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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1895.

[No. 17.]

## THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

AND when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping from sorrow. And said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.—Luke 22. 40-46.

## SAVED BY A LARK.

PATTY lived in the country, in a white house with green blinds. There was a nice yard, with smooth-cut grass and green trees where the birds would sit singing on the boughs.

Patty had a swing, too—one that papa put up—of good stout rope, that would go up ever so high into the branches. Patty was six years old.

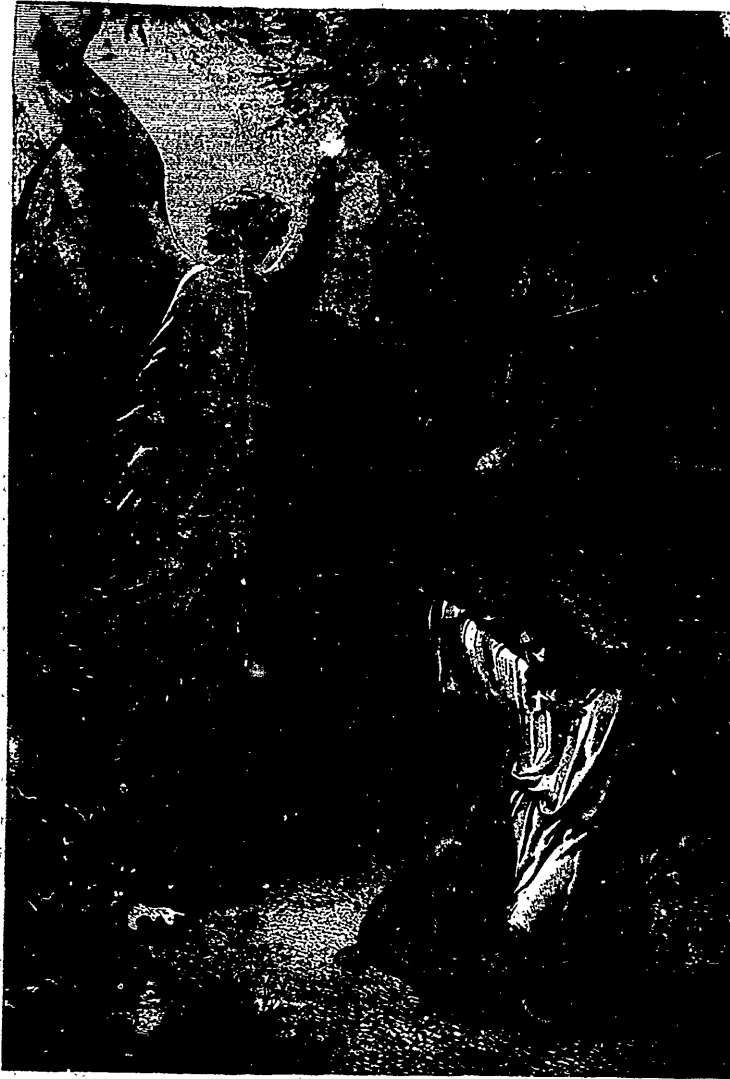
A short distance back from the house and gardens stood three great barns, filled with stores of hidden wonders. But she liked best to go with mamma in early spring into the woods to gather flowers, and search for ferns and soft, green mushrooms; or in the autumn, to go into the fields where papa was at work, and make him a little visit.

One morning, in the harvest-time, Patty was alone at the door. Outside, all was bright and sunny. Through the air came the softened hum of the distant reapers. Patty thought she would like to go out and see new; and so in another moment the little feet were trodding across the fields. When she came into the wheat field she could see the men going down one side following the reaper, and leaving a shining row of bundles behind.

Patty tried to catch up, but they worked very fast; and by-and-by, growing tired, she sat down on a sheaf of wheat. By her side the uncut grain waved in the sunlight. An old beech tree cast a cool, pleasant shade—it was very beautiful there.

Suddenly a bird flew out of the wheat near by, singing a rich, clear song. Patty clapped her hands in delight.

"Perhaps there is a nest in there," thought Patty; and "in there" she went, looking with a pair of bright eyes eagerly about. And, yes, there it was surely, a nest and three of the dearest, sweetest little birds. Was there ever anything so funny as these downy little heads with the tiny bills wide open? Such a nice place for a nest, too, Patty thought. It was like



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

being in a golden forest in there, for the grain was high above her head. The yellow straw laughed too, a waving, murmuring laugh, and tossed its head back and forth, but never whispered to the child of danger, nor even told to the men coming rapidly along the story of the little girl hidden in its midst. The men came on, the machine leading them, the horses drawing steadily, and the knives cutting sharp and sure.

What was it that made the farmer stop his team all at once? Did he know that his little daughter was in danger? No, indeed; he thought she was safely cared for

at home. But he was a noble man, with a large, kind heart, and he had seen a lark fluttering wildly over the grain. So, as he would not willingly hurt the least of God's creatures, he said to the man: "Here, Tom, come and hold the team. There is a nest somewhere near the old tree yonder. I'll hunt it up, and you can drive around so as not to hurt the birds."

Al, what a cry of surprise papa uttered when he found his darling Patty sitting there! How fast his heart beat when he thought of the danger she had been in! And how it thrilled and softened as he caught her up in his arms, and covering her

face with kisses, said, "It was the bird that saved her!"

When the first excitement was over, and Patty had been carried safely home in her father's arms, and the men were going down the field again, leaving a wide uncut space around the lark's nest, somebody—it was a great, rough looking man—said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, and his voice grew husky, "God bless the birds."

## DON'T TELL MOTHER.

"We had a sermon to-day on the relation of boys to their mothers," said Andrew.

"I should think we might any of us preach that sermon," Jimmy replied.

"I don't think that we could any of us preach it as well as our minister preached it. He certainly knows how to advise boys better than any minister that I have ever heard talk to them."

"What did he say that you did not know before?"

"It was not so much that he said things that I did not know before, as that he said the things I did know in a way to set me thinking more deeply and earnestly than I have ever thought before about this matter."

"Why, Andrew, I didn't know that you were a very bad boy about minding your mother. What have you got to repent of in this direction?"

"The sermon was not so much about boys' lack of obedience to their mothers as about their lack of confidence in those mothers. Our minister said that the habit of concealing, which some boys early adopt, has more to do with their ruin than any, or perhaps all other causes."

"Why, Andrew, a sin isn't made blacker or whiter by talking of it."

"No. That is true. It doesn't make sins blacker or whiter after they are committed, but it might keep boys from committing them if they knew that they could not be concealed from the mother. This was what our minister said: 'When I hear the young exclaiming, "Don't let mother see this! hide it away; don't tell mother where I am going." I tremble for their safety. The action that will not bear the kind scrutiny of a mother's love will shrink into shame at the look of God. Little feet that begin life by going where a mother does not approve will not easily learn to walk in the narrow way of the Lord's commandments. "Don't tell mother!" has been the rallying cry of Satan's best recruits for hundreds of years. From disregard of the mother's rule the home springs reckless disregard of the laws of society. "Don't tell mother!" is sure step downward, and the first seat in those easy cars of habit which glide so swiftly and so silently with their freight of souls, towards the precipice of ruin. 'The best and the safest way is always to tell

mother. Who is so forgiving as she? who so faithful? who so patient? Through nights of wearisome watching, through days of wearying anxiety, through sickness and through health, through better and through worse, a mother's love has been unailing. It is a spring that never becomes dry. **Confide, dear young people, in your mother;** do nothing that she has forbidden; consult her about your actions; treat her with reverential love. It has been the crowning glory of truly good and great men that, when hundreds and thousands bowed in admiration at their feet, they gave honour to their mothers. A good mother is a gift to thank God for forever. Happy are they who early learn to appreciate her worth. Boys and girls, never go where "Don't tell mother!" is necessary to cover your footsteps."

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1895.

**QUEER THINGS IN ANIMAL LIFE.**

THE greyhound runs by sight only. This is a fact. The carrier pigeon flies his hundreds of miles homeward by eyesight, noting from point to point objects that he has marked. This is only conjecture. The dragon-fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this power consist? No one can answer.

Ten thousand mosquitoes dance up and down in the sun, with the minutest interval between them: yet no one knocks another headlong on the grass or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly, a peculiar, high-shouldered, vicious creature, with long and pendent nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and, settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood while he was dancing? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon some geese in a narrow road and drives straight through the flock. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless, equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends from his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way and listen and look around before he takes his

draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of an ant which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black or negro ant? No one knows.

The power of judging the actual danger and the free-and-easy boldness that results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a correct notion of a gun's range, and are scrupulously careful to keep beyond it. The most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, but this they do not choose to do.

A naturalist of Brazil gives an account of an expedition that he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoon-bills, ibises, and other magnificent birds which are abundant there. His design was completely baffled, by a wretched little sandpiper, which preceded him, continually uttering his toll-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue its self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the hunter to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.—*Philadelphia Times.*

**DID HE DIE FOR ME?**

A CHILD sat on his mother's lap. His soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story; the tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled joy and sadness. It was a tale concerning the death of the Saviour—how he so loved the people as to give his life a ransom for them to redeem them from a lost and ruined state. Sometimes her voice was scarcely heard above a whisper, but the listening child caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes and a long sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and its ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired:

"Did he die for me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child; for you, for all."

"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling, it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

"And he will love me, mamma; I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling, and goes to a better and happier one."

"My spirit?" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit; that part of you that thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love him here, you will go to live with him in heaven."

"And I may love him here? How glad you have made me, dear mamma."

And the mother bowed her head, and silently and earnestly prayed that her child might grow up to love and revere the Saviour.

**ONE HAND HELD BACK.**

THE chief of an Irish clan, who was about to be baptized, centuries ago, held up out of the water his right hand. When asked what that act meant, he replied that he withheld that member from God's service, that with it he might war against hostile clans. With scarcely less folly do some Christians hold back part of their money, their time, or influence from God, and think that he will accept the rest. He wants all or none at all. To be a faithful follower of Jesus, we must allow nothing to come between us and him.

A soldier who went to war took with him some of the small instruments of his craft—he was a watch-tinker—thinking to make some extra shillings now and then while in camp. He did so. He found plenty of puttering, and almost forgot that he was a soldier, so that one day, when ordered off on some duty, he exclaimed, "Why, how can I go? I've got ten

watches to mend!" Some Christians are so absorbed in self-seeking that they are ready to say to the Master's call, "I pray thee have me excused!" They are nominally soldiers of Christ, but really they are only watch-tinkers—they keep back part of the price.

**The Old School-house.**

With the red paint worn from the humble walls,  
With its shutterless windows blank and wide.

With never a foot of land of its own  
Of the fields about it on every side.  
With a rusted lock and a worn door-stone,  
The little old school-house to ruin falls,  
While the shadows and sun throw warp  
and woof  
Aslant the shingles askew on its roof.

Within, the desks are few and small and straight,  
And short the aisles that run across the floor;  
A broken chair, the teacher's vacant throne,  
Still keeps its place beside the sagging door,  
Through whose wide crack a bright eye  
sometimes shone,

To spy the land when lagging feet came late;  
But the night is day, and the day is night,  
And there's never a teacher or child in sight.

A mile away, where the brown river runs,  
The old-time teacher is taking his rest,  
Careless if scholars shall work or shall play,

Idle himself, with his hands on his breast,  
He has lain in his grave for many a day;  
And the wind and the rain loiter at will,  
Where the old man sleeps on the brow of the hill.

On land and on sea, in field and in town,  
The old-time pupils are doing their work,  
But their eyes are dimmed and their hair  
is white,

And the shoulder that pushed now faint  
would shirk,  
As the schoolday lengthens into the night;  
But the master Time, and his colleague Fate,  
Know no excuse for the boy that is late.

Yet so perverse are the souls of men,  
That we struggle and strain till hearts shall  
break.

**FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE MILLER.**

NEAR Sans Souci, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill which much interfered with the view from the palace. One day the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill; and the unexpected answer came back that the miller would not sell it for any money. The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but folding his arms quickly remarked, "The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia," and he took legal proceedings, the result of which was the king had to rebuild the mill, and to pay a good sum of money besides in compensation. Although his Majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and, turning to his courtiers, he remarked, "I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom." A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller had come into possession of the mill. After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on with his business, he wrote to the King of Prussia, reminding him of the incident we have related, and stating that if his Majesty felt so disposed he should be very thankful, in the present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply in his own handwriting: "My dear neighbour, I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of the family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith £1,200, in the hope that it may be of service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me your affectionate neighbor—Frederick William."



**Trusting in Jesus.**

JUNIOR soldiers, never waver,  
Though the fighting be severe,  
Trust alone in God your Saviour,  
He will help you, never fear.  
Only trust him,  
He is by your side to cheer.

Junior soldiers, when you're downcast  
By the roughness of the way;  
Jesus trod the path before you,  
And it leads to endless day.  
Keep on fighting,  
He will help you every day.

Junior soldiers, when you're tempted  
To give in, and fight no more;  
Jesus says if we reach heaven,  
We must to the end endure.  
Only trust him,  
Till the fighting here is o'er.

**JUNIOR LEAGUE**

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

May 5, 1895.

WHOSOEVER.—John 3. 16.

This word is found in one of the grandest verses of the New Testament. The scheme of salvation is plainly set forth. Every man may be saved. The word "whosoever" means everybody. None are excluded but such as exclude themselves. The conditions on which we may be saved are within the reach of all. God gave his Son to be the world's Redeemer, and whosoever accepts of Christ as their Redeemer they are saved. To believe is the only condition. Take heed at his word. Believe what he says, in the same way as you believe anything that a friend tells you. You exercise faith daily. Business could not be conducted, if men did not repose confidence in each other. How strange that men are so slow to credit God's word though they sometimes credit statements on the poorest evidence possible. Do not forget that all who are lost will have none to blame but themselves. This word "whosoever" brings glory to every unbeliever.

**THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.**

THE spiritual work requires more truth and prayerful thought than instruction or entertainment, which themselves should be used only as means to attain the one grand purpose—the development of spiritual life.

The first lesson that children, even many from Christian homes, need to learn, is that they belong to Christ and his Church, and should never leave him. They should be encouraged to pray and speak in their own meetings, expressing their own thoughts in their own words. The mere repetition of forms which they do not fully understand, leads to insincerity. The leader should impress upon them the practical things that make up a child-Christian's life. We call them mature Christians of them. They grow naturally.

As soon as any of the Juniors give evidence of a clear perception of what it means to give their hearts to Christ, much can be gained by forming a children's class of probationers, which shall meet separately, but not sever the connection with the Junior League. This class should be taught by the leader and the pastor, in view of an early reception into full membership in the church.

The members of the Epworth League can help very much in this work. One good plan is for each member to take a class of six little ones to instruct and help, under the direction of the Junior League superintendent. This work can be done inside and outside the meetings, and is especially necessary in the cases of children whose parents are not Christians.

Let our Epworth Leaguers give more attention to the all-important work of saving the children. It means much for the League and the Church of 1910 and later.

The Butterflies' Fad.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I HAPPENED one night in my travels  
To stray into Butterfly Vale,  
Where my wondering eyes beheld butterflies  
With wings that were wide as a sail,  
They lived in such houses of grandeur—  
Their days were successions of joys;  
And the very last fad these butterflies had  
Was making collections of boys.

There were boys of all sizes and ages  
Pinned up on their walls. When I said  
'Twas a terrible sight to see boys in that  
plight,  
I was answered: "Oh, well, they are dead.  
We catch them alive, but we kill them  
With ether, a very nice way;  
Just look at this fellow, his hair is so yellow,  
And his eyes such a beautiful gray.

"Then there is a droll little darkey  
As black as the clay at our feet;  
He sets off that blonde, that is pinned just  
behind;  
In a way most artistic and neat.  
And now let me show you the latest,  
A specimen really select,  
A boy with a head that is carrotty red  
And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place him,  
Those spots bar him out of each class;  
We think him a treasure to study at leisure  
And analyse under a glass."  
I seemed to grow cold as I listened  
To the words that these butterflies spoke.  
With fear overcome, I was speechless and  
dumb,  
And then, with a start—I awoke!

FRIENDS' FOR LIFE.

BY PARSON JOHN.

CHAPTER II.

The daily papers in B. gave a glowing  
account of the rescue of Squire Wakefield's  
son.

They commended the action of Julius  
Haylock as one deserving special notice by  
the authorities, one that should be brought  
to the attention of the Queen, and hoped that  
a medal would soon be forwarded him from  
the Humane Society.

This was very consoling to old Richard and  
his wife. The old blacksmith had sacrificed  
a great deal more in the interest of Julius  
than on any of the rest of the children.

As they sat after tea in their cosy little  
dining-room with their two daughters, it was  
not to be wondered at that the conversation  
should turn upon the event that had given  
the family an honour in the town of B. that  
many another might covet.

"I don't wonder," said Richard, "that  
Madam Wakefield sent word for Jule to cum  
there and spend the evening. Guess they'll  
think that boy has got sum of the blood in  
his veins as cum over in the *Mayflower*."

"Yes, indeed, Richard; Jule is never  
ahind in being before when anything is to be  
did requirin' nary and pluck."

"Wall, I always sed that he was the dead  
image of his Uncle Isaac, what was killed in  
the 'Mfrican war,'" responded the blacksmith.

"I tell you, Dick Haylock, he's his gran-  
father over again, and a Huggins through and  
through."

"Don't quarrel over Jule's good qualities,  
and from which side of the house he got  
them," broke in Mary Elizabeth, with a hearty  
laugh.

"I am sure," remarked the other daughter,  
quietly, "that we girls have made Jule the  
noble boy that he is."

At that moment a footstep was heard com-  
ing up the path, and who should stand in the  
door but the squire?

"Good evening, Miss Haylock, is your  
father at home?"

"Yes, sir. Be kind enough to step in and  
see him for yourself," spoke out the doughty  
Richard, not giving his daughter the oppor-  
tunity to reply, rising at the same time to  
give an honest blacksmith's salutation, the  
grip of a bronzed hand that had in it that  
evening something more than ordinary friend-  
ship.

"Wall, I'm glad to see you looking so  
well," said the squire, after he had shaken  
hands with all of them, and comfortably  
seated himself in the old ro-king-chair.

"We are all feeling splendid, and I s'pose  
you're all feeling royal at Maple Grove," re-  
marked Mrs. Haylock.

"Yes, we are, I can assure you. Julius did  
a noble deed to-day and saved our home from  
what would have been a heart-breaking woe."

"He was always a good boy, and it ain't the  
first time he has made a big mark for hisself,"  
said the father, proudly.

"You should be proud of him indeed, for he  
is deserving of it," said the squire, "and I  
have just come over to have a little talk with  
you about him."

"Yes," said the mother, "our Jule is a  
jewel of the first water, as old Bingham said  
to-day. I allas knew he'd 'stinguish hisself  
afore he died."

"That he has," replied the squire, "and  
my wife has taken such a liking for Julius,  
that while she wouldn't wish to rob you of  
your boy, she would like to have him as the  
companion of James for a few years longer,  
and she sent me over to make a proposal  
regarding him which I hope will be pleasing  
to you."

"Wall, Richard, you may be sure ner wish  
ain't a bad one for Jule, no how," said Mrs.  
Haylock, and then, looking the squire earnestly  
in the face, proceeded, "that boy of  
ours is a reg'lar chip of the old block, as I was  
sayin' to-day; he's a Huggins to the dot, and  
as like my gran'father as two tater bugs."

"He ain't a bad representor of my own  
gran'father, but as the squire has somethin'  
to say concerning him, we'll hear what it are,  
and then say what we think," said Richard,  
with a meaning look, which interpreted,  
would read, "You let us have all the rest of  
the talk to ourselves."

"Well, I came to say, that if you have no  
objection to raise, and could spare Julius  
from your business, we would like to have him  
go with James to college as his room mate,  
and will place \$1,000 to his credit to enable  
him to take a course in Arts. You know it  
will require about four years for him to get the  
B. A. degree, and then he will be in a position  
to command a large salary during the rest of  
his life."

Richard looked amazed, and turning to-  
wards his wife and daughters repeated, "Did  
you ever? that beats the Dutch and the Dutch  
beats the dickens!"

"Now, father," broke in Jane, the elder  
daughter, "you go over and tell old Major  
Tightlace that he didn't know nothin' about  
Squire Wakefield when he said that mean  
thing in your forge to-day, as to how he'd bet  
a new hat that the old skinflint wouldn't  
take the pains to thank you for what Jule did  
in saving Jim's life."

"I'm awful glad for Jule's sake," spoke up  
Mary Elizabeth; "he has been doing every-  
thing, and planning every way to get an edu-  
cation, and it has come at last. Oh, won't he  
be glad!" and she fairly clapped her hands.

"That's jest what yer been prayin' for  
Richard for a most five years that he might  
go to college and becum a veteran surgery, or  
sumthin' big, and it's cum to pass. My faith  
ain't so strong as yourn, Dick, but you've got  
it straight this time, and no disputin', and I  
ain't the woman to interfere if yer can spare  
Jule to go to the Undersiversity."

The squire saw that his proposal was a  
satisfactory one all around, but knew old  
Richard well enough to give him a few days  
for mature consideration, so, remarking in an  
undertone,

"Mr. Haylock, I have some very important  
business to attend to this evening, and if after  
due reflection and consulting with your  
family, you think favourably of my offer,  
you may all come over to Maple Grove next  
Monday evening and have a general talk over  
the arrangements."

Monday evening came none too soon for  
old Richard, for Major Tightlace kept telling  
him that the squire would change his mind  
before the time, that he was only moved to  
make the offer under the impulse of the  
moment, and would repent and back down.

But the suspicious major proved to be a  
false prophet, for when the evening arrived a  
happy conference took place at Maple Grove,  
where all the plans were arranged for sending  
the young men to Toronto.

It is not my purpose to trace the history of  
the twain through the four years of their col-  
lege life. They met with sufficient difficul-  
ties to try their pluck, nerve and energy.

They found out that the path to learning  
and to honour leads often through other  
avenues than those of pleasure, even through  
fields of toil not always having enchant-  
ment.

They rose early in the morning and retired  
at reasonable hours at night. Owing to the  
resolute will of Julius, who, having taken the  
common sense view that nothing was to be  
gained by breaking down the health in  
acquiring an education, almost forced James  
to comply with his view, and it was well that  
he did, for Wakefield's ardent and ambitious  
nature would have led him astray in that

particular, had it not been for his com-  
panion.

As students they soon won and retained the  
respect and esteem of the staff of professors  
and of their fellow-students by their careful  
attention to certain rules of etiquette found  
in an old book that all students do not as  
freely consult as they might with great profit  
in these days, for though both boys were fond  
of sport and recreation suitable to their indi-  
vidual natures, yet were they truly moral,  
and Julius a Christian. They had been in  
college only a few days when they were made  
the special subjects of temptation, by some of  
the older students. Invitations to engage in  
practices prohibited by the college, and to  
spend their time in doubtful amusements.

One bright young man named Langworthy  
tried his utmost to sway Wakefield from the  
path of rectitude, but not succeeding turned  
against him and for some months perpetrated  
small annoyances upon him, which Wakefield  
would have strongly resented had it not been  
for the good advice of his thoughtful friend.

Two years later Wakefield and Haylock  
had overtaken him in their studies, but it  
seemed as if a feeling sprung up in Lang-  
worthy's breast that he never would allow  
Wakefield to pass him, for he knew that  
James had no kindly feeling towards him and  
had not forgotten the old score. Thus Lang-  
worthy proved to be his keen competitor  
through the last two years of his course, and  
fought for the honours against him with a  
desperation almost commendable. Wakefield  
won the first place, and the gold medal, by  
a scanty percentage to the good, a number, if  
my memory serves me right, represented by  
decimals.

Julius Haylock, while not as brilliant as  
his companion proved himself to be, was  
noted for his general proficiency, some of the  
professors inclining to the belief that in after  
years he might plod on and upwards to per-  
haps the highest eminence.

He graduated at the same time in the  
spring of 180, but without any great honours,  
or marks of distinction.

It was a gala day in Maple Grove when the  
two young men, just out of their teens, came  
home with their degrees and gowns, full-  
fledged Bachelors of Arts.

The squire and his wife had arranged for a  
sumptuous party to commemorate the occa-  
sion. A large number of representative citi-  
zens and young people were present by  
special invitation. Old Richard, the black-  
smith, and his family were not forgotten.  
They were there looking as comfortable as if  
they were a part of the family.

Particular care had been taken to invite all  
of the old cricket club members who were  
still in the town, and free from bad habits or  
dissipation, to be present.

Some fifteen of them were mastered.  
Another old familiar face was to be seen  
among the guests, no other than Major Tight-  
lace, the old gentleman who had predicted,  
over four years ago, that Squire Wakefield  
would never do anything for young Haylock.

The mothers of the young men looked  
especially happy. Mrs. Wakefield, more  
charming than ever, made a delightfully en-  
tertaining hostess; whilst Mrs. Haylock, in  
her own way was glad to inform everybody  
that Julius had received an offer before he  
left the city of a very lucrative position as a  
teacher at a salary of \$1,000 per year, and  
would soon be able to lay by enough to take  
him through the medical college.

There was one, if not two, of the guests  
that night, who did not seem to enjoy the  
occasion, as well as the others, and as they  
might have done under other circumstances.  
One was young McGill, the one-time cricket  
match tallier, who was filling a rather hard  
position as delivery man for one of the large  
groceries.

Ned Beattie was the other, the carriage  
blacksmith's apprentice of old Richard Hay-  
lock, the father of our hero.

During the evening, Dick Flynn, a pushing  
young drygoods salesman, who, it will be  
remembered, was the lad once upon a time  
to make the proposition to go swimming in  
Rose's pond, whispered to Beattie:

"Why do you look so crestfallen and sober  
to-night?"

"Just to think of it," replied Beattie,  
"that I had the first chance to win what  
Julius Haylock has won, but through craven-  
hearted cowardice let the opportunity go to  
him of securing a good education and a de-  
gree in Arts. Julius goes to the professor's  
chair at a thousand a year, whilst I peg away  
at a dollar a day or a little more all my life,  
because I was fool enough to refuse to jump  
from that springboard four years ago into old  
Rose's pond to save Jim Wakefield's life,  
which the blacksmith's son did with a rush,  
that has rushed him to position and honour."

"Dick, if I had only known then what I

know now, Julius Haylock would not be  
wearing that degree."

Dick turned away on his heel, and was  
heard repeating more than once that evening  
the words of Tennyson:

"How'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good,  
Kind hearts are more than coronets  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

After which he muttered to himself,  
"Jule has both the kind heart and the Nor-  
man blood, while Ned and myself, judged by  
that one action, at the golden opportunity of  
a lifetime, have little show for either."

"I wonder what that text means that Rev.  
Jabez Snodgrass repeated so often last Sun-  
day, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it.'  
Queer, ain't it, but I think it hits a few of us  
pretty hard this evening."

At that moment a toast was proposed by  
mine host the squire, to Julius Haylock, B. A.,  
the saviour of his son, and worthy compan-  
ion, throughout his college years, in which all  
joined, as the immortal line of Shakespeare  
dropped from his lips:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,"

Other toasts followed, but in Maple Grove  
mansion that night, Julius Haylock, B. A.,  
was the lionized guest of the evening, and to-  
day is one of the leading physicians in the  
Dominion, while his friend, Wakefield, is a  
prominent and intensely earnest and eloquent  
minister of the Gospel, he having been con-  
verted to God in one of the revival services  
held some years ago in the city of Chicago,  
where he was spending a few weeks with an  
old friend.

Fort William, Ont.

THE DOG'S EXAMPLE.

Two dogs met on a bridge. One was a  
big surly mastiff, like some vinegar-minded  
people; the other was a jolly, good-natured  
Newfoundlander. The mastiff ran up to  
the other and snarled at him and snap-  
ped at him and bit him; the other tried to  
defend himself. As they fought and  
tumbled over each other they both rolled  
off the bridge, splash into the water. They  
could not fight in the water. Would it  
not be well when men or boys get to fight-  
ing to take them and duck them in a tank  
of water?

The dogs let go of each other and swam  
for the shore. The Newfoundlander soon  
reached the land, and shook himself, and  
then looked around for his assailant; and  
lo! Mr. Mastiff, though a fierce fighter,  
was a feeble swimmer, and was drowning.

Did the other dog look with joy at his  
drowning antagonist, and say, "Ha, old  
fellow! see what you have got for it! I  
think you'll not snap at your neighbours any  
more!" No; he plunged into the water,  
swam to his injurer, seized him by the  
neck, and brought him safely to the shore.

There is a splendid example for you!  
It seems to me that God teaches the  
animals to do these noble things, that  
they may shame men into better efforts to  
keep his law. You remember what Jesus  
said: "Love your enemies; do good to  
them that hate you."

A FAMILY RE-UNITED.

BY REV. R. S. MARTIN.

I WENT recently into an elegant, fine  
store in one of our famous cities and found  
the head manager, whom I met at the  
door, in every sense a gentleman, educated,  
polite and with an easy grace that was  
charming. He was one of those magnetic  
characters that stay with you even after  
they are gone from your presence.

Thus I saw him, heard him, formed my  
estimate of him, but imagine my surprise  
when after a little conversation he said:  
"One year ago I was a confirmed drunk-  
ard. I had spent a fair estate, my wife  
and child had left me, and I was nothing  
more or less than a saloon tramp. Provi-  
dentially, however, a friend induced me to  
reform, and now I am a new man in Jesus  
Christ. I have had my old church rela-  
tions renewed, and next week my wife and  
daughter (who have held me on trial a  
year) are coming back, and, sir, I will sur-  
prise them with a neat, new home, com-  
pletely furnished for them. Oh, sir, I am  
as happy as a king."

## Gethsemane.

GETHSEMANE! Gethsemane!  
 Most saddened memories cling to thee,  
 Within thy garden walls I see  
 My Saviour's deepest agony  
 And bloody sweat.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
 O scene of weakness, scene of power,  
 Thou witnessed that decisive hour  
 That made the ranks of Satan cower  
 And, conquered, flee.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
 So near where the Saviour's soul was pained,  
 Spot where the bitter cup was drained,  
 Till not a single drop remained  
 E'en to the dregs.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
 Thou place of sadness, place of prayer,  
 I see the strong disciples there,  
 Their Master's woe they cannot share  
 A single hour.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
 Thou saw the cup of sorrow fill,  
 "Himself alone" abasing still,  
 To do his Heavenly Father's will,  
 All, all for love.

Dear Saviour should it come to me  
 To pass through dark Gethsemane,  
 Oh! help me to remember thee  
 And do thy will.

So may I do as thou hast done,  
 There may I go where thou hast gone,  
 Though heaven should be from Calvary won  
 I follow thee.

## LESSON NOTES

## SECOND QUARTER.

## LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 30.] LESSON V. [May 5.

## THE AGONY IN GETHSEMANE.

Mark 14. 32-42. Memory verses, 34-36.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The cup which my Father hath given me,  
 shall I not drink it?—John 18. 11.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Agony of Prayer, v. 32-36.
2. The Weary Disciples, v. 37-40.
3. The Hour of Betrayal, v. 41, 42.

LINK.—Thursday, April 6, A. D. 30, about  
 midnight before Friday, the day of the  
 crucifixion.

PLACE.—The garden of Gethsemane, at the  
 foot of the Mount of Olives.

RULERS.—Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee  
 and Perea; Pontius Pilate, procurator of  
 Judaea; Caiaphas, high priest of the Jews.

## HOME READINGS.

M. The agony in Gethsemane.—Mark 14.  
 32-42.

Tu. Agony of suffering.—Luke 22. 39-46.

W. The hour is come.—John 17. 1-8.

Th. Betrayed.—John 18. 1, 11.

F. Perfect through suffering.—Heb. 2. 9-18.

S. Gaining strength by prayer.—Heb. 5. 1-9.

Sa. The Father's will.—Heb. 10. 1-10.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Agony of Prayer*, v. 32-36.  
 What did Jesus say about being deserted?  
 Verse 27.  
 What about one denying him? Verse 30.  
 To what place did Jesus go for prayer?  
 What command did he give his disciples?  
 What disciples went further with him?  
 What did he say about his own feelings?  
 What did he bid the three disciples to do?  
 What was the attitude of Jesus in prayer?  
 For what did he pray?  
 What were his words of prayer?  
 What shows his loyalty to God's will?  
 (Golden Text.)
2. *The Weary Disciples*, v. 37-40.  
 How were the disciples engaged when Jesus  
 returned?  
 What question did he ask, and of whom?  
 What did he bid the disciples do?  
 What then did Jesus do?  
 What shows that the disciples were weary?
3. *The Hour of Betrayal*, v. 41, 42.  
 Again returning, what did Jesus say?  
 What hour did he say was at hand?  
 What command did he then give?

Whom did he go to meet?  
 Who was the betrayer? Verse 43.  
 What did the disciples do when Jesus was  
 seized? Verse 50.

Who followed and then fled? Verses 51, 52.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To take our troubles to God in prayer?
2. To watch against temptation?
3. To face our duty with courage?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what place did Jesus go with his  
 disciples? To the garden of Gethsemane.  
 2. What there came upon Christ? An agony  
 of sorrow. 3. Whom did he command to  
 watch with him? Peter, James, and John.  
 4. What was his prayer to the Father? "Let  
 this cup pass from me." 5. What words  
 showed his submission? Not as I will, but  
 as thou wilt. 6. Repeat the Golden Text:  
 "The cup," etc.

man, I will give you a shilling and this book  
 besides, if you will read me a portion of it,  
 that I shall select, to your comrades and in  
 the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he  
 chuckled out to his mates. "I'm going  
 to give you a public reading."

Mr. Carr opened to the fifteenth chapter  
 of Luke, pointing to the eleventh verse,  
 requesting the young man to commence  
 reading.

"Now, Jim, speak up," said one of the  
 party, "and earn your shilling like a  
 man."

And Jim took the book and read: "And  
 he said, a certain man had two sons, and  
 the younger of them said to his father,  
 Father, give me the portion of goods that  
 falleth to me. And he divided unto them  
 his living."

There was something in the voice of the

read, his voice trembled: "And when he  
 came to himself he said—How many hired  
 servants of my father's have bread enough,  
 and to spare, and I perish with hunger? I  
 will arise and go to my father."

At this point he fairly broke down and  
 could read no more. All were impressed  
 and moved. The whole reality of the past  
 rose up to view, and in the clear story of  
 the Gospel, a ray of hope dawned upon  
 him for his future. His father, his father's  
 house, and his mother, too, and the plenty  
 and the love ever bestowed on him there,  
 and the hired servants all having enough,  
 and then himself, his father's son, and his  
 present state, his companionships, his im-  
 temperate habits, his sins, his poverty, his  
 outcast condition, his questionable mode of  
 living all these came climbing into the  
 citadel of his mind and fairly overcame  
 him.

That day proved the turning point in his  
 life. It resulted in this long-lost and yet  
 dearly loved son returning to his home, and,  
 still better, to his heavenly Father.

## How Cyrus Laid the Cable.

Come listen unto my song,  
 It is no silly fable;  
 'Tis all about the mighty cord  
 They call the Atlantic cable.

Bold Cyrus Field, he says, says he,  
 "I have a pretty notion  
 That I can run a telegraph  
 Across the Atlantic Ocean."

Then all the people laughed, and said,  
 They'd like to see him do it;  
 He might get half seas over, but  
 He never could get through it.

To carry out his foolish plan  
 He never would be able;  
 He might as well go hang himself  
 With his Atlantic cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,  
 A fellow of decision,  
 And heeded not their mocking words,  
 Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest offers fail,  
 And yet his mind was stable:  
 He wa'n't the man to break his heart  
 Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried,  
 "Three times! you know the fable"—  
 ("I'll make it thirty," muttered he,  
 "Ere I give up the cable.")

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GETHSEMANE.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The humanity of  
 Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

But might you not obtain forgiveness by  
 repenting, and keeping the law of God in  
 future?

I am not able to repent and obey without  
 the grace of Christ; and if I could repent and  
 keep the law for the future, that would not  
 answer for my past sins.

Romans 8. 3. They that are in the flesh  
 cannot please God.

Psalm 130. 3, 4. If thou, Lord, shouldst  
 mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?  
 But there is forgiveness with thee.

## "THAT'S YOU, JIM!"

A BAND of young men in an English  
 town, with hands and faces blackened, and  
 dressed in very grotesque costumes, stood  
 at Mr. Carr's door one day. After they had  
 sung some comic songs, with strange ges-  
 tures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall  
 and interesting young man, stepped up to  
 the door, the tambourine in hand, to ask  
 for a few pennies.

Mr. Carr, taking one of the Bibles out of  
 the shop-window, said, "See here, young

reader, as well as the strangeness of the  
 circumstances, that lulled all to silence,  
 while an air of seriousness took pos-  
 session of the youth, which still further  
 commanded the rapt attention of the  
 crowd.

He read on: "And not many days after,  
 the younger son gathered all together,  
 and took his journey into a far country,  
 and there wasted his substance with riotous  
 living."

"That's you, Jim," said one of his com-  
 rades. "It's just what you told me of  
 yourself and your father."

He continued: "And when he had spent  
 all, there arose a mighty famine in that  
 land, and he began to be in want."

"Why, that's you again, Jim!" said the  
 voice. "Go on!"

"And he went and joined himself to a  
 citizen of that country, and he sent him  
 into his fields to feed swine. And he  
 would fain have filled his belly with the  
 husks that the swine did eat; and no man  
 gave unto him."

"That's like us all!" said the voice, once  
 more interrupting. "We're all beggars,  
 and might be better than we are. Go  
 on! let us hear what came of it."

And the young man read on, and as he