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Vol. XX.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1900.

No. 11.

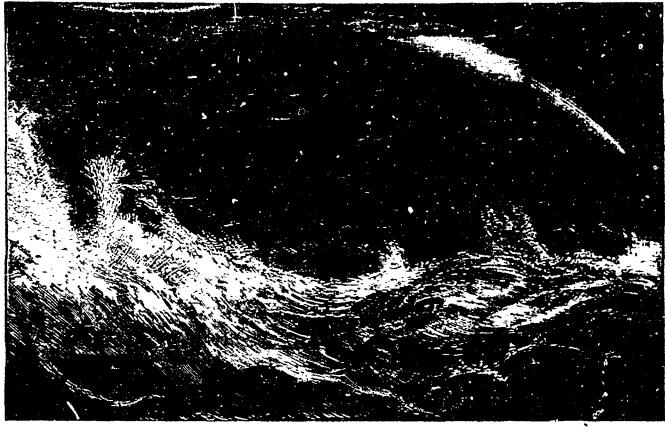
LIPE SAVING

One of the publist Government lustitutions is the Life-preserving Service. These stations are located in suitable places near the coast of oceans or lakes, to be of service to vessels in distress, either by storm or fire. At these stations the life-boats are kept, and all the arrangements

sending out help. When a vessel talls into danger, a signal of distress is given, and at once the men at the station prepare for work, just as earnestly as the firemen do in ir illes when signal for fire is given. They do given. They do not employ horses, but they pull a sort of two-wheeled cart near the bank. On this are heavy colls of rope and a mortar or short cannon. This is lcaded, and with it they shoot out a line of rope, over the vessel. First First a small-sized rope

draw in the rope, and as they draw it in, the mon on shore attach a heavier rope. on which to carry the life-car. Our first picture shows them firing the life-line, as it is called, over the vessel. Though this is only a small rope, it is welcomed. as a precious means of life, and in receiving the first offer of life, more comes.
In 1877 a vessel fell into danger, and

when signal was made to them they gave no answer. Then the life-boat was sent out, yet they seemed not to notice it. Night approached, when the earnest men on shore succeeded in getting a reply, asking for a life-boat. At onc were told to "Haul on the rope." At once they This they did. It was found that the vessel was a Norwegian barque, and perhaps at first they might have thought, on a for-eign shore, they could not ask for help. Hours had passed because they did not understand the plan. Had they not yielded to ask for help, and so enabled the men on shore to instruct them, in a short time all would have been lost. How many souls are acting much in the same way about salvation? They say they do not understand how Christ's suffering can atone for their sin, or there are so forgetting the old haunts of sin which many things in the Bible that they do so lately bound them, now giving praise not understand, and so they do not heed to God for new life. No praise is extine life-line exhortation floating over pected by those who led these souls to



FIBING THE LIFE-LINE OVER THE VESSEL.

is sent; at once the men in the vessel | them, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Chils and thou shalt be saved.'

Praise the Lord! some will cry out for help whether they fully understand every detail or not, and are saved.

As the men on the vessel drew in the rope a life-car soon reached them, and was filled with passengers, and shut up water-tight, and drawn back to land in safety. Thus all the precious lives were saved. Our next picture shows the lifecar as it returns from its journey to the ones in danger. It looks too small, but it can hold a lot of people, and protect them from danger.

What rejoicing and thanksgiving there must have been, when the life-car was landed on shore and opened, and the dear ones taken out in perfect safety!

Baby is the first lifted out, and 'hen one after another, until they all stand out of danger. The old vessel must go down, but they are safe. The storm may rage, but they are out of its reach. The The men who laboured to send them this means of escape forget their labour, and rejoice to know the crew are saved.

Thus, redeemed souls rejoice to be free from the wrath which hung over them,

No thought of the many enreatles and prayers, but a general rejoicing over the salvation of souls. Every young Christian, or old, may engage in the work of rescuing souls from eternal death, and this is more important than saving the body.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

A vessel had just come from the other side of the world. "Wild Jim," as he was called, was going to return to his old Devonshire home.

You'll astonish the natives a bit," was the good-bye his comrades gave him, as handsome Jim, with his cap on one side. went up the street of Southampton.

He had not gone far on his way to the station, when a bright-looking shop, with a lot of tempting bottles in the window, caught his eye. A folly landlord standing by his door cried, "Hullo, my brave British tar! welcome back to Mother Earth! Come and have a glass for your safe return !"

"Wild Jim," always ready for a glass. turned in. He sat on hour after hour till his pocket-money was spent, and his head was aching, and he did not know what he was saying. All at once he be-came aware of the landlord's heavy hands on his shoulders, and a shocked voice words saying, "No, no! this is a respectable coffee."

house. Never allow too much to be druck on the pre-And then he was shoved off into the street, and a policeman gave knowing wink landthe lord.

"Just in time." he whispered; "the superintendent is coming round. I'll get him into the field outside; he'll soon come to."

But Jim was more "to" than they "to" than they knew, and he felt in his pocket, and found that out of all his money he was going to take to his parents only 2z 6d was left He waited till he was all b't sober and then be re traind his way, as be thought to the station but some how the way was not clear, and he found himself before another bar.

He threw down his 2s. 6d. for "n glass of half-and-half, and make it stiff."

The woman's answer was, "We have not your half-

and-half. Will you try ours; hot or cold?" A jorum of something hot !" he cried, wondering what spirits she would give him.

"Are you Devoushire?" she said with a ready tact. To be sure I am ! to my backbone."

"Then would you like some Devonshire cream ?"

Age : that I would : It's many a day since Devonshire Cream and I have met. And then he sat down and enjoyed the first cup of coffee he had had for many a long day. When he had finished he pushed his half-crown across the counter. but to his intense astonishment the wo-

man gave him back 2s 5d
"Well, you will soon have to give up shop if you give away things in this fashion!" he cried.

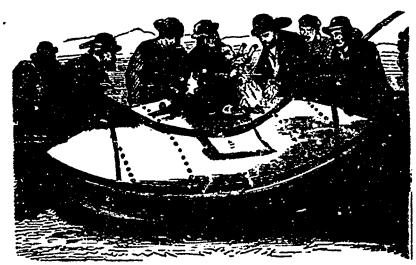
And then he sat down again: and this time the hours went by but how differ-

ently from the sad morning
Instead of going to his old Devonshire home, he went back first to his ship-mates to try and induce them to join the 'new-fangled public'

And when he went back to his parents and his old village, "Wild Jim's" name was changed to "Soher Jim" He became a temperance man, "All along," he would say, "under God, of those kind words of that woman and my first cur of



PULLING THE LIFE-CAR TO SHORE.



OPENING THE LIFE-CAR.

The Right Word.

Words of kindness fitly spoken, Fall like sunshine on the heart, Breaking up its frozen currents, That new life it may impart.

Perfect, rays the Holy Bible. On which we for life depend, Is the man whose tongue is governed. And whose lips do not offend.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1900.

SMOKING STUNTS THE GROWTH OF BOYS.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be upon the advisability of smoking for men, there is none as to its pernicious It affects the action of fect upon boys the heart, and reduces the capacity of he lungs Young men who are being trained for athletics are not permitted to smoke by their trainers, because, as they say, "It is bad for the wind." The argu-The argument that will appeal most forcibly your boy is that smoking will stunt his growth. It has been proved that youthful smokers are shorter and weigh less than their comrades who do not smoke. Cigarettes are particularly injurious. Nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is said by chemists to be, next to prussic acid, the most rapidly fatal poison known The tender tissues of a growing boy cannot absorb even a very small quantity of it without most injurious results.

MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

A TRUE STORY.

She suddenly rose in the meeting and spoke as follows:

'Married to a drunkard! Yes, I was married to a drunkard Look at me

We all turned round and looked at her, She was a wan woman, with dark, sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard, I reached the acmo of misery," she continued. "I was young, and, oh, so happy! I married the man I loved and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it, unless she has a drunkard a her family, then perhaps, she knows how deep the iron enters the soul of a a oman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, husband, brother, or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white! It turned white in a night bleached by sorrow, as Mario Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head; and upon my heart-ah, I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned its.

Gradually he gave he returned drunk. way to templation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely litwas rarely sober. I tie girls and a boy. Here her volce faitered, and we sat in deep silence listin ing to her story. My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. One night I was scated beside my sick boy, the two little gris were in the bed in the next 100m, while beyond was another room, into which I heard my husband on as he enwhich I heard my husband go, as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I know not why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I rose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way and the door bew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she walls in a voice that haunts me now, and she cov ered her face with her hands, and when she removed them, it was whiter and sadder than over.

Delirium tremens. You have never Delirium tremens. You have never seen it, girls. God grant you never may My husband stood beside his bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, and in his land a large knife. Take them away he screamed. The horrible things, they are crawling all over me, take them away, and the fourthead his knife in the I say,' and he flourished his knife in the air. Regardless of the danger, I rushed up to the bed, and my heart seemed suddonly to have ceased beating. There lay my children, covered with their own life-blood, slain by their own father. For a mozient I could not utter a sound. was literally dumb in the presence of this great sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac by my side-the man who had wrought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailings filled the The servants heard me, and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them he drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so

shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased. Our eyes were riveted on her wan face, and some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. So much sorrow, we thought, and through no fault of her own. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion

to continue her story.
"Two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck, then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago, my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave, and as I, his mother, saw the sod heaped over him I said, 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard, and I turned into my desolate home a childless woman, one on whom the hand of God

the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you, for, married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry him and then reform him, you say. Ah! a woman sadly overtasks her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no maten for the giant demon drink when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you girls from the sorrows which wrecked my happiness that I have un-folded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it, and I have a message to bear to every girl-never marry a drunkard."

I can see her now as she stood amid the bushed audience, her dark eyes glowing. and her frame outsering wi she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out and we never saw her again. Her words fitly spoken were not without effec however, and because of them there is one girl single now.-Railway Signal for August.

Patsy McKenna (in an electric car which has broken down) -" Well, av 'his car don't be after moving soon, oi'll take the wan behoint."

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeves!" "Well, my son, what makes them?"
"Cause that's where their funny bone

KATRINES CHARM.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was an odd team, the dog and katrine, drawing the clumsy cart, but it was not that which seemed strange to Katrine. The thing that seemed strange to her was that the cart should be so full of potatoes that it was hard pulling. even with Heinrich pushing with all his might. A woman drawing cart or plough with a cow or dog for yoke-fellow was no uncommon sight in her country, but such a yield of potatoes from tae Mullers' little field was so rare that even yet Katrine could scarcely believe it.

Not since the father has been sick have we had such luck, Heinrich," she said, pausing a moment to rest. Heinrich straightened himself, looked

at his hardened hands, and answered from a boy's practical standpoint:

"Not a year have we worked so hard!"

"That is true. But I should have had no courage to work so hard, but for the charm. You need say nothing, Helnrich, you know that you believe in it yourself, and it is great good luck that has come to us by having it."

Katrino wiped her heated face with her apron. She was warm and tired, but she was also triumphant, for had she not been the one to think of the charm? Times had been so hard. The father grew no better, and the grandmother, who was old and lame, had lost heart and lamented continually over the hard-ships of the present and the evils that she was sure were coming. The little sum laid aside for a rainy day had been icaned where it could not be recalled when wanted; indeed there seemed danger that it had been invested so securely that it never could be recalled. Katrine and Heinrich had looked at each other help'essly. The boy, a sturdy lad of fifteen, had tried to find work, and Katrine had tried to find some magic that would turn the tide of affairs and bri. g better days. Her neighbour, bri.g better days. Her neighbour, Elspeth, had suggested that idea.

Ah, then, it is something that may

be working evil to your house. may say this thing or that thing; they are wise that know," said Elspeth, oracularly, with a solemn shake of her head. But there are charms that can bring

good; that do I know."

And she enforced her knowledge with so many stories of wonderful happenings, that Katrine, though remembering what the Herr Pastor had said of such things, and so not willing openly to acknowledge any faith in them, had gone away with a secret longing to obtain some of the marvellous aids of which she had That was why she had stolen acr ss the fields in the early morning to find the "witch-woman" of whom Eispeth had told her.

But the old cabin seemed to have been long deserted, and she was turning away sore'y disappointed when she met Uncle Fri z-queer, sharp, shrewd Uncle Fritz, "incle" to the whole neighbourhoodwho guessed her errand at once, and cunningly drew the confession from her.

"It needs not that woman. I can give you a charm if you have the perseverance and patience to make it come true," said, thoughtfully. "There is that field, left only for pasture now, that your father once tilled. Take Heinrich into your secret, and do your best in working it this year, and you will see that this spell that I give you shall hold true." Then he wrote something on a paper,

sealed it carefully, and gave it to her, "to be opened by her after the harvest was gathered," he said. Heinrich had smi'ed his slow smile when she told him. He pondered over the matter in his thoughtful fashion, but he had not objected to going to work in the field—in-

deed, he had seemed to my more upon the work than did Katrine.

"It is great good luck to have so many petatoes." he said, replying to his sister's "This is the last load, Katrine. We shall sell enough to buy us many things for the winter."

only old familiar words: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand.

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfled with bread. "The blessing of the Lord it maketh

ri h. and he addeth no sorrow with it."
"Only that?" cried Katrine in disappointment.

"That is what I thought," said Hein-ch, placidly. "But it is enough, rich, placidly. "But it is enough, Katrine—you see the charm has worked. Industry and making the best of what we have, and God's blessing—they are all the charm we have needed."

WHAT MADE A LITTLE GIBL GLAD.

A Prussian nobleman, who did not believe in God nor in the Bible, once over beard a little girl singing. It was a sweet atrain, and a child's voice is always irresistible. As he drow near he saw tears upon her cheeks, as if she had

been weeping.

"Why are you crying as you sing?"
he kindly asked her.

"Oh, I am so happy!" said the little

girl.
"But why do you weep if you are so

happy ?"

"I love Jesus so well that I was crying for joy," the little girl said.
"But where is Jesus?" asked the nobleman.

"In heaven."

" How can he do anything for you if he is in heaven? He cannot give you your clothes and playthings, as your parents and friends do.

"Oh, yes; he can do something for me He comes to my heart and makes m

happy."
"Nonsense!" said the nobleman, "tha is nonsense."

"Oh, no; it is not nonsense!" answere the little evangelist. "I know it is the "I know it is the truth, and it makes me glad."

The nobleman turned away, but ar angel had touched his heart. He sought the little girl's Saviour, and found peace

THE FOOLISH BOY.

Nellie came running to me the other day, her eyes big with surprise, and exclaimed: "Oh, auntie, what do you think? You know Bertie, who lives down the street—that little bit of a boywell he smokes cigarattes and he is well, he smokes cigarettes, and he is awful white."

"Then he will make a little man very likely, if he has begun so early," I replied.

"Yes, that is what Gertie says. He steals off by himself behind the back fence and then smokes."

"Then he must know he is doing wrong, and is ashamed to be seen. What do you suppose he does it for?"
"I guess he thinks it will make him

"I guess he thinks it will make him look big. He wants to be a man, and he is always telling us girls what he'll do when he gets big," said Nellie.

He has begun the wrong way, if he wants to grow. Tobacco will hurt his heart and nerves. If he lives to be a man he will be nervous, his heart will be weak and he will not he the throng man weak, and he will not be the strong man that he might be if he had not begun this bad habit

A schoolboy died in Brooklyn only a little while ago, because he had smoked so many cigarettes. His whole body was sick; the poison in the tobacco had gone all through him. His skin was yellow, his nerves were weak, and he was so sich that he had to go to the hospital. Bu. the doctor could not help him. He saio just before he died:
"Oh, if all the boys could see me now.

and see how I suffer, they would never smoke."

If you would not be a smoker, do not

THE LEGEND OF ST. GREGORY.

It is related that when Gregory was only a monk in the monastery of St. Andrew, a beggar presented himself at the gate, and requested alms; being relieved, he came again and again, and at length noth ng was left for the charitable saint nothing was left for the charitable saint to bestow but the sliver porringer in which his mother, Sylvia, had sent him pottage; and he commanded that this should be given to the mendicant.

It was the custom of Gregory, when he had not a contact in every evening

became pope, to entertain every evening at his own table twelve poor men, in remembrance of the number of the Lord's aportles. One night, as he sat at supper with his guests, he saw, to his surprise. not twelve, but thirteen seated at his table. He called to his steward and said to him, "Did I not command thee to inwinter."

"It cheered the grandmother when I told her that," said Katrine. "The last load it is? Ch. Heinrich, then we may read the charm at last! I have it here."

But when the long-cherished paper was But when the long-cherished paper was the words written upon it were peace. After the meal he called forth peace. After the meal he called forth guest, and asked him, the unbidden guest, and asked him, "Who re thou?" He replied, "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve; but my name is the Wonderful, and through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of God." Gregory knew that he had entertained an angel—or, according to another version of the story, our Lord himself.

> Henry came home furious last night." "What was the matter, daughter?

"Why, mamma, I had yet two eggs in his luncheon and forgot to cook them."

As Ye Mete.

BY MARY MORRISON.

"Hit 'em a welt, Jim. There! that a right,

Git there, lazybones! Here we go! Thought ye could snake it up if ye tried, If the hill is a leetle bare o snow. what dye s'pose I keep ye fur ? Pretty pair !—a-soldierin' me, i ut on the whip, Jim, good an thick, What do ye lag fur? Git there! Gee!"

might little Jim on the toppling load, Catches his lesson, quickly too, swings his lash with a childish vim. Brings it down with a loud halloo, Git up, azybones! Git dare, now! Lashing and slashing with all his might, ... Learning to drive," and his father

stands,

Laughing aloud at the funny sight.

Years roll away, as the years all do, Father is "grandpa," old and gray, ottering round the nouse at Jim s,
Made to feel he is in the way. Working hard with his feeble hands, I oiling at burdens beyond his strength Work if you eat. No laggards here." is what he hears from Jim at length.

As yo measure, so unto you Shall be measured the same again; Eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth," Readeth the law in accents plain. May grind slowly; they grind full sure. who oppress a suffering life, Must the oppressor's fate endure. -Our Animal Friends.

TIM'S FRIEND

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER III. OLD GRANNY BROWN.

She was not a nice object to look at, as she bent over a heap of rags and bones apread out on the floor of the cellar in which she lived; indeed, to say she looked horrible is not at all too strong a term.

Blear-eyed and with a face bloated and disfigured by long years of indulgence in drink and other evil passions, her scanty gray locks straggling wildly out from beneath a dirty rag that did duty for a cap, a blackened clay pipe, filled with strong tobacco, between her lips, such was Granny Brown, whom poor Tim "hated like poison."

The cellar was cold and damp and wretched, although a good fire was burning in the rusty grate; the air was foul with indescribable odours arising from the heap of refuse on the floor, and the old woman groaned and mumbled and muttered to herself, as she sorted the

The door opened and a man, an old man, ragged, dirty, and unkempt, came in, and went at once to the fire, shivering, and stretching out his hands to the welcome blaze.

Granny Brown took not the slightest notice of him. He was a neighbour, and a rag-picker also, who lived in an adjoining cellar, and being somewhat miserly in his habits, would often come and sit by her fire to save his own. Strangely enough, she never objected to him doing this, indeed, between the two

an odd sort of friendship existed, although they often quarrelled violently.

"Where is the lad?" he asked presently, as he drew a three-legged stool to the fre, and sat down as close as he

could possibly get to the bright red coals.

"Out. He was gone when I woke up this morning," said the old woman savagely.

"Up to some of his tricks, I'll be bound, the idle, good for nothing brat. I meant him to sort these rags; ugh! how it hurts my back to stoop! If he doesn't bring in something worth having, I'll break every bone in his body."
"He's got a bob; I know that for a

said the man quietly.

With a tremendous groan, Granny Brown straightened herself, and came to-

wards the speaker. "What d'ye mean? Where have you

seen him?" she demanded.

"Oh! a goodish bit from here. I was out looking for a job when I spied Tim at the door of a very decent house a-talking to a woman and a kid. The kid was a little chap in kuickerbockers, and he'd got hold of Tim's hand. Just as I passed I heard him say, 'You'll never give away my shilling, it's got a hole in it, and a string, so you can put it round your neck; and Tim said, 'All right, I'll keep it for ever and ever.' Tim never

He'll turn it up, never fear," said the old woman grimly, he knows better than to hide anything from me. Once he tried on that little game, and I guess he's not forgot to this day the thrashing give him. But what could make the

kid give him a whole bob?"
"You'll have to find that out when he comes, I know nothing cept what I ve told you."

"I'm blest if I'll do any more work towas the rejoinder. Tim shall sort these rags while I spend the money. work the young uns out first, that's my motter."

The man smiled a grim assent, and then the two crunies sat one on each side of the fire, smoking, watching, and wait-

ing for Tim's return.

Meanwhile, Tim, quite unconscious that the lynx eyes of Bob Fletcher, granny's friend, had observed him, had been having a glorious time.

When he reached Dale Street after leaving the Argus, he saw Johnnie s eager little face watching for him from the window of No. 5, and, as he approached, the door was flung wide open.

O Tim, what a time you have been " he exclaimed reproachfully. Mother said she didn't think you would come back at all."

At the sound of Johnnie's voice, Mrs. Dodds came into the passage.

"You do not go errands very quickly, my boy," she said gravely, "I expected you back an hour ago."

"He kep me," answered Tim, with a

backward movement of the head, to indicate some distant personage. "I guess this letter'll tell you why.

Mrs. Dodds took the envelope, now covered with dirty finger marks, and read the contents in silence, then, turning to her little boy, exclaimed. "Why, John-nie, your father never got the first message I sent to tell him you were lost. I expect that lad kept the penny, and never went near the docks. However, it doesn't matter; I have got you safe and sound."

She finished with a warm, motherly kiss.

Tim stood looking on with a strange

feeling of envy in his heart.
"How nice it must be to have a mother!" he thought. "Nobody in the whole world cares about me, I haven't a single friend; if I got lost, or even if I died, nobody would mind a bit."

Big tears filled his eyes, but the next

moment he wiped them away, for Tim had naturally a very cheerful disposition, and was not the boy to cry over troubles

that could not be helped. Kind-hearted Mrs. Dodds, however, had seen the tears, though she was far from guessing the cause, and her heart was full of pity for the miserable, neglected

child.
"Mr. Dodds tells me you have had

"Yes, and a rare good tuck in it were," answered Tim, his eyes sparkling at the recollection. "There was a chap there, recollection. "There was a chap there, as served out the grub, was awful kind; he give me this bag full of pieces to take home, and he told me his name was John Wilson, and he lives at Sunderland. When I'm a man I mean to be a sailor just like him."

"He isn't a sallor, he's only a steward,"

cried Johnnie, proud of his superior knowledge; but Tim did not understand

the difference.

"Well any way, I'm going to be a chap like him, with a little room full of boxes and drawers and cupboards, and all sorts of good stuff inside 'em. I wanted him to take me this voyage as boy to help him; but he said I were too small. Never mind, though, I shan't al-

ways be little." Tim looked very brave and determined as he stood there, his ragged little figure drawn to its full height; but there was something so pathetic in his appearance, that tears filled the good woman's eyes.

She questioned Tim very closely as to his home and prospects in life. sorrowful story was soon told, and though intencely sorry for the friendless child, she saw no way of really helping him.

Therefore, as many others in like circumstances do, she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind.

"Here is the sixpence my husband promised you," she said, taking the coin from her purse. "I wish I could do more for you; but we don't live here, we go back to Manchester in a few days. are bigger than my Johnnie, or I would give you one of his warm jackets."

"I need it badly," said Tim, with a rueful glance at his ranged coat; "but you are right, missus, I'm too big to wear anything belonging to that little

"Mother, dear," cried Johnnie, "let me

remember me.'

Johnnie darted away, and quickly returned with his treasure, which he placed

in Tim's hand,
"Don't ever, ever give it away, will
you?" he asked carnestly.

But, my dear, the little boy may want to spend it for food," remonstrated Mrs. Dodds.

Not my new silver shilling," cried innie. "Say you will never give it Johnnie. away."

I won t, honest and true, answered

Tim, "not if I'm starving.

If you care to call here to-morrow, my boy," said Mrs. Dodos, "I will give you wil be hungry you something to eat, you wil be hungry again long before that time. e. n though you have had such a good breakfast this morning."

"Thank ye, missus, I'll turn up, never fear," said Tim, as he stood on the steps, and it was then Bob Fletcher passed and heard little Johnnie say, "You'll never give away my shilling, it's got a hole in it and a string, so you can put it round your neck." your neck."
"All right,

"All right, wered Tim, but, poor boy, had he will known it, it was all wrong.

As he walked slowly in the direction of home, he pondered the events of the morning with feelings of great satisfac-

"I never had such a lucky day in my life as this has been," he thought. great big breakfast, a bag of grub, a tanner and a bob—a real silver shillin'; my! ain't it a beauty? with a hole in it and a string (a red string too), just as the little chap said."

Tim took out his treasure, rubbed it still brighter on his ragged sleeve, and, the rain having ceased, stood still, the better to look and admire. He hung the red string round his neck and strutted along. "I've got a ticker! What would Granny Brown say if she knew? Wouldn't she coller it in quick sticks? But she'll never catch sight of this beauty. I s'pose I'll have to turn up the tanner, or she'll be down on me for staying out so long. I'd get on a deal better if I were on my own hook."

At this moment a church clock in the vicinity struck twelve, and at the sound

Tim looked up in amazement.
"Well! Twelve o'clock already! I'd
better_make tracks." And, sulting the netter_make tracks." And, suiting the action to the words, Tim set off az fast as his legs could carry him.

He did not passes

He did not pause even to draw breath until he arrived at the entrance of the dirty court-yard in which was his home. There, however, before entering, Tim darted rapidly to the right, and disap-peared in a tumble-down old building that had been condemned as a dwelling place. In some mysterious recess he hid the of pieces on his back and the sixpence in his hand, he ran lightly down the cellar steps and opened the door.

"Where've you been, you little imp?" growled the old woman before the boy could speak. "I'll teach you better manners than to go out without so much as by y're leave."
"I've had good luck to-day," cried Tim.

eager to propitiate his cruel guardian. "Look 'ere, all this lot of good vict'als" -opening the bag, and pouring its con-tents upon the table. "See, pieces of ham, and pie, and cheese, and all sorts; ain't it grand?"

In spite of herself the old woman looked slightly mollified. It was not often she saw such food, and when she tasted a bit of ple and found it exceedingly good the ominous frown disappeared from her brow.

Bob Fletcher also came to the table and picked out a few of the most dainty morsels; but his appetite for food was small, drink had long since destroyed it.

"And here," said Tim, producing the coin from his pocket, "is a real whole tanner, what was give to me by a lady for taking home her little boy as was lost. So I've been in luck to-day, haven't I?"

Granny Brown took the sixpence. looked at it, rang it upon the table, and then coolly put it into her pocket.
"So far, so good," she remarked grim-

ly: "now turn out the bob."

Tim looked at her in the greatest apparent surprise. He had never been taught that it was wrong to tell lies or

"I don't know what you mean; I haven't got another blessed cent," he protested earnestly. "I think a tanner was pretty good pay just for takin' a little chap home."

thought I d let you know in case he didn't | round his neck, and then he will always | it and a string to hang it bound your

(To be continued)

LIVING IN A HURRY.

Nowadays a large number of people suffer from unnecessary excitement. A physician, who is a specialist in nervous diseases, declares that a young under his charge was literally killing herself by too rapid movements.

"She is not satisfied," he said, "with going about and doing things in a quiet orderly way, but actually rushes through with her work, and continually overtaxes herself. She cannot be convinced that a little more deliberation might accom plish just as much, and save her strength So firmly is this babit of haste upon her that she will run up and down stairs when there is no need for hurry, and indeed, when there is no possible pretext for doing it."

The doctor's prescription was. A good deal more deliberation, a large amount of rest and occupation.

The world is full of people who are rushing themselves to ruin of health as fast as they can go. They not only rush. but worry, and, between these two, subject their nervous systems to more wear and tear than anything short of wrought steel could endure.

NEIGHBOURS THE OTHER SIDE.

A minister was soliciting aid for foreign missions and applied to a gentleman, who refused him with the reply. I don't be-lieve in foreign missions; I want what I

give to benefit my neighbour."
"Well," replied he, "whom do you regard as your neighbour?"

Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joing yours?" inquired the minister.
"Yes,"

"Well," said the minister, "how much land do you own?"
"About five hundred acres."

"How far down do you own?"

"Why, I never thought of it before. but I suppose I own about half way through.'

" Exactly," said the ciergyman, "I suppose you do, and I want the morey for the New Zealanders—the men whose land join yours on the bottom."

A PARABLE.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and he' ed it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair. Where are you going?" said the taper. "Away high up," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sieep."

"And what are you going to do there?"

said the taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour is, said the man. For we stand here at the entrance to the harbour, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for light even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the taper, "it is so very small."

" If your light is small, said the man keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me.' Well, when the man got up to the top

of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.

You who think your little light of so small secount, can you not see what God may go with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.—The Wellspring.

MANN'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

Horace Mann gives this bit of advice to You are made to be kind, boys; boys: generous, magnanimous If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot. don't let him know you ever saw it If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that don't require running. If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner. If there is a duli one, help him to get his lessons If there is a bright one he not envious of him; for if one boy is proved of his telepts and another is an proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before. If a For a moment the old woman besitated, larger or stronger boy injured you and the boy seemed to be speaking the truth, is sorry for it, forgive him. All the and probably Bob Fletcher was mistaken school will show by their countenance school will show by their school schoo keep it for ever and ever. Tim never give Tim my new silver shilling, the one see'd me, 'cause his back was turned, so with the hole in it, for a keeptake. He in the amount he had received.

She glanced inquiringly round, and, great fuss. And remember who said, with an evil look, the eld man said: "Love your exemles," and "bless them the shilling with a hole in which curse you."



PETRIFIED TREE TRUNK.

When My Mother Tucked Me In BY BETTY GARLAND,

Ah, the quaint and curious carving On the post, of that old hed! There were long-beaked, queer old griffins Wearing crowns upon their head; And they flercely looked down on me With a cold, sardonic grin, I was not afraid of griffins, When my mother tucked me in.

What cared I for dismal shadows. Shifting up and down the floor, ir the bleak and grewsome wind gusts Beating 'gainst the close-shut door, ir the rattling of the windows. All the outside noise and din? i was safe and warm and happy When my mother tucked me in.

Sweet and soft her gentle fingers,
As they touched my sunburnt face; Sweet to me the wafted odour That enwrapped her dainty lace; then a pat or two at parting, And a good-night kiss between; Vil my troubles were forgotten
When my mother tucked me in.

Now the stricken years have borne me Far away from love and home; Ah! no mother leans above me In the nights that go and come. But it gives me peace and comfort, When my heart is sore within, Just to lie right still and, dreaming. Think my mother tucked me in.

I the gentle, gentle breathing To her dear heart's softer beat, And the quiet, quiet moving Of her soft-shod, willing feet! And, Time, one boon I ask thee, Whatsoe'er may be my sin, When I'm dying let me see her As she used to tuck me in -The Watchman.

AN AGATE FOREST.

Some, wonderful specimens of agate nom Arizona were lately exhibited by the well-known house of Tiffany & Co., Now York City. This agate is "petrified wood," but like no other petrified wood previously discovered. The colouring is trilliant and beautiful; glowing red; the delicate blending and tinting of grays, blues, and greens, with here and there a glistening quartz crystal, make a rare combination.

Those beautiful slabs—two or three feet across—were sawn from great stone The perfect likeness of the tree is there—concentric rings, the radiating lines, the rough, gnarled bark, and even every knot, has its facsimile in the stone.

Petrifications in wood nave been disrevered before, but they have been in neutral tints, the size and richness of the colouring are what render this recent discovery remarkable, for, previous to this, agates thirteen inches in diameter considered large.

The finding of this agate forest, as it might properly be termed, is interesting. When the Apache chief, Geronimo, led the frontiersmen such a lively chase in Arizona, he ran better than he knew. During the pursuit of the Indians, the heart of the Apache country was pene-trated. It was en one of these wild chases that a cowboy named Adams found himself in the remute and before undiscovered petrified forests of Arizona.

As soon as possible the discoverer renorted his wonderful find to the Governor of Arizona. His story was laughed at.
All right, said the cowboy, "if my if my story isn't true, I'll bear the expenses of the journey there and back.'

The story was true, and there, prone in the depths of the lava desert they zaw the remains of a forest, changed road to a noble character and life.

into brilliant-hued, translucent agate, held in form by the petrified bark, every ridge and knot perfectly translated. For ages the water, impregnated with silica, played over and amongst these forest trees, wearing the wood away, and, cell by cell, atom by atom, reining it by the stone

It is assumed that powerful exers may have burst forth. and with their heated waters overed this forest, and then, perhaps, after centuries, settied away, leaving as monu-ments of their work these agate petrilications. Stumps, trees, twigs, fallen logs, are all represented in the beautitul stone.

The cutting and polishing of these great agates is a work of exceeding difficulty. Thirt five days were consumed in sawing across one of the meaning across one of the stone logs. No steel instrument can make an im-

pression, can even scratch the polished specimen on exhibition. Diamond dust and saws with diamond teeth alone will

Of course, much of the work must be done on the spot. Hence a fortified camp has been set up in the Arizona wilderness, and here are sawn out the blocks and slabs of agate.

BE TRUE.

Be true to your parents. You are under obligations higher and greater than you can possibly think. You must honour these obligations with the utmost fidelity, with expression of respect and loyal obedience.

Be true to yourself. You owe duties to yourself of the highest order. We do not mean that you are to consider selfishly your own interests regardless of

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XII.-MARCH 25. REVIEW.



GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.—Mark 10. 45. HOME READINGS.

M. The birth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 1-16.
Tu. The child Jesus visits Jerusalem.—
Luke 2 41-52.

The baptism and temptation of Jesus.—Matt. 3. 13 to 4. 11.
The first disciples of Jesus.—John 1.

F. Jesus and Nicodemus.—John 3, 1-18.
S. Jesus at Jacob's well.—John 4, 5-26.
Su. Jesus healing in Capernaum.—Mark

1. 21-34.

Time and Places.-From B.C. 5 to A.D.



PETRIFIED TREE.

the rights of others. But you must make of yourself the noblest man or the noblest woman that you are capable of.

Be true to your Sunday-school and to

church. Here is the field in which your life-work is to be cast. Do not speak with disparagement of your church or Sunday-school, of your minister, super-intendent, or teacher. If your church or school is smaller, or your house of worship less elegant, than somebody else's, remember that God has use for the smaller as well as for the larger things, for the sparrow or humming-bird as well as for the eagle, for the insect as well as for the elephant, for the little brook as well as for the great river, for the child as well as for the man. Your church and school have their mission in the world. Be true to them, and help them perform the mission best.

Be true to your God, Every commandment given by him is jure and holy. To obey them is for your best welfare, in this world and in the next. Thorough loyalty to truth, to right, to all that is pure and elevating, is the sure

During the time covered by this quarter's lesson Jesus was born in Bethichem of Judea; was taken to Jerusalem to be formally "presented" in the temple; was taken in flight from Herod's cruel's into Egypt, and was brought back to Nazareth in Galilee, where the years of his childhood were spent. He was taken to Jerusalem when twelve years old; then lived in privacy eighteen years in Nazareth of Galilee; went to John the Baptist in the region about the Jordan to be baptized; was tempted in the wilderness; returned to the Jordan, where he called his first disciples; went to Cana in Galilee, and from there to Capernaum; appeared suddenly in Jer salem at the passover, April 11, A.D. 27; baptized for a while in Judea, spent two days in ministry in Samaria, and began his work in Galilee; was rejected at Nazareth and removed to Capernaum; made his first preaching tour in Galilee.

I. Recall the Title and Golden Text of each lesson. These are the threads upon which are strung the pearls of this quarter's lesson,

II. Draw an outline map of Palestine, and locate the following places thereon:

1. Judea, with Bethlehem and Jerusa-

2. Samaris, with Jacob's well. 3. The wilderness; where John preached; where Jesus was tempted.

4. The Jordan, 5. Nazareth.

8. Capernaum. III. State the principal teaching of each

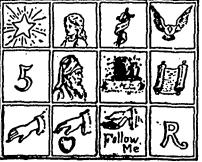
IV. Find out how many miracles we have learned of.

V. Recall the advice given by Jesus to

John's disciples:

1. To Nicodemus. To the woman at the well of Samaria

3. To the people of Nazareth, etc.



Drill on Golden Texts for Review and impress the unselfishness of Jesus' life. Draw out enough details in each lesson to make sure that the story is recalled, but fix the attention upon the special lesson truth, and make the children feel that the texts are indeed "Golden."

O to follow thee each day In the lowly blessed way That the holy Saviour trod, Leading lost ones back to God!

During a temperance campaign lawyer was discussing very learnedly the clauses of the proposed temperance law. An old farmer, who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap, and said: "I don't know nuthin about the law, but I've got seven good reasons for votin' for it." "What are they?" asked the lawyer. And the grim old farmer responded, "Four sons and three daughters."

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