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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1895.

[No. 19.]

## BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS.

Our picture gives us a vivid illustration of a scene which must have been very common in the early Christian centuries. Possibly the dead man may have been a Christian martyr whose body was brought by stealth, at dead of night, from the place of martyrdom to the quiet resting-place of the holy dead in the underground catacombs. These were vast excavations, consisting of long corridors and chambers, sometimes three or four stories, one beneath the other, and lined on either side with the graves of the dead in Christ. Here the early Christians gathered for worship and for prayer, and sometimes for refuge; but even here they were often followed by their persecutors, and their place of refuge became their sepulchre. The present writer has told the story of those early days in a couple of volumes to which he refers those who wish to know more about these strange structures. They are entitled "The Testimony of the Catacombs," and "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs." Both are for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

## A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer tenderly; "a daughter. But she's a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street-car bound for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They evidently belong to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch-basket; each was well dressed. They too were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They too were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so, so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say with a look of disdain: "I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion too!"

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that! Would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed, but there is no accounting for taste. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it, and the child too. He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie! Wonder where

she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one. "Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" said another.

"I am on my way to Bella Clark's. She

"I am glad you are going," the girl replied in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it will do him good, it's lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush. "Yes, miss, we ought to for Freddie's sake, but, you see, we hadn't any to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he says

It's 'cause she's beautiful as well" as her clothes." The gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road, into the park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage, he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," he said proudly introducing a lady, "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlour, "is my daughter."

"Ah," said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake. God bless her!" And then he told his friend what he had heard in the street-car—*Young People's Paper.*

## "BRIAR ROSE."

We all love a bit of romance, especially when connected with the private lives of the great.

A very pretty story is told as to the first meeting of the imperial rulers of Germany. The duke, then a young man of twenty, was shooting at Prinkenuau.

One day he lost his way in the park, and came upon a rustic rose covered summer-house, where a pretty girl was sleeping in a hammock.

He did not disturb her, but went on his way, thinking of a little German poem known as the "Briar Rose." Later in the day he met the girl in the castle, and saying, "Here is my briar rose again," he introduced himself, and fell in love off hand. They were married on his twenty first birthday. Since that time she has set herself to realize the German ideal of a devoted hausfrau. She goes to bed at half past ten, and rises at six. She begins the day by making her husband's coffee. They dine at one and take a simple supper at eight. The Empress is now the mother of six boys and one girl, and looks after them assiduously both at work and at play. The

boys are passionately fond of pony racing. They ride ponies given them by the Sultan, and their mother officiates as judge, decorating the winner with a blue ribbon. The boys learned to fish when they were at Fehistowe, and pursue the sport of angling with great eagerness. They also like cycling, but their great delight at present is in a miniature fort which has been erected in the palace gardens for their amusement. They have many pets, the favourites, after the ponies, being small dogs, some of whom on one occasion entered the Emperor's study and tore to pieces the best part of a treaty, and rent a receipt which was wanting the imperial signature.

When God is satisfied with us we shall be satisfied with God.



EARLY CHRISTIAN BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS.

is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket and that her shapely hands were covered with well fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheek as she asked his sister:

"This boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

his ponies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess maybe Freddie will forget about being hungry when we get to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened, and very soon she asked the little girl where she lived, and wrote the address down on a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones uncomfortable. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in one hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we got to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:

## Juniors, Sing On.

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

TUNE—"Stand up for Jesus."

Sing on, sing on for Jesus,  
God's Junior soldiers, sing,  
Till heaven and earth re-echo  
The praises of our King;  
Sing on, sing on for Jesus,  
Sing lost ones to his feet,  
Such harvest-sheaves are precious,  
With joy our Lord we'll greet.

Be true, be true to Jesus,  
God's Junior soldiers brave,  
In Jesus we shall conquer,  
For he alone can save;  
Be true, be true to Jesus,  
Be loyal to our King,  
All glory to our Saviour,  
With joy his praises sing.

March on, march on for Jesus,  
God's Junior soldiers true,  
Beneath the fire-star banner—  
The yellow, red, and blue;  
March on, march on for Jesus,  
And all hell's power defy,  
By storm we take the kingdom,  
For Jesus live and die.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1895.

## WORK FOR BOYS.

I KNOW a class of boys who are interested in a poor woman who has a sick husband and six little daughters to provide for. These boys are sons of parents in good circumstances, and many are the glasses of soda-water and pounds of candy which they deny themselves for the sake of "their little girls," as they call them; and frequently on a Saturday before they are out on their bicycles or off for a game of some sort, one or another will go bounding up the four flight of stairs which lead to the tenement where their proteges live, with a special gift for a special little pet.

I know another set of boys who live in the country, and they collect every season crates of delicious fruit—grapes, apples, peaches, and pears—and send them to the poor children in the city. This deserves a story by itself, as I well know, for I sometimes help to distribute the gift, and I can never forget the look of the eager little mouths which are reached up to take it—mouths, sometimes, which have not tasted one single bit of fresh fruit all during the long hot summer.

My dear boys, I think I have told you enough to give you a hint of how to begin being missionaries. You have only to look about you, and you will find somebody to whom you can lend a helping hand. But if you should fail to find an opening for yourself, just go to your pastor

or teacher, and he will soon put you on the track of somebody; and when you have once begun I don't think you will ever care to stop, for the great beauty of all such work is that it ennobles the nature of the one who helps as well as comforts and encourages the one who is in need, for as Mr. Lowell so beautifully says,

"Who shares his bread with a beggar feeds three,  
Himself, his suffering neighbour, and Me."

Which is only another way of saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

And I trust there is not a single boy who reads these words who would not run with eagerness to do a kindness to his Lord and Saviour.

## ON LAUGHING.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way  
And merrily hent the stile-a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

—Shakespeare.

THERE is no more delightful sound on earth than a hearty laugh. One good laugh will brighten the whole day for the laughter and cheer everybody within hearing. But every laugh is not like that. Some laughs hurt instead of helping, and their sting remains long after the careless laughter has gone on his way and forgotten what he was laughing at. I think this is what the Bible means when it gives the kindly warning that there is a time to laugh.

Some time since five of my boy friends were appointed a committee to select the subjects for the coming quarter for the young people's prayer-meeting of their church. Four of the boys were the sons of well-to-do parents. They had plenty of money and good clothes, they were well bred, well educated, and altogether delightful young fellows. The fifth was a lad who had been born and brought up under very different circumstances. Fatherless, motherless, uneducated, and poor, he had struggled for existence from his babyhood, but through all his troubles he had kept an honest and cheerful heart. Naturally intelligent, he was always learning, and all the boys of the Street Church liked and respected Joe.

On the appointed evening the committee met at the house of one of the lads where I was making a visit. They went into the library and held their meeting, and after an hour or so I heard them out in the hall having the last words and giving cordial hand-shakes and good-byes to Joe, who was obliged to leave early. The hall door closed and there was an instant's silence; then the four boys who were left came leap-frogging across the hall and into the dining-room where I was sitting, and dropping on the floor around my sofa, they all went off into peals of long-suppressed laughter. After a while they managed to control themselves and tell me the joke. It seemed that Joe had mispronounced a word in a peculiarly funny manner, and the way in which he applied it made it sound supremely ridiculous to the fun-loving lads who were listening; but not one of them smiled in the slightest, or even moved a muscle, lest Joe should notice and his feelings should be hurt. They controlled themselves perfectly until Joe had gone, and then nature was too much for them, and they laughed till they cried, when it could do no harm. They never repeated the story to any of their mates, so Joe's feelings were carefully guarded in every way, and he never knew that he had said anything unusual or absurd. And I thought to myself that the Master whom those boys were serving must have been well pleased at such an instance of their thoughtfulness and self-control.

Never laugh at a jest on a sacred subject even though the temptation may be strong. All such jesting is a species of profanity, and the influence of every boy who is trying to do right should be against it.

There are a great many practical jokes which do not deserve to be laughed at. Anything which causes inconvenience or

pain to another is brutal and cannot by any possibility be amusing.

Never laugh at a vulgar joke. But laugh at a joke on yourself even if it is a little severe, for it is the best sort of practice. Many people can be very witty at other people's expense, who do not like the laugh to be turned on them. It is a good rule never to give a joke that you would not like to take.

But of honest, wholesome, hearty laughter this world can never have too much; so cultivate a merry heart which is brave enough to laugh at the little cares and annoyances of life, and you will find every day plenty of things both gay and sweet to gladden you. This is the kind of heart which the Bible says "does good like a medicine," it is such a heart that Shakespeare meant when he wrote the jolly little song which I have put at the head of this article, and it is the kind of heart which everybody loves and always has loved since the world began. And if you have such a heart you will brighten the "foot-path" way of everyone whom you meet as you travel on life's journey.

## THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY M. K. H.

As you look at the life-boat of a vessel, what a small, frail thing it seems to be, and yet, if you were wrecked in mid-ocean, you would not hesitate to trust your life in the keeping of this simple craft. Often whole crews have been saved by the life-boat. In fact, people would not trust their lives in vessels that carried no life-boats.

We are all sailing in the ocean of life; a stormy sea, whose waves of temptation and evil will swallow us beneath them if we are not sheltered by the "Gospel's Blessed Life-boat," Jesus Christ. If we trust our lives in his keeping we will safely ride the billows, no matter how high or how rough they are, until we enter the harbour, safe forevermore.

Earthly life-boats sometimes sink beneath the waves, or overturn, and their precious cargoes of living freight are snatched by the jaws of death, but if you have given your life in Jesus' keeping, what matters it when or how death comes to you, for death will then be only "an entrance into life eternal."

As one would not enter a life-boat to be saved by himself while others are left behind, so must you strive to take as many with you to the other shore as possible. Will you?

## "TAKE 'EM, JACK."

A VERY pleasing incident occurred on one of our busy streets during the heated term—pleasing because of the unselfish spirit it displayed.

It was a fatiguingly hot day, and only those whose business necessitated were found upon the scorching streets. Presently a little newsboy appeared in sight. He was not alert and bustling as is the ideal newsboy; on the contrary, he moved along as though each step he took was painful to him. Meeting an acquaintance, he stopped to exchange greetings under the friendly shade of an awning.

"What's the matter with you to-day, Jack? You get along 'bout as fast as a snail."

"So would you, I guess, Tim Ragan, if your feet were full of blisters walking on the hot sidewalk. Every time I put a foot down it's like to set me crying," the other answered.

Tim looked down at the bare feet in question, and glanced at his own encased in a pair of shoes that had certainly seen duty, but which still afforded protection from the heat of the dazzling pavements. Quick as a flash he dropped down on a step, and the next moment was holding out his shoes to Jack.

"Here, you can wear them till tomorrow. My feet ain't blistered. Take 'em Jack; it's all right." And away he went crying "Three o'clock," at the top of his voice, seemingly unconscious that he had just performed a brave deed.

## ANOTHER LIQUOR TRAGEDY.

Into an elegant Saint Louis home, a few days ago, came the owner of the mansion, to perpetrate a horrible tragedy. Possessed of a large income, a faithful wife and a loving child, there were within his reach many of the elements of social and domestic happiness. On this occasion the man was grazed with drink; his wife, hearing his sleigh-bells, supposed that he had come to take her out for a drive, and sent the servant to the door to inquire whether she was to come. He met the servant with a curse, staggered upstairs, and in a drunken frenzy, twice shot his wife, and then sent a bullet through the head of his two-year-old boy, who had come to greet his father, and had twined loving little arms about the crazy man's neck. This tragic incident is but one out of hundreds like it which are taking place annually all over the country. Its horrible features can be matched almost every day, taking the country at large. The traffic in liquor is the source and foundation of these murderous crimes. Surely the reports made in the press concerning these atrocities ought to prompt all good citizens to resolve to exert some positive, earnest, courageous influence towards the destruction of saloon rule in the land. And if good citizens ought to thus resolve, much more should all Christian people determine to smite the iniquitous traffic, at every opportunity, until it bites the dust.



Epworth League.

Clinging to the Cross.

Oh! children wandering far from God,  
In sin and misery;  
Jesus did shed his precious blood,  
That you might all go free.

CHORUS.

"I am clinging to the Cross."

Just now, while you are young in years,  
To Jesus give your heart,  
Oh! give up sin, and all that's wrong.  
For heaven make a start.

Jesus in pity looks on you,  
He longs to set you free.  
He'll wash you in his precious blood,  
Then you shall happy be.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

May 19, 1895.

THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER.—Hebrews 12. 2.

Jesus Christ is the first and the last. What out him was not anything made that was made. He spake and it was done. He commanded and it stood fast. As in nature so in grace. He begins the work of salvation in the hearts of all who believe. He works in us to will and do of his good pleasure. We are prompted to good actions by the desires which he puts into our hearts. When we yield ourselves to him, he leads us into all truth, and guides us by his counsel. He lives in the hearts of his people by faith, hence like Paul they say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I henceforth live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." The Christian life is a life of faith from beginning to end, and the more we trust Christ, that is, the stronger our faith in him becomes, the more we grow up into him our living Head in all things, constraining us to say, "But we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed from glory into glory into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord." He completes that which he begins. Like a wise master-builder who has laid the foundation of the building, he raises the structure until it is completed. We are to attain to the full stature of Christians, that is, become as much like Christ as it is possible for the finite to resemble the Infinite.

David Shaw, Hero.

By JAN PECKHAM

THE saviour, and not the sayer, he is the braver man; so far my text—but the story! Thus, then, it runs:—

From Spokane Rolled out the overland mail train, late by an hour. In the cab David Shaw, at your service, dressed in his blouse of drab, crimson by the smoke and the cinders. Feed her well, Jim, he said, Jim was his friend.) "Seattle sharp on time!"

So they sped; Dust from the wheels up-flying; smoke rolling out behind; the long train thundering, swaying; the roar of the cloven wain:— Now, with his hand on the lever, looking out straight ahead, How he did look, old Six-forty! How like a stornin' they sped!

Leavenworth—thirty minutes gained in the thrilling race. Now for the hills—keener lookout, or a letting down of the pace. Hardly a puff of the steam less! David Shaw straightened back, Hand like steel on the lever, face like flint to the track.

Ho!—look there! Down the mountain, right ahead of the train, Acres of sand and forest sliding down to the plain! What to do? Why, jump, Dave! Take the chance while you can. The train is doomed, save your own life! Think of the children, man!

Well, what did he, this hero, face to face with grim death? Graped the throttle—reverse it—stopped! "Down brakes!" in a breath stood to his post without flinching, clear-headed, open-eyed, Till the train stood still, with a sudder, and he—went down with the slide!

Saved?—yes, saved! Ninety people snatched from an awful grave, the life under the sand, there. All that he had, he gave. Man to the last inch! Hero—holdest of heroes, yet! Worthy the shaft and the tablet, worthy the song and the bay!

ANNA MALANN.

By ANNIE THUMBALL SLOSSON.

II.

"So whenever I got the chance I'd treat them that way, and try to make others do it. But I couldn't make much headway. I had two brothers and one sister, and they all followed pa and ma's lead, and didn't worry themselves about the 'flower beings,' as pa called them. Bime by pa died, and a spell afterwards ma went too. And we four children had the farm and stock and all to divide even. Well maybe 'twas foolish, but I'd been thinking and bothering my head so long about animals and the 'tawle things' that was always being done to them, I couldn't get on any other track. I suppose I took after pa in being soft and nervous about such things, and seemed to me there wasn't a minute of the whole living day that there wasn't something cruel and unjust and dreadful done to poor helpless creatures even right around me. I couldn't stand it, no more. It was always I say, I was high about crabs, and I'd seem to hear such a noise of whips swishing and ticks pounding and kicks sounding hollow against creatures' sides, and then a whining and moaning and whimpering and crying out of the beings folks call dumb, and my ears would all buzz all the blessed time. I couldn't stand it, no more. It was always a scold and fusser, different from the rest of the family, and I made up my mind I'd got to have a finger in this pie. I talked to Mary, my sister, and to Elam and John, and tried to explain my views.

"I wanted—well, I don't believe I had any real settled plan laid out, and I don't wonder now they thought I'd gone clean out of my wits. But I tried to get them to let me try what I could do on the farm and in Danvers generally to make creatures more comfortable and get people not to put upon them so. But, my! they got dreadful worked up over it.

You see the Ellises all thought alike for a hundred years or more, and they thought there'd never been a humanitarian or a humanic or a humanic of any sort in the whole tribe. And now to see an Ellis, and a female one, too, set up for a stretcher and overhauler, a sort of a horse-doctor and dog missionary mixed up, why, they wouldn't have it. We had words, and, to make a long story short, we settled it this way. I was a sort of mean-spirited, easy-going, anything-for-peace woman myself, and so I just told them I'd give up every bit of my share of the old farm to them thro' for nothing, and go off somewhere to try my plan. And they agreed to that and let me go.



JESUS CONDEMNED.

and it appeared to me just what I wanted. Six families in all—that's what there was then—and not very big ones neither. I had a little money besides my share of the farm I'd given up—some left me by the bank but I was named after, so I'd got something to start with. And here I come, and here I be.

"It's a good many years now, for 'twas dreadful slow work. But it's done. Every single one of the Gore families—and, as I said before, there's nine now—has come over to my way of thinking, and yet I ain't reached the average of the limit of age yet. So I've got my little millennium, you see. But I must tell the whole truth and own up to one thing. I don't believe I've had much to do with it, after all. Come to think of it, I believe the Gore folks would have come to the same point if I hadn't been here at all. For I've never preached about it or scolded and fretted at them or anything. They must have had a looking that way themselves, and found it all out without my help. Sometimes I wish I'd a-taken a harder place, with crueler folks in it; there'd have been more credit in that. For I've had an easy, comfortable time of it, after all, doing for the dogs and horses and cats that was sick or hurt or old or lost or left out some way.

"You see, I like them, and so it's dreadful interesting. And I like showing them to folks, too, particular the boys and girls. And they'll spend hours at a time watching me take care of them and talk to them and treat them my way. But as for preaching at them about it, or to their fathers and mothers, I hadn't got time for it. But there ain't a man or woman or a boy or girl now in the Gore that would do a cruel thing to a horse or a dog or a cow or an ox or any four footed thing; and what's more, they wouldn't stone a bird or break up a nest—and children do like that kind of thing, you know; and there

even appears to be a feeling among the babies themselves against pulling off their wings and squeezing them to hear them buzz, and little amusement is no that. They're terrible good children by nature, you see, and I'm afraid I'd have to move. Here am I no sawfly'n' field for real missionary work here."

Before this little autobiography was ended we were walking out among the "quarters," and I had made an object-lesson to illustrate Ann Ellis's mode of treating her friends. Such odd friends they were, but I would not wish for truer, more loyal one. Dumb! Why, every soft wistful eye, each pricked up eilky ear, each tail that wagged or thumped the ground at the sound of her gentle foot fall, each pawing sager hoof and quivering dilated nostril, spoke clearly, sharply, out of love and trust and willingness to serve. Here in the little pasture lot grazed a blind horse there, a little away, an old and grizzled one, passing his last days—his happiest ones, poor fellow!—in peace and comfort. There were dogs, with bounding, splashing legs, dogs that were lying on the grass, or lying in a basket, box, or barrel. And there were real, active animals, dogs and cats, and others too. Some were waiting to be claimed by owners from whom they had strayed away. Others had been willfully deserted, and had no other home but this. There was lame hen hobbling about on an awkward wooden leg; there was

her, and she call her good dog, but she didn't seem to care. And then bime by it struck me she didn't understand; she was French, and 'gwail-gwail' was no more than foreign talk to her.

"Of course I had to do something about it or she'd die on my hands. I inquired about, and found there was a lady over in East 12th street who'd been in France, that knew some French—used to learn it to children fit the academy. So I went over there. 'Twas a real hot day in July, and there'd been quite a spell of dry weather, and 'twas terrible dusty. I'd been up all the night before with Chastity, the old white horse there, and she didn't feel very rugged that day, and I thought I'd never get there. But I found Miss Edwards, and she was real good, took quite an interest, and she learnt me to say 'good dog' in French—'bonjour, you know. I practised it over and over, till I said it real good, and then I started home. Well, will you believe, time I got there there'd been a heavy rain, and the dust had got it mixed up with the poor dog's Chinese name, Fan Suong, and for the life of me I couldn't say it right. So luck I had to go through that dust and learn it again. But my! I paid, for she was so pleased when I told her she was a 'bonjour shang,' just as her old-master there, and she'd been so bime by and she'd admire to hear her native language."

You may be sure I tired my best Farlan French for the benefit of the home-sick foreigner, greatly to the delight of my good old friend. Noting how careful she was lest any word of ours should hurt the feelings of her, I asked her if she thought they understood what was said.

"Well, I didn't really know," she answered; "and so I go on the plan of acting as if they did. It don't do any harm, you see; and just supposing they do know our language, why, they'll be dreadful cut up sometimes. So I act as if I do with folks, and mind my words when they're around."

It was a good while before I became used to this peculiarity of the old woman, and I was puzzled and startled again and again by a wailing word, look, or gesture when about to speak freely of those about us. "That looks like a good hunting dog," I said one day, pointing out a fine Irish setter near by. A significant look from Ann, a fobbing spoken "Ain't he a nice dog?" Yes, Jack's a good dog,—which words set the silky tail of golden brown waving like a banner—and then the old woman whispered in my ear: "He's gun-shy, poor fellow. He can't help it; it's born in him. He's tried and tried, but he says he can't stand it. Just the very sight of a gun or any loaded or un-loaded gun scares him to death. That's how I got him. Jim Merrill had him, and was bound to trait that trick out of him. He beat him till he'd most killed him, but it only made him worse. And so I bought him."

"I shall never forget the confusion and shame which overwhelmed me on that day. It was a pretty sharp one—from the good old philanthropist. Peering out at us from behind a shield was the oddest creature. It was intended, doubtless, for a cat, but was such a caricature of one. One ear stood sharply erect, the other lopped limply down; the eyes, because of an injury done to one of them, had a chronic squint; and there was a twist upward to each corner of the wide mouth that suggested the grin of the proverbial cat of Cheshire. It was irresistible, and I laughed. Animal Ann clutched my arm.

"Stop laughing," she whispered, sharply; "or if you can't hold it in, go away."

"It was answered at once. "Four years ago, the old woman, after we had left the spot, she's terrible lonely, and she knows it as well as we do. Nobody'll have her, she looks so bad. And the worst of it is she's just aching to be made much of and coddled. There's the loveliest heart in that poor outlandish-looking body. She's real touchy about her looks, particular her eyes; maybe you took notice there was a mite of a cast in them—and I do—all I can to make her forget about it."

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VII. (May 19.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

Mark 15. 1-15. Memory verses, 14-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But Jesus yet answered nothing; so that Pilate marvelled.—Mark 15. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. Pilate, v. 1-5.
2. Barabbas, v. 6-11.
3. Jesus, v. 12-15.

TIME.—From about five to about seven o'clock of the morning of Friday, April 7, A.D. 30.

PLACES.—Pilate "sat down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha." John 19. 13, which seat was on the site of the "throne" where Solomon sat when he judged the people. See 1 Kings 7. 7, 8, and Psalm 122. 5.

RULERS.—Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus before Pilate.—Mark 15. 1-15.
- Tu. Pilate's questions.—John 18. 23-40.
- W. Silence before Herod.—Luke 23. 1-12.
- Th. Mocked by soldiers.—Matt. 27. 24-31.
- F. "Behold your King."—John 19. 5-16.
- S. Combination of enemies.—Acts 4. 23-30.
- Su. Rejected of men.—Isa. 53.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Pilate*, v. 1-5.
  - What parties held early council about Jesus?
  - Before whom did they take him?
  - What question did Pilate ask?
  - What was the reply of Jesus?
  - Who accused Jesus, and of what?
  - What answer did he make?
  - What did Pilate say to Jesus?
  - What picture is given of the prisoner and the judge? (Golden Text.)
2. *Barabbas*, v. 6-11.
  - What was Pilate's custom at that feast?
  - What noted prisoner had he in charge?
  - What was Barabbas' crime?
  - What did the multitude demand of Pilate?
  - What answer did Pilate make?
  - Why did he ask this question?
  - What choice did the people make, and why?
3. *Jesus*, v. 12-15.
  - What did Pilate then ask about Jesus?
  - What answer did the people make?
  - What was Pilate's protest?
  - What was his testimony about Jesus? See John 18. 38; 19. 4, 6.
  - How did the people show their determination?
  - How did they appeal to Pilate's fears? See John 19. 12.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson can you find—

1. An example of meekness?
2. An example of weakness?
3. An example of wickedness?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom did the rulers bring Jesus? To Pilate, the Roman governor. 2. What did Pilate ask Jesus? "Art thou the King of the Jews?" 3. What did Pilate offer to the people? To release Jesus. 4. Whom did they choose instead of Jesus? Barabbas, a robber. 5. What did they demand concerning Jesus? "Crucify him." 6. Repeat the Golden Text: "But Jesus yet," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fulfilment of prophecy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

And what is your hope for future obedience?

That, being regenerated by the Holy Spirit, I shall be enabled, by his help, thenceforward to please God, and keep his commandments. Romans 8. 4. That the ordinance of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. John 3. 9. Whosoever is begotten of God doeth no sin.

THE RIGHT BENT.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

In my native town, year ago, a group of merry children were busy with play. Henry Worth, son of Judge Worth, the village magnate, halted a moment to ask of the others "What they had decided to do for a living?" This question, so unique, and at once so typical, arrested my attention. I was the school-teacher at the time, and these boys my pupils, therefore I waited with some interest the answer.

"Say, boys," again shouted Henry, "what are you fellows going to do to earn money when you are men? You know the teacher tells us almost every day we shall

the most fashionably arrayed woman the place afforded, his horses fleet, his children enjoying luxuries money brought; but a sigh now and then escaped the speaker, and I noticed a certain want of respect in tone and manner.

"What is his business?" I asked. "How does he support this establishment?"

"Ho solta rum!" "The words fell from the speaker's lips something like coals of fire.

"Yes," she repeated, "sells liquors of all kinds and descriptions to everybody—little boys and old men. Many a young man has he ruined in this town, and many a mother's curse has fallen upon him. But it brings money, and money is his object."

seed has taken root, and the fruitage is shown in Frank's life. The right "bent" tells, money or no money.

THOUGHTFUL CHILDREN.

SOMEBODY has written a beautiful little poem on "The Little Cavalier:"

"He walks beside his mother,  
And looks up in her face;  
He wears a glow of boyish pride,  
With such a royal grace;  
He proudly waits upon her,  
Would shield her without fear,  
The boy who loves his mother well—  
Her little cavalier?"

No boy can be his mother's cavalier unless he is a thoughtful boy. A thoughtless boy doesn't remember to wait upon his mother—his mother waits upon him. Some boys whom we have seen love their mothers very dearly, but they will go off to play and leave the coal-scuttle empty, or the wood-box unfilled, or something else to be done, when they know there is nobody but mother to do it. A noble, manly boy, delights to wait upon his mother, and, to save her strength, is always watching to do something for her.

There is no home, no matter how much hired help there is in it, but that there are a great many things the children can do for the comfort of the loved ones there. Anything done for love's sake, and by loving hands, is so much better appreciated and enjoyed than anything done by hired hands. The thoughtful kindness and consideration of our children fill our hearts with happiness, and thoughtful children are always happy ones. The consciousness of bringing happiness to others makes us happy ourselves.

KEPT IN WHITE EVERY DAY.

At Denver General Booth said: "Have you got any boys? I have got three. Have you got any girls? I have got five—and the joy of my heart is that they are all good; and that was the joy of their mother's heart, too. That is just the joy of our heavenly Father to see his children good. My dear wife used to say that if she could afford it she would like to keep the children in white, not only on Sundays, but every day in the week. God can keep you in white every day."

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LAI'D IN THE SEPULCHRE.

soon be men. For my part, I mean to get money. Tell you, boys, money's the thing I mean to have, 'hook or crook!"

"Hook or crook!" That sounded the key note. Henry was that in school; what he could not readily obtain by fair means, he meant to win by foul.

"Yes, money," answered Frank Harris, an open-faced, blue-eyed boy; "but my mother says you must have the right bent about everything you do."

Frank's mother was a widow, poor in this world's goods, but possessing a goodly heritage of truth and honesty.

"Well, money's my motto," answered Henry; "and money I mean to have. That talk about 'bent' is all nothing. Money's the thing!"

I remembered the conversation long years before in the school yard; Henry was indeed getting money, but the "bent" was surely in the wrong direction.

"What of Frank Harris?" I asked. "Frank Harris—God bless him!" said the lady. "He's been the salvation of this town as far as it's saved from that dreadful rum shop of Worth's. The temperance society was started by him, and many has he induced to take the pledge and helped to keep it. But Frank's making money, too; not by demoralizing those about him, though. You know he studied civil engineering, and now he has a government contract for a large piece of surveying in the West. He is leading the chain across the Rockies, and my Sam is with him. Sam's a good boy, if I do say it; but where he would have been if Henry Worth had had his way, I can't say. With Frank Harris I can trust him. Only yesterday he wrote Frank would one day be a rich man, and one we should all be proud of. A man of strict integrity and principle like Frank was the kind wanted to send on this business for government—straightforward, upright, and not bought or sold."

The mother's teaching, I caught myself thinking, has not been in vain. The good