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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1898.

[No. 10.]

Because He Loves Me So.

I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell.
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

To show his love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see him,
I know he hears my praise;
For he has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

WHAT ALICE DID.

A gentleman was standing one morning on the platform of a railway depot in New York, holding by the hand a little girl, seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about the opening of the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of a measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked upon before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians of the city. He had committed a crime, and was on his way to the State prison to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him, and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man with a strange choking feeling in her throat, and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine, by the banks of the river, the poor man would be shut up in a gloomy prison all his life. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion which told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward, she went

almost close to the dangerous man, and said earnestly:

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man—only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her quickly up and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God! he had heard them, and their echo with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face went with him through all that long ride, and passed in

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said, "Good morning, Mr. Price."

"Ah, good morning," replied he, "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along. Why, he has bequeathed me a hundredfold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

It was a word in season. His Christian friend was in circumstances of affliction, but went home comforted.

WON!

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Was it cracked? Andrea lifted the little image from the board he was carrying suspended around his neck, and looked at it closely. He hoped his eyes had deceived him, but as the light from the dusty window streamed full upon the gay figure, the flaw showed only too plainly. The boy's face, so happy only a few moments before, grew pale and troubled. Could he have broken it with any jostling of the tray?

He had tried to be so careful, but he had stumbled a little once at a step in a dark doorway.

"He said he wouldn't have any careless fellows about him," said Andrea, repeating the words with which the gruff overseer had doubtfully engaged him three days before. "He said nine out of every ten boys couldn't be trusted, and he supposed I'd be just like the rest."

Andrea had meant to show that he was very unlike the ordinary boy; that he was the most faithful, willing and careful boy that could be found anywhere. He had been so glad to get this place. Only he and the dear mother in the shabby home knew what this chance meant to them after the long search for work. They had planned what comforts the slender earnings would bring, and had been so happy over it! If he should lose it now! He could not bear to think of that. Why need he say anything about the statuette when he did not feel sure that its marbling was any fault of his? Perhaps it had been done at the kiln, and, anyway, if he simply put it with the others no one would ever know how or when the accident had happened.

But this valued place was not the only new thing that had come to Andrea lately. What was that last Sunday's lesson at the mission school? That Jesus sat as a "refiner and purifier of silver." As the worker in silver watches the metal in the furnace, and knows it is pure when he sees his image reflected in it, so Christ is watching our hearts to see his likeness there.

"And to spoil that image—falseness or dishonesty, or any wrong thing would do it; the teacher said so—would be a great deal worse than breaking this one, whatever it costs me," mused the boy very soberly.

So, with slow steps and sad face he carried the marred figure to the dingy little office where the overseer was busy with his papers. "That?"

The man's practiced eyes understood it all in a minute, and the boy's explanation was scarcely heard. "That was done in the firing. Go and put it among the refuse." Then he bestowed a curious glance upon Andrea, and the eyes under the bushy brow twinkled for a minute. "What possessed you to come and show it if you thought it was any fault of yours? Maybe you are the tenth boy, after all!"

Then he turned to his papers again, and Andrea went away with his heart singing.

Only an hour in a poor boy's life! Just a common little incident in a porcelain manufactory, it may seem to some, and scarcely worth the telling, but it is of such things as these that the watching angels say:

"Another victory won!"



FROZEN OUT.

beside him in his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentle and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from what all had expected to see.

"It's a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she said that Jesus was sorry for me, too, and her pity and his broke my hard heart."

You see how easy a thing it is to work for Jesus. Surely any one of you may show you are "of God," in some such simple way as that in which Alice gave proof that the Master's hand had touched her heart.

Strike while the iron is hot.

FROZEN OUT.

These poor little birds seem almost frozen to death, don't they? See how languidly they peep out of their half-closed eyes. The very severe winter weather is sometimes fatal to the dear little fellows. Just outside of my window a number come to pick the berries of the Virginia creeper. But when these and everything else are frozen hard, I hope my young readers will scatter some grain or bread-crumbs for these little feathered friends of ours—they will be very grateful, I assure you. Remember,

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Growth.

BY SARAH E. WINBLOW.

You, build your dam as high as you can;
You think I'm small, but I'll tell you all
I'll get over it—over just so.
And make your wheel buzz down below,
You can't stop me while water flows;
I may be a river yet—who knows?

See how the brown mould over me sifts,
Bury me deeper 'neath leaves in drifts,
Forget I'm here, deep out of sight,
Where it is dark—as dark as night,
You can't hide me while acorns grow,
I'll be an oak-tree the next you know.

Keep me in dresses and play I'm a girl,
Keep my long hair nicely in curl,
But I'm a boy—doubt that who can?
And some bright day I'll be a man,
The world will know me—that's what I
said;

For I've a thinker in my head.

—St. Nicholas.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1898.

BICYCLE LESSONS.

BY REV. LEANDER S. KEYSER.

And so you have been having a "spin" on your wheel, have you, my boy? I am pleased to see you ride so well. It is fine sport and healthful exercise. If you do not become too much absorbed in it, you will work and study all the better for a swift ride along the streets or out into the country.

But now set your wheel up against this maple, and let us have a friendly talk about riding a bicycle. It is an interesting vehicle, because it has been only a few years since no one supposed that a man could ride on fewer than three wheels at the least. Now a third wheel in a cycle would be as useless as a fifth wheel in a wagon. These handsome "safeties" are quite an improvement on the old-fashioned velocipedes which children used, to ride and which might be called the grandparents of the modern bicycle.

Do you remember the ungainly cycles that were first used, having a high wheel in front and a small one behind, while the rider went soaring away up in the air? Is it not wonderful, my lad, how inventive the mind of man is? Our grandfathers never dreamed of riding on two wheels as so many people do to-day.

But what I meant to say chiefly was this: Have you ever gone to school to a bicycle? Why do you laugh? Oh! you didn't know that a wheel was a school-teacher? It is, however. Everything is a teacher if we are only in the proper frame of mind for learning. Now tell me, what is the principal secret in learning to ride a bicycle?

Just as I supposed—it is to learn to balance oneself. The beginner sways awkwardly from side to side, and very likely rolls over on the ground, tumbling in the dust. Yes, sometimes even before he can get his feet on the pedals over he topples. Well, don't you see, my boy, that the same is true all through life? The little child cannot walk because he has not learned to keep his balance. After he has learned, he hardly

thinks of tumbling over as he runs along with lightsome steps.

But in other things this is also true, as, for instance, in learning to think. So many people cannot think on any subject firmly and clearly because they do not take hold with a strong and steady grasp of the mind, and so they soon lose their poise and are floundering in the dust. The way to learn to ride a wheel is to go at it with a steady purpose which knows no failure, and keep the nerves well under control. In the same way you must master the art of thinking.

My boy, did you ever have any falls before you acquired skill in riding a "safety"? You did? Many a one, you say? What did you do then? Give it up? You didn't? Picked up the fragments, so to speak, and tried again? That was manly, sir. I feel like taking off my hat to a boy with such a stalwart purpose.

But did I not hear you say the other day that you never could understand analyzing sentences in your grammar or computing promissory notes in your arithmetic? Come, my boy, you can master an, study, if you will use will power, just as you did in learning the art of riding a wheel; and then, when you have become familiar with a branch of knowledge, it will be just as easy for you as spinning along on your two-wheeled vehicle.

What would you think if I should tell you that a wheel is a preacher as well as a school-teacher? It is true. Doing right is keeping your balance; doing wrong is losing your balance; not with your body, of course, but with your conscience, your heart. If you do not keep an upright position and keep moving, your wheel wobbles from side to side and then throws you over on the ground. Doing right is keeping morally upright. Don't you like to see a boy spinning along on a cycle when he sits up straight and keeps his front wheel from wobbling? It is an admirable sight. But not more so than to see a boy who is upright and true and brave; who doesn't lose his poise when temptation comes; who doesn't even veer to one side.

Did you say that it is easy for you to ride now? It wasn't at first, though? Then you were nervous and afraid; but now you say you can ride a half day without even giving yourself even a thought about falling. I believe it. You have acquired skill and confidence and mastery by practice.

At first when boys and girls try to be Christians, it may be very difficult for them. They have to learn to keep their balance in the new kind of life, to keep praying, to control their tempers, to subdue their tongues, to stay out of bad company, to be gentle and kind even when provoked. These tasks seem so hard that they feel many times as if they could not hold out any longer. But they should go to the bicyclist and learn to be wise, for by-and-bye, if they persevere, they will form the habit of right doing, and it will become second nature.

What do you say? You balance yourself, hold the handles steady, tread the pedals, and keep on the lookout for a clear path, all without thinking about doing these things? But it wasn't so at first, my son. No, indeed. While you were trying to do one thing, you forgot to keep doing the rest, and as a consequence there was a boy sprawling on the ground. Just so in learning to live the Christian life. Keep at it until it becomes easy, until you can do all the duties with pleasure, because you do them without constant strain and effort.

So much for a bicycle sermon, my lad! I will close now. Boys do not like sermons that are too long; they grow tired and wish for the benediction. Now, spin around the block while I time you with my watch.

A BOY ON PROHIBITION.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

I am asked to tell this meeting what we boys think about a prohibitory law for Canada. Well, we go in for it, of course. Why shouldn't we? Ain't they always putting prohibitory laws on us boys, and nobody ever asks us whether we want 'em or not. We can't ride a "bike" as we want to, or go swimming, or skating, or coasting, or snowballing, or anything, without danger of running up against a prohibitory law.

Now, there is a steep hill on the main street of our village, and last winter there was a heavy rain storm, and then a freeze and that hill was like glass; and didn't we boys have a jolly time coasting down that hill until Billy Smith ran into an old woman and scattered her two baskets of eggs all over the hill. Billy didn't mean to do it, but he was just scooting when she got in his way. He hollered, but before he could holler again an egg went into his mouth and another

hit him on the left eye. Now, the old lady wasn't much hurt, and we boys chipped in and bought her some more eggs and better than the ones she lost. Billy said so, and he ought to know.

Well, the very next day there was a sign put up, and it said: "Any boy found coasting on this hill will be sent to the lock-up." Now, only a week before, Tom Guzzle brought a load of wood to town, and then drank it up at the saloon at the top of the hill and, mad with drink drove his team headlong down the hill, tore away a veranda, smashed a plate-glass window, and nearly killed a man who tried to stop 'em. But they didn't prohibit the saloon! Then because a barn was burned last Queen's Birthday, didn't the council pass a law that no crackers or fireworks should be let off on any street of the village. Now, I'd like to know how boys are going to show their loyalty if they can't let off fire-crackers and make a racket on Queen's Birthday and First of July!

Now, they never proved that the barn was burned by fire-crackers; but we all know that there was a big fight at that saloon on Dominion Day, and one man had his ear bit off. And didn't old "Flare Up" get drunk at that saloon and then go and set fire to his shop, and it was burned up, and himself, too? But they didn't prohibit the saloon!

Then, didn't they prohibit us swimming in the mill pond 'cause we didn't have our clothes on? And who wants to be all fixed up when they go in swimming? And I know lots of boys and girls that ain't got hardly any clothes to wear, and what they have is all patched up, 'cause their fathers drink up all their money at that saloon. And the saloon ain't prohibited yet!

Then, just because Tom Scorer ran over a baby carriage that had twins in it and tumbled it over, didn't the council the very next week prohibit anybody riding a wheel on the sidewalk. Now, Tom didn't do it on purpose. The carriage was on right in front of his wheel and he took an awful tumble trying not to do it. And the babies wasn't hurted much, 'cause they were fat and the mud was real soft. Only they couldn't tell one from the other till they were washed.

Now, only last year a man left his team in front of the saloon while he went in to drink, and didn't they get up a row in the bar and frightened the horses so they ran away and smashed a buggy and one of the ladies in the buggy was so badly hurt that she died. But the saloon goes on all the same.

Then, didn't they prohibit snowballing on the street? And I'd like to know when they would have found the body of old Sam Toper if we hadn't seen one of his boots sticking out of a drift when we were building a snow fort? But the saloon where he got drunk ain't prohibited yet!

Of course, if it's right to prohibit bad things, it can't be right to license what makes all the badness. And we boys say it ain't fair to prohibit fighting and swearing and lots of other things, while you license the stuff that makes men do 'em all. So, of course, we boys and girls are in favour of a prohibitory law for Canada now and forever.

Then hesitate no longer.

The foe is growing stronger,

The longer we delay;

But, for God and home and right,

Let us rally for the fight,

And work as well as pray."

A FLY'S PROTEST.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he; and his little fat fingers went pattering over the glass, until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go!" said the fly.

"I won't!" answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! You hurt me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly—a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I am worth something, and I can do some wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy. "What can you do?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it," and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could get off.

The fly flew across the room, and walked up the wall and then down again. "My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly; and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly too. I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy, stoutly.

"Indeed, I am good for something. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air, and if we flies had not been around in the summer to keep the air pure, you and baby and mamma would have been very sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true, and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not," cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal, or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy, anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies. It is bad to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel, and it is bad to hurt them. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," answered Tommy, soberly. "I won't do it again. I'll never hurt a fly as long as I live, and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.—Our Little Ones.

THE PEACOCK AT HOME.

The real home of the peacock or peafowl is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As these birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock-hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail, and are called the tail-coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible; Job mentions them, and they are mentioned too in 1 Kings, 10. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.—St. Nicholas.

PRIFY NAMES FOR BOOKS.

The following are some of the curious titles of old English books:

1. "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at."
 2. "Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."
 3. "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel known among men by the name of Samuel Fish" (a Quaker who had been imprisoned).
 4. "Eggs of Charity Layed for the Chickens of the Covenant and Bofled with the Water of Divine Love. Take ye out and eat."
 5. "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin."
 6. "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot to make the Soul Sneezed with Devotion."
- Most of these were published in the time of Cromwell.—St. Nicholas.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 13, 1898.

By Bible reading.—2 Tim. 3. 15-17; John 5. 39; Psalm 119. 11, 105.

BIBLE READING IN FAMILIES.

The Jews were particular relative to their inculcating Bible reading in their households. The first text in our lesson shows the benefit of the practice. The same practice should be followed in all families, in every age, and blessed results would be sure to follow. Young Christians would grow more in grace and would not be so soon driven from their steadfastness if they were more familiar with the Holy Scriptures.

CHRIST'S COMMAND.

Second text. These are Christ's words. "Search," not merely read, as you read a story or an article of news, but search, dig deep, compare one part with another. The Scriptures, when carefully examined, always repay the labour thus expended. Too many neglect the reading of this holy book, but no day should be allowed to pass without reading at least some portion. If you receive a letter from a friend, you peruse it until you thoroughly understand it. The Bible is God's letter to you. A heathen convert once said, "When I pray I talk to God, but when I read the Bible, God talks to me." Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the contents of the Bible. Say with the Psalmist, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

The Land of "Make Believe."

BY IDA GOLDSMITH MORRIS.

It lies in the distance dim and sweet,
On the borders of long ago.
And the road is worn by the little feet
That have journeyed there to and fro.
And though you may seek it by night or
day,
The task you will never achieve,
For only the little ones know the way
To the land of "Make Believe."

Clad in their armour of Faith they ride
On the wings of their fancy fleet,
And we hear, as we listen and wait out-
side,
The echo of laughter sweet.
It lightens the burdens of toil we bear,
It brightens the hearts that grieve;
Till we wish we could follow and enter
there,
In the land of "Make Believe."

And, oh, the wonderful tales that are told
Of the marvellous sights they see!
For the weak grow strong and the young
grow old,
And are each what they wish to be.
Oh, the deeds of valour, the mighty
things—
Too bold for mind to conceive!
But these are every-day happenings
In the land of "Make Believe."

Would you follow the print of the tiny
feet?
You must walk as they, undefiled,
Would you join in their fancies pure and
sweet?
You must be as a little child,
But in vain should we seek it by night or
day,
The task we should never achieve,
For only the little ones know the way
To the land of "Make Believe."

On Schedule Time

BY

JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Here is where we'll camp!" Phil cried, as he reined in Jack on a level piece of cleared ground.

"Why not go among the trees?" Alice asked.

"Because I prefer to camp in the open, where we can see readily in case we should have unwelcome visitors. Come, girls, set about unpacking the waggon while Dick and I put up the tents."

Ten minutes later all save Aunt Lois and Jackson were busily engaged, and each of the labourers kept strict watch of the alleged invalid, rendering it impossible for him to leave the carriage even for an instant without being observed.

With the exception of the stable, the tents were put up less carefully than usual on this evening. Phil was eager to have the task completed in the shortest possible space of time, and also wished to so arrange it that the least amount of work would be necessary next morning.

Then Jackson was assisted into the cook-tent, where Aunt Lois made certain he was comfortable before she left him to aid the girls in setting their sleeping quarters to rights.

By a prearranged plan, Dick performed all the outdoor work, and Phil had only the cooking to attend to, therefore he was able to keep close watch over the alleged invalid.

So engrossed were the boys with their plans for preventing mischief that they neglected even to congratulate each other upon being on schedule time once more, and that very important matter was not so much as referred to during the half hour the travellers sat, together discussing supper.

A few moments later Phil gave the word, "All hands turn in," and the occupants of the women's quarters were glad to obey, for the long journey had tired them decidedly.

Before leaving the cook-tent Aunt Lois repeated her instructions relative to giving Jackson medicine, and when she left him the pretended cripple said emphatically:

"I've taken the last of her messes, and that's flat! She's actually killin' me!"

"According to your own story you are much better than when we found you by the side of the road," Phil replied sharply.

"Yes, I'll admit she's helped my leg; but what kind of a stomach will I have if I take a couple quarts more of that mixture?" and he pointed to the tin cup which the little woman had left in a prominent position, lest even one dose should be forgotten.

"Of course I can't predict as to that, but this much is certain: When you are so far recovered as not to need what she chooses to administer, I shall consider that you are well enough to shift for yourself."

"Which means that I wouldn't be allowed to ride any more?"

"Exactly; and there is no reason why we should discuss the matter."

"It's take that stuff or walk?"

Phil nodded; he could not trust himself to speak lest he should laugh outright, so comical in his distress was this rascal who was rapidly being overpowered by the contents of Aunt Lois' medicine-chest.

"We'll attend to the nursing the same as we did last night, I suppose?" Dick said, as he wrapped himself in his blanket.

"Yes, except that perhaps it would be as well to divide the time into two-hour watches. I am so tired I'm afraid I couldn't keep my eyes open until midnight."

"All right; arrange it to suit yourself, and call me when you want to turn in."

"I'm willin' to do my share," Jackson interrupted in what he intended should be a friendly tone. "I'll feel better if I'm doin' some part of the work."

"A man who can't walk wouldn't be of very much service around the camp."

"There's no need of runnin' out so often to see the horses. If they got into trouble you'd soon know—"

"I don't intend they shall get into trouble, or that any one shall interfere with them. You'd better get a nap while you can, for your next dose must be taken in twenty minutes."

When Phil left the tent he could see Dick's blanket shaking as if its owner was suffering from an ague fit, and he hurried toward the stable in order to give vent to his own mirth.

At ten o'clock Dick was awakened by his cousin.

"You've had a two-hour nap, and now it's my turn. Jackson has just taken his mixture, so there's nothing to be done here for half an hour. Keep your eyes on the stable. Both horses are lying down now, and until you hear one or the other get up, don't disturb them, for the more rest they have to-night the more miles we shall make to-morrow."

At midnight Dick awakened Phil and reported that everything was quiet, after which he rolled himself in the blanket, falling asleep almost as soon as he was in a recumbent position.

Two hours later he went on duty again, and it seemed to Phil as if he had but just closed his eyes in slumber when he was aroused to find Dick's hand pressed over his mouth, and to hear the whisper:

"I pretended I was asleep in order to see what he would do. He spoke to me softly once or twice, and, getting no answer, has just crept out of the tent. If we follow him we shall learn what mischief he has on hand."

Phil arose instantly, but when the boys emerged from the tent Jackson was nowhere to be seen.

"He has run away from Aunt Lois' dosing," Dick said, with a smothered laugh; but Phil went with all speed toward the stable.

Opening the flap softly he saw, by the light of the lantern suspended from the ridge pole, the invalid, who had declared it was impossible for him to bear any weight on his injured limb, creeping stealthily toward Jack with an open knife in his hand.

There was no time for thought. At any instant he might wound or kill the poor beast; and Phil, acting on an impulse, leaped directly upon the fellow's back, hurling him to the ground almost directly under the horse's feet.

"Come quick, Dick! Come quick!" he shouted, and then it was impossible to say more, for Jackson had twisted himself around in such a manner as to gain a hold of the boy's throat.

Dick obeyed none too soon, but during a moment he was unable to decide in what way he could aid his cousin. Jackson was brandishing the knife with one hand as he clutched Phil with the other, and crying:

"Keep back! Keep back, or I'll do you some mischief!"

The axe had been left at the rear of the stable, and Dick suddenly saw it.

Seizing the tool he rushed forward, bent on striking the scoundrel down regardless of the consequences, when the battle was suddenly and unexpectedly ended.

The two on the ground were closed by Jack's heels, and as Jackson flourished the knife he inadvertently scratched the horse.

In an instant old Jack lashed out with both feet, striking Aunt Lois' patient on the side and shoulder, and hurling him half a dozen paces outside the tent.

"That horse shall have an extra feed of oats if I live long enough to give it

to him!" Dick cried, as he dragged his cousin beyond reach of the animal's heels, and then ran to where Jackson was lying silent and motionless.

The noise had awakened the occupants of the women's tent, and Aunt Lois' voice was heard crying shrilly.

"What is the matter? Phillip! Richard! Is Mr. Jackson worse?"

"I reckon he is," Phil replied grimly. "It wouldn't be a bad idea if you came out, for this time he needs something more than medicine!"

"The poor man!" Aunt Lois exclaimed; and then it was evident she was making ready to visit him.

"Is he hurt much?" Phil asked, joining his cousin who was standing over the prostrate rascal.

"I can't make out; but I'm certain he's not as sound as he was. He appears to be unconscious; but no one can say that he isn't shamming, and we'd better not trust him too far."

Phil ran back for the stable lantern, and returned with it just as Aunt Lois arrived.

Jackson was not shamming. His left arm was twisted beneath his body, showing that the bone was broken, and his face covered with blood.

There was no longer any danger this one particular enemy of Mr. Ainsworth's would work them any harm.

Hurriedly Phil told his aunt what suspicions he and Dick had had concerning the fellow, and what he was detected in doing, but it was several moments before she understood the whole story.

Then her first exclamation was:

"To think of my wasting medicine on such a bad man!" But immediately afterward her kindly heart prompted her to add, "It makes no difference what he would have done, boys, he is in distress now, and it is our duty to care for him to the utmost of our ability. Dick, bring me water and a towel. Phil, tell Gladys to give you the scissors from my satchel, and then get me adhesive plaster from the medicine-chest."

That the man was seriously injured could be told after the briefest examination, and Aunt Lois said with a sigh, as she bathed the sufferer's face:

"This time, Phil, I'm afraid there's no question but that you must go to Milo, if that is the nearest point where a surgeon can be found. Such injuries as these are beyond my power to care for."

"I'll not allow that he shall stop—"

Phil checked himself, as if ashamed of what he was about to say, and Jackson opened his eyes.

"Who struck me?"

"The horse you were trying to maim or kill," Aunt Lois replied solemnly.

"I reckon I'm knocked out, eh?"

"I don't know what you mean by that, but it is evident you are in a critical condition. One arm is broken and some of your ribs fractured, I think."

"Can I get back to Milo?"

"You are too severely injured to be moved. A doctor must be brought here, if such a thing be possible; we can do nothing for you."

"You mean you won't?"

"I would willingly do anything in my power, whatever mischief you have tried to work us; but your condition is too serious for me to think of acting the part of physician."

Jackson tried to raise himself, but sank back with a genuine groan.

"I'm helpless!" he shrieked.

"You are very near death," Aunt Lois said, as she laid her hands gently on his.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG CAPITALIST.

We find the following in a Newark paper:

"As Mr. C. B. Yatman was yesterday standing at the depositors' window of the Howard Savings Bank and counting out \$25 to deposit, a gentleman at his elbow remarked jocosely:

"Well, I see that taking care of the Newark youngsters proves profitable and enables you to lay up money."

"Why, bless you, my friend," was the reply, "that's just where you're wrong. I can't save any money. This that I am depositing belongs to a bootblack, to a boy only sixteen years old. Look at this bank book. You see it's for ———, who's one of my proteges, a street waif. You see also that he's been depositing through me as a trustee since April 1, 1884. Isn't that beautiful? You find \$25 here, \$40 there, and \$10 there, and now the aggregate of that little bootblack's savings is almost \$340. Why, bless you, there's many a clerk in Newark on a salary of \$1,500 a year who doesn't save half that sum. This boy pays his way, too. He's one of our little lodgers, and he pays for his board and lodging."

"Now, I'll tell you how it happened. About eighteen months ago this chap, who was spending his money foolishly at night, had no home. His father and

mother both died, and his step-father is in goal. I told him he could start in business with a nice capital when he becomes of age if he wanted to. He inquired how. I said, 'Save your money, my boy.' Then he began to give me his savings each night. I put them in a safe place, and when they amounted to a respectable sum I came and deposited it all here, and for eighteen months I've been at it, and you see now he's a young capitalist—and only a bootblack."

"He's not the only one either. I've got others of my boys saving too, and I tell you they'll turn out smart men. They get the habit of saving and working and are self-supporting. They got the business habit. Why, bless you, they can give odds to many a rich man's boy now. But you thought it was my money, hey? Well, that's too good a joke. No, my friend, I can do for the young scamps what I can't do for myself. But, good day, I can't wait. I must go and look after others."

And as Mr. Yatman pitched for the street he could be heard saying, as he chuckled to himself, "Well, well, if that ain't too good. He thought it was my own money."

A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God.

But what could he say, for he had never learned any prayer? So he knelt down, and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A gentleman, happening to pass on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?" The lad looked up.

"Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me to take care of the sheep; so I thought that if I said all I knew, he would put it together, and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man," said the stranger, "he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

THE BIRDS AND THEIR BATHS.

Every boy and girl knows that a daily bath is not only a comfort, but a necessity for health. We often hear, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," yet we need not pride ourselves upon our great superiority over dirty boys and girls who do not share our comfortable homes and advantages.

If we look around us we shall see that the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are as fond of cleanliness as we are.

Have you ever watched how frequently the birds bathe? Some use water only, some prefer water and dust, whilst others choose dust and no water.

Wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh water pools, and invariably fly inland for their early morning bath, which they take five or ten miles distant from their daily haunts. After preening their feathers they start homeward with a keen appetite for breakfast, for, like ourselves, the morning air and extra exertion add to their hunger.

Sparrows bathe often, both in dust and water, and are not at all particular as to the quality of the dust; so the writer of

"I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,"

knew this bird's habits very well.

But when the city sparrow can get out into the country for a day how he enjoys himself. How he rolls and tumbles over in the finest and driest of road dust, and chirps and twitters to his heart's content. Watch him; it will do you good to do so. Listen! you may learn that he is chirping, "How nice! how nice!"

The Bob White likes dry loam. He scratches the soil from under the grass and fills his feathers with the cool earth, then shakes himself free and fills up again and again.

But the most popular bath for all the birds is burnt ashes. Remember this; and when you cross a field or wood which has been burned you need not be surprised at the number of winged creatures which rise suddenly from every heap of ashes.

Books tells us many interesting facts about God's creatures, but better far is it for boys and girls to learn for themselves. Nature first, books about nature second.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 13.

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES

Matt. 13, 24-30, 36-43. Memory verses, 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that soweth the good seed in the Son of man.—Matt. 13, 37.

OUTLINE.

1. The Parable, v. 24-30.
2. The Interpretation, v. 36-43.

Time and Place—On a day spent by our Lord in teaching on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, early in the summer of A.D. 28.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The wheat and the tares. Matt 13 24-33.
 Tu. The wheat and the tares. Matt. 13. 34-43.
 W. The separation.—Matt. 13. 44-52.
 Th. Come!—Matt. 25. 31-40.
 F. Depart!—Matt. 25. 41-46.
 S. The Book of Life.—Rev. 20. 6-15.
 Su. Home of the righteous. Rev. 21. 1-8

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Parable, v. 24-30.
 Who spoke this parable?
 To what sort of man did he compare the kingdom of heaven?
 What bad seed sowing was done?
 When did the owner of the field find the tares?
 Who questioned him about his seed sowing?
 Over what were the servants perplexed?
 On whom did the owner charge the evil?
 What did the servants propose to do?
 Why were they forbidden to gather the tares?
 How long were the wheat and tares to grow together?
 Which would be first gathered?
 How were they to be disposed of?
 What was to be done with the wheat?
2. The Interpretation, v. 36-43.
 What did the disciples ask Jesus to do?
 Who did he say was the sower of good seed? Golden Text.
 What 's the field?
 What is the good seed?
 What are the tares?
 Who sowed them?
 What is the harvest time?
 Who are the angels?
 What is to be the fate of all who offend and all who work iniquity?
 What is to be the fate of the righteous?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That the wicked are found among the good here?
2. That the wicked will be separated from the good hereafter?
3. That the wicked will have a fate different from the good?

WHAT A BOY DID IN SPARE MOMENTS.

A thin, awkward boy came to the residence of a celebrated school principal and asked to see the master. The servant eyed his mean clothes and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. He soon appeared at the back door and repeated his request.

"You want a breakfast more like" said the servant girl and set him down to some bread and butter.

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."

Some of the clothes maybe you want. I guess he has none to spare he gives away a sight," remarked the girl seeing his ragged clothes.

"Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy, with the most emphatic emphasis on each word.

The girl for the first time stopped her work. "Well he is in the library, if he must be disturbed he must. I s'pose," and she whisked him off to that room, remarking, as she opened the door, "Here's somebody terribly anxious to see you, sir; so I let him in."

The professor laid his book aside and talked with the boy with increasing interest, and soon took some books and gave him an examination which extended even to Greek, and every question was answered correctly and promptly. The professor

was amazed at such youthful erudition and asked the boy how he managed with his apparent poverty to accumulate such an amount of knowledge.

"Oh, I studied in my spare time," answered the boy brightly, and with the utmost unconcern that he was an example to even the man before him.

Here was a boy, a hard-working orphan, almost fitted for college in the spare moments that his companions were wasting. Truly are spare moments the "gold dust of time."

THE LARGEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

Within a stone's throw of Whitechapel, surrounded by some of the very worst slums, stands the largest school in the world. It is presided over by a peer of the realm, Lord Rothschild, who is regarded with love and admiration by every pupil, for he is indeed their good fairy. This school educates thirty-five hundred children, belonging mostly to

the savings-bank department, instituted by the kindly president. In order to encourage habits of thrift he allows an interest of ten per cent. per annum on all savings.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA IN LONDON.

Most other things have their centennial, why not the umbrella, which first came into use in London about a hundred years ago? The Chinese and Hindus had been carrying sunshades for thousands of years before the French borrowed the fashion from them. Even then some time passed before any one thought of making them waterproof. Jonas Hanway, an odd old Quaker, had one made of green oiled canvas, with cane ribs, and he walked under it on the streets of London, with the cabbies and street boys yelling after him and calling him names.

Hanway was a notable man. He was born at Portsmouth, in A.D. 1712, and travelled about the world a good deal, and published a book giving an account of his travels in Persia. With some other gentlemen he founded the Marine Society in 1760, which was intended to benefit beggar boys and orphans by giving them an outfit and starting them as sailors upon trading ships. He was himself a Russian merchant. Then he was one of the early friends of Sunday-schools, though the schools which he helped to start were different to those we have now; they were the means of taming children who were like young savages. They heard the truths of the Bible, and were taught to read. It was not till this century that a machine for sweeping chimneys was invented, and the custom of employing boys as climbing sweepers gradually ceased; but before that Jonas Hanway did what he could to protect these poor little fellows. They had often to go up chimneys on bitter cold mornings; sometimes they stuck fast and died; frequently they got bad bruises and sores from this dangerous work. Some of the timid ones, too, were always afraid of meeting bogies in the chimneys. Even at the age of six or seven children were so employed, because, when small, they could climb up narrow chimneys better, and little girls were actually sent up sometimes.



A STORK'S NEST.

THE STORK FAMILY.

In many lands the stork family is held in high honour. In many parts of the European continent they are encouraged to build their nests on the chimneys, steeples, and trees near dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement to them to pitch their quarters on the houses, boxes are sometimes erected on the roofs, and happy is the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork. In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reasons, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a stork's hospital will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions—until they have regained health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offence.

the poorest foreign Jews, and has a staff of one hundred teachers.

It is well known that this is Lord Rothschild's pet institution, and that were it not for his munificent support the school would be unable to meet its vast expenditure. It is owing to his generosity that free breakfasts are given every morning to all children who wish to take them, no questions being asked. Again, he presents every boy with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and every girl with a dress and a pair of boots in the month of April, near the Jewish Passover.

An idea of the poverty of the children may be gleaned from the fact that not more than two per cent. of them decline to avail themselves of this charity. A second pair of boots is offered in the month of October to every child whose boots are not likely to last during the approaching winter. It is scarcely necessary to state that few do not get them.

A very popular feature in the school is



EASTERN SOWER.—MATT. 13. 24.

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