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LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1892.

[No. 12

CHINESE TOWN.

SOME of the Chinese towns are laid out in a very curious fashion, the streets being exceedingly crooked. This is traceable to one of the many superstitions with which the minds of the people are filled, as they imagine that by thus turning and twisting their streets they can confuse and keep off the evil spirits, which always go in straight lines. One of the many canals which abound in China runs through this town, and there are bridges here and there across it. The houses are all tent-roofed, which is a survival of the tent-houses in which their ancestors lived.

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

I SPOKE to a lady the other day of her sister-in-law, who is one of my esteemed neighbours. "How well she is managing her children without any nurse!" I exclaimed. "She looks calm and untroubled, and yet I know she is diligent."

"She is a woman of great decision of character," was the answer. "She has a system about the children. She never allows them to question what she says, and you know that saves a great deal of fret and worry."

The next morning I made a short call on the subject of our remarks. The lady came to the parlour, and after shaking hands with me, turned to a chair, and found the two-year-old baby had followed her.

"Why, baby I did not know you were here. Run out to brother." "No, no don't want to!" "Oh, yes!" was the smiling answer; "Brother will play with you."

The baby retreated slowly till she reached the middle of the room, and there she stood with her finger in her mouth, eyeing her mother closely. The mother had turned in her chair away from me, and was watching the baby smilingly. It was evident that the caller was entirely forgotten for the moment; it was of the first importance that the baby should mind. I made a little note of the fact, so that there were no "prunes and persimmons" expressed on the mother's pretty face. She had simply spoken, and now expected the baby to do as she said.

"No," burst from the baby.

"Oh, yes," smiled mamma. "Brother is all ready to play with you."

The baby stood a moment longer, finger in her mouth, studying her mother's face, and then ran

out of the room. Then, and not till then, did the mother give me her attention.

The incident made such an impression on me that I want to write it for young mothers. I began with the theory that the best way to bring up a child was to reason with him, and in that way teach him obedience. I abandoned that theory long ago, and wish now that I had never held it for a day. When "implicit obedience" was brought to my mind, I rejected it, largely because, under my new responsibility, I was now conscious of my own fallibility.

"How can I," I would say to myself, "always know the right command to enforce?" Now I say to myself, "Be as nearly right as you can, but go ahead." Implicit obedience lovingly enforced is the only way to bring up a child, and "eternal vigilance" is its price.—*Christian Union.*

quiet owls who go round the fields in the dark and pounce upon all the mice and insects that would injure the corn.

The owls mostly eat the mice whole, without any attempt to tear them with their claws. But if they have young ones, they carry the mice home to the nest in their mouths, and sometimes they have been known to carry as many as forty mice in an hour to the hungry little ones who were waiting for food.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

ONE of the strongest arguments against the use of tobacco is the intense nausea and sickness felt by people in their first attempt at smoking. It is nature's protest against abuse, and it would be well for millions if they heeded the warning, for, offensive

to smell and taste as it is at first, the dislike often changes to intense craving, and the user of tobacco has become its slave, the habit being often harder to overcome than the use of strong drink. And of what use is it?

Very few persons can state distinctly the effects of tobacco upon them, the kind of pleasure which the use of it gives, and why they continue to use it. Let any user of tobacco ask himself these questions, and he will be surprised to see how unsatisfactory the answers he receives will be.

It is a habit which always grows stronger at the same time, weakening the will and finally making a man its abject slave. Its physical effects are such as to warrant its abandonment, even if there were no other consideration.

All its ill effects are transmitted from parents to child, and usually with a weakened constitution and a disposition to intemperance. It is a filthy habit. It is an expensive habit.

Smoking to excess produces nausea, vomiting, and trembling, with accelerated motion of the heart, and it is an open question whether the prevalence of heart disease, which has been attributed to the rapid, exciting, modern life, should not be really attributed to the extensive use of tobacco.

It is with tobacco as with deleterious articles of diet, the strong suffer comparatively little, while those not of robust health, or who are predisposed to disease fall victims to its poisonous operation. Under such circumstances an article so injurious to the health and so offensive in its mode of enjoyment should be speedily banished.



CHINESE TOWN.

OWLS.

THE chief peculiarity of owls is their mode of flying, and their quick sense of hearing. Their food being mostly mice and other small animals which easily hide themselves in the ground, great silence and clear sight are necessary, as well as quick hearing. So we find the wing of an owl is provided with feathers so remarkably soft and pliant that in striking the air they make no rushing sound as the feathers of other birds do.

There is something in the strange appearance and the silent flight of owls that has made them often feared, and superstitious people have thought them always ominous of evil. But there is hardly a more useful bird anywhere; its food consists of vermin and insects that would do great harm to the crops; and the farmers ought to be very thankful to the

March.

Oh, the breezy March days!
Oh, the gay and arch days!
When deep in the sheltered valleys
A thought of spring time rallies:
To wake the frozen music
That winter left behind:
And up the hill advancing,
The soft gray clouds come dancing,
To the bonny lulling measure
Of the whistling of the wind;

Oh, the breezy March time!
Oh, the gay and arch-time!
When brave and bright and nipping
The longer days come tripping:
And Nature, sharp but cheery,
Calls out in accents kind;
For who would mind her bluster,
Amid the joys that cluster
When we hear the summer answer
To the whistling of the wind.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1892.

REMEMBER

THE

S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

MARCH 27TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in March is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356).

HOW TO CONDUCT A JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BY REV. A. E. CRAIG.

CHOOSE a convenient hour—say Sunday afternoon. Choose the best assistants possible. One person cannot retain the interest for an hour as well as three. Divide the hour into three sections: devotion, instruction, entertainment.

1. *Devotion.*—Make the exercise as spiritual as possible. Expect even the children to appreciate the fact that you are at worship. Conduct it much as any devotional meeting. Pray, sing, read Scripture—encourage the children to take part. At first few will respond. Soon the circle will widen. The more timid and younger ones will soon forget their fears, and enter with soul into the exercise. Twenty minutes is quite long enough for this part.

2. *Instruction.*—If you are not "apt to teach," secure an assistant who is. This is the golden opportunity to instil important information. Make use of normal methods simplified. Vary the subject matter. It may include repeating Scripture, such as psalms, beatitudes, and other favourite portions; the catechism ought to find a place here; choice hymns, scraps of church history—Methodist or general, making pleasing and profitable variety. But be sure you do not weary. Twenty minutes will suffice for this also.

3. *Entertainment.*—What! Entertain the children on Sunday afternoon? Certainly. Why not? Better do it yourself than relegate it to some idle person or evil associate. Besides, you must use some legitimate allurements to secure attendance. What shall the entertainment be? The answer is not far to seek—a story, of course. Just say, "Once upon a time," and see how bright eyes will sparkle. I need not more than suggest where to look for stories. The Bible is full of them—none better. But there is no need of confining yourself to the Bible. In fact, if you cannot even find a "religious story," never mind—tell a story. They must have it. If they have taken their pill in form of catechism, etc., they are entitled to the after dose of sugar. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," turned into a serial story, will capture the imaginations of the children, and at the same time inculcate precious truth.

I throw out these hints for what they are worth. At least one junior league, of nearly one hundred members, has been successfully conducted upon this plan.—*Epworth Herald.*

HOW ANOTHER JUNIOR IS CONDUCTED.

BY S. T. HOLCOMB.

WE hold our meetings on Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, sharp. Open with a good, lively song. Every member is urged to take part in the singing. In the course of a meeting we sing often. Prayer follows the opening song—offered by the leader or by several of the juniors. We have some special sacred music at most all of our meetings. Next, we read the catechism, and find much to help and to learn from its pages. Any part of it that seems hard to understand is explained by the president.

One of the juniors reads a story to us every Sunday, from the uplifting, wide awake *Epworth Herald*. Occasionally we listen to a recitation from one of the members. We call the roll every Sunday, and have various responses—such as Scripture verses, object of junior league, a commandment, etc. We find this exercise causes good attendance. Our leader tells us a story of the Bible, in consecutive order every Sunday. The juniors read the same part of the Bible through the week, so that, with the leader's part, they get a condensed idea of it.

We sometimes have a contest by the juniors similar to a spelling match. Two of the members choose sides, then each one repeats some verses of Scripture from memory. You would be very much surprised to see how well they "take" to this. Golden texts, from the Sunday-school lesson, are thus brought into remembrance. Sometimes we limit these verses. For instance, all verses must be taken from a certain chapter or psalm. We have combined the devotional and instructive de-

partments. I presume nearly fifty per cent of the members take part in the devotional exercises. They seem to like this part best of all. We close with the Lord's prayer, and a verse which we have committed as a benediction verse—the last verse of the last chapter of Ephesians.—*Epworth Herald*

A Boy's Suggestion.

BY D. L. HUBBARD.

Promp, talk about the beauty
Of a lad that never smiles,
And never plays a game of cards,
And always wins his folks.

What a manly-looking fellow
He will make in manhood's years!
With a healthy constitution
And a heart that has no fears.

This kind of talk is good enough
For any one to teach,
If the folks would only bring to mind
To "practice what they preach."

I've had the deacon lecture me
On things like this enough,
While with the other hand he'd take
Another pinch of snuff.

And then he'd tell me solemnly,
With a face as long again,
To remember, while at play,
That the boys will make the men.

Now to those who are always talking,
With an everlasting noise,
I'd say, to make us good or bad,
'Tis the men that make the boys.

If the people round about us
Set examples good enough,
Boys who now are closely watching,
Will not drink nor chew nor snuff.

A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"TELL your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh," replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father.

You ought to see him."

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing labouring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at the first glance, only a rough, begrimed labourer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace, and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was any man in priestly robe in costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens, rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.

"And can you always judge of a man's character by the way he laughs?" "Oh, no; not by the way he laughs, but by what he laughs at."

Kind Words.

Never hesitate a moment
If you think that you can say
But one word to help another
Through a long and lonely day.
Far more often than you think it,
Some sad, weary heart may be
Lightened by a word of kindness
Or a glance of sympathy.

Though your days are spent in toiling,
Never deem yourself too poor
To have ought to spare a brother
When one knocketh at your door.
While your heart hath love for giving,
You can cheer the darkest way:
Never hesitate a moment—
Love will teach you what to say.

Ah! more often than you think it,
In some darkened heart is stirred
Holy thoughts and softer memories,
By a gentle, loving word.
Cast your bread upon the waters—
Love is never spent in vain—
In some joyful day hereafter,
You will find it all again.

NELLY'S DARK DAYS

By the Author of "Lost in London."

CHAPTER V.

HALF MEASURES.

As soon as Mrs. Rodney was buried, Bessie entered upon her charge of Rodney and Nelly. She was little more than a child herself in years, but her life in the streets had given her a keen, shrewd knowledge of human nature. She set about at once to make Rodney's home more attractive than it had been during his wife's illness; and every evening, as soon as her own necessary livelihood was earned, she hastened to spend all the time she could with him and Nelly. She could sing and talk well, and Rodney, whose good resolutions were never that usual, was often induced to stay at home, or pay only a brief visit to some public-house—for the sake of society—accompanied by both Bessie and Nelly, who waited for him outside the door, now and then sending in a message; all he was assumed of keeping them longer.

There was a little change for the better. Nelly's rings were covered by a gay pink cotton frock, trimmed with a number of small flounces, which Bessie picked up cheap at a clothes shop, and which she washed until the colour was faded. Rodney often promised to buy his little daughter other clothes she so much needed; but work was slack—very slack for unsteady hands like him—and he could earn but little, more than half which still went for drink. But he had no violent outbreak; and often when he was tempted to greater excesses, there arose before his mind the memory of his dead wife, with the violets in her faded hands. This memory, with Bessie's influence and Nelly's love, had a salutary effect upon him in part, and in his heart he had determined to be altogether a changed and reformed man some day.

By degrees Rodney recovered confidence in himself and his own power of moderation. Three months had passed since his wife's death, and he had never been so drunk as to be incapable. Bessie, with the sanguine delight of a girl, believed in his reformation, and rejoiced in it openly; while Nelly praised and fondled him every day. The slavery of the habit seemed over. He was master of it; or, at least, he was no more than a hired servant, who could cast off the yoke at any moment, and be altogether free. He drank still—drank deeply; but he could come out of the gin-palace with money in his pocket—a feat impossible a few months ago. The abject drunkards, who could not tear themselves away from the neighbourhood of the spirit vaults, became objects of contempt and disgust to him.

Yet there was not, after all, much to be proud of. The poor place at home was still bare and uncomfortable, in spite of Bessie's efforts; Nelly was

pinning for better food; and he himself was shabby and out-at-elbow. No person passing him in the street would have distinguished him from the drunken objects he despised. He was feeble and tremulous still. His eyes were red and dim, and his head was hot. The only point gained was that the vice, which still had possession of him, held him with a somewhat slighter grasp.

But when the next autumn came, and heavy fogs from the river filled the town, Bessie caught cold after cold, till her spirits failed her, and she could do little more than call in at Rodney's house upon her way home to her lodgings, where she longed to lie down to rest. There was nobody to while away the listless time at home, and if he stayed longer than usual at the beer-shop or gin-palace there was no one waiting for him outside—for he took care to lock Nelly up safely before he left her. His little and little the old slavery established itself again in all its tyranny. He had built his house upon the sand, and the storm came and beat upon it, and it fell—and great was the fall thereof.

Night after night Rodney came home late, raving more furiously than ever, while Nelly crouched in the darkest corner of the little room, in an agony of terror, not daring to stir lest she should draw his attention to her. Sometimes, as she grew better, Bessie would make her way through the chilly evenings to the house, to exert her old influence, but she found that it was all gone before this new outbreak. Once he struck her brutally, and thrust her out into the rain, bidding her be gone, and come back no more; but the faithful girl would not forsake him and little Nelly. She was hoping against hope.

A SORROWFUL FACT.

It was not long before the time came when Rodney was never really sober. When he could not stagger along the narrow streets to the spirit-vaults, he sent Nelly—as scores and hundreds of little children are sent in our Christian country—and he drank himself dead drunk in the room where his wife had died. At last there was neither shame, nor sorrow, nor a consciousness of sin in his soul. Only the one absorbing, insatiable craving for drink. A seven-fold possession had taken fast hold of him, and Bessie lost all hope.

It was quite dark one evening, and Rodney was lying prostrate—unable to stir—upon the low bed, with a bottle near him which he had lately drained, but without power to fumble with his nerveless fingers for any more pence which might possibly remain in his possession. His eyes were open; and in a state of drunken lethargy he was watching Nelly going softly to and fro about the room, casting terrified glances at him from time to time. He saw her bent almost double under the weight of the old iron-kettle, which she was lifting with both her little arms on to the fire; and lying there, powerless and speechless, he saw the thin, ragged frock, with its torn and faded flounces, catch the flames between the bars, and kindle rapidly into a blazing light about her.

An extreme agony came upon him. With all the might of his will he struggled to raise himself up to save her—but he could not move. He had no more power over his own limbs than the mother's corpse would have had if it had been lying there. For a moment his little girl stretched out her arms to him, with a scream for help; and then she sprang past him to the door, and he heard the street ring and echo with her cries and the shrieks of frightened women and children. But still he could not stir. He lay there like a log, while great drops of terror and anguish gathered on his face.

How long it was he did not know—it might have been years of torment—before the door was flung open, and a woman's face looked in upon him, white and haggard with fear.

"She's burned to death!" she cried, "and you'll have to answer for it. I'm not sorry—I'm glad. She'll be better off now; and I hope they'll hang you for it! You'll have to answer for the child's death."

She drew the door to again sharply, and left him in his miserable and helpless loneliness.

Nelly was dead, then—burned to death through his sin. The intolerable agony of his spirit gave him a little strength, and he crawled upon his hands and knees to the door, and succeeded in opening it. Down in the street below the people were talking of it, the women calling to one another to tell the horrible news. He could hear many of the words they said, with his rump sometimes, and sometimes Nelly's. Dead! Was it possible that his little Nelly could be dead! Why did they not bring her home! But then a great shuddering of horror fell upon him. He could not bear to see her again. His dead child—burned to death, with him lying by, too drunk to save her!

By-and-bye his limbs gathered more power, and, with pain and toil, he raised himself to his feet. The tumult in the streets was subsiding, and the people were retiring to their houses. Some of them, who lived on the same flat, knocked at his door, with loud and angry curses, but he had locked it as soon as his fingers could turn the key, and he kept a silence like the grave.

All was quiet after a while, and the clocks of the town struck eleven. If he could only steal away now, there would be no one to stop him and ask him what he was about to do or whether he was going. The streets were almost deserted, except about the gin-palaces. He cursed them bitterly as he went by. There was now only one purpose, one idea, in his tormented brain—if his miserable feet would but carry him to the river all should soon be ended for him. Nothing in the world to come could be worse than the hell of his own sin. The only plea Bessie could urge—that he should live to make amends to Nelly—had no longer an existence.

It was slow and weary work, creeping, creeping down to the river side. He saw it long before he reached it, with the lights glimmering across it from the opposite shore. He was obliged to lean often against the walls and the lamp-posts to gain breath and power to take a few more footsteps towards his grave. He was drunk no longer. His mind was terribly clear. He knew distinctly what had happened, and what was about to happen to him if his strength would only take him down to the edge of yonder black water. His conscience raised no voice against his purpose. There was a certain feeling almost of satisfaction, that, in a little while, the tide would be carrying him out to sea.

He had almost gained a spot where a single effort would plunge him into the cooling waters. There were but few persons about, and they at some distance away far enough not to hear the splash as he fell into the basin—when his unsteady foot caught upon the curbstone, and he fell forward, dashing his head violently upon the pavement. Before many minutes had passed a police man was conveying him in a cab to the infirmary, and he was laid, unconscious and delirious, upon a bed in one of the wards there.

(To be continued.)

RALLY FOR THE SALVATION OF THE YOUNG.

ALL honour to the aged who, amidst greater sacrifices than we are called to make, laid the foundations of our institutions. High is the appreciation in which we hold the noble men and women who are now doing battle, at mature age, for the uplifting of the race.

But "the work of the aged is well nigh done." The middle-aged are rapidly passing away. The hope of the Church is in the young. They are the Church of the next century. A decade will introduce them to life's heaviest responsibilities. Among them are the ministers and other officers of the Church.

As they are in heart, in life, in zeal, in labour and success, so the Church of the next century will be. How important, then, that the quickening and uplifting grace of the Gospel should be realized in its fulness by them! The great work of the Church—the most paying work is to save the youth.



AN INDIA BULLOCK CART.

AN INDIA BULLOCK CART.

WHAT a jolly team is this! How would you like to take a ride behind it? But there doesn't seem to be any too much room. Yet I guess we wouldn't quite tumble off, for those upright staves of that rather queer-looking body would doubtless keep us from falling. And what ungainly wheels! and just one pair, too!

There is another kind of carriage in use in India that I'd like to show you. It is called a travelling cart, and there are only two wheels to it as to this one. But it has much more body. Indeed, the body is like a large platform, and over it there is a huge cover of straw, arched over like a brick oven. This is to protect the traveller from the rain and from the fierce sun. Bullocks draw it, too, just like they are drawing this one. Indeed, these grave, sober fellows, with their long horns and small, sure feet, seem to be the prevailing style of horse in India.

How many interesting things we may read of this far-away country, India, with its palmy groves, spicy breezes, and delicious fruits! But how sad to think that of its 250,000,000 people only a few hundreds have heard the name of Jesus! If our young people would like to read a book about India that will instruct as well as interest, and tell them some of the many things the good and noble missionaries have done to teach the people there, let them send seventy-five cents to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and get a book called "Seven Years in Ceylon; or, Stories of Missionary Life." It is written by those noble Christian ladies, Mary and Margaret Leitch, and the wonderful and interesting things they have to tell will keep you reading on and on from page to page. There isn't a dry line in the whole book. It is filled to the brim, too, with all manner of instructive and delightful pictures.

A LITTLE girl knelt down to pray. She asked the dear Lord Jesus to give her what she wanted, and all was still for a few moments. Then some one in the next room heard her say, "Thank you, God; you are very good!" With a light heart she went to her play because she had asked and received.

The Slave Singing at Midnight.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David;
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and aspirations,
Such as reached the swarth Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turn were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might,
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ISAIAH, JEREMIAH, AND EZEKIEL.

B.C. 536.] LESSON XIII. [March 27.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Isa. 40. 1-10.

Memory verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
and all flesh shall see it together.—Isaiah
40. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The duty and privilege of proclaiming
the Gospel to all the world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Comfort ye—Spoken to the prophets.
The time of comfort had come. *Her wear-*
fare—A time of hard service enforced for a
definite time. Her iniquity is pardoned—
The iniquity on account of which she was
suffering. Received . . . double—Amplly
sufficient. It was the common law that
for all manner of trespass a man should pay
double as the penalty (Exod. 22. 9), so that
receiving double means that she had re-
ceived the full penalty of her sins. The
voice of him—Of one. In the wilderness—
The wild, sparsely-inhabited tracts lying
between Babylon and Jerusalem. Connect
this phrase with what follows. Prepare
ye the way of the Lord—The roads are so
bad in the East, that when a king takes a
journey he sends men before him to prepare
the roads. So God caused men to prepare

the way for the return of the
exiles for the coming of Christ,
for the redemption of the world.
The glory of the Lord—Shown
in his marvellous works of
redemption. The voice—From
God. And he said—The pro-
phet. All flesh . . . pass
Passes away quickly, is weak
before the power of God. The
strongest nations are but as a
fading flower compared with
God. The word of our God—
His word of promise and pro-
phesy. O Zion—The returned
people of God. Good tidings
Of return of salvation. The
high mountain—Proclaim from
the mountain tops, so that all
can see and know. Behold
your God—Come to save. His
work—Rather, his recompense,
his reward to his people.

Learn from this lesson—
That God loves to comfort
and help us.
Everything he promises will
come to pass.
How we can help on God's
cause.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What message was sent
to the exiles in Babylon?
"A message of comfort and
of the way of the Lord? (Repeat vers. 3 and
4.) 3. How may we prepare the way of
the Lord? "Prepare the way of the Lord:
(1) Fill up the valleys—defects of prayer,
of faith, of love, of work. (2) Bring down
the mountains of pride, sin, selfishness, un-
belief. (3) Straighten the crooked places
of dishonesty, crooked ways of sin. (4)
Smooth the rough places of harshness, dis-
courtesy, temper." 4. In what other ways?
"Prepare the way of the Lord, by larger
gifts to missions, by learning more about
them, by more earnest prayers for them,
by new consecration to God's work."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. What is meant by salvation?
It is the deliverance of the soul from sin
and its recovery to spiritual life in God.
And thou shalt call his name Jesus: for
it is he that shall save his people from their
sins.—Matt. 1. 21.

MUST AND MUSTN'T.

"A FELLOW can't have any fun,"
growled Tom. "It's just 'must' and
'mustn't' from morning till night. You
must do this, you must learn that; or
you mustn't go there, you mustn't say
that, and you mustn't do the other
thing. At school, you're tied right up
to rules, and at home—well a shake of
mother's head means more than a
dozen mustn'ts. Seems a pity a boy
can't have his own way half the time,
and do something as he likes."

"Going to the city this morning,
Tom?" asked Uncle Thed from the
adjoining room.

"Why, of course," answered Tom,
promptly.

"Going across the commons?"

"Yes, sir; always do."

"I wish you would notice those
young trees they've been setting out
the last year or two. Of course the
old trees will die sooner or later, and
others will be needed, but—will you
just observe them carefully, so as to
describe their appearance, etc."

"What about those trees, Tom?"
asked Uncle Thed after tea, as they
sat on the piazza.

"Why, they're all right; look a
little cramped, to be sure, snipped
short off on top, and tied up to poles,
snug as you please, every identical
twig of them; but that's as it should
be, to make them shipshape—don't
you see? They can't grow crooked if
they would. They'll make as hand-
some trees as ever you saw, one of
these days. Haven't you noticed the

trees in Mr. Benson's yard?—tall and
scraggy and crooked, just because
they were left to grow as they please.
The city fathers now don't propose to
run any risks."

"But I wonder how the trees feel
about the 'must' and the 'mustn't,'"
remarked Uncle Thed, dryly.

"Last I'm wishing he had not said
quite so much on the subject of trees
—and boys."

The Boy with the Five Loaves

THAT time the Saviour spread his feast
For thousands on the mountain's side,
One of the best and least
This abundant store supplied.

Haply the wonders to behold,
A boy 'mid other boys he came,
A lamb of Jesus' fold,
Though now unknown to fame.

Well may I guess how glowed his cheek;
How he looked down—half pride, half
fear;

Far off he saw one speak
Of him in Jesus' ear.

"There is a lad, five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain! But what are they
Where hungry thousands be?"
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
The mighty Shepherd ranks his sheep;
By tens and fifties, still
As clouds when breezes sleep.

But who can tell the trembling joy,
Who paint the grave endearing look,
When from that favoured boy
The wondrous pledge he took?

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