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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15, 1896.

[No. 7.]

WHY TOM LOST HIS PLACE.

BY CARLISLE B. HOLDING.

Tom Lemasters was a bright boy, industrious, and very fond of his mother. His father had been dead about a year, and Tommy felt the responsibility of helping to earn a living.

"Mr. Harrison wants a boy in his store," Tommy's mother said one afternoon, coming in from down town and putting several parcels on the table.

"Did you tell him I wanted a place?" Tom asked excitedly, jumping up from the chair where he was reading a book.

"Yes, and he said you should come down at once to see him about it," she replied.

"I will go now." Tom seized his hat and was bounding toward the door, when his mother called, "Wait; black your shoes, wash your face, and I will get you a clean waist to put on. First impressions are lasting."

"All right, mother," he said cheerily, hurrying out to do as she bade him.

In an hour Tom was home again. He rushed into his mother's presence, tossed his hat up and caught it, and exclaimed,

"I got the place! I got the place!"

"Sure?" his mother asked delightedly.

"Sure!" Tom said. I am to go to work in the morning. Mr. Harrison said it was on your account, mother, for while he did not know much about me, he knew you, and that was enough for him."

"How very kind; and, Tommy, you will not do anything to make Mr. Harrison sorry he took you and break my heart, will you?"

"Indeed not, mother." So Tom went to work determined to please

his employer and to honour his mother. "Here, boy," the cashier called one day; "take this note over to Lawyer Parson's office, and fly, I tell you, for he is going away on the nine o'clock train."

The manner of the cashier was cross and his words sharp, and Tommy grew red with anger; but he took the note and ran every step of the way to the office, and in fifteen minutes was back again.

"Mr. Parsons said, 'All right,'" he reported to the cashier between gasps for breath.

"Good boy," the cashier said, and turned away to his work.

"Here, Tom," Mr. Harrison called; "take these letters to the post office, and be quick, for the mail closes at nine; it's five minutes to nine now."

"O, dear," Tom sighed, as he hurried out; "I just went by the office. Why could not I have done this when I went

to Mr. Parson's?" Nevertheless he ran again, and the letters were mailed at the very last minute.

When night came Tom was thoroughly tired, for he was kept busy all day long running here and there for this clerk and that.

"Mother," he exclaimed one night, "people think because I am a boy I never get tired. I just must give up that place."

"Please don't," his mother said. "We need your wages, and then it is a starter for something better."

"Well, mother, suppose you pray about it. I must have more strength or I can never get through another week."

His mother smiled at his simple faith in her prayers, and that night she did ask the Father to give her boy patience and strength for his daily task.

And so the weeks went by until the holidays.

Then there was a rush in the store for sure. Everybody was busy. Crowds of people came to buy armfuls of things. Many weary tramps Tom made to the trains carrying parcels for customers who lived out of town. Many hurried runs were made to the express office, to the bank, to the post office, and elsewhere. When Tom came into the store, there was always something to be done, and he did it.

It was in the latter part of January; the great rush was over. The big store seemed very quiet, with only here and there a customer where hundreds had crowded the counters a few weeks before.

The floor walker found Tommy one morning in the basement straightening up the reserve stock.

"Mr. Harrison wants you in his office," he said.

Tom went to the office and found there

four or five heads of departments and the cashier.

"Tom," said Mr. Harrison, looking at him a second and then whirling his office chair around so Tom could not see his face, "it is the opinion of these gentlemen—and I agree with them—that you are not wanted as errand boy any longer."

"Sir," said Tommy, bursting into tears, "my mother!" He could say no more.

"There! there!" said Mr. Harrison, in softer tones; "I did not know you would feel so bad about it."

"I would not, sir," said Tommy at last, drying his tears and trying to be very brave; "but I promised mother not to lose my place if I could help it."

"So I see," said Mr. Harrison; "but, Tommy, there is one thing I did not tell you. The cashier is at the bottom of this. He says he does not want you to run errands any more, for he wants you in his office to help him. Now, if you don't care, you may go there at five dollars a week instead of three, as now."

"Sir," Tommy began.

"That is all, gentlemen," Mr. Harrison said, rising, and the men went out, the cashier taking Tommy with him.

And that is how Tommy lost one position to get a better one.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

"Did you see that, mister?" said an elevated railroad guard to a man who stood with him on the rear platform of the first car the other night.

"Yes."

"Well, then," added the guard, "you saw my three little children. They were kneeling at

a trunk in front of the

window of that house we passed. Over them stood their mother. She was about sending them to bed, but before they go she teaches 'em to pray for me. Yes, and she brings 'em there so as I can see 'em. And," he added, with a manly attempt to stifle a sob that welled up in his throat, "she has told me what she tells 'em to say."

"What is it?" inquired the auditor.

"I hope you won't think me foolish, sir, but as I guess you are a married man and a father you may care to hear it. You see, it is this way: The children, they go to bed at nine. That's about the time my train goes by the house. It's right on the line. So just about that moment she brings the little 'uns up to the trunk in their nightgowns, and make 'em kneel down with their hands clasped on their faces. And then they pray and pray—"



A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE.—(See next page.)

"For you?" was the interruption.
 "Yes, you're right. They pray that papa will be good and kind and sober, and bring home all his money, and—" The big board's voice trembled, but he continued with an effort.
 "I'm rough, tough, and all that, but I love my wife and I love my children. They are the only ones on earth that keep me straight. Bless-o-e-e-er! Good night, sir!" and the train proceeded, leaving at least one man with tears in his eyes. *New York Daily Recorder.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1896

TWO BOYS AND A HORSE.

When Jim first made acquaintance with Sam Wood, he had a very bad opinion of stable boys in general, and Bob Hawkin' in particular. Bob had been stable boy before Sam, and before him had been three or four others, all bad boys, who had given the horse-a dislike to the sight of a boy, and soured his temper entirely.

Bob used to think it delightful to pinch Jim's ears and under lip, or to tickle him, which annoyed Jim exceedingly, and taught him to snap at people's fingers. Bob used to put pepper in Jim's salt and outs. He knew of a certain little sound, something like a very young pappy whining, that made Jim almost wild with anger and fear. Why he was so afraid no one could find out, but Bob used to hide behind the hay, and just as Jim reached out to take a bite from the rack, Bob would make this sound. Then Jim would start and snort, and would not touch the hay again.

These, and a hundred other mean and cruel tricks, Bob played off against Jim. His master knew nothing of it, but wondered how the horse's temper came to be so bad of late.

But one day Bob's master found him out, and he was turned away in disgrace.

You can imagine how cross this daily worry had made Jim; so when Sam Wood came he looked on him only as another tormentor, whom he had best bite and kick as often as there was a chance.

The first time Sam came to the stable he brought a nice piece of bread in his hand; but when he held it out to Jim, the horse laid back his ears and showed his teeth, as if to say "Look out, I'll bite you." Sam stood quite still, with his hand stretched out, till Jim thought he might as well look at the thing, whatever it was. He was careful about sniffing at it, poor fellow, for he had burned his nose with pepper from Bob's hand; but his curiosity was great, and at last he touched the bread with his lips.

"Good fellow," said Sam, in a kind, friendly voice. Jim hardly believed his ears. He looked carefully at this

strange boy, and then, making up his mind to risk a peppering, he took the bread in his mouth. It tasted very good, and presently Jim found Sam smoothing his neck, and gently rubbing the back of his ear in a way the horse particularly liked, but which no one but his master ever treated him to.

From that time a firm friendship grew up between the boy and the horse.

At first, Jim could not help being distrustful; but by-and-bye he ceased to lay back his ears and curl his lip whenever a hand was laid on him. He no longer started at any strange sound in the barn, and he whinnied with delight when he heard Sam's voice. Sam never came to harness him for work without bringing a bit of bread or sugar, or an apple, or salt, to make him welcome, and Jim tried to show his grateful feeling in every way a horse could.—Selected.

DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

When reading the many stories of "Deep-Sea Wonders," did you ever think of the world in which these curious creatures live, and question as to what sort of a place the ocean may be?

It is a big, big place. So big that if Mr. Elephant and Mr. Whale should each make up his mind to take a journey—the one to travel all over the land and the other all over the ocean—Mr. Elephant would get through his trip, and have time for another, before Mr. Whale reached home again; for there is twice as much sea as land. But, then, the whale would have the best of it one way. He would come to no land that he could not swim around; for the oceans are so joined together as to be only one body of water, while the land is so divided up that it is impossible to get to every country without a boat.

The ocean traveller, looking down, would see where the corals, in all shapes, sizes, and colours, made a perfect garden of beauty. He would notice the glitter and sparkle of their scales, as the bright-coloured fish swam around over the soft carpet of sea-weeds, which many a pearly shell held in place. In some spots he would see tiny white specks, like the smallest snowflakes, falling, falling all the time. These are little shells that are piling upon each other, and making great beds of chalk. He would go on and on, the water getting colder as he went, till he came to the ice-regions of the north or south, where he could scarcely get along for the huge icebergs and great masses of ice so thickly crowded together on the surface. But, may be, Mr. Whale could manage to dive under, and so get up to the very pole, and find out all the secrets that men have tried so long to discover, but have not yet found out.

As our sailor goes along, he will find himself in a great stream, whose rushing waters carry him on like a river—which indeed it is—for there are rivers in the ocean as well as on land, only here they are called currents. If he gets into a current going toward the poles, he will find it warmer than the water around him; while, if it is going the other way, it will be very much colder. These ocean rivers are larger than any on land. One of them is said to be over thirty miles wide in some places, and nearly half-a-mile deep. Strange is it not, that these currents go right along through the ocean without getting all mixed up with the rest of the water?

He can tell all about the saltiness of the sea, but is not wise enough to know that if this salt were taken out and placed evenly over the earth it would make a layer over thirty feet high. But he knows that the water is saltier in some places than in others; for up there in the ice-regions it did not taste so very salt, and when he came down where that great river ran in from the land it was so very fresh that he had to hurry out of it as fast as he could.

But there are a great many things dissolved in the sea besides salt, and among these is silver. It is said there are over two million tons of it enough to make a great many silver dollars. Ask him the colour of the ocean, and he begins to say over every colour he can possibly think of, for he had seen it look all sorts of

ways. Although generally it is a bluish green, yet if you put a little in a vase it will be colourless. So it must be either the bottom, or something in the water itself, that makes it look so different in different places and at different times. It is a light-green near shore, where that beautiful white sand covers the bottom; while if the sand is yellow, the green will be very dark. If there is red earth at the bottom, or the sea swarms with little animals, or there is a covering of sea-weed down below, the waters will be red, yellow, or green, according to what is in them; and, of course, at night the phosphorescent animals do their part to make an ocean of fire.

Mr. Whale would almost laugh if you should ask him if the ocean is like a great basin, with sloping sides and a flat bottom; for he knows so well that in it are level plains, deep valleys, little hills, and high mountains; some so high that they stick out of the water, making islands. Then, too, down beneath the waves, are caves and caverns, and even springs of fresh water bubbling up—for the ocean is only land with water over it; and geologists tell us that, thousands and thousands of years ago, the very spot on which we now live was an ocean, too.

While talking about his travels, Mr. Whale might tell how the different sea people live. On the very bottom are shell-fish and worms; next, some fish that stay just about that deep, never going any higher or lower; above them still others; and so on, to the top, like a great tenement house, three or four miles high, each tenant having his own story to live in. There are a few that seem to be rich enough to afford a whole house to themselves; for they are found sometimes at the top, and then down at the bottom, stopping to get something to eat, or to frolic about a little on the way down.

And the great waves! Mr. Whale knows all about these, for was there not a great storm while he was taking his long journey, and did he not see the waves rise 100 feet? They were thirty feet high? At least it seemed so to him. To be sure, that was only once, and he did not measure them that time; but often and often he saw them when they rose twice as high as a very tall man. He did not fancy these great waves very much. They were so strong that, heavy as he was, they could toss him up and down like a ball. When near the shore they would carry him straight along, and he would get somewhere; but out at sea they just rose and fell, and he would be carried backward and forward, and finally left in the place from which he started.

WHITTIER'S FIRST POETRY.

After he had made the acquaintance of Burns' poems, Whittier began to scribble rhymes of his own on his slate at school, and in the evening about the family hearth. One of his boyish stanzas lingered in the memory of an elder sister:

And must I always swing the flail,
 And help to fill the milking-pail?
 I wish to go away to school,
 I do not wish to be a fool.

With practice he began to be bolder, and he wrote copies of verses on every-day events, and also little ballads. One of these, written when he was seventeen, his eldest sister liked so well that she sent it to the weekly paper of Newburyport, the Free Press, then recently started by William Lloyd Garrison. She did this without telling her brother, and no one was more surprised than he when he opened the paper and found his own verses in "The Poets' Corner." He was adding his father to mend a stone wall by the roadside as the postman passed on horseback and tossed the paper to the young man. "His heart stood still a moment when he saw his own verses," says a biographer. "Such delight as his comes only once in the lifetime of any aspirant to literary fame. His father at last called to him to put up the paper and keep at work."

The editor of the Free Press was only three years older than the poet, although far more mature. He did more for the young man than merely print these boyish verses, for he went to Whittier's father and urged the need of giving the

youth a little better education. To do this was not possible then; but two years later, when Whittier was nineteen, an academy was started at Haverhill, and here he attended, even writing a few stanzas to be sung at the opening exercises. He studied at Haverhill for two terms, and by making slippers, by keeping books, and by teaching school, he earned the little money needed to pay his way. At Haverhill he was able to read the works of many authors hitherto unknown to him, and he also wrote for the local papers much prose and verse.—Prof. Brander Matthews, in July St. Nicholas.

A Memory of the Nile.

BY EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

Dark-eyed daughter of the Nile,
 Still in dreams I see thee stand
 With the river at thy feet
 And the green of growing wheat
 Lying softly o'er the land.

Here beside my Northern fire,
 Pictured clear before my eyes,
 I can see the changing shore
 And the storied stream once more,
 Arched by cloudless Eastern skies.

Gliding, gliding ever on,
 Tomb and tower and town pass by,
 Golden glow on distant shores,
 Weary call from far shadoofs
 Mingled with the boatman's cry.

And thou, vision young and fair,
 Standing where the rippling waves
 Sing their ceaseless lullaby
 To the hallowed shores where lie
 The dead centuries in their graves.

Gazing down this stream of time,
 Fain thy future to forecast:
 What to thee the gathered glooms
 Round the old world's rock-tomb
 Buried dead of long-dead past.

Lovely vision, this I read
 In thy calm, expectant smile,
 In the sweet hope of thine eyes,
 Luminous as midnight skies
 Bent above this river Nile:

Hope immortal still shall rise,
 Goddess-like, on Time's worn strand,
 Full of promise fresh and sweet,
 Ev'n as living grains of wheat
 Dropped from mummy's withered hand.

Future gain from former loss,
 Good from seeming ill shall spring;
 Crumbled kingdoms of to-day
 Shall to-morrow pave the way
 For the coming of the King.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A business firm once employed a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee. The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and complained to the manager. Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the occasion of all the noise in front of the building. The clerk went forward, and returned with the answer that it was a lot of waggons going by. The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat. The manager then sent him to ascertain how many waggons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and returned saying that they were from the city of Lucena.

The manager then asked the old clerk to be seated, and sent for the young man and said to him: "Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?" The young man replied: "Sixteen waggons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass to-morrow. They belong to Romero & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is bringing one dollar and a quarter a bushel for hauling."

The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said: "My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you."—Popular Science Monthly.

Prohibition Battle Song

Have heard Truth's silver clarion,
In the watches of the night;
Can see her purple summits
Flush with morning's golden light.
Have seen the bow of promise
Over human doubts and fears,
And I hear the trump of Progress
Sound the battle-march of years.

Of a nation's wakened conscience
I have caught the accents sweet,
Thrilling through the din of traffic
And the clamour of the street.
I have heard the clang of armour
Being burnished for the fight,
And have read the startling challenge
Of the champions of right.

I have heard the ringing anvil
Where the Master's will is wrought,
And the harvest-song of reapers
In the higher fields of thought
I can see dark storm-clouds gather
Over Error's devious path,
And have caught the low, deep warning
Of the thunder of God's wrath.

Let no man henceforth hold poison
To his brother's lips for gold,
Or a nation's shameless sanction
Of iniquity be sold.
Never more let want and famine
All the land with mourning fill,
While the blessings of the harvest
Turn to curses in the still.

Never woman's wall of anguish,
And childhood's cry of pain
Hush to silence in the tumult
Of the strife of greed for gain,
For the olden voice is crying
In the wilderness of wrong,
Make ye straight Jehovah's pathway,
Vengeance waits not over long.

—W. H. Mellen, in the Voice.

THE STORY OF JESSICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE COFFEE-STALL AND ITS KEEPER.

In a screened and secluded corner of one of the many railway bridges which span the streets of London there could be seen, a few years ago, from five o'clock every morning until half-past eight, a tidily set-out coffee-stall, consisting of a trestle and board, upon which stood two large tin cans, with a small fire of charcoal burning under each, so as to keep the coffee boiling during the early hours of the morning when the work-people were thronging into the city on their way to their daily toil. The coffee-stall was a favourite o. c. for besides being under shelter, which was of great consequence upon rainy mornings, it was also in so private a niche that the customers taking their out-of-door breakfast were not too much exposed to notice; and, moreover, the coffee-stall keeper was a quiet man, who cared only to serve the busy workmen, without hindering them by any gossip. He was a tall, spare, elderly man, with a singularly solemn face, and a manner which was grave and secret. Nobody knew either his name or dwelling-place; unless it might be the policeman who strode past the coffee-stall every half-hour, and nodded familiarly to the solemn man behind it. There were very few who cared to make any inquiries about him; but those who did could only discover that he kept the furniture of his stall at a neighbouring coffee-house, whither he wheeled his trestle and board and crockery every day, not later than half-past eight in the morning; after which he was wont to glide away with a soft footstep, and a mysterious and fugitive air, with many backward and sidelong glances, as if he dreaded observation, until he was lost among the crowds which thronged the streets. No one had ever had the persevering curiosity to track him all the way to his house, or to find out his other means of getting a livelihood; but in general his stall was surrounded by customers, whom he served with silent seriousness, and who did not grudge to pay him his charge for the refreshing coffee he supplied to them.

For several years the crowd of work-people had paused by the coffee-stall

under the railway arch, when one morning, in a partial lull of his business, the owner became suddenly aware of a pair of very bright dark eyes being fastened upon him and the slices of bread and butter on his board, with a gaze as hungry as that of a mouse which had been driven by famine into a trap. A thin and meagre face belonged to the eyes, which was half hidden by a mass of matted hair hanging over the forehead, and down the neck, the only covering which the neck or head had, for a tattered frock, scarcely fastened together with broken strings, was slipping down over the shivering shoulders of the little girl. Stooping down to a basket behind his stall, he caught sight of two bare little feet curling up from the damp pavement, as the child lifted up first one and then the other, and laid them one over another to gain a momentary feeling of warmth. Whoever the wretched child was, she did not speak; only at every steaming cupful which he poured out of his can, her dark eyes gleamed hungrily, and he could hear her smack her thin lips, as if in fancy she was tasting the warm and fragrant coffee.

"Oh, come now!" he said at last, when only one boy was left taking his breakfast leisurely, and he leaned over his stall to speak in a low and quiet tone; "why don't you go away, little girl? Come, come; you're staying too long, you know."

"I'm just going, sir," she answered, shrugging her small shoulders to draw her frock up higher about her neck; "only it's raining cats and dogs outside; and mother's been away all night, and she took the key with her; and it's so nice to smell the coffee; and the police has left off worrying me while I've been here. He thinks I'm a customer taking my breakfast." And the child laughed a shrill little laugh of mockery at herself and the policeman.

"You've had no breakfast, I suppose," said the coffee-stall keeper, in the same low and confidential voice, and leaning over his stall till his face nearly touched the thin, sharp features of the child.

"No," she replied coolly, "and I shall want my dinner dreadful bad before I get it, I know. You don't often feel dreadful hungry, do you, sir? I'm not gripped yet, you know; but afore I taste my dinner it'll be pretty bad, I tell you. Ah! very bad indeed!"

She turned away with a knowing nod, as much as to say she had one experience in life to which he was quite a stranger; but before she had gone half a dozen steps, she heard the quiet voice calling to her in rather louder tones, and in an instant she was back at the stall.

"Slip in here," said the owner, in a cautious whisper, "here's a little coffee left and a few crusts. There, you must never come again, you know. I never give to beggars; and if you'd begged, I'd have called the police. There; put your poor feet towards the fire. Now, aren't you comfortable?"

The child looked up with a face of intense satisfaction. She was seated upon an empty basket, with her feet near the pan of charcoal, and a cup of steaming coffee on her lap; but her mouth was too full for her to reply, except by a very deep nod, which expressed unbounded delight. The man was busy for a while packing up his crockery; but every now and then he stopped to look down upon her, and to shake his head gravely.

"What's your name?" he asked, at length, "but there, never mind! I don't care what it is. What's your name to do with me, I wonder?"

"It's Jessica," said the girl; "but mother and everybody calls me Jess. You'd be tired of being called Jess, if you was me. It's Jess here, and Jess there; and everybody wanting me to go errands. And they think nothing of giving me smacks, and kicks, and pinches. Look here!"

Whether her arms were black and blue from the cold, or from ill-usage, he could not tell; but he shook his head again seriously, and the child felt encouraged to go on.

"I wish I could stay here for ever and ever, just as I am!" she cried. "But you're going away, now; and I'm never to come again, or you'll set the police on me!"

"Yes," said the coffee-stall keeper, very softly, and looking round to see if there were any other ragged children within

sight; "if you'll promise not to come again for a whole week, and not to tell anybody else you may come once more I'll give you one other treat. But you must be off now."

"I'm off, sir," she said, sharply; "but if you've an errand I could go on, I'd do it all right, I would. Let me carry some of your things."

"No, no," cried the man; "you run away, like a good girl; and mind! I'm not to see you again for a whole week!"

"All right," answered Jess, setting off down the rainy street at a quick run, as if to show her willing agreement to the bargain; while the coffee-stall keeper, with many a cautious glance around him, removed his stock-in-trade to the coffee-house near at hand, and was seen no more for the rest of the day in the neighbourhood of the railway-bridge.

CHAPTER II.

JESSICA'S TEMPTATION.

Jessica kept her part of the bargain faithfully; and though the solemn and silent man under the dark shadow of the bridge looked out for her every morning as he served his customers, he caught no glimpse of her wan face and thin little frame. But when the appointed time was finished, she presented herself at the stall, with her hungry eyes fastened again upon the piles of buns and bread and butter, which were fast disappearing before the demands of the buyers. The business was at its height, and the famished child stood quietly on one side watching for the throng to melt away. But as soon as the nearest church clock had chimed eight, she drew a little nearer to the stall, and at a signal from its owner she slipped between the trestles of his stand, and took up her former position on the empty basket. To his eyes she seemed even a little thinner, and certainly more ragged, than before; and he laid a whole bun, a stale one which was left from yesterday's stock, upon her lap, as she lifted the cup of coffee to her lips with both her benumbed hands.

"What's your name?" she asked, looking up to him with her keen eyes.

"Why," he answered, hesitatingly, as if he was reluctant to tell so much of himself; "my christened name is Daniel."

"And where do you live, Mr. Daniel?" she inquired.

"Oh, come now!" he exclaimed, "if you're going to be impudent, you'd better march off. What business is it of yours where I live? I don't want to know where you live, I can tell you."

"I didn't mean no offence," said Jess, humbly, "only I thought I'd like to know where a good man like you lived. You're a very good man, aren't you, Mr. Daniel?"

"I don't know," he answered, uneasily; "I'm afraid I'm not."

"Oh, but you are, you know," continued Jess. "You make good coffee; pum! And buns too! And I've been watching you hundreds of times afore you saw me, and the police leaves you alone, and never tells you to move on. Oh, yes! you must be a very good man!"

Daniel sighed, and sidged about his crockery with a grave and occupied air, as if he were pondering over the child's notion of goodness. He made good coffee, and the police left him alone! It was quite true, yet still, as he counted up the store of pence which had accumulated in his strong canvas bag, he sighed again still more heavily. He purposely let one of his pennies fall upon the muddy pavement, and went on counting the rest busily, while he furtively watched the little girl sitting at his feet. Without a shade of change upon her small face, she covered the penny with her foot, and drew it in carefully towards her, while she continued to chatter sweetly to him. For a moment a feeling of pain shot a pang through Daniel's heart; and then he congratulated himself on having entrapped the young thief. It was time to be leaving now; but before he went he would make her move her bare foot, and disclose the penny concealed beneath it, and then he would warn her never to venture near his stall again. This was her gratitude, he thought; he had given her two breakfasts and more kindness than he had shown to any fellow-creature for many a long year; and, at the first chance, the young jade turned upon him, and robbed him! He was brooding over it painfully

in his mind when Jessica's uplifted face changed suddenly, and a dark flush crept over her pale cheeks and the tears started to her eyes. She stooped down and picking up the coin from amongst the mud she rubbed it bright and clean upon her rag and laid it upon the stall close to his hand, but without speaking a word. Daniel looked down upon her solemnly and searchingly.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Please, Mr. Daniel," she answered, "it dropped, and you didn't hear it."

"Jess," he said, sternly, "tell me all about it."

"Oh, please," she sobbed, "I never had a penny of my very own but once, and it rolled close to my foot, and you didn't see it; and I hid it up sharp, and then I thought how kind you'd been, and how good the coffee and buns are, and how you let me warm myself at your fire; and please, I couldn't keep the penny any longer. You'll never let me come again, I guess."

Daniel turned away for a minute, busying himself with putting his cups and saucers into the basket, while Jessica stood by trembling, with the large tears rolling slowly down her cheeks. The snug, dark corner, with its warm fire of charcoal and its fragrant smell of coffee, had been a paradise to her for these two brief spans of time; but she had been guilty of the sin which would drive her from it. All beyond the railway-arch the streets stretched away, cold and dreary, with no friendly faces to meet hers, and no warm cups of coffee to refresh her; yet she was only lingering sorrowfully to hear the words spoken which should forbid her to return to this pleasant spot. Mr. Daniel turned round at last, and met her tearful gaze with a look of strange emotion upon his own solemn face.

"Jess," he said, "I could never have done it myself. But you may come here every Wednesday morning, as this is a Wednesday, and there'll always be a cup of coffee for you."

She thought he meant that he could not have hidden the penny under his foot, and she went away a little saddened and subdued, notwithstanding her great delight in the expectation of such a treat every week; while Daniel, pondering over the struggle that must have passed through her childish mind, went on his way, from time to time shaking his head, and muttering to himself, "I couldn't have done it myself; I never could have done it myself."

(To be continued.)

FOR WANT OF A LATCH.

An old stepladder lesson, setting forth the sad import of little neglects, is worth a hundred repetitions:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail."

This is said to be originally taken from actual history—of a certain aide-de-camp whose horse fell lame on a retreat and delayed him until the enemy overtook and killed him.

Here is another case said to have actually happened. Once on a farm there was a gate enclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for the want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two and a few minutes' time would have made all right. The gate was on the swing every time a person went out, and, not being in a condition to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

One day a fine young porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook, and milkmaid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener, who was first to discover the pig, in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, sprained his ankle, which laid him up for a fortnight, the cook, on returning to the house, found the linen burned, that she had hung up before the fire to dry, and the milkmaid, having forgotten to tie up the cattle in the cow house found that one of the cows had kicked and broken the leg of a colt. The linen burned and the gardener's work lost, were worth fully twenty dollars, and the colt was worth nearly double that money, so that there was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum solely for want of a small latch.—S. S. Messenger.

My Hero.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

If ever you'd known my Robert,
You'd wonder not that I call
Him now the first of my heroes,
Noblest and kindest of all.

'Twas a glorious morn of summer,
And only one year ago,
That I lost my heart to Robert,
Listen and you shall know.

The short, sharp clang of the fire-bell,
Rang out to the firemen's band,
That morn as I walked the highway,
Holding my baby's hand.

And soon down the noisy pavement
A widening path was made,
For the firemen's hurrying phalanx,
Already in sight arrayed.

And now they were down upon us,
With clatter and roar so loud;
Enginery, trained men, and horses
Rush through the surging crowd.

My baby had slipped from my fingers,
Where was she? My heart gave a
bound.

Far out in the path of the firemen
She smiling looked around.

I could not stir from the pavement,
Already I saw her dead.
The horses and all were upon her,
The huge engine cart was ahead.

Then Robert, the first of the horses
Who carried the engine, just gave
A push with his head at the baby,
To push her one side, and to save

Her life from the wheels that would
crush her.

Such shouts as went up from the
throng!
But Robert seemed never to hear them,
As faster he hurried along.

My arms were outstretched for my baby,
My arms held her close to my breast,
And then I thanked God for my Robert,
Of heroes the noblest and best.

come to him (Heb. 4. 11-16). Sing the Lesson Hymn.

QUESTIONS.

1. The Father's Plea, verses 41, 42.—41. What office did Jairus hold? What were his duties? How was it shown that Jesus was held in respect? 42. Why did the people throng Jesus? Did the Jews treat daughters better than they were treated by most Eastern nations?
2. Asleep in Death, verses 49-53.—49. Why did the family send a message to Jairus? 50. What did Jesus mean when he said, "Fear not?" Were any miracles wrought without faith on the part of the seeker? 51. Why was the crowd kept out of the death chamber? 52. What were the signs of grief at an Eastern funeral?
3. Restored to Life, verses 54, 55.—54. What proof did Jairus give that he believed in Christ's power? With what words did Jesus call the girl to life? 55. What did he tell them to give her? Why did he do this?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

In trouble we should go to Jesus. God delays blessing to try our faith. Christ has power over body and soul after death. Because people laugh we must not cease to do good. Spiritual life is to be fed through the means of grace. All who sleep in death will one day come forth at Christ's bidding. The greatest works are done without much noise. Knowing who Christ is, and what he has done, we ought to have strong faith in him.

he looked as if he believed it, too, small as he was.

"Well, why do men and boys do it then, 'stead of girls?" asked Harry, looking very wise.

It was Paul's and Fred's turn now to answer "'cause," and they grew quite serious, for they could think of no good reason.

Just then the factory whistle blew and the boys ran for home and supper.

Harry Gray had a feeling that he had beaten his mates in their little talk, still for some reason every man or boy he now met with a pipe or cigar in his mouth seemed different from what they ever had before. They didn't look so clean and manly, and he could but think how dreadful it would seem if the girls and women he met carried a smoke-stack in their mouths, too.

Before bedtime some older heads were set to work at this puzzle by the boys' questions at the supper table.

Mr. Gray said in reply to Harry, "that he should feel very sorry to see his mother or sisters use tobacco, or Harry either."

"But what makes you and Frank and Tom use it then?"

At this Mr. Gray "'caused" and coughed and told Harry to stop his talk and fill up the woodbox for morning.

"He can't give a good reason," thought Harry, as he went about his task, "and I believe Fred and Paul are right."

The other two boys, we are glad to tell you, got answers that helped them and

for joy, "I'll join, an' so will Fred an' Paul an' a whole lot o' boys."

Now you know that when a lot wideawake boys make up their minds to do a thing it is done; and that is the reason this little society, which they called "A White Life for Two," "White Club" for short, grew and grew and oh, how much good it did, not only among the boys, but the men as well for it set them to thinking and made them ashamed of their bad habits; and more than one broke from them.—Union Signal.

A THRIFTY PRINCE.

The truly German quality of thrift is an amusing trait of the Emperor William's little sons. Occasionally the press takes the three older princes with her on her shopping expeditions, where the boys are allowed to spend pocket-money just as they please. Short time before Christmas they were to inspect the delights of a large shop in Berlin. One of the princes picked out the object of his choice, and at once proceeded to the cashier's desk. Her Majesty asked him whether this was all he intended to buy, when he retorted in most business-like tone: "No, but I prefer to pay for everything separately, for that I shan't spend more than I've got."—The Lady.

THE WALKING LEAVES OF AUSTRALIA.

There are some funny leaves in Australia, which the people there used to think could walk alone! Whenever there came a gust of wind these queer leaves blew off in a perfect shower. As leaves generally do, they turned over and over, and rested upon the ground. They would seem to crawl toward the trunk of the tree from which they fell. Since that time it has been found that these leaves, as they were thought to be, were real insects, and lived upon the very trees. Their bodies are thin and flat, and their wings veined just like a leaf. If they are disturbed, their legs which are folded away under their bodies leave their whole shape exactly like a leaf of a tree, with stem and all. Bright green in the summer, these singular little insects slowly change their colour to a dingy brown, just like a frost-bitten leaf. Strange that with wings they do not fly, but rather walk or crawl along the ground.—Mrs. G. Hall.

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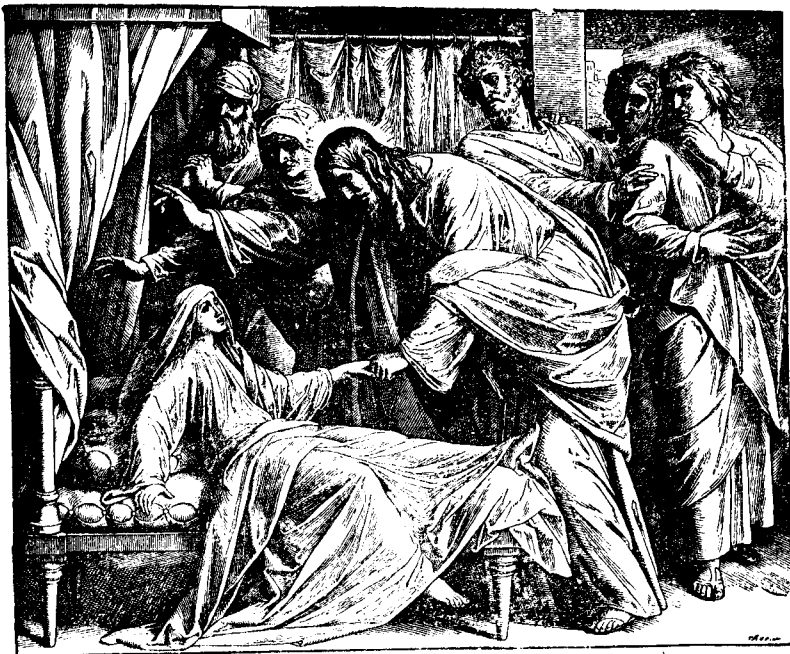
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THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 23.

FAITH ENCOURAGED.

Luke 8. 41, 42, 49-55. Memory verses, 49-50.

Golden Text.—Fear not: believe only.

—Luke 8. 50.

Time.—Autumn, A.D. 28.

Place.—Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Following the raising of the widow's son came John's two messengers to Jesus, the anointing of our Lord's feet in Simon's house, speaking of seven parables from a fishing vessel. Then Jesus crossed the lake to Gadara on the east shore, stilling a tempest on his way. At Gadara he cured two demoniacs, after which he returned to Capernaum and performed the miracle described in the lesson.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read how Jesus encouraged faith (Luke 8. 41-56). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read a story of brave becoming Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read a grand honour-roll (Heb. 11. 1-10). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read of failing faith and a drowning man (Matt. 14. 22-33). Learn the Memory Verses. Read the Parallel Passages.

Friday.—Read the price of a cure, and how it was obtained (Mark 9. 17-29). Study the Notes. Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read David's advice about trust in the Lord (Psalm 62. 1-8). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read how God wants us to

THE "WHITE CLUB."

BY ESTELLE MENDELL.

"But my sisters don't smoke, nor my ma nor grandma," said Harry Gray, just a trifle angry because his playmates, Paul Bryan and Fred Eaton, said, "it was wicked and awfully nasty to smoke and chew tobacco," and then had told him that his father and brothers did both.

These three boys had been playing leapfrog and were now resting under the shade of a beautiful oak; and they fell to talking about matters and things very much as big folks do—though each was but about ten years of age.

"Most all men smoke," Harry went on, "that ain't anything so dreadful, but my ma and sisters are just as good as yours."

"My father and brothers don't smoke," said Paul Bryan, in a way that showed he was very proud of the fact, "they're just as clean as my ma and my sister."

"Nor mine," added Fred Eaton.

"But men don't have to be so good and clean as women," said Harry, stoutly.

"Why not?" asked his mates earnestly.

"'Cause they don't," was the ready answer; "girls is girls, an' boys is boys."

"Well, my teacher in Sunday-school says boys ought not to be rough or swear or smoke or drink any more'n girls; and when I asked papa about it he said she was about right."

It was Paul Bryan that said this and

made them more sure than ever that boys should be as clean and pure as girls.

"Oh, did you hear about Tom Burke's getting pretty near killed last night?" asked Harry, as the three playmates met the next afternoon under the oak.

"Yes," said Paul, "a horse an' waggon run into him an' his sister both, and the doctor says Tom'll die but Kate'll get well."

"I don't see why, long as they're both hurt just alike," said Harry.

"Well, the doctor told papa that Tom's blood was all poisoned and killed with liquor and tobacco, but Kate's wasn't, so she'd heal quicker."

"An' that's what teacher said, you know," added Fred.

"Well, I'm just going to tell papa," thought Harry, "if he does make me fill up the woodbox before it's time, an' I guess he'll think it's as good for men not to smoke an' chew as women, when he hears this."

But Mr. Gray didn't tell Harry to stop talking and bring in the wood this time, but he said in a very kind and manly way:

"It's all true, my son," for you see he had been thinking over Harry's question, "and what do you say to starting a little society here at home with the motto that boys and men should be pure and good as well as women and girls?"

"All right, papa," cried Harry, dancing