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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1888.

[No. 8

## God Wants the Girls.

BY MISS S. BOWEN.

God wants the girls—the merry girls,  
The noisy girls, and still;  
The busy girls, the idle girls,  
To do his blessed will.

God calls the girls—yes, every one,  
The little ones and large,  
To listen to his wise commands,  
And hear the Master's charge.

"Seek first" of him the kingdom true,  
His right, "useless" within;  
All other things are promised with  
Thy victory, over sin.

## MONTREAL.

THE view of Montreal from the mountain is one that it would be hard to surpass. In the foreground the observatory, reservoir, McGill College, and the elegant villas of its merchant princes; further off the clustering spires of its churches and massy architecture of old palaces of trade; then the far-shimmering St. Lawrence, the great highway of commerce; and in the purple distance the hazy hills of Belair and mountains of the Eastern Townships.

pictures of St. John, Quebec, Montreal, and numerous other places. The whole series will be of great interest.

## KISSING MOTHER.

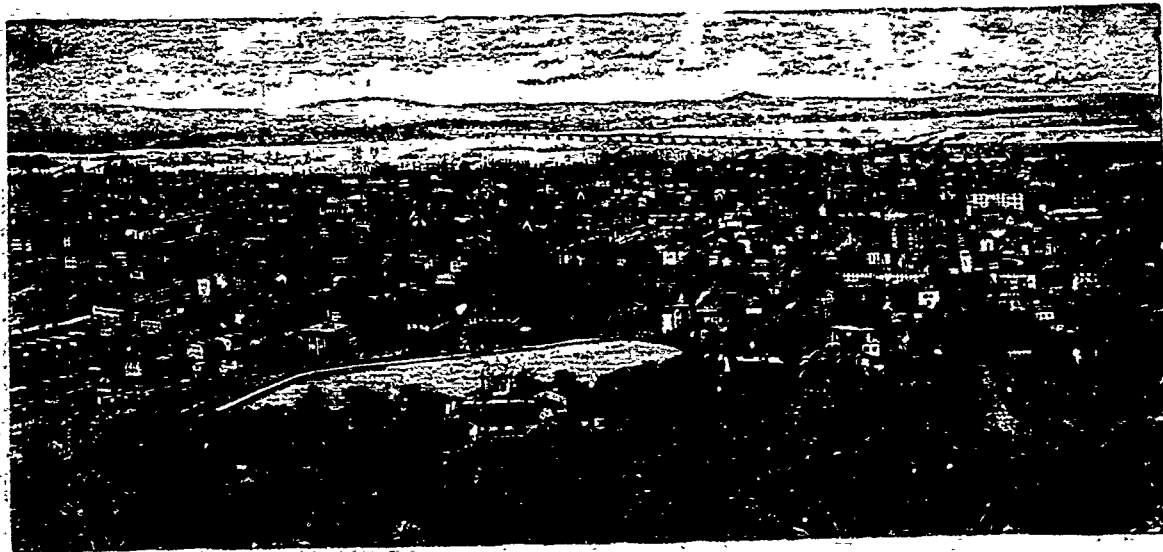
A FATHER, talking to his careless daughter, said:

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face. Of course, it was not brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and

"And, then, the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you,



CITY OF MONTREAL—FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

God loves the girls—the earnest girls,  
The naughty girls and wild;  
And seeks to win them from the world,  
And make them each his child.

God cares for girls—the clever girls,  
The stupid girls in school;  
And asks them each to learn for him,  
And set the "golden rule."

God wants the girls—the learned girls,  
The ignorant girls and all;  
Each in his temple be a stone,  
—Either a great or small.

God wants the girls, and wants them now,  
To each in her corner shine;  
To guide the stranded, "king" souls,  
To set the light divine.  
HORN, B.C.

We can do more good by being good  
than in any other way.

'One of the chief objects of interest at Montreal is the famous Victoria Bridge, over a mile and a quarter long, with twenty-three spans of 242 feet each (the centre one 330 feet), costing \$6,800,000. At a distance it looks like some many-footed dragon crossing the stream; but the river steamers glide safely beneath it. Near the northern end is a monument of pathetic interest—a huge boulder, commemorating the burial-place of 6,500 Irish immigrants, who died here of ship fever in 1847.

In current numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* appear three handsomely illustrated articles on the Dominion of Canada. Among the engravings are

get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swelled face. Your were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadow, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity and then you will appreciate your mother but it will be too late."

### Mother's Hands.

I SOMETIMES ponder, one by one,  
On all the tasks her hands have done—  
The loaves of bread which they have mixed,  
The tops and kites they've made and "fixed,"  
The little frozen fingers pressed,  
The bleeding cuts with cobwebs dressed,  
The burning foreheads laved and soothed,  
The tangled locks so gently smoothed.

What frocks and aprons cut and fitted!  
What garments pieced, and stockings  
knitted!

What merry polkas Monday morn  
They played with clothing soiled and worn  
Upon the sonorous washboard keys,  
The suds all rainbow symphonies,  
Then wrung, and rinsed, and starched, and  
dried,

And ironed; baking bread beside—  
Just those two small, brown, knotted hands!  
I think that he who understands  
The work that mother has to do  
Could not be aught but kind and true.

If all the garments which she planned,  
And cut and finished all "by hand"—  
The coats, the trousers, vests and shirts,  
The dresses, aprons, sheets and skirts—  
Could, with her carpets, quilts and spreads,  
Her pillows and her feather beds,  
Be piled before astonished eyes,  
I think they would obscure the skies!

Poor, knotted hands! life's sweetest grace  
Can find no witchery to efface  
Marks of self-bondage, which did hold  
You closer than your rings of gold!  
And when your countless tasks are ended,  
And life's broken spots are mended,  
Its ravelled ends all found and knitted,  
Each dropped stitch to its neighbour fitted,  
And you lie still on pulseless breast,  
How will you feel the joy of rest,  
Who found no time on earth to keep  
An idle hour except in sleep?

—MARGARET H. LAWLESS

### THE DANGER-SIGNAL NEAR ROCKY CHANNEL.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"You see, Ted, this means, 'Want immediate assistance.' Put it short and it is, 'Help, now!'"

"Pretty, father!"

The colours of the pieces of cloth with which Ted Lamprey was playing were indeed pretty. They were the colours of small signal flags which John Lamprey had cut out for his boy. As a surfman, once, in the employ of the United States Life-Saving Service, he had become familiar with the signal flags kept in the life-saving station and adopted by the International Commercial Code. He had cut out a number of signals for Ted, and Mrs. Lamprey had with her ready needle worked them up into permanent shape. The ex-surfman is now explaining them to Ted. "You see, Ted, every signal has its meaning, and each is known by a certain letter. Now, a vessel is supposed to have them (every vessel ought to have them, of course). The International Commercial Code is for the use of all nations. What if I was a surfman again, Ted, and it was my watch some day, and I was up in the lookout on the roof of the station, watching the sea for any sign of distress? There I am, looking away, and suddenly I see a vessel just off shore, flying the two flags you have been handling. They are lettered 'H' and 'B.' 'Trouble,' I say.

Those signals mean, 'Want immediate assistance!' 'That is a case of distress,' I say to myself. 'I will send them back an answer at once, and tell the keeper of the station and he will send a boat.' So I pick out the two signals—let me see if mother did not make them for you! I think I cut them out. Oh, yes; one is 'H,' same as before, and the other is 'F,' and it is red, shaped like a triangle, as they say, and it has a white circle in it. 'H,' you see, is a square flag, half white and half red. I run up the little flag-staff—there on the lookout of the station—this flag 'H,' and 'F,' under it. That is, 'We are coming to your assistance.' How glad that will make the poor fellows we imagine off on the water, when, looking ashore, they see those flags 'H' and 'F'! Now, what if they get sort of impatient and they say, 'Oh! we can't wait for those folks on land!' The keeper of our station, who is doing his best to get the surf-boat down to the water, sees those people—through his glass, you know—trying to launch their boat. He sends me up to the lookout to run to the masthead the signal flags 'H' and 'F,' and those mean, 'Do not attempt to land in your own boats.' They stop where they are, and soon we get off in our boat to them. Now, isn't that a nice way?"

"Yes, father, but—but," said Ted eagerly, "s'posin'—just s'posin', you know—they didn't want a boat, but might be sick and—"

"Oh, want a doctor and medicine? They might have slip fever on board, and the crew be weak and want to get word to the shore. Well, they show 'P' and 'D,' two blue flags, one having a white square in it, and the other having in it a white circle. That would fetch us pretty quick; a doctor, too."

Ted was exceedingly interested in his signals. Out of his chamber window, facing the swift and deep river running to the sea, he threw a line and there hung his signals. Several times when his father, at work in an adjoining field, was needed by his mother, Ted ran up stairs and threw out the signals "H" and "B."—"Want immediate assistance." Ted was delighted when his father came up the field at a rapid run and then bounded over the stone wall into the garden, reporting speedily at the kitchen door. Ted's happy time with the signals; his father's delight in gratifying his only child's desire to know about the pretty flags of red, blue, yellow, green; the mother's equal joy in making the signals—was not all this a suggestion of the happiness reigning always in John Lamprey's home by the side of the river? Ah! the current of life in that home was something like the sweep of the river. When the tide was in, when the winds of the bay, as if tired, sought repose at sunset, then the river was only a glassy lake, almost without a ripple—the image of peace, a mirror in which the evening star would slung, its disk unbroken, a flower of paradise

blooming with unbroken petals. Sometimes John Lamprey's home was very peaceful. Life was a placid current. When the tide was low, running fiercely toward the ocean, running, too, against a rough wind from the sea, running through Rocky Channel, out of which protruded black, ugly ledges, then the river was a very different thing; and this turbulent Rocky Channel was sometimes the exact image of John Lamprey's home. Drink, drink, drink—this was the Rocky Channel in that home. Drink, drink, drink—this seemed to be written on the black, ugly ledges, making the stream of the home life a Rocky Channel.

And yet John Lamprey did not think he was in danger. Had he not distinctly said to Jane Lamprey, his wife, "When liquor gets me into trouble that I can see, then I will quit?"

"I can see danger, John."

John, though, refused to say anything more than this looking at all like the hope of a reformation.

One day, when Jane Lamprey was away from the home, Ted was amusing himself up in his little chamber with the signal flags his father and mother had made for him.

"I will tie some on a line, and throw the line out of the window," thought the boy. "I will make believe somebody out on the river wants help, and I'll show 'em this flag."

It read, "We are coming to your assistance."

It was tiresome work at last to throw out and draw in this signal (no matter how brightly coloured it was), since no one made a response to it.

"I'll pull it in," thought Ted, "and perhaps father will play with me."

To his proposition that the father should go off in the boat, and from the river, signal while Ted operated the chamber end of this circuit of communication, John Lamprey assented.

"Only," he added, "let me finish my work."

When his work was over he dragged his boat to the water's edge, and called out "Here, Ted, I have got my signal in here. I am going to be the shipwrecked man, you know, off in the boat, wanting assistance, and you are to be up in your chamber. But I want my oars, of course, up in the woodshed, and you best stay in the boat till I get back."

He turned, after starting, and muttered, "Boat isn't tied, but she won't stir while I am gone."

If John Lamprey had told all that was in his heart, he would have confessed that he had kept Ted in the boat, and did not take him to the chamber where he would operate his signal flags, because in the next room was a closet. In the closet was a brandy bottle. John Lamprey proposed to tip that bottle.

"I don't want my child to see me drink," he reflected. "That is good temperance caution, as they say. Guess

I'm not the worst of men; I look after my example."

For one who was fearful of setting a bad example he lingered a long time over that bottle.

"Now I'll go," he finally declared—this cautious father. He stopped one moment to look out of the window of his child's chamber.

"I want to keep that boy under my eye," said this pattern of parental prudence. He gave one look, and then started back in alarm. The boat was adrift! The rising tide had set it at liberty, and there it was, drifting toward the dreaded Rocky Channel. Ted had already thrown out the danger signal. It plainly read, "Want immediate assistance." It meant something now!

"Hark! he is screaming!" thought the affrighted father.

By this time he had thrown out a signal that also meant something—"We are coming to your assistance"—and then rushed for outdoors. He knew if the boat actually were swept inside of the rocks where the frightful channel began its violent course, he would be powerless, in all probability, to arrest the boat. There was a point this side of the Channel where a drifting boat might come within ten feet of the shore.

John was thinking and running at the same time. "If I only had a pole long enough to reach the boat just there!"

As he rushed on, he saw by the well-curb the long pole for drawing water, and carrying a hook on its end.

He seized it—almost without stopping—and flew on, rather than ran. He dared not look up and off. Without a glance he could seem to see that drifting boat. If he had thrust his fingers in his ears it seemed as if he still must have heard his boy's shouts. As long as he did not look off on the river he was at liberty to think the boat was at any distance this side of Rocky Channel. How he dashed along the water's edge and down to the point where he was to make that experimental thrust with the pole!

"Quick, quick!" screamed Ted. The turbulent waters of the Rocky Channel could be heard angrily struggling with the rocks that would confine them, savagely threatening death to any child or voyager that might come that way. John Lamprey thrust out the well-pole, and it gripped the rail of the boat! Yes, and then he lost it.

Oh, what an agonizing length of time seemed to elapse between that grip and the next clutch with the hook on the end of the pole! But that hold he lost; Drink made his hand unsteady. In agony he saw the boat drifting away again, when he heard a swift, light step behind him. He heard next a voice, "Here, Ted, take hold of this!" A mother's hand was throwing to her boy a rope, which he grasped at once, to which he clung, and the boat was drawn ashore!

"Oh, thank God, thank God!"

said the mother, folding in her arms her precious boy. She only looked once at her husband, but that look seemed to say, "John, you have been drinking!"

She had seen in the house the brandy bottle and its companion tumbler, and she had also noticed his breath. The father dragged the boat back to its mooring grounds while Ted went home in the arms of his mother. It seemed to John Lamprey as if a more wretched man never went home than he. Ted and his mother reached the house first, for John must moor his boat (like a prudent father now) and return well polo and rope to their places.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Ted's mother, as she put bottle and tumbler back to their mounts.

Ted saw everything. He knew now what had kept his father in the house when he returned to it. He saw, too, when his father, a wretched man, crept upstairs, and there in Ted's room threw himself down on the floor beside his boy's bed.

"Father!" whispered a voice, while a boy's clinging arms went round the man's neck.

"What Ted? I ought not to do so. I ought not to drink," groaned the father.

Again came the boy's whisper. "Father, hadn't you better signal for immediate assistance?"

"What, Ted?"  
"Hadn't you better pray?"  
And John Lamprey prayed; and God heard.

#### LITTLE JAKE, THE ELEVATOR BOY.

THAT was what he was always called, for although he was the elevator boy in a big dry goods establishment, he was so small that the ladies would look in and inquire:

"Where is the man that runs the elevator?"

Then little Jake would pipe out from his corner: "Here I be."

I do not know anything to compare him to, but a ray of sunshine lighting up a dark place. He was of such lowly stature that when he was in his corner there seemed to be nobody there. But gradually the small, earnest, cheerful face grew visible and, as you looked, it brightened into such a happy smile that the little man seemed to fill the whole elevator with sunlight.

I wonder if the ladies who used to give him a nod or a word as they went up and down, absorbed in their purchases, will miss him now and speculate as to what has become of the quaint little fellow who was always smiling, helping, doing his duty bravely?

He went home sick one night and said "Good night" bravely, swallowed a lump in his throat and ran off. The day after his father came in.

"He was petter, mooch petter," his father said.

Then his mother came: they wanted the place kept for the boy.

"Oh, so sick. He is too much sick here," the mother said, laying her hand on her breast.

"Tell him to get well and he shall have his place," said his employer, "To-morrow we shall come and see him."

But on the morrow the father came into the store and his eyes were red and swollen.

"Mine leetle Jake," he began, and then broke down and said no more.

It went the rounds of the store like wild-fire, the news that little Jake was dead, and you would have thought at least that he had been a proprietor.

And he was, in his small way, proprietor of the hearts of the people he served; of their esteem, their good will—a dividend that will serve him better than money in the land where he is to-day.

They sent, every one of them, beautiful flowers to little Jake's funeral; he was covered with the last offerings of good-will from those he served.

"We wish we had known that he was so ill. We might have ministered to his wants or perhaps saved him," his employers said with sad regret.

But there's nothing to regret. "It's well with the child." And it is no longer "Gute nacht," with thee, but "Guten morgen," little Jake.—*Ex.*

#### BREAK THROUGH THE CRUST.

AND the carnage and swelter of battle, the kindest hearted of men grow brutally used to flowing blood, and deliberately shoot down a fellow creature with a savage exultation truly barbaric. Men who, when upon the city pavements and living between the office and the home, rather dread the idea of attending a funeral and standing near a confined corpse, do not hesitate to heap up as a bulwark after the charge their crushed and dead comrades, or ride their steel-hoofed horses remorselessly over the wounded with only a thought for the belching battery ahead. And when men in this manner grow accustomed and callously tolerant to wholesale murder, fiendish cruelty and acres of dead, it is not at all surprising that the constant reiteration of any horrible thing deadens their sensibilities and stifles their consciences. When an outrageous wrong is first exposed, our strong manhood rises in sturdy protest and flees with true knight-errant haste to rescue the weak, and terribly punish the arrogant oppressor; but barriers arise, and after days and weeks and years of hard fighting, the despot still grins his defiance; and those of us who are not immediately affected by the wrong grow weary and discouraged and then indifferent—tales of cruelty and crime somehow fail to arouse, and the most harrowing details are received with astonishing equanimity.

Surely it is terrible enough that one hundred thousand human beings are killed and damned by strong drink every year; and yet it fails to move

us. The daily press teems with horrifying incidents whose sickening details chill every heart; if the criminal happens to be sober, a wave of indignant anger surges throughout the community, but if drunk, it is the old story and we lose interest. A few years ago drunkenness became a regular and recognized "plea" in our criminal courts, just as insanity is to-day; and the cruel irony of it all was that the law found first, that murder had been done, secondly, that the man charged was an involuntary tool, and just here our august judiciary became helplessly blind and could not possibly pick out the murderer.

#### A MATCH FOR THE BEST OF THEM.

A CHINESE missionary says: My stay amongst the Christians at Hui-an, China, was most delightful; they were so warm-hearted and in earnest. It was pleasant to see how shy and modest the young sailors were, and yet so frank when addressed. There was a breezy heartiness about the older men that made me continually inclined to shake hands with them; but, unfortunately, the Chinese don't indulge in this Western habit.

One man I was particularly drawn to. He was a fine specimen of the old sailor. Although he had battled with many a breeze, he was still a hale and hearty man. Christ was to him a real living personage. His face absolutely beamed with pleasure as we spoke to him, and of how he had been led to believe. As he could not read, he carried about constantly with him a book entitled "Heart Pictures." He had it tied by a string to a button on his coat, so that he could refer to it whenever he liked.

The pictures represented the state of the heart when unconverted, and when changed by the Spirit of God. At first it is shown filled with the images of devils and evil beasts. As the Holy Spirit works on it, these gradually disappear, till, in the last picture, only Christ is seen reigning over it. He had been with me but a few minutes when he took out his well-thumbed book from his bosom, and, turning over the leaves with his great rough hand, he pointed to the first picture, and said to me, "That is an exact image of what I was before Christ found me," and he then stood for some time gazing on it with a solemn look, as though recalling the past. Soon a smile came back to his face, and, hastily turning over the leaves till he came to the last one, he pointed to it with great glee, and exclaimed: "But that is what my heart is like now."

"This book," he continued, "has been very useful to me in my discussion with the heathen. You know I cannot read, and so I should be at a loss when I meet those that can. With this book, however, I am a match for the very best of them. If

a man disputes the truth of what I say, I simply whip out this book, and, showing the first picture, say, 'Just look at that. It is an exact representation of your heart.' He can say nothing in reply, for he knows it is the truth. I then show him how he may have it changed, as mine has been."

#### A Boy's Promise.

THE school was out, and down the street  
A noisy crowd came thronging;  
The hue of health, and gladness sweet,  
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,  
Who listened to another,  
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:  
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,  
Of boisterous derision;  
But not one moment left in doubt  
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"  
He calmly told the others;  
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;"  
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who could doubt the future course  
Of one who thus had spoken?  
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,  
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,  
Unyielding to another,  
That bears all jeers and laughter still,  
Because he promised mother.

—GEORGE COOPER.

#### ANY TIME WILL DO.

"NEVER do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow" seems to be the motto of many an easy-tempered person. He does not boldly state this as the motto of his life, but he lives up to the spirit of it. He is a creature of the future and is ever willing to do his duty, but not now.

How does he know that to-morrow will be as good as to-day. Delays are dangerous; but that he is unwilling to believe. A screw is out of a hinge, and at night a storm comes and the door falls off the hinges and is broken. A leak is in the roof, and before it is repaired the rain comes in torrents and the ceiling falls. The grate of the stove is partly broken, and a live coal falls out and there is a house destroyed. The medicine which the doctor left is to be taken now, but the patient waits until to-morrow, and it is too late.

Let work which must be done be done at the first opportunity, for the habit of procrastination will grow and character will be injured thereby. Do not treat duty, as some whom we have met treat an anxious creditor, with these words: "Your claim is just and I shall pay you, so call to-morrow." Why not pay him on the spot if you are able? It is not wise to thrust work into the future, for each day will bring its own work with it; and this habit tends to make one either neglect much or to drive alone at a fever heat. To delay work is to add worry to the work when it must be done.



## Mother's Boys.

BY MAY M. ANDERSON.

They're rough and noisy, glad and gay,  
As boys are apt to be;  
They love to shout and romp and play  
In wild and healthful glee.  
But in their sports they never fail  
To heed each light command,  
For mother's "boys" are noble lads  
As any in the land.

I do not dread their future years,  
For manly boys, you know,  
Make manly men, who dare to stand  
And face a friend or foe.  
And youths who chivalrously try  
To win their mother's praise,  
Are apt to win success as well,  
And long and honoured days  
—Golden Days.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1888.

## CONFESSING CHRIST.

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God,  
and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

ABOUT two years ago Annie R. and Mamie M. gave themselves to God. They were the only pupils in the public school at B. who had come out on the Lord's side. At the time of their conversion, Mamie was kept from school on account of the sickness of her mother, but Annie had been attending school regularly. She called for her friend Mamie the morning she was permitted to start to school again. On their way to school Mamie asked, "How did the girls act? and what did they say to you when they found you were a Christian?"

"Why," answered Annie, "they have not said anything, for I have not mentioned it to them. But they seem to treat me coolly."

In surprise Mamie asked: "O Annie, have you not said a word to them? Did you not tell any of them that you had found Jesus, and how happy his love had made you?"

"No," answered Annie; "I felt ashamed to say anything. I did not

know what to say, and any way I feared they would laugh at me."

For a few moments Mamie was silent; then she began softly to sing:

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No: when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name."

The tears were in Annie's eyes as Mamie ceased singing, and yet she felt she had not courage to talk to her friends about Jesus. As soon as they entered the school, Mamie gathered the girls around her and told them of her new found love, and with tears entreated her dear companions to "taste and see how good the Lord was," how precious his love.

And now, dear young readers, the sequel is this. To-day Mamie remains a faithful, earnest Christian, while Annie is away back in the world, with no hope of heaven.

Now, my young friends, I have a request to make of those who have found Jesus. I ask you to tell others of the blessings God has bestowed upon you; to tell all you can of the glad tidings of salvation; and never be ashamed to say you have found Christ, and that he is your Saviour, precious to your heart.

How often professed Christians meet together and talk upon every other subject but the best and sweetest—their soul's salvation! If our hearts are filled with the love of Jesus, we cannot help telling others of our joy and happiness in Jesus, and asking them to come and share it with us by also giving their hearts to the Saviour.

O may the dear Lord bless all the young disciples of Christ who read this, and make them light-bearing Christians!

## "JESUS DIED FOR ME."

HANNAH was a little Jewish maiden, seven years old. Her parents, being Jews, did not believe in the Lord Jesus; but they sent their little daughter to a Christian school. Here she was taught to read easy passages of the New Testament, like the other children of her own age. She was a bright-eyed, intelligent child, always laughing, and always full of fun. Sometimes her high spirits brought her into trouble, but every one loved her, and no one could be angry with her long.

One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go to when she died. Some were silent. Some said they did not know. Some said they hoped they would go to heaven. But when it came to Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher, somewhat surprised.

"I know it," answered the little Jewish maiden, her eyes sparkling with animation, "because Jesus 'died for me.'"

Children, can you say, each of you,



THE LEOPARD CUBS.

from your heart, "Jesus died for me, and I trust in him as my Saviour." If you can, then you too, may know, that heaven will be your home.

## The Leopard Cubs.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Out in the offing lay the ship,  
One tropic summer day,  
That was to bear the Teacher home—  
Three thousand miles away:  
And gathered for a last farewell,  
Around him pressed a crowd  
Of dusky followers, on the beach,  
Who wept and sobbed aloud.

Upon the surf the native boat,  
Waiting to waft him o'er  
The white-capped breakers, churned and  
chafed  
Against the pebbly shore.  
His soul was sad with toil and pain,  
So lately had he won  
From rites of fetich savagery  
These children of the sun.

But soon the last good-bye was said,  
For he must be afloat:  
And with a prayer upon his lips  
He stepped into the boat;  
And stopping, heard a cry, and saw  
Come rushing o'er the sand  
A lad who held a leopard-cub  
Aloft in either hand.

"Mas' Teacher, see!—De mudder beast,  
Me watch her go,—den up  
Me creep into de den and fetch  
De little spotted pup;  
Dis ebbery ting me hab to bring  
For pay de Captain fee;  
Me want to learn big English so,  
Wid you across de sea!"

"Mas' Teacher! take de boy along!  
De pups dey no shall bite;  
Me keep him in me bosom close,  
An' watch him day and night.  
De 'Meriky man, ho buy him glad;  
Dollars an' dollars pay.  
Me know big English,—me go teach  
Big English den, some day."

Dim-eyed the Teacher left the shore,  
And o'er the breakers' swell  
He still could see the Grebo lad,  
As rose the boat and fell,  
Lying in silent, hopeless grief,  
Stretched out upon the sands,  
While in his breast the leopard cubs  
Nestled, and licked his limbs.

## MORNING PRAYER.

O LORD, thou art the Creator of  
all things; there is no other God  
beside thee; thou art the Maker of  
heaven and earth; thou art our  
Father, and has invited us to come  
unto thee for those things which we  
need.

Be pleased to teach me how to pray,  
and give me right desires; help me  
to understand what it is to believe on  
the Lord Jesus Christ, and to bring  
my prayers unto thee in his precious  
name.

Dear Saviour, wash my soul in thy  
blood, and put upon me the beautiful  
robe of thy righteousness; may I show  
such a holy and obedient spirit that  
thou mayest be glorified in my life,  
though I am but a child.

O Lord, preserve me this day from  
all evil, from all sickness, and accident,  
but specially from sin; and when the  
sun has gone down may I rejoice to  
think that I am one day nearer to my  
sweet home in heaven. I ask it all  
in Jesus' name. Amen.

A LITTLE Band of Hope boy, with  
his dog Sport, was going past a public  
house, the door of which was wide  
open. The dog, not knowing any bet-  
ter, went in, and his little master was  
soon after him, with the following piece  
of good advice: "Come out of there,  
Sport! Don't be disgracing the fam-  
ily!"



THE OLD FRENCH PENSIONER.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

**The Restless Boy in Church.**

How he turns and twine,  
And how he persists  
In rattling his heels;  
How uneasy he feels,  
Our wide awake boy in church!

Then earnest and still,  
He attends with a will,  
While the story is told  
Of some old hero bold,  
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church!

But our glad surprise  
At his thoughtful eyes  
Is turned to despair,  
As he twitches the hair  
Of his little sister in church!

Still, each naughty trick flies  
At a look from the eyes  
Of his mother so dear,  
Who thinks best to sit near  
Her mischievous boy in church!

Another trick comes?  
Yes! His finger he drums,  
Or his kerchief is spread  
All over his head,  
And still we take him to church!

He's troublesome? Yes!  
That I'm bound to confess;  
But God made the boys,  
With their fun and their noise,  
And he surely wants them in church!

Such children, you know,  
Long, long years ago,  
Did not trouble the Lord,  
Though disciples were bored;  
So we'll still keep them near him in church.  
—Lutheran.

**THE OLD PENSIONER.**

ALL civilized nations make provision for the old age of their worn out soldiers and sailors. In Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals the veterans of the army and navy of Great Britain find a quiet haven where they may rest awhile after a stormy voyage and warfare. And the brave old fellows often fight their battles o'er again, and shoulder a crutch and show how fields were won. In Paris the French have a magnificent home for worn out soldiers, the Hotel des Invalides; and here, beneath its gilded dome, sleeps in his stone sarcophagus the dust of the great warrior, Napoleon, while around his tomb linger a few of his old companions in arms whose hearts still thrill at the mention of the mighty name, which was once a terror to all Europe.

The old pensioner in the picture looks peaceful enough now. He may have seen hard fighting in his day. Indeed the cross he wears upon his breast is proof of that. But his fighting days are over. He dozes in the sun, sitting beneath one of the bridges beside the Seine, and doubtless boasts, even when he returns with empty basket, that he has had at least "a glorious nibble." The friendly looking dog at his side seems to take as intelligent an interest in the sport as his master. I wonder is he expecting a fish to eat. It seems to me that about the worst use you can make of a man is to make him food for powder. It is her millions of idle soldiers that keep Europe so poor. Thank God that we have so little need for them in this favoured land. And may the time soon come

when, the wide world over, they shall bent their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.

**CHERISH YOUR GIRLHOOD.**

DEAR girls, don't be so often wishing you were grown-up women that you will neglect your girlhood. In the rush and hurry of these fast times there is danger that you will reach and strain after "young ladyhood" too much. Be girls a while yet. Be tender, joyous, loving, obedient and industrious. Womanhood, with its privileges and powers, its burdens and trials, will come soon enough.

On this point one has wisely said: "Wait patiently, my children, through the whole limit of your girlhood. Go not after womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate refinement and modesty. The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But oh! be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life."

**LETTER FROM PORT SIMPSON, B.C.**

MY DEAR MRS. STRACHAN,—The first of the year has come and reminds me that friends far away will wish to hear how we are getting on in our work. During the last quarter of the year everything went on very quietly in the home, no one left us and none have been admitted as inmates. The health of all the children has been very good, and our heavenly Father's loving care has been over us every day. Since the end of September the great source of pleasure and interest among the girls was that of preparing their Christmas gifts. Many were the consultations over the all-important subject; plans were made and talked over, while happy anticipations brightened many hours. Perhaps an account of our Christmas pleasures will be as interesting to the friends as anything I can write. Some of the girls did real pretty work, and took great pains with it. Thanks to the kind friends who responded to my appeal, I had a good supply of fancy-work material, and when on Saturday night, 23rd of December, all the articles were marked ready for the tree, they filled quite a large box.

During our walks for weeks before, the children were looking out for a good tree, and as we were surrounded by forests, there was not much difficulty in this; but how it was to be cut down and carried home was the hard question to answer. However, on the Friday before Christmas Day, Mr. Miller kindly came to our aid by going with several of the elder girls to help them cut the trees; we needed some also for our annual Sunday-school festival. In a short time they returned with a nice

large tree which we left in a spare room, as we decided not to trim it before Monday morning, lest it might be a snare to the little folks in drawing away their thoughts too much from good things on Sunday. Early Monday morning Mr. Miller came in and fixed up the tree in my sitting-room, and some of the elder girls helped me to place the gifts upon it. This occupied us till dinner time, so you may judge that it was well filled. It looked very pretty, for there was a great variety of colours, and the branches looked as if they would all most break beneath their load.

After dinner, the family from the Mission House honoured us with their company, and we all gathered to admire the wonderful work of Santa Claus, and to receive the gifts prepared for us. After all had been admired, I selected two of the older girls to distribute the presents. It would make my letter too long if I were to tell you all the things which the children made, it seemed as if their best efforts had been for Mrs. Crosby and myself. My sitting-room walls are adorned with articles that are not only useful but very pretty and well made. Last year the ladies of the North Auxiliary of Halifax sent me a box for the girls, containing many useful little presents, such as collarettes, fancy boxes, aprons, pin and needle cases, with many other things too numerous to mention. Other friends had kindly remembered them also, so they were well taken care of.

On Wednesday following we had the usual Sunday-school treat, about one hundred and fifty children were present. As our girls are the most regular, both on week-days and Sunday, they shared this pleasure also. Each child received a gift and a bag of candies; games were played, speeches made, hymns sung, and a very happy time was spent. Mrs. Crosby has had a Band of Hope among the children for some years. Last year she made banners and badges for them, and on Monday after New Year's day they marched through the village with the adult Temperance Society. My girls were in such a state of excitement over the unusual honour, that I was greatly relieved when they were really off and the house comparatively quiet. Headed by the brass band they marched through the streets, visited the Fort, and after shaking hands came back to the mission house and went through the same ceremony there. During the holidays we have had more time for walking out. Many bright days we walked some miles; when the snow is on the ground and the sun shining, everything around looks so beautiful, and the young folks had a thoroughly happy time. School has commenced, so the children are settling down to work again, all the better, I trust, for the season of pleasure.

I am always thankful when the Christmas season is over, as it is so trying in many ways; though, of course, it is a real pleasure to see the children so happy and to add to their joy, yet the

strain is very great and the reins have to be tightly held. By the time Christmas was fairly here I was almost too tired to keep up, and began to feel as if very little would make me break down entirely, but strength was given according to my need. As the friends have so kindly granted me a helper, I trust the most trying time is over for me, as I shall soon have some one to share the burden with me. My earnest desire is that we may do so much good for these children, that they may feel the benefit of being with us as long as they live, and be found at last among God's jewels. I long to see some fruit of my labour, and I am daily sowing the seed in these young hearts knowing that God has said, "My word shall not return unto me void," so there is no real cause or room for discouragement. Pray for us that we may be faithful even in the least things.

With kind wishes for the New Year to all the dear friends who are interested in our work,

I remain, yours sincerely,  
AGNES KNIGHT.

**"IF I CAN, I WILL."**

I KNEW a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood; but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him, "Shall I help you?"

"No, sir. I can and will do it, if you give me time."

I said, "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you will give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars and men too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I know he had it; for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it cost him many hours of severest mental labour. Not only had he solved the problem, but what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers which, under the inspiration of "I can and will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day, he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

My young friends, let your motto ever be, "If I can, I will."—The Well-Spring.



**The Brave Hollander.**

Arrived in fair Holland, far famed for its dykes,  
The valiant young hero whose story is told  
By heartstone and cradle, in castle and hut—  
The boy that saved Holland, alone in the boat.  
One day it so chanced that he started on foot  
A visit to pay for the night to a friend;  
And all the long journey it gladdened his heart  
To think of the welcome he'd find at the end.  
With a song on his lips he fared on his way,  
Past windmills and bridges, past village and town;  
Then through the wide meadows that stretch to the sea,  
Walked in by the dyke that holds the sea down;  
Till, hark! a horror that curdled his blood,  
And brought him to fright and dismay to a stop,  
Not a boy born in Holland but knew what it meant—  
That sound of the water, slow-falling, drip-drop!  
For small as it seemed, should he pass on his way,  
And leave there the leakage all night to creep in,  
Ere morning brought workmen the break to repair,  
On Holland's fair cities the sea would creep in.  
And swift came a vision of ruin and wreck—  
Of horses and cattle all dead in the stall,  
Of beautiful homes borne away by the flood,  
Of mother and child lying deaf to love's call.  
Aghast at the picture, and heedless of self,  
He wedged in the crevice his little brown thumb,  
Then shouted for help; but the shriek of the waves  
Alone came in answer, and smote his heart dumb.  
Still waiting and watching, he saw the day wane,  
With never a thought of deserting his post,  
For better to die there, he said to himself,  
Than let into Holland the sea's hungry host.  
The night gathered darkly, with swift-spreading clouds,  
Above the wild marches there gleamed not a star,  
The winds howled about him like wolves after prey,  
And wild the sea bellowed beyond the low bar;  
But through the long hours unflinching he stood,  
Though each breath was a prayer for the coming of day;  
And while Holland slept, not dreaming of ill,  
That brave little hand held the ocean at bay.  
At morning they found him still guarding the dyke,  
All spent with the perils the young heart had braved—  
Half fainting with hunger and chilled to the bone—  
But what mattered that since Holland was saved!  
Men gathered about in speechless amaze,  
Drew pallid with terror, then shouted and wept

At thought of the battle he'd won for them there,  
Alone in the darkness, while other boys slept.  
In triumph they bore him safe back to his home—  
The home he had feared he might never behold:  
And all over Holland, in cottage and hall,  
With tears and thanksgiving, the story was told.  
"Three cheers and a tiger" for brave little Hans,  
Who challenged the sea with his thumb for a spike!  
Let us stand by our country whatever betide,  
Like Holland's young hero that stood by the dyke.

**KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.**

LITTLE Bertie Blyun had just finished his dinner. He was in the cozy 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 green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say: "Thank you, little master."  
Dropping his paper he said: "I thought 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 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 about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one, too. Just then I remembered something I learned at 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 knew I said it myself."  
"Bertie, what is it Miss McLaren has been teaching 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 brains and make them 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 the matter?"  
"She taught us a verse about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant."  
At this papa'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 meant 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."—*Select-d.*

**A CRYING BABY.**

THE following incident is related by Mr. D. L. Moody: "When Mr. Sanky and I were in Liverpool, we saw a poor woman in the place where the meetings were held an hour before the time; and she stayed right through the meeting. She was all worn out, looked like a poor woman, and I suppose she had carried that baby two hours. During the meeting, the baby got restless, and began to cry. Some of the people looked cross, and I saw that the woman was very uneasy and nervous; she didn't want to disturb the meeting, and yet didn't want to go. She did her best to quiet the baby, but it would cry; and at last she started to go out. I said: 'Let that baby cry, if it wants to. I can speak as loud as the baby can cry. Now, don't look at the mother, but just pray that the Lord will bless her. Remember she hasn't any one to take care of that baby, and perhaps she hasn't been in church for years.' By-and-by the baby 'ell asleep. How she listened to the preaching, with tears streaming down her face! At the close of the sermon, I asked those who had any desire for salvation to arise; and the first one was that woman. With her baby in her arms, she presented herself for prayer. It touched my very soul. I asked those who wanted to become Christians to go into the inquiry-room while we were singing. The baby woke up and began to cry again, and the mother got very nervous. Then a great, manly six-footer came up to her, and said: 'Let me take the baby, while you go into the inquiry-meeting.' Perhaps he had never had a baby in his arms in his life, but he took it, and walked up and down before eight thousand people. That man was a hero. The mother went into the inquiry-room, and found peace for her soul. Then she took her baby, and out into the dark city she went. I will never forget that scene, and I don't suppose she will ever forget it—eight thousand people praying for that mother that wet night. You can reach the masses by just laying yourself out for it, and God will bless you."

**THE HARM IT DOES.**

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

I MEAN strong drink. And only a small part of the harm. I could not tell you all, if I talked a whole week. It is the harm it does to the splendid body which God has given us. You know what our bodies are—nice, white skin, sound, firm flesh on good strong bones, with little purple rivers of arteries and veins running through it bright eyes, steady feet, and strong hands—why! ought not folks to be ashamed to do anything to spoil such a perfect piece of the kind Creator's work?  
"Yes! yes, indeed!" you all say.  
Now you look at a person who drinks—do you see any of these things? Red nose, red eyes, dark, wrinkled skin, shaky hands, feet that won't walk straight, mind that can't remember—nothing at all that you can see as God made it. Why, boys and girls, and women too, are afraid of a drunken man, because they know he isn't himself at all, but given up to a bad spirit; and there's no knowing what he will do.  
You know that no man would take a dose of arsenic or strychnine unless he wanted to kill himself—every child has learned that they're deadly poisons. Yet the man or boy who drinks liquor takes them both, and other things just as deadly. The awful poison will kill him just as surely, and more painfully, though much slower, as if he had taken the dose of pure poison.  
You all know what it means to be paralyzed—not to have any motion or power in the part affected. That is just how alcohol affects the body, a short time after it is taken into the stomach. All the little tissues and nerves yield to it, and it goes to the brain, turning it into something resembling the white of a hard-boiled egg. Do you think such leathery stuff could do much thinking? Do you wonder that the drunkard, with his stiffened nerves and white-of-egg brain, tumbles over and lies like a log in the gutter!

THE price of a Bible, fairly written, with a commentary, was, in the year 1274, from \$150 to \$250, though in 1240 two arches of London Bridge were built for \$125. In the year 1272 the wages of a labouring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible at the same period was about \$180. A common labourer in those days must toil on industriously for thirteen long years if he would possess a copy of the Word of God. Now the earnings of a portion of a day will pay the cost of a beautifully printed copy of the sacred oracles. What a contrast! What an illustration of the power of the press!

WHENEVER a man is fined for drunkenness, the tavern-keeper who sold him the last drink should also be fined.



**My Heavenly Father**

I cry, my mother hears my voice  
And runs to my relief;  
She makes my little heart rejoice  
And soothes my childish grief.

I cry, my heavenly Father hears,  
So mother-like he is;  
He quickly wipes away my tears  
And draws my heart to his.

Oh, never, never let us doubt  
That he will hear my prayer,  
Nor ever try to walk without  
His guidance and his care.

**LESSON NOTES.****SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 30.] **LESSON IV.** [April 22.]**THE TEN VIRGINS.**Matt. 25: 1-13. *Commit to mem. vs. 10-13.***GOLDEN TEXT**

And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.  
Matt. 25: 10

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Wise.
2. The Foolish.

**TIME, PLACE.**—The same as in the last lesson.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Ten virgins*—A cent forth—an allusion to Oriental marriage customs. After the bridegroom had received the bride at her father's house he led her to his own home, usually at night, and was met by some who waited to escort him. This fact furnishes the parable. *Lamps, and oil*—Each party took something, one party that which would make a show for the time being. *Lamps and oil*—Prepared for any service. *The bridegroom tarried*—He lay in the house of the bride. *They all slumbered*—They nodded and fell asleep over their waiting, so long the bridegroom delayed. *Trimmed their lamps*—Replenished and lighted their torches, and were ready to meet the bridal procession.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
1. That it is necessary to make preparation for heaven.  
2. That we ought to be always ready for heaven.  
3. That one may be too late in getting ready?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. How does Christ illustrate the principles of the last lesson? By the parable of the virgins. 2. In what respects were they alike? They all took lamps and went forth. 3. In what respects did they differ? Five were prepared, five were not. 4. What was the result of the wise preparation of the first? They went into the feast. 5. What happened while the foolish tried to repair their mistake? "The door was shut."  
**DIRECTIONAL SUGGESTION.**—True wisdom.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

22. How is it proved in the New Testament is inspired by the Holy Spirit? The Saviour told his apostles that they should be witnesses of him, and promised that the Spirit should bring his words to their remembrance, and teach them things to come. St. John 14: 26, 27. When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me, and ye also bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

A. D. 30.] **LESSON V.** [April 23.]**THE TALENTS.**Matt. 25: 1-30. *Commit to mem. vs. 20, 21.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. 2: 10

**OUTLINE.**

1. Faithful
2. Slothful.

**TIME, PLACE.**—The same as in the last lesson.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*His own servants*—The slaves who composed his family. *His goods*—The general care of the estate was given

them. *F. talents*—Or the largest portion of individual responsibility to one whom the owner probably knew he could trust. Talent is a term that is hard to express in English dollars and cents, and does not need to be so expressed here. *Two talents*—A smaller trust, etc. *Went and traded*—That is, took the proper care; developing and making such increase as ought naturally to be made. It may mean plowing, planting, reaping, or any like way. *Dugget and hid*—He made no effort to develop, or even to use, or even to watch over what was intrusted to him. *A hard man, reaping*—A master who would require without mercy a full equivalent for all he had given, and who would punish if he lost; so he was afraid, etc.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
1. That every one has a trust from God?  
2. That every one will be held responsible for his trust?  
3. That abuse of God's gifts is misuse?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. To what does Jesus here liken the kingdom of heaven? To a master and his servants. 2. How did the master show his trust in his servants? By giving them large trusts. 3. What circumstance governed him in making these trusts? The ability of each one. 4. When the master came to reckon, what did he find? Some faithful and one unfaithful. 5. How did he reward the faithful ones? By increasing their trusts. 6. What happened to the unfaithful one? He was stripped and banished. 7. What is the lesson and promise of this parable? "Be thou faithful," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Fidelity.**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

23. What other proof is there that the Bible is inspired? Its wonderful and heavenly power over the human heart. Hebrews iv. 12, 13. For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight, but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

**BLUNDERS.**

WHAT an amusing book could be written about the blunders which some excellent persons make in their public remarks and in their private conversation. Here is the latest, and it is no mere newspaper story, either. The treasurer of a certain church arose, and advancing with measured step to the altar railing, turned to the expectant congregation and said:

"We wish to take a collection for the worn-out preachers and their widows—I mean the widows of those who are dead! Our preacher has been with us three years, and must leave us soon, and I tell you, friends, the time is going very slowly—very swiftly I should say—excuse me."

And excuse him we did, for we looked back of his words to his heart, and we knew that it beat in a kindly way for the preacher and all his family. He was all right, although he did make a blunder or two.

Just here there is a lesson for us all to learn. Never put the wrong construction upon what a friend writes or says, but judge all in charity. The tongue or pen may get a twist when the heart does not, and after a little reflection the twist may be straightened out. Besides, some things are said in jest, and to treat them as serious is to feel insulted without the slightest cause. Do not be suspicious, but think of what your friend has

been to you, and do not let a blunder part you asunder.

If a blunder is made there is no harm in smiling at it, but do not break into a loud and rude laugh, and wound the feelings of him who made it. Sometimes it is best to let it pass by. Without remark, but if you correct it do so in a gentle way, so that the correction will not do more harm than the blunder. Remember, too, that you may utter the wrong word by mistake, and the charity which you would have others show to you, that show to them, and thus you will avoid many an unpleasant scene in the voyage of life.

**CHRONOMETERS.****AN ILLUSTRATION.**

HERE is an engineer on a railroad line. He is furnished by the railroad company with a time-table and a watch. He is ordered by these to run his train. Trifling with his watch while on the road, he lets it fall. Lifting it, and listening to it, he finds the works are moving still. It may have been damaged, it doubtless has been; but just how much he cannot tell. He must run his train by his watch, and yet even if he does, he is liable, by reason of the damage it sustained when it fell, to wreck it somewhere upon the road. The company, anticipating such a possibility, has hung up a chronometer at every station where the train stops, and has enjoined upon the engineer at every such pause, to make comparison between the time he carries in his pocket, and the other time that is indicated on the wall; and this precaution he neglects at his peril. And yet even that chronometer on the wall is not absolutely infallible. It has to be regulated by telegraph from Washington, and the Washington regulator takes its time from the stars, for nothing below the stars runs always right.

Even so our human consciences are like watches or chronometers that can not be always implicitly relied upon, and hence God has given us the Bible, and it comes from away beyond the stars, and by this we must correct our consciences, or we shall be sadly out of our reckoning. To correct the Bible by our consciences is as preposterous as to presume to regulate the stars that God has made, by a watch of man's construction.—*Baptist Teacher.*

**WHAT MAY BE DONE.**

A Christian school-girl loves Jesus; she wants to please him all day long and so she practices her scales carefully and conscientiously. It is at the impulse of his love that her fingers move so steadily through the otherwise tiresome exercise. Some day her Master will find a use for her music. The hand of a Christian lad traces his Latin verses or his figures, or his copying. He is doing his best, because a banner has been given him that it may be displayed, not so much by talk as by continuous well-doing. And so, for Jesus' sake, his hand moves accurately and perseveringly.

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