

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

[No. 8



AUK HUNTING.

St. Matthew.

'Mid the busy crowds that fill
Proud Capernaum's teeming ways,
Sitteth one more busy still,
Gathering tribute all the days.

Wearied by incessant strife,
Fretted by the scornful Jews,
Hating thus to waste his life,
Ever gathering grudging dues.

Lo, his soul is all on fire,
With the hopes he may not tell,
As he waiteth the Messiah
Who shall ransom Israel.

Till at length there dawned the day,
Day the saint would ne'er forget,
When the Master came his way,
And their eyes together met.

For the Master's kindly eyes
Beamed with hopes that could not die;
Whilst in Matthew's heart there rise
Ventures deep and purpose high.

But two words the Master said,
Words that all his life should be
Heard where'er his feet were led—
Heard for ever—"Follow me."

Lord to us, thy servants, say,
When our way we cannot see,—
When we rise on that great day,
Thy glad message—"Follow me."

AUKS.

Auks, as we might expect from the name, are very awkward, ungainly-looking birds. They waddle about in a very ridiculous manner, and their wings are so short they cannot fly. But in their native element, the stormy seas, they are perfectly at home. When ranged along a cliff they look like a lot of school-children with white pinafores on. I was greatly amused at one I saw in the Zoological Gardens at London. He was such a comical looking fellow. They have such a dense covering of warm down and feathers that they can withstand the utmost cold of the Arctic seas. The picture on this page shows the manner in which sailors hunt for the eggs of these strange birds.

"Cease your flatteries, or I will put my hands over my ears," cried Mary. "Ah, your lovely hands are too small," replied John, wishing to be complimentary.

PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN.

Prescott's childhood was a happy one, and he loved play more than he loved books. In 1811 when only fifteen years of age, he entered Harvard. In his junior year a sad accident happened to him which would have crushed the life out of most boys, but to him became an incentive to greater exertion. Turning one day while at dinner to see the cause of some disturbance among the students, he received in his eye a blow from a piece of hard bread thrown at random. He fell to the floor, and it was supposed there was a concussion of the brain, but as he gradually recovered, it was found to be a case of paralysis of the retina and his sight was gone. A few years later the other eye became inflamed, and he almost lost the sight of it. He said at one time: "Here I am with the richest collection that ever fell to a history-monger. Scarce old books and manuscripts without end lying all around me, and, alas, without an eye to look at the title-pages. The physicians agree that if I would save it for the vulgar purposes of life I must abstain wholly from using it in books." Others had to read to him. He had a "noctograph" constructed, by means of which his hand would be kept on the line while writing. He so cultivated his

memory that he could compose sixty pages of printed text and hold it in his mind till he came to write it out. Handicapped by all these hindrances, he

kept busily at work and has given us books which for years have been a charm and inspiration to all who have read them. He was a man of generous heart, never referred to the student who hurt him except in the kindest terms, and in later years was able to render him a substantial service. Says one: "Prescott's spirit was indomitable. It gave him power over suffering, it made him the conqueror of his fate. He had that grace of genius which transmuted a lifelong misfortune into a bright and beautiful blessing."

THE TELEGRAPH.

This invention cost years of patient labour. At first Mr. Morse lived in a little room by himself. There he worked and ate, when he could get anything to eat, and slept, if he wasn't too tired to sleep. Later, he had a room in the university. While he was there, he painted pictures to get money enough to buy food; there, too (1839), he took the first photograph ever made in America. Yet with all his hard work there were times when he had to go hungry, and once he told a young man that if he did not get some money he should be dead in a week—dead of starvation.

Professor Morse asked Congress to let him have thirty thousand dollars to construct a telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. He felt sure that business men would be glad to send message by telegraph, and to pay him for his work. But many members of Congress laughed at it, and said they might as well give Professor Morse the money to build "a railroad to the moon."

Week after week went by, and the last day that Congress would sit was there, but still no money had been granted.

Then came the last night of the last January, 1843. Professor Morse stayed in the Senate Chamber of Congress until after ten o'clock, then, tired and disappointed, he went back to his hotel, thinking that he must give up trying to build his telegraph line.

The next morning, Miss Annie G. Ellsworth met him as he was coming down to breakfast. She was the daughter of his friend who had charge of the Patent Office in Washington. She came forward with a smile, grasped his hand, and said that she had good news for him—that Congress had decided to let him have the money.

"Surely you must be mistaken," said the professor, for I waited last night until nearly midnight, and came away because nothing had been done."

"But," said the young lady, "my father stayed until it was quite midnight and a few minutes before the clock struck twelve, Congress voted the money. It was the very last thing that was done."

Professor Morse was then a gray-haired man over fifty. He had worked hard for years, and got nothing for his labour. This was his first great success. He doesn't say whether he laughed or cried; perhaps he felt a little like doing both.

When at length Professor Morse did speak, he said to Miss Ellsworth:

"Now, Annie, when my line is built from Washington to Baltimore, you shall send the first message over it."

In the spring of 1844 the line was completed, and Miss Ellsworth sent these words over it—they are words taken from the Bible,—"What hath God wrought?"

Very nearly a year after that the telegraph was free to all who wished to use it; then a small charge was made, a very short message costing only one cent. On the first of April, 1845 a man came into the office and bought a cent's worth of telegraphing, that was all the money which was taken that day for the use of forty miles of wire. Now there are about two hundred thousand miles of telegraph line in the United States, or more than enough to reach eight times around the earth, and the messages sent bring in over seventy thousand dollars every day. And we can telegraph not only clear across America, but clear across the Atlantic Ocean by a line laid under the sea.

Professor Morse's invention made it possible for people to write by electricity; but now, by means of the telephone, a man in New York can talk with his friend in Philadelphia, Boston, and many other large cities, and his friend, listening at the other end of the wire, can hear every word he says. Angulus

A NEW BURGLAR ALARM

We have heard of many dogs, a few cats, and two parrots which have either given the alarm to people in the house or frightened robbers away, but now the Louisville Post tells of a doll which did both of these things and saved the parents of her little owner from the loss of many valuable things:

"A little rubber doll with a whistle in its stomach was all that saved the residence of Frank Steubling from being ransacked by thieves at an early hour this morning.

"Yesterday morning Mrs. Steubling came to town and bought the little India-rubber hero and took it home for her three-year-old child. The little girl played with the article all day long and last night when she retired the doll was left lying upon the floor.

"At about two o'clock this morning Mrs. Steubling's son Jacob who was sleeping in the room where the doll was lying, was abruptly awakened by a loud whistle. He jumped up and saw a negro glide hastily out of the room. He had awakened Mr. Steubling by stepping upon the whistle in the doll's stomach. The thief was followed to the back yard, and then chased over the commons for several squares, but finally outwitted his pursuers. Had Mr. Steubling not been awakened, the thief would have carried away all the valuables in the house. He had already packed a basket with table silverware and had it near the door."



AUKS.

The Way to Be Happy.

Begin the day with God,
Kneel down to him in prayer,
Lift up thy heart to his abode,
And pay thy worship there

Go through the day with God,
Whatever thy work may be,
Where'er thou art at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse with him in prayer,
Thy spirit heavenward raise:
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to him confess,
Trust in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleave to his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Give him thyself to keep,
"Till thou the vale of death hast trod,
Then calmly go to sleep.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday School Banner 64 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 25c. a dozen, \$2 per 100, per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c per 100	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
170 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

COME.

The Gospel is an invitation. The table is spread with the rarest bounties; the fountain of life and healing is open; all things are ready. The sinner has nothing to do in making the provision; Christ has provided and met the bill. All he asks of the sinner is acceptance; the surrender of himself and the taking of what Christ has to bestow. To you, fellow-sinner, is this offer made—the offer of free and full salvation. The final utterance of the New Testament is the proffer of this invitation, in which Christ and his people join: "The Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." No one need despair: no one need hesitate. You may be poor, halt, blind; your services may be of the poorest; no matter. You will never succeed on merit; but you may come freely, without money or price. Come just as you are to One who is mighty and able to save—to one inviting you to come. If you neglect such an offer, what excuse can you bear to the throne of judgment? What plea can you make?

THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

An old lady lately told me this true story. A farmer living in Kentucky had a little girl named Vida, whom he greatly loved. Having lost his wife, and finding no one to care for the child properly, he gave her to her mother's sister in Missouri, promising to write regularly, and to visit her every year or two. But soon after this he began to drink, and in a few years became a confirmed drunkard. By degrees he ceased writing to his child, lost his entire property, and, degraded and unhappy, wandered about the country as a common tramp, his friends being unable to obtain any trace of him. Twenty years after he had given up his child, he stopped one day at the door of a pretty farmhouse in Missouri, and asked for food. As the young mistress of the house handed him a liberal sandwich, a

child, clinging to her dress, shrieked with fear of the tramp.

"Hush, Vida, the old man will not hurt you," said the mother.

"Is her name Vida?" cried the tramp. "Once I had a little girl that looked just like her, when I lived in old Kentucky."

"Did you live in Kentucky? I came from there, from a farm near B—," said the young woman.

"From near B—? There is where I lived!" cried the tramp. "Did you ever hear of Joel Cameron? I was respectable there once, before my wife Lois died."

"Joel Cameron! Lois!" gasped the young mother. "Those were the names of my parents."

The poor tramp caught her arm. "Is your name Vida? Did you come to Missouri with your Aunt Anna Pitt, and did your father stop writing to you, and disappear?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I'm a sorry father for you, but I am your father," said the poor man, bursting into tears.

His daughter led him into the house, and showed him letters and mementoes of her home. He recalled incidents and objects of that early home. The recognition was complete. Never was prodigal son better welcomed than this prodigal father. His daughter brought him clothes of her husband's. Bathed, shaved and dressed, the tramp was like the once demontiac, now "clothed and in his right mind." His grandchild served to bind him to virtue, and he remained until his death, fifteen years later, a loved and helpful member of his child's family.

DON'T FALL INTO THE PIT!

Tom thought he was right in going to the card-party, instead of to the prayer-meeting.

"I'm tired," he said. "I have worked all day—and a fellow must have some amusement."

Well, he had worked faithfully all day. He told the truth—and a fellow must have some amusement. But the trouble was, he had stepped on a shadow, thinking it was firm ground, and so he fell into the pit.

Certainly those people who work well and faithfully, young or old, find need for play somewhere in their lives. They must have it or they fall by the way. But when must they have it, and where?

Tom's argument sounded well, but it wasn't right. Thinking the shadow was firm ground did not make it firm ground, and the result was the same as if he had deliberately meant to fall into the pit.

How shall we know right from wrong, then? Our Saviour has told us, very simply: "By their fruits shall ye know them."

What do Tom's most honoured Christian friends say about card-parties instead of prayer-meetings? Have they never been tired on prayer-meeting nights? If they had turned their backs on their pledged engagements—Tom also is a church member—would they have secured the character that he admires so much now?

Get out of that pit, Tom, and mind your footsteps after this. Remember, also, that one of the fruits of the Spirit is joy. Perhaps that is a reason for the jollity that generally pervades our young people on their return from the weekly meeting. Certainly they seem refreshed and happy.

HABIT.

Boys and girls, you can obey the text. "Learn to do well to-day and to-morrow, and the next day." It is the same as learning to skate. You fall, and rise again. You fall, but try again. After a little you can stand, and then can push out one foot, and by-and-bye the other, until at last away you go, gliding over the ice like the wind.

Learning to do well is like learning to swim. You wade into the water, but not very far, for fear you will drown. You try to swim, but sink. You try again, and do a little better. You swallow a good deal of water; it gets into your ears and eyes and nose, but you keep on splashing, and finally can swim. So you must keep on doing well until you learn how, and it has become a habit. A habit is something which we have. That is what the word means. It often becomes something which has us.

A habit is formed in the same way that paths on roads are. You often see people "cutting across lots." Where they do this a narrow strip of grass about a foot or fourteen inches wide will soon be trodden to death, and a narrow strip of ground, about the same width beneath it, will be trodden hard, and that

is a path. It is made by being walked over again, and again, and again. You can soon get into the habit of doing a thing if you will do it over and over many times. The more you do it the easier it will become, just as a path grows wider and plainer the more it is travelled. It is hard to keep people from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing. It will not be easy for you to "do well" after you have once learned to do wrong. Bad habits are like ruts made by carriage wheels in country roads; they hold people fast. I once read of an old man who had crooked fingers. When a boy his hand was as limber as yours. He could open it easily, but for fifty years he drove a stage and his fingers go so in the habit of shutting down on the lines and whip, that they finally shut. The old man can never open his hand again.

Boys, if you do not wish to fall into the habit of swearing, refuse to swear at all. If you do not wish to become the slaves of tobacco, let cigarettes alone. If you do not wish to die drunkards, never begin to tittle. If you do these things even a few times, they may become habits and hold you fast. You would then smoke and swear and drink almost without knowing it, or knowing why. "Learn to do well," but "Abhor that which is evil."

ABOVE A STORM CLOUD.

An American aeronaut thus describes a storm as seen from a balloon. The storm viewed from above the clouds has the appearance of ebullition. The upper surface of the cloud is bulged upward and outward, and has the resemblance of a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow. Immediately above the storm cloud the air is not so cold as it is in the clearer atmosphere above or in the cloud itself. The falling of the rain can be distinctly heard, making a noise like a waterfall over a precipice. The thunder heard above a storm cloud is not loud, and the flashes of lightning appear like streaks of intensely white light on the surface of the grey-coloured vapour.—Popular Science News.

TAME INDIAN MONKEYS.

It is amusing to watch the queer freaks and half-human ways of apes. The monkey-home of a zoological garden always contains an interested group of spectators. But if it is interesting to watch their antics in confinement, it certainly is a gratification to see them tamed and allowed their freedom. There is something so well-nigh human in their actions as to arouse a peculiar sympathy. "My acquaintance," says a zoological writer in India, "with two apes, Mahmoud and Eblis, was made soon after my arrival at the bungalow (native Indian house). I saw them tied to the veranda rail by long ropes. The big one, Mahmoud, is over four feet high and very strong; and the little one, Eblis, is not above twenty inches. After a time I heard a cry, and saw that Mahoud had snatched up a stout Malacca cane, and dragging Eblis near him, was beating him unmercifully, the cries of the little semi-human creature being most pathetic. The case being clearly one of murderous assault, I rushed at the rope which tied Eblis to the veranda and cut it, which so startled the big fellow that he let him go, and Eblis, beaten, I feared, to a jelly, jumped upon my shoulder, and flung his arms round my throat with a grip of terror. As I bore Eblis away, Mahmoud threw the cane either at him or me. I carried him to my easy-chair, and he lay down confidently on my arm, looking up with a bewitching, pathetic face, and murmuring "Ouf! ouf!" As I write, he sometimes sits on the table watching me attentively, or takes a pen, dips it in the ink, and scribbles on a sheet of paper. Occasionally he turns over the leaves of a book; once he took his master's official correspondence, envelope by envelope, out of the rack, opened each, took out the letters and held them as if reading, but always replaced them. Sometimes he gently takes my pen from my hand, puts it aside and lays his dainty hand in mine, and puts one long arm round my throat, and occasionally his small, antique, pathetic face rubs softly against mine, and he utters the monosyllable, "Ouf! ouf!" which is capable of remarkable variation in tone and meaning.—Youth's Companion.

There are forty-one cities of over 10,000 inhabitants in Japan.

A very beautiful imitation of tortoise shell is made of cow's horns.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

The child set in the midst.—Matt. 18. 1-6.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Jesus Christ used illustrations in preaching. This was one reason why "the common people heard him gladly." Such a mode of preaching is always popular. The late Mr. Spurgeon followed, and the world-wide Evangelists: Moody follows, this method very largely. Those who desire to excel as public teachers might follow these illustrious examples with great advantage.

THE OCCASION OF THE PRESENT LESSON.

The disciples were disputing as to which of them should be greatest in the Master's kingdom, that is, who should be the Prime Minister. They had mistaken notions respecting Christ's kingdom, which was not of this world. All their notions were worldly, hence they were concerned as to which of them should have the pre-eminence. How often it happens that whenever a vacancy occurs, either in church or public life, there are always an abundance of candidates who regard themselves as competent for the position, the majority of whom are sure to be disappointed, as only one can obtain the vacancy.

GENTLE REPROOF.

Verse 2. Jesus called a little child to him. What an honour to be thus selected by Christ? Ignatius is said to have been the person thus honoured, and, if so, what a change afterwards occurred to him. In the reign of Trajan, he was cast among the wild beasts of Rome, but he was persecuted for righteousness, and Jesus said of all such persons, that they are blessed. Jesus calls every one of the members of the Junior Leagues to be his disciples. He says, "They that seek me early shall find me." Also, think of these words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." None of the beautiful sayings uttered by Plato or Cicero, or any other ancient or modern writer, can equal this. None can give rest but Jesus.

THE LESSON CHRIST WOULD TEACH.

Verse 4. "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child," etc. Humility becomes every person. Pride is disdainful wherever it is seen. In the Bible there are many strong denunciations against pride and high-mindedness, and whoever indulges this feeling, they make themselves miserable, and hinder their own prosperity. We must be humble if we would increase our spirituality. See the case of the Pharisee and the publican: one was proud, the other was humble, and one was abased, and the other was exalted.

CONVERSION.

This is the great change which all must experience. Conversion is being made anew, it is indeed a spiritual change, a change from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God. The importance of this change is beyond computation, for without it none can enter heaven. Then we have the true spirit of humility, which is so characteristic of childhood, and is so well pleasing in the sight of God.

AM I DOING MY WORK?

It may be sweeping rooms or washing dishes; it may be carrying a hod or a sceptre; it may be nursing a baby or writing a sermon—the question is just as applicable, "Am I doing my work?"—not criticising somebody else, nor longing for a better chance, nor waiting for something to turn up; but doing my work as well as I know how to do it? If one can answer this question in the affirmative, he has answered one of the greatest questions that a man is ever called upon to face. To be in one's place and doing one's work is supremely satisfying; to be out of one's proper place at last will be agony, because it will take one away from God. The Christian is growing more and more in harmony with his environment, because he is growing into harmony with the will of God. If a man who is meant to be a physician is miserable as a lawyer; if a useful and prosperous farmer is sometimes spoiled to make an unhappy and second-rate preacher, what will be the agony of living for an eternity out of one's element, or, in other words, away from one's God? To be something, and the right something, may be the high ambition of every humble child of God, and he may be sure that at last he will certainly reach the very summit of his ambition.

The Books of the Bible.

In Genesis the world was made ;
In Exodus the march is told ;
Leviticus contains the law,
In Numbers are the tribes enrolled.
In Deuteronomy again
We're urged to keep God's law alone ;
And these five books of Moses make
Perhaps the oldest writings known.

Brave Joshua to Canaan leads ;
In Judges oft the Jews rebel ;
We read of David's name in Ruth,
And First and Second Samuel.
In First and Second Kings we read
How bad the Hebrew state became ;
In First and Second Chronicles
Another history of the same.
In Ezra captive Jews return,
And Nehemiah builds the wall,
Queen Esther saves her race from death.
These books "historical" we call.

In Job we read of patient faith ;
The Psalms are David's songs of
praise ;
The Proverbs are to make us wise ;
Ecclesiastes next portrays
How fleeting earthly pleasures are ;
The song of Solomon is all
About the love of Christ. And these
Five books "devotional" we call.

Isalah tells of Christ to come,
While Jeremlah tells of woe,
And in his Lamentations mourns
The holy city's overthrow.
Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,
And Daniel foretells kings of old ;
Hosea calls men to repent,
In Joel blessings are foretold
Amos tells of wrath ; and Edom
Obadiah's sent to warn ;
While Jonah shows that Christ should die,
And Micah where he should be born.

In Nahum, Nineveh is seen ;
In Habakkuk, Chaldean's guilt ;
In Zephaniah, Judah's sins ;
In Haggai, the temple built ;
Zechariah speaks of Christ,
And Malachi, of John, his sign
The Prophets number seventeen,
And all the books are thirty-nine.

Matthew, Mark and Luke and John
Tell what Christ did in every place ;
Acts shows what the apostles did.
And Romans how we're saved by grace.
Corinthians instructs the church,
Galatians shows of faith alone ;
Ephesians, true love ; and in
Philippians God's grace is shown.

Colossians tells us more of Christ,
And Thessalonians of the end ;
In Timothy and Titus both
Are rules for pastors to attend ;
Philemon Christian friendship shows.
Then Hebrews clearly tells how all
The Jewish law prefigured Christ,
And these Epistles are by Paul.

James shows that faith by works must
live,
And Peter urges steadfastness,
While John exhorts to Christian love,
For those who have it God will bless.
Jude shows the end of evil men
And Revelation tells of heaven.
This ends the whole New Testament,
And all the books are twenty-seven.

J. Cole, the Boy Hero

BY
EMMA GELLIBRAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Of course, now everything was explained. The burglars had evidently entered Joe's room, and Bogle, being in his arms, had barked, and wakened him. A few blows had soon silenced poor Bogle, and a gag and cords had done the same for Joe.

When the man saw me from the kitchen window he must have known that help would soon come, and to prevent Joe giving information too soon they had hastily seized him, bed-clothes and all; and put him into that cellar, to starve, if he were not discovered.

Perhaps they did not really mean to kill the poor child, and if we had been in the habit of using that cellar we might have found him in a few hours or less; but, unfortunately, it was a place we never used, it reached far under the street, and was too large for our use. Our coal-cellar was a much smaller one, inside the scullery; the door of poor Joe's prison closed with a common latch.

Had there been any doubt in the detective's mind as to Joe's guilt he might have taken more trouble, and searched for him, even there; but from the first everybody but ourselves had been sure Joe had escaped with the burglars, so the cellar remained unsearched.

Mrs. Wilson thought that cellar a very suitable place for the apples, and on opening the door had caught sight of something in the distant corner, and sent Mary to see what it was. Then arose those fearful shrieks we had heard, and Mary had rushed out of the cellar half mad with fright.

In less time than it has taken me to relate this, Joe was laid on the rug before the drawing-room fire, and I summoned courage to look on the changed face.

"Could that be Joe—so white, so drawn, so still?"

Doctor Loring was kneeling by the little form, chafing and straightening the poor stiffened arms, so bent with their cruel pinning behind the shoulders.

"Doctor," I said, "why do you do any more? Nothing can bring back the poor fellow, murdered while doing his duty." Then I, too, knelt down, and took the poor, cold hands in mine.

"Oh, my poor child!" I cried, "my little brave heart; who dared say you were false? Let those who doubted you look at you now, with dry eyes, if they can."

"My dear," said Dr. Loring, suddenly, "have you always hot water in your bath-room?"

"Yes, doctor," I said; "yes. Why do you ask? Do you mean—is it possible—there is life?" And I took Joe's little head in my arms, and forgot he was only a servant, only a poor, common page-boy. I only knew I pressed him to my breast, and called him all the endearing names I used to call my own children in after years, when God gave me some, and kissed his white forehead in my joy at the blessed ray of hope.

No want of willing arms to carry Joe upstairs. Mrs. Wilson had the bath filled before the doctor was in the room with his light burthen.

"A few drops of brandy, to moisten the lips, first of all," said the good doctor, "then the bath and gentle friction, there is certainly life in him."

Now, my good sister's clever nursing proved invaluable. All that night we fought every inch of ground, as it were, with our grim enemy, the dear, good doctor never relaxing in his efforts to bring back life to the cramped limbs. The burglars had unknowingly helped to keep alight Joe's feeble spark of life by wrapping the blankets round him; they had meant, no doubt, to stifle any sound he might make; but by keeping him from actual contact with the stone floor, and protecting him from the cold, they had given him his little chance of life.

Oh, how I blessed that kind thought of Dr. Loring's to bring me a barrel of apples! Had there been no occasion to open the cellar-door, Joe would have died before another morning had dawned, died! starved!! What a horrible death! And to know that within a few steps were food, warmth, and kind hearts—hearts even then saddened by his absence, and grieving for him. What hours of agony he must have passed in the cold and darkness, hearing the footsteps of passers-by above his living tomb, and feeling the pangs of hunger and thirst. What weeks those three days must have seemed to him in their fearful darkness, until insensibility mercifully came to his aid, and hushed his senses to oblivion.

Morning was far advanced when, at last, Joe's eyelids began to flutter, and his eyes opened a very little, to close again immediately, even the subdued light we had let into the room being too much for him to bear after so long a darkness; but in that brief glance he had recognized me, and seeing his lips move, I bent my head close to them.

Only a faint murmur came, but I distinguished the words:

"Missis, I couldn't 'elp it! Forgive me. Say 'Our Father.'"

I knelt down, and as well as I could for the tears that almost choked me, repeated that most simple, yet all-satisfying petition to the Throne of Grace.

Meanwhile the doctor held Joe's wrist, and my sister, at a sign from him, put a few drops of nourishment between the pale lips.

"My dear," at length said the doctor, "did you say the boy's brother was in London?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I have no address, as I expected him here this morning."

"That is well; he may be in time."
"In time?" I repeated; "in time for what? Is he dying? Can nothing be done?"

The good doctor looked again with moistened eyes on the little white face, and said sadly—

"I fear not, but the sight of this brother he seems to have such a strong love for may rouse him for a while. As it is, he is sinking fast. I can do no more; he is beyond human skill; but love

and God's help may yet save him. Poor little fellow, he has done his duty nobly, and even to die doing that is an enviable fate; but we want such boys as this to live, and show others the way."

There was a slight sound at the room door, and on turning round I saw Dick—Dick, with wild, dumb entreaty in his eyes.

I pointed to the bed, and with a whispered "Hush!" beckoned him to enter.

The shock of seeing his loved little lad so changed was too much for even his man's courage, for with a cry he in vain strove to smother he sunk on his knees with his face hidden in his hands.

But only for a moment he let his grief overcome him; then rising, he took Joe's little form in his arms, and in a voice to which love gave the softest and gentlest tones, said—

"Joe, lad! Joe, little chap! here's Dick. Look at poor old Dick. Don't you know him? Don't go away without sayin' good-bye to Dick wot loves you."

Slowly a little fluttering smile parted the lips, and the blue eyes unclosed once more. "Dick!" he gasped; "I wanted to tell you, Dick, but—I—can't. I—ain't forgot. 'Own-up—to—It—wotever—I minded it all. Kiss me—Dick. God—bless—missis. Dick—take me—home—to—mother!"

And with a gentle sigh, in the arms of the brother he loved, Joe fell into a deep sleep, a sleep from which we all feared he would no more awake on earth, and we watched him, fearing almost to move.

Dick held him in his arms all that morning, and presently towards noon the doctor took the little wrist and found the pulse still feebly beating; a smile lit up his good, kind face, and he whispered to me, "There is hope."

"Thank God!" I whispered back, and ran away into my own room to sob out grateful prayers of thanksgiving to heaven for having spared the life so nearly lost to us."

When I went back, Joe had just begun to awaken, and was looking up into his beloved Dick's face, murmuring—"Why, it's Dick. Are you a-crying about me, Dick? Don't cry—I'm all right—I'm only so tired."

And having drunk some wine the doctor had ordered should be given him, he nestled close to Dick's breast, and again fell into a sweet sleep, a better, life-giving sleep this time, for the faint colour came to his pale little lips, and presently Dick laid him down on the pillows, and rested his own weary arms. He would not move from Joe's side for fear he might wake and miss him, but for many hours our little fellow slept peacefully, and so gradually came back to life.

We never quite knew the particulars of the robbery, for when Joe was well enough to talk, we avoided speaking of it. Dr. Loring said, "The boy only partly remembers it, like a dream, and it is better he should forget it altogether. He will do so as he gets stronger. Send him home to his mother for a while, and if he returns to you, let it be to the country house where there is nothing to remind him of all this."

Joe did get strong, and came back to us, but no longer as a page-boy; he was under-gardener, and his time was spent among his favourite flowers and pet animals, until one day Dick wrote to say his father had bought more land to be laid out in gardens, and if Joe could be spared he and Dick could work together, and in time set up for themselves in the business.

So Joe left us, but not to forget us, or be forgotten. On each anniversary of my birthday, I find a bunch of magnificent roses on my breakfast table—"With J. and R. Cole's respectful duty," and I know the sender is a fine, strong, young market-gardener; but sometimes I look back a few years, and instead of the lovely roses, and the big, healthy giver, I seem to see a faded, dusty bunch of wild flowers, held towards me by the little hot hand of a tired child, with large blue eyes, and I hear a timid voice say—"Please 'm, it's J. Cole: and I've come to live with yer!"

THE END.

"UNSAFE."

That is the word that is placarded in large letters at each end of the long bridge. A sufficient warning for all prudent people, since no thoughtful person is going to risk his life by trying to pass over an unsafe bridge. But some persons are not thoughtful. So the heedless boys who in winter skate too near the flaws in the ice. And then for one-half of the twenty-four hours the bridge is in darkness, and nobody can see the placard, "Unsafe." So the officers have caused a fence to be built at each end of the bridge, that nobody may be able to enter it.

What is the matter with the bridge? you wonder. Well, when it was built

the foundations were not laid deep enough, and the last freshet weakened the wall. It became apparent, too, that some of the materials employed were of defective character. Now the bridge must lie idle for repairs. Many persons were dependent on the bridge for convenience and necessary service. They must be at inconvenience and disappointment until somebody's blunders can be rectified.

There are many unsafe things in the world besides bridges. Here is a young man who has been labelled, "Unsafe." He does not carry the label in printed letters as the bridge does. But the letters are somehow seen and read all the same. But what is the matter with the young man? you ask. I will tell you. When he was a lad at school he was not diligent in study. He often used unfair means to reach the solution of problems, and so made out to answer questions when his class-mates knew he had not gained his knowledge by study. By-and-bye he was employed as a book-keeper. Here he neglected his accounts, and the books got into a hopeless tangle. Next he took money from the drawer, little by little, until the sums amounted to many dollars. In these and other ways he came to be regarded as "unsafe." He cannot now find respectable employment anywhere. Everybody reads the label, "Unsafe," and nobody wants him.

Here is another young man given to occasional drinking, another to swearing, and another to falsehood. They are labelled "Unsafe," and prudent people will not have anything to do with them. Many of these unsafe people, like the bridge, are fenced in. They are restrained by prison-walls. Society has decided that they are unsafe, and they must be so placed that they can do other people no harm.

But what of the building of these unsafe characters? Somewhere in the past life, as in the building of the bridge, something has gone wrong. Every young person should be careful that in building the foundations of his life, and life itself, only the best material is employed, and that the work is solidly done. Virtue, thoughtfulness, fidelity, temperance, purity, integrity, are among the elements essential to building a character that may always be labelled "Safe."—Children's Friend.

A Gentleman.

BY MARGARET E. SANISTER.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale,
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He did not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty, 'tis the same:
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

Bishop Goodsell says: "The world has come to understand that when a Methodist preacher comes to town—whether he comes afoot or on horseback, in a palace car or on a freight train, in a stage-coach or on a bicycle—an enemy of the rum traffic has arrived."

A workman who was rolling into a publican's cellar a cask of whiskey gave the cask a kick, and was overheard remarking to his comrade: "I wonder how many curses there are in that cask?"

Wags—"How is Byker getting on as a wheelman?" Gags—"Oh, he gets on all right, but he don't stay on."

Teacher.—"Can any little boy tell me which is the longest day in the year?" Billy—Some fellows say that the day before Christmas is, and some say the day before the Fourth of July."

A Tale of the Orient.

Sheik Hassan sat beside his door,
While three young men passed by,
The glow of youth was on each cheek,
Youth's fire flashed in each eye.

"What seekest thou?" wise Hassan asked
The first bright, ardent lad.
"I seek for pleasure," he replied,
"I only would be glad."

"What seekest thou?" the next he asked,
"For riches," came reply,
With riches I am well assured,
Great pleasure I can buy."

"And you?" asked Hassan of the third,
"What is it you pursue?"
With modest mien he meekly said,
"I would my duty do."

In after years, now aged men,
The self-same three passed by,
And being asked how they had fared,
Each thus made his reply.

The first said, "Pleasure, phantom like,
Just when you'd seize it, disappears."
The second, "Riches have not power
To banish sorrow, pain and tears."

The third thus spoke in cheerful tone,
"While smiles lit up his happy face,
While I my duty tried to do,
With duty pleasure walked apace."

LESSON NOTES.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.
FIRST QUARTER.

LESSON IX—FEBRUARY 28.
THE DISCIPLES DISPERSED.

Acts 8. 1-17. Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They that were scattered abroad went
everywhere preaching the word.—Acts
8. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. The Church Scattered, v. 1-4.
 2. The Church Growing, v. 5-17.
- Time.—Immediately after the events of the last lesson, probably in the summer of A.D. 37.
- Place. 1. Jerusalem. 2. "A city of Samaria," probably either ancient Samaria (Sebaste) or Sychar.
- HOME READINGS.
- M. The disciples dispersed.—Acts 8. 1-8.
Tu. The disciples dispersed.—Acts 8. 9-17.
W. The gift of God.—Acts 8. 18-25.
Th. Persecution foretold.—Matt. 10. 16-23.
F. Partakers with Christ.—1 Peter 4. 12-19.
S. Joy in the city.—Neh. 8. 5-12.
Su. Samaritans believing.—John 4. 27-30; 39-42.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Church Scattered, v. 1-4.
Who approved of Stephen's death?
What happened to the church at Jerusalem?
Where did the disciples go?
What honour was paid to the martyr Stephen?
What did Saul do?
What did the persecuted church do?
How widely were they scattered? See Acts 11. 19.
2. The Church Growing, v. 5-17.
To what city did Phillip journey?
What did he there do?
How was his message received?
What miracles did he perform?
What claims did Solomon make for himself?
What did the people say of him?
Why did they give heed to him?
What did those who believed Phillip's message do?
What did Simon do?
With whom did he keep company?
Who were sent from Jerusalem?
For what did these apostles pray?
Why did they thus pray?
What then did they do, and with what result?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. How persecution aids the truth?
 2. That a renewed heart is the secret of a renewed life?
 3. That the Holy Spirit is God's best gift to the church?

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honour my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

THE TEST OF LOVE.

"Since you gave your heart to God last spring, Jennie," said a pastor to a little girl, "you think that you have been a Christian. Can you tell us why you think so?"

"Because, sir," she said, "after thinking a moment, 'Jesus says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments,' and I want to keep his commandments more than anything else."

"Yes, my dear child. By this we know that we love him when we keep his commandments. You say, Jennie, that you feel your sins are all forgiven. Will you tell us how you know? May you not be mistaken?"

She stood a moment, and then said, "I know that Jesus surely says that if we ask him he will forgive."

"Yes; we have his own sure word. And now, Jennie, suppose some one should ask you how to be a Christian, could you answer? Suppose one of the little girls at school should ask you how she could be a Christian, could you tell her?"

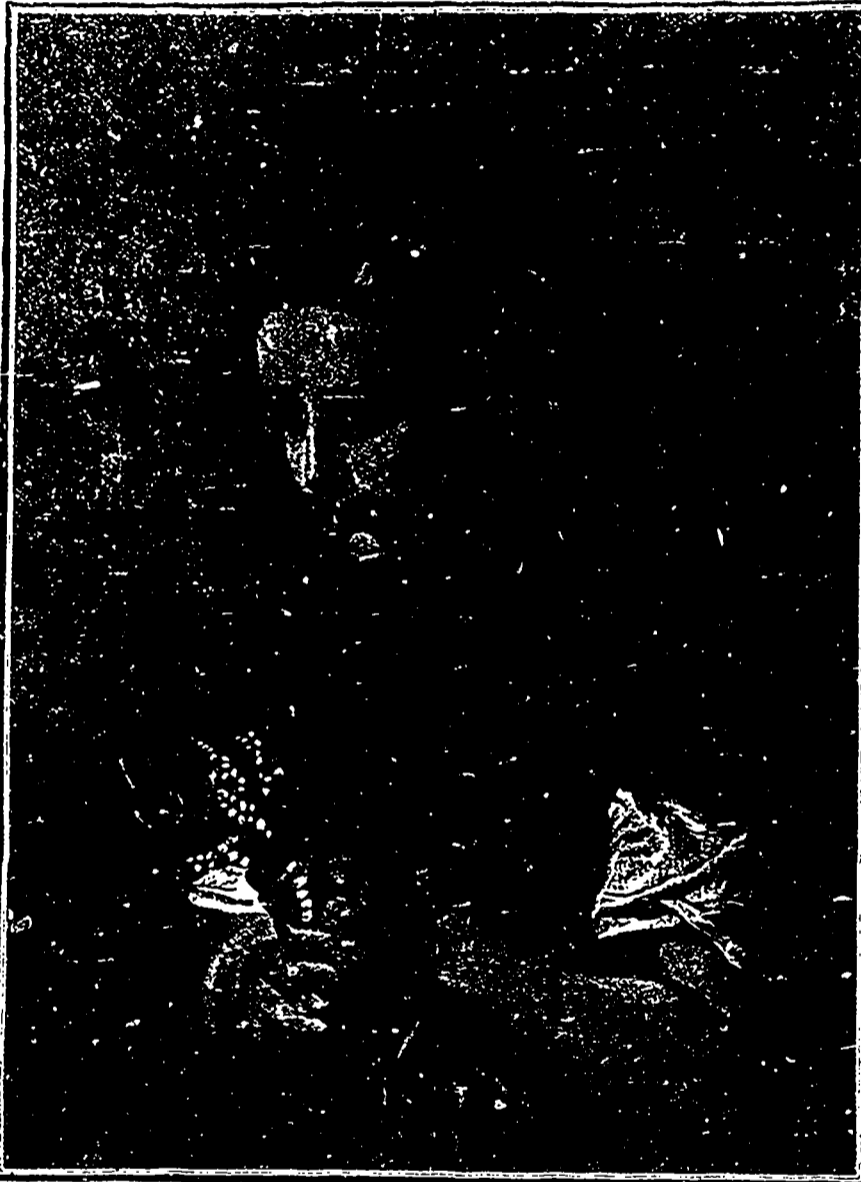
"I would tell her just to trust Jesus, and obey him," she said, quickly.

BUGS TELL THE TIME.

A jeweller near the Junction has a novel clock in his show window. It puzzles and amuses crowds every day. There is simply a dial a foot and a half square, apparently lying on a box an inch in depth. There are no hands and no holes in the dial. In spite of this the clock tells time perfectly. There are two little Mexican beetles of the green-bronze variety that have been more or less popular as scarf-pins, etc., and they crawl about and mark the minutes and hours accurately. One of them rests on the outer circle of the dial and moves from one figure to another each hour. The other bug marches on the dial's inner circle, and moves one-fifth of the space between the figures every minute. What tells the bugs when and how far to move is a mystery that ninety-nine out of every one hundred who look at them give up in despair.

The bugs are plainly enough alive, else how could they walk? And there are no strings on them, so why do they not walk off about their own affairs, as any ordinary bug would do in no time?

"The thing's simple enough," said a



ALSATIAN PEASANT.

ALSATIAN PEASANT.

The provinces of Alsatia and Lorraine were captured by Louis XIV. from Germany about two hundred years ago. Although their language is German they became thoroughly assimilated with France during its long possession. They were recaptured by the Germans in the late Franco-German war over a score of years ago, and one of the most determined feelings of the French is that they should be again taken from the Germans. Around the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, are the statues of the great cities of France. Among them are those of Strassburg and Metz, which have been captured by the Germans. For the last score of years these have been perpetually draped in black, with funeral wreaths, as a sign of mourning, and as a sign, too, that they are destined to become French again.

The people of these provinces naturally share the desire to be restored to France, but are not allowed to say much about it. They are a simple-minded and industrious people. They wear a very peculiar costume. The women wear black caps with large bows behind, even larger than shown in our cut.

Germany holds these provinces in an iron grip, the great cities of Metz and Strassburg being heavily garrisoned with horse, foot, and artillery.

man, after glancing at the clock. "The bugs are dead as Julius Caesar. Each of them is merely a shell and has a bit of steel set into its base. The clock has hands, only they are underneath instead of above the dial, and they are magnetized. Every time the hand forges ahead its attraction carries the steel and the little green bug-shell along. Put a couple of steel pins on a sheet of paper and move a magnet around underneath, and you'll see just how it works. It's too easy."

THEY TOOK A COLLECTION.

A crowd of little street Arabs was gathered at the door of the Clark Street Mission waiting for their teacher. They were ragged and dirty, and many of them doubtless hungry; all of them familiar with hardships. There were swarthy, black-eyed girls with shawls pinned over their heads, and boys with toes peeping out of their ragged shoes. Presently a new arrival appeared, leading by the hand two children a little more forlorn in appearance than themselves. One had sore eyes, and was apparently half blind.

"See here, fellers," was the introduction of their guide, "These two kids hain't got nobody to take care of 'em. They sleep in a box, and they hain't had

nothin' to eat to-day. Can't we do sumthin' for 'em?"

"Let's take a collection," some one suggested, and there was a general murmur of approval.

A ragged cap was produced and passed around. Grimy hands plunged into the recesses of tattered garments for pennies, and the collector announced the result, "seven cents." A committee, a large one, was appointed to go to the nearest bakery, and invest the funds. Some small cakes were bought, which were thrust into the hands of the children, and they were bidden to eat. When the teacher arrived, she found the "two orphans" the centre of an admiring group, contentedly munching their cakes, and with much satisfaction the case was turned over into her hands.—Deaconess Advocate.

How to keep cool—Go to Greenland. First Medical Student.—"You find the wheel beneficial?" Second Medical Student.—"Very! It gives you a practical knowledge of contusions and dislocations which it would be very difficult to obtain otherwise."

"Now, children," said the teacher, "what do you call the meal that you eat in the morning?" "Oatmeal," promptly replied a number of the class.

Eastern Visitor.—"How was it you did not hang that murderer? Did he establish an alibi?" Quick Drop Dan.—"That's just what he did. When the sheriff went to the gaol to hang him he wasn't there."

Mistress (greatly scandalized)—"Is it possible, Huldah, you are making bread without having washed your hands?" New Kitchen Girl—"Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread."

The New Cook.—"Shure, mum, there agoin' to be a foight in this house; Oi upsit th' whole box av salt." Mrs. Crossgrain—"Oh, pshaw! Bridget; do not be so superstitious. It only shows ignorance." The New Cook—"But, mum, Oi upsit it all in th' soup."

A BOOK FOR BOYS.

Snap Shots From Boy Life

By F. C. T. O'Hara.

With illustrations and striking cover design by Astley Palmer Cooper.

Price 75 Cents.

Contents.—Being a Boy—Value of Reading—Choosing Books, and How to Read Them—Trashy Reading—Cultivating the Memory—How to Study—School-day Reminiscences—Letter-writing—Time—Value of a Good Name—Divers Subjects—Do You Smoke?—What About Liquor?—Do Not Scorn Advice—Self-dependence—Advantages of Knowing a Trade—Changing Employment—City and Country Life—An Inquisitive Nature—The Beauties of Nature—Wasted Opportunities of Life—Brains versus Industry—School After the Holidays—Be Happy.

These chapter heads give an idea of the nature and scope of the book, but it must be read to be appreciated at its true value. It is one of the best books we have ever seen to put into a boy's or a young man's hands. He is sure to read it and enjoy it, and cannot fail to be inspired by it. Teachers will do well to have their boys read it. If you cannot give them each a copy, buy one yourself and lend it round the class. One teacher we know has given a copy to each of the eighteen members of his young men's class.

RHYMES OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

By MARY LESLIE.

With 117 illustrations.

Cloth, plain edges, . . . \$1.00
Half-leather, gilt edges, . . . 1.50

In easy flowing rhyme is given by the author a history of the Kings and Queens of England, from the time of King Alfred the Great down to our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria. The information thus pleasantly imparted and the numerous illustrations through the book make it a particularly nice gift-book for boys and girls.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

METHOD BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, TORONTO.
C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUNTER, Halifax, N.S.