemed to have spread through the car. No word was spoken aloud concerning the little scene just over, but in many a heart there was heard the voice Divine whispering: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Sunday-school Times.

KILLING TIME.

"OH, dear!" sighed Tommy Dodd, "I wish I had something to do."

"Is it possible," asked Aunt Mary, "that a boy of fourteen can find nothing to do? Has he mastered all his studies?"

"Oh, I guess I know a good deal," said Tommy sulkily.

"And have you explored all the surrounding country for ten miles? Your uncle says this mountain and valley are very rich in mineral and botanical treasures."

"I haven't travelled around very much," admitted Tommy reluctantly.

"Then, of course, you have put the hinge on the back gate, mended the horse trough, fixed the chicken coop, and done ten or fifteen other jobs your father spoke about last Saturday!"

"No o-o, I haven't."

"But I thought you said that you had nothing to do?"

"Now, you are laughing at me, Aunt Mary," said Tommy earnestly. "I feel awfully dull, and I want something to do, not exactly work, you know, but something that will interest me."

"Yes, I understand you. You have got into a languid, listless way of thinking and working, until time hangs heavy on your hands. You lie back and dream of doing something great instead of doing something useful; you are always looking abroad for jobs of interest, while you shut your eyes to many beautiful and interesting objects close at hand. When you come of age you will come into a large fortune, and then you will spend your money killing time and doing really nothing."

"Oh, no, I won't," he cried a little angrily. "When I am a man"—

"The boy is father to the man," said Aunt Mary, quietly. "If you can find nothing to interest you now while you are young and fresh, what will the world be to you when you are old? I hope you will find out before it is too late that the days are too short for busy men. Do you know that Newton, the great astronomer, after a life spent in a perfect grind of work, sighed to think that he had accomplished so little?"

"Did he though?"

"Yes, indeed, and he was only one in many. Mr. Edison, the great inventor, limits his hours of sleep because he has so much to occupy his time. He never has to think how he can kill time."

"No, I suppose not," said the boy, thoughtfully.

"Then there is the great Gladstone. He is more than eighty years of age, and you would think that he would by this time know everything worth knowing and want to take a rest. But he is the busiest man in England. Every day he studies and works and writes, and his only complaint is that life is too short for the work he wants to do."

"That's strange," commented Tommy.

"No, it isn't. Nobody really has more time than he can use—he only thinks so. A busy man can find something to occupy every waking hour. Emerson, in one of his essays, wonders why people should be permitted to live who have more time than they want, and Pliny said of some dull, sleepy men, who had complained of having lost an evening hearing an essay, that they were angry, not because they had lost an evening, but rather because they had been compelled to make use of it."

"Perhaps I am lazy," admitted Tommy, with an uneasy laugh.

"That is the best name for it," replied Aunt Mary, with a smile, and you should begin right away to cure yourself. Commence to-day by doing everything you possibly can that needs doing. Work—work until you are tired out, and as you work you will think of something else to do when that job is finished. Try it for a week, and I warrant you will not find any necessity for killing time."

THE BEAR.

BY MRS. ANSON NELSON.

GOD has given us many pearls of wisdom in the words of the wise man who was king in Jerusalem nearly three thousand years ago. One of these precious pearls thus reflects the light of wisdom into our hearts:

"Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man,
Rather than a fool in his folly."

One of the divine definitions of a fool is the man who does not believe in God. Better is it to encounter an infuriated wild beast than to meet such a man in his folly, blurting out his blasphemous thoughts and specious arguments, thereby leading astray even the intelligent and the honest who do not commit themselves to the Lord for his safe keeping.

There are bears in all latitudes, but those that live in warm countries are feeble and tame, compared to the large, powerful, ferocious bear of the polar regions. In *menageries the polar bear cannot long* be preserved, because it droops and dies, even in winter, from the unaccustomed heat, and the lack of sufficient water.

It is astonishing what intense and constant affection those ferocious and apparently unfeeling animals have for each other. When one is killed, its mate seems to be unable to understand that its dead form cannot be brought again to its usual activity. It will fondle the stiffening remains, and in its deep longing for the old time companionship, will suffer itself to be killed rather than leave the beloved body. The same undying affection is seen in the bear mother for her cubs. Arctic navigators, from Captain Scoresby to Dr. Kane, tell us how their sympathies have been aroused for these savage mothers in whom have been so strongly united the shape and habits of beasts and the sweet instincts of human maternity. Neither cruel wounds, nor even death itself, can make them desert their young. When the cub has been killed, the poor mother will not believe it, but will vainly try to persuade the little thing to rise and go away, or strive to make it eat the food for which she has been foraging to satisfy its hunger, and which she will not herself touch, though she is starving. It is this affectionate animal, infuriated by disappointment and despair, which the Lord uses as an illustration by King Solomon, and also by the prophet Hosea. He says: "I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps." God is love: but those who will not hear his lovely and entreating voice, and who persist in forgetting him and his love, he will meet at last as a bear meets her deadly enemy, and "the wild beasts shall tear them."

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

THE annals of precocity present no more remarkable instance than the brief career of Christian Heinecker, born at Lubeck in 1721. At the age of ten months he could speak and repeat every word that was said to him. When twelve months old he knew by heart the principal events narrated in the Pentateuch; in his second year he learned the greater part of the history of the Bible, both of the Old and New Testaments; in his third year he could reply to most questions on universal history and geography; in the same year he learned to speak Latin and French; in his fourth year he employed himself in the study of religion and the history of the Church—and he was able not only to repeat what he read, but also to express his own judgment.

The King of Denmark wishing to see this wonderful child, he was taken to Copenhagen, there examined before the Court, and proclaimed to be a wonder.

On his return home he learned to write, but his constitution being weak, he shortly after fell ill, and died on the 27th of June, 1725, without showing any uneasiness at the approach of death.

This account is confirmed by many respectable authorities. Martini published a dissertation at Lubeck, in which he attempted to account for the circumstances of the child's early development of intellect.

Something for All

There's dear young folks that are now gathered here,
I'm going to speak without favour or fear.
I'm going to ask you to not make a noise,
Let's boys think they're men, and the men think they're boys,
And we'll get along nicely, and all will go well.
For I'm full to overflowing with something to tell
That I hope ere you leave, you'll be glad that you came,
For this meeting is yours, with its object and aim.

To the boys I would say, never drink, smoke, or chew;
For the habit is filthy—it never will do.
Be the temperance boys of each nation and state
We will grow into men and be noble and great.
I expect I shall hear wond'rous things of you all,
Not excepting the youngest—no matter how small;
If with smoking and drinking you've nothing to do,
Then the grandest of futures is open to you.

To the girls with their dollies, their pictures and toys,
I would say, keep an eye on the creatures called boys;
And as older you grow, don't you ever be seen
With a two-legged drinking and smoking machine;
For you each have an influence mighty and great,
As no doubt you will find if you patiently wait.
And when older you're grown, and look handsome and wise,
Don't season with brandy your puddings and pies.

To the fathers and mothers, the uncles and aunts,
I have only to say that the boy just in pants
Will be better and brighter, in body, in brain,
If he comes to our meetings and learns to abstain.
And the girls you may save from much trouble and care,
If you have them instructed of drink to beware.
So look after the children, the dear ones we love;
And the great God will bless you from heaven above.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER III.

LOST IN LONDON.

For a minute or two Sandy stood still again, bewildered and motionless, as at first, staring at the place where Gip ought to have been by her mother's side, and hardly able to believe that he should not see her white little face looking up suddenly from among the rags, and hear her cry, "Here little Gip are, Dandy!" The wind and rain beat against the window, and soaked through the paper that covered most of the panes. Down in the alley there was an unusual stillness. All at once he fancied he could hear Gip crying and wailing in the storm, and could see her toddling with her naked feet on the wet stones, with her damp hair hanging over her little face. What a many streets there were in London, with so many turnings! and Gip was lost among them, wandering about alone in the rain and the wind and the darkness, trying to find Sandy, and crying for him to come and carry her home again. He felt as though his heart would break at the mere thought of it.

It was only for a minute or two that Sandy lingered, for there was no time to lose. Then he crept very cautiously towards his sleeping mother, and felt carefully in her pocket. No; she had not come home till every penny was spent; neither had he a penny in the world. But he carried away with him his stock of fusees; for he had made up his mind during that minute or two, that as soon as he found little Gip he would bear her off to some distant part of London, and go home no more to their drunken mother. He felt almost triumphant when his plan crossed his mind, despite of his deep distress. Gip would soon be old enough to run by his side, and when she was tired he would carry her, and they would live together in any hole or corner. He knew several, where, if he put Gip next to the wall, and lay outside himself, perhaps she would not feel the rain and cold so very much. Some of the other fusee-boys would help him when they were in luck, and he would help them in his turn. One thing he resolved upon—he would never go back to his mother again, never!

He went slowly down into the quiet alley, still hoping he might hear Gip cry from some dark corner. He called to her, at first softly, then more and more loudly, until some of the neighbours opened their doors or windows, and asked what was the matter, and why he was making that row?

"Mother's been and lost Gip," he answered, catching at the hope that perhaps she was safely lodged in one of their dwellings, "is there anybody as has seen her? It is a awful night, fit to drown the cats as are out of doors, and she's sich a little gel. Mother's dead drunk, and doesn't know a word about her. Hasn't anybody seen little Gip?"

The women chattered to one another across the narrow alley about Nancy Carroll and her drunkenness, but not one of them know anything of Gip, except that she had been seen with her mother going down into the street a little before dark. One or two hinted that maybe she had been made away with as a trouble, and Sandy's blood ran chill at the mere thought of such a terrible thing.

"No, no!" he cried, "nobody'ud have the heart to do that; she's such a pretty little gel. No, no! mother'ud never do sich a thing as that; she'd be good to her at times, she would, when she were herself; and little Gip wasn't never a trouble."

"Drink'll make Nancy Carroll do anything!" said a sharp-voiced woman, who prided herself upon not getting drunk oftener than once a week, and then upon a Sunday, when business was slack. Sandy did not linger to discuss the dreadful question with her; he was only the more eager to be off, and prove the suspicion false, by finding Gip somewhere. Tucking up his stock-in-trade, by which he was to support Gip and himself, as securely as he could under his jacket, he turned away, and ran down the dark archway into the street.

But once there, which way was he to turn—to the right hand or to the left? In the alley this perplexity had not troubled him, for there were not two directions where Gip could wander. There were spirit-vaults which his mother frequented at each end of the street. Every way there stretched around him a tangled network of streets, with lanes and alleys and courts crossing one another, extending for hundreds of miles. True, little Gip could not have wandered very far off as yet, for she was too small and weakly, but if Sandy chose one direction, perhaps she would be paddling away just in the opposite one, and every step he took would set them farther and farther apart. First of all, he went to both of the spirit-vaults, which were crowded this wet night, and searched in every corner, asking the busy assistants behind the counters if they had seen a little girl all alone. But she was not there, and there was nothing else to guide him to her. Yet a choice had to be made, and trusting himself to his luck, Sandy set off running as fast as he could through the now deserted streets, peeping into every doorway with his quick searching eyes, and shouting "Gip! Gip!" up every archway and passage where she might have found shelter, if she had had sense enough.

It was a miserable night, one that Sandy could never forget, if he lived to be a hundred years old. The rain came down pitilessly, and the gusts of wind tore past him, blowing open his tattered clothes, as if to force a way for the cold rain to beat against his bare skin. But his dread for Gip made him almost unconscious of his own wretchedness and weariness and hunger. She had no shoes, had little Gip, or a bonnet, or a jacket; nothing but a worn-out cotton frock which he had picked up very cheaply in Rag Fair; so cheap and worn that his mother had not found it worth while to sell it again. To think of Gip out in this rain and wind was agony to him, and he could very well bear the smaller misery of being wet and chilled to the bone himself. Along the silent streets, over the crossings, round corners, Sandy pressed on at the top of his speed, resting now and then to take breath on a doorstep for a short minute or so, until the eastern sky grew gray, and the morning came, and all the great city woke up slowly; but yet he had not found Gip. She was lost still.

As the streets filled he knew his chance of seeing or hearing her would be very small. But he could not give up the search. It seemed as if he could not live without little Gip. Why! to lose her in this way would be a hundred times worse than to see her lying dead in her small coffin like the other babies, and watch the lid nailed over the peaceful face, and follow her with quiet tears to the cemetery a long way off, where the ground swallowed them up, and there was an end of them. They would never be cold or famished or beaten any more. Why had not Gip died rather than have this dreadful misfortune happen to her? He would never give up seeking for her until he found out whether she was living or dead.

(To be continued.)

"WILL I BE LIKE YOU, PAPA?"

A gentleman who for years had been more or less under the influence of liquor, and whose red nose stamped him as an inebriate, had gone home to his wife and children in this condition. He was not unkind in act or in words. It was his delight to play at games with his little ones, as he was able, and to entertain them with wonderful stories. On this occasion the family were all together in the sitting-room, and, the usual games having been played, little Freddie, a lad of about six years of age, had climbed upon his father's knee and was asking all sorts of boyish questions. He talked as a child will—of what he would do when he was a "big man," asked if he would be like papa then; and finally, after a long and serious look into his father's face, with every shade of childish curiosity in his voice and glance, put to him this bewildering query: "Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face all swelled?"

Ah, why should that poor swollen face grow redder than it was wont to be? Why should his arms so quickly draw that boy to his breast? And why should tears flow and voice tremble as he replied in words and tone that made his mother's heart glad?

"No, Freddie, please God, you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life."

"Be like him." He had never thought of that before, and the bare possibility staggered him. All the love of his father's heart cried out against such a fate. That boy, his pride, going about with a bloated face and poisoned breath? No, no; he was not prepared for that. Never before had he seen his own looks so clearly; they were reflected in the boy's—the boy grown to manhood; and honour, affection and reason came to the rescue. The child had preached a sermon no orator could deliver; and innocence and ignorance had accomplished what learning and logic had aimed at in vain.

Those words "went home."

JIMMY AND THE CALF.

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy, and he was thought to be a very brave little fellow by all his relations and friends, because he was not afraid of the dark, and did not seem to be afraid of anything else.

Jimmy himself often boasted of his courage, and quite looked down on those of his playmates who did not dare to go out of the house after nightfall. But the time came when his pride had a fall.

Having occasion to step outside of the door one evening, he had scarcely closed it behind when his parents heard a shrill scream. Then came a rush and a scramble, followed by the bursting open of the door, and Jimmy's appearance on the threshold with pale face and dilated eyes.

"Why, Jimmy," asked the father, "what is the matter?"

"Oh!" replied Jimmy, in a voice he tried to make steady, "how I did scare that calf. I scared him awful."

It seems a little calf had chosen the sheltered corner of the house for a lodging-place that night, and, startled by Jimmy's sudden appearance, it sprang suddenly to its feet, nearly knocking the small boy over as it did so.

Jimmy has never heard the last of scaring the timid little calf, although he is a man now. —*Detroit Free Press.*

"OUR BOY."

Little Benny Powers sat on the end of the seat in the Sunday-school class, and every few minutes Percy Grooves gave him a sly push that almost sent him off, and then laughed to see the frightened look in his face.

Benny was a homeless little waif, whom Miss Reynolds had coaxed to come into the class, hoping to bring some brightness into his life by telling him of Jesus, the loving friend of children. Benny's mother was dead and his father was so given to drink that much of the time his son had to go cold and hungry.

Miss Reynolds saw with pain the thoughtless way in which her well-dressed boys were treating the poor little stranger.

The Bible lesson for the day was "Christ's Love to the Young." As Miss Reynolds explained the sweet story of Jesus' love for the little ones, Benny's eyes grew bright with wonder and joy. Would Jesus really care for him? Would the Saviour be pleased if he loved him and tried to do right? He was too shy to ask these questions, for he had never been to Sunday school before, and to him everything was new and strange.

Wishing to interest the boys of her class in the little stranger, and knowing they were thoughtless rather than unkind in their feelings towards him, Miss Reynolds told them the story of a boy who once attended Bible school in Manchester, England.

"James Kershaw, a bright boy of ten years, was very troublesome to his teacher; he was both mischievous and disobedient. Again and again the teacher had said to the superintendent of the school, 'I cannot do anything with him.'

"But the kind superintendent, unwilling to turn the boy from the Sunday-school, had answered, 'I am sure there is good in James if one knew how to develop it.'

"At last James did something so bad that the superintendent asked him, before the whole school, if he were not sorry for an act which might cause him to be expelled.

"The little fellow stood before them, bold and defiant, not at all sorry. Then the superintendent, in an earnest talk that was both firm and kind, touched at last the heart of the child, who began to show some feeling. Turning to the boys before him, the superintendent said:

"'My lads, if we expel James from the school he will go from bad to worse. Shall he go?'

"'No, no, no!' shouted hundreds of boyish voices, and James burst into tears, conquered by their love and kindness.

"After that he became a faithful scholar, and grew to be a noble man. He was a member of Parliament, and a generous giver to the cause of missions at home and in foreign lands."

"Now, boys," said Miss Reynolds when she had finished telling the story, "here is a work in which you, too, can help one to grow into a noble manhood. Will you try?"

Percy Grooves, who was quick to respond to good impulses as to the love of mischief, drew Benny to his side in a protecting manner, and the other boys showed their ready assent by their sympathy.

Here was a special work for them to do. "He shall be our boy, they said, and if they carry out the plans made that afternoon and the next week, little Benny Powers will have a great deal of help from his loyal little friends in the Sunday-school class.—*Sunday-school Messenger.*

(See first page.)

FIREPROOF GARMENTS.

BY MRS. J. R. BAKER.

Not many years since the only waterproof garments in existence were the stiff heavy oilskins, or tarpaulins, worn by seafaring men, made from linen or cotton, saturated with oil or covered with a coating of tar or paint. Now, owing to the discovery of India rubber, all manner of completely waterproof coverings are made for all manner of uses, among these waterproof garments for men, women, and children. What discovery and invention have done to give us waterproof garments, discovery and invention are now doing to give us, what is of equal value or greater importance, fireproof garments.

These garments are made from a curious mineral known to the French Canadian miner as *pierre a coton*; that is, cotton stone; to the German as *steinflachs*, stone-flax; but the name by which it is known to commerce is asbestos, a Greek word signifying ceaseless, indicating its fire-resisting quality. In colour it is a pure white, cream yellow, or gray green, and is a glossy, fibrous, flexible, infusible stone, which can be spun into the finest threads and woven cloth like silk or cotton, and is as completely fireproof as India-rubber cloth is waterproof.

This mineral was first found in deposits of hornblende in Italy, and was known to the Greeks and Romans, who gave it the name of asbestos, and made from it by adding flax, which was afterwards beaten out, a kind of coarse cloth, which they called live linen. This they used to wrap the bodies of the illustrious dead who were burned on the funeral pyre, in order that their ashes might be kept separate from the ashes of the pyre.

The Romans, however, found it impossible by reason of the oily character of the substance and the extreme fineness of its ultimate fibre, to make a cloth that would hold together under any considerable strain, and therefore, little use was ever made of asbestos cloth. Modern invention has now to a great extent overcome these difficulties, but since the discovery of the great deposit of asbestos lying in serpentine rock, extending from Northern Vermont to the coast of Labrador, the manufacture of asbestos into cloth and various other commodities has gone on apace.

The output of the Canadian mines for 1889 was something over five thousand tons, more than three fourths of which were taken by the manufacturers of the United States. It is here made into a variety of articles. The lowest grade, called "thirds," is ground into a powder of which a fireproof cement is made for coating pipes, safes, and vaults, and as a covering for roofs. It is also mixed in a paint for woodwork, which, if not absolutely fireproof, will resist a great amount of heat. Of the "seconds" a compact, lustrous felt, very valuable by reason of its non-conducting and fire-resisting qualities, is made to "blanket" locomotive boilers and pipes, or wherever economy of heat is essential. Spun into yarn and twisted into rope, it is used for packing cylinder-heads, pistons, hot-air-joints, and for fire-escapes. It is also manufactured into wall and packing papers, and into a fine grade of printing and writing paper for legal and commercial documents. The "firsts" are made into cloths, stage curtains and draperies, mailbags and salvage blankets, gloves and stockings for those working about furnaces and molten metals; in short, into all kinds of beneficent garments. Paris has recently furnished her firemen with complete suits of asbestos cloth, and the day is rapidly approaching when in every household fire-proof garments will be as common, if not as cheap, as waterproof garments.

WHAT A HANDKERCHIEF DID.

An innocent little piece of linen—simply a handkerchief—recently caused a great commotion, and almost serious trouble, as noted in *Public Opinion*. It happened in this wise:

On the roof of a meat store in Salem, Mass., a clothes-line was stretched, and on it a wet handkerchief was hung to dry. This was seized by the wind and twisted around an electric wire. By means of its dampness, this handkerchief conducted the electricity along the wire, and brought it into communication with other wires, running along which it reached the water-pipes in the cellar. From these the electricity sprang to the stove, on which stood a kettle of boiling fat, to which it communicated so strong a light that a workman who was near thought the fat was burning. In attempting to take the kettle from the stove he received an electric shock which threw him against the wall. Pale with terror, the man ran into a room back of the workshop. Another workman, trying to bring him a glass of water, turned the brass faucet of the water-pipe, and was immediately thrown against the furthest corner of the room. For several minutes everything appeared to be turned into a galvanic battery. The nails on the wall were red hot, the water-pipes spouted out flames, and even the iron bands of the water pail showed signs of disturbances. Finally the cause of the commotion was discovered and ended as soon as the wire was freed from the embrace of the wet handkerchief.

What a Boy Can Do.

These are some of the things that a boy can do:

He can whistle so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck
As well as a rooster, hen, or duck;
He can bark like a dog, he can low like a cow,
And a cat itself can't beat his "me ow"

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped, and plain;
He can thunder by as a railway train,
Stop at the stations a breath, and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played,
As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and keeping still;
But earth would be God bless their noise!—
A dull old place if there were no boys.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON XIII. [June 26.

MESSIAH'S REIGN.

Psalm 72. 1-19. Memory verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

All kings shall fall down before him, all nations shall serve him.—Psalm 72. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The kingdom of Jesus Christ, in righteousness and peace, shall extend over all the earth and endure forever.

ITS MESSIANIC CHARACTER.

This Psalm describes the kingdom of Christ, "David's greater Son," in terms of Solomon and his reign, David's son and successor. It was what was hoped Solomon's kingdom would be, and a type which Christ's kingdom will fulfil.

Give the king—First Solomon, then Christ. *Thy judgments*—Wise decisions, as if from God. *Thy righteousness*—May his outward acts be right, as God's are right. "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." *The king's son*—Son of King David, to whom great promises were made. *And thy poor*—The test of justice is in the treatment of the poor and needy. *The mountains . . . the hills . . .*—The whole country, the great officers and the lesser. *Like rain upon the mown grass*—Which was specially exposed to the withering heat. His influence would be gentle and refreshing to the most needy. *From sea to sea*—From the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, or to the distant seas on the east, to which Solomon's fleet sailed. From the river Euphrates. *Tarshish*—Tartessus, in Spain, the most western port known. *Sheba*—Southern Arabia. *Seba*—Part of Ethiopia. *He shall live*—Rather *they*. *Handful of corn*—A small beginning of a glorious harvest. Most give it the meaning of abundance, as in Revised Version. A picture of the fruitfulness of the time, way to the tops of the mountains. *They of the city*—From the city men shall flourish, spreading over the country like herbs and grass. *Blessed*, etc.—This doxology belongs to the whole book, of which it is the close.

Find in this lesson—
Five things Christ will do for the world.
Three promises concerning his kingdom.
Three things we can do for it.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Let each denomination or school have a brief notice of its missionary societies or departments of missionary work, and have the scholars repeat it in concert.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. May these various blessings be lost?

Yes; *believers may fail to believe* and watch; they may seem to be diligent in duty, and thus may lose these blessings forever.

Heb. 10. 38, John 15. 6; 1 Corinthians 9. 26, 27; 2 Peter 1. 9; 2 Peter 3. 14, 17.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOYS.

Boys are curious *things*, any way you take them. I know this is true, because I used to be a boy myself. For instance, a boy will do things which are called play, and enjoy the very doing of them, when he would feel himself shamefully abused if he were required to do the same things as work. These two boys, with bows and arrows, will crawl on their stomachs across a ten-acre field with their noses within half an inch of all sorts of vile odours on the ground, to get a shot at a dove or a woodpecker. Put one of them at such a job and call it work, and he will think himself the most shamefully treated boy in the country.

And yet boys are not bad things to have about a place. They are usually very helpful to parents and sisters, and perhaps they always do more real good about a place and in a family than they ever get credit for. Boys would be much better than they are if they were appreciated more by those they love and honestly try to help. The main thing is to get a boy started in the right direction, then give him plenty of encouragement, and turn him loose. Don't worry him, nor try to hold him back or boss him. A boy, of all things, dislikes to be bossed. The way to get him to do right is to take him into your confidence as a sort of friend or adviser, and get him in the notion to do the right thing without causing him to feel that he has been compelled to do it, and that he has not had any preference in the matter.