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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1897.

[No. 12.]

Come Over and Help Us.

O children of Christians, beyond the blue sea,
Your poor little brothers and sisters are we;
'Tis not much affection or pity we find,
But we hear you are loving, and gentle and kind,
So will you not listen a minute or two,
While we tell you a tale that is all of it true?

There's no one to teach us poor children to read;
There's no one to help us, and no one to lead;
There's no one at all who will tell us the way,
To be happy or safe, or teach us to pray;
To the bright place above us we all want to go,
But we cannot—for how to get there we don't know.

Oh, will you not help us, and send us a ray
Of the light of the Gospel, to brighten our way?
Oh, will you not tell us the beautiful story
Of Jesus, who came from his dwelling of glory
To save little children, and not only you,
But even the poor wretched heathen ones too?

MARJORIE'S INDIAN.

BY MARGHERITA.

There he sat, looking at her with huge, wide-open, black eyes, when Marjorie first noticed him. He was a rather small boy, with skin as brown as a nut, straight black hair, and the broad nose and mouth so characteristic of the Indian. A pair of low leather moccasins covered his feet, the tops of them almost meeting a pair of velveteen trousers, far too long for him. On top of all was a tunic, which was beginning to show very plainly that boys are quite capable of outgrowing their clothes. There was nothing crafty in his appearance, and he looked her straight in the face without a trace of fear in his eyes.

Marjorie knew at once that he must belong to an Indian family who had lately camped near the village, to be ready for the spring fishing. After she had assigned the work for the morning, she took the register, and went down to his seat.

She gave him a bright and kindly greeting, and then said:

"Now, we will have to get your name. What is it?"

"Eh?"

"What is your name?"

"Jake."

"Jake what?"

"Eh?"

"Jake what? What other name have you besides Jake?"

"I dunno," and Jake he remained from that time on.

Presently Jake's class was called up and he soon proved that Indians have brains as well as white boys.

Jake was vastly amused over some of the things he saw. Once in the course of the afternoon almost perfect stillness, save the hum of pencils, reigned over the room. Turning half round in his seat, he fixed his eyes on some little girls across the aisle. Suddenly he burst into a loud peal of laughter.

"Why, Jake!" said his teacher, "what are you laughing at? You must not do that."

Another peal of laughter was the only answer she got, however.

Next morning a sudden inspiration came to her, as she turned over the leaves of the Bible, selecting the Scripture reading for the morning.

"I wonder if Jake ever heard the story of Jesus?"

That morning she read, slowly and carefully, the story of Christ's birth, and on each succeeding morning, followed the history of his life. It seemed to have a strange fascination for the boy. While the reading was going on, he would listen with wide-open, wondering eyes. One morning, Marjorie read a

passage in the Old Testament, and in the evening he came to her and said:

"Is there nuthin' else 'bout him?"

"About whom?" Marjorie looked up in surprise.

"Him! him you read about, and him you talk to."

"Oh!" It was clear to Marjorie now, and with a thrill of joy she told the sweet old story to this child, who drank in every word and explanation, as she had never seen any one do before.

The next day Jake was not at school, nor did he come on any succeeding day. Marjorie inquired of all the children, but could gain no information about him.

A day or so later, she heard that the old camp was deserted, and could only come to the conclusion that Jake had left that part of the country.

April and May had both passed, when one evening as she was closing up for the night, Marjorie noticed an Indian

The Indian told her they had had a doctor, but he could do no more for the dying boy. At the foot of the bed, the poor mother sat motionless, the picture of agony, but without shedding a tear. Jake's face grew brighter still when Marjorie sang in a low, sweet tone,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

As she finished, there was a long, quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to bed with "Him."

POLLIWOGS AND HEATHEN.

BY MRS. R. V. MULLEN.

"Polliwogs! polliwogs! five cents a dozen!" was the unusual cry from a small, squeaky voice that came in at the windows along Elm Street one morning



MARJORIE'S INDIAN.

coming towards the school. Upon reaching her he stopped and said:

"Jake, he very bad. He want you."

"I will go with you at once. As soon as I have taken my books into the house."

She easily prevailed on one of the girls at her boarding-house to accompany her, and they set out. The Indian stalked on in front without a word, and with head bent down. After a walk of about two miles, a little log shanty came in sight, and they were soon inside. The hot, close atmosphere was almost more than Marjorie could stand, but she went bravely forward to the low cot where Jake lay. His eyes were larger than ever, and his whole frame emaciated, but he greeted her with a smile and said:

"You good to come. I go away. I not see you any more for long, lo-a-g time. He call me last night. Him you read about."

He stopped, panting for breath, and Marjorie saw that the end was near.

in early June. It brought all the children to the sidewalk, and even the older folks looked out, to see little Jimmie Stone trudging along with a tin bucket full of polliwogs, or tadpoles, as they are more properly called. The rubber boots were still wet with the wade in Still River, and the little curly head about as wet from the heat of the long tramp. He was soon stopped by the group of eager children that clustered about him, while questions and exclamations came thick and fast.

"Where did you get 'em, Jimmie?"

"O, just see 'em wriggle!"

"What'll we do with 'em, Jimmie?" was the first that found an answer.

"Why, put 'em in a glass bowl of water and some sand and a stone, and see 'em turn to frogs," said Jimmie, with businesslike brevity.

"O, O: will they, though, ever turn to frogs?" asked one with astonishment.

Another added, "I don't believe it." But a big boy standing by, who had

been to college, said they would in a few weeks; so that settled the matter.

And then, sure enough, when they came to look closely at some of the little fellows, there were legs already sprouting from the wriggly, black bodies.

There was a general scampering away after nickels, for every child wanted a dozen, so as to go into the frog-raising business at once. Jimmie said to some economical ones, who thought a penny's worth would do, that they must have at least a dozen, "cause some was sure to die," and there wouldn't be enough left to raise a respectable family.

Soon the little crowd came back, with tin pans and buckets, to get their portion of polliwogs, and also received instructions that the water must be changed every morning.

"They ain't no trouble," said Jimmie: "don't eat anything, and don't make any dirt."

Then the nickels were turned over to Jimmie, and as his little hands were about full their interest was turned for a moment to the money.

"What are you going to do with it, Jimmie?" asked one.

"Send it to the missionaries out in China," he answered, promptly.

Some looked a little awed at the high purpose in Jimmy's polliwog business, while the college boy gave a laugh of amused superiority, and then said, "What do you know about missionaries in China?"

"Know about 'em? I know a heap about 'em. I know there are lots and lots of heathen in China—millions of them; more than all the people we've got in our country—and they don't know about God, and live wicked lives."

"But they are cowards," said one boy, the Japs whipped them easy as nothing."

"Well, I don't care," said Jimmie; "if they were Christians they would do everything better, live better, fight for their country better, and everything," his argumentative powers giving out. "I heard papa and mamma talking about it at home, and they said our missionaries were so brave to stay there and work on for the Chinese when the war put them in so much danger."

"Turning polliwogs into frogs, and thereby turning heathen into Christians, that's an idea worthy of progressive young America," said the big boy, as the little group dispersed.—Our Monthly

IMPROVING THE TIME.

William Bradley was a clerk in a store in a small country town. He had a great deal of time on his hands, for customers were not very numerous. But he did not waste his time, or spend it in vain and gossip talk with those who lounged into the store to pass away a vacant hour. He procured a text-book in short-hand, and applied himself diligently to master the system. A friend of his, who was an expert stenographer corrected his exercises and helped him over hard places for a time; but William soon found that the measure of his own application was the measure of his success in the study.

When he got so he could write quite well, he persuaded some of the school boys of his acquaintance to read to him (and he found ways of discharging the obligation) evenings when he was off duty until he could write fast enough to take down most of the minister's discourses on Sunday and the lectures of occasional visitors to the town and conversations that might be going on within his hearing.

In a year's time he had become expert enough to fill a position in a lawyer's office in a neighbouring city, and to his ability as stenographer he soon added that of using the typewriter. His constant practice in both these industries made him, in a comparatively short time, quite rapid as a reporter and typewriter. With his improved facility he was able to command increased compensation for his work. Thus he went on until now he is supporting himself comfortably and laying up money to go through college.

All this came from his wise improvement of odd moments.

A RACE.

BY MARK GLODEN.

A mad little tear
And a sad little tear
Once started a queer little race,
"I am ahead!"
The angry tear said,
As it hurried down Peggy's small face

But the sad little tear
Met a glad little tear,
And together they hurried apace.
"I'm sorry, mamma,
Truly I am!"
And the sorry-glad tear won the race.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1897.

MISSIONARY NUMBER.

THE GARDEN OF GOD.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY.

(Ezekiel 31, 9)

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

On the first page of the Bible there is the picture of "a Garden of God." You read there of Eden, with its shining rivers and its Tree of Life. God made the world "very good," and wanted men to live in a simple, happy way. The whole world might have been a sweet Eden, if men had always loved God and loved and helped one another.

THE HEAVENLY PARADISE.

On the last page of the Bible is the picture of another "Garden of God." You read there of the heavenly paradise. It, too, has a river of life, clear as crystal, and a Tree of Life, with twelve manner of fruits—a happy garden of delight, where there is no sin or sorrow. God's love will bring us all there some day, that we may rejoice with him forever.

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

But it is not of either of these gardens I want to speak, but of another. Your mind is "a Garden of God."

Sometimes where a garden joins a dwelling a boy has a little bit of ground for his garden. There he makes the letters of his name in flowers. He plants it according to his fancy. It is his garden, to do with as he pleases.

Think of your mind as a garden. It is your own. You can take care of it or neglect it. You can do what you like with it. It is your own garden. Everybody can have a little Eden in his own mind, sweet as a paradise of roses. This is "The Garden of God," and we have each to care for and cultivate the mind which God has given us.

A FLOWING SHOW.

If you go to a Flower Show you see wonderfully beautiful proofs of what can be done with care and attention. At a Flower Show a man pointed to some lovely flowers, and said: "These are all new!" He meant that a plant once bore a flower that was not very pretty. But some one set himself to cultivate that plant. He watched it, and selected the finest growths. Then he treated them in a way he understood, and next year they were a little better. So he

made another selection of the best of these and worked at them, and next year the flowers had improved, and so at last he carried to the Flower Show wonderful blooms, and said: "See what I have made out of that poor plant which I took in hand."

A SCHOOL.

But a school is more wonderful than a flower show, and shows us what can be done by care and attention. It is not all at once that we see beautiful results. The mind improves slowly, like flowers. At six years old it has not more than the beginnings of things. At twelve years old the mind has grown and makes more show of its flowers. And so we go on, and so we ought to go on, growing and improving, and as Isaiah would have said, making "the desert blossom as the rose."

THE SPADE.

Three things belong to the cultivation of a garden that are like things in the cultivation of your mind.

The first is Digging. That is the hardest thing. It is real work. There is nothing done without work. If you look at a great thing, for instance a beautiful picture, you sometimes think that the man who made it did so because he was "clever," and did it all at once, without much trouble. But the question is, "How did the artist become clever?" He began to try. He tried again, and kept trying, and worked patiently for a long time. So gradually he became clever. But when he had become clever he did not find things easy. He had to work hard, and would tell you that all great things are done only by hard work.

There is a story of a strong man who could carry an ox. He took a little calf, and lifted it in his arms, and carried it about. Next day he did the same thing. So every day he carried the calf while it was growing. His strength grew with practice, and at last he could lift the ox off its feet, because of such daily perseverance.

It is an old fable, and you know what it means. You have but to begin quietly, and keep on patiently, and strength of all sort grows.

I once read a book where it was told of some one asking a boy how he could get through a great broad yew hedge. The boy said: "There is no twig or branch in the hedge so thick but I could break it, so I should take a twig and snap it, and then another, and so go on until I had broken a way right through that great thick fence."

It is said that an old man had some sons who did not like hard work. He was a farmer—perhaps a fruit farmer. He said to his sons: "Somewhere in our land, not far down, there is a treasure. I cannot tell you exactly where it is." The sons set to work, and dug every inch of land with their spades. They found no treasure. But when autumn came there was a wonderful crop. They saw that the digging had done something, for the land never before yielded so much. Then one of them said: "I've found it. This is the treasure our father meant. We hoped to find gold buried in a clay pot. But digging has given us the treasure of a good harvest."

So they were taught the first great lesson of work.

THE SEED-BASKET.

After digging the garden comes Planting. The gardener puts in seeds and roots, and fills his ground with good things, that are to grow there.

All school work is like that. It is planting seeds in the garden of the mind. All reading ought to be like that. We ought to get something out of a book into our mind.

Some of our reading is very useless. It is like what I once saw in a military prison which I visited long ago. A soldier, who had done something wrong, was being punished. He had a cannon ball to pick up, carry across a court, and lay down on the ground. Then he had to pick it up, carry it back again, and place it where it was at first. He had then to take it up, and carry it across the court again—and so on for several hours. It was useless work. All he did came to nothing. There was nothing to show for it. It was silly idle work at nothing at all. So is reading books, if we read them merely to get through them, and if, when we have finished, there is nothing good put into the mind.

Now the Bible is a book full of words and things that are like seeds. We read them many times over. We learn the words by heart. We hear sermons about them, and every Sunday teachers are trying to plant beautiful flowers of the Bible in the garden of our soul. The sweet forgiveness of Joseph: the courage of Elijah: the conscientiousness of Daniel: the love and gentleness of Jesus

—these are lovely things that we all plant in the garden of the mind.

And they grow. For we become forgiving, and courageous, and conscientious, and show love and gentleness. When you see a good man, who loves God, and does what is right, and helps to make the world better, it is because beautiful things of the Bible were planted in his mind and have taken deep root there. If you see a real noble Christian character you can say of it, "That is a Garden of God."

THE HOE.

Everybody knows that digging and planting are not all that belong to gardening—there is Weeding to be done. Besides things you want to grow in a garden there are things you don't want to grow. You do not plant them—they come. Once it is said that a Scotchman went to a new country across the sea. He said: "I will take some seeds and plant them, so that I can see the beautiful Scotch thistle and think of bonnie Scotland." He took a waistcoat-pocket full of thistle seeds. The land he went to had wonderful soil, his thistles came up rank and tall, blew their seeds across the country, and in a few years had come near to smothering everything. The place was in danger of becoming a terrible thistle garden. "Ill weeds grow apace."

One of the men in the Bible says that he passed by the garden of a sluggard, and "saw and considered it well," for it was "all grown over with nettles, and thistles covered the face thereof." He received instruction, he says. He learned that if you do not take care bad things grow up in the mind and spoil "the Garden of God."

I have seen farmers walk about with a long stick, on the end of which is a bit of steel like a carpenter's chisel. They call this a "spud," and as they go along, if they see a dock or a thistle, they dig it up, and help to keep the land clean. In the same way a gardener takes his hoe, and stoops among his plants and flowers, to hack out the weeds that grow so fast.

I am sorry to say that in all of us there are wrong things. We learn to pray in order to get these bad things out of our minds. Prayer is weeding "the Garden of God." We ask Jesus to give us his gentle and good spirit, that all beautiful things may live and grow in us, and that all bad things may die in us. When we were babies, being baptized, that is what they prayed for us, and that is what we go on praying for all our lives.

You know how the dandelion bears its flower, and then crowds its stalk with a beautiful but a troublesome thing. The dandelion flower turns to a delicate white ball, like exquisite lace-work. The wind comes, and the wonderful ball flies off in hundreds of little feathers, which drop somewhere to start another plant. If you had cut off the flower before it came to seed that would have prevented a hundred weeds from growing.

It is for a like reason that we all begin early to think and be careful, and pray God to help us, in order that bad and wrong things may be cut down and not allowed to spread and spoil "the Garden of God,"—that little Eden which we call our mind.

A PASTOR WHO SOWED NICKELS.

A home missionary relates a very interesting and instructive story showing how one little mission church in New England helped the cause by a decidedly novel method. One Sunday in May the pastor brought out some nickels and offered one to every man, woman, and child who would use one piece as capital to invest in some profitable way for missionary work. The returns were to be made at the Thanksgiving season, and each person was to report how his nickel was used and say to what missionary organization he wanted his money to go. In a few days thirty-two "talents" had been given out. Along with this plan were put six dollars which had just been received from the sale of potatoes raised the year before on "the missionary lot." The various gatherings, or "bees," for the cultivation of this land had aroused considerable missionary interest. These methods did not seem to be sufficient. Several times during the summer and fall public inquiry was made as to the fate of the nickels, and the Sunday-school superintendent hinted that they would have to hustle if they got ahead of him when the day of reckoning came. Finally the day of reckoning did come, and the Thanksgiving week-day prayer-meeting was given up to hear the reports upon the "talents." One had bought material and made catsup and sold it; another, picture frames; another, candy; another, cookies; and so on. Two little boys had bought corn, popped it, and sold

it at fivefold increase. Some had worked all summer, while others had barely escaped bringing their nickel back in a napkin. The pastor confessed to one failure on melons, but saved himself by buying an egg with the rest of the nickel and raising a lousy chicken. One girl—who does not find it easy to take part in prayer-meeting, but knows how to work, and once flew out of the house like the wind and stopped a pair of horses which were running away and dragging her father along the ground—said that she made her money on raising beans. We learned that she had found a piece of ground near the house, which her father had ploughed, and captured it easily. Some who were not natural traders earned money and handed it in along with their nickels, and a few gifts were made by others. At length the superintendent was reminded that "the day of reckoning had come" for him. He had bought some sweet corn with his money and had planted and cared for it. The largest single return up to this point had been a dollar and sixty-five cents. Gravelly rising, the superintendent said: "I know thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed; and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine: three dollars and thirty cents." A round sum was raised.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MARCH 28, 1897.

Timothy who knew the Scriptures.—2 Tim. 3. 15.

AN INTERESTING PERSON.

There are few more interesting persons mentioned in the Bible than Timothy, whom Paul called "his son in the Gospel." When Paul visited Europe in his first missionary journey, the grandmother of Timothy, whose name was Lois, was converted. The conversion of his mother, Eunice, followed soon after. And when Paul was engaged in his second missionary journey, Timothy was brought into the church, and commenced his Christian career. No doubt he was much indebted to his mother and grandmother for the religious instruction which he received, but no mention is made of his father, hence it is supposed that he was either dead when Paul visited their locality, or he remained disobedient to the call of the Gospel, as many in modern times unhappily are doing. Are any of our Juniors rejecting the Gospel?

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

The word Scriptures means "the writings," and has reference to the ancient mode of preserving the sacred records. Before the art of printing was discovered, all records were written on sheets of vellum, much in the same way as maps are now made.

The Scriptures which Timothy thus knew were only those parts which are known as the Old Testament. The Jewish people taught their children the Scriptures very diligently. They are commanded to do so, as may be seen in Deuteronomy, 6th chapter.

THE ADVANTAGES.

Knowing the Scriptures from "infancy," as Mr. Wesley translated the word "child," he would be brought up in the way he should go. He would thus be saved from the snares which beset the path of youth. If all were thus taught, what benefits they would enjoy, how useful they would become! Too many parents neglect their duty toward their children, and then wonder at the trouble they have to bear in after years. The Sunday-school supplies a great lack, but no institution, no matter how sacred, can assume the responsibility which belongs to parents.

SALVATION.

The Scriptures are the only book which teaches salvation, and until men become acquainted with this theme, all their knowledge is foolishness. The word means deliverance from danger. See Exodus 14. 13. The Scriptures teach us how salvation is obtained, "through faith which is in Jesus." Christ procured this salvation, hence, it is a great salvation. Hebrews 2. 3. All who accept Jesus as their Saviour, believe that he died for them, and that God forgives them for what Christ has done, receive this salvation. Have you thus believed?

"Believe in him that died for thee,
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified."

The number of persons to the square mile in England is placed at 480; in the United States at seventeen.

Marching Through the Desert.

We are marching through the desert,
From Egypt's slavish chains,
And our course is ever onward,
To Canaan's happy plains:
We leave behind the bondage
Of selfishness and sin,
And we see before the glory,
Which Abr'ham's sons shall win!

Chorus—

March, march from Egypt's strand,
March till we reach the promis'd land!

Though within the bounds of Egypt
Is many a pleasant wile;
Though the plains are green in Goshen,
And fat the banks of Nile;
We choose the rock-drawn water,
And manna from above,
While round us and upon us
Rests God's bright smile of love

Though Amalek arrayeth
His might to bar the road,
We smite him—for our warfare
Is with the might of God.
Though Marah's wells are bitter,
Our God doth make them sweet;
And strengthened by one trial,
We march the next to meet.

So soon we'll reach the Jordan,
'The goal of all our toil,
Dividing from the region
That flows with wine and oil;
We'll to our covenant country
March through the parted tide,
And mount the banks of heaven
With Jesus for our Guide.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE PONY.

BY PAUL CLARENCE GURNICK.

Two events happened to John Drill on Tuesday, June 16, which proved to be of great interest and profit to the Junior League of St. Paul church. The first event was the gift of a pony and cart by Judge Drill to his son John, who was twelve years old on that day. The second event was the election of John as president of the Junior League. John had long looked forward to his twelfth birthday, because his father had promised him that if he was a good boy he should have a pony and cart for a birthday present.

It so happened that the annual election of the Junior League was on the third Tuesday of June, and this year it came on John's birthday. One day John said to his mother: "I would like to invite the Junior League to meet at our home, as it comes on my birthday, and is the annual election of officers." So it was all arranged, and the children looked forward with great pleasure to going to John's home, as he lived in such a nice place and had a large yard to play in, and then they always had such good things to eat whenever they went there. At last the sixteenth of June rolled around, and about a hundred children with bright faces and happy hearts met at John's.

The first half-hour was spent in playing on the lawn; then John was so proud of his pony and cart that he took all the children to see them. At four o'clock they were all called into the house and had a business meeting, and elected officers for the next year, and John was elected president. After the business meeting Mother Drill gave them all plenty of good things to eat, and at six o'clock the children went home feeling very happy because they had enjoyed such a delightful afternoon.

Next morning, while the family were seated at the breakfast table, John said: "Father, I am going to call my pony Junior League, and make him help me this summer, for you know I am president now."

It was not long before John found plenty to keep himself and the pony busy. One day soon after his birthday his mother said: "John, you know Willie Stafford has been sick a long time with fever and, now that he is strong enough to sit up, he needs more fresh air." So John went and got Willie and took him a nice long ride in the country, and it made Willie so happy, and Willie's mother, who was a poor washerwoman, took John in her arms and kissed him and told him he was such a good boy to come and take Willie to ride.

Then John blushed and said he was president of the Junior League, and that he wanted Willie to join the League.

One day John read in the morning paper that at the Orphans' Home there were six children sick in bed, and he felt so sorry for them because they had no father or mother. So right after breakfast he took the pony and cart and went after Mabel Roberts, who was president of the mercy and help department, and they went around and gathered flowers from the members of the League, which they made into large bouquets and had one for each sick child.

Then they drove to the Home and took the six bouquets out of the cart; John

carried three and Mabel three. They rang the doorbell, and Mother Williams came to the door. At first they were a little timid, but when Mother Williams invited them in, they became real brave, and John told her they had heard that there were six children down sick and they brought them flowers in the name of the Junior League. Then they went home, and both John and Mabel were so happy because they had done something for the Master. John and his pony were known all over the city, and Junior League was a great pet with the children.

Every place John would stop the children would come up and pet Junior League, and he seemed to understand, for he was so gentle toward them. During the summer John was kept very busy doing work for the League. One week he would work for the social department, another week for the mercy and help department, and so on.

The week John and his pony had been promised to the literary department, he gathered together a large number of old Sunday-school papers, and with George Enoch, the third vice-president, distributed them among poor children.

Tuesday and Thursday afternoons John and George went down to Water Street where a great many poor people lived who never sent their children to Sunday school. As soon as the pony stopped in front of one of the poor tenement houses the children gathered from all around and looked with wonder upon the pony and cart.

Then John and George gave each one of the poor children a paper and told them to take it home and read it, and invited them to come to Sunday-school and Junior League. In this way John and George got acquainted with a great many of the poor children, and got them into the Sunday-school and League.

One day Mabel Roberts came to John very much distressed, and told him she had found a poor widow woman with three little children who was going to be turned out of the house because she could not pay the rent. So John took Mabel in his cart and they called on the widow, Mrs. Gilmore, who lived in one room on the third floor of a poor tenement house.

She told them how hard she had tried to get work, and how she had toiled all day for 50 cents, and with that had to keep herself and three children and pay rent. The landlord had told her if she did not have the month's rent by the next day he would turn her and her children out into the street. John and Mabel did not know just how to help, but their hearts were touched so that at last John said to Mrs. Gilmore: "You tell the landlord to come to Judge Drill's house to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and get his month's rent." The poor woman with tears in her eyes thanked John and Mabel as they left.

John knew that his father was a good man and would pay the rent before he would let a poor woman with three children be turned out into the street. But he did not want to ask his father to give him the money, and so he worried all day to know how to earn that \$4.00 to pay the widow's rent. After supper they were all in the sitting-room, and had just finished family prayers, when Judge Drill said: "Mother, I am out of street-car tickets again, and will have to buy some to-morrow, for it takes just \$1.00 worth of tickets a week for me to pay my street-car fare." Just as Judge Drill said this, John jumped up with a cry of joy and throwing his arms about his father, he said, "Oh, papa, let Junior League be your street-car and give you your street-car money! Oh, won't you, please, papa? It will make me so happy!" The judge said: "My son, what do you want with so much money?" Then John, sitting on his father's knee and looking into his face, told the sad story of the poor woman, and how she was to be turned out-of-doors to-morrow unless her rent was paid, and that he had promised to pay the landlord \$4.00 at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Now, papa," said John, with beaming face, "it just costs you \$1.00 a month for your street-car rides, and Junior League and I will take you to your office and back every day, and you can give me the \$4.00, and I can pay the widow's rent."

So the next day the landlord called and John proudly paid him the \$4.00 for the widow's rent. John drove his father to and from the office every day in his cart, and he was the happiest boy in town, because he knew he was doing this to pay the widow's rent.

The pony was known all over town as the Junior League pony and was greatly beloved and petted by all the children.

John made the best president the Junior League had ever had, because he loved to work for the Master.—*Epworth Herald.*

CONVERSION OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

A missionary among the Indians tells of a poor little Indian girl who attended the mission school. She saw a picture of the crucifixion and wished to know what it meant. The teacher told her, in very simple words, the story of the cross. As she went on with the history, tears streamed down the face of the little girl, who did not speak for a while. Then her first words were, "Me never want to do bad any more."

Her heart was so touched with the love of the Saviour, who died for our sins, that she resolved never to grieve him, but desired to please him perfectly. From this resolution she never wavered, but became her teacher's right-hand girl, always ready to do her bidding, and she exercised a powerful influence for good at the mission. She afterwards married, and is now foremost in the work of improvement among the Indian women.

THE VERY SAME CHAP.

Mr Paxson relates the following "In a log school-house on the banks of the Grand Chariton, in Missouri, after I had finished a speech in favour of a Sunday-school, a plainly-dressed farmer arose and said he would like to make a few remarks. I said, 'Speak on, sir.'

"He said to the audience, pointing across the room at me,

"I've seen that chap before. I used to live in Macoupin County, Ill., and that man came here to start a school. I told my wife that when Sunday-schools came round game got scarce, and that I could not go to his school or let any of my folks go. It was not long before a railroad came along, so I sold out my farm for a good price and came to Pike County. I hadn't been there more than six months before that same chap came to start a Sunday-school. I said to my wife: "That Sunday-school fellow is n'out, so I guess we'd better move to Missouri." Land was cheaper in Missouri, so I came and bought a farm, and went back for my family. I told them Missouri was a fine State; game plenty, and, better than all, no Sunday-school there.

"Day before yesterday I heard that there was to be a Sunday-school lecture at the school-house by some stranger. Says I to my wife: "I wonder if it can be possible that it is that Illinoisan?" I came here on purpose myself to see; and, neighbours, it's the very same chap.

"Now, if what he says about Sunday-schools is true, it's a better thing than I thought. If he has learned so much in Sunday-school, I can learn a little, so I've concluded to come to Sunday-school and to bring my seven boys!"

"Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out a dollar, and coming to the stand where I was, he laid it down, saying, 'That'll help to buy a library. For, neighbours,' he added, 'if I should go to California or Oregon, I'd expect to see that chap there in less than a year.'

"Some one in the audience spoke up.

"You are treed."

"Yes," he said, "I am treed at last. Now, I'm going to see this thing through, for if there is any good in it, I am going to have it."

A DOLL THAT BECAME AN IDOL.

Dr. Cousland, a missionary in China, tells how a doll was changed into a god. "A child at Ampou was playing near a pit with a painted paper doll. The doll fell into the pit. Somebody picked it out soon afterward and set it up to dry. Another person passing by, struck by its position or attitude, or by its existence there, worshipped it, and obtained something which was desired. Then the friends and neighbours of this suppliant came to worship. They wanted their pigs to grow fat, their business to prosper, to have many sons; and so they burned incense to the paper doll.

"The doll did not last long, but there is an incense urn there to this day, and people bend before the pit, and stick their incense sticks into the ashes of the urn, praying that the idol of the Pit would bless them!" How very sad that such terrible ignorance should prevail!

CYRUS HAMLIN'S FIRST MISSIONARY OFFERING.

When Cyrus Hamlin, the famous missionary, was ten years old, his mother gave him seven cents to celebrate a great holiday. The money was for gingerbread, buns, etc. "Perhaps, Cyrus," said she, "you will put a cent or two into the missionary-box at Mrs. Farrar's." As he trudged along he began to ask, "Shall I put in one cent or two? I wish she had not said one or two." He decided on two. Then con-

science said, "What, five cents for your stomach and two for the heathen! Five for gingerbread and two for souls!" So he said four for gingerbread and three for souls. But presently he felt it must be three for gingerbread and four for souls. When he came to the box he dumped in the whole seven, to have no more bother about it. When he went home, hungry as a bear, he explained to his mother his unreasonable hunger. And, smiling through tears, she gave him an overflowing bowl of bread and milk. And he pathetically asks, "What was the meaning of mother's tears?"

ENCOURAGE THE CHILDREN.

Parents are too often slow to see the motive of their children's kindest actions. A little fellow had been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after racking his brains to think how he, too, can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody, when evening comes he does it, but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered, and the boy goes to bed with a choking feeling in his throat and says his prayers by the bedside with a sadness very real in his heart.

Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be. The fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored. All words of approval are helpful and encouraging. In a large family there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money and without a word to any one she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that cannot be concealed says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: "I don't know what we should do without you, darling!" My friends, do not be chary of these words of encouragement.—*Good Words.*

Strange Sights in India.

When the late Bishop Phillips Brooks was in India, in 1883, he wrote the following to one of his nieces in the United States, and it was afterward printed in *The Century*:

Little Mistress Josephine:
Tell me, have you ever seen Children half as queer as these Babies from across the seas? See their funny little fists. See the rings upon their wrists: One has very little clothes, One has jewels in her nose; And they all have silver bangles On their little heathen ankles. In their ears are curious things, Round their necks are beads in strings, And they jingle as they walk, And they talk outlandish talk. One you see has hugged another, Playing she's its little mother. One, who sits all lone and lorn, Has her head all shaved and shorn. Do you want to know their names? One is called Jeefungee Hamos, One Ruddisanda Arrlick Bas, One Teedundee Hanki Sas.

Many such as these I saw In the streets of old Jeypore. They never seem to cry or laugh, But, sober as the photograph, Squatted in the great bazaars While the Hindus, their mammas, Quarreled long about the price Of their little mess of rice; And then, when the fight was done, Every mother, one by one, Up her pattern child would whip, Set it straddling on her hip, And trot off all crook'd and bent To some hole where, well content, Hers and baby's days are spent.

Aren't you glad, then, little queen, That your name is Josephine? That you live in Springfield, or Not, at least, in old Jeypore? That your Christian parents are, John and Hattie, pa and ma? That you've an entire nose And no rings upon your toes? In a word, that Hat and you Do not have to be Hindu? But I thought you'd like to see What these little heathens be. And give welcome to these three From your loving

UNCLE P.

The Children's Reply

We have heard the call from your dark-
ened land,
Our hearts have wept at your sadden-
ing tale;
And we long to lend a helping hand,
By a story of love which shall never
fall.

We should like you to come to our Bible-
land,
And share our comforts and blessings,
too;
We would take you all with a sister's
hand,
And try to teach and to gladden you.

But you're so far off that it cannot be,
And we have no wings, or to you we'd
fly;
So well try to send o'er the foaming sea
Sweet words to brighten every eye

Sweet words of Him, who was once so
poor,
That he had not where to lay his head;
But hath opened now the gleaming door
To the palace of light, where this feast
is spread.

There you may enter; he calls each one—
You're as welcome there as the greatest
king:
Come to him, then, for he casts out none,
And nothing at all do you need to
bring.

We will gladly save from our little store
Our pennies, our nickels, from day to
day,
And only wish we could do far more,
But for heathen children we'll always
pray.
—The Mission Band Portfolio.

A GREAT HEART'S TRUST.

Gen. Gordon wrote: "Why will you
keep caring for what the world says?
Try, O try to be no longer a slave to it!
You can have little idea of the comfort
of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this
caring for what people will say is from
pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it.
In an infinitely short space of time all
secrets will be divulged. Therefore if
you are misjudged, why trouble to put
yourself right? You have no idea what
a great deal of trouble it will save you.
Roll your burden on Him, and he will
make straight your mistakes. He will
set you right with those with whom you
have set yourself wrong. Here am I, a
lump of clay; thou art the potter. Mould
me as thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never
mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be
it; prolong it—so be it. Just as thou
wilt; but I rely on thy unchanging
guidance during the trial. O, the com-
fort that comes from this!"

A CHILD'S TRUST.

The beautiful trust of childhood often
affords the greatest encouragement to
older Christians. A lady who lived with
her husband on a West Indian plantation
had a daughter, a little child, who be-
came afflicted with a severe disease of
the eyes. All the doctors said she must
be taken to England, so that if neces-
sary an operation might be performed;
so the mother started for England. The
doctors there found too much time had
been lost, and nothing could be done ex-
cept to try and relieve the poor child's
intense agony. They had all given her
up, and told the mother she could only
live a few days, and yet week after week
passed and the child lingered. The doc-
tors said it was a wonderful case, a
regular fight against
death; no hope, terrible
agony, and yet, though
utterly exhausted, the
child seemed unable to
die. One night the
mother, watching be-
side her bed, heard a
wailing sob. Tenderly
leaning over her she
said, "What is it, my
precious one? Is the
pain too terrible?"
"Oh, mother," said the
child, "I heard the doc-
tors tell you I was going
to die; what is it to
die? I am afraid to
die." With a heart
bursting with grief, the
mother took the child in
her arms, and said, "My
darling, dying is only
going from mother's
arms into Jesus' arms."
"Oh," said the child,
"if that is all, I am not
afraid to die." The
mother laid her child
back in bed. All



BUDDHA.

through the night she lay in quiet sleep,
and when the daylight came, and the
mother bent over her she saw the little
face lying calm and still, with a look of
repose, on the pillow, and knew that her
darling was indeed in "Jesus' arms."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

MARCH 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The word of God grew and multiplied.
—Acts 12. 24.

LESSON HYMN.

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent I thine would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The ascension.—Acts 1. 1-14.
Tu. The lame man healed.—Acts 3. 1-16.
W. The boldness of Peter and John.—
Acts 4. 1-14.
Th. The prison opened.—Acts 5. 17-32.
F. The first Christian martyr.—Acts 6.
8-15; 7. 54-60.
S. The Ethiopian convert.—Acts 8. 26-40.
Su. Saul, the persecutor, converted.—
Acts 9. 1-12; 17-20.

1. Recite the Titles and Golden Texts
of the quarter's lesson.

2. State the doctrines taught in each
lesson.

3. Name a duty which is enforced in
each lesson.

4. Point out a privilege which is sug-
gested in each of these chapters in the
history of the early church.

5. What is the chief lesson to you from
the quarter's study?

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

Entering a synagogue, you would
notice at the east end, where in our
churches would be the altar-piece, or
chancel window, a curtain of silk against

the wall. You would know that this
must be an especially sacred spot, by the
semi-circular spot railed in front of it.

If you should wait until the time of
service this curtain would be drawn
aside, and you would see, within, a great
chest set into the wall; at least, that is
the usual arrangement. This chest is
called the ark, in remembrance of the
Ark of the Covenant in the tabernacle,
and afterwards in the temple at Jerusa-
lem; and the curtain or veil which hangs
before it may put the worshippers in
mind of the veil which separated the
Holy of Holies from the Holy Place. It
contains the sacred books of the Law.

BUDDHA.

The word Buddha—pronounced as if
it were spelled Bood-a—means "The
Enlightened One," and is the name given
to a teacher of one of the greatest
heathen religions of the world, and who
is now worshipped by a great many peo-
ple in different countries.

The religion is called "Buddhism," and
the people who believe in it are called
"Buddhists." Some say there are more
than four hundred millions of people
who worship Buddha, and others say
there are more than seven hundred mil-
lions. There are about twenty millions
in Japan.

These people believe there have been a
great many worlds—more than we can
number—that have come and gone, and
that to these worlds have belonged
Buddhas more than we can number.
Their ideas about the worlds seem to be
that the earth is destroyed and then re-
newed again—for they believe all of the
Buddhas "are born in Central India."
It is very hard to understand just what
they do mean. They believe that one
Buddha is born, and after a time passes
away, and then another one comes. They
say this world has had four. Of the
first three they know but little; but the
fourth one, whom we have already men-
tioned, was a Hindu prince, named
"Guatama," who was born nearly six
hundred years before Christ. He was a
good man, and spent much time in ear-
nestly studying how men might be saved.
He thought they might save themselves,
by controlling their thoughts and actions
—that if they would lead pure lives they
would find salvation.

But the lives of those who profess to
be his followers, as well as of all man-
kind, show how much they need our
Jesus to help them to do this, and that
without him there is no salvation.
Guatama did not teach the worship of

gods, nor claim to be more than a
teacher himself, and he chose to be this
in order to help men to lead good lives,
rather than to be heir to his father's
throne. Some years after he died, how-
ever, the people worshipped him as a
god, and as time has gone on, many
changes in Buddhism have taken place.
Another Buddha is expected, and the peo-
ple think that "the first male child born
in any Buddhist country, with fingers
and toes all uniform in length, and ears
reaching to the shoulders," will be the
one they are so anxiously looking for.

Da Butz is the largest of the images
of Buddha. It is made of bronze, and is
so large that the inside of it forms a
temple, where the people worship. The
city near the site on which it stands has
gone to ruins, but the idol is visited by
thousands of people. It is forty-five feet
high, and just one of its thumbs is large
enough for a man to sit on. None but
the ignorant actually worship the idol,
but Buddha, whom it represents. There
are a great many Buddhist temples and
idols, and a great many priests.

In the swampy lands of Madagascar
are a great many alligators. The dogs
of the island have learned that the all-
igators are their enemies, and must be
watched. Dogs have great freedom in
Madagascar, and roam freely about the
island, on which there are many streams.
In crossing these streams the dogs
are sometimes caught by the alligators.
The dogs have learned how to cross the
streams without encountering the all-
igators. The natives say the dogs, a
half-dozen or more, will assemble on the
bank and begin barking. The barking
attracts the attention of the alligators,
who assemble, ready to catch the dogs
when they attempt to cross. The dogs
continue to bark until they think all the
alligators have assembled, and then they
break and run about three hundred
yards above the alligators, and plunge
into the stream, swimming quickly to the
other side. The dogs, moving more
quickly than the alligators, easily escape
them.

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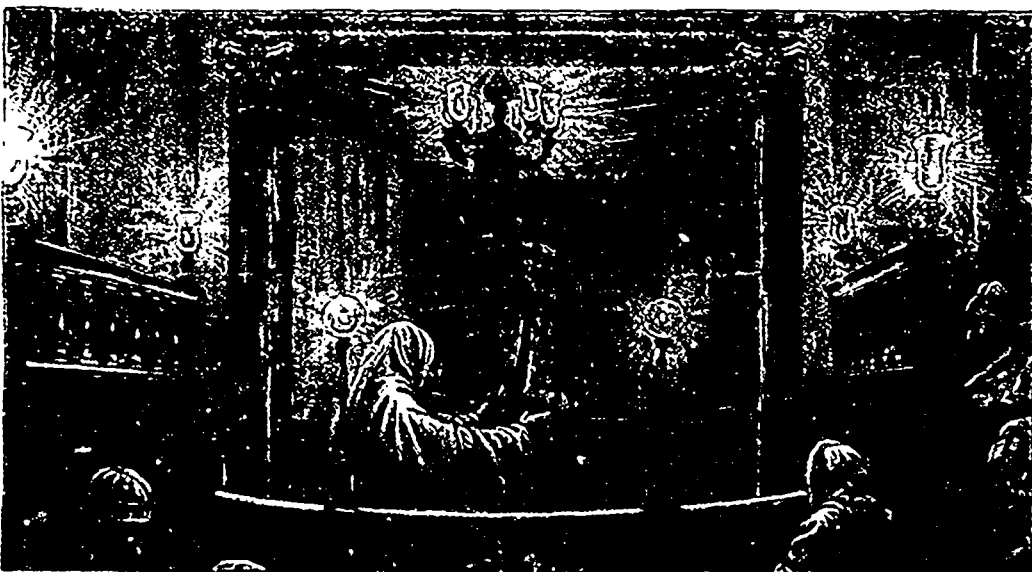
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JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.