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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1899.

No. 18.

What is Whiskey Bringing?

Asked a portly liquor dealer:
 "What is whiskey bringing now?"
 Well I knew he meant the dollars
 That 'twould sell for; but somehow
 Differently the meaning struck me
 As upon his words I thought:
 These, methinks, the things that whiskey
 Now is bringing, and has brought:
 Bringing men to crimes unholy,
 And to dismal prisoned lives;
 Bringing poverty and sorrow
 To their children and their wives;
 Bringing pain and shame and cursing
 Where sweet love and peace should
 dwell;
 Bringing souls that might win heaven
 To the lowest depths of hell;
 Bringing tears where smiles should
 hover;
 Bringing groans where should be sing-
 ing;
 Bringing endless stores of anguish—
 These the things that whiskey's bring-
 ing!

OLDEN-TIME LETTER WRITING.

It is hard for our young people to realize the difference in the ways of letter writing in 1800 from those of the present time. Envelopes were not in use, so our Sunday-Afternoon informs us, and the sheet of paper had to be folded in such a way that there would be a blank space to put the address on.

The letter was sealed with wafers. Merchants used large red wafers, but ladies had smaller sized wafers of a variety of colours. Sealing wax was also used.

Steel pens had made their appearance in the market, but quills were universally used. It was quite an art to make a good quill pen, and one of the requirements in engaging teachers was that they should have a gift for pen-making. The teachers had to be good writers, too, for they set the copies in the writing-books for the scholars to follow.

On everybody's desk was a box of fine white sand with perforations on the cover like a pepper-box. When a page of writing was finished, the writer would shake the sand-box over it to keep from blotting—there were no blotters in use. Some of the sand would do its work and tumble off, but oftentimes some of the letters would have little sand hills and ridges on them. There were no stamps, and postage rates were varied in regard to the distance the letters had to go. An old letter shows twenty-five cents marked on the back, by the postmaster, in red letters. That letter went to Washington from New York. Rate from Boston to New York, eighteen and one-half cents. Half-cents were carried then.

There were no letter-boxes then, and no carriers. Everybody went to the post-office to mail and receive letters. But the distances were not nearly so great as they are now, and there were not nearly so many people to write letters.

Letters were letters under those considerations, and there was always something of importance to tell in them. The first postmaster-general under Washington was Samuel Osgood. The Continental Congress, as early as 1775, a year before the Declaration of Independence, assumed control of the postal service for the colonies, and appointed Benjamin Franklin postmaster-general.

Read the Sunday-school lessons at least once a day.

TREES THAT GROW BREAD.

The bread-fruit tree of Ceylon is very remarkable. Its fruit is baked and eaten as we eat bread, and is equally good and nutritious. In Barbuto, South America, is a tree which by piercing the trunk produces milk with which the inhabitants feed their children. In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces excellent butter. It resembles the American oak, and its fruit, from which the butter is prepared, is not unlike the olive. Park, the great traveller, declared that the butter surpassed any made in England from cow's milk. At Sierra Leone is the cream-fruit tree, the fruit of which is quite agreeable in taste. At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, is a small tree the berries of which make excellent candies. It is also found in the Azores. The vegetable tallow tree also grows in Sumatra, in Algeria and in China. In the island of Chusan large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered in November or December, when the tree has lost all its leaves. The bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful soap. Trees of the sapindus or soap-berry order also grow in the north of Africa. They are amazingly prolific, and their fruit contains about thirty-eight per cent. of saponin.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

the northern, western, and southern sides, are fourteen rude paintings, representing the fourteen stations, as they are called, of Jesus on his way from Pilate's hall to the cross and the sepulchre. A gravel walk, about five feet wide, passes between the wall and the garden fence to enable visitors to examine the pictures.

WHAT A BOY DID IN SPARE MOMENTS.

A thin, awkward boy came to the residence of a celebrated school principal and asked to see the master. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. He soon appeared at the back door and repeated his request. "You want a breakfast more likely," said the servant girl, and set him down to some bread and butter.

"Thank you," said the boy. "I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes maybe you want; I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight," remarked the girl, eyeing his ragged clothes.

"Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy, with the most emphatic emphasis on each word.

OUR NAMES FOR FOOD.

"Bread" comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and is derived from the same root as "brew," a reference to the raising or lightening of the bread by the use of hops. "Butter" comes from the Greek word "bous," one form of which word is "boutyron." The familiar nickname by which we sometimes call the cow—"boss," had the same origin.

"Beef" is supposed to have been derived from "bos," the Latin for the ox. It was once spelled "boef." In the rude Norseman's language, a roast of beef was "steik," and from that came our "steak." "Sirloin" steak was the "sur" or upper loin. There is a story that James I. once knighted a loin of beef, making it "Sir Loin," and thus originating the name.

"Porcus" is the Latin for "hog," hence it is easy to see how the flesh of swine came to be called pork. "Sausage" evidently comes from the Latin "sal," salt, originally sausage was salt meat, smoked and dried. Sauce is derived from "salsus," and meant a relish or flavour.

It is probable that "mutton" was once a Latin form for sheep, hence mutton. There used to be an Anglo-French coin with the picture of a lamb on it, which was called a "mutton."

"Veau" was the French for calf and so the flesh of a calf came to be called veal. "Venatio" being the Latin for hunt deer flesh is venison.

Perhaps you would like to know how the name soup originated. It used to be spelled "sop," and meant a gravy or sauce in which bread was sopped or dipped, as is still the custom in some parts of the world.

Having seen how the plainer and more substantial portion of our food was named, let us look up the christening of our sweetmeats and desserts.

"Pie" is the name of an English bird. Possibly when magpies or some other pied or spotted birds were cooked in a crust of paste, the dish was called a pie, afterward all dishes of this form, whether filled with fruit or flesh. "Cake" probably comes from cook, indicating that which has been cooked.

Coke, a refined form of coal, comes from the same source; it is cooked coal. "Pudding" seems to have come a round-about road. "Poot" is Danish for pud, paw, so

pudden is to thicken by stirring, and hence a pudding is something which has been stirred. One of our favourite desserts, "Charlotte russe," comes from the name of a Russian princess, while "blanc-mange" is from two French words, signifying "something white to eat."

WHAT IT REALLY WAS.

A recent visitor to Bulawayo, South Africa, reports some very interesting remarks made by the Matabele natives upon the white man's locomotive. One man described it thus:

"It is a huge animal belonging to the white man. It has only one eye. It feeds on fire and hates work. When the white man pumps it to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows where."

But the engine in its normal state was as nothing compared with the creature when it was being oiled.

"It is a huge animal which has the fever very badly," said the Matabele. "We know, because the white man pours medicine into so many parts of its body."



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

GETHSEMANE.

The garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus frequently resorted for prayer and solemn meditation, and where he was arrested about midnight and led away to a mock trial and to death, is one of the most sacred places in all the world to the Christian. A picture of that famous garden is given on this page. The garden is outside of the city of Jerusalem. It is inclosed by a wall about ten feet high. The wall is well built of limestone, fresh-looking, plastered, and white-washed. A small one-story building occupies the angle of the garden wall at the north-east corner. A grated iron door at the south-east corner of the garden wall affords an entrance to the garden. The inclosure is nearly square, and it includes about a half-acre of ground. The garden is divided by light picket fences into six squares, all of which are prettily laid off and cultivated in flowers of many varieties. A well near the centre of the garden affords water for irrigation, which is conveyed in pipes to every part of the garden. Around the inner face of the wall, on

The girl for the first time stopped her work.

"Well, he is in the library. If he must be disturbed, he must, I s'pose," and she whisked off to the room, remarking, as she opened the door, "Here's somebody terribly anxious to see you, sir; so I let him in."

The professor laid his book aside and talked with the boy with increasing interest, and soon took down some books and began to give him an examination which extended even to Greek, and every question was answered correctly and promptly. The professor was amazed at such youthful erudition, and asked the boy how he managed, with his apparent poverty, to accumulate such an amount of knowledge.

"Oh, I studied in my spare time," answered the boy, brightly, and with the utmost unconsciously that he was an example to even the man before him.

Here was a boy, a hard-working orphan, almost fitted for college in the spare moments that his companions were wasting. Truly are spare moments the "gold dust of time."

Queer Historians.

Just a raindrop tottering earthward,
All alone
Leaves a tiny "tell-tale story"
In the stone

Gravel tossed by tossing water
Down the hill
Showed where once in merry laughter
Flowed a rill

In the coal bed dark and hidden,
Ferns (how queer!)
Left a message plainly saying,
"We've been here!"

You may see where tiny ripples
On the sands,
Leave a history written by their
Unseen hands.

Why the oak trees, by their bending,
Clearly show
The direction playful winds blew
Years ago!

So our habits tell us, little
Maid and men,
What the history of our whole past
Life has been!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1899.

BOOKS AND READING FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

We take these suggestions for young readers from the "Books and Reading" department of the April St. Nicholas:

An old reader recommends that young folks should form the habit of acquainting themselves with the life-history of authors whose books attract them. Even the brief notes given in a biographical dictionary will lend fresh interest to an author's work, and it will often be found that new light is thrown upon a favourite book when the reader has learned why and how it was written. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" is a well-known example, and Gray's "Elegy" is another.

If you must mark a book—and the practice has its uses as well as its abuses—mark it lightly in pencil, so that the mark may be taken out. A note or any part to which one may wish to refer may be made faintly on a fly-leaf. A neat book-plate, no matter how unpretentious, is a better sign of ownership than a scrawled signature.

An enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare once boasted that any general thought found in the works of another writer could be found better expressed by Shakespeare. This seems overstated, certainly. Yet in these days of many, many books, it is well to remember that a few great books contain nearly all that human wisdom, wit, and knowledge have brought forth. It may not all be in Shakespeare, but a very small shelf of well-selected books can hold very nearly the whole treasure of literature, or, if not the whole treasure, all that one reader can truly possess.

Probably all the St. Nicholas boys and girls have read and enjoyed "Westward Ho!" and know about Charles Kingsley, and what a good as well as gifted man he was. Advice from such a man is worth one's attention, and here is a short extract from a lecture of his. You will

perhaps like to read the whole lecture some day

"In an age like this—an age of popular literature, and lectures and self-culture, too often random and capricious, however earnest—we cannot be too careful in asking ourselves, in asking others, the meaning of every word which they use, of every word which they read; in assuring them that the moral as well as the intellectual culture acquired by translating accurately one thing by making out thoroughly the sense of one chapter of a standard author is greater than they will get from skimming whole folios, or attending seven lectures a week till their lives' ends. It is better to know one thing than to know about ten thousand things

THE COST OF A BOY.

It would be a good thing for all boys, and girls too to get some idea, in real figures, of what their parents do for them. P. B. Fisk gives a lecture on the cost of a boy. He computes that, at the age of fifteen, a good boy, receiving the advantages of city life, will cost, counting compound interest on the sum invested, not less than \$5,000. At twenty-one, he will not cost any more, unless he goes to college, when he will cost twice as much. A bad boy costs about \$10,000 at twenty-one, provided he does not go to college. If he does go, he costs as much more.

Mr. Fisk thinks that girls are nearly as expensive as boys. The computation, however, comprises the pecuniary cost of raising a boy. The value of a mother's tears and a father's gray hairs are beyond the reach of figures to express. The money side is far the smaller of the two.

And when a man has put \$10,000 or \$20,000 into a boy, what has he a right to expect of him? What is fair? Is it fair for the boy to work himself to death, to run, jump, play ball, or do anything in such a way as would disable him or break him down? Is it fair for him to ruin himself with drink, defile himself with tobacco, or stain himself with sin? Some of us have put about all of our property into boys and girls; and if we lose them we shall be poor, indeed; while if they do well we shall be repaid a hundredfold. Boys, what do you think about the matter?

HOW TEDDY CONQUERED.

BY KATHRYN VERNON.

It was rather hard for Teddy to be good, for he was only a little fellow, with short black curls and great black eyes that looked as though their owner were always meditating some plan of mischief. But the mischievous eyes always grew serious when mother read Bible stories to him, and he would sit meekly by her side and listen intently. Teddy's great trial was his hasty temper. Mother had had just such an one and it had taken her many years to control it.

It was a rainy afternoon, in the middle of the summer, and mother was obliged to go out, and left Teddy in brother Rob's care.

"Take good care of Teddy, Rob dear," she said, as she started out.

"Teddy, indeed! I don't see why he couldn't stay with Bridget. I want to see Hal's magic lantern, and now I can't. I wish Ted was older, he's such a bother!" and nine-year-old Rob sat down on the stairs and dug his heels into the poor tiger-skin rug as though it were the cause of his grievance.

But Teddy sat peacefully in the sitting-room, watching his tin alligator run around the table leg. How it did run! It seemed so real. Teddy couldn't understand how they could make them so "live-looking."

That green alligator was a source of considerable pride to Teddy. Aunt Nell had given it to him when she came all the way from California to see them, the winter before she died.

Aunt Nell had always been his favourite auntie. Next to mother he had thought her the "very nicest" woman he knew. And for her sake he really loved that ugly green alligator and guarded it with jealous care.

"What are you doing, baby?" Rob asked, crossly, as he came into the room.

Teddy's black eyes flashed fire. He hated to be called "baby," although he was the youngest of the family. But he would not answer crossly, for he had told mother he would be the "bestest" boy possible while she was gone.

"Let me wind it up," Rob went on. "Be careful and don't break it," Teddy said anxiously, as Rob wound it with rather a careless hand.

"Oh, don't be so afraid. It's nothing but a tin toy, anyway," Rob replied, sharply.

He gave the key an impatient twist and something snapped.

"There I've broken it!" Rob exclaimed.

Teddy's face turned white. The tears started to his eyes.

"I think you're awful mean, Rob Ralston!"

The boy's hasty temper stood out plainly now, and he sprang towards Rob like a little cat. But mother's patient lessons were not lost. One moment of hesitation, and then, instead of the chubby little hand descending on Rob's cheek, it went around his neck, and Teddy pressed his red lips against his brother's cheek with a jerky little kiss and then ran out of the room.

Rob sat down in a chair bewildered—the shock of Teddy's strange behaviour was so great. And then, presently, Teddy came back, smiling brightly, and angry feeling quite conquered.

He picked the broken alligator up and laid it tenderly on the table.

"Let's play something else, Rob," he said.

"Teddy Ralston," Rob said, emphatically, "I'm getting to be pretty wicked, when my little brother has to teach me how to conquer my temper. Teddy, I'm just ashamed of myself, the way I've behaved, and you're a trump—that's what you are!"

And that is how Teddy taught his big brother a lesson in self-control.

HOW WILL WAS CURED.

"I don't know what to do with my little boy," said Will's mother. "He hasn't been well, and the doctor told me to take him to the seashore and let him play all day in the sand; but how am I going to make him play when he does not feel like it?"

"I know a prescription much better than your doctor's," said a strange lady, sitting by.

"What is it?" asked Will's mother.

"Call him, and let me try it," said the stranger.

"Will, O Will, come here a minute, my son!" called his mother.

Will got up slowly, leaving his bucket and spade in the sand. "They are just going to tease me about not playing," he grumbled to himself. "I wish everybody would let me alone."

But they didn't say a word to him about playing.

"Will," said the strange lady, brightly, "if you are not too busy, I wish you would help me a little."

Will pricked up his ears. It had been a long time since he had been allowed to help anybody but himself.

"Do you see that little yellow cottage away off there?" asked the lady. "It is about a mile up the beach. There is a lame boy in that cottage, and I want to send him an orange. Will you take it?"

"Yes, ma'am, certainly," said the small boy.

"And, Will," she continued, "if you can do anything to amuse or cheer him, it would be a good thing, you know. He can't get out of the house by himself, but he might wish you to help him."

Will was done moping now. He forgot all about himself in doing things for lame Lucien. The strange lady's prescription worked wonders. If you ever feel dull, little readers, I advise you to try it.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

There are some plants whose names are specially significant; one of these, very unpretentious in its appearance, is the little compass plant, sometimes called rosin weed. It derives its name from the fact that its leaves point directly north and south. A lost traveller on our Western prairies is sure of a guide if he finds this little plant, with its yellow, daisylike flowers, which is so common in the South and West. Longfellow refers to it in "Evangeline." When the kind old priest would urge the wanderer to have patience and faith he said:

"Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass flower that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the seallike, pathless, limitless waste of the desert,
Such in the soul of man is faith."

It receives its other title from the fact that its stems and leaves exude a kind of rosin, and botanists give it the "barbarous-sounding" name *Sesiphium-lactianatum*, but we become fond of even ugly names if associated with pleasant thoughts.

MISS TUNISON'S MARVELLOUS SKILL.

In a cottage home at Sag Harbour, Long Island, within a few hours' ride of New York by rail, or a night's sail by one of the Sound steamers, lives a young woman whose career should prove an inspiration to the afflicted.—Miss Fanale W. Tunison. Since the day she was born, she has not been able to walk or to use her hands. While not in any way deformed, it has been her misfortune to be completely paralyzed from her shoulders down, her head and neck alone being free. As a child, she was bright and cheerful in disposition, readily acquiring the rudiments of education under the patient care of her mother. Seated in her tiny invalid chair with her books or toys, the child would occasionally make use of her tongue to turn the pages or to "arrange" the playthings in the manner of little girls. She soon became extremely agile in the employment of that useful member. Its errands were so cleverly performed that, little by little, they grew in variety as well as in number. The lonely girl was delighted, one day, to discover that she could write, by holding a pen or pencil between her teeth. A new world opened before her. The art was not acquired perfectly (for her,) for many months, yet the task was one of unalloyed pleasure, beginning with the hieroglyphic A-B-C's, and terminating in the triumph of a first real letter. It will be readily understood that, under such conditions, Miss Tunison's correspondence can never be voluminous. A short letter is exceedingly fatiguing to the muscular parts of the neck and mouth employed.

SHE DRAWS LANDSCAPES WITH HER TONGUE.

From the use of a pen, it was but a step to the use of crayon pencils. Though crude at first, her little drawings began at length to assume a certain accuracy of touch which made them worthy of notice, aside from any sympathetic interest in the artist. Intuitively, she chose agreeable subjects,—a swan sailing over a blue pond, a cottage with climbing vines, or a yacht sailing in the harbour near her window. One effort particularly clever was the "Montauk Point Lighthouse," of which she has made a great many copies for ladies who have asked to have them made as keepsakes, and who have cheerfully paid the invalid artist for the trifle.

Miss Tunison, while acquiring these accomplishments, had grown from childhood into womanhood "almost before she knew it," so intensely occupied was she. The anomaly was presented of a young woman who appeared to be perfectly well, weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, with a fine complexion, hazel eyes, and an abundance of dark-brown hair, being lifted into and out of an invalid chair every morning and evening, and compelled to remain as she was placed, helpless as an infant.

SHE IS AN ARTIST IN NEEDLEWORK.

"I find life is really worth living," she said to a friend, the other day; "for I have so many diversions that I should be ungrateful to fate if I complained."

The most wonderful feature of her skill is yet to be told. She can sew, embroider, and work pretty patterns in silk, all with her tongue. Upon a shelf or wooden table fastened to her chair, she receives a canvas or linen tidy. Sometimes it is stamped, but if not, she will stitch the design which she wants for it herself. In commencing this work, Miss Tunison threads her needle, taking it up with her tongue and fastening it upright in the cloth. The thread is taken up in the same manner, and the end deftly inserted in the eye of the needle, which, at the time, is not visible to her eye, owing to the position of her face. Then, with a pair of silver scissors manipulated in the same way, she cuts off the thread to the required length. When she wishes to tie a knot in the thread or silk, the ends are taken into her mouth for an inch or more, her lips are closed, and, with a few extraordinary tongue-touches, a perfect knot is tied. In embroidery and dolly-making she makes use of a small block of wood as a sort of mouth-piece, while, as a matter of course, the cloth or ribbon has to be stretched for her in such a position as will enable her to ply her needle. Among her fancy-work are stamp-holders, crayon blotters, ribbon bookmarks, and booklets. She has also several crazy-quilts which she has pieced after her own patterns, the blocks being about ten inches square. Another favourite diversion is playing on the melophone. The instrument is placed on her table, and, taking the mallet between her teeth, she strikes the keys, producing many of the popular airs of the day. Miss Tunison's mother died about three years ago. The household now consists of her father, her two cousins, and herself.

The Red Breast of the Irish Robin.

Of all the merry little birds that live up
in the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and
chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dear-
est is to me,
Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet
waistcoat.
It's cockit little Robin!
And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose
him;
For he sings so sweetly still
Through his tiny slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the
snow upon the ground,
To other little birdies so bewilderin',
Picking up the crumbs near the window
he is found,
Singing Christmas stories to the chil-
dren;
Of how two tender babes
Were left in woodland glades,
By a cruel man who took 'em there to
lose 'em;
But Bobby saw the crime
(He was watching all the time!)
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his
bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn
around us thickly fall,
And everything seems sorrowful and
saddening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a
wall
Slugging what is solacing and gladden-
ing.
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,
And sings to those in grief just to amuse
'em;
But once he sat forlorn
On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
And the blood it stained his pretty little
bosom.

HOW PHILIP SAVED THE KING.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.
BY ROBERTA B. NELSON.

The battle of Worcester had been fought and lost; the king was fleeing for his life. Worcester, the "Faithful City," as Charles the First had called it on account of its loyalty, was now in the hands of Cromwell. His soldiers were killing and plundering in every street. The quaint old houses, built of oak and painted black and white in the style of the period, were ruthlessly pillaged and left desolate. In the grand old cathedral which was the pride of the city, Cromwell's "Ironsides" stabled their horses. Nothing was safe from those men of godly names.

There is no record to show that Praise-God Barebones, who became famous later, was at the battle of Worcester, but Heavenly-Justice Johnson was there, and The-Lord-is-Righteous Dighton and Holy-Salvation Ormond, and they sang hymns while they laid waste the loyal old city.

Cromwell, the Lord General, with his stout, ungainly figure, his coarse features and large red nose, did not make a very dignified commander, but his military genius was undeniable. Charles the Second was now galloping through Saint Martin's Gate on his way to Barbourne Bridge, where he awaited the coming of the few cavaliers who were able to escape from the city. Charles, at first, refused to leave his faithful friends, but they prevailed upon him to escape while they held the enemy at bay, promising to join him at Barbourne Bridge.

He was soon joined by several small parties of his fugitive followers, the Royalists or Cavaliers. A consultation was held to decide upon the safest place for the king. He wished to go to London, but his friends persuaded him not to do so, as his pursuers would surely find him there; some of them advised Scotland, but the king had had enough of Scotland and refused to return there.

At last, all agreed that in France lay the greatest safety, and that he must get to Bristol and sail for that country; but he must hide for a time, for the enemy would be searching for him as soon as they discovered that he had escaped from Worcester. It was decided that all should proceed at once to the house of a gentleman known to be true to the king; this house was in charge of a forester of undoubted loyalty. Most of the old houses throughout the country had well-concealed hiding-places where, in troublous times, many a fugitive found refuge. The king was to depend upon these hiding-places for safety until he could get to Bristol and sail for France. So Charles and his friends, about fifty or sixty in number, rode rapidly away in the twilight. In the meantime Cromwell, supposing that the "young man,"

as he called Charles, was still in the city of Worcester, caused a thorough search to be made for him. Before morning, however, he learned that Charles Stuart and some of his followers had fled; thereupon, four regiments were ordered to follow the Cavaliers; the companies of militia, stationed at the various towns, were commanded to arrest all fugitives, and also to search all houses belonging to Royalists; a proclamation was issued offering one thousand pounds to any one who should discover Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason was declared against all who concealed him.

On and on, all through the long night, rode the king and his nobles, avoiding the towns lest news of the battle had preceded them, choosing dark forest paths, riding hard, riding for dear life. Day was breaking when they reached their destination, the old house in the forest. The king rode up to the door and called aloud, "What ho!" The door was soon opened by the forester's wife, who welcomed the king and cavaliers gladly. The forester had not yet returned from Worcester, but his wife did all in her power for the comfort of the weary fugitives. While they were enjoying a hearty meal in the great hall, a door to an inner room opened and a queer little figure entered, dressed as a court fool, in motley, with a fool's cap and bells upon his head and a bauble (a short stick with a grotesque head on the end) in his hand. "Oddsfish!" cried the king gaily, "here I have a court fool, although I have no court. Methinks 'tis Archie Armstrong, my grandsire's fool, come to life again."

"'Faith, my liege," said the forester's wife, "he is the grandson of Archie Armstrong, who was jester at the court of King James. He is my son, Phillip, and is ambitious to be a court fool. His coat and cap belonged to Archie Armstrong, and the bauble came from Muckle John, the fool of your father, King Charles the First."

"Come hither, fool," said the king, and, noting the lad's shrewd face and bright eyes, added, kindly, "for this one day, at least, you shall be the king's fool, and if ever the king comes to his own, you shall come to court and be Sir Bauble."

Filled with delight, Phillip, with song and jest, sought to amuse the king and noblemen. All day they rested, and, at nightfall, the nobles prepared to leave. They had decided that the king would be safer if left entirely without escort, as he could then make use of the various hiding-places in the neighbouring country houses. Before leaving, they disguised the king as a woodman, dressing him in clothing of the forester's—cap and suit of coarse green cloth and leather and heavy hob-nailed shoes. They also cut off his hair, which he wore long, in the fashion of the day.

It was hard for the cavaliers to leave their king alone among strangers, but they knew he would be safer without them, so, with many a sad farewell, they rode away in the darkness, taking the king's horse with them lest its presence might betray the king. Before they had gone many miles, however, they met a detachment of Cromwell's troops sent in search of the king, and a fierce fight ensued, but the cavaliers, being few in number, were overpowered and killed or taken prisoners. Ten troopers were then sent to continue the search for the king, while the rest returned with their prisoners.

In the meantime, King Charles, whose gay spirits were never long depressed, even in adversity, listened to Phillip, who, in cap and bells, did his best to entertain him. Suddenly, the boy's quick ears caught the sound of galloping horses, and, darting out of the house, he listened intently; yes, there were horses coming and they were very near. He rushed back into the house, crying, "The Roundheads! The Roundheads!"

The king sprang to his feet, and then, remembering that he was unarmed and playing the part of a woodman, stood as if paralyzed. But Phillip kept his wits about him. "This way," he cried, and fairly dragging the king into the adjoining room, he opened a trapdoor in the floor and helped him to descend; "this hole opens into a tunnel," he explained rapidly, "crawl through that to the stable; close by the door you will find my horse, Bet; take her and ride to the Grange, there are fine hiding-places there."

"But I know not the way."
"Bet does; just let her go but do not leave the tunnel, my liege, until the troopers have put their horses in the stable and are in the house, then take Bet and ride, ride hard; it's ten miles to the Grange, but I will keep the rebels here until you have time to get there."

Then Phillip hastily shut down the trap-door, while the king murmured, "So

my life is left to the care of a boy and a horse!"

Running into the great hall, Phillip gave hasty counsel to his mother. "Get ready a great supper, mother, one that will keep the troopers long engaged, and bear in mind that I am not your son, but the king's fool."

The forester's wife hastened to the kitchen, and Phillip had just time to fling himself down on the steps which led into the inner room, when the ten Roundheads came storming into the hall. They at once caught sight of Phillip. "I'faith, we have found the young man, for here is his fool!" cried Lauter, the leader. "And how is thy master, Beaulb?" "He rests well," responded the fool, affecting to yawn.

The troopers laughed loudly. "Faith, he'll not rest long," one said, sneeringly, "sleeps he in yonder room, fool?" "Think you I would be sitting on these hard steps from choice, gossip?" said Phillip, stretching himself as though cramped from long sitting.

The man laughed and turned to Lauter. "Shall we take him now?"

"Ah, bide a bit," roke in Phillip, "the good dame is preparing a fine supper, perchance you like that as well as I do. What ho!" he cried, imitating the king's manner. His mother appeared at the summons. "Haste with supper, good dame," said the boy, "these guests are hungered, as they have ridden far, and, perchance, have ridden fast."

His mother disappeared, and the troopers, laughing at the boy's allusion to their pursuit of the king, flung themselves upon the benches and waited for supper, thinking the king already in their hands.

"How long hast been here, fool?" questioned Lauter.

"As long as I've been anywhere, gossip."

"'Faith, you did not linger long on your way from Worcester."

Then the forester's wife brought in the supper, and the soldiers fell upon it with a relish, while Phillip, amazed at the rapidity with which they were devouring it, and wishing to gain all the time possible for the king's escape, entertained them with many a tale and song and jest, handed down from Archie Armstrong, the jester of King James. Soon after the arrival of the soldiers, Phillip had heard a disturbance among the horses in the stable and divined that it was aroused by the king's leading out Bet.

One moment Phillip's heart beat high with hope, and the next it was filled with dire misgivings. Would old Bet go straight to the Grange? He hoped the king would not seek to guide her, for he knew not the road through the forest. How long would the journey take? The king ought to be nearing the brook now; could it be possible that he had not yet reached the old fallen tree? He knew every step of the road; if only he could have gone to show the way! But he had to stay and play the part of a fool, for thus could he best serve his king. Never did any fool of any of the old courts seek so desperately to amuse his hearers as did this loyal boy who was gaining time for his king. He knew every moment was precious. He gave not one thought to himself, though he knew that his life would be of little value if the rebels found that he had assisted the king to escape.

When the supper had been dispatched, the troopers prepared to secure their royal prisoner and depart. Lauter ordered the men to bring the horses from the stable, while he remained in the hall to keep watch over the door leading to the inner room where he supposed the king to be hiding. And still poor Phillip tried to gain time; he had won his way into the good graces of the troopers, so they did not object when he offered to go with them to the stable; they did not mind if the fool did run away, just so they secured the king.

Once out in the darkness, Phillip ran quickly around to the kitchen, "Quick, mother, give me the king's clothing," he whispered, and she drew from a chest the suit the king had so recently exchanged for that of the forester. There were his buff coat, his sword-belt, his riding-boots and his feathered hat. He had left his heavy armour behind when fleeing from Worcester.

Phillip then sped to the stable; just behind the stable there was a deep pool, and on its bank Phillip scattered the king's clothing, placing it as though it had just been discarded there. By this time the Roundheads were leading out their horses; one of them spoke to Phillip. "Doat know where we can find water for our horses, fool?"

"Methinks there is a pool nery by, gossip," answered the boy, and then added, "is not that water gleaming just there?"

The men led their horses to the pool, and there on the bank found the rich apparel of the king. Great was their consternation and rage, thinking the king, finding flight impossible, had drowned himself in the pool.

And Phillip still playing his part, began to cry and bemoan the king—"My poor master! My poor master!" and then—"I am the king's fool, and the king is gone!"

The troopers hastened to the house to tell the news to their leader, Lauter. They examined the inner room, and as it had no door save the one into the great hall, they concluded that the king must have escaped through the window, though, in very truth, it was much too high and too small for that purpose.

The forester's wife fled from the house in terror while the angry Roundheads were raging there, but they soon returned to the pool, and sought to recover the body of the king, but the pool was deep, and they finally abandoned the attempt and began to mount their horses. Phillip was making such an outcry that Lauter threatened to throw him into the pool to keep his master company, but one of the men, feeling pity for the desolate lad, said, "Perchance our Lord General, Cromwell, will now establish a court, and thou mayst still be a fool at court."

"Methinks Old Noll hath fooled enough," retorted the boy, contemptuously. But, fortunately, the men were too much occupied to pay heed to his meaning.

It was with thankful heart that Phillip saw the Roundheads ride away, fully convinced of the king's death. Old Bet had faithfully borne the king to the Grange, and there he tarried a few days, but Cromwell soon learned that he still lived, and sent various searching parties. However, Charles had many loyal subjects and by using various disguises, and fleeing from one hiding-place to another, escaped his enemies, and, as all the world knows, finally landed safely in France.

JOKE ON THE DOGS.

"Slims has a bull-terrier, and Torton, who lives next door, owns a big St Bernard. The two dogs began an argument through the fence, and the larger one simplified matters by crashing through a board into Slims' yard. The whole neighbourhood was soon engaged in an effort to part them. Clubs were freely used, water was dashed upon the belligerents, and the stern orders for them to 'break away' could be heard blocks away. When Mrs. Slims appeared on the scene she seemed to grasp the situation in one glance. She flew into the house, dashed out again, and inside of a minute the savage fighters slinking away from each other.

"How did she do it?"
"Bottle of ammonia. Surest thing on earth to break up a dog fight. Why, those two beasts quit like pot sheep, and the joke of it is that each dog thinks the other administered the dose. They never see each other now that they do not curl their noses as though sniffing ammonia, and trot briskly in opposite directions."

Be Kind to Irrational Creatures.

BY J. PARCOE.

God the Creator, great and wise,
Who formed the earth and built the skies,
Beholds the creatures he hath made,
Of every kind, of every grade.
He sees the sparrows, hears their cry,
Nothing escapes his watchful eye;
All living things are by him fed,
Creatures we love, creatures we dread.
His open hands supply the food,
Both for the wicked and the good.
All on the providence depend
Of him: Creator, Lord and Friend.
Our every way to him is known,
Who sees from his exalted throne
All things in earth and air and sea;
Things which he formed and bade them be.

Man, blest with a superior mind,
Should show by speech and actions kind,
That to the brute creation he
Will ever kind and gentle be.
He will not hurt, nor cause them pain,
By actions cruel, wanton, vain;
He will by no means condescend
To hurt the thing he should defend.
I hope our children will be wise,
And never good advice despise;
To them I would in kindness say:
"Hurt no dumb animal, I pray.
Hurt not the bird within its nest,
The little bird which God hath blest,
The bird which warbles all day long,
And cheers the village with its song;
Be kind to little birds, I say,
And do not hurt them in your play."
All children, with unlightened mind,
Will be to all God's creatures kind,
Kind to the horse, the cow the sheep,
To things that walk, to things that creep,
To things that swim, to things that fly,
Things in the earth, the sea, the sky.

Guess.

There is a word of plural number,
A toe to place and human slumber,
Now, any word you choose to take,
By adding "s" you plural make,
But if you add an "s" to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis;
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Answer—Cares—Careless.
—Montreal Witness.

A VEGETABLE WATCH.

It is very remarkable that so many plants perform the same offices and serve the same ends as various articles made by the hands of man.

There is a certain plant with a very long name, that we might call a "vegetable watch." Each leaf consists of three parts—one large leaflet in the middle, and one on each side much smaller and growing up from the base of the central leaf. By night or day, when the earth is parched with heat, or when the rain falls in torrents, during its whole life this curious plant is always giving odd little jerks like the second-hand of a watch.

The movements of the large leaf are very gentle, but the lively side leaflets are astonishingly vigorous. One of these rises a short distance and the other sinks an equal degree, then the first sinks and the second rises, never failing to take their turns at just the right moment. When it is extremely hot or very moist the movements are more rapid.

In India, on the banks of the Ganges, where the plant is found in its greatest perfection, it has been observed that the leaflets make sixty of these jerks in a minute. The natives often mark the time by these queer leaves, so that they have a "vegetable watch," warranted to run a number of years without even the trouble of winding it up. The greatest drawback is that you cannot carry it in your pocket.

This plant was first discovered in Bengal. The Indians regard it with much reverence on account of the strange, perpetual motion of the leaves, and attribute to it supernatural powers.

There are many plants in our own country which are also useful in calculating time. We can be sure of almost any hour as accurately as by the sun, if we learn the flowers that close or open at that time. Indeed, there are such things as "flower clocks," or "flower time-tables," known to skillful gardeners. These consist of a collection of various time-keeping flowers. When a certain cluster opens, the gardener knows it is five o'clock in the morning, when another set of petals close, he can be sure that it is five o'clock in the afternoon, and so on throughout the day.

Place.—The Garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "Went forth" From the room and out of the city. "The brook Cedron"—Literally, the ravine of the Kedron, through which flowed a stream in winter. It is on the east of the city, between it and the Mount of Olives. "A garden"—An orchard.

2. "Which betrayed him"—Better rendering is, "who was betraying him," for he was that moment at work. "Knew the place"—The fore Christ did not go there to hide or escape.

3. "A band of men"—The garrison band from Fort Antonia, which was at the north-east corner of the temple. The "band" was a Roman one, and the "officers" were the temple servants. "From the chief priests and Pharisees"—That is, from the Sanhedrin. Thus there were in the crowd (1) Roman soldiers, (2) Jewish officials, and (3) chief priests. "Lanterns"—For it was at night.

4. "Knowing all things that should come"—Or, rather, were coming. Comp. Matt. 26. 45. "Went forth"—From what? Various answers; but probably went forth a little from the circle of his disciples. "Whom seek ye"—The question is a natural one, asked perhaps to draw attention from his disciples (see verso 8), and to impress upon his captors what they were doing.

high priest and was of great influence; he was father-in-law of the present high priest.

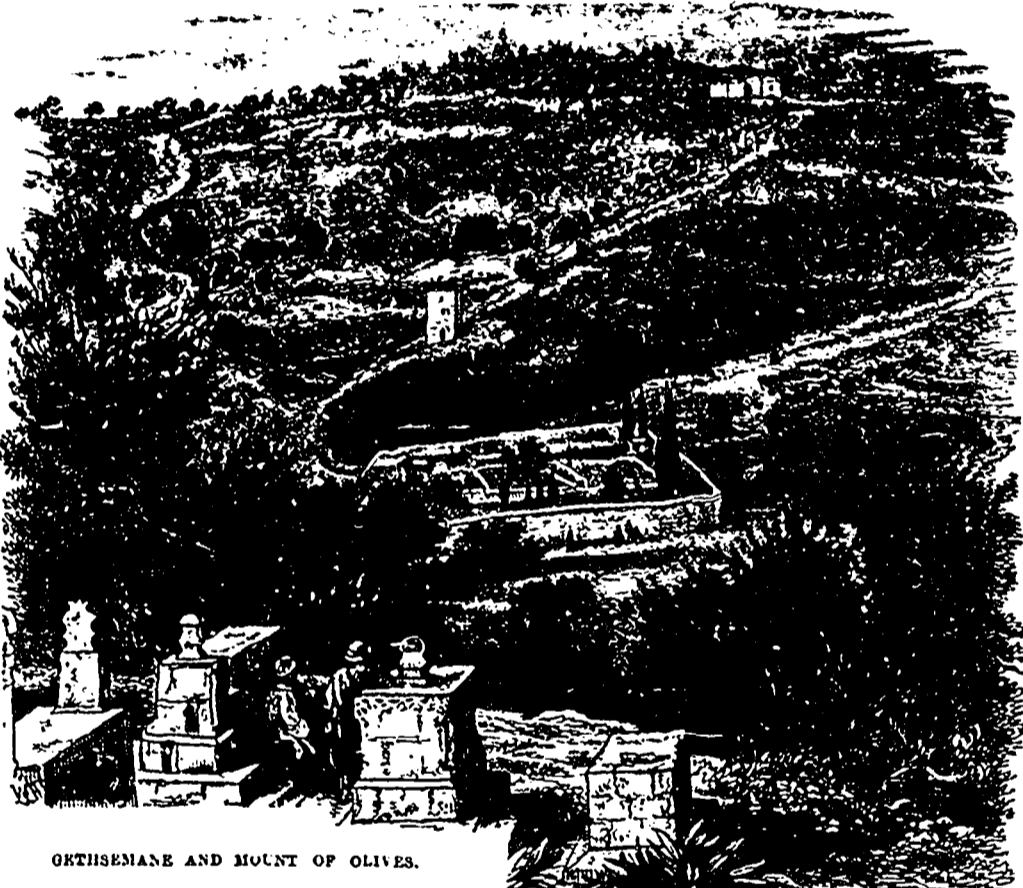
14. "Expedient that one man should die for the people"—True at times, but not always. Wrong should not be done to an innocent man to prevent a mob or arrest a revolution.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The betrayer.—Matt. 26. 14-25.
- Tu. Gethsemane.—Luke 22. 39-46.
- W. Christ betrayed and arrested.—John 18. 1-14.
- Th. Betrayed with a kiss.—Matt. 26. 47-56.
- F. The traitor's end.—Matt. 27. 3-10.
- S. Foreknown.—John 6. 60-71.
- Su. Reward of Iniquity.—Acts 1. 15-26.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Betrayed, v. 1-3.
 - Where did Jesus go from the temple?
 - Who went with him?
 - By what name is the garden known?
 - Matt. 26. 36.
 - Who also know of this place of meeting? How?
 - Whom did Judas lead to the garden?
 - What did these men bring with them?
- 2. Defended, v. 4-11.
 - How did Jesus greet the officers?
 - What did he declare to them?
 - How were they affected?
 - What did he again ask? Their answer?
 - What request did Jesus make?



GETHSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

5. "Jesus of Nazareth"—Or, Jesus the Nazarene, a somewhat contemptuous expression in those days, but not so now. The presence of Judas is noted, he who that very night had taken bread from the Master's hand.

6. "Fell to the ground"—No evidence just here of a miraculous power. Guilt trembled in the presence of innocence. Something in the majesty of Jesus which filled them with awe. They knew, they felt he was in some way far above them.

8. "Let these go their way"—The two bands confronted one another. Perhaps some of the soldiers, not knowing Jesus, were laying hands on the disciples. The Good Shepherd would free them from the danger by exposing himself to it.

9. "That the saying might be fulfilled"—Comp. 17. 12. See John chap. 17. The quotation is not verbally accurate, but substantially so.

10. "Simon Peter"—His impetuous boldness illustrates his impetuous words in 13. 37 and in Mark 8. 32.

11. "The cup"—A familiar figure of speech. The cup of earthly grief, given by the Father's hand, and to be taken for the redemption of the race.

13. "To Annas first"—Annas had been

Why did he ask this favour?
Who came forward to defend Jesus?
To what violence did he resort?
How was the injury repaired? Luke 22. 51.

What did Jesus say about the means of defence? Matt. 26. 52, 53.

3. Fettered, v. 12-14.
What did the officers do to Jesus?
Before whom did they take him?
Who was happiest at this time?
To whom did Annas send Jesus. Verse 24.

Why did the leading priests and Pharisees desire our Lord's death?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
- 1. The baseness of a false disciple?
- 2. The rashness of a zealous disciple?
- 3. The love of Jesus for true disciples?

CAUGHT IN THE SNARE.

BY REV. JOHN C. WIRTH.

The children had been playing with the wheel-barrow, to which they had attached a string. A kingbird sought to take the string to line its nest, but its foot becoming entangled in the string, it was made a prisoner. It would seek to rise, but fluttering it would fall back to the ground. Cutting the string that bound it, the kingbird quickly arose and flew away.

The thought came to me, how much like this kingbird are we? Our feet get tangled in the things of this world, and, unaided, we cannot rise to see those things which are above. As the intelligent kingbird did not escape the snaring of the string, so enlightenment alone will not keep us from the snares of sin.

Can You Answer?

- Can you put the spider's web back in its place,
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough,
Which fell at your feet to-day?
- Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,
That you crushed with a hasty blow?
- Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
Or the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dew-drops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
- Can you put the petals back on the rose,
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
- Can you put the kernel back in the nut,
Or the broken egg in its shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
- Can you put the perfume back in the vase,
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,
Or the down on the catkins—say?
- You think that my questions are trifling,
Dear?
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
Or a deed unkind undone?
—Young People's Paper.

4 of Our Leaders

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LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON VII.—MAY 14.

CHRIST BETRAYED AND ARRESTED
John 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 3-5.

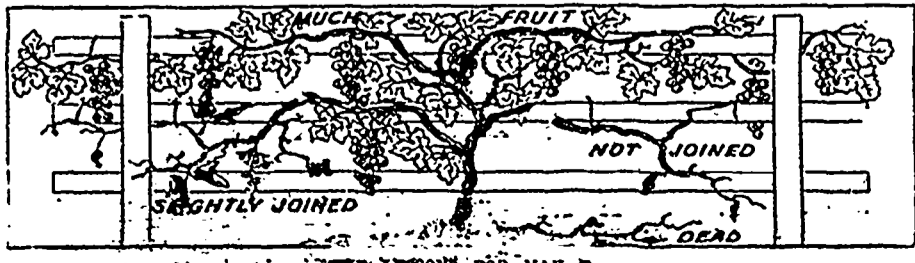
GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.—Isa. 53. 3.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Betrayed, v. 1-3.
- 2. Defended, v. 4-11.
- 3. Fettered, v. 12-14.

Time.—Early Friday morning, April 7, A.D. 30.



LESSON FOR MAY 7

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