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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.



ELIZABETH FRY.

### A Gentlemanly Boy.

A gentle boy, a manly boy,  
Is the boy I love to see;  
An honest boy, an upright boy,  
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,  
Lest words that fall may grieve,  
The manly boy will never stoop  
To meanness, nor deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right,  
Through seasons foul and fair,  
An upright boy will faithful be,  
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,  
Upright and honest, too,  
Will always find a host of friends  
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,  
Finds joy in giving joy,  
And earns the right to bear the name—  
"A gentlemanly boy."

### ELIZABETH FRY AND PRISON REFORM.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham, was born in Norwich, in 1780, under the shadow of its noble old cathedral. The death of her mother deprived the daughter of the counsel most needed, and for a while Elizabeth seems to have preferred a life of gaiety to the sober line of conduct required of those who embrace the teachings of the Society of Friends. After events, however, led to a decided change of choice, in consequence of which Miss Gurney became a most exemplary Christian, and, as the world knows, a faithful toiler on behalf of the unfortunate and fallen.

The first record of a visit to Newgate appears in her journal under the date of February 16, 1813, but it was not until some four years after that she entered upon the great work of her life. About this time she was induced, in consequence of the representations of William Foster, a member of the Society of Friends, to personally inspect the state of women prisoners. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in

ragged and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging, the prisoners secured liquor, which was freely offered for sale in the prison. It was to the aiding and uplifting of these unfortunate members of her sex that Mrs. Fry devoted her life.

Stimulated by her example, many ladies, some of them of high rank, gave attention to the condition of women convicts. Societies were formed, one of the chief being the "Ladies' Newgate Association." The members became greatly interested in the well-being of female convicts sentenced to transportation. These were conveyed to the waterside in open waggons, and generally celebrated their departure from Newgate by a riot, in which windows, furniture, and aught else that was breakable and within their reach, was injured or destroyed. Through the intervention of Mrs. Fry, the mode of conveyance to the transport ship was changed to hackney coaches, and the

solemnity of the scene, leaned over the ships on either side, and listened apparently with great attention. She closed the Bible, and after a short pause knelt down on the deck, and implored a blessing on the work of Christian charity from that God, who, though one may 'sow and another water,' can alone 'give the increase.' Many of the women wept bitterly, all seemed touched; when she left the ship they followed her with their eyes and their blessings, until, her boat having passed within another tier of vessels, they could see her no more."

Having obtained authority for her visit, and being accompanied by prison officers and any magistrates or private individuals desiring to go with her, Mrs. Fry would go from yard to yard, from one ward to another, addressing the most minute inquiries to the gaoler or turnkey, and calculating the capabilities of the building for the greatest degree of improvement.

Miss Edgeworth speaks with much gratification of the work accomplishing in Newgate. "Of all the prisoners," she says, "one only—a dirty, depraved old Jewess—seemed beyond the reach of Mrs. Fry's influence for good."

Sir James Mackintosh, quoted by his wife in a letter to Mrs. Fry, referred to an exhortation by the latter to forty-five



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

and do the work of our heavenly Saviour, Jesus, among the guilty, among the broken-hearted and the sick, and to labour in the deepest and darkest wretchedness of life!"

### HOW WILL WAS CURED.

"I don't know what to do with my little boy," said Willie's mother. "He hasn't been well, and the doctor told me to take him to the seashore and let him play all day in the sand. But how am I going to make him play when he does not like it?"

"I know a prescription much better than your doctor's," said a strange lady sitting by.

"What is it?" asked Will's mother. "Call him, and let me tell him," said the stranger.

"Will! O Will! come here a minute, my son," called his mother.

Will got up slowly, leaving his bucket and spade in the sand. "They are just going to tease me about not playing," he grumbled to himself. "I wish everybody would let me alone."

But they didn't say a word to him about playing. "Will," said the strange lady, brightly, "if you are not too busy, I wish you would help me a little."

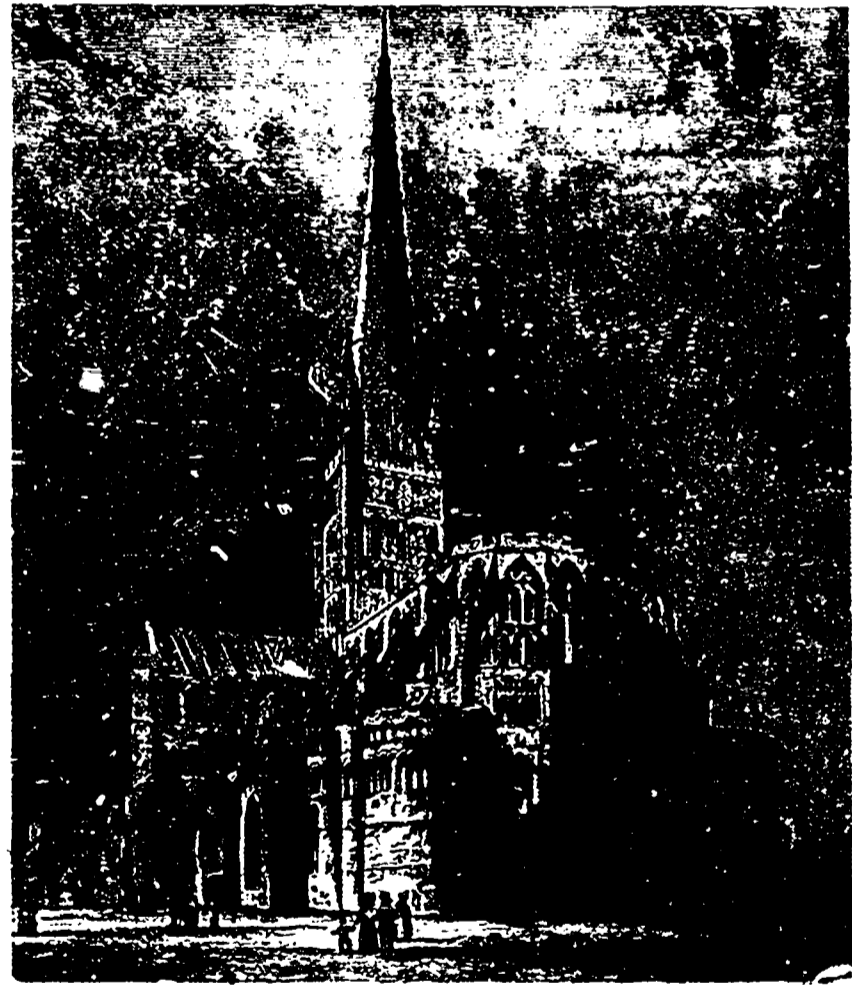
Will pricked up his ears. It had been a long time since he had been allowed to help anybody but himself.

"Do you see that little yellow cottage away off there?" asked the lady. "It is about a mile up the beach. There is a lame boy in that cottage, and I want to send him an orange. Will you take it?"

"Yes, ma'am, certainly," said the small boy.

"And, Will," she continued, "if you can do anything to amuse or cheer him, it would be a good thing, you know. He can't get out of the house by himself, but he might wish you to help him."

Will was done moping now. He forgot all about himself in doing things for lame Lucien. The strange lady's prescription worked wonders. If you ever feel dull, little readers, I advise you to try it.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL FROM THE EAST.

quiet and orderly conduct of the prisoners was secured by their being accompanied by ladies, Mrs. Fry and others, to the convict ship.

With what skill and success Mrs. Fry toiled may be gathered from the following:

The last time that Mrs. Fry was on board the Maria, which lay at Deptford, was a solemn and interesting occasion. There was great uncertainty whether the poor convicts would see their benefactress again. She stood at the door of the cabin, attended by her friends and the captain, the women on the quarter-deck facing them. The sailors, anxious to see what was going on, clambered into the rigging, upon the capstan, or mingled in the outskirts of the group. The silence was profound when Mrs. Fry opened her Bible, and in a clear, audible voice read a portion from it; whilst the crews of the other vessels in the tier, attracted by the

female convicts, as "the deepest tragedy he had ever witnessed. What she read and expounded to the convicts, with almost miraculous effect, was the fourth chapter to the Ephesians."

Sydney Smith was not accustomed to praise indiscriminately, as the world knows. And yet he found it in his heart to write after this fashion:

To see that holy woman in the midst of the wretched prisoners, to see them all calling earnestly upon God soothed by her voice, animated by her look, clinging to the hem of her garment, and worshipping her as the only being who has ever loved them, or taught them, or noticed them, or spoke to them of God, this is the sight which breaks down the pageant of the world, which tells us that the short hour of life is passing away, and that we must prepare shortly to meet God; that it is time to give, to pray, to comfort, to go, like the blessed woman,



EARLHAM HOUSE, HOME OF MRS. FRY.



IN NEWGATE PRISON.

### The Gate at the Head of the Stair.

Some things in our house have lost their use—

We meet them everywhere—  
And one of the saddest and sweetest to me  
Is the gate at the head of the stair.

So often I ran to close the gate,  
That my baby might not fall,  
As toddling along on uncertain feet  
He followed me through the hall.

And often when returning home  
I forgot my trouble and care,  
When I heard his laugh and saw his face  
By the gate at the head of the stair.

And now, with weary, longing heart  
I climb the tedious stair  
The gate is open—I look in vain,  
My baby is not there.

But I love to think when life's journey  
ends  
In that heavenly dwelling place,  
I shall find to welcome me at the gate  
My baby's radiant face.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1900

### WHAT ENGLAND ASKS OF THE BOERS.

When England annexed the Transvaal, in 1877, it was to save it from utter collapse brought about by corrupt administration and the inability of the Government to defend itself against its native enemies. English vigour and English money reconstructed the republic and put it on its feet again, drove back its enemies, and opened up the country. In return for this the burghers turned on England at Majuba Hill. Then, for the sake of peace and as an act of magnanimity, and not because of compulsion, England gave the Transvaal internal autonomy under an imperial suzerainty that would guard against encroachment upon neighbouring boundaries. All that the British have sought or desired in their dealings with the Transvaal from the beginning until now, it is declared, has been to secure that tranquillity, that safety for life and property, that equality before the law, which they have maintained where they have had undisputed sway, which are essential everywhere in South Africa for its progress and development, and which their extensive possessions in the country, their paramount authority, and their general interests as a world-wide power justify them in demanding.

As for the more recent difficulties in the Transvaal since the gold-mines were opened in 1886, and the great rush of English settlers began, it is contended that President Kruger and his associates have been chiefly, if not wholly, at fault. Their policy toward the Uitlanders has been harsh, exacting, unjust, and oppressive to the last degree. While these Uitlanders, made up largely of English mine-owners, operators, and business men, have composed more than one-half of the population for some years, and have paid nearly nine-tenths of the taxation, they have been denied a share in the Government. Freedom of the press has not been permitted. Religious equality has been forbidden. A trial by

a jury of his peers is denied to all but Boer citizens. Although the English language is generally used in conversation and business, it is forbidden in public documents and proceedings, and in the public schools. The judges of all the courts are made subservient to the President, and can be dismissed by him at pleasure.

It is also charged that the Boer officials have administered the finances of the country for their personal enrichment, and at the expense largely of foreigners; that they have controlled various monopolies, such as dynamite, spirits, wool, paper, and oils, for the same purpose; that they have enacted complicated and oppressive registration and residence laws, under which it would take fourteen years to obtain the franchise, during twelve of which the candidate would be neither a British nor a Boer subject.

In justification of their course in South Africa, the British contend that from the beginning they have acted clearly within their rights as a sovereign and ruling power, in territory which is theirs by virtue of conquest and possession. Their government in South Africa has been characterized, it is said, by justice, clemency, and fair treatment for all. Under their rule in Cape Colony and Natal, the Boers have enjoyed the same rights as the British settlers, with the same representation in the local legislatures. British capital and British enterprise have been freely employed in developing the entire region, in building its railroads, operating its mines, and promoting the general welfare of the people. Wherever the British have been supreme, law and order have prevailed, the natives have been restrained and controlled, and all the interests of civilization generally have been advanced.

This has not been the case where the Boers have had the ascendancy in government. Their rule has been weak, tyrannical and inefficient. They have been constantly embroiled with the Kaffirs; they have enslaved the Basutos, and won for themselves the undying hatred of all the native tribes with whom they have come in contact.—Leslie's Weekly.

### SHOOTING THE SHARK.

While a great ship-of-war lay at easy anchor in the beautiful bay, and the waters slept around her, smooth as a mill-pond, and silvery as glass, the sailors were idly moving here and there on the ship's deck, for there was nothing to be done. The old boatswain, a favourite with all, was among them, telling his long stories, or, as they called it, "spinning his long yarns." Among this crew was a bright little boy, a son of the old boatswain, the idol of his father and the pet of all the sailors. He was so cheerful and bright and good-natured, that there was nothing which they would not do for "little Jem." The morning was warm, and the water just the right temperature for bathing. A group of the sailors leaned over the side of the ship, and seemed greatly delighted with something they saw. It was "little Jem," their pet, far out from the ship, swimming alone. He could whirl over, dive, float, or shoot forward like a duck.

"Boatswain," cried one, "what a swimmer little Jem is."  
"Aye," says the father, "he seems to take to the water kind o' natural. I never had to teach him."  
"Boatswain, boatswain, a shark! a shark!" Oh, he will get Jem in one minute more!

The old man leaped up, and a single glance took it all in. There was his son playing in the water, lying on his back, unconscious of any danger, and a huge shark making straight towards him, and it was plain that in a moment more he would be crushing the limbs of the boy. The old man remembered that one of the cannon was shotted. Quick as a flash, and with almost superhuman strength, he wrenched the gun in place, depressed the muzzle, aimed a few feet between the child and the shark just where the fish would be in a single instant. The match was applied, the gun roared and recoiled. The poor father sank down beside the gun, too faint to look. The smoke of the gun cleared away, and up rose a shout from the sailors, almost as loud as the roar of the gun.

"Well, is it?" calls the father.  
"Oh, Jem is safe. There lies the shark, dead and torn in pieces. How could you move the gun, and sight her, and get her off so quickly and so accurately?"

"I don't know. God helped me. Won't some of you bring Jem to me?"

The next moment a boat was lowered, and the oars were bending as she cut her way to the boy. He had just begun to understand the thing, and was paralyzed with terror. Gently they lifted him into

the boat, and in a few minutes placed him in the arms of his weeping father. The old man seemed to receive him as from the dead, and could only rock him in his arms and cry like a babe.

How wonderful that Providence had stepped in, and from a source so unsuspected, sent salvation to the life of that child. The only man who could have managed the gun so quickly and accurately, the only man who thought of the thing, was the father. And when death hung on an instant of time, and on the accuracy of his eye, and the steadiness of his hand, how he had them all in full use as long as needed!

Young reader, there are sharks after you, with wide jaws and sharp teeth—coming towards you. Will any power come in between you and them and save you? Have you a Father watching over you who will see that you are safe?

There is one youth who has many sharks after him, in the shape of companions who are profane, unclean in conversation, who are trying to make him swear and drink and smoke. Will they succeed? Will his heavenly Father send in some power that will save him? Perhaps the prayers of his mother, or the gentle voice of his sister, or the loving heart of some good boy may be the instrument. Perhaps his devoted teacher will become that power. Perhaps the Holy Spirit alone will do it.

There is another who has a shark coming towards him in the temptation to forget the sixth commandment, or not to honour his father and his mother. The hour that he does this he puts himself out beyond the promise of life, and his end may be near.

Oh, pray that between every child and his great spiritual danger there may come that power louder than the cannon's roar, quicker than speed of ball, and surer, even, than the eye of a loving father!

### HE SAVED THE BABY.

An old resident of a Nova Scotia town is the proud owner of a Newfoundland dog for which he has been offered large sums. The dog's intelligence has always been rated high, but two years ago he added to his reputation by an act which seemed to indicate a power of rapid reasoning equal to that possessed by many human beings.

His master lives on the side of a hill, the street sloping rather abruptly down to the water's edge. One day a little girl, left in charge of her baby sister sleeping in its small carriage, turned away to talk with a schoolmate, and forgot the baby for a moment.

In that moment a sudden gust of wind took the little carriage, and bore it down the hill toward the water. The two children ran shrieking after it, but the wind was too fleet for them.

The big Newfoundland, lying at the foot of his master's walk, as usual, raised his head when he heard the cries, and saw the carriage skimming by him. Unlike the children, he made no attempt to overtake it by a direct chase, but dashing across three or four lawns, he came out at a curve of the road ahead of the little vehicle, and planting himself firmly in its track stopped it, and held it safely until some of the neighbours, who had been roused by the cries, hurried to the spot.

Then he walked up the hill again, apparently unmoved by the praise and petting which were surely his due, and resumed his nap with the air of a dog that had done his duty as best he knew how, and was content.

### "I CAN'T."

Yes, you can. Work your thoughts out, and each thought will become a new strength. Throw forward your purposes and fasten them on a thorough education, and think for it, work for it. Bear, suffer, and heroically contend for it, not as an end, but as a means for enlarging and beautifying your own life, and as a power to help others. Exercise the gift to bear and hold on. This will give you mental and moral nerve. Away with doubts and difficulties. Eat plain, healthy food, wear plain clothes, and save your money for necessities. Deny yourself of picnics and excursions, and while others are off on these, read the best of literature, make your own speech, and be ready to talk more intelligently than when the occasion comes. Hold on and work forward, young man. When you must stop for money or difficulties, hold the ground already gained, and make the next advance from the last step of the former march. God calls you forward: forward! to his work. His past work is done, he nor the world needs you in the past, but needs you for the now and the future. Stand for the best thought of your age, that which will carry the world

forward. It is all a whim about the good old times in our country's past. The present is better, but has the possibilities of a rapid self-destruction, and society needs every honest man to avert the dangers. Up, young men, and get wisdom, get understanding. Wisdom adds to you; it makes you greater. Money may increase your farm or your swine herd, but you are worth more than land or swine. Surrender to God's great thoughts, and they will enlarge you.—The Milligan Era.

### TRUE GENTLEMEN.

"I beg your pardon" and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked Charlie Gray. "He is old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawks vegetables through the streets."

### THE LOCUST ARMY.

I never witnessed such a sight as I saw to-day—the young locusts. It goes beyond description. They march in line, all headed one way. They wheel to the right and then to the left, in divisions; then there will be a rush in the midst of them like a charge, then they will gather in the centre till they are piled one upon another, a squirming, twisting mass. I was watching them when I heard a noise to my right, and I saw a multitude which no man could number come rushing down the bank and pass on. I got on one side and called the hens. They came and did not see the locusts till they were in the midst. They then squawked and flew away as though they were in fire. These young locusts are now about one inch long, with dark-brown head, black stripe the length of the back, chest and each side bright green, the body and legs green stripes. I was just called by Chico to come and see. Looking up the rocks, it looked like water pouring down as another division seemed to come from the top of the mountain. It would be impossible to withstand the onslaught of an army so well drilled and so numerous.—Sam Mead.

### FORGETTING.

"I am sorry to see that you and Hal are not as good friends as you used to be," said George Hartwell's father to the young lad one day. "Have you quarrelled?"

"Not exactly, but he treated me in a mean, shabby way awhile ago, and we've never been as good friends since."

"Wasn't he sorry afterward? Did he never ask pardon? I thought Hal was unusually ready to acknowledge himself in fault."

"Oh, he said he was sorry, and he did ask my pardon."

"You surely did not refuse it?"

"Of course not, father, but then I can't forget, you know."

"The same old story, my son," said the father, gravely. "What is pardon worth that still keeps the offence in angry remembrance?"

"Well," said George, excusingly, not answering the question, but making an objection, "it is very hard to forget."

"So it may be, but that is no reason for not doing it. Are you going to be so weak and self-indulgent always that you will not do a hard thing? For shame! 'It is the brave who first forget,' says some wise man, 'and noble foes that first unite.' Here is your chance to be both brave and noble, George. I shall be disappointed in you if you fail," and the father left his son with a new thought in his mind, which soon ripened into purpose of heart to "forgive and forget."

People talk of "making up one's mind," but, after all, the heart has to be made right before the good deed is done.—Exchange.

Cause for Murder.—Vicar (who has introduced "Gregorian" tones into his services)—"Well, Mr. Rogers, how do you like our music? Tradition says, you know, that those psalm tunes are the original ones composed by King David." Flippant Parishioner—"Really? Then I no longer wonder why Saul threw his javelin at him."

No Place for Boys.

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere; And if our homes are too daintily fair, For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet, They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street, Mid the giddings of sin and the glitter of vice; And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price For the getting of gain that our life-time enjoys, If we fall in providing a place for the boys. A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray, As cares settle down round our short earthly way, Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds, To show we remember their pleasures and needs; Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life, And worn with besetments and tolling and strife, Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine, If we give them a place in their innermost shrine; And to life's latest hour it will be one of our joys, That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

—Boston Transcript.

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER II.

"A SAILOR'S LIFE FOR ME."

Well, young Jackanapes, what do you want here? Come, clear out, there's no room for cargo such as you aboard." Such was the greeting Tim received from a rough sailor who was crossing the deck with a coil of rope on his arm at the very moment the boy appeared. Tim had found the Argus without much trouble, and had scrambled up the narrow plank (beneath which was the deep water of the dock) with the agility of a cat, and stepped on board with all the dignity of an ambassador. Not at all put out by the sailor's unceremonious greeting, Tim replied loftily, "I've come on business. I want to speak to Mr. Dodds, the chief officer." "None of your cheek. Clear out, and be sharp about it, or I'll lay a rope's end about you." The threatening gesture spoke even more eloquently than the words, and Tim shrank back well out of reach. "You'd best call Mr. Dodds, or you'll get wrong," he remonstrated, keeping a wary eye upon the rope. "I've brought a message from the missus, and there'll be a fine row if he doesn't get it." "What's the matter?" asked a deep and rather gruff voice at this juncture, and, to Tim's great relief, a stout, middle-aged man with a tanned, weather-beaten face and gray hair and whiskers, came up the cabin steps and confronted them. "This little lad says he's brought a message for you, sir. I thought he was up to some tricks, and was ordering him on shore, but he declares he's been sent." "He looks uncommonly like a drowned rat," was the cool rejoinder, and Mr. Dodds puffed away at his pipe, while he stared, not unkindly, at the child. "Please, sir, your missus said as how I was to tell you that your little boy's safe at home, and it was me as found him." "My little boy is safe at home, and you found him. Well, this is certainly news to me, considering that I never knew he was lost." "She—the lady—said she'd sent you word that the little chap had strayed away this morning. She was in a fine taking, I can tell you. When I brought him back she kissed and cried over him like anything," said Tim, proud to be able to give so much information. Mr. Dodds looked at him thoughtfully. "I suppose you expect a reward for your trouble; or did the lady give you one?" he added, struck by an afterthought. "No, sir; but she told me to be quick back, and she'd give me a right down good breakfast." Inspired by the recollection of the promise, Tim without more ado turned away, and was speeding towards the plank, when Mr. Dodds shouted, "Here! stop a moment; are you hungry?" "I'm pretty sharp set," Tim answered, with a comical smile. "Not a bit or a sup has passed my lips since yesterday afternoon, and then 'twarn't anything good, just a few dry crusts." "Come with me, and I'll find something

to fill you up," said Mr. Dodds, who, in spite of his gruff exterior, had a very kind heart, and was moved with compassion by Tim's forlorn and wretched appearance. "Come along, you shall have breakfast aboard ship for once in your life." Awe-struck by the unexpected honour, yet proud and jubilant, was Tim as he followed his guide down the cabin steps, and then to the steward's pantry, where a thin, elderly man was busily engaged in piling together some newly washed plates and dishes. "Steward," said Mr. Dodds, "this young shaver has brought a message for me, and while I write an answer I want you to give him some breakfast. A drop of hot coffee and a plate of ham and eggs wouldn't be amiss; I see you have plenty left." "All right, sir," answered the steward, who, fortunately for Tim, was a very good-natured man. "I'll see to him; he do look a miserable little object, and no mistake. It's not often he gets a plateful of good victuals, I'll be bound." In a few minutes Tim was seated before a large mug full of hot coffee well sweetened with brown sugar, a generous slice of ham, two fried eggs, and a great hunk of bread. The ham and eggs, being half cold and embedded in a stiff mass of grease, would not have pleased an epicure, but to Tim it was simply delicious. Never in his life could he remember having tasted anything half so good, and he ate so ravenously that the steward paused in his occupation of washing up dishes to stare in amazement. "I should judge it's a pretty good spell since you took such a cargo aboard," he remarked presently, at the same time putting before the boy a large, three-cornered piece of jam tart. Tim nodded, his mouth being too full for speech, and the man, seeing this, considerably asked no more questions. At length the glorious feast was ended, the mug of coffee drained even of the dregs, the plate that had contained the ham and eggs was scraped almost as clean as if it had been washed, every crumb of the tart had disappeared, and Tim sat licking his sticky fingers in the most blissful content. He was still ragged and dirty and very wet, but he was no longer hungry; for once in his life he had had as much food as he could possibly eat, which was an experience as delightful as it was strange. "Do you always have grub like this?" he asked; "because if you do, I'd like to be in your shoes. I once heard a chap at the the-a-tur-sing, 'A Sailor's Life for Me.' He was a knowing old chap. I guess he'd been aboard ship to breakfast," added Tim, with a twinkle of fun in his eyes. "Why, bless your 'art," said the steward contemptuously, "this ain't no specimen of sea life. If you were in this little bit of a box (that you think so snug-like this morning) on a dirty, stormy day, with the ship a-rolling and a-pitching, and all the plates and dishes tumbling down, and the hot soup upsetting over your legs, and the captain a-swearin' at you because you're as sick as a dog and can 'ardly 'old up your 'ead, you'd p'raps change your mind about the jolliness of a sailor's life." "Look here," said Tim earnestly, "you get me a berth on this ship and I'll risk it. I'm not afraid of the captain a-swearin' at me. He can go it as hard as he likes, hard words break no bones; it's sticks and leather belts I'm feared of, like Granny Brown uses when she's mad with me. Couldn't you take me as boy to help you? I'd pick up all the basins and things when they come a-tumblin' down. I'd work like a black nigger, and I wouldn't want no wages, just my grub, that's all." "You're a plucky sort of a little chap," said the steward admiringly, "but you're far too young for a trade like this; get a few more years over your 'ead and then talk about being a sailor." "I'm eleven gone," cried Tim earnestly, "and though I'm little I can work. You might try me, sir, I'm awful hard up just now. I don't know what's to become of me, for I won't live much longer with Granny Brown, I've made up my mind to that. I would rather go to prison or the work-hus." "Have you no father and mother?" "I had once, but they died when I were a very little kid. I dun't remember anything about them. Granny Brown says that when my mother was dying, she told her to take me for her lad, but I b'leeve that's a lie. She's a bad 'un is granny, I hate her like poison." "Is she your father's mother?" asked the steward, who felt very much interested in this queer little bit of humanity, so friendless and forlorn. "No! Why, bless you, she ain't really no relation to me. I calls her granny, 'cause everybody does. She

gathers rags and bones; buys 'em sometimes, and steals 'em when she gets the chance. Often I've to go with her and carry the bag, and, my goodness, it ain't easy work. If she happens to have a few coppers in her pocket she will call at every pub, and by the time she's had half a dozen nips of gin she's clean mad. You see, she ain't exactly drunk, or you could dodge her; she knows what she's doin', and the harder she can hit you the better she's pleased." "What other work do you do besides carrying the bag for that old wretch?" "Why, any sort of odd jobs, I ain't particular; running of errands, holding horses, beggin', and stealin' too, sometimes, when it pays me better. Only I'm awful feared of the 'pulls' catching me, 'cause I'd likely be sent to the training ship in the river." "It would be the best thing as could happen to you," said the steward; "you would be taken care of there, and taught an honest trade." Before Tim could reply, Mr. Dodds came in with a letter in his hand. "Now, my lad, take this letter to the lady at No. 5 Dale Street, and she will give you 'pence for your trouble. Have you had 'od breakfast?" "Yes, sir, thank you, I never tasted such grub in my life," said Tim frankly, then, as Mr. Dodds was turning away, the boy added timidly: "Oh, if you please, sir, do you want a boy on this 'ere ship? I'm little, but I'm strong and willing, and I'd do any mortal thing as I were told." The mate paused and looked at him with a kindly twinkle in his eyes. "No, no, my lad. You are too small for a sailor at present, and just let me give you a piece of advice; if you can get honest work on shore, never go to sea, ever when you are old enough and big enough to choose for yourself." He went away, and Tim stood still for a moment with downcast, disappointed look, twirling the letter in his dirty little hands. "It's a bad lookout for me," he said, at last. "There doesn't seem to be any work as I can do." "Cheer up, my lad," said the steward kindly. "You'll grow bigger ever day. I may happen to see you again some time, for the Argus often comes here. We sail in less than a week's time for Constantinople, and from there to other ports. It will be about three months before we get back, and then you can look out for the ship and for me." "Please, sir, what's your name, in case I had to ask for you?" said Tim, who still looked very mournful and downcast. "John Wilson. My home is at Sunderland. I live there with my old mother—bless her!—when I'm ashore. Now, lad, you'd better be off. Mrs. Dodds will be wondering what's become of you. Here are a few scraps as will help you along for a day or two when you're hard up." The kind-hearted man thrust a good-sized package of broken bits of food into the boy's hands, and very reluctantly Tim said "good-bye." The next moment he was speeling along through the rain and storm, alternately whistling and singing the refrain he had heard at the music hall, "A Sailor's Life for Me."

(To be continued.)

MELINDA'S DAY OFF.

BY E. P. ALLEN.

The old-fashioned knocker on the Moore's farm-house door rapped sharply, once, twice, and again, before the maid, Melinda, brisk as she was, could answer the knock. Half a dozen boys and girls filled up the door as soon as it was opened and clamoured for Belle and Roswell. "They're here, and as they ain't running away p'rhaps you'll dust your feet before you come in on my clean floor." The young folks went laughing back to the shuck mat; they were used to Melinda's sharp ways, and did not mind though she did look a trifle crosser than usual. They did not stay long on Melinda's clean floor, however, for Roswell and Belle were burning brush in the back lot, and the party trooped out after them. "We've just the finest scheme going for to-morrow's holiday," shouted one of the boys as soon as he came within hailing distance; "Mrs. Best has given us her donkey cart for the day, and we are going out to 'the pass' on a picnic; we've come to get you all to go along." Instead of a gleeful acceptance of this invitation, Roswell looked at Belle and Belle looked at Roswell, and neither said a word. "Oh, it's all right, Belle," spoke up one of the girls, who thought she saw what was the matter, "of course we couldn't

go by ourselves. Uncle Tom is going along on horseback to take care of us." But the vision of Uncle Tom on horseback (dear, jolly Uncle Tom, who always made young folks have a good time), did not seem to relieve the situation. "Well!" exclaimed Paul Brown, impatiently, "don't you say it will be jolly?" "Oh, tremendous," answered Roswell, but rather weakly; "we can't go, though." "Can't go! Why not? What's the good of a holiday if you can't go on a picnic?" But now Roswell looked resolutely at Belle, as much as to say that this was her put. "We promised Melinda a week ago," said Belle, with some mournfulness, "that we would do her work to-morrow and let her go and see her mother; her mother's awfully old, and she is bed-ridden; she lives with Melinda's brother out on Kerr's Creek." "Oh, won't some other day do?" cried Frances; "this is the only day we can go." "It is the only day Melinda can go," answered Belle, shaking her head and trying not to sound as if she were going to cry. "she has made arrangements to have Mr. Clark call for her in the mail-waggon before daylight." "But one of you could go," suggested Paul, "it don't take two to do the work." "It would take twenty of us," said Belle, getting back her bright smile, "to do all Melinda does, in the way she does it! I am obliged to stay because mother is sick in bed, you know; not very sick but not able to be up, and I must mind the children. But Roswell might go." "No, he mightn't, either," answered that young gentleman, gruffly, because he wanted so badly to go. "Is there any fairy godmother around to make kitchen fires and bring water from the spring?" There was nothing to do but to give up having Belle and Roswell on the picnic. "How about Sally Elder?" suggested Belle; "I think she would just love to go, and so would Bessie; they hardly ever go to things, you know, they're so shy." "Well, if you ain't one of a kind, Miss Belle McClung Moore!" cried Paul. "you're not satisfied with being a home missionary yourself and dragging Roswell into it. O I know you got him into this thing but you must be sending us off on a foreign mission!" Belle coloured up, but she knew that Paul's mockery was only skin deep; she felt sure the Elders would get the frolic. "There is one thing, please," added this little woman, to whom God had given the gentle instinct of her sex, "don't let Melinda hear anything about this picnic; she might refuse to go, and anyway it would spoil her day." The sun was going down behind House Mountain on the day of Melinda's holiday, the day of the picnic, when the well-worn old knocker at the Moore's sounded again. "That's the doctor," said the invalid mother, "I know his way of letting the bar fall." It was the doctor, a surly old chap on the outside, something like Melinda, a heart of gold inside, also like Melinda. "Well, he said, coming in with heavy tread, "not much fun going on here, eh? I reckon everybody can't take holiday at once." "Have you seen anybody taking holiday to-day, doctor?" asked Belle. "I've been as far as Kerr's Creek to-day," he answered, bending his shaggy brows on her. "I saw a happy old woman out there to-day, she doesn't have many happy days, lying up in bed, waited on by a complaining daughter-in-law, but she has had a good time to-day. You don't happen to know anything about her, eh, Isabel?" The little maid looked up, smiling at Roswell, but boylike he looked out of the window. "I passed another happy lot," continued the doctor, "in a cart trimmed with flowers, I think it is the first time I ever saw those Elder children having a sure enough good time. Know anything about them, puss?" "Wise old doctor!" The sun was gone now, the doctor must be going too, but before he got on his horse he felt an arm steal around his neck and heard a soft whisper. "You just came here to say that, you dear old humbug! Maybe you didn't find so much pleasure when you came in, but you're leaving all anybody could ask. And Melinda can have another day off whenever she likes."

He stared at her with bulging eyes. She had a boxing glove on her left hand and a hammer in her right. "My dear," he stammered, "wha what are you going to do?" "Sir," she snapped, "I'm going to drive tack."

**A Lesson from the Sparrows.**

I awakened one morning early  
The great city slept near by  
And the first faint coming of daylight  
Flushed pink in the eastern sky

Earth lay in a calm, still waiting,  
Before it awoke to toll  
And the new day breathed its blessing  
On the children of the soil

As the dawn grew clear and stronger,  
And the rosy east grew bright,  
Thought of the hearts that still were left  
The silence and peace of the night

Hearts that were faint in life's battle  
That had lost their faith and trust  
That saw not the glory of living,  
But dragged out their lives in the dust

And, lo! as the sun rose brighter,  
From under the eaves I heard  
The first faint twitter of rapture  
From the heart of a little bird!

And another and then another  
Caught up the joyful lay,  
And louder swelled the chorus,  
As they greeted the new-born day.

They were only the Father's sparrows  
But they knew his tender care,  
For they fall not to earth without him,  
Or flit in the suallt air!

And I thought if we would but remember  
The same Lord guides our days  
We, too, would greet each new morning  
With a psalm of joyful praise!

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FIRST QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.**

**LESSON XI—MARCH 18.**

**JESUS AT MATTHEW'S HOUSE**

Mark 2. 13-22. Memory verses. 15 17

**GOLDEN TEXT**

He said unto him, Follow me Luke 9. 27.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Lessons Concerning Feasting, v. 13-17.
2. Lessons Concerning Fasting, v. 18-22.

Time—Probably the early summer of A.D. 28, before the preaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

Place—Probably Capernaum.

**LESSON HELPS.**

13. "By the seaside"—The shore of the Lake of Galilee. So populous were the little towns all around this lake that they almost bordered on one another like the wards of a great city. The multitude gathered, doubtless, from many towns.

14. "Levi"—Elsewhere called Matthew. "Sitting at the receipt of custom"—The place of toll where the taxes were collected. Nearly all business in the East is prosecuted sitting. "Follow me"—It must have been a great surprise to the Jews for a rabbi to call a detested publican to be one of his disciples.

15. "Jesus sat at meat in his house"—Matthew made a great feast in our Lord's honour. "Many publicans and sinners sat also"—Matthew brought his friends Scribes and Pharisees would not demean themselves by dining at a publican's house. The "sinners" may have been many of them very bad characters, but that is not made certain by the phrase, which means people who did not keep the Jewish law.

16. The scribes and Pharisees followed Jesus everywhere, and made free comments on his behaviour.

17. The Pharisees were not really "righteous," they were self-righteous



18. Every Jew fasted once a year, on the Day of Atonement. The stricter Pharisees fasted two days in each week. Each rabbi prescribed fast days for his disciples. John followed this custom. Jesus did not.

19. "The children of the bridechamber"—Companions of the bridegroom during the wedding feast, which often lasted a week.

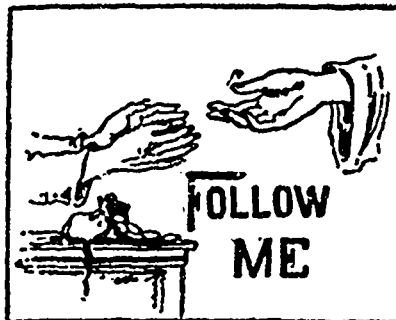
20. By the "bridegroom" is meant here the Lord Jesus Christ, and his taking away refers to his death.

21. "No man sews a piece of undressed cloth (that is, leather which has not been tanned, or cloth which has not been shrunk), on an old garment; else that which should fill it up takes from it, the new from the old (by shrinking), and a worse tear is the result." At this time many people were disciples of John the Baptist who were still Pharisees. Jesus means to tell them that they cannot be both. The new kingdom must have its own legislature suited to the new spirit.

22. In the East wine is kept not in bottles, but in skins. The new and unfermented wine must be kept in a new skin, which will prevent its expansion, or it will burst.

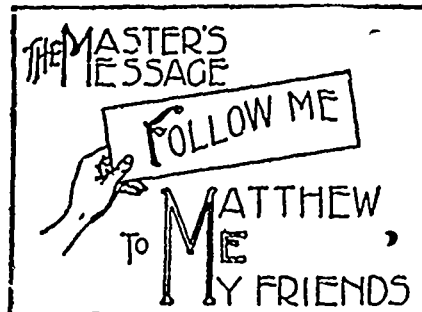
**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Jesus at Matthew's house.—Mark 2. 13-22.
- Tu. Call to service.—Matt. 4. 12-22.
- W. A publican called.—Luke 19. 1-10.
- Th. A leper touched.—Mark 1. 38-45.
- F. Friend of sinners.—Luke 7. 29-35.
- S. Chief of sinners.—1 Tim. 1. 12-17.
- Su. Levi's feast.—Luke 5. 27-39.



please and help them. Matthew gave up his money, but is he sorry now as he looks down from heaven where he has been with Jesus so long?

All who truly follow Jesus will be known as his disciples, and as such must take up the cross and the yoke. Many



THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Lessons Concerning Feasting, v. 13-17.
  - Whom did Jesus see as he passed by?
  - By what other name was he known? Matt. 9. 9.
  - What did Jesus say to him?
  - How did he receive the command?
  - Who sat with Jesus in the publican's house?
  - What did the Pharisees say?
  - Who are the ones that need Christ most?
2. Lessons Concerning Fasting, v. 18-22.
  - What is it to fast?
  - How often did the Pharisees fast? Luke 18. 12.
  - What reason did Jesus give for his disciples not fasting?
  - Who is meant by the "bridegroom"?
  - When did Christ say that his followers would fast?
  - When should Christians fast?
  - What did Christ say about new cloth on an old garment?
  - What did this mean?
  - What was meant by the "new wine in old bottles"?
  - What did Paul say in 2 Cor. 5. 17?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where does this lesson teach—
1. That Jesus came to save sinners?
  2. That the presence of Jesus brings joy?
  3. That the great duty of the Christian is to follow Jesus?

When you feel in your heart that you ought to give up something to others, and not please yourself; when you feel that you should obey mamma, and papa, and your teachers, and be kind, gentle, patient, and loving, and not disobedient, cross, and selfish, then you may know that Jesus is saying to you in his gentle voice, "Follow me." He "pleased not himself," but did things for others, to

who resort to him, with the multitude shrink back when singled out, and dread the Master's message, "Follow me." But blessed are they who hear and accept the invitation, and like Matthew arise and follow him. Do I truly follow Jesus, or am I simply one of the multitude of churchgoers who neither love the Saviour nor do his will? Let neither these nor the companionship of publicans and sinners keep me back. I may be saved, and by my example induce my friends also to become followers of the Lord.

**BRITISH VIEWS OF THE BOER WAR.**

The Rev. J. S. Moffat, son of Dr. Moffat, and brother-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, writing to *The Mission World*, says: "With the thunderous clash of arms all around us, it may seem scarcely a time to secure a hearing on anything like the religious and civil warfare of the native in South Africa. Yet the war now going on between white men is being watched by the natives with intense concern. As one of them put it to me the other day: 'If the English win, then we black men can breathe and live; if the Boers win, then we may as well die, for we shall be no more looked upon as men, but as cattle; so we shall all go home and pray to God to make the arms of the English strong.' And this is really the question of the day in South Africa: Are we to have all men, British, Boer, and aboriginal, dwelling together with equal rights as men under the British flag, or are we to have the domination of a Boer oligarchy over British and blacks alike? In the Transvaal the black man is not a human being."

The following is an extract from an appeal to all Christian peoples recently made by Mrs. Ellis, sister of Premier Schreiner, the pro-Boer premier of Cape

Colony, and recently read in many churches and chapels in England:

"Let no Christian heart think the immediate events which have led to this war are the chief cause why the life-blood of the British Empire is being poured out to-day. British soldiers are dying on African soil to-day to put an end to a condition of atrocious wrong, a wrong continued throughout generations, and which apparently nothing but this sacrifice of life could right."

"For over 200 years the progenitors of the Transvaal Republic and their descendants have crushed, maltreated, and, as far as they had the power to do so, robbed of all rights belonging to them, as fellow human beings, the coloured peoples of this land."

"Under Transvaal rule a ceaseless succession of crimes—legislative, social, and individual—have been perpetrated upon the helpless natives, both within and beyond the borders of the republic, for whom it has seemed till now there was no possible deliverance. To justice-loving, professedly Christian and highly religious people, who, with the Bible in their hands and loud professions of faith in prayers, were practicing barbarities, in peace as well as in war, which put to shame the records of what the savages of this land have inflicted, even in war time, upon white races."

"Oh, it has been horrible, beyond words horrible!"

In a personal letter to an editor of a Methodist paper, under date of January 5, Miss Agnes E. Slack, secretary of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, says:

"This war is casting a shadow over us all. I am one who, after the most careful reading of history and examination of the information sent us by our missionaries, is compelled to believe that the Boers in any case, whatever we had done, would have gone to war against us. Mr. Chamberlain was not the man for the negotiations, but they hated us. Mark Guy Pease told me the other day, as a result of his visit to them, that 'they were deeply religious and occasionally moral.' Well, this war is bringing us a great deal of sadness, for we are a very tender-hearted people. I love to think the American sympathies are with us, though here and there I see your people are denouncing us broadcast. I hate war, but believe there are worse things than war."

**Rev. J. Jackson Wray's**

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