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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1900.

No. 9.

If!

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done.

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should bend;

If every man and woman, too;
Should join these workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star,
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, oft watch to see
If other folks are true,
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

The mountains of Switzerland have been styled the crown of Europe, and in that crown is no fairer jewel than Lake Lucerne.

Its shores are lined with beautiful parks and gardens, hotels and villas, and these, with the snow-capped mountains towering above all, and charming little villages upon the grassy slopes, are all reflected in the clear waters and form a most beautiful picture.

Lucerne is a lovely spot and a favourite resort for tourists. One of the finest monuments in the world is the Lion of Lucerne, an immense figure of a pierced lion cut in the solid rock. It was carved in memory of the Swiss guard who lost their lives in defence of the Tuilleries in 1792. Trees and vines overhang the rock, and a little pool at the base adds to the beauty of the spot.

Near by is the Glacier Garden, where there are wonderful memorials of the ice period. More than twenty great holes, from which the debris of years has been removed, are found in the rocks. The largest of these is twenty-eight feet wide and thirty-three feet deep. The great rocks are worn smooth, and the deep cavities were formed by the stones which were driven round and round upon them in those long-ago days.

Many boats steam up and down the lake connecting Lucerne with Fluellen at the other end, and touching at the little villages on the way. At Rutli the spot is pointed out where the Confederation was formed in 1307, when the brave Swiss people determined to defend themselves from the oppression of the Austrians. It is a beautiful meadow surrounded by woods, now the property of the Government and kept in excellent order. In it are three fountains, which the legends say sprang up after the oath was taken.

The little village of Altorf was the home of William Tell, the story of whose life and exploits is firmly believed by the Swiss people. A statue of him has been placed upon the spot where he stood when he hit the apple on his son's head, and a little chapel marks the spot where he sprang from the boat and escaped from his captors. The latter was erected in 1383, thirty years after the hero's death.

A GOOD JOKE.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school-time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity," and let him alone. He scowled his forehead into wrinkles when he studied, and had a fashion of reading his history lesson and rolling his eyes around to see where the places were on the map, till he did look funny enough to make anybody laugh. Dick drew a picture of him on the slate one day, and the fellows nearly went into fits over it.

At recess we left him to himself. You see there were enough of us for our games without him, and we didn't believe he would be much good at playing anyway. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes; but we didn't think much about it.

One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and me. Then he showed us something else—a big potato that he had cut into a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know, and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose, and Ted had scored queer little lines in the forehead, and given the mouth and eyes just the right twitch. Just then the bell rang, and we hadn't a chance to show it

did it," he said; and I hadn't thought he could talk so fast. "It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my little sister Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

And there he stood, holding up our nice, big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we knew pretty well who had the best of that joke. We'd have made good models for potato heads ourselves just then, for we stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths open.

"Why, we didn't—" began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him. "We hope she'll like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't selfish, anyway. "Is Sue the little lame girl I've seen at your house?"

So Tom told us all about her—I suppose he thought we must be interested, or we wouldn't have given the orange—how the scarlet fever had left her lame, how worried his mother was about it, and how he was trying to help all he could. We did get interested, sure enough. We put that potato where nobody ever saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first-rate now; he's tip-top when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandma how we came to get acquainted, though, and she laughed a little and said: "A good many of the people we dislike, dear boy, would look very different to us if we only took the trouble to be kind to them."

THE WORM AT THE HEART OF THE TREE.

There was once a very beautiful garden in which stood a tall tree. This tree was also beautiful, as it was full of leaves, which hung gracefully.

One day the gardener spied a worm not more than an inch or two long, crawling upon its trunk and pecking away at the bark.

A gentleman near by told him that if he did not kill that little worm it would kill the tree. But the gardener did not really believe that a worm so small could hurt so great a tree, and took no pains to destroy him, and the worm kept at work.

So time went on. The next year it was noticed that the leaves of the tree commenced to die very early at the top, and all the leaves fell off much earlier than those of the other trees. And at the end of the next season the tree was dead. That great tree was killed by that little worm. He bored straight into the heart of that tree, and kept at it until the life was all gone. That only illustrates what sin does for people. The leaves become dead and dropped off because there was a worm in the heart of the tree.

When you see people do what they ought not to do because sin, like a worm, is in the heart. I saw two boys quarrelling, and one struck the other a hard blow. He did not strike him because the hand that struck him was bad, but

because the heart had sin in it. Sin in the heart makes people do bad things. I heard a boy say a bad word to his mother. He did not say it because his tongue was bad, but because sin in his heart made his tongue say the bad word. The bad word came out just as the dead leaves fall off the tree.

Unless the worm could be got out of the tree, there was no hope for the tree. It must die. And unless sin be taken from the heart it will kill us. With it in the heart we can never go to heaven to live with God and the holy angels.

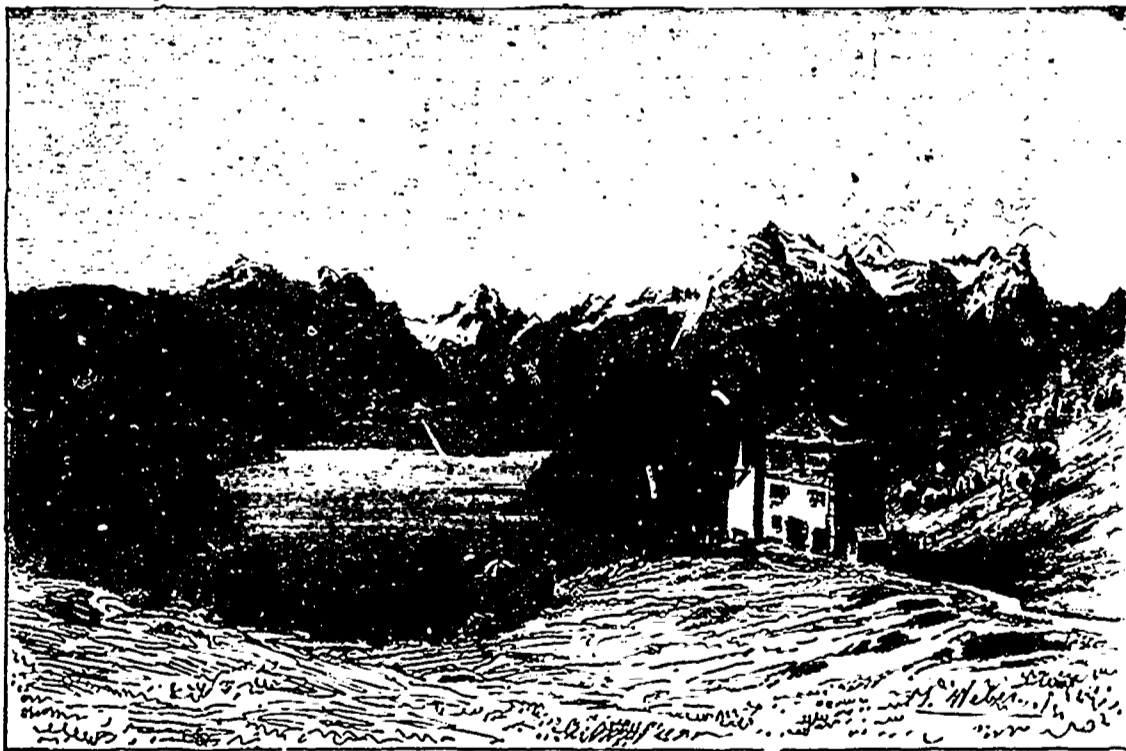
Only God can destroy sin in the heart. If we go to him and ask him in faith he will destroy sin, and thus we may be kept from doing wrong. Christian Witness.

A GREAT ST. BERNARD.

A lady in Newton was drawing her little girl on a sled, just after a great snow storm, through a long, narrow path to the school-house, the snow being thrown up very high on each side of the path, when she met midway a large St. Bernard dog, a stranger. She immediately addressed him as she would a human being, explaining that the path was narrow and the snow deep, and that he must turn around and go back. He listened carefully to her explanation, then wheeled about and walked back a considerable distance, until he found a place where the snow had been shoveled out a little at the side. Into this he backed, and waited quietly until she passed him with the sled and child. The lady thanked him for being so much of a gentleman, he wheeled about and started again on the path.

MAKING BLIND BOYS DRUNK.

The papers state that the managers of the institution for the blind in Columbus, Ohio, are exceedingly troubled over the fact that the boys who are inmates of their institution are being enticed into the saloons of that city on Sunday when they have been allowed to go outside of the institution to attend church, and are there being made drunk.



LAKE OF LUCERNE.

to anybody else, but Dick said, "We'll put it on a stick and pass it around at recess. Won't Tom be mad?"

Ted rolled it up in a paper—"so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said—and dropped it into a drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while another idea struck him, and he whispered it to me. "Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it at recess. We will tell all the boys, so they'll be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it; he sits nearest to him."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer, and, when he got a chance, dropped the little bundle into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other, for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it; for the minute recess came, before we had a chance to tell any one, Tom rushed up to us, with his face like a full surprise.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know you're the ones that

BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

Abraham Lincoln would as soon have cut off his right arm as to have spent a summer in the Adirondacks shooting deer for fun, says Our Dumb Animals. Grant was noted for his kindness to dumb animals. So was Garfield. Sherman was vice president of the Missouri Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Custer changed his line of march to pass around the nest of a mother bird and her young.

Cleveland wore the badge of our Bands of Mercy on his breast while ten thousand children filed by him in procession at Rochester, N.Y. No Southern general, to our knowledge, ever rode a mutilated horse.

Wellington, the greatest of English commanders, gave special orders for the protection of a toad in the garden where it had established its home. Bismarck's dog has been almost as well known in Germany as Bismarck, and the Queen of England is the head of our work in that country.

What is the Farm Fit For?

By PRESIDENT HARRIS, MAINE STATE COLLEGE.

A word to the restless people—to the fast and feverish age. A perfect manhood is better than any wealth or woe. Some are for gold, some, glitter, but tell me, tell me, how can you stand for the farm and the college that go for the making of men? It is a scanty soil for feeding, but here we live with our brains. And a stout heart may grow stronger where plough and harrow are sped. Then break up the black, high hillsides and trench the swamp and fen. For what should the farm be fit for, if not the raising of men? The crop by the frost is blighted, a nig-gard the season seems. Yet the ready hand and dutiful, and the heart of the youth has dreams. The bar and the senate to-morrow, to-morrow the sword or the pen. For what should the farm be fit for if not the raising of men?

And what if our lot be humbler if we on the farm abide? There is room for noble living and the calm of thought is wide. A mind enriched is a fortune and you will know it when you see that the farm is fit for the rear-ing of noble men.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals with their prices, including Christian Guardian, The Western, and others.

WILLIAM DRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, S. F. HERRICK, 215, 216, Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1900

APPLES OF GOLD.

A young girl was passing her aged great-aunt one day when she suddenly stopped and laid down gently on the white hair beside her, and said, "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair." The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy. Few of us realize, writes Kate Upon Clark, the dearth of such attentions which the old suffer. Many of them have been persons of consequence in their prime. As illness and sorrow gradually weaken their spirits they retire into the background. They are no longer pursued by the honored words which interest or action once heaped upon them. Too often they linger on in more or less cheerless obscurity until they die. Even if they are surrounded with what are called "the comforts of life" they lack the sweet stimulus which comes from social approval.

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?" "No that didn't occur to me. The knowledge that her words and personality were so far-souled impressed her visitor might have given the quiet old lady a pleasure which would lighten many weary hours. There is no tonic like happiness." A young man said to his mother "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remark. I usually, "What a pretty gown you have on to-day, and how nice you look in it." She almost cried before that such a little thing as that would be likely to please her. I never expect to eat any cookies so good as those you used to make, either. And a bearded man one day, and he was looked when he saw her evident delight in his words for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood—Our Sunday Afternoon

FARMER LAWTON'S HERO.

By HELEN KENT.

At full length in the tall, sweet grass lay Roy Davis looking up at the fleecy clouds of Muskego, which seemed to him like tiny white boats sailing upon a great sea ocean. Perhaps the sun was cruel, perhaps it was the song of the thrush in the orchard beyond, which in a low whistle he was trying to imitate, that kept him so quiet. He could not have told you how long he had been so, but he knew his mind with the funny little plans and imaginings which seemed a part of his real life. It took but an instant to bring him to his senses, however, when a laugh and a voice called out, "What are you doing in my grass? Pretty mowing you'll make of it." Roy was on his feet and over the wall beside the big farmer in less time than it takes to tell it. "I beg your pardon sir, I had not thought of hurting the grass. You don't want a boy to help you get your hay do you?" "No I don't know as I do. Boys are not much account in the hayfield, nor anywhere else, for that matter, except for the mischief they do."

Roy glanced into the speaker's face, a regular long stare in his brown eyes, and a saucy answer trembling upon his lips. "I won't," he said to himself, resolutely shutting his mouth. "Mattie wouldn't like it," he promised her to be good, or something of the sort. "I wonder why grown-ups make it so hard for us youngsters?" "I wish you would let me stay all night with you. I can get up with the cows any way," he murmured, milking time. "Well, go along then. Here, Don," calling to a noble collie asleep on the porch. "Go with this fellow and show him where the bars are."

The old dog came running to his master, looked up in his face, cast one glance upon the boy, then trotted contentedly, saying as plainly as dog language could, "I think you will do." "This may be the beginning of the end, as Mattie says," mused Roy, as he followed Don down the lane. "Are you going to speak a good word for me, old fellow? To pointing to pat the dog's brown head as he let down the bars. As Roy walked slowly toward the house after seeing the cows safely yarded, hardly knowing what move to make next, his ear caught the sound of music, and setting himself upon the porch steps he gave himself up to enjoyment. "She sings almost as well as Mattie. I wonder if she is about the same age, and who she is anyway. Probably the big man's daughter." Just then the "big man" came out of the house. "Got the cows, eh?" "Yes, sir, what next?" "Take that pile of cans and come to the house. Got the milk, no, boy?" "No, sir, but I can try." "He took hold remarkable," Roy heard the farmer say to some one inside, while he stopped in the porch to wash his hands and clean up the peasant-faced lady called him to supper. This is the boy I found in my meadow, the farmer said, as Roy entered the kitchen. "No doubt he has a name. I have heard his name yet more than he deserves of this world's good things. He is what I call a hero."

"Walked from Toronto?" "Yes, sir." "Looking for work all the way?" "Well you are a hero. Know anything about farming?" "No, sir." "Would like to try?" "What do you say, wife. Suppose you could manage to have a boy about the house."

"You think we could get on very nicely," said Mrs. Lawton with a kindly glance at Roy. He looked into the lady's face, and then across at his representation, a very pretty picture they both made, gracing that best of all settings—a Christian home. "I think Mattie would like them," he was saying to himself, when the farmer spoke again. "Got any clothes?" The boy shook his head. "We'll see to that. You have only to be a good boy to get in her good graces."

"What about you, anyway?" exclaimed the farmer, as they came away from on their way to the barn the next morning. "Haven't you any home?" "No, sir." "Nor friends?" "No, Mattie."

"And who is Mattie?" "My sister. She lives with a lady who took us both from the almshouse. She is very kind, but she had nothing I could do, so she came away. There was work for Mattie, so she stayed." "Well, well, you are a hero. So, boss, here, try your hand at old Brindle." "Yes, Roy, was a hero, as what boss, who has been named, to be the best he can and be independent at whatever cost? Although we surprised him indulging in a summer dream, he was no dreamer, but a thoroughly alive, active boy. It was not long, however, where inclination would lead him if allowed away. Soon, every evening found him at the piano, joining his pleasant voice to hers, and together they gained real musical knowledge. The long days of summer and the golden days of autumn had fulfilled their mission, and Roy had nobly done his part in the labours of all. "Now," Mr. Lawton declared, should have a play-time, or a change of work, rather. The very best teacher in music that can be procured shall these children have, and even something beyond that if they do their best."

"Happy Roy! This had been the one dream of his life. But even this great joy had one drawback. "Dear little Mattie. If she might have the same privilege, she should be just perfectly happy," he whispered to May one evening as they sat a little apart, talking over their good fortune. "Say, Roy, I broke in Mr. Lawton from behind his evening paper. "Haven't I heard you tell what a fine singer that little sister of yours is?"

"She is very fond of music, sir." "Well, what do you say to having her come down here to take lessons with you youngsters? Do you think the lady could spare her?" "I'll write this very minute," exclaimed Roy, throwing down his book and rushing to attend to the matter. He even forgot to thank his benefactor, but the tears which sparkled in his brown-eyes seemed to have done it for him, for a suspicious moisture gathered in the eyes of the farmer as he sat, locking across at his wife, "Who would have thought he cared so much about it? It will be a good job done, I'll be bound, if a boy who cares so much for his sister won't be sure to care more than he deserves of this world's good things. He is what I call a hero."

FOR TWILIGHT TIME.

The missionaries in West Africa have to do battle not only with heathenism, the climate, the insects, and the fever, but when they seem likely to succeed they often run up against some silly superstition like the following: "A poor woman says a writer in an exchange, attended the services of the mission very regularly, and hopes were indulged that she would soon become a Christian. All at once she stopped coming. Her accustomed seat in the church was vacant, but more than he deserves were made as to the reason: "I am coming, no more," said the woman. "I am afraid of you." "But why?" was the question asked. "Have you always treated you kindly and fairly?" "Oh, yes," admitted the woman; "but you have a reason for it. You want to get possession of my bones to make handles for their tin snips." "Another woman, the wife of an Italian priest, was on one occasion thought to

be dangerously ill. The missionaries attended her, and by means of a few simple remedies soon brought her back to health. In the fulness of her gratitude she fervently vowed to attend the services, but days went by and she never came. She was found afterwards that she had been warned by her husband not to go near the mission premises. He conjured up a fearful picture of what would likely befall her if she disregarded his instructions. "The white men will bewitch you," he said, "and turn you into I know not what. They make men and women Christians first, and then turn them into evil spirits, snakes and crocodiles."

SIX IMPORTANT POINTS.

- 1. Six things a boy ought to know: That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentleman. 2. That roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle. 3. That muscular strength is not health. 4. That a brain, crammed with facts is not necessarily a wise one. 5. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty. 6. That the best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

HOW ANTS TALK.

Two ants, when they are talking together, stand with their heads opposite to each other, and speak in a sensitive but in an lively manner, and tapping each other's head. Numerous examinations prove that they are able in this way to make mutual communications, and even on a definite subject. One of them often says a well-known naturalist, "placed a small green caterpillar in the neighbourhood of an ants' nest. It is immediately seized by an ant, which takes in the ant's efforts to drag the caterpillar into the nest. It can be easily seen that the little creatures hold a conversation by means of their feelers, and, this being orders they repair together to the caterpillar in order to draw it into the nest by their united strength."

Further, I have observed the meeting of ants on their way, and from their nests. They stop each other with their feelers, and appear to hold a conversation, which I have good reason to suppose refers to the best ground for food.—Young Woman.

Who are Your Friends?

By MAE BAKER.

Who are your friends, my boy? Are they the ones you meet, Each day as you pass and go from their nests, Who are standing on the street? Or are they those who choose The path our Saviour trod, The one that leads to Righteousness, And to the throne of God? You'll not be scarce of friends, So long as you have money; They'll pick you up and make believe, Their path is the one that is right, But who's trouble deep you get, And your heart is filled with care, When all around is darkness, Do they your burdens share?

My boy, do not be tempted, For they'll lead you to the place Where manhood will be blighted, And your loved ones you'll disgrace. The liquor saloons are inviting, Decked out with their show, You'd think their place was paradise Instead of crime and woe.

They will eager try to lead you From down things that's right, Then when misfortune comes to you, They laugh when out of sight. Such friends, my boy, will never last, For they are false, untrue, The ones I heartily condemn, That's all they care for you.

The judgment day is coming— Perhaps you're on the brink— Decked out with their cut So, before you're time to think; So, brother, do not tarry, But take the path He trod, Then when at last from earth you're freed, We'll meet at the bar of God. —The Levit.

Little Homer's Slate.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied
What repaid our childish quest,
Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face,
Was the picture of a cart,
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art,
But what meant this legend, pray?
Homer drew this yesterday."

Mother recollected then
What the years were fain to hide,
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
'Forty years,' so mother said,
Little Homer had been dead."

This one secret through those years
Grandma kept from all apart,
Hallowed by her lonely tears,
And the breaking of her heart;
While each year that sped away,
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lies in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.
—Chicago News-Record.

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER I.

NO. 5, DALE STREET.

"I'm awfully hungry," said Tim, "and there don't seem much chance of breakfast neither."

There was no one near, so he must have been speaking to himself, as he stood in the doorway of a large tenement house, looking out at a dreary prospect of rain and muddy court-yard.

His pale, freckled face was begrimed with dirt, his thick mop of red hair guiltless of comb or brush, his clothes were so ragged and torn that it was almost a miracle they managed to hold together, and his bare feet were as dirty as it was possible for feet to be.

None of these facts troubled Tim in the least, or gave him a moment's thought.

He was quite accustomed to be dirty and ragged, and he was also accustomed to be hungry and cold; but these two latter things were hard to bear, and for them he always tried to find a remedy.

Now, after a few moments' hesitation, he drew his tattered jacket more closely round him and made a plunge into the rain and mud.

Leaving the court-yard, he ran swiftly through the wet streets in the direction of the market place.

It was just possible he might find there some odds and ends, perhaps a few pieces of half rotten fruit, or a crust of bread, left by the stall-holders of the previous night.

More than once had Tim breakfasted upon fragments such as these, and, seasoned with keen-hunger sauce, had found them wonderfully good.

But upon this particular morning, when he reached the deserted square, he could find absolutely nothing fit to eat. In vain he prowled round, looking into all sorts of odd corners and unlikely places in the hope of discovering something to allay the terrible craving for food that was gnawing within him; he was at last obliged to give up the hopeless search.

Very slowly and dejectedly the little bare feet were now trailed along towards the better portion of the town, where the houses were larger and more respectable than in the neighbourhood of Tim's home.

"I s'pose I'll have to beg," said the child to himself, "and goodness knows how long it'll be afore I gets anything."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! O mother! mother! I want mother!"

It was the voice of a child, crying aloud in terror and distress; and Tim, whose curiosity, rather than pity, was aroused, stopped to see what was the matter.

A little boy, about six years of age, well wrapped up from the cold and wet in a thick overcoat with brass buttons, was coming along the street, tears as well as rain-drops running down his rosy cheeks, while closely clasped in his arms was a little white Maltese dog.

"What's the matter?" asked Tim, as soon as he came within speaking distance. "Oh, I say, don't make such a row.

Shut up, can't you? If you open your mouth so wide you'll swallow that there dog."

"I want mother! oh, where's mother?" sobbed the child, trying to push his way past Tim, who was now standing in front of him.

"How do I know where your mother is?" asked Tim contemptuously, as he stretched forth a very dirty hand and stroked the dog's soft head, "but look here, little 'un, you tell me where she lives, and I'll take you home if you'll give me this here dog for my trouble."

In sheer amazement the child stopped crying, and hugged his pet closer than ever.

"Give you my little Malta!" he exclaimed indignantly. "No, indeed I won't. He is my own dear little dog that father brought for me in his big ship."

"Has your father a ship? Have you ever been in it?" inquired Tim breathlessly, with respect instead of contempt this time in his tone.

"Of course I have. Mother and me came in it yesterday from Rotterdam, and—oh, where is mother?"

He broke out into renewed sobs and cries as the memory of his trouble returned.

Tim scratched his head in perplexity. "I say, youngster, it's no use hollering in that fashion. Where do you live? What's the name of the street?"

"We don't live here at all, we live in—Manchester, we only came here in father's ship, and now I'm lost, and I do so so want mother."

"You're a deal too big to cry like a baby," said Tim severely. "Now just shut up and listen to me. If you haven't got no home here, how have you managed to get lost?"

"Father and mother and me are in lodgings, and this morning the servant was going out to buy some milk, so Malta and me went with her; and while she was in the shop Malta ran away, and I ran after him for fear he'd get lost, and then I couldn't find my way back to the shop, and I don't know whatever I'll do."

"What the name of the street where your lodgings is?" asked Tim, who began to think he might earn a few pence by taking the child home.

"It is No. 5 Dale Street, and there's a little garden in front of the house, and a green door with a brass knocker. Oh! do you know where it is?"

"Dale Street, Dale Street," repeated Tim scratching his head reflectively; "seems to me as I knows the sound, though I can't reckon where. Yes, I have it," he added suddenly, executing a sort of war dance on the wet pavement; "come along with me, it's a goodish bit from here. You'd better give us hold of your hand."

With unquestioning faith the child obeyed, and as they trotted along side by side, it occurred to Tim how easy it would be to decoy the little wanderer into a lonely alley, and there rob him of the warm, thick overcoat—for which Tim knew he could easily get two shillings—and of the little white dog, which Tim coveted even more than the coat. But something in the touch of the clean little hand, thrust so confidently into his own dirty one, made him banish this temptation and resolve to take the child safely home.

Nevertheless he purposely took the longest way, going up and down many unnecessary streets, in order to make the distance appear very great, and so possibly obtain from the child's mother an increased reward.

"What's your name?" asked Tim, stopping in his quick trot to put the question.

"Johnnie Dodds; what is yours?"

"Mine? Oh, Tim, I b'leve Timothy Blake is my real name; but Granny Brown generally calls me a beggar's brat, or a little imp, or something a deal worse than that."

"Who's Granny Brown? Is she your mother?"

"No, little stupid; she isn't. She's a beast, that's what she is, and I hate her. Some day, when I'm a man, I'll pay her out for all she's done to me, see if I don't."

Tim looked so angry, and spoke in such a savage tone, that Johnnie was rather frightened. He asked no more questions, and, indeed, the next moment forgot all about the matter, for he suddenly discovered they were in Dale Street.

At the door of one of the houses, anxiously looking out, was a stout, pleasant, rosy-checked woman, into whose arms Johnnie rushed, with a glad cry of "Mother, dear, dear mother!"

"My child, where have you been?" she exclaimed, kissing him again and again. "I have been well-nigh distracted about you, and Jane is out now searching, and I've sent a message to the ship to tell your father you are lost."

She poured out the words in a hurried,

incoherent manner and then shed a few tears of gratitude and thankfulness.

All this time Tim had stood perfectly silent, regarding her with no small amount of curiosity; but he now judged it was time to put in his claim for a reward.

"If you please, missus, I found the little chap; he were miles away from here, a-wanderin' about and a-ryin' when I come upon him."

Mrs. Dodds turned and looked at the little speaker. Until that moment she had hardly realized that Johnnie was not alone.

Tim appeared a very forlorn and pathetic little figure, with his thin, scanty rags drenched through and through, and his thick mop of red hair considerably toned down in colour by the wet.

"Bless my heart, boy! where in the world did you spring from?" ejaculated the good woman, taken by surprise; and Tim, considerably aggrieved, responded—pointing to Johnnie with outstretched finger—"Why, I've just told you I brought him home."

"Yes, mother, dear, he did," cried Johnnie, eagerly. "He's been v' kind. I shouldn't ever have found way back only for him. Let me tell you all about it."

Mrs. Dodds listened patiently while Johnnie told how in running after the dog he had got lost and Tim had found him, and then Tim (who was not at all shy) struck in and gave his version of the story, and enlarged upon the fact that Johnnie was "miles" away from his home when he, Tim, fortunately discovered him.

Aided by the double explanation, Mrs. Dodds arrived at a pretty clear idea of the truth.

"You are a good lad," she said impressively, "and you shan't lose by your kindness to my little boy. I dare say now, you could eat some breakfast."

"Try me, missus," was the terse reply, while his sparkling eyes and eager face spoke more eloquently.

"Well, come inside, and I'll see if my landlady will let you go into her kitchen. But stay a minute, couldn't you run down to the docks first with a message for me? I don't suppose you mind the rain, and, indeed, you can't get much wetter than you are at present."

"All right, missus, give us the message," said Tim, though he felt a little mournful at the postponement of his breakfast.

"When you get to the docks, you must first find out where the steamer Argus is lying, then you must go on board and ask for the chief officer, Mr. Dodds; and when he comes to speak to you, say that Mrs. Dodds has sent you to tell him that his little boy is safe at home."

"Is that all?" asked Tim. "Or shall I just mention as I found the little chap?"

"You may do so if you like," said Mrs. Dodds, smiling. "Be as quick as possible, and when you come back you shall have a real good breakfast."

Away sped the drenched and ragged little figure in the direction of the docks, heedless of the pouring rain and keen east wind, for his heart was light and cheerful. The prospect of a good meal, and perhaps a few coppers as well, made him feel rich indeed, and lent extra speed to his flying footsteps.

In a short space of time he arrived at the docks, and began to make eager inquiries as to the whereabouts of the steamship Argus.

(To be continued.)

HOW A BOY BECAME A COMMANDER.

There lived in a Scotch village a little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly, but she finally consented. As the boy left home she said to him, "Whoever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down every night and morning and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie; and soon he was on a ship bound for India.

They had a good captain; and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray.

But on the return voyage, some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, one of whom proved to be a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, he went up to him and giving him a sound box on the ear, said in a decided tone, "None of that here, sir!"

Another seaman, who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated,

and told the bully to come on deck and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said, "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another dressing."

The next night it came into the boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to create such a disturbance in the ship, when it could easily be avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock so that nobody would observe it. But the moment the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck said, "Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London the profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time he studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the Great Eastern, was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie. When the Great Eastern returned to England after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.

MODERN VENEERING.

The Boston Transcript is responsible for the statement that modern veneered work is more durable than the solid pieces made by our forefathers. It says:

"The so-called system of 'building up' lumber is now employed in the manufacture of most handsome furniture. This is a great improvement over the old-fashioned one-layer veneer work, and it is the most durable ever made. It consists of cementing together thin veneers of different woods transversely with the grain.

The veneered wood runs in thickness all the way from one-sixteenth of an inch to half an inch. Generally only hard woods are used for veneers; but a core of soft and light wood is nearly always employed. On this core of pine the veneers are cemented. The first layer has the grain running from right to left; the second layer has the grain running up and down, and the third and fourth diagonally, crosswise and every other direction. The result is that the 'built-up' board can neither crack, warp, split, nor twist. Moreover, it is lighter than any solid hard wood board, more flexible and durable.

"This 'built-up' idea of wood originated in the shops of America, and it has been worked here more generally than abroad, although all of the European factories now avail themselves of the system. It is really the old idea of veneering improved and developed. It was first discovered and employed in the manufacture of the old three-ply chair and car seats. The remarkable durability, strength, and flexibility of these seats were apparent at once, and they have been in vogue ever since. They were made by cementing together three thin veneers of some strong wood, such as maple, ash, or oak, with the grains running in opposite directions. The amount of strain the wooden seats would stand was beyond belief.

From this simple beginning the idea of 'built-up' lumber originated. It is now being manufactured extensively and employed in new lines of work every year. The success of the modern bicycle is partly due to it. The light wooden wheel rims are made of 'built-up' lumber. Strips or veneers of such tough woods as maple, rock elm, hickory, and black walnut are glued or cemented together with the grains running in opposite directions. Then they are bent into a circle and turned. The result is the light, elastic, but strong, bicycle rim of to-day that is practically unbreakable or unsplittable, and which will wear better than metal rims. It was not until this idea could be utilized that bicycle manufacturers would guarantee the wooden-rim wheels; but to-day every concern has implicit confidence in them.

"Architects have taken up the idea, and concerns are now manufacturing 'built-up' doors, panels, and boards used for trims. The doors have a core of white pine with veneers of fancy woods. These doors cannot shrink warp, or split, and, while they have all the appearance of hard-wood doors, they are so light that they swing freely and easily on their hinges.

The Command of Jesus.
(Matthew 23:19)

BY REV. H. L. HARDESTY

Friends of Jesus heed the summons
On your ears the message falls.
Till the nations of his coming
For his help the helpless calls

You have heard his invitation
By his grace your souls are free.
Toll it to the whole creation,
Bid them share your jubilee

Hope not for the Master's favour,
While in selfish ease you stand.
Pray not for the coming Saviour,
While neglecting his command

Would you speed the matchless story
That shall hasten Christ's return,
When on mountain-tops his glory
Kindles, flames, and brightly burns

If you know your own salvation,
Through the merits of the Christ,
Hung upon the proclamation
Published by your sacrifice?

Answer yes! and dare no other,
Lest men doubt your truth or love;
He who would not save his brother
Cannot live with Christ above!

Would the claims of worldly pleasure
Lock your hearts with fetters strong,
If by gift of earthly treasure
You could share the glad new song?

Never can you sing in heaven,
Praise to him who loved you so,
Till your sacrifice be given;
Proof of loving others too!
Orlolo, Md.



FLAT-ROOFED MUD HOUSES AT BANIAS.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON X.—MARCH 11.

THE PARALYTIC HEALED.

Mark 2: 1-12. Memory verses, 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark 2: 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Palsied Sinner Borne of Four, v. 1-4.
 2. His Sins Forgiven, v. 5-7.
 3. His Palsy Healed, v. 8-12.
- Time.—Early in A. D. 28.
Place.—Capernaum.

LESSON HELPS.

1. He came again into "Capernaum," as his headquarters or centre of his operations, to which he constantly returned from his itinerant labours throughout Galilee. "It was noised"—It was reported throughout the city. "In the house"—Either his own house, where he made a home for his mother, or Peter's house.
2. "Many were gathered together"—Among the audience were scribes from all parts (Luke 5: 17), to see if they should unite with the new movement and turn it to their own purposes or take measures against it.
3. Sick of the palsy"—Or smitten with paralysis.
4. "Uncovered the roof"—Either opened a connecting trapdoor, or removed the court awnings, or made an opening through the flat house-top by breaking up the tiles. If Jesus was in the court, the second is the probable way; if in an upper room, either of the others. "Let down the bed"—The couch or pallet, not the common word for bed, here used by Luke (5: 15) and Matthew (9: 2), but one of Macedonian origin, found only in the later Greek, and probably denoting a couch easily carried, perhaps a camp bed. Even the most costly oriental beds consisted of cushions and light coverings spread upon the floor or divan, bedsteads being quite unknown.
7. "Speak blasphemies"—That is, utter words which are direct profanations of God's holiness.
8. "When Jesus perceived"—To know the hearts of men was with the Jews a test of the Messiah's claims.
9. "Take up thy bed"—The Eastern pallet, or rug, or mat, here called a bed because it was that on which he lay, could be easily rolled up and carried.
11. "I say unto thee, Arise"—Christ's argument here affords a fair test of all priestly claims to absolve from sin. If the priest had power to remit the eternal punishment of sin, he should be able, certainly, to remit the physical punishment of sin. This Christ did; this the priest cannot do.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The paralytic healed.—Mark 2: 1-12.
Tu. Glad tidings.—Acts 10: 34-43.
W. Prayer for pardon.—Psa. 25: 1-18.
Th. Forgiveness and healing.—Psa. 103: 1-12.
F. Blotting out.—Isa. 43: 18-25.
S. Perfect cleansing.—1 John 1.
Su. Strange things.—Luke 5: 17-26.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Palsied Sinner Borne of Four, v. 1-4.
To what city did Jesus return?
What report at once spread?
What result followed this report?
How did Jesus treat this company?
What sick man was brought to the house?
How was he kept back from Jesus?
What did those carrying him do?
Of what was this act a proof?
2. His Sins Forgiven, v. 5-7.
What did Jesus say to the sick man?
Who objected to what Jesus said?
What questions did the scribes ask?
3. His Palsy Healed, v. 8-12.
How did Jesus know what they said?
What two questions did he ask them?
How can we have the forgiveness of sins? Acts 16: 31.
What did Jesus wish the scribes to know? Golden Text.
Whom did he mean by "the Son of man"?
What did he say to the sick man?
What at once followed this command?
How were the bystanders affected?
What did they do and say?
For what did they praise God? Matt. 9: 8.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where are we taught in this lesson about—
1. Overcoming hindrances?
 2. The forgiveness of sins?
 3. Praising God for mercies?



THE LADDER DREAM.

The English lady was troubled and sick at heart. The ever-jealous nuns and priests with unflagging zeal and poisonous words had influenced parents, however reluctantly, to take their children from her school, and now the Government had issued orders that no Mohammedan child should pass her doors. Day by day there were fewer children. One morning there were none, where only two months before there had been



THE PARALYTIC HEALED.

the hum of one hundred and thirty voices!

Miss ——— says. "I went to my room and fell on my knees. 'O God, my heart is breaking, if thou wilt still have me to work here, give me a sign. I cannot rise until thou dost hear and answer.'" And even as she prayed a peace, unknown for days, stole upon her, and rising she called her Syrian Bible-woman, and together they went into the streets.

At the first house Fatima, the Mohammedan wife, came out, and, too excited for salaams, cried: "I have been waiting for you; come in and hear my dream. Last night I saw a golden ladder leading to a shining place, and a figure descending, more beautiful than any one I have ever seen. He said to me: 'Fatima, who am I?' and I answered, 'Thou art Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God.' He smiled and said, 'You are blessed because you have believed;' but when I tried to go to him he said, 'Not now, but some time I will come and take you to myself;' and then I awoke."

And then the English lady went home with joy in her heart, for of all the Mohammedan women of the town Fatima had shown the most hatred of the Christian religion.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

"If it hurts you, dear," said the surgeon, as he applied the splints and bandages, "cry all you want to. You will feel better." "Thank you, doctor," replied the little Boston girl. "I never weep. It wrinkles the face."

Algernon—"I've a widdle for you, Miss Miwanda. Why are childwen like tooth bwushes?" Miranda—"I don't know. Why are they?" Algernon—"Because ewevybody prefers his own. See?" Miranda (frigidly)—"No, I don't see, not having any children." Algernon (stammering)—"Oh, of course not, but you—you have a tooth bwush, you know."

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