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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1896.

[No. 14.]



THE BELL OF ATRI.

## THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

A beautiful story is told that in one of the old cities of Italy, the King caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it a "Bell of Justice," and commanded that anyone who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the bell-rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner, and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that, as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice, and that during the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food, and drink, and stable.

The poet Longfellow thus tells the story of the Knight of Atri and his steed in verse:

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways:  
I want him only for the holidays."  
So the old steed was turned into the heat  
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,  
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed:  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!  
The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose,  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace,  
Went panting forth into the market-place.

Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half articulate jargon, the old song:  
"Some one hath done a wrong,  
hath done a wrong!"  
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw,  
beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman born,  
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye,  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.

"Domeneddlo!" cried the Syndic straight,  
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

The Knight was called and questioned,  
In reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny,  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.  
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King, then said:  
"Prick forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But come back on foot, and bega thy way:  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs, but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honour, what repute,  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute.  
He who serves well and speaks not merits more

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
And cried aloud "Right well it pleaseth me!  
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
But go not into mass, my bell doth more;  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The bell of Atri famous for all time.  
Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

## A BOY WORTH HAVING

A few evenings since I heard a lady say to a gentleman caller, laying a hand caressingly upon the shoulder of a boy of ten years:

"This is my little man. He never uses slang, never swears, never said a saucy word to his parents in his life; does whatever he is told, and is a boy his mother can trust implicitly. We are very proud of our baby, I assure you."

"Ah," said the visitor (who is a man of extensive business relations), "that is the kind of boys men are made of!"

And he immediately commenced casting about to see if he had no need of such a boy in his establishment. There were several situations he could offer, but the mother shook her head, smiling, and said:

"No, he is in school now, and I want him to fit himself for the highest position he can reach."

When the visitor was retiring, he said to the happy parents:

"Such a boy is beyond price, and you are rich, indeed, in your possession."

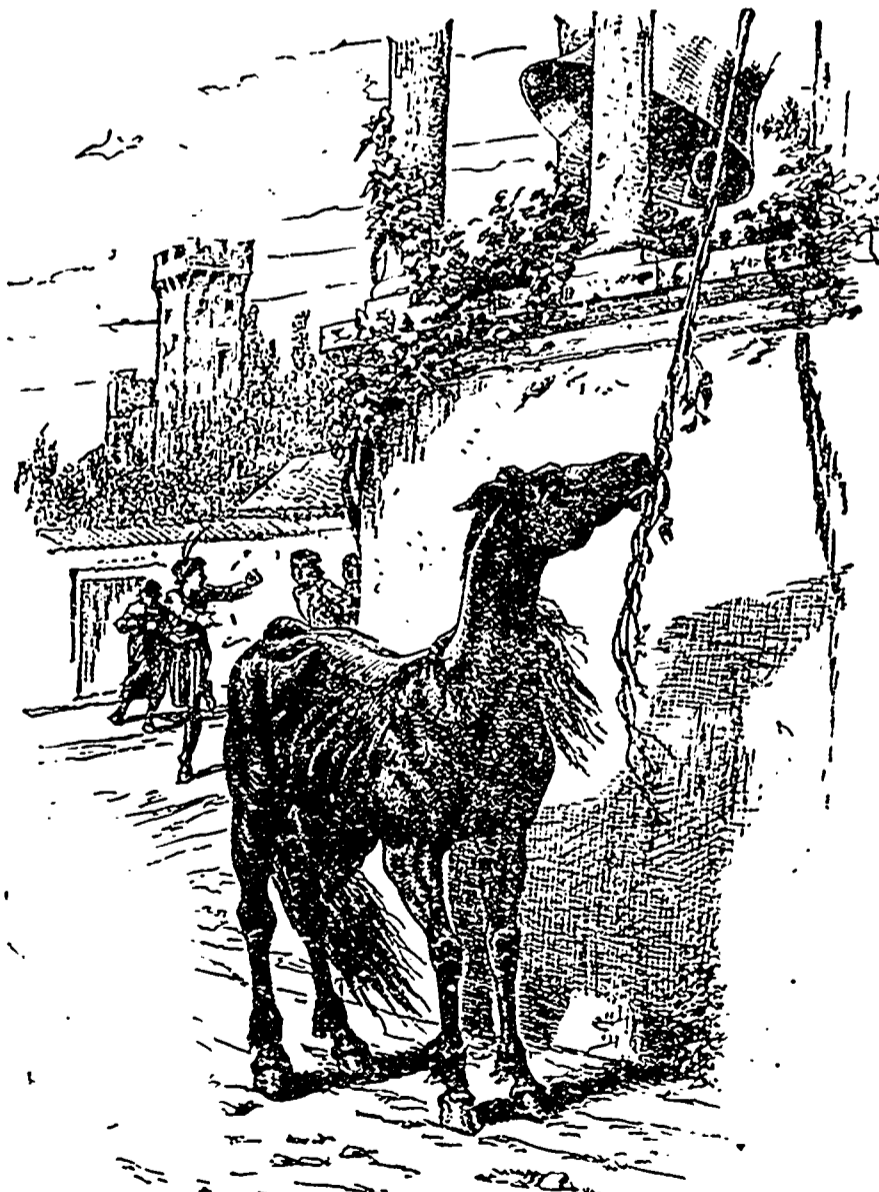
Now, little boys, what do you think of such a boy? A boy who never swears, never uses slang phrases, nor is saucy, nor disobedient, and whom his mother can trust? Did you ever think how much that means?

"Whom his mother can trust?"  
Do you know that is the highest recommendation a boy can carry into the world with him. It means so much, and only what is good and worthy of aspiring to.

And this little boy is not a pale, "goody-goody" boy, who exists only in stories. He is a bright, manly little fellow, loves his skates, his marbles, his ball, and, oh, dearly loves to play! And sometimes it is a great trial to leave his sport and run errands that seem always to claim his time.—Exchange.

## ALCOHOLIC DEATH RATE.

Dr. Norman Kerr, a distinguished English physician, referring to the death rate from alcohol, says: "Dr. Richardson gave it as his opinion, some time ago, that 'were England converted to temperance, the vitality of the nation would be increased one-third in value; or, in other words, nearly 227,000 lives would be saved to us every year.'" This is a startling statement; but, after careful investigation, Dr. Kerr thinks it much nearer the truth than many were supposed to believe. His own calculations give 200,000 as the number of deaths resulting from drinking, of which 128,000 may be traced to drunkenness, and the rest to more or less moderate uses of alcohol.



THE HORSE PULLING THE BELL OF JUSTICE AT ATRI.

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their envious zeal.

Than they who clamour loudest at the door?  
Thereupon the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

"A Bonnie Place."

(On the death, in the Brechin Infirmary, of the tinker boy who said, near his end, "I'm gaein' to a bonnie place.")  
 "I'm gaein' awa' frae cauld an' snaw,  
 A bonnie place to see;  
 The Maister o' yon Bonnie Hoose  
 Has made a place for me.  
 He needs me noo, I'm gaein' awa'  
 To where I'll see His face,  
 An' aye live at his ha' sae braw—  
 Ay, you's a bonnie place.

"Julst ance g'e me, afore I dee,  
 A drink to wet my moo—  
 There, thank ye, put the tinkle past,  
 Nae mair I'll need it noo."  
 He thanked them wi' his latest breath  
 For kindness they had shown;  
 Then o'er him stole the sleep o' death,  
 The spirit noo had flown.

'Mang thers gane will ony ken,  
 Up in the Shepherd's fauld,  
 Which was the little tinker boy,  
 That wander'd in the cauld?  
 Or which the lamb frae biggin' braw  
 (Where hardships never press),  
 When bath are in the far awa,  
 Safe in that "bonnie place."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1896.

WATCHED OVER

A Scotch school journal recently published the following pathetic anecdote:  
 The crack batsman of a school cricket team was the only son of a gentleman who for many years had been blind. He had played and loved the game in his boyhood, and when his son was old enough to take a part in it, he would be led to the field every time he played, and anxiously follow every stroke through the eyes of his companions. Upon returning home, the game was eagerly discussed, and the son advised in every detail.

Last summer the father died suddenly. The next week, to the surprise of the school, Tom, who mourned bitterly for his father, asked to take his place in the team. He played with unusual care and brilliancy, and when the game was over went to the umpire.

"How did I play?" he asked, anxiously.  
 "Never better; you outdid yourself," was the reply.

"Because," the boy said, as he turned away, "it was the first time my father ever saw me bat."

To many of the devout, imaginative Scotch, the pains and pleasures of the future world seem to be more real than they are to the more literal Americans. A dead mother is thought to keep constant close watch over her children.

"My father," says John Lindsay, in his "Recollections," "died when I was a

boy, and I was taught to believe him constantly near me. Nothing could have had a stronger restraint upon a turbulent youth than the belief in the unseen presence of this guardian whom I knew to be not only a saint, but a gallant soldier and a noble gentleman."

If we fail to realize and to be impressed by the great truth embodied in the words, "Thou God see'st me," it certainly is not unwise to believe, even in the darkness of our chamber, as if watchful eyes of departed friends looked upon us."

MR. GLADSTONE IN A NEW LIGHT

The Rev. Newman Hall tells in The New Age, recently, an interesting story of Mr. Gladstone, related to him by Sir Francis Crossley. When Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he used to go to the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which, as many people know, overlooks Trafalgar Square. One day Sir Francis was dining with the vicar, who had recently been to see a sick crossing sweeper. The vicar asked the crossing sweeper if anyone had lately visited him.

"Yes, Mr. Gladstone," answered the invalid.

"But how came he to see you?" asked the vicar.

"Well," answered the crossing sweeper, "he had always a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there he missed me. He asked my name, who had taken my place, where I was, and when he heard that I was ill, he asked my address, and when he was told he put it down on paper. So he called to see me."

"And what did he do?" asked the vicar.

"Why, he read some Bible to me and prayed," was the answer.

BICYCLES AND BOOKS.

I had the bicycle fever last year, and had it bad. My father bought me a wheel, and I could think of nothing but the pleasure of riding it. I got up early in the morning and took a spin, then another after school, and when supper was over I rode two or three hours more. I took long journeys with the boys on Saturday, and even tried to find an excuse to ride on Sunday. Well, I was in the high school, Junior year, and father and mother were anxious to have me pass for the Senior class. But algebra, geometry, chemistry, Latin were nothing to me. I had no time for lessons the wheel took it. Examination day came, and I was a flat failure. Then I began to think I had been playing too much to know anything. The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," was reversed in my case. Besides, I was getting pigeon-toed and bowed-backed, and some twentieth-century scientist might take my skeleton for a "paleontological link." So, all things considered, I have decided to preserve my form as God made it, and do my work before I indulge in bicycle-riding or any other fun.

HOW CHILDREN EARN THEIR PENNIES IN NEWFOUNDLAND

BY REV. FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.

The Island of Newfoundland is, in the early summer, a busy scene. Every little settlement of the thousands that fringe its coast is like a bee-hive. All the settlers of every sex, age, and condition, are busy from early morn to dewy eve. The fathers, brothers, and sons are out in the fishing-boats, long before dawn, plying hook and line in pursuit of the inestimable cod,—the staple product of Newfoundland. The fish bite best in the early morning, and therefore unless he and his family are to suffer the wily and prudent father knows that he must be up before the cod and at work on the fishing-ground when the voracious fish flap their tails and begin to forage for breakfast.

So long as the fish are biting freely, there is a good deal of excitement among the crew of the fishing-boat, but when they have ceased, a dullness falls upon

them, and they either go to sleep or haul up their anchor and go ashore.

Troops of little ones always await the arrival of the boats, and there is great rejoicing when daddy's boat is well laden with fish.

In a few moments the largest boat-load of fish is thrown up, by means of long forks, from the boats into the dressing-house, which stands at the end of a wharf projecting a few yards into the sea, into which the offal is permitted to fall. The children stand around waiting for the heads of the cod, from which they carefully extract the tongue,—a delicious morsel,—and, with their parents' consent, preserve for the trader, from whom they will receive payment as their own special privilege.

And how many of the pennies of the little Newfoundland children thus earn go to the support of God's church, no one can say, but I know they are very numerous.

When the fish have been dressed and salted, then comes the process of drying. Here again the little ones make themselves very useful. The fish are all sun-dried, and are laid on flat rocks every morning, where they remain all day, until they are well cured. They have to be frequently turned, and this is the work of the children. The fish are sometimes so large and heavy that it takes more than one pair of tiny hands to turn them; but then all hands in Newfoundland are willing hands, and no work suffers for the lack of them.

Then, in the fall, when the trading vessels arrive, what a time of excitement it is for all, but especially for the children! The trading schooner's cabin is fitted up like a city store, and along the well-arranged shelves there lie the attractive paints and muslins and ribbons and hats that delight the girls, and the whips and tops and pistols and other things that gladden the eyes of the boys. There are candles, too, of every kind, and story-books, and a thousand other articles, the very sight of which does the hearts of the youthful Newfoundlanders good. But all these things are very dear, and by the time the children have put by their money for the church, and have bought a little gift for daddy or mammy, there is not very much left for themselves. But, little or much, they are always content.

If we had to earn our pennies in the same hard and uncertain way as these little northern children, I fancy we should at the same time learn something of their true value. Perhaps, too, we should increase our offering to God's work.—S. B. Times.

MIXED PICKLES.

Some butterflies have as many as 20,000 distinct eyes.

The catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about 6,000,000 people.

Sir Walter Raleigh had a court suit of armour of solid gold inlaid with jewels. Pliny says four hundred years were spent in building the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Many suits of armour worn in the fourteenth century weighed 175 pounds each.

When the Dutch nation was crazy over tulips \$2,200 was paid for a single bulb.

Matches to the value of \$185,000,000 are annually consumed throughout the world.

If human dwellings were constructed on the same proportionate scale as the ant-hills of Africa, private residences would be a mile high.

At banquets, in Queen Elizabeth's time, every guest came with his spoon in his pocket.

A speck of gold weighing the millionth part of a grain may be easily seen by the naked eye.

A drop of castor oil in the eye to remove a foreign body is said to be as efficacious as flaxseed.

The purchasing power of money in the days of the Roman emperors was about ten times what it is at present.

The most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffle; it has neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers nor seeds.

The largest sum ever offered for a diamond was \$2,150,000, by the Prince of Hyderabad, India, for the "Imperial."

Edison is now at work with a plan to graze the sides of ships so that they will slip through the water more readily.

The first mention of money in the Scriptures was Abraham's purchase of a sepulchre, for 400 shekels of silver, B.C. 1860.

The most valuable of modern paintings is Meissonier's "1814," which was bought by a Frenchman for \$170,000.

The Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey each possesses a prayer mat, or rug, made of diamonds and pearls, and valued at \$2,500,000 apiece.

Think of paying \$250,000 for a single meal. That is what a wealthy Roman once did, when he wished to impress a dozen guests with his disregard for riches.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners who tell them that water can descend from the sky.

THE CONTRAST.

Dr. Lees draws the contrast: "The home and the drink shop are not for the same man. He must elect. We cannot serve two masters. Which, then, will you serve? There is no affinity—no common tendency and helpfulness—between the home and the drink shop. Put them side by side, watch their aims, their means, their ends, and you will see they are as different as light from darkness, as hostile as virtue to vice, as antagonistic as food to poison. Home is the cradle of innocence, the temple of truth, the nursery of affection. The drink shop is the fountain of demoralization, the nest of disease, the sepulchre of hope. Over the home the angels of love and purity preside; in the brewery and in the beer house, in the distillery and in the dram shop, the evil spirits of lust, appetite and avarice rule and reign supreme."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

April 19, 1896.

God's glory in his works.—Psalm 8, 1-4.  
 There is nothing great but God. He weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. He is the great and the Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, who dwelleth in the highest heavens. Wherever you look you behold evidence of his handiwork. Every atom of matter which the universe contains is evidence of his power and skill.

CHILDREN NOTICED.

God has always loved children. He has often used them to accomplish his purposes of mercy. The faithful testimony of children has proved a great contrast to the daring blasphemy and boastfulness of wicked men. Christ loved children, and even held them forth as examples to their seniors. In our day, children and young people are coming to the front as they never did before. The thousands of our Leagues and Christian Endeavours are to be societies of praise to our heavenly Father.

A CONTRAST.

Verses 3 and 4. The heavens declare the glory of God. Dr. Young says: "An undevout astronomer is mad," and he was right. What can be so beautiful as the starry heavens, what so sublime as the brilliant sun and shining moon. How feeble an object is man when contrasted with these! We should be ready to regard mankind as truly insignificant and scarcely worthy of the divine notice.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Bashford, president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, in a public address recently in Cleveland, said that "a careful study of God's Word shows that there are two kinds of wine in the Bible." He has laid himself liable to be called "no scholar" by the champions of the one-wine theory.

Several weeks ago, Rev. Chas. A. Macnamara, of the North Dakota Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been active in prosecuting violators of the Prohibition law, was set upon by a gang of roughs at Cando, N.D., and severely beaten and kicked. The leader of the band has been arrested, convicted and sentenced to thirty days in jail, and to pay a fine of \$100.

The Two Knights.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

The road went up, the road went down,  
A hill-top rose between,  
There met two knights upon its crown,  
Each clad in armour's sheen.  
Sir Rueful and Sir Merrywise,  
They met them there together,  
One raised his helmet o'er his eyes,  
And one he doffed his feather.

"Sir Rueful, ho! Well met, I say!  
Nay, down with that good shield!  
We are not now at joust or play,  
At tourney yet, nor field!  
What signifies this fierce mien?  
By my good sword, I'm thinking  
You'd pierce my corset links between,  
I' faith before I'm winking!"

Thus quoth the good Sir Merrywise.  
Sir Rueful, he did say:  
"Make ready! Here upon this rise  
A score I have to pay!"  
Sir Merrywise he veered him back  
To dodge the lance a-lifting,  
"Iggs giggs!" quoth he: "but hold!  
A lack,  
This savours serious tilting!"

"Sir Rueful, an't doth please your wit,  
To slay a mate or two,  
Why need you single me for it,  
Or yet that I slay you?  
'Twould seem, you hunger for my head  
As I ride by a-knighting,  
But hold your sword till it be said  
What cause there be for fighting!"

"Full cause!" Sir Rueful roared he out:  
"Full cause, my jocund bird!  
I'll scatter bits of you about  
At but another word!  
I'll pierce your corset where it be,  
A thousand holes a minute,  
And toss it up in yonder tree,  
Odds dodds, and you within it!"

"Why sir? Know you not, yestere'en  
Back from the Royal Chase,  
In yonder narrow alley green  
We met us face to face?  
In truth, methinks you were bereft  
Most sadly for a knight, sir!  
I had to step unto the left  
While you kept to the right, sir!"

"Not so!" Sir Merrywise he spake,  
"It was the left I took,  
The right o' way was your mistake,  
'Twas that you failed to look!"  
Sir Rueful roared in rage aloud  
Of left and then of right, sir!  
Sir Merrywise, he thereby vowed  
He'd neither charge nor fight, sir.

But that the next who came along  
Should hear their plaint, and say  
Which one was right and which was  
wrong,  
And who had right of way.  
But fared no horseman by, nor sound  
Of jangling spur a-ringing,  
When from the ambush, with a bound,  
A Fool he sprang a-singing.

Then cried the blithe Sir Merrywise,  
"Good Fool, a friend in need!  
Now solve this riddle, and the prize  
Shall be your instant need!  
Who hath the left, who hath the right,  
When two from Court are hieing?"  
The Fool upon one foot did light  
And stood, the two knights eyeing.

"Which man," quoth he, "hath right o'  
way?  
Why, both, unless one's blind,  
But here it seems you're bound to stay,  
Until I speak my mind;  
You can a little longer stop,  
For, by my cap and capers,  
You make me laugh until I drop;  
'Twill drive away my vapours!"

"Hark, brothers! You have given me  
A riddle for to keep:  
'Tis older than this greenwood tree,  
And than yon forest deep!  
Mine own good uncle there, the king,  
Doth go to war about it;  
It makes this world go troubling,  
But it will not do without it!"

"For one man's left is another's right,  
One's right, another's left;  
And if I trust to my fair sight,  
And am not clean bereft,

My brother Rueful's sword, I hold,  
Upon his left is banded,  
His good right arm his shield doth fold,  
Which proves him, first, left-handed!"

Then cried that burly, rueful knight,  
"Tis true! The Fool hath said!  
My left hand I'd forgotten quite,  
Come, Merry, take my head!"  
But Merrywise laughed loud and long—  
"Nay, Rueful, out upon you!  
Your head, my friend, hath done no  
wrong,  
I fain would see it on you!"

"Your price, good Fool? For understand,  
Had you not come to me,  
Our doughty knight, with his left hand,  
Had tossed me in you tree!"  
Then quoth the Fool, "Let he! Go to!  
But mind what says your brother,  
What seemeth right for me—or you—  
Is wrong for many another!"

"And if I ask a Fool's scant pay,  
'Twere small, you'll not deny,  
Just that I'm stopped no more this day  
By mine own family!"  
He leaped away before their eyes:  
Knights donned their steel and feather,  
And Rueful and Sir Merrywise  
Rode down the hill together.

DRINK'S DOINGS.

Rum's license fees are the state's blood money.

The patronage of the bar is the beggary of the family.

Sunday closing of saloons in Scotland has obtained for forty years.

The earl of Carlisle is a staunch teetotaler.

Queen Victoria deprecates the introduction of rum into the heathen countries under her government.

The public houses of Cork, Ireland, if placed in line, allowing twenty-five feet frontage to each, would extend two and three-fifths miles.

On the petition against the Kansas prohibitory amendment appeared the names of 22,000 men, but not the name of one woman!

It is estimated that 4,600,000 barrels of beer are consumed annually in New York city, two and a half barrels for each man, woman, and child.

Ireland boasts of Mrs. Carlisle who, in the declining years of her life, induced 70,000 men and women to abandon the drink.

A practical experiment made by the clergymen of Worcester, Mass., has proved conclusively that for \$100,000 received from one hundred additional licenses the city actually lost in trade, in increased charities, and other expenses caused by poverty and crime, \$2,000,000.

Mother Stewart, of Ohio, one of the first crusaders, sent this message from a sick-bed to her comrades at their state convention, asking them all to unite with her in the pledge that in the year to come, "we will preach Jesus more earnestly, work more faithfully, and try harder to win souls to Christ than ever before."

Three converted African chiefs, who recently visited London, were asked about the effects of the liquor traffic. One replied: "I am glad you ask me about the drink, for I call it destruction. It is the destruction of my people. They lose their good standing and food and speech because of it. The white man's drink is a worse foe to my people than the weapons of Lobengula."

INDIAN DEVOTION.

Rev. Egerton R. Young tells this story illustrating the love of the Cree Indians for their Bible:

One of our Indians, with his son, came away down from the distant hunting grounds to fish on the shores of our great lakes. They made splendid fisheries, put up the whitefish on a staging, where the foxes and wolves could not reach them, and one night the father said, "My son, we leave to-morrow morning early; put the book of heaven in your pack, we go back one hundred and forty miles to our distant hunting ground to join the mother and the others in their wigwam

home." So the young man put his Bible in his pack, that they might take it home. Later on along came an uncle and said to the young man, "Nephew, lend me the book of heaven, that I may read a little. I have loaned mine." So the pack was opened and the book was taken out, and the man read for a time, and then threw the Bible back among the blankets and went out. The next morning the father and son started very early on their homeward journey. They strapped on their snow-shoes and walked seventy miles, dug a hole in the snow at night, where they cooked some rabbits, and had prayers, and lay down and slept. The next morning, bright and early after prayers, they pushed on, and made seventy miles more, and reached home. That night the father said to his son: "Give me the book of heaven, that the mother and the rest may read the word, and have prayers." As the son opened the pack, he said, "Uncle asked for the book two nights ago and it was not put back." The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he rose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack, and away he started. He walked that day seventy miles, and reached the camp where he and his son had stopped two nights before. The next day he had made the other seventy miles and reached the lake, and found his Bible in his brother's wigwam. The next morning he started again, and, walking in the two days, one hundred and forty miles, was back home once more. The Indian walked on snow-shoes two hundred and eighty miles through the wild forest of the north-west to regain his copy of the Word of God. Would we do that much to regain our Bibles? Oh, the power of the gospel! It can go down very low and reach men deeply sunken in sin, and can save them grandly, and make them devout students and great lovers of the blessed book.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

When I was a young lad my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was quite perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles, but my father called me back again. "Stop, William," said he: "I have something more to tell you." Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock quite as well as my father did. "William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be three-score and ten, or four-score years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a day longer; but if we divide the four-score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what time you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of the clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.—From the Stanton Spectator and General Advertiser, printed in 1846.

Be Thorough, Boys.  
Whatever you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might!  
Never be a little true,  
Or a little in the right  
Trifles even  
Lead to heaven,  
Trifles make the life of man,  
So in all things,  
Great or small things,  
Be as thorough as you can!

Let no speck their surface dim—  
Spotless truth and honour bright!  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says that any lie is white!  
He who falters,  
Twists, or alters,  
Little atoms when he speaks,  
May deceive me,  
But believe me,  
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak, if you are strong,  
Love the old, if you are young!  
Own the fault, if you are wrong;  
If you're angry, hold your tongue.  
In each duty,  
Lies a beauty,  
If your eyes you do not shut,  
Just as surely  
And securely  
As a kernel in a nut!

Whatever you find to do,  
Do it, then, with all your might;  
Let your prayers be strong and true—  
Prayer my lad, will keep you right;  
Prayer in all things,  
Great and small things,  
Like a Christian gentleman,  
Fall you never,  
Now or ever,  
To be thorough as you can!

FALSE SHAME.

Boys, rid yourself of that false shame that makes you shrink away when there is a book to be picked up, a door to be opened, some one to be assisted.

I recently saw a young woman returning from a shopping expedition laden with a number of packages. Suddenly she tripped and one of her purchases fell to the ground. Behold her in a most awkward predicament, when a bell rang, and on the instant a bevy of boys rushed from a schoolhouse near by.

Their bright eyes grasped the situation at a glance—the young woman standing helplessly, arms and hands encumbered, the little brown parcel lying at her feet. Their kind hearts told them what to do, but shame, fear, a sort of cowardly timidity held them back. With one accord they stopped, looked at one another, then passed silently on. There was not a lad in that crowd whose fingers did not actually itch to pick up that bundle, yet no one dared to do it.

Boys, I beg of you, let your hands, your feet, your voice, be the willing agents of that great master of politeness, the heart.

You see an aged person trying to mount the steps of a car, your heart whispers, "Help." Obey its impulse; go offer your strong young arm. Your teacher drops a pencil; quick as a flash return it to her. Your very willingness will make her feel stronger and better.

The truly polite boy is a good son, for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents. He is a grateful brother to his sisters, always returning a pleasant "Thank you," for any kindness received at their hands.

This world would be better and brighter if our boys would obey as readily as they feel the charitable impulse that rises in their hearts to assist the helpless and lend their strength to the weak. It is this prompt courtesy that will transform the awkward, boorish lad into the polished, ever graceful gentleman.—New York Observer.

A little boy was much perplexed to understand how God could see him all the time. His teacher asked him to make a house of blocks. When finished, she said: "Now shut your eyes. Do you know just how the house looks?" "Yes." "But you are not looking at it with your eyes." "I see it with my inside eyes." "That is the way God sees. He made everything, and he sees it all the time with his great inside eyes."



**When Jimmy Comes from School.**

BY JAMES NEWTON MATTHEW.

When Jimmy comes home from school at four,

Dear me! how things begin  
To whirl and buzz and bang and spin,  
And brighten up from roof to floor!  
The dog that all day long has lain  
Upon the back porch wags his tail  
And leaps and barks and begs again  
The last scrap in the dinner-pail,  
When Jimmy comes from school.

The cupboard latches clink a tune,  
And mother from her knitting stirs  
To tell that hungry boy of hers  
That supper will be ready soon,  
And then a slab of pie he takes,  
A cookie and a quince or two,  
And for the breezy barnyard breaks,  
Where everything cries, "How d'ye do?"  
When Jimmy comes from school.

The rooster on the garden fence  
Stirs up and down and crows and crows,

As if he knows, or thinks he knows,  
He, too, is of some consequence.  
The guineas join the chorus, too,  
And just beside the window sill  
The red bird, swinging out of view,  
On his high perch, begins to trill,  
When Jimmy comes from school.

When Jimmy comes from school, take care!

Our hearts begin to throb and quake  
With life and joy, and every ache  
Is gone before we are aware,  
The earth takes on a richer hue,  
A softer light falls on the flowers,  
And overhead a brighter blue,  
Seems bent above this world of ours,  
When Jimmy comes from school.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

**LESSON III.—APRIL 19.**

**THE LOST FOUND.**

Luke 15. 11-24. Memory verses, 18-20.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15. 10.  
Time.—A.D. 30.  
Place.—Perea.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**

After the feast in the Pharisee's house and the Sabbath Jesus went on his journey through Perea toward Jerusalem. Great multitudes went with him. They were on their way to the yearly passover feast. Ready as they were to leave one teacher and follow another for any flimsy reason, Jesus told them what it would cost them if they would be his disciples. The crowd was made up chiefly of the great outside class of sinners. Pious Jews looked upon these as worthless, and lost beyond all hope. No one would waste pity in regarding their sufferings or caring for their interests. To touch them would be to defile one's self. But Jesus showed them a special preference. He cordially welcomed them, spoke such tender words to them as no one else had ever done; ate with them on terms of social equality. This vexed and horrified the Pharisees. So, to explain his course, he told the three matchless parables of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost son.

**DAY BY DAY WORK.**

Monday.—Read about joy in heaven (Luke 15. 1-10). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read about the lost found (Luke 15. 12-24). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read the joys of salvation (Luke 15. 25-32). Learn the Golden Text. Thursday.—Read concerning departing from God (Jer. 17. 1-10). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read about punishment and pardon (2 Chron. 33. 1-13). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read concerning the father's voice (Ezek. 18. 20-32). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read "Return! return!" (Hosea 14.)

**QUESTIONS.**

1. Lost, verses 11-16.—11. Who are represented by the two sons? 12. What was the younger son's portion? 13. Why did he go far from home? How did he show his guilt and folly when there? 14. Were the pleasures lasting? What led him to seek employment? 15. To whom did he join himself? What degrading work had he to do? 16. For what food did he wish? Did his companions help him?

2. Found, verses 17-24.—17. What brought him to his senses? 18. What is the only remedy for those away from God? 20. Is it enough to resolve to do right? Had the father pity for him? Would this have saved him if he had not returned? 21. Why did he not complete his confession? 22. Of what were the robe and ring tokens? 24. How is God's delight at the sinner's return described?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Man wants to be independent of God. The wilful child breaks away from home restraints. He wants possessions before

white as the driven snow; his face, though wrinkled by the weight of passing years, was clear; his eye was undimmed. He was telling the children a story, which they were keenly enjoying; and the old gentleman was enjoying it too.

It was a beautiful sight, that aged man surrounded by those children, secure in the consciousness that men respected him and that God loved him. He had chosen wisely at the very beginning of his life journey, uniting with the Church early in manhood, engaging actively and heartily in Christian work, striving to make the world better because he had lived in it. And God was with him, so that he was able to be very useful, and he was widely honoured.

Both these old men are now in the other world. There was no outward change in their lives. The one was found dead in his bed one morning, and was carried to an unhonoured grave. The other passed away triumphantly, and was followed to his last earthly resting-place by a great company of honourable men and women, with children not a few, whose tears fell because of the great bereavement they had sustained.

and as these came in he drank them up at the village saloon.

Three years now they have been living in his former tenant-house, and they have now been ordered out of that. Winnefred has just returned to the house from the saloon, half a mile away, where he was refused his usual dram. He could have no more credit until his old bill was paid, and this now amounted to three dollars. He bethought himself at once of Susie's pet lamb, and the bar-keeper offered him four dollars for it, three of which should cancel the old bill, and the other dollar should stand to his bar-credit.

Susie is broken-hearted, but her tears avail not, nor the earnest pleadings of her mother. All must be sacrificed for drink, and poor old Winnefred will soon only have a grave he can call his own, and that grave will be a drunkard's grave.

Poor old man! He is only one of the vast army of miserable creatures which the saloon, under the protection of the law, has cursed. This is a terrible evil, that blasts the glory of home, beggars the children, and sends the strong, noble man to the grave of the drunkard!

**My Neighbour.**

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

My neighbour met me on the street;  
She dropped a word of greeting gay;  
Her look so bright, her tone so sweet,  
I stepped to music all that day.

The cares that tugged at heart and brain,  
The work too heavy for my hand,  
The ceaseless underbeat of pain,  
The tasks I could not understand

Grew lighter as I walked along  
With air and step of liberty,  
Freed by the sudden lilt of song  
That filled the world with cheer for me.

Yet was this all? A woman wise  
Her life enriched by many a year,  
Had faced me with her brave, true eyes,  
Passed on, and said, "Good morning,  
dear!"



THE LOST FOUND.

he can take care of them. He rushes into sinful pleasures. He wastes money, time, health, character. The downward path is steep. Severe measures have to be used with the sinner. Christ welcomes every true penitent. There is joy on earth and in heaven over his return.

**TWO LIVES.**

One hot summer day as the writer turned a corner in a certain country town, he suddenly came upon an old man sitting in a chair in front of a small grocery store. He was fast asleep. His face was red and bloated. Tobacco juice oozed from the corners of his mouth. Dozens of flies wandered over his face and hands, and it is likely that some crawled into his open mouth.

It was a repulsive spectacle; no wonder that the two little girls that came along looked frightened and walked close to the curb; no wonder they ran when they got safely by.

That wretched old man who was sitting there in full view of all the passers-by, sleeping off a drunken stupor, had been, some fifty years before, one of the most promising young men of the town in which he was now an object of disgust and ridicule. His parents were proud of him, his young heart and brain were full of lofty and inspiring ambitions. And yet here he was, a pitiable spectacle in the eyes of angels and men. And it was all because he had yielded to temptation, had failed to keep his record clear.

By a singular coincidence five minutes' walk brought into view a no less striking, but far more cheerful, spectacle. A venerable gentleman—one of the oldest men in the town—was sitting on a porch step engaged in conversation with a group of school children. His hair was

A double picture, with the contrasting lights and shadows, such as this which we have noted, has a special message in it for those who are yet in the dawning light of hope and youth. May we not address them, personally and directly, and say, "Young friend, you are at the beginning of life's activities; your record depends upon yourself. It will be exactly what you make it. Take the wise man's advice and seek wisdom. Make her your constant companion. Impress upon your heart Gough's dying words, 'Young man, keep your record clean.' Ask the Master to accompany you every step of the way. Then you may win great victories and make your personal life and ministry a blessing to all about you."—Christian Advocate.

**THE FINAL SACRIFICE.**

"Bah! bah!" bleated spotted Whinney, in farewell tones to his mistress, Miss Susie. The pet lamb is to be the final offering to the wine-cup of what used to be the happy Winnifred home. Thirteen years ago, when Susie was born, the Winnifred family lived in a stately mansion, back on the hill top. But a grand supper was given by Mr. Winnifred, in honour of the birth of his daughter, and for the first time he served wine to his guests.

Until then the family had been both Christian and temperate in habit and life; but the occasion, he thought, justified something unusual and so the wine was set out again and again, until the guests were noisily merry. From that day the wine-bottle was never absent from the Winnifred table, until the farm was sold on the very day that Susie was ten years old. A few slow notes were the only property left Mr. Winnifred,

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