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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1895.

[No. 29.

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Nothing that we know of, unless it be the still worse drink habit, makes a man so selfish, so disregarding of the rights and comfort of others, as the tobacco habit. When I journey from home my life is often made a burden to me by reason of this almost universal habit. At home one can keep himself and person clear of the foul weed and its noxious emanations, but when travelling he is everywhere exposed to its poisonous fumes. Even in the elegant sleeping coach of the Canadian Pacific Railway which was my moving home for some days, upholstered as it was with all conceivable luxury, the most conspicuous article of furniture in each seat-section is an odious spittoon—"cuspidor" is, I believe, the polite word—with its hideous suggestions and associations. We have seen them even in pulpits in the South, and notwithstanding the presence of refined and delicate ladies, these abominations are in frequent use. Then, in each car the compartment commanding the best view of the magnificent scenery is dedicated to the smokers, and is furnished with more "cuspidors." From this den gentlemen emerge reeking with tobacco smoke, and sit down beside me to discuss politics, philosophy, religion, with tobacco-poisoned breath.

In Europe it frequently happens that attached to the very window out of which one looks on a lovely landscape is a receptacle for cigar ashes, whose stale contents almost make one sick with disgust.

In the ordinary passenger cars matters are still worse. In these there are no "cuspidors," and the filthy condition of the floor, after a three or four days' ride, can be more easily imagined than described.

In the emigrant car the condition of things is worst of all. Here unlimited smoking is permitted. To the reek of the foul tobacco and attendant nastiness of its own occupants, is added that contributed by passengers of the other cars, who come here to indulge their odious habit. And this, although the car is the travelling home, often for day after day, of women and children, sometimes wayworn and sick with a long sea-voyage, from whom there is no way of escape from these discomforts. Is it not then unmanly, is it not brutal to inflict them? I write thus strongly as I sweep along in just such a train as I describe amid the grand scenery of the north shore of Lake Superior.

This is not pleasant reading I admit; but the reality is far worse. I have often, while waiting for the train at a country station, stood outside half-frozen with the cold, rather than encounter the nastiness of the waiting-room crowded with smokers; and the worst of it is that the sensibilities of smokers become so blunted that they



SUMMER SCENE—HAYING TIME.

are unconscious of the nuisance they create. Have I and other non-smokers, especially women and children, not the right of protection from this nuisance?

I write on this unsavoury topic to urge boys never to acquire this odious habit. Keep your bodies clean and pure, and fit for the service of a pure and holy God; when you come to man's estate do not have to say in a literal sense, "I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips." I covet for my native land deliverance from this ugly habit. I rejoice that in the last three years over 80,000 of the young people of our Sunday-schools have signed a pledge against the twin evils of liquor and tobacco. I hope that every scholar will sign that pledge, and that soon we shall have a generation of men free from the thralldom of this vile habit.

A MINISTER startled his audience by saying, "I have forgotten my notes, and shall have to trust to Providence, but this evening I will come better prepared."

HIS KINGDOM.

IN a military hospital a soldier lad lay dying. He had stood steadily on the battle-field only a few brief hours ago, yet he was a mere lad for all that. The bloom was still on his full young cheek, heightened a little by the intense fever of his gunshot wound; his eyes were innocent in their sweet expression, although they looked round restlessly at times in search of some relief from the agonizing pain—and closed again—finding none. There was a hush in the roughly improvised hospital ward; gentle whispers and quiet foot-falls—the inevitable appendages of sickness everywhere; and the rest—you know them all. The lad lay on a narrow stretcher—a frail storm-battered boat tossing amongst breakers, every plank creaking, every seam parting, beaten up and down on pillows of anguish, the final surge that was to sink it out of sight coming nearer and nearer!—it had almost come. The nurse, who watched by his bedside, realized how close death was coming, and with a tender pity in her heart for the soldier boy

who lay dying so far away from home and mother, laid her gentle hand upon his head, saying:

"William, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet God?"

The dark eyes opened slowly, and a sweet smile passed over his boyish face, as he answered feebly:

"I am ready, sister, for this has long been His Kingdom"—as he spoke he placed his hand over his heart.

The nursing sister looked down upon him as he lay, still smiling. "Do you mean," she questioned, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?"

"Yes, my heart is his Kingdom," he answered, but his voice sounded faint and far off, as though it came from a soul well on its way through the dark "valley of the shadow of death."

When they looked at him a few hours later, he lay with a light like the sunset at eventide upon his face, and his hand upon his heart—"His Kingdom;" the loyal heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier lad's soul had gone up to God. The King had come to "His Kingdom."

Is the Lord reigning in your soul? Can you pray "Thy Kingdom Come?" The hearts of his people are the palaces in which he delights to reign. Is your heart his Kingdom?

Beyond the grave there is no giving of the heart to God; there is no place to pray in the tomb. Those who founder here—founder forever; a blunder now is a blunder for eternity. I do not want you to make a mistake. I do not want you to fear death, but to be ready for its coming. Let the Lord have his way with you, and let him reign in your heart, dear young reader.

If Jehovah is King, are we giving him glory?

Our Royal Redeemer should reign on his throne;
Are our lives the sweet echo of gospel-told story
Lived out by the hearts that his sovereignty own;

REER AND CHOLERA.

A DESPATCH from Hamburg says that the cholera there has been especially severe on beer drinkers and intemperate people generally. This is the case in all epidemics, not that beer is per se inducive of cholera or fever or contagion of any kind, but people who drink heavily of intoxicants have no stamina with which to resist disease. A drunkard is always at a disadvantage in an epidemic. His stomach is in bad condition and his organs are disturbed in their functions. He falls an early victim. Should cholera reach this city the habitual drunkards will fare badly. There is a little prohibition sermon in this text.—N. Y. Morning Advertiser.

The Worst Boy in the Town.
A CANADIAN STORY,
BY
Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the noon-day."

It had long been a custom of Mildred Grey's to frequently take her work or book, on fine afternoons when her father was not at home, and go down by the water in some sheltered nook.

On the following afternoon her father had taken a drive out in the country to look after some pastoral work, which he, when well enough, took charge of. So being left alone, Mildred locked up the pretty cottage, and started, with her embroidery and *Methodist Magazine* under her arm, for the water.

She seated herself in a sheltered nook overlooking the water, where she had a good view, and yet could not be easily observed.

Away, away before her, in all its solemn majesty stretched the blue waters of Lake Ontario. The warm sunshine rested upon it, making it sparkle like silver. Calm and motionless it lay—no white-capped waves were visible; it looked like some great monster asleep; its tiny waves washed slowly back and forth on the sands, and there was in its gentle motion no suggestion of the wild tumult and seething foam it could so easily change into.

"Oh, peaceful, sunshiny water!" said Mildred to herself, as she watched it. "Thou hast art as deceitful as thou art fair! Thou hast caused many a wreck! Many a promising life has been swallowed up by thee!"

Then she thought of Jesus' words—"Fear not them which kill the body but are not able to destroy the soul."

"The liquor shops are destroying both soul and body," said she to herself. "They present as peaceful and harmless an exterior as this placid lake, but death—eternal death—lurks in their poisonous draught."

After sitting for some moments lost in thought, she opened her *Methodist Magazine*, and was soon deeply interested in the stories of "The Dragon and the Tea-kettle," and "A Singer from the Sea."

Presently she heard voices approaching—a group of merry school girls came and sat down on the other side of the rock, and began chattering in a confidential way to each other, quite unaware that Mildred was so close to them.

Not wishing to be a listener to what was not intended for her to hear, Mildred gathered up her book and her work and was about to move away when a fragment of their conversation arrested her attention and caused her to remain very still and listen eagerly.

"Who got the prize in Mr. Seburn's room?" said one to the other.

"No one got it; they had a terrible time over it; Jack Harding's essay was the best and the prize was awarded to him, but someone noticed an open history in his desk and they all thought he cheated."

"I don't believe he'd cheat about it," said another.

"He's said to be the worst boy in the town, but I have heard lots of people say that he is honest; and one can see by the upright, manly way he has of carrying himself that he'd scorn to tell a lie."

"It seems his worst fault is his temper,—he gets very angry, and then to mend the matter he drinks; that was what he did yesterday, and then he got thrown out of a rig near Miss Grey's, and she had him taken to her home, because he's in her class in the Methodist Sunday-school."

"But," said the first girl again, "everything looks against him in this case; he was observed to go in the room alone at noon, and the common opinion is that he got his book from the teacher's desk then, and put it in his own."

"Well, he didn't do any such thing," said the smallest girl in the group, who had not spoken until now, "and I can prove it too!"

"What do you know about it?" asked Mildred with a dozen voices at once.

"Why, just this," said she; "we were playing hide-and-seek, and I just thought to myself that I would hide in Mr. Seburn's room, and then I would have a splendid chance to slip out and get home free. There was not a soul in the room, so I crept in and hid up in the corner behind some rolls of maps. I had only been there a few moments when I heard footsteps, and I was scared pretty near to death, for I thought it was the teacher, and I knew he'd lecture me if he found me hiding in there. But it was only Jack Harding, and I gave a great sigh of re-

lief. He did not see me, but I saw every move he made. He walked straight to his desk, and put a bunch of violets in a bottle there; then he went directly out again. I was about to make my escape when I heard footsteps again, and this time it was Bob Pierce. He did not see me either, but I saw him, and he took a blue book out of the teacher's desk and placed it in the very place where Jack had put his flowers. Of course I did not know then why he did that; and I wondered why he moved so stealthily lest someone should see or hear him, but I know now, and I think it was a mean trick.

"As soon as he had gone I slipped out and got home free. You remember that time I got home free, Maggie, and you all wondered where I hid? But I wouldn't tell, for I knew I had no business there; but I guess it was a good thing after all."

"Well, I should say so!" exclaimed the rest of the girls in a breath.

"I never liked that Bob Pierce," said one.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" shouted half a dozen voices.

"And I'll be real glad to see Jack Harding cleared," said another; for he is just as gentlemanly as ever he can be, when people let him alone and use him right."

"I think the first thing we ought to do about it is to go and tell Miss Grey," said one of them. "She takes a great interest in him, and she will be so glad to hear that his innocence can be proved."

On this they all agreed, and in another moment they would probably have set off in the direction of Miss Grey's had not she suddenly emerged from the cave and stood before them.

"I beg your pardon, girls," said she, "for listening to your conversation. I was about to move away when you first came here, but as soon as I heard Jack Harding's trouble at school mentioned, I felt that I must stay and hear it through to the end. I am so glad that his innocence can be proved. Mary," continued she, turning to the little girl, with whom she was acquainted, "will you tell the teacher just what you have told these girls?"

"Yes," said Mary, "indeed I will! But you don't think, do you, that he'll scold me very much for disobeying orders about playing in the school-room?"

"No, I am sure that he will excuse you this time since it has led to such a happy result."

Mildred parted with the girls, first gaining a promise from Mary to tell the teacher as soon as she reached the school the next morning.

"And," said Mildred, "I'll see that Jack is there."

She hurried back up town and went straight to Jack's home, determined to find him if possible and tell him the good news.

What a dismal-looking home it was, with no curtains to the windows, and everything presenting such an untidy appearance. She wondered not that Jack found life hard.

The coarse, rough-looking woman who answered her gentle knock had a red face, and eyes still redder. Mildred could scarcely keep from drawing back from her in disgust.

In answer to Mildred's inquiries about Jack, she replied that he was upstairs, and she rudely allowed the door to go shut, leaving Mildred standing outside, while she went to call him.

A little child of five or six years was playing around the yard, and Mildred at once supposed that it was Jack's little half-brother, Charlie, whom she had often heard him speak of. The child did not resemble his miserable mother in the least; he had a sweet, trusting face, and innocent blue eyes.

Mildred said a few kind words to him, and won his heart completely by taking from her purse a shining quarter and giving it to him.

Little did she know that it would go where Jack soon appeared, and as he stepped out and closed the door after him his first words were:

"Oh, Miss Grey, how could you come here, in such a place as this?"

"I was determined to see you, Jack, I have much to tell you. Come, walk down the street with me."

It was with feelings of intense pleasure that he listened to what she had to tell him. How glad he was to hear that his innocence could be fairly proved!

He was somewhat reluctant to promise to go to school the next morning, but after some hesitation he consented.

"You see this is providential," said Mildred, brightly. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and it does seem to me that everything has come about to prove your innocence in the most satisfactory way."

"I am certainly very thankful," said Jack, "for not only did I want my innocence

proved, but I also wanted that handsome book very much."

They walked silently on for a little way, but before they parted, Mildred abruptly asked:

"Is your little half-brother quite well, Jack? I saw him out playing, and I noticed he looked so very pale."

A shadow crept over Jack's face, and he answered bitterly:

"No, Miss Grey, he is not; I have been uneasy about him for some time; he seems so restless and feverish at night. I have spoken to his mother about it, but honestly, the only thing she cares for is liquor. Poor Charlie is sadly neglected."

"Well," said Mildred, "if he should get worse—if he should get real ill, do not hesitate to let me know, and I'll do all I can for him."

"Thank you, Miss Grey. You are indeed a true friend," said Jack.

(To be continued.)

A Chain of Songs.

This is the song of the bee;
"Open wide the sweet enclose
Of your bosom red to me?
I would enter in, O rose,
I would come to dwell with thee.
All the sweets of wild-flowered field,
All the wealth the gardens yield,
All these shall the guerdon be
For thy love," sings the restless bee.

This is the song of the rose:
"You are nothing to me, O bee,
For at night there's a wind that blows;
In the dark he kisses me,
And no flower the secret knows.
O wind, that wayward darts,
Take my hundred glowing hearts!
Thine are they, to wear or lose,
So thou love me," sings the rose.

This is the song of the wind:
"I love you not, wanton flower;
If I kissed you, count it sport;
There's a young tree near your bower,
And to her I pay my court.
Fold me, sweet, in your swaying arms;
I will praise your maiden charms
East and west, if you are kind
To your lover," sighs the wind.

This is the song of the tree:
"Naught care I for wind that woos!
There's a lark that flies and sings,
And him for my love I choose;
Ah, fain would I clip his wings!
Draw near, love, and build thee a nest
Right here, love, upon my breast,
And safe shall thy dwelling be;"

This is the song of the tree.

This is the song of the lark:
"O tree, I regard thee not;
Higher, higher, I aspire
For I long to reach the spot
Where I see you ball of fire,
Glowing, flashing, flaming, burning,
And my heart is madly yearning
Just to be a tiny spark
Of the great sun," sings the lark.

This is the song of the sun:
"O children, with hearts to break,
As ye lie on the world's broad breast,
I can see you quiver and ache,
With longing that's never at rest;
Only love that burns upward is living,
Such love liveth on with the giving,
Though love in return ne'er be won."
This is the song of the sun.

A SMOKER CURED.

WHEN quite young I learned to smoke, but later I went to work in a store where I could not smoke. I then commenced chewing tobacco, but afterwards I chewed and smoked both for thirty-six years. I finally decided that chewing was a filthy habit, and stopped. At that time I was a travelling salesman, and learned to drink liquor. For ten years I was a slave to drink. After losing everything worth living for I quit drinking, and then for two years I was unable to do anything. But I thank God for those two years. I have not made a practice of drinking for twenty years now, but I kept on smoking until last New Year's day. Last year I went east to see a sister whom I had not seen for twenty-one years, and after talking of the goodness of God to us, she said, as I brought out my pipe to smoke: "I cannot see how you smoke, thinking as you do." That is the religious light. I thought the matter over,

and after returning home I took my Bible and looked to see what I could find about it. First of all I found it an idol. Then I read 1 Cor. 3. 16, 17, and 10. 31. After that my smoking was no good to me. It was a sure cure. I had smoked forty-five years, but I have never smoked since.—D. B. Nicholls, in Witness.

RAINY DAYS.

SOME constitutions are powerfully affected by the weather, growing nervous and irritable when the wind is blowing in shrieking, noisy gusts, and hopelessly depressed when the splashing raindrops are making mournful music. Others tell us that a walk in the rain is a beneficial spray-bath, so long as we do not lounge about; and in glowing health and spirits they set off for a "Macintosh walk." To most of us it is an effort to be merry when through long hours the monotonous rain has been falling ceaselessly; we console ourselves with the quotation that "some days must be dark and dreary," and find a sort of coziness in settling ourselves assiduously to indoor occupation. Yet there is a beauty, too, in the showery dance that bathes the woods and waters the earth. Aldrich sings of "tremulous skeins of rain;" and there are times, after heavy brooding, threatening hours, when with delight and relief we thankfully watch the raindrops softly dimpling the pools and beating down into the street. Only the wisdom of God could so have arranged that the air like a sponge should pour out the water it can no longer retain, and thus the spreading plains should be abundantly watered. God knows when the earth needs rain; God knows when, across the sunshine of our life's prosperity, it is well that the clouds shall brood, and disappointment darken the prospect, and trouble come upon us like a storm. The dark days are blessed that remind us of our nest within the love that maybe in prosperity we scarcely held so precious. "Hope thou in God; wait patiently for him." The rainy, gloomy days are passing from us. Even now, if we lift our eyes to heaven, we shall see in the sky "God's glowing covenant" prism of his tender smile and our human tears; there is set God's bow in the clouds, and we own that it was worth all the sorrowful rain to behold its "afterward," the arch of light and peace, wherein is no shadow at all.—The Quiver.

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

A NOISE, something like the "buzzer" of a factory, produced by the "rubbing shioke" on a native drum, calls everyone to the door of the bungalow. Here we find the snake-charmer has established himself with a row of little flat baskets in front of him. Uncovering one of the baskets, he drones away on his pipe, made of a dried gourd, a monotonous air, and the snake, which seems to appreciate the music whether we do or not, raises itself, extends its hood, and waves its head about as though beating time to the measured drawl of the primitive bag-pipes. Other baskets are uncovered and the place is soon alive with venomous serpents, which the snake-charmer permits to twist around his limbs and coil about his body and clasp his neck. The cobra is one of the most poisonous of Indian snakes, and its bite means death in a very few minutes. But the charmer does not trust altogether to his music; he has probably rendered his venomous pet harmless by extracting the poison fangs. It is not safe, however, to presume on this so far as to touch the snakes, for the operation may have been performed imperfectly.

The snake-charmer will undertake to catch all the serpents in your compound and carry them away—for a consideration. He plays his bag-pipes and performs his incantations before an old ant-hill, which the gardener says has been appropriated by a snake, and he manages to induce the inmate to crawl out. Putting him into a basket he claims the reward and disappears. It by no means follows, however, that your garden is free from snakes, for some people say that the snake-charmer only catches a trained snake which he had himself previously introduced, so that snake-charming may be little better than jugglery after all.



HOUSE-SPARROWS.

Go, Learn a Trade.

I'll sing you a song to-night,
And every word is true;
You'll find that every line is meant,
Young gentleman, 'or you!
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good,
But time is flitting by,
Instead of working; don't be fooled—
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent;
So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men,
That from their duty shrink,
Who think that it would crush their pride
If they should go to work,
Take off your coat (your father said),
And find some honest maid
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your boss,
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss;
You'll find out fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1490.] **LESSON IV.** [July 28.

JOURNEYING TO CANAAN.

Num. 10. 29-36. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT

Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.—Num. 10. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. Companionship, v. 29-32.
2. Leadership, v. 33-36.

TIME.—About B.C. 1490.

PLACES.—The wilderness of Sinai and the region northward toward the east of the peninsula.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Book of Numbers, from which our lesson is taken, gives us, besides two censuses and many detailed laws and ordinances, the history of the children of Israel from the second year of the exodus to the beginning of the fortieth year. The invitation to Hobab was probably given soon after the northward journey of the people was begun.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Journeying to Canaan.—Num. 10. 29-36.
- Tu. The guiding pillar.—Num. 9. 15-23.
- W. Jehovah's promise.—Exod. 6. 1-8.
- Th. Remembering the way.—Neh. 9. 5-12.
- F. Loving-kindness acknowledged.—Isa. 63. 17-14.
- S. The almighty keeper.—Psalm 121.
- Su. "He leadeth me.—Psalm 23.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. **Companionship, v. 29-32.**
Where did Moses say that the Israelites were going?
Whom did he invite to go with them?
What was his invitation? (Golden Text.)
By what other names is Hobab known? See Exod. 2. 18; 3. 1.
What did he reply?
What entreaty did Moses utter?
Why did he thus urge Hobab?
What promise did Moses make to him?
What wise words should we heed in our choice of companions? Prov 13. 20.
2. **Leadership, v. 33-36.**
Whence did they start, and how far go?
What mountain is here meant? See Exod. 3. 1.
What leadership had they in this journey?
What token showed the Lord's presence?
How did this cloud appear by night? Num. 9. 15, 16.
What sign had they when to go or to stop? Num. 9. 17-22.
What said Moses when the ark removed?
What when the ark rested?
Under what leadership may we always be safe? See Psalm 23. 1, 2.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- What are we taught in this lesson about—
1. The choice of companions?
 2. Following God's leadership;
 3. Relying on God's care?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Moses say to Hobab? Golden Text: "Come thou with us," etc. 2. What advantage did he say Hobab would be to the Israelites? "Thou mayest be to us instead of eyes." 3. Did Hobab go? He did; and shared in the promised blessing. 4. What was carried in the march? "The ark of the covenant of the Lord." 5. What did Moses do every morning and evening? Prayed for God's presence?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The goodness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do you mean by the word sacrament? I mean an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I HAVE made up my mind to speak to you about a little matter, for I believe you want to do what is fair. Now, when the girls study just the same books you do, and often go far ahead of you at school; when so many of them become teachers, doctors, missionaries, etc., what right have you to sit about—as lazy as a cat—and let these girls work and tug till they are tired out, for your comfort, and to do things which you should attend to yourselves. Don't they like to run and play as well as you do? Don't they need the exercise and fun that you get in the great, splendid outdoors, just as much? Are you not physically stronger, and better able to bear the heat of the kitchen, and the breathed-over-and-over air of in the house, than they? Ought you not, then, in your big, hearty, good natured fashion, to "give them a lift, and take care of your own room, if they do of theirs? It seems to me this is just a "fair divide."

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up, and to earn the money

with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practising economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her eldest boy—only fourteen treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of house-work off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two youngest ones followed his example right along.

Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too—full of fun and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them.

All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and to day one of those boys is president of a college, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my "beloved physician;" while the third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Colorado, and a member of the city council.

I tell you: Boys who are good to their mother and sisters in the house, always grow up to be nice men. Now, I am not blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be; and I know, too, that you haven't been taught to think about these things.

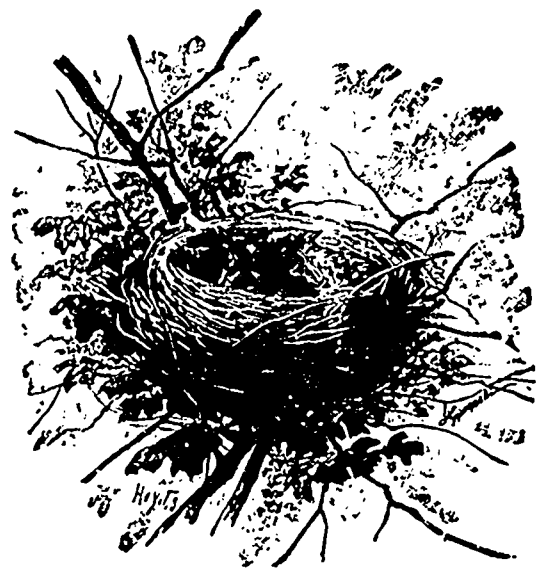
GLADSTONE AND THE POOR BOY.

THE rector of a London parish one day called on a sick boy. The boy was one of the neglected outcasts of the great city. Accustomed to earn his living by sweeping one of the muddy cross-walks, his face had become familiar to many of the passers-by. The clergyman asked him if anyone had called on him during his sickness. "Oh, yes!" replied the boy, "Mr. Gladstone came to see me." "Mr. Gladstone?" exclaimed the rector. "What Mr. Gladstone?" "Why," said the boy, "the only Mr. Gladstone."

So the great English premier could find time, amid all the onerous duties of public life to seek the abode and minister to the wants of a dirty sweep. All the attractions of aristocracy and grandeur of royalty did not dispel from his heart the sense of duty to the little outcasts. Nothing in the long, eventful life of the great man seems so noble and Christ-like as this simple incident.

MOSAIC WORK?

How many of you have seen mosaics and know how they are made? The storerooms of Rome and Florence are full of them, and there are many to be seen here in our own land. Would you think that they were made out of bits of stone, some bright and sparkling, like the precious stones, others dull and commonplace, if you look at them singly? Yet each has its own place in the perfect whole which the artist is copying. We are each of us making a mosaic of our life; and whether they are attractive or not depends on the use we make of the material—the trials, duties, and pleasures of our every-day life. We are to look constantly to Christ, our perfect pattern, as day by day our lives go on; and if our bits of life be bright with pleasure or sad with trial, each has its place.



A BIRDS' NEST.

BIRDS' NESTS.

BIRDS' nests, all boys will know, are not always to be found high up in some tree. Some birds build their nests on the ground, others on some low-growing tree, while the great eagle builds her nest high up on some rocky ledge or mountain eyry. The majority of birds, however, choose the protecting branches of some stalwart tree for the site of their home. Very different in shape and material are the nests of the various kinds of birds, but every nest, large or small, is a positive proof of the neatness and industry of its little inmate. One strange site for a bird's nest was discovered by a gentleman some years ago. A couple of busy little birds built their nest in an old tin letter-box in his garden. In a short time the nest seemed to be deserted as cobwebs had formed over the entrance. After a few days the gentleman discovered that the bird-family had only moved a short distance away, but had chosen a warmer situation for their nest. The old letter-box faced the north and was too cold for the young birds in the frosty spring evenings, so the old birds had made a new nest in an old glue-kettle that was tied to the branches of a pear tree. Here they seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and by-and-by four healthy little young ones flew away out of the new nest.

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