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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

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[No. 36.]

Vol. XVI.]

Perseverance.
The boy who does a stroke, and stops,
Will ne'er a great man be:
Tis the gathering of single drops
That makes the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams
Its gold above the gray,
It takes a thousand little beams
To make the day.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheaten head,
Must cradle, thresh, and go to mill
To make the bread.

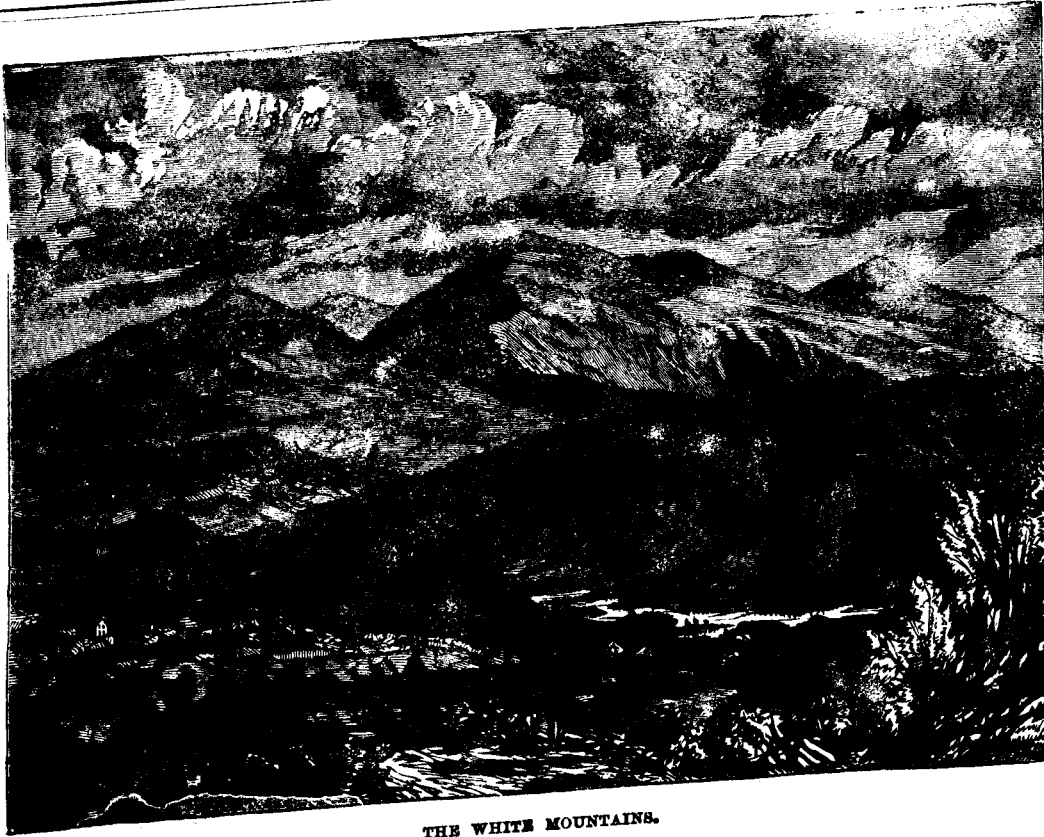
Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out
That makes us win.

THE SEA-SIDE AND THE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are apt to complain in Canada that Lord Ashburton, in 1842, bartered away our right to a considerable slice of the State of Maine. We have retaliated, however, by taking possession of the loveliest portion of the State in the loveliest season of the year. From November to May, whoever likes may claim the ownership of the bleak sea-coast; but from June to October, a populous Canadian colony will be found at its famous seaside resorts.

Portland is one of the oldest settlements on the Atlantic coast, dating from 1632. Though its population is less than 50,000, it is exceedingly attractive. Most of its streets are lined with noble trees, and at the end of the green vista, in almost every direction, may be seen the blue flashing of the sea. In 1866 a great fire swept away one-half of its business portion, destroying property to the value of \$10,000,000. The fine old city by the sea has an air of staid and quiet dignity. Its most interesting associations are those connected with its most distinguished son, the universally lamented



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Longfellow. The old house in which his youth was spent is still shown, and in his poems are many traces of its influence upon his imagination. This is especially seen in the beautiful poem entitled "My Lost Youth," of which we quote a few lines:

Often I think of that beautiful town
That is seated beside the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,

And my youth comes back to me.
I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!

And the dead captains, as they lay,
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down.

The dead captains in the poem were the commanders of the British brig Boxer and the U. S. brig Enterprise, slain in battle in 1813. In quiet graves, overlooking Casco Bay, the rival captains, overlying side by side. After seventy years of peace between the two kindred peoples, only kindly memories survive, and on Decoration Day the graves of the English and American captains alike

receive their tribute of respect. Portland has also its associations of sorrow connected with the great poet. As we strolled through its ancient cemetery, we came upon a tombstone bearing the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Mary, wife of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who died at Rotterdam, Holland, aged twenty-three." To this great sorrow he alludes in his "Hyperion": "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun."

The view from the old Observatory on Mountjoy Hill is probably unequalled for quiet beauty by anything in America, except that from the citadel, Quebec. Climbing the lighthouse-like tower, shown in our engraving on this page, we have a magnificent prospect of the noble Casco Bay, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands—neither more nor less, we were told—just one for every day of the year. With the powerful telescope in the observatory could be seen hundreds of fishing-boats out in the offing, the fishermen hauling in their finny prey, and the distant lighthouse where, as Longfellow says,—

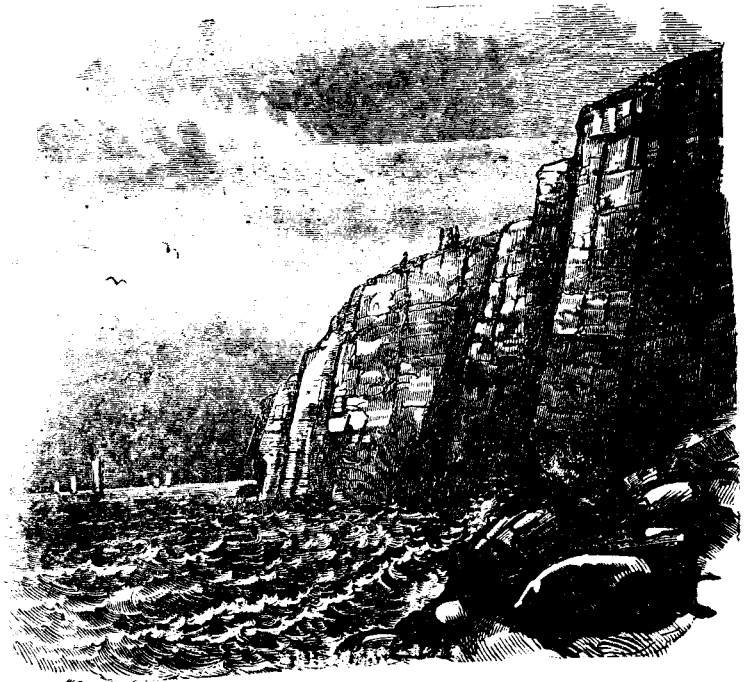
"The tides
Upheaving, break unheard along
its base."

These islands offer charming bathing facilities, and, as we can testify from experience, most exquisite treasures of the sea—star-fish, sea-weed, and the like.

But the favourite sea-side resort near Portland is Old Orchard Beach, a few miles to the south of the city, on the Boston and Maine R. R. It has numerous large hotels and boarding-houses, and a magnificent beach, firm and smooth as a floor, on which the wheels of a carriage or a horse's hoof will scarcely make the least impression. This is, perhaps, the favourite resort for Canadians, and one of its attractions to Methodist tourists is that it is the seat of a famous camp-meeting, with associated services. The camp-ground covers about fifty acres of land, pleasantly diversified and shaded, also a fine auditorium, formed by natural circular slopes, capable of seating 20,000 people.



OBSERVATORY, PORTLAND.



WHITEHEAD CLIFF.

Says He.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be—
It's plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say—
Su pesin' to-day was the winterest day,
Wud the weather be changing because
ye cried,

Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
The best is to make your own summer,"
says he,

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye
wear

That's a-making the sunshine every-
where;

An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bud in
the tree,

Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the spring wid its green
and gold,

An' the grass in the grove where the
snow lies cold,

An' ye'll warm your back wid a smiling
face,

As ye sit at your heart like an owld fire-
place,

Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

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they did know was from vague and few reports. Two friars, Plano Carpini and William Rubruquis, it is true, had reached the borders of Cathay, or Northern China, and had brought back accounts of the wonders of that mysterious land, of which they had heard from the subjects of the Great Khan, who reigned over a vast empire. But nobody among the learned and most travelled people of Europe knew exactly what manner of people lived, or what countries lay, beyond the western boundary of Cathay. It was supposed that the farthest extreme, or eastern edge, of Cathay ran off into a region of continual darkness, a bog or marsh where all manner of strange beasts, hobgoblins, and monsters roamed and howled. And it was not surprising that when the three Polos, for these were they, came back from that desperately savage country and claimed their own, they were laughed to scorn. It seemed reasonable to believe that the three, having been gone so many years, had wandered off into the Sea of Darkness and had perished miserably, or had that terrible region—"The Story of Marco Polo," by Noah Brooks, in the June St. Nicholas.

KEEP WAX AWAY FROM THE SUN.

"I lost my temper again to-day," said Madge, dolefully.

"How did it come about?" asked the mother. "Every time that happens it is easier again."

"Oh, I just went home with Sarah and Belle, and they teased me, as they always do. They mimicked my voice and made fun of the way I held my hands in giving my recitation. They know I can't bear to be mimicked. I get furious in a minute."

"It seems to me," said Aunt Rebecca, looking up from her work, "that the safest thing for you would be to keep away from those girls. They always stir you up, and you know it. There's an old saying, that 'He that hath a head of wax may not walk in the sun.'"

Madge laughed at the quaint words, but her mother said, seriously: "Daughter, your temper grows hot at a teasing word as quickly as wax melts in the sun; and since you know your weakness, one way to help it is to keep away from temptation. 'Tis the only safe and sensible way, and you will do well to follow it."—The Sunday Evangelist.

THE EVOLUTION OF GAMES.

BY HENRY GRANVILLE.

Games are evolved, not made. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of them have been invented from time to time, but none of these have ever attained to a permanent existence; they have run their ways for a few months, or even years, perhaps, and then have dropped into the limbo of forgetfulness. Every game that has achieved an enduring popularity has grown, and the best of them have been growing for hundreds of years. Those live that exhibit their fitness to live, and the rest die.

Our best games form a sort of aristocracy; their pedigrees run back to very ancient times, and no modern upstart can compete with them. Take baseball and cricket, for instance, probably the most popular outdoor games of modern times. They are first cousins, and their hold on American and English boys is in all probability due to the fact that they each unite two strong lines of descent,—that of the bat and ball games, to which tennis, lacrosse, hockey, croquet, also belong, and that of the goal games, such as tag, puss-in-the-corner, I spy, and dozens of others.

All the nations we know anything about had bat and ball games ages ago. Nobody invented the bat and ball; they grew up with our civilization from the time when little savages used to knock about a pebble or a fruit with a stick. So with the goal games, they have always been popular. Their name is still legion. The goal part (that is, running from base to base) is a much more important part of the game in baseball than it is in cricket. To be sure, neither baseball nor cricket is the game it was three hundred years ago; but both have grown, not changed.

Any one that chooses may trace the growth of cricket from the year 1300. It is not so easy to trace the pedigree of baseball. The game is known to have been played by the Indians.

As for indoor games, we may prove their nobility in just the same way. Chess comes down to us from the ancient Hindoos, by way of Persia. Checkers were played in Egypt, and then in Greece and Rome. Tenpins was certainly played in the thirteenth century, and probably much earlier. All these have grown, but they have not changed their nature. Lawn tennis is only an offshoot of the old game of court tennis, said to have been brought into Gaul by Roman soldiers, and still played. This, again, is only a growth, not a new device.

Halma is only a variation of the old pyramid game of checkers. The pompous title "A Royal Game of India," in thought to have been only an advertising dodge; but it was quite true. Pachisi is widely played in Asiatic countries, and the Spanish explorers even found the patolli, in Mexico, under the name of been carried across the Pacific.—Golden Rule.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1896.

Gaza, where Samson slew the Philistines.—Judges 16. 21-31.

GAZA.

A city with which peculiar associations are connected. Like all ancient cities, there have been remarkable events connected with it. Let all our Junior Leaguers familiarize themselves with the remarkable history of Samson, and the city with which his name is so much identified. Here he displayed his eventful career came to a tragic end, and yet his strength, for the most part, was spent in a most foolish manner.

There can be no doubt but that at one time Samson was a good man. He was a true patriot, and doubtless, as one of the Judges of Israel he judged righteous judgment, and some of the displays of his strength were put forth on behalf of God's people. For all these we credit his name, and are only sorry that the latter part of his career was filled with such outbreaks of sin as compel one to almost weep, and say, How are the mighty fallen! Notwithstanding his greatness and physical power, he was ruined by a faithless Delilah. "Let heed, lest he fall."

LESSONS.

Physical strength cannot save a man. See Samson. He even faces the king of beasts, and is not overcome in the contest. We cannot expect to be as strong as Samson was, nor is it necessary that we should be. Men often boast of their great strength, some boast of their wisdom, and others of their wealth. How vain are all these!

ALLUREMENTS.

This world is no friend to grace to help us on to God. The world is full of Delilahs. There are town traps, and his subtle arts and devilish skill to entrap the feet of the unwary. To young people, especially, the world is full of dangers. The insidious foe is everywhere. If one batt fails, another will soon be found.

PLEASURES.

There is nothing wrong in recreation, nor in the enjoyment of those pleasures which are not sinful. But you must be on your guard. Never pursue those pleasures which lessen your love for the Bible, or make private prayer distasteful. Let your enjoyment of pleasure be such that it will cause you to return with greater zest to spiritual things.

BEACON.

Regard Samson as a Beacon, and remember many men of great strength, both physically and mentally, have been slain by the same snare as seduced him.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1896.

THE POLO BROTHERS.

Many hundred years ago, in the year 1295, let us say, before Columbus discovered America, or the art of printing had been invented, a strange thing happened in Venice, Italy. Three men, dressed in outlandish garb, partly European and partly Asiatic, appeared in the streets of that city, making their way to the gates of a lofty and handsome house which was then occupied by members of the ancient family of Polo. The three strangers, whose speech had a foreign accent, claimed admittance to the mansion, saying that they were Maffeo and Nicolo Polo, brothers, and Marco, son of Nicolo, all of whom had been absent in the wild and barbarous countries of the Far East for more than twenty-four years, and had long since been given up as lost.

In those days, nobody in Europe knew much about the regions in which the three Polos had travelled, and what little

is a narrow pass in the mountains where there is only room for the road, the river and the railway. The latter for twenty miles climbs upward along a ledge in the mountains. From the observation cars magnificent views are obtained, one of the most interesting being that of the Willey House, where an avalanche, many years ago, destroyed a whole family of nine persons.

Here at the Notch, we climbed Mount Willard, and had a magnificent view of the Saco Valley, walled in between giant mountains, one long wall in the shadow which crept with a stealthy but remorseless movement across the valley, and up the opposite mountains. The winding road, river and railway can be seen far beneath. A moving railway train looked like a child's toy.

CRAWFORD NOTCH.

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Teacher and Taught.

BY G. F. ORNE.

The frost-bound earth of winter,
Crisp beneath my footsteps rung;
From withered boughs, full lonely,
A few brown leaflets hung.

Beneath the gnarled old branches
That once so proudly spread,
A tender little maiden
Broke a milk-white loaf of bread.

"What are you doing, Annie?"
I cried, with hasty sign;
And her violet eyes she lifted
In mute surprise to mine.

Lightly her golden ringlets
She shook back from her head;
A smile her rose-lips parted—
"I'm helping God," she said.

"You're helping God! Why, Annie,
What sort of help is this?
God needs no help of any
Or every child of his."

"Why! Don't you 'member," cried she,
In quick, astonished way,
"What you told all the peoples,
Last Sunday, yesterday,

"When you stood in the pulpit,
And from the great book read,
And turned the broad leaves over,
And wide the covers spread?"

"You read—God hears the ravens,
And feeds them when they cry;
He doesn't make birds worry,
But lets them sing and fly,

"And watches little sparrows,
If they fall upon the sod;
He feeds so many—so many—
That I'm just helping God."

Then her voice rang out a summons,
Clear, and shrill, and sweet,
And she strewed the crumbs by handfuls
On the ground about her feet.

Down from the spreading branches
A hundred rushing wings
Winnow the air with music,
As her call to the banquet rings.

Up to the wide blue ether
Their joyful notes arise,
While the sweet child smiles and listens
Like a babe of Paradise.

Just helping God: I, shamefaced,
Murmured, I thank thee, Lord;
From the mouths of babes and sucklings
The wise are taught thy word.

The love of the heart is living:
The gift of the heart is love.
Who loves and gives with a child's sweet
faith
Is helping the Father above.

NOBLE SACRIFICE.

Pearson's Weekly tells a story of a telegraph lineman who has to his credit as brave a service to a comrade as a soldier might render on the field of battle. A few years ago two men were at work upon a telegraph pole standing many feet above a line of railway. A wire had broken, and they were repairing the damage.

The wind blew fiercely from the east, and the pole rocked to and fro. Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so he pushed his companion, who, taken unawares, fell backward. He clutched at his mate, and both tumbled over among the wires.

For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said:

"Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break." As he spoke a wire did break. Both men, hanging together, were in danger of being precipitated to the track below. "Well, mate," said Bill, "one of us has got to drop. It's a big drop to make, but as you're married and have three children, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill; you'll get killed, surely. Let's hang on a little longer."

Another wire broke. One more might drop them both. Bill made up his mind. "Good-bye, mate," he said to the other. "Good-bye," answered his companion, the tears running out of his eyes. Bill dropped. It was a fall of forty feet. He fell among some rough stumps of bushes, and rolled down an embankment. Then he rose, and called up to his companion:

"I'm all right, mate! I'm going for help."

The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow reached it and had told his story, he fainted away. The doctor found that he had broken both his arms and one of his ribs; but his brave action had very likely saved his companion's life.

HERE THEY COME!

Here they come, tramping from the sea, tramping from the mountains, tramping from the lakes! Can't you hear it, the music of young feet, pattering home to be on hand for school when September opens? No music in the world like the tripping of young feet, so full of the life that keeps the rest of the world young, laughs down its groans, smiles away its scowls, puts push into its lagging, rheumatic limbs, makes it hopeful, and under bright fluttering banners leads it forward to new victories. Here comes a quantity of this young life into the Sunday-school the first Sunday in September, so earnest, bright-eyed, wide-awake. How will you meet it? In a half-hearted, listless way? Be on a level with your opportunities. Meet life with life. Meet smiles with smiles. Be that wise, skilful potter who knows when his material is plastic, and moulds these souls with loving hands, with consecrated hands, with hands back of which are divine hands of strength, hands that can work, and hands that can—wait!—S. S. Journal.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 13.
DAVID'S GRATITUDE TO GOD.

2 Sam. 22. 40-51. Memory verses, 47-50.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer.—2 Sam. 22. 2.
Time.—At the close of David's first great series of victories. This would place it after 2 Sam. 8.
Place.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINK.

Toi, King of Hamath, sent a message of congratulation to David on his victory over Hadadezer (2 Sam. 8. 9, 10). This is referred to in verses 45 and 46 of to-day's lesson.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read a strong Deliverer (2 Sam. 22. 1-18). Answer the Questions.
Tuesday.—Read safe trusting (2 Sam. 22. 26-39). Learn Time, Place, and Connecting Link.
Wednesday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 22. 40-51). Learn the Golden Text.
Thursday.—Read joyful trust (Psalm 71. 15-24). Learn the Memory Verses.
Friday.—Read God's favour enriching (Prov. 10. 22-32).
Saturday.—Read confidence in God (Psalm 23). Study Teachings of the Lesson.
Sunday.—Read thankfulness (Psalm 116.)

QUESTIONS.

I. Success, verses 40-46.
40. What two classes of enemies had David to contend with? 41. To what did he owe his victories? 42. Why was the prayer of David's enemies not answered? 44. What strife in the nation had God healed? Had David any influence over heathen nations? 45. Did people learn to fear him? 46. What picture does he give of people coming to submit to him?
II. Gratitude, verses 47-51.
47. How did he contrast God with the

heathen idols? What did he mean by calling God his rock? 48. What wrongs of David's had God set right? Could David have united the whole nation himself? 49. From what special enemy had God delivered him? 50. Where did David propose to give thanks to God? What does St. Paul prove by this statement? 51. What great promise had David in mind in looking over his life? What is peculiar about the use of his name here?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

God provides the means by which we succeed? He controls the influences that work against us. The glory of our triumphs should be given to God. We should so view our past as to be strong in faith for the future. In Christ we have a fortress always safe and always within reach. When saved ourselves we should try to bring others into the same happy service.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was so much later than he had intended, when Joel awoke next morning, that without stopping for anything to eat, he hurried out of the city, and took the road by which the Master had made such a triumphal entry a few days before. Faded branches of palms still lay scattered by the wayside, thickly covered with dust.

All unconscious of what had happened the night before, and what was even at that very moment taking place, Joel trudged on to Bethany at a rapid pace, light-hearted and happy.

For six days he had been among enthusiastic Galileans who firmly believed that before the end of Passover week they should see the overthrow of Rome, and all nations lying at the feet of a Jewish king. How long they had dreamed of this hour!

He turned to look back at the city. The white and gold of the Temple dazzled his eyes, as it threw back the rays of the morning sun. He thought of himself as he stood that day on the roof of the carpenter's house, stretching out longing arms to this holy place, and calling down curses on the head of his enemy, Rehun.

Could he be the same boy? It seemed to him now that that poor, crippled body, that bitter hatred, that burning thirst for revenge, must have belonged to some one else, he felt so well, so strong, so full of love to God and all mankind.

A little broken-winged sparrow fluttered feebly under a hedgerow. He stopped to gather a handful of ripe berries for it, and even retraced his steps to a tiny stream he had noticed farther back, to bring it water in the hollow of a smooth stone.

He did not find Rehun at the place where Buz had told him to inquire. His father had taken him to his home, somewhere in Samaria.

Joel turned back, tired and disappointed. He was glad to lie down, when he reached Bethany again, and rest awhile. A peculiar darkness began to settle down over the earth. Joel was perplexed and frightened. Finally he started back to Jerusalem, although it was like travelling in the night, for the darkness had deepened and deepened for nearly three hours, and the mysterious gloom made him long to be with his friends.

His first thought was to find the Master, and he naturally turned toward the Temple. Just as he started across the Porch of Solomon, the darkness was lifted, and everything seemed to dance before his eyes. He had never experienced an earthquake shock before, but he felt sure that this was one.

He braced himself against one of the pillars. How the massive columns quivered! How the hot air throbbed! The darkness had been awful, but this was doubly terrifying.

The earth had scarcely stopped trembling, when an old white-bearded priest ran across the Court of the Gentiles.

his wrinkled hands, raised above his head, shook as with palsy. The scream that he uttered seemed to transport Joel with horror.

"The veil of the Temple is rent in twain!" he cried. "The veil of the Temple is rent in twain!"

Then with a convulsive shudder he fell forward on his face. Joel's knees shook. The darkness, the earthquake, and now this mighty force that had laid bare the Holy of Holies, filled him with an undefined dread.

He ran past the prostrate priest into the inner court, and saw for himself. There hung the heavy curtain of Babylonian tapestry, in all its glory of hyacinth and scarlet and purple, torn asunder from top to bottom. No earthquake shock could have made that ragged gash. The wrath of God must have come down and laid mighty fingers upon it.

He ran out of the Temple, and towards the house where he had slept the night before.

The earthquake seemed to have shaken all Jerusalem into the streets. Strange words were afloat. A question overheard in passing one excited group, an exclamation from another, made him run the faster.

At Reuben's shop he found Jesse and Ruth both crying from fright. The attendant who had them in charge told him that his friends had been gone nearly all day.

"Where?" demanded Joel.
"I do not know exactly. They went out with one of the greatest multitudes that ever passed through the gates of the city. Not only Jews, but Greeks and Romans and Egyptians. You should have seen the camels and the chariots, the chairs and the litters!" exclaimed the man.

A sudden fear fell upon the boy that this was the day that the One he loved best had been made king, and he had missed it,—had missed the greatest opportunity of his life.

"Was it to follow Rabbi Jesus of Nazareth?" he demanded eagerly.

The man nodded.
"To crown him?" was the next breathless question.

"No; to crucify him."
The unexpected answer was almost a death-thrust. Joel stood a moment, dumb with horror. The blood seemed to stand still in his veins; there was a roaring in his ears; then everything grew black before him. He clutched blindly at the air, then staggered back against the wall.

"No, no, no, NO!" he cried; each word was louder than the last. "I will not believe it! You do not speak truth!"

He ran madly from the shop, down the street, and through the city gate. Out on the highway he met the returning multitude, most of them in as great haste as he.

Everything he saw seemed to confirm the truth of what he had just heard, but he could not believe it.

"No, no, no!" he gasped, in a breathless whisper, as he ran. "No, no, no! It cannot be! He is the Christ! The Son of God! They could not be able to do it, no matter how much they hated him!"

But even as he ran he saw the hill where three crosses rose. He turned sick and cold, and so weak he could scarcely stand. Still he stumbled resolutely on, but with his face turned away from the sight he dared not look upon, lest seeing should be knowing what he feared.

At last he reached the place, and shrinking back as if from an expected blow, he slowly raised his eyes till they rested on the face of the dead body hanging there.

The agonized shriek on his lips died half uttered, as he fell unconscious at the foot of the cross.

A long time after, one of the soldiers happening to notice him, turned him over with his foot, and prodded him sharply with his spear. It partially aroused him, and in a few moments he sat up. Then he looked up again into the white face above him; but this time the bowed head awed him into a deep calm.

The veil of the Temple was rent indeed, and through this pierced body there shone out from its Holy of Holies the Shekinah of God's love for a dying

world. It uplifted Joel, and drew him, and drew him, till he seemed to catch a faint glimpse of the Father's face; to feel himself folded in boundless pardon, in pity so deep, and a love so unfathomed, that the lowest sinner could find a share. But while he gazed and gazed into the white face, so glorified in its marble stillness, Joseph of Arimathea stood between him and the cross, giving directions, in a low tone, for the removal of the body.

It seemed to waken Joel out of his trance; and when the blood-stained form was stretched gently on the ground, he forgot his glimpse of heavenly mysteries. He saw no longer the uplifted Christ. He saw instead, the tortured body of the man he loved; the friend for whom he would gladly have given his life.

Almost blinded by the rush of tears, he groped his way on his knees toward it. A mantle of fine white linen had been laid over the lifeless body; but one hand lay stretched out beside him with a great bloody nail-hole through the palm,—it was the hand that had healed him; the hand that had fed the hungry multitudes; the hand that had been laid in blessing on the heads of little children, waiting by the roadside! With the thought of all it had done for him, with the thought of all it had done for all the countless ones its warm, loving touch had comforted, came the remembrance of the torture it had just suffered. Joel lay down beside it with a heart-

Men came and lifted the body in its spotless covering. Joel did not look up to see who bore it away.

The lifeless hand still hung down uncovered at his side. With his eyes fixed on that, Joel followed, longing to press it to his lips with burning kisses; but he dared not so much as touch it with trembling fingers,—a sense of his unworthiness forbade.

As the silent procession went onward, Joel found himself walking beside Abigail. She had pushed her veil aside that she might better see the still form borne before them; she had stood near by through all those hours of suffering. Her wan face and swollen eyes showed how the force of her sympathy and grief had worn upon her.

Joel glanced around for Phineas. He was one of those who walked before with the motionless burden, his strong brown hands, tenderly supporting the Master's pierced feet; his face was as rigid as stone, and seemed to Joel to have grown years older since the night before.

Another swift rush of tears blinded Joel, as he looked at the set, despairing face, and then at what he carried.

O friend of Phineas! O feet that often ran to meet him on the grassy hillsides of Nazareth, that walked beside him at his daily toil, and led him to a nobler living!—thou hast climbed the mountain



"HE TOUCHED THE SIDE THE SPEAR HAD PIERCED."

of Beatitudes! Thou hast walked the wind-swept waters of the Galilee! But not of this is he thinking now. It is of thy life's unselfish pilgrimage; of the dust and travel stains of the feet he bears; of the many steps, taken never for self, always for others; of the cure and the comfort they have daily carried; of the great love that hath made their very passing by to be a benediction.

It seemed strange to Joel that, in the midst of such overpowering sorrow, trivial little things could claim his attention. Years afterwards he remembered just how the long streaks of yellow sunshine stole under the trees of the garden; he could hear the whirr of grasshoppers, jumping up in the path ahead of them; he could smell the heavy odour of lilies growing beside an old tomb.

The sorrowful little group wound its way to a part of the garden where a new tomb had been hewn out of the rock; here Joseph of Arimathea motioned them to stop. They laid the open bier gently on the ground, and Joel watched them with dry eyes, but trembling lips, as they noiselessly prepared the body for its hurried burial.

From time to time as they wound the bands of white linen, powdered with myrrh and aloes, they glanced up nervously at the sinking sun. The Sab-

bath eve was almost upon them, and the old slavish fear of the Law made them hasten. A low stifled moaning rose from the lips of the women, as the one they had followed so long was lifted up, and borne forever out of their sight, through the low doorway of the tomb.

Strong hands rolled the massive stone in place that barred the narrow opening. Then all was over; there was nothing more that could be done.

The desolate mourners sat down on the grass outside the tomb, to watch and weep and wait over a dead hope and a lost cause.

A deep silence settled over the garden as they lingered there in the gathering twilight. They grew calm after a while, and began to talk in low tones of the awful events of the day just dying.

Gradually, Joel learned all that had taken place. As he heard the story of the shame and abuse and torture that had been heaped upon the One he loved better than all the world, his face grew white with horror and indignation.

"Oh, wasn't there one to stand up for him?" he cried, with clasped hands and streaming eyes. "Wasn't there one to speak a word in his defence? O my Beloved!" he moaned. "Out of all the thousands thou didst heal, out of all the multitudes thou didst bless, not one to bear witness!"

He rocked himself to and fro on his knees, wringing his hands as if the thought brought him unspeakable anguish.

"Oh, if I had only been there!" he moaned. "If I could only have stood up beside him and told what he had done for me! O my God! My God! How can I bear it? To think he went to his death without a friend and without a follower, when I loved him so! All alone! Not one to speak for him, not one!"

Groping with tear-blinded eyes towards the tomb, the boy stretched his arms lovingly around the great stone that stopped his entrance; then suddenly realizing that he could never get any closer to the One inside, never see him again, he leaned his head hopelessly against the rock, and gave way to his feeling of utter loneliness and despair!

How long he stood there, he did not know. When he looked up again, the women had gone, and it was nearly dark. Phineas and several other men lingered in the black shadows of the trees, and Joel joined them.

Roman guards came presently. A stout cord was stretched across the stone, its ends firmly fastened, and sealed with the seal of Caesar. A watch-fire was kindled near by; then the Roman sentinels began their steady tramp! tramp! as they paced back and forth.

High overhead the stars began to set their countless watch-fires in the heavens; then the white full moon of the Passover looked down, and all night long kept its silent vigil over the forsaken tomb of the sleeping Christ.

Abigail had found shelter for the night with friends, in a tent just outside the city; but Joel and Phineas took their way back to Bethany.

Little was said as they trudged along in the moonlight. Joel thought only of one thing,—his great loss, the love of which he had been bereft. But to Phineas this death meant much more than the separation from the best of friends; it meant the death of a cause on which he had staked his all. He must go back to Galilee to be the laughing-stock of his old neighbours. He who they trusted would have saved Israel had been put to death as a felon,—crucified between two thieves! The cause was lost; he was left to face an utter failure.

When the moon went down that morning over the hills of Judea, there were many hearts that mourned the Man of Nazareth, but not a soul in all the universe believed on him as the Son of God.

Hope lay dead in the tomb of Joseph, with a great stone forever walling it in.

(To be continued.)



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