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# GREEK PRIEST AND PILGRIM AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BY E. B. FOLEY.

Let us make a morning pilgrimage from the house on the north wall of Jeruszlem to the Holy Sepulchra. We must crowd past bakers with their little loaves, fruit men with oranges, pomegranates, and dates, women with big bundles of wood on their heads, little donkeys with heavy loads, huge camels with burdens of build ing stone. Rather difficult to crowd through all these in a street eight feet wide! At last we reach the Holy Sepul-chre, and stand where we

can see those who come to worship.

It seems as though you might see pilgrims from almost every nation in the world. There goes an Arab, there a Turk, there a Russian, a Syrian, an Italian a Garran a Grand a Russian, a Syrian, an Italian, a German, a Greek.
All crowd to Jerusalem, many to the Holy Sepulchre. I have seen on a Meditorranean steamer fifty Russian had malled from sians who had walked from central Russia to Smyrna on their way to Jerusalem. One night at Hebron a company of Mohammedan pilgrims arrived. They and just walked from Jerusalem. Some were so completely exhausted by the journey that they fell to the ground.

The Jerusalem pilgrims buy crosses, crucifixes, leads etc., to take home with them. There is now a law that all pilgrims entering Joppa shall leave a deposit, so that they will have sufficient money to pay steamer fore home; otherwise they would spend erery cent for these worth-

Stand here near the door,

and watch the pilgrims enter. There comes a feeble old woman. She humbly kneels on the hard payement and kisses it. She goes all about the building, kissing each stone in the wall, then totters away satisfied. Many, both old and young, come in and kneel before the altar, like the one seen in the picture, and remain there for hours

at a time. Scores of people enter, kneel, and his the marble slab said to be the one upon which Christ was laid when anointed by Nicodemus. Watch that intelligent by Nicodemus. Watch that intelligent young man! The stone yonder at which he is looking he is told is the one to which Christ was bound when scourged. He falls upon his knees, rises and pushes his stick between the bars by which the stone is protected, touches the stone, and then kieses the stick. s the stick.

Blind superstition! How well if such humble adoration were given the spiritual Seriour of the world! How much better to show our love for the Saviour by keeping his commandments !

"I'm going to call my baby Charlez," said the author, "after Lamb, because he is such a dear little lamb." "Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend; "he Eswells so much."

# THE BEST HOTEL IN TOWN.

"Esq. Princeton from Ohio is stopping at the Blank House," said Mr. Nims, glancing up from the list of hotel arrivals in the nurping terror he had been a simple to the contains the contai the morning paper he had purchased on the train.

"Shall we have time to call upon him?" asked Mrs. Nime. "It will be pleasant to meet him again."

"Lucky we happened in town to day, we will try it." And an hour later they were shown to his apartments in the best hotel in the city. hotel in the city.
"You have comfortable and luxurious

quarters here, and they are very easy of

and to keep him in his room. As I ran to

his assistance he said:

""I beg of you, sir, to let no one in the house know of my poor chum's condition. We have been playing billiards; he has been drinking hard here for a couple of days and nights, and has brought himself, as you see, to a terrible state.

We soon had the young fellow quiet on the bed, and as I looked in his face, what was my astonishment, on a closer observation, to discover that he was the son of my old friend and neighbour at home, Judge A..... You know the family, Mrs. Nims."
"Cortainly, I have heard that his

"As I sat in that luxurious room gazing into the pale, haggard face of that darling son of my friend, as he i y upon the bed meaning and tossing his arms at intervals in his feverish sleep, and heard from the lips of his faithful and conscientious friend and chuin, who had never been his companion in evil, the dreadful account of how scores of young men, students and others, were being ruived body and soul while on their nightly visits to this as well as to other so-called first-class hotels in the city, I resolutely said to myself, 'As for ree, I will no longer countenance this dreadful sin in any direction whatever. I will

never again contribute my money or influence to the support of a hotel where, from the very "respectable" bar below, to the rooms in the topmost story, the glasses jingle in which the viper lies coiled, ready to fasten its fangs into the very soul of rich and poor, high and low, young and old alike."

into the very soul of rich and poor, high and low, young and old alike."
"I am more and more led to see," said Mr. Nims, "that there is a manifest and very urgent duty in regard to this matter to be followed by the Christian followed by the Christian public. The inconsistency of our so-called best people in regard to this matter is something astonishing."
"It is so, indeed," replied

to gentleman from Ohio.
Ministers as well as the laity, from the most eminent laity, from the most eminent to the lowest, should not only rigidly refrain from upholding the damuable six of rum-seiling personally, but strive by every means in their power to so mould the sentiments and practice of the travelling railgoous public is this direction that it would no sooner think of would no sooner think of helping support a rum ostab-lishment under whatever guise than a counterfoiting

den or a fero bank."

"It is sirange to me," said
Mrs. Wims, "why many
people when they travel
insist on having things so much more luxurious than they are accustomed to at home. The modest temperance hotel, the clean lodg-ing-house, the respectable rectaurant will not estimfy them. They seem to for-

them. They seem to forget that a petty annogance is of little account by the side of principle, consistency and genuine love for the Mester and his teaching."

"That is so," said Eq. Princeton; "we have all need to pray with the Paslmist:
"Load me to the land of uprightness."—
Readen Christian Safangard

Bodon Christian Safeguard.

A LITTLE girl, naving bean repreached with disobedience and breaking the communications of God, sighed and said to her ments of God, signed and said to her mether, "Oh, mamma, those commandments break awfully easy!" And it is easy for us to sin. If we want to resist sin, we must ask the strong God to help us to overcome evil with good.

Ax orator at one of the University Unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether declared that "the British hom, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climb-ing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell.



GREEK PRIEST AND PUGRIM IN THE HOLY SEPULCHEE AT JERUSALEM.

access," said Mr Nims, after the first surprised and cordial greetings.

An exmest, serious look passed over

Esq. Princeton's face as he replied.

"Yes, I am very we'll cared for here, but I have made up my mind to quit the abominable rum hole before the sun goes down."

"Rum hole!" repeated the gentleman and lady in surprise. "What can you and lady in surprise. "What can you mean by calling the Blank House a rum hole? and why do you propose to depart from it so hastily?"

"I will tell you," replied the gentle-man. "Last evening as I was turning the key in the lock of ry door, on the way to supper, the door of the room directly opposite mine, in the long corridor, swung back, disclosing two young men, appar-ently fighting. One of them looked like a ently fighting. One of them looked like a maniac, and was shrielding wildly, and I was soon convinced that his companion was endeavouring to get him under control oldest son was in the sophomore class of B—— College."

"This was the boy, and this meeting was a rad contrast to the friendly call I had planned to make upon him at his father's request. I have some knowledge of medicine, and hastily preparing a quiet-ing draught I administered it with some difficulty, and he was soon quietly alceping off the effects of his long debauch.

"I did not need to be told by his chum that he had come from his home and entered this world-famous college a pursminded, frank-hoarted temperance boy-

minded, frank-hoarded temperance boy— all that I knew from personal acquaintance.

"Now I had heard the sad story of his being gradually entired to visit this hotel in company with some of his classmates, at first to play billiards, then to play billiards and to drink, and then, when the brain was first and consequently the reason and conneciance) dethroned, to rush to vile

#### Alone.

#### BY ROST J. BURDETTE.

Since she went home,
Longer the evening shadows linger here,
The wintry days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home, The robin's note has touched a minor strain, The old glad songe breathe out a sad refrain, And laughter sons with hidden bitter pain, Since she went home.

Sirce she went home,
How still the empty rooms her presence bleat,
Untouched the pillow that her dear head
pressed,
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,

Since she went home

Since she went home. The long, long days have crept away like years, The sunlight has been dimined with doubts and fears.

And the dark nights have rained in lonely

tears, Since she went home.

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# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1895.

# THE THOUGHTLESS BOY.

THERE is a certain fault which many people do not count as a fault at all—they speak of it as 'a defect, a blemish,"
"a failing," and yet that little fault injures more characters, spoils more lives, causes more unhappiness, than many another sin which we think far more dreadful. The fault of which I write is thoughtlessness, and I think that boys are rather prone to that habit: but no matter how friendly, how bright, or how obliging a boy may be—no matter how much he may mean to do right—if he is the aghiless, it spoils it all, for don't you see if you cannot depend upon a boy a dong the right thing—if he fails you just at the critical moment—of what good are his good intentions? He may come to you the next day with his face full of honest grief. "I don't think," says he. "I in ever so sorry to have annoyed you so," and you knew to have annoyed you so," and you knew that he is sorry, for you count upon Jack's good heart always. But Jack's regret does not help matters at all.

"But," says Jack, "I cannot help it—honestly I cannot. Am I to blame for formating?"

getting?

getting ?"

"Yes, Jack, you are. You can exercise your memory just as well as you can any muscle of your body, and one will grow strong and serviceable with proper training just like the other"

"But I have tried to remember," says poor Jack, "and I can't do it"

"You have not tried hand account "

"You have not tried hard enough," I insist "You cannot break up that miserable habit in a day, nor a week, nor a

month, but in the course of a year, if you set the whole force of your nature against it, your friends will see a decided change in you for the botter.

"If you promise your mother that you will be home promptly at three to do an errand for her, be there at the minute, if you have to tie strings around every one of your ten fingers to make you remember

your ongagement.

If you promise to buy a copy of the Tribine for your Aunt Mary on your way to school and bring it home to her when you come back, and Harry Davison joins you come back, and Harry Davison joins you as he did the other day and you get so engaged in chat that you walk five blocks beyond the news-stand before you think of the paper, leave Harry Davison and go back and get it. You will have to run, and you will probably be a little late at school, so that you will have a mark for tardiness, for you will have no propor excuse. Of course your Aunt Mary would forgive you if you did not bring her the paper. True, you might buy her one on your way home from school, if they were not all sold, but do not rely upon any of these ways out of you might ouy her one on your way home from school, if they were not all sold, but do not rely upon any of these ways out of the scrape; go back as fast as you can and get the paper; if you are late at school, take your tardy mark, for you deserve it: but you will have kept your word as a gentleman should, and that is of great importance. If you treat yourself with such severity as this every time you forget anything, your mamory will learn to give you the right reminder at the proper time.

"The trouble is, Jack, you do not think these things are of sufficient importance. It seems absurd to you to take all of that trouble for a newspaper, and you know that your kind aunt will accept any apology that you choose to make her. But it is not for your aunt's sake that I am writing, nor for the sake of the paper—that is a little thing, it is for the sake of

nor for the sake of the paper—that is a little thing; it is for the sake of your own character. It is that you may grow up to be a truthful, reliable, trustworthy man.

"Truthful!" exclaims Jack and his

"Truthful!" exclaims Jack and his colour rises at that.

"Well in one way I never knew a more truthful boy than you are. I should rely upon your account of any circumstance exactly. I know you would relate it just as it occurred. But you said you would mail that letter at once for me, you know — and did you? Yes, after it had lain all night in your breast-pocket. Of course it was only a trifle, and you were sorry, and I excused you instantly: but the ideal gentleman keeps his word in trifles, you know, as well as in things which are more important. And as it happened that letter was not exactly a trifle, for the fact that it was not received when it should have been, caused some anxiety.

"Indeed you and I never know what are the trifles of this world, for sometimes the things which appear most trivial to our n. tters; and the only way for us to live is to do whatever comes to us in the line of duty in the most thorough manner possible; then we shall be sure that no trouble which could be helped will come either to curselves or to anyone whom we love by our thoughtlessness."

# THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

JESUS suffered. He suffered that he might personally know what his people have to endure said pass through. He wished to know all about us—to be as nearly like us as he could. He now knows not only what we feel, but how we feel.

No angel in heaven knows this; no angel can, for an angel nover suffered. The tenderness, therefore, of Josus is far beyond the tenderness of an angel; yes, of all the angels in heaven.

He knows what bodily pains are: and he knows what mental agitation, dejection, and agony mean. His nerves were shaken. His soul was troubled. His body suffered from hunger, thirst, cold, weariness, and wounds. He suffered in every part and

wounds. He suffered in every part and from every possible cause.

And he knows, therefore, the strength necessary to bear, and the comfort needful to sustain. He feels for us. More, he feels with us. He is our Head, and we are his members. The sympathy of the head with the members is quick and constant, tender and perfect. Such is the sympathy of Jesus.

Suffering one, Christ alone can suitably sympathize with thee, because he alone can so sympathize as to sustain, sanctify thy sufferings, and certainly and honour-ably deliver theo. Jesus always has his ably deliver thee. Jesus always has his oye upon thee. He is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. He will not lay on you more than you can bear, nor

will be allow anyone else to do so.

Look to Jesus under all your sorrows, sufferings, and pains, and draw comfort from this —Jesus feels for me, Jesus feels

with mo.

## 'JUST AS I AM."

ONCE a boy came to a city missionary, and, holding a dirty and well-worn bit of paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:

Just as I am, without one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

The missionary looked down with in-terest into the face carnestly upturned to him, and asked the little hoy where he got

t and why he wanted a clean one.
"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and she loved it so much that father wanted me to get a clean one to put in a frame to lung it up. Won't you give me a clean one, sir!"

The little page with a single bymn on it had been cast on the air like a fallen leaf by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission school, probably, this poor little girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find it, we hope, the gospol of her salvation.

# AN INDUIGENT MOTHER-

BY M. B. DINOND.

JET was an old black cat whose wise ways and looks caused much amusement in the family. She had one bit of pride about her: she would not eat with the other night cats—although she ran with them to meet the pails of fresh milk, morning and avening—but would wait for a saucer by herself while they lapped theirs from the flat rock which had been hollowed out for the purpose. She also had one lazy habit; ale would not lie on a chair without a soft cushion in it. Besides these things, sho was a very hard-working, patient mother to large families of kittens, which it is feared she did not bring up very well, since they always left her to furnish them with mice and ground-squirrels, of which she was a skilful hunter.

In her old age she adopted a white-kitten, which was found and brought home by one of the children, in a weak and be-draggled state; and though she was per-haps too indulgent to him in some ways, she kept up strict discipline in the matter of cleanliness, washing his face berself every day. Moses did not like this very weil, and would watch a chance to get away, but his new mother would hold him down with one paw while she worked, and if he succeeded in running off would run after him and box his cars until he was willing to be good and have a clean

He grew to be a handsome cat, much larger than his foster-mother, but did not seem to grow ashamed to let her still earn his living for him. At last I think Jet must have remembered that she would not be here always to take care of this spoiled child, and that it was best to undo the effects of some of her indulgence. So sho took him one day and started for the woods to teach him to hunt for himself. She went on very cautiously, showing him just to creep softly and slily after the game. But Moses was a foolish and trilling fellow, who had never been taught to do anything but play, and so he followed behind, making fun of his poor old mother to be a second of the poor old mother behind her back, catching her tail and jumping in the leaves to make a noise.

At last Jet's patience was quite gene At last Jet's patience was quite gene at this foolishness, and she turned back and gave him such a whipping that he ran home sulky and she went to the hunt alone. When she came back, however, she brought him a fat mole to make peace with him; and I think he would easily forgive one who was so very useful to him.

At last old Jet died, and the children buried her where a clump of catnip made

buried her where a clump of catnip made a head for her grave: and now poor Moses, who does not like to live without the fresh game he is used to, has to catch it for himself; but, not having been willing to learn, he is not very skilful. The first time he sprang at a mouse he fell downstairs, nearly breaking his neck. He kept hold of the mouse, and no doubt found it better than other mice, as we generally do what we ourselves make an effort for. Perhaps his success made him proud, for the next time he saw a mouse he ran after it so fast that both mouse and cat went into the fire on the hearth, and Moses had to run on on the hearth, and floses had to run on three legs for several weeks on account of burning one paw so badly. I think the foolish puss, like many people who walk on only two legs, has found out that life would have been much easier and pleas-anter if he had learned when he was young to do things well.



#### Juniors.

WE Junior soldiers brave will be To fight for Christ our King; Our hearts we'll give, for Jesus live, And lost ones to him bring, And lost ones to him bring

CHORUS

We'll march, wo'll march, With bauners wide unfurled, We'll shout and sing, make beaven ring And tell to all the world, And tell to all the world.

Our battle-ground's the field of sin, Our foes are millions strong; We never, never will give in, For victory is our song, For victory is our song.

# JUNIOR LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

June 2, 1895.

FORMD THEM NOT .- Mark 10. 13-16.

FORRID THEM NOT.—Mark 10. 13-16.

Jegus loves young disciples. John was the youngest of the Saviour's early disciples, and see how greatly he was attached to him. He loved the young man who came to him with the finquiry as to what he should do that he might inherit eternal life. The Bible abounds with encouragements relating to early piety. Some of those who were the most conspicuous members of the Church in every age commenced their Christian course in early life.

memoers of the United in every age commenced their Christian course in early life. See Joseph, Josiah, and Timothy.

In the lesson which we have now to consider Jesus encourages even children to be brought to him. The mothers of these little brought to him. The mothers of these little ones were desirous to obtain some mark of favour for their loved ones, and pressed hard to got an interview with the great Teacher. The disciples, probably with a view to prevent their Master being troubled, sought to hinder the women from getting near the Saviour. But see how Christ resented their interference. He disapproved their conduct and blamed them for thus acting, a clear proof that he loves children. All members of Junior Lesgues should therefore come to Christ without delay, he will not cast them Christ without delay, he will not cast them

out.

The Master here states, how persons are to receive him, or become members of his family. They are to possess a child-like, humble spirit, not proud or haughty, but to be "humble, teachable, and mild." No person will be made a Christian who is proud or arrogant and entertains the thought that they possess any worthiness in themselves.

All-are to accept salvation on Gospel terms. "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to the cross I cling," must over be their cry. Jesus loved me and gave himself for me. By his stripes we are healed.

Two Old Cities. BY MRS. R. P. HOPPER.

THERE once was a city, Well worthy a ditty,
Jerusalem, beauteous of old;
Its streets full of childhood, uxuriant as wikiwood, With health, strength and beauty, I'm told.

Another bad city I'll place in this ditty, Old Jericho, cursed old place ; Full of drink and disorder And brawling and murder, And evil and every disgrace.

The Jerusalem quiet, And friends, gave young Iom the ennui;
He hated restriction, And wise people's diction, And Jeriche started to see.

Down hill was so easy, In hot days so breezy, In not days so breezy,
jolly the company seemed;
But they clubbed him, and mobbed him,
And bear him and robbed him— Tom woke: could it be he had dreamed!

Now woful, benighted, His character blighted, His money forever has fled;
His attength has departed,
He rues that he started,
While bleeding and bruised, almost dead.

But there's not much compassion, not the fashion Of the people who travel that way ; The people who travel that way;

The priest is so hurried,

The Levite so flurried,

He should have been watchful, they say.

an whose possession,

But a man whose possession,.
Excelled his profession
Of kindliness, pitied him soro;
He binds up his bruises,
Nor money refuses,...
Here is some, and, if needed, I've more. Young people, take warning, Don't start in life's morning,

Downhill on that Jericho road For destruction and sorrow; Must come on the morrow; osse Jerusalem as your abode.

Bo happy, be healthy,
Be happy, be healthy,
Be your choice be the good and the true;
The rough, coarse or idle,
Curbed by the law's bridle,
Should have no attraction for you. There is peace and protection,

And sweet recollection
Of joy, when we sink to our rest;
There are friends who stay by us, 

Let the voice of the dying, The bruised and the crying, to groan on that Jericho way, Make Jerusalem charm us, Where ill cannot harm us, Till we bask in eternity's day. Claremont.

à'e

#### A TEACHER FOR A WEEK: A STORY OF QUEBEO

BY IDA WILKINS.

HESTER and Marioric Durham were the HESTER and Marjorie Durham were the only children of a struggling farmer in Bourg Louis. From thost, mother, who was brought top in the city, they inherited a love for knowledge. All their space time they devoted to study, with the village pastor, Mr. Ruvers. In their mounting ambitton, they aimed at nothing less than securing teachers' diplomas.

"Have you'the Canadian History, Hester!" Marjorie asted, the last opining before the examination. "I must review the dates, and Bester, will you mult the cows while I

amination. "I must review the dates, and Hester, will you milk the cows while I study??". Hester "Father looks tired to night," Hester

"Father looks tired to-night," Heater asswered as she took up the milk-nail, we only succeed he may be able to afford machinery, instead of gathering in his harvest with the seythe and the sickle."

Marjorio's brown head was bent over her book as Hester went out-of-doors.

The Bourg Louis hills, wooded to their heights residently the set of the seyther west. The home of the sitters lay or the alones at the laste and even

sisters lay on the slopes at the base, and even-ing after ovening Hester had watched the couds turn from gold to crimson, and pale into gray behind those mountains. Though

surroundings and longed for a larger rite, those same hills were to Hesteran inspiration when she was dull, a solace when she was ned. Bring stronger than Marjorie she d her all she could that her sister might spaced her all sho could have her seasor might not be too westy to construe her Latin in the evening. "She must have her claime in the world our pretty, lever Margorie," she solid quizzed Probably she was good for nothing better than to take charge of the butter-making and look after the chickens, but she meant to do her best to pass as a teacher, too. She so longed to help her father.

The eventful day of the examination was upon them. Their father droot them to the station. It was their first visit to Quebec, and excretting that they heard or saw was an

and everything that they heard or saw was an

"Mornin', Mr. Durham, want tickets for the city? Fine weather for the crops!" was

the city? Fine weather for the crops!" was the station-master's greeting.
"Yes, too fine for me to go to town," said their father, "but my folk will buy from you. A grand thing, this railway! A grand thing! You would hardly know this was the same country since it was built."
"Look! Margare! These! the

country since it was built."
"Look I Marpore! There's the engine described in our Natural Philosophy," was Hester's first exclamation as it came into view. They entered a car with their mother and took their seats. "As hard as church

They entered a car with their mother and took their seats. "As had as church beniches," commented Marjoric. Reaching their destination, they passed through St. Rochs; that marvellous anburb built upon wharves. Once the river washed the backs of the perpendicular cliff before them, and Cartier's vessels lay, at anchor there. Ascending Gallows' Hill, they shivered when they-remembered the spy whose fate had furnished the name.

As they sat at broakfast: they had a reatful view of the white stone quadrangular Parliament Buildings, and the pretty, green hedge enclosing the grounds, but with different feelings did they come in sight of the square atone building in which the examinations were to be held. "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here," quoted Marjorie; impressively. "Surely that inscription is above the door."

"It might well be," said Hester, "for was

"It might well be," said Hester, "for was it not once a prison, this Morrin Collego? Berhapi-the students whisper grim tales of the victims who once inhabited the cells." They took but a hasky glance at the library lined with books from ceiling to floor, the latest magazines and papers, were scattered temptingly about the tables, but they had to settle down to hours of hard work in a galleried hall where silence reigned supreme. Of course they believed they had been successful, and gave themselves up to the enchantments of the city was full of enchantments to the girls. "Hester: I do look.! The electric lights are coming out! It is like fairyland!"

"Oh, Marjorie! the ships and the river!"
Hester exclaimed as they reached the terrace.

"Oh, Marjoric! the ships and the river i" Heaster exclaimed as they reached the terrace. Standing where once rose the Chateau St. Louis, they half expected to see people in the costume of Frontenac's time, but turning their rapt gaze away from the river to watch the promonaders, they were recalled to the nine-teenth century.

eenth century.

The band played and the Quebecers were out in full force that warm summer evening. Not till the nine-o'clock cannon beomed from the King's Bastion did they disperse, when the girls missed the friendly hand-clasp which each gave to all in their village home.

Marjorio passed her examinations with flying colours, and so glad was Hester that she drost forgot to bemoan her own failure.

After some correspondence Marjorio found herself teacher of a mixed school in Cham-plain Street, a quaint; narrow, planked alley at the base of the cliffs surmounted by the at the base of the Terrace and Citadel.

She wrote home of her methods of teaching, of the progress her sciolars made with their studies, and of the pleasant times she had after school hours with friends she had made at the Mission Band of the church she at-

"She carns her money," said Hester, "and I dare say she is often very tired. If I lived near I might help her."

Duncan, who was present remarked, "She profess that kind of work."

profers that kind of work."
"Hester, Marjorio is down with lagrippe,"
said her mother one day, letter in hand. You
had better go to her till she is better. You
could even teach for her."
So, with a warning from Duncan to take
good care of herself, Hester went for a week
and Marjorie came home to be norsed.

Hester soon-learned who had the dearest baby sister, whose brother had caught the most fish off the booms, and, hie had been most successful at catching tommycods by torchlight the preeding winter. To please their children, the fathers sang their number-men songs for her. She was shown sheins and coral from Florids and the Bermedas, a gay coloured part. 4, and many other trea-

sures collected by sea-faring men for their

homes.
The children listened esgerly when she told of Mrs. Second's courage, of the little here of Harlem, of Nelson, of Florence Nightingale She hoped that auble mon and women would

She noped that anois men san women women to trained in that achool.

There had been a long rainy season, and shale from the overhanging cliff showered on the houses and the passers by. Many an uncasy glance was directed upwards, but the inhabitants still lingered with a false sense of security.

ecurity.

One night the governe exchanged news and obes as usual at their doors in the narrow

joks as usual at their doors in the narrow street; then all retired.
Hester f.il asleep hearing the river sounds, but awoke with a crashing, deafening noise in her cars. She found herself being whirled through the air with the upper story of the house, and when it fell she was buried in the

It must be the cliff that has fallen! a weight is over mo!" thought the bewildered girl as she came to her senses. It was cold, and she could not move a muscle. Gradually and she could not move a muscle. Gradually through her body crept an aching pain that became unbearable. Daylight was oxcluded so that she could not tell when night ended. She thought one leg must be broken, for the pain was intense, like fire along the bone. Sufficient air filtered through the crevices to keep her alive, but the sense of oppression was intolerable.

acep ner anve, out the sonse of oppression was intolorable.

"Will no one come to help me!" she moaned. "Must I die like this?"

In the midst of the agony her heart swelled with gratitude, that it was not Marjorie who was there. She was safe at home. "Perhaps it is seening," thought she; "and father will be sitting in the big wooden chair that can be turned into a table, reading his newspaper; Marjorie must be in the depths of a pillowlined rocking-chair nursing her celd, while mother at the chimney fire is probably making her a posset. Duncan may be there, discussing the new with father and watching Marjorie."

These abounds hearth.

jorie."
Time dragged heavily along; then her thoughts turned to the hills about her birthplace. "For the atrength of the hills is his also," and some of the rest and peace she used

place. "For the atrength of the situs is mis also," and some of the rest and peace abe used to draw from thom came to her then. "Oh, that I could get water," she groaned, for she was parched with a thirst that made her hunger seem as mangint. She heard digging. It came nearer, then ceased altogether. Hosseus would soon be too late! It began again, she called aloud. She saw a kind face bendling over her, then fainted away.

The flotel Dieu bespital was open to the wounded, and as she was being carried to that refuge, she had a view of the scene of the diaster. This houses on the cliff side of the road had disappeared! A mass of atones and earth extended across the street, dimly lighted whe lantern sauspeaded at intervals, and above, under the eastern end of the Terrace, visible in the cold, gray light of early dawn, was the under the eastern end of the letrace, visible in the cold, gray light of early dawn, was the new made trugic chasm. A band of men were digging steadily, while weeping friends attempted to direct and help them, but in their frantic efforts more often hindered.

The nuns were very kind to her, but she was a cripple for life. For many dreadful hours had she been under the landslide. She nours had she been under the landshide. She heard church bells all over the town tolling for the dead. She heard of the long processions of heares; of the weeping multitude that hinch the way; of the awe that hushed the city; and knew she was not alone in her sufferior.

suffering.

When she could be moved her mother took
when she could be moved her invalid chair When she could be moved her mother took her home, and she sat in her invalid chair where ahe could feast her eyes upon the bills and hear Marjorie's bilthe voice as she moved about the house in her holiday time; and sho rejoiced that by taking her place for a week she had warded off this affliction from her.

When Marjorie returned to school she re-ceived a larger salary, but, better than that, she began to take a loving interest in her scholars. They were Hester's last associa-tions with the outer world.

#### THE TURNING POINT.

Bors, never be ashamed to pray. Never shrink from acknowledging God. Let not the laugh and jeer of comrades deter you from the path of duty. You know not what important results depend upon your ex-

Many years ago a youth named John was apprenticed in the town of Poole. John had apprenticed in the town of Foole. John has been piously trained by his good parents, but unliappily he yielded to temptations, neglected the reading of his Bible, disregarled the Sabbath, and gave up praying. Oh, he was when the child of anny prayers refuses to pray for himself! John was gradually growing from bad to worse, when

one night a new apprentice arrived. On bo-ing pointed to his little bed, the youth put down his luggage, and then, in a very silent down ms mggago, and taon, ma very since to but solemn manner, knott down to pray John, who was busily undressing, asw this, and the sight troubled him. He did not raise a titter, as many weeked youths would have done, but he felt ashamed of himself. Commance troubled him and Code Links and have done, but he felt asiasmed of himielf. Conscience troubled him, and God's Holy Spirit strove with him. It was the turning point in John's life'. He began again to pray; he felt the burden of his sins to be great but he sought that Saviour who died for poor sinners, he cast his helpleas soul, by faith, on the atonement made on Calvary. and was enabled at length to rejoice as one and was enabled at length to rejuce as one of God s forgiven children. A few years afterward he began to preach to others, and he became one of the most successful and honoured munisters of the Gospel ever known. This was the Rev. John Angell

Boys, nover be ashamed to pray: for you little know how far-reaching and beneficent may be the results of your example. - Reaver.

The Land Where We All Have Been. BY JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

I know of a land where we all have been, Yet nover may go again, Though we're women as brave as ever were

Or the biggest and strongest of men.

this wonderful land of which I sing, I this wonderin land of which I sing.
We never knew toil or care;
or someone stood ready to fetch and bring,
And we were the rulers there. For

ough we were no crowns of gold or flowers, We were kings and queens by right;
And the homage of love was always ours
From our subjects day and night.

Our royal robes were woven with care, Our beds were silken and soft; We lived in case and luxury there, And we rode in our carriages oft,

Whatever we did, the livelong day,
We were watched by admiring eyes;
And whatever we said or didn't say,
We were thought to be wondrous wise

And no matter how peevish or cross we grow, Or what tyrants we became.

There was one, at least, who leved us so true
That she wershipped us just the same.

And if we were ill, or beset by fears She would tend us with gentlest hand, And soothe us by crooning sweet songs in our

ears. For we lived in Babyland.

O God, forgive us our tyranny there, And reward, where'er they may be. The patient and loving souls whose care Was ours in our infancy!

#### THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE child knelt near the broken attice. Casting a glance at the sleeping form of her father, she clasped her wan hands and inurmured:

O God! make father leave his evil ways; make him my own dear father onte and make her old smile come back; but thy will he done."

Just then the many.

Just then the mother entered the room, and taking her husband by the arm; she

"Hearken to Minnie she is praying. "O God! make father love me as once did, and make him forsake his bad ways " murmured the Little one again.
"Oh, Paul—husband!" cried the mother,

"On, Faui-husband" cried the mother,
"by our past joys and sorrows, by our
marriage vows, our wedded love, blight not
the life of our little one. Oh! let us all be
happy again."
The conscience stricken man bowed his

head and wept, then clasping his hands he

With God's help, you will never be made to sorrow on my account again.

And he kept his vow.

TEACHER (explaining that the earth is round). "Tommy, what country on the clube is China unlerneath?" Tommy (who reads the newspapers). "Japan."

#### "Inck."

BY REEN E. REXFORD.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet And working fail to meet

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When effort meets with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in t

The "luck" that I believe in In that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds at
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not with wishing,
But here levels and with wishing, But by hard work, bravely done.

# LESSON NOTES

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

#### LESSON HYMN.

The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ranse med seed,
To reign in endless lay

The Lord is risen indeed : He lives, to die m more; e lives, his people's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore,

The Lord is risen indeed; Attending angels, hear! Up to the courts of heaven, with speed, The joyful tidings bear.

A.D. 30.]

LESSON IX.

[June 2.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

Mark 16. 18.

Memory verses, 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is risen indeed. - Luke 24, 34,

# OUTLINE

The Mission of Love, v. 1-4.
 The Message of Life, v. 5-8.

2. The Message of Life, v. 5-8.

TIME—April 9, A.D. 30; the first day of the week after the passover. Each "first day" is now called Sunday, a name borrowed from heathenism, and unknown to the Jews. But the day of which we are now to study differed from a modern Sunday in that (1) it had no sacredness until the events of our lesson came to be commemorated; (2) every day with the Jews began and ended with evening, so that the dawa of the day was not at its beginning, but halfway toward its close.

Place—The tomb at Golcrotha, near Jern-

PLACE.—The tomb at Golgotha, near Jeru-talem, outside the city walls.

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

# INTRODUCTORY.

On the evening of our Lord's death, Friday, his body was buried by Joseph of Arimathea in his now rock-hewn tomb. On the next day, the Hebrew Sabbath, our Saturday, by Pilato's authority the stone door of the sepulchre was sealed and a guard of soldiers placed about it.

# HOME READINGS.

M. The resurrection. — Mark 16, 1-8, Tu. False reports. — Matt. 28 8-15, W. At the sepulchro. — John 20, 11 18, Th. Fulfilment of Scripture. — Acts 13, 26-37,

F. Certainty of the resurrection.—1 Cor. 15. 12:20.

S. Risen with Christ. Rom 6 111.
Su. Descent of the Spirit.—Acts 2. 1-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Mission of Love, v. 1-4. What women sought the tomb of Jeans'
For what purpose did they go?
On what day and at what hour did they go?
What difficulty did they anticipate?
How was the difficulty overcome?
To whom was this at once reported, and by whom? See John 20, 2,

\$ The Message of Life, v. 5.8.

The Message of Life, v. 5-8.
Whom did the women find in the temb!
How were they affected by the sight?
How did the visitor calm their fears?
What did he say of their mission?
To whom did he bid them go?
What message were they to bear?
How promptly did they obey?
How did they feel over what they had seen ad heard? and heard?

whom did they speak by the way?

Why were they thus alent?
To whom did Jesus first show himself? See John 20, 14-17.

hat is the message of life to the world? (Golden Text.)

#### TRACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. True love for Jesus?
2. True faith in Jesus?

- 3. True service for Jesus?

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long was the body of Jesus in the tomb? From Friday until Sunday, 2. What then took place? He rose from the dead.

3. Who first knew of the resurrection? Mary Magdalene and other women. 4. Who told them of the resurrection? An angel at the sepulchre. 5. Where did the angel say that

What did these disciples do? See John 20.

vincing it of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come, and in the church to sunctify, guide, and comfort, is the divine witness to the fact of his resurrection. Another class of human witnesses is made up of those who have been converted and who have lived or are now living with the love and grace of Christ in their hearts.

Jesus has sent word to the Church that

he is not in the grave, but in heaven; and we believe the word. There should be more rejoicing over the resurrection of Jesus than over his birth. It would be a good time to make a free-will offering to missions. Will our Sabbath-schools think of this?

#### THE STORY OF BRESCA.

The little town of Bordighera in Italy has furnished the Easter palms at Rome ever since the year 1586. How the grant was obtained by Bresca, the brave old seacaptain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open plaza before the cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this re-garded that Pope Sixtus V. forbade anyone



THE RESURRECTION.

they would meet Jesus? In Galilee. 6. What is the Golden Text? "The Lord is risen indeed."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION .- The resurrection of Christ.

# CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the difference between the visible and the invisible Church?

By the visible Courch is meant the whole number of those who belong to Christian societies; the invisible Church is the company of all true believers in every age.

# THE RESURRECTION.

THE life, ministry, and death of Jesus THE life, ministry, and death of Jesus are all vain and powerless without his resurrection. If Christ is still in the grave there is no basis of personal faith. A dead Christ inspires no confidence and awakens no enthusiasm. But he lives. The proofs of this fact are abundant, but the church is not bound to produce them. The Jews and Roman soldiers had him in charge. They must account for the hody or be signt. For forty days after his disappear. stient. For forty days after his disappearance from the tomb somebody claiming to stient. ance from the tomb somebody claiming to be the risen Christ was in Jerusalem and Galilee. He showed nail-prints in his hands and a wound in his side. If the claimant was an impostor, either the civil or ecclesiastical government should have arrested him. The fact that they did not is very significant. It means that they were afraid of him. We do not wonder at their fears. They had been terribly shaken up on that first Easter morning. Five hundred people saw him after he arose, and knew him. These are the human witnesses among those who knew him on earth. The Holy Spirit in the world, conto utter a loud word during the operation, on pain of death.

All went weil until the massive stone column reached a certain angle, when, to the horror of the multitude and the desvarious expedients were resorted to move. Various expedients were resorted to without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice breke the silence, crying:

"Aiga, daidel'aiga ac corde!" ("Water, give water to the ropes!")

This suggestion, which came from the

This suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon; the obelisk slowly righted itself, and was successfully raised to the position it now

cessfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Bresca was brought a prisoner before the Pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned the offence, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted, and is respected to this day.

# A LESSON.

The eccentric George Francis Train, while travelling in a parlour car, was annoyed by the many oaths with which several men interlarded their conversation. Determined to rebuke them, he joined in the talk avalanting again and again. the talk, exclaiming again and again:

"Shovel, tongs and poker!"

"Mr. Train," said one of the men at last, wearied with the recurring exulam-

ation, "why do you use that nonsensical phrase?"

phrase ?"
"That is my way of swearing," answered
Train; "and it is no more nonsensical and
far less blasphemous than your eaths. I'll
quitif you will." There was no more swearing during the journey. The Christian
describes another lesson once given to a
swearing student.

describes another lesson once given to a swearing student:

A late distinguished president of one of our Western colleges was one day walking near the college, with his slow and noiseless step, when a youth, not observing his approach, while engaged in cutting wood, began to swear profanely in his vexation.

The doctor stepped up and said, "Give me the axe," and then quietly chopped the stick of wood. Returning the axe to the young man, he said, in his peculiar manner, "You see now the wood can be cut without swearing." without swearing."

# A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The man who thinks that a horse is not thoroughly intelligent had better look to his own education. The other day a big, fine-looking horse attached to a grocer's waggon fell down in the middle of a slippery pavement. The driver did not jump down and belabour the animal with a club, as most drivers would have done. He didas most drivers would have done. He did-alight from his waggon and loosen the harness upon his horse. Then he took his lap robe and spread it upon the slippery pavement near the fallen horse's feet. The intelligent animal did not mistake the mute suggestion. He eyed the robe for a moment, and then he edged around until-his feet were upon it. With an effort he struggled to an upright position, and then lifted his feet while the driver picked up-the robe. He seemed to know intuitively that he could not slip on the robe. Then that he could not slip on the robe. Then the driver readusted the harness, mounted his seat on the box and drove on. If that horse was not intelligent, what was he?

A MAN who can sit around a good, warms fire and anjoy himself cold winter nights while his horses are shivering in cold, unconfortable stables, has not much conscience and should be deprived of the confortable stables, his faithful segments. fort which he denies his faithful servants.

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