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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, MAY 15 1886

No 10



THE FRIENDS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"THE MASTER HAS COME."

"THE Master has come over Jordan;"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He's leading the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say;
And now I shall carry the children
Little Rachel, and Samuel and John,
And dear little Esther, the baby,
For the Master to look upon."

The father then looked at her kindly,
And said, as he tenderly smiled,
"Now who but a fond, loving mother
Would think of a project so wild?
If the children were tormented by demons,
Or lay with fever, 'twere well,
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many around us who dwell."

"Nay, nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
And if to the Master I tell it
That burden he'll help me to bear;
If he lay but his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them each as they go."

So, over the mountains of Judah,
Along with the vines all so green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
With the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch, or his word;
Thro' the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Thou knowest from morn until evening
He is teaching, and healing disease."
Said Jesus: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!"
Then he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he sa. on his knee.

The care-stricken heart of the mother
Was lifted all sorrow above;
His hands kindly laid on the children,
He blest them with holiest love;
And said of the babes on his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven;"
Then strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit was given.

THE FRIENDS.

FAR away from home, and without
a friend excepting her dog, the poor
Italian lass is trying to earn a few
pennies by street singing. What a
lonely life, with no one to love but a
faithful dog. We wonder if she knows
anything about the loving God. Surely
we ought to pity, and do something
for such poor, unfortunate, homeless
wanderers. Did not Jesus die for them
as well as for us?

WORK.

ALWAYS remember, boys, whatever
your occupation may be, you have to
work. Whether you handle a pick
or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of
books, digging ditches or editing a
paper, you must work. If you look
around in the world, you will see the
men who are the best able to live the
rest of their days without work are the
men who work the hardest.

Work gives you an appetite for your
meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers,
it gives you a perfect and grateful appre-
ciation of a holiday. There are young
men who do no work, but the world
is not proud of them. It does not
know their names, even; it simply
speaks of them as old So-and-so's boys.
Nobody likes them; the great, busy
world doesn't know that they are there.
So find out what you want to be and do,
and take off your coat and go at it.
The busier you are, the less mischief
you will be apt to get into, the sweeter
will be your sleep, the brighter and
happier your holidays, and the better
satisfied will you be with the world and
the world with you.

WHAT TIM JENKINS CAME TO.

BY REV. H. LEWIS, (BLACK HEAD, NELL).

CHAPTER I.

TELLS WHEEL AND HOW TIM
STARTED LIFE.

PULL-Y-GLO may seem a queer name,
but to the Welsh it is quite natural.
"Pull" means "pit" or "hole," "glo"
means "coal," and the "y" stands for
"the," so the name of the little village
would be in English—The Coal Pit.
Anyway, that is where Tim Jenkins
was born and where he spent his youth,
and a poor miserable little place it was
—everything was black with coal and
smoke—even the few trees that grow
there, and the sparrows that hopped
about the houses, looked smutty. The
main thing in this little Welsh village
was the large engine-house, with the
tall chimney shaft, and from the engine-
house went a strong rope or hawser
that went over a wheel on the top of a
big frame, and then down the coal mine
over a hundred feet. There was
another pit with the same kind of
machinery, and up and down these
two pits the engine in the engine-
house kept winding the cages or small
waggons with coal in them, and also
the men and boys who worked in the
coal mine. It was down these pits
that Tim went at an early age to work;
he was not eight years old when he
was taken by his father to spend his
days and often nights in the coal mine.
You would see little boys in these
days yoked to the small waggons, just
as we see dogs tackled to a sled some-
times, and dragging them through mud
and water, to the mouth of the pit, to
be wound up by the strong rope I
have mentioned. That's where and
how Tim started life, and many other
boys like him. You cannot wonder
that Tim was very small and funny for
his age. The wonder is he ever lived
to become a man, especially when we
remember the ill-treatment he got
from his drunken father, and the hard
work and poor fare he had when only
a child.

CHAPTER II.

IS ABOUT TIM'S BAD FATHER AND AN
OLD FRIEND.

I said Tim's father was a drunkard.
So he was, and often spent his own
earnings, and Tim's too, in liquor.
Thus it was that Tim's home was a
wretched hovel; his mother was a
godly woman, but her poverty was
great, owing to the drinking habits of
her husband. She taught Tim to shun
evil ways, and took him to the Sunday-
school, and by going there Tim met
with a good old friend. Davy Jones
was an old man, and to look at him
you would think he would never be
able to get home—he was a cripple;
years before an accident happened at
the mine, and Davy came near losing
his life; he now had some easy berth
at the works, but his chief employment,
and enjoyment, was training the boys
in the Sunday-school, and acting as
preacher for the miners, when the
minister was not there. He saw Tim
was going to be a bright lad, and by
praying and teaching he led Tim to
the Saviour, and it was a happy day
for Tim's mother when she saw her lad
starting to lead a new life, even the
godless father spoke of it with pride.
Shortly after he was converted, Tim
commenced to work for Jesus, and old
Davy did much to encourage his little
convert. Oftentimes when he went to

one or two of the villages near by to
lead prayer-meetings, or preach a
sermon, he took Tim with him to read
out the hymns and portions of the
Scriptures. In the course of time, it
was an understood thing that Davy
would bring Tim with him wherever
he went; folks used to say, by way of
joke, Tim was Davy's curate. Well,
it was that way Tim got his training,
and soon began to preach himself, and
though the people were proud of their
"boy preacher," Tim did not let his
popularity make him proud, but
borrowed and bought books so that he
might be the better able to expound the
Word, and kept humble and faithful to
Jesus, and grew in favour with God
and man. Davy's and Tim's fame went
abroad for miles around, and scores
and hundreds of people would gather
to hear "the old cripple and the boy
preacher," as they used to call them.

CHAPTER III.

TELLS HOW TIM WAS NOT AFRAID TO DIE
WHEN SOMEBODY ELSE WAS.

The coal mines are very dangerous
to work in, and often when "fire
damp," as it is called, collects and
explodes, many lives are lost. Other
times the water floods the mines, and,
oftener still, the mine caves in, and men
are buried alive. Well, one morning
while Tim and a minor were working
together in an out-of-the-way place,
the roof fell in, and the two were
buried alive. The noise was heard,
and men and boys rushed to the spot
to see what had happened, and who
hurt. The news soon spread that it
was little Tim Jenkins, and Jack
Williams were buried alive. Men
commenced to dig away. The big
wheel over which the rope ran never
moved quicker, because when the news
got to the top, fresh gangs of men
were sent down to work away at the
heap of rubbish that covered poor Tim
and his comrade. I need not tell you
all hearts were sad, and above all Tim's
mother, and "old cripple Davy." The
first day and night passed and no sign
of recovery. Sometimes the work
would be stopped, and absolute silence
prevail, excepting the dropping of the
water from the sides and roof of the
mine; then all would listen to hear if
they might discern the cries of the lost
ones, but no reply would come to the
loud calls of the miners. The second,
third, and fourth days passed, and no
signs. Sabbath-day came and no Tim
with his bright face in the little church.
You will not wonder that every one
broke down at the morning service,
when the minister prayed for those
who were buried in the mine, for
nobody expected to see Tim and Jack
again. There was no sermon that
morning, and when the Sunday school
met, it was only to weep—the children
loved Tim. Oh what a Sunday that
was in the little village, even the
godless had no heart to go to the
"Gross Keys" to drink. On the
Monday a voice was heard. The men
stopped—pick-axes and shovels were
still, and, what do you think—why, the
voices of Tim and Jack singing an old
Welsh hymn, just as Paul and Silas
sang when they were in jail. The men
took up the tune and finished the
hymn. The tears streamed down their
cheeks, making white furrows, then
they plied the tools with more
vigour than ever. The news soon
spread—the big wheel spun around
faster than ever, hauling up men and

letting down fresh gangs to speed the
rescue. About midnight a small hole
was made, through which Tim and his
comrade managed to crawl, and very
weak they were, having lived all these
days and nights on what water they
could get as it dropped from the roof,
and the two or three candles that they
had for lights at their work. What
joy there was in all Pull-y-glo. But
the story was soon abroad. Jack
Williams was led to the Saviour in
that dark prison-house. Death stared
them in the face, but Tim was happy,
and all his care was to pray for his
comrade and guide him to Jesus. Thus
it was that Tim worked for his Master,
while the ungodly was trembling with
fear. When Tim's strength allowed
him, he went to the little sanctuary—
related his experience—his mother and
father were there, Davy Jones was
there, Jack Williams was there saying
that the accident was the best thing
that ever happened him.

CHAPTER IV.

TIM PREACHES A SERMON.

Ever afterwards Tim's fame went
the country round, but his ability as a
young preacher was confined to the
immediate locality of Pull-y-glo. An
event took place some time after that
gave him a name that he never dreamt
of. It was at one of those large
preaching services which were, and
are now, quite common in Wales. The
people had gathered from all parts that
Sunday; the greatest preachers in the
district were expected, but in the
afternoon services the two preachers,
owing to the bad roads, failed to be
there in time—in fact, did not arrive
until after the service. In the dilemma
it was decided to get Davy Jones to fill
up the gap. The ministers who were
there were reserved for the evening
service. Davy was prevailed upon,
but suggested that his Tim, for the old
man always claimed the lad, would do
good service. When the people saw
the decrepit old man go into the pulpit,
and little Tim—obeying him—follow,
they knew that a good time was in
store. The singing was just the kind
you get from a people, who are
expecting great things—they sang, only
as the Welsh can sing, the hymns of
their native tongue. Davy stood up
and announced his text. It was this,
"There is a loaf here that has five
barley loaves and two small fishes."
Everybody knew what that meant.
Davy told them how they had been
disappointed, and baffled, as the dis-
ciples were, and now the Master was
going to give them a feast. He told
them how Jesus could bless even the
words of an old man and a small boy.
Before the old man had been long
talking in his homely style everybody
was in tears, and when Tim was called
on to say a few words, "amens" and
"hallelujahs" sounded through the
church from all parts of it. Tim
stood up, and having announced his
text, went on with his discourse; he
grew more fervid. It was soon ap-
parent that "the lad" with the five
barley loaves was there, and Jesus was
making him a blessing to all. Tim
told the simple story of the Cross; he
told how he had found Jesus while
Davy was praying with him; he told
them how in the coal mine, buried
there for days, he had Jesus to cheer
him, and how that death had no terror.
The Holy Spirit was there, and many
were born of God that day.

CHAPTER V.

TELL WHAT THE SERMON DID FOR TIM.

Tim was only in his teens when he preached that sermon, but it was clear the Lord intended he should be a preacher, and those who heard him said it would not do to let the lad be any longer in the coal mine. There was a school in the neighbouring town, and the ministers and rich friends undertook to pay Tim's expenses there, so that he might be better fitted for the great work for which he was intended. The hard trial was for Davy to give up his disciple, but the claims of Jesus came first in everything with the good old man. Tim made diligent use of his opportunities, and in a few months was showing that his mind and heart were in the great work. I need not tell you how he passed his examinations, but unexpectedly one of the ministers died, and the circuit was in need of a supply. No one was better suited for the position, and, in fact, no one else was available but Tim Jenkins. So he was ordered off. The circuit to which Tim was appointed was sixty miles away from Tim's home, and as even stage coaches were not on the route, the young preacher had to tramp the weary miles over hills and holes until he reached the little town. When the good people saw him they were surprised that the officials should send a mere lad, who had tramped with his few clothes and books tied up in a handkerchief; however, Tim Jenkins showed them there was good stuff in him. The Lord blest his labours. The people learned to love him. Tim, in the years of his probation, used to live on bread and water for days together, that he might have money to buy books. He worked on and thus became one of the most learned, popular, useful, and pious preachers Wales ever had. That's what Tim Jenkins came to.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

ANNIE CLARK was only ten years old, but already she had given her heart to Christ, and joined the Baptist Church in the little town of N.

She was an active worker in the Sunday-school, and almost every Saturday you might see her, with Sunday-school papers under her arm trying to get scholars for the Sr. ay-school; so the superintendent used to call her little missionary.

Annie's papa was a real missionary—one of those who go to the far East to tell the simple story of the cross to those who have long been in darkness. A short time before he was intending to start on one of these journeys, Annie found him alone one day in the library reading. Going to him, and climbing into his lap, she said:

"Papa, I am going to help you a good deal while you are gone."

"Why, dear little one," said he "we shall be thousands of miles apart."

Turning and looking earnestly up in his face, she said:

"Papa, I can pray for you."

Dear little friend, have you not some one for whom you can pray; some one engaged in active labour, in which you would like to be? Let them know that you are praying for them, and it may help them, as it did Annie's papa; for he said that many times when he was discouraged and weary, the thought of the little girl at home praying for him, gave him strength and cheer.

TRY IT.

COULD I write, with ink unfading,
One brief code for youth and man;
Could I show its all-pervading
Power in progress, I would pen,—
Try it.

Magic words these, born in heaven;
Down by thoughtful angels hurled;
Slighted, man to doom is driven;
Heeded, they give man the world.
Try it.

Luck is judgment wed to Labour;
Luck, the handmaid of Success,
Toil to Truth should be a neighbour.
Honour brings her own redress;—
Try it.

Stay yorks yet call the student;
Earth's past age is still unread;
Nations seek the wise, the prudent;
Thrones and armies must be led;—
Try it.

How did Watt to steam give motion?
Locke, trace purposes of mind?
How Columbus cross the ocean?
How did Luther change mankind?—
They tried it.

How did Homer write his epic?
How did Scott compose his lays?
How did Mendelssohn, his music?
How did Shakespeare write his plays?—
They tried it.

Thus it was, will be forever:
If "To be" man has in view,
Man must live with firm endeavour
Well to think, then plan, then do;—
Try it.

T. C. JENKINS.

POLLYWOGS AND BABY FROGS.

Come, my boys and girls, do not waste your time now. You can sit in the house in winter and on rainy days, and learn much from books. But take my advice, and learn something from nature too. Shall I tell you how to do it? We cannot well do more than one thing at a time, so we will now busy ourselves with one animal.

You know there are animals which feel warm when you put your hand on them—like the cat and the dog, chickens, and all birds. There are also creatures which feel cold to the touch—such as fish, turtles, lizards, toads, and frogs. This time we will study a cold-blooded animal.

If we take a pail and a dipper and go to a pond where frogs live, we may search closely for tadpoles. A tadpole is also called a "pollywog," though in some places it is called a "bullhead." Which name do you like best? When a tadpole is quite young, it looks like a comma in your book. But it would not do for a comma, because it wriggles all the time and pushes its body along through the water. This little tadpole was once an egg—a frog's egg. It was a very small black ball or point in a mass of white jelly as large as a green pea. Then the jelly faded away, a tail grew out of the little ball and began to wriggle, and lo! the egg had become a pollywog. Remember,

"The pollywog
Is a baby frog."

But its mother takes no care of it. It must swim about alone, and feed itself on what it finds in the water. This baby-frog grows larger very rapidly. Every day, if you should watch him closely, you would see that he was larger than he was the day before. He grows longer and longer. His head does not seem to be much separated from his body. Just where his neck might be he will put out little gills, with which he breathes by letting

the water pass through them, just as a fish breathes. When he is a little older the gills go away, and his eyes grow large enough for you to see them. Now that the gills are gone, the tadpole breathes air with his lungs.

Next, his body grows thicker and his tail more slender, and when he is an inch and a half or two inches long he puts out two little legs, with little feet that have five toes. And so he swims about with his long tail and little legs, and grows larger and larger. In a few days more he puts out two small arms, with five fingers on each hand, and he looks very much like a lizard.

And what does he next? He waits until he has grown larger, and then, of a sudden, his tail drops off. Now he is a true and real frog.

If, in the pond or puddle, you see a tadpole, be he an egg in jelly, or a comma with a wriggling tail, or a fish-like animal swimming about waiting for his legs to grow, or a tadpole with two legs, or a lizard-like creature,—in whatever state you see him,—cautiously put your dipper into the water and catch him. Then put him in your pail with some water and carry him home. Do not be satisfied with one; take half a dozen or more. At home place them in a glass dish or in an earthen one, and set it in the sun, but do not put it where the dog may lap up the water. Do it all gently. Then day by day watch your little captives, and you will see them grow and go through all their changes.

If you walk out in the early spring you may find the eggs or spaws; if later, then you find the tadpoles. But the sooner you go the more pleasure you will have in watching the growth of the little animals. Do not hurt them nor be cruel to them. Then you can find in the library some book which describes the frog and the tadpole, and you will like to read it after you have seen the creature itself.

When your tadpoles have become frogs, put them in the pail again; put on your broad-brimmed hats—for the sun's rays will have become powerful in the full summer—and go again out to the pond and set your captives free. Then, if they can, let them tell the wild frogs, who all these weeks have been out in the native ponds, what a strange place they have been in, what large eyes have looked at them, what rosy lips have smiled at them, what a clatter of youthful voices they have heard—how their portraits have been taken, and how they have been petted and made much of. And at this strange story all the wild frogs ought to lift up their hands in astonishment and exclaim, "Oogara-gook! oogara-gook!"—*Child's Companion*.

THE SPRING FRESHET IN MAPLE VALLEY

WHAT A SCENE in Maple Valley! A flood stretching from one side of the valley to the other, turbulent mass of ice, breaking, clashing, grinding, while the angry water whirls along the opening and widening currents, then narrowing and disappearing.

"Bridge going!" somebody shouts; and the strong beams snap like pipe-stems.

"There is a barn!" cries another; and down the flood drifts a barn, a cow staring out of one of its doors in helpless wonder.

"John Slow's house is in danger!"

cries Neighbour One in the ears of Neighbour Two.

"Yes, it is," answers Neighbour Two, eyeing a snug, little home in the interval, flanked by rows of apple-trees. "Guess I'll caution him."

"John," says Neighbour Two, an hour later, "hadn't you better look after things here and pack up!"

"O, I'll look after myself. I am all ready. Got a boat among those apple-trees; I can hop into it and lead up 'mazin' quick, neighbour."

"Better go now! Looks angry up the valley."

"O, time enough! I intend to look after myself."

That night John is alarmed by the sharp outcries and white faces of his children, who had already caught the sound of the water rushing into the house. What will he do now?

"Wish I had gone before!" moans John.

Is not this the way of many in dealing with their spiritual interests? They intend to choose religion some time. "So easy to act," they cry. "The ark of salvation is nigh."

They slipantly talk as if it needed only a hasty hop, and in a safe place they will be landed. That is a mean way to treat God; to please ourselves while life will bring us any pleasure, and then to offer him the refuse, the rag-end of our existence here. Death will then come to them as the flood that mocks their good intentions and drowns their treasures. Freshets never take into account a man's good intentions. Why not act now, and serve God to-day?

Religion is a reasonable duty, an exalted privilege, man's sweetest pleasure. Act deliberately now. Death will then come only as a necessary and welcome incident in our development. It will not be the fierce, wild freshet, surprising and destroying, but the placid evening stream that receives our weary bark, and so we are gratefully drifted only from one bank to the other—home at last, and forever!

PACKING THE LUNGS WITH AIR.

DEEP breathing and holding of the breath is an item of importance. Persons of weak vitality find an uninterrupted succession of deep and rapid respirations so distressing that they are discouraged from persevering in the exercise. Let such persons take into the lungs as much air as they can at a breath and hold it as long as they can, they will find a grateful sense of relief in the whole abdominal region. Practice will increase ability to hold the breath and the capacity of the lungs.

After a time the art may be learned of packing the lungs. This is done by taking and holding the long breath and then forcing more air down the trachea by swallows of air. The operation may be described by that of a fish's mouth in water. To those who have never learned, it will be surprising to what an extent the lungs may be packed. Caution at first is needful, but later practice will warrant large use of the treatment. The whole thoracic and abdominal cavities will receive immediate benefit, and continence, and temperance in eating, good air and right exercise, will bring welcome improvement.—*Herald of Health*

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For the Year 1886.

MISSION WORK IN NEW-FOUNDLAND.

OUR readers will remember the account of the dreadful wrecks off the coast of Labrador, or when scores of fishing vessels were dashed to pieces, and a great number of fishermen were lost. Many of these fishermen were from Black Head, where the good work, described in the following letter, is going on. Bro. Lewis, some time ago, wrote a very graphic and interesting story of Newfoundland life, and now sends the interesting sketch of "Tim Jenkins," printed in another part of this paper. It is a curious coincidence that the text on the occasion of the miner lad's introduction to his life work, was the same as that of Kike Lumsden, in Dr. Eggleston's story of Pioneer Methodism, in this number of PLEASANT HOURS.

Newfoundland is doing its full share in the maintenance of our connexional literature. The graphic story of "Skipper George Netman," written by the Rev. J. Bond for the *Methodist Magazine*, is announced for republication in the most widely circulated Wesleyan magazine in England. But here is Bro. Lewis' letter:

Dear Bro.—I received your kind note of Jan. 26th. But owing to the good work the Lord has been carrying on here, I have not had time to do much. We are now on our eleventh week of special service. We have organized sixteen new classes, and replenished the old ones. Most of our Sunday-school scholars have been won for Jesus. We have now four junior society classes, and many of the older ones meet in adult classes. The papers for the young come all right, and are most opportune now, as we have our young converts to train, and the reading matter in your most excellent

papers is just the thing. We are passing through "hard times" here, mostly owing to shipwrecks on Labrador, so that we shall not be able to pay what we have promised until the fall. This will be a hard year with me, but I do not intend to let circumstances starve me out of the work.

We have our sealers out now. Today news comes that some of the young men from here were lost on the ice-fields—having gone away from the ship searching for seals, got be-nighted, and it snowed. But they made the land in the morning, having been tramping on the ice day and night. However they are safe, thank God. Such is the experience of our people here. Wishing you every success,

I am, yours truly,

HENRY LEWIS.

THE LITTLE BROTHER—A CHILD'S TALE.

(Translated from the German)

BY ELLA R. WITHROW.



ONE lovely May morning little Emilie went for a walk, to take her baby brother to her grandfather's farm, just outside the village. The little brother was not very well, indeed through the whole long winter he had not been strong. The sun shone so beautifully, the grasses waved in the wind, and the daisies were beginning to blossom—yes,

surely spring was here.

How pleasant it was at the old farm-house! There stood the old barn, with the cow-stables under it, and the gay weather-cock on the roof, and there on the other side was the poultry house and all the hens, ducks and geese! Here they come, cackling and gabbling, each with an air of great importance. And there stands Liese, the great brown cow, Emilie's own cow which her grandfather gave her.

And, oh! see Carlo, see how he wags his tail, as if he would laugh because Emilie is come again. She was at grandfather's a year ago, but now she has a baby-brother with her. But the dear little fellow has grown tired; see how his little eyes wink, and then again he sleeps, and dreams of angels, and smiles so sweetly. There is a lovely spot between the flowering elder-berry bushes, that is usually grandmother's favourite seat in the summer time. Emilie sits down upon the wide bench, she is tired too, she has carried her little brother such a long way. She takes the hay-fork and makes a bed of hay, and lays him on it and seats herself beside him. She looks up at the bright sky above, then she looks at the brown Liese; what is she thinking about? And here comes a sheep through the door with its little lamb. Then Emilie leans her head against the wall, and softly sings—

"What will you give
What will you give
For my little brother fair!
Nothing is bright as his loving blue eyes,
Or soft as his curly hair.

What will you bring
What will you bring
To trade for my treasure here?
No one can show me a thing so sweet,
Anywhere far or near."

"What will you give for little brother?"

The brown Liese looks at little Emilie out of her great, soft eyes, and says, "Dost thou really think so much of thy baby-brother there? Can he run and jump and play yet?"

"Oh! no," says Emilie, "he cannot walk yet."

"S-o-o!
How old is he then?"
"Eleven months."

"Eleven months! My baby could run before it was two days old! I do not wish thy baby." And the brown Liese blinks disdainfully.



"M-a-a! m-a-a!" says the old sheep coming through the door, and the wee lammie by its side cries out too, "M-a-a! m-a-a!" "Let me too see the little brother thou wouldst sell! Hum! He pleases me, but he has only two legs!"

"Yes," says Emilie, "that is all."

"Then my baby is worth twice as much as thine, for mine has four legs. And it seems to me thy baby has no wool."

"Oh! but see his beautiful golden curls"

"It is too thin, too thin," says the sheep, shaking its head, "I think I shall not exchange with thee." And away goes the old sheep, and the little white lamb kicks his heels in the air, and follows his mother out.

"Gluck, gluck!" comes the hen picking up seeds on the ground—a clucking hen with twelve chickens. "Gluck! gluck!" she calls, and shows them a grain of corn in the grass, or a little beetle on the ground.

"Well, and how art thou, Nellie!" says the hen, passing by; "art thou here again? Listen, dost thou want to sell thy little brother? What can he do, then? Can he find worms and eat them?"

"What!" says Emilie, offended, "eat worms! he eats soup and drinks milk!"

"Oh! indeed," says Mrs. Hen, angry too, "and he has no yellow feet, and I fear he has not feathers." And off she goes with all her brood, and does not look again at the little boy.

"Purr! purr!" comes from the corner under the hay, and Emilie wonders what can it be, till she sees





the old gray minzie who has made a little bed there for her kittens.

Emilie calls the cat and the little purring kittens to her.

"Thou art very proud," says Minzie, looking at the hen. "What need of that? Twelve chicks! That is frightful! Who will find food for them all? I think three or four children are enough. Dost thou not think so too, Emilie?"

"One is enough," answers the child, "when he is sick and teething."

"What is that! My kittens have no trouble with their teeth, I am sure. Do not be angry, but I think I shall not take thy little brother, because I fancy he will hardly be able to catch mice. If thou wish—for old friendship's sake—I will let thee have one of my little pets to play with for a while. That will comfort thee perhaps, because thy wee brother is of so little use."

"No," said Emilie, "I would rather have my own little brother than anything in the world."

At that moment there streamed in a sunbeam from behind a cloud and played on baby-brother's sweet little face, and the dear little fellow laughed in his sleep. And out of the sunbeam—Emilie saw it distinctly—glided so soft and slowly a beautiful angel from heaven. He was so quiet and gentle, his wings hardly rustled at all. He stood before the sleeping baby-boy and bent over him, the locks of his hair falling on the pure forehead of the child, and his lips lightly touched its sweet mouth.

"Wilt thou give him to me," said the angel, lingering and looking long into Emilie's eyes.

"What wilt thou do with little brother?" anxiously answered Emilie. "I will bring him to God, so he will become well again and happy."

Emilie gazed pleadingly into the angel's mild, kind face, her lips quivered and her little heart beat faster, and at last she said brokenly, "If thou wilt bring brother to God in heaven, take him with thee!" She could say no more, but burst into sobs,

and two great tears rolled down her cheeks. Then the angel bent over her and laid his hand in blessing on her head and on the little brother's, and softly breathed, "Be better, little brother; be happy, Emilie; the Lord give you always a pure unselfish heart. Some day I will come to take you both to heaven."

But what has happened to Emilie? Has she then really been sleeping and dreaming all this time? She rubbed her eyes. There stood the old brown Liese, as if she had not stirred. And there was the old sheep and her young lamb by her side; and the old hen was strutting to and fro in the yard so proudly; she had forgotten the little dreamer. But the sunbeam was there yet, on the face of the sleeping baby, lighting up and warming his face with the glow of returning health. With thoughtful eyes Emilie looked on the dreaming form of the wee laddie, and then she softly hummed the rest of her little song.

"Nothing will do, nothing will do,
You may travel the world around;
But never on earth, or sea, or air,
Will a brother like him be found."

THE SON OF DAVID.

I IMAGINE I see a little boy tripping along the street of a certain town, singing "Hosanna to the son of David," when a poor afflicted woman standing on the step hears the child. "Who did you say?" she said, as he was passing by her house. "Oh," says he, "haven't you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He's cured blind Bartimeus that used to sit by the wayside begging; and he has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave;



and healed ten lepers all at once, and the people that had sick relations bring them and lay them at his feet, and he cures them all. And those that have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch him are made perfectly whole."

"Oh! if that's true he can cure me of this disease that I have been tormented with these twelve years. When will he be here, my little man!" "Why," says the child, "He'll be here directly. He's coming this way. There! don't you hear the noise of the multitude? Hosanna! Hosanna to the Son of David!" and away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the prophet she has taught him to look for has come at last.

"Well, I'll go," says the poor thing timidly, "I'll just get behind him. Maybe he won't pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched him were made whole. I'll go and try, however." I imagine I see the poor, weak creature who has spent all her living on physicians that only make her worse, drawing her tattered garments around her and wriggling her way through the crowd. They pushed her aside, but she says, "I'll try it again." She winds to the right then to the left, now nearer, and the next minute farther off than ever. But still she perseveres although she seems to have little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest round the man she wants. Well done, poor woman! Try again! It's all for your life, you know. Your disease will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of his clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature, "Where are you pushing to? you've no business here." "Ah," she answers, "I see there a man whose like I never saw before. Let me touch his garment and I shall be as well as any of you."

It is a great waste of time and breath to complain of other people's faults. The thing for us to do, is to set ourselves about the task of mending our own.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS

The Michigan Christian Advocate says: "The Canadian Methodist Sunday-school papers, the Sunbeam, the Home and School, PLEASANT HOURS, and Happy Days are among the best little papers published. We have received and read several copies of each of them, and have experienced much pleasure in so doing."

On April 7th we received from a lady, who did not give her address, some verses for Good Friday. At that date not only was the Easter number of PLEASANT HOURS all printed, but the following number was on the press, and the number after that was largely in type. Contributions should be sent two months before the date of the paper in which it is desired they should appear.

During the month of March, the number of distinct issues of periodicals under the sole charge of the present writer was fifteen, or more than one for each alternate day of the month, omitting Sundays. During the whole year the average is about one issue for each alternate day. The number of distinct periodicals is nine. It requires, of course, a good deal of diligence to have his work all ready in time for these many issues. Yet during all the years he has had charge of them, he is happy to say that he has never caused the delay of one of these periodicals a single hour.

Scientific Aspects of some Common Things. By W. M. Williams, F.R.S., F.O.S. Price 15 cents. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, 303 Pearl Street, New York.

Every reader will find in this little work something that will interest and instruct him. The subjects treated by the author are the things we come in contact with every day—the coal in the grate, the articles which constitute our daily food, the mineral oil which supplies our lamp, the stones or bricks with which our houses are built, the conditions of comfort and convenience in our homes, etc.

THE RIVER WE ALL MUST CROSS.

HERE is a river we all must cross,
Thousands will pass it to-morrow,
Some will go down to its waters with joy;
Others with anguish and sorrow.

Some will be welcomed by angel bands,
Coming from over the river;
Others be borne, by the current adown,
Where there is none to deliver.

Some will stand firmly in Eden's bowers,
Wearing the white robes of pardon,
Others be cast on a desolate shore,
Far from the gates of the garden.

Those shall join in the chorus of praise,
Ever from Eden ascending,
Those shall unite in the wailings of woe,
Woe that hath never an ending.

Soon to this river we all must come,
Jehovah may call us to-morrow,
Shall we go down to its waters with joy,
Or shall we go with anguish and sorrow?
—Selected.

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGLESTON, D. D.
CHAPTER II.

HEZEKIAH LUMSDEN'S FIRST SERMON.

DURING the time that had intervened between Kike's conversion and Magruder's second visit to the settlement, Kike had developed a very considerable gift for earnest speech in the class-meetings. In that day every influence in Methodist association contributed to make a preacher of a man of force. The reverence with which a self-denying preacher was regarded by the people was a great compensation for the poverty and toil that pertained to the office. To be a preacher was to be canonized during one's lifetime. The moment a young man showed zeal and fluency he was pitched on by all the brethren and sisters, as one whose duty it was to preach the Gospel; he was asked whether he did not feel that he had a divine call; he was set upon watching the movements within him to see whether or not he ought to be among the sons of the prophets. Oftentimes a man was made to feel, in spite of his own better judgment, that he was a veritable Jonah, slinking from duty, and in imminent peril of a whale in the shape of some providential disaster. Kike, indeed, needed none of these urgings to impel him toward the ministry. He was a man of the prophetic temperament—one of those men whose beliefs take hold of them more strongly than the objects of sense. The future life, as preached by the early Methodists, with all its joys and all its awful torments, became the most substantial of realities to him. He was in constant astonishment that people could believe these things theoretically and ignore them in practice. If men were going headlong to perdition, and could be saved and brought into a paradise of eternal bliss by preaching, then what nobler work could there be than that of saving them? And let a man take what view he may of a future life, Kike's opinion was the right one—no work can be so excellent as that of helping men to better living.

Kike had been poring over some works of Methodist biography which he had borrowed, and the sublimated life of Fletcher was the only one that fulfilled his ideal. Methodism preached consecration to its disciples. Kike had already learned from Mrs. Wheeler, who was the class-leader at Hissawachee settlement, and from Methodist litera-

ture, that he must "keep all on the altar." He must be ready to do, to suffer, or to perish, for the Master. The sternest sayings of Christ about forsaking father and mother, and hating one's own life and kindred, he heard often repeated in exhortations. Most people are not harmed by a literal understanding of hyperbolic expressions. Laziness and selfishness are great antidotes to fanaticism, and often pass current for common sense. Kike had no such buffers: taught to accept the words of the Gospel with the dry literalness of statutory enactments, he was too honest to evade their force, too earnest to slacken his obedience. He was already prepared to accept any burden and endure any trial that might be given as a test of discipleship. All his natural ambition, vehemence, and persistence, found exercise in his religious life; and the simple-hearted brethren, not knowing that the one sort of intensity was but the counterpart of the other, pointed to the transformation as a "beautiful conversion," a standing miracle.

Brother Magruder had received a severe beating from some rowdies and was unable to preach. The little band of Methodists had counted much upon his visit, and now the devil seemed about to snatch the victory. Mrs. Wheeler enthusiastically recommended Kike as a substitute, and Magruder sent for him in haste. Kike was gratified to hear that the preacher wanted to see him personally. His tallow face flushed with pleasure as he stood, a slender stripling, before the messenger of God.

"Brother Lumsden," said Mr. Magruder, "are you ready to do and to suffer for Christ?"

"I trust I am," said Kike, wondering what the preacher could mean.

"You see how the devil has planned to defeat the Lord's work to-day. My lip is swelled, and my jaw so stiff that I can hardly speak. Are you ready to do the duty the Lord shall put upon you?"

Kike trembled from head to foot. He had fancied himself preaching his first sermon in a strange neighbourhood, and he had even picked out his text, but to stand up suddenly before his school-mates, before his mother, and, worse than all, before his cousin, Morton Goodwin, was terrible. And yet, had he not that very morning made a solemn vow that he would not shrink from death itself!

"Do you think I am fit to preach?" he asked, evasively.

"None of us are fit! but here will be two or three hundred people hungry for the bread of life. The Master has fed you; he offers you the bread to distribute among your friends and neighbours. Now, will you let the fear of man make you deny the blessed Lord who has taken you out of a horrible pit and set your feet upon the Rock of Ages?"

Kike trembled a moment, and then said: "I will do whatever you say, if you will pray for me."

"I'll do that, my brother. And now take your Bible and go into the woods and pray. The Lord will show you the way, if you put your whole trust in him."

The preacher's allusion to the bread of life gave Kike his subject, and he soon gathered a few thoughts, which he wrote down on a fly-leaf of the Bible, in the shape of a *sermon*. But it occurred to him that he need not

one word to say on the subject of the bread of life beyond the sentences of his skeleton. The more this became evident to him, the greater was his agony of fear. He knelt on the brown leaves by a prestrate log; he made a "new consecration" of himself; he tried to feel willing to fail, so far as his own feelings were involved; he reminded the Lord of his promises to be with them he had sent; and then there came into his memory a text of Scripture: "For it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." Taking it that the text had been supernaturally "suggested" to him, he became calm; and finding from the height of the sun, that it was about the hour for meeting, he returned to the house of Colonel Wheeler, and was appalled at the sight that met his eyes. All the settlement, and many from other settlements, had come. The house, the yard, the fences were full of people. Kike was seized with tremor. He did not feel able to run the gauntlet of such a throng. He made a detour, and crept in at the back door like a criminal. For stage-fright—this fear of human presence—is not a thing to be overcome by the will. Susceptible natures are always liable to it, and neither moral nor physical courage can avert it.

A chair had been placed in the front door of the log house, for Kike, that he might preach to the congregation indoors and the much larger one outdoors. Mr. Magruder sat on a wooden bench just outside. Kike crept into the empty chair in the doorway with the feeling of one who intrudes where he does not belong. The brethren were singing, as a congregational voluntary, to the solemn tune of "Kentucky," the hymn which begins:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky."

Magruder saw Kike's fright, and, leaning over to him, said: "If you get confused, tell your own experience." The early preacher's universal refuge was his own experience. It was a sure key to the sympathies of the audience.

Kike got through the opening exercises very well. He could pray, for in praying he shut his eyes and uttered the cry of his trembling soul for help. He had been beating about among two or three texts, either of which would do for a head-piece to the remarks he intended to make; but now one fixed itself in his mind as he stood appalled by his situation in the presence of such a throng. He rose and read, with a tremulous voice:

"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?"

The text arrested the attention of all. Magruder, though unable to speak without pain, could not refrain from saying aloud, after the free old Methodist fashion: "The Lord multiply the loaves! Bless and ~~multiply~~ to the multitude!" "Amen!" responded an old brother from another settlement, "and the Lord help the lad!" But Kike felt that the advantage which the text had given him would be of short duration. The novelty of his position bewildered him. His face flushed; his thoughts became confused; he turned his back on the audience out of doors, and talked rapidly to the few

friends in the house: the old brethren leaned their heads upon their hands and began to pray. Whatever spiritual help their prayers may have brought him, their lugubrious groaning, and their doleful, audible prayers of "Lord, help!" depressed Kike immeasurably, and kept the precipice on which he stood constantly present to him. He tried in succession each division that he had sketched on the fly-leaf of the Bible, and found little to say on any of them. At last, he could not see the audience distinctly for confusion—there was a dim vision of heads swimming before him. He stopped still, and Magruder expecting him to sit down, resolved to "exhort" if the pain should kill him. The Philistines meanwhile were laughing at Kike's evident discomfiture.

But Kike had no notion of sitting down. The laughter awakened his combativeness, and his combativeness restored his self-control. Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure. He was through with the sermon, and it had occupied just six minutes. The lad's scanty provisions had not been multiplied. But he felt relieved. The sermon over, there was no longer necessity for trying to speak against time, nor for observing the outward manner of a preacher.

"Now," he said, doggedly, "you have all seen that I cannot preach worth a cent. When David went out to fight he had the good sense not to put on Saul's armour. I was fool enough to try to wear Bro. Magruder's. Now I'm done with that. The text and sermon are gone. But I'm not ashamed of Jesus Christ. And before I sit down I am going to tell you all what he has done for a poor lost sinner like me."

Kike told the story with sincere directness. His recital of his own sins was a rebuke to others; with a trembling voice and a simple earnestness absolutely electrical, he told of his revengefulness, and of the effect of Magruder's preaching on him. And now that the flood-gates of emotion were opened, all trepidation departed, and there came instead the fine glow of martial courage. He could have faced the universe. From his own life the transition to the lives of those around him was easy. He hit right and left. The excitable crowd swayed with consternation, as in a rapid and vehement utterance he denounced their sins with the particularity of one who had been familiar with them all his life. Magruder forgot to respond; he only leaned back and looked in bewilderment, with open eyes and mouth, at the fiery boy whose contagious excitement was fast setting the whole audience ablaze. Slowly the people pressed forward off the fences. All at once there was a loud bellowing cry from some one who had fallen prostrate outside the fence, and who began to cry aloud as if the portals of an endless perdition were yawning in his face. This outburst of agony was fuel to the flames, and the excitement now spread to all parts of the audience. Kike went from man to man, and exhorted and rebuked each one in particular. Kike's mother wept bitterly under his exhortation; and Marton sat stock-still on the fence listening, half in anguish and half in anger, to Kike's public recital of his sins.

GRIEVOUS words stir up anger.

A CRY O'er THE WATERS.

A CRY o'er the waters!
A "fishing" wall!
From earth's darkest quarters
'Tis borne on each gale,
O! list to its pleading—
"Help, help, ere we die!
Our brief sands are speeding;
To save us, O fly!"

Dark Africa groaning
With guilt and despair,
Sends forth with sad moaning
The heart-piercing prayer;
From the thousand isles lying
Like gems on the wave,
Hear it mournfully sighing,
"O hasten to save!"

And hark! how 'tis swelling,
In woman's soft tones,
From the hapless ones dwelling
In Asia's sad homes—
"Wives, mothers, daughters
In Christian homes, hear
This cry o'er the waters,
That comes to your ear.

And Europe is sounding
The same earnest strain;
From forest-clad mountain,
And vine-covered plain,—
From lands where the terror
Of Rome long has awayed,
Now waking from error,
They call for our aid.

Disciples of Jesus!
Turn not from this cry;
What have you so precious
That you would deny?
O! send o'er the waters
Your silver and gold;
Your sons, too, and daughters
You may not withhold.

And young men, why loiter!
The labourers are few,
This cry o'er the water
Sounds loudest to you.
O! haste the glad tidings
Of Jesus to bear,
The lost and the dying
To save from despair.

M. G. B.

LITTLE NEWSBOYS.

BY MOC ENARD.

It may be that many boys and girls who read the PLEASANT HOURS, especially those who live in the country, know little about newsboys, who live chiefly in large cities, where hundreds of them are found upon the streets selling newspapers, which accounts for their being called "newsboys." They are a sharp and saucy set of boys, and often do well selling papers, but only a few of them save any money. Like many other boys I know of, they spend their money as fast as they get it, and for things which they could very well do without.

Most of the newsboys in Washington are quite small; and nearly half of them have neither father nor mother, and many of them have no home. Don't you pity them! Poor little fellows! How they shiver, thinly clad, in the cold winter-wind, as they cry, "War yer! Star yer!" The weather is too cold for them to sleep out-doors now, as the homeless ones often do in summer-time. Although many of these newsboys are quite bad and sinful, largely because they have nobody to care for them, no doubt, I am glad to say that they are industrious and persevering. If they get "stuck" to-day, as they say when they do not succeed in selling their papers, they hope for better luck to-morrow. A loss of that kind only seems to push them out of bed earlier the next morning, in order that they may make it up.

I ought to say that some of these newsboys are real good and honest, and give all the money they make to their

mothers, many of whom are wretchedly poor and sorrowful. All children ought to be helpful to their parents, like these good newsboys I now speak of, and do all they can, in connection with their studies and play, to make themselves useful to those who care for them, especially their mothers.

Even among newsboys who are rough and wicked there is a remarkably keen sense of honor and justice; but its expression seems to be more the result of circumstances than of thought and purpose. For instance, if a boy finds himself "stuck" at the close of the day, and has no money with which to buy a supper or a bed, his more fortunate "chum" will divide his last penny with him and see that he has something to eat and a place to sleep. And then, too, it is a rare case if a large boy is allowed to strike or impose upon a little one. They seem to consider such conduct unmanly and outrageous, and will not tolerate it. Now I admire the newsboys for these traits of character; and I think the reader does too.

A "Newsboys' Society" was recently organized in this city, the object of which is to provide a home for these little street-workers, who will outgrow their calling, and should be prepared for the realities and responsibilities of life. Don't you think so?

Some thirty years ago Mr. Brao established a newsboys' lodging-house in New York City, and through that channel seventy-five thousand newsboys have been sent to good and comfortable homes in the various states of the Union. This shows what may be done when only one man gets earnestly to work. There are thousands of poor and helpless children, like these almost friendless newsboys, who appeal strongly to our sympathy, and we should help them all we can and in every possible way. The dear Saviour wants us to be like him—kind and helpful to those who are in need.

ONE BRICK WRONG.

BY REV. R. NEWTON, D. D.

Not long ago, some workmen were engaged in building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. The master builder was very particular in charging the masons to lay every brick with the greatest care, especially in the first courses, or rows, which had to bear the weight of all the rest of the building. However, one of the workmen did not mind what had been told him. In laying a corner, he very carelessly left one of the bricks a little crooked—out of the line; or, as the masons call it, "not plumb." Well, you may say, "It was only *one single brick* in a great pile of them. What difference does it make if that was not exactly straight?" You will see directly. The work went on. Nobody noticed that there was one brick wrong, but as each new course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built it, the more insecure it became. One day, when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, a tremendous crash was heard. The building had fallen to the ground, burying the workmen in the ruins. All the previous work was lost; the materials were wasted; and, worse than this, valuable lives were sacrificed; and all because *one brick had been laid wrong* at the start. The workman

who carelessly laid that brick wrong little thought what a dangerous thing he was doing, and what terrible harm would result from his neglect. My dear young friend, you are now building up your character. In the habits you now form you are laying the foundation of that character. One bad habit, one brick laid wrong *now*, may ruin your character by and by. Remember what you are doing, and see that *every brick* is kept *straight*!

SACRED.

In writing of the Dyaks of Borneo, Mr. Hornaday tells of the sacredness in which animal life is held, and the Dyak's forbearance forms a marked contrast to the wanton destruction of harmless animals in America.

At the hotel I met one day an educated native who spoke English perfectly, and whom I immediately began to question about localities in which I might find certain animals, particularly crocodiles, since the native was acquainted with Kurrachee and the sacred crocodiles of Mugger Peer. He was talking rapidly and I was busily jotting down notes, when he suddenly stopped and asked,—

"Sir, why do you require to know about these animals?"

"Why, I wish to find them."

"Why do you require to find them? Do you wish to kill them?"

"Yes, for their skins and skeletons."

"Ah," he replied, instantly dropping my map, "then I cannot inform you where any of the animals are. I do not wish anything to be killed, and if I tell you where you can find any animals, I shall do a great wrong."

"Did you never kill an animal?" I asked.

"Never, sir, never; not purposely. It would be a great sin for me to do so."

He then went on to tell me of a certain caste of Hindoos, the members of which are so conscientious about taking the life of any living thing that they always eat before sunset to avoid making a light, which might be the death of some moth or gnat.—*Church and Home.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

An earnest and godly minister relates the following incident, and gives us the lesson that it teaches:

During a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet.

I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man.

"What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooked my lamp. I held it near the top of my cabin, close to my ball's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's all right; he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by timely light which shone upon him, that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

"Christian workers, never despond or think there is nothing for you to do,

even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light; let it "so shine" "that men may see," and in the bright resurrection morning what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have, unawares, "saved some soul from death!"—S-L.

SPRING.

SPRING has come! her rosy fingers
Loosen water's icy chain;
Sail on hull and height he lingers,
Loth to end his dreary reign.

Spring has come! the birds to greet her
Fill the air with music gay,
Whilst the eager brooks to meet her
Chatter down their noisy way.

Spring has come! and as she passes
Round her path, the south wind sighs,
Broom the flowers and sprout the grasses,
Bud the trees and blush the skies.

Wake my heart, and join the gladness,
Bring thy tribute to her feet!
Is there room for winter sadness
In a world so young and sweet!

Leave the past with all its sorrow,
Take the joy to-day can bring;
Night but brings a glad to-morrow,
Winter always ends in spring.

DIARY OF A RUM-SELLER.

MONDAY: Took ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

Tuesday: Had a visit from Charley Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge. gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday: That poor nervous fool, Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart. P. S.—Here he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

Thursday: Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised. P. S.—Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children, ha! ha! Business is business.

Friday: Phil Carter had no money; took his wife's wedding-ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday: Young Sam Clap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it, and will make a speedy drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I did not sell it someone else would.

Sunday: Pretended to keep the Sunday Law to-day, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they will be ashamed to tell of it. But my till is fuller to-night than the church baskets are. N.B.—My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar, and yet, I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.—*Social Reformer.*

In number 10 of their National Library, Cassell's & Co. gives us the famous "Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maunderville," price 10 cents, written over five hundred years ago. One of the very first printed English books. His account of his visit to Palestine and other Eastern lands is wonderfully interesting.

A poet sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why do I live?" and the editor answered, "Because you send your contributions by mail instead of bringing them in person."



POOL OF BETHESDA.

WORK FOR THE CAUSE OF
TEMPERANCE.

WORK for the cause of Temperance!
Hence to the stirring call!
Work in the name of mercy;
There is work for all.
See how the evil prospers!
Say, shall we idle be?
Work for the cause of Temperance
Till the land is free!

Work for the cause of Temperance!
Work for your children's sake!
Work till reform's glad summons
Shall the land awake;
Fathers and sons and brothers,
Turn from the cup away;
Work for the cause of Temperance
Till we win the day.

Soon may the glad tidings
Ring through all the land:
"Temperance hath won the victory
Over Satan's band!"
Then shall a woeeful burden
From many hearts be borne!
Oh! what a glorious dawning
Of the Temperance morn.

J. C. M.

POOL OF BETHESDA.

This pool, referred to in next Sunday's lesson, is thus described by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D.:

Coming out of one of the three gates of the northern wall of the enclosure, we are at a pool, the traditional Pool of Bethesda. "Now there is at Jerusalem by the Sheep Gate a pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."—John v. 2, 3. The pool is about three hundred and fifty feet in length, and about one hundred and thirty in breadth. It is choked with filth, but it is still quite deep in places; about its side are the remains of cement and undoubted traces of the five porches. Dr. Robinson thinks that the identification is doubtful, and is of opinion that the Pool of the Virgin under Mount Ophel was the Pool of Bethesda. But the size of this pool, its five porches, its position, for the Sheep Gate was near the north-east angle of the temple area, the name of the adjacent hill *Besetha*, which means *washing*, all point to this traditional pool as the real Bethesda. We were informed that an English gentleman had offered, at his own expense, to clean out and restore the pool, but the jealous and bigoted authorities will not allow him to do so, an illustration of the difficulties under which the Palestine Exploration Society pursue their work.

Sir John Maundeville, who wrote

500 years ago, says: "Angels used to come from heaven into that well and bathe them in it, and the man who first bathed after the moving of the water, was made whole of whatever sickness he had; and there our Lord healed a man of the palsy, with which he had lain thirty-eight years; and our Lord said to him, 'Take up thy bed and go.'"

HE CHANGED MASTERS.

A YOUNG man changed masters. He entered into the service of the Lord Jesus. "Now," said he, "I shall give up smoking. It does not look right to be spending money in cigars which are no real good to me, when the Lord has so much need of it to carry on the affairs of his kingdom."

He threw away his cigar and gave to good objects the money he spent in cigars. How much do you think it was a year? One hundred and fifty dollars. Now can the children tell why it is so many men, who smoke a cigar now and then, and occasionally take a glass of beer, never can afford to give a dollar to the minister or ever spare enough to pay for a good paper? I think that there would be a change if some of them would change masters as the young man did.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON VIII. [May 23

JESUS AT BETHESDA.

John 5. 5-15. Commit to mem. vs. 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wilt thou be made whole? John 5. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Helplessness, v. 5-7.
2. Healing, v. 8, 9
3. Hatred, v. 10-12.

T.M.—Jesus' second Passover, probably. Some weeks later than last lesson, and after the first Galilean tour.

PLACE.—The Pool of Bethesda.

EXPLANATIONS.—*An infirmity*—Probably some incurable disease which prevented him from walking. *The impotent man*—The powerless man the incurable. *Water is troubled*—Probably some bubbling or boiling of the water of the pool, caused by fresh water pouring in or by escape of natural gas. *Take up thy bed*—The rug, or mat, not such beds as we lie upon. *The Sabbath*—The seventh day of the week. *Was made whole*—Was cured, and wholly restored. *Wilt not*—Did not know. *Sin no more*—Evidently the cause of this man's trouble was vice, of which Jesus knew. *My Father worketh hitherto*—God works his work of maintaining and supplying the world forever. He rests not day nor night. He is superior to the

Sabbath, as he made it, and is not bound by its law.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That there is help for the helpless!
2. That Jesus is able and willing to heal!
3. That right doing secures the hatred of bad men!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What power was possessed by the water of the Pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem? It healed those who bathed in it. 2. Whom did Jesus find lying by the Pool of Bethesda? A helpless, sick man. 3. What did Jesus say to him in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Wilt thou be made whole?" 4. What command did Jesus give to the helpless man? "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." 5. What followed this command? The man became well. 6. What reason did Jesus give for doing this miracle on the Sabbath day? "My Father worketh, and I work."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The law of the Sabbath.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

25. 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. xiii. 10.]

A. D. 29.] LESSON IX. [May 30

JESUS FEEDING FIVE THOUSAND.

John 6. 1-21. Commit to mem. vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life. John 6. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. Feeding the Multitude, v. 1-14.
2. Walking on the Sea, v. 15-21.

T.M.—Almost a year after the last lesson. Just before the third Passover of Christ's ministry, a Passover which he did not attend.

PLACE.—Bethsaida.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Went over*—Across to the east side. *The Passover*—The feast commemorative of their escape from Egypt and the death of the first-born of Egypt. *A great company*—The multitudes which had followed him. *To prove him*—To try his faith. *Two hundred pennyworth*—Two hundred denarii—coins of Tiberius—silver, and worth about fourteen cents each. *That prophet that should come*—The expected Messiah, who, they thought, would be a king, and overthrow the Romans. *The sea arose*—The waves rolled violently. *Five and twenty . . . furlongs*—Not quite three miles; not half-way across to Capernaum.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. To have sympathy with other's needs!
2. To give ready obedience to the commandments of Jesus!
3. To be careful in the midst of plenty!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the result of the miracles which Jesus wrought? A great multitude followed him. 2. What did Jesus do for the multitude by the sea of Galilee after he had taught them all day? He gave them food. 3. With what amount of food did he supply the needs of five thousand men? With five loaves and two fishes. 4. What was this miracle intended to teach as shown in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Jesus said," etc. 5. What did the people wish to do after this miracle? To make Jesus a king. 6. What did Jesus do in the night after he had sent away the disciples and the multitude? He walked on the sea. 7. What did he say to his disciples when they were afraid? "It is I; be not afraid!"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The supernatural in Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

26. What do the Scriptures teach you concerning God? That God is an eternal Spirit, infinite and unchanging able in his nature and attributes, who alone exists of himself. [John iv. 24; Isaiah xlii. 9.]

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