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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1896.

[No. 23.]

Mother's Boys.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The trace of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides

Where I must stand watchful each night;
While you can go out in your carriage,
And shine in your dresses so bright.
Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet would not change places with you.
No! Keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure—
But leave me my four noble boys!

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER VI.

Next morning a gaily train set out from the gates of Nathan ben Obed. It was near the time of the feast of the Passover, and he, with many of his household, was going down to Jerusalem.

The family and guests went first on mules and asses. Behind them followed a train of servants, driving the lambs, goats, and oxen to be offered as sacrifices in the temple, or sold in Jerusalem to other pilgrims.

All along the highway, workmen were busy repairing the bridges, and cleaning the springs and wells, soon to be used by the throngs of travellers.

All the tombs near the great thoroughfares were being freshly white-washed; they gleamed with a dazzling purity through the green trees, only to warn passers-by of the dead within. For had these on their way to the feast approached too near these homes of the dead, even unconsciously, they would have been accounted unclean, and unfit to partake of the Passover. Nothing escaped Joel's quick sight, from the tulips and marigolds flaming in the fields, to the bright-eyed little viper crawling along the stone wall.



SHEIK'S TOMB—"A WH TE SEP' LCHRE."

But while he looked, he never lost a word that passed between his friend Phineas and their host. The pride of an ancient nation took possession of him as he listened to the prophecies they quoted.

Every one they met along the way coming from Capernaum had something to say about this new prophet who had arisen in Galilee. When they reached the gate of the city, a great disappointment awaited them. He had been there, and gone again.

Nathan ben Obed and his train tarried only one night in the place, and then pressed on again toward Jerusalem. Phineas went with them.

"You shall go with us next year," he said to Joel; "then you will be over twelve. I shall take my own little ones too, and their mother."

"Only one more year," exclaimed Joel, joyfully. "If that passes as quickly as the one just gone, it will soon be here."

"Look after my little family," said the carpenter, at parting. "Come every day

to the work, if you wish, just as when I am here; and remember, my lad, you are almost a man."

Almost a man! The words rang in the boy's thoughts all day as he pounded and cut, keeping time to the swinging motion of hammer and saw. Almost a man! But what kind of one? Crippled and maimed, shorn of the strength that should have been his pride, beggared of his priestly birthright.

Almost, it might be, but never in its fulness, could he hope to attain the proud stature of a perfect man.

A fiercer hate sprang up for the enemy who had made him what he was, and the wild burning for revenge filled him so he could not work. He put away his tools, and went up the narrow outside stairway that led to the flat roof of the carpenter's house. It was called the "upper chamber." Here a latticed pavilion, thickly overgrown with vines, made a cool retreat where he might rest and think undisturbed.

Sitting there, he could see the flash of white sails on the blue lake, and slow moving masses of fleecy clouds in the blue of the sky above. They brought before him the picture of the flocks feeding on the pastures of Nathan ben Obed.

Then, naturally enough, there flashed through his mind a thought of Buz. He seemed to see him squinting his little eyes to take aim at a leaf overhead. He heard the stone whir through it, as Buz said. "I'd blind him!"

Some very impossible plans crept into Joel's day-dreams just then. He imagined himself sitting in a high seat, wrapped in robes of state; soldiers stood around him to carry out his slightest wish. The door would open and Rehun would be brought forth in fetters.

"What is your will concerning the prisoner, O most gracious sovereign," the gaoler would ask.

Joel closed his eyes, and waved his hand before an imaginary audience. "Away with him,—to the torture! Wrench his limbs on the rack! Brand his eyelids with hot irons! Let him suffer all that man can suffer and live!

Thus shall it be done unto the man on whom the king delighteth to take vengeance!"

Joel was childish enough to take a real satisfaction in this scene he conjured up. But as it faded away, he was man enough to realize it could never come to pass, save in his imagination; he could never be in such a position for revenge, unless—

That moment a possible way seemed to open for him. Phineas would probably see his friend of Nazareth at the Passover. What could be more natural than that the old friendship should be renewed. He whose hand had changed the water into wine should finally cast out the alien king who usurped the throne of Israel, for one in whose veins the blood of David ran royal red,—what was more to be expected than that?

The Messiah would come to His kingdom, and then—and then—the thought leaped to its last daring limit.

Phineas, who had been his earliest friend and playfellow, would he not be lifted to the right hand of power? Through him, then, lay the royal road to revenge.

The thought lifted him unconsciously to his feet. He stood with his arms outstretched in the direction of the far-away Temple. Like some young prophet, David's cry of triumph rose to his lips. "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle," he murmured. "Thou hast also given me the necks of mine enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me!"

A sweet baby voice at the foot of the steps brought him suddenly down from the height of his intense feeling.

"Joel! Joel!" called little Ruth, "where is you?"

Then Jesse's voice added, "We're all a-coming up for you to tell us a story."

Up the stairs they swarmed to the roof, the carpenter's children and half a dozen of their little playmates.

Joel, with his head still in the clouds, told them of a mighty king who was coming to slay all other kings, and change all laws.



MOONLIGHT OVER GALILEE. TERRACE IN THE FOREGROUND.

—the waters of affliction—into the red wine of joy.

"H'm! I don't think much of that story," said Jesse, with out-spoken candour. "I'd rather hear about Goliath, or the bears that ate up the forty children."

But Joel was in no mood for such stories, just then. On some slight pretext he escaped from his exacting audience, and went down to the sea-shore. Here, skipping stones across the water, or writing idly in the sand, he was free to go on with his fascinating day-dreams.

For the next two weeks the boy gave up work entirely. He haunted the toll-gates and public streets, hoping to hear some startling news from Jerusalem. He was so full of the thought that some great revolution was about to take place, that he could not understand how people could be so indifferent. All on fire with the belief that this man of Nazareth was the one in whom lay the nation's hope, he looked and longed for the return of Phineas, that he might learn more of him.

But Phineas had little to tell when he came back. He had met his friend twice in Jerusalem,—the same gentle, quiet man he had always known, making no claims, working no wonders. Phineas had heard of his driving the money-changers out of the Temple one day, and those who sold doves in its sacred courts, although he had not witnessed the scene. The carpenter was rather surprised that He should have made such a public disturbance.

"Rabbi Phineas," said Joel, with a trembling voice, "don't you think your friend is the prophet we are expecting?" Phineas shook his head. "No, my lad, I am sure of it now."

"But the herald angels and the star," insisted the boy.

"They must have proclaimed some one else. He is the best man I ever knew; but there is no more of the king in his nature than there is in mine."

The man's positive answer seemed to shatter Joel's last hope. Downcast and disappointed, he went back to his work. Only with money could he accomplish his life's object, and only by incessant work could he earn the shining shekels that he needed.

Phineas wondered sometimes at the dogged persistence with which the child stuck to his task, in spite of his tired, aching body.

He had learned to make sandal-wood jewel-boxes, and fancifully wrought cups to hold the various dyes and cosmetics used by the ladies of the court.

Several times, during the following months, he begged a sail in come of the fishing boats that landed at the town of Tiberias. Having gained the favour of the keeper of the gates, by various little gifts of his own manufacture, he always found a ready admittance to the palace.

To the ladies of the court, the sums they paid for his pretty wares seemed trifling; but to Joel the small bag of coin hidden in the folds of his clothes was a little fortune, daily growing larger.

(To be continued.)

THE REAL WOMAN.

Some time ago one of our newspapers sent letters to several prominent people, asking them to define true womanhood. One of the best answers was sent by Mr. Jacob A. Riis, the author of a popular work on the poor of New York. He says:

"When I was a boy I thought that women were angels. Now that I have been married nineteen years, I know they are. That is the sum of my life's experience, and I ask of my boys no better assurance that they will never go far astray, than that they shall enter upon life with that conviction. Strong and beautiful angels they are to me; better, gentler, wiser in all their innocence of business and business ways than the rest of us. A woman wrote the story book I love the best of all I ever read—which I read yet whenever I can lay my hands upon it. Women undo with their hearts nine-tenths of the wrongs done in this world with the head. Woman knows how to comfort without a word where men waste—worse than waste—long sermons. A woman was my mother, is my sister, my wife. And two little women, as yet with baby bangles, are winding themselves about my heart roots closer every day."

Old Dame Cricket.

Old Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought up her children nine—
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps,
And brown little suits so fine.

"My children," she said,
"The birds are abed;
Go and make the dark earth glad;
Chirp while you can!"
And then she began,
Till, oh, what a concert they had!

They hopped with delight,
They chirped all night,
Singing, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!"
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear.

"Nice children," she said,
"And very well bred;
My darling have done their best;
Their naps they must take;
The birds are awake,
And they can sing all the rest."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1896.

"KEEP OFF THE DOWN GRADE."

Propriety and impropriety stand diametrically opposed the one to the other, to one of the twin all thought and its outcome, action, tends. We may, therefore, judge of the propriety or impropriety of the indulgence in tobacco, alcoholic drinks, dancing, card-playing, theatre going, etc.

The use of tobacco, especially in the young, exercises a disturbing, weakening influence. To whatever heights of excellence any one may attain, it will never be as high as it would have been without its use. The tendency of the continued use of tobacco is to enslave and weaken the will; self-control is frequently lost thereby, so that it becomes impossible to resist the temptation to indulgence if it is within reach, the craving therefor being painful to endure.

The smoker carries with him the consciousness that the habit renders him offensive, as revealed by the efforts made to sweeten his breath, to get out into the pure air to freshen his clothes and purge away his offensiveness. Railway companies build smoking cars to abate the nuisance, and street railways relegate the smokers to the back seats, or prohibit smoking because of its offensiveness, and even taverns provide smoking rooms to give the house an air of decency. Self-respect is lessened; no one but a smoker will entertain the same esteem for a man after he has discovered him to be the victim of the smoking or chewing habit. What respect is it possible to have for any man, woman, boy or girl whose

clothes, as they approach or pass you, exhale the stale, offensive fumes of tobacco; what right has any one who has rendered himself thus offensive to enter any place of public accommodation? If any one was to sprinkle himself with benzine or carbolic-acid, and then enter a street or railway car or public hall, the cry would go forth, Put him out! Put him out! The tobacco user should receive a like ovation, because he has wilfully rendered himself offensive and revealed no respect or consideration for the feelings of others. With a greater force do the preceding words apply to the use of alcoholic liquors. Wrecks! Wrecks! On! On! reeling along with accelerating speed, down, down, the down grade to the final plunge. Began in moderation, with the positive determination never to exceed that limit, and now hell opens wide its ponderous jaws to receive the victims. Yet men, women, boys and girls, thoughtlessly step on to the toboggan, alcohol, slow at the start; but wait a little, the smash will come, and who will be the victims?

The tendency of dancing is never towards increased morality, but, on the contrary, towards immorality. The whole history of the dance between the sexes reveals that tendency downwards, never upwards. In like manner the tendency of card-playing is not towards honesty and uprightness of character; no one would ever recommend card-playing to develop honesty and uprightness of character. "It won't work that way." Theatre going is most usually among the first steps of a downward course; no one ever ascends in the scale of morality by witnessing a play, a scene or recitation, of even a latent immoral character. What the minds or passions absorb they impart to their surroundings. "Plays" are usually more or less impregnated with vice, and gather together the vile of the earth. True, others may go there, and that tends to increase the evil, by giving it an air of respectability, enticing, inviting by their presence those who would shrink from the immodest aroma of the place.

The common expression is "tobacco," "drink," "cards," "dancing," and "theatres," wreck a man mighty quick.

What would you think of a man or woman who, if asked by any one, What must I do to attain to the highest degree of morality? (and no one should stop short of that) who would answer, Smoke, chew, drink a few glasses of wine, beer, brandy, or a little whiskey, turn about, take a hand at cards, attend "theatres," "balls," "dancing parties," and that will lead you out into and maintain you in the highest state of morality. Would any right-minded person tell any one who desired to retrace his steps from a downward path, to pursue the course just indicated? If not, why not? Would it not be equal to pouring oil on the fire of their inflamed appetites and passions? Would it not plunge them deeper and deeper into the mire and misery of mental and physical corruption?

There is startling impropriety in all these things, because the tendency of them is downward and never upward.—The Northerner.

A SAD MOTHER.

Mrs. Lewis was a widow. Tom was her only boy, and he was twelve years old—a manly little fellow. How his mother loved him! And how she planned and worked, hoping all the time that in the future Tom would be her comfort and stay!

But now Tom was growing bad very fast. Some bad boys had gained an influence over him, and his mother talked and reasoned with him in vain.

What did he do? Oh, he was learning to smoke, to break the Sabbath, to hang around street corners, and to disobey his mother!

Every one of them downward steps, you see. Poor Mrs. Lewis, how troubled she felt! One night she sat late over the fire, thinking and praying about it all. Tom was asleep upstairs. But he had bad dreams, and woke in a fright.

"Mother! Mother!" he called. But his mother did not hear. Then Tom hurried downstairs. But his mother was not in the room. Now he was frightened in earnest. Where could she

be? And suddenly the thought came. "What if I should lose my mother?" He pushed open the door of the sitting-room, and looked in. There she sat, her Bible in her lap, tears upon her white face.

"Mother! What is it?" cried Tom, in real distress. "What has happened?" "Oh, it is my boy!" cried the sad woman. "It is my dear boy. I am losing him, and it breaks my heart!"

Tom never forgot that night. For the first time in his life he caught a glimpse of his mother's deep love, and kneeling by her side, he promised God and his mother that he would be a good son from that hour.

And he was! That was the turning-point in his young life. He saw that mother's love was better than fun, he it ever so funny, and he vowed that mother's wishes should be his law from that time.

Tom is a man now, and, boys, we wish you to know what a grand man he is! And his mother—what a happy woman she is!—Selected.

THAT LITTLE FABLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"I saw a disgusting sight just now," said Mr. Lucas, as he entered the house. "I saw little Terry Smith marching along, cigar in mouth; and young Phil Tomkins, with his cheek stuck out with a quid. Don't let me see one of my boys at such work. Tobacco is ruinous to boys!"

"Oo 'mokes!" quoth little Neil, laying down her dolly.

"Oh!—why—I'm a man, pet. It's different."

Mrs. Lucas smiled to herself over her work. Fred was so busy studying, of course he had not heard a word. He looked up presently.

"Father, I'm coming on fine in Latin. I got this fable in ten minutes. Let me read it: Cancer dicebat filio—a crab said to his son, Mi fili, ne sic—my son, do not always walk with crooked steps, but walk straight. Cui ille, Mi pater, respondit—to whom he replied: My father, right gladly will I follow thy commands—si te prius idem facientem videro—if first I shall see you doing the same thing—"

"I know the rest," interrupted Mr. Lucas. "This fable teaches that youth is instructed by nothing so much as by example. Harriet, give me that pipe and tobacco-box, and we will have a little bonfire. Henceforth, I shall say to my boys not 'go,' but 'come.' I hope I know my duty as a father—and want to do it."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 14, 1896.

God on our side.—Psalm 27. 1-3.

Verse 1. The path of life is sometimes dark and obscure, and the traveller cannot see the way in which he should go, but God is the light of those who fear him. Christ says respecting himself, "I am the Light of the world." The sun, the orb of day, makes all darkness disappear, and so Jesus, the sun of righteousness, rises with healing in his wings, and disperses all the gloom which may enshroud our path, and give us to see more clearly the path we are to travel.

GOD IS ALSO SALVATION.

Salvation implies danger, from which the traveller has been rescued. When the Israelites were in fearful danger at the Red Sea, God commanded Moses what to do, and soon a way of safety appeared before them. So God always comes to the rescue of his people who are in trouble. The Psalmist asks a question. "Of whom shall I be afraid?" Why should we be afraid when he who is for us is more than all that can be against us.

EXULTATION.

Verses 2 and 3 are the language of triumph. Wicked men will always be the foes of good people, and are sometimes boastful as to what they intend to do, but the writer before us has no fear even though an host should combine for his destruction. Read the verses carefully.

Nobody's Child.

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare, cold
feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and
dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare
head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so
wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things
bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful gl-e,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?

Oh, what shall I do when the nig-
comes down
In this terrible blackness all over the
town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the wintry
sky,
On the cold, hard pavement alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers
have said,
And mamma has tucked them up
snuggly in bed?
No dear mother ever upon me smiled,
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's
child?

No father, no mother, no sister, no one
in all the world loves; e'en the little dogs
run
When I wander too near them; 'tis won-
drous to see
How everything shrinks from a beggar
like me!
Perhaps it's a dream; but sometimes
when I lie,
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright
star,
I fancy the beautiful gates ajar;
And a host of shining, white-robed things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild
bird—
The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear, pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame.
And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home
above.
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue
eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary
night
I'm going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms
so wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's
child.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT

The following, which first appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with. If true, it was a very remarkable case; and if merely imaginative, it is very suggestive:

There is a family in this city who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for all the present sunshine of their lives. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden—so dreadful—when the grave family physician called them together in the parlour, and, in his solemn professional way, intimated to them the truth—there was no hope.

Then the question arose among them, Who would tell her? Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband, who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with un-noticed by them all, and asked gravely: "Is mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbours were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly

noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed, and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor, an' papa, an' gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear, 'till mamma, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'till you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid?"

"Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma. 'cep hold my hand an', an' when you open 'em, mamma, it 'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

"Hu-s-h! My mamma doin' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell—no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke, she had passed beyond; and, as baby Charlie said, "It was all light there."

DIVIDING OUR TIME.

Many a young convert is troubled over this question: "How much time must I give to religion, and how much may I use for the world?" He would, with his present feelings, give all his waking hours to God; but he has duties and necessities that compel him to spend many hours every day in work or business, and he seems to himself thus robbing God.

Now the question he asks, nobody can answer except by saying, "Give God all your time." And it seems to him, when his friends tell him that, that they are mocking him; and when the Scriptures tell him the same, that is a riddle he cannot solve.

Let us have a Socratic conversation upon this matter.

"Does God appoint us any work—actual bodily labour—to do?"

"Yes."

"Then, is there any sin in doing what God appoints?"

"No."

"Then we have reached the conclusion that all labour is not sin. Is God always present with his children?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you are a child of God, will God be always present with you?"

"Yes."

"In your hours of labour, as well as in your hours of worship?"

"It must be."

"And is he not always pleased when we do what he commands us?"

"Yes."

"Then, when we are enjoined always to have the Lord with us, and when God promises to be always with us, must it not follow that we do not need to divide our time between God and the world, but have God with us all the time? If we can make him, as it were, the senior partner in our business, or the overseer of our labour, shall we not feel that we must do honest business, and do reliable work? Then we need not, and must not, toil so as to unfit ourselves for converse with him who goes with us to our daily duties, and is greatly interested in our worldly affairs."

Thus, if we set rightly about it, we do not need to divide our time: we can give it all to God.—Selected.

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A sweet and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys by accident threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instrument, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then, kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour, and he will hear every child that calls on his name. Every pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.

SPEAK THE TRUTH

Lying is supposed to be counted a virtue rather than a vice by Orientals; and exaggeration of language is a characteristic of all their conversation. But the ancient records of the East would go to show that this was not always so. An Egyptian tablet, that dates back to some four thousand years ago, even prior to the days of Abraham, gives a departed worthy's record of his claims to acceptance with the powers of the heavenly world. Among those things that he affirms to his credit is this:

"I have taken pleasure in speaking the truth.

"I have perceived the advantage to conform to this practice upon the earth from the first action (of my life) even to the tomb.

"My sure defence shall be to speak it (the truth) in the day when

"I reach the divine judges, the skillful interpreters, discoverers of all actions, the chastisers of sins."

And again he declares for himself:

"My mouth has always been opened to utter true things, not to foment quarrels. I have repeated what I have heard just as it was told to me."

That is a good record for an ancient Oriental. It would be a good record for a nineteenth-century Christian.

WHY THEY SIT WITH THEIR HATS ON.

It is often asked why members of the English Parliament sit with their hats on. I will tell you:

During the reign of King John (1199), the king agreed to settle the difficulty with Phillip the Second of France respecting the Duchy of Normandy by single combat. The English champion was the Earl of Ulster, and as soon as he appeared on the field of combat, his adversary put spurs to his horse and fled, leaving him master of the field.

King John, in the best of humour, asked the earl what his reward would be.

He replied, "Titles and lands I want not; of these I have already enough; but in remembrance of this day, I would beg the boon for myself and my successors, to remain covered in the presence of your Majesty as well as all other sovereigns of this realm."

The request was granted and it has never been revoked, which accounts for the curious and often remarked upon custom in Parliament of members wearing their hats.

"HOW OLD MUST I BE?"

"Mother," a little child once said; "mother, how old must I be before I can become a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and always shall." And she kissed her mother.

"But you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question, "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again.

"But tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap, and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half-guessing what her mother meant, "I can now without growing any older."

Then her mother said, "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love, and trust, and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his. Revivalist.

FINISHED AND FOLDED UP.

"There, that is finished and folded up, and I am heartily glad," said Bertha, as she took off her little thimble, and laid on the table a pretty blue muslin dress, on which she had been busy for several days.

"Is it well done, too?" asked practical Aunt Mabel.

"Pretty well done for me, auntie; mother says I improve in dressmaking."

"That is encouraging. Now, Bertha, do you know that something else of yours also is finished and folded up this evening?"

"What else can it be, Aunt Mabel? This is the only piece of work I have had to do this week, unless it is that tidy. I do not expect to see the end of that for six weeks."

"Still you have finished and folded up something more important than your tidy, or your dress even—something which will not be unfolded again for ages, perhaps; and yet you will see it again, with every line and fold. Your day's history is done and gone from your keeping. You may remodel the dress, if it does not please you, but you cannot change one jot or tittle of the day's record."

Aunt Mabel had the flash of dropping these seed-thoughts, which often grew up strong, vigorous plants in young hearts.

"What has the record been?" asked Bertha of her own heart, as she thoughtfully laid away the blue muslin. As little by little she tried to go over the hours, there was much she would have gladly changed if she could.

"I wish I had spoken pleasantly to Ned when he wished me to help him with his flag. It would only have taken me a minute or two; and he was first sad and then vexed with my crossness. It is too bad! I left mother to do all her baking alone, and did not even prepare the cherries for her, in my haste to finish my dress." A sight of a little Bible, whose clasp had been closed all day, suggested still more reproachful thoughts. "No wonder I had such a poor day's record when I began it in too much haste for prayer, or reading a verse even."

The day's work did not look so satisfactory from this standpoint, and she sighed as she felt it was "folded up"—Words of Life.

THE LEGEND OF THE BEAUTIFUL HAND

"Tell me a story, sister, please."

"A story, dear? Let us see what it shall be. Oh, I will tell you of three young ladies who disputed as to which had the most beautiful hand. One held up fingers tapering, delicate, and white as a lily. The hand of the second was beautiful in form, and tinged with the pink of a shell. The hand of the third seemed to combine all the beauties of the first and second. Just then came an old woman, homely and stooping with age, and held up her wrinkled hand. 'Give me a gift,' she said; 'for I am poor.' The three ladies all declined. A fourth, with hands bearing the marks of homely toil, gave the old woman what she desired. 'This one,' said she, 'has the beautiful hand. It is not the perfection of form, the grace of dimple, or delicate tint, but loving ministry to the wants of the needy that constitutes the truest beauty.' As she spoke these words the staff on which she leaned disappeared, the wrinkles of age were exchanged for dazzling beauty, the bent form arose majestically erect, and there stood in the presence of the ladies an angel from heaven. She had full authority to settle their dispute, and there is none to this day who dares reverse her judgment. Let us both think on this story, dear. We may profit much by its teaching."

REJECTED GRACE.

A sinner engrossed in worldly pursuits and pleasures saw in a dream a beautiful vision. Some one stood holding out to him a white robe and crown. Each night the vision came, but seemed farther and farther away. "Who art thou?" he finally asked. "I am the Day of Grace," was the reply. But the sinner did not accept her offers. Finally the vision passed away and was seen no more.

Years passed away. The sinner remained absorbed in his worldly occupations, and thought no more of the marvellous vision. At length he fell sick, and drew near death. As he lay there upon his couch he saw phantoms of the past rise before him. Worldly Pleasure passed by. Her gay robes and her mask were torn off, and the sinner saw too late that worldly pleasure was a hollow mockery, and full of villainess. Worldly Gain passed by. His gilded coat was gone, and only dust and ashes remained. Sin passed by, the sinner saw that its only reward was the bitterness of death.

As he lay lamenting his ill-spent life, a fearful apparition with a flaming sword suddenly arose before him, and the longer he looked the more dreadful and threatening did it appear. At last he gasped, "Who art thou, dread spirit?" The apparition made answer, "I was once the Day of Grace, whom thou didst reject. Then I would have delivered thee from worldly pleasure, from worldly gain, and from sin, but thou didst refuse my offers. Now, I am come to abide with thee forever, and I shall torment thee more than all else. Once thou hadst power to reject me; now thou hast none. My name is now Grace Rejected, and with the sword of remorse will I pierce thy conscience through all eternity."

Thus may you learn, O sinner, how terrible it is to reject the proffered salvation. The memory of rejected grace will one day cling to you like the poisoned robes to the limbs of Hercules, and you will finally know, though everlastingly too late, how terrible is the wrath of the Lamb. Then your relations to the Lamb will be changed; your chance for pardon gone, and rejected grace will be your everlasting torment; for by rejecting grace are you brought to perdition. Then repent, while you may, and turn not the Holy Spirit from you; for "His feet departing ne'er return." Open your heart while he knocks, else you may be forever lost.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 14.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Luke 23. 33-46. Memory verses, 44-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.—1 Cor. 15. 3.

Time.—Friday, April 7, A.D. 30.

Place.—Calvary, outside the walls of Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the account of Jesus accused and mocked (Luke 23. 1-12), and also the Time and Place.

Tuesday.—Read the story of Jesus condemned, though innocent (Luke 23. 13-26).

Wednesday.—Read the Lesson (Luke 23. 33-46).

Thursday.—Read the account in Mark 15. 22-32.

Friday.—Read of the cross foreseen by Christ in John 12. 20-33, and study the Questions on the Lesson.

Saturday.—Read in 1 Peter 2. 19-25, how Christ suffered for us, and study the Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read in Rom. 8. 31-39, some blessed results of Christ's death, and review the entire lesson.

QUESTIONS.

1. Love for Enemies, verses 33-38.

33. Where was Jesus crucified? Where was this place? Who were crucified with Jesus? 34. What did Jesus say when he was crucified? What was done with the clothes of Jesus? How did this fulfil Scripture? (Psalm 22. 18.) 35. What did the rulers say to Jesus on the cross? 36, 37. What did the soldiers say? 38. What writing was placed on the cross? Was this writing true?

2. Pardon for sinners, verses 39-43.

39. What were the two men who were crucified with Jesus called? What crime had they committed? (Matt. 27. 38.) What did one of these two men say to Jesus? 40, 41. What did the other man say? 42. What did he ask of Jesus? How did he show faith in Christ? What did Jesus promise him? What promise is made to those who believe in Jesus? (John 14. 3.)

3. Trust in God, verses 44-46.

44. What took place while Jesus was on the cross? At what hour was this? 45. What took place in the temple? Where was this veil? 46. What were the last words of Jesus on the cross? What other words are given in John 19. 30? Did Jesus die by his own will? (John 10. 17, 18.) What does the Golden Text say of Christ's death?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Remember what is said in the Golden Text, "Christ died for our sins." We cannot understand how this could be, just as we cannot understand many of the other truths, even though we believe them. In some way Jesus died for us; he died to save us from our sins. Let us love him, because he loved us enough to die for us. Let us worship him as our Lord and King. Let us look to him to save us; let us expect some day to be with him in heaven.

A GOOD NOTION.

A believer was giving in a prayer-meeting his testimony as to God's grace and goodness, and said:

"On my way here to-night I met a man who asked me where I was going; I said: 'I am going to prayer-meeting.' He said: 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion; that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course, I see you.' 'Now, the time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket, I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go there; and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion too; lots of people are getting religion now."

Jacob's Ladder.

Life is called a ladder,
Which we climb round by round;
We should step up higher
Each day above the ground.

Each noble deed we do,
Each kind word we say,
Each trouble we pass through,
Is a step upon the way.

Stay not near the ground,
Let no chain nor fetter
Keep you where you're found
From reaching something better.

On and up we'll climb
Higher year by year,
All through the march of time
Be strong and persevere.

Many evil things we meet
That try to turn our course,
To lead astray our weary feet,
Or crush us down by force.

Many temptations strong
Stare us in the face,
Many a sin and wrong
We meet with in the race.

All these we'll trample down,
And reach for what is right,
At wickedness only frown,
But for the good we'll fight.

Every little act we do,
In kindness and in love,
Or to the right stand true,
Will lift us on above.

Often some kind friend,
Who can give us counsel,
A helping hand will lend,
Or some sadness will dispel.

He climbs up the highest
Who loves and thinks the most,
Who does and acts the best,
Turns not aside to boast.

Upward then ascend,
Our steps we'll not retrace,
But climb on to the end
Of this life's weary race.

Yes, we'll take courage still,
Whatever be our fate,
And ascend the ladder till
We're safe at heaven's gate.

—Industrial School Journal

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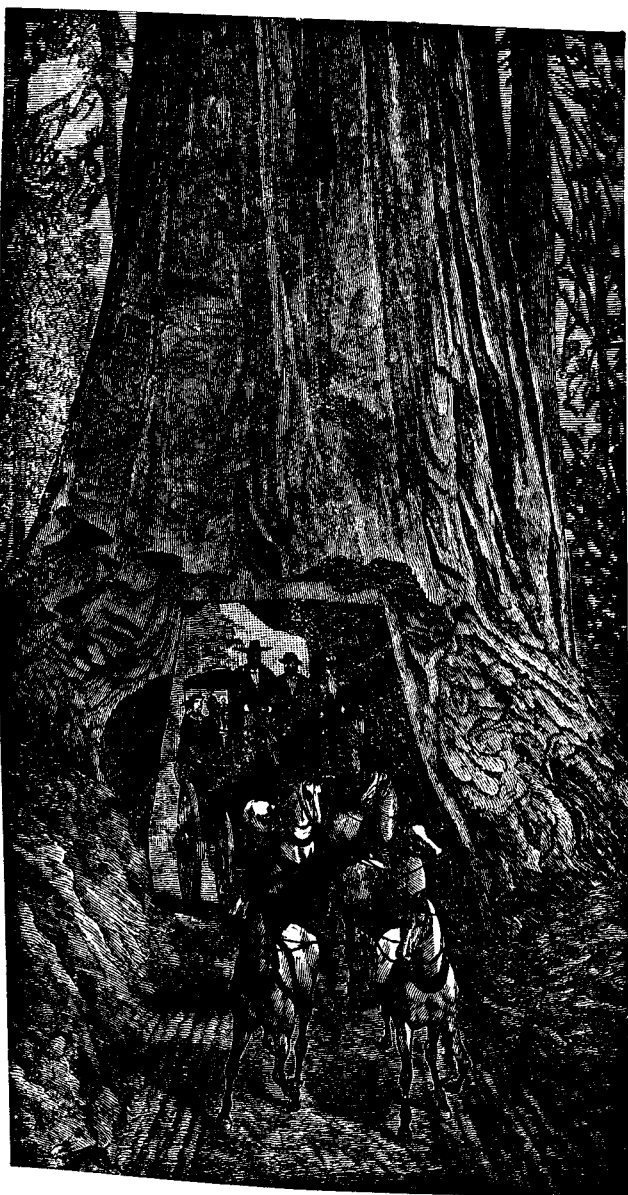
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CALIFORNIAN WONDERS.

The above picture shows one of those wonders of the Yosemite—the Big Trees. The size of the trees can be imagined from the way in which a coach and six drives right through the very heart of the one in our cut.

THE TRAIN BOY.

He had done several little errands for the gentleman in the Pullman car, and as the man got off he slipped a dollar into his hand. "I like your looks, Jimmy," he said kindly. "Now, remember that you can make yourself whatever you wish. I don't mean by that that you may become a Vanderbilt if you desire, or the President of the United States; but I do mean that you can be something better yet: a Christian man. Don't forget that."

It was ten years later before the two met again. Then Jimmy had just been made conductor on an important road, and in one of the passengers he recognized his old-time friend. The gentleman had changed but little in the ten years just passed, but it was hard to persuade him that the fine-looking young conductor was the little train boy of whom he still retained a faint remembrance.

"But I certainly am he," Jimmy asserted energetically, "and I've always wanted to tell you how much your words and your kindness did for me. I'd been getting into low company, and growing sort o' wild and reckless; but your words just haunted me, and I got to wondering if that kind of thing paid. I concluded that I'd rather grow up a Christian man, as you said, than a drunken loafer; so I just stopped short, and commenced over in dead earnest."

"And that was all the result of a few sentences, forgotten as soon as uttered," said the gentleman, thoughtfully. "It just shows what a mighty power for weal or woe our chance words may be, and how we ought to guard them."—Mabel Cronise Jones, in *Classmate*.