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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1893.

[No. 12



“BEHOLD THE MAN.”—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The Two Disciples.

REPENTANT Peter, weeping bitter tears,
Went forth from out the presence of his
Lord,
Overwhelmed with shame. Could all the fu-
ture years

A meet atonement for his sin afford?
Or the sad memory of that look remove,
Which seemed to burn him with reproachful
love.

Remorseful Judas, stained with basest crime,
Felt hell already closing him around:
No peace henceforth until the end of time,
One sight to haunt him—that of Jesus
bound!

One voice forever ringing in his ear:
"Friend, wherefore art thou come?" he
seemed to hear.

Betrayer of his Master and his Friend,
By traitorous kiss, and that for sordid gain,
His Lord condemned to death! was this the
end?

His deed in hideous nakedness stood plain.
Stung by remorse, with a despairing cry,
He rushed forth headlong in his sin to die!

Widely they differed. Peter's fall became
The step on which he rose to heights sub-
lime;

A life's devotion blotted out the shame.
Thus on our trampled sins we too may
climb,

And not, like Judas, who his Lord betrayed,
Sink deeper in the gulf our sins have made.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1893.

PALM SUNDAY IN JERUSALEM.

ON last Palm Sunday, the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS, with his Canadian friends, attended in the morning the imposing services of the Latin, Greek, Syrian, Arminian, and other communions in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. But their pageantry seemed very foreign to the religion of the humble Nazarene, who entered the city on the day thus commemorated "meek and lowly and riding upon an ass."

In the afternoon we walked out to the summit of Mount Olivet, and there, where the Saviour wept over Jerusalem, read from our Bibles the sacred story of the last week of our Lord's life.

Then we went to the so-called chapel of the Ascension, and had a wonderful view over the Holy City, and the barren, en-
girding hills. We followed then, as closely as we could, the footprints of our Lord, and went into the Garden of Gethsemane and meditated beneath the ancient olives on the tender and pathetic scenes of which that sacred spot has been the witness. We then returned to our temporary home filled with deep and solemn thoughts of God's great love to man, and realized how

great a privilege it was to tread in those sacred footsteps, and desiring more than ever to be true and faithful followers of the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth.

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

THEN Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him.

And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe.

And said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with their hands.

Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him.

Then came Jesus forth wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate said unto them, Behold the man!

When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him.

The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid;

And went again into the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer.

Then saith Pilate unto him, Speakest thou not unto me! knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?

Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin.

A CHINESE BOY AND HIS "WINE MAN."

BY REV. W. S. WALKER.

ABOUT fifty miles from Shanghai, in the city of Quin San, there is a little Baptist church. One of the members is a boy, sixteen or seventeen years old now, who, before his conversion, had formed the habit of drinking wine. He soon saw that this was sinful, so, after asking God to help him, he decided upon the following plan of overcoming the sin which had gotten hold of him. A small wooden box was made, closed all around except a hole in the top, and every day, at the usual hour of drinking wine, the "wine-man" inside (as he chose to call his appetite) would bite him and want wine. Then he would run to the box and put into it the money he used to spend for wine, exclaiming:

"There, now, you can't get any wine today, for your money has gone into the box!"

Each day this process was gone through until he ceased to want wine; and when the little box was opened, he was surprised to find how much money was there, all of which then was given to the church as a thank-offering to that God who had saved him from a strong and wicked habit.

Let us see how many lessons there are in this true story. First, God will give us power to overcome great sins, if we only ask him and do all we can ourselves. Again, we see that much money that is spent in sinful and unsatisfying pleasures might be made to do lasting good by a little self-denial. But there is still a third lesson our story teaches us, and it is this: The Gospel of Christ can do for the little boys and girls of China what it does for those in America. Does it make your home bright and give cheerfulness to every passing day? So it does for other homes.

THE CONQUEST OF LOVE.

The following story, showing the power of Christian love over the heathen, is told by Dr. Moffatt:

"There was in my church a man who hated me. Why? 'Because,' he said, 'that Moffatt must have some medicine which he gives to people, which changes them entirely. I notice that every one who listens to him seems very different from what they were before.' 'Oh! people answered to the question, 'Moffatt takes his medicine from a book. It is the Book

which changes the hearts of men into hearts of women.'

"This man continued to hate me, and I felt sure that he would have given worlds to get rid of me. He avoided me as much as possible. When he saw me in the street, he would go on the other side. At last one day, we met in a narrow lane. He came upon me, his shield in one hand, his lance in the other. 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' I said to myself. But I determined not to go backward one step.

"Turn back!' he cried when he saw me. 'Get out of my way!'

"He was coming nearer, raising his voice higher and higher. When he came up to me, I stopped up the way, and said to him smiling,—

"My good friend, what are you saying? Why do you wish me to turn back? I can look at you and you can look at me.'

"He laid down his shield and his lance, and, throwing himself on his knees, cried out,

"Pardon, pardon! my lord, pardon!"

"I seized both his hands, and said,—

"Pardon you, my friend? With all my heart. But why should I pardon you?"

"Oh, pardon, pardon!" he kept crying, beseechingly.

"What have you done? Be quiet. I have told you that I pardon you, whatever you have done, or may have wished to do."

"Ah!" he cried at last, 'you would have been dead long ago if I had had my way. I have watched for you, when you did not suspect it, to kill you with my lance; but when the time came my courage failed. When you were coming home one night, from visiting the sick at midnight, I had my bow and arrow. I could have drawn the bow, and you would never have known what hit you; but when I aimed at you I was afraid. Another time I hid behind a bush with my axe, determined to put you out of the world; but again my courage failed. And just now my first thought was that you were in my power, and the fatal time had come. But when you looked at me so kindly, and I remembered all the good things you had done for me and for my family, I could not lift my hand against you.'

"From that time he was my friend, and my defender in time of danger."

THE NEXT ONE.

BY FANNY PAVEY MACHARG.

"Why, aunty, I thought you were all through."

"So I am, with my work," returned Aunt Carrie, as with a smile she went on threading her needle. "I'm only trying to smooth the way a little for the next one."

"Who, for instance?" questioned Will, curiously.

"Well, suppose that just as papa is starting for business to-morrow morning, he discovers that he is about to lose a button from his coat, and can only spare about two minutes in which to have it sewed on; don't you think it would be quite a relief for mamma to find her needle already threaded?"

"Of course, for I shouldn't think any one could find that little bit of an eye at all if they were in a hurry. I had a dreadful time the other day when I wanted to mend my ball. I'm sure I would have been glad to be your next one, then."

"Suppose again, Will, that whoever dropped that piece of wood upon the cellar stairs had stopped to pick it up, remembering that some one else would be coming that way soon, wouldn't it have been worth while? Just think how poor Bridget has suffered from her fall, and how the whole household has been inconvenienced."

"Yes, aunty, and if I'd wiped up the water I spilled this noon, sister wouldn't have been obliged to change her dress when she was in such a hurry to get back to school; but, dear me, a fellow'd have to keep pretty wide awake to remember every time;" and with a thoughtful expression on his boyish face, Will passed out of the house and toward the front gate, leisurely munching a banana as he went.

Reaching the sidewalk, he threw down the banana skin, and proceeded upon his way; but presently he turned and looked hard at the yellow object lying there upon the pavement, and then quickly retracing

his steps, he picked it up and flung it far into the road.

Turning toward the house, he saw his aunt watching him from the window, and with a merry laugh he lifted his hat and bowed, while she in return nodded approvingly.

Death and Resurrection.

A few more suns will set,
A few more suns will rise,
And then will close in death
Our weary, sightless eyes;
A few more years will roll
Their steady, ceaseless round,
And our dead ears will hear
The glorious trumpet-sound.

The solemn night will come
With heavy curtains drawn;
So also surely comes
The ever-glorious morn;
No doubt the night of death
To us is drawing near;
The resurrection morn
As surely will appear.

The body of our Lord
Lay in its rocky bed,
In linen wrapped with spices,
A napkin round his head;
For full two nights that form
Lay in the rock asleep,
While Roman guards around
A ceaseless vigil keep.

Then came the earthquake's shock,
Then came the angel band,
And naught availed the spear
Held in the Roman hand;
The King, the Lord of life,
Then from the dead arose;
Like triumph we shall share
O'er all our deadly foes.

In hope of that glad hour,
We now in joy can sing:
"Where is thy victory, grave?
O death, where is thy sting?"
"The Lord is risen indeed,
To Simon hath appeared;"
These are the ancient words
With which our hearts are cheered.

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME AGAIN.

FOR so large a man the foreman showed an agility that was really wonderful, as he leaped from log to log with the swiftness and sureness of a chamois. He had been lumbering all his life, and there was nothing that fell to the lumberman's experience with which he was not perfectly familiar. Yet it is doubtful if he ever had a more difficult or dangerous task than that before him now. The "keypiece" of the jam was fully exposed, and, once it was cut in two, it would no longer hold the accumulation of logs together. They would be released from their bondage, and, springing forward with the full force of the pent-up current, would rush madly down stream, carrying everything before them.

But what would Johnston do in the midst of this tumult? A few more moments would tell; for his axe was dealing tremendous strokes before which the keypiece, stout though it was, must soon yield. Ah, it is almost severed. The foreman pauses for an instant and glances keenly around, evidently in order to see what will be his best course of action when the jam breaks. Frank, in an agony of apprehension and anxiety, has sunk to his knees, his lips moving in earnest prayer, while his eyes are fixed on his beloved friend. Johnston's quick glance falls upon him, and, catching the significance of his attitude, his face is irradiated with a heavenly light of love as he calls out, across the boiling current:

"God bless you, Frank! Keep praying." Then he returns to his work. The keen axe flashes through the air in stroke after stroke. At length there comes a sound that cannot be mistaken. The foreman throws aside his axe and prepares to jump for life; and, like one man, the breathless onlookers shout together as the keypiece

rends in two, and the huge jam, suddenly released, bursts away from the rock and charges tumultuously down the river!

If ever man needed the power of prompt decision, it was the foreman then. To the men on shore there seemed no possible way of escape from the avalanche of logs; and Frank shut his eyes lest he should have to witness a dreadful tragedy. A cry from the men caused him to open them again quickly; and when he looked at the rock it was untenanted—Johnston had disappeared! Speechless with dread, he turned to the man nearest him, his blanched countenance expressing the inquiry he could not utter.

"He's there!" cried the man pointing to the whirl of water behind the body of logs. "He dived."

And so it was. Recognizing that to remain in the way of the jam was to court certain death, the foreman chose the desperate alternative of diving beneath the logs, and allowing them to pass over him before he rose to the surface. Great was the relief of Frank and the others when, amid the foaming water, Johnston's head appeared and he struck out to keep himself afloat. But it was evident that he had little strength left, and was quite unable to contend with the mighty current. Good swimmer as he was, the danger of drowning threatened him.

Frank's quick eye noticed this, and like a flash the fearless boy, not stopping to call any of the others to his aid, bounded down the bank to where the *bonne* lay upon the shore, shoved her off into deep water, springing in over the bow as she slipped away, and in another moment was whirling down the river, crying out at the top of his voice:

"I'm coming! I'll save you! Keep up!"

His eager shouts reached Johnston's ears, and the sight of the boat, pitching and tossing as the current swept it toward him, inspired him to renewed exertion. He struggled to get in the way of the boat, and succeeded so well that Frank, leaning over the side as far as he dared, was able to seize his outstretched hand and hold it until he could grasp the gunwale himself with a grip that no current could loosen. A glad shout of relief went up from the men at sight of this, and Frank, having made sure that the foreman was now out of danger, seized the oars and began to ply them vigorously with the purpose of beaching the *bonne* at the first opportunity. They had to go some distance before this could be done, but Johnston held on firmly, and presently a projecting point was reached against which Frank steered the boat; and the moment she was aground, he hastened to the stern and helped the foreman ashore, the latter having just strength enough left to drag himself out of the water, and fall in a limp, dripping heap, upon the ground.

"God bless you, Frank dear," he said, as soon as he recovered his breath. "You've saved my life again. I never could have got ashore if you hadn't come after me. One of the logs must have hit me on the head when I was diving; for I felt so faint and dizzy when I came up that I thought it was all over with me. But, thank God, I'm a live man still; and I'm sure it's not for nothing that I've been spared."

The men all thought it a plucky act on Frank's part to go off alone in the boat to the foreman's rescue, and showered unstinted praise upon him, all of which he took very quietly; for, indeed, he felt quite sufficiently rewarded in that his venture was crowned with success. The exciting incident, of course, threw everybody out in their work; and when they returned to it they found that the logs had taken advantage of their being left uncared for to play all sorts of queer pranks, and run themselves aground in every conceivable fashion.

But the river drivers did not mind this very much. The hated Black Rapids were passed, and the rest of the Kippewa was comparatively smooth sailing. So, with song and joke, they toiled away until all their charges were afloat again and gliding steadily onward toward their goal. Thenceforward they had little interruption in their course; and Frank found the life wonderfully pleasant, drifting idly all day long in the *bonne*, and camping at night beside the river, the weather being bright and warm, and delightful all the time.

So soon as the Kippewa ralled its burden of forest swells out upon the broad bosom of the Ottawa—the Grand River, as those



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

who live beside its banks love to call it—the work of the river drivers was over. The logs that had caused them so much trouble were now handed over to the care of a company which gathered them up into "tows," and with powerful steamers dragged them down the river until the sorting grounds were reached, where they were turned into the "booms" to await their time for execution—in other words, their sawing up.

Frank felt really sorry when the driving was over. He loved the water, and would have been glad to spend the whole summer upon it. He was telling Johnston this as they were talking together on the evening of the last day upon the Kippewa. Johnston had been saying to him how glad he must be that the work was all over, and that they now could go over to the nearest village and take the stage for home. But Frank did not entirely agree with him.

"I'm not anxious to go home by stage," said he. "I'd a good deal rather stick to the river. I think it's just splendid, so long as the weather's fine."

"Why, what a water dog you are, Frank!" said the foreman, laughing. "One would think you'd have had enough of the water by this time."

"Not a bit of it," said Frank, returning the smile. "The woods in winter, and the water in summer—that's what I enjoy."

"Well, but aren't you in a hurry to get home and see your mother again?" queried Johnston.

"Of course I am," answered Frank. "But, you see, a day or two won't make much difference, for she doesn't know just when to look for me; and I've never been on this part of the Ottawa, and want to see it ever so much."

"Well—let me see," reflected Johnston. "How can we manage it? You'd soon get sick of the steamers. They're mortal slow and very dirty. Besides, they don't encourage passengers, or they'd have too many of them. But hold on!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up with a new idea. "I've got it. How would you like to finish the rest of the trip home on a square timber raft? There'll be one passing any day, and I know 'most all the men in the business; so there'll be no difficulty about getting a passage."

"The very idea!" cried Frank, jumping up and bringing his hand down upon his thigh with a resounding slap. "Nothing would please me better. Oh, what fun it will be shooting the slides!" And he danced about in delight at the prospect.

"All right, then, my lad," said Johnston, smiling at the boy's exuberance. "We'll just wait here until a raft comes along, and then we'll board her and ask the fellows to let us go down with them. They won't refuse."

They had not long to wait; for the very next day a huge raft hove in sight—a real floating island of mighty timbers—and, on going out to it, in the *bonne*, Johnston was glad to find that the foreman in charge was an old friend who would be heartily pleased at having his company for the rest of the voyage. So he and Frank brought their scanty baggage on board and joined themselves to the crew of men that, with the aid of a towing steamer, were navigating this strange kind of craft down the river.

This was an altogether novel experience for Frank, and he found it much to his liking. The raft was an immense one.

"As fine a lot of square timber as I ever took down," said its captain, proudly. "It's worth forty thousand dollars, if it's worth a cent."

Forty thousand dollars! Frank's eyes opened wide at the mention of this vast sum, and he wondered to himself if he should ever be the owner of such a valuable piece of property. Although he had begun as a chore-boy, his ambition was by no means limited to his becoming in due time a foreman like Johnston, or even an overseer like Alec Stewart. He allowed his imagination to carry him forward to a day of still greater things, when he should be his own master, and have foremen and overseers under him. This slow sailing down the river was very favourable to day-dreaming, and Frank could indulge himself to his heart's content during the long lovely spring days. There were more than two-score men upon the raft, the majority of them *habitants* and half-breeds, and they were as full of songs as robins; especially in the evening, after supper, when they would gather about the great fire, always burning on its clay bed in the centre of the raft, and with solo chorus awake the echoes of the placid river.

In common with the rivers which pour into it, the Ottawa is broken by many falls and rapids, and to have attempted to run the huge raft over one of these would have insured its complete destruction. But this difficulty is duly provided for. At one side of the fall a "slide" is built—that is, a contrivance something like a canal, with sides and bottom of heavy timber, and having a steep slope down which the water rushes in frantic haste to the level below. Now the raft is not put together in one piece, but is made up of a number of "cribs"—a crib being a small raft containing fifteen to twenty timbers, and being about twenty-four feet wide by thirty feet in length. At the head of the slide the big raft is separated into the cribs, and these cribs make the descent one at a time, each having three or four men on board.

Shooting the slides, as it is called, is a most delightful amusement to people whose nerves don't bother them. Frank had heard so much about it that he was looking forward to it from the time he boarded the raft, and now at Des Joachim Falls he was to have the realization. He went down in one of the first cribs, and this is the way he described the experience to his mother:

"But, mother, the best fun of the whole thing is shooting the slides. I just wish there was a slide near Calumet, so that I could take you down and let you see how splendid it is. Why, it's just like—let me see—I've got it! It's just like tobogganing on water. You jump on board the crib at the mouth of the slide, you know, and it moves along very slow at first—until it gets to the edge of the first slant; then it takes a sudden start and away it goes scooting down like greased lightning, making the water fly up all around you, just like the snow does when you're tobogganing. Oh, but if it isn't grand! The timbers of the crib rub against the bottom of the slide and groan and creak as if it hurt them; and then, besides coming in over the bow, the water spurts up between the timbers, so that you have to look spry or you're bound to get soaking wet. I got drenched nearly every time; but that didn't matter, for the sun soon made me dry again, and it was too good fun to mind a little wetting."

Frank felt quite sorry when the last of the slides was passed, and wished there were twice as many on the route of the raft. But presently he had something else to occupy his thoughts, for each day brought him nearer to Calumet, and soon his journeyings by land and water would be ended, and he would be at home again to make his mother's heart glad.

It was the perfection of a spring day when the raft, moving in its leisurely fashion—for was not the whole summer before it?—reached Calumet, and Mrs. Kingston, sitting alone in her cottage, and wondering when her boy would make his appearance, was surprised by an unceremonious opening of the front door, a quick step in the hall, and a sudden unfolding by two stout arms, while a voice that she had not heard for months shouted in joyous accents:

"Here I am, mother darling, safe and sound, right side up with care, and oh, so glad to be at home again!"

Mrs. Kingston returned the fond embrace with interest, and then held Frank off at arms' length to see how much he had changed during his six-months' absence. She found him both taller and stouter, and with his face well browned by the exposure to the bright spring sunshine.

"You went away a boy, and you've come back almost a man, Frank," she said, her eyes brimming with tears of joy. "But you're my own boy the same as ever; aren't you, darling?"

It was many a day before Frank reached the end of his story of life at the lumber camp, for Mrs. Kingston never wearied of hearing all about it. When she learned of his different escapes from danger, the inclination of her heart was to beseech him to be content with one winter in the woods, and to take up some other occupation. But she wisely said nothing, for there could be no doubt as to the direction in which Frank's heart inclined, and she determined not to interfere.

When in the following autumn Frank went back to the forest, he was again under Johnston's command, but not as chore-boy. He was appointed clerk and checker, with liberty to do as much chopping or other work as he pleased. Whatever his duty was he did it, with all his might, doing it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men, so that he found increasing favour in his employer's eyes, rising steadily higher and higher until, while still a young man, he was admitted into partnership and had the sweet satisfaction of realizing the day dreams of that first trip down the Ottawa on a timber raft.

Yet he never forgot what he had learned when chore-boy of Camp Kippewa, and out of that experience grew a practical philanthropic interest in the well-being and advancement of his employees, that made him the most popular and respected "lumber-king" on the river.

THE END.

THE UNDYING BOOK.

NOTHING in the history of literature is so remarkable as the divine vitality which seems to pervade the Book of God. No book has lived so long, or encountered such opposition; passed through such conflicts, or spread so widely; and no book has maintained its existence with a hundredth part of the vigour which this book exhibits. It does not exhaust its energy, it does not grow old, it does not become obsolete; it lives in perennial freshness. The generations which have gone found it precious; the generations which remain find it equally precious, and whoever shall come after us shall find it still the living and abiding Word of God. Says Bishop Jewell: "Cities fall, kingdoms come to nothing, empires fade away as smoke. Where are Numa, Minos, Lycurgus? Where are their books, and what has become of their laws? But that the Bible no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day, amid the wreck of all that is human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein, surely here is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner."

LITTLE and often masters the largest and most tangible volumes.



CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

The Lord's Love to Children.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as king he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.****OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.**A.D. 30.] **LESSON I.** [April 2.]**THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.**

Matt. 28. 1-10.] [Memory verses, 6, 7.]

GOLDEN TEXT.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The sorrowing woman, ver. 1.
2. The heavenly messenger, ver. 2-8.
3. The risen Lord, ver. 9, 10.

PLACE.—Joseph's garden, in the suburbs of Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.

At the close of the Friday on which our Lord was crucified, and before the Sabbath began, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and the faithful women, had buried the body in Joseph's new tomb. The hour was late and the work was hurried, and they planned to finish the embalming after the Sabbath. Early in the morning of the first day of the week they started for this purpose, and our lesson tells the rest of the story.

EXPLANATIONS.

"In the end of the Sabbath"—This means after the Sabbath had ended, and the night had almost passed to the dawn of the day. [Sabbath was Saturday.] "A great earthquake"—An earthquake marked his death, and an earthquake marked his return to life. "Rolled back the stone"—It was probably circular, and set in a groove. "Countenance like lightning"—The appearance which Jesus had when transfigured. "Became as dead men"—Fell into a swoon, or fainted away.

"The place where the Lord lay"—Probably a cell or niche cut in the perpendicular wall. Perhaps a stone shelf or bench cut along the wall. "Held him by the feet"—An oriental salutation of profound reverence.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. These loving women found only an empty tomb. There is danger that we may expend our worship in forms only. How many prayers are empty tombs; readings of God's word, empty tombs?
2. Yet, performing duty, these loving women met the risen Lord. Many a soul that walks according to the best light it has, meets the Lord in the way.
3. The angel of God was a terror to the watch, but a messenger of joy to the women. Why this difference?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Compare the four Gospels as to the time when Christ rose.
2. Compare them to see just how events occurred that day.
3. Be sure to read all of John 20. 19-29.
4. Find how many persons went to the sepulchre.
5. Find the different testimonies made that day that he had risen.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When was it learned that Jesus had risen from the dead? "In the end of the Sabbath." 2. Who first announced his resurrection? "An angel of the Lord." 3. By whom was he first seen? "By two loving women." 4. What message did he send to his disciples? "To go into Galilee." 5. Repeat the Golden Text. "But now is Christ risen," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Is this the reason why we believe the Old Testament?

There are many other reasons, but this is the chief reason. Our Lord honoured the Old Testament, and we must honour it, and receive it as the Word of God.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

It is said that among the high Alps at certain seasons the traveller is told to proceed very quietly, for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice or the report of a gun may destroy the equilibrium and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm everything in ruin in its downward path. And so about our way there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history, trembling between life and death, and a mere touch or shadow may determine its destiny. A young lady who was deeply impressed with the truth, and was ready, under a conviction of sin, to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" had all her solemn impressions dissipated by the unseemly jesting and laughter of a member of the Church by her side as she passed out of the sanctuary. Her irreverent and

worldly spirit cast a repellant shadow on that young lady not far from the kingdom of God. How important we should always and everywhere walk worthy of our high calling as Christians!

"So let our lives and lips express
The holy Gospel we profess."

Let us remember that we are always casting the shadow of our real life upon some one; that somebody is following us, as John followed Peter into the sepulchre. Happy if, when all the influences of life flow back and meet us at the judgment, we can lift up clean hands and spotless robes and say, "I am free from the blood of all men!" Happy, then, to hear even one soul saying to us of the great multitude, that, following the shadow of our Christian life and devotion, he found Jesus and heaven.

Calvary.

UNDER an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,
Blood-stained his every tread;
Cross-laden, on he sped,
For me.

Pierced glow his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat
For me.

Thus wert thou made all mine;
Lord, make me wholly thine;
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do. Oh, lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee!

THE CODFISH WAR.

THERE have been riots and outbreaks in Holland, as in all other thickly-settled parts of the world—perhaps more than elsewhere, for Dutch indignation, though slow in kindling, makes a prodigious blaze when once fairly afire. Some of these disturbances have arisen only after long endurance of serious wrongs; and some seem to have been started at once by that queer friction match in human nature, which, if left unguarded, is sure to be nibbled at, and so ignited, by the first little mouse of discontent that finds it.

There was a curious origin to one of these domestic quarrels. On a certain occasion a banquet was given, at which were present two noted Dutch noblemen, rivals in power, who had several old grudges to settle. The conversation turning on the codfishery, one of the two remarked upon the manner in which the hook (*hook*) took the codfish, or *kabbeljauw*, as the Dutch call it.

"The hook take the codfish!" exclaimed the other in no very civil tone; "it would be better sense to say that the codfish takes the hook."

The grim jest was taken up in bitter earnest. High words passed, and the chieftains rose from the table enemies for life.

They proceeded to organize war against each other; a bitter war it proved to Holland, for it lasted one hundred and fifty years, and was fought out with all the stubbornness of family feuds. The opposing parties took the names of "hooks" and "kabbeljauws," and men of all classes enlisted in their respective ranks. In many instances fathers, brothers, sons, and old-time friends forgot their ties, and knew each other only as foes. The feud (being Dutch) raged hotter and stronger in proportion as men had time coolly to consider the question. A thicket of mutual wrongs, real or imaginary, sprang up to further entangle the opposing parties; families were divided, miles of smiling country laid in ruin, and tens of thousands of men slain—for what?

Those who fought, and those who looked on, longing for peace, are alike silent now. History cannot quite clear up the mystery. I know how hard it must have been to settle the knotty question whether hooks or codfish can more properly be said to be "taken," and how dangerous the little thorns of anger and jealousy become if not plucked out at the onset. It is cer-

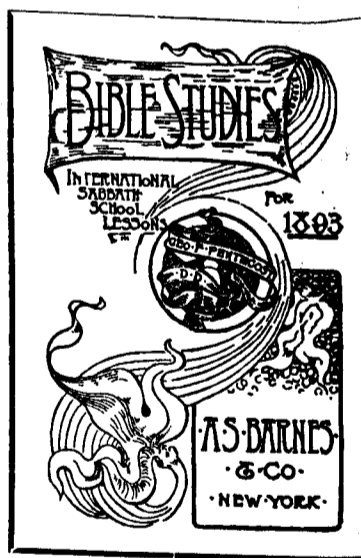
tain, too, that the hooks and kabbeljauws were terribly in earnest:

"But what they killed each other for,
I never could make out."

The kabbeljauws had one advantage. When a public dinner was given by the senechal (or steward) was a huge plate of codfish elaborately decorated with flowers: something not ornamental only, but substantial and satisfactory; while the corresponding dish at a hook festival contained nothing but a gigantic hook encircled by a flowery wreath.—*St. Nicholas.*

RAPID BUILDING IN CHICAGO.

THE British consul at Chicago in his latest report gives an example of the extraordinary rapidity with which lofty buildings are erected there. The Ashland block, a construction of steel, stone and terracotta, close to the city hall, seventeen storeys in height, was built on an area of 140 feet by 80 feet, in midwinter, and work was continued, day and night, by relays of men, strong arc electric lights being used by night; artificial heat was furnished by ten salamander stoves to enable the builders and masons to work at that season of the year, and protection from cold winds was given by several hundred yards of thick canvas. The skeleton of steel for each floor was first erected, each column, girder and rafter being lifted and placed in position by steam power; these were riveted with red-hot rivets, and as the storeys rose they were filled in with square blocks of terra-cotta and brick. On December 6, last year, six floors were completed, and the steel skeleton for the next six storeys was for the most part placed. On December 19 ten floors were completed, and the steel shell for three more storeys was in position. Thus the entire construction of four floors of a building 140 feet by 80 feet, divided into numerous rooms, was solidly built in thirteen days, or one floor in three and one-fourth days. About sixty iron and steel workers, one hundred brick-masons and thirty-five terra-cotta setters were continually at work.



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