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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1896.

[No. 14.]

For Me!

Under an eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die—
For me.

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

Pierced were his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat—
For me.

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

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

—Boston Pilot.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

The eagles of the Alps are very large and strong birds. They will sometimes swoop down and carry off a lamb or even a child. The picture shows an example of the latter. The father rushes to the rescue and keeps the eagle at bay till a well-aimed shot brings down the ferocious bird.

WORK AWAY, BOYS.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

These are years of advancement in many ways, and good men, men of skill and power, inventive men, are needed to carry on the progressive history of the age. We would stimulate the boys of to-day to work on in spite of all hindrances or discouragements, to make the wisdom of the past their own, to cherish any fresh suggestions that come into their minds, and to persist in such practical experiments as may lead them into ways of usefulness and distinction. As an encouragement to do this, we will recall the lives of some who have struggled and achieved success.

Who was poorer than Hugh Miller at his start in life? An uncouth lad, plodding in a stone quarry, lodging in the loft of a barn on a bed of straw, feeding on oatmeal, nothing more, and surrounded by rough, ignorant men. In the intervals of labour young Miller wandered along the shore, among rocky crags, with hammer and chisel in hand, cutting out odd petrifications which seemed of no use at all, and carefully observing the manner of the stratifications of rocks, thereby prying into all the secrets of geology. The result to him was a world-wide fame, and gave to us some of our richest treasures of science and literature.

You know how the young boy Watt found out the tremendous agency of steam. When the aunt of James Watt reproved the boy for his idleness, and desired him to sit down quietly and read a book, and not to be meddling with the lid of the tea-kettle, lifting it off and putting it on again, holding first a cup and next a silver spoon over the steam as it poured forth from the spout, she little thought that he was investigating a problem that was to lead to the greatest of human inventions—the steam-engine.

And it is said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam-engine called "handgear," by which its valves are worked by the machine itself, to an idle boy, Humphrey Potter by name, who, being employed to stop and

open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. What does this prove? That Humphrey Potter might be very idle, but at the same time very ingenious. It was a contrivance not the result of accident, but of observation and successful experiment.

sculptor, that when a boy a gentleman observed him busily cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the youth what he was doing. "I am cutting old Fox's head," he replied. Fox was the school master of the village. The gentleman then examined it, pronounced it excellent, and gave the youth a sixpence. Years afterward the stranger heard of him as one of the greatest sculptors of the age. The first panels on which Wm. Etty

a neighbour told him that this was done with brushes of camel's hair—of course there were no camels in America, and he bethought him of a favourite cat, whose back and tail supplied his wants, and thus day after day he laboured secretly in the attic of his mother's humble dwelling, having forgotten all school duties in his greater love for painting.

And another American painter, Edward Malborne, spent the intervals of school-hours by industriously making experiments. One of his greatest delights was in blowing bubbles to discover the colours therein displayed. Thus we see that even the blowing of soap bubbles may help the artistic mind to better know and understand the more delicate shades of colour.

The spark of electricity in the hair of the old black cat to the observing boy, Franklin, developed into the discovery of that tongue of flame speaking all languages; telling our wants across the water almost as soon as our lips can speak them.

As soon as you begin to search for the powers within yourselves, God reveals himself to you as the wonder-working one, and there is a great difference between wondering over any talent you have, and giving devout recognition to the Giver of it! When the apple dropped from Newton's hands, he not only followed it downward, and discovered the great law of gravitation but the marvellous principle thus brought to light caused him to look upward to the throne of God with a profounder reverence. Newton saw that the law he had discovered was a great power, and he also recognized the wonderful Counsellor who ordained it. So we would urge you while improving your spare moments and using the faculties God has given you to the best advantage reverently to acknowledge the Giver of any good things you may achieve or honours that may come to you. Thus you will not fall of the love of God, which is the beginning of wisdom and all the powers you possess will become stronger, brighter and better.



A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

The father of Eli Whitney, on his return from a journey, which had taken him from home for several days, inquired, as was his custom, into the occupations of his boys during his absence. He received a good account of them all, except Eli, who, the housekeeper reluctantly confessed, had been engaged in making a fiddle! "Alas!" said the father, with an ominous shake of the head, "I fear that Eli is my scapegrace!" To have anything to do with fiddles, the father thought, showed a mind only fitted for trifles! Little did he think that what seemed a mere fiddle-faddle was the dawning of an inventive genius that should rank among the most useful and effective in arts and manufactures.

It is related of Chantry, the celebrated

the celebrated painter, drew were the boards of his father's shop floor, and his first crayon a lump of white chalk. Now William's mother was a sensible woman, and instead of scolding the boy for disfiguring her nicely swept floor by his chalk marks, she went to a friend. "I shall never thank my mother enough for her patience with my first trials, and the promise that she gave me of some colours mixed with gum water instead of chalk. I was so delighted I could hardly sleep."

Young West, the great American painter, first began to display his skill in drawing, and learned the method of preparing colours from the teaching of some roaming Indians, but being at a loss to know how to lay on these colours,

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE WORLD.

When geology took up the world's history, in early Archæan days, three hundred millions of years had already passed since the molten rocks of the sun like earth had formed from the condensing nebulae.

The cooling of the exterior had gone forward with remarkable slowness, but at last it was hard, solid rock. The thick, heavy vapours had begun to condense, and waters, hot and acid, covered the world, or at least its greater part.

Over the continental region the sea was more or less shallow, and the breaking and grinding of the ocean's bed laid the nucleus for future land.

A triangular island slowly appeared above the waste of waters, in what is now the Hudson's Bay region. There appeared, too, a narrow strip which in centuries to come was to be the Highlands of the Hudson. There was also a coast-line in the broad area covering the Rockies. Small islands dotted the great northern seas where Norway and Sweden now stand.

As time passed, the waters slowly became cooler, and at last life, lowly life, appeared in some structureless plants and animals.

A warm and equable climate covered the land, and a clouded sky tempered the rays of the sun, but the rocks were

yet bare, and no sounds filled the air save those of a lifeless and voiceless nature,—the surging of the waters and the raging of the tempest. But a gradual change was taking place, the seas adjoining these promontorial islands became shallower; corals and sea-lilies filled the bays, mollusks and crustaceans had begun, and for ages mollusk life reigned supreme in this embryo world. Harvey B. Bashore, in February Lippincott's.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1896.

LIVING UP TO OUR NAME.

It is related of Adoniram Judson that, when a boy, he was told by a lady that he would have a great deal to do if he lived up to the tradition of his name, upon which he replied: "By the grace of God I will do it."

I wonder how many of us who have shorter and more common names than Adoniram are thinking about trying to live up to them? There is a boy, for instance, whose name is Paul. Does it remind him, every time he hears his name called, how very earnestly he must strive, if he would show the spirit of heroism and loftiness which shone forth in the character of the early owner of that name?

Then there is Peter. Ah, Peter! look out for your namesake's temper! Look out for his rashness, bluntness, and self-conceit! Try to imitate him rather after his perfection in spirit and manner through the assisting grace of Jesus Christ.

John may be a very homely name, but John, the Apostle of Jesus, was a very sweet character. I don't like goody goody boys, but I do like sweet, manly boys; boys who are tender to their mother and their sisters, and who are too brave and chivalrous to cause unnecessary pain.

Perhaps someone has given some of our boys the name of Joshua. Well, remember, boys, that "Joshua" stands for "Jesus," and Joshua should be indeed the best of boys.

Then there is Christopher. You know that comes from the legend of a man who carried Christ upon his back. The Latin word *Ferreo* means "I carry." Christ has said, whatever we do unto one of his little ones, we do unto him. When we carry others' burdens we carry him. We are all Christophers.—Morning Guide.

THE WESLEYS AT OXFORD.

BY MISS ALCINDA ALLEN

Few spots in "Merry Old England" are more beautiful for situation than Oxford. Lying in the embrace of two picturesque rivers, the university town is clothed in verdant meadows and wooded

avenues. From its great, grey buildings, with their noble and varied architecture, their lofty spires and graceful towers, a thousand years of history look down upon us. However practical and un-sentimental one's nature may be, as he walks the narrow, crooked streets of Oxford, if he be at all thoughtful he will be compelled to own the charm, and feel that he stands on sacred ground. Within these ancient college walls have been shaped influences which have revolutionized not only England's thought, but the thought of the whole civilized world. Methodism has been more fruitful of good in the past and is fuller of promise for the future than any other religious movement born in the illustrious, old university. While the names of many scholars whom Oxford once delighted to honour are being buried in the oblivion of passing years, the names of the Wesleys are becoming more and more revered.

In 1720, John Wesley, a gay boy of seventeen, full of wit and humour, and fond of lively company, obtained a scholarship in Christ Church College. At the Charterhouse, London, where his preparatory work was done, Wesley, by his energy of character, his unconquerable patience, his assiduity, and his rapid progress in learning, has acquired an inevitable reputation. While his instructors have been impressed with his honour and generosity, they have not been slow to detect in him an unbounded ambition. Christ Church, with its fine old chapel through whose arches soul-inspiring anthems echo, and its grand hall from whose walls the pictures of many of England's wisest and best men looked down, was enough to inspire a cold nature; but what must have been its effect upon a soul in which ambitious fires were already ablaze? There were difficulties in Wesley's way which only an iron will could overcome. He had to struggle with poverty and ill-health, but he steadily applied himself to the hardest work. Though he had been reared by pious parents, the temptations of college life caused Wesley to drift away from the pure faith of childhood for a time, though he never ceased to observe the outward forms of religion. At this critical period, a chance conversation with the humble but devout old janitor impressed the gay collegian. He turned to his cultured mother for religious instruction, and he soon entered the ministry.

When Bishop Potter ordained him in 1725, the good old bishop advised his young brother not to spend time in disputes, but to consecrate himself to promoting real holiness, and the "spread of Scriptural holiness" became the keynote of the young man's life. Soon after this, John Wesley was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, and his remarkable skill in logic, and proficiency in Greek, established his reputation in the university. New duties brought him a new sense of responsibility, and he soon won his first soul for Christ. An attempt to influence his brother Charles, who had more genius than grace, failed. The older brother was compelled to leave the university to assist his father for two years. On his return he found Charles and several other students leading the most exemplary Christian lives; so exemplary that a fellow student called them "Methodists," and the name clung to them. John Wesley was soon dubbed "Curator of the Holy Club," by the bright but graceless students.

In the disputations for the A.M. degree, John Wesley acquired considerable reputation. After his graduation he continued to be a hard student, and followed a systematic plan of study, embracing metaphysics, ethics, logic, physics, oratory, poetry, history, higher mathematics, French, and Arabic. Certainly Methodism received its first form from a cultured mind.

Ere Wesley graduated, the atmosphere of the age was felt at Oxford. Though an age of intellectual giants, it was an age of depravity in high places. "Never had a century dawned on England so void of faith and soul as that which opened with Queen Anne and reached its misty noon beneath the second George—a dewless night succeeded by a sunless dawn." Even in conservative Oxford, men began to believe that religion must fall before the light of reason. The students who were not sceptical were spiritually dead. Amidst these scenes

of doubt and unrest, the little band of Methodists led prayerful lives, relieved poor families, visited charity schools and workhouses, conducted three meetings each week, and lived in the most self-denying manner. In seeking to keep the other students from evil associations, they were the forerunners of our young people's societies, which have been such a power for good in American colleges. Opposition to the movement was incessant, slanders were abundant, and the press was employed to ridicule them; but God sustained his own. Friends came to their aid, and the father of the Wesleys died with the prophecy on his lips that the Christian faith would revive in the British kingdom.

When the days of preparation at Oxford were ended, God separated the little band of Methodists. Whitefield was thrust out into that wonderful evangelistic career where he spoke as a prophet of God with voice almost seraphic. John and Charles Wesley soon after came over and halloed the soil of Georgia by their labours for the Indians. The other "Methodists" entered the regular ministry.

Thus Methodism, a form of Christianity in earnest, began her work, and a century and a half later we exclaim in the words of her founder: "What hath God wrought!" The wave of religious enthusiasm set in motion at Oxford has purified and liberalized the older denominations, has given a new impetus to the cause of Christian education, has been instrumental in arousing new interest in Foreign Missions, and has taken shape in the largest Protestant denomination, which numbers over seven millions of adherents scattered throughout the world.—Epworth Era.

The "Three Bells."

Captain Leighton, of the English ship Three Bells, some years ago rescued the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean. Unable to take the crew off in the storm and darkness, he kept by until morning, often during the night shouting through his trumpet, "Never fear; I'll stand by you!"

Would God that the two nations should ever so stand by each other.

Beneath the low-hung night-cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly;
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out:
Dear God! was that Thy answer,
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells,
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells.

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft to cheer and hearten
The Three Bells nearer ran.

And the captain from his taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry,
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall stand by."

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, for ever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry,
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh.

Influence.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them
more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet.
We count them over past,
But they shall last;
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

—Kable

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

April 12, 1896.

It is dangerous to sin.—Psalm. 1. 4-6.

We now have to describe a character the very opposite of the one portrayed in our last lesson.

THE UNGODLY.

Verse 4. One who is not like God. God is not in all his thoughts. He studies to do without God, and acts as though he was under no obligation to the Almighty.

WHAT THEY RESEMBLE?

"Chaff," something that is worthless, of no use. "One sinner destroyeth much good." Such persons are never heard of after they die. They were always looking for self. Nobody esteemed them, and when death removed them, they were unlamented.

THE ARGUMENT.

Verse 5. The meaning is, the ungodly will not be acquitted, they will not be able to stand the scrutiny of the judge of all the earth, they can make no defence, hence their doom will be irretrievably fixed, from which there can be no appeal. The sentence will be final.

REASON ASSIGNED.

Verse 6. God knows all things. Nothing can escape his watchful eye. We are to understand by the word "know," that he understands all that befalls them, and nothing can visit them without his permission, and he will prevent anything that is evil touching them. It is not to be understood that they will escape affliction, but even what may be termed evil, by God's over-ruling Providence may accomplish good. God has great regard for those who walk in his counsel. He even numbers the hairs of their head, and none of their steps shall slide.

THE END OF THE DISOBEDIENT

Verse 6. "The way of the ungodly shall perish." Perish means to be destroyed. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness." The end of these things is death. Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished. Be not deceived, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

WHAT A CHRISTIAN BOY CAN DO

These are some things a Christian boy can do who wants to work for Jesus:

- Be frank.
- Be polite.
- Be prompt.
- Be obliging.
- Obeys his parents.
- Keep himself tidy.
- Refuse to do wrong.
- Never use profanity.
- Never learn to smoke.
- Be useful about home.
- Never cheat in his play.
- Spend his nights at home.
- Keep out of bad company.
- Never laugh at a coarse joke.
- Learn his lessons thoroughly.
- Never make unnecessary noise.
- Never be disrespectful to old age.
- Be kind to his brothers and sisters.
- Take the part of those who are ill-used.
- Never make fun of another because he is poor.
- Never play marbles for "keeps;" it is gambling.
- Fail, if he cannot pass his examinations honestly.
- Never tell or listen to a story that he would not repeat to his mother.
- Try to lead his companions to Jesus.

"Time and Tide Wait for No Man."

BY W. F. CHIPMAN

Once there roved a pirate captain
In his vessel out at sea,
And he heard a ship was sailing,
Stored with gold and ivory,
If he could but overtake it
Ere it reached the port, and make it
Yield to him its treasury,
He a happy man would be.

"Ho! ye seamen, hoist the canvas,
And the heavy anchor weigh,"
Saw the vessel plough the waters,
Cleave the billows, churn the spray,
How it heaves upon the ocean,
Now with gentle, gliding motion,
Now it rushes on its way,
Like a war horse to the fray.

"Who is he that made the proverb,"
Quoth the dauntless rover free,
"Time and tide they wait for no man,"
Time and tide shall wait for me."
While the ship still onward rushing,
Every wave to foam was crushing,
And the pirate laughed with glee,
This, his vessel's strength to see.

When the ship the cape had rounded,
There they saw, miles out from shore,
Was the prize that they had sought for,
How the captain cursed and swore,
Near the wealth for which he hankered,
Two great warships lay there anchored,
They must quickly sail them back,
Ere the foe was on the track.

Then the vessel turned about,
And fast and faster flew,
Like a fox unto his lair,
When a pack of hounds pursue,
While the clouds their forces mustered,
And the winds in fury blustered,
And silent worked the crew,
While the air still denser grew.

Then appeared the yellow gloom,
And the breeze, the chill, the hush,
Then the lightning pierced the clouds,
And the wind began to rush,
Loud and louder roll'd the thunder,
While the sky was rent asunder,
And the rain began to pour
Harder, quicker, more and more.

Still the vessel kept its course,
Still, onward, onward sped,
And the sails were stretched their utmost
On the tall masts overhead,
Quick and quicker, fast and faster,
Till at last—O fell disaster!
See, the ship has struck a rock,
And is sinking with the shock!

Naught to save the wretched crew,
Miles too far from friendly bank,
Crying, howling, screaming, yelling,
Cursing, shrieking, down they sank,
Ceased the storm its noisy riot,
And a voice from out the quiet
Spoke in solemn, awful tone,
"Time and tide they wait for none."

OLD CRANKY.

BY JAMES BOND STEELE.

Harry and Jack liked him at first.
They thought he was an ornament to
the farm. They watched him with de-
light when he showed all the beauty of
his tail. After a time, however, they
changed their minds, and called him
"Old Cranky." Why? Well, this is
how it came about.

One evening in the fall, about four
months after the peacock's arrival, Jack
was carrying some hay from the barn to
the stable. He walked slowly along, his
arms gasping his load firmly, his eyes
fixed on the path.

Suddenly he heard a noise behind him,
and the next moment got such a thump
on the back as almost scared him out of
his wits. Dropping the hay, he turned
to face the enemy, and was astonished
beyond measure to find that it was the
peacock.

"Ho, ho!" cried Jack; "so that's what
you're up to, is it? What's put that
notion into your head, I wonder?"

Then he made a big snowball and
flung it at the bird, making him run
off. When he reached the stable, he told
Harry what had happened.

"Well," said Harry, in surprise, "that
is queer. What can be the cause of it?"

We've never bothered him in any way,
I'm sure. Has anybody else been teas-
ing him, I wonder?"

"Oh, no," said Jack, "I don't think
it. I don't know what to make of it.
Maybe he won't do it again."

Why he did it was a problem the boys
never solved. One thing was certain, he
kept on at it. Every chance he got he
sneaked up behind one or the other and
tried the same trick. He seemed to like
it, for after doing it, he acted as if he
were delighted. Put it fun to him, it
was very annoying to the boys. After a
time they got to dislike him very much.
They almost wished he were dead.

So matters went on until the following
spring, bringing with it the joys of
sugar-making. But before you can make
maple-sugar, you must tap the trees, and
when the trees are tapped, spiles or
spouts are needed for the sap to run in-
to the troughs or buckets.

This spring a new set of spiles was re-
quired, and the boys decided to work at
them in a log pen behind the barn. It
was a cozy place, twenty feet square,
open at the top, and half filled with
straw. A better place couldn't well be
imagined.

So here they brought their blocks of
cedar, and set to work with a will. It
was a windy day and rather cool, so
when a clattering on the roof of the barn
aroused them, they were surprised to see
that the peacock had flown up there, and
was surveying them with his head on
one side.

Harry laughed. "I don't think he'll
find it very pleasant so high up!" said
he.

"No, that he won't," said Jack.
"You'll see him come down pretty soon."

Jack was right. He did come down,
and pretty soon, too, but in a way they
didn't expect. He seemed to think he
had an opportunity that should not be
lost, and acted accordingly.

Both heard the swish of his wings as
he neared them, and involuntarily held
up their hands to ward off the blow. He
struck Jack right on the top of the head
with his ugly feet, tearing a hole in his
old cloth cap, and cutting the scalp in
two places. Then he uttered a loud cry
and flew out of the pen.

"Well!" cried Jack, "if that don't
beat everything! All I've got to say is,
that brute of a bird's got to be killed, or
something. It's more'n anyone can
stand, I tell you!"

But he had really been more frightened
than hurt, so his anger was soon gone.
In a little while both of them laughed
heartily over the bird's audacity. At
first they thought of telling their father
about it, but afterwards decided not to
for fear of being laughed at.

The boys kept a sharp watch on Old
Cranky after this. The consequence was
that he seldom was able to scare them.
But if they watched, so did he; it wasn't
his fault that he didn't carry on his
tricks, for the desire to do so was as
strong as ever.

One evening, in August, an event oc-
curred that settled Old Cranky's fate,
and brought relief to the boys. Harry
was told to go for the cows. He usually
went by the road, but this evening went
by the barn, as that was the nearest
way.

When passing the barn, he kept a
sharp look-out for the peacock, but once
past the barn-yard he felt quite safe, and
began whistling a merry tune. So it is
in life very often: the temptation is not
where we look for it, and it con- when
we are thrown off our guard and trips
us up.

On went Harry, as happy as if such
things as cranky peacocks didn't exist.
Beside the path was a big pine stump.
He walked quickly past it; yes, even got
a yard or two beyond it. Then some-
thing came from behind it. There was
a rush, a flapping of wings, and Harry
felt Old Cranky's feet strike him in the
middle of the back, knocking the breath
out of him, and frightening him thor-
oughly.

Harry was really a good-natured boy,
but this was more than he could bear.
Whirling round he seized a stone and
flung it at the bird with all his might.
He expected to strike its body, instead of
that the stone hit it fair on the head.
Over it went and lay motionless on the
grass.

"I've killed it! I've killed it!" he
cried. "Why didn't it leave me alone?"

I wasn't doing anything to it." Then he
grasped it in his arms, flung it behind
the stump, and fled.

There isn't the slightest doubt that
when Harry threw the peacock there, he
was trying to hide his deed. But that
feeling didn't remain long with him.
Soon his conscience began to work, and
then the fight began. It lasted until he
reached the gate with the cows. It was
a hard fight, too.

"You needn't tell about it," whispered
the tempter. "Nobody will know what
happened to it. Don't say anything at
all, that won't be telling a lie." So it
went on.

As said before, it was a hard fight,
but he won it. When the gate was
reached, his mind was made up. He
would tell his father, no matter what
the result would be. If he whipped him,
he would bear it like a man.

He left the cows in the lane and went
up to the house. His father—a fine-look-
ing man, with dark hair and beard—was
sitting in an easy chair on the kitchen
veranda. Harry went up to him.

"Father," said he, "I've killed the
peacock."

His father turned quickly in his seat.
"Killed the peacock!" he exclaimed.
"And what made you do that, pray?"

Harry then told him all—told of the
bird's annoying tricks, of the spile-mak-
ing episode, and of that evening's ad-
venture.

Mr. Barnes listened quietly until he
was done; then he rose to his feet and
held out his hand.

"Give me your hand, my boy," said
he; "I'm proud of you! Now come with
me."

Taking Harry by the hand, he led him
along the path to the barn. When they
had gone round the end, he paused and
pointed to a shed on which the peacock
usually roosted.

Harry stared in amazement, and no
wonder, for there sat Old Cranky as
much alive as Harry himself!

Mr. Barnes laughed. "He seems
pretty lively yet, eh, Harry?"

"I didn't kill him then, at all," said he.

"No, of course not. You only stunned
him. He has had a good lesson, and
may behave himself better for it. I saw
the whole of it from the stable loft. I
knew why you threw him behind the
stump, and am glad indeed that you told
me, and, my boy, never be afraid to tell
what you believe to be the truth."

We may say that Old Cranky was a
wiser and better bird from that day for-
ward, for he never tried his tricks again.
Beaver Lake, Alta.

TWO CONQUERORS.

Alexander the Great, after he had
scattered the army of Darius and con-
quered Tyre, is said to have gone to
Jerusalem, worshipped in the temple,
and heard the high priests read the
prophecies of Daniel concerning himself.
He was told, according to the legend,
that he was the agent of Heaven to hum-
ble the kingdoms of the East. The re-
velation pleased him, but he considered
himself a divine person, and nothing else
would satisfy his ambition than the
honour of his supreme claim. In Libya
the flattering shrine keepers of Ammon
were made to hail him as the son of a
god, and as such he ever afterwards
signed his name. He was a brave, bril-
liant, fortunate soldier—and a king.
That was all. His character was a
mixture of virtues and vices. He was by
turns modest and bombastic, noble and
mean, just and unjust, kind and cruel,
vindictive and magnanimous, temperate
and intemperate. He got the goat of Daniel's
vision was his emblem. Within thirteen
years he made himself master of ten na-
tions, and he ended his life in early man-
hood because he could not make himself
master of his own appetite. He died a
drunkard. Men called him the "con-
queror of the world," but the world could
not well own him conqueror who fell a
victim to his temptations.

More than three hundred years after
Alexander's visit to Jerusalem, Jesus
Christ stood there in the temple. No
one showed him the prophecies that fore-
told him, though there were many in the
sacred books. The scribes and doctors
were astonished at the understanding of
the marvellous Boy, but they did not
know him. He went home with his

mother, and said nothing about him-
self till he was thirty years old. Then from
the privacy of his simple village life he
went forth to be a preacher and teacher,
and to do good in a more public way.
His doctrines sank into men's hearts.
His miracles blessed the sick and the
poor. He needed no Libyan oracle to de-
clare him the Son of God. He had
journeyed to Egypt in his childhood but
he brought back no borrowed divinity.
When his three years' wonderful minist-
ry ended, he was in Jerusalem again,
and there he died. His words to his
friends were remembered, and he had
done enough to make them true: "Be
of good cheer. I have overcome the
world."

It would have been worth to Alexander
more than all his victories to be able
to say these words with the confidence
of a saint and a martyr, rather than with
the boastfulness of a warrior king. The
great Macedonian was naturally thought-
ful and humane, but he had an insatiable
lust for power and glory, so that justice,
gentleness, truth, and the lives of men
were nothing when they stood in his
way. The only shining virtue in him
that this passion could not kill was his
love for his mother.

The great Nazarene loved his mother,
and loved all mankind. In genuine
greatness Jesus was not only everything
that Alexander was, but everything that
he was not—unwarlike, unvengeful,
unselfish, unselfish, unselfish, unselfish,
and to temptation invincible. His power
was not in splendid strife and boundless
spoil, but in forgiveness, humility,
purity, and peace. He taught men to
love one another, and overcome evil with
good and he made plain the path of the
perfect life.

Alexander and Jesus both died at the
age of thirty three. But the difference
of their conquests is almost too wide for
comparison. One was a destroyer, the
other was a Saviour; and unlike the
empire of the man of blood, that went to
pieces at his death, the empire of Christ
is greater to-day than ever, and is grow-
ing still. As Dr. Felix Adler, a Jew,
says of his earthly work, "In those three
years he changed the current of the
world's history."

The son of Olympias with his victories
of violence and ambition, survives only
in the story of his life as a memory.
The Son of Mary, with his victories of
love, is a living influence among living
men.

If there were no higher lesson in this
contrast, it at least sets forth clearly the
kind of success that brings the noblest
winnings. Goodness is contagious as
well as wickedness, and it is longer lived,
for it is nourished in affection that imi-
tates and gratitude that never forgets.
Every person has one or more "fol-
lowers," and he who purifies others by
being himself pure secures a triumph
that is immortal.—Youth's Companion.

CRUEL BUT KIND

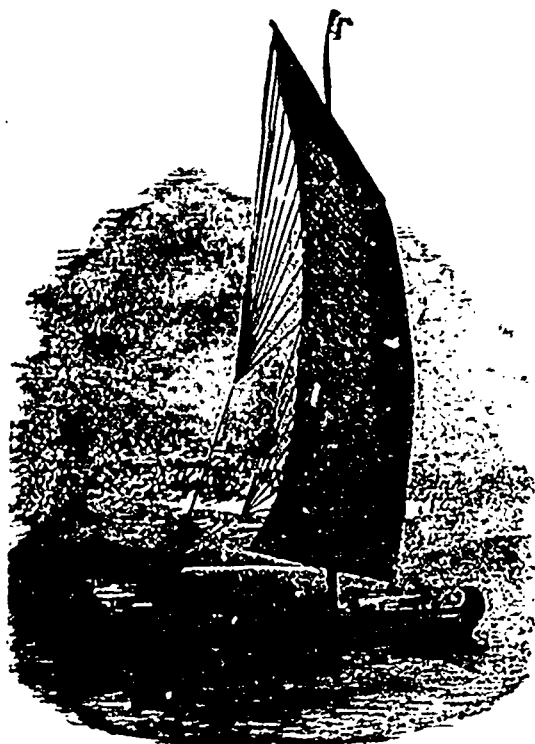
Napoleon Bonaparte was a strange
compound of ambition and sterling man-
hood. Inflexible when crushing a foe,
for the sake of his country, there yet was
buried deep in his heart a kindness and
love for his fellowmen which was as
irresistible as his military skill.

In the battle of Austerlitz, a body of
beaten Russians, about five thousand
strong, strove to escape across the ice
on the Satchan Lake. Napoleon ordered
his artillery to fire on the ice, which
was shattered, and men and horses slow-
ly settled down into the depths, only a
few escaping by means of poles and
ropes thrust out from shore by the
French.

Next morning, Napoleon, riding round
the positions, saw a wounded Russian
officer clinging to an ice-foo a hundred
yards out, and entreating help. The em-
peror became intensely interested in the
sufferer of the man. After many failures,
Markel and another officer stripped and
swam out gradually brought the ice-foo
toward the shore, and laid the Russian
at Napoleon's feet.

The emperor evinced more delight at
this rescue than he had manifested when
assured of the victory of Austerlitz.

He had no compunction as to the fate
of the unfortunates whom his artillery
practice of the day before had sent to
their death.



A JAPANESE JUNK.

"The Love of God

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
 Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
 On the little face below,—
 Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
 Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
 Falls the light of God's face bending
 Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
 Toss and cry, and will not rest,
 Are the ones the tender mother
 Holds the closest, loves the best,—
 So when we are weak and wretched,
 By our sins weighed down, distressed,
 Then it is that God's great patience
 Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God! whose loving
 Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
 Will not weary, will not even
 In our death itself be lost,—
 Love divine! of such great loving
 Only mothers know the cost,—
 Cost of love, which, all love passing,
 Gave a Son to save the lost.

—Saxe Holm.

SPONGES.

When you use your sponge, do you ever ask yourself where it came from, whether it grew or was made? The sponge is a collection of animals, really, who lay eggs which hatch and increase the size of the sponges. The best sponges are found in the Mediterranean. They used to be caught by naked divers, and even with harpoons; but they have grown scarcer, and are now caught in deep waters that require expert divers in divers' suits. Sponges are found in the Pacific Ocean, the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean.

The Greeks are said to be the best divers in the world. A glass is placed at the end of a large tube. The boat engaged in sponge-fishing passes slowly over the ground while an expert watches the bottom through the large tube, the glass of which is beneath the surface. The water is so clear that the bottom can be seen at a great depth. When the sponges are discovered, the divers put on their suits and go to the bottom, and the sponges are brought to the surface.

In the waters of the West Indies the sponges are secured in comparatively shallow water. A box or bucket is used, with a pane of glass inserted in the bottom. The sponge-fisher puts his face into this, and when he discovers sponges brings them to the surface with a hook. The large woolly sponge, as you would imagine, is called a sheep sponge.

All sponges have to be prepared for market. As taken from the water they are unfit for use, and must be cleansed, and bleached to some extent. The very white, hard sponges are over-treated, and not as good as those cleansed without so free a use of acid. The best sponges are found in the deepest waters.

JAPANESE JUNK-LIFE.

"One of the most interesting features of Japanese life to me," said a recent traveller, "was the manner of living in the boats and junks, thousands of which frequent every bay along the coast. The junks always belong to the members of one family; and usually every branch of the family, old and young, live on board. The smaller sail-boats are made like a narrow flat-boat; and the sail (they never have but one) extends from the mast about the same distance in either direction—that is, the mast runs up the middle of the sail when it is spread. In these little boats men are born and die without even having an abiding-place on shore. Women and all wear little clothing except in rainy weather, when they put on layers of ringy straw mats, which give them the appearance of being thatched. At night, if in harbour, they bend poles over the boat from side to side in the shape of a bow, and cover them with this water-tight straw fringe, and go to sleep all together like a lot of pigs. A child three years old can swim like a fish; and often children who will not

learn of their own accord are repeatedly thrown overboard until they become expert swimmers. In the harbours children seem to be perpetually tumbling overboard; but the mothers deliberately pick them out of the water, and cuffing them a little, go on with their work. It is astonishing at what age these boys and girls learn to scull a boat. I have seen a boat twenty feet long most adroitly managed by three children, all under seven years of age. I am told that, notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid; nor will any boatman save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way. Besides this, the saving of a boatman's life keeps a chafing soul only so much longer in purgatory, when it ought to be released by the death of the sailor, whom the gods, by fate, seem to have selected for the purpose."

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.**

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON II.—APRIL 12.

PARABLE OF THE GREAT SUPPER.
 Luke 14. 15-24. Memory verses, 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come, for all things are now ready.—
 Luke 14. 17.

Time—A. D. 29, just at the close of the third year of Christ's ministry.
 Place.—Perca.

CONNECTING LINKS.

To-day's lesson comes in order after that on watchfulness. Between them the following events took place: Report of the murder of Galileans by Pilate, parable of the fig tree, healing of a woman eighteen years sick, dining with a Pharisee, at whose table these words were spoken.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read about a great supper (Luke 14. 15-24). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read the account of an Eastern marriage feast (Matt. 22. 1-14). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read Wisdom's invitation (Prov. 9. 1-11). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read the sin of refusing (Prov. 1. 20-33). Learn the Memory Verse.

Friday.—Read good things offered free (Isa. 55. 1-7). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read how some rejected

(Acts 13. 42-52). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the supper of the Lamb (Rev. 19. 4-10).

QUESTIONS.

1. Invitation, verses 15-17.—15. Where was this parable spoken? What led one to speak about eating bread in the kingdom of God? Or what was eating bread a Jewish figure? 16. Why was this a great supper? Where are gospel blessings compared to a banquet? 17. Was it strange to give more than one invitation to a feast?

2. Excuse, verses 18-20.—18. How do Eastern people regard such excuses? Why was the first man's excuse of no value? 19. Why the second man's? 20. Why the third man's? What was the real reason all stayed away?

3. Rejection, verses 21-24.—21. Is anything said in the Bible about God's anger? Are the poor and maimed numerous in the East? 22. Where is there room? 23. What was meant by "the highways"? What by the "hedges"? When the rich and religious people refused the Gospel who came? When the Jews rejected it to whom was it given? 24. If we reject salvation and die unsaved can we hope for any other remedy?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

To be a member of the Church will not admit us to the feast in God's kingdom. The Gospel invites us to a feast, not to a funeral. Neglect without meaning to be lost is what ruins many. Worldly gains and pleasures are common excuses for neglect of religion; the more needy and helpless we are the more Christ will welcome us. God will use every means to bring us to Christ. All who wilfully refuse to come will be "excused" and excluded.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE PASSOVER.

What a touching story we find in the legend about a little girl who was a Jewess and lived in Egypt at the time when God brought his people out of captivity. You remember that in the Twelfth of Exodus, it is stated that God would pass through the land of Egypt and destroy the first-born of every house if the blood of a lamb was not put upon the door and lintel; and those of you who have read the story in the Bible will remember how Moses told the people of Israel what God had told him, and how that all the people put the blood of the poor little lamb upon the doorposts of the houses, so that when the angel of death passed by at midnight they and all within the house were safe.

The legend to which I have referred states that a little girl, the first-born in the house of an Israelite, was very sick, and was afraid that the blood had not been sprinkled upon the doorpost of her father's house in which she lay; so she asked her father if he was sure he had put the blood upon the doorpost; and the father said, "Yes, he was quite sure; he had ordered it to be done." But the little girl said the second time, "Father, are you quite sure the blood is there?" "Yes, my child," answered the father; "be quiet and sleep." But the child could not sleep. She was very sick and very restless; and as night came on, it grew darker and darker, and nearer and nearer to the time when the angel should pass over Goshen, she got still more nervous and restless and uneasy, and at last she said: "Father, take me in your arms and let me see the blood upon the doorpost." And the father, to satisfy the child, took her to the door to show her the blood. And lo and behold! it was not there; the man to whom he had given instructions had forgotten to do it, and then her father, in the sight of the child, had the blood sprinkled upon the doorpost, and the child lay down and went to sleep.

Dear reader, I want to ask you all one question: Are you sprinkled with the precious blood of Jesus? Has he cleansed your heart? If not, I beseech you to go to him at once. Do not rest satisfied with remaining as you are, but, like the little girl whose story I have told you, examine your own heart and then go to God in prayer, and ask him to wash you "whiter than snow." Remember, it is his precious promise that

"the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—Words of Life.

A Day in Winter.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

Through the crimson fires of morning
 Streaming upward in the east
 Leaps the sun, with sudden dawning,
 Like a captive king, released;
 And the glowing skies reflected
 In the azure hue below,
 Seem like summer recollected
 In the dreaming of the snow—
 It is winter, little children, let the summer, singing, go!

There are crisp winds gaily blowing
 From the north and from the west;
 'Ove the river strongly flowing
 Lies the river's frozen breast:
 O'er its shining silence crashing
 Skim the skaters to and fro;
 And the noonday splendours flashing
 In the rainbow colours show—
 It is winter, little children, let the summer, singing, go!

When the gorgeous day is dying,
 There is swept a cloud of rose
 O'er the hilltops softly lying
 In the flush of sweet repose;
 And the nests, all white with snowing,
 In the twilight breezes blow;
 And the untired moon is showing
 Her bare heart to the snow—
 It is winter, little children, let the summer, singing, go!

A LITERARY TEST.

St. Nicholas recently offered prizes for the best corrections of a misspelled poem. More than 10,000 answers were received from all over the world—from Turkey, Egypt, and all over Europe, from a little countess in Vienna, and from another in Ireland, and from the grandchildren of Emerson and Hawthorne in America. The committee reluctantly states that the penmanship of the English and Canadian children is better than that of the American.

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