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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1894

[No. 13.]

THE TIGER ESCAPED.

THOSE of our readers who have been through any large collections of wild animals kept alive in cages, can well imagine what a serious thing it is when one of these creatures escapes from his cage. Some of them are very difficult to manage, though as a rule even the fiercest of them get so used to their keeper that they allow him to enter the cage for the purpose of feeding or cleaning out. This does not mean, however, that the natural ferocity of their wild nature is subdued, but only that being well fed, their hunger for human flesh is not so strongly aroused. Besides this many men have a strange power over certain wild animals which most men do not possess.

The lions, tigers, panthers, etc., are caught alive in parts of India and then brought over in steamers and put into the great iron cages represented in the picture. On very rare occasions one of these creatures will manage to escape, and then the confusion among the crowd of visitors is terrible indeed. Often the escaped animal will get free into the country, and hiding during the day, will roam about at night committing great ravages among the farms and outlying villages. In our cut the size of the great tiger is well shown by the cat, which is evidently scared or angry at the intrusion. It is not much bigger than the creature's head alone, though the cat and the tiger are really members of the same class of animals. We hope no lives will be lost and that the tiger will be safely got back again into his cage.

WHY I DON'T DRINK.

BY T. H. LAWSON.

WHILE distributing tracts in a saloon recently, I was asked to drink something. I replied that I never drank liquor, and was asked "Why not?" This is my answer.

You ask me, friend, why I do not drink with you. Why I do not quaff the sparkling beverage that leaps and dances from your cut-glass bottles, into the shining crystal goblet upon your bar. Although in these few words I cannot give you all the reasons why I do not drink—for reason always says, "touch not the serpent of the still, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—I will give you enough reasons to faithfully answer your question.

Know, then, that I am a drunkard's boy. Measure, if you can, the heartache and sorrow I have felt, and still feel, over this dark, sad fact. Among my earliest recollections, when naught but joy and light should have been my lot, are recollections of sorrow and darkness, caused by the demon drink. The education and home comforts that I needed, to fit me for a useful life, have been denied me by this same prolific cause of ignorance and poverty.

I have a mother, a good, kind, Christian mother—God bless her! who was a drunkard's wife, and who, when the hand that should have guided our little home bark was unsteady from the effects of strong



THE TIGER ESCAPED.

drink, has taken the helm herself, and through the storms, and rocks, and shoals, has kept a steady course for heaven. Measure, if you can, the heartache of that wife and mother, as she has watched the one who promised to love and protect her, go downward step by step, until he stepped into a drunkard's untimely grave, and she was left a drunkard's widow with seven fatherless children to care for. Measure, if you can, the feelings of that wife and family. Let me give you one incident.

In the State of Iowa, one cold, bleak, winter's day, mother was taken suddenly and seriously ill. Father was away a couple of miles at work. He was a brick mason and plasterer, and a good one, too. My eldest sister was then a child of twelve years of age, and there were four children younger than she in the family. Time came for father to return from his work, but he did not come. It grew dark, and still no signs

of his coming. One of those Iowa blizzards began to blow, and soon the air was filled with blinding snow and sleet. Time flew on. Eight o'clock, and still he did not come. The storm grows more fierce, and mother tosses upon her bed, and wonders if in the morning someone kicking through the drifting snow will not find the frozen body of husband and father, a lifeless piece of clay. The hours rush by. Ten o'clock, and still he does not come. Finally Emily decides to face the storm, and see if she cannot find him in the saloons. She wraps a shawl over her head and shoulders, and starts out to face the blinding storm. She reaches the saloon and pushes open the door, and to the saloon-keeper says, "Please, sir, is my papa here?" "No, child, go home, your father is not here," is the reply she receives from all. Wearily she plods her way home again, almost perishing with cold, and says, "Mamma, I could not find

him." She then throws herself upon the floor, near the fire, and falls into a fitful sleep. About midnight father comes home drunk. He sees the little one lying upon the floor, and staggering to her says, "Why, Emily darling, why are you lying here?" And in her sleep the little lips move, and this prayer goes up to God: "O, Jesus, don't let my papa drink any more." Ah! measure, if you can, the sorrow of that child, that made her old before she was young, and ask me why I, her brother, do not drink!

This is not an extraordinary experience. They are all around us. Drink robs the home of happiness. It plucks the roses from the cheeks of wives, and paints the white lilies of death in their place. It robs childhood of its joys, youth of its virtue, manhood of its strength, and old age of its glory. It makes the good man bad, the rich man poor, and the wise man a fool. It blights everything it touches. The man who sells liquor sells that which causes crime, poverty, insanity, and sickness. That is why I do not drink. O, man, why do you drink? There is help for you. The loving Saviour invites you to himself. He is able to save you and give you back your lost manhood. He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to him. Oh, hear his voice before liquor has blighted your prospects forever. Turn to Christ now, and will help you.

Liquor-sellers and drinkers, please take these words kindly. They are offered in honesty of purpose. Receive them honestly, and "Escape for thy life."

BURNED IN.

ONE of the beautiful arts much in favour at present, is that of painting on porcelain. In this sort of painting there is opportunity for displaying exquisite taste; but, in order to render the painting enduring, the porcelain must go into the fire, and the work of the artist must be burned in. This makes the figures and the coloring permanent, which may be looked upon with delight, and used for a good many years.

Thus it is in Christian experience. The image of Jesus may be drawn upon the soul accurately and perfectly; but the fire of the Holy Ghost must pass upon it to bring out the features perfectly, and the rich colors of the graces of the Spirit. The impurities of our nature, and the features of the carnal mind, are purged away with fire: then we are transformed into the image of the beloved Saviour, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." The outer world, seeing us thus transformed, takes knowledge of us that "we have been with Jesus," and confesses that "every shape and every face is heavenly and divine." This is a salvation that amounts to something. Let it be burned in thoroughly.—*Standard.*

BIRDS of a feather generally flock together, but geese and ducks are found in diverse places.

The Old Cider Mill.

BY MATHEW D. KIMBALL.

PEARS to me I see it jilt—
That old cider mill whar we
Uster santer reggeoly
Arter school, us boys, to git
Yaller apple juice, fresh squeezed !
Drunked just oceans of we pleased—
Ev'ry boy could get his fill
Down to Bunker's cider mill.

Seems like only yisterday
Me 'nd Hank 'nd Silas Clark
Way down suller in ther dark,
Found a bar'l stowed away.
Bored a hole through, just for fun
'Nd to let the cider run,
So's that we could git our fill
Down to Bunker's cider mill.

On the soft side of a plank,
We jist lay thar on the groun',
Let the cider trickle down
Our gullets—me 'nd Si 'nd Hank.
One would drink 'nd two stand guard—
Didn't s'pose the staff was hard
Till we'd more'n got our fill
Down to Bunker's cider mill.

Mill has long since gone to rot,
Roof 'nd rafting tumbling through,
Si, he's gone to ruin too,
'Nd Hank, he's jist a whiskey sot.
Cider first, then wine 'nd beer,
Gin 'nd rum 'nd whiskey clear.
That's the way they went down hill—
Down from Bunker's cider mill.

—Union Signal.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITKROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1894.

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

[LUKE 8. 52.]

THIS was spoken of a little girl twelve years old. Her friends all supposed that she was dead. They were right; she was soon to be buried. Jesus came, and, knowing that she was dead, said, in the words of your text, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." What did he mean? He wanted to have the friends know that he thought that they had a wrong idea of death, and wrong feelings in regard to it; and in the sense in which they spoke and thought of death, the little girl was not dead.

It is a blessed thing to go to sleep, when we are tired out and can drop to sleep in an instant. Sometimes we wish we could have more time to play, but when the hour of sleep comes, how sweetly it takes us in its arms, and nothing is more beautiful than a sleeping child. And it was only a few days ago that I saw a little child who had been suffering day after day, die; and in a few moments such a sweet smile came upon her lips, that I could not help saying, "How sweetly she sleeps."

The next thing for you to remember is, that those who go to sleep wake up. When you have been to school six hours, and have helped mother at home, and have played very hard all the spare moments, you begin

to find it very hard to hold up your head, and nothing seems bright and pleasant; but in the morning, when the sun looks in at the window, how bright the world looks; how strong and happy you feel; how very different from the way in which you felt the night before. So when any of us are put to sleep by Jesus, we can know that there is a morning coming; and when that has come we shall be so strong, and beautiful, and happy, that the night of our sleep will seem to have been very short. But I hear some boy or girl say, "I do not want to go to sleep in the ground; I do not want to be put in a coffin," and you need not. Once in a while my little girl says, "Papa, I don't want to go to bed up-stairs." She does not want to be alone, so her mother allows her to make her bed upon the lounge in the bright sitting-room. At length she falls asleep; then, when I am through with my studies, I carry her to her bed, and she knows nothing of the dark night nor the lonely room. In the same way none of you will ever know anything about the grave or coffin, if you have to be buried in them. You fall asleep at home, and when you wake, if you are Christ's, you awake in a better home.

But another thing, we all grow when we are asleep. The reason why some children do not grow more, is because they do not sleep enough. A few months ago a farmer's boy put a kernel of corn in the ground; you could pinch it between your little fingers, or hold a hundred kernels in your hand; but when the corn slept it grew, and to-day it has become a tall stalk, with full ears and long rows of kernels. So, if a body is taken to the cemetery and left sleeping, it will not be very long, as God counts time, before it will come forth in heaven a most beautiful body, worthy to live in the beautiful land.

A LITTLE BLACK HERO.

SOME of you have hard words to bear at times because you love the Lord Jesus. But in some parts of the world people who say they believe in him are beaten cruelly and even put to death.

In Central Africa, a few years ago, some boys were burned to death by order of the king because they were Christians. Yet in spite of this a boy of about sixteen years was brave enough to become a Christian. He came to the missionary and said in his own language:

"My friend, I wish to be baptized."
"Do you know what you are asking?" said the missionary in surprise.
"I know, my friend."
"But if you say you are a Christian they will kill you."
"I know, my friend."
"But if they ask you if you are a Christian, will you tell a lie and say 'No?'"
Bravely and firmly came the boy's answer: "I shall confess, my friend."

A little talk followed in which he showed clearly that he understood what it was to be a Christian, so the missionary baptized him by the name of Samwell, which is the same as our Samuel.

The king found him so useful that he employed him to collect taxes, which are paid in cowries, little shells in Africa used instead of money.

One day, when he was away on this business, the king again got angry with the Christians, and ordered that all of the leading ones should be killed. Samwell's name was found upon the list. As he came back he heard of the death that was awaiting him. That night, when it was quite dark, the missionary was awakened by a low knocking at the door. It was Samwell and his friends, come to know what he should do. Should he run away, or must he go and hand over the money he had collected? After a silence the missionary said: "Tell me what you think?"

Looking up, Samwell replied: "My friend, I cannot leave the things of the king."

His friends earnestly begged him to fly, but the missionary said, "No, he is right, He has spoken well; he must deliver up the money."

They all knelt down in prayer together, the missionary wondering sadly if he should ever see the young hero again.

"My friend, I will try to start early, and leave the cowries with the chief," said the lad, as he set off; "but I fear my carriers

will not be ready till after daylight, and if I am seen I shall be caught. Good-bye."

But God kept him. He went boldly to the chief's hut, put down his cowries and walked away. He went a few nights after to tell the missionary, who said: "You ran when you got outside!"

"No, my friend, for I should have been noticed at once. I walked quite slowly until I got out of sight, and then I ran as fast as I could, and so I escaped."

This is a true story, taken from Mr. Ashe's book, "Two Kings of Uganda." It shows the love of Christ can make a boy brave to do his duty even in the face of danger and death. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."

GOOD FOR EVIL.

A PROMINENT lawyer relates to a correspondent of the New York Sun, that many years ago, while he was Attorney-General of Missouri, he happened to be in Governor Steward's office, when a convict was brought in from the penitentiary to receive a pardon at the Governor's hands. The convict was a "steam-boat man," a large, powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class.

The Governor looked at the man and seemed strangely affected, scrutinizing him long and closely. Then he signed the document which restored him to liberty; but before handing it to him, he said:

"You will commit some other crime, I fear, and soon be back in the penitentiary."

The man protested solemnly that such a thing should never happen. The Governor looked doubtful, and after a few moments said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again I suppose?"

The man said, yes, that was his intention. "Well I want you to promise me one thing," continued the Governor. "I want you to promise me your word that when you are a mate again you will never take a billet of wood and drive a poor sick boy out of his bunk to help you to load your boat on a stormy night."

The man answered that he never would, and seemed surprised. He inquired why the Governor requested such a pledge.

"Because," said Governor Steward, "some day that boy may become governor, and you may want him to pardon you for some crime. One black, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi River to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis; but he was very sick of a fever, and was lying on his bunk. You had men enough to do the work, but you went to him with a stick of wood in your hand, drove him on deck with blows and curses, and kept him toiling like a slave till the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of so brutal an act."

The prisoner took the pardon, covered his face and went out.

BOOKS AS FRIENDS.

A GENTLEMAN received a call one afternoon from a lad of twelve. The conversation soon turned on books, and together they examined the gentleman's library. It did not take long to discover that the lad's taste led him to select a trashy kind of fiction that was untrue and misleading.

"I should like to have you feel free to use my books, Harry, and I don't think you can complain of any lack of interest in this book," said the host, selecting one of a series of young folks' histories and reading a page or two as a sample. Harry listened with open ears to the story of the battle of Marathon and the overwhelming defeat of the Persians by the brave little band of Greeks.

"Yes, I think I shall like that," he said, thanking his host when the reading was finished.

In less than a week he returned for another volume, and did not stop until he had finished the series. By that time he had acquired the habit of reading, and he continued the course in history that he had begun. It was a small thing that turned this boy from the companionship of dangerous books to that of interesting and, at the same time, instructive books. It certainly is true that you can form "bad companionship" in your books as well as in your friends.

Beyond all question, a low, disreputable book does more injury than we think. Somehow the printed page carries with it the feeling that what is said by it must be true. It is this subtle influence that does the greatest harm.

There is no need to despair, however, for the charm of a good book is keenly felt by young readers. It is a duty we owe ourselves to make as wise a choice of the books we read as we would of the persons we call our "friends."

CIGARETTES.

THE use of cigarettes by boys and young men is on the increase. It has even gone so far that girls and women old enough to know better indulge themselves in this way.

Perhaps some may not be familiar with materials used to make cigarettes, and the following, from a New York paper, will be somewhat of a revelation to them.

A little red-headed Italian boy, who gave his name as Francis Chicabau, and who said he was eight years old, was brought before Justice White at the Harlem Police Court recently, charged with being a vagrant. He was barefooted and had on ragged clothing. He spoke English very imperfectly. The officer said he found the boy gathering cigar-stumps from the gutter and sidewalks, and showed Justice White a basket half filled with the butts of old cigars covered with mud and water-soaked.

"What do you do with them?" asked the justice.

"I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound," replied the boy; "but I don't know his name, and they are used in making cigarettes, like they sell in all the stores."

The officer corroborated the child's statement, and said that there were many boys and girls scouring the city in search of stumps and half-smoked cigars. These were first dried and then sold to various persons who used them in making cigarettes.

A YOUNG MAN'S LAMENT.

A KIND-HEARTED, sympathetic physician sat by the bed-side of a young man to whom he had been summoned on a professional visit. After considering the patient's case, he frankly informed him that his time for this world was short.

The invalid was alarmed, he had not anticipated death so near. He did not remember that the pale horse and rider come "in such an hour as ye think not." Looking up into the doctor's face with a despairing expression he said:

"I have missed it at last."
"What have you missed?" was the inquiry.

"I have missed it at last," he repeated.

"Missed what?"

"Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul!"

"Ah! say not so; it is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?"

"I do; and I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost, 'Go thy way,' but I did. And now he is saying to me, 'Go thy way.'"

While lying there gasping, and looking with a vacant, staring eye, he continued in substance:

"I was awakened and anxious about my soul, but I did not then want to be saved. Something seemed to say, 'Don't put it off, make sure of salvation.' I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it, until I had promised that I would take it up again, at a time not remote, and more favourable. I bargained away, resisted and insulted the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I neglected to make my salvation sure, and now I have missed it at last."

"You remember," suggested the physician, that there were some who came at the eleventh hour."

"My eleventh hour," he replied, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost. Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather, a straw—undone forever."

Soon he raised his head, looked around the room, turning his eyes in every direction, and burying his face in the pillow, and cried out in agony, "I have missed it at last." And thus he passed away.

Teach Me Thy Way.

THE dark comes down ere it be late;
I stand amid the shades and wait,
Not knowing whether left or right
Will bring me to the open gate
Where I can pass to home and light.
O God, with whom is endless day,
Guide thou my steps; teach me thy way.

I am alone. But, onward borne,
With weary feet and banners torn,
What hosts have travelled where I go,
Laden and lonely, weak and worn,
Whom thou hast made thy will to know!
Lord, be thus merciful to me;
For as they cried, I cried to thee.

Bid the light shine; and call me where
Thy presence fills the strengthening air,
And wisdom, justice, love, and peace
Make all thy world serene and fair,
And righteousness and joy increase.
This is the goal. But far I stray;
Oh, bring me back. Teach me thy way.

The distant lights like beacons shine;
The city they illumine is mine;
The friends I love are gathered there.
Give me thy help, O Guide divine,
For hope and faith are in my prayer;
And morn will break and I shall stand,
At daybreak in my fatherland.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XIV.—MRS. LINNETT'S LODGINGS.

JOHN DUDLEY went away with a heavier heart than when he came to bring good news of Roger. If one boy was saved, the other seemed irretrievably lost. He knew too well one inevitable result of sending boys to prison,—the forfeiture of their only wealth, the wealth of a good name. If David came out of jail neither degraded nor corrupted by contact with confirmed criminals,—a thing he hardly dared to hope,—he would still bear about with him, at the very beginning of his life, the stigma of being a convict and a felon!

Dudley's blood boiled and his heart ached with mingled indignation and sorrow, as he paced slowly along the narrow and dirty street which had been at once David Fell's school and playground. Scarcely a decent man or woman met his eye, and his ear heard oaths and speeches such as had been the common language surrounding David from his earliest childhood. Yet what had the boy been guilty of? Untaught, untrained, with no instruction but the vile and coarse lessons of a London slum, he had kept true to the only faith he had,—his faith in an honest and industrious father. He had striven to his utmost to be honest and industrious, and he had not failed. His crimes had been—begging for his mother when she was dying of hunger; and resenting—hotly, perhaps, but bravely—an insult to his mother's good name, when that was maligned by the man who had robbed her.

Misery and degradation and crime lay all about Dudley as he turned homewards; and for the moment it seemed a hopeless task to endeavour to raise this dead mass of a city's lowest population from its ignorance and savagery. And what if the law did not aid him? If the best of these young barbarians, yielding to his natural instincts, broke the laws he did not know, and was arrested by a Christian people, not to be wisely and gently dealt with, but to be set forevermore against society, every man's hand against him, and his hand against every man, what chance was there for him and his fellow-labourers to work any deliverance?

John Dudley paced along the streets, deep in thought, yet taking unconscious notice of the groups of loafing, ill-fed, ill-clad lads who thronged the causeways. He had known boys and girls under fifteen years of age sent to jail for breaking down a rotten fence; for throwing a stone, and unintentionally breaking a window; for snatching an apple off a stall, or a penny loaf out of a baker's shop; or for stealing a few turnips from a field, and a handful of corn from a sheaf.

By and-by his thoughts turned to old Euclid. It was quite plain that he must move away from his garret, now Blackett's hatred was so greatly provoked. But where must he go? Could nothing better be found than that miserable attic, with its thin roof of slates and lath-and-plaster ceiling, as the sole shelter against the frosts and snows of winter and the hot sun of summer? No wonder that girl looked like a ghost, with her small, wan face, and emaciated frame! Could nothing be done for them?

At last his face brightened, and he turned

hastily southwards, towards the river. He went on nearly to the docks, and then entered a short and quiet street. A fresh breeze blew up from the water, chilly enough this February night, but giving promise of a pleasant air on a summer's day. He paused at a little shop with miscellaneous wares displayed in a bay-window with small panes, and with a door divided across the middle, the upper part of which was open. As he pushed open the lower part, a sharp little bell tinkled loudly, and in an instant an elderly woman appeared in the doorway of an inner room.

"I'm coming in, Mrs. Linnett," he said. The small kitchen beyond the shop was scantily furnished with an arm-chair cushioned with home-made patchwork, two Windsor chairs, a table, and a kitchen piece, combining a chest of drawers with a cupboard. But the walls were decorated with many cheap foreign curiosities; and over the fireplace hung a highly-coloured engraving of a three-master, all sails full set, and four little black figures, representing the crew, standing at equal distances along the bulwarks. A burning mountain in the distance, in a terrific state of eruption, and the intense blue of the sea and sky, suggested the Bay of Naples. Underneath were the words,—"*Barque Jemima*; master, Thomas Linnett."

There was no light in the little kitchen, except that of the fire; but there was enough to show the placid and pleasant face of Mrs. Linnett, though it was partially concealed by a green shade over her eyes. John Dudley smiled as he looked at her.

"I think I've found you a little maid," he said, "and a lodger, if I pay a small portion of his rent. He's an honest old fellow, or I'm much mistaken; and he gets his living by selling water-cresses."

"It's a poor trade," remarked Mrs. Linnett tranquilly.

"He's as poor as a man can be, and keep off the parish," continued Mr. Dudley; "and he has a daughter very sickly, who will grow well and happy with a little mothering such as you will give her. And there's a strong, bright girl, whom they have adopted, and who is the little maid I spoke of."

"Three of 'em!" said Mrs. Linnett.

"You like to have plenty of folks about you," he answered persuasively; "and by-and-by the elder girl will help you to keep shop, and Bess will clean and scrub, and you will be at leisure to be my Bible-woman. You shall teach sick and miserable people what you know about God and our Lord Jesus Christ."

"And them three,—do they know?" inquired Mrs. Linnett.

"They know nothing," he said. "None of them can read, and the old man has only one idea in his head,—how he can keep off the parish, and bury his children and himself in coffins of their own. Try them, Mrs. Linnett. Old Euclid goes to the market every morning, and Bess might still go with him, and bring back a basketful of fruit or vegetables for the shop fresh every day. Only promise me to try them."

"You were pretty sure o' that afore you came in, Mr. Dudley," she answered, with a quiet laugh. "I couldn't say 'no' to you, as befriended me when Thomas Linnett died away at sea. Where would my twenty pounds a year ha' been but for you? There's the front room upstairs, and a closet as'll do for the old man to sleep in, and Bess'll sleep with me. I've kep' them for old shipmates o' Thomas Linnett's; but they'll find lodgings close by, and my heart goes after those two young lasses as have everything to learn. They'll fill up my spare time when trade's slack."

"How often is trade slack?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"Not as often as you'd think, sir," she said cheerfully. "Bein' so handy to the docks, there's always some old mate or other droppin' in as knew Thomas Linnett. They step in here, or, if it's fine, they sit on the counter, and we talk of old times on the *Jemima*; and most of 'em 'ud spend more money in the shop than I let 'em. Some of 'em leave their money with me for safety, and I've six or seven sea-chests in my room to be took care of. So there's not so much slack time for me as you'd suppose."

Old Euclid visited the new lodgings proposed to him the next day; for there was no time to be lost. Some caution was necessary in making the move, so as to leave no clue by which Blackett could trace them. To make sure of perfect security, the old bedsteads once belonging to Mrs. Fell were privately disposed of, as well as the broken chair and empty boxes. The rest of their possessions were packed up, and stealthily conveyed downstairs at four o'clock in the morning, Euclid's usual hour for being about; and a hand-truck, sent by John Dudley, quietly carried them off. Later in the morning, Victoria, pale and trembling, descended the familiar staircase for the last time, and, clinging to Bess, passed Blackett's open door.

He scowled at them as they went by, and muttered an oath; but he did not rise up to follow them. When they had safely gained the corner of the street, a cab took them up, and set them down at Mrs. Linnett's door.

One of the many old shipmates who had sailed in the *Jemima* with Thomas Linnett, had papered the front room with a cheerful paper of red roses, and had festooned the window with strings of some foreign beans of a bright scarlet. The old egg-shaped grate, with high hobs, had been polished till it glittered in the firelight. Victoria's bed stood in the corner, ready-made; and Euclid's was also ready in a little closet opening at the top of the narrow stairs. Over the chimney-piece hung an oval looking-glass, cracked across the middle, which had once belonged to some ship's cabin, and had found its way into Mrs. Linnett's possession; and on each side of it was a picture in black frame. Victoria stood on the threshold of this sumptuous dwelling-place, gazing at it with wondering eyes, till she suddenly broke down into tears.

"Oh, it's too grand!" she sobbed. "We can never pay the rent here."

"To be sure you can," said Mrs. Linnett, soothing her tenderly. "And by-and-by you'll more than pay the rent, my dear, when you are strong enough to help me in the shop; and that won't be long, my poor precious! There's the fresh breeze blowing off the river; that'll make you strong. And there's me to look after you, poor dear, that never knew what it is to have a mother! And father'll be as happy as a king to see you picking up your roses. And there's Bess—why she'll be as good as a fortune to me, I know; she'll save my old legs and arms so. And it's a mile nigher to the market; and Bess shall go and buy me apples and oranges and green-grocery for the shop; and we'll sell all the cresses as Mr. Euclid brings home of an evening. And you'll see if he doesn't more than pay the rent!"

(To be continued.)

THE CHANGED COMPOSITION.

BY RUTH ABBOTT.

"WHAT is a forger, father?" asked Harold Boies, as he looked up from his book one night.

"A forger," said Mr. Boies. "I never hear that word without thinking of something that happened when I was thirteen years old."

"Just my age," exclaimed Harold, all interest in his book forgotten in his eagerness to hear one of his father's stories. "Do tell me about it."

Mr. Boies laid down his evening paper, and turned with a sober face to his son.

"Harold," he said "it is something I have wished for years I could forget, but I suppose I never shall. You know, I was a mischievous lad and was happiest when playing all sorts of pranks; but the only really serious result of my sport occurred, as I said when I was about your age. My mother never sent my sister and me to public school, but she taught us herself until we were prepared for college. One winter my little cousin Jennie was sent to our home in the sunny South, hoping the warmer climate would benefit her, for she was a delicate child of ten. She and sister were such good friends that I began to think that Mary was learning to love Jennie better than she did me, and I can remember how angry I used to feel, and how, in many ways, I teased that poor child.

"One evening mother had us all hand in our compositions. For over two weeks we had toiled over the task, and at last it was ended. Mother was to look them over before school-time next morning, when we were to meet and read them. Our subjects were a great secret, and no one was to know anything about them till the morning they were read. So, when the papers were in mother's hands we were eager for the time to come so we could hear the 'stories,' as we called them. That night, I can't tell how it ever happened, but I must have been just wicked. I slipped down to mother's desk in the school-room and found she had left the compositions just where we had put them. I took sister's and Jennie's, and went back to my room. No one heard me, and I didn't stop to think how bad my plan was. Anything to annoy Jennie was all I seemed to care about.

"I could imitate handwriting unusually well, so I deliberately copied sister's composition in Jennie's handwriting, signed her name to it, and then put all the papers back on mother's desk as they had been, except Jennie's own, which I hid. At

school-time next morning we three met mother, who had read over our work. She seemed sober and quite unlike herself, and the girls did not understand what was the matter, but I guessed she would have something to say about Jennie's fraud.

"Sister's story was about something that had happened in our home before Jennie came to us, so Jennie couldn't possibly have known about it, yet there was her own handwriting and all. Mother talked long and earnestly about the wickedness of deceit, of defrauding others, and how such sins led to forgery in business and great crimes and sorrows. Even now I can see how Jennie looked, her face growing white as she clasped her hands and said, 'O auntie, truly I didn't do it. That isn't my story at all.' Oh, it was terrible. Well, to make a long story short, Jennie went to her room sobbing, and when she didn't come to dinner, mother went after her. She found Jennie in a high fever, tossing on her bed and crying in her delirium, 'Oh, I didn't do it. It wasn't mine.' She was sick a long while, and for a time we feared she would die. I can't tell you how I felt. It was too dreadful. Of course I couldn't stand it, and when Jennie was better and could talk, mother told her how it happened, how sorry I was, and how I wanted to ask her forgiveness. The dear girl held out her thin, white hand as I went into her room, and before I could say a word she said: 'It's all right, cousin, don't worry;' and then with an attempt to cheer me up, she added, 'You'll make a nice forger when you're a man.' I can remember just as well as if it happened only yesterday, how I answered her with a single word, 'Never.' She laughed at my vehemence and declared 'That word must weigh a ton,' but to me it was no joking matter then. Ever since I have had a horror of copying anything that would in any way defraud another, or wrong my own sense of justice."

When Mr. Boies had finished his story and turned to finish reading his evening paper, Harold sat for some time quietly thinking. His active conscience recalled several examinations in school where he had not been strictly honest. He thought of the essay he had paid another boy to write for him, and how deceitfully he had handed it in as his own. At last, when he had made the firm resolution to be true to himself, no matter what happened, it suddenly occurred to him that he hadn't spoken to his father since the story was finished. He simply said, "Father, I'm glad you told me that story." Mr. Boies, with rare tact, smiled but said nothing, for he knew Harold's earnestness meant a new determination not to be a "forger."—*Junior Herald.*

JUNIOR LEAGUE WORK.

THE interest in work for the children by the League is the chief feature of our Epworth movement to-day. The rise of Junior Leagues is rapid. They are found now in every part of the country. This department does a work not attempted by the Sunday-school. It fills a hitherto unoccupied place. It is a fitting supply to a great demand. We give at this time a few instances of successful junior work:

Mrs. Luther Freeman writes in this interesting way:

"Our Junior League has a membership of forty-five. The meetings are held Tuesdays at the close of school. Forty badges have been sold. We have no age limitations whatever. Our meeting opens with singing and reciting in concert either the first or twenty-third Psalm, the Apostles' Creed or a verse containing the twelve Apostles. After the roll-call the leader gives a little talk, sometimes about some Bible story or some incident of the week. Following this are the testimonies of the children and then a prayer service during which all kneel. Many of the Junior League are here beginning to pray publicly. The last few minutes before closing the programme varies. We often have some one take a Bible character, and by questions we seek to find out who it is. Some days we have a story read or a piece spoken, and after our secretary's report is read, our new members recognized and our various committees heard from, we close with singing."

THERE is a New England woman whose pastor recently asked after her health. Her reply was: "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterwards."



JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.—[GEN. 37, 25-38.]

When Christians Vote as They Pray.

TUNE—"Sweet By-and-Bye."

THERE'S a time that's coming at last—
Oh! hasten the long looked for day,
When the rum fiend no shackles can cast
For all Christians will vote as they pray.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-bye,
We shall welcome that beautiful day,
In the sweet by-and-bye,
When all Christians shall vote as they
pray.

When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away,
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

And the prison shall close every door,
And the poor-house tenanted stand;
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

When the Church and the State shall arise,
In the strength of their virtue and might,
And improve every moment that flies,
In their daring to vote for the right.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHING.

B.C. 1729.] LESSON III. [April 15.]

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

Gen. 37. 23-36. Memory verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good.—Gen. 50. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Missing Son, v. 23-30.
2. The Mourning Father, v. 31-36.

PLACES.—Dothan; Egypt; Hebron.

RULERS.

The Pharaohs in Egypt, probably of "the Shepherd-King dynasty."

CONNECTING LINKS.

1. Jacob sends Joseph to inquire concerning his brothers. 2. He finds them at Dothan, and they conspire to kill him, but Reuben saves his life.

EXPLANATIONS.

"His coat of many colours"—The token of his father's favoritism. "The pit was empty"—This was a cistern or well dug to catch and preserve the rain water, and, at this season was dry. "A company of Ishmaelites"—A travelling company, or caravan, on the way to Egypt. One of the indications of the early development of commercial pursuits. These men were distantly related to Jacob's sons. "Spicery, and balm and myrrh"—Gums from trees in the mountains of Gilead, highly prized by the Egyptians for their uses in the arts. "Twenty pieces of silver"—Probably not coin; but bars, or cut pieces of silver. There were

ten brothers, and two bars for each. "Reuben returned unto the pit"—This shows that considerable time had elapsed since the beginning of this story, and Reuben, being away with the flocks, did not know of the caravan and the sale. But he seems to have joined the rest in lying to his father, and probably took his two bars of silver. "Rent his clothes"—Tore down toward the lower hem of his skirt. A common sign of grief. "Sackcloth"—The customary sign of mourning. "All his daughters"—Dinah is the only daughter whose birth is mentioned; but there were probably others, and the wives of the sons may have been included.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Joseph sold into Egypt.—Gen. 37. 23-36.
Tu. The conspiracy.—Gen. 37. 13-22.
W. The Lord with Joseph.—Gen. 39. 1-6.
Th. Sent before.—Psalm 105. 16-22.
F. Trust and rest.—Psalm 37. 1-13.
S. Not forgotten.—Matt. 10. 21-31.
Su. Suffering wrongfully.—1 Peter 3. 8-17.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The fruits of hatred?
2. The fruits of lying?
3. That sin is progressive?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the result of Jacob's special love for his son Joseph? "The envy of his brethren." 2. What great wrong did his brethren do to Joseph? "They sold him as a slave." 3. Where was Joseph taken? "Into Egypt." 4. How did his brothers deceive their father? "By dipping Joseph's coat in blood." 5. What did Jacob suppose when he saw the garment? "That Joseph was torn in pieces." 6. What is the Golden Text? "Ye thought evil," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human depravity.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What does the Gospel promise?

The Gospel is the promise of God to pardon, sanctify, and save from eternal destruction all who, according to his commands, repent and believe on his Son.

Who were the first preachers of the Gospel?

The apostles of our Lord, whom he called to be witnesses to both Jews and Gentiles of his resurrection.

ROCK OF AGES.

ONE of our missionaries in the south land related, a few years ago, a bit of her experience among some of the dwellers of the neglected portions of the mountain region. Towards the close of a beautiful day she and her husband came in their carry-all to a large clearing among the pines. A man clad in faded blue cotton jeans and a straw hat, and in his bare feet, stood in the field leaning on his hoe. They reined up their horses and entered into conversation with him. "Did he go to church?" "No." "Could he read?" "No." He said that some years ago he had heard a man preach, but hadn't heard a sermon since. "Would he like to have them read of Jesus to him?" They read some pas-

sages from the life of Christ to which he attentively listened. He then said he had heard sung a "new song" which had sounded "awful good." "What was the new song?" He couldn't remember. Mrs. M. then sang, "Shall we gather at the river?" "The ninety and nine," and several other popular favorites, but none of them was the "new song." Finally, before bidding him good-bye, she began, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Suddenly he cried out, "Lady, that's the new song!" She sung it all through for him, the tears gathering in his eyes as the simple hymn touched his heart. As they drove away they heard him repeating, "Yes, that's the new song, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'" The sunset hour, the shadow of the tall pines, the sweet-voiced woman singing of Jesus to the hungry-hearted mountaineer the "new song," affords a rare picture, such as Raphael or Titian have never painted.—*Christian Standard.*

BOTTLED KINDNESS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"CAPTAIN NED," the children called him, for his father, a sea captain, had taken the motherless lad with him on so many of his voyages that Ned was quite a sailor. His appearance on the lawn was sufficient to stop any ordinary game of tennis or croquet while the children gathered around him to hear of the strange lands he had visited, and the adventures he had met.

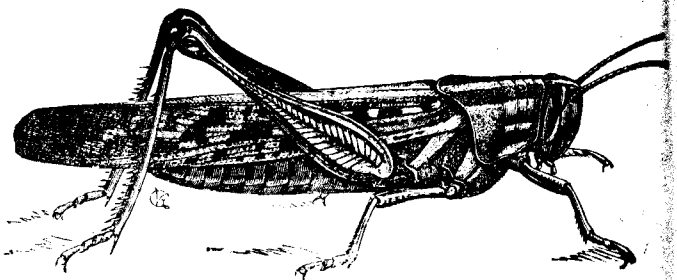
"Storms?" he said, in answer to Mabel's question. "Oh yes, but I don't know that I was ever in any great danger of shipwreck, though I'll always remember one time when I thought I was. I didn't know so much about the sea as I've learned since, and I thought we'd surely go down—the sky was so dark, the wind went whistling by us and the waves were fearfully high. It was queer, but the thing that troubled me most was something cross I'd said to Dick a little while before I left home—Aunt Mary's, you know. I'd meant to give him my football, too, but after our spat I didn't do it. Well, it seemed as if I couldn't bear to think of Dick never knowing I didn't mean what I said, and never having what I intended to give him. I liked all the cousins, but Dick was my special chum, and I knew how he'd feel when he heard our vessel had gone down. I couldn't bear to not say good-bye to Dick and fix things straight. Then I remembered about messages from ships sometimes being found in bottles that are washed ashore, and I thought I'd try it. I didn't write but a few lines—everything was pitching so—but I told Dick what I wanted to, and marked his address on the paper very plainly. Then I sealed the bottle and threw it overboard. We were about a thousand miles out from New York, then."

"Well?" said Mabel, questioningly.

Ned laughed.

"I don't need to tell you that the *Laurel* wasn't wrecked, do I? The storm was over in a few hours, we had a safe voyage, and had been home several weeks when, one day Dick received a letter inclosing my message. Someone had found it and forwarded it as requested. The cousins keep it as a curiosity, but Aunt Mary has twisted it into a proverb, and whenever there is any good thing that ought to be done—a letter written, or visit paid, or some kindness shown—she always says: "Do it right away; don't wait till you have to bottle it."

A LITTLE Massachusetts boy, who deserves election to the Law and Order League, recently printed a sign and fastened it on one of the posts of the front piazza. The sign read: "No smokeness, nor drunkenness, nor swear-words, nor wickedness 'round this house." "Of course we don't do such things," said little Master Virtue, "but I thought it would be good to have the sign up there for the tin-peddlers and the visitors to read."



THE LOCUST.

THE LOCUST.

THERE are two insects which we read of in Scripture as being used as instruments of divine punishment, the hornet and the locust. The above picture is a representation of the latter, a species which chiefly makes its home in the East. The Arabs who are well acquainted with the terrible ravages made by these insects, claim that the spots and markings on its wings are a statement in good Arabic, that the insects are avenging armies of the Deity. However, this may be, we know that they appear in such numbers as to block a river and impede the progress of travellers. The male produces a shrill noise by rubbing the hind legs over the projecting veins of the wing, on the same principle as a bow is drawn over the strings of a violin.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Has he come to you, and to you, and to you, dear little ones? If he has, how glad you must be! For the Holy Child could not enter your heart without making it light and clean and sweet, could he? If he has not come, why is it? Be sure he wants to come and live in your little heart! Open the door this very hour, and let him in. Remember it is your enemy, Satan, that wants you to keep him out, and do not listen to him any longer. Will you not say to him now:

"Jesus, thou art great and high,
Just a little child am I;
But I come at thy dear call,
Give to thee my little all."

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