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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1894.

[No. 13.]

A Lie!

BY EILEEN M. H. GATES.

SHE told a lie, a little lie—
 't was so small and white;
 She said, "It cannot help but die
 Before another night."
 And then she laughed to see it go,
 An' thought it was as white as snow.

But O, the lie! it larger grew,
 Nor paused by night or day,
 An' many watched it as it flew;
 And, if it made delay,
 Like something that was near to death,
 They blew it onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell,
 And there were grief and shame,
 And many a spotless lily-bell
 Was shrivelled as with flame.
 The wings that were so small and white
 Were large and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,
 And trembled in her place,
 For something flying far and fast
 Had smote her in the face—
 Something that cried in thunder-tone,
 "I come! I come! Take back your own!"
 —The Century.

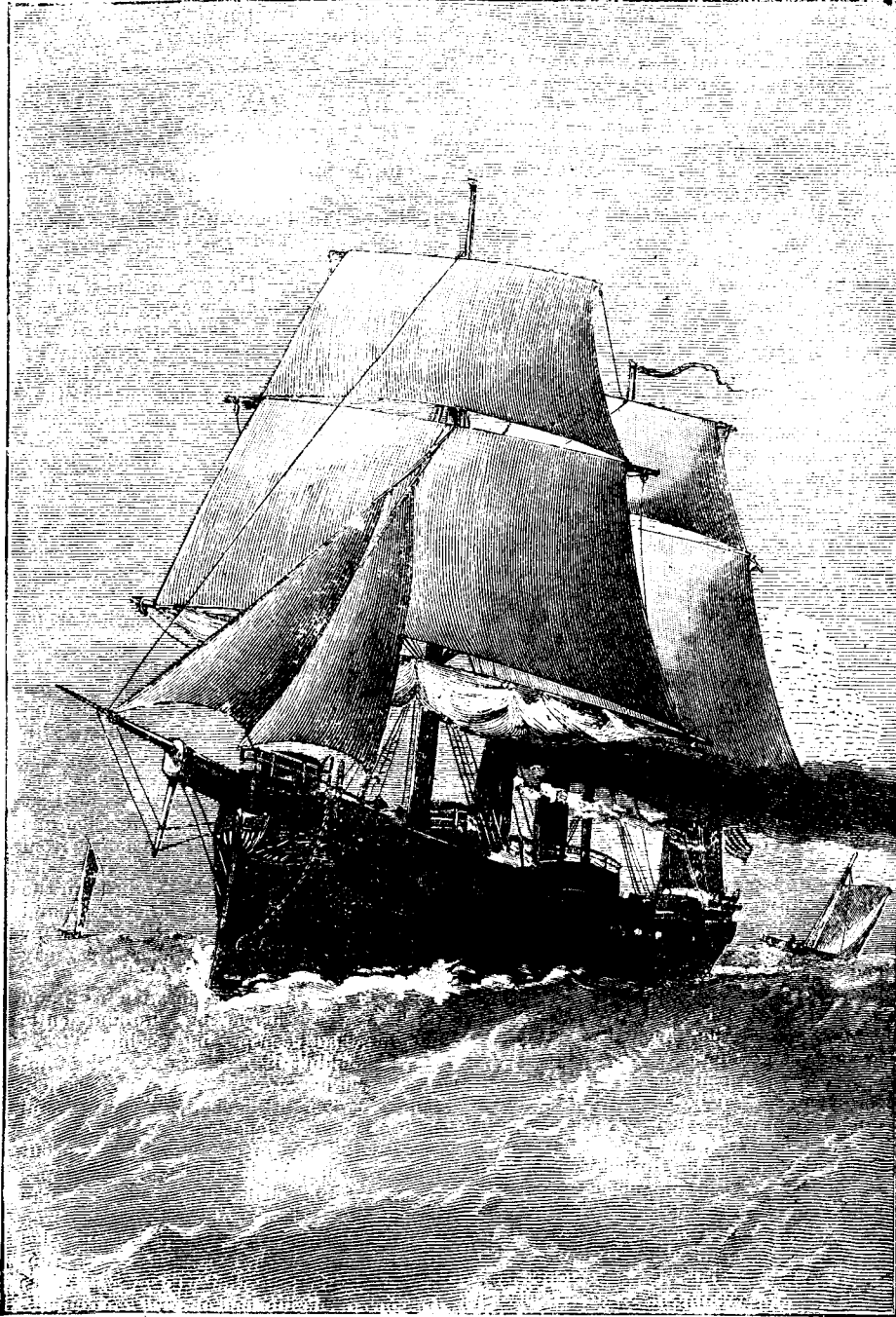
AN ARMED FRIGATE.

ENGLAND'S "wooden walls" were her protection for many a long year against hostile invasion. They carried her flag to victory in all parts of the world. Her "hearts of oak" won the great battles of Trafalgar, the Nile, and Copenhagen, where "the boldest held his breath for a time." Nothing could be more stately than a fleet of square-rigged ships manoeuvring under full sail. They looked like a flight of snowy-winged birds, but as warships these are as extinct as the "Dodo" or the "Megatherium."

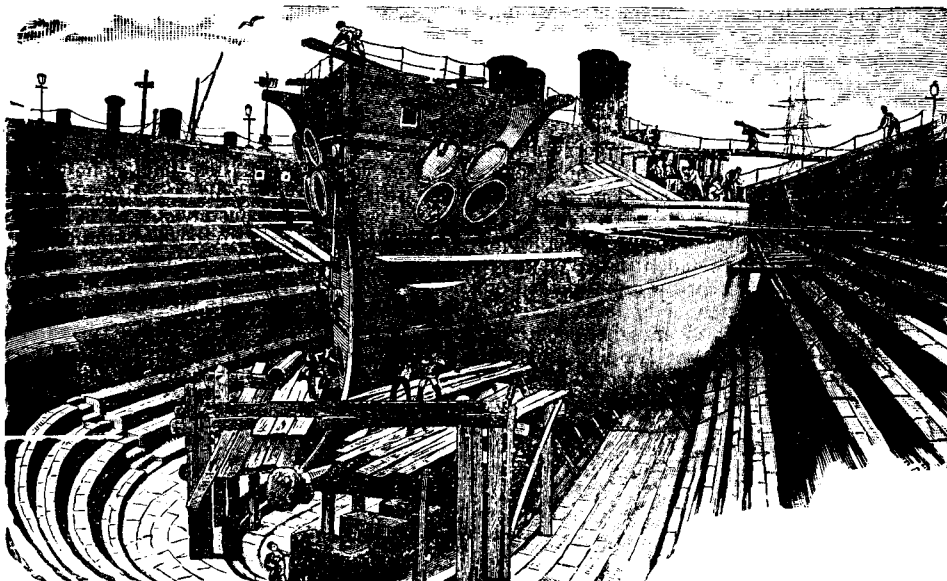
A huge, grim, iron structure, often carrying no sail at all, more like a floating fortress than a ship, impelled by twin screws, moved by engines which exert the force of 18,000 horses against wind and tide, at the rate of twenty-five or twenty-seven miles an hour, is the present warship. They are enormously expensive, costing two, three, or even more, millions each, for first-rates. Around the vital parts—the engine and boilers—they are armed with metal plates from twelve to fourteen, or even more, inches, in thickness, and the largest carry eighty-ton guns. They are a highly organized machine, and while a perfect volcano of energy, they are so enormously heavy that there is danger, if injured, of their "turning turtle," like the *Victoria*, or even without injury, like the *Captain*.

The British fleet is largely the police of the sea. It has exterminated the ocean slave trade and has probably preserved peace more than all the land forces in the country. Till the principles of international arbitration and of the Prince of Peace shall prevail, it is probable that these costly, tremendous, and destructive floating forts must be built and manned. Their cost is far less than that of an army, and Great Britain's forty colonies throughout the world make her ships a necessity everywhere.

Our picture shows one of the smaller classes of these war-ships, combining sail and steam power. The lower cut shows how one of these vessels looks in the dry-dock, where they have frequently to be placed to scrape off the barnacles which impede their progress through the water. They have a way now of copper-plating the ship in dock which



AN ARMED FRIGATE.



SHIP IN DRY-DOCK

prevents barnacles becoming attached, when they can keep at sea for two or three years.

Let us hope for the day when the only ships upon the sea shall be the white-winged messengers of commerce, which shall weave the ties of peace and brotherhood around the world.

AT POLK SCHOOL.

BY JESSIE E. WRIGHT.

IN Topeka, Kansas, the boys do not know very much about liquor-drinking and drunkards. A few have never seen a man drunk. The large majority have never seen a liquor-saloon, though in the recent Original Package excitement, nearly every boy in town managed to get a look into an Original Package House. But the boys there have a great deal too much to do with something nearly as bad—that something is tobacco.

A law was passed that no one could give or sell tobacco to a boy under sixteen, but though this is a good law as far as it goes, it does not give much hold on the boy under sixteen who is actually smoking. One great trouble is that not one boy in a hundred understands what tobacco is, or the effect it has. He desires to smoke or chew simply because he thinks it is smart. If he only knew it, the really smart thing is to leave tobacco alone.

One of the schools in Topeka is called Polk School, and in that school there was a twelve-year-old boy named Jim, who was neither handsome nor well-dressed nor bright at his books; he was a slouching boy who pinched little boys and laughed; who made noises in the school-room; who always had dirty hands, and stood lowest in all examinations; and who sneaked off by the fence at recess to tell little boys things that were bad.

He did not know it, but anybody could have told just what kind of a boy he was by looking at him. He thought no one could know if he did not tell. His face told.

He carried to school cigarettes and pieces of cigars. He would smoke when he thought no one saw him but the boys, and they laughed and thought it very fine to see so bad a boy. He persuaded some other boys to smoke, and one day they all went into the school-room making a very bad tobacco smell. The teacher and the other children sniffed, and all eyes were turned on these boys. The principal of the school came up, and she talked to them a long time about dirty habits, and meanness, and sneakiness, and untruthfulness. One of the boys who had smoked felt ashamed, and resolved not to smoke again, but the others meant to keep on.

Jim brought more cigar-ends and cigarettes, and more boys joined in, and it did not seem easy to detect the source of the trouble, and things went from bad to worse.

There was a boy in the school named Arthur Cleaves. He was a very bright, jolly boy, with red cheeks and white teeth. He was quick in his studies and could kick the football farther than any other boy, and could beat boys two years older at foot and a half. His mother was a W. C. T. U. woman, and had often talked to Arthur about tobacco, and he understood about it. To see the boys in his school so taken up with cigarettes troubled him, and one night after he had gone to bed he said, "Mamma, what can I do about it?"

"Invite all the best boys you know, and

your teacher, over here to-morrow after school," suggested his mother, "and you can tell the boys there will be refreshments." Quite a large number of boys came, and John Davis was made chairman. They talked and discussed and suggested. They decided that on their next speaking day they would all speak things against the use of tobacco; that they would "talk-up" to the boys who use tobacco, and that they would make fun of them and would refuse to let them play in their games, until they quit using tobacco anywhere around the school.

They did as they planned, and with so much determination, and got so much fun out of it, that they called themselves an anti-tobacco club and had badges; and eventually all the boys except Jim joined it, and he used no more tobacco where any of the boys could see him and jeer him.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1894.

BECOMING DISCIPLES OF JESUS BY REPENTANCE.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., NEW YORK.

"They went out and preached that men should repent."—MARK 6. 12.

I WANT to speak for ten minutes to any, young or old, who want to be Christians, but do not know how; to try and tell you very simply and plainly just what it is to be a Christian—so simply and plainly that you cannot fail to understand it clearly.

The first thing is to be sorry when you have done wrong; and sorry because it is wrong. Abraham and Jacob, Moses and David, Peter and Paul, did many wrong things. But they were always heartily sorry for it. There are two stories in the Bible, concerning two kings of Israel, which illustrate this very clearly. They are the stories respectively of David and Uriah, and of Ahab and Naboth. They are something alike in the beginning and very different in the end, and show very clearly the difference between one who is a Christian and one who is not. The stories are these. When David was king of Israel he chanced one day to see a very beautiful woman whom he thought at once he would like to have as his wife. But when he came to inquire about her, he found she was already married to a man named Uriah. He immediately set himself to plan how he could secure Uriah's death, so that he might marry his wife. A war was raging at this time with the Syrians, and Uriah was in the army. So David sent to his General, Joab, a letter directing him to send Uriah into the front of the battle, that he might be killed. The plan succeeded. Uriah was killed, and David married his wife. He was really guilty of murder. It was his duty as king to protect his subjects, and particularly to care for the soldiers who were fighting for him; but he had contrived to have a good and loyal soldier killed to

gratify himself. It was a cruel and wicked thing to do.

The crime of Ahab was similar, though not as great. Close by his palace was a vineyard. It belonged to Naboth. Ahab wanted it for a garden because it adjoined his palace. He offered Naboth the money for it, but Naboth would not sell it. Of course the king had no right to compel him to give it up. But his wife, who was a very wicked woman, contrived a scheme for getting it. She sent letters to certain nobles, sealing them with the king's seal—so you see he consented to it—directing them to have Naboth accused of blasphemy and to hire witnesses to swear to the accusation, and so have him put to death. It was done. And as David got his wife, so Ahab got his vineyard. The two cases were very similar—David's perhaps a little the worse. David killed Uriah to rob him of his wife, Ahab killed Naboth to rob him of his vineyard. David acted of his own accord; Ahab under the suggestion of his wife. But now appears the difference. Nathan, the prophet of God, came to David and rebuked him for his sin, and told him God would punish him. David was not angry. He did not attempt to defend himself. He confessed his sin. He was truly and heartily sorry for it; not sorry merely because he was to be punished, but because he had done wrong. He confessed his sin to God, and when God punished him by taking away his son, he submitted to the punishment without complaining.

God sent also his prophet Elijah to Ahab, to reprove him. But Ahab received him very differently. He greeted him in the outset with, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" And though when he came to bear the punishment with which God threatened him, he humbled himself, and rent his clothes, and fasted, he showed no sign of feeling that he had really done wrong, and was sorry for it because it was wrong. He kept on just as before, doing very abominably; and when a little later another prophet, Micaiah, preached something he did not like, he put him in prison for it. This was the difference between David and Ahab. They both did wickedly—very wickedly—but David repented of his wickedness and confessed it and asked forgiveness, and Ahab did not.

Now we have all done wickedly. Not as David and Ahab, it is true, but the Bible says there is none that doeth good: no, not one. If we had done always right, if we had committed no sins, we might go to heaven because we were good. But we have committed a great many sins. We cannot secure the favor of God on the ground of goodness. There is only one other way; repentance, confession, and forgiveness. To be a Christian is not so much, then, to be good, as to be sorry that we have been evil, and to seek forgiveness. The preaching of the Gospel is accordingly called the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins, not the baptism of goodness. This is the door by which all who have ever come into the kingdom of God have entered. This is the Wicket Gate. This is the first thing in being a Christian; repentance—that is, sorrow for sin and the abandonment of it.

And this, of course, includes confession of it. It is not sorrow for sin that heals it, but confession of sin. Ahab was sorrowful, but sorrow did not bring him to God. It makes a great deal of difference whether you go from Christ or go to Christ sorrowful.

This was the difference between Judas and Peter. Judas betrayed Christ; Peter denied him. Both were very sorry afterwards. But Peter's sorrow did not separate him from Christ. He did not go away from him because he had sinned. He came to him with new love and new consecration. Judas, on the other hand, was driven away from Christ by his sorrow; and instead of seeking the remission of his sins by confession and asking forgiveness, he sought to escape them by going and hanging himself.

But it is not enough to be sorry for your sins and to confess them, if you go right on in them afterward. The Prodigal not only went home, he stayed home. He not only asked his father to forgive him, but he was willing to become even as a hired servant. To be a Christian is not only to repent of our sins and confess them, but also to undertake in earnest to live thereafter a holy and godly life. It is thus partly true that to be a Christian is to be good; but yet not so much to be good, after all, as constantly to

strive to be better. This is what Christ means when he says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." You are to follow Christ—that is, he is to be your pattern and example.

To be a Christian, then, is a very simple though not an easy matter. You can begin to be a Christian to-day; you can begin to be a Christian now. To be a Christian is to confess to your father and mother and to God, whenever you have done wrong; to be sorry for it; to try to do better in future; and to be, from this time, as kind, as gentle, as loving, as courageous and as much like Christ as you can, day by day; to do all in your power to make others wiser and better and happier.

A BANK THAT NEVER FAILS.

BY MAY F. M'KEAN.

"WHY, Metta, here is something your father ought to know. I don't think he had time to read the paper at all this morning, did he?" asked Mrs. Chase, somewhat nervously.

"I think not. He was quite worried about some matter at the store, and so you know he hurried off as soon as he could swallow his breakfast. But what is it, mamma?" Metta Chase asked, anxiously. For whatever concerned her dear mother and father was of the deepest concern to Metta, too.

"It is about the bank in which I know your father has a considerable amount deposited. It is thought to be not safe. Here, read the article, Metta."

Metta took the paper which Mrs. Chase extended, and read the few short lines which referred to the bank.

"Shall I go at once and tell father about it?" she asked.

"Yes; it may be he already knows it; indeed, that may have been what worried him this morning, but it is safest to tell him. You had better go immediately to the store and inform him."

Mrs. Chase was right in her conjecture that this was what had worried him that morning, and before Metta reached his store, he had withdrawn all his money from that bank, but not an hour before it was declared insolvent. The thankfulness in the family circle when they gathered around the tea-table, yet mingled with a sorrow for those less fortunate than themselves, may be better guessed than described.

Mr. Chase was not a Christian man, and for many years his loving wife and gentle daughter had been praying for him.

"I shouldn't like to run the risk of another such narrow escape," he said, as they talked it over. "I shall be very careful before I make a deposit again."

"I only know of one storehouse for our treasure where we have absolute assurance of its safety," Mrs. Chase said, with an emphasis which he could not mistake.

The words just after this experience, led him to think of the risk that he was running every day, in that the most precious treasure of his life had never been committed to God's care for eternity's keeping, and soon afterward Mr. Chase became a Christian and was baptized.

Dear friends where is your treasure? If it is in God's keeping it is safe, but if it is not, you are running an awful risk every day of your lives.

NOT YET.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his bat and ball. "When I grow older, I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man. I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business. "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a gray-headed old man. "Not yet," still he said, "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died. He put off till another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope.

"Who Bids for the Children?"

Not children of colour in slave days
These, grouped by the auctioneer's stand,
But children of every nation,
Children of every land.
"Who bids? who bids for the children?
The world will soon be their own.
From the labourer who digs in the ditches,
To the monarch who sits on the throne,
Each will give place to the children,
As he lays by his shovel or crown."

Then a man in his Maker's image
Rose up with a brimming bowl,
And cried, "I bid for the children—
Bid for them body and soul;
In behalf of Satan's kingdom,
With its stains and guilt and crime,
I will lead them into the darkness,
Through lanes of sin and slime."

Then up rose Temperance workers:
A man with a kingly air;
And—each with a glass of water—
A woman sweet and fair.
"We bid! we bid for the children!
In behalf of the Kingdom of Light.
From the siren snare of the tempter
We will lead them out from the night."

"By paths full of life's sweetness,
By rivers deep and broad.
They shall walk in ways of honour,
By the arch-fiend never trod.
And when we rest from labour,
And the world becomes their own,
They who fought as Temperance children
Shall stand by the radiant throne."

OUR FRIENDS THE ANIMALS.

"I COULDN'T get on a bit without Phoebe," said a poor woman one day, pointing to a bright-eyed, white terrier sitting by her side. "I'm deaf, you see, and I take care of unoccupied houses. When the door-bell rings, I don't hear, but Phoebe does, and she makes such a fuss I know in a minute what she means, and if I'm a bit slow in answering the bell, she's up and seizes me by the apron to drag me to the door. She knows quite well that I am deaf, for when my daughter is here and the bell-rings, she never fusses herself a bit; she knows she hears, and she lets me alone."

Here is a dog who makes herself of use in the world; she is worth her keep to her mistress.

We all know how attached dogs become to their master's clothes, guarding them when desired to do so. A little dog I once knew showed this instinct in a curious manner.

She had become old and feeble and seldom ventured out. But one cold day in winter, she insisted on accompanying a lady home who had been to visit her mistress. This was embarrassing, as the lady in question had a strange terror of both dogs and cats. She tried to send Floss home, but no, Floss would not go. The dog pressed closely to her, and even made little nips at the shawl she was wearing, to Miss M.'s great alarm. Had Floss gone mad? Not a bit of it, but the dog recognized the shawl as her mistress's. It had been lent to the lady to walk home in, the evening air proving cold, and Floss felt she must guard it. When the lady took it off the little dog exhibited great joy, and thankfully accompanied the servant who was desired to take it and the dog home.

Another dog, it is told, showed its regard for his master's clothing in a still more uncomfortable manner. Passing by the house of a washer-woman near Dartmouth, he steadfastly regarded the linen hanging to dry, finally choosing out a shirt which he dragged from the line. It was his master's. He evidently thought the laundress had stolen it.

REV. DR. KIDSTON, a Scotch clergyman, promised his son, six years of age, a few apples from the garden as soon as they were ripe, on condition that the boy would let them alone when they were green. His father, when the apples were ripe, expected son four of them. He looked very much disappointed, and replied, "You promised me a few apples." His father said, "Well, have I not given them unto you?" "No," said the boy, "you always tell us to try everything by the Bible. Now, the Bible tells us about Noah's ark, wherein few—that is, eight souls were saved by water. You have given me only four apples." The father smiled, and gave the boy what the Bible counted few—eight apples.

Selling Her Hair.

BY JENNIE E. CROSS.

A LITTLE maid stood by the hairdresser's door,
She had noticed the sign: "Cash for hair;"
And she quietly elbowed her way through
the crowd,
With a resolute, business-like air.

A sunbeam was playing at "hide-and-go-
seek"
Among her long ringlets of gold;
But there rested a shadow around the pale
face,
With its features so careworn and old.

The child was a tiny, wee mite of a thing
To wear such an old-fashioned air,
And a gentleman, waiting his turn for a shave,
Wondered why the poor midget came there.

Her dress, though it boasted of many a patch,
Was worn with an unconscious grace;
But her blue eyes grew misty with unbidden
tears,
As they timidly glanced round the place.

Adown, o'er her garments so faded and old,
Swept the wealth of her rich auburn hair;
And never, I ween, was the portrait of saint,
Surrounded by halo more fair.

In and out through its rippling, soft waves
The sunbeams sported at will;
But 'twas sad to note round the childish brow
How the shadow lingered still.

Still the barber kept snipping away with his
shears,
And the gentleman turned a new page;
To the little one standing so patiently there,
It seemed she had waited an age.

At last the man of the scissors looked up,
"Pray what do you want, little girl?"
And the gentleman saw that his practised eye
Had measured the length of each curl.

"Please, sir, we are poor, and mother is sick,
And the very last faggot is burned,
So I thought it were better if all my long hair
Into coal and provisions were turned."

He drew through his fingers a soft, shining
tress—
"Well, youngster! How much will you
take?"
Though, indeed, I'm afraid that to buy it at all
Would be making a serious mistake.

"For hair is a drug on the market just now,
And I might not sell it this year."
The dark shadow deepened upon her sad
brow,
And she hastily winked back a tear.

"Oh, please give me something, or baby will
starve,
And mother, poor mother! will die."
"The best I can do is eight florins," he said.
"Then cut it," she said, with a sigh.

As down sank the child in the barber's big
chair,
Her face grew more anxious and old,
For such a trifle 'twas hard to part
With those ringlets of shining gold.

But the hunger-wolf, with his greedy eye,
Was prowling outside of her door,
So she shut her blue eyes 'neath their dowy-
fringed lids,—
She would look at his scissors no more!

The gentleman sprang to his feet with a
bound,
"Little woman, I'll purchase your hair!"
And a hundred bright florins were hastily
poured
In her lap, as she sat in the chair.

"No thanks, my sweet mite, 'tis a bargain,
you know.
Mister Barber, just hand me those shears."
He tenderly severed one long silken hair,
While the glad eyes smiled thanks through
their tears.

This bright thread of gold he enclosed in his
purse,
With the rest of its glittering store,
Saying gaily, while pencilling her mother's
address:
"Perhaps I may want to buy more!"

I fancy God's angels were hovering near,
As that child left the shop on a run;
And that down through the depths of the
still autumn skies
Came the whispered approval, "Well done!"

Ottawa, Ont.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trop."

CHAPTER XIII.—GLAD TIDINGS.

IT WAS two or three days after this, when Euclid and Bess had come in from their cresselling in the evening, that a loud, strange knock at the door of their garret struck alarm into the hearts of all the three. Blackett had not hitherto molested any of them; but they lived in daily terror of him, and some of their neighbours had warned them to look out for danger. Victoria and Bess uttered a low scream, and Euclid shuffled across the floor to fasten the staple; but already a hand had pushed it a little wider open from the outside, and he could see in the dim light that it was a stranger who was standing there, and a stranger not in the dress of a policeman.

"May I come in?" asked a pleasant voice.
"Air you a friend, or air you a enemy?" inquired Euclid.
"A friend, surely!" answered the stranger.
"My name is Dudley, John Dudley; and I bring you news of Roger Blackett. I saw you and Victoria in the court the other day."

"Come in! come in!" exclaimed Euclid, throwing the door wide open; "you're kindly welcome."

The daylight still lingered in the garret, and they could see plainly the pleasant yet grave face of the gentleman who entered, and whose simple and easy manner made them feel confidence in him at once. Victoria set the only chair there was for him, and he took it as if he had been a familiar guest; whilst Euclid seated himself on the soap-box, and the two girls on the side of the bed. Mr. Dudley looked at them both inquiringly.

"You were frightened when I knocked at the door?" he said.

"Ay, ay!" answered Euclid. "We're all scared a most to death at Blackett. He's like a ragin' lion; and we canna go in nor out without passin' by his door, sir."

"I'm afraid he'll be worse," said Mr. Dudley; "for he is to pay half-a-crown a week for the keep of his son Roger."

"Then we shall ha' to flit somewheres," said Euclid mournfully, "and we've lived here nigh upon ten years, me and Victoria. It's hard upon peaceful folks like us, and Victoria can't take away her pretty pictures. Look here, sir! we've been ten years a-gettin' 'em together; and, if we are forced to flit, we must leave 'em all behind us."

Above the fireplace, against the wall of the projecting chimney, there was a collection of poor, coarse wood-cuts out of cheap illustrated papers, pasted upon the whitewashed plaster close against one another as they had come into Victoria's possession. Euclid pointed them out with pride mingled with sorrow as he thought of how these treasures must be left behind if they were compelled to quit the garret for other lodgings. He sat down with a heavy sigh after he called Mr. Dudley's attention to Victoria's favourite pictures.

"Are you fond of reading, as well as of pictures?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"None on us can read," answered Euclid. "Victoria was always too weakly to go to school wi' a lot o' rough lads and lasses, she's so nesh and simple. And little Bess there is no scholar: she gets her livin', like me, sellin' creases. Bess is a old neighbour's child, sir, not mine; and Blackett's hated me ever since I took her to live with me and Victoria. He said he'd make the place too hot for me then; but now—"

He shook his gray head dejectedly, and glanced up at his collection of pictures with a fond and regretful gaze.

"I thought the other day in the court, when you pleaded for poor Roger, that you must be a religious man," said Mr. Dudley.

"Oh, dear, no!" answered Euclid in a surprised tone. "I don't rightly know religion: it's above me; for I'm no scholar. I should like it, maybe, if I knew it; and my wife, she was a good woman, she was."

"Do you know nothing of our Lord Jesus Christ?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"I've heard the name," he said reflectively.
"Oh, yes! of course I've heard the name; but I've had no time to inquire into such things, and they puzzle my head when I hear talk of them. Jesus Christ! Ay, I do know the name well, sir. My wife knew all about him, I dare say. She died when Victoria were born. Poor dear! She could say texts and hymns,—lots as I forgot; but some on 'em I remembered long enough to teach 'em to Victoria. Victoria, my dear, do you know anything o' Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Not much, father," she answered tremulously, and leaning forward with her pale, eager face in gaze at the stranger, who was beginning to talk about what she had often longed to hear.

"You've heard of Queen Victoria?" said Mr. Dudley.

"Ay!" answered Euclid, "there's a many streets and taverns called after her."

"If you heard," continued the stranger in a very quiet, yet clear, impressive voice, "that Queen Victoria was so filled with trouble and sorrow for folks like you, that she had sent her own son, and that he had quite willingly left the splendid and beautiful palace where they live, to come and live in this street here among you, working for his own bread like all of you are doing, and spending all his spare time in teaching the children, and nursing the sick people, and helping the neighbours in every way he could, never growing tired of them, but trying to make them as good as himself,—what would you think of him?"

"I'd lay my hands under his feet!" cried Bess in an eager tone.

"There'd be no goodness like that in this world?" said Euclid.

"And if he went on," continued Mr. Dudley, "week after week, month after month, and year after year, never going home to his mother's palace, only sending messages to her from time to time, because he was bent upon making you all good and as happy as himself, and fitting you to go and live with him as his friends in his own palace; and if some of you loved him, but most of you hated him, and those who hated him raised a mob against him, and killed him, and he had only time to send a last message to Queen Victoria, and the message was, 'Mother, forgive them: they do not know what they are doing,'—what should you say to that?"

"There never was such goodness!" exclaimed Euclid, whilst Victoria's dark eyes were fastened on the stranger.

"Suppose he was even now in the street, and you heard his voice calling, 'Come to me, all you that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest!' would you go to him?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"I'd follow him to the end of the world!" answered old Euclid, striking his hands together, and half rising from his seat, as if to start instantly on his pilgrimage.

"That's one o' mother's texts," said Victoria in a timid voice.

"Yes," continued Mr. Dudley, "they are the words of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Did you never hear this: 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repents'? Do you think that is true?"

"Ay, it must be true," answered Euclid; "for my wife's gone to heaven, and she'll have joy, I know, over Roger, if he turns out good."

"These are the words of Jesus Christ, the Son of God," said Mr. Dudley. "And now, if you could look down into the street, and see such a man as we spoke of, the Queen's son, looking round him sorrowfully on the drunken men and miserable women and wretched children here, and you could hear him say, 'I am come to seek and to save those who are lost, should you believe him?'"

"I should! I should!" said Euclid, with tears in his dim old eyes.

"Jesus Christ said that," continued Mr. Dudley. "And if you could hear him say to you and Victoria and Bess, 'Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there is plenty of room: I am going to prepare a place for you all. And, if I go, I will come again, and take you there myself, that where I am you may be also.' Tell me, what would you say to that? What would you think of him?"

"God bless him!" cried old Euclid, sobbing; whilst Victoria's eyes shone with a bright light, and Bess listened with parted lips.

"The very night before his enemies killed him, Jesus Christ said that, and left it as a message to everyone who should believe in him," said Mr. Dudley. "What a pity you have not known him all your lives! 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' If you could read, Euclid, there is a small book which tells us all we know of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; and all he said and did is as true for us now, as it was then, before his enemies rose against him, and crucified him."

"I'm afeard I'm too old to learn now," said Euclid regretfully; "but Victoria there has plenty o' time, if anybody 'ud teach her; and, if she's not a-go'in' to die soon, it 'ud be company for her to have that little book. And Bess must learn somehow. I never knew as Jesus Christ said anything like that, 'Come to me, poor labourin' folks, when your load's heavy, and I'll give you r'st;' and 'There's joy in heaven over sinners when they repent;' and 'I'm come to find and save lost folks;' ay, and all the other words you've told us. 'They don't know what they're doin'.' Ah! that's true. It's true of me, and true o' Blackett and Roger and all on us! No, no! we don't know what we're doin'!"

"I'll find someone to teach Victoria and Bess," said the stranger; "and Roger will be well taught. He is going down the river to the ship *Chopatra*, where he will be trained

for a seaman, and taught how to read and write.

"Oh! if Davy could only ha' gone where Roger's goin'!" said Bess sorrowfully.

Mr. Dudley listened attentively to the story of David Fell's crimes against his country and her laws, and the measure of stripes meted out for them; and, learning the name of the jail where he was now imprisoned, he went away, promising to see them again soon.

(To be continued.)

DR. PARKER'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

Boys should be truth-loving; they should live in the city of truth; early in life they should take up their quarters there. No matter what the consequences may be, speak the truth. A lie may get you out of an immediate difficulty, but a lie is a difficulty lifelong itself. You may escape from one difficulty only by escaping into a greater if you do not obey the spirit of truth. Boys should be haters of cowardice. Every boy should be ready to knock a bully down. You must not stand by and see little boys tyrannized over by big ones without at least protesting. It is a beautiful thing to see a little boy when he knows that some big friend is coming who will see the right done. Let us have no tale-bearing, no sneaking, no back-door work; let us have open, sunny faces, valiant courage, and let us know that whoever has strength has it for the benefit of the weak. You will not pray the worse because you play a good deal. Never imagine that God has separated duties into religious and secular.

ONLY A CRACK.

"CAN you not see it?"

"Where?"

"That little crack stretching across the ice ahead? Look out, Tommy!"

"Nonsense!" says Tommy, skating over that thin line of danger.

"Only a crack!"

It is lengthening—though widening.

"Look out Tommy!" is the warning again sounded to the returning skater.

"Shut up!" says the offended Tommy, pushing on; but he does not "shut up" at all. It yields, opens, and lets Tommy down into an Arctic bath.

"Help-p-p!" is the cry ringing out all over the pond. "Fetch a board, there!"

"Throw him an end of your comforter!"

"Get a rope!" "Quick, quick!" are the excited outcries on either hand.

At last Tommy is pulled out, his hands purple, his lips white, his teeth chattering. A minute more and he would have been stretched out on the bottom of the pond.

What a serious risk he ran!

"Only a crack!"

That is the trouble with Frank Peters. He takes now and then a glass of beer.

"Shut up!" he says to his mother, father, and Sunday-school teacher, and all the time the crack is opening, widening, a gap to-day and it may be a grave to-morrow. Look out!

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

Put down the figure 3; multiply it by itself, and put the product by its side, and you have 39—the number of books in the Old Testament. Now multiply these two figures together (3 x 9) and you have 27—the number of books in the New Testament. Add 39 and 27 together (39+27) and you have 66—the number of books in the Bible.

3 x 3 = 9 = 39, number of books in Old Testament.

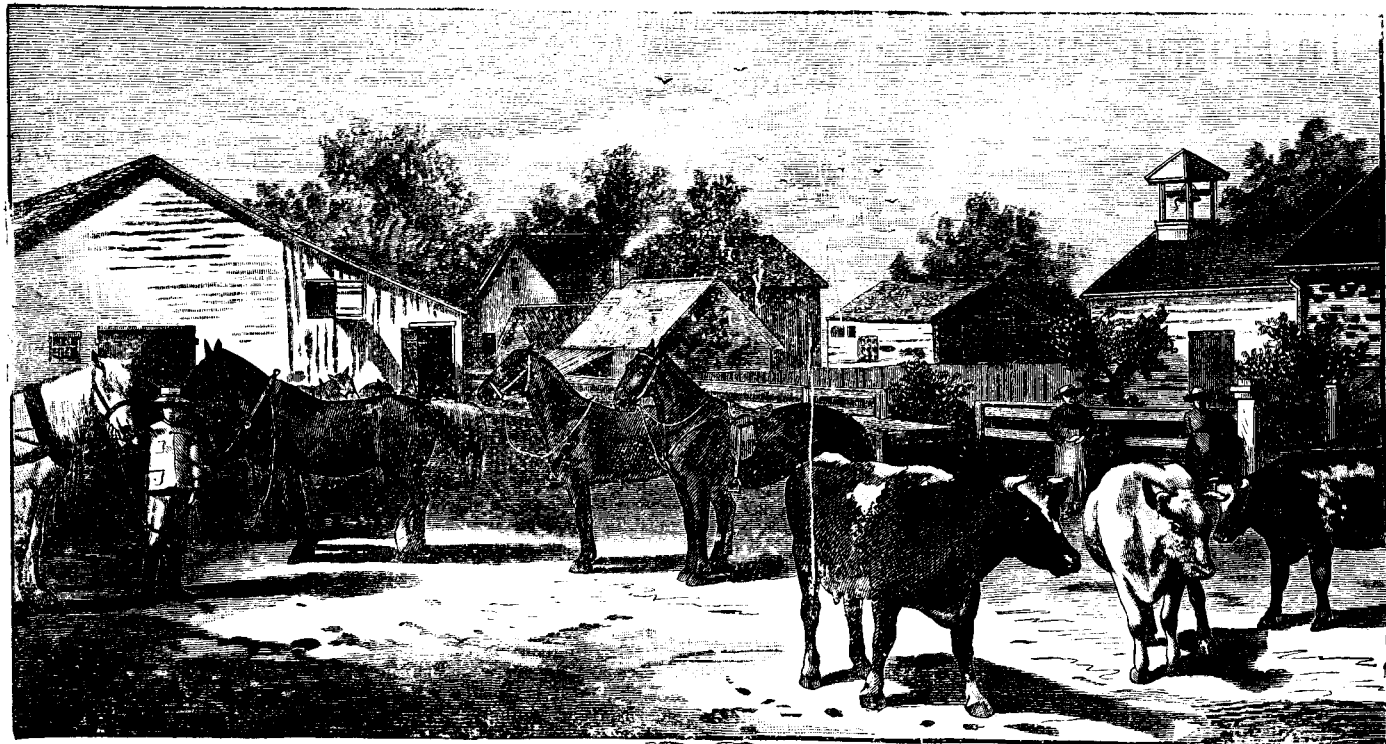
3 x 9 = 27, number of books in New Testament.

39 + 27 = 66, number of books in Bible.

The use of the blackboard is urged in all the foregoing exercises. A dime spent for colour crayons will yield a hundredfold in interest among the juniors.

It is urged, as an excuse, by leaders, that they have no talent in this direction. Like any other talent, this one can be developed.

A few straight lines to represent men; a crooked line to represent a wicked man; close together, or apart, to indicate nearness; dots to mark locality. These are among the very simplest arts, yet an interest is always awakened in their use. "Through the eye to the heart," is the maxim of one well versed in blackboard illustration. It is not necessary to be an expert. Use and improve the gift possessed.



AN ONTARIO FARM HOMESTEAD.

A CANADIAN FARM-YARD.

HAPPY is the boy or girl who lives on one of our good Canadian farms. What a host of friends he may have! chickens, cows, horses, turkeys and geese, the little lambs, pretty colts and the kind farm dog. All these very quiet friends may seem rather stupid company at first, but by-and-bye the boy learns that they know a great deal, and in their own way they will tell him some very useful things. We see above a very good picture of a Canadian farm-yard, with its well-filled barn and neatly fenced-in yard. This is a quiet, peaceful scene that we delight in picturing to ourselves.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHING.

B.C. 1729.] LESSON II. [April 8.

DISCORD IN JACOB'S FAMILY.

Gen. 37. 1-11. Mem. verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

See that ye fall not out by the way.—Gen. 45. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Beloved Son, v. 1-4.
2. The Youthful Seer, v. 5-11.

TIME AND PLACE.

B.C. 1729, while Jacob was dwelling near Hebron, and his sons pasturing their sheep at Dothan.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Generations"—Meaning here "family history." "Evil report"—The account of their wicked behaviour. "Son of his old age"—Born after he became an old man. "Coat"—Mantle. "Many colours"—Beautiful, according to oriental ideas, and costly; but especially irritating to his brothers, as being a sign of the father's favouritism. Pictures found in Egyptian ruins seem to show that such garments as this were what we would call "patchwork." "Hated him"—A half-intelligent struggle for the birthright may have lurked under this antipathy of Joseph's brethren. "Could not speak peaceably unto him"—Withheld the courteous salaam, "Peace," which is the unvarying salutation throughout the Orient, and the absence of which is a declaration of enmity, if not, indeed, of hostility. "Made obeisance"—Showed respect. "Told it his brethren"—A foolish confession of boyish ambition. "Thy mother"—Joseph's mother was dead, which fact makes Jacob's rebuke all the more pointed: "but the wife who survived may have been familiarly alluded to as 'thy mother.'"

HOME READINGS.

M. Discord in Jacob's family.—Gen. 37. 1-11.
Tn. Sowing discord.—Prov. 6. 12-19.

W. Envy and strife.—James 3. 10-18.
Th. Speak not evil.—James 4. 5-12.
F. Unity among brethren.—Psalm 133.
S. Brotherly love.—1 John 2. 1-11.
Su. Love made perfect.—1 John 3. 12-21.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The evil of favouritism?
2. The sin of envy?
3. To guard well our speech?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Jacob show his partiality to Joseph? "He made him a coat of many colours." 2. Why did Joseph's brothers hate him? "He told of their bad behaviour." 3. Was there any other reason? "He dreamed that he ruled over them." 4. What was the result of his telling his dreams? "His brothers hated him yet the more." 5. What is the Golden Text? "See that ye," etc.

SPECIAL DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.

The divine purposes.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What does the Gospel command?

It contains the command of God to all men, everywhere, to repent of their sins and to believe in Christ. (Acts 17. 30.)

HOW OLD JACK GOT HIS WOOD SAWED.

"MORNIN', boys," said old Jack, laying down his saw which he had been industriously plying for some minutes. "Feelin' well, I hope? Yes? Good. Nothin' like feelin' well to make a feller feel good. You don't look powerful strong, though, Tommy: you're thin. What's that? You're wiry, be ye? I don't believe that. You couldn't saw one o' them sticks o' wood through. You kin? Ho! Seein's believin'.... Why, ye kin saw purty well. Yer stronger'n ye look. I couldn't a' done that better myself. He beats you on sawin', I guess, Bobbie. Eh? He can't? Yes, he kin—I believe. Beat ye all holler. What? You'll saw two sticks quicker'n he sawed that? Nonsuns!... Hokey! Ye went through that like lightnin'; but one stick ain't two sticks. No sir. One ain't never two. Go in' to do the other? Well, well; Tommy, he's goin' to do the other. Whatter you goin' to do? You'll do two?... Don't brag, Bobbie; ain't braggin'? Ye will do three? Well, go ahead; don't let me interfere. Allers glad to see boys spunky.... What? The hull lot sawed? Waal, I am surprised. That bein' the case, I think I'll go indoors an' rest. Sawin' allers did make me tired; so good-bye for this time. When I want more work done on that wood-pile I'll let ye know. You're a spunky pair, ye be." And the old man, turning on his heel, walked into the house, while Bobbie and Tommy went home wondering if their friend hadn't put up a little game on them after all.

Glory, Hallelujah!

BY REV. L. F. COLE.

OLD TUNE—"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

We have heard the wail of women,
We have seen the fathers fall,
We have known the bloom of beauty
On the cheek of youth to pall;
We have suffered from the demon
More than words of song can tell,
Yet God is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Yet God is marching on!

We have joined our hands together
As we face a common foe;
Many hearts and many altars
Pray for us as forth we go;
In the name of God we'll triumph,
And the traffic overthrow,
For God is marching on.

Do you hear the tramp of millions
Bringing up the grand reserve?
For the thickest of the onset
Gather faith and pluck and nerve,
While your loved ones watch all tearful,
From your duty never swerve;
For God is marching on.

And at last you'll hear the chorus
Swelling up from land and sea,
Chanting earth's glad morn of promise
From the accursed traffic free,
And the world shall ring with gladness
From your glorious victory,—
Our God is marching on!

A USEFUL BABY.

Not long ago, a missionary on the great river Congo had pushed up on a little steamer into a part where no white man had ever been before. The anchor was let down and the steamer brought to. Food was needed for the men and firewood for the engines. The natives came crowding down to the bank to look at this wonderful boat; they were armed with arrows and big ugly spears. The missionary tried to talk to them, and made signs of peace. But nothing that he could do seemed to touch them; it was plain that they were partly angry, partly suspicious, and partly afraid, and when savages are in that state they are very dangerous. What was to be done?

A happy thought flashed across the missionary. He had a wife and a dear little baby on board. He got the baby, took it up in his arms, and showed it to the people. Now the baby was a really sensible one; it seemed to understand the situation, and instead of crying or pretending to be shy, it laughed and crowed as merrily as could be; and when the poor savages saw it they felt safe; they understood in a moment that no harm was meant, and so they laid down their arms and became quite friendly. Even in Africa we can say, "A little child shall lead them."

WHAT SAVED HIS HAND.

THE New York *Witness*, in speaking of some manifold benefits to be derived from pure, clean habits of life, says, very truly, "The time may come to any one of us when the question of life and death will depend on our sobriety and general healthfulness.

There are great, portly, robust-looking men so full of disease that the prick of a pin might kill them, and there are other men so clean and healthy, that you might almost run them through a threshing machine and the fragments when put together would knit and heal."

As an apt illustration of this fact, the same paper relates the following incident:

"A young labouring man was brought to a certain hospital with a badly lacerated hand. He had fallen upon an old cotton hook, and it had gone entirely through the palm of his hand, carrying with it rust and dirt. The wound was kept open so that it would suppurate freely and be readily cleansed.

"As time passed on, the hand became very much swollen, turned black, and the surgeons watched very carefully for signs of blood-poisoning, fearing that the entire hand would have to be amputated to save the life of its possessor.

"These signs not appearing, it became a question whether more of the hand could be saved than the thumb and the first two fingers. As the hand became no worse, the surgeon delayed operating on it, and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely, to the surprise of the surgeon.

"Young man," said he to the patient, as the danger was passing away, 'do you use alcohol in any form?'

"No sir."

"Do you use tobacco?'

"No sir."

"That is what saved your hand."

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