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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

No. 7.

The Quest.

Once there was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free.
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me
go:
For the dullest place in the world, I
know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee;
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away,
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair,
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or
sky,
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth
she.

And he said, "Sweet mother, from east
to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and
best
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN, B.A.

"Find Livingstone!" was the brief instruction given Mr. Stanley, the young newspaper correspondent in gay Paris by that prince of publishers, James Gordon Bennett; and after hard travelling, hard fighting, and harder planning, on the morning of the 10th of November, 1871, the intrepid Stanley stood on the crest of a vine-hung hill in mid-Africa, looking down on the palm-girt and guarded town of Ujiji, wherein Livingstone's faithful servant Susi had just told him, there rested for a moment in his march that missionary, who was a scientist, an explorer, and a man—David Livingstone.

Threading the streets of the town, Stanley pushed through curious groups of thronging natives until, at last, surrounded by a coterie of his own, was seen a grey-bearded white man, clad in worn grey trousers, a faded red-sleeved waistcoat, and wearing a blue cap that had once been proud of its gold band.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

For six years the great explorer had not heard "white man's" English. On the other hand, Stanley stood face to face with the best talked-of man among civilized peoples, and could go back now and tell an anxious world that the lost Livingstone had been found. Little wonder if the clasped hands tremble, or that the day has faded into evening, and the night grown grey, be-



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

fore these men have heard from each other sufficient of the two worlds they represent.

LOWLY BIRTH.

The man who was thus greeted was one of the finer vessels into which God puts a greater share of his Spirit. Inspiration did not die with the apostles; but now and then a creature is lifted well above the level of common humanity and entrusted with a great idea, about which cluster his will, his desires, his faculties, until he seems to move, the high-born thought vivified, humanized. Such an one is free-willed still. But it does seem to human obscurity as if the Divine One sometimes picks out a Columbus, a Newton, a Franklin, a Livingstone, and so impresses him with the imperious necessity of a great work that his will, free as infinity, is yet omnipotently bent to the task. Such was David Livingstone. Born in 1813, he was entered

AT THE AGE OF TEN

as a "piecer" in the Blantyre Cotton Works, that overlooked the Clyde a little way above Glasgow. He seldom joined in the sports of the other lads, not because of churlishness, but even then little "Davie" seemed to have no time to spare for anything but work. His first week's wages bought a Latin grammar, and by patient plodding at home, meagre instructions at a night school, and even amid the whirl of the machinery, resting his book on a portion of the "spinning jenny," he managed to gain quite a knowledge of the classics, and a rude mixture of science and travel that was afterwards very much added to by attendance during the winters at Glasgow University.

BECOMES A MISSIONARY.

Quite early he had determined to go, when old enough, as a missionary to China, studying hardest at medicine that he might heal the bodies of the people

and thus win their confidence—an important aid to soul-healing. On the advice of friends, but more from a lack of funds to pay his own way (something Livingstone dearly liked to do), he offered his services, late in September, 1838, to the London Missionary Society, and was sent by them to their Training College, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. After some two years in the school, in company with such men as Hay, Taylor and Drummond, he was judged fit to enter upon active work among those of God's creatures who dwell in the night of heathen darkness. An opium war in China forbade the carrying out of his earlier schemes; so, after three months' sea-voyage, he found himself at Cape Town, South Africa, with instructions to journey on to Algoa Bay and thence to the thirty-year-old station at Kuruman, no less than seven hundred miles from Cape Town, beyond which he was to push still further inland into entirely new territory among the Bekwains or Bakwains.

Some writers have pictured the

YOUNG SCOTCH LAD.

as falling at heart and half-sickening with loneliness when thus buried in trackless forests, neither understanding nor understood by the ignorant heathen about him, the very leaves upon the trees and the twitter of the birds strange; and, as human nature goes, their blunder is quite natural. But they have failed to read aright the character of Livingstone; he was travelling in the path of duty; and from the time when with boyish hands he pushed aside the merry Scottish lads and lassies to con his Latin primer, till he died on his knees in the heart of Africa, that path was never cheerless, never lonely. Some men do duty from principle, Livingstone did it as a pleasure.

This period of his life is pleasingly outlined by a popular writer in a chapter bearing the somewhat ambiguous title,

MARRIED AND NEARLY KILLED.

He is at least faultless in his knowledge of sequences. Livingstone soon left the Bakwains and took three months' furlough at Kuruman, where he arranged the scenery for the first act of the tragedy above mentioned, with the aid of Miss Moffat, eldest daughter of the famous African missionary, who afterward proved a fitting and true mate to her hard-willed, tender-hearted husband. After some time spent in learning the language in seclusion from all European society at Lepelole, he set out on a search after a suitable spot for the founding of a mission, finally choosing the beautiful valley of Mabolosa, where, on a lion-hunt (not for pleasure, mark you but from the true Livingstonian motive of killing the destroyer of his people's cattle) the second act nearly resulted in a cruel death under the paw of the shaggy "forest king."

His marriage was celebrated in 1844, when he took his bride out among the Bakwains, with whom he laboured reaping much good and new life far more until 1849. During this time he had vanquished the "rain doctors," won over many of the people, and so thoroughly converted the chief, Sechele, that he learned to read the Scriptures and sent away all his unlawful wives. But finding his work here practically paralyzed by aggressions of the slave-trading Dutch



THE HUT IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE DIED.

Boers, he resolved to cross the great Kalahari desert and penetrate the unknown regions beyond, virgin to civilized foot. So starting on June 1st, 1849 accompanied by Colonel Steele, Mr Oswell, and a fair train of oxen horses and men our missionary explorer pushed out into the dry stretch of desert and journeyed under great difficulty impeded by hostile tribes, and want of water and food, until on August 1st—exactly two months after his start—he stood gazing across the broad waters of Lake Ngami, now cooling for the first time Caucasian eyes. Livingstone was only trammelled and harassed where civilized man had come with his

SLAVE TRADE AND HIS RUM TRAFFIC.

The first monster had been choked to death under the knee of Magna Charta Englishmen; the second—the more insidious devil of the two—is still pushing its deadly tentacles into the very heart of poor Africa, tearing the Bible from before hopeful eyes to thrust in the rum bottle, closing forever all avenues against the missionary and the Christian, and doing all this under the sanction of the British Government—nay, more, answering the indignant protests of a sober and suffering people with the cruel glitter of British bayonets. God has made England his chosen nation in modern times; to her he has given in sacred trust Africa, India, and the "Isles of the Sea;" but if her emblem among these peoples—craving for the true light—be a beer-keg, let her not be surprised if the flag of Waterloo fall from the vanguard; if her navy—degraded to be the bully of the rum-lords—be broken in power, and some other nation, with purer rulers and higher motives, be given the guardianship of

GOD'S ORPHANS.

Livingstone, finding no healthy place through this marshy district, journeyed down to the Cape with his wife and little ones and sent them to England, while he went back to search out some spot that could be made a centre for Christian work among these people. Thus buried alone in Africa for years, his friends—in which list you may safely catalogue every heart in civilization—knew nothing accurately about him.

Within the limits of a brief article, it is simply impossible to give the most barren outline of his explorations; so we shall take long leaps and brief rests. Livingstone felt with acute pain that at his death the tortuous path by which he had reached them would be sealed up and all his life-work wasted and, perhaps, forgotten. Late in the autumn of 1853, this idea culminated in a determination to reach the coast and chisel out an avenue by which other men, traders and teachers, would come in and finish the work he had begun. With this object, though very much weakened by fever, he gathered a party of natives and travelled by boat and on foot toward Loanda. While on this journey occurred a characteristic example of his

PRACTICAL TEACHING.

One Makololo had tried to kill another man's ox, and was clearly convicted by his spear, which was found driven into the creature's side. He was bound hand and foot and placed in the burning sun, until he should pay a fine; but, believing in his declared innocence, his mother—ah! these mothers of ours, no frowning judge nor condemning jury can shake their confidence procured a hoe and forcibly cut his bonds, setting him free. Sekeletu referred the case to Livingstone, who suggested that the prisoner be made to work out the value of the ox—an idea which so took these babes in jurisprudence that all similar crimes were afterward punished in the same wise way.

At Loanda the slave trade and Portuguese sanction very effectually forbid him the broad avenue for which he sought the sea; and after a few months' rest he gathers his band about him and journeys painfully, but without a murmur, back to Linyante. The numerous presents obtained at Loanda for the Chief Sekeletu, among which was a colonel's gaudy uniform, make that worthy very willing that Livingstone should follow out his next plan of reaching civilization by way of the east coast, hoping that here the road would not be so fatally barred to good influences. So again equipped by the faithful Makololo, he passes with a little company down the Zambesi to the great Falls, and on through marches and over vast plains; now bribing the hostile natives, made wickedly cunning by the demoralizing slave trade, again subduing another tribe by a display of force. He reaches the ocean, recruits awhile at Mauritius, and on the 12th of December, 1856—just in time for Christmas—he steps from the deck of the steamer Canada onto English soil.

IN ENGLAND.

For some eighteen months he remains in England. "Resting," my reader suggests. Not a bit of it—that would not be Livingstone—but labouring hard with tongue and pen—neither very facile, from long disuse, but both wholly in earnest—that he might tell the philanthropic world some little of the many needs of the dark and darkened millions in the heart of Africa. The summer of 1858 again found him with a small party and a steam launch, named Ma-Robert after the native appellation for his wife, threading his way up the sickle Zambesi. At Tette, Livingstone found the faithful Makololo guard, who had escorted him to the coast, and now for nearly two years had been awaiting his return. The progress of the Ma-Robert is speedily checked by the strength of the Zambesi current, which necessitates an order from the explorers for a heavier-engined vessel, but, in the interim, Livingstone drives his "asthmatic," as he had dubbed the launch, three times up a large branch of the Zambesi, and finally organizes an overland expedition that discovers an immense inland sea, Lake Nyassa. Then making a hasty journey to the Makololo country, that he might redeem his promise to bring his guides safely back, he hurried down to the coast to meet the new boat, the Pioneer, that carried the ill-fated Bishop Mackenzie and his party. After several attempts to explore the Zambesi and its branches, that were baulked by the large draught of the Pioneer, during which the terrible African fever had left Livingstone almost companionless, he went, tired and weak, down again to the coast. Here he was joined by his beloved wife and several ladies, meant for the fever-stricken Bishop Mackenzie's missions, and by a new iron vessel for his exploration. This, however, was soon sadly shortened by the death of her, under the scorching heat of an African fever, who had joined her life with his away back at Kuruman; and it had rippled on by his side a refreshing, heartening rill, all across the dry desert where his path of duty lay.

Paying a short visit to England in 1864, Livingstone soon hurried to Africa, where he organized a party, by virtue of his power as British Consul, and again plunged into the continent where he had spent his life. Before long some of the men who accompanied him appear at the coast and claim to have seen the great explorer killed during an attack from hostile natives. This canard, after causing great uneasiness, is exploded by a bold expedition, headed by Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion. However, as the years wear on and little or no word comes, England gets uneasy about her hero, and fits out an expedition, much in the spirit of Miss Florence Nightingale, who wrote: "If it cost

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS TO SEND HIM A PAIR OF BOOTS

we should send it." But our readers know that the plucky American, Stanley, got there first; and then came away again, leaving the man, upon whose conscience Africa seemed to rest, plodding on at his great work.

It seems hardly needful to say of Livingstone that he died in harness; he had no time to stop work, no leisure to die. Just a year after Stanley groped his way out to the coast with tidings of a found Livingstone, the great missionary-explorer lay in a low thatched hut at Kabenda, tended only by his faithful Makololo boys, preparing to start on another voyage to "an undiscovered country," not dark with error and superstition and crime, but bright with the effulgence from the Great White Throne.

After death, the attendants removed the heart, according to an African fashion, buried it in the soil that, living, it loved so faithfully. Then carefully drying the body, they wrapped it in barks and carried it, with much labour and hardship, two hundred miles, to Zanzibar. Crossing the ocean, this mortal remnant of the good missionary, the great explorer, the giant soul, was greeted by sorrowing hearts at Southampton, and laid away, amid the grieving tears and the prouder memories of a world, in that hallowed mausoleum of Britain's mighty dead—Westminster Abbey.

Examiner (to small candidate for confirmation)—"Now, recite the commandments for me."

Small candidate breaks down on the second commandment.

Examiner—"Why, how is this? You have recited the creed and the catechism very well, why don't you know the commandments?"

Small Candidate—"Please, sir, I haven't practiced the commandments lately."

We have seen older people similarly afflicted.

A Queer Boy.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes,"
But the right sort of book will insure a surprise,
Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound,"
Very weary of life, and of tramping around,
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
The showman will capture him, some day I fear,
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head aches "to split,"
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit,"
But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon,
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon;
Do you think he plays "possum"? He seems quite sincere;
But—Isn't he queer?

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Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal. S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

FEBRUARY 21, 1897.

The demoniac boy who was healed.—Matt. 17. 14-18.

AN AFFLICTED FATHER.

Verse 14. It is wonderful how many persons there were in the days of the Saviour who were afflicted as the son of this father was. Why was it so? Because in all probability the devil knew that his power would soon be greatly lessened, so he does all the harm he can before he loses his grasp upon humanity. What anxiety parents feel on account of their children. How they have to care for them, feed, clothe, and educate them, and fit them 'o' positions in society. And when they have done all in their power for them, perhaps the children become ungrateful, and forget their obligations; or, maybe, they are afflicted, and their parents are called to bury them, and thus they have trouble upon trouble.

HE CAME TO JESUS.

Verses 15 and 16. He acted wisely. In everything make known your requests to God. Affliction is designed to induce us to seek the Lord. Trials may be God's rod of correction to induce us to become faithful followers of the Lord Jesus. The poor boy's affliction must have been of the most heart-rending kind. The poor father, as he beheld his son, would be almost heart-broken; and would not know what to do on his behalf. He had the idea that Christ could help him, hence his prayer. The disciples could not render him any aid. Their lack of faith prevented them. They had been slow in learning the lessons which Christ taught. He constantly insisted upon the importance of faith. They

had seen him perform many miracles, and they might have done the same but for their faithlessness. How we should feel admonished, for though enjoying more of Gospel blessings than any who have preceded us, yet how faithless and unbelieving we have been, and yet you know faith is the anchor of the soul. Paul says, "We live by faith," and when speaking of himself he said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," etc.

CHRIST HEALED THE BOY

Verse 18. He rebuked the devil. No one disputed his authority. All power was given unto him in heaven and in earth. He was superior to all in authority, winds and waves obeyed him, diseases were cured at his command, and here he rebukes this monster which has been crushing and tormenting this poor boy. The miracles which Christ performed were an evidence that he was no impostor. This was what convinced Nicodemus that Christ was not man, but God, for no man could do such miracles as Christ performed. He must, therefore, be God.

WHAT SHOULD WE LEARN.

We cannot but admire the goodness of the Saviour, in that he was so benevolent, so touched with sympathy for those in trouble. In this respect we should be like him. We are commanded to be kind and tender-hearted toward those in trouble, but above everything else we should learn to understand faith, which worketh by love and purifieth the heart. Christ repeatedly dwelt upon this. How gently he reproved the disciples for their lack of faith.

Verse 20. "Remove mountains." This was a proverbial expression, which means anything that may be difficult, or even insurmountable. Faith in God will be a strong help to success. In seeking the blessing of pardon, or desiring to be increasingly conformed to God's image, faith is of vital importance. In all the affairs of life there will be seasons when we will almost be overwhelmed, and when we will be very apt to become discouraged, but at such times we may hear a voice saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" We are afraid that even those who work do not always work in faith, hence the condemnation will be lack of faith. Let us pray with the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith."

HOW TO COME.

Pres. Samuel Plantz of Lawrence University gives sage advice about preparation for the League devotional meeting. He makes points thus:

- 1. Come to pray.
2. Come to pray pointedly.
3. Come to pray out of a full heart.
4. Come to quit praying when you are through.
5. Come to pray differently than you did a week previous.
6. Come to pray honestly, confessing your sins.
7. Come to pray thankfully, recognizing God's blessings.
8. Come to pray adoringly, remembering God's greatness and mercy.
9. Come to pray beseechingly, realizing your needs.
10. Come to pray expectantly, believing God's promises.
11. Come not only to pray, but also to testify if the leader shall throw the meeting open. "Ye are my witnesses." —Epworth Herald.

HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?" The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?" "Why, mother, I always love you. I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be." The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust wholly to me and my care?" "I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know." And she put her arms around her mother's neck. The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?" Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older." Her mother said: "You can be a Christian, now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?" The child whispered, "Yes." Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.

His Coming.

BY DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

They tell me a solemn story,
But it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding
My Saviour's love I see.

They say that at any moment
The Lord of Life may come
To lift me from the cloud-land
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,
I may not even hear
The rustle of his garments
As he softly draweth near.

Suddenly, in a moment,
Upon my ear may fall
The summons, "Loved of our Master,
Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps he will come in the noon-tide
Of some bright, sunny day,
When with dear ones all around me
My life seems bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway,
Easy the shining road,
Up from the dimmer sunlight,
Unto the light of God.

Perhaps he will come in the stillness
Of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping
'Neath the moonbeam's silvery light.

When the stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in holy stillness
The Master will come for me.

J. Cole, the Boy Hero

BY
EMMA GELLIBRAND.

CHAPTER V.

The next day I still felt sure he would come, and I went down into the room where he used to sleep, and saw Mrs. Wilson had put all in order, and fresh blankets and sheets were on the little bed, all ready for him. So many things put me in mind of the loving, gentle disposition. A little flower vase I valued very much had been broken by Bogle romping with one of my nieces, and knocking it down. It was broken in more than twenty pieces; and after I had patiently tried to mend it myself, and my nieces, with still greater patience, had had their turn at it, we had given it up as a bad job, and thought it had long ago gone on to the dust-heap.

There were some shelves on the wall of Joe's room where his treasures were kept, and on one of these shelves, covered with an old white handkerchief, was a little tray containing the vase, a bottle of cement, and camel's-hair brush. The mending was finished, all but two or three of the smallest pieces, and beautifully done; it must have taken time, and an amount of patience that put my efforts and those of the girls to shame; but Joe's was a labour of love, and did not weary him. He would probably have put it in its usual place one morning, when mended, and said nothing about it until I found it out, and then confessed, in his own queer way, "Please, I knew you was sorry it was broke, and so I mended it;" then he would have hurried away, flushed with pleasure at my few words of thanks and praise.

On the mantelpiece were more of Joe's treasures—four or five cheap photographs, the subjects quite characteristic of Joe. One of them was a religious subject, "The Shepherd with a little lamb on his shoulders." A silent prayer went up from my heart that somewhere that same Good Shepherd was finding lost Joe, and bringing him safely back to us.

There were some pebbles he had picked up during a memorable trip to Margate with Dick, a year before I saw him; which pebbles he firmly believed were real "aggits," and had promised to have them polished soon, and made into brooch and earrings for Mrs. Wilson.

There was a very old-fashioned photograph of my father that I had torn in half and thrown into the waste-paper basket. I saw this had been carefully joined together and enclosed in a cheap frame—the only one that could boast of being so preserved. I suppose Joe could only afford one frame, and his sense of the fitness of things made him choose the Missis's picture to be first honoured.

How sad I felt looking round the room! People may smile at my feeling so sad and concerned about a servant, a common page-boy. Aye, smile on, if you will, but tell me, my friend, can you

say, if you were in Joe's position at that time with circumstantial evidence so strong against you, poor and lowly as he was, are there four or five, or even two or three of your friends, who would believe in you, stand up for you, and trust in you, in spite of all, as we did for Joe?

I had gone up to my sitting-room, after telling Mary to light the fire in poor Joe's room, and let it look warm and cosy, for I had some sort of presentiment that I should see the poor boy again very soon—how I knew not, but I have all my life been subject to spiritual influences, and have seldom been mistaken in them.

We were all thinking of going early to rest, for since the robbery, none of us had had any real sleep. Suddenly the front door bell rang timidly, as if the visitor were not quite sure of it's being right to pull the handle.

"Perhaps that's Joe," said my sister. But I knew Joe would not ring that bell.

We heard Mary open the door, and a man's voice ask if Mr. Aylmer lived there.

"Yes," said Mary, "but he is abroad, but you can see Mrs. Aylmer."

Then came a low murmuring of voices, and Mary came in, saying:

"Oh, ma'am, it's Dick, Joe's brother; and as says, may he see you?"

"Send him in here at once," I replied.

And in a moment Dick stood before me; Dick, Joe's beau-ideal of all that was good, noble, and to be admired. I must say the mind-picture I had formed of Dick was totally unlike the reality. I had expected to see a sun-burnt big

And I thought you doubted him too; but now I hear you say you're his friend, and believe in him, and don't think he robbed you, I know now there's good folks in the world, and there's mercy and justice, and it ain't all wrong, as I'd come a most to think as it was, when I first know'd about this 'ere."

"Sit down, Dick," I said, "and recover yourself, and let us see what can be done. I will tell you all that has happened, and then perhaps you can throw some light on Joe's conduct—you who know him so well."

Dick sat down, and shading his eyes with his hand that his tears might not betray his weakness any more, he listened quietly while I went over all the events of that dreadful night.

When I had finished, Dick sat for some moments quite silent, then with a weary gesture, passing his hand across his forehead, he remarked sadly,

"I can't make nothing of it; it's a thing beyond my understanding. I'm that dazed like, I can't see nothin' straight. However, what I've got to do is to find Joe, and that I mean to do; if he's alive I'll find him, and then let him speak for hisself. I don't believe he's done nothing wrong, but if he has done ever so little or ever so much, he'll own up to it whatever it is, that's what Joe'll do. I told him to lay by them words and hold to 'em, and I'll lay my life he'll do as I told him. I've got a bed down to Marylebone way, at my aunt's what's married to a policeman, I'm to stay there, and I'll have a talk with 'em about this and get some ad-

shire, and there are two barrels of Devonshire apples on that cab, one for you, and one for the wife, that is why you see me here, for I thought it would not be ten minutes out of my road to pass by here and leave them with you, and so save the trouble of sending them by carrier to-morrow."

"I dare say Mrs. Wilson will find a place in the basement," I said, "for we don't use half the room there is down there."

Having ordered the barrel to be stowed away, I soon settled my visitor comfortably in an armchair by the fire, with a cup of his favourite cocoa by his side.

"And now, my dear," said he, "tell me about this burglary that has taken place, and which has made you look as if you wanted me to take care of you awhile, and bring back some colour to your pale cheeks. And what about this boy? Is it the same queer little fellow who chose midnight to play his pranks in once before? I'm not often deceived in a face, and I thought his was an honest one. I—"

"So it was," I interrupted; "don't say a word until I've told you all, and you will—"

I had scarcely begun speaking, when a succession of the most fearful screams arose from downstairs, each rising louder and louder, in the extreme of terror. My sister, who had gone to her room, rushed down to me; the girls, in their dressing-gowns, just as they were preparing for bed, followed, calling out, "Auntie! Oh, Auntie! what is it? Who is screaming? What can be the matter?" Hardly were they in the room when Mary rushed in, ghastly, her eyes staring, and, in a voice hoarse with terror, gasped out, "Come! come! he's found! he's murdered! I saw him. He's lying in the collar, with his throat cut. Oh, it's horrible!" Then she began to scream again.

The doctor tried to hold me back; but I broke from him, and ran downstairs, where I could find no one; all was dark in the kitchen, but there was a light in the area, and I was soon there, followed by Dr. Loring.

By the open cellar door stood Mrs. Wilson, and the cabman with her. Directly she saw me, she called out, "Oh, dear mistress, don't you come here; it's not a sight for you. Take her away, Doctor Loring, she musn't see it."

"What is it?" I cried; "Mary says it's—" I could not say the words, but seizing the candle from Mrs. Wilson's hand, I went into the cellar.

The good doctor was close to me, with more light, by the aid of which we beheld, in the far corner, facing us, what seemed to be a bundle of blankets, from which protruded a head, a horrible red stream surrounding it, and flowing, as it were, from the open mouth. One second brought me close. It was Joe—Joe, with his poor limbs bound with cruel ropes, and in his mouth for a gag they had forced one of those bright red socks he would always wear. Thank God, it was only that red sock, and not the horrible red stream I had feared. He was dead, of course; but not such a fearful death as that.

The doctor soon pulled the horrid gag from his mouth, and the good-natured cabman, who evidently felt for us, helped to cut the ropes, and lift up the poor, cold little form.

As they lifted him, something that was in the blankets fell heavily to the ground. It was poor Bogle's dead body, stabbed in many places, each wound enough to have let out the poor dumb creature's life.

By this time help had arrived, and once more the police took possession of us, as it were.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Fussy.—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them." Mrs. Fussy—"Do you fill your silk hat?"

A newspaper reporter wrote: "Dr. Chargem felt of the injured man's pulse and then prescribed for him." The compositor made it read: "Dr. Chargem felt of the injured man's purse and then prescribed for him."

Jimmie Joiner.—"I say, Billy, we had a fine supper last night. Our minister was visiting us."

Billy Burt.—"You don't say so? Why, ours doesn't come to see us until we are dead."

A greedy boy is capable of clever misunderstandings. "No, Willie, my dear," said the little boy's mother, "no more cakes to-night. It is too near bedtime, and you know you can't sleep on a full stomach." "Well," said Willie, "but I can sleep on my back."



THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR. (See S. S. Lesson Notes.)

fellow, with broad shoulders and expressive features.

The real Dick was a thin, delicate-looking young man, with a pale face, and black, straight hair. He stood with his hat in his hand, looking down as if afraid to speak.

"Oh, pray come in," I cried, going forward to meet him. "I know who you are. Oh, have you brought me any news of poor Joe? We are all his friends here, his true friends, and you must let us be yours too in this trouble. Have you seen him?"

At my words the bowed head was lifted up, and then I saw Dick's face as it was. If ever truth, honour, and generosity looked out from the windows of a soul, they looked out of those large blue eyes of Dick's—eyes so exactly like Joe's in expression, that the black lashes instead of the fair ones seemed wrong somehow.

"God bless you, lady, for them words," said Dick; and before I could prevent it, he had knelt at my feet, caught my hand and pressed it to his lips, while wild sobs broke from him.

"Forgive me," he said, rising to his feet, and leaning with one hand on the back of a chair, his whole frame shaking with emotion. "Forgive me for givin' way like this; but I've seen them papers about our Joe, and I know what's been thought of him, and I've come here ashamed to see you, thinkin' you believed as the rest do, that Joe robbed you after all your goodness to him.

Why, lady, I tell you rather than I'd bett'le that of my little lad, as I thrashed till his heart almost broke to hear him say for the only lie as he ever told in all his life; if I could believe it, I'd take father's old gun and end my life, for I'd be a beast, not fit to live any longer.

vice. I know Joe's innocent, and why don't he come and say so? But I'll find him."

I inquired about the old people, and how they bore their trial.

"Father's a'most beside hisself," said Dick; "and only that he's got to keep mother in the dark about this, he'd have come with me; but mother, she's a-bed with rheumatics, and doctor told father her heart was weak like, and she musn't be told, or it would p'raps kill her. She thinks a deal of Joe, does mother, being the youngest, and always such a sort of lovin' little chap he were." And here Dick's voice broke again, and I made him go down to Mrs. Wilson, and have some refreshment before leaving, and he promised to see me again the first thing in the morning, when he had talked to his friend the policeman.

Scarcely had Dick gone, when a loud, and this time firm ring, announced another visitor, and in a cab, too, I could hear. Evidently there was no going to rest early that night, as ten o'clock was then striking.

Soon, to my surprise, I heard a well-known voice, and Mary announced Dr. Loring—my husband's old friend, of whom I have already spoken.

"Well, my dear," he cried, in his pleasant, cheerful voice, that in itself seemed to lift some of the heaviness from my heart, "are you not astonished to see me at such an hour?"

"Astonished, certainly," I replied; "but very, very glad. You are always welcome; and more than ever now, when we are in trouble and sorrow. Do sit down, and stay with me awhile."

"Yes, I will, for an hour, gladly," he said. "But there's something outside that had better be brought in first. You know I've only just arrived from Devon-

An Ancient Table.

"I have a table,"
Said Arthur to Mabel,
Three thousand years old;
And though it has stood
So long, 'tis as good
As the finest of gold!"

"O Arthur, your table,
I fear, is a fable,
And you are its knight.
Of course it is round,
But where was it found,
Now tell—honour bright!"

"'Twas found, they say, Mabel,
In the great tower of Babel,
And learned folk say
That wise old Hindoos
'This table could use
Before Egypt's day!"

"Why, Arthur," said Mabel,
Do show us this table
That's older than Egypt—as old as
creation!"
My table is square,
Not round—to be fair,
But why should I show
What all the girls know—
This very old table, called Multipli-
cation?"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 21.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 6. 8-15. 7. 54-60. Memory verses, 57-60.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. Faithful, v. 8-15.
2. Crowned, v. 54-60.

Time.—Uncertain, but probably A.D. 37 (possibly in the month of May).

Place.—The Hall of Sanhedrin in Jerusalem; the Valley of Jehoshaphat near Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The first Christian martyr.—Acts 6. 8-15.
- Tu. The first Christian martyr.—Acts 7. 51-60.
- W. The roll of honour.—Heb. 11. 32-40.
- Th. Our example.—Heb. 12. 1-6.
- F. More than conquerors.—Rom. 8. 31-39.
- S. The eternal glory.—2 Cor. 4. 7-18.
- Su. A crown of life.—Rev. 2. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Faithful, v. 8-15.
Who was Stephen, and what was his character?
What did he do?
How was Luke 21. 15 fulfilled in him?
What did his enemies say against him?
What did they do, and for what purpose?
What four charges did they bring against him?
How did he fulfil Matt. 10. 17?
What did Jesus say in Matt. 24. 2, and John 4. 21?
How was this testimony against Stephen false?
How did Stephen's face appear?
How did this show the truth of 2 Cor. 3. 18?
2. Crowned, v. 54-60.
Where was Stephen at this time?
How did the council feel toward him?
What made them angry at him?
Verses 51, 52.
What did Stephen see? Where was Jesus?
What did Stephen say to the council?
What is said of Jesus in Heb. 1. 3?
What was the effect of Stephen's words on the council?
What three things did the council do to Stephen?
Who were the witnesses? Acts 6. 13, 14.
What young man took part in this murder?
What did he do? See also Acts 22. 20.
What two prayers did Stephen offer while dying?
Whose dying words were these like? Luke 23. 34, 46.
What is said of Stephen's end of life? Verse 60.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. How to work for Christ?
 2. How Christ's glory is shown by his disciples?
 3. How we should treat our enemies?
 4. How a Christian should meet death?

CRADLES.

BY REV. S. BAKING GOULED, M.A.

As the cradle is the first bit of furniture with which we become intimately acquainted, so was it in all probability the first piece of furniture which the ingenuity of man drove him to create.

By law, in Austria a mother may not have her baby in bed with her at night, lest she should overlie it and so suffocate it; consequently the cradle is then an article of furniture absolutely necessary in the house of married people.

Old cradles in England were usually of oak, with a hood over them; on rockers, of course, extended beyond the bed itself, so that the mother, when spinning, by pressing her foot on a rocker, might sway the cradle.

One of the most curious developments of parental ingenuity is to be found in the Alps, where the mother is obliged to attend to the work of the little farm, and cannot be ever with the babe. There a string is carried from the cradle through a hole in the window to a little water-wheel with a crank, that is kept revolving by the stream that flows into the trough at which the cattle drink. This crank gives to the string the necessary alternate tension and relaxation to keep the cradle rocking all the while the mother is away, haymaking or driving the cows to pasture; and the poor little innocent sleeps content, in full belief

Tack, tack, in your shop?
What are you shaping, scraping, hewing?
Saw, saw, chip, chop!
Carpenter, why as you work do you sigh,
Sadly, O so sadly sigh,
O so sadly?
"I saw a white pigeon heavenward soar,
And under her wing a soul she bore,
A little white soul;
And therefore of coffins I make one more,
And I sigh, with a tear in eye."

MANLY BOYS.

I am by no means an old man, but I have lived long enough to be thankful that I was one of the boys of whom rude boys speak as "led by a mother's apron strings." I was reared in a large city, and in a neighbourhood where there was a large number of boys. Many of these seemed to have or to take their own way; a few of us were kept under parental guidance and control. I confess that there were times when it seemed hard because I was not permitted to go and come just as some boys were doing whom I knew. But now, when I think of the after-results in the different cases, I feel that I cannot be too grateful for the home influence which I had, and to which I yielded in youth. Of the boys whom I knew, those who lived and attained and honourably filled positions of trust were without exception those who

A BRAVE KANGAROO.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia, describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At last she approached the water-pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While the baby was satisfying its thirst, the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one, having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story to be able to state that the eye-witness was so affected by the scene, that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.

A REMARKABLE COW.

Down south lives a gentleman who owns a most remarkable cow. She looks like a most ordinary black cow, but she isn't ordinary at all, for she absolutely refuses to be separated from her owner's children. If the children are at home, the cow will stay in the pasture, which is near the house, separated from it by a low house. But if the children go away, she will jump high fences to follow them until she is caught. When the cow has been put in pasture, she remains quiet; but if put in the lot near the house, when the children are away from home, it is impossible to keep her there. If allowed, she will follow the children about exactly like a dog, keeping behind them and apparently watching over them, perfectly happy if only the children are within sight or hearing.

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THREE BOYS IN THE WILD NORTH LAND

BY REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG

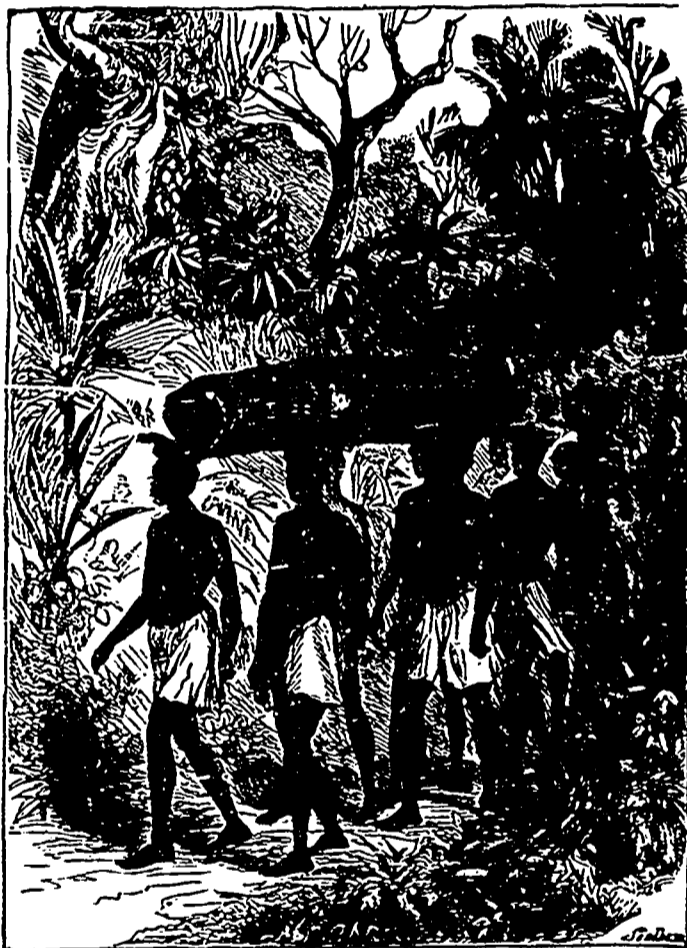
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CARRYING LIVINGSTONE'S BODY TO THE SEA-COAST.

that it is being rocked by its mother's foot.

It is significant that the first cradle and the first coffin were identical—the cradle that rocked the infant into the life here, and the coffin in which sleep prefigured the life beyond. In the Catacombs of Rome, the early Christians put little ivory dolls and other playthings with their darlings when they committed them to their graves. Indeed, to heathen and Christian alike, death has been always looked on as a passage into a new life, the initial sleep that leads to an awakening to a spirit-life. Consequently it was not without such a thought in their minds that the men of primitive age laid their dead in what were only large cradles, identical in shape, in material, in construction, with those beds in which infancy lay and slept in its first stage of existence.

Carpenter! carpenter! What are you doing?
Tack, tack, in your shop?
What are you shaping, scraping, hewing?
Saw, saw, chip, chop!
Carpenter, why as you work do you sing,
Merrily, merrily sing,
Oh, so merrily?
"I saw a white pigeon fly down this way,
And under her wing hides a soul, they say,
A little white soul,
And for that I make a cradle to-day,
And I sing till the rafters ring."
Carpenter! carpenter! what are you doing?

were known as the "home boys," the "mother boys," the "babes;" and all because they did not think it manly to swear, and smoke or chew tobacco, and fight, and play truant from school, and be a nuisance in general. They were by no means goody-goody boys, they were not angels: they loved and had their fun; they had games, but they were loving and kind to their parents, and truthful and honest and well behaved everywhere; and although thus nicknamed, many of them were strong enough to withstand the temptations of the camp and to endure severe hardships, and brave enough to fall on the field of battle with the face to the foe. Others of them have been able to keep themselves pure, and to make for themselves a good record in the midst of the tests and struggles of life. In the meantime, as I have had opportunity to learn, the sad news comes to me of the moral wreck of one after another of those who preferred a street education, or who hated and rebelled against everything like a wholesome restraint, and who considered themselves manly.

A lady, being a member of the church where she lived, had occasion to move away, taking her church letter with her. Having never presented it to the church in the town she had moved to, she kept it in a trunk. One day her little girl was rummaging in the trunk: when she found the neglected church letter. Running to her mother she cried, "Oh mamma! I found your religion in the trunk!"