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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

[Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1892.

[No. 73.]

## The Bishop's Visit.

BY MRS. EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

Tell you about it? Of course I will!  
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have him come,  
My mamma said I must be quiet and still,  
And she put away my whistle and drum,  
And made me unharness the parlour chairs,  
And packed my cannon and all the rest  
Of my noisiest playthings away off upstairs,  
On account of this very distinguished guest.  
When every room was turned upside down,  
And all the carpets hung out to blow;  
When the bishop is coming to town  
The house must be in order, you know.  
Out in the kitchen I made my lair,  
And started a game of hide and seek;  
But Bridget refused to have me there,  
For the bishop was coming—to stay a week—

She must make cookies and  
cakes and pies,  
and fill every closet and  
kitchen and pan,  
I thought this bishop, so  
great and wise,  
must be an awfully hungry  
man!

At last he came; and I  
to declare,  
his grandpapa, he looked  
just like you,  
his gentle voice, and his  
silvery hair,  
and eyes with a smile a-shin-  
ing through.

Whenever he read or talked  
or prayed,  
I understood every single  
word;  
I wasn't the leastest bit  
afraid,  
though I never once spoke  
or stirred:

All of a sudden, he laughed  
right out  
and asked me sit quietly listen-  
ing so;  
I began to tell us stories  
about  
those queer little fellows in  
Mexico.

All about Egypt and Spain  
—and then  
He wasn't disturbed by a little noise,  
I said that the greatest and best of men  
Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

He thinks it is no matter at all  
if a little boy runs and jumps and climbs;  
and mamma should be willing to let me crawl  
through the banister-rails in the hall sometimes.

But Bridget, sir, made a great mistake,  
in stirring up such a bother, you see,  
for the bishop—he didn't care for cake,  
and really liked to play games with me!

But though he's so honoured in word and act—  
(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)—  
I couldn't spell Boston! That's a fact!  
But whispered to me to tell him how.

GIVE us a man, young or old, high or low, on  
whom we can thoroughly depend; the friend faith-  
ful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the  
adversary just and chivalrous.

## THAT OLD WHEEL.

A SQUEAK from the old wheel, and what is the matter? You have been turning musically day after day, but now you squeak. You may be dry and need oiling. You may be rusty and need polishing. What if there be a defect hitherto concealed? There must be oiling and polishing and a remedying of all defects.

"But why this tapping and rapping, this washing and scrubbing, this rubbing and polishing, if I prefer to be let alone?" groans the old wheel. You cannot be let alone. You are a wheel connected with other wheels. You are a part of a system, a wheel in a machine. The serviceableness of the whole depends on the effectiveness of every part. If you turn satisfactorily your neighbour will turn all the better for it. Sometimes public opinion, that serviceable wheel, will in a given locality squeak.

## A BOY NEEDS A TRADE.

WHAT about the boy who does not take up with a trade or profession? Look around you and the question is speedily answered. He must cast his hook into any sort of pond, and take such fish as may easily be caught. He is a sort of tramp. He may work in the brick yard to day, and in the harvest field to morrow. He does the drudgery and gets the pay of the drudge. His wages are so small that he finds it impossible to lay up a dollar, and a fortnight of idleness will see him dead broke.

The other night I saw a man dragging himself wearily along, carrying a pick on his shoulder:

"Tired, John?"

"More so than any horse in Detroit."

"What do you work at?"

"I'm a digger. Sometimes I work for gas companies, but oftener for plumbers."

"Good wages?"

"So good that my family never have enough to eat, let alone buying decent clothes. If it wasn't for the wife and children, I'd wish for that street car to run over me."

"Why didn't you learn a trade?"

"Because no one had interest enough to argue and reason with me. I might have had a good trade and earned good wages, but here I am working harder for \$2 or \$3 a week than many a man does to earn \$18."

And now, my boy, if men tell you that the trades are crowded, and that so many carpenters and blacksmiths, and painters, and shoemakers, and other trades keep wages down, pay no attention to such talk. Compare the wages of common and skilled workmen. Take the trade which you seem fitted for. Begin with

the determination to learn it thoroughly, and to become the best workman in the shop. Don't be satisfied to skim along from one week to another without being discharged, but make your services so valuable by being such a thorough workman that your employer cannot afford to let you go.

## LET US HAVE MORE OF THEM.

AN exchange tells us that the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal has imported from England a "coffee barrow," in which the finest quality of this refreshing beverage is wheeled about the streets and sold at the small sum of two cents per cup. Good! It is absolutely necessary to put temperance beverages on wheels, if we are to keep up with the rapidity with which the saloon secures the best corners for its business. Why should not the aroma of hot coffee in winter prove a counter attraction to the fumes of the gin mill and beer-saloon?—Golden Rule.



THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

"Why keep up the temperance agitation?" is the complaint. "Why not leave us alone? Why turn us up and turn us over, looking about us and into us, now punching, now hammering? Why not leave us alone?"

It is an impossibility, this letting alone, if we consider the good of the community; but just now we emphasize the good of the great whole—all the land—and "letting alone" is a cannot-be. Each village, town, city is a wheel in a huge mass of machinery—the land at large. Make perfect temperance sentiment in your particular town, and you affect other towns. What if New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities—the big driving wheels of the long train—were right on the temperance question? What progress the country would make! Because great wheels are not right, the little wheels have less reason to squeak because they are not let alone. Make your community, your church, your Sunday-school, a bright, sound busy temperance wheel.

A Queer Boy

He doesn't like to study, he "waken his eyes,"  
 Let it be about Indians, brutes or bears,  
 And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;  
 By sunlight or daylight his vision is clear,  
 Now, isn't that queer!

At thought of an errand he's "frod as a bound"  
 Very weary of life, and of "tramping around!"  
 But if there's a band or a circus in sight,  
 He will follow it gladly from morning to night.  
 The showman will capture him some day, I fear,  
 For he's so queer!

If there's work in the garden, his "head aches to split,"  
 And his back is so lam' that he can't "dig a bit";  
 But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon,  
 And he'll dig for a wood-hack the whole afternoon!  
 Do you think he's "poys' possum"? He seems quite  
 sincere;  
 But isn't he queer?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1892.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

BY T. H. EVANS.

"If I caught a boy of mine smoking, I'd thrash him," said a sturdy mechanic once in our hearing; and he puffed the smoke from his mouth with all the virthous indignation imaginable.

"Why would you thrash him?" we inquired, following the question by relating the street incident of a gentleman with a cigar in his mouth pointing out to his son a group of boys whom he saw smoking, remarking that it was very wrong for lads like these to smoke. To which the little fellow innocently replied, "If it is wrong for boys to smoke, isn't it worse for a man, father?"

Of course it is. If, with our judgment and superior knowledge, we do not know better, what can we expect from the inexperience of mere lads? They commence the habit in thoughtless imitation of those who are older than themselves, and we ought, therefore, to be much wiser; but length of years is not always a sure indication of wisdom. Even as the future possibilities of a great tree lie mysteriously folded up within the narrow confines of a tiny seed, so, in like manner, all great truths lie in a small compass. The whole question of how to deliver our country from this great curse has a nutshell for its hiding place. Train up the young in the path of total abstinence, and for their sake, if not for our own, let us walk the same pleasant road ourselves. Then will these pest-houses that disgrace our public streets die out, and become things of the past.

A ST. LOUIS JUNIOR.

BY REV. D. P. STILES.

Our junior league numbers twenty members. The members hold the offices and do the business. We meet each Saturday, at four o'clock, p.m. Meetings are informally opened with singing, prayer; sometimes by the leader and sometimes by members of the league, or readings from the Church Catechism. At each meeting we give the league Bible history in story form. In this they are very much interested. At the next meeting I have the league give the same historical facts in response to questions I ask. They respond freely, and evince thoughtful hearing. As we go along I aid them as I can, to see the moral and religious truths clustering about these stories. Occasionally we give temperance lessons, short and pointed; and at other times instruct them in the origin and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and impress them with her missionary zeal. All the meetings are interspersed with lively singing. One night each month we give a public review, with stereopticon illustrations. And in response to questions, I ask the children to give the audience the meaning of the pictures. At this meeting we have the children sing, and will eventually connect with it the business of the league.—*Epworth Herald.*

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Now, my boys, while you are holding your kites, suppose we hear this little story from *Wide Awake*, and see if you can make anything out of it:

"Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hours in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement-house into a brown-stone mansion.

"The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day the most of the year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig while he played a tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade, and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor.

"Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff."

SAVING HER BOYS.

I THINK when a boy has become an habitual loafer he is then ready for something worse, and I was greatly worried to find my boys come slipping in very quietly about the time the stores closed for the night, so I just resolved to try and make a pleasanter place to spend the evening than the aforesaid stores.

Our best room had hitherto been kept sacred to the use of visitors and for Sunday; but, after thinking the matter over very seriously, I started the fire, arranged everything as nicely as though I were looking for company, and then just let the boys have it. So far the plan has been a great success; for, although I never said a word to them about it, they took right up with it, and now spend their evenings at home, reading, playing—for they are all three musical; and besides being better for the boys, it is better for us.

Now, sisters—just between ourselves—of course they'll spoil the carpet, and it's a real pretty carpet too, and I have been so careful of it; but I mean, through God's help, to have my boys grow up to be good men, and if it's going to take a pretty room and pretty carpets to help do it, why I am very glad to have them, that's all.—*Exchange.*

The March Wind.

We can make no mistake, though you digger and hoer,  
 For we've been to the spots where the violets grow;

And the tiny green leaves are just showing their head  
 Where the sunbeams have played on their soft mossy bed.

And the catkins are out in their velvet gowns;  
 The brave little darlings can't get for your frowns.

Blow away! blow away! you only blow gold;  
 And while you are yaffling to storm and to scold,

The daffodils gather and deck themselves fine,  
 For they know when you come it is surely a sign

That the winter is gone, and the blizzard is near.  
 Blow away! blow away! 't is a cold fall of cheer.

And so we forgive you your boisterous ways,  
 Because you bring news of sweet summer days.

NELLY'S DARK DAYS

By the Author of "Lost in London."

CHAPTER VI.

FOUND DROWNED.

THREE days after Rodney's disappearance, Bessie was sitting at an apple stall, in her old place by the landing-stages, when the boys, running along the line of basket-women that the body of a drowned man had just been brought ashore at one of the wharves near at hand. Bessie's heart sank within her. There had been no tidings of Rodney since the evening she had first missed him, though she had sought everywhere for him; and she recollected too well the threat he had often made of putting an end to his life. She felt sick and giddy at the mere thought of recognizing him in this drowned man; yet she left her basket and stall in charge of a neighbour, and ran in the midst of the crowd which would be sure to gather about the ghastly object.

Bessie pushed through the circle of bystanders, and looked down on the dripping form lying upon the stones. The face was livid and disfigured, and the scanty hair was smooth and dark, yet it was like him—so like him that Bessie fell upon her knees beside him, sobbing passionately.

"Oh, I know him!" she cried. "He saved me from being drowned once, and now he's gone and drowned himself. Oh, I wish he could be brought to life again! Is he quite dead? Are you sure he's quite dead?"

"He's been in the water two or three days," said one of the lookers-on, speaking to another who stood near.

"Oh, then, it must be him!" sobbed Bessie. "It must be him! It's three days since little Nelly set herself on fire while he was drunk, and he went and drowned himself. He used to say he'd do it, and I hindered him. Why wasn't I there to hinder him again?"

"Are you his daughter?" asked a policeman.

"No, I was nothing to him," answered Bessie; "only he saved me from being drowned when I was a little girl. He ought never to have come to this—he oughtn't. He was a good man, and as kind as kind could be when he was himself." "Oh, why wasn't I here, Mr. Rodney, when you came to drown yourself?"

"Do you know where his family lives?" asked the policeman again.

"He hasn't got any family now," said Bessie, with fresh tears. "His wife died at his factory, and little Nelly is dying in the hospital. They say they think she'll die to-day, but I'm to go again this evening. He's got nobody but a mother down in the country, thirty miles away; and as soon as I can walk it I was going to tell her about Nelly; and now there'll be this to tell her as well. And he was such a good man once!"

"You must tell me where you live," said the policeman. "We shall want you on the inquest, you know."

"Oh, yes!" she answered; "but I haven't got any more to tell. Only I was very fond of him and Nelly, I was."

DEEPER STILL.



With bowed head and despair tugging at his heart, Rodney passed through the noise and bustle of the streets. He was bent upon seeing over again the poor place where his wife had died and Nelly been killed. It was the middle of the morning as he approached it, and as he shrank from being the object of notice to his former neighbours, he slunk down the side-alleys and passages which brought him almost opposite the building where his home had been. Again he climbed the worn steps, and gave a low knock at his own door, which was quickly answered by a voice calling, "Come in."

"Yes! his home was gone—quite gone! Here was another family on the same road to ruin as himself, dwelling within the old walls. Upon the hearth was a woman, sitting on a low stool and nursing a wailing baby, with a bottle in reach of her hand; while the scent of gin—which made every nerve of him creep and tingle filled the place. She looked up, with blood shot eyes, and asked him what his business might be.

"I'd a friend who lived here once," he said, leaning against the door-post, for he felt faint and giddy, "John Rodney by name. I suppose he's gone?"

"Oh, he's dead!" answered the woman, "he drowned himself—and a good thing too! Everybody was glad to hear the news. His little girl set herself afire, and him lying there—the brute!—too drunk to stir—couldn't lift hand or foot to help her. Mrs. Simpson, as lived next door, said how she see him crawl away after, down them steps and up the street; and three days after his body was found in the river."

"What did you say about the little girl?" he asked, sick at heart.

"Why, she set herself afire at this very grate, and him lying as he might be there; and she ran out, all in a flame, down them steps, and was burned to death. Bless you! I'd lots of folks to see the place specially ladies; but they're for getting it now. I couldn't bear it at first myself, but I bore up. This 'll help you bear up against anything."

She laid her hand on the bottle, smiling drearily, and Rodney shivered and shuddered throughout all his frame. He knew well what it would do for him. What a warmth—what a genial glow would run through all his veins, till some at least of this deadly sickness of heart would pass away. In the hospital he had had wine given to him at stated intervals, and his burden had always seemed lighter after he drank it. Here, within the narrow compass of these bare walls, was the scene of his most terrible remembrance; but here also the temptation beset him with awful and renewed strength. He gazed with greedy eyes at the bottle in the woman's hand.

"It's all gone," she said, "or I'd have given you a drop."

Rodney turned away without a word, his brain on fire with the old, hellish craving for drink. Some words were running through his mind with monotonous repetition. "Cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame."

Half way down the street lay a man in the gutter, the butt for any passer-by to kick. Rodney stood still and gazed at him, with a mingled feeling of wonder and envy to think of what deep draughts he must have taken, and what utter forgetfulness had come over him. At length he passed onward to the more public thoroughfares. There was the old frequented gin palace, with its easily swinging doors, and its attractive appliances to help the temptation to conquer him. He could resist no longer; and he did not turn away from the counter till the whole of the money, given him to carry him to his mother's home, was gone.

It was some hours before Rodney came to himself, being hastened to it by a shove from the foot of the proprietor, who had allowed him to lie asleep in a corner of the place during the slack hours of the daytime. It was time for him now to make room for others who had money to spend.

He gathered himself up and stood on his feet, looking drearily into the man's face.

"Where am I to go to?" he asked. "I've spent my last penny with you. I haven't got a hole to put my head in, nor a farthing in my pocket. Where am I to go to?"

"Where you were last night," said the man, angrily.

"I came out of the infirmary this morning," he answered, in a bewildered tone. "Where am I to go to night?"

"To the workhouse, then," said the man, "only out of this anyhow."

He opened the door and pushed him out. Rodney tottered to a doorway and sat down, gazing at the stream of people constantly passing by, with a rigid and stony face of despair. It was still twilight, and a crimson flush was tinging the sky westward, while a fresh, invigorating breeze played about his burning forehead.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" he cried within himself, "I meant to have kept that vow. Where can I hide myself from these places that entrap me! Would to God they'd take me into some mad-house, and put a strait-waistcoat on me! I am mad, or the devil is in me. If I could but crawl to some place where they'd lock me up and keep me from it, if I died for thirst! Oh, if there were only such a place for a madman like me!"

But there was no place for him, even to shelter him for the night. He was houseless, without a penny or a friend in the great and busy town. Or, rather, there was one refuge for him—the workhouse. The thought of going there came dimly to him at first, but, by and bye, he began to see that it was not merely the only place for him, but it was a place where he could not be assailed by the sight and smell of the poor, which took away his senses. As long as he could keep to the resolution of remaining within its walls he would be preserved from the temptation of the numberless gin palaces which met him at every turn. It might be that, after a time, the spell would be broken—the devil's witchcraft, which had fast him so much.

It was a painful pilgrimage, with his heavy feet and despairing spirit, to make his way to the workhouse. He could only be admitted to the casual ward for the night, but the next morning he entered as an inmate this last and only refuge.

"God help me," he said to himself, "God help me to keep inside these walls! I daren't trust myself in the streets. If there's any chance for me, it's here."

(To be continued.)

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A LITTLE boy may not weigh much according to avoirdupois measure, but when he is manly enough to give his influence for the right and to stand by his convictions, every word he utters weighs a ton.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" they asked.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to. "I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

A LAZY boy generally makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. So a shiftless, careless, mischievous, untruthful boy is likely to have the same character as he grows up to manhood.

"IT'S ALL GONE, OR I'D HAVE GIVEN YOU A DROP."

She rose from her knees and wiped her eyes, watching them earnestly as they carried the corpse into a small public-house near at hand, where it was not unwelcome, as it brought custom to the bar. The next morning she gave her evidence at the inquest, and the corpse was buried as that of John Rodney. Bessie gave up the key of the house, which she had kept in her possession; and the few poor articles of furniture in it were sold by the landlord to pay the rent that was due to him.

In the meantime, and for several weeks after, Rodney lay on the verge of death, crazy, and delirious with brain fever. His wretched life hung upon a thread, and only the marvellous skill and patience of those about him could have saved it. Nothing was known of him; and, when the delirium was over, his mind and memory were at first too weak for him to give any account of himself. As recollection returned and conscience awoke he kept silence—brooding over the terrible history of the past. There were time and opportunity now, during the long hours, day and night, while he lay enfeebled, but sober, calling up one by one all the memories of his sad life. He knew that he should be compelled to live now, and compelled to enter upon the desolate future with its sore burden of remorse and of shame. He vowed to himself that if ever he went out into the streets again—where temptations beset him on every hand—nothing should induce him to fall again into sin.

When the time came for him to leave, he was asked where his home was, and what he intended to do. Rodney's white and sunken face flushed a little as he answered: "I have no home now," he said. "I had one once, as good as a man could wish for. I earned good wages; and I'd a dear wife and little children to meet me when I came in from my day's work. But I threw it all away for drink. All my children are dead—the last that died was little Nelly. And my poor wife is dead, thank God! I've nobody in the world belonging to me, save my old mother, and I've broken her heart. I think I'll go home to her—I know she'll take me in."

With half a crown to pay his fare down to his mother's house in the country, Rodney left the infirmary, and found himself once more in the familiar streets, with their common everyday sounds and sights, and their gin palaces thrusting themselves upon his notice at every other minute of his progress through them.



DAVID THE PSALMIST.—To illustrate lesson of April 3.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 1000.] LESSON I. [April 3.

## THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Psalm I. 1-6. Memory verses, 1-6.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.—Psalm I. 1.

## CENTRAL TRUTH

Only the righteous are truly blessed.

## HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*Blessed*—A plural word in the original, because the blessedness of the good are many. *Scornful*—From Latin *ex*, and *cornu*, a horn, to break off the horns. Those who despise and hate what is good and religious. Write out this verse so as to mark the three gradations: "Walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." *Planted*—Not growing wild, but placed where God would have it. *By the rivers*—Streams, natural or artificial. In many parts of the East it is only in such places that trees flourish. *Ungodly*—From "un" and "God"; unlike God, contrary to God in acts and in character. *Chaff*—An allusion to the method of winnowing by pouring out the grain on a windy hilltop, so that the wind blows the chaff away as the grain falls. *Judgment*—The great day of judgment; but also all those other times when God in his providence rewards and punishes. *Congregation*—Any assembly, especially the assembly at the right hand at the judgment, and in heaven. *The Lord knoweth*—To know, to bless, and to approve.

## Find in the lesson—

Two different persons, and their end.  
Three things the good will not do.  
What they are like.  
What the wicked are like.  
The source of goodness.  
The downward progress of sin.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What three things does a good man not do? (Repeat ver. 1.) 2. What is the source of his goodness? (Repeat ver. 2.) 3. What is he like? (Repeat ver. 3.) 4. To what is the wicked man likened? (Repeat ver. 4.) 5. From whom is he forever separated? (Repeat ver. 5.)

## CATECHISM QUESTION

2. What are the chief benefits included in salvation?

They are the forgiveness of sins, regeneration, or the new birth, and sanctification.

## In School-Days.

BY WHITTIER.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sunnachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tanned golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favour singled;  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a grey-haired man  
That sweet child's face is showing.  
Dear girl! The grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him.

## DIED RICH.

THE wife of a hotel-keeper in Marysville, California, gives the following sketch:

"There came down from the mountains, one day, the most comical-looking old couple I ever beheld. They were English, and had lived in California two years, both working in the mines.

"The woman had on a thin, faded calico gown, which had come with her

from England ten years before, a calico jacket over her shoulders, and on her head was an apology for a sun-bonnet. Her husband wore a mackintosh, which reached to his heels, and on his head an old hat and oh, what a hat!

"Altogether they were the most forlorn looking couple one would wish to see. They carried penury in their very countenances.

"I pitied the old woman, so I gave her a gentleman's dressing-gown which had been left at the hotel. It was rather soiled, to be sure, but it was better than anything that she had. They had started home to England by the way of New York.

"When the bar-keeper requested the man to sign his name, he made a cross, and she was as ignorant as he. At night she asked me if I would give her a room with good fastenings to the doors and windows, as they had a good deal of gold dust with them. I inquired to know where it was, as they brought no baggage with them, except a bag which she had

on her arm. She said it was in belts around their waists. I told her if it were much she had better deliver it up to the proprietor of the house for safe-keeping. She said, 'Oh no, I wouldn't lose sight of it for anything! I have five thousand dollars in my belt, and my husband has the same.'

"I advised her to send it by express to New York, as they might be robbed on the way. She said they could not afford to pay the percentage for its transportation, when they could carry it and save that money. So they started to take passage for New York by the way of Nicaragua.

"The next news I heard of them was that they were both drowned at Virgin Bay while going from the shore in a boat to get on board the steamer. The weight of their gold sunk them at once, while the rest of the capsized boat's passengers floated and were picked up by other boats.

"Thus these two old people, having lived in poverty all their days, died rich, weighted down by the treasure they had earned."

## "NO GOD TO-DAY."

ANNA was the child of prayerless parents. The family met in the morning, gathered round the table spread with bounties from a loving Father's hand, with no acknowledgment of the gracious Giver. And so they passed the day, and lay down at night with no thanks for the day's mercies, no committal of all to him who never slumbers or sleeps.

At length there came a pious uncle to spend a few weeks with them. During his stay he was invited to ask a blessing at meals, and to conduct family worship.

The morning after his departure, the family gathered at the table, and were about to commence their meal without a blessing, when little Anna, who sat next her father, looked up, and said, "No God to-day, papa!" The child's touching rebuke went straight to the father's heart, and, like an arrow from the Almighty, rankled there until he found peace in Jesus, and began to acknowledge God at meals and at the family altar.

## CONVERSION OF A PILGRIM IN JAPAN.

BY MISS SPENCER.

THIS afternoon three of the girls went to pray with one of the sewing teachers. Before they left, she too was praising God. Returning home, they met an old woman, a pilgrim, who asked them the way. They gave her the desired information, and then in proving the opportunity, began to talk with her, and found she was from Osaka. They learned something of her history; that having buried a child a few years ago, she and her husband were now walking over the land in hope of becoming pure and holy, so that they might meet this child again. Counting her beads, the poor old creature was loud in the praises of her pagan religion.

The girls begged of her to go back with them to the school, and one of them instructed her in the more excellent way. A number of the girls then gathered in the room to pray. While they were yet speaking the answer came, for this wretched furnishing heart drank in the truth, and seeing her past mistakes, she threw away her beads and a canvas bag received from the priest. Upon this bag was written in Chinese characters the number of holy shrines to be visited before purification could be accomplished, and which she valued above all her possessions. She thus separated herself from her idolatry; removing every obstacle, she opened her heart to the Lord Jesus, and he came, filling her with joy and peace.

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