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A Child's Prayer.

(Translated from the German of Louise Hensel.)

BY A. A. MACDONALD.

WEARY, now I go to rest,
Close my little eyes in sleep;
Now, I pray thee, Father dear,
O'er my bed thine eyes to keep.

All I did amiss to-day
Wilt thou, Father, kind, forget;
Grace of thine and Jesus' blood
Every wrong aright has set.

All who are akin to me
Let them rest beneath thy hand;
To thy care I recommend
All mankind, both small and grand.

Send thy peace to breaking hearts,
Gently take the tear away;
Let the moon in heaven shine,
And the quiet world survey.

Upper Canada College, Toronto.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1893.

TO SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE SPRING.

For schools opening in the spring, special arrangements have been made for the summer series of *Onward* and *PLEASANT HOURS*. In the latter paper, the strong and stirring temperance story "The Modern Prodigal," will be begun and ended in the summer numbers. In *Onward* another strongly written temperance story entitled, "John and the Demijohn," one of great power and pathos will be given. In *Onward*, too, will be given a splendid illustrated account of the cruise of her Majesty's ship *Challenger*, one of the most remarkable scientific cruises round the world ever made. It lasted three years and a half, and covered 50,000 miles. It abounds in interest and will be well illustrated.

The Queen's birthday and Dominion Day numbers of both these papers will be of special patriotic character. The May and July numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* will also contain special patriotic articles in connection with the birthday of our Sovereign and birthday of our Canadian Dominion.

Of special interest to Sunday-schools, and all Bible readers, will be the splendidly illustrated articles on tent life in Palestine, by the editor, which begin in the May number. These will be more copiously and splendidly illustrated than any other series of magazine articles on the Lord's land ever published either in Great Britain or America. Many schools have taken from two to ten, and in one case forty, copies of this *Magazine*, as brighter,

fresh, cheaper reading than even library books or reading in any other form, with the exception, indeed, of our papers *Onward* and *PLEASANT HOURS*,

Each number of *Onward* contains as much reading as sixty-four pages of an ordinary Sunday-school book, and has splendid illustrations, and yet this large amount of reading is given for less than one cent. *PLEASANT HOURS* contains half as much, or equivalent to thirty-two pages of a library book for less than half a cent. Let our readers fold the paper into a sixty-four page form, and count the number of words and they can verify for themselves the statement we make.

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

A SWEDISH boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clinched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I got too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil which make the man or woman good or not.

HOW BILLY TOOK HIS LAGER.

"Boy Billy" was the adopted son of Christian Zende, an honest German, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager-beer saloon, tossing off a foaming glass of beer. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer looking things. Billy looked on with curiosity.

"Come here, Billy," said Christian Zende. "Why were you in the beer shops to-day? Why do you drink beer, my boy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Billy, it is not good for the mouth. I did never see so big faces as you did make. Billy, you think it will taste good by and by, and it looks like a man to drink, and so you drink. Now, Billy, if it is good, have it. I will not hinder you from what is good and manly, but drink it at home, take your drink pure, Billy, and let me pay for it. Come, my boy! You like beer. Well open your mouth. I have all the beer stuff pure from the shops. Come open your mouth and I will put it in."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende, "Don't you make me mad, Bill. Open your mouth."

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and then Zende put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face. A bit of aloes followed. This was worse. Billy winced. The least morsel of red pepper now, from a knife point, made Billy howl.

"What, not like beer!" said Zende. "Open your mouth." A knife dipped in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

"Open your mouth; the beer is not half made yet."

And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime and potash, and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. Then came a grain of licorice, hoppelollen, and saltpetre.

"Look, Billy! Here is some arsenic and some strychnine; these belong to beer. Open your mouth."

"I can't, I can't," roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are used to kill rats: I shall die! O—O—O—do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kill him! just by a little beer, all good and pure! He tells me he likes beer, and it is manly to drink it, and when I give him some, he cries, I kill him. Here is water. There is much water in beer."

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on.

"There is much alcohol in beer. Here! open your mouth," and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Come here, the beer is not done, Billy," and seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, and a drop of gall.

"There, Billy! here is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, and nux vomica. Open your mouth."

"Oh, no, no!" said Billy, "let me go, I hate beer. I'll never drink any more. Oh, let me go! I can't eat those things. My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take them away, Father Zende!"

"Take them away! Take away good beer, when I have paid for it. My boy, you drank them fast to-day."

"Oh, they make me sick," said Billy.

"A man drinks all these bad things mixed up in water. He gets red in the face, he gets big in the body, he gets shaky in his hands, he gets weak in his eyes, he gets mean in his manners."

Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

BURDETT'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth, with a little "t."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. O, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old taskmaster Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in gangs with their co-equals.

And then it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say, "God knows it." That's right; but he is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man, or boy, who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them, it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he was out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wonder who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it, and get it straight. We don't have to ask him

where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says, "Yes, I will," or, "No, I won't," just once, that settles it. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once and that is enough. We don't have to say, "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you cannot build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a weeks pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time longer than a week; but a lie will burn in the memory fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars respect and hate you.

INFERIOR MEN.

DR. SEAVER, of Yale College, is waging war upon the habit of tobacco smoking which some of the students there indulge in. He is the physician of the college and the professor of athletics, a man of science who follows scientific methods in any investigation he may undertake. He has been engaged eight years in observing the effects of tobacco smoking upon the bodies and minds of Yale students; and he has just published a remarkable budget of statistics. Dr. Seaver informs the public that the students of Yale who indulge in tobacco smoking are inferior in physical vigour and mental ability to those who do not. According to his reckoning, the smokers have less lung power than the anti-smokers; they have less chest inflating capacity; they are of less bodily weight, and they are even of less height. The muscular and the nervous power of the smoking students is notably and noticeably less than that of the anti-smoking. From an athletic point of view, therefore, the Yale professor of athletics considers himself justified in waging war upon the tobacco habit.

Not only in a physical way, but in an intellectual way, the Yale smokers are inferior to the anti-smokers. The smoking habit is disadvantageous to scholarship. Of those students who within a given time have received junior appointments above dissertations, only five per cent. were smokers; and very few smokers received appointments of any kind. It would seem, therefore, that the brain power and the scholarship of the smokers at Yale are far inferior to those of the anti-smokers. The demonstrations of Dr. Seaver appear to be influencing the Yale mind. He is able to report that seventy per cent. of the senior class in the college do not smoke, that the leading athletes do not smoke, and that not a single candidate for the rowing crew is a smoker. Young America, athletic, intellectual, and ethical, can ruminate upon the Yale statistics collected by Dr. Seaver.

A question might be raised, Are these men inferior because they smoke, or do they smoke because they are inferior? Our answer would be "yes" to both questions.

READY BEFOREHAND.

"WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was so continually finding something to do!"

"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."

"Why you are not going out, are you?" "Oh, no. I only like to get things ready beforehand; that's all."

And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself had any idea of more time, too. Ready beforehand—try it!

As surely as you do, faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the slipshod time enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing.

SUSIE REDMAYNE:

OR,
A Story of the Seamy Side of Child-life.

BY
CHRISTABEL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DAWN OF BETTER DAYS.

RICHARD REDMAYNE looked very much out of place as he stood beside Susie's bed. Being very much in awe of the doctor and the ladies, he had tried to improve his appearance. But his best clothes had been pawned long ago, and were passed redemption.

His soiled and ragged coat was a painful contrast to Susie's delicate surroundings.

He would fain have rushed from the spot, he was so ashamed of himself; but still he stood spell-bound by the earnest little face that lay before him, and the still more earnest words that fell from the small, parched lips.

"Oh, father, Ralph can't help it when he doesn't earn more money; when I grow up I mean to earn some too; and I'm going to wash and darn your things and Ralph's; but you won't beat us then, and you wouldn't beat us now if you didn't drink that stuff out of bottles.

"Oh don't drink any more of it! Ralph tells me when we are quite alone that we should be so happy if you didn't take it.

"Oh, do break the bottle! Ralph will get us nice breakfasts then. And when you don't take his money he's going to buy me a dress and take me to Sunday-school. Oh do take me to-day; I want to hear them sing the hymns that Ralph used to learn."

Her tone was bitterly sad. She was a child of misery. Her voice had never had the musical ring of a happy child. Yet it was full of plaintive sweetness.

So she went on appealing to this misguided man. Those who stood near looked upon him as a hard-hearted wretch, whom it would be almost useless trying to soften.

Not one person there knew what was passing in the man's mind, nor dreamt of the mental torture he had been enduring for days past. To them he was simply a confirmed drunkard and a cruel father, a sort of lost piece of humanity. Could they but have discerned his inward sensitiveness, remorse, his vague yet strong desire for better things, they would have been overjoyed.

While Miss Roland and Miss Frere were watching Redmayne, trying to read the expression of his face, wondering within themselves if the child's words touched him, he was making the bravest efforts to seem impassive, and to behave as he imagined he would be expected to behave in a house like Miss Roland's.

While Miss Roland was thinking prayerfully whether it would be worth while to attempt doing anything toward this man's reformation, God himself was taking it in hand and working wonders that would one day seem like miracles, even to the man himself.

When he left the room, Miss Roland went out to the landing with him.

"Does it not grieve you to see your poor little girl in such a state as this?" Miss Roland asked.

"Grieve me!" the man said. "I'd give my life to save hers."

The words and the tone were like sudden insight to the little elderly lady, who thought she knew so very much of the world, and yet met with a fresh surprise daily.

"But you cannot have cared much for your children?" she said.

The man paused as if bewildered by the inward survey of himself.

"I cared more than I knew," he said presently; "and it stunned me and left me wretched when I knew I had drove 'em away. I'll be wretcheder still, I'm thinking, when little Susie goes to where her mother is."

Richard Redmayne went away feeling very hopeless, but he left hope behind him. Miss Roland's thoughts of him were by no means so hard or so desponding as they had been. It was a deep joy to her to think that she might in some humble way help in raising this fallen man.

When Redmayne entered his own dwelling that night he was in a very unenviable state of mind. He sincerely wished to give up strong drink, which had been the curse of his life; but his love for it and its power over him was as strong as ever.

He was torn by the desire to be a better man and by the cravings of a habit long indulged in, which he felt unable to conquer.

Again Richard Redmayne was summoned to Susie's bedside. It was not expected she had many hours to live. But the little thing was quite content to die. It is seldom that the young cling to life as the old do. Besides, what had life held that was dear to Susie?—only Ralph.

No tender feminine hand had smoothed the little difficulties of childhood for Susie. The group around Susie's bed was very sad and tearful. It seemed as if the child that had been so friendless during her short life was not to be laid in her grave unwept.

Slowly the little life appeared to be ebbing away. Once she looked up inquiringly and said:

"Will it be long before I see the angels; and will they take me to Jesus?"

But not yet was the crown ready for the child-martyr. The little feet had yet to grow and tread this probationary life through many sorrows interspersed by much happiness.

Just as she was expected to breathe her last she quietly fell asleep.

Richard Redmayne had stood by the bedside in silence, save for an occasional yes or no in answer to a question.

The man's sorrow was as intense as it could be, and he prayed himself that it might be as the purifying fire from off the altar, wherewith the seraphim, touching the lips of Isaiah, purged him from his sin.

When he understood that danger was over for the present, his gratitude was as silent as his sorrow had been.

He made no new resolutions as he stood there. It did not seem to him necessary to make any. He felt that the impossibility would be to go back to the old life that he had lived before.

He shrank from the thought of the man shrinks from the thought of the death that he has just escaped.

He seemed to himself to be standing on a rock between two seas. A dark, stormy sea that he had passed, and a sea in the future before him that might yet be what he chose to make it.

Miss Frere was perceptive and sympathizing. She seemed to understand without words how the man had sinned, and how intensely capable he was of sorrow for his sin. She was not one to break a bruised reed; but rather to help the bruised reed to stand up straight again, and to bear its own burden with bravery.

"Come with me," she said to him, taking him aside into a little homely room, known as Miss Frere's study.

"You have lost your regular work?" asked Miss Frere.

"Yes, ma'am, I lost that long ago, and no wonder. For two years passed I've never had nothing but a bit of work just when they were pushed."

"Who do you mean by they?"

"I was meaning my masters, Axby and Hunter, the coach-builders."

"You'll have seen a good deal of Mr. Axby, I suppose?" said Miss Frere.

"Yes, I used to see him every day; he were a good master, and he knew I were a good hand, but he couldn't put up with me no longer."

"Do you think he would take you back again?"

"I have no heart to hope that he would."

"Should you mind my asking him?"

"Mind!" ejaculated the man; "I'd be more grateful to you than ever I were to anybody in my life before."

"Well, then, listen to me. If you will sign the temperance pledge to-night and determine honestly to keep it, I'll go and see Mr. Axby to-morrow."

Richard Redmayne did not hesitate; he was right and good for him to do.

Miss Frere had no wish that he should act rashly. She saw with satisfaction that his cheek was paler, his lips quivering, and the hand that held the pen tremulous with emotion. As he laid the pen down, with emotion. As he laid the pen down, with emotion. As he laid the pen down, with emotion.

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CHAPTER VII.

MISS FRERE'S SUCCESS.

THE weeks passed on very pleasantly, in the luxurious suburban home, during Susie's convalescence.

While she was an invalid Miss Frere had talked to her so much of the love of Jesus and of heaven, that the child had almost longed to go.

But now that she had gained her strength, her new home was so pleasant, that to her small imagination she could not think that heaven would have been happier.

The little wistful blue eyes looked out from the bay-window upon a placid and peaceful scene. Undulating fields, dotted here and there with tall trees and stately villas, stretched away to the borders of a wide moor.

Within, a bright fire was burning; in one corner stood the piano that Miss Frere had used when she was a child; in another was a work-table inlaid with ivory; and all about the room there was an agreeable confusion of books, music, sketches, finished drawings, and beautiful half-finished work.

Susie was sitting by the fire, thinking herself a big girl, because she was learning to sew.

How many little cold and shoeless feet would have been glad to rest upon that warm, soft hearth-rug, besides Susie's!

It was as natural to Miss Frere to impart knowledge as it was to acquire it. She was always teaching, though she was not aware of it. Her love for intellectual things was too passionate and real to allow of any mixture of pride or pedantry.

She carried about her a halo of refinement and knowledge, and anyone who came into her presence could be raised to a higher intellectual level if they chose.

Little Susie was an apt pupil. Her tiny fingers could already play the "Spanish Chant." She could recite poetry, and she was trying very earnestly to write her own name.

For many years after Miss Frere carefully superintended Susie's education.

Not long after this, Miss Frere sent for Redmayne and told him of the conditions upon which he was to be again employed.

"I have, of course, told Mr. Axby that you have signed the temperance pledge," said Miss Frere, "and he rejoiced when he heard it. Upon your keeping that pledge everything depends. Not only Mr. Axby's favour and good-will, and not only your own health and prosperity, but upon this same thing hangs the well-being of your two little ones."

"You have it now in your own power to make or to mar their future lives to an extent you little dream of. You can take them back to such a home as the home you made for them before, and you can make them acquainted with every kind of suffering."

"On the other hand, humanly speaking, it is in your power to make their home the reverse of what it was."

"You can keep them entirely from want. You can give them such training, such education, as will enable them to make their existence a noble and elevated thing."

"You know that you cannot do this in your own strength; if you try to walk alone you will fall. Help is always ready. If you seek it you will find it."

"Yes, ma'am, but seeking isn't easy."

"Easy, no!" said Miss Frere; "no noble thing was ever easy!"

Imagine the passing of six long years—six long years of human life,—each one chequered with light and shade, each one dimmed with sorrow of one kind or another, each one a battle, each one a strife, and perhaps each one holding more or less of victory.

We must go back a little, and the most important thing we have to record is the fact that Richard Redmayne never broke his pledge, although he was often strongly tempted to do so.

But all this was in the past of Richard Redmayne's life.

It is of the present we would write now; the present of a man and his children who have fought their way gradually from the depths of sin and misery to a bright, peaceful, hopeful standing-ground, from whence they can look backward over the past with calm thankfulness, and forward

over the future with perfect humble trust and faith in God.

Let us take an autumn walk, and turn our steps southwest of the populous town of Yarnborough.

This place, Princethorpe by name, is a populous place. There are small red villas dotted about it, inclosed among young trees and breathing an air of new prosperity.

One of these, standing a little further back from the road than the others, is a home with which this story has to do.

This September evening is very fine. Princethorpe is still and quiet, so still that you can hear the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil, which is nearly half a mile off.

Suddenly our attention is caught by the unusual beauty of one of the villa gardens. We perceive at once that the flowers are not grown for display.

Everywhere there is a splendid glow of colour, everywhere there is grace and beauty and unusual taste.

Turning a corner in the garden path, quite suddenly we come upon a green arbour covered with the trailing hop, and the same shining tufts of clematis that covered the arches in the garden path. To our surprise we find that the arbour is not empty. There are seats and a table, and near the table sit two youthful figures, both of whom we have seen before. One is a maiden of eighteen summers, blue-eyed, golden-haired, and with a look of sweet subdued beauty on her face, that tells of remembered sorrow as well as of present happiness and peace. The tall slight young man who is by her side is evidently her brother; he has darker hair, and eyes of a different blue, but the features and expression are decidedly similar.

We recognize him as Ralph Redmayne, and the girl as Susie; the children of Mr. Richard Redmayne, superintendent at Axby's carriage works; once the ruined man who lived in Piper's Court, now the prosperous man who has built himself a villa at Princethorpe.

Let us listen a moment to what his children are saying:

"Father says you promise to be a better man of business than ever he has been, Ralph."

"Ah! it's like dear old father to say that. I do help him all I can. But I think he wouldn't like to give up altogether yet."

"No, I'm sure he wouldn't," Susie said. "Don't let us speak of any change. We are so happy. No change could make us happier."

Ralph mused a moment. "No, perhaps not," he said; "but I fancy, Susie, that if we hadn't known so well what sorrow meant we shouldn't know so well what happiness means now."

"I think that too, Ralph," said Susie. "There is never a day that I do not remember the old life and the old misery; never a day that I do not pray that God would continue to bless us. I never feel that anything is ours. It seems to me as if God lent things to us day by day. And I always ask him that I may use the commonest things reverently, knowing that they are his."

Ralph paused for a moment then he said, "Perhaps I don't think so much of these things as you do, Susie. I haven't the same time to think. But I do often feel that we ought to be the thankfullest people in God's wide world!"

THE END.

A GOOD DOG.

"HELP," the railway dog of England, has just died at Newhaven. For thirty-five years he was guard of the tidal train from London to Newhaven, and acted as collector for money in aid of the Orphan Fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

His mission was made known by a silver collar, to which was appended a silver medal, having on it the inscription: "I am 'Help,' the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is at 55 Colbrook Row, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged." Altogether, he was instrumental in obtaining upwards of £1,000 for the orphan fund.



TIGER AND HIS PREY.

HAVE ANIMALS MORE JOY OR PAIN?

Our picture shows one of the most ferocious animals uttering his yell of triumph over the capture of his prey, or perhaps calling his mate to divide the spoil. Some people have questioned the kindness of a God who permits in his universe such rapine and slaughter as that of the beasts of prey. Prof. Hitchcock has discussed this subject very philosophically. He asserts, what is true, that after the first stunning blow the victim's nervous system is paralyzed and it feels nothing. Dr. Livingstone, being rescued from the jaws of a lion, states that though sore wounded he felt no pain but rather a pleasing sensation beneath the lion's paw.

Most lower animals have a much less sensitive nervous organization than man, in some cases they seem almost incapable of feeling pain. The beetle will continue to eat after its abdominal cavity is removed, and some cold blooded animals will live on seemingly unharmed, after what looked like most painful mutilations.

So the amount of pain in the universe, Prof. Hitchcock states, is very much less than we suppose. The amount of pleasure, he argues, is very much greater. The young of all animals have much more vivid sensations of enjoyment than the old. Kittens, lambs, puppies, colts, calves, and the like, skip and gambol as if in sheer delight, and compress more fun into a day than the sedate old cat or dog or horse or cow in a month.

Supposing the average duration of their life is only three years, whereas the extreme limit might be prolonged to twenty, if they were allowed to linger on and die by rheumatism or hunger in old age. These five generations of three years each would enjoy a much greater amount of pleasure, and suffer less pain, than the one generation that should drag out its life, and creep into some lonely place to die by the slow pangs of hunger. Besides, the pressure of the living upon the amount of subsistence would make life much harder to live, and would be a menace to the rights of man.

Of course, every humane effort should be made to lessen the amount of suffering in the case of animals killed for food for man. Often in their long railway journeys they suffer far more than they would in a natural state: but now law and self-interest require that they should be unloaded and fed, and at last killed as painlessly as possible. In the stock yards at Chicago, cattle are shot by an expert on the spinal cord, so skillfully that they drop without a quiver, and hogs by the million, in an incredibly short time, and themselves converted from squealing swine into wholesome pork.

It is often only shallow ignorance that arraigns the kindness and providence of God. A deeper study and more careful thought, will vindicate the eternal providence and justify the ways of God, to man and to the lower creatures. These innocent creatures have no guilt to suffer for, have no fear of death or of the judgment that cometh after death. It is man, man fallen

from his high estate, and sunken in sin, who "dies a thousand deaths in fearing one."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1000.] LESSON VII. [May 14.

FRUITS OF WISDOM.

Prov. 12. 1-15.] [Memory verses, 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise.—Prov. 11. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. Good and Evil, v. 1-5.
2. Wisdom and Folly, v. 6-10.
3. Virtue and Vice, v. 11-15.

TIME.—About B.C. 1000.]

EXPLANATIONS.

"Brutish"—Stupid as a brute beast. "Wicked devices"—The man of "plots" or "devices" is likely to have sinister ends in view. "The root of the righteous"—All permanency in this world is based on, rooted in, rectitude. The world's history is the best commentary on verse 3. Verse 4 utters a profound truth concerning marriage; and it continues true if man and wife are inserted instead of woman and husband; and if the pronouns his, he, and her are made to take the place of her, she, and his. "Thoughts"—Purposes. The fifth verse is another rendering of the Bible statement, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Verse 6 means that wicked men reveal their wickedness by their words—a truth which James emphasizes by teaching that whoever can control his tongue is entirely self-controlled. Verse 7 repeats the truth taught in verse 3. "He that is despised, and hath a servant"—Respectable mediocrity is better than boastful poverty.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where does this lesson teach that—

1. Wickedness results in woe!
2. A man cannot be good without being kind!
3. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is said of the good man? "A good man obtaineth favour with the Lord." 2. What is said of the wicked? "The wicked are overthrown." 3. What is said of the way of a fool? "It is right in his own eyes." 4. What does a righteous man regard? "He regardeth the life of his beast." 5. What is said in the Golden Text? "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Distinction of right and wrong.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

If, after prayerful and patient study and inquiry, we still find difficulties in the Bible, how must we deal with them?

We cannot expect to know all things while we live in this world, nor fully to understand all that has been made known. [1 Cor. 13. 10.]

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

YEARS ago in some countries of Europe, persons who committed an offence were punished by being condemned to work as a galley-slave. These galleys were large vessels which were moved along by a great number of heavy oars. The men who rowed these oars were chained to the seats on which they sat. The work they had to do was very severe. They were treated in a cruel way.

On one occasion a young man belonging to a good family, had fallen into bad company. He was led from bad to worse until he committed a crime. He was sentenced to serve seven years among the galley-slaves, in the harbour of Toulouse, in France. While there he was led to repentance, and became a Christian. Not long after this he made his escape from the slave ship. He disguised himself and hurried away. While on his way he stopped one night at a cottage, and asked for lodging. It was freely given to him. He soon found, however, that the family was in great distress. Their rent was due, and they were unable to pay it. In a few days they would be turned out of doors. The young man lay awake that night, thinking it all over.

In the morning he told his host that he was an escaped slave. "Now," he said, "a large reward is offered for the capture of an escaped galley-slave. You take me back and get that reward." The cottager said he would rather starve than do such a thing. But the young man insisted upon it. He said he would go back anyway, and this man had better take him back and get the reward, and thus save his family from privation.

At last the man consented. A rope was placed about the body of the fugitive, and he was led back. The reward was paid to the cottager. Instead of going away he stood sadly watching the young prisoner. When he saw them put the chains upon him he burst into tears. The officers asked him what this meant. He frankly told them all that had happened. The officers were so moved by this story, that they at once took off the chains from the young man, honoured him with many gifts, and sent him home rejoicing.

THANK YOU.

It is so easy to say, if you make it a habit; often difficult if you do not. Any slight favour or courtesy, even the seemingly smallest, may be appropriately acknowledged with a "Thank you." And why not say it to your younger brother or sister, to the "small boy" sometimes described as so "dreadful," and to the little sister who has served you. They perform for the older ones hundreds of unacknowledged courtesies. A small errand is to be made; you want a thimble, or a spool of thread from upstairs; a door is to be closed, a window to be opened, a glass of water to be brought; you daily want numberless undescribed little services performed for you. And what is more convenient than to summon the nimble feet or the quick little hands of the small boy or girl to execute your wish? And why should you not acknowledge the service done by a hearty "Thank you"? Besides being better for you who receive the favour, it will make it so much easier for the little ones to be polite. You are mortified when the younger brother or sister appears awkward and ill-bred. What have you done to help them to refined manners? Perhaps you have rebuked their blunders in the presence of company, and imagine that in so doing you have discharged your full duty. It may be a fact that they have only reflected your own ungracious example. The example of coarseness and bluntness is contagious, as well as that of politeness. Therefore, if you wish the little folks to be polite you must train them by the force of your own superior example rather than by numerous exhortations and occasional rebukes.

One more point. Do not say "Thanks;" it is cutting politeness too short. Use the fuller form, "Thank you;" or, "I thank you;" and when circumstances make it proper, add "Sir" or "Madam," the latter often abbreviated to "Ma'am." We have

often heard well-bred persons say "Thanks;" but it is not in itself a proof of good breeding. Indeed, it is rather a mark that education in politeness is defective; and to persons of real refinement it is offensive. To some this may seem like a small and unimportant distinction; but remember that character is chiefly made up of small things, and also that when the proper habit is formed it is just as easy to use correct forms, both of speech and conduct, as it is to use the incorrect.

CHILDREN DISCOVERERS.

As in many other cases of discovery, that of the telescope appears to have been the result of a playful accident. Several stories are told about it; but they are all similar.

The one most generally accepted tells how about the year 1590, over three hundred years ago, the children of Zachariah Jansen, a spectacle maker residing in Middelburg, Holland, were playing one day in their father's workshop, and observed that when they held between their fingers two spectacle glasses, one some distance before the other, and looked through them at the weathercock of the church, it seemed inverted, but very much nearer to them, and greatly increased in size. Their father, when his attention was called, saw that one of the glasses was convex and the other concave. He made experiments, and ended by fixing such glasses in wooden tubes a few inches long, and selling them for curiosities.

Another account tells us how one Lipschewitz discovered the telescope in a similar manner. Descartes, however, a contemporary, gives the credit to James Metius, a glass cutter in Holland, whose brother, a professor in mathematics and a maker of burning glasses and mirrors, hit upon the discovery in the same way that Jansen's children are said to have done.



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