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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1896

[No. 2.]

## The Five Loaves.

What if the little Jewish lad  
That summer day had failed to go  
Down to the lake, because he had  
So small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might have said;  
"For food the thronging people call.  
I only have five loaves of bread,  
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's words might come,  
Her ceasing hand upon his hair:  
"Yet go; for they might comfort some,  
Among the hungry children there."

Lo, to the lakeside forth he went,  
Bearing the scant supply he had:  
And Jesus with an eye intent,  
Through all the crowds, beheld the lad.

And saw the loaves and blessed them.  
Then  
Beneath his hand the marvel grew:  
He brake and blessed, and brake again:  
'The loaves were neither small nor few;

For, as we know, it came to pass  
That hungry thousands there were fed,  
While sitting on the fresh green grass,  
From that one basketful of bread.

If from his home the lad that day  
His five small loaves had failed to take,  
Would Christ have wrought—can any  
say?  
That miracle beside the lake?

## THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY  
ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

### CHAPTER XI.

After that night of the voyage to the Gadarenes, Joel ceased to be surprised at the miracles he daily witnessed. Even when the little daughter of Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, was called back to life, it did not seem so wonderful to him as the stilling of the tempest.

Many a night, after Phineas had gone away again with the Master to other cities, Joel used to go down to the beach, and stand looking across the water as he recalled that scene.

The lake had always been an interesting place to him at night. He liked to watch the fishermen as they flashed their blazing torches this way and that. A sympathetic thrill ran through him as they sighted their prey, and raised their bare sinewy arms to sling the net or fly the spear.

But after that morning of healing, and that night of tempest, it seemed to be a sacred place, to be visited only on still nights, when the town slept, and heaven bent nearer in the starlight to the quiet earth.

The time of the Passover was drawing near,—the time that Joel had been looking forward to since Phineas had promised him a year ago that he should go to Jerusalem.

The twelve disciples who had been sent out to all the little towns through Galilee, to teach the things they had themselves been taught, and work miracles in the name of him who had sent them, began to come slowly back. They had an encouraging report to bring of their work; but it was shadowed by the news they had heard of the murder of John Baptist.

Joel joined them as soon as they came into Capernaum, and walked beside Phineas as the footsore travellers pressed

on a little farther towards Simon's house.

"When are we going to start for Jerusalem?" he asked eagerly.

Phineas looked searchingly into his face as he replied, "Would you be greatly disappointed, my son, not to go this year?"

Joel looked perplexed; it was such an unheard-of thing for Phineas to miss going up to the Feast of the Passover.

"These are evil times, my Joel," he explained. "John Baptist has just been beheaded. The Master has many enemies

jealous of his popularity. He upsets their old traditions, and teaches a religion that ignores some of the laws of Moses. I can easily see why they hate him so. They see him at such a long distance from themselves, they cannot understand him. Healing on the Sabbath, eating with publicans and sinners, disregarding the little customs and ceremonies that in all ages have set apart our people as a chosen race, are crimes in their eyes.

"It is only could get close enough to understand him; to see that his pure

hospitable door, Phineas said, "Enter with them, my lad, if you wish. I must go on to my little family, but will join you soon."

To Joel's great pleasure, he found they were to cross the lake at once, to the little fishing port of Bethsaida. It was only six miles across.

"We have hardly had time to eat, said Andrew to Joel, as they walked along towards the boat. "I will be glad to get away to some desert place, where we may have rest from the people that are always pushing and clamouring about us."

"How long before you start?" asked Joel.

In a very few minutes," answered Andrew, "for the boat is in readiness."

Joel glanced from the street above the beach to the water's edge, as if calculating the distance.

"Don't go without me," he said, as, breaking into a run, he dashed up the beach at his utmost speed. He was back again in a surprisingly quick time, with a cheap little basket in his hand; he was out of breath with his rapid run.

"Didn't I go fast?" he panted. "I could not have done that a few weeks ago. Oh, it feels so good to be able to run when I please! It is like flying."

He lifted the cover of the basket. "See!" he said. "I thought the Master might be hungry; but I had no time to get anything better. I had to stop at the first stall I came to."

At the same time the boat went gliding out into the water with its restful motion, thousands of people were pouring out of the villages on foot, and hovering on around the lake, ahead of them.

The boat passed up a narrow winding creek, away from the sail-dotted lake; its green banks seemed to promise the longed-for quiet and rest. But there in front of them waited the crowds they had come so far to avoid.

They had brought their sick for healing. They needed to be helped and taught, they were "as sheep without a shepherd." He could not refuse them.

Joel found no chance to offer the food he had bought so hastily with another of his hoarded coins,—the coins that were to have purchased his revenge.

As the day wore on, he heard the disciples ask that the multitudes might be sent away.

"It would take two hundred pennyworth of bread to feed them," said Philip, "and even that would not be enough."

Andrew glanced over the great crowds and stroked his beard thoughtfully. "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

Joel hurried forward and held out his basket with its little store,—five flat round loaves of bread, not much more than one hungry man could eat, and two dried fishes.

He hardly knew what to expect as the people were made to sit down on the grass in orderly ranks of fifties.

His eyes grew round with astonishment as the Master took the bread, gave thanks, and then passed it to the disciples, who, in turn, distributed it among the people. Then the two little fishes were handed around in the same way.

Joel turned to Phineas, who had joined them some time ago. "Do you see that?" he asked excitedly. "They have been multiplied a thousandfold!"

Phineas smiled. "We drop one tiny grain of wheat into the earth," he said, "and when it grows and spreads and bears dozens of other grains on its single stalk, we are not astonished. When the Master but does in an instant, what na-



FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

among those in high places. It would be like walking into a lion's den for him to go up to Jerusalem.

"Even here he is not safe from the hatred of Antipas, and after a little rest will pass over into the borders of the tetrarch Philip. We have no wish to leave him!"

"Oh, why should he be persecuted so?" asked Joel, looking with tear-brimmed eyes at the man walking in advance of them, and talking in low, earnest tones to John, who walked beside him.

"You have been with him so much, father Phineas. Have you ever known him to do anything to make these men his enemies?"

"Yes," said Phineas. "He has drawn the people after him until they are

He needs no ceremonies of multiplied hand-washings; that it is his broad love for his fellow men that makes him stoop to the lowest classes,—I am sure they could not do otherwise than love him.

"Blind fanatics! They would put to death the best man that ever lived, because he is so much broader and higher than they that the little measuring line of their narrow creed cannot compass him!"

"Is he never going to set up his kingdom?" asked Joel. "Does he never talk about it?"

"Yes," said Phineas; "though we are often puzzled by what he says, and ask ourselves his meaning."

They had reached the house by this time, and as Simon led the way to its

ture takes months to do, we cry, 'a miracle!' 'Men are more wont to be astonished at the sun's eclipse, than at its dully rising,' he quoted, remembering his conversation with the old traveler, on his way to Nathan ben Ob-ed's.

A feeling of exultation seized the people as they ate the mysterious bread; it seemed that the days of miraculous manna had come again. By the time they had all satisfied their hunger, and twelve basketfuls of the fragments had been gathered up, they were ready to make him their king. The restlessness of the times had taken possession of them; the burning excitement must find vent in some way, and with one accord they demanded him as their leader.

Joel wondered why he should refuse. Surely no other man he had ever known could have resisted such an appeal.

The perplexed fishermen, at Jesus' command, turned their boat homeward without him. To their simple minds it seemed that he had made a mistake in relating the homage forced upon him by the people; they longed for the time to come when they should be recognized as the honoured officials in the new kingdom. Many a dream of future power and magnificence must have come to them in the still watches of the night, as they drifted home in the white light of the Passover moon.

Many a time in the weeks that followed, Joel slipped away to his favourite spot on the beach, a flat rock half hidden by a clump of oleander bushes. Here, with his feet idly dangling in the ripples, he looked out over the water, and recalled the scenes he had witnessed there.

It seemed so marvellous to him that the Master could have ever walked on those shining waves; and yet he had seen him that night after the feeding of the multitudes. He had seen, with his own frightened eyes, the Master walk calmly towards the boat across the unsteady water, and catch up the sinking Peter, who had jumped overboard to meet him. It grieved and fretted the boy that this man, of God-given power and such sweet unselfish spirit, could be so persistently misunderstood by the people. He could think of nothing else.

He had not been with the crowds that pressed into the synagogue that Sabbath after the thousands had been fed; but Phineas came home with grim lips and knitted brows, and told him about it.

"The Master knew they followed him because of the loaves and fishes," he said. "He told them so."

"When we came out of the door, I could not help looking up at the lintel on which is carved the pot of manna; for when they asked him for a sign that they might believe him, saying, 'Our fathers ate manna in the wilderness?' He answered: 'I am the bread of life! Ye have seen me, and yet believe not!'"

"While he talked there was a murmuring all over the house against him, because he said that he had come down from heaven. Your uncle Laban was there. I heard him say scornfully: 'Is not this the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How doth he now say "I am come down out of heaven?"' Then he laughed a mocking little laugh, and nudged the man who stood next to him. There are many like him: I could feel a spirit of prejudice and persecution in the very air. Many who have professed to be his friends have turned against him."

While Phineas was pouring out his anxious forebodings to his wife and Joel, the Master was going homeward with his chosen twelve.

"Would ye also go away?" he asked wistfully of his companions, as he noted the cold, disapproving looks of many who had only the day before been fed by him, and who now openly turned their backs on him.

Simon Peter gave a questioning glance into the faces of his companions; then he pressed a step nearer. "Lord, to whom shall we go?" he answered impulsively. "Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed, and know that thou art the Holy One of God."

The others nodded their assent, all but one. Judas Iscariot clutched the money bags he held, and looked off across the lake, to avoid the searching eyes that were fixed upon him.

These honest Galileans were too simple to suspect others of dark designs, yet they had never felt altogether free with this stranger from Judea. He had never seemed entirely one of them. They did not see in his crafty, quiet manners, the sheep's clothing that hid his wolfish nature, but they could feel his lack of sympathetic enthusiasm.

He had been one of those who followed only for the loaves and fishes of a temporal kingdom, and now, in his secret soul, he was sorry he had joined a cause in whose final success he was beginning to lose faith.

The sun went down suddenly that night behind a heavy cloud, as a gathering storm began to lash the Galilee and rock the little boats anchored at the landings.

The year of popularity was at an end.

(To be continued.)

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1896.

### SOUND CHRISTIANS.

Going up town one day, I overtook two little boys. The largest boy had a basket on his arm containing a few apples. The other little fellow was asking for one, and the boy with the apples handed him one, which the little one refused, saying, "I don't want that, it's half rotten." The other boy then gave him another, which was not rotten, but the little fellow still seemed dissatisfied.

"What's the matter now?" said the big boy, "don't that suit you either?"

"No, Willie, it don't, 'cause you said you'd give me a real, good, nice apple, and this one ain't sound, for it's got two specks in it; 'taint rotten, but there is specks, so it ain't sound."

"Oh, Eddie, them specks don't hurt it,—they are only kind of dry rots; the apple is just as good."

"Well," answered the little fellow, "I think when apples ain't all over sound, they're not nice, anyway, if they are called good."

Dear young Christians, these little fellows by their talk, set me to thinking. I thought what a good illustration was this taken spiritually. We, as God's children, must be sound Christians. If we would be good and nice, we need a Christian experience that is all over sound.

Let us think of this every day, and let us try to keep the specks out of our Christianity. Remember if we get angry, that is a nasty speck upon us. Our friends cannot think us nice if we get provoked at every little thing that don't suit us. Every time we speak unkindly that is a speck upon us. If we speak a word wrongly against any one, that is a very ugly speck upon our religion. If we indulge in light, trifling

talk, we shall thus bring many specks upon our lives. Whatever we do that is unrighteous is a speck upon our Christian character; and when we leave our duty undone we do wrong, and therefore are not sound in our Christian experience.

When we stray away from the means of grace with only a slight excess; when we neglect secret prayer, and reading God's Word, we stain our Christianity.

Oh, my young friends, how easy for us to become full of specks or flaws, for every wrong act is a flaw in our religion; and if we have these flaws we are not good Christians.

Let us examine ourselves and see if we have any now, and if we find little specks of unkindness, or ill feeling, or anything wrong in us, oh, let us not rest until we have them all washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and feel we are cleaned and made perfectly whole. And then let us watch daily that our religion is not stained by little specks. Oh, let us endeavour to live day by day under the blood that we may ever keep a sound, Christian character.

### JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 19, 1896.

Bethel.—Genesis 28. 10-22.

#### A MEMORABLE PLACE.

This word means "the house of God," and of all the names given to places of worship, there are few more appropriate than the word "Bethel." The place, however, was not always called by this name. It was at first called Luz—Jacob gave it the name by which it will always be known. When he fled from home because of his quarrel with Esau, he tarried one night at this place, and from the remarkable dream which he had, he made a covenant with God as to how he would act if God would prosper him in the way he was going, and allow him to return home in peace. He pledged himself as to the return he would make. How many enter into new speculations, and move from one place to another without even consulting the Almighty. Acknowledge him in all your ways.

#### JACOB'S SUCCESS.

Read the verses at the head of the lesson, and you will get a clear view of the marvellous career of Jacob. Jacob was by no means a perfect man. He was a shrewd man of business and understood the path to success, but we do not believe that he would have succeeded as he did, had he not been faithful to his pledge. His Uncle Laban sought to use Jacob for his own gain, but he could not accomplish his selfish purposes. When a man has God on his side, they are a majority.

#### BETHEL, A FAVOURITE PLACE.

When Jacob returned from his Uncle Laban, Bethel was ever afterwards a favourite place with him. Mark you, though his uncle ill-treated him, he never attempted to leave him until God commanded him to do so. Always be sure that you are doing what God would have you to do. Jacob had been in servitude for the space of twenty years, and now God commands him to move, and on his return journey he seeks divine direction. See Genesis 32. 1; 9-12.

#### RESULTS.

Esau's wrath was appeased. Jacob knew that he acted improperly towards Esau, though he was not the only person who acted improperly at that time. But now when Jacob had good reason to be afraid that Esau should take vengeance upon him, he prays to God, and God comes to his assistance. See the memorable contest in prayer (Genesis 32. 24-32.) Bethel was often visited, and Jacob never forgot his covenant. Have we no occasion to go to Bethel? Should we not remember our obligations and the promises we have made as to what we would do.

#### THE NEW MINISTER.

(To be read in Junior League meeting.)

Dear Juniors,—Before this letter reaches you the great itinerant wheel

that surrounds your Junior Epworth wheel will revolve, and, perhaps, will send you a new minister.

Juniors like new things—new dresses, new bicycles and new ministers. The older people may be unwise enough to say, "I know I shall never like him as well as I do our dear pastor who has gone;" some may even say, "I'm bound I won't like him;" but the Juniors will welcome him, and make room in their heart for him. Is this because the child heart is fickle? I believe not. It is rather because on the delicate, sensitive plate of the child's mind a composite picture is developing, and each child calls that picture, "my minister."

So, my dear Juniors, I want to tell you what the new minister may be, and wants to be to you. He wants to be your friend. He wants to know your name, and where you live, to visit you in your home, and see the baby and all the home treasures. So, when you meet him on the street, be sure and speak to him. You can easily remember his name, for there is only one of him, but you must tell him your name more than once, for there are many of you. I read the other day of a little girl who felt aggrieved because, as she told her mother, "the gentleman spoke to me, mamma, but he didn't shake his hat to me." The new minister will not only speak to you, and shake his hat to you, but will shake your hand and tell you he is glad to see you every time he meets you.

During the three years or more that the new minister is likely to stay, many of the Juniors will be sure to begin a Christian life, and if you want to make your pastor's heart glad, and to cure him of "that homesick feeling," there is no better way than to invite him into your Junior League meeting, and begin a revival by giving yourselves to the service of the Lord.—Zion's Herald.

#### The Seed and the Sower

Ever so little the seed may be,  
Ever so little the hand,  
But when it is sown it must grow, you see,  
And develop its nature, weed, flower or tree;  
The sunshine, the air, and the dew are free  
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope  
Of the harvest it will yield;  
We wait and watch for its springing up,  
Admire its growth, and count on the crop  
That will come from the little seeds we drop  
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide  
Seeds we may happen to find,  
We care not for culture, or what may betide,  
We sow here and there on the highway side;  
Whether they've lived or whether they've died,  
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap  
Fruit from the seed he has sown;  
How carefully then it becomes us to keep  
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek  
To sow what is good, that we may not weep  
To receive our own.

#### FORGETTING.

This is the cause of much of our misery. It is as bad as ignorance, or even worse, for we have laboured in vain when, having spent time and money to acquire knowledge, we forget what we have learned. Memory is as needful as store, home, or stomach. The food we partake of must be digested, hence retained for a certain length of time. A bad memory is like a pocket full of holes. Forgetting is like one throwing away his money. "Oh, I forgot," is often said, as though it excused us. What if the railroad man forgot to put on the brakes or stop the engine? The consequence of forgetting is dreadful sometimes. Souls perish by it, millions of them. We hear and read, or see many things, which move us to a better life, then forget them, and their influence is lost.

Saturday Night.

Placing the little hats all in a row,  
Ready for church on the morrow, you  
know;  
Washing wee faces and little black fists,  
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;  
Putting them into clean garments and  
white,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.  
Spying out holes in the little worn hose,  
Laying by shoes that are worn thro' the  
toes,  
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—  
Who but a mother knows where to begin?  
Changing a button to make it look right,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.  
Calling the little ones all 'round her  
chair,  
Hearing them lisp forth their soft even-  
ing prayer,  
Telling them over that story of old,  
How the dear Lord would gather the  
lambs to his fold,  
Watching, they listen with childish de-  
light,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.  
Creeping so softly to take a last peep,  
After the little ones all are asleep;  
Anxious to know if the children are  
warm,  
Tucking the blankets round each little  
form;  
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.  
Kneeling down gently beside the white  
bed,  
Lowly and meekly she bows down her  
head,  
Praying, as only a mother can pray,  
"God guide and keep them from going  
astray."

THE SMOKING TREE.

BY I. C. OAKLEY.

Susie Wood fell into trouble very often on account of her curiosity. It was one day in the opening of spring, when they were beginning to open the windows because the days were warm. She had had very strict orders to keep away from them, because there were yet fires in the house, and it was likely she would take cold. But she could not help it when she caught sight of a tree smoking just outside the window of her room. It was while her sister was getting her ready for dinner. "Oh, see! see! the tree is on fire!" exclaimed Susie. "Let me go—I've got to go!" She pulled away so suddenly that she left the button in her sister's fingers. "Now you see what you've done!" said her sister. Then she indignantly went away and left Susie leaning out of the window watching the tree. Little puffs of gray smoke seemed to be rising from the branches. There were no large leaves yet, and she could plainly see all the small twigs going puff! puff! all over the tree, sometimes one, sometimes a dozen together. "It's the mulberry tree, I do believe—I hope it isn't going to burn up." But the puffs went out in a minute, and when they cleared away, the twigs were there, covered with pale green buds and young leaves, as good as before. "And I guess it isn't fire after all. Maybe the tree is shooting. I've read about the tree shooting in the spring; only it would have to make a banging if it was firing itself off!" Susie watched this mysterious and pretty sight a good while. When she grew tired and noticed how far down the sun was, she began to think of her sister and the button and the consequences. She managed to finish dressing herself. She went down-stairs feeling so guilty that she did not dare ask anybody about the tree. She took her punishment as she usually did, without crying. "Anyhow, I've got something to do in my room," she said, as they locked the door; "and you needn't lock the door—you know very well I wouldn't come out—not even if you want me. Not unless Charlie was sick and wanted me," she continued, talking to herself; "I wouldn't come out for anything else. And I s'pose I must wait till Uncle Jack comes before I can find out what made the mulberry tree do so."

When her mother came to say good-night, Susie was quite humble. "You know I wouldn't do it if I could help it, mamma."

Tom told her the next day that there was a story in the Bible about a burning bush. "It was on fire and didn't burn up, like your tree. But that was a miracle; so I suppose you think you can show me a miracle, but I can't come, for I've got to go swimming with the other boys."

Uncle Jack usually came Sundays, and he and Susan went up-stairs and watched the tree. "It doesn't smoke only in sunny weather," explained Susan, "but it's sunny enough to-day."

The tree was smoking finely. Uncle Jack said it could be easily understood if they could get hold of one of the branches. So they contrived to hook one in by putting a nail into the end of a long fish-pole. Then they put the twigs in water and waited to see what would happen. It was this:

The twig was covered with soft buds like the "pussies" on the willows. Some of the buds burst open suddenly and scattered a cloud of white pollen. With a small magnifying glass they could see just how it went on. Uncle Jack picked off some green clusters from one of the pussy tails and put them under the glass. He called them flowers, but they were only little bundles of stamens with their heads folded down and turned inward. While they watched them they suddenly straightened right out, as quick as a flash, and shook out a tiny cloud of pollen. "A lot of them go off together," he said; "one of the pussies has, I suppose, forty or fifty flowers. You see these buds that grow further down, they are very different! They are the little green mulberries, and have no pollen; but the pollen from the pussies has to fly to them to make the seeds. The pussies will not make mulberries; they will wither away. I will tell you a pretty rhyme:

"This is the golden hour  
When flower is feeling after flower."

Susie learned the rhyme; then she played with the pussies a long time, and laughed to see them straighten out and burst right under her eyes. When she tried to tell Tom, he only said: "You'd better take care; it may be witches' work; perhaps you'd get in trouble and have to be locked up again for disobedience."—The Outlook.

KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the library keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking-chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples: a rich red and a green. His father sat at the window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say: "Thank you, little master."

Dropping the paper his father said: "I thought that we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."  
"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master?'"

The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said: "I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed, and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."  
"No, I won't make fun of you; but, perhaps, I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you all about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one, too. Just then I remembered something that I learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master; but I know I said it myself.'"

"What is it Miss McLaren has been teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad

blood, that will run into our veins and made us dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do, they will give us pure, lively blood, that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes when she eats too much of something that she likes very much it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself, and doesn't eat too much, it seems as if it were thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's just what it meant."

At this the father's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When in a minute it dropped down there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said: "Weren't these the words: 'I keep my body under?'"

"Oh, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."  
"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

BOYS, READ THIS.

Chauncey Depew, against whom no one would think of charging a Puritanic spirit, speaks as follows on the temperance question: "Twenty-five years ago I knew every man woman and child in Peekskill. And it has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall, and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, and doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those that drank is dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken by sickness, every one who proved a wreck and wrecked his family, did it from rum and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were steady, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives, and has something laid by, the interest of which with his house, would carry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debased through gambling, rum or drink, he does not care; all his finer feelings are crowded out. The poor women at home are the ones who suffer—suffer in their tenderest emotions, suffer in their affections for those whom they love better than life."

It will be a great blessing if boys will not only read this, but will determine that, with God's help, they will never drink the first glass.—Young Reaper.

THE OFFICER'S DOG

Many stories have been told of dogs seeking the assistance of neighbour-dogs to punish others for injuries they have received from them, which shows that these animals possess some means of communicating their wishes to each other. Of these stories the following strikingly illustrates the fact:

In the neighbourhood of the city of St. Andrews, in Scotland, and about a mile distant from each other, lived a retired officer, a farmer, and a miller, each of whom possessed a powerful dog. These dogs, whenever they met, growled and snarled at each other, and sometimes fights took place. The officer's dog, besides guarding his master's residence, went every forenoon to the village, a distance of half a mile, to purchase bread, carrying with him a towel in which the requisite money was tied up.

Each time on his return he was immediately served with his dinner, after which he mounted guard over the house for the rest of the day. In the village were a number of idle curs—bullies, and, of course, cowards—who banded themselves together to attack peaceably-disposed dogs. One day, on the outskirts of the village, they assaulted the officer's dog on his way to the baker's shop. In the struggle the towel was torn from his

mouth, and the money was scattered on the road. The curs then retreated. The dog picked up the money, executed his message, and returned home; but instead of eating his dinner, which, as usual, was placed before him, he, after laying down his burden, trotted off straight across the valley to the farmer's house. The labourers, on seeing him, thought he had come to quarrel and fight with their master's mastiff, and were much surprised at seeing the two old enemies meet not only in a most friendly manner, but trot off, after a short consultation together, side by side, along the road that led to the mill. If the men at the farm were greatly astonished, the miller was more so when he saw his bull-dog receive the four-footed visitors as if they were his most intimate companions. The three held a brief council, and then set off in the direction of the officer's residence, followed at a distance by the miller, where, instead of taking the road that led to the village, they entered it by a circuitous route, and put to the tooth every cur they came across. Then they separated, and each dog returned to its master's abode, to be once more, strange to say, as bad friends as formerly.

ON THE WAY HOME

A short time ago a Christian gentleman, accompanied by a friend, was driving home from a mission meeting—one of a series that had been held in a village some miles distant. The driving was well advanced, and, after they had driven some little distance, they overtook a youth, walking slowly, and with an air of utter weariness and dejection. The gentleman pulled up, and asked:

"Where are you going?"  
"I am on my way home, sir."  
"Have you far to go?"  
"No, sir, just to B——"  
"Well, it is not worth while giving you a lift for that short distance," said the gentleman, to which the young man replied:  
"Oh, no, thank you, sir, I'll easily walk." And so the gentleman drove on. But he was impelled, surely by the Holy Spirit, to stop after he had gone on some little distance, and, looking round, he found the lad running close behind. Waiting until he came alongside, and feeling sure he was dejected and sorrowful because he was not sure of heaven being his home, the gentleman said:

"Are you really and truly on your way home?"  
"No, sir, I am not," was the honest confession; and then, as he was asked to get into the trap, he added, in a tone of anguish, "I must get saved; my sister was saved last night, my brother the night before, and I am left out!"  
"Well," said the gentleman, "if you are willing to be saved, Christ is far more willing to save you. You have but to go to him just as you are."

Without another word the lad fell on his knees, and cried, "Lord, Jesus, take me as I am. I am unworthy; but Jesus died—Jesus died."

The plea was sufficient, the prayer was heard and answered. After a few minutes' silence he said to the two Christians:

"I am saved; won't you praise the Lord with me?"

And they did praise the Lord; for, making a halt, they knelt by the wayside, and beneath the star-lit sky their praises re-echoed in the courts above. After they had exchanged farewells, the lad cried:

"I am on my way home now. I'll go praising him."

Reader, there are two ways—one to the home above, the other where there is weeping and wailing. On which are you going? Jesus died for you. God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. 3. 9.)

"All who sell liquors in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners-general. They drive men to hell like sheep. The curse of God is on their gardens, their groves, a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is here. The foundation, the floors, the walls, the roof are stained with blood."  
—John Wesley.



THE KINKAJOU.

The Kinkajou is an animal somewhat resembling the racoon. It has a yellowish woolly fur, climbs trees, and feeds on fruits, honey, etc., as well as on small animals. It is particularly delighted when it finds the nest of wild bees. It abounds in Central and South America, where the negroes call it Potto, after a somewhat similar animal in Africa. It is very easy to tame.

## LIFEBOATS.

As I was one day walking along on the sea-shore I came to a house or building standing close to the water's edge. I said to the man, "What is that?" He said, "That is where they keep the lifeboats. This is a station." So there are stations all along the coast wherever there is a dangerous place. When a storm comes up on the ocean there are men who walk along the shore day and night to see if any ships are in danger. If a ship is driven on the rocks the lifeboat goes out to take away the poor sailors and the little children and their mothers. During the past year more than three thousand lives have been saved in this way. It is a noble work. But there never was such a thing until Jesus came to our world. Men were hard and cruel, and sought to destroy each other. Jesus said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." So now the nations are beginning to learn of Jesus, and are doing good to each other instead of evil. They are following his example, for he died to save men. His whole life was spent in doing good, and I know he will save us if we trust in him.—Exchange.

## A STRANGE MISSIONARY.

The Emperor of China has just ordered a magic lantern for the Imperial Palace at Pekin, with scriptural scenes such as the missionaries there are exhibiting, for the instruction of his household. Miss Gordon Cumming tells us about it, and says that this, in connection with the fact "that one of the officers of the palace has recently become a zealous Christian (the first known convert within the imperial city), may possibly prove the thin edge of the wedge whereby a ray of light may even reach the little Emperor himself, on whom as yet no European has been privileged even to look. Another of these very suggestive magic lanterns has been ordered by a Mongolian prince to help in whiling away the long, dark winter nights."

## WHY BIRDS GO TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The number of birds which go to the Arctic regions to breed is "vast beyond conception." They go not by thousands, but by millions, to rear their young on the tundra. The cause which attracts them is because nowhere in the world does Nature provide, at the same time and in the same place, "such a lavish prodigality of food." That the barren swamp of the tundra should yield a food supply so great as to tempt birds to make journeys of thousands of miles to rear their young in a land of plenty only to be found beyond the Arctic Circle seems incredible. The vegetation largely consists of cranberry, cloudberry, and crowberry bushes. Forced by the perpetual sunshine of the Arctic summer, these bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the Arctic summer, and if the fruit-eating birds had to wait until it was ripe, they would starve, for they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow. But each year the snow descends on this immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is then preserved beneath the snow, perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes with the unconsumed last year's crop hanging on them, or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground. The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Asia. It never decays, and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Ages have taught the birds that they have only to fly to the Arctic Circle to find such a store of "crystallized fruits" as will last them till the bushes are once more forced into bearing by the perpetual sunlight. The same heats which free the fruits bring into being the most prolific insect life in the world; the mosquito swarms on the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts, the gun barrels are black with them, and the cloud often obscures the sight. Thus the insect-eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and the presence of swarms of tender little warblers, cliff-chaffs, pipits, and wag-tails in this Arctic region is accounted for.—Spectator.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

## LESSON III.—JULY 19.

THE ARK BROUGHT TO JERUSALEM.

2 Sam. 6. 1-12. Memory verses, 11, 12.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.—Psalm 84. 12.

Time.—B.C. 1047.  
Places.—1. Kirjath-jearim. 2. Nathon's threshing floor, afterward called Perez-uzzah. 3. The home of Obed-edom, on or near Mount Zion.  
Parallel Account.—1 Chron. 13. 15, 16.

## DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 6. 1-12). Answer the Questions. Prepare to tell the story of the Lesson.

Tuesday.—Read what the ark was like (Exod. 25. 10-22). Fix in your mind Time, Places, and Parallel Account.

Wednesday.—Read how the ark was captured (1 Sam. 4. 1-11). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read something about

obedience (1 Chron. 15. 1-3, 11-16). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read a Jewish hymn (1 Chron. 16. 7-22).

Saturday.—Read more of the same hymn (1 Chron. 16. 23-36). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the way to worship (Heb. 12. 18-29).

## QUESTIONS.

I. The Joyful Procession, verses 1-5.  
1. For what were the leaders assembled? 2. Where was Baale of Judah? Had it another name? 3. Describe the ark. What were the cherubim? How should the ark have been conveyed? 4. What quality did Ahio and Uzzah lack? 5. Name and describe the musical instruments used?  
II. Uzzah's Error, verses 6-9.  
6. What was Uzzah's sin? How can we account for the ark shaking? 7. Why was God angry? What made Uzzah's error inexcusable? What good might result from his death? 8. Why was David displeased? 9. Of what was he afraid? What mistake did David make?  
III. The Blessed Household, verses 10-12.  
10. For what did David wait before removing the ark? Where was it left meantime? 11. What good results were gained by David and Obed-edom in the three months? What led David to decide on bringing the ark to Jerusalem? 12. How was its coming observed?

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Our wisest course is to keep religion supreme. The means of grace must be steadily observed. Best things—money, talent, energy, love—should be used in God's service. God's people should show their joy. We should be thoughtful and reverent in all parts of worship. If we honour God he will give us large rewards. We may not be able to build a costly house for God, but we can give him a place in our hearts.

## TO WHAT DOES THAT ROAD LEAD?

We are speaking to young people who are just forming their habits of life. The road on which you are is a well-beaten one. Thousands of feet have pressed it before yours, and thousands will after your feet are cold in death. You will pass over the road but once, and every step will be new until the end is reached.

You may be facing the wrong way. In that case there is no real honour or happiness before you. These are behind you because God is behind you. It is not wise to travel away from the place you wish to reach at last. And then the road may not be as long as you expect. All roads lead to some place, and the one you are on is not an exception. You may be tempted to leave the Sunday-school, but had better think a moment as to where that will lead. You may be nearer right and heaven than you ever will be again if you leave the Sunday-school and drift down into the world with others who have left this place of good people.

## A FATHER'S HOAX.

A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household which consists of seven grown up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father, which stated that he had "married a widow with six children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time.

The effect of the news was a great shock to the happy family. There was weeping and wailing, and all manner of naughty things said. The house was neglected, and when the day of arrival came it was anything but inviting.

At last the Rev. Mr. X. came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the elder mustered courage and asked: "Where is our mother?" "In heaven," said the good man.

"But where is the widow with six children whom you married?" "Why, I married her to another man, my dears," he replied.—Our Dumb Animals.

## Heart of Jesus.

Heart of Jesus—meek and lowly,  
Beating in thy infant breast,  
Teach me to be pure and holy,  
That I may within thee rest.

Heart of Jesus—ever pleading,  
Through thy childhood's silent years,  
For my soul, sin-soiled and bleeding,  
Now accept my contrite tears.

Heart of Jesus—peaceful dwelling,  
Far away from worldly strife,  
Love of vain ambition quelling,  
Let me live a hidden life.

Heart of Jesus—sunk in sorrow,  
I, too, caused thy bitter pain,  
On the eve of that dread morrow,  
When thou wert for sinners slain.

Heart of Jesus—wounded, broken;  
All thy blood for me was shed;  
Art thou not a deathless token  
That thy grace is round me spread?

Heart of Jesus—full of gladness,  
In thy glorious risen life,  
Cheer me when, o'erflowed with sadness,  
I grow weary of the strife.

Heart of Jesus—yet abiding,  
Pilgrim, guest, and prisoner here,  
In our very hearts residing,  
Be to me each day more dear.

Heart of Jesus—still pursuing  
Sinners with a restless love,  
May my soul, thy mercies viewing,  
Nevermore ungrateful prove.

There are families—some of you may know them—named Taillefer, Tolliver, Tollifer, Telfair. Now what would you say if I told you all these were only in good, plain English—Smith! It is a fact, nevertheless. Taillefer is derived from the French, and the others are only contractions of that word, or changes made by mispronunciation and custom. Taillefer means to shape or fashion iron; and who shapes iron but a smith? So a taille-fer was, after all, a Smithy, or Smith.—St. Nicholas.

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