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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, MAY 16, 1896.

[No. 20.]

The Way That Jesus Grew.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man."

We marked one summer's morning
Their height upon the wall;
First Grace, then little Alice,
Next Hal, who stood so tall.
"We've all grown," said Hal, proudly,
His brown eyes bright and clear;
"If we keep on, I wonder
How tall we'll be next year."

Said little Alice gently—
Her eyes were soft and blue—
"I hope that we'll be growing
The way that Jesus grew."
It chanced at prayers that morning
This verse was hers to say:
"Jesus increased in wisdom
And stature day by day,

With God and man in favour."
Dear Lord, the lesson teach,
Thy meekness of behaviour,
The wisdom of thy speech;
Now as a child thou livedst,
Unselfish, gentle, true;
Till all earth's little children
Shall grow as Jesus grew.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER III.

Early in the morning after the Sabbath, Joel was in his accustomed place in the market, waiting for his friend Phineas. His uncle had given a gruff assent, when he timidly asked his approval of the plan.

The good Rabbi Amos was much pleased when he heard of the arrangement. "Thou hast been a faithful student," he said, kindly. "Thou knowest already more of the Law than many of thy elders. Now it will do thee good to learn the handicraft of Phineas. Remember, my son, 'the balm was created by God before the wound.' Work, that is as old as Eden, has been given us that we might forget the afflictions of this life that feeth like a shadow. May the God of thy fathers give thee peace!"

With the old man's benediction repeating itself like a solemn refrain in all his thoughts, Joel stood smoothing the pigeon in his arms, until Phineas had made his daily purchases. Then they walked on together in the cool of the morning, to the little white house under the fig-trees. Phineas was surprised at his pupil's progress. To be sure, the weak arms could lift little, the slender hands could attempt no large tasks. But the painstaking care he bestowed on everything he attempted, resulted in beautifully finished work. If there was an extra smooth polish to be put on some wood, or a delicate piece of joining to do, Joel's deft fingers seemed exactly suited to the task.

Before the winter was over, he had made many pretty little articles of furniture for Abigail's use.

"May I have these pieces of fine wood to use as I please?" he asked of Phineas, one day.

"All but that largest strip," he answered. "What are you going to make?"

"Something for Ruth's birthday. She will be three years old in a few weeks, Jesse says, and I want to make something for her to play with."

"What are you going to make her?" inquired Jesse, from under the work-bench. "Let me see too."

"Oh, I didn't know you were anywhere near," answered Joel, with a start of alarm.

"Tell me!" begged Jesse.

"Well, if you will promise to keep her out of the way while I am finishing it, and never say a word about it—"

"I'll promise," said the child, solemnly. He had to clap his hand over his mouth a great many times in the next few weeks, to keep his secret from telling it-

spends money like a lord. No price is too great for him to pay for anything that pleases his fancy. Why don't you take some up there, and offer them for sale?"

"I believe I will," said Joel, after considering the matter. "I'll go just as soon as I can get them made."

Ruth spread many a little feast under the fig-trees; but after the first birthday banquet, Jesse was her only guest. Joel was too busy making more dishes and another little table, to partake of them.

The whole family were interested in his success. The day he went up to the

them had white-kid faces, and were dressed as rich as queens. I wish Ruth had one."

"The little dolls!" exclaimed Phineas. "Have you forgotten that it is written, 'Thou shalt not make any likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth?' She is happy with what she has, and needs no strange dolls of the heathen to play with."

Joel made no answer; but he thought of the merry group of Roman children seated around the little table he had made, and wished again that Ruth had one of those gorgeously dressed dolls.

Skill and strength were not all he gained by his winter's work; for some of the broad charity that made continual summer in the heart of Phineas crept into his own embittered nature. He grew less suspicious of those around him, and smiles came more easily now to his face than scowls.

But the strong ambition of his life never left him for an instant. To all the rest of the world he might be a friend, to Rehum he could only be the most unforgiving of enemies.

The thought that had given him most pleasure when the wealthy Roman had tossed him his first earnings, was not that his work could bring him money, but that the money could open the way for his revenge.

That thought, like a dark undercurrent, gained depth and force as the days went by. As he saw how much he could do in spite of his lameness, he thought of how much more he might have accomplished, if he had been like other boys. It was a constant spur to his desire for revenge.

One day Phineas laid aside his tools much earlier than usual, and without any explanation to his wondering pupil, went up into the town.

When he returned, he nodded to his wife, who sat in the doorway sunning, and who had looked up inquiringly as he approached.

"Yes it's all arranged," he said to her. Then he turned to Joel to ask, "Did you ever ride on a camel, my boy?"

"No, Rabbi," answered the boy, in surprise, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, I have a day's journey to make to the hills in Upper Galilee. A camel caravan passes near the place where my business calls me, as it goes to Damascus. I seek to accompany it for protection. I go on foot, but I have made arrangements for you to ride one of the camels."

"Oh, am I really to go, too?" gasped Joel, in delighted astonishment. "Oh, Rabbi Phineas! How did you ever think of asking me?"

"You have not seemed entirely well, of late," was the answer. "I thought the change would do you good. I said nothing about it before, for I had no opportunity to see your uncle until this afternoon; and I did not want to disappoint you, in case he refused his permission."

"And he really says I may go?" demanded the boy, eagerly.

"Yes, the caravan moves in the morning, and we will go with it."

There was little more work done that day. Joel was so full of anticipations of his journey that he scarcely knew what he was doing. Phineas was busy with preparations for the comfort of his little family during his absence, and went into town again.

On his return he seemed strangely excited. Abigail, seeing something was amiss, watched him carefully, but asked no questions. He took a piece of timber that had been laid away for some especial purpose, and began sawing it into small bits.



THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT."

self, and he watched admiringly while Joel carved and polished and cut.

One of the neighbors had come in to talk with Abigail the day he finished it, and as the children were down on the beach, playing in the sand, he took it in the house to show to the women. It was a little table set with toy dishes, that he had carved out of wood—plates and cups and platters, all complete.

The visitor held up her hands with an exclamation of delight. After taking up each little highly polished dish to admire it separately, she said, "I know where you might get a great deal of money for such work. There is a rich Roman living near the garrison, who

great house near the garrison to offer them for sale, they waited anxiously for his return.

"He's sold them! He's sold them!" cried Jesse, hopping from one foot to the other, as he saw Joel coming down the street empty-handed. Joel was hobbling along as fast as he could, his face beaming.

"See how much money!" he cried, as he opened his hand to show a shining coin, stamped with the head of Caesar. "And I have an order for two more. I'll soon have a fortune! The children liked the dishes so much although they had the most beautiful toys I ever saw. They had images they called dolls. Some of

"Rabbi Phineas" ventured Joel, respectfully. "Is that not the wood you charged me to save so carefully?"

Phineas gave a start as he saw what he had done, and threw down his saw.

"Truly," he said, smiling, "I am bound myself with the saw. I have heard, I just now walked ten cubits past my own home, unknowing where I was, so deeply was I thinking upon 'Abraham' he asked, 'do you remember my friend in Nazareth whom I so often speak of the son of Joseph the carpenter? Last week he was bidden to a marriage in Cana. It happened, before the feasting was over, the supply of wine was exhausted, and the mortified host knew not what to do. Six great jars of stone had been placed in the room, to supply the guests with water for washing. He changed that into wine."

"I cannot believe it!" answered Abigail, simply. "But Ezra ben Jared told me so. He was there, and drank of the wine," insisted Phineas.

"He could not have done it," said Abigail, "unless he were helped by the evil one, or unless he were a prophet. He is too good a man to ask help of the powers of darkness; and it is beyond belief that a son of Joseph should be a prophet."

To this Phineas made no answer. His quiet thoughts were shaken out of their usual routine as violently as if by an earthquake.

Joel thought more of the journey than he did of the miracle. It seemed to the impatient boy that the next day never would dawn. Many times in the night he wakened to hear the distant crowing of cocks. At last, by straining his eyes he could distinguish the green leaves of the vine on the lattice from the blue of the half-opened blossoms. By that token he knew it was near enough the morning for him to commence saying his first prayers.

Dressing noiselessly, so as not to disturb the sleeping family, he slipped out of the house and down to the well outside the city-gate. Here he washed, and then ate the little lunch he had wrapped up the night before. A meagre little breakfast,—only a hard-boiled egg, a bit of fish, and some black bread. But the early hour and his excitement took away his appetite for even that little.

Soon all was confusion around the well, as the noisy drivers gathered to water their camels, and make their preparations for the start.

Joel shrank away timidly to the edge of the crowd, fearful that his friend Phineas had overlooked himself.

In a few minutes he saw him coming with a staff in one hand and a small bundle swinging from the other.

Joel had one breathless moment of suspense as he was helped on to the back of the kneeling camel; one desperate clutch at the saddle as the huge animal plunged about and rose to its feet. Then he looked down at Phineas, and smiled blissfully.

Oh, the delight of that slow easy motion! The joy of being carried along without pain or effort! Who could realize how much it meant to the little fellow whose halting steps had so long been taken in weariness and suffering?

Swinging along in the cool air, so far above the foot-passengers, it seemed to him that he looked down upon a new earth. Blackbirds flew along the roads, startled by their passing. High overhead, a lark had not yet finished her morning song. Lambs bleated in the pastures, and the lowing of herds sounded on every hill-side.

Not a slight or sound escaped the boy; and all the morning he rode on without speaking, not a care in his heart, not a cloud on his horizon.

At noon they stopped in a little grove of olive trees where a cool spring gurgled out from the rocks.

Phineas spread out their lunch at a little distance from the others; and they ate it quickly, with appetites sharpened by the morning's travel. Afterwards Joel stretched himself out on the ground to rest, and was asleep almost as soon as his eyelids could shut out the noontide glare of the sun from his tired eyes.

When he awoke, nearly an hour afterward, he heard voices near him in earnest conversation. Raising himself on his elbow, he saw Phineas at a little distance talking to an old man who had ridden one of the foremost camels.

They must have been talking of the miracle, for the old man, as he stroked his long white beard, was saying, "But men are more wont to be astonished at the sun's ebbing, than at his daily rising. Look, my friend!"

He pointed to a wild grape-vine clinging to a tree near by. "Do you see those bunches of half-grown grapes? There is a constant miracle. Day by day, the water of the dew and rain is being changed into the wine of the grape. Soil and sunshine are turning in a fragrant juices. Yet you feel no astonishment."

"No," assented Phineas; "for it is by the hand of God it is done."

"Why may not this be also?" said the old man. "Even this miracle at the marriage feast in Cana?"

Phineas started violently. "What!" he cried. "Do you think it possible that this friend of mine is the One to be sent of God?"

"Is not this the accepted time for the coming of Israel's Messiah?" answered the old man, solemnly. "Is it not meet that he should herald his presence by miracles and signs and wonders?"

Joel lay down again to think over what he had just heard. Like every other Israelite he knew that a deliverer had been promised his people.

Time and again he had read the prophecies that foretold the coming of a King through the royal line of David; time and again he had pictured to himself the mighty battles to take place between his down-trodden race and the haughty hordes of Caesar. Somewhere, somewhere, a universal dominion awaited them. He firmly believed that the day was near at hand; but not even in his wildest dreams had he ever dared to hope that it might come in his own lifetime.

He raised himself on his elbow again, for the old man was speaking.

"About thirty years ago," he said slowly, "I went up to Jerusalem to be registered for taxation, for the emperor's decree had gone forth and no one could escape enrolment. You are too young to remember the taking of that census, my friend; but you doubtless heard of it."

"Yes," assented Phineas, respectfully. "I was standing just outside the Joppa gate, bargaining with a man for a cage of goldfinches he had for sale, which I wished to take to my daughter, when we heard some one speaking to us. Looking up we saw several strange men on camels, who were inquiring their way. They were richly dressed. The trappings and silver bells on their camels, as well as their own attire, spoke of wealth. Their faces showed that they were wise and learned men from far countries."

"We greeted them respectfully, but could not speak for astonishment, when we heard their question."

"Where is he that is born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him." The bird-seller looked at me, and I looked at him in open-mouthed wonder. The man rode on before we could find words wherewith to answer them.

"All sorts of rumours were afloat, and everywhere we went next day, throughout Jerusalem, knots of people stood talking of the mysterious men, and their strange question. Even the king was interested, and sought audience with them."

"Could any one answer them?" asked Phineas.

"Nay! but it was then, impressed on me so surely that the Christ was born, that I have asked myself all these thirty years, 'Where is he that is born king of the Jews?' For I too would fain follow on to find and worship him. As soon as I return from Damascus, I shall go at once to Cana, and search for this miracle-worker."

The old man's earnest words made a wonderful impression on Joel. All the afternoon, as they rose higher among the hills, the thought took stronger possession of him. He might yet live, heinous little cripple as he was, to see the dawn of Israel's deliverance, and a son of David once more on his throne.

Ride on, little pilgrim, happy in thy day-dreams! The time is coming; but weary ways and hopeless heart-aches lie between thee and that to-morrow. The king is on his way to his coronation, but it will be with thorns.

Ride on, little pilgrim, be happy whilst thou can!

(To be continued.)

What Was It?

Guess what he had in his pocket? Marbles and tops, and sundry toys Such as always belong to boys; A bitter apple, a leathern ball? Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket? A bubble pipe and a rusty screw, A brass watch key broken in two, A fishhook in a tangle of string? No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket? Gingerbread crumbs a whistle he made, Buttons, a knife with a broken blade, A nail or two, and a rubber gun? Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket? Before he knew, it slyly crept Under the treasures carefully kept, And away they all of them quickly stole.

'Twas a hole.

—The Independent.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, 216 St. Catherine St., Montreal. S. F. HIGGINS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 16, 1896.

THE FRESH-AIR BOY.

"Betsy Ann, don't you know we're too poor to take fresh-air children? Why, they wouldn't say 'thanky' for our little one-story house, rag carpets, little tucked-up under-the-roof room, and straw bed!"

"We can't do more than we can," said Betsy Ann, "and we ought to do all we can, and there's the room, such as it is, and there's air plenty, and grass, and wild flowers, and milk, and potatoes, and bread, too."

So the fresh-air boy came, and if Betsy Ann and Thomas had lived in a palace he might not have been half so well suited. A meek-faced, nice little man he was, too; his mother dead, and he left with grandma and daddy—grandma supported them by scrubbing, nursing, mending."

"And what does your daddy do?" asked Thomas.

"Nothin', mostly, 'cept earn enough for his drink, and then he sleeps. He don't fly out and hit, like Tim's dad." The little man evidently thought this very virtuous. "Grandma used to live in the country," he said, "and I want to send her something from the country. If I can pick a lot of those wild sunflowers, and you'll lend me a basket, I'll ask Dick, the brakesman, to take them to her; she does his washing, and it was Dick got me my ticket, and told me to come here to you. I can walk over to the station by seven in the mornin', 'tain't far."

No; only three miles, and he rose before three to get his flowers and send them to poor, tired, heart-sick old grandma. The great, bright yellow

flowers, full of memories of his child hood, and of her straying son's clink hood. What tears they brought, and a grandma rocked to and fro, hugging the flowers, she sobbed and sobbed, and she prayed—oh, how she prayed for her son! He heard her, waking out of his heavy sleep. He saw the flowers, and was boy again, young and innocent. How he loathed that horror of sin and drunkenness he had become.

"Mother," he said on his knees beside her, "let us go back! Let us go to the country. I'll work there, and I'll hate this cursed stuff that makes a brute of me! Speak to God for me! Say you don't hate me! I'll be a good father, and a good son. Dick told me of a place right out there where I could get to work on a stock farm. I'll go out there to-day. Say you'll go with me, and just wait a few weeks, and I'll take care of you all. We'll keep the boy among the flowers, he'll love them so well."—The Temperance Banner.

A NOBLE CHOICE.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence pledge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got" for wearing it.

"That I can't exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year."

The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business. He had been convinced of the evil of the ale and beer trade, and refused to continue in it, though it would have brought him an income of twenty thousand pounds a year. He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money making; and his activity soon made him known through the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."—Selected.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 21, 1896.

The Word which God gave.—Psalm 19. 7-11.

These words are a description of the Holy Bible which God has given to man as the rule of faith and guide of his conduct. There are six descriptive titles of the Bible which we want all our young friends to commit to memory and often repeat to themselves so that they may never in all their future life forget them,

ENUMERATE THEM.

The law of the Lord, the testimony of the Lord, the statutes of the Lord, the commandment of the Lord, the fear of the Lord, and the judgments of the Lord. Read verses 7-9. How beautifully descriptive they are!

THE ISRAELITE'S HIGH ESTIMATE.

Verse 10: Gold, neither in the mine, nor after it has passed through the refinery, is to be compared unto the precious Bible. Nothing earthly is so valuable as gold, it is the highest standard. Nothing is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, and yet the Bible is sweeter than they. To possess money is the highest ambition of men in mature life, to enjoy pleasure is the principal thing which young people desire to possess, hence the suitability of the Bible for both classes.

WARNING AND REWARD.

Men need warning because they do not always see the danger which besets their path, and even when convinced of the perils to which they are exposed, they often rush forward regardless of consequences. As though our heavenly Father would allure us to true obedience, hear this concluding sentence of our lesson. "In keeping them, there is great reward." God blesses them who fear him, and keep his commandments. What a delightful sentence will be pronounced at the last great day, "Well done, good and faithful servant." The pleasure and enjoyment which those receive who peruse the Holy Scriptures exceeds the power of the most sublime language to express.

The Silver Sixpence.

It was only a silver sixpence,
Battered and worn and old.
But worth to the child that held it
As much as a piece of gold.

A poor little crossing-sweeper,
In the wind and rain all day;
For one who gave her a penny
There were twenty who bade her nay.

But she carried the bit of silver—
A light in her steady face,
And her step on the crowded pavement
Full of a childish grace—

Straight to the tender pastor:
And, "Send it," she said, "for me,
Dear sir, to the heathen children
On the other side of the sea.

"Let it help in telling the story
Of the love of the Lord Most High,
Who came from the world of glory,
For a sinful world to die."

"Send only half of it, Maggie."
The good old minister said,
"And keep the rest for yourself, dear:
You need it for daily bread."

"Ah, sir," was the ready answer,
In the blessed Bible words,
"I would rather lend it to Jesus,
For the silver and gold are the Lord's!"

"And the copper will do for Maggie."
I think if we all felt so,
The wonderful message of pardon
Would soon through the dark earth go!

Soon should the distant mountains
And the far-off isles of the sea
Hear of the great salvation
And the truth that makes men free.

Alas! do we not too often
Keep our silver and gold in store,
And grudgingly part with our copper,
Counting the pennies o'er?

And claiming in vain the blessing
That the Master gave to one
Who dropped her mites as the treasure
A whole day's toil had won.

ASHAMED OF FATHER.

With a weary face and tired manner,
an old man entered a store on Broadway,
and looking around in a wistful way said
to the first person he met, "I've stopped
for my little girl; I thought she wouldn't
want to walk home alone, and it's about
time to close, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's time to close," replied the
floor-walker, "but who is your little girl,
and where is she?"

"My little girl is Sally—Sally Den-
ham, and she's here somewhere; can't
you please tell me where? I'm a little
near-sighted, or I could find her easy
enough."

"There's no such girl in our employ,"
said the floor-walker decidedly. "you
must be labouring under a mistake, sir."

"This is Rathbone's, ain't it?" the old
man asked.

"Certainly."
"Then she's here."
"I am quite sure, as I told you before,
sir, that there's no girl by that name in
our employ."

"Is there another store kept by a man
named Rathbone?" he asked wearily.

"Yes, I believe there is," without much
interest, "three blocks further down. I
think."

The old man went on, and a young girl,
who had heard the conversation between
him and the floor-walker, breathed a
sigh of relief. She was a new clerk and
her name had been registered with other
new ones, but not as Sally Denham
(although it was Sally); it read Maude
Elliot. No one in the store knew her,
she reasoned, so why should she not call
herself Maude, if she wanted to, instead
of that plebeian Sally. And to think her
father should come after her. Her face
flushed hotly as she wondered what those
proud girl clerks all around her would
say if they should find out that the
shabbily dressed old man was her father.

The girls were starting for their homes;
she put on her cap and jacket and went
out.

"I will give father a piece of my mind,"
she said to herself, undutifully. "I shall
ask him never to stop for me again. I'm

quite big enough to go home alone, I
think."

She took a roundabout way home; it
was a pleasure to walk along the street
now, for she was dressed in a very neat
and becoming suit, the hard-earned gift
of the dear, loving old father of whom
she was ashamed.

But what was the matter at home?
She was startled as she reached her
door and heard the commotion within.

"You father's killed, Sally," was the
abrupt explanation of a small boy out-
side; "he was a-looking of you up, an'
couldn't find you."

The frightened girl darted past him
into the house, where she found her
mother nearly wild with grief. "Mother,"
she sobbed, "it isn't true, is it, that
father is dead?"

"Yes, he was killed—was knocked over
by runaway horses while looking for you.
He died just after reaching home; his
last words were, 'Tell my little Sally
father tried to find her; tell her to find
her Father in heaven, he'll watch over
her even unto the end. Where were you,
Sally?'"

But Sally did not answer; she simply
could not. She was down on her knees
beside the father's dead body, sobbing
out her agony of grief and remorse.

"It's my fault, all mine," her tortured
soul moaned, "he wouldn't be lying here
cold and still if I hadn't been ashamed of
him."

A year has passed since then, and
Sally Denham is still a clerk at Rath-
bone's. But there has never been an
evening since her father's sad death that,
as the time for closing the store arrived,
she has not heard a voice say: "I've
stopped for my little girl; I thought she
wouldn't want to walk home alone."—
Selected.

A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING ANGEL.

A tobacco-chewing minister in Illinois
was caught in a shower. Going to a rude
cabin, he knocked and asked for shelter.

"I don't know you," said the sharp-
looking old dame, suspiciously.

"Remember the Scripture," said the
traveller, "Be not forgetful to entertain
strangers; for thereby some have enter-
tained angels unawares."

"You needn't say that," said the wo-
man, as she shut the door in his face.
"No angel would come down here with a
big quid of tobacco in his mouth."

The woman was surely right about the
tobacco, whether she was about the hos-
pitality or not. The Lord's angels do
not perfume the air with tobacco smoke,
nor leave the marks of tobacco where
they have made their visits.

Sometimes good and beautiful women
are called angels, but none of these
angels use tobacco. Imagine an angel
with a quid of tobacco, a filthy pipe, or a
cigar in his mouth.

Christians, by-and-bye, are to be "equal
unto the angels, being the children of the
resurrection;" and if they do not wish to
have the angels ashamed of them, it
would be well for them to let tobacco
alone. And if any of the children ever
wish to be like the angels, they should
keep clear of this evil habit.

Tobacco was unknown until America
was discovered. The Indian savages
taught white people how to use the
miserable weed. Said one writer in those
days:

"The naked savages twist great rolls
of leaves together, and smoke like
devils."

Oh, we remember now, the Bible
speaks of two kinds of angels—one are
the Lord's angels, and the other the
devil's. Which kind would be most
likely to use tobacco?

SOME DIFFERENCE.

A few short years ago, a little fellow,
Eddy, not slow in roguery, complained
that James had been throwing stones at
him. The teacher inquired into the mat-
ter, and found the charge correct. She
said to Eddy:

"What do you think you should do if
you were teaching and had such a boy
as that?"

"I think I should flog him," was the
reply.

Upon this, James began to fear the re-
sult, and so he fled to his complaint.

"Eddy threw a stone at me t'other
day," said he.

"Ah," said the teacher, "I must know
about this matter. Is it true, Eddy, that
you have been throwing stones at
James?"

Eddy hung his head, and confessed it.
After a little, the teacher said:

"Well, Eddy, what do you think you
should do with two such boys as you and
James?"

"I think," said he, sobbing, "I should
try 'em again!"

WHAT JOHNNIE DID.

Before Johnnie began to go to the tem-
perance school his father used to take a
glass of beer every day. Johnnie learned
what was in the beer, so he said one
morning, "Papa, I am never going to
smoke nor chew, nor take any kind of
beer nor cider nor brandy. Now please,
papa, can't you do the same?"

"Why? Do you think it hurts to take
a glass of beer once in a while?"

"Oh, I am sure it does, for it burns up
the inside of your stomach."

"How do you know so much about
beer, Johnnie?" said his papa.

"I saw our teacher put some into a
glass bottle with a lamp under it, and
the alcohol came out of the bottle and
burned with a blue blaze, and she said
it would burn the stomachs of those who
drank it."

"Are you sure there is alcohol in
beer?"

"Yes, indeed, papa, I am very sure,
and that is why it makes men drunk
sometimes."

"I guess you are right, Johnnie, and I
am glad you have made up your mind
never to take bad drinks. If you will
stick to it I will join with you, and we
will drink that best of all drinks, cold
water, that never makes any one tipsy,
nor never makes any one unhappy."

"Oh, I am so glad, papa, for now you
will save money enough to buy shoes for
mamma and me, so that we can always
go to the temperance meetings, and per-
haps you will go with us. Will you,
papa?"

His papa said yes, and now we are so
happy, for the bad drink never comes
into our house, and all because Johnnie
learned so well at the temperance school
and talked so wisely to his papa.—Water
Lily.

**THE STORY OF WANG LING TOLD
BY HERSELF.**

My honourable friends:

I give you my best bow. I am a stupid
little Chinese girl. Some days I am so
naughty my grandma says I shall prob-
ably be a monkey after I die.

This scares me and gives me a big pain
in my heart. I am sure I was born on an
unlucky day. They tell me my mother
cried a great many tears because I was
a girl, and my grandma and father were
very cross and angry.

I go into the temple and pray the old
god to make me over into a boy. Alas!
it is of no use. Sometimes I pray the
god to help me to be good so I can be
a boy after I die, but I cannot see that he
helps me any. I still have my naughty
days.

They named me Ling Te, which means,
"Lead Along a Brother," but when an-
other baby came she was a girl too. I
heard my father say, "We are too poor
to keep another girl." Mother said, "I
have had such a hard time I wish I had
died when I was a baby; the poor little
thing had better die." She cried a great
many tears. Father took the baby away,
and I never saw her.

After a few years a little brother did
come, and that was indeed a joyful day.
I stood by and watched them tie the
clothes around his little arms and legs.
Day after day he lay upon the brick bed,
looking toward heaven, making the back
of his head so flat and nice. I brushed
away the flies and thought how proud
we should all be to have him grow up
and be a mandarin, and wear a button
on his hat, and ride a big, black, shiny
mule!

When he was a month old we gave a
big feast, and a barber shaved off every
bit of his hair. O, how pretty his little
white head was! His black eyes looked
as bright as buttons. They untied his
body, and it was so funny to see his lit-

tle hands and feet fly around! Our
guests brought money in big red en-
velopes, and gave him many presents too.
Grandma gave him a red cap all covered
with brass images and looking-glasses,
because the devils get scared and run
away when they see themselves in a
glass. They put a chain around his neck
and bracelets on his arms to keep the
bad spirits away from his heart.

When I said, "Grandma, why do you
put a cat's head on his shoes?" she said,
"Why, you small idiot, don't you know
cats walk safely and never stumble or
fall, and I wish the boy may go safely
through life and always have a smooth
road like the cat's?"

Soon after this grandma bought ban-
dages nine feet long, and I heard her say
to my mother, "You must bind Ling Te's
feet." Mother said, "Oh, I dread it, for
she will fuss and cry and keep us awake
nights." "You must surely do it," said
grandma, in her stern way. "Why, how
do you expect to get a mother-in-law for
her if her feet are not bound?"

This scared me, for I have heard some
girls say it is terrible to have a mother-
in-law. I ran away. I had to come
home at night. Grandma was angry,
and said, "If you run away again I will
send the foreign devils after you; they
will dig out your eyes and your heart,
and take off your skin, and take you off
to America, and after you die you will
be a donkey for them to ride." This
scared me, of course, and she began to
turn my toes under and wind the long
bandages around my feet. Tighter and
tighter she drew them, and when I could
not bear it, and began to struggle and
scream and kick, she called my father
and mother to hold me. I could not
sleep that night for the pain. I can
never tell you how my feet ached. Now
they are dead and don't ache so much,
and I can walk on my heels pretty well.

THE PRINTER ROY.

About the year 1725, an American boy,
some nineteen years old, found himself
in London, where he was under the
necessity of earning his bread. He was
not like many young men in these days,
who wander around seeking work, and
who are "willing to do anything" be-
cause they know how to do nothing; but
he had learned how to do something, and
knew just where to go to find something
to do. So he went straight to a printing
office, and inquired if he could get em-
ployment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the
foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from Am-
erica! A lad from America seeking em-
ployment as a printer! Well, do you
really understand the art of printing?
Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the
cases, and in a brief space set up the
following passage from the first chapter
of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there
any good thing come out of Nazareth?
Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately,
and administered a delicate reproof so ap-
propriate and powerful, that it at once
gave him influence and standing with all
in the office.

He worked diligently at his trade, re-
fused to drink beer and strong drink,
saved his money, returned to America,
became a printer, publisher, author,
Postmaster-General, Member of Congress,
signer of the Declaration of Independ-
ence, ambassador to royal courts, and,
finally, died in Philadelphia, April
17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of
years and honours; and there are now
more than a hundred and fifty counties,
towns, and villages in America, named
after that same printer boy—Benjamin
"Franklin," the author of Poor Richard's
Almanac.—H. L. H.

Miss R. was telling her Sunday-school
class of small boys about the Shut-in So-
ciety, whose members are persons con-
fined with illness to their beds or rooms.
"Whom can we think of," said she, "that
would have had great sympathy for these
that are so shut in?" "I know," said
a little boy; "some one in the Bible, ain't
it, teacher?" "Yes; and who, Johnnie?"
"Jonah," was the aptly chosen answer.



THE FAIRY NETS OF THE SPIDER.

John Burroughs, in his "Autumn Tides," thus discourses about the spiders in the fall:

"Looking athwart the fields under the sinking sun, the ground appears covered with a shining veil of gossamer. A fairy net, invisible at mid-day, rests upon the stubble and upon the spears of grass, covering acres in extent—the work of innumerable spiders. . . . At the same time, stretching from the tops and branches of trees, or from the top of a stake in the fence, may be seen the cables of the flying spider—a fairy bridge from the visible to the invisible."

Another writer thus defends the spider: "Strange as many people may think it, the spider is really a very useful creature. We owe to it the destruction of numerous insects that would inflict on us the most serious injury. . . . Even as it is, and in spite of innumerable spiders, as well as birds, farmers sometimes lose largely by the damages inflicted on their crops by particular kinds of small insects. . . . The web of the common garden spider is a very beautiful structure, being composed of silken threads arranged like the spokes of a wheel, crossed at intervals by spiral filaments. . . . These silken threads are in reality composed of numerous threads twisted together in a kind of cable by the spinnerets of the spider."—Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 24.

JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

Luke 20, 9-19.—Memory Verses 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.—Luke 20, 17.

Time.—Tuesday, April 4, A.D. 30.

Place.—The Temple in Jerusalem.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (Luke 20, 9-19). Tell the story of the last lesson.

Tuesday.—Read the account of an unprofitable vineyard in Isa. 5, 1-7. Recall the Time, Place, and Rulers in this lesson.

Wednesday.—Read in 2 Chron. 36, 11-21, how an ancient people neglected warnings, and how they suffered. Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read in Jer. 25, 1-11, about God's message unheeded.

Friday.—Read how God's messenger was neglected, in Jer. 26, 8-15. Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read John 11, 47-57, showing how the Son of God was rejected. Study the Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the story of the day of Pentecost (Acts 2, 1-21), and review all your study upon the lesson.

QUESTIONS.

1. The Husbandman, verses 9-12.
 9. What is a parable? Who is meant by "a certain man" in this parable? What did this man do? What are husbandmen? Who were meant by the husbandmen in the parable? What is the far country? 10. Who are meant by the servants? How were they treated? How should they have been treated? Who are God's messengers now? 11, 12. How many servants were sent? Why were they treated in this manner?
2. The Son, verses 13-15.
 13. Whom did the lord of the vineyard send last of all? Who was meant? What is Jesus called in Luke 9, 35? 14. What did these men say when they saw the lord's son? 15. How did they treat him? How should they have treated him? How should we act toward Jesus?
3. The Lord, verses 15-19.
 16. What did Jesus say that the lord of the vineyard would do? When did this come to pass? 17. What is the Golden Text? How was this fulfilled? 18. What shall become of those who are opposed to Jesus? 19. What did the priests and scribes perceive? What did they try to do? What should they have done?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

We should remember that all the world is God's vineyard; even the youngest child is one of the workers in it, and

No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. Such a look of exultation came over his face as he answered: "When the heart is thus opened to the Saviour, he takes the love of drink right out of it."

The Sea-Shell.

I was an inland child; the hills Closed round our home their wooded wall; The world beyond was hid from me; I often dreamt what it might be; Longed with a child's impatient feet To tread the city's noisy street, And with yearning heart the call Of the unseen far-distant sea.

For in our quiet farm-house, kept Its ancient mantel-piece to grace, Was one large shell. I left my play, How many times, to steal away, And take it gently from its place, And lay its pink lips to my ear, The captive voice within to hear. How faint, yet clear, how sweet and low, It sang to me its ocean song! I listened till it seemed my own, That whisper from a world unknown! Like one returned from far away, The shell within its place I lay; The hills around rose high and strong; What though their prisoner I might be? I knew the secret of the sea!



TEDDY'S NEIGHBOUR.

should give to God all his heart and a part of his time. We should honour those who bring to us the message of God, whether as ministers or as teachers, and we should listen to their words. Above all, we should love and serve and worship Christ as the Son of God.

SAVED THROUGH A PICTURE.

A striking example of how art may become the handmaid of religion is afforded in a Scotch story related by some one thus:

"I was 'way down with the drink, when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung His picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bartender, 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it and took it home. Then as I looked at it, the words of my mother, came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of all my sin?'"

little hand was trying to wipe away the tears that rolled over his face. What was the matter with him? Teddy wondered; and what could have happened to his clothes? Suddenly a light of comprehension came to the puzzled little face.

"Did you fall among thieves?" he asked.

"Didn't fall nowheres, an' I ain't baby 'nough to cry for a tumble," answered the young stranger scornfully. "Some big fellows stole my blackin' kit."

Teddy looked doubtful for a moment. "Twas thieves then, and 'course the street's a 'wayside!'" he exclaimed. "I'm your neighbour! Come right along to Aunt Hester. What's your name?"

"Nick," answered the young stranger, forgetting to cry, in his astonishment at Teddy's statement.

"Well, Nick, come to Aunt Hester. She knows all about you."

"No, she doesn't, neither," replied Nick, suspiciously.

"She knows about somebody just like you, 'cause she told us about him Sunday," declared Teddy, "and she'll know how to help you, and get you clothes and things."

That prospect was too tempting to be resisted, and so, a few minutes later, Aunt Hester was surprised, in the midst of her morning work, by the arrival of her strange visitor.

"Teddy Lane! Who have you got there?" she asked, in amazement. This picture is by Mrs. Dorothy Stanley, wife of the great African explorer. She has won a distinguished reputation by painting little tramp figures.

A little girl who is accustomed to the plainest style of living was taken by her mother to dine with a rich friend lately. On her returning to her humble home, she called out to her sister, in an ecstasy of triumph and delight, "O Polly, we had four dinners, all one after another!"

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