



# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, JULY 4, 1896.

No 27

## Not Yet.

My boy Bert, with dancing eyes,  
Flushed and eager went from play,  
Half a dozen times a day,  
Straight to where a red book lies  
On the lowest library-shelf,  
Found the page all by himself,  
Where a lion is portrayed  
Springing towards a shrieking maid.  
Long he looked at this attraction;  
Then he remarked, with satisfaction,  
Flipping back his curls of jet,  
"The lion hasn't got her yet."

That was years and years ago;  
Still the trembling little maid  
In the red book is portrayed  
Facing her terrific foe;  
And my boy with dancing eyes,  
Views them now without surprise.  
When my heart is full of fear,  
Fancying there is trouble near,  
And I dread what is to be,  
Then he breaks out laughingly:  
"Auntie, don't you fuss and fret;  
The lion hasn't got her yet!"

## THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

### CHAPTER X.

High up among the black lava crags of Perca stood the dismal fortress of Macherus. Behind its close prison bars a restless captive gazed his way back and forth in a dungeon cell. Sometimes, at long intervals, he was given such liberty as a chained eagle might have, when he was led up into one of the towers of the gloomy keep, and allowed to look down, down into the bottomlessorges surrounding it. For months he had chafed in the darkness of his underground dungeon; escape was impossible.

It was John Baptist, brought from the wild, free life of the desert to the tortures of the "Black Castle." Here he lay at the mercy of Herod Antipas, and death might strike at any moment. More than once, the whimsical monarch had sent for him, as he sat at his banquets, to be the sport of the passing hour.

The lights, the colour, the flash of gems may have dazzled his eyes for a brief space, accustomed as they were to the midnight darkness of his cell; but his keen vision saw, under the paint and purple of royal apparel, the corrupt life of king and court.

Pointing his stern, accusing finger at the uneasy king, he cried, "It is not



THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife!" With words that stung like hurtling arrows, he laid bare the blackened, beastly life that sought to hide its foulness under royal ermine.

Antipas covered before him; and while he would gladly have been freed from a man who had such power over him, he dared not lift a finger against the fearless, unflinching Baptist.

But the guilty Herodias bided her time, with bloodthirsty impatience; his life should pay the penalty of his bold speech.

Meanwhile he waited in his cell, with nothing but memories to relieve the tediousness of the long hours. Over and over again he lived those scenes of his strange life in the desert,—those days of his preparation,—the preaching to the multitude, the baptizing at the ford of the Jordan.

He wondered if his words still lived, if any of his followers still believed on him. But more than all, he wondered what had become of that One on whom he had seen the Spirit of God descending out of heaven in the form of a dove.

"Where art thou now?" he cried. "If thou art the Messiah, why dost thou not set up thy kingdom, and speedily give thy servant his liberty?" The empty room rang often with that cry, but the hollow echo of his own words was the only answer.

One day the door of his cell creaked back far enough to admit two men, and then shut again, leaving them in total darkness. In that momentary flash of light, he recognized two old followers of his, Timeus bar Joram and Benjamin the potter.

With a cry of joy he groped his way toward them, and clung to their friendly hands.

"How did you manage to penetrate these Roman-guarded walls?" he asked, in astonishment.

"I knew the warden," answered Benjamin. "A piece of silver conveniently closes his eyes to many

things. But we must hasten! Our time is limited."

They had much to tell of the outside world. Pilate had just given special office by appropriating part of the treasure of the Temple, derived from the Temple tax, to defray the cost of great conduits he had begun, with which to supply Jerusalem with water.

Stirred up by the priests and rabbis, the people besieged the government house, crying loudly that the works be given up. Armed with clubs, numbers of soldiers in plain clothes surrounded the great mob, and killed so many of the people that the wildest excitement prevailed throughout all Judea and Galilee.

There was a cry for a national uprising to avenge the murder.

"They only need a leader!" exclaimed John. "Where is he for whom I was but a voice crying in the wilderness? Why does he not show himself?"

"We have just come from the village of Nain," said Timeus bar Joram. "We saw him; stop a funeral procession and raise a widow's son to life. He was followed by a motley throng whom he had healed of all sorts of diseases; and there were twelve men whom he had chosen as life-long companions."

"We questioned some of them closely, and they gave us marvellous reports of the things he had done."

"Is it not strange," asked Benjamin the potter, "that having such power he still delays to establish his kingdom?"

The captive prophet made no answer for awhile. Then he gazed in the thick darkness till his hand rested heavily on Benjamin's arm.

"Go back, and say that John Baptist asks, 'Art thou the Coming One, or must we look for another?'"

Days passed before the devoted friends found themselves once more inside the prison walls. They had had a weary journey over rough hills and rocky by-paths.

"What did he say?" demanded the prisoner, eagerly.

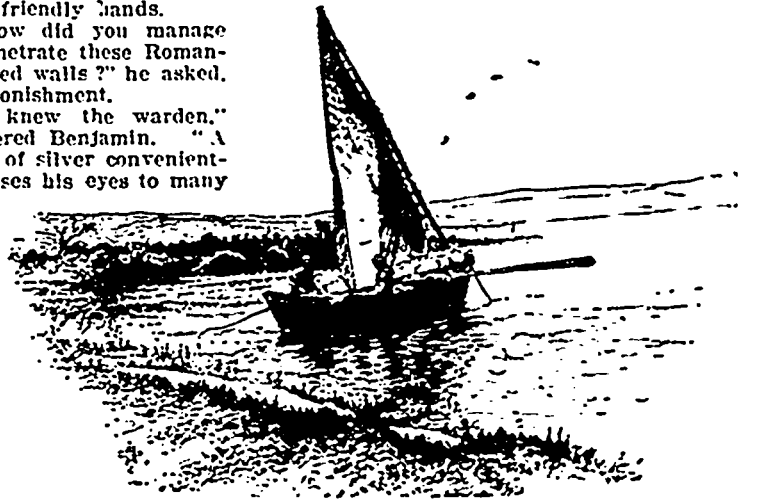
"Go and tell John what ye saw and heard—that the blind receive sight; the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed; the deaf hear; the dead are raised; and the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

The man stood up, his long hair hanging to his shoulder, his hand uplifted, and his eyes dilated like a startled deer that has caught the sound of a coming step.

"The fulfilment of the words of Isaiah!" he cried. "For he hath said, 'Your God will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man



TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.



A FISHING-BOAT ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing!" Yea, he hath bound up the broken-hearted; and he shall yet 'proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord!"

Then with both hands clasped high above his head, he made the prison ring with the cry, "The kingdom is at hand! The kingdom is at hand! I shall soon be free!"

Not long after that, the castle blazed with the lights of another banquet. The faint aroma of wines, mingled with the heavy odour of countless flowers, could not penetrate the grim prison walls. Nor could the gay snatches of song and the revelry of the feast. No sound of applause reached the prisoner's ear, when the daughter of Herodias danced before the king.

Sitting in darkness while the birthday banqueters held high carnival, he heard the heavy tramp of soldiers' feet coming down the stairs to his dungeon. The great bolts shot back, the rusty hinges turned, and a lantern flickered its light in his face, as he stood up to receive his executioners.

A little while later his severed head was taken on a charger to the smiling dancing girl. She stifled a shriek when she saw it; but the wicked Herodias looked at it with a gleam of triumph in her treacherous black eyes.

When the lights were out, and the feasters gone, two men came in at the warden's bidding—two men with heavy hearts, and voices that shook a little when they spoke to each other. They were Timeus and Benjamin. Silently they lifted the body of their beloved master, and carried it away for burial; and if a tear or two found an unaccustomed path down their bearded cheeks, no one knew it, under cover of the darkness.

So, out of the Black Castle of Macherus, out of the prison-house of a mortal body, the white-souled prophet of the wilderness went forth at last into liberty.

For him, the kingdom was indeed at hand.

Meanwhile, in the upper country, Phineas was following his friend from village to village. He had dropped his old familiar form of address, so much was he impressed by the mysterious power he saw constantly displayed.

Now when he spoke of the man who had been both friend and playfellow, it was almost reverently that he gave him the title of Master.

It was with a heavy heart that Joel watched them go away. He, too, longed to follow; but he knew that unless he took the place at the bench, Phineas could not be free to go.

Gratitude held him to his post. No, not gratitude alone; he was learning the Master's own spirit of loving self-sacrifice. As he dropped the plumb-line over his work, he measured himself by that perfect life, and tried to straighten himself to its unbending standard.

He had his reward in the look of pleasure that he saw on the carpenter's face when Phineas came in, unexpectedly, one day, dusty and travel-stained.

"How much you have accomplished!" he said in surprise. "You have filled my place like a grown man."

Joel stretched his strong arms with a slight laugh. "It is a pleasure to work now," he said. "It seems so queer never to have a pain, or that worn-out feeling of weakness that used to be always with me. At first I was often afraid it was all a happy dream, and could not last. I am getting used to it now. Where is the Master?" Joel asked, as Phineas turned toward the house.

"He is the guest of Simon. He will be here some days, my son. I know you wish to be with him as much as possible, so I shall not expect your help as long as he stays."

"If I could only do something for him!" was Joel's constant thought during the next few days. Once he took a coin from the little money bag that held his hoarded savings—a coin that was to have helped buy his revenge—and brought the ripest, juiciest pear he could find in the market. Often he brought him water, fresh and cold from the well when he looked tired and warm from his unceasing work.

Wherever the Master turned, there, close beside him, was a beaming little face, so full of love and childish sympathy that it must have brought more refreshment to his thirsty soul than either the choice fruit or the cooling water.

One evening after a busy day, when he had talked for hours to the people on the seashore who had gathered around the boat in which he sat, he sent away the multitude.

"Let us pass over unto the other side," he said.

Joel slipped up to Andrew, who was busily arranging their sails. "Let me go, too!" he whispered pleadingly.

"Well," assented the man, carelessly, "You can make yourself useful, I suppose. Will you hand me that rope?"

Joel sprang to obey. Presently the boat pushed away from the shore, and the town, with its tumult and its twinkling lights, were soon left far behind.

The sea was like glass, so calm and untroubled that every star above could look down and see its unbroken reflection in the dark water below.

Joel, in the hinder part of the ship, lay back in his seat with a sigh of perfect enjoyment. The smooth gliding motion of the boat rested him; the soft splash of the water soothed his excited brain. He had seen his Uncle Laban that afternoon among other of the scribes and Pharisees, and heard him declare that Beelzebub alone was responsible for the wonders they witnessed.

Joel's indignation flared up again at the memory. He looked down at the Master, who had fallen asleep on a pillow, and wondered how anybody could possibly believe such evil things about him.

It was cooler out where they were now. He wondered if he ought not to lay some covering over the sleeping form. He took off the outer mantle that he wore, and bent forward to lay it over the Master's feet. But he drew back timidly, afraid of awakening him. "I'll wait awhile," he said to himself, folding the garment across his knees in readiness.

Several times he reached forward to lay it over him, and each time drew back. Then he fell asleep himself.

From its situation in the basin of the hills, the Galilee is subject to sudden and furious storms. The winds, rushing down the heights, meet and clash above the water, till the waves run up like walls, then sink again into seething whirlpools of danger.

Joel, falling asleep in a dead calm, awoke to find the ship rolling and tossing and half-full of water. The lightning's track was followed so closely by the crash of thunder, there was not even pause enough between to take one terrified gasp.

Still the Master slept. Joel, drenched to the skin, slung to the boat's side, expecting that every minute would be his last. It was so dark and wild and awful! How helpless they were, buffeted about in the fury of the storm!

As wave after wave beat in, some of the men could no longer control their fear.

"Master!" they called to the sleeping man, as they lent over him in terror. "Carest thou not that we perish?"

He heard the cry for help. The storm could not waken him from his deep sleep of exhaustion, but at the first despairing cry, he was up, ready to help.

Looking up at the midnight blackness of the sky, and down at the wild waste of waters, he stretched out his hand.

"Peace!" he commanded in a deep voice. "Be still!" The storm sank to earth as suddenly as a death-stricken raven; a great calm spread over the face of the waters. The silent stars shone out in their places; the silent sea mirrored back their glory at his feet.

The men huddled fearfully together. "What manner of man is this?" they asked, one of another. "Even the wind and the sea obey him!"

Joel, looking up at the majestic form, standing so quietly by the railing, thought of the voice that once rang out over the night of Creation with the command, "Let there be light!" At its mere bidding light had flowed in across the darkness of primeval night.

Just so had this voice thrilled the storm with its "Peace! Be still!" into utter calm.

The child crouched at his feet, burying his face in his mantle, and whispering, in awe and adoration, "He is the Christ! He is the son of God!"

(To be continued.)

### The Angels' Ladder.

"If there were a ladder, mother, Between the earth and sky, As in the days so long ago, I would bid you all good-bye, And go through every country, And search from town to town, Till I had found the ladder, With angels coming down.

"Then I would wait, quite softly, Beside the lowest round, Till the sweetest-looking angel Had stepped upon the ground; I would pull his dazzling garment, And speak out very plain: 'Will you take me, please, to heaven When you go back again?'"

"Ah, darling," said the mother, "You need not wander so To find the golden ladder Where angels come and go. Wherever gentle kindness Or pitying love abounds, There is the wondrous ladder, With angels on the rounds."

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## Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JULY 4, 1896.

### A BUSHEL OF CORN.

Said a man recently to a Chicago reporter: "Do you see that man over there? Well, he's a farmer down near Elgin. He and a friend are going to get a drink. The farmer will pay for it. That man will sweat two mortal hours next spring to plough enough ground to raise one bushel of corn. The bushel of corn he will sell for thirty cents. He is going in there now to spend the thirty cents for two drinks. The farmer and corn have parted. What becomes of the seventeen quarts of whiskey—four and one quarter gallons. The distillery gets its first profit—forty cents a gallon. There you are—\$2 for that bushel of corn. The Government comes in for ninety cents a gallon—\$3.85, added to the \$2 makes \$5.85. That brings the product of the bushel of corn down to the jobber and the wholesaler, and finally by several stages to the retailer. By the time it reaches the latter the bushel of corn, or its product of four and one-half, which means eight and one-half gallons. There are sixty drinks to the gallon. Eight and one-half gallons means five hundred and ten drinks, at fifteen cents each. There we have

\$76.50 as the consumer's price for a bushel of corn, which the farmer raises and sells for thirty cents. The farmer spent his whole bushel of corn on the price of two drinks, and the people who did not till the soil get away with \$76.20." How long will it take a farmer to get rich if he sells his corn for thirty cents a bushel and buys it back at \$76.50? This is the problem for the nation to solve.

### JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 12, 1896.

Hebron.—Genesis 13. 18; 23. 2; Josh. 14. 13.

AN OLD CITY.

Only few cities older than Hebron, said to have been built seven years before Zoan, the capital of Lower Egypt. It was about eighteen miles from Jerusalem. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob spent many years of their respective lives at this place, and their residence there added not a little to its celebrity. Distinguished citizens have often added to the importance of places because of their residence there. Is the place of your residence better for your being one of its citizens? Abraham built an altar here.

SARAH DIED AT HEBRON.

Abraham's piety did not exempt him from affliction, and the death of his beloved Sarah was such an affliction as none can understand but those who have been similarly afflicted. No place, however sacred, is invulnerable to death. The shafts of the last enemy fly abroad everywhere. Live in a state so as to be ready to leave the world at any moment.

CALEB'S INHERITANCE.

You know the story of the spies, twelve in number, who went to spy out the land of Canaan. You have not forgotten the faithless manner in which ten of these persons acted. They brought a bad report concerning Canaan. Caleb and Joshua were faithful to their trust. They had strong faith in God that he would enable them to conquer their foes. His words to the people were words of cheer. He followed the Lord fully. He was a brave man among cowards, a real hero. Imitate him. You know that.

"Lives of great men oft remind us,  
We may make our lives sublime."

GOD REWARDS FAITHFULNESS.

"Them that honour me, I will honour," saith the Lord. Caleb and Joshua honoured God by their fidelity, and see how he honoured them. Caleb was rewarded even in this world. Joshua became a distinguished general and successor of Moses. Do you not call to mind what the apostle says, that "Godliness is profitable unto all things." He may not see fit to reward us after the same manner as he did those distinguished men, but verily there is a reward for the righteous. Great peace have they that love God's law. He is their sun and shield.

### LIFE A FAILURE.

A gentleman of high standing—a lawyer, a politician, a man of talents, and, as the world estimates, a man who was successful in all his undertakings—was suddenly arrested by disease, and soon brought to the close of life. As it was evident that he could not live but a few days, he was asked by a friend how he felt, as he looked back upon his past life. And the answer, coming from a man of sense and thought, with eternity moribund: "With all its success, I now see and feel that my life has been a failure! I have not gained one of the great ends for which life was given, and now it is too late to gain them!"

What a thought, what a feeling, what a prospect for the hour when life is closing, and eternity is to be entered, and character, and destiny, and state, are to be forever fixed? What a lesson to impress on all right views of the great ends for which life was given, and to lead every one so to live here prepared for the life beyond this world.

## The Boys.

There come the boys! Oh, dear, the noise!

The whole house feels the racket:  
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,  
And weep o'er Harry's jacket!

But never mind if eyes keep bright  
And limbs grow straight and limber.  
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark  
Than find unsound the timber!

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!  
The floors—oh, woe betide them!  
And I must watch the banisters,  
For I know boys who ride them.

Look well as you descend the stairs—  
I often find them haunted  
By ghostly boys that make no noise  
Just when their noise is wanted!

The very chairs are tied in pairs,  
And made to prance and caper:  
What swords are whittled out of sticks!  
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner-bell peals long and well,  
To tell the milkman's coming;  
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"  
Sets all our ears a humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do  
To keep all those boys quiet?"  
If I could find a good receipt,  
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys,  
And all their din and clatter,  
Is really quite a grave affair—  
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;  
Ah, could we hear about us  
This thought—how very soon our boys  
Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men  
Will gravely call us "mother,"  
Or we be stretching empty hands  
From this world to the other!

More gently we should chide the noise;  
And when night quells the racket's  
Stitch in but loving thoughts and  
prayers.

While mending tattered jackets,  
—Buffalo Christian Advocate.

## HOW GRAMMER SAW THE PROCESSION.

BY RUTH HALL.

"I tell you, grammer," cried Tommy,  
"It's going to be a buster!"  
I am sorry that Tommy said "buster,"  
but he did.

"Five elephants," he went on rapturously,  
"and camels, and a rhinoceros,  
and a hippopotamus—you may call 'em!  
And ladies on horses, and gentlemen,  
and cars 'n' chariots! Joe Mattice saw  
it in St. Louis. He says it's all true  
that the bills say, it's the biggest show  
on earth. And he liked the procession  
most the best part of it. Whew!"  
Tommy danced up and down beside the  
bed. "Don't I want to see that proces-  
sion, though!"

"I wish I could see it," said grammer,  
wistfully.

Tommy's brown eyes grew sober. He  
looked at the worn, thin face nestling  
into the pillow, which was scarcely  
whiter. He remembered how many  
years—all those of his active little life—  
his grandmother had lain there helpless,  
dependent on just such scraps of news  
as this, brought to her by her family  
and her friends, for her acquaintance  
with the outside world.

"I wish you could," he exclaimed.  
The poor old woman began to  
whimper.

"Nothing ever happens that's nice,"  
she muttered. "I don't have a bit of  
pleasure."

"That's so," said Tommy.

"Why don't they go down this street?"  
she wailed, wagging her nightcap.

"Then I could see right out the window.  
The bed's close enough. But, no, they  
must take Adams Street instead. Just  
my luck! Old Miss Stimson, she'll see  
it, 'cause she lives on Adams. And she  
ain't rheumatic and bedridden. I think  
it's terrible mean."

Two tears trickled forlornly down her

cheeks. Tommy wiped them away with  
his grubby handkerchief.

"It's too bad," he murmured consoling-  
ly. "It is really too bad."

"You might have known better," his  
mother reproached him, later, "than  
mother reproached him, later, "than  
put such a notion into your grammer's  
head. I've had a dreadful time with  
her. She's as unreasonable as a baby."  
"I didn't mean to put any notion,"  
Tommy insisted. "I was just a-talkin'."

But, indeed, all that evening, and the  
first thing the next morning when she  
awoke, Mrs. Truman lamented loudly  
the loss of this pleasure, which certainly  
would come exasperatingly close, for  
Adams Street was only a block away.

Tommy listened to her complaints,  
coupled with those of his mother, until  
he felt like a little criminal, instead of  
a well-meaning boy who had hoped to  
entertain his afflicted relative with the  
current gossip of the town.

There was a weight of responsibility.  
It was true that he was the one  
who had put this notion into grammer's  
head. Suddenly, like an inspiration, a  
bright thought darted across his low  
spirits. Should he try it? It was a  
desperate deed, and yet—nothing ven-  
erous, nothing have. So his copybook  
said, in shaded script.

He put on his best hat, blackened his  
shoes, and marched out of the house.

Straight to the circus-grounds went  
Tommy. There there was the bustle of  
a city, amid tents going up, the sides of  
cages falling with a bang, a man cook-  
ing in an enclosure, and others hurriedly  
taking dishes from a long table with  
benches on either side.

"I want to see Mr. D—," Tommy  
announced to one of these people.

The man laughed:  
"What for? Want a pass? You  
ought to see it for your impudence."

"I don't want a pass," said Tommy.  
"What's your business with 'im,  
then?"

"No matter," replied the little boy,  
stiffly. "Where is he?"

The man pointed over his shoulder,  
with a grin:  
"There he is," he answered. "Step  
up to him.—I dare you!"

Tommy walked sturdily forward to  
where a broad-shouldered, round-faced  
man, with a glistening jewel in his  
shirt-front, stood talking to a group of  
reporters.

"Are you Mr. D—?" he inquired.  
"Yes, my man. What is it?"

Tommy took off his best hat politely.  
"Will you please go down Haverhill  
Street?" he said.

"Will I—what?"  
"Will you tell the procession to go  
down Haverhill 'stead of Adams?"

The man winked towards the  
smiling reporters.

"There's nothing cheeky about you,"  
he remarked, biting the end of a cigar.  
"Why should I do that,—if you please?"

The freckled face was very earnest.  
"So's grammer can see it. She's bed-  
ridden, you know, 'n' she's awful feeble.  
She's kinder childish." Tommy looked  
very wise and old as he made this state-  
ment with an awe-stricken fall of the  
voice. "And she wants to see the pro-  
cession so bad! You just oughter hear  
her cry! She says nothin' nice ever  
happens to her. Oh, please to go down  
Haverhill!"

Mr. D—'s sharp eyes swept the circle  
of faces about him. They were not  
smiling now.

"Where is Haverhill?" he asked.  
Tommy gave quite a bound into the air.  
"Oh! will you do it?—will you? It  
ain't but a block out of your way,—  
honest, it ain't!"

The showman put his broad hand on  
the child's shoulder.  
"You must lead us," he said.

"I?"

"Yes, so we can tell where to go.  
They're forming now. You've no time  
to spare. Look there!"

Tommy looked. A band, in glittering  
red and gold, their musical instruments  
shining in the sunlight, advanced in his  
direction. Behind them he saw an  
elephant's waving trunk, a car of fan-  
tastic fretwork seemed bubbling over  
with fairies all tulle and wands and  
sparkling headgear. There was  
tramp of horses, the strange pad, pad,  
of animals straight out of Noah's Ark.

A shrill, sweet strain of a martial air  
trilled out.

His breath came quick. Never, in his  
wildest dreams of Arabian nights, had  
such a situation faced him.

"Step lively!" said Mr. D—.

Tommy walked forward. He took up  
his stand before the haughty drum-  
major, before the clown with his comic  
dodge, before the elephant and the  
camels. He led the procession.

The line of march was adhered to;  
he knew it all by heart. But Adams  
Street was neglected, and the corner of  
Haverhill was turned. Then Tommy  
took to his heels. He looked up at one  
took to his heels. He looked up at one  
window. A withered face wreathed in  
infantile smiles, was pressed against the  
glass. He stood on the steps beneath,  
and, for the first time, saw the show.

Let by Mr. D—, every man, woman,  
and child in that serpentine line of  
moving beings saluted Tommy in pass-  
ing. And Tommy's straw hat flew off  
again and again and again, as if he were  
a general, and this were his army that  
he was reviewing.

And so it was that "grammer" saw  
the procession, after all.—S. S. Times.

## A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

When the train stopped, at a small  
station, a woman with a child three or  
four years old came into the car. The  
woman was pale, and looked very tired;  
and the child, a boy, was one of those  
uneasy urchins who want to be always  
on the move. The lady sat down wearily;  
the boy climbed up by her side, and in-  
sisted on standing at the window with  
his head out of it.

"Please, Freddy, sit down by mamma,  
and be quiet," said she. "It's hard  
work to hold on to you, and mamma is  
tired. Won't you, dear?"

"I want to look out and see things,"  
answered Freddy, too young to under-  
stand how any one could be tired.

"Won't you come here and look out  
of my window?" I asked. Freddy  
glanced at me, and then shook his head.

"I will stay with mamma," said he.

"Perhaps Freddy will let me take care  
of him," said a boy who sat opposite  
me. "Won't you, Freddy?"

Freddy looked at him a moment, then  
got down from the window, and went to  
him, saying, "Yes, I will stay with you."

"You look as if you were almost tired  
out," said the boy to Freddy's mother.  
"If you could sleep it would rest you."  
"I'm sure. I'll see to this little fellow."

"Thank you, you are very kind," said  
she; "but he is too big for a little boy  
to care for."

"Oh, no, ma'am. I can get along with  
him well enough," replied the boy. "If  
you'll let me, I'll take him to the other  
end of the car, where his talking won't  
be so likely to disturb you."

"I'm not afraid to trust him with  
you," said she, "if you are sure he won't  
be too much trouble to you."

"I'll risk that," said the boy. "Come,  
Freddy," and taking hold of his hand, he  
led him to the other end of the car. The  
tired mother lay back and closed her  
eyes.

Freddy had wanted by the dozen, and  
the boy attended to him patiently. By-  
and-by he was coaxed to listen to a  
story. Before it was ended he was  
asleep. Then the boy made a pillow for  
his head, and laid him down carefully.  
When he had done that, he came to  
Freddy's mother and asked her if he  
could not get her some water.

"How kind you are," said she, "I can-  
not tell you how much I thank you."

"If my mother were in your place, I  
should like to have some one help her,"  
said the boy; and away he went to the  
tank, coming back with a brimming cup  
of water.

She took it, poured some water on her  
handkerchief, and bathed her head.  
"That makes me feel better," said she.  
"I am sure your mother would like to  
know how kind you are to me."

"She always told me to help other  
folks if I could," said the boy. "Some  
time I may want some one to help me."

The boy then went back to Freddy,  
and sat by him while he slept. The  
sleep was not a long one; and when he  
awoke he was full of spirits as healthy  
children usually are, but did not ask to  
go to his mother.

By-and-by the train stopped. The  
conductor called out, "Fifteen minutes  
for refreshments!" "Will you sit here  
while I'm gone, if I will bring you an  
apple?" said the boy to Freddy. The  
little fellow's eyes brightened. "Yes, I  
will," was the answer.

The boy went out, and presently came  
back with a cup of tea and something  
wrapped in a paper. "If you'll drink  
this, ma'am, I think it will make your  
head feel better."

"You are the kindest, most thoughtful  
little gentleman I have ever met," said  
she, as she took the cup. I smiled; she  
had hit upon the same title for him  
that I had been giving him.

"Here are some sandwiches," said he,  
opening the paper. "I have one, and  
an apple for Freddy." When she had  
drunk the tea, he carried the cup back.

"It does make me feel better," she  
said to me. "The boy's kindness gave  
it a flavour that makes it an agreeable  
medicine. What a fine, manly, little fel-  
low he is! I hope my boy will be like  
him."

I saw the little gentleman perform  
many more acts of kindness that long  
afternoon. Everything he did was done  
in a way that showed it was not done  
from a desire to impress a sense of his  
helpfulness upon those to whom he was  
attentive. It was after dark when the  
lady and her child reached their stop-  
ping place. When she prepared to leave  
the car, he helped her to gather up her  
wraps and bundles, and took Freddy in  
his arms to carry him to the platform.  
I followed them to the car door.

"You have been very kind to me,"  
she said, as she gave him her hand at  
parting. "I might tell you that I thank  
you, but you would not know from my  
words how grateful I am for your atten-  
tions. Here," she added, putting some-  
thing in his hand, "I want you to get a  
book with this, and to write in it, 'From  
Freddy and his mother, with kindly  
thoughts for their little friend.' Good-  
bye, my little gentleman."

## Books of the Bible.

"The great Jehovah speaks to us  
In Gen's and Exodus;  
Leviticus and Numbers see,  
Followed by Deuteronomy;  
Joshua and Judges sway the land,  
Ruth gleams a sheaf with trembling  
hand,  
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,  
Whose Chronicles are wandering here.  
Ezra, Nehemiah now,  
Esther, the beauteous mourner, show;  
Job speaks in sig's David in Psalms,  
The Proverbs speak to scatter alms.  
Ecclesiastics then comes on,  
With the sweet songs of Solomon;  
Isaiah, Jeremiah then  
With Lamentations takes his pen.  
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyre,  
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah;  
Next, Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,  
And lofty Habakkuk finds room,  
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,  
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls,  
And Malachi, with garments rent,  
Concludes the ancient Testament.

## RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

The Rothschild millions were started  
on a solid foundation: that of integrity.  
Mayer Rothschild was a broker in a  
small way. He lived in humble style  
and was content with small earnings.  
The Revolution raged, and the French  
were at the gates of the city. One dark  
and stormy night the Landgrave knocked  
at the door of the banker's house and  
said: "Here are my treasures, my  
jewels, with three million thalers. I  
must fly! You are honest and are too  
poor to be suspected. Keep this fortune  
till better times."

The city was sacked, and the house of  
the Rothschilds was not spared. Long  
after the Landgrave knocked at the  
banker's door and said: "Peace has  
come at last, but I am penniless. Will  
you lend me a small sum?"

"I will loan you," said the banker,  
"three million of thalers. I lost my  
own money, but kept yours. I used it  
as capital. Out of it I have made a for-  
tune. And now I return your money  
with five per cent. interest for its use."



**Vigorous Canada.**

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

Fierce blows the bitter blast,  
Keen and strong;  
Quick pile the snowy wreaths  
All along;  
Depths of the winter! Such Arctic  
bright skies!  
Describe it! No, no! It language defies.

Grand is this rugged clime—  
Bright and clear;  
None rears a hardier race,  
Never fear;  
Land of the freeman! O land of the  
strong!  
Land where brawn, muscle, and big brain  
belong.

Part of Victoria's realm—  
Britain grand!  
Bound by a thousand ties,  
Dear old land!  
Our young nation's life, no never shall  
be,  
By enemy's hand disserved from thee.

Hope dawns with brightest ray;  
B'lieve it well,  
Great shall our country be!  
Who can tell?  
Be true to thyself and to thy God true,  
My Canada, dear, be true, O be true.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

**LESSON II.—JULY 12.**

DAVID, KING OVER ALL ISRAEL.

2 Sam. 5. 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

David went on, and grew great, and the Lord God of hosts was with him.—2 Sam. 5. 10.

Time.—B.C. 1048.

Places.—Hebron; Jerusalem, especially Zion and Millo.

**DAY BY DAY WORK.**

Monday.—Read the Lesson (2 Sam. 5. 1-12). Answer the Questions. Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read about the people's hero (1 Sam. 18. 5-16). Fix in your mind Time and Places.

Wednesday.—Read of a great man seeking guidance (2 Sam. 5. 17-25). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Learn some facts about David's helpers (1 Chron. 12. 16-22). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read about Israel's king (1 Chron. 12. 23-28).

Saturday.—Read promises made to David (Psalm 89. 19-29). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read The Lord our Righteousness (Jer. 23. 1-8).

**QUESTIONS.**

- I. The King Chosen, verses 1-5.
  1. When did the tribe come to David? How long did they keep away from under his rule? What did they mean by saying they were his bone and flesh?
  2. Name the reasons they gave why he should be their king? 3. What was the league they made? How many times other noted characters commenced their life work at thirty years of age?
- II. The Capital Won, verses 6-9.
  6. What was David's first expedition as king of all Israel? What was the name of the city before this? How did the Jebusites show their belief in their own safety? 7. Why was it called "the City of David"? 9. Where did David make his headquarters after taking the city? What did he do?
- III. The Kingdom Exalted, verses 10-12.
  10. How was his promotion seen? From whence does success come? 11. Where was Tyre? For what was it noted? Why did Hiram send to David? How did it appear that art had declined in Israel? 12. What led David to see that God had prospered him? Why was this prosperity bestowed?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Christ is our kinsman. He has won our cause. Under him only can we conquer. We should enthrone him. God's plans will succeed. Seeking God's direction will save us from blunders. When God is with us we can afford to wait. If we are not on the Lord's side our strength will not avail. God means us to be useful in the positions he gives us.

**LAY ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT.**

In the Christian race we are exhorted to "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us." There are weights that are not necessarily sins. There are pursuits which are lawful, and rightly used, beneficial, but they may so engross our thought and occupy our time as to become a hindrance to the progress of our religious life. Recreation, instead of preserving its original meaning, and giving us new vigour for our work, may simply indicate pleasure without profit. There are pursuits which reinvigorate body and mind, and there are others which impair our powers

confounding them with real stars; for the real stars are as enduring as anything in the universe.

In common speech, however, the term meteors is largely confined to those shooting-stars which are very large and bright, and are seen only now and then. Since they do not, however, differ from the shooting-stars in any important respect, so far as we know, most of the learned scholars who make a study of such subjects consider them the same.

Now, if meteors never came any nearer the earth than do those which we so often see, we should know nothing more about them than what we could learn from their light, and that would be very little.

But it sometimes happens that one of them can be seen to come directly down to the earth. It makes a bright light as it falls, sometimes so intense as to outshine the sun when that is in the sky. Sometimes the meteor carries with it a cloud of smoke, and falls with a hissing, spluttering noise, throwing out showers of sparks as it descends. Usually, too, loud reports are heard as it passes through the air, as if aerial armies were cannonading one another; and as the

**THEY RING THE BELL.**

There is a man in New York who has only one leg. He is poor, but he manages to live and to enjoy life, though poor and a cripple. He loves fishing. He spends all his time on the river front near the Battery fishing. He catches enough fish for his own food, and sells enough to give him the money he thinks he needs. Perhaps you have seen men and boys who, when they fish, use several lines. They bait the hooks and fasten the lines to the dock if fishing in the city; to different parts of the boat if fishing from a boat. It keeps a man quite busy passing from line to line, and this one-legged man—we will call him Jim—says he spent a great deal of time trying to devise some method by which he could tell whether he had a fish on the line without walking so much. One day recently a nursemaid came to the river front with a baby in her arms. The baby had a rattle. "There," thought Jim, "there's the very thing." He asked the nursemaid to give him a bell from the baby's rattle. She did. He fastened the bell on one of his lines and sat down to watch. There was a slight tinkle, hardly that. Jim was charmed. He knew the habits of fish so well that this faint sound told him that it meant a nibble. He waited. There was a frantic jingle, then silence. Then another frantic jingle. Jim hurried to the line, pulled it in, and there was a big eel. Jim worked hard the next few days, and made enough money to buy half a dozen bells. He equipped his lines and sat down. Now he waits for the ringing of the bell that tells him a fish is on the line. He says if he falls asleep it takes four bells to wake him. When some one told him his method was not sportsmanlike, he said he was not fishing for sport, but for a living. He would not use bells to catch trout.—The Outlook.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life,  
Some lesson I have to learn.

I must take my turn at the mill;  
I must grind out the golden grain;  
I must work at my task with a resolute  
will,  
Over and over again.

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ZEBRAS.

and disincite us for our proper work. The one is a benediction, but the other is baneful and will prove a "weight," and, unless promptly overcome, a besetting sin.

**ZEBRAS**

These are graceful and elegant looking animals, but they are so untamable as to be quite useless to man. They live in small herds in the most secluded parts of South Africa. They are exceedingly swift and very timid—so much so that it is almost impossible to capture one.

**METEORS THAT REACH THE EARTH.**

All of you have been out of doors on a cloudless evening, and have seen a star apparently fall from its place in the sky, and glide in a long line of light toward the horizon.

Perhaps you have wondered, as I used to do, how long it would be before the stars would all be gone from the sky, since one fell so often. I did not then know, what I have learned since, that "shooting-stars" are not true stars at all, but only bodies which appear for an instant, and then disappear forever. Let us call them meteors, and thus avoid

sound of the conflict dies away, long rolls of echoing thunder shake the earth.

When the astonished people thereabout have recovered from the fright and hasten to the spot where the meteor struck the earth, they sometimes find buried in the soil—if the soil has any depth—a piece of stone or metal, often no larger than a hen's egg, but sometimes big enough to be of several hundred pounds weight.

It is usually still hot if picked up very soon after its fall, and its surface will be found to be covered by a thin crust, or varnish, made by the melting and flowing of its outside. This crust on the stones is usually black, while the interior is light gray in colour; on the pieces of metal it is of a rusty brown colour, and the interior of the mass nickel-white. The surface of these bodies can be seen, too, to be indented by little pits or hollows which look for all the world as if the mass had once been soft as a piece of putty, and some one had pressed it with his thumb in many places.—St. Nicholas.

Architect—"Have you any suggestions for the study, Mr. Veryrich?" Veryrich—"Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I understand, are generally found in a brown study."