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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1895.

[No. 22



THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

Here in our picture we see Jesus with two of his disciples. We read in the Gospels about their walk to Emmaus. After Jesus arose from the dead, there was much wondering what had become of him. All the people around that country were talking of the things that had happened. It was on the first day of the week, when

Jesus had risen from the dead, that two of his disciples were walking from Jerusalem to Emmaus, and as they talked together, Jesus came near and went with them. He was changed, so they did not know him. Perhaps they were not expecting to see him there, and thought he would look different after his resurrection. As he came up to them he said, "What is it that you are saying to one another, as you

walk and are sad?" Then one of them, Cleopas, answered, "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, that thou hast not heard of the things which have happened there in these days?" They seemed surprised because everyone did not know about the crucifixion. Of course Jesus did know, but he asked them to explain. Then they told him how Jesus of Nazareth had been crucified by the Jews, and how they had

hoped he had come to set the children of Israel free from the Romans. They told him then, how some of the women of their company had been at the sepulchre, and found him gone, and were told he was alive; and how some of the men had been to see if it were true. They were very earnest, no doubt, in telling of their hopes and fears. Then Jesus told them it was because they did not understand what the prophets

had written, that these things seemed so strange to them. Then Jesus explained the Scriptures to them; but still they did not know him. I suppose they wondered how he knew all about it, but they seemed slow to understand him. As they came near the city or village of Emmaus, Jesus made as though he would go on, but they wanted to be gracious to the stranger who had entertained and instructed them. Jesus went in to supper with them; and when he broke the bread and blessed it, and gave to them of it, then they knew he was the Lord. Then he went away from them. We read that he appeared to them and others three times after this, and gave them commission to go and preach the Gospel and baptize the people in his name. Then he ascended into heaven, and now sits at the right hand of the Father to make intercession for us. He invites all to come unto him and be saved. Who can reject such a Saviour? Come while you may. Do not neglect too long to seek God's favour.

he was making a mistake. They said that Tom would make an excellent farmer or carpenter or blacksmith, but that he was very poor timber to make a minister of. Still, Tom felt that he must try. So he went to college, and one of his tutors, speaking of him, said, "He had the thickest head I ever saw on any boy, and the most difficult to get an idea into; but if once the idea found an entrance, it stayed, it never deserted him, and he was the hardest student that I ever knew." The result was that Tom graduated with honours, for he studied so tremendously hard that he more than made up for the slowness of his mental action, and gradually, as his mind was trained, it acted more rapidly, and he turned out to be by no means a dull young man, and he is now a minister—successful, happy, and beloved by all his congregation.

This quality of grit is well worth cultivating. Everyone who has succeeded in this world has had it; in fact it is the secret of success. Grant had it when the Confederate generals said of him that he did not know when he was beaten. Morse had it when he would not give up the electric telegraph, though he should spend every penny he possessed and many long years over it, and his friends should think him a "crack-brained enthusiast." Palissy had it when he burned the very furniture of his home for fuel whereby to feed the furnace which held the precious vessels which he had glazed, and which at last, after uncounted failures, came out perfect from the fire.

Now when this indomitable will becomes a moral force, and is always thrown upon the side of the "Power which makes for righteousness," what a splendid thing it is. The men who do this are the great ones of the earth—the men who help the world forward and make it better, and nobler, and sweeter; for all who come within the radius of their influence are inspired by them and are helped to do their best.

So, my boy who reads this, if you wish to become a noble, helpful man, cultivate this manly trait. Never give up a purpose or an idea if you are sure it is a right one. Never be daunted by any obstacle or disheartened by any defeat. Never mind how many times you fail—keep on till you succeed. Believe in yourself and your own powers and capacities. Be sure that you can be what you wish, and do what you ought, if you only try hard enough. Then when you are a man you will find that things which are very hard, or even perhaps impossible, for other men to accomplish, will be easy for you, because you have yourself in such perfect training and under such complete self-control. And people will believe in your capacity and trust your sincerity, and they will be willing to follow your leadership toward any righteous cause which needs brave hearts or willing hands to help it.

WHAT A BOY DID.

THE following communication from a well-known pastor should stimulate young and old to do all they can for the cause of Christ. There are many places where extensive church improvements are as much needed as they are in Blossburg, and where they would be easily secured if church members, Epworth Leaguers and Sunday-school scholars had the consecration and determination of this eight-year-old boy.

"Our church needs extensive repairs. The people all know it. Even the children desire it. So on Sunday morning, March 3, I preached a sermon from Hag. i. 8, and followed it up with an appeal for subscriptions to a fund to begin the work. The people responded nicely and the sum of nearly \$1,700 was pledged. But during the taking of the subscriptions I noticed an eight-year-old boy in the congregation, and he seemed very anxious about something. First he would look at his father, then whisper to his mother, then, turning toward the pulpit, up went his hand. I at once recognized it and indicated that I was ready to record his subscription. Then in a slow, deliberate tone Arthur Peck said, 'I'll take a half a share' (the shares were \$10 each, payable in five equal annual instalments). Monday morning there was a ring at the parsonage door-bell. We

opened the door and greeted our young friend Arthur. He made his best bow and said: 'Do you want to buy any scouring soap to-day? It's good to clean floors, paint, pans, pots and kettles, and to take out grease.' Of course we wanted to buy some, for we knew that Arthur had gone into the soap business for the Lord.

"The week passed, and Saturday night, about 8 o'clock, my wife and I were entertaining a caller in the sitting room, when there was another ring at the door-bell. The door was opened by the mistress of the parsonage, and there stood Arthur, his face radiant with delight. With a brief salutation and without waiting to be invited in, he dodged under the hand that was still resting upon the open door, and stood before me purse in hand. Opening the clasp he drew out a five-dollar bill, and laying it in my hand he said, 'There! this is for the whole five years, and I made it all this week selling soap.' This is the first payment toward our proposed improvements. Arthur Peck's zeal and example have become an inspiration for both young and old. Our boys and girls alike are now devising means whereby they may earn something toward our church improvements; and our older people manifest a disposition not to be outdone by a boy.

"I am glad to be able to add that the making of extensive church improvements in Blossburg is now an assured fact, and when our district Epworth League convention comes to us in June we expect to have a beautiful church in which to entertain our guests."

THE JOURNEY OF THE HOUSE.

I do not believe you ever heard of a house skating, but this winter in Maine a house was put on skates, and accomplished a journey across a lake successfully. The house was moved at the rate of eight miles a day. It was drawn to the top of a hill beside the lake by twenty yoke of oxen, having first been placed on sharp iron shoes. When all was in readiness, the house coasted down the hill and on to the lake, where the oxen were again hitched and the house was drawn on its skates across the lake and then along the road to its destination. A foundation was built under it, and soon it was the home again of the little children who had followed it on its journey.

A BRAVE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

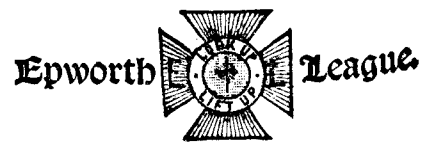
THERE is a very pretty story told by Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life.

It was in the time of Queen Mary, and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catharine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the Queen's apartment in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the Queen found little Lady Catharine in St. George's Gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression on the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particularly. "I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours." The Queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston.

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

A MISSIONARY, travelling in China, happened to ask the native guide who accompanied him the time. The Chinaman immediately went over to a cat that was near by, took it up, and carefully examined its eyes. He then came back and announced that it was about two hours after noon. On being asked on what principle he had made his calculation, he replied that by some automatic device in the eyes of all animals, the pupil contracts or expands as

the light increases or diminishes. We have all experienced this on going into a dark room. At first we can see nothing, or very little, but after a while the surrounding objects become very distinct, owing to the expansion of the pupil of the eye. This is especially so in the case of the cat; so much so, in fact, that the phases of the expansion and contraction of the pupil can be plainly marked. At day-break the cat's pupils attain their greatest size, then they gradually decrease in size till dark; after that they begin to grow larger till daybreak. If we remember these facts, by carefully noting the size of the pupil we can give a pretty shrewd guess at the time. However, it must be admitted that for the proper working of this clock a cloudless day is absolutely necessary, as the least cloudiness lessens the light, and the changes of the pupil are less noticeable.



Junior's Song.

I ONCE was a half-hearted Junior,
Held back and fettered by sin,
But I've been to the Blood for His cleansing,
And now through His power I am clean.

CHORUS.

There's no joy in half-hearted service,
No peace to the soul can it bring;
But fighting for Jesus whole-hearted,
My spirit for gladness doth sing!

At the penitent-form I saw Jesus,
With a broken and contrite heart,
Willing then and forever
From all that hindered to part.

He laid his dear hand upon me,
In mighty healing power;
From every idol he cleansed me,
I'll live for him now every hour.

Though once a half-hearted Junior,
Sincere, God now helps me to be,
In this wonderful Salvation War
There is a place even for me.

When the fighting at last is over,
And Jesus' dear face I shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
Who's saved a poor sinner like me.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

June 9, 1895.

TWO CONDITIONS.—Acts 3. 19.

Repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ must be exercised by every one who wishes to know his sins forgiven. It is therefore a matter of the greatest importance that all young persons should thoroughly understand what is meant by repentance and the Holy Spirit, whereby a sinner, from a sense of his sins, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it to God, with full purpose of soul, and endeavours after, future obedience. Thus you see repentance means a hatred to, and turning away from, sin, ceasing to do evil and learning to do well. When you see the misery produced by sin, you should certainly hate it and flee from it.

To be converted is to be made a new creature, and this great change is wrought within us, when after repentance we exercise faith in Christ, which is thus defined in the Catechism to be "a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon Christ alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the Gospel." He gave himself for us we believe he did so, and because of this we rest upon him alone for salvation. We do not rest upon our own righteousness, which is nothing better than filthy rags, but trust in him as the only Saviour, saying:

"Behold for me the Victim pleads,
His wounds are open wide,
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified."

Let all our young people act thus, and then they may go in peace, for they have accepted of God and pardoned through the Beloved, their sins are blotted out, just as the merchant blots out a debt which has been paid.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1895.

ON "GRIT."

CANADIAN boys have a word which they use when they wish to describe a nature which is absolutely indomitable, and it is about the highest praise which they can give to a comrade when he puts out the last ounce of his strength in the last spurt which wins the boat-race, or comes out a fraction of a per cent. ahead of the classmate with whom he has been racing in his Latin or his Algebra all the year. When it is over and the prize is won, his admiring friends crowd around him and slap him on the shoulder and shake him by the hand and say to him cordially, "Tell you what, old fellow, you've got grit;" and so he has; and it is this magnificent quality which sooner or later always wins the prize. The grown people call it "indomitable perseverance;" the boys call it grit, and I like their word better than the others.

"But," you say, "grit is not everything. A boy has to have a very strong body if he does much at athletics, and he has to have an exceptionally bright mind if he comes out ahead intellectually."

Think a minute. In any trial of strength which is the most apt to win, the lad who is brimful of pluck and science, who knows just exactly what to do and how to do it, or the big fellow who has twice his muscle and only half as much determination and knowledge? And as for scholarship, every teacher knows that often it is not the most brilliant boy who wins the prize; it is the boy who studies the hardest.

Once I knew a lad who thought he had a divine call to be a minister; he had plenty of good common-sense, but he was dull at his books, and some of his friends thought

His Yoke is Easy.

CHRIST never asks of us such busy labour
As leaves no time for resting at his feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ears—our rapt attention,
That he some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord has placed us
Within a space so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we can work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure.

Well, God loves patience; souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see;
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet he does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to such he gives but little heed.

Then seek to please him, whatso'er he bid thee;
Whether to do, to suffer, to be still;
'Twill matter little by what path he led us,
If in it all we sought to do his will.

"We'll see," whispered the captain.
"Perhaps—"
But here the carriage came to carry the disabled cricketer home.

Some think Baxter dreamed what is now to be told, for the Sunday which followed that Saturday afternoon was very hot, and the boy lay in a dozy sort of state in the south bedroom. But some think the captain, who came into see him while the others were at chess, had something to do with it. The captain was not only the most brilliant cricketer in the county, but the best man in it, and though he was seldom known to talk like this, Baxter always quoted the captain as if the interview which follows was a real report of what he said.

CHAPTER II.

SWIFTS; AND THE STORY OF THE CAPTAIN'S SWILLING.

"Yes, my boy," began the captain, sitting down beside his sofa, "you made a fool of yourself; but you did not know. Someone should have put you up to it. If you will not think me bumptious, I will tell you something about that fellow's bowling.

"Thank you," said the boy, "I believe I could do better if I only knew his form. He's a regular demon."

"I shall begin by telling you his name," said the captain. "It is Temptation."

"Tim who?" said the boy.

"Temptation," repeated the captain.

"Oh!" said the boy, "I hope you're not going to be religious. I thought we were talking about games."

"So we are," replied the captain, cheerily.

"We are talking of the game of Life. You know you asked me last night if you were going to live. If you are to live I had better tell you something about the game. Life is simply a cricket match—with temptation as bowler. He's the fellow who takes nearly every boy's wicket some time or other. But perhaps you can't stand this, Baxter. I'll stop it."

"No," said Baxter, "I'm as right as a trivet. Please go on. I know you won't preach."

"Well," continued the captain, "stop me if I bore you. You see every boy has three wickets to defend. The first is Duty, the second Honour, the third Unselfishness. I—"

"That looks mightily like preaching," interrupted Baxter. "Sermon with three heads: First, Duty. Second—"

"No, my boy, I'm not in that line—I am going to tell you about the bowling. I have three heads, but not these."

"What are they?"

"Swifts, Slows, and Screws."

"That's better. Excuse me," apologized the boy.

"Now here is what I call a swift. Last winter I was ordering some lemons for a football match, at S—, the grocer's. By mistake I dropped some loose silver on the floor, and the pieces went scurrying all over the place. One piece—a shilling—rolled over to where the message-boy was filling a basket, and quick as lightning he covered it with his foot and began to back against the sugar-barrels till he had it safely stowed away. Presently, after I had gathered up the seven or eight other pieces and was completing my purchase, he stooped down and pretended to tie his shoe. Then he whisked the coin into his pocket, whistled 'Rule Britannia,' and went on with his work.

"I said nothing, though I saw the whole game. There stood the culprit with his middle-stump—Honour—as clean bowled as I ever saw it done. It was a downright ugly theft, and but for one thing I should have exposed him there and then. That one thing was that the ball which took him was a swift. The best-of-boys are sometimes taken with swifts. It was a swift that bowled out Peter when the girl sprang that question on him the night the cock crowed. As a matter of fact I found out that this boy was a fairly decent fellow, and a Sunday-school scholar. I waited two days to let the thing right itself—for that often happens with 'swift' catastrophes. Then I waylaid the boy where

For those who never happen to have seen the great English game, it may be explained that the Wickets are three sticks rather over two feet high, planted erect in the ground about a couple of inches or so apart. On the top of these, joining them loosely, are poised two other little pieces, the Bails. This little "citadel" the batsman has to defend against the bowler, and if any part of it is "destroyed" by the ball, he is "out." Every time he hits the ball to a distance, he runs to another "citadel" some distance off, and each "run" counts one in his favour.

I could talk to him without being seen. It was as I expected. The poor soul had spent the two most miserable days of his life. If he had had ten seconds to think what he was doing instead of the tenth of a second he would never have done it. As for the shilling, this penitent thief had bought twelve stamps with it and was watching his chance to post them to my home.

"How to play swifts?" the captain went on, "that's not so easily said. You see the situation is something like this: A boy will tell a sudden lie where he would have spoken the truth if he had had a minute to consider. Well, this means that he is really two boys, a good boy and a bad boy. Now, the bad boy is usually on the spot first. It takes a few seconds for the other, as it were, to come up; and before he arrives the mischief is done. The thing to do therefore, is to hurry up the good boy."

"But why should the bad boy turn up first?"

"You will understand it if we call them the new boy and the old boy. I suspect the old boy has the start at birth. The new boy is born later. The thing is to grow the new boy and starve the old one till he is too thin and broken down to do much harm. We all know boys who could not do a mean thing. It is no effort to them not to do it; they have so nourished the better nature that it would be impossible to do it. What helps a cricketer in playing swifts is largely the sort of physical man he is. All his muscles are so up to the mark, and his faculties so alive and braced that he can rise to anything at a moment's notice. He plays a ball by instinct rather than by premeditation."

"You mean that swifts must be prepared for beforehand rather than when they come."

"Pretty much. The time to get ready a ship for the storm is not when the hurricane is on, but when the planks are being picked, and the bolts driven home in the dockyard. Build a boy of sound timber and he'll weather most things."

"But what if the swifts come straight at your head like that one yesterday," suggested Baxter.

"Oh," said the captain, "it's almost too ignominious to say it, but when that happens you had better get out of the way. It may look cowardly, but it is not really. There are temptations so awful that the strong thing to do is simply to step aside and let them pass. A lion won't face a blaze, though any ignorant baby will. No, Baxter; some balls you can score off, and some you can only stand still and block; some you can slip for three, and some you can drive over the ropes for six. But some—well, the best thing you can do is simply to duck your head."

"Pity we couldn't be all over pads," laughed Baxter. "Head pads wouldn't be bad."

"And forgot to put them on," smiled the captain. "Yes, there are lots of safe-guards and we cannot put on too many, but unfortunately they don't cover everything. I like pads because they have a sort of defensive feel. You seem rather to look down on them, Baxter."

"Yes," said Baxter, ruefully, "because I'm an ass."

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN'S MERCY.

QUEEN VICTORIA was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender, and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost.

On a bright, beautiful morning, the young Queen was waited upon at her palace, at Windsor, by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial pronounced against a soldier of the line that he be shot dead. The Queen looked upon the paper, and then upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view.

"What has this man done?" she asked.

The duke looked at the paper, and replied. "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear is incorrigible. He has deserted three times."

"And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?"

Wellington shook his head.

"Oh, think again, I pray you!"

Seeing that her Majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure that she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant, and really a good soldier.

"But," he added, "think of the influence."

"Influence!" the Queen cried, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with emotion, "let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case; and I charge you, your Grace, to let me know the result. 'A good soldier,' you said. Oh! I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good word saved him."

Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand—across the page—the bright, saving word, "Pardoned!"

The duke was fond of telling the story; and he was willing, also, to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.

An Easter Legend.

There is an ancient legend,
It is both quaint and old—
A legend of the lilies fair,
By old folks long since told.

How at an early dawning,
Of that blest Easter day,
The Lord's disciples came to see
The grave wherein he lay;

But lo! their Lord had risen!
And empty was the tomb!
Christ, all-triumphant over death,
Had robbed it of its gloom!

Amazed, they stood still doubting
Until one, going in,
The linen napkin lifted up,
Where that dear head had been.

When straightway—saith the legend,
That years ago was told—
When straightway sprang up lilies fair,
Most lovely to behold!

There, where the Lord's head rested,
Forth from his glory bright,
They blossomed in that holy spot,
Reflecting heaven's own light.

So bring we fair, sweet lilies,
Their hearts all pure within—
The radiant lilies, white as snow,
"Which neither toil nor spin."

THE DRUNKARDS OF THE FUTURE.

A TEMPERANCE lecturer was preaching on his favourite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Where will your fathers be in twenty years?"

"Dead," shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins. "Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house door, waiting for someone to treat them?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them." "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys. "And who will be drunkards then?" "Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awful! It was awful; but it was true.

CLEVER REASONING

There is a very clever small girl in England who reasons out a great many things for herself, and who cannot be deceived, as many other small girls are, by things that are told them "for fun."

Having been told by one of her aunts that the moon was made of green cheese, she immediately sought out her grandfather, to whom she said, "Aunt J— says the moon's made of green cheese, but I don't believe it."

"And why not?" asked her grandfather. "Because I've been readin' in the Bible, and it proves the moon ain't made of green cheese, because the moon was made before the cows was." —Harper's Young People.

BAXTER'S SECOND INNINGS.

BY

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER I.

BAXTER'S FIRST INNINGS.

"MAN IN!" cried the umpire, and the fielders fell into their places. The bowler stepped back a pace and poised the ball in his fingers. You never saw power more clearly written on any face—it was almost weird; and his arm worked like a steel spring. The new batsman, on the other hand, was only a boy. His cricket jacket was painfully new, and so were his cap and wondrously varnished bat. And the expression on the great bowler's face when the "man in" walked to the wicket was strange to see.

This was Baxter's first great match. I suppose this accounts for it that he did not recognize the bowler; but to those of the spectators who did, the casual way in which he handled his bat was really ominous. "Does that greenhorn know he's playing a match?" growled one of them. "If he doesn't wake up I'll back the first straight ball to finish him. The ass hasn't even his pads on."

At that moment the first ball whizzed down the pitch, and if it had been a hair's breadth more to the right it would have been all over with the new batsman. The second ball seemed to the spectators a hundred times swifter than the first, but what exactly happened, no one ever quite understood. Whether the ball rose on an inequality of the ground, or glanced off the top of the bat, is not quite certain, but in any case the boy missed when he struck at it, and it caught him sideways on the head; and the next moment he lay motionless across the pitch.

When he became conscious he found himself lying in the pavilion on a pile of coats. "It was a narrow shave," he heard the doctor say. "Whatever made the young idiot run into a ball like that?"

"He did not know the bowling, doctor," said the captain, who was holding up his head. "It's his first match. I hope the wound's not serious!"

"Just missed the temple," replied the doctor. "If it had struck there he was a dead man—sure. As it is, it may smart a bit, but that may be all."

"Doctor," whispered the patient, suddenly opening his eyes, "shall I be better next Saturday?"

"Why, you young imbecile."

"Because I would like a second innings."

"Innings!" exclaimed the doctor, who pretended to be a little gruff sometimes. "You may get a ball—perhaps two; I should not call that an innings."

"It's about all I deserve," said the victim, drowsily.

An Appeal for the Birds.

O say, O say, can you hear them,
In forest and field and lane,
The starling nestlings crying
While the parent birds are slain?
Can you see the nests deserted,
And the pretty eggs chilled o'er,
And hear all Nature mourning
For the birds that sing no more?

O say, O say, can you see them,
The songbirds we love to hear,
Dying by hundreds and thousands,
Perishing year by year?
To the gaudy haunts of fashion
We may trace their plumage gay,
But their hearts that throbbed with music
Have ceased to beat for aye.

O songsters, beautiful songsters,
Ye come and sing no more.
Spring waits in vain for the carol
That welcomed her coming of yore;
But beware! There is One who made them,
Our birds with their voices sweet,
And the cries of his dying songsters
Ascend to his mercy seat!

STREET SCENE, BENARES.

A STREET scene in an Eastern city presents many points of contrast to one in the West. The fantastic oriental architecture, the dark faces and quaint costumes of the people, the strange languages that meet the ear, all make one feel that he is in another world. Yet there are on every side evidences of a civilization that was old before that of European countries began, and even the languages contain the roots from which many of the words of most European tongues have sprung. The thick mattings and awnings hung over the windows and doors are evidences of the heat of the climate. Amid such surroundings many of the noblest trophies of missionary labour have been won.



STREET SCENE, BENARES.

SALT.

You doubtless have heard of the little boy who wrote a composition on salt, and said it was "stuff that made things taste bad if you did not put it on." Salt is an absolute necessity. Once a king in Mexico conquered his enemies because it was possible for him to prevent their getting any salt. The people yielded because they could not endure life without salt. In Mexico, when the world was young, they had a goddess who was known as the salt-giver. When you use salt, remember to be grateful for it.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 30.] LESSON X. [June 9.
THE WALK TO ENNAUS.
Luko 24. 13-32. Memory verses, 25-27.
GOLDEN TEXT.

He opened to us the Scriptures.—Luko 24. 32.

OUTLINE.

1. The Hidden Eyes, v. 13-16.
2. The Strange Story, v. 17-24.
3. The Opened Word, v. 25-32.

TIME.—April 9, A. D. 30. The same day as the last lesson, but late in its afternoon.

PLACE.—A country road leading from Jerusalem to Emmaus.

RULERS.—Caiaphas, high priest; Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The walk to Emmaus.—Luko 24. 13-24.
- Tu. The walk to Emmaus.—Luko 24. 25-32.
- W. Thomas convinced.—John 20. 24-31.
- Th. Testified beforehand.—1 Peter 1. 1-12.
- F. Not understood.—Luko 18. 28-34.
- S. Slow to believe.—Mark 16. 9-14.
- Su. Moses and the prophets.—Acts 3. 19-26.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Hidden Eyes*, v. 13-16.
To what travellers are we here introduced?
What journey were they taking?
How were they engaged while journeying?
What stranger joined them?
Why did they not recognize him?
Name two other instances when Jesus was not recognized. See John 20. 14; 21. 4.
2. *The Strange Story*, v. 17-24.
What question did the stranger ask?

Who replied to the question?
What did Cleopas say?
What answer was made?
About whom was this strange story told?
What had occurred to Jesus of Nazareth?
What hope had his followers cherished?
How long time since these events?
From whom had a strange report come?
What had these women told?
Who were these women? See verse 10.
How was their report received? See verse 11.
How had it been confirmed?

3. *The Opened Word*, v. 25-32.
What rebuke did the stranger utter?
What question did he ask?
What instruction did he give them?
At Emmaus what was the stranger about to do?
What entreaty did the disciples make?
What did the visitor do as they sat at meat?
What happened to the disciples?
What became of Jesus?
What had Jesus done for the disciples? (Golden Text.)
What were their feelings as Jesus talked?
What did they at once do? See verses 33-35.
How were their words suddenly confirmed?
See verses 36-49.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. A lesson of sympathy?
2. A lesson of faith?
3. A lesson of hospitality?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who saw Jesus on the afternoon of the day of his resurrection? Two disciples. 2. Where were they going? To Emmaus. 3. Of what did they tell him? The life and death of Jesus. 4. What did Jesus explain to them? The prophecies concerning him. 5. What happened when the day was far spent?

He tarried with them. 6. What took place when the disciples recognized him? He vanished. 7. What is the Golden Text? "He opened to us the Scriptures."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The witness of the Old Testament to Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Is the Church one?
The invisible Church is one in Christ; but visible Churches may have and have many forms.
Is the Church holy?
It is called to be holy, and the invisible Church is holy; but there may be many unworthy members in the visible Church.
Matthew 13. 30, 47-50; 1 John 2. 19.

WHAT TOBACCO WILL DO FOR A BOY.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

"THEY wanted me to sign a petition," said Mr. Melvin. "They are trying to make scientific temperance instruction one of the school studies. It's all fol-de-rol. I don't want my boy's head stuffed with such nonsense as they have put into their books, and I certainly shall not vote for it or sign any petition for it."
Franklin was listening attentively. This hour was, though not one of the three dreamed of such a possibility, a turning point in his life. This was the view his father took of the tobacco question, and his father must be right.
Years after, when Franklin graduated from the public school he passed the ex-

aminations very creditably but took no honours.

"I expected a great deal more of Franklin," said the superintendent, "he is a young man of great promise. He seems to be really brilliant at times, but at other times quite dull. His studies come too easy to him; he does not make effort enough."

It was the same on the playground. An expert one day, another an indifferent player. "You can't depend on Franklin Melvin," the boys said.

He was anxious to enter a military school, but he was unable to pass the examinations here, being pronounced physically unsound. "It is useless," said the examiner, "for a man that uses tobacco to attempt to enter a military school."

Then Franklin studied law, but failed in that, for though eloquent and witty, shrewd and keen, he had periods of confusion when nothing seemed clear and he could not collect his thoughts. "So strange," people said, "that such a smart lawyer should lose so many cases."

Then he tried medicine, and it was the same old story, a brilliant beginning and everyone's favourite, then a quick falling off until the word "failing" stared him in the face again.

Standing amid the ruins of what had been a promising career, Franklin Melvin acknowledged the truth to which he had stoutly refused to listen, namely, that tobacco was a viper that was sucking his life's blood, weakening body and brain, and transforming a noble manhood into a very inferior specimen. He thought of his father, who year by year grew morose, irritable and dull. He thought of all the warnings to which he had turned a deaf ear, and the many young men who had failed that were slaves of the tobacco habit.

"I will give it up," he said, and he did make a struggle, only to return to his habit more a slave than ever.

ONLY a few weeks ago a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following. "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand. We pursue the shadow; the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"

JAPAN:

THE LAND OF THE MORNING

BY

Rev. J. W. Saunby, B.A.

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