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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1897.

[No. 14.]

For the Young.

Rhymes of the Kings and Queens of England," by Mary Leslie, (published by William Briggs, Toronto,) will be found a great aid to history lessons. The rhymes halt, but the facts they contain are so well strung together that the individual character of each reign is better conveyed than in most of the histories provided for children. For instance, has not the following summary of the time of George II. the merit at least of distinctness?

A king with a clever, handsome lady mated,
A king who bravely fought at Dettingen,
A king who "boetry and bainting" hated,
Most practical and commonplace of men.

Little enough we care about the man,
But much of interest marks King George's reign—
Walpole's corruption, Chatham's noble plan,
Lord Clive in India, and the war with Spain.

The South Sea scheme, the British credit shaken,
The rising of the gallant young Pretender,
The death of Wolfe when strong Quebec was taken,
The whole of Lower Canada's surrender.

Lord Chesterfield then lived and wrote his "letters,"
Whitefield and Wesley preached on the hillside,
Charles Wesley wrote his hymns and sang the letters
From hard hearts bound in sin and locked in pride.

As for the English Church, may we never see,
A church so dead-alive as this again;
There was no teaching, kindly, sound and free,
The church was ruled by evil, selfish men.

Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the "great Commoner,"
Was the grandest soul throughout King George's reign,
The one who roused the sleeping lion, the summoner,
Of Englishmen to nobler deeds again.
—Montreal Witness.

THE SPIRE OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

BY EMMA W. DENERRITT.

It needs but a steady head and a clear conscience and the thing is done." These were old Jacob's words.

"The clear conscience is not lacking, thank God. But all these weeks of watching by a sick bed and the scanty meals have made the head anything but steady. If it were but three months ago, my courage would not fail me, but now—"

The boy broke off abruptly, and, stepping back several feet, stood looking up at the stately spire that towered above him. Fair and shapely it rose, with gradually receding buttress and arch, until it terminated at a point over 400 feet above the pavement.

All day long little groups of men had straggled across the platz and gathered in front of the great cathedral, elbowing one another and stretching upon tiptoe to read the notice nailed to the massive door. Many were the jests passed around.

"Does the old sexton think men are flies, to creep along yonder dizzy height?" asked one.

"The prize is indeed worth winning," said another. "but," he turned away with an expressive shrug of his shoulders, "life is sweet."

"When I try to reach heaven 'twill be by some less steep and dangerous way," laughed a third, with an upward glance at the spire.

"It makes a strong man feel a bit queer to go up inside as far as the great

bell and look up at the network of crossing ladders, but to stand outside and wave a flag! Why the mere thought of it is enough to make one's head swim," said the first speaker. "Jacob Wirtig is the only man in all Vienna who has the nerve for such a part."

"But he served a good apprenticeship. He learned the knack of keeping a steady head during his early days of chamouli-hunting in the Tyrol. But why does he seek to draw others into danger? For so much gold many a man would risk his life."

"I can understand it, Caspar. Twice before, on some grand occasion, has old Jacob stood on the spire and waved a flag as the Emperor passed in the streets

eyes rivetted on the beautiful spire, and now the setting of the sun had found him a third time at his post. The platz was deserted, but the streets beyond were thronged with people hurrying to their homes. Was it fear or the chill of the night air that sent a shiver over the slender figure of the boy as he stood, letting his eyes slowly wander from the top of the spire to the base of the tower beneath, as if measuring the frightful distance? But as he turned away with a little gesture of despair there rose before him the vision of a wan and weary face as white as the pillow against which it rested, and he heard the physician's voice as he gently replaced the wasted hand on the coverlet, "The fever has

noble structure, "who knows? It may look more difficult than it really is. 'Tis but a foothold of a few inches, but 'tis enough. If I were near the ground I should feel as safe as if I were on the floor of the great hall in the stadhous. Why, then, should I fear up yonder?"

The boy made a step forward and, slipping back the little cap from his locks, stretched out his clasped hands toward the sky. "Oh, Jesus, be near to help and save."

He replaced the cap and hurried across the platz to the crowded thoroughfare beyond. At the end of three blocks he turned into a narrow street and stopped in front of a high house with steep, tiled roof. The lamp in the swinging iron bracket over the door gave such a feeble light that he was obliged to grope his way through the hall to the stairs.

At the second landing he paused for a moment, fancying that he heard a light footfall behind him, but all was still, and he hastened on to the next floor. Again he stopped, thinking that he caught the sound of a stealthy, cat-like tread on the steps below. "Who's there?" he called out, but the lingering echo of his own voice was the only answer.

"How foolish I am!" he exclaimed. "It is but the clatter of my shoes on the stone stairs." Up another flight, and down the long, narrow entry he went, and still he could not shake off the feeling that he was being followed.

At that moment a door opened, and a woman peered out, holding a candle high above her head. "Is that you, Franz?" she said. "My brother has been expecting you this half-hour." By the flickering light of the candle Franz could see that there was no one in the entry. He turned, impelled by a strong desire to search the tall cupboard near the stairs and see if any one had concealed himself within, but the dread of being laughed at kept him back, and he followed the woman into a room, where a grey-haired man sat, leaning wearily against the back of his chair.

"You may go now, Katrina," said the man, motioning to an adjoining room, and when the door closed he turned to Franz, trembling with eagerness. "Well, have you decided?"

"I will try, Master Wirtig."

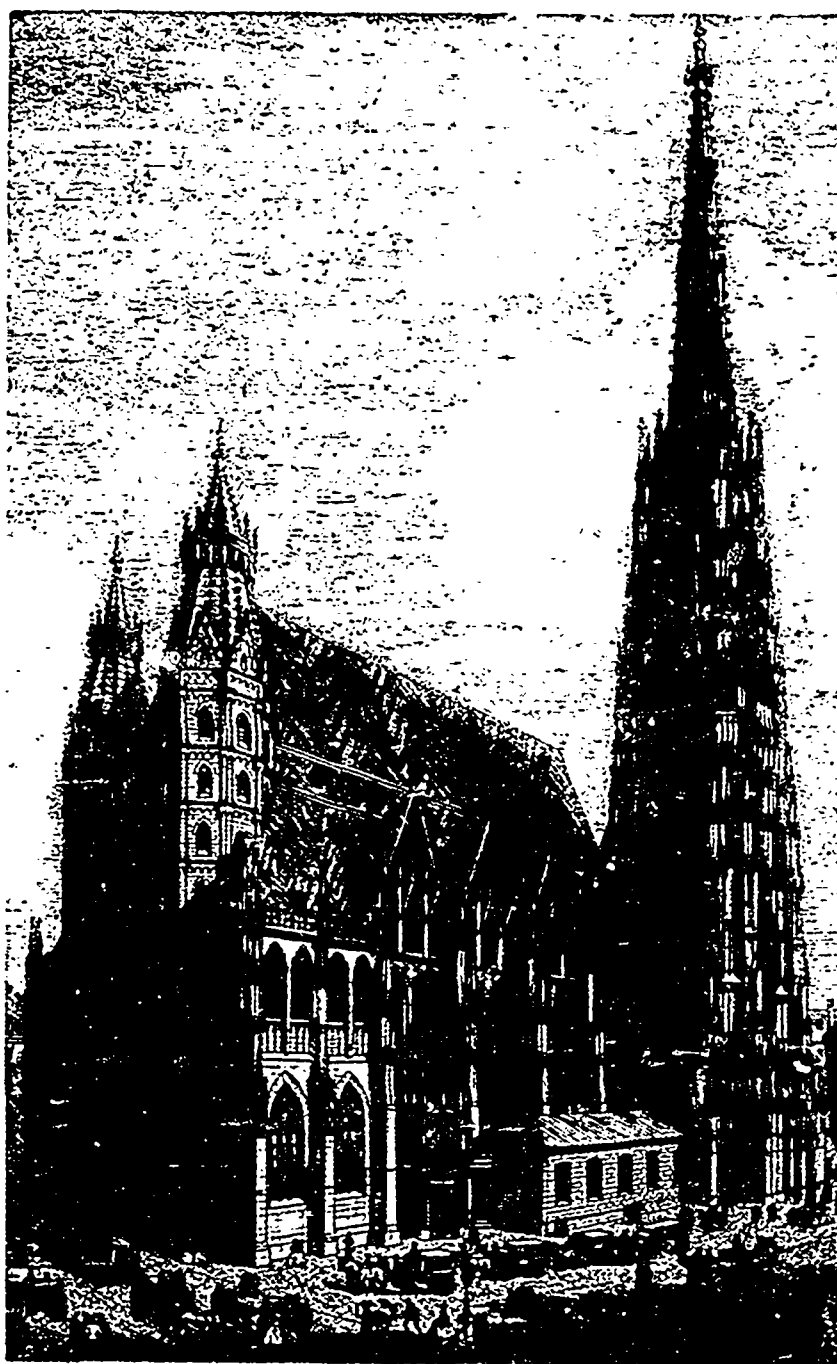
The old sexton wrung his thin hands nervously. "But if you should fall?"

"In God is my trust," answered the boy, calmly. "But one 'if' is as good as another. Why not say 'If you succeed?' It sounds more cheery."

"God grant it!" answered the man, sinking back in his chair. "I had the thought that it would be some hardy young sprig who should accept my offer, some sailor or stonemason, whose calling had taught him to carry a steady head. I never dreamed that it would be a mere lad like your elf, and worn out, too, with the care of thy sick mother. Even now I feel I do thee a grievous wrong to listen to thy entreaties."

"Think not of me, Master Wirtig. Think rather of my mother. Shall we not let her die when a few moments on yonder spire would furnish the means to make her well? The kind physician who would have helped me was smitten with the fever yesterday, and there is no one to whom I can go."

"Had I been as prudent as I ought I could have aided thee. But this lingering illness has used up what I had put aside. Here is a little for thy present need—some broth for thy mother and a bite for thyself, for thy cheeks look as touched as if thou hadst not eaten a good meal for a fortnight." He pulled out a covered basket from under the table and continued. "I shall arrange with Nicholas, for he has worked with me so long that he is as familiar with the ladders as myself, to go with thee up to the little sliding window and pass out the flag. Thou must let thyself down outside the window until thy toes touch the ledge below. Then thou must creep cautiously around to the opposite side of the spire and wave the flag. Look always straight before thee, or up at the sky. Thy safety lies in not glancing below. I believe in my heart



ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA. THE SPIRE THAT FRANZ CLIMBED.

below. And now, after all the fighting and the victory, when there is to be a triumphal entry into the city and a grand review and such rejoicing as was never known before, he feels in honour bound to supply the customary salute from the cathedral. And since this miserable fever which has stricken down so many in the city, has left him too weak to attempt it, he is trying, as you see by this notice, to get some one to take his place. He offers all the money which the Emperor never fails to send as a reward, to say nothing of the glory. I'll wager a florin that he'll offer in vain. But come, let us be going. There's too much work to be done to be loitering here."

Twice before on that day, once in the early morning and again at noon, had the boy stood as if spellbound, with his

gone, my boy, and all she needs now to make her well and strong is good care and plenty of nourishing food. The money offered by old Jacob would do all that and much more. It would mean comfort for two or three years for both mother and son, with their simple way of living.

When the lad again faced the cathedral it was with an involuntary straightening of his shrinking figure. "With God's help I will try," he said aloud, with a determined ring to his voice, "and I must go at once to let Master Wirtig know. Now that I have finally decided, it is strange how the fear has flown. It is the hesitating that takes the courage out of me. After all," he paced back, back, back until he was far enough from the cathedral to get a good view of the

(Continued on third page.)

A Little Brown Penny.

A little brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land

A little brown penny a generous thought
A little less candy just for one day
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap
To the needs of the heathen far away

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings,
It carried the message by Jesus sent;
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Wherever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When darkness fled, like wavering mists,
From the beautiful dawn of the Gospel day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child when Christ looked down?
Or how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown?

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1897.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The central idea of this movement is to copy the example of the first Methodists, in uniting for the more careful study of the Word of God and the great themes it unfolds. Amid the bewildering multiplicity of books, papers, and periodicals which flood the world of today, there is not that deep and close study of the Bible that it is desirable there should be among our young people. Even those who teach and preach are scarcely as "mighty in the Scriptures" as the early Methodists were.

The study of the Bible is pre-eminently adapted to quicken and strengthen the intellect, as well as to inspire and sanctify the heart. In these times of doubt and questioning, our young people should be intelligent Christians. Unless they are grounded in the faith, they are liable to be drifted about by the winds of sophistry and error. It is of the greatest importance that we be able to give a good reason for our Christian hope. But above the mere intellectual study of the truth must be placed the nourishment of faith and love, which only the truths of Divine revelation can supply.

The Epworth League is not simply a Bible class; it is broad enough in its sphere of study to embrace all wholesome literature that is adapted to nourish spiritual life; but special prominence is given to Methodist literature.

Many of our young people do not know how rich Methodism is in biography and history. A fuller acquaintance with the deeds and writings of the heroic men and women of Methodism would strengthen the loyal attachment of our people to their own church.

We hate sectarian bigotry. But a loyal love for one's own church is consistent with the broadest Christian charity towards Christians of other churches. There is an inspiration in remembering

the days of old, and the men and women whose names shine as the stars forever and ever.

A series of reading courses for the Epworth League has been prepared. These courses embrace the Bible; the doctrines, history, biography, and religious life of Methodism; travel, art, science, etc. They are not required, but are recommended to the members. Diplomas and goals will be awarded to members who pursue them. In order to provide for individual members who are not connected with local Leagues, a certificate has been prepared for readers, on which a seal is affixed for each course of reading pursued.

In the Methodist Church in the United States, a great impulse has been given to the study of Methodist literature by the Epworth League.

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

APRIL 11, 1897.

Adam and Eve out of Eden.—Genesis 3, 23, 24.

CHANGE.

During the time that Adam and Eve resided in Eden, they enjoyed every comfort that heart could desire, but now they are compelled to take their departure, and would no more enjoy those delights of which they had been the partakers for so many years. They would now be in a position to contrast their former comforts with their present sad condition. Toil and labour was now their lot, and only by patient effort could they be sure of the common necessities of life. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

SORROW.

They never knew sorrow nor pain in their primeval condition. Disgrace had now befallen them. They were dishonoured, and the cup of sorrow which was their lot, was full of the bitterest ingredients. You cannot mention a single evil from which the human family is suffering, but it has come into the world by sin. Man's disobedience was the cause of his fall, and all the sorrow that has been his lot must be traced to the same cause.

DEATH.

The words in verse 23, "Till the ground from whence thou wast taken," seem to have an echo very similar to the words often heard, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Whatever hope, if any, Adam and Eve had felt before this, that they might return to their former habitation, would now be extinguished, and we may be sure that, deep down in their hearts, anguish would reign, as they would feel assured that the things which had hitherto been their supreme delight, would never more afford them any consolation. God often takes away earthly things that his people may better learn the value of heavenly things.

HOPE.

Verse 24. Here there is a spark of hope. The divine presence is still vouchsafed. The cherubim and the flaming sword are evidences of divine presence, and though man is under sentence of condemnation, God has never left the world without marks of his favour, and all the plans which have been in operation for man's happiness have only been the fulfilment of the ancient promise, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." The flaming sword stands as a protection to the tree of life, may be considered emblematical of the protection of the heavenly Eden—the Father's house, the heavenly home, which will be the eternal habitation of all who fear God and work righteousness.

Thus we see mercy is mixed with judgment, and this is characteristic of all God's dealings with mankind. Man, while ruined by sin, is at the same time redeemed by Christ, and though we are fallen in Adam, we may have life and even have it more abundantly in Christ Jesus.

The volcanoes of Vesuvius and Etna are never both active at the same time.

The cries of sea birds, especially sea gulls, are very valuable as fog signals. The birds cluster on the cliffs and coast, and their cries warn boatmen that they are near the land.

Burmese humanity to animals goes so far as to provide buffaloes kept in stables with mosquito netting. The mosquitoes are as annoying to cattle as to human beings, but when left out of doors the buffaloes can protect themselves by rolling in the mud and letting it cake upon them.

A MEMORY DAY, AND WHY IT IS KEPT.

BY MARY LOMBARD BRODHEAD.

Long ago there lived a nobleman named Kaspar von Schwenckfeld. Perhaps you can tell just how long ago he lived if I tell you that he was at one time a friend of Martin Luther. You will guess from his name that his home was in Germany, and, if you will find Silesia on your maps, you will see in what part of the country he lived.

In those days, people thought a nobleman ought to spend most of his time in riding, hunting, and pleasure-seeking. They, no doubt, thought Count Kaspar a queer sort of fellow, because he chose to go to school and to the great universities. But it was in this way that he learned to think, and was prepared for the work God had waiting for him to do.

This was just at the time of what we call the Reformation. The Bible, that had been shut up in the keeping of the priests, was put into the hands and minds and hearts of the people.

Among those who took the Bible into their hearts was young Count Kaspar. Do you know that the Bible, when it gets into the heart of a man, is sure to shine out in his life, as a candle does when it is lighted and put into a lantern? So it happened that the gay lords and ladies among whom Count Kaspar lived soon found that he was in some way different from them. The real truth was that, with the Bible, the Lord Jesus Christ himself had come to live in his heart, and whoever watched his life saw Christ himself shining in it.

When we have been a long while in the dark, it hurts to have a light suddenly shine into our eyes. So it was with some of those who saw the light of Christ in Kaspar von Schwenckfeld. They turned their backs upon him, and tried to forget all about what they considered his queer notions. But there were plenty of poor people whose lives had very few pleasant lights in them, and these most gladly heard all that the good count had to tell them of Christ and his word. There were a good many, too, among his rich friends, who were won by the Christ-light of Kaspar von Schwenckfeld, and they gladly joined their poor neighbours in listening to what he found for them in God's Word. Even Luther and some other truly good men became very unfriendly to Schwenckfeld, because he did not understand some things in God's Word just as they understood it.

The hatred and unfriendliness soon grew so strong that the good count and his followers had to leave their homes and all that they had for Christ's sake. Often they were driven into the depths of the great forests. While there, they were so anxious to keep the words of their leader that they made paper of wood, ink from the juice of berries, and pens from the quills of birds, that they might write out his teachings.

After their leader died, his followers had bitterly hard times. If there were wars with the Turks, the Schwenckfeldians, as they were called, were put into the front ranks of the battles. They were sold as slaves. They were hunted in the forests of Silesia. They were destitute, afflicted, tormented, they wandered in deserts, and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth.

The hatred of their enemies followed them even after death, so far as it could. There was at one time a cruel law that they must bury their dead in the cattle-walk,—the rough, hard path, worn by the herds that grazed on the commons. In later and better times a monument has been placed near the spot, in memory of those nameless graves. Yet, in spite of all these sufferings, they would not give up the Christ whom they loved, and they called themselves by a beautiful name: "Confessors of the glory of Christ." We should call them "Confessors of the sufferings of Christ,"—shouldn't we?

These cruel persecutions had lasted about two hundred years, when God raised up friends for his suffering children, and provided for them a new home in our own America, where they could have freedom to worship God as they thought right. This is how it came about that the good ship St. Andrew, with her white sails spread, came to the port of Philadelphia on the 24th of September, 1734, bringing a little company of these storm-tossed children of God.

If you should go up to the beautiful hills of Montgomery County in Pennsylvania, you would find a good many people still calling themselves by the name of the good count who was the teacher of their forefathers. And if you were there on the anniversary of the day when the St. Andrew reached her harbour, you could go to the yearly feast that keeps in memory God's goodness and mercy in bringing them to their new and

beautiful home. You would enjoy going to a week-day meeting if it were held in a church nestled down in the edge of the woods. Even the German hymns and addresses would be interesting, though they might puzzle your English ears a little. In the English portions of the service you would hear many stories of brave deeds for Christ's sake that would make you ready to join with a thankful heart in the hymns that are sung before and after the mid-day meal. The Schwenckfelders like to keep this thanksgiving meal very simple, so that they may not forget that their forefathers were poor for Christ's sake when they came to their new home. It is for this reason that you would find at this "memory feast" only bread and butter and apple-butter. But it is rich, sweet food, for it is eaten with thankful hearts. Besides this, it has the charm of being the very same fare which their forefathers ate at their first thanksgiving meal upon their arrival.

If you ever have the good fortune to spend one of these "memory days" with the Schwenckfelders, you will drive home just when the sun is touching with purple and gold the hills and valleys. As you look at their quiet homes, and then think of the persecutions which the good count and his followers endured, you will have in your heart what some one has put into a hymn:

"From all thy saints at warfare, for all thy saints at rest,
To thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be addressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from thee."

—Sunday-school Times.

JACK THE SOLDIER.

"Can't do it. It's against orders. I'm a soldier now," said one newsboy to another.

"Yes, you look like a soldier!" was the mocking reply.

"I am, though, all the same," and Jack straightened himself and looked steadily into Jim's eyes. "Jesus is my Captain, and I'm going to do everything on the square after this, 'cause he says so."

"That won't last long," said Jim, "just wait till you're in hard luck and awful hungry, and you'll hook something fast enough."

"No; my Captain says, 'Don't steal,' and I won't. What I can't earn I'll go without, and if I'm likely to steal any time, I'll just call to him. He's always watchin' to see if any of his soldiers need help, and he's ready with it as soon as they ask for it. He'll help me to do anything he's told me to do."

Wise Jack! He had learned the secret of a happy, useful Christian life.

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, which lay eggs that 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 basket 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 cleaned and bleached to some extent. The very white, hard sponges are over-treated, and not as good as those cleaned without the use of acid. The best sponges are found in the deepest waters.

In Chicago there are 7,000 licensed saloons. The majority of them are open on Sunday.

Continued from first page.

thou wilt succeed. How I wish that this graceless Nicholas, this unruly nephew of mine, were such a one as thou! Then should I have some comfort. But with his evil companions and bad ways he brings me naught but sorrow. Listen, Franz. If all goes well, thou shalt have his place in helping me with the care of the cathedral. There is no longer any dependence to be placed on him."

In his excitement old Jacob's voice rang through the room. "What is it?" he asked, as he saw Franz start and look toward the door.

I thought I heard a rattling of the latch, as if some one were outside. "It's nothing but the wind drawing through the entry."

Franz took up his basket and bade the old sexton good-night. After he had passed into the street a figure crept out from the cupboard and stole softly down stairs. The light by the door showed a boy of about seventeen years old, with an evil scowl upon his face. "And so thou art to take my place, Franz Halle," he sneered. "That is nothing new. Twice this year has our master, the goldsmith, preferred thy work to mine and set thee over me. Truly, I wish thou mayst fall to-morrow and break thy neck."

When Franz reached home the kind neighbour who was watching by his mother's bed motioned for him to be quiet. "The sick one is sleeping well," she said. "If I had but some good broth to give her when she wakes." Franz pointed to the basket, and the delighted woman began the preparations for the evening meal. When the invalid awoke they gave her a few spoonfuls of the broth, and had the satisfaction of seeing a faint colour come into the white cheeks as she sank into a peaceful slumber.

"Do thou go to bed, Franz! I will stay with thy mother to-night, and to-morrow, too, for that matter, so that thou canst have the whole day to thyself. Thou needst it after all thy care and watching. I like not these parades and these marches of triumph. They remind me too much of my boy, whose young life helped to purchase the victory," and the good frau wiped away a tear.

The morning dawned with a bright blue sky and a crisp breeze, which shook out the folds of the triumphal banners floating from every tower and turret. The city was one blaze of colour. The gorgeous festoons on column and arch and facade were matched by the rich tints of the splendid costumes in the streets below. On every side the black eagles of Austria stood out distinctly from the gleaming orange background. The procession was due at the cathedral by the middle of the afternoon, but owing to some delay it was nearly sunset when the salute from the "fort" told of the approach of the troops. To Franz the hours had dragged wearily on, and he sprang up joyfully when Nicholas finally appeared in the little room in the tower with the furled flag under his arm. "Come," he said gruffly, "you have just time to climb up and take your stand on the spire." Up the boys went as far as the great bell, Franz close behind Nicholas.

Still they toiled upward, more slowly and cautiously now, for the danger increased with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the sliding window. To Nicholas' surprise, Franz stood there surveying it all without flinching. The younger boy turned to his burly companion: "Somehow, we've never been very good friends. I don't think the fault was all on my side, because you wouldn't let me be your friend. And we have had a good many quarrels. Won't you shake hands with me now and wish me good luck? If—if—and there was just the suspicion of a tremor in the winning voice—"I should never see you again, I should like to feel that we were friends at the last." You're very good to come up here with me."

To his dying day Nicholas never forgot the slight, almost girlish figure, standing there, with the wistful little smile and the pleading tenderness shining in the blue eyes. He touched the slender, outstretched hand with his own, but dropped it suddenly, as if he had received an electric shock. He tried to say, "Good luck," but his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth.

"Look you, Franz," he murmured hoarsely, "when you are safe outside, I'll hand out the flag. I'll wait till you reach the opposite side of the spire and call out, 'All's well,' and then I'll go down and leave you to make your way back. And glad I shall be to leave this miserable trap in mid-air."

Franz's face was deathly pale, but his eyes shone like two stars. He climbed up nimbly through the opening, let himself carefully down to the stone ledge

outside and reached up for the flag. A few moments passed, which seemed like ages to the waiting Nicholas. Then a cheer "All's well!" rang out without a quiver in the steady voice. The older boy's face grew black with rage. What nerve the pale, sickly little thing has! he muttered between his set teeth. I believe he'll do it after all! And so this baby gets not only the prizes at the goldsmith's, but the money and the glory of this thing, to say nothing of his taking my place at the cathedral."

He raised his hand to the window and stood in front of it for a moment, then shut and fastened it on the inside. Then he began to descend as if some demon were after him. The frail ladder vibrated and swayed with the dangerous strain, but down he went, with reckless haste, until he reached the second platform, when he raised his hands with an agonized gesture to his ears as if he was trying to shut out the voice of conscience that kept calling to him. Back, back, before it is too late! Stain not thy young soul with such a crime!"

Still he hurried down with flying step to the landing near the great bell, where he paused and stood leaning breathless against one of the cross-beams of the tower. Into the fierce, turbulent passions of the troubled face stole a softened expression, lighting up the swarthy lineaments like a gleam of sunshine. "I will go back and undo the horrid deed!" he cried, as if in answer to the good angel pleading within his breast. "I am coming, Franz! God forgive me!"

He had turned to make the ascent, and his hand was stretched out to grasp the side of the ladder, when his toe caught in a coil of rope on the platform, and, missing his hold, he plunged down into the space beneath.

In the meantime Franz had made his way safely around the spire and stood quietly, with the end of the flagstaff on the ledge beneath, waiting for the signal. It came in a few moments—the thunder of the great gun on the platz, and bracing his feet firmly he unfurled the flag and slowly waved it back and forth. From the answering roar of artillery and the cheer upon cheer that floated up through the air he knew that his salute had been seen.

With a light heart he began to retrace his steps, edging himself cautiously, such by such, to the window. To his surprise the sliding panel was closed. With one hand he grasped the iron ring fastened to the wall beneath the window and with the other pushed, first firmly and then with all his might, but the panel remained fast. He tried to batter it with the flagstaff, but soon found that in his cramped position it only increased his danger. Again and again he endeavoured to force it open, breaking his nails and bruising his finger tips in his frenzy, but to no purpose. Suddenly the conviction dawned upon him that the window was bolted from the inside. With a despairing sob he tottered backward, but his grasp on the ring held, and with a supreme effort he pulled himself up close to the wall and tried to collect his scattered wits.

"It is no use to shout," he said aloud. "It is more than folly to attempt to make myself heard from this height. I might as well save my strength. All that remains for me to do is to wait patiently. Some one will be sure to miss me and come to my relief. In God is my trust!" And his courage rose with the words.

The troops disbanded, and the people hurried off to the brilliantly-lighted cafes and theatres, all unconscious of the pale, silent boy clinging with desperate grip to the spire, with but a narrow shelf of stone between him and a horrible death.

The sunset faded into the twilight, and with a sudden wave darkness drifted over the earth. The noise in the streets grew fainter. The minutes lengthened into hours, and still the boy stood there, as the night wore on, occasionally shifting his position to ease his cramped and aching limbs. The night wind pierced his thin clothing, and his hands were benumbed with the cold. One by one the bright constellations rose and glittered and dipped in the sky, and the boy still managed to keep his foothold, as rigid as the stone statues on the dome below.

"Two, three, four," pealed the bells in their hoarse, deep tones, and the first glimmer of dawn tinged the eastern horizon with pale yellow the haggard face lighted with expectancy, and from the ashen lips, which had been moving all night in prayer, came the words, "In God is my trust."

"What is the meaning of yonder crowd?" asked one of two artisans who had met while hurrying across the platz to their work.

"What! Have you not heard? All Vienna is ringing with the news! It was young Franz, the goldsmith's apprentice, who climbed out on the spire yesterday and waved the flag. In some way the little window near the top was loosened on the inside, and the poor boy was forced to stay out all night clinging to the spire. It was only a short time ago that he was discovered and brought fainting down the ladders. After working over him a little while he seemed all right and was carried to his home. And there's another strange thing. Nicholas, old Jacob Wittig's nephew, was picked up, mangled and bleeding, at the foot of the tower stairs this morning. He has just been taken to the hospital."

The next day Franz received a summons from the Emperor. As he followed the officer who had been sent to conduct him to the palace, to his surprise the marble steps and the corridor beyond were lined on either side with the soldiers of the Imperial guard, and as the slender, boyish figure, with its crown of golden hair, passed between the files, each mailed and bearded warrior reverently saluted.

On he went, through another chamber and into a spacious hall with marble floors and hangings of rich tapestry. On both sides were rows of courtiers and officers, the rich costumes and nodding plumes and splendid uniforms, with their jewelled orders, contrasting strangely with the lad's plain, homespun garments.

"It is the Emperor," whispered the guide as they drew near a canopied throne, and Franz dropped on one knee.

He felt the hand that was placed on his bowed head tremble, and a kind voice said: "Rise, my boy. Kneel not to me. It is I, thy Emperor, who should rather kneel to do thee homage for thy filial piety. My brave lad, I know thy story well. Ask of me a place near my person, aid for thy sick mother, what thou wilt, and it is granted thee. And remember that as long as the Emperor of Austria shall live he will feel himself honoured in being known as thy friend."

In a short time another summons came, this time from the hospital. At the end of a long row of beds lay Nicholas, with his arm bandaged and strips of plaster covering the gashes on his forehead.

"Oh, Franz," he groaned, "if God has forgiven me, why cannot you? And you will believe that I speak the truth when I tell you I was sorry for what I had done, and I had turned to go back and unbolt the door when I tripped and fell." Franz bent over him with a bright smile. "I forgive you everything, Nicholas," he said, sweetly, "so please let us say no more about it. It wasn't a bad exchange. I lost an enemy, but I gained a friend," and the hands of two boys met in a firm, loving grasp. — Weekly Globe.

A KIND HEART.

It was a bright morning early in summer. Ex-Mayor Sichel descended the brown-stone steps of his mansion, on an up-town square, and started down the street toward his office. As he walked slowly along he noticed in front of him a very pretty young lady. She was dressed according to the latest fashion, and went tripping along with her head held high in the air, in a manner befitting a young queen. As the venerable ex-mayor looked at her fine array and watched her top-lofty manner, he could not but wonder if she took as much pains with the inward adornment of her heart as she did with the outward decoration of her body.

Presently an old man came up the street, pushing a wheelbarrow. Just before he reached the young lady he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house, but each time he failed; the gate would swing back before he could get through with the wheelbarrow.

"Wait a moment," said our stylish miss. "I'll hold the gate open." And reaching out a hand incased in a pearl-coloured glove, she held the gate until the old man and his wheelbarrow had passed in. Then she nodded and smiled in response to his thanks, while our ex-mayor thought that her handsome clothes were not a bit too fine for a body that carried such a beautiful spirit.

Greenland boys are great egg collectors. As soon as the gulls and other birds that nest in the far north appear in the spring, the work begins. No boy who has not practised a great deal at climbing the rough mountain-sides and creeping over the glaciers is allowed to venture on the perilous task. But at fifteen, and even before, a Greenland boy is as strong of limb, as fearless of heart, and as cool of head as any steeple-climber.

In Springtime.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

When spring doth break and buds do blow,
Then boys and girls a-walking go,
In woods and meadows to and fro,
To see the leaves unfold,
To pull the spicy forest root,
To spy the violet under foot,
To watch the willows start and shoot,
In wands of greeny gold.

Now Moira said to Marjorie,
"Well go together, dear, I'do see.
For sisters atill should loving be,
And kind in all their ways,
And if we meet the girls and boys,
We'll bid them leave their books and toys,
And come and share the springtime joy,
The woodland's morning play."

The first they met was (las) Tim,
All lost in drowsy drowsy dim,
And straight the lassies pounced on him,
And bade him trip along,
And next they saw, in primly pride,
Mrs Sue, with Carlo by her side,
"Come, come with us," they gaily cried,
To hear the woodbird's song."

Now passing down the village street,
They met two children small and sweet,
In winter wraps all clad complete,
With muff and fluff and fur,
Oh, fie, for shame! the maidens cry,
Come, throw your furs and mufflers by,
The starry eyebrights smile and sigh,
The pussy willows purr!"

Soon every child in our town,
In jacket, cap, or kilted gown,
Had left the street so dull and brown,
And sought the woodland fair,
The merry sisters led the way,
Marjorie sweet and Moira gay,
And, oh, but happy was the play,
When once they gathered there.

Winter," they sang, "is cold and lean,
But, fair, oh, fair, is April green,
And sweet, so sweet, is May the Queen,
With morning in her face,
Then let the children dance and sing,
With trip and quip and joyous fling,
To welcome in the golden spring,
In every country place."

MR. SPURGEON'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

When I was just fifteen I believed in the Lord Jesus, was baptized, and joined the church of Christ. This was twenty-five years ago, and I have never been sorry for what I then did, no, not even once.

I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion.

I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be his servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for life's exertions, and an unfailing comfort for life's troubles.

Because I wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light head, a joyful heart, and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience.

MILITARY DRILL IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The American Humanitarian League is circulating a pamphlet protesting against the bill now pending in Congress "to establish a bureau of military education and to promote the adoption of uniform military drill in the public schools of the several States and territories. We must confess to our utter sympathy with the league in its protest. The military spirit is foreign to the genius of our institutions. Its cultivation in the school is not a hopeful sign. Europe might teach us that. We want a sturdy, obedient, disciplined, and cultivated citizenship without a hint of fighting or of military strut. The home and the school can secure this by the exercise of a little good sense and with better views of parental authority. Such citizens would make good soldiers at a minute's warning; and we should be free at least from the lust of fighting which military drill suggests and, perhaps, stimulates. In these days when the best citizenship is striving for the abolition of war and for the adjustment of international disputes by arbitration, the introduction of compulsory military drill in the public schools is not an advance step. — Western Christian Advocate.

So say we.—Ed. Pleasant Hours.

The Girl Who Hadn't Time.

I know a little lassie—yes, I know her very well.
Her name you ask? I don't believe she'd like to have me tell;
But I suppose I'll have to call her something in my rhyme.
And so I'll name her (just pro tem) "The girl who hadn't time."

This morning at the breakfast table I was much afraid
Her hair had not been combed at all—'twas such a "tousled" braid!
She "hadn't time" to comb it! Ha!
All very well, mayhap!
But I wonder where she got the time to take the second nap.

And then she hadn't time enough to get to school in season;
And then she missed her lesson, and the teacher asked the reason.
Why, she "hadn't time" to learn it!
Now, I think it's queer, don't you,
Where she found the time to read that book of fairy tales quite through?

Oh, she's always very busy when the table should be set,
(If we waited her convenience, why, we might be waiting yet.)
And both her brothers know quite well that she could never stop
For the fraction of a jiffy, just to help them mend their top.

Ah, me! The fact, I fear, that each unbiased mind must strike
Is, the things she hasn't time for are the things she doesn't like.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES

LESSON II.—APRIL 11

CONVERSION OF CORNELIUS.

ACTS 10 30-44. Memory verses, 36-38

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins—Acts 10: 43.

OUTLINE.

1. The Centurion, v. 30-33.
2. The Apostle, v. 34-43
3. The Holy Spirit, v. 44.

Time.—About A.D. 40.

Place.—Caesarea, on the Mediterranean coast.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The devout centurion.—Acts 10: 1-8
Tu. Peter's vision.—Acts 10: 9-15.
W. The call obeyed.—Acts 10: 19-29.
Th. Conversion of Cornelius.—Acts 10: 30-43.
F. Gifts to Gentiles.—Acts 10: 44-45.
S. A light to the Gentiles.—Isa. 49: 6-12.
Su. Life by believing.—John 6: 37-47.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Centurion, v. 30-33.
Who was this Gentile?
How was Cornelius engaged four days before?
Who came to him as he prayed?
What words of encouragement did he hear?
What command was given him?
What did Cornelius do?
Why had he called his family and friends?
2. The Apostle, v. 34-43.
What apostle was this?
What great lesson had he learned?
Who is Lord of all?
Through whom was peace preached to the Jews?
How widely was this word preached?
What four things are said about Jesus?
Who were his witnesses?
How had God honoured Jesus?
What proofs are given that Jesus rose from the dead?
What were the apostles commanded to preach?
What testimony did the prophets give?
Golden Text.
What is the real spirit of prophecy?
Rev. 19: 10.
3. The Holy Spirit, v. 44.
On whom did the Holy Spirit come?
How may we secure the presence of the Holy Spirit? Acts 2: 38.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. That God's mercy extends to all men?
 2. That Jesus makes pardon possible to all men?
 3. That the Holy Spirit may come upon all men?

SCHOOLBOYS IN INDIA.

BY STANLEY DUBOIS.

India is a land of boys, and they are naturally bright boys, eager to learn, industrious, and obedient. But they and their parents are usually very, very poor. However, poverty does not mean as much in that land as it does in ours, for the climate is kind to them, and the earth yields bountifully of her stores of food. The least little bit of clothing does the boys in India the whole year round, so their wants are few and easily supplied. I once visited a mission school in India. It was early in the morning, and as we went along the dusty road we could look across the country to the blue mountains far away, and see the heat waver and glimmer over the rice and cotton fields near at hand. Here and there, peeping out from clumps of trees, we could see the mud walls and thatched roofs of the cottages of the natives.

We soon came to the boys' school-house, but it wasn't a house at all. It was a school-tree, a great, big, over-spreading giant of a tulip tree, under whose grateful shade the boys were gathered. Not a bench, desk, or table was there, and their books were the few the teacher carried under his arm. The boys sat on the grass in rows with their backs to the teacher. Those who studied arithmetic spelling or writing had large, thin, flat boards, covered with a layer of sand, in which they did their work. Those who were too poor to afford that did the work on a sandy spot on the ground. They read from cards handed

Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clear-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight."

A LESSON IN PATIENCE.

One of the happiest little boys I ever saw is a cripple, and he will never walk. His lower limbs are paralyzed, and the little fellow is wheeled around in a chair made for his especial use. When I first saw him I thought how awful it must be for a seven-year-old boy not to be able to run and play like other children, and, without thinking, I asked, "Isn't it lovely here? Don't you wish you could run and jump?"



PETER'S VISION (See S. S. Lesson.)

to them by the teacher. All studied out loud, but this did not seem to create any disturbance or confusion. They are taught the Lord's prayer in their native tongue, and each day as they leave school they are given a little card, containing a verse of Scripture which is to be committed to memory and repeated next day.

It is very difficult to reach the parents with religious teaching of any kind; but the boys are eager to learn. I have often seen a Hindu boy going down the middle of the street yelling out a Scripture verse at the top of his lungs, while learning his lesson for the next day, unknowingly sowing Gospel seed to all who heard him, which was just what the wise missionary meant he should do. Now, you know why they do not have school-houses, and books, and all the nice things we have here. They can't afford it, so the missionaries must do the best they can with the people and things as they find them. Did you ever stop to think that the most beautiful lesson that was ever taught was spoken by the Saviour, as he sat on the grass with the multitude and his disciples all about him?

That lesson fills the hearts of the boys and the girls just as full of good thoughts and deeds to-day as it did two thousand years ago.—Christian Uplook.

THE SNAIL'S MOUTH.

"It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant-looking snail's mouth, for that animal could devour anything that lives.

"Yes," said the little fellow, "I might like it, but I'm happy where I am, and perhaps I'd get hurt. Little boys do."

Then I felt rebuked, and the little boy, whistling and singing in his chair, playing with whatever is given to him, the minutes of the hours by which the days are told like sunbeams lighting and gladdening life's pathway, has been a lesson to me ever since I first saw him.—Washington Star.

GOOD ENOUGH

"You have planed this board well, have you, Frank?" asked the carpenter of an apprentice.

"Oh, it will do," replied the boy. "It don't need to be too well planed for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it."

"It will not do if it is not planed as neat'y and smoothly as possible," replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best and most conscientious workman in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but one meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect.' If a thing is not perfect it is not good enough for me."

"You haven't made things look very orderly here in the back part of the stor'," said a merchant to a young clerk.

"Well, I thought it was well enough for back there, where things cannot be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go."

"That won't do," said the merchant, sharply; and then added in a kinder tone, "You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of 'good

enough' isn't much better than 'bad enough.'"

The girls who don't sweep in the corners or dust under things, and the boys who dispose of tasks as speedily as possible, declaring that things will "do" if they are not well done, are the boys and girls who are very likely to make failures in life because the habit of inaccuracy has become a part of their characters.

The old adage, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is as true now as when it was first spoken, and it will always be true.

A LETTER WRITTEN AMID FLYING SHOTLS.

In the February Century is an article on "Nelson in the Battle of Copenhagen." Captain Mahan relates the following anecdote concerning Lord Nelson's letter proposing a truce to the Crown Prince of Denmark, despatched in the midst of hostilities: Nelson wrote in full view of all on the deck where he was, at the casing of the rudder-head, standing; and as he wrote an officer standing by took a copy. The original, in his own hand, was put into an envelope and sealed, with his arms. The officer was about to use a wafer, but Nelson said, "No; send for sealing-wax and candle." Some delay followed, owing to the man sent having had his head taken off by a ball. "Send another messenger for the wax," said the admiral when informed of this; and when the wafers were again suggested he simply reiterated the order. A large amount of wax was used, and extreme care taken that the impression of the seal should be perfect. Colonel Stewart asked, "Why, under so hot a fire and after so lamentable an accident, have you attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently trifling?" "Had I made use of a wafer," replied Nelson, "the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the Crown Prince; he would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some very pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales." It was the same sagacious regard to effect which possibly dictated the byplay of putting his glass to his blind eye, and thus refusing to see Parker's signal of recall.

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